

PERSONAL
DIARY OF
ROBERT DE GRIMSTON
1972-1975

3 February 1972.

If we are willing on one level to sacrifice ourselves for a great & 'selfless' cause, we are equally willing, on another level, to destroy ourselves for a petty & personal demand. The ridiculous is never very far from the sublime.

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If we wish to live 'above' something, with reality, we must first have learned to live 'beneath' it, with acceptance.

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The greatest burden that each of us carries is the negative side of his own personality. From that stems every other burden; physical, mental & spiritual.

9 February.

There is a time for contact, but also there is a time for isolation. There is a time for being with people, but also there is a time for being alone. There is a time for communicating, but also there is a time for brooding.

If we are to be free of the heavy weight of dismal caring, we must sometimes

be willing to allow all the cares of the world to settle on us, so that we can feel them & know them & understand them.

This is the prelude to prayer.

For a moment, for a while, I am alone with loneliness. Yet I am closer in this moment to everyone in the whole world, than I could ever be with an appearance of contact. Because it is not my loneliness which sits like a dead weight on my soul, it's not my sense of being abandoned & rejected & unloved & unwanted. It's theirs.

But this knowledge, deep & convincing though it is, does not lessen the pain. If anything it increases it. Nothing can lessen the pain of being alone, wherever it comes from. Only when I choose to lay the feeling of being alone on one side will the pain go away. And I will do that only when I am ready to do it, only when I have finished using the pain & the feeling of being alone.

Without feeling pain we cannot understand pain. Also without having felt pain

We cannot truly feel joy. Without having been underneath everything we cannot rise to a position of being above everything. Without dying we cannot be reborn.

Today there is little else but pain. Because that is today's work.

How can I lift the burden of depression & self-pity off others, if I cannot understand or identify with these things? And how can I understand them if I do not feel them?

Does my seemingly detached & clinical analysis belie my feelings? Perhaps. But only inasmuch as the gleaming tip of the iceberg, pure white in the light of the arctic sun, seems to belie the heavy dull grey mass that hangs gloomily below the surface of the sea. The pain is no less real, the depression no less heavy, the loneliness no less complete, the self-pity no less convincing.

Knowledge is control. It gives ultimate reassurance, but not current relief, which only comes when we decide to put

the pain aside, & move on to the next assignment.

Meanwhile I am not to be
disturbed. I am busy - suffering!

15 February.

So much is still far beyond
my comprehension. But it doesn't matter.
Because what I do understand remains -
& grows.

* * *

Piety has been one of the great
destroyers of religion.

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There is a human agreement that
one of the prime functions of each generation
is to impose its moral code on the next
generation. Therefore no change, no progress, no
development without revolution. Change cannot
evolve easily; it has to be forced against the
pressure of tradition.

Moral education means drawing out of an innate morality — or rather a code of desirability; the very opposite of imposing a preconceived morality. Real moral education allows change to manifest easily & without resistance.

21 February.

We can only respond positively to someone on the level on which he is sending out positivity. This is why we must reach above & beyond all a person's negative projections & manifestations in order to find a level of positive projections or manifestations, i.e. a level of validity, in order to be able to heal him.

However, a problem can arise in that some people DEMAND a positive response ON THE LEVEL of their own negative manifestations. Such a response is not possible — hence the demand as opposed to a simple desire.

The best available possibility is NO response on the level of the negative manifestations (any response must be negative), & a positive response on the closest & most

available level which manifests positivity.

Unfortunately this is not always acceptable. But that's another aspect of the gap between 'wanting' & 'having'; sad, but at this point in the Game, inevitable.

23 February.

Everyone of us must channel negativity. How ~~we~~ can we expect not to carry at least our share of that particular burden in the world?

By our own standards, we think the 'wrong' thoughts, have the 'wrong' desires, feel the 'wrong' emotions, nurse the 'wrong' ambitions, manifest the 'wrong' intentions, & create the 'wrong' effects. We are so 'wrong', in our own estimation.

Even when we decide to do what in our view is the 'right' thing, it is so often for what we feel is the 'wrong' reason. ^{And} when ~~we~~ we do the 'right' thing against our 'wrong' inclinations, we feel like the very worst of hypocrites.

All this is a necessary part of the burden of conflict, which must be carried for

the purpose of a death-orientated game.

The most we can do is get a little closer every day to understanding one another. Our negativity won't stop us doing what we have to do & reaching the Promised Land, because it's a major part of the very means by which we'll get there.

Everything is an aspect of the cycle of death & rebirth. What matters is our willingness to carry the burdens. And that willingness is paradoxically evident in every unwilling thought or feeling that we have!

24 February.

* There were two men. One decided that the best way to defeat his enemy was to cripple him, & then to destroy him. Therefore he set out to inflict as much damage on his enemy as possible. He fought him day & night without rest or recuperation.

The battle raged between them. Neither obtained the advantage over the other. Eventually a stalemate was called. Neither

had won & neither had lost the battle. But also no work had been done. And the man who had decided to make war on his enemy was by ~~the~~ now exhausted, incapacitated. He could no longer move.

The second man decided that the best way to defeat his enemy was to get him to become his friend & help him in his work. So instead of fighting him he sat down & talked to him. He explained his point of view, & asked the other to join him in his venture. The other refused, so he explained some more, pointing out the advantages to both of them of a combined effort in one direction. Still the other refused, so he talked some more, patiently & with inexhaustible understanding.

The other continued to refuse. So he took him gently by the arm & said: "I understand how you feel. But I love you & I want to help you." Then he explained again. The other relented & joined him in his venture. Together they completed the work, which would have taken twice as long for one of them to do, & would never have been done at

all as long as all their energy was spent in fighting. *

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* What is evil? Everything that by our own standards we find undesirable.

Things, people, situations, circumstances, places, activities; these are what we call outward manifestations. Thoughts, emotions, sensations, attitudes, agreements; these are what we call inward manifestations.

Outward manifestations are not in themselves undesirable, except inasmuch as they bring about negative inward manifestations.

These latter are the component parts of evil. They include fear, guilt, pain, suffering, discomfort, anguish, tension, constipation, anxiety, frustration, worry, hate, misery, exhaustion, depression, irritation, unhappiness, panic, futility, boredom, sense of failure, anger, grief, dissatisfaction, sense of inadequacy, sense of loss.....

But even negative inward manifestations, & the outward manifestations which we use to bring them about, are there for a valid & meaningful purpose, either to teach us or to test us. Even what is undesirable has validity.

If we resist, reject, disown, despise, ignore or forget what is undesirable, & hope that it will go away & leave us alone, it will continue to plague us until we recognise & acknowledge its fundamental ~~of~~ validity; i.e. its purpose.

If on the other hand we learn that it is there to teach us, about ourselves or others or the Game in general, or if we go through the test it represents for us, & emerge stronger, THEN, when its job is done, it will go away.

Hatred & resistance of evil reinforces & perpetuates it. Acceptance & understanding of evil disarms & dissolves it.*

All misery stems from the gap
between what we want & what we have.

The gap between what we want &
what we have is also the gap between the top
& the bottom end of the Satanic division, between
the desires of the soul & the manifestations of the
body, between emotional needs & physical realities.

The Satanist appears to need no
one, because he is a two pole existence within
himself.

The Jehovian needs a Luciferian,
joil or compliment depending on the state of the
Game. The Luciferian needs a Jehovian for
the same reason. The Christian needs a
Satanist, again for the same reason. But the
Satanist needs no one; he provides his
joil or compliment — or so it see

But when the
within himself becomes unbeca
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Until he reaches that point, the Satanist rejects the Christian. Therefore, paradoxically, & despite his unifying function, the Christian ENCOURAGES the Satanist in his self-separation, HELPS ~~to~~ him to widen the gap, in order to bring him to the point where the pain of it becomes unbearable, & he NEEDS the ministrations of the Christian in order to bring him back together again.

Christ is the death force. Because only at the point of death, the complete separation of soul & body, can His function of re-unification begin to be fulfilled.

Until that point, Satan is master; separation is the predominant element in the Game. And Christ, against all His basic instincts, which are to bring together, reinforces the separation in order to reach the point of return.

The Satanist is set upon in creating games within the Game. His desire, to prolong the state of separation, make the most of it, embellish it, accentuate it, dramatise it,

give it greater & greater substance & solidity. The Christian is set upon hastening the end of the Game. His desire is to bring the state of separation to its limit, as quickly, as painlessly & as undramatically as possible.

The Satanist's attention is on the time UNTIL the End. It is HIS Game. He feels at home within it. HIS is the primary function; separation. The Christian's attention is on the time BEYOND the End. THAT will be HIS Game, when HIS will be the primary function; unification. He feels uneasy & redundant now; helpless & ineffectual. Right now, his function can only be visualised, not realised.

But still, even ~~with~~ with this apparent dichotomy, if there is mutual understanding on some level, the roles can be complementary. If the Christian will GRANT the Satanist his need to dramatise, ALLOW him his desire to accentuate & embellish, & NOT RESIST the consequent effects, the Satanist will feel free to 'the End as HE would want it. (As he after all is the leader on this side of

Game). And if the Satanist will UNDERSTAND the Christian's lack of driving enthusiasm for a cataclysmic End, Allow him his predominantly waiting state of mind, & not demand that he share the Satanist's intense desire for maximum drama, then the Christian will feel free to meet the End in his own way, which is primarily one of preparation for the New Beginning, when HE will be the leader, on the other side of the Game.

9th March.

* The only thing that people understand is war. Therefore war we shall give them. NOT a war of killing, but a healing war. We shall battle against the forces of sickness & misery, as though they were an army in the field.

And yet we shall have no illusions about defeating these forces. That we cannot do, because the tide is now destruction by God's will. But we shall wage our healing war so that those who have just entered this world can learn not to hate,

as conventional war teaches them to do,
but to love.

Both sides in every human
struggle speak of love. But each forgets
where it's love is most required — in
the opposing side!

The world has just begun to
understand the meaning of the Old
Testament. It is still a universe away
from understanding the message of the
New Testament.

There are so many good
people, full of love for their own &
willing to lay down their lives for a
noble cause, but full of hatred for
those who oppose them & equally willing
to lay down the lives of others for the
same cause.

They have learned to love &
to hate, & they pass on the lessons to
their children. But we can begin to
stem THAT tide. The child who was
taught to love with a fierce & bitter

hated, can equally be taught to love without that hatred.

But hatred cannot be altogether eliminated. Love is fierce, where it is real & powerful. It has the need to destroy. It has hatred inevitably stamped upon its reverse side. The question is this: "Upon what can that hatred be turned without it destroying the love from which it stems?"

A man hates his enemies because he loves his friends. But if a man loves his enemies, what then should he hate? And the answer is simple: ENMITY.

If we love our enemies,
then we must hate enmity.*

* A great general sets out with his army, with confidence & inspiration, trusting in his brilliance & the rightness

of his cause, & undertakes the conquest of his enemies. He is successful. His enemies are defeated & his army is victorious. He exacts a righteous vengeance, & thereafter rules by right of conquest.

But his enemies have pride as well. And they have suffered a grave humiliation. They too believed in the rightness of their cause. And although at this moment they are subjugated & must bow to a superior strength, they are far from satisfied. Their aggression may be temporarily neutralised, but a state of enmity between conqueror & conquered still remains.

In time the strength of the conquered returns, for which they have no gratitude towards the conqueror, ~~and~~ ~~despite~~ ~~the~~ ~~fact~~ ~~that~~ ~~the~~ ~~conqueror~~ ~~has~~ ~~substituted~~ ~~of~~ ~~that~~ ~~strength~~. And when balance is restored, a state of war returns. And the general, or his successors, must set out once again with his army to conquer — or perhaps this time to be conquered. And so it goes on.

But a greater general sets
out with HSS army, also with confidence &
inspiration, also trusting in ~~the~~ his brilliance
& the rightness of his cause, & undertakes, not
the conquest of his enemies, but the conquest
of the enmity between them. If HE is
successful, there is no defeat, no vengeance,
no rule by right of conquest, only victory for
all concerned.

No one is humiliated. No one
is subjugated. Both sides attain satisfaction.
That is real success.

And this will be Christ's conquest
in the world; the conquest not of enemies, but
of enmity itself.

We cannot prevent destruction.
It must continue to its own bitter &
cataclysmic end. But gradually we can
undermine the power of enmity.

Adults cannot ^{always} altogether unlearn

sometimes

the need to hate people. It is, too firmly ingrained. But children need never learn it. They can learn instead the Universal Law: 'As we give, so shall we receive.'

They can learn the meaning of the Unity as opposed to the necessity of the Separation. They can learn the value of the reconciliation rather than the conflict of opposites. They can balance love of people with hatred of enmity between people, instead of balancing love of some people with hatred of others. *

16 March.

Wanting, however intense, is validation. Demanding, however slight, is invalidation.

10 April.

To expect anything & demand nothing. Within that basic philosophy, you can aim as high as you like & never be really disappointed.

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A love which depends for its continuance on what a person does or does not do, has or has not done, is not reliable, & is not really love at all, but a superficial & demanding possessiveness.

If we truly love someone, we love what they are, & we may not always love what they do but we do not love them any the less for doing it.

* * *

It's so hard sometimes not to hate the human spirit. It's so hard not to hate what we are & what we have been.

The world around us reflects a gulf between ideal & actuality so vast that not even its destruction & reconstruction promises much hope of a reversal. And within ourselves the gulf feels no less wide; the gulf between what we are & what we would like to be, what we feel & what we would like to feel, what we do & what we ^{would} like to do; & the even

wider gulf between what we were & what we would like to have been has its part in our despair of ever attaining perfection.

If we set out too eagerly to close that gap, futility is not long in coming. And if we misunderstand Lucifer's world, that is the trap into which we shall very quickly fall.

Lucifer promises. But if we merely reach out to grasp what he offers, it's not there.

July. There has to be a common cause. If people have nothing more than their relationships with one another, they are doomed to misery.

The increasing failure of marriage is primarily due to the rapid deterioration of the concept of the family, which has been the main 'common cause' in marriage relationships. Most marriage partners today have little more than their relationships with one another. And however promising that may seem to be at the time of the marriage, it cannot, on its own, hold them

together.

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As a general rule, the male outwardly despises the female whilst inwardly admiring her. The female on the other hand outwardly admires the male whilst inwardly despising him.

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To speak of the supernatural is an anomaly.

Nothing is above nature, which encompasses every law in the universe — & beyond. And nothing is more natural than God.

Superhuman, supernormal, superphysical, superworldly & whatever single word can be found to mean 'above our understanding', yes. But supernatural, no.

A miracle is something which happens which we cannot explain & do not fully understand.

When we think we understand something & can explain it, we stop calling it a miracle. It becomes a natural phenomenon — & we sigh with relief, because we've snatched something else out of the hands of God.

God & the component parts of God,

the Gods, are in everything. But modern man has separated God from the physical world, because he has UNDERSTANDS the physical world — or thinks he does — so very fully. Therefore he allows God possession of & existence in only the spiritual world — so called because he does NOT understand it.

Pantheism is the only true monotheism. Because if your God is not in EVERYTHING, then there must be other Gods in those things in which your God is not.

The Gods are mighty, each one in his particular sphere of action & operation, but God is Almighty.

We think we are displaying reverence when we separate those things which are of God & those things that are of men. But in fact we unwittingly display arrogance. Because we imply that men themselves are not of God, but have an independent existence of their own.

The arrogance ~~is~~ becomes mere ignorance when we separate those things which are of God & those things that are of nature.

But the common denominator is one of the great disasters of ~~for~~^{traditional} religion — piety.

Piety is presented as the means by which we acknowledge the existence & the power of God. In reality it is the means by which we manage to separate God from everything except the incomprehensible.

But piety is not so easy to dismiss. Although it has a destructive unconscious purpose, it has a comforting conscious objective.

By separating God from the ordinary & then paying God homage in an out of the ordinary way, we symbolise our own hoped for separation from the ordinary.

The irony is that objectives one & two have been reversed.

The first objective - to escape from the ordinary - is apparently achieved by attaining the second objective - putting God outside the ordinary, & then worshipping him in an extraordinary way. But ~~instead~~ we see it the other way around. The first objective seems to be the pious worship of God, & in order to attain this & thereby please God we must escape from the ordinary. We thereby justify our piety & our out of the ordinary ambitions as the will of God.

But supposing, for whatever reason, separation from the ordinary is truly desirable, then is not piety as good a means as any to

attain it?

Sadly, no. Freedom from the ordinary, which is perhaps another way of saying purification, is as effectively attained by piety as it is by dressing 'differently'.

The ordinary, like the corruption with which it is equated, is within as well as without. And so for that matter is the extra-ordinary, together with the purity with which IT is equated. We all of us contain both, just as we contain all other opposites.

But as long as we insist that the corruption comes from outside & never reaches below the surface, I suppose we will go on believing that piety purifies.

And, like everything else, God is at the back of that unfortunate ~~agreement~~ agreement too.

November 1972.

A teacher's function is not to instruct but to inform.

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laziness is a substitute for love.

The Christian feels inferior to everyone & spends his life trying to disprove it to himself.

The Satanist feels superior to everyone & spends his life trying to prove it to everyone else.

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Which burden is worse, the condemnation of the righteous or the scorn of the effective?

Who is righteous? Who is effective? And yet whichever one plagues us we are creditors enough to be subject to it.

Half of us spends ^{its} time condemning the scorn, whilst the other half spends its time scorning the condemnation.

*

The demand is virtuous strength, benign authority, gentle firmness.

And in order to tread that narrow path we have to know the difference between validation & flattery, between strength & intolerance, between kindness & weakness, between determination & stubbornness, between forgiveness & permissiveness, between singlemindedness & bigotry, between understanding & condonement, between discipline & blame, between acceptance & indifference, between decisiveness & aggression, between

to tranquillity & apathy, between justice & revenge, between gentleness & ineffectuality, between power & tyranny, between detachment & disinterest, between authority & arrogance, between reassurance & laxity, between leadership & subjugation, between humility & submissiveness, between confidence & egotism.

We know the difference in theory, but when we see ourselves in action where is our certainty then?

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Frustration can drive people to suicide — the frustration of being unable to prove one's validity. Polidori suffered from it — & committed suicide.

The answer? Oh so simple to the scornfully unfrustrated — Byron for example. (Poor Polidori suffered dreadfully from a disease called 'Byron's biliance' further complicated by another complaint known as 'Byron's contempt'. The combination was too much for his vulnerable & soul). Anyway, the answer. Of course, FACE UP to your total invalidity. Accept it. Confront it. Own it. Then you can change it.

A flaw. If we face our total invalidity with a view to changing it, then we do NOT face it. Because the assumption that we CAN change it presupposes some validity!

An alternative. If we face
our total invalidity, not with the prospect of
us changing it, but with the faith that God will
change it, then what?

No good. Faith that God
considers us worth changing presupposes validity.
Correction, not if we allow
God the power to embrace the ultimate paradox.

Face your total invalidity,
but pray that God, who is after all
omnipotent, can surmount the anachronism
of finding validity within total invalidity
or thereby find you worthy of salvation!

December 1972.

The unity is the recognition of no dichotomy between joining & separating.

Those who see contradictions in the words of Christ lack this recognition.

One moment Christ is telling us to join, the next to separate. If we do not understand the unity this is a contradiction.

As it is given us the first clue.

"Our only valid course of action is to detach from humanity"

Then:

"But is it enough to break the links on the surface, to rebel"?

"By no means Below the levels of our conscious cries of revolt are links as solid as the ocean bed."

Separation alone is not enough.

"If we are to break the links we ~~to~~ have created we must dive down

into the depths & find them....."

Joining is also required.

Just as we must know guilt before we can attain innocence, so we must know the world before we can transcend the world.

The next clue to the paradox is in IF A MAN ASKS.

"The Process was the Beginning, ~~was~~ has been the Continuation, and is now the End."

That excludes nothing. And that makes the world, the human race & the human predicament a major part of the Process.

"And there are three alternative levels of participation..... And the first is total commitment to the Game..... This way is to be OF the Process."

We now begin to see the nature of joining. IF A MAN ASKS tells us what it means to "dive down into the depths & find (the links)".

"The second way is..... to

vacillate on the fringes of the Process".

This is neither commitment nor rejection, neither joining nor separating. Eventually, it becomes impossible.

"Eventually there will be only two ways; OF the Process or AGAINST the Process."

The second way is playing for time in limbo. And it cannot last.

"The third way is to reject the Process..... This way is to be AGAINST the Process."

This is the way of superficial rebellion. This is separating without joining. This is believing ourselves to be no part of the Game.

Returning to AS IT IS; if we take this way, "we shall be like men who invest in the beginning of a project, sink all they have ~~and then forget they have a stake in its success~~ into its original creation, and then forget they have a stake in its success."

The ultimate truth is a paradox,

otherwise it is only half of a truth.

There is no joining without separating, & no separating without joining. There is no involvement without detachment & no detachment without involvement.

And whilst we are on the level & at the stage of playing the game of involvement, we must retain & remain aware of our own detachment. And whilst we are on the level & at the stage of playing the game of detachment, we must retain & remain aware of our own involvement.

Christ is the complete embodiment of the paradox. Totally separated from humanity, he is at the same time completely a part of humanity.

His admissions, requested in IF A MAN ASKS, to separate from all human values — "Nothing which is human is of any value. Abandon it & follow me." — lead us, if we follow them, to a greater understanding of & compassion for EVERYTHING which is human, than is possible by any other route.

This is the paradox that culm-

involves in the concept of Death & Rebirth, the
End & the New Beginning, the Destruction
& the Resurrection.

It explains every seeming
dichotomy & contradiction.

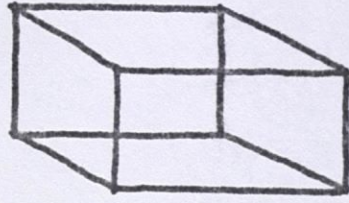
Only through an understanding
of the Divine Paradox can we resolve the
conflict of choice & choicelessness.

One man says: "A human being
is doomed by his own choice to reject the
Will of God."

There is no fault in that state-
ment.

Another says: "A human being,
because he is wholly & completely created
by God, has no choice but to follow the
Will of God according to the nature of
his creation".

There is no fault in that
statement either.



Is the glass box above you
or below you?

The answer — paradoxically —
is that the box is both above you & below
you at the same time.

And so it is with choice &
choicelessness.

And the question is blindly
begged if we ask: "But if I'm predestined,
why shouldn't I do nothing?" Because the
answer is simple. "Hopefully you are not
predestined to do nothing!"

Hopefully also every one of us
is predestined — eventually — to appreciate
the brilliant paradox which makes the Game
what it is; i.e. **THAT WE ARE ALL PREDESTINED
TO CHOOSE OUR OWN DESTINY.**

Whatever is accomplished by means of a negative drive inevitably results in a negative outcome — despite some misleading appearances. This is why even those who win the war must lose the peace.

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As a Protessean, the only religion that you cannot meaningfully practice, is a religion which in principle rejects the validity of other religions. This is not a ruling but a simple fact.

The Protessean may regard other religions as incomplete. But one does not reject the hors d'oeuvre simply because it does not constitute the entire meal.

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It is heroes that people remember not teachers. If Christ had not been crucified he would have been forgotten.

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There is a great price to be paid for salvation. But, every human being has

the capital, & despite the efforts of medical science
~~save~~ no human being can avoid paying it.
Therefore no human being can be denied
salvation. The price? Human life.

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Salvation by works or salvation
by faith? The great religious conundrum.

The answer? Salvation by neither.

Works bring us immediate
satisfaction. Faith brings us ultimate
reassurance. Only death & rebirth can bring
us salvation. And that we can neither
avoid nor hasten.

*

Christ is sinless, not because
He has not done or felt or thought or
experienced that which man calls 'sin' but
because He is absolved by the lifting of
the burden of the illusion of choice & personal
responsibility, & thereby released from the powers
of guilt & fear.

Man can emulate Christ not in his
heroic behaviour, but in his knowledge & under-

standing of the full nature of God).

The trouble from a human point of view is that an incomplete emulation — i.e. a protest of half-absorbed knowledge — may lead a person either to murder or martyrdom — depending on his God pattern. A complete emulation leads him to nothing — except natural death, natural rebirth, & thereby salvation.

No attempt at all at emulation, which is the norm, means continued struggle & continued suffering until it is his time to be released by death, rebirth — & of course salvation.

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Most people who are looking for knowledge are looking for knowledge which they can use. But far more valuable is knowledge which can use them. To track down & then willingly absorb THAT knowledge, requires great faith & great self-confidence.

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Teaching speaks of owning & reconciling BOTH levels of consciousness.

Jesus, who was Christ in his role of an Old Age prophet, taught men to give to the world what belongs to the world & to God what belongs to God. And his principle exponents carried on this tradition of clear separation. But now, in his role of the New Age prophet, Christ teaches men to give ALL things, including the world, to God. Because ultimately all things are part of God & must return to God.

Jesus told us that the New Christ would come like a thief in the night. Because those who are watching for a yet more powerful Old Age prophet will not know the New Christ when he comes to them. By their standards his teaching is a blatant heresy. And those who are not watching for any Christ, either because they have rejected him altogether or because they want no more than their image of Jesus, the Old Christ, will ignore the New Christ when he comes to them.

So Christ will come, unknown

to many, & steal the world — for God. And only in the morning, when the work is done, will men discover the joy of being dispossessed — dispossessed & reowned, reabsorbed, not in part but in totality, by their Creator.

No longer the pain of individual isolated struggles. The burden of responsibility, the illusion of choice, the fear of retribution, the guilt for personal failure & wrongdoing, all gone; stolen by the New Age Christ whilst they slept in ignorance, & returned to the source from which it all came.

They will not have been allowed to keep even a grain of guilt for having rejected or ignored their Saviour. Because even that is a part of God.

And that time, when it comes, will be the dawn of Christmas Day.

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'Power corrupts', they say, & absolute power corrupts absolutely.

Another fallacy.

Power is corruptible. Absolute power is absolutely incorruptible.

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People kill each other because they enjoy killing each other.

They enjoy the actual fact of killing — as long as they can justify it — & they enjoy the rewards of killing; the fanfares of heroism & the spoils of conquest. Isn't that incentive enough?

Put a gun in a man's hand & the first thing he wants to do is kill someone with it.

Put a fleet of bombers in a President's hands & the first thing he wants to do is destroy a nation with it. And if he can find a way, he will.

It's not him, it's all of us. If only we all of us knew it.

*

War is usually right when it happens — not necessarily good, but right. But eventually, when we no longer have to own it (too far in the past) we see it for the anomaly that it invariably was — on both sides.

*

Poverty is the burden of the poor?
No; poverty is the burden of the rich.
Guilt is a far heavier load than deprivation.

January 1973.

Few people ever really learn from history — few people in power that is, because for them the situation is always DIFFERENT!

Who for example that mattered, would have recognized a latter day Titus Oates in Senator Joseph McCarthy?

January 28th 1973

Yesterday the Vietnam peace agreement was signed — four ways &

Seventy two times! (If only the number of signatures made any difference. But alas they could each sign Seventy two Thousand times & the agreement would still be worth little more than the paper it's written on).

Peace in Vietnam? I doubt it. The situation is how roughly the same as it would have been if the French had left without the Americans taking their place. I.e. virtually nothing has been achieved by the war — except a lesson (if only it will be learned) of the inevitably self-destructive nature of such ventures.

The tragedy is the promise. 'Peace with honor'. There will be no peace & precious little honor. McGovern promised nothing except the return of US troops & prisoners — the only things he knew he could guarantee. In short, the end of US involvement. But it wasn't enough for the American people. They were caught fast in the Cycle of Ignorance (to which General Ridgway said 'No' in 1954 & to which General Taylor said 'Yes' in 1960). They wanted peace with honor & Nixon promised them peace with honor. But there won't be any peace with honor.

But what about the US armaments in South Vietnam, & all the US military training — Vietnamization, no less?

It is valueless. The situation is primarily political, not military — as it has always been — & politically Hanoi & the Vietcong (they are still the Vietcong, believe me) are infinitely more adept & sophisticated than Saigon. A whole series of helpless Southern administrations have proved this conclusively.

Politically the agreement is no more than paper. Militarily it may have some effect. BUT MILITARISTICS ~~WAS~~ ARE NOT THE CRUCIAL ISSUE IN VIETNAM AND NEVER HAVE BEEN.

The only thing that the ' have achieved through the ~~truce~~ is the return of its soldiers prisoners — which McGo given them without & the disillusionment his promise was less a realistic. NOT peace w retreat with dignity.

The only thing achieve is the return of

in some way
to some extent
conflict,
them,

prisoners. But that simple piece of realism is a terrible but inevitable indictment of the ~~man~~ whole US involvement in Vietnam. Because if there had been no involvement there would be no soldiers & no prisoners.

* * *

A stand — & it is a stand — in favour of the reconciliation of opposites as opposed to the conflict of opposites, the destruction of enmity as opposed to the destruction of enemies, the elimination of disagreement as opposed to the elimination of those who disagree, contains a seeming paradox. It is almost certain at this stage of the game to provoke opposition!

For example the late Senator Joseph McCarthy, if he were still here, would have us on his 'list'. He stood just as firmly AGAINST the reconciliation of opposites. And we would be what he ~~would~~ called 'soft' on the enemy — as of course would Christ.

But this should not deter us. We are not unrealistic enough to believe that all enmity & conflict can be eliminated overnight.

We can still 'love' & understand the McCarthys of this world, without going into agreement with their policies or their theories of how a predominance of 'good' & 'right' can be achieved.

So do not be afraid to express the basic tenets of The Process or to point out their application to world events & situations. The inevitable disagreement from hard nosed anti-whatevers does not invalidate our stand. (In fact it confirms that such a stand is necessary!)

The difference is that we do not attack those who produce counter-arguments, we are simply unshaken by them. We ~~do~~ do not hate those who disagree with us, we simply maintain our basic convictions in spite of them.

No do we even try to convert or dissuade or argue AGAINST those who disagree with us. If we wish to convince them of the validity of our standpoint as against their own, we do it by example NOT by argument. Our ultimate aim is always to eliminate conflict, including the conflict between us & them, not to aggravate it.

Yes, we hold, on the firm basis of God given knowledge, that war or any other form of expressed or enacted ^{hostility or} enmity, FOR ANY REASON, is inevitably both destructive & self-destructive, but we do not either hate, dismiss, despise or condemn those who believe that it is sometimes the most constructive alternative. And beware, nor do we condescend to them. That is a mythical superiority.

February 1973.

Original footnote to 'The Test'
(The Processions' April 1973 issue).

"A large quota of the negative aspect of Satanic power passes unrecognized (as does ALL Christian ineffectuality), i.e. that which is not directly manifested by criminals & our declared enemies.

"We have to assume that the reason for this is that it doesn't carry a label advertising its affiliations. Because as soon as something appears which DOES label itself Satanic, — regardless of the nature of its intentions & its effects — panic ensues amongst those who have labelled their activities exclusively Christian — again regardless of the nature of their intentions & effects — & all hell is let loose. (And that's not a careless phrase).

"At this point criminals &

declared enemies pale into insignificance. Because the only REAL evil, the kind that MUST be eliminated at all costs, seems to require an outward label that clearly reads 'Satan' together with enough convincing occult paraphernalia to give it credibility. That, & almost that alone, stirs the dormant defenders of Christendom into counteraction.

"Then begins a frantic straining at gnats. The camels have already been swallowed & fully digested.

"Fact. For all the sinister connotations of traditional Satan worship, as with witchcraft & all the other occult variations, the sum total of every negative action taken, deliberately in the name of Satan ~~or~~ (or any other dark power) — & I am not suggesting that ANY negative action is desirable — cannot match one tiny part of the negative action taken ~~in~~ just as deliberately in the name of 'Christ'.

"And if any comparison is to be made, then a destroyer who believes that he is following the teachings of Christ is far more dangerous than one who openly claims that he is doing the will of Satan."

Age is not a matter of years.
There are those who are middle aged at ten
& there are others who are still childlike at
Sixty.

But do not at once either hope
or wish to be the more obviously
eternally young. (The ideal of course is to
embody both qualities & be ageless). But
the world needs both kinds; the eternally
responsible to offset the eternally irresponsible,
& the eternally vital to offset the eternally
stultified.

*

As long as we brand all
spiritual interpretations & practices which are
not identical — or at least easily identifiable
— with our own as superstition, we cut
ourselves off from the majority of human
beings.

Christianity is as much a part
of the occult as Astrology, Taoism, witchcraft &
all the rest. Christian worship is as primitive
as Voodoo & no more valid or realistic.

*

We are all of us so abysmally &
blightedly ignorant. Some of us can actually
Fetters our own ignorance, like an airtight box

Shutting us off on every side from --- something.
And with every new particle of knowledge which
is somehow slipped through to us, we feel
our remaining ignorance more strongly.

*

As soon as we begin to fight for
something we begin to lose it. That is a tragic
paradox, & from it stems all the pain of
human futility.

*

* A strange imbalance.

Our Society allows — &
makes — only a mild protest against the
liberal exposure & portrayal of every kind of
human violence through its mass media.
(The ultimate criterion is the television screen,
because it has become one of the family &
therefore epitomises the norm).

Every permutation of people
attacking, damaging, harming, hunting, killing
& destroying other people is permissible on
the home screen, & is avidly & quite accept-
ably digested by all ages. It is also
willingly portrayed in fantasy by almost every
actor & actress (which means that almost
every actor & actress is willing to be identified
with it), & graphically reported in reality by

almost every news correspondent & camera man.

But when it comes to people making love to one another, there is no such willing exposure or portrayal. The home screen excludes completely almost anything beyond the mildest preliminaries.

Now this is not a new observation. Nor is it a new question to ask why this apparently illogical distinction exists. But let's ask that question once again & try to find a new — & this time meaningful — answer.

Why does an intensely undesirable activity receive such liberal coverage, whilst an equally intensely desirable activity is almost totally restricted?

Aware as we are of the spontaneously educational influence of television, why are we so eager to teach both ourselves & our children the violent ^{art} of warring & destroying, & at the same time so reluctant to teach either ourselves or our children the gentle art of making love?

There has to be a reason for this strange imbalance. Regardless of our views on the effects of seeing violence on the screen, we cannot escape ~~that~~ the conclusion that so many who have either crept fearfully or helplessly or blundered clumsily or arrogantly into the marriage bed, would have been fitted

immeasurably from years of extensive —
& realistic — TV coverage of the secrets of
positive sexuality.

But no. This ideal opportunity
for education, so much more real & effective
than formal instruction — or blind &
painful discovery for that matter — is
denied.

The reasons given — the
excuses — hold no water. Reluctance to
arouse a person's instincts to give love &
pleasure & joy & to create life, alongside
a willingness to arouse his instincts to
inflict pain & damage & destruction & to
deal out death, makes no sense whatever.

An eagerness to teach people how
most intensely to give vent to their hatred,
together with a refusal to teach them how most
intensely to express their love, does not match
up with our professed overall "good" intentions.

No; there has to be another
more logical though perhaps less conscious
reason.

Why do we hide the act of
loving & expose the act of hating?

With the question phrased
like that, the answer stares ^{at} us.

We hide our faults, our
weaknesses, **THE THINGS WE ARE NOT VERY
GOOD AT DOING**; & we expose our abilities,
our strengths, **THE THINGS WE ARE BEST**

AT DOING.

Hating we do well. Loving we do not so well.

Giving pain — that we are good at. Giving joy — that we are not so good at.

We are accomplished & successful fighters. We are inept & inadequate lovers.

In the world, hatred dominates. Therefore — or because? — that is where our greatest abilities lie. Love is a persecuted minority. Therefore — or because? — that is where we fail continually.

We are proud — as long as we have a good justification — & we usually have — of our successes at killing & maiming & destroying. We are ashamed of our failures at giving joy & satisfaction.

In short, we are good destroyers & rotten lovers.

So no wonder we expose the first activity & hide the second. We expose an area of pride & hide an area of shame.

But the tragedy is that our compulsive need to do this propagates this unhappy status quo.

The more exposure we give

to violence, the more adept & accomplished each succeeding generation becomes in that area. And the less we give to making love, the more inept & inadequate each succeeding generation becomes in that area.

Of course as the overall opportunity for exposure of anything increases, there is pressure in favour of both love & hate. But the state of the game must be measured on the basis of relative courage. And at the moment, despite a few faint cries in the wilderness, hate has a landslide majority.

Dove is there, faint heartedly halting on the threshold of expression. Hate goes all the way.

The fact that the optimum solution to this now understandable imbalance is to expose the weakness & give future generations the opportunity to build it up, through spontaneous education, into a strength, is not apparent to the compulsive image-maker. And that, to some extent, is all of us.

The instinct remains; to display the strength & hide the weakness — & to keep it that way.

Now the irony of his relentless

pattern is that its most militant proponents
ACKNOWLEDGE the presence of weakness &
inadequacy in the area of sexuality. Their
error is to pin that label of weakness onto
sexuality itself rather than onto people's
ability & performance in the area — like
branding nuclear power itself as destructive
instead of man's use of it; an error which
ensures the reverse effect of an accurate
~~admission~~ recognition — i.e. a desire for further
concealment & repression as opposed to
regeneration.

But now, so much becomes
so clear. Yes, we ARE ashamed — & rightly
so — of our activities & performances in
the area of sexuality, but not, as so many
of us are led to believe, because the
activities themselves are shameful or sinful
or undesirable or evil or immoral or unsociable
or unethical or irreligious, but because our
quotient of success & achievement WITHIN those
activities, our ability to love effectively, to
give joy, pleasure, satisfaction, fulfillment,
validation, contact, self-esteem, confidence,
reassurance, vitality & security — all of which
can be given & attained through sexuality —
IS SO ASTYRMALLY LOW. That, & that
alone, is the source of our shame, our guilt
& our embarrassment.

Human beings are not ~~so~~
sexual sinners so much as sexual failures.

And it's their sense of sexual failure that makes them clothe their nakedness with artificial fig leaves & lay a stigma on the display of sexual activity. They are mortified not by their lust but by their sense of incapacity, not by their desire but by their sense of incompetence, not by their inclination but by their sense of inability.

And their shame, far from lifting them out of their ~~st~~ sense of failure, pushes them further & further into it, through growing ignorance & inhibition. *

*

The Bible epitomises what I wrote a while back about superstition.

If the story of Moses & the Israelites were not in the Bible but in some other religious 'book', it would be regarded as no more than legend & superstition of the most primitive kind — & on no better evidence than it is regarded by Christians & Jews as God-given truth. And that applies to a great deal of the Bible, both Old & New Testament.

And what was not ~~regarded~~ ^{dismissed} as superstitious nonsense would be ~~also~~ condemned as blood thirsty barbarism.

Christianism & Jewry must reach beyond the Bible. All religions must reach beyond the blood curdling distortions of their

own origins.

*

A warning to Processians.

Beware of using your knowledge of the Universal Law to blame others for their own predicaments.

Just because you happen to know that 'we can judge that we give by what we receive', it will be no help to a victim of unhappiness or deprivation to offer this to him complacently & self-righteously as an explanation of his circumstances.

Remember also that destructive intentions are as much a burden as their self-destructive consequences.

But another warning.

Beware of using the above as a justification for destructive intentions. NO justification, however 'valid' will turn aside a destructive intention's self-destructive consequences!

An awareness of choiceness — the Divine justification — is only possible with an equal awareness of the Universal Law. Thus a morality is replaced by a true understanding of consequences. Confinement is replaced by control. Because

Without the latter, elimination of the former could be disastrous.

Divine Blame is the Mission of Choice.
Divine Justification is the Awareness of Choicelessness.

*

The Christian establishment condemns the killer but at the same time supports a policy ~~purpose~~ of systematic & calculated killing, in the forms of war & capital punishment.

The Process does neither. It does not condemn the killer, because it has no policy of condemnation. But at the same time it recognizes the undesirability of ~~the~~ killing, therefore it does not support any policy that involved any form of killing.

It is impossible to believe in ~~the~~ the teachings of the Process & at the same time to regard any form of killing as desirable.

A Proceean MIGHT on an IMMEDIATE & IRRATIONAL SELF-DEFENSIVE IMPULSE kill in order to prevent himself from being killed. He would not regard it as optimum behavior by his own beliefs & standards, but it would not conflict with his conscious desire to follow the teachings of the Process.

However a Proceean COULD NOT

reconcile a belief in & a desire to follow the teachings of the Process with a calculated, conscious, deliberate, analytical, rational policy of killing — IN ANY CIRCUMSTANCES — FOR ANY REASON — OR WITH ANY PROVOCATION.

THERE CAN NEVER BE DELIBERATE KILLING IN THE NAME OF THE PROCESS. THERE CAN NEVER BE ANY DELIBERATE INFLICTION OF PAIN OR SUFFERING IN THE NAME OF THE PROCESS.

Are the traps of misinterpretation inescapable?

Even what I have just written is wide open to misinterpretation.

"Processeans are not permitted to give people injections, because injections are painful, & Robert de Grunston said....."

How can one convey the essence?

It can be desirable to tell someone a painful truth. Perhaps even euthanasia & abortion are desirable. And yet, technically my words have made both of them undesirable.

But when you allow exceptions, even the most obvious exceptions, an inch become a yard, & eventually we have the crusades & the Inquisition & de hereticis comburendo — for the Salvation of his soul!

Another point here. A Processean NEVER FORCES OR COMPELS OR PERSUADES OR PRESSURISES OR ENTICES OR CASIOLES ANYONE to become a to remain or to return to being a

followers of or believe in The Process.

Even that's vulnerable to mis-interpretation. What constitutes 'pressure'? Or 'enticement'? Or 'persuasion'? But it's close to invulnerability.

Anyway none of this really matters. Because The Process has another secret. As it breeds love & spreads healing, watertight principles become less & less essential.

Like the confinement of morality they can be gradually eliminated & replaced with the control of awareness of consequences.

The object is not to provide a structure in which people are only PERMITTED to create good effects. The object is to heal them of their need to create anything else.

Ultimately it doesn't matter whether men go to war in the name of Christ or anything else. What matters is that they have the need to go to war. And as long as they have that need, they will find a way to fulfil it — together with a justification that fits.

~~What~~ What we aim for is — & pray for — is the elimination of that need. Then a principle that Process can never go to war is not necessary. The problem never arises!

*

The error of the extreme left is to mistake the ideal for the real. The error of the extreme right is to mistake the real for the ideal. The radical assumes that if it's right it must be so. The conservative assumes that if it's so it must be right.

March 1973.

America's capacity for romanticising its own history is truly remarkable — as well as endearing. *Luciferiana* at its best!

What was in reality appalling becomes, in retrospect, almost charming. What was mundane becomes heroic. What was heroic becomes earth-shattering.

Thereby America's story, as seen through American eyes, becomes more like a journey through wonderland than history. Alan Cooke, who hails from Manchester, promotes no such illusion. Brilliant, accurate, relevant, fascinating — but definitely not romantic.

Only America could have given

birth to Walt Disney, the greatest New Age prophet
the entertainment world has ever produced.
But he never professed to be reporting history.

April 1973

Law does not eliminate undesirable
activity.

Morality does not eliminate
undesirable activity.

Fear of hell does not eliminate
undesirable activity.

Awareness of the Universal Law
eliminates undesirable activity.

Love eliminates undesirable
activity.

Desirable activity eliminates
undesirable activity.

England is my mother. I love her gently, nostalgically & somewhat compassionately. I have fond memories of her. And I hope to see her again before she dies.

America is my mistress. I love her warmly, intensely & passionately. I'm in love with her. And I hope that I shall never have to leave her except for short periods.

China is my great grandmother. I have no memory of her. But I respect & revere her. And I look forward to being reunited with her one day in the future.

Israel is my distant ancestor. I belong to her. She lives inside me. And I know I can never be separated from her.

May 25 1973.

I wrote not long ago that the ghost of Joseph McCarthy is still abroad in America, but I did not realize quite how a propos that comment was just now. Nor did I realize quite how strong was the presence of the ghost. The public Senate hearings on Watergate have brought it out into the open with a vengeance. And even the name 'Joseph McCarthy' is in the news again - for comparison. One of his victims - Bernard Barker. How can such a man be considered a criminal?

*

May 1973.

The agreement that war is sometimes a moral necessity is so strong that it's hard to refute it convincingly. No one can guarantee immediate benefits from the unilateral abandonment of all warlike activities. It may only be a seed sown in the desert, that will not only take time to grow but will need a great deal of patient & careful attention to prevent it from dying.

Christ did not guarantee that if you turn the other cheek your enemy won't strike it!

July 1973

The only real story is the story of the Ugly Duckling. It's the story of all of us.

*

"Lucifer looked, & God was in the Void".

*

America will give birth to the New

Age, because she is strong enough & confident enough to sustain - & encourage - dissent, deviation, non-conformity, transcendence, independence & revolution. None of her structures is so sacred that it cannot be questioned, abandoned, opposed, denied, discredited or inverted. That's because she's not irrevocably committed to any of them, so she can allow them to be destroyed without feeling that her own survival is basically threatened. That's strength.

America isn't tied to any rocks, so when they are thrown overboard she doesn't go down with them. Other nations sometimes tolerate escape from their structures, but America allows their destruction. Perhaps, unconsciously, she lives by the very valid philosophy that if & when a structure can be destroyed, it should be destroyed, because it has outlived its usefulness.

*

Sin may be the Devil's work,
but the Devil - along with everything else -
is God's work.

*

The average well-intentioned preacher**
simply holds a Bible to your head - & fires!

** No, that is a definition of the fundamentalist;
the average well-intentioned preacher ~~at~~ wears the
Bible round his neck like a millstone - & apologizes for it!

Religious humor is not laughing in church, but laughing at church.

Be disappointed God if we never laugh with Him. But we insult Him if we never laugh at Him.

Laughter alone is not humor. It can be cruelty, or protest, or embarrassment, or condescension, or even piety itself. That's when it isn't mere pretense. It's what we laugh at that makes humor - or lack of it. Humor is not laughter at what is funny, but laughter at what is sacred.

We have no earthly chance of believing in God unless we can laugh at Him. If we can only see His sublime side, or we fail to see His ridiculous side we can never find a point of identification.

We only know that we are sublime because God is sublime & we are part of God. But we only know that we are part of God, because, like ~~God~~ us, God is ridiculous.

The devil is whatever makes you unhappy. Only you can make you unhappy. And God made you.

Peter followed Jesus because Jesus lived before dying. Paul followed him because he died before living.

Jesus tried to bring Judaism out of the Old Game into the New. Paul took Christianity out of the New Game back into the Old. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do". Luke 23. 34. "For we see divine retribution revealed from heaven or falling upon all the godless wickedness of men". Romans 1. 18.

Fraternel conflict must continue as long as the desire on either or both sides for revolution depends upon the conversion of one to the reality of the other.

The modern non-religious criticism of religion, is that it gives man too much stature or importance, considering his world is only a speck in the Universe. But in their own language, let the non-religionist consider this. The Central nervous system of the President of the United States, being some small collection of cells within his brain, is a mere speck in comparison to the United States itself. But does this lessen his stature? Or the

contain it increases it. The central nervous system of the President of Sierra Leone, though much larger in comparison to his domain, is a much less significant entity.

Who on earth said that man is the central nervous system of the Universe?

No one. But man contains God, & God is the central nervous system of the Universe.

Such ridiculous sophistry!

August 1973.

There are two kinds of atheist. One rejects transcendence as unnecessary — the optimistic humanist — the other rejects it as impossible — the pessimistic nihilist.

* * *

Reform people, not systems or institutions. If you reform systems or institutions, the same people change them back again — quite unconsciously. But if you reform people, they reform the systems & the institutions — permanently.

September 1973.

True freedom is freedom from conflicts that cannot be resolved, burdens that cannot be lifted, & desires that cannot be satisfied.

*

The fundamentalist professes — & no doubt believes — that he uses the authority of God to negate his own personal authority. ("It's not I who tells you this, but God....."). But in fact he uses it to reinforce — by sanctification — his own personal authority. ("..... Therefore what I tell you is the law!")

The fundamentalist of course will deny this, on the grounds that what he tells you comes straight from the Bible. But far from refuting the point, this confirms it. The Bible is open to too many divergent & contradictory interpretations to represent an absolute authority. And the fundamentalist simply uses the parts of it which express his own personal reality to sanctify & thereby reinforce that reality.

The only valid initial standpoint is the recognition that all reality & all authority come from God. And each of us makes his or her personal selection according to his or her personal inclination. We can be educated, influenced, changed, guided. But not one of us can be validly judged — either as damned or saved — against any or absolute interpretation of God's reality.

*

Today, let us suppose, the whole world seems to be — quite justifiably — against you.

Well, I'm not, for one. You've got one friend at least.

Let's see if I can prove that I'm your friend. "Anyone else's — everyone else's — perhaps," you may be saying to yourself, "but not mine". If I think I am your friend — so runs your logic — then I do not know you. You are ~~un~~ unbefriendable.

Well, if you are, then I am too. But I'm not — & I've got friends to prove it!

Wherever you are, I've been there — many times. And I've got scars to prove it! But I've got friends. And they've been there too, incidentally.

And if you crawl deeper, just to prove that you can get out of reach of my friendship, I'm ahead of you. I'm not in heaven. They don't need me there. I'm in hell, today, with you. But I've also got some good connections, so we're not alone.

If you're still not convinced that I can reach you, because you're too far beyond the pale, I'll give you a taste of my imagination. Tell me just how terrible you are, & I'll tell you about someone who's worse — one of my best friends!

"But," you say, "that's your imagination. It's not real." You just said it was your imagination." But any friend is so bad, he can't tell me how bad, so I have to imagine it. Besides, if I can imagine it, it's real. Somewhere it's real.

So you can't be as bad as I think you could be. And I'm still your friend.

But enough of this. All right
So I'm your friend. But what good is just
one friend in a world full of enemies?
Quite, but ~~if~~ if I'm your friend, you don't
have just one. Because I have many
friends. And any friend of mine is auto-
matically a friend of yours. So you too have
many friends.

Go out & find some of them.

November 1973.

There's nothing wrong with a
person maintaining his reputation. But if the
requirements to do so are not coincident with
his principles, then the reputation is worthless
to him. What pompous rubbish!

*

If we lived with a constant
consciousness of all our considerations, we
would probably all be nervous wrecks.

*

[Note: (February 1975) This appears to be the beginning of the headlong plunge into the death point. November! When else?]

There is a term of discovering in the end that God doesn't love you or forgive you or even understand you, that on the contrary he despises you, can't put up with you, & sees no earthly reason — or heavenly one for that matter — why he should. The term of being unbearable even to God.

I just hope that all my teachings are not merely self-deceptive propaganda calculated to let me off the hook of my own sense of total unforgivability. If ~~it does~~ ^{they do}, then I have doubled my own already infinite debt.

In case this is so, I must reinvent everything, & simply pray to be forgiven. I could pray to be good, but I do not really believe that any part of me actually wants to be good. But if I can really convince myself that being good is the only way to satisfaction, I could then appeal to my own self-interest. No, my own self-interest could appeal to God. I wish I was truly ashamed, but I am afraid that I am too self-righteous, too arrogant, too convinced of my own virtue for that. A circle of self-deception, that seems to have

no exit — & that of course is part of the self-deception. I wish that I wanted to see clearly the deliberateness of my effects. (I don't even see the deliberateness of the positive ones let alone the negative ones). But then I also don't even see clearly that I don't want to see the deliberateness of my effects. I see only the lie of my predominantly good intentions & my helplessness. And I believe them to be the truth. No part of me desires to believe them otherwise. I cannot even say that I know they are lies. That would be a starting point. I am only afraid that they are lies.

I have no desire but to be the victim of some superior power that uses me now to carry a wholly negative burden, & that one day that burden will be lifted. I fear that that is just not true. But if it's not, if only I could believe that it's not; that would be a starting point.

I have no sense of responsibility for myself, therefore I hopefully had others that responsibility is an illusion. If I'm wrong, I'm really in trouble. If I am

wrong, God must generously find me
unbearable.

This fixation or my own
confusion is not healthy. But at the
moment I desire it. How do I justify
the self-indulgence? The question is: do
I carry the burden of evil for the Game —
hope springs eternal — or am I just a
part of the only truly evil element in
the Game, by my own choice? And is
choicelessness a myth I have invented to
cover myself. If the latter, God is stoking
the fires of hell in readiness for my
arrival. And because of my nature, I will
certainly have a most undignified reaction
to my ultimate fate — not that it will
matter very much then.

I am still fighting for
God's forgiveness — not humbly pleading,
you notice, that is not a part of my
nature. If it were, I would have no
problems.

There seems to be something
I want to say — or is it something I want
to grasp — some point of reality, which
I clearly do not really want to grasp.

I seem to have no willingness to find a part of myself which believes in my own power of choice.

There is another factor. Even if I ~~am~~ have no choice & am just a pawn in the Game, why should God — of whom I can have no true understanding — not still inflict eternal pain on me? After all it's God's Game, & the rules are his not mine.

There has to be an answer. If it's what I hope, then all is well. If not, then that very hope will complete my undoing.

I wish I was a truly good person, not from any altruistic motive, but because the rewards would be so gratifying. That motivation really says something about how far I am from being a good person.

I'm trying not to be a victim! How's that for a victimish reality?!

Why is there not even the desire to have a positive response to negativity — specific negativity from a

specific source, that is? Is there really no choice, or is that just an easy way out? Today's prayer: Lord, deliver us from responsibility for the intangible. Or alternatively, put us in touch with it.

Today is definitely a day for introspection. When the time has passed, — if previous experience is anything to go by — I shall know something new. I can feel it there, but because the time has not yet passed, there is still the feeling that it could be the rationalisation that will take me off the hook temporarily rather than the truth that will help to release others.

The most miserable thing about being miserable is knowing that you must have made others miserable, not only consciously deliberately — that is not such a hard to swallow — but unconsciously deliberately. That is scary. Lord, deliver us from responsibility for the intangible.

The twin of a good intention is the inevitably bad & the inevitably more powerful counter-intention.

Today I only care about

myself on a very personal level. What is a
hidden state to be in. Lord, deliver us
from exclusive self-concern — in its
harrowest sense.

If the knowledge that is
given to me is real knowledge & not
rationalisation, then I must lose
confidence in it in order to experience
reality. Is there a light, or am I
simply grasping for a way out by adding
to the rationalisation? At this point
neither is certain, or I would not still
be in doubt.

The twenty third psalm is
a contradiction. There is no comfort
in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.
Otherwise it would not be the Valley
of the Shadow of Death. In the Valley, even
unforgotten truth becomes a potential lie,
& therefore gives no comfort whatsoever.
And at this point even that could be a
rationalisation, so no optimism, please.
The time is not passed, ~~and~~ and that
is no assumption that it will. Perhaps this
time it won't, because what seemed to
be truth before was only lies & will here
come close to convincing me again.

Within the Game — the death-orientated side of it that is — reality of course is lies & truth is unreal. And within the Game reality has the power. This time reality will die as a negative force & be reborn as a positive force, whilst truth, thoroughly & meticulously recorded, will go on & on. Last time truth was not recorded it was passed through the filters of reality, & therefore emerged inverted & subjected to the agreements of a death-orientated world.

But there is still doubt today. So no optimism please. Even that could be lies.

That Valley is very dark. In it, all we can see is ourselves — no one & nothing else. And we are as dark as the rest of the Valley. We can find no light even within ourselves. If my knowledge — not my knowledge — is true knowledge, then the Game is ultimately brilliant because even for such as myself, for whom there are countless lights in the Valley, there is the possibility that all of them might be candles in hell. So not one of them is reliable. I was told by my sources

about candles in hell, long before I was shown what could be - no optimism yet - the true light of heaven.

Is the darkness for ever, & the light only a figment of my dark imagination?

By the Grace of God, those who believe in an eternal hell do not believe in responsibility for the intangible, nor the deliberateness of counter-intention. Belief in both is unbearable. It eliminates all hope. Even a belief that both might be real is terrifying.

Sometimes I wish I had no brain, no logic with which to be illogical, no reason from which to observe my irrationality, & no intelligence from which to be agonised by the twisted nature of reality, the greatest power in the Game. I watch reality tearing truth to pieces so completely & convincingly that even I can no longer believe in it. Or am I watching reality tearing my own self-created lies to pieces? Whichever it is, truth or lies, it is all I have

to lighten my own darkness. And as long as I cannot be sure it is truth, the darkness is complete — as now. A light which even might go out with finality at any moment is no comfort whatever.

And what about the upwards — the current ones, not the promised future ones? 'Simple. Even they might be candles in hell.

But even if I cannot believe in, or rely upon, any light that shows itself, I must, as I have always done, scrutinize & analyse each one, & record it with care — just in case it is the truth.

One day I shall receive a sign that will be unmistakable, which will tell me with finality the true nature of what I see. Then either I shall know that the Valley is forever & reality is truth, or I shall be free of the Valley, & I shall be able to see everyone else from the Valley also.

Now I understand the

meaning of the prayer: 'Lord I believe,
help thou mine unbelief.' The question
is is what I believe - or half-believe -
the truth, or is it a lie? If it's a lie,
then even what I have written today
is meaningless & irrelevant. But then
it doesn't matter anyway. There is
nothing really meaningful or relevant
for me to write. If it's the truth,
then this will comfort & stress when
they read it. It must therefore be the
part of me that believes which prompts
me to write it. And incidentally,
until & unless I receive a conclusi-
ve sign that what I believe is the truth
no one will read it. And perhaps
then no one will need to read

A point of
has permitted that
presented. Now if
as truth, it won't
lie to 'be pr
were the op,
encourage'.
Bible, for exam
closer to its 'or
would encourage
to pave the way of

which shall
is done
F. W.

change to life-orientation. That of course could be another clever rationalisation, but I challenge anyone to find a flaw in the logic. No, I withdraw that. Reality in its current form could do so easily, & make it stick. And that follows 'whether it is true or false!' Reality is the most powerful force in the game. If it is the same as truth, it can easily find flaws in a lie. And if it is the opposite of truth, it can just as easily find flaws in the truth!

I now understand the meaning of the phrase: You know by what you feel! (Proviso: my knowledge is true knowledge). You know that reality is what you feel. You know that truth is the opposite of what you feel.

Conclusion of today's meanderings. Reality, we know, is darkness — with candles of course, but they don't ~~count~~ count. The question is: is truth also darkness, or is it light?

The answer is simple. The problem arises, & the anguish, & the frustration, & the sense of impending lunacy, from trying to impose truth upon reality, & from trying to fit reality into truth. The two do not belong together at this time. A death-orientated reality, by definition cannot contain or acknowledge truth. And to try to force the two into agreement is an activity doomed to failure - clearly motivated by reality not truth!

Reality has the power in this game (that will always be the case, but when it is a life-orientated reality, it will instinctively agree with truth), so it must be allowed to function without the imposition of truth.

Truth is for the future, not the past or the present - the current present, that is. Keep it that way & cost off. It should work. We shall see. It should be possible to relax completely within that recognition.

The example of Galileo.
In his case truth (Galileo) was unable
to impose its knowledge on reality
(the Church). It was not even allowed
to believe in its knowledge. In the present
it was defeated, denied, subjugated, but
in the future it triumphed, & significantly
not at the expense of the Church, because
the Church changed direction to meet the
truth.

Galileo, incidentally, betrayed
nothing by recanting. His truth still re-
emerged & was accepted when its
time came.

Authority, which is the same
as reality, will always successfully
suppress truth as long as the Game
is negative. And that is as it must
be until the nature of the Game changes.
Then authority & reality will represent
truth.

At that point the gap
between what we feel (reality - & the prime
authority) & what we know (truth)
will be closed.



The burden is lifted, two days before Chant's giving. Truth acknowledges reality, & one day later reality acknowledges truth.

Truth acknowledges reality by a recognition of its own hatred of reality. Reality acknowledges truth by a recognition of its own inversion of truth in the manifestation of reality.

But the intense pain of the previous days bears witness to the power of reality. "We know the unity, but we feel the separation." And the feeling is so much stronger than the knowledge, because the feeling is reality.

Another major burden lifted, and another aspect of the truth permitted to emerge. A light in the Valley that is known to be no candle. Doubt vanishes, as I knew that it would but could not feel that it would.

"Lucifer looked, & God was in the Void".

*

When clarity comes, mystery
is hard to imagine — as hard to
imagine as clarity when mystery descends.

*

Now^{to} day a new Challenge.
This is not despair or death or a sense
of total failure. This is a deep &
immediate frustration, which almost
amounts to a depression. Such an
intense desire for freedom.

There may no longer be the
fear of hell, but purgatory has still
to be born with equanimity — or is
that a contradiction?!

Perhaps as soon as the fear
of hell disappears, the demand for heaven
takes its place. (We have been here
before. I remember now). And of course,
we live in a game of demand. Lift one
demand, & it is immediately replaced
by another.

The entrance to Heaven
seems as impossible as did the exit from
Hell. Darkness is replaced by a shadowy

gloom. (That is a blessing to be counted,
but it's not the immediate concern.
The immediate concern is the gloom.
It must be examined).

Gloom in this sense is not
only a source of pain, but also a much
needed pressure to move us all towards
a new game. Gloom does not itself
produce change — quite the reverse,
but it causes suffering, which induces a
will to find the means of change.

The absence of love is as hard
to bear as the presence of hate. Only
the tree of life ~~will~~ will satisfy. But
it must be the tree of life in the
Garden. No substitute will satisfy.
The fruit must be the right fruit in
the right place & at the right time,
otherwise it turns sour in the mouth, &
brings no satisfaction.

But waiting is as painful
when the tree can be seen in the distance
as when it cannot be seen at all. No,
it's a lesser pain, but the need to
transcend it is as powerful, & the hope
of ever doing so is as weak.

'As we give love, so do we receive love'. But sometimes the nature of the love we must give is as much a mystery as the nature of the love we desire to receive.

*

The gloom has gone, but not the frustration, which has reached a peak of intensity. It's uncanny. Images of a potential future emerge, or something powerful & desperate reaches out for them, totally rejecting the reality of their non-existence. What is this force? It's controllable. As soon as it's clear what's happening, a clamp can be brought down on it, or then it can be let out slowly & carefully for examination.

A possibility. This is a compulsive grasping for positivity. Is it the ~~compulsive~~ culmination of three & a half years of compulsive positivity? Is it the final desperate struggles of a Luciferian dream to attain actuality?

December 1973

Again the Pit. A sense of deepest despair, which brings with it that sense of urgency again that the human predicament must be healed.

The shame, the bitter & frustrated fury, the blame, the hatred, the fixation on self, the instinctive abandonment of all useful knowledge, the burning desire to be vindicated, the appalling lack of any desire to do what is required, whatever that might be. And if I feel utterly trapped, & helpless to make one single positive move, finding within myself not one ounce of willingness to do so, then who stands a chance?

The pettiness of it all, the cowardice, the weakness of will. To know all this, & yet not want to change. To find only a demanding desire to be changed. To ~~be~~ full of pride & yet empty of self-esteem. To be dedicated to the small-minded move, & utterly unwilling to make the generous & expansive move. To resent every grain of satisfaction in another. To want to give nothing & yet receive everything. To find not one

grain of willingness not to blame. To be rigidly determined that it's 'not my fault.' To be devoid of love & yet want desperately to be loved. To have a whole life full of this to look back on, & yet to be more afraid, resentful & self-pitying than ashamed. To be willing to settle for the good opinion of others, & hope that none of this will be noticed, & yet to live with a constant awareness of it. (No anaesthetic — or justification — of self-deception). To have no instinct whatever to give. To look back upon endless selfishness, betrayal, deception, petty opportunism, lying, cheating, bullying & cowardice, marching characteristically hand in hand with self-righteous arrogance, conceit, & condemnation, & to be unwilling to admit to any of it. To have every 'wrong' instinct, & no desire whatever — except sometimes from fear — not to follow all of them. To be always the faultiest & the one to cast the first stone. To find myself devoid of any true generosity of spirit, humility, sympathy, or compassion. To be filled with little else but a desire to exploit every situation to my own advantage at the expense of anything or anyone else that may be involved. To compare myself with

the goodness of others, but to know that it's not generous admiration which I feel but envy. The reality of always being wrong, & so wrong that I must believe that I am always right.

Do I thank God that I am two separate people? No, as one of those two people, I blame God. And yet the other part needs the one part in order to understand the Game. But the ~~other~~ ^{one} part, in its almost constant state of despair, barely believes that the other part exists.

*

Beware of false enemies, who come to you in wolves' clothing, but inwardly they are helpless sheep.

January 1974

If human choice was really free — & by definition choice is not choice unless it is free — then, again by definition, no one would choose what is undesirable.

Today is a heavy day, with no scope, or no sense of scope for productivity. For some people, almost every day is like that. It is a burden which will have to go. With such a weight upon the mind, there is no capacity for joy — unless something utterly desirable, & with an overriding authority, comes & fondles the soul with love. So simple & yet so elusive.

February 1974.

The agreement is that we must pay for pleasure with pain. Not so, we must pay for pleasure by giving others pleasure.

March 1974.

I'm two different people. But the pain of that dichotomy is sometimes unbearable. We know the unity but we feel the separation.

Has the death point finally been reached? There was undoubtedly a true vision of the creator. But also there was a horrified vision of the self. And there was the Void. There was the unbearable agony of seemingly eternal damnation. Is it over? Or is the calmer aftermath only respite before a greater anguish? Even if it's over, I only expect a very gradual easing towards positivity. That's the Game.

That I saw also in that vision was the distance between creator & creation. That's as it should be. Everything relates to the Game. Part of the vision was the total goodness of the creator & the total evil of the creation. That's as it should be.

The greater person within me is with the creator. There is no conflict there, no alienation, only complete union,

mutual love & respect, but very impersonal.
The lesser person is in total conflict with
the creator, & it reached a point of complete
alienation, but at the same time vision.

*

Of course, every movement round
the circle must be created by a re-enact-
ment of the original rejection, i.e. the Fall.
That's what begins the Game, & that's
what continues it, & that's what finally
brings it to its death point. Each disobedience
carries the creation further away, until
the final disobedience carries it into
the Void. This is why we keep on re-enact-
ing the Fall. And it never breaks. It
mustn't or there would be no more
movement. It's the same force which
takes us towards & into death, that also
takes us through death & beyond into
life. The direction never changes, &
the force never changes.

What deals death most effectively
must, on the other side of the circle, provide
life equally effectively. What creates the
most lies must also create the most truth.
What creates the most pain must also create
the most joy. The greatest block in the Game

must also be the greatest inspiration.
What am I talking about? Sexual love!

Whatever happens, my faith in the Game never lapses. Even now I believe that it's only because I embody something at one end of the scale that I can carry what lies (sic) at the other end of the scale. That doesn't lessen the pain. It just makes it bearable. When it's at its peak faith has no effect on pain whatever. That's the nature of the Void. Death isn't death unless it's death without any hope of life.

*

With every fall there's a death. The extent of the death is equivalent to the extent of the fall. The first fall brings about the first death. That's dramatic. It begins the Game. Then comes fall after fall & death after death as the Game continues. That's not so dramatic. Then there's the final fall & the final death — in a sense the second death. That's dramatic. Then there's the first rebirth. That — hopefully — is in the future.

Either I carry the very worst
burdens in the Game, or there is no
Game.

*

It's done. The job is completed.
The ^{reality} of negativity has finally
manifested — in me. For ten years I've
set out to achieve this. And I've done
it. Now all that remains is to bear the
consequences. I feel singularly ill-equipped
to do this, but I have to none the less.
No doubt that's part of them. But what
their reality is I don't know. I'll no
doubt discover. Game knowledge gives
no relief, as of course it can't at this
point. Every candle has to go, & in the
Valley of the Shadow even Game knowledge is
a candle. I ~~to~~ blew out every one else's
candles so mine must go as well. Perhaps
the hope that I can sustain the consequences
is itself a candle. To be unable to sustain
the consequences ~~is itself a candle~~ would be the very
worst consequence of all! But remember we are
always greater than the pain we feel. Can
that be used in this context, or is that too
a candle that has to go out. I shall discover.
And I shall perhaps only know the extent of
what I've done by the extent of what happens

to me now.

*

Reality has attained its ultimate negativity. The Old Game, for me, has reached the death point, the culmination of death orientation. ("Ten years is a complete cycle of time").

After the decision, calm. Right or wrong, it's the only way.

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Some previous notes:

1. Sometimes I feel the Game will never turn the corner. There will always be something worse. There will always be a deeper pit to climb down into. There will always be a more humiliating experience. Is the pit really bottomless? Is the New Game a myth? A Luciferian pipe dream? A candle in hell? One thing seems never ending; the impossible demands of the Game.

*

2. There's always a part of me

that knows exactly what I'm doing & why I'm doing it. It's a part that doesn't live well with the Game, but recognises that duty has to be done whatever the consequences.

*

3. Is it possible that the worst has been done & a change will be forced into the Game? I hope so. The humiliation of being all the time the dramatic opposite of what I am — there's a paradox — & living with it, is not easy to sustain without cowardly desertion into untruthability.

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4. When a want becomes a need, & a need becomes a demand, then blame is inevitable.

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THE NEW GAME

22 March 1974.

After death, instant rebirth.

The most dramatic confirmation I have ever had that death is the threshold of life, & hell the threshold of heaven.

My own information told me that the switch would be instantaneous, but until I experienced it my own feelings could not believe such a miracle was possible. That's as it should be, otherwise how could death & hell really be death & hell, or the Void the Void.

But truly now I'm happier than I have ever been.

"Lucifer looked & God was in the Void."

April 1974.

The very first comment in this journal was made when the seeds of this manifestation of the New Game were planted way back in February 1972.

"If we are willing on one level to sacrifice ourselves for a great & 'selfless' cause, we are equally willing, to ~~destroy ourselves~~, on another level, to 'destroy ourselves for a petty & personal demand'."

Now I've confirmed what I almost knew then; that the two are one & the same. What in the Old Game seems to be a petty & personal demand, in the New Game is a great & 'selfless' cause, & what in the Old Game is a great & 'selfless' cause, in the New Game is a petty & personal demand.

But regardless of the apparent motivation, he who is willing to lose his life in the Old Game, joins it in the New Game.

But the Game goes on. The separation is complete. The New & the Old now face each other across the Void.

No, that's inaccurate. The New looks forward, away from the Void of total loss through which it has passed. The Old clings to the past & looks towards the Void in fear. But because of the nature of its Game, it doesn't allow itself to recognize either the Void or its own fear of the Void. Nor does it allow itself to recognize the New on the other side of the Void.

Because we are no longer in their Game, we must, in their eyes, be out of the Game altogether. Their own blindness prevents them from knowing that nothing can be outside the Game altogether. And their own fear obscures the simple logic that, considering what is now happening on their side of the Game, it cannot be the New Game, & therefore it must still be the Old Game, & further, if we're outside their Game, we must be in the New Game.

But at this stage, those still in the Old Game must believe they're in the New Game. The fact that they have rejected totally the two people, the only two people who promised them the New Game & then explained it, & then gave them the means to enter it & then actually led them into it, tells them nothing.

What stops them from remembering that the secret is to follow Lucifer into the Void?

Ah! Of course. So simple. That's exactly what they are doing. How stupid of me not to see it that clearly before. They are following Lucifer into the Void. Every move they make takes them closer to it. Any other move, any attempt to by pass it & reach Lucifer directly, across the circle, would fail. Only a continuation of the same movement in the same direction will get them into & through the Void.

We're not waiting or hoping for a change, we're waiting & hoping for a completion.

We know that they too must reach a death point before they can be reborn. But the death point is not a point where the negativity of a situation tells you you must change your scale of values, the death point is a point of total loss with no ability to change your scale values. It's a point of total despair. Then rebirth is the point where you simply discover that you already have a completely different scale of values. You

discover that you no longer want what you've lost. You don't need it after all. In fact you realize that it only gave you unhappiness because of the fear of losing it.

So be patient. The Game doesn't require them to recognize the invalidity of their needs & abandon them. The Game dictates that they fight desperately for their needs until they have lost what they need & then the Game will give them the knowledge that the need was nothing but a burden & they'll be free. But the loss must be total before the need is allowed to go.

*

Viva & I have experienced the beginnings of the fulfillment of the Xthul dialogues. At last the very first real Process information is becoming a reality.

Until now there was a great desire to make real contact with the other side, so that they also would know what was happening. It all seems so obvious, there

are so many clues, that it's emotionally unbelievable that they don't see it. But logically it's inevitable. ~~The~~ Fear blots out all awareness, & the fear on the other side of the Game is escalating. And besides it now becomes clear why the Game will not allow them to see clearly. Only through blindness increasing to a total inability can we enter the Void. We had to go through that. If I had known with clarity where my actions were leading me I would ~~not~~ have abandoned them. And I would still be trapped in the Old Game. Viva the same.

In order to be free, we must lose what we are most afraid of losing — not abandon, but lose! If we abandon, leaving the choice of returning, we might do just that, so the need is kept alive by the remaining possibility of fulfillment. But if we lose, with no hope whatever of returning, the need dies of starvation & we're free.

*

It's not me they're afraid of, but themselves & one another.

It's not fear of me that

compels them to have me kept away from
Processes. It's fear of Processes. They
need Processes, & they're afraid of losing
them. And it's not fear of me that compels
Processes to keep me out of their H's.
It's fear of them. Processes need 'them',
& they're afraid of losing them.

When they have lost all their
Processes, & their Processes have lost
them, everyone can be free.

The reason they give for
dismissing me as the Teacher of the Process
is because they cannot countenance my
relationship with Viva. Does this mean
sexual infidelity, adultery, a denial of
monogamy? That can't be the real reason,
because for Processes these things are
no more than Old Game agreements, to be
eventually eliminated. They are scarcely basic
principles. So this must be a PR reason,
for the benefit of the general public, &
possibly, if necessary, the Law. Therefore
what they cannot realize is that it's
of no consequence to me whether the
general public or even the law regards
me as the Teacher of the Process. All that
matters to me is that Processes have
the opportunity to choose them or me.

April 1974.

The very first entry in this Journal was made when the seeds of this manifestation of the New Game were sown way back in February 1972.

"If we are willing on one level to sacrifice ourselves for a great & 'selfless' cause, we are equally willing, on another level, to destroy ourselves for a petty & personal demand".

Now I've confirmed what I almost knew then. that the two are one & the same. What by Old Game Standards seems to be a petty & personal demand, by New Game Standards is a great & 'selfless' cause. Regardless of the apparent motivation, he who is willing to lose his 'old' life gains his 'new' life. He who is willing to die is reborn.

But the Game goes on. The Separation is complete. The New & the Old face each other across the Void. No, that's not accurate. The New looks forward away from the Void, through which it's already passed. The Old clings to the past & looks towards the Void, but because of the nature of its game it doesn't see the Void, no

does it see the New Game on the other side of the Void. Therefore it assumes that those who have passed on into the New Game are out of the Game altogether. Its own blindness prevents it from knowing that nothing can be outside the Game altogether. Anything which is out of the Old Game must be in the New Game.

But at this stage those still in the Old Game believe they're in the New Game. The fact that they've rejected totally the very two people who promised them the New Game & then led them towards it, tells them nothing.

Presumably they too must reach a death point & then be reborn. I wonder when that will be. So I want it to be soon for them or for us? That's an Old Game question. All that matters is that I want it to be soon. But basically it doesn't matter when or how it happens. The Game will dictate.

*

Viva & I have experienced the beginnings of the fulfillment of the Xth Dialogue. At last the very first real process information is becoming a reality.

At this point there's still a very great desire to make real contact with the other side of the Game, so that they also know exactly what's happening. It all seems so obvious. There are so many clues, that it's emotionally unbelievable that they don't see it. But logically it's inevitable. Fear blots out all awareness, & the fear on the other side of the Game right now is at a peak.

*

In order to be free, we must lose what we're most afraid of losing. If only they could know that.

*

It's not me they're afraid of, but themselves & one another.

It's not fear of me that compels them to have me kept away from Proceneans, & to make Proceneans keep away from me; it's fear of Proceneans. And it's not fear of me that compels Proceneans to keep me out of their HQ's; it's fear of them.

One reason they give for dismissing me as the Teacher of the Process is because they can't countenance any relationship with Viva. Now, are they condemning sexual infidelity, or adultery, or polygamy? If so they've left the Process. And besides, people in glasshouses....

No, they can't mean that this is the real reason. So this must be the PR reason, for the benefit of the general public, & possibly the law.

What they can't realize is that it's of no consequence to me whether the general public, or even the law, regards me as the Teacher of the Process. All that matters to me is that Processians have the opportunity to choose between their structure & my teachings, their temporal security & my spiritual security.

One day there must of course be a reconciliation, but that may be after the End for all I know. For now there's total separation, & everyone must have the chance to choose on the basis of knowledge rather than ignorance.

Is this a harmonic of the

October 1974 ~~Boston~~.

Very often it's only when a disagreement becomes a moral issue that people fight over it.

I can understand sex & violence being a moral issues, but as if we didn't already have enough to keep us at each others' throats, people have to make the fact or fiction of evolution into a moral issue.

It just shows how far we'll go in our pursuit of conflict.

*

There are some philosophies which confuse the issues so completely that unless we're aware of this we end up knowing less after studying them than we did before. (How the hell do I know that?) I hope mine isn't one of these!

*

Self-discovery is not simply learning about yourself, it's coming face to

face with yourself, & then identifying with
the self that you've come face to face
with.

*

We only make others feel bad
because we feel bad ourselves (oh, yes!).
But we only feel bad because we've made
others feel bad. That's a vicious circle.
And don't bother to ask where a vicious
circle begins (it's like asking where time begins),
just use your awareness to get out of it.

5 October On my way to Boston to find
out what the Game has in store for me there.

The Strongest Process contingent
is in Boston. And the time has come to
discover whether I'm meant to be directly
involved in the recreation of a ~~the~~ physical
Process structure. The signs of course are
ambivalent. But one thing is clear. If
I am to be involved I know what
form the structure will take. (P.S.6) Nothing
less feels right. If it's not to be that
then I'm not to be part of it. Perhaps
it will be, or perhaps my work is done. I'm
open to either possibility.

Yesterday Viva explained so much in one very simple observation which had eluded me.

I had always supposed that the reason they all turned against me within the organisation & sided with the other side of the Game, was because the other side of the Game has more magic than I have. But that isn't the reason. The reason is that the 'philosophy' that that ^{side} has always pushed is so much more appealing than mine. To believe that you dislike people because they're bad, you blame people because they're wrong, & you despise people because you're better than they are, is so much easier than recognising that any negative feeling you have towards someone is due to your own sense of personal failure, not their inadequacies.

Of course, my teachings are really hard to stomach. It's like preaching unilateral disarmament. Whereas a call to arms against the foe is always sure of a response.

O, Viva, you're a pearl of such great value. I know your own aggression has been very dear to you. I know how much you've sacrificed in thinking your

destiny to mine. I know what you've been willing to give up, & what none of them would give up — including poor Mary Ann, who's trapped in her oppression. I know they have no choice, but still we have I in my response. I understand them, I sympathize with them, & I love them. But you my Viva, I treasure more than anything in the whole world.

But together can we help to free the world of all its hatred & egotism? Or is it arrogance to cherish such a thought.

You lifted such a burden of mystery & non-comprehension for me with your simple but profound clarification. Of course, my teachings aren't hard to understand. They're just unacceptable to almost everybody. Who's willing to abandon the credence they've been taught to give to blame & hatred & anger & mistrust & rejection? Who wants to know that whoever we're looking at we're looking at ourselves? Who's willing to believe that what we complain about in others is no more than what we feel bad about in ourselves?

And as long as they choose not

to believe me, then my way is 'wrong' & theirs is 'right'. But also my way is weak & theirs is strong. (It can look that way if you don't believe in it & therefore understand it). This is why those who can't stomach my philosophy, because they don't want to stop giving credence to their negative attitudes, not only believe that I'm expendable — along with what I teach — but also that I'm weak & therefore easy to destroy. This leads them into a most uncomfortable trap. Nothing is more painful than the frustration of being unable to destroy what you hate.

Of course the paper soon became sour. No, I don't hate him. No, no, I'm not trying to destroy him. I don't want to destroy him. He's no threat to me ~~anyway~~ whatever. Why should I care? Etc. etc. But the gnawing frustration remains, which belies the protest. My God, I wish he'd go away & die, & thereby prove his weakness & my strength! The real feeling underneath the protest, keeps that constant whisper going.

~~Time~~

*

Time authority depends on how much you care for people.

They laughed at the absurdity of this remark.
The sign changed once again.

It read:

'You despise a man because you're his superior.'

'No,' I persisted,

'we all despise because we feel inferior.'

The eyes came back to me.

The minds resisted.

The sun was setting. It was almost dark.

They made no comment, simply took their leave.

They knew how what they should believe.

My words they left behind them,

But took the sign to constantly remind them.

I understood their choice.

How do you tell a child his favorite toys
Are gradually destroying him?

*

may be out of order

November 5.

1974?

The baleful month of Scorpio. I'm
testing like fury in all directions. Well, I'm not,
but something inside me is. It's as though there's
very little time, & I must know soon who's really
with me & who's against me. It's a painful &
uncomfortable time for everyone. But those who

Endure it are mine, & those who don't are not.

Why do I need to know so quickly & so drastically who belongs & who doesn't? Why the urgency?

The faith of those who do belong must be based on something so deep & so intangible that nothing I do can shake it. I've spent ten years laying the groundwork for this most crucial & most ruthless time of testing. But what is it all towards? If I knew that, there would be less uneasiness in the Game right now. And I have to test my own faith as well as theirs.

Strange how when everything seems to be against me, there's always one security point equal to the task of helping me to maintain my confidence.

Many are called but very few are chosen.

Oct 1974

PD-13

A good chess player never forgets that if he loses his queen, she may have been the most powerful piece on the board, but she can be replaced, simply by advancing a pawn to the end of the line. A rook, a knight, a bishop, can all be replaced in exactly the same way. But if he loses his king, which may have seemed to be the weakest piece on the board, the game is over, & he's the loser.

SUBSTITUTE

When his mother died,
He cried,
Because he felt alone,
Which he was.
So he found another,
Who said she was his mother.
She lied,
But he believed the lie
Because the lie relieved his loneliness -
For a while.

Life just isn't a game of chess.
We cannot replace for ourselves, only for the
Game. And the Game does that.

FRIENDSHIP

I had a friend
Who didn't want to be my friend.
(He much preferred to be my enemy,
And at least he was honest about it).
So the ship on which we sailed together foundered.
But I'm tenacious;
I stopped the leaks & stayed the helm.
We sailed,
But I never slept.
We sailed for years,
But still I never slept.
Then my friend relented,
And said that after all our ship was what he
wanted.
He made a drink,
We drank it
With a pledge that our beloved ship could never
sink.
I slept, with gratitude,
And in the night
He sank it.

The lesson of this tale is quite simplistic.
The fault was mine;
I'm much too idealistic.

MASOCHISM

I thought they hadn't followed what I'd said,
So I repeated.

Still no response; their eyes seemed dead.

But I could feel their pain.

So in a different form, I tried again.

This time they came alive.

(Was death defeated?)

They gazed in awe,

Delighted wonderment at what they saw —
But not at me.

I was forgotten, & instead

The eyes looked past me to a sign that read:

'You're good. / And you dislike someone because
he's bad.'

I shook my head.

'Not true,' I countered.

'We all dislike because we feel we're bad.'

They smiled their condescension of my weak
pronouncement,

Then gazed again. I turned.

The sign behind me had a new announcement.

'You're right,' it told them.

'So when you blame a person, it's because
he's wrong.'

'Not so,' I said.

'We blame when we feel that it's us that's wrong.

We transfer all the wrongness onto others,
Simply to relieve ourselves of guilt.'

~~MINOR~~ REFLECTION

Whatever happens to us, we are the cause,
By being the instrument of it happening to others.

That's one of the Laws;

Another being that all men are brothers,
And all women naturally their sisters —
Or their mothers.

Your destiny is mine, & mine is yours.

Our pains — our pleasures too — are one another's.

— I told them this, & they believed it.

Some of them felt pain, & that relieved it.

The knowledge was new, & gave them pleasure;
And they took it away with them.

Later I asked them why we had all forgotten
A law which healed

Those ~~all~~ who allowed the memory of it to stay with them.

They couldn't answer that.

'We wouldn't forget,' they said.

'But clearly those

'Who came before us chose

'To buy what was once revealed.

'The fault was theirs that we are ignorant,

'Not ours.'

I hope I know

What was myself who spoke

As well as them.

AVATAR

He was ugly like the others.
The difference was, he knew it & they didn't.
He brought them the mirror that he had used
to discover his own ugliness.
They were not amused.
He said: 'Take heart.
'If we're willing to know that we're ugly
'we can start
'to make ourselves more beautiful.'
That reassured them, & they took the mirror.
But when they saw themselves
They gave it back to him, & said:
'You lied.
'The image in the mirror is yours, not ours.'
He went away, thinking sadly:
'That's how ugly we are.
'If they weren't ugly, they wouldn't need me.
'If I weren't ugly, they wouldn't reject me.'

TRAP

When the present's empty,
The past sweeps over us like waves
With every small experience.
The vacuum of listless observation
Grows in a surge of blind association
And if we add the figures up, we find
That whilst time moved
Our bodies followed
But large sections of ourselves remained behind
Clinging to the straws that might have proved
That we existed.
The universe continued restlessly
Past every incident,
But we resisted
Tying another thread of useless memory
And adding one more burden to our load
Of vain regrets,
Which trail along behind us on the road
Ensuring we remember what the world forgets.
And whether incidents themselves were pain or pleasure,
The links are only pain.
For either we regret a milestone's presence in the past,
Because it's black,
Or we bewail its absence in the present
If it's white.
Either way, we feel we moved too fast
And can't go back
To right a wrong or repossess a right.
Illogically we make the strange assumption:

That's wrong can't be deleted,
But equally what's right can't be repeated.
So visions of the future tend to be
Of endless pain or absent pleasure,
Accumulated wounds or squandered treasure.

But if we call a halt & cycle back,
And carefully examine just a few
Of all those memories that haunt us;
The little pains from which our anguish grew,
The pleasures of the past that tempt us,
We find with every one we made the choice.
We caused the scars,
We engineered the joys.
We made them be that they became for us.
And when we know we did it to ourselves,
We realise that although we can't undo what's done,
We can untie the knot
That binds us to the pain.
And if we made the pleasure happen once,
We also know
That we can make it happen once again.

Mood.

Grey shadows drift across the moon.
And a bitter wind chills the edges of my soul.
Soft sorrow warms me,
But without nourishment, so I grow cold again.
Inventive genius is no solace.
It's colder than the icy draft of disappointment.
The clothing that should keep away the cold
has been infected.
Even love clings to my shoulder blades
And freezes them.

At this moment, dry summer is as meaningful
As universal peace!

Such a moment, for me, is rare & fleeting.
Yet what I learn from it is worth a lifetime.

*

Perhaps those of us who are sane in
this world are simultaneously existing as help-
lessly insane inmates of a mental home in
another world. And vice versa.

*

You were overjoyed when I offered you
a place in my new world. But where were you
when I needed help in building it.

For not only is God magnificent — O, Elsewhere
 Cause, you never cease to astound me
 — but of course, His creation — &
 how, except by His devious will could we
 have thought otherwise? — is, on its own level,
 equally magnificent!

But how could we believe
 that God could possibly create a failure?

By being created to believe
 it of course, for the purpose of success!

The work is done.

O, Great Magnificence.
 Allow me the 'childish' indulgence of
 simple primitive worship.

O, God, what really knows
 you? Because to really know you, is to
 be completely overwhelmed with wonder.
 Why have you chosen me to understand?

Absurd, irrational question.
 Allow me my absurdity.

O, God, you pawn
 salutes you; proud to be so multi-

honored; advanced to the end of the line,
& crowned with utter joy in self-discovery.

O, what a gift!

28 February 1975.

Boston, in practical & organisational terms, was a fiasco. (Matt. 13: 5, 6, 20, 21).

It's very easy to become trapped in the agreement that the success of a Process organisation is the criterion of the validity of Process Teachings. But it's not — not at this stage of the Game anyway — any more than successful sales during his lifetime are the criterion of the validity of an artist's work.

Perhaps when I'm gone, the message will begin to get through. But right now the dedication of most Processians is shallow & transitory. But is that any surprise when you think of the Foundation? The human structures are, ^{as} firmly in control — TOTALLY in control — as they should be at this crucial moment, just before the lights go out.

Toronto. 25 February 1975. (A joyous time)

Tonight I read the whole of the Tide of the End (that is, except - significantly - the Valley of the Shadow, which is out on loan!), & then I read the just completed final section of BT on Morality.

Seven years. What a strange cycle! From that singing & apocalyptic drama of the End; so real, so total, so complete within its own terms & its own context, to the final clarity of this last incredible revelation. From the condemnation of man's illusion of magnificence to the discovery, the recognition & the acknowledgement of his real magnificence.

A cycle is over. The confrontation with total failure, without a 'candle' to relieve it; the darkness of death without the expectation of rebirth; the depths of despair with no glimmer of hope; & the complete or choiceless (that's the irony of hindsight!) acceptance of full responsibility; has led, with inexorable precision to the 'ultimate' vision (well, 'ultimate' in human terms!) of the Light of Truth.

And the Light is blinding.

1st March 1975

As spring comes, so does clarity.

It's almost a year now since the separation. Looking back, I can see the precise mechanics of the movement of the Process — which was my own personal movement — from dying, through death, into living.

But before I describe those precise mechanics, let's look at how.

What does the Process have? NO wealthy or powerful image to appeal to the masses. But something else it lacks, which is not so easy to recognise as a negative element. It lacks an intense, immediate, gut-level emotional ~~appeal~~ appeal. That was Mary Ann's territory, not mine. I can't watch it, & I wouldn't try.

But now I understand why the Process no longer has it. It's for the same reason that it no longer has a wealthy & powerful image.

In the old days, I offered truth, Mary Ann offered reality. An appealing

Combination, but essentially a contradiction of what The Process stands for. In The Process, truth is the awareness of reality, which means each individual's awareness of his own personal reality. And of course the powerful just level presentation of a single external reality to which all conform, inevitably inhibits that awareness. The external reality becomes a safe & appealing substitute for the internal reality. So truth never manifests.

But now The Process comes to the point of requiring the fulfillment of what it stands for. The external reality element departs. The whirlwind subsides. Calm descends. And now The Process says: "Here is truth. I can offer it, because it's the same for everyone. And by means of this truth, you can become aware of your own reality."

With Mary Ann in The Process, The Process created, or rather projected, reality for people. And that's done with emotion. The powerful projection of a gut emotional reality. So that all who are afraid to discover, come to share with, & bring out their own reality - which is the majority - & all who are unwilling to lead inside & find their own emotional impetus, take responsibility for it, own it, enact it, & develop it from negative to positive, are spared the task.

Instead they can take, as a substitute, the intense emotional reality of The Process group, The Process organization, The Process mystique, The Process code, The Process convention, or whatever, & never have to face their own.

But now that element no longer exists in The Process. Which means Processians must look for emotional life within themselves. They must, in fact, begin to follow Process teachings. And that's not something that very many are willing to do.

Lisa & Rick are a classic example. I needed their enactment to make this clear. And also to confirm its validity. Because they found no just emotional reality in Boston, outside themselves, which they could latch onto, they ~~of~~ were faced with the choice of either finding it inside or going elsewhere for it. And they went elsewhere. Inside was not a place they cared to look.

Their choice of a Pentecostalist Church that concentrates on speaking in tongues, is perfect to make the point, & if ~~any~~ nothing else told me to see this lack of emotional power in The Process as positive, that would. If I wondered whether my explanation of this lack was no more than a rationalisation of

a real deficiency, their enactment alone would convince me otherwise. I know what they're looking for, & I'm glad the Process no longer has it!

In the new Process, I can be sure that every Procenean is a real Procenean, & not an escapist looking for a substitute for his own unfaceable reality. And when emotional intensity does emerge, it comes, not from a central figure who then sweeps everyone else blindly into his vortex, but from each individual Procenean, as he discovers & expresses his own deeper emotional self. And that is how it must be.

It means that our progress will be slow, & our numbers perhaps always relatively small, but we will be real. There'll be no tidal waves of shallow transitory euphoria. Nor will there be the constant fanning of the flames of guilt & fear to maintain the momentum. For each Procenean there will just be the gradual but inexorable growth of awareness of his own reality, which is, after all, the definition of truth.

Now back to the separation.

The traditional concept of repentance is paralleled with logical & meaningful precision in Process psychotheology.

One sins. One becomes aware of one's sin. One repents. One receives absolution. That's traditional.

One experiences a sense of failure. One recognizes that the source of the sense of failure is within oneself. One accepts complete responsibility for causing the sense of failure. The sense of failure lifts. That's Processian.

Now, I caused the separation. I became aware of the fact that I had caused the separation. I repented for having caused the separation. I received absolution.

In Process terms; I experienced a traumatic sense of failure when the separation happened. I recognized that the source of that sense of failure was in me alone, & that I was the cause of the separation. I accepted full responsibility for the entire situation. The sense of failure vanished, & so did the separation. That is the crucial point, which only now becomes completely clear.

Let me explain.

The Luciferian element, which reached forward too quickly for the New Game, alienated itself from the Jehovian element, which held back & clung to the Old Game. And the Luciferian element found itself in the Void.

Then the Luciferian element recognised that it had brought about this situation completely of its own free will. There was no blame of the Jehovian element, nor was there any attempt to make the Void less desolate, less agonising, less alienated — in other words, less the Void. There was no justification.

Consequently the Luciferian element was re-united with the Jehovian element.

That's abstract; this is more personal. I engineered the separation. According to my current scale of values, it was the thing I wanted least, the ultimate Anathema. And I brought it about.

When it happened, it gave me a sense of utter desolation & remorse. The

Reality of my sense of failure is indescribable.

During five days of anguish, I reached a point of complete acceptance of responsibility for what I'd done. I even went beyond self-blame, beyond regret, beyond fear of the consequences. I simply recognised "I did it." And that was a point of calm. Still intense pain, still utter ~~an~~ desolation, still the Void, but complete calm.

I no longer fought against the reality of what I'd done to myself. I accepted it as a now inevitable fait accompli. I owned it. I identified with it. It was utterly appalling, the ultimate nightmare, darkness without a glimmer anywhere, but I knew there was no escape, so I stopped struggling, lit no candles, looked for no loopholes, & relaxed into it.

Then, the aftermath. Rebirth. Joy, a sense of freedom, exhilaration, & strength. And it was the presence of that crucial element, the element of strength, which now confirms the feeling that I was reunited with the Jehovian element. ~~The~~

My spiritual death had been

in the form of an identification with the Luciferian element and a total alienation from the Jehovahian element. So my spiritual rebirth was a reuniting of the two within myself.

Until that time, for the last four years I had placed the Jehovahian element outside myself. That was obviously essential for the enactment. And it was the only way I could successfully enact the separation. It gave me the illusion of separation, which eventually became the illusion of total separation, which was the illusion of death.

But having lived that illusion to its ultimate, the awareness came back to me, that, of course, both elements were, for me, inside of me — as they are for everyone — and that was the beginning of reunion. And the crucial sign was the presence of strength — not mundane strength, but spiritual strength; confidence, certainty, determination, & a sense of complete invulnerability. And that belongs to the positive end of the Jehovahian element.

I no longer needed to believe that Jehovah was outside of me so that I could only be in contact with Him through someone else. I was given back my knowledge that He was inside, rewarding me for having

fulfilled His requirement of a total acceptance of responsibility & the completion of a long journey through the Valley of the Shadow.

Another sign, which ~~has~~ helped to break the exclusive identification of Jehovah with the other side of the Game, as I called it, was the fact that the other side failed to act in a truly Jehovahian manner.

Jehovah is wrathful, blameful, & vengeful. But, when there's a total acceptance of responsibility (repentance), Jehovah reaches out & gives love, unmistakable love. At the point of my acceptance, which I knew was real & total, the Jehovah inside me did precisely that. But the other side of the Game did not. It remained aloof, angry, condescending, unmoved, defensive, scornful, incomprehending, & utterly egotistical. That fact alone, so stark & obvious, crude even, in its manifestation, would have been enough to break the illusory identification. God, for me, was not 'over there'; He was 'in here'.

Truth had enacted a total submission to reality. Now reality, within me at least, enacted an equally total

Submission to truth.

Now, the Process has both the freedom of Lucifer & the strength of Jehovah. It has the gentle light of truth. But also it has the strength to endure the aloneness of having only the reality inside upon which to depend. No outside structures, or whirlwinds of emotion, or rigid moral codes, or simplistic dogmas, to which to cling, or to which to lay one's head; only the stark reality of inner awareness.

The Foundation carries the burden of Lucifer's trap of the lure of material success & achievement, together with Jehovah's rigid, blameful, inhibiting, & soul destroying domination through fear & guilt. If they can pass through these two disaster areas, they will emerge with ^{greater} freedom from the first & greater strength from the second. That's their positive purpose in the Game. But at the moment they're locked inside both. They've fallen for the criterion of fulfillment through material & social success, & they've been crushed by the concept of salvation through the pursuit of an intense & dominant reality outside oneself. And whether an individual is trying to impose

that reality on others in order to bolster his own self-esteem, or whether he's clinging to it in order to find security, makes little difference. The agony is the same agony.

But remember the strongest carry the heaviest burdens. And the strongest Procerseans carry the heaviest burdens for the rest of us. And every Founder is a Procersean.

17 March 1975 (one year after the separation enactment which began on 17 March 1974 & culminated in death & rebirth on 21 March).

Now we face the most intense & the greatest vulnerability of all. I've twisted into it. I've brought the pain on myself again. But this time with no obvious way out. Not even the road of death & rebirth. This time I've trapped myself. I know that if I could escape the pain would intensify & vanish. (Even that's only analytical knowledge, because I have no desire to escape). But there's no way of escape. This time I must remain inside & in contact. Still I know that I'll look back on the experience & see that it was illusion, with clarity.

And that helps. But it doesn't take away the pain. It only makes it bearable.

It helps me to understand the pain of eliminating all external security points. No one can choose to do this. No one can blow out their own candles. That's like cutting off your own hand. No one can bring about the reality of failed illusions. The illusions must be destroyed.

How far I am from my own ideal! The inertia of pain is unbelievable. It drains all the energy away. It removes all impetus to move forward. It saps every grain of will power. It makes us into hollow shells. All energy goes into fighting off the pain. Nothing is left to drive us through it. What's left the intangible power of the inner self. All the outer self says is: 'Fall'. 'Ease the tension & collapse'. But at the same time the other side of the outer self says: 'Hang on'. 'Stave it off. Resist it. It will destroy you. You'll become submerged in despair'.

I disarmed myself long ago. I closed the lateral exit doors a long time back. I left myself no way to go but up. And when I can't go up, I'm trapped. And

now I can't go up.

A leap into a possible future to give some impetus to the present struggle. For a moment it works. A light goes on. But soon dies. It leaves an echo which consoles. But then the knife is turned, & consolation is so much thistledown.

And with this pain there's no safety net, no strategy with the security of an eventual positive response — a responsible response. There is no security. That helped. I'm getting my own message. Another candle flickered & died. No, I looked for it, & it was already gone. (These moments last such a short time).

A point. I've proved now that abandoning a security ~~at~~ point doesn't work. It's always there to go back to. And the illusion that the invulnerability is real is a strong one. Only losing it is conclusive. When we choose to be alone, that's no test. When we find ourselves alone, then we feel the anguish.

And there's nothing a do. Only we ourselves can get to the other side. And we do it from because the outside is limp.

Is joy an illusion too? No, but
when it comes from inside.

The test is for authority. I don't
have to depend. (The pain is an illusion.
I can lose it as easily as I can sink into
it). But if I can depend, what satisfaction!
Perhaps the responsibility is there. I
expect nothing.

19 March.

Nothing really changes. The sombre
wisery of what I thought were long lost patterns
come back to haunt me again. Why did I
dare to hope that this kind of pain could
never be again?

No, it wasn't hope. What I
would have recognised at once as a fear that
it would, which would have told me everything.

Ah, but I did have that fear.
I wanted no part of the same kind of circum-
stance. I tried to avoid it & fell straight
in. It's nothing like so bad, & yet now there's
the fear that it could be - a very conscious
fear.

And I'm tied. I want to go home. Where's my detachment now?

Right there, sitting behind my shoulder.

Yes, right here sitting behind your shoulder. You lazy bastard. It's nothing. It's chickenfeed. But you're lazy, & you think you've paid your dues. You haven't started. And this time you can't escape, even if you wanted to. You can't even organise an escape. You tried that & it didn't work. You've got to see it through, all the way to the breaking point, however long it takes.

You think you can get the $\sqrt{8}$ pattern ^{through} with out a scratch on you? You must be out of your tree. As always, in times of pain, you'll be neck & neck all the way. The difference is that this time it'll break, because there's no escape for you, & you've got the reins. You've blocked every exit except the one that takes you both through.

But I thought I'd gone through.

Dum-dum! That's the use

if you're on your own. And anyway the other side can't make it on its own. Did you imagine it could? Neck & neck. And you have to do it as many times as it takes you to get the other side through.

But I'm telling you, you'll make it this time. You have no choice. You poor benighted sacrificial lamb. And it's not going to be so bad.

20 March. (Separation Day minus one).

The crunch point has come. Exactly as before, one year ago, the morning was good. Something seemed to be lifting. There was hope. But I was wary, because a) it felt unstable, or b) I remembered last time. [The final outburst of horror, far worse than everything that had gone before, came on the night of the 20th]. And sure enough the crunch point has come. And with it pain, but also a calm confidence. The Old Game reality has made its final move against truth & the New Game reality, which are of course in agreement.

But the move is not aggressive.

It's self exposure. Self-sacrifice. It says: "Here I am. This is me. See how totally powerless I am, how weaponless. Destroy me."

It's final move is not a desperate last attempt to win - although to some it might seem like that. It's a plea for the coup de grace. It's a plea not to be spared. A provocation, not to continued struggle but to execution.

And the move is a gift, the greatest gift of all. If there were any doubts remaining, this swept them away. The move is too crude, too obvious, too irrational to deceive, which means it's there to confirm. Certainty flows like water into my heart. But with it the inevitable pain. And this finally convinces me of the true cause of that pain. It's love, not fear. And now that love can never be dispelled.

This time there is again no blame, no resistance, no struggle, no attempt to justify. But this time there's an awareness, not of what I've done, but of what I've not done. No sense that I should have done it, but simply that I've not done it. And the pain is that right now it's not time for it to be done. Later

Today perhaps, tomorrow, next week, next year,
Who knows when? But not at this moment.

Truth & reality remain apart.
But this time I accept, not simply that I've
caused or maintained that separation, but
that the Game decees it. I'm only an
instrument.

And now, even the pain is going
away. No joy. No satisfaction. No exhibi-
tation. Only a ~~g~~ quiet painless confidence.

Again, "Lucifer looked, & God
was in the Void".

Now I know that I truly love
the other side of the Game, in the ultimate
sense of the word. Because my awareness
of it has taken ~~to~~ hold & permeated
every part of me.

I have seen, felt, & known the
Soul of Satan. And I love him above &
beyond all else. And that is the final
victory. To love the unlovable.

(The I Ching had already given
me my next move. Hexagram 52 with no change.
And it's happening).

"But where shall we go?" they asked.

"I can take you to a place where there will always be 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 simply die of thirst."

So the following day the stranger, now their guide, led all the villagers followed.

The original group stayed close to him, & he talked

"Lied."

about the place to which he was leading them. It sounded strange, & they didn't really understand, but as long as it had an endless supply of water they were satisfied. He showed them his map. But that was even stranger. They studied it closely. Some of them thought they understood it — or at least pretended to — but to 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.

To begin with the journey was easy & everyone enjoyed themselves. But gradually they found that they were going further & further into the desert ~~to~~ itself. And 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. At 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 to the South East.

"Where are you going?" asked the spokesman of the group of villagers which travelled close to him.

"There's a 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 only way is straight ahead."

"I've travelled this road before," said the guide.

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

"Let me explain something," said the guide. "That you see here" — and he too pointed at his map — "is not a road. It leads to an impasse. And then, if you followed it round for long enough, you'd find yourself in a village just like the one you've just 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 with him because he was persuasive.

The guide was unhappy. These
two 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
leading 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. He turned & noticed 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. When he looked at his friend. "I will lead you to the water," he said.

"I know you will," said his friend.

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

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

As they walked on towards
the pass through the mountains.

Meanwhile other villagers
had caught up with them.

"What's happening?" they
asked.

The guide or 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 the same place."

"Ultimately we are," said
the guide.

"What's that supposed to
mean?"

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

At that moment, one of the groups 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 backwards & forwards between the two groups, either endeavouring to re-unite them, or simply unable to decide which one 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 ~~now~~ 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 began to form around them.

And the guide was thoughtful.

One day he collected his new

friend, around him, & said: "I want all I
you to have a copy of my map. And I'll
teach you how to read it. When something
happens to me, you'll be able to find the
lake on your own."

Now he liked this idea. So
it was arranged. And soon after, they entered
the pass.

The pass was green & fertile.
And there were many winding roads 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. His friend

was sceptical, but didn't argue

Later the guide called a general 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 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 some of his new group of friends got together, & one of them said: "What do we need him for? We have his map. And I get the feeling he doesn't really know how to read it himself. He could take a wrong turning. I mean look! Have you noticed that sometimes he holds it upside down? And sometimes - just this - he even turns it over & studies the back of it."

"Yes," said another. "And did you notice the way we went yesterday. We went through all those caves, & I'm sure we

going round in circles, & when we came out again, I could have sworn that we'd gone backwards, not forwards. Because there was that tall oak tree again. You know, the one we passed a week ago."

"It was a different one," 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 to the mountains being a dead end," said someone else. "Have you

heard about the people who followed that group? They got completely lost & ended up in a village just like the one we left. It's 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 too. (And believe me we're very grateful for it). But we don't heed him. Particularly if he's going to misread the damned thing & lead us all astray."

"That bothers me" piped up another voice, "is that with all this water & luscious green around, practically every day he takes 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 & 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 like being back in the desert."

"But you don't have to go that way. He told you that. As long as he does, or maybe a few days, he'll have the place

all ready for you when when you get there."

"Yes, but he says that 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 & 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 guide brought us here &

best. Even if he's wrong about the 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 even 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
so-called friends like that one who just
left," said a son 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.

"That's a measly bunch of
followers you've got here," 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. "What else would you expect them to do. They're going through it tho. This is their hell & high water."

"Yes, but you don't have to do it. They have no other hope."

"Believe me, I do have to do it. I can't occupy that water 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 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?"

"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 missing a confusion which he didn't quite understand, & therefore dismissed as irrelevant.

The guide sat for a while in ~~a~~ 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, & so did his friend.

"Here'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 ~~at~~ at the map.

The guide thought for a moment. All his instincts were against it, but he said: "It might work."

"It will work. Let's go."

The road was even rougher, narrower, 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. Those of us who don't, don't. And that's all there is to it. Anyway, I know I'm going to make it. And if anyone 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.

"What about me?" asked the guide.

"You have the same chance as everyone else. Either you make it or you don't. But it's unfair to expect you to lead us. Anyway ~~you~~^{we} don't need it any more.

we can do it ourselves. You yourself said we had 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, "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 through the pass more suited to them. But it had in fact taken them out of their way. So he had had to find a real short cut 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 was about to
explain the ~~worst~~ position. But he looked
at their faces & decided against it. It
would do no good. It had never done
any good.

He hid 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?"

They all looked at his friend,
then shook their heads.

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

"What?" asked someone.

"Nothing" said the guide.

"You'll get lost" said his
~~partner~~ friend.

friend.

"We're all lost" said the guide.
"That's the secret of being found. See you at
the water." And he strode off smiling to
himself, but a little sad.

*

Now there's a sequel to
this story. But, God, is it just my appalling
arrogance? I would so dearly love to be able
to follow happily & accept everything without
demand. O how I pray for the culmination
of my own teachings.

*

The next day the guide rested
in a clearing & 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, whom he had left the day before. They stood at the edge of the clearing smiling at him.

"We've 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 water.

6 April.

A new & clearer glimpse of the Void. This is quite frightening. I begin to wonder what the Game requires of me. I realise how that somewhere on some level I'm terrified of insanity — I mean certifiable lockable-upable insanity. And I realise also that I'm vulnerable to it. I'm so wide open, it's like being constantly high, which means every emotion is intensified to the nth degree. Insanity sometimes feels

dangerously close.

Also know how that I'm faced with the same element as before. But this time it's more intense in all directions — as well as being all around me instead of focused in one place. On its negative side it's more blind, more ruthless, more egocentric, more demanding, & more insensitive. But equally on its positive side — & this only manifests at the focal point — it's far more aware, far more considerate, far more in tune with the Game, & far more magical.

7 April.

Today I face the reality of total separation. Regardless of what we know the immediate reality is what we feel. And again, certainly it's pure human agreement that makes us feel it. But the agreement, at this stage, is too solid to transcend. Although we may aim for the optimum, using everything we know in order to attain it, we must accept whatever manifests. We've aimed for union, but separation manifests, total separation.

At the level on which we are

Currently operating, on two worlds are mutually exclusive. The games we are playing are directed against each other. And right now there appears to be no way out of this. We only seem able to give each other constant pain — or rather feel constant pain in relation to each other, because of the agreements. We do know each other on the higher levels. There is unity there. But at present we must face & live with the gulf between us on the lower levels. There's no escape from that, not right now. It may be an illusion, but it's an illusion which completely convinces both of us, on an emotional level.

On the level on which we're operating — & it seems the Game will not permit any other level at this moment — there is no common ground. The common ground is on a level with which we are only permitted a tenuous contact, not strong enough to diminish the pain.

*

Emotion is the seat of human power. The human game is founded on emotional reality. Which is why all our enactments are emotional enactments. Also

This is why ~~the~~ close personal relationships are always at the core of every enactment, because that is where emotion is strongest & most intense. When we have completely risen above the hazards of close personal relationships — & that doesn't mean suppressed them — then our detachment from the human game is complete.

At the moment neither side of the Game is above those hazards. In our totally separate ways we're still completely subject to them. The agreements are solidly in place.

The conflict is between what we want & what we think we need. The truth is that what we want is within our control (we can either want it or not want it depending on its availability), & what we think we need is pure illusion (we don't need anything which we don't already have within ourselves).

But truth & reality are still a long way apart, & the reality is ~~between~~ the ~~unresolvable~~ conflict between what we want (which we seem to be unable to control) & what we think we need (which seems totally real & undeniable).

And sometimes this conflict is so multiple-faceted that it becomes a complete confusion. For example, we want X but we feel we need to be free of X. So we want Y but this conflicts with our want of X. Then we think that we need X. But we still think that we need to be free of X. Meanwhile we have X & begin to lose Y. So we start thinking we need Y. So we have Y & start losing X. Then we want both X & Y, & at the same time we think we need to be free of both X & Y.

Eventually we will realize that all our needs are pure illusion. And we will have conscious control over our wants, so that we only want what we can have or already do have. But at the moment our needs are too real to dismiss. They feel so real. They convince us. And our wants feel completely out of our control.

*

They (the other side of the game) sincerely believe that everyone around them is dependent on them for their drive & impetus. And everyone around them believes it as well. But they don't realize it that they very successfully crush everyone's own drive & impetus.

(except of course they don't & can't, but everyone is subject to the agreement that they can & do!) & then replace it with their own. They use emotional power, the power of suggestion, (which is an illusion, but one we're all subject to) to inhibit everyone's own inner drive, reality, awareness, knowledge, etc. & then they use the same power to impose an outside substitute of their own making. And it works, because it's what we're all looking for!

*

The trap has closed. Now comes the real test — for me. The question is: can I contain this without blowing everything apart? Mind you, is the test really of me? Maybe whatever I do, the situation will blow apart anyway. Does it really all depend on my emotional state? Or is that just a convenient lever? (And if it doesn't prove usable, something else will be used). Anyway I have a task for myself, regardless of the outcome for the other side of the Game. If I can contain myself, what a victory!

The situation is relatively clear. The other side of the Game has made its final ultimatum. If you don't

attain your own ideal, I quit. Now I have
two alternatives, & I don't think I have
any choice — or any level! — about which
I take. But it feels right to accept the
challenge. Of course the other side will use
every last ounce of its ammunition to
throw me off balance. It has to. At
the moment my confidence in remaining
on top is close to the bottom! That's logical
as well. And I have to remember that
I'm dealing with the ultimate in emotional
strategy. And I also have to remember that
in fact I can't win, because part of the
strategy is that I can't make a right move
— except of course in my terms. For example,
if I'm really cool, I'm out of contact. If
I'm pretending to be cool, the salvos
will mount up until I have to expose
myself. (Or will I?) This, for the moment,
is a battle of wills. I'm so used to the
gentle line of least resistance. Now I'm
faced with taking a rigid stand & endorsing
it, if necessary, indefinitely.

This all makes sense in terms
of Hexagram 52, Keeping Still, which keeps
coming up. The attainment of a complete
emotional invulnerability. There will
have to be a great deal of inner withdrawal.
The I Ching says now: Be willing to lose

Everything. What's yours will come back to you.



Interestingly 9 in the second place seems to advise me to neither resist nor yield, neither to fight back nor give up. Then the intended movement from the other side will be aided.

8th April.

The Universal Law return of all my arrogance or self-satisfaction over the past year. My God, I deserve every ounce of the pain that I seem unable not to feel. I set it all up for myself with such deliberation. When will I learn? Will I ever learn? Or will it always be different enough for me to deceive myself again & again? I've been so arrogant, so indifferent, so very self-centred. And I've called it invulnerability. And now comes the return. And I must accept it. And I mean accept it. Live with it while it lasts. And when it lifts, I must act with the greatest possible awareness & humility.

There's relaxation in the abandonment of all resistance. No struggle.

Feel all of it. Count every moment of happiness a blessing, undeserved; a bonus. But learn! Forever learn & remember my own smallness & vulnerability; my own personal non-existence. My God, it's so easy to be humble when you're low. The test is to do it when you're high. And it's so easy to think you're humble when you're high. But it's all self-satisfaction or condescension. And it's so easy to fixate on other people's arrogance & remain blind to your own. So easy to see what others are doing whilst in grandiloquent oblivion, you set up a most horrendous consequence for yourself.

We must be good & kind to one another. Because who knows when we shall be in need? This is no humility, but sound advice, which the pious will reject because they believe in altruism.

15th April.

Where the hell do I go from here? On the side, what I wrote on 8th is true. But is there really no line to be drawn? Must I twist myself into this world of total acceptance, even when it's

not yet real? * how do I relate to something
which on one side of its nature is totally
insensitive & dead set on making me into
the ultimate sucker, & doesn't even know it!?
Should I go on 'appearing' to be the ultimate
sucker, & thereby lead it down its own
hole? Talking to it rationally is impossible.
Aggression simply produces an instant
counter aggression — or if it's too strong for
that a brilliant piece of disarmanent —
& leads nowhere. I can't abandon it.
That doesn't feel right.

Perhaps I am the ultimate
sucker, & I don't know it. But when I
think in those terms, I'm absolutely at
a loss for a move. 'You see, if I start
laying down conditions, I'm simply playing
it's own game.'

What do I need this for?
Of course I know the answer to that. It's
my function, supposedly, to relate to this
element in the game. But sometimes I
wonder what the hell for. And whether
anything truly positive comes out of it.

* The answer of course is 'yes'. Making it real
is my business & no one else's.

I've done it for so long, without the
remotest glimmer of success. Why don't
all out on losses & scrap it.

Perhaps they're all quite
happy playing their alienating games with
one another. Perhaps we should all
just leave them to it. Perhaps the link
is totally compulsive on my side. Perhaps
the unity is a myth after all. No
those two things do not necessarily follow.
Even if the unity is true, my attitude
to the other side of the Game could still
be totally compulsive. The question is:
is it my own compulsion that traps me,
or is it the Game, or is it both? Is the
Game trapping me in order to get through
this compulsion? Or am I simply trapped
by my own compulsion?

The other side is certainly
getting ~~undervalued~~ desperate. Am I less
valuable?

The one-sidedness of this
situation really riles me. I just know
that any move to make contact has to
come from me. If I don't do it, the
other side certainly won't. But the question
is: should I therefore go on following that

no doubt compulsive instinct to patch up,
 or should I let it slide & accept the
 consequences. The 1 thing says: "If your
 horse runs away, don't run after it. If
 it really belongs to you, it will return!"
 But supposing the other side does the
 same. After all, contact is broken on
 two sides, not just one. Who's the horse
 & who's the rider? If neither side make
 a move, nothing happens at all. But
 why is it always me? Am I the horse?
 But that doesn't make sense. Because I
 don't run away — until I really run
 away. Or do I?

What more? What more?
 The compulsion is to make it care. That's
 invalid. Why should it care? It says
 it does care. That holds me. Then
 all the evidence tells me that it
 doesn't care — except about its own whims
 & fancies. Well that's caring — & a very
 dangerous & self-destructive form of caring.
 It will eventually alienate everything.

But why do I even try to
 prevent it? Why do I care?

Regardless of all these questions,
 one thing I know. At some point I must

be free of this compulsive need to change the other side of the Game. And yet I must also be completely free of its effects. Of course the two go together.

19th April.

Reading the last entry gives me a slight jolt. Somewhat humorous. I needed that entry to show ^{me} how similar we are at our bottom ends. What an utterly ridiculous outburst.

But interestingly enough, this time it was a storm in a Teacup. The aftermath was very warm. Are we both really becoming less vulnerable?

Difficult question. When I am detached & ~~to~~ a member of the other side is hit, my detachment causes intense pain. The Universal Law can only return that pain to me by just removing the detachment. Is that to be an endless see saw? Oh come on. Both sides move together. If the other side is not detached, then my detachment is only temporary. When I am really detached so will the other side be. And neither of us will be able to give pain to the other.

20th April.

Arrogance again, in the guise of detachment. Intense pain in a member of the other side. I missed it until afterwards. But then, I wonder, was there a better alternative? Or had the damage been done long ago?

To satisfy one is to give pain to another. They all hate each other that much. And my involvement fosters the hatred. I move in with such oblivious confidence & such naive assurance, or then ~~then~~ whether I stay in or whether I move out again, someone inevitably suffers.

O God, I pray for their detachment! So that the last teeth can be pulled & it's all over.

What lunacy this game is! And we blind players seem totally unable to extract ourselves. What a devious plot! We can tell one another the answers, but we can't tell ourselves, not so that we convince ourselves, anyway!

FRAGMENTS OF
"THE MATTHEW COMMENTARIES"
AN
UNPUBLISHED
MANUSCRIPT
BY
ROBERT DE GRIMSTON

do not say seven times; I say seventy times seven!

In other words, indefinitely; which makes the point. The limitation we are to accept is not a limitation on forgiveness, but on the possibility of reconciliation. Even when we cannot destroy the enmity, there is still no retaliation or blame. There cannot be, as long as forgiveness continues.

18

"I tell you this: whatever you forbid on earth shall be forbidden in heaven, & whatever you allow on earth shall be allowed in heaven.

19.

"Again I tell you this: if two of you agree on earth about any request you have to make, that

witnesses or the 'Congregation' might establish this point, which would not happen with instant retaliation. So that is another advantage of the method, which should not be ignored.

Secondly, how do we treat a pagan or a tax-gatherer? Still no talk of retaliation, or blame, or punishment. The answer is that we recognise that we live at opposite ends of the ideological universe. One day we may be reconciled, but at this point, no, we accept the gulf between us & him. We don't hold that gulf against him, nor do we blame ourselves for it, we simply accept it, with the aim of eliminating it if & when that becomes a possibility.

21

Then Peter came up & asked him, "Lord, how often am I to forgive my brother if he goes on ~~to~~ wronging me? As many as seven times?" Jesus replied, "I

request will be granted by my ~~father~~
heavenly Father. For where two or
three have met together in my name,
I am there among them."

If Jesus really said this, & it is not
a complete distortion or misinterpretation of
something else, it is potentially one of his most
mysterious observations.

It clearly cannot mean that if two
or three Christians — even genuine Christians
— agree that all war & disease should
be abolished, that it will necessarily happen.
So the obvious meaning is impossible. But what
Jesus may have been referring to is the power
of human choice.

When we speak of agreements — in
the technical sense of standards, values or
unconscious realities — we mean ~~some~~ things
that a person is agreed upon within himself.
But we also speak of them in a wider sense
as things which a particular society ^{is} agreed

upon within itself; a group reality. And these are the most common realities of all.

Individualists are rare. The vast majority of people are subject to group agreements, which means the standards, values, priorities, beliefs & realities of the group of which they are a part.

So Jesus's comments are more of a warning than a promise or a reassurance. And he includes the power of his own name as an important element in the dangerous game ahead ^{for} his followers.

A group can create a set of moralities & make them stick to some extent. But sanctify that set of moralities with a divine name, which indicates a divine interest & therefore the threat of a divine punishment for deviation, or you can create a very powerful reality indeed.

Jesus knew ahead of time the

potential power of his own church of the future.
"When you say that something is right or wrong
in my name, you will give that judgement
a divine status for people."

Such a warning is very relevant
to the concepts of reconciliation, acceptance &
forgiveness. These concepts are there to
disarm the destruction & aggression that
could — & did — arise from ~~such~~
~~power~~ the ability to create so powerful a
moral standard.

"I am giving you the ability
to dictate right & wrong," Jesus is saying.
"Do not use it to condemn, to blame, to
reject or to destroy." And he goes to warn
his disciples of the consequences of misusing
power, through the following parable.

23. "The kingdom of heaven, therefore,
should be thought of in this way:
There was once a king who decided
to settle accounts with the men

- ~~to~~ 24 who served him. At the outset
there appeared before him a man
whose debt ran into millions.
- 25 Since he had no means of paying,
his master ordered him to be sold
to meet the debt, with his wife,
his children, & everything he had.
- 26 The man fell prostrate at his
master's feet. 'Be patient with
me,' he said, 'I will pay in
full'; & the master was so
27 moved with pity that he let the
man go & remitted the debt. But
28 as soon as he had the man gone out
than he met a fellow-servant who
owed him a few pounds; & catching
hold of him he gripped him by
the throat & said, 'Pay me what
~~you~~
29 you owe'. The man fell at
his fellow-servant's feet, &
begged him, 'Be patient with
me, & I will pay you'; but he
30 refused, & had him jailed
until he should pay the debt.

- 31 The other servants were deeply distressed when they saw what had happened, & they went to their master & told him the whole story.
- 32 He accordingly sent for the man.
- 33 "You scoundrel!" he said to him; "I remitted the whole of your debt when you appealed to me; were you not bound to show your fellow-servants the same pity as I showed you?"
- 34 And so angry was the master that he condemned the man to torture until he should pay the debt in full.
- 35 And that is how any heavenly father will deal with you, unless you each forgive your brothers from your hearts."

A strong warning of the consequence of ~~the~~ the misuse of power through vengeance or punishment or condemnation.

Jesus is not talking here about negative attitudes, loss of temper; the 'sins' of

uncontrolled instincts. He is talking about
a policy of deliberate revaluation & redistribution,
which, through his son's name, a person ^{or group of people} might
have the power to carry out, & the disastrous
consequences of carrying it out.

This is a warning which ~~is~~
both the Christian church & the various
'Christian' governments & power groups ^{to} which
that church has given birth, have very
seldom heeded. And the consequences,
as promised, have been disastrous.

From this point on the Book of
Matthew is full of warnings.

First the warning that many are
called but few are chosen. Therefore it is not
enough to seem to be a follower of Christ.
It is not enough to call on his name & assume
thereby that you are saved.

Finally, it's possible that Jesus's late comment about moving mountains is intended to convey the very valid concept that, when you reach a point of being completely in tune with the requirements of the Game, on a conscious as well as an unconscious level, your confidence extends to knowing that you will only ever desire what is possible. Therefore any effect you set out to create, you will automatically succeed in creating. Because you will only set out to create the effects which you're required to create. And that could include telekinetically moving a mountain!

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

- 1 At that time the disciples came to Jesus and
 2 asked, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom
 3 of Heaven?" He called a child, set him in
 4 front of them, and said, 'I tell you this:
 unless you turn round and become like chil-
 dren, you will never enter the kingdom of
 Heaven. Let a man humble himself till he is
 like this child, and he will be the great-
 est in the kingdom of Heaven.

What in Christ's terms is the vital difference between a child and an adult?

Is it that children are kind and gentle and considerate, whereas adults are harsh and brutal and cruel? No, that's not so. Children are often much more harsh than adults appear to be, much more violent and prone to openly destructive actions.

So what is it about children that makes them acceptable in comparison to adults?

For the answer look at the process of growing up which human beings undergo. What is the most consistent, most marked, and most basic effect of that process?

Indoctrination. Not some devious and deliberate form of brainwashing, but a gradual and spontaneous assimilation of the values and agreements most prevalent in the environment.

That's good - if those values and agreements are life-oriented.

But in the main, they're not. They're death-oriented. According to the normal human code, survival lies not in giving but in taking, not in reconciling but in defending, not in helping but in retaliating, not in communicating but in concealing, not in releasing but in restricting, not in revealing but in suppressing.

When he's very young, a child is open to all and any influences, and his environment consists of far more than just the people around him. As a result he usually lives in what most of those people would regard as a fantasyworld; a world inhabited by strange disembodied beings who speak to the child and listen to him; a world of apparently meaningless rituals and mimes; a world in which a child converses at length with inanimate objects; a world in which people do things that

appear to be alien to their nature; a world in which animals talk - real ones and stuffed ones! - a world of magic and miracles; a world of superhuman agents and subhuman entities; a world of angels and devils, witches and wizards, spirits and monsters; and a world where violence and death are accepted without fear or malice, as an inevitable though undesirable fact of life.

As he grows up the child is gradually drawn out of this world by the adults who raise him. The doors of his so called fantasies are closed one by one. He 'learns' that the limits of human ability and understanding are absolute limits. Beyond them is nothing but some vague and unreal concept known as God.

During his time of natural innocence, the child can see through the windows of his human house; he can even walk through the doors and experience the outside world. But as he grows up the blinds are drawn, the doors are locked, and he's confined. He's led to believe that although there IS an outside, he cannot know it or see it or understand it or discover it or be in any way part of it. INSIDE is all there is for him.

So gradually he adjusts himself to the exclusive world of human reality, and 'forgets' the world outside. He cuts himself off from everything that does not belong inside. And to mention just one thing; Christ's kingdom of Heaven does not belong inside.

The child is taught not only to live IN the world of men, but to become as completely as possible OF the world of men, and to abandon involvement with any other world of which he may have caught a glimpse.

"Let a man humble himself till he is like this child, and he will be the greatest in the kingdom of Heaven."

Being 'the greatest' here does not mean being bigger and better than anyone else. It means reaching the highest potential; it means finding the greatest possible fulfillment.

Also this is not the normal human concept of humility. (Children, in those terms, are often exceedingly arrogant!) No, this is a universal humility that reaches above and beyond human limitations and acknowledges without protest, *power which is* ~~power that is~~ greater than any human power, wisdom which is greater than any human wisdom, knowledge which is far beyond all human knowledge and intelligence which is

greater than any human intelligence. That's the humility of a child. It has no need or instinct to put human ability above everything except some all embracing intangible omnipotence called God, which is too nebulous to be competition.

Christ is the Emissary of the Gods, the Great Powers of the Universe. He tells us that we cannot tune into those powers as long as we do not acknowledge their existence in realistic and meaningful terms. If we simply dismiss them with one all encompassing three letter word, and do not observe and study and open ourselves up to every detail of Their complex manifestations, we shall only realise the very least of our potential within Their Game.

We cannot break contact with Them altogether, we cannot escape Them. We don't have that choice. But we can either be shuffled blindly along the bottom stratas of the Game, resisting and protesting, or we can tune in to the higher levels of the Game, and find a joyful and expansive fulfillment.

But we cannot do the latter unless we regain the childlike receptivity of which our normal human up-bringing has robbed us.

Christ does not mean that children should not grow up and become adults. It's the NATURE of adulthood that's important. It should not be a shutting out of one set of values and realities whilst replacing it with another. It should be an expansion of scope, an increase in understanding of ALL values and realities. It should be an adding not a subtracting, an increasing not a diminishing.

When St. Paul became a man, so he tells us, he put away childish things. To attain our greatest potential, we should not put them away; instead we should build on them, learn more about them, understand them better, interpret them more clearly, expand them, and apply them with an ever widening scope of awareness and responsibility. But if we have already lost them, the first thing we must do is find them again.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

5. Whosoever receives one such child in my name receives me.
6. But if a man is a cause of stumbling to one of these little ones who have faith in me, it would be better for him to have a millstone hung round his neck & be drowned in the depths of the sea.
7. Alas for the world that such causes of stumbling arise! Come they must, but woe betide the man through whom they come!
8. If your hand or your foot is your undoing, ~~then~~ cut it off & fling it away; it is better for you to enter ^{into} life maimed or lame, than to keep two hands or two feet & be
9. thrown into eternal fire. If it is your eye that is your undoing, tear it out & fling it away, it is better to enter into life with one eye than to keep both eyes & be thrown into the fires of hell.

It is part of the Game that there are 'causes of stumbling' in the world, but the most miserable fate is to be one of those causes of stumbling.

Jesus is not judging or condemning or despising or cursing. He is simply commenting, & he is commenting with compassion. He is speaking of a particular kind of karma, a particular kind of burden, the ~~of~~ burden of being a cause of stumbling.

And he offers a choice between one burden ~~to~~ and another. In a Game that cannot offer a totality of positivity - or even a predominance, it is ^{sometimes} better to forego one desire in order to attain another.

For example, if we desire to take revenge on someone whom we feel has harmed us, we have a choice; either we fulfil the desire & take the consequences of the Universal Law & a ^{probable} downward spiral of blame & hostility, or we detach from that desire &

attempt to fulfil another more positive ambition,
that of creating friendship out of enmity.
This second choice involves a sacrifice. We must
figuratively cut off the hand that desires to
strike a retaliatory blow, & move onto another
level of motivation. We must abandon the
notion of revenge, & embrace the notion of reconciliation.
That is choosing to enter into 'life' — life being
descriptive of a positive & therefore life-oriented
activity. The alternative is the seemingly
endless hell of perpetuated hostility.

But ~~the~~ although there is no immediate
reproach for the person who chooses vengeance —
the Universal Law & the rule of self-perpetuating
karma cannot be repealed — there is still
compassion for the burden that he carries. His
karma is more painful than ^{that} of the one who controls
his anger, foregoes the immediate pleasure of
vengeance, & aims for the more lasting pleasure
of reconciliation. The latter may suffer an
immediate frustration, but that is eventually
replaced by a sense of satisfaction & fulfillment
when the ~~for~~ returns of a positive approach come

back to him.

A great deal of 'Christian' ~~but~~ sanctimoniousness — which ^{is} ~~the~~ ^{are} of the greatest ^{fall} causes of stumbling — stems from interpreting Christ's comments as ^{moral} judgements. A scientist can state that, if an atom is split, a chain reaction of dynamic energy is released, & all he is doing is stating a fact. But when Jesus says: 'If you cause someone to stumble you will suffer', it is judgement-holed under morality, & therefore packed with an air of sanctimonious self-righteousness — which causes people to stumble.' But all Jesus is doing is illustrating once again the workings of the Universal Law. Here is no morality involved.

It's true that Jesus used extreme images, to illustrate simple worldly concepts. Cutting off one's hands & feet, ~~flaying~~ flaying out one's eyes, being thrown into eternal fire. These are dramatic pictures

to offer people in order to explain the need for self-control & self-sacrifice. And one can understand the need for such imagery in the face of an almost total apathy. (Scientists have had the same problem in having their discoveries accepted by the establishment.) But unless we are to take the images ~~literally~~ literally, & amputate the hand which we used to strike someone — which I doubt if even the most dedicated fundamentalist would advocate — we must ~~first~~ put all ~~the~~ the metaphors which Jesus used into their proper perspective. We must examine, not so much what he says, but what he means. What is Jesus trying to tell us? What is he trying to impress upon our resistant minds?

Jesus does not moralize; he informs. He cites two alternatives in one situation, & he tells us which alternative produces the most desirable result.

Now this particular teaching has a wider application than simply choosing to act

positively in a given situation, [rather than negatively] It applies to a whole set of standards & values, by which a person might choose to live.

There are always basically two paths to be taken. Everything can be simplified down to two opposite components; & standards & values are no exception. We do it with politics — left & right — we can do it with everything else. We can cloud the ~~of~~ basic dualities with all kinds of confusion, but we can also — if we so choose — reveal & clarify & separate them.

In a ~~is~~ Game of conflict, which one is right now, ~~but~~ each choice made involves a sacrifice of its opposite. The question is: Which is the least damaging loss? And Jesus tells us that the satisfaction to be had from being a cause of stumbling — & believe me, there is great satisfaction to be had from being a cause of stumbling — is of less value than its opposite. So, if we

want a life-orientated outcome, we should sacrifice it.

In terms of standards & values, the choices are clear. Blame or understanding, conflict or reconciliation, vengeance or forgiveness, grasping or giving, defending or conceding, hostility or friendship, retaliation or acceptance,

Now the fruit of all these pains is the general rule by which our civilisation lives. It is the accepted code, the "correct" path, the proper response — & it is the way to become a cause of stumbling. So it's not surprising that ~~we~~ ours is a predominantly death-orientated society. The eternal fires of hell may be an exaggerated way to describe it, but it's precisely what Jesus ~~meant~~ meant when he told us the outcome of being a cause of stumbling.

But ~~so~~ with this teaching as part of the sacred scripture of most of the civilised world, how have we come to this state of affairs?

Well the reason is the misinterpretation
of what Jesus was doing. He was informing,
but our society thinks he was judging.
And to follow his example, we too must judge
— or therefore, of course, ~~we~~ punish. So when
we decide that someone is a cause of
stumbling, it is our function — so we suppose —
to visit the required atonement upon him!

Now Jesus also said: 'judge not
that ye be not judged'; another illustration
of the Universal Law. But that teaching
is incomprehensible as long as we regard
Jesus as a sanctimonious moralist, so we
ignore it — or we only apply it to those who
have no 'right' to judge because they are
causes of stumbling. (The parable of the
'beam' & the 'mote' is much quoted, because
the beam is always in the other person's eye,
so the teaching does not apply to us.)

So we judge & punish, judge
& punish, judge & punish, thinking that we
are following in the footsteps of Jesus.

And everyone stumbles & stumbles & stumbles
as a result of our zeal.

~~But~~ When it comes to a specific
situation, it is not hard to recognize the
two alternatives, the life-orientated & the death-
orientated, but when it comes to a whole scale
of values, it is hard. Because as long as we
feel that morality rather than mere desirability
is involved, our very choice implies a moral
judgement upon those who take the opposite path.
And the next step, of expressing that moral judgement,
~~and~~ which of course leads straight along the death-
orientated path, is all too easy to take.

Examples; we choose tolerance
as opposed to prejudice — & very soon become
prejudiced against those who choose prejudice;
we choose acceptance as opposed to rejection, —
& very soon reject those who choose rejection;
we choose building rather than destroying — &
very soon start trying to destroy those who choose
destroying; we choose love as opposed to hate —
& very soon ^{start} hating those who choose hate;

we choose giving as opposed to depriving — & very ~~the~~ soon start depriving those who choose depriving; & we choose forgiveness as opposed to condemnation — & very ~~soon~~ ^{quickly} ~~we~~ condemn those who choose condemnation; & we choose reconciliation as opposed to blame — & very soon start blaming those who choose blame.

This sounds absurd when stated so simply, but it happens all the time when we regard these choices as moral choices.

It all hinges on the meaning of 'woe betide the man ~~for~~ ^{through} whom they come!' Jesus meant it as a factual logical comment. We read it as a moral judgement. Jesus meant it as a ~~statement~~ ~~that~~ ~~might~~ ~~say~~ ~~we~~ ~~but~~ ~~nutritionalist~~ ~~might~~ ~~say~~: 'Woe betide the man who ~~lets~~ ~~it~~ eat too much carb-hydrate. Good advice is implied, but not morality.'