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There is a question, a question not easily answered: Why do you do what you do, why do you live the life you live? I call this the question of purpose.

Animals, plants, and stones cannot answer this question; they have no language. If you have no answer it is because you have not used your language. Because you have not bothered.

Language. Our crowning glory. It is language that marks us out, it is language that makes us unique, it is language that gives us our power. It is the most complex thing we know - the thing furthest from the simplicity that was our universe at its beginning. It is the condition of knowledge; we still struggle to understand it and use it. (Perhaps in the end we will leave it behind.)

Language is the mark of personhood; and the mark that one is fully a person, that one has fully absorbed language, is to have an answer to the question of purpose: why do you do what you do, why do you lead the life you live? Do you have an answer?

Stones are moved by the forces around them; plants move themselves, but blindly; animals are moved by their instincts, desires and fears. Only a person can be moved by reasons, only a person can choose their form of life, only a person can be free. A person has language: our most powerful tool; the means throu' which we understand; the means throu' which we tie together intuitions, feelings, observations, and thoughts into a whole, into knowledge.

Our language is a net. A net we have built: ideas of things are the knots, the places where it touches the world; ideas of how things fit together are the cords between the knots. Ideas of things touch the world in different ways - from fiction to experience; ideas of the ways things fit together explain how - from storytelling and metaphor to observation and science. The worlds touching of us is ambiguous; but our language sweeps throu' us, we and it are inseparably bound together.

The groundsoil of our language, that which we share with the animals, is the sensory information the world gives us. From the world, throu' the body, into the mind: three abstractions from one thing. To that extent we touch and are part of the world; but our touch is small, the touch of an animal is small. From the rest of the world an animal is cut off, it touches only that which it inhabits. We, tho', have built the net of language, spread it over the world, moulded it to the world and the shape of its workings. We have begun to understand, begun to have reasons. An incompletable task.

Stones are the beginning - they hold their shape. Plants can follow the sun, a sun neither seen nor felt. Animals experience, but cannot know. Only we can know. For we have language: language we have built up since our beginning, language within which we can seek understanding, language which lets us step back.

Only language is uniquely ours, it is the mark of personhood and with it we are the first from our world to ask the question of purpose. We are the voice of our world and history.

To be a person one must fully accept language, one must seek an answer to the question of purpose. To fully accept language is to apply it to every part of one's life and to one's life as a whole - tho' there are areas where language stands back (forms of inner being in which it has no part). To apply it to one's life as a whole is to seek an answer to the question of purpose.

Our language is a net; we cast it over the world, mould it to the world, the better to know the world. When we cast it over our life as a whole the question 'why' demands an answer. We cannot know ourselves without knowing that 'why'; where we cannot know, language is excluded; where language is excluded, we are animal.

To the extent that one does not accept language one is animal - tho' there are non-animal parts of a person where language stands back (parts of our life where it has no place); but here it stands back, it is not excluded. To the extent that one does not apply language to one's life as a whole, one's life as a whole is animal - it may be noble, it may be high, but this will be luck (and such luck is rare).

Are you content to be animal, when you could be human? Partly a person, when you could be fully a person? Will you not seek an answer to the question of purpose?

You will not? Consider, then, your context.

$4.7 \times 10^{17}$  seconds. A figure in a book. The age of our universe. Fifteen billion years. Fifteen billion years since time became measurable. Before that as yet incomprehensible time. Before that no time, or another time; at any rate, not our time.

Sit and think the following: 'that which i am made of, the stuff of my body and the stuff of my thoughts, is fifteen billion years old; the feelings i feel and the thoughts i think have taken fifteen billion years to emerge.'

The path that has led to us has been smooth, every step needed with such clumsy feet; ordered complexity ever increasing. The only path here or one of a trillion, we cannot

know. We know only that it has led smoothly to language, to where we are now, to the question of purpose.

The beginning of understandable time,  $10^{-4}$  seconds; one ten thousandth of a second, a figure in a book. Then our universe was at its simplest -forces combined and particles at a minimum- but also perhaps at its most complex: perhaps nine spatial dimensions, perhaps more; perhaps another temporal dimension, perhaps more. And before this, from  $10^{-4}$  seconds to the beginning, what then? Perhaps the dimensions increase as the particles and forces simplify until at time zero, the beginning, there is only the chaos of infinite dimensionality.

*Infinite dimensions and therefore no dimensions: every point in the place of, adjacent to, and distant from every other point; every moment simultaneous with, before, and after every other moment. True chaos, utter formlessness. From this, order was wrought, dimensions stabilised, forces and particles brought into being, in the great explosion that was the birth of our universe. (So many 'why's left unanswered.)*

From our universe's birth ordered complexity has steadily grown. It has grown and it has reached the question of purpose. The question that is the mark of personhood, that is as old as humanity, the answer to which we endlessly seek.

There are two forces in the universe: evolution and entropy: two processes. Evolution and entropy, construction and destruction, the move to order and the move to chaos. Complexity: a victory against entropy. Entropy: what one would expect, the Second Law.

Anything that is stable is a complex form within a less complex space. -A microparticle, a person, a system of government: complex forms within a less complex space.

Entropy shows that complexity dissolves, that space becomes equal, that the pattern becomes ever more simple. Entropy shows that entropy wins, that the overall pattern is always less complex: complexity here means more simplicity there. In the end, something shaped as nothing.

Entropy does not understand evolution. Entropy sees all forms as the same, it does not understand what the world allows: that the complexity of some forms is special, that the complexity of some forms transcends the unlikelihood of their occurrence - that a Beethoven sonata is more complex than the same notes prosaically combined. Entropy does not understand that complexity that mirrors complexity is of a special order; that complexity that mirrors the world transcends. That complexity can increase. Evolved forms

contain complexity that mirrors the world, complexity that entropy is blind to, complexity that uses the world. Evolved forms transcend.

In the beginning ordered complexity was at its lowest. It has been growing ever since:

From chaos to stability  
From stable particles to atoms  
From atoms to complex molecules  
From complex molecules to simple life  
From simple life to the question of purpose

No time wasted, a smooth path, every step necessary. Every step led to a million steps, a thousand steps taken, only one worked, it led to a million. Every step necessary. A smooth path. A merry dance. Evolution.

We are the products of evolution and it could have been no easier. There have been no mistakes, no wrong turns which led to the ills of the world. We have evolved from a jungle in which life meant nothing, we have begun to learn the value of life, we have begun to ask the question of purpose. There have been no mistakes.

From chaos to stable form: somehow, at the beginning of time, out of the maelstrom, stability emerged. The raging material of existence forced itself into self-contained stability: micro-particles; the simplest energy/matter. For we, the stuff of this universe, are born of the same event, siblings of the primal explosion, and thus we are compatible - like toy bricks from the same factory, we fit together.

From simple matter to complex matter: micro particles drawn together and pushed together into complex stability, into complex stable form: simple atoms. From simple atoms, complex matter: in the hearts of stars, in the death of stars, simple atoms blasted together and fused together into complex stability, into complex stable form, into complex atoms and molecules. Complex atoms and molecules which, with each other and simpler atoms, combine to form the chemicals from which life is made. Chemicals which, when left in the mixing bowl of sunshine, heat, and cold that was the early earth, will produce life. Chemicals which produced the organisms from which we are all descended. -The progenitors of DNA. Life's common ancestors.

Never forget. -To make the stuff we are made of stars had to live and die, new stars form. We are made from the death of stars, from the compost of existence. Eleven and a half billion years to make the earth, to make a planet which could make us, which contained

the ingredients from which life is made. Eleven and a half billion years to produce the complexity necessary to produce the complexity which is us. Eleven and a half billion years, the birth and death of stars, that life might be born.

Eleven and a half billion years for life to be born. Three and a half billion years for it to grow into us, into language and thought and the question of purpose. Will you really stop now? Give up after so long? Sit down when there is so much movement behind you? Will you not seek an answer to the question of purpose?

Why hide from self-knowledge, why deny personhood? To do so is to risk choosing deep self-contradiction: one's heart and one's life in disagreement. It is to deny one's freedom; it is to be something other. If you do not answer for yourself then the reason you live as you do may not be your own: pushed in by others and by fear, hammered into place by habit, there may at our heart be something not ourselves. The pain of self-contradiction, of one's heart and life being in disagreement, is the pain of distortion - of being twisted out of shape: it is a pain uniquely chosen by the partly human, by those who avoid the question of purpose. -An animal is driven by its instincts, and could choose only a life in which those instincts are effective; but the partly human are driven also by something else, something other than instinct, desire and fear, something less essentially their own, something the fully human imbibe but are not ruled by - society and tradition. These forces can push us away from what we are: they can make us choose to be what we are not, what we do not want to be. A pain uniquely chosen by the partly human.

You cannot escape the question of purpose. Tradition will no longer hold you - the world is changing too fast. Society cannot hold you - the world is changing too fast. If you wish to avoid self-contradiction and the pain we have known for too long, you must seek an answer. It is our only way forward.

Why do you do what you do, why do you live the life you live? The question can be asked without end, no answer is immune from being questioned, no form of life disproved. The grammar of language demands this: 'why' can always be asked. To do so is to be undermined by language, to be brought down by scepticism.

To ask 'why' endlessly is to be paralysed by doubt - a prisoner of uncertainty; or it is to lose control and abandon oneself to the buffetings of causality - a prisoner of happenstance. To deny language, to hide from the question, is to be only partly human; but to ask the question endlessly, to be undermined by language, is to lose one's humanity. In the end we must live. Thus it is that at heart the answer to 'why' is not language but oneself: the point of which one says 'this is what i am, this is what i do'. One's bedrock; the axes about which we spin.

We are as shapes in space; a space in which there are no co-ordinates -no up and down, no left and right, no motion and stillness- that are not of our making. A space in which only time is given. We are shapes that swirl and twist; a flux of thoughts and perceptions and feelings, and the connections that lie beneath.

We are a flux yet coherent - swirling shapes that persist throu' time. Our coherence, our persistence throu' time, comes from our foundation - the points, where language stands back, where the question 'why' is answered by ourselves. These are the points within us that remain stable, that the rest flow about and are attached to, the masses about which they orbit. (The movement around them determining their immobility.) They form the axes about which we spin. Without these fixed points we would disintegrate: no longer a coherent shape but a disconnected random smear - not a person but a meaningless jumble of sentience.

For any person, their answer to the question of purpose is not a reason, but a fact: 'this is what i am, this is what i do'; their answer is the description and creation of these fixed points, the points about which the rest of them turn - the axes about which they spin. We have to know these points: discover and create them. In doing this we answer and create the answer to the question of purpose; we light ourselves up, we come to know ourselves - we bring about our freedom.

To answer the question of purpose is a voyage of discovery, of creation. It is an expedition into understanding; the creation of personhood.

The voyage must be started, the expedition begun; but in answering the question of purpose we cannot start at the beginning. We cannot dismantle and build anew; we cannot escape what we are. To start from the beginning, dismantle and build anew, would be to abandon all our fixed points, the axes about which we spin. It would be to disintegrate. To answer the question of purpose is not to demolish and rebuild, it is to rebuild while remaining whole - life as constant renovation.

Before the voyage is begun we must choose our vessel - the nature of our language. We must commit ourselves (if only provisionally). For language can paint truthfully and language can paint falsely - we can mould the net of language to the world and thereby learn its shape, or we can shape the net according to our whim and live an illusion. We are free to choose for we are as shapes in a space in which nothing is given.

Perhaps falsehood works - provides the best answer. Perhaps all life forms a pyramid with power, joy, and mendacity rising as one rises up its sides. -Life as a pyramid

resting on reality, resting on the animals too limited to pretend; on their backs the people too stupid to be false, on their backs the people who are willing to lie; above them the demons and angels of destiny - pleasures many, truths few; until at last the highest gods, their existence nothing more than a blissful dream. Our function no more than to service that dream - our lives a necessary cement between what is real and the rest, our suffering and our doubt just constituents of glue.

Perhaps, perhaps, perhaps... . There is always a perhaps to turn us on our head (a problem for later). Stories are possibilities, but we have to choose; our first choice - perhaps our deepest. And we choose truth because we have seen that it works, that it gives the most. (If you haven't seen this, only life can show you.)

First is discovery: 'why?... why?... why?...' until the stopping points are found - the points where the answer is simply 'this is what i am, this is what i do'. But is this point, this piece of one's foundation, really oneself; or is it something other? Forced in and hammered in by fear and by habit, is it yourself or another that you have found inside? For we are full of other people: their beliefs, their reasoning, their values. They make the stopping points which are not our own, that acquire mass (artificial), that become the axes about which we spin.

Is it you or another? To answer this you must learn to shift your perspective upon yourself around yourself. Learn to see each part of yourself as an object, as something with existence in its own right. Come to see your self as composite, as multiplicity. Come to see yourself as a nation of elements, and see those elements one by one. The rest of oneself separates off a part of oneself in order to question it, to determine its belonging. One sees it as an object in order to see it from the outside, in context, as something that can be judged. The part of oneself might be an emotional response or pattern of thinking or way of behaving, a belief or prejudice or principle. One looks at it and asks: does this part of myself fit in with the rest, does it resonate comfortably, does it feel right? If it does, and you are sure, move on (until the next time) to the next place, the next perspective and the next questioning.

When there is no harmony, when the resonance is uncomfortable, when the part of oneself observed does not seem to fit, then one must prize it loose, cast it out, and choose another.

Everything is doubted, everything questioned: piece by piece we judge ourselves, piece by piece we self-create. An endless process.

It is the gift of language and the possibility of freedom. It is the path to our destiny, to our future. Endless movement towards freedom, endless self-creation. The question of purpose.

What answers have people found?

What answers can there be? The bedrock of our life, the axes about which we spin, determine the form of our life - its essential nature. All awarenesses have a form of life. An animal's is determined by its instincts, desires and fears - they are the axes about which it spins; it has no choice. Without language those are our axes and we are animal; but language must be applied. -Without application language just describes the instincts, desires and fears. Without application language is superficial, and we are at heart animal. A person has used their language, they have an answer to the question of purpose.

An answer to the question of purpose is sane or an answer to the question of purpose is mad. A mad answer is one that paralyses itself with doubt or it is one at the mercy of happenstance. It is the choice of death - the living death of paralysis or of self-erasing shapelessness. Madness is death and death is madness - the choice of death, death for its own sake, is the ultimate rational insanity.

The lunatic may not be wrong. Existence may be perverse. Suicide wisdom. On our journey the signposts are all within: there is nothing outside laying down that we move, nothing laying down direction.

*I have known that this is the best thing. Looked and seen that existence is precious. That with life: better still. That with experience: better still. That with thought: better still. The pyramid of value. Everything good. I have known that nothing matters. Looked and seen that existence is trivial. Complexity: worthless. Feeling: worthless. Understanding: worthless. Everything nothing.*

-Such knowledge can last a second. It can last a day, it can last a lifetime. Certainty is an empty promise. A crime against language.

Most move with their own momentum - insanity not considered. But truth demands that everything be questioned; even insanity must be examined (dangerous) - and here, at the beginning, we have no answer -how could we? The lunatic may be right.

If momentum is strong, the problem may be put to one side - the questions of the insane considered later. But to those whose momentum falters, those who find themselves tempted to stop, to give up their struggles against the onflow of time, to these people: a gamble and a plea.

The gamble (with better odds than Pascal's): Death is your prize and your prize is guaranteed. The most you can lose is to live with your pain. The most you can gain is your

heart's true desire. You are stronger than your pain. Gamble on life - your prize is inevitable.

The plea: Stay with us; you are loved. You are part of us; your pain can be resolved; life can make sense. Think of your history - the time it has taken: fifteen billion years. Do not stop until you have to. Live.

To live as a person is to have a sane answer to the question of purpose; such an answer contains a picture of the world - a story about the way the world is. The story is of the world known or the story is of the world Unknown. The world known is the world we can touch - the world that touches us. It is the world we are led to by common sense (no matter the peculiarity once we arrive); it is the world of science where everything is provisional. The world known is the world we live in.

Surrounding and within the known, enfolding it in an eternal infinite mist and running throu' it -opaque veins within translucent glass- is the Unknown.

Everything finite exists within the Unknown.

All that we can know of thought, and all that we can know of space and time, exists within the Unknown .

All that we can know of thought, and all that we can know of space and time, is penetrated by the Unknown.

The Unknown is infinite and the infinite is Unknown.

It is the cradle from which all things come and the future into which all things go.

It is beyond us and within us.

It is Mystery.

An answer and answerer who look to the known are worldly. An answer and answerer who look to the Unknown are religious.

The worldly person shuns the Unknown, they ignore its presence. They concentrate upon the known, upon what can be seen; they forget that what can be seen is surrounded by and penetrated by what cannot be seen, that the known is suspended within and veined with the eternal infinite mist of the Unknown. Their answer comes from the world around

them, from any part of that world - any answer is open to them, any part of the known can justify their answer. -They can point at anything and say 'this is what i am, this is what i do; here ends questioning'. A worldly person can choose anything: wellbeing for themselves, wellbeing for others; pain for themselves, pain for others; the sound of laughter, the smell of death - the worldly can choose anything, any form of life is open to them.

Any answer is open to them, but all their answers mean one thing: yes- and no-saying. An experience has yes or no, just as a patch of colour has tone - dark or light. It takes place on a scale whose known limits are ecstasy and despair, which runs through like and dislike, which has indifference at its centre. The reaction of yes and no is visceral - it is before language (though it may be about language), it is an unthought reaction to an aspect of the world - it may only happen after much thought. Yes or no is a simple response; it requires no contemplation or decision (though contemplation and decision can change it) it is our most fundamental and inescapable response. -'This is what i do, this is what i am' means 'this is what i say 'yes' to, 'yes' without qualification'. For the worldly their yes- and no-saying is sovereign, it is why they do what they do, why they live the life they live. A worldly person can say yes or no to anything, any form of life is open to them. But they have forgotten the Unknown, and the Unknown can do anything to the known.

The Unknown can do anything to the known: the story simply says "And thus it shall be so, ensured by the Unknown, the mechanism Mystery". To deny this of the Unknown is absurd, arrogant and childish. -Absurd to imagine that one is bigger than the Unknown, that a picture could be bigger than its frame; arrogant and childish not to accept one's size.

Consider a picture: -time frozen- a writer sitting at a table -start time- it is not a table but a million tiny antelope dancing in the air making shapes for his amusement -move back- it is but an image on the screen of an animation computer -move back- it is but an idea in the mind of a writer at a table. -Our truths, like those pictures, are determined by what surrounds them. It cannot be otherwise.

Consider a story: a child witnesses its family raped and murdered by soldiers (horrific injustice) -move back- in a previous life the child had been just such a soldier, their experience as the child a necessary lesson (terrible justice) -move back- the soldier/child was originally created wicked, they will not learn from their lessons, in every incarnation they will know only despair and horror (terrible injustice) -move back- at the end of time all will be reconciled, the soldier/child will understand and love the necessity of their creation and sufferings, as will their victims, and all will be united in blissful eternity (incomprehensible justice).

There is nothing the Unknown could not achieve in stories. There is nothing in our lives that such stories can not turn upside down. They can make love evil and evil love; they can turn us inside out while keeping us ourselves. Such are stories of the Unknown. To deny their possibility is absurd, childish and arrogant; it is to limit the limitless, to claim oneself larger than existence.

The worldly forget this, they leave the Unknown to one side, and so their momentum to live is untroubled by what it means. But the Unknown does not sit easily with the simple reason giving of the worldly. -A life which first sees that anything might be the case, that its

certainties are self-created, is like a child letting go in the deep end of a swimming pool: for the first time only their own buoyancy keeps them afloat and they are frightened; they fear that on their own they are not enough, that they will be overwhelmed and sink. When the worldly person sees that their certainties are self-created, that anything could be the case, they experience vertigo; they realise that only their own momentum keeps them going and that their momentum is fed only by themselves, they fear that on their own they are not enough, that they will be overwhelmed and sink.

Thus the worldly person, if they seek to answer the question of purpose truthfully, will feel their momentum challenged. They need more

The religious person's answer ends in the Unknown. Their answer paints a picture of the Unknown, a picture which makes their answer inescapable, which forces 'yes'. Just as the world we see forces a physical form of life (no person who senses -who touches and sees, hears and smells and tastes- can deny the world; no person is strong enough) so the world we cannot see forces a spiritual form of life: no person who Believes -who accepts a story of the Unknown demanding some form of life- can deny the validity of that demand; no person is strong enough. (Ivan Karimazov: a confused mind - not believing what he believed that he believed.)

The Unknown can achieve anything; no story can be denied it. Thus the Unknown can justify any form of life for the religious: wellbeing for themselves, wellbeing for others; pain for themselves, pain for others; the sound of laughter, the smell of death - the religious person can be required to do anything, any form of life is possible for them.

No story can be denied the Unknown and therein we have our cardinal rule - our cardinal rule for dealing with the Unknown. Because for each story of the Unknown which touches us, which effects us in some way, there is another, its mirror, its equal and opposite, which exactly negates the original. Or rather, there are countless such stories, countless equal and opposites to negate any story. Some story says 'Do this and you will be rewarded, given your heart's desire; it shall be so, ensured by the Unknown, the mechanism Mystery.' The story's mirror: 'Do the same and you will be punished, your greatest fear realised; it shall be so, ensured by the Unknown, the mechanism Mystery.' The stories are equal in likelihood (we cannot gauge the Unknown) and opposite in effect. They cancel each other out like equal weights on opposite sides of a scale.

Consider a story of the Unknown popular across our world, a story born in the hot, dry lands east of the Mediterranean. It is the story of God the Father: omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent; creator of all existence; good. Next to this story another, its mirror. It is the story of God the Accursed: omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent; creator of all existence; evil. Out of boredom and malice God the Accursed creates a being who thinks he is God the Father. God the Accursed allows this false God the Father to continue as if he were genuine. From all points of view (save One) existence appears to be as it is in the first story: there is creation in seven days, Satan rebels, Adam and Eve are banished from Eden, and on Judgement Day we, the souls of the world, are cast into

damnation or raised into bliss. (These words interpreted according to one's point of view.) In this story, tho', after the first judgement day there is a second. God the Accursed reveals himself throu' his true son - Satan. Now it is Satan who arrives grasping ten thousand thunders to lead the legion of the damned to the utter vanquishment of heaven. It is Satan who drives back the blessed with terrors and furies to the crystal wall of heaven, casting them all, even God the Father, out into eternal despair. The usurpers -the wicked, the mean, the unrepentant- occupy heaven and their reward of eternal, sinful joy.

The stories are mirrors, equal and opposite, they cancel each other out. There can be no evidence for one that is not evidence for the other (Occam's razor: a practical guide, not a metaphysical principle). If truth is to be our beginning, if we seek to answer step by step, we dare not Believe. We do not determine the Unknown: what is inside us is not a guide to what we cannot know. To take that chance is to risk error - answering the question mistakenly.

(Perhaps later, when we have formed more of our life, we will see that because of the infinite importance of the matter we cannot form our life from nothing with only our own eyes and hands, that because of that infinite importance we must leap into the darkness of the Unknown, into infinity, and there and only there find our reason for being. Perhaps; but for us, now, uncomprehending creatures, untouched by Mystery, holders of no esoteric knowledge, this makes no sense.)

The Unknown must remain what it is - unknown. So the religious person, if they seek to answer the question of purpose truthfully, will feel their momentum challenged. They need more.

The known is not enough. The Unknown is not enough.

Answering the question, momentum fails.

We need more.

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Our existence as it can be known is as a mighty river, a flow within greater endless seas - Thaos: the river of life, and the river of light.

We are as crystals of light: the shape of the crystal is how we move when touched (our reaction but not our action), the light of the crystal is our awareness and our will. Each of us a unique shape, shining a unique light - a unique pattern of tones, colours, intensities, and movement.

We are borne on mighty currents, but our shape and our will have effect on our movement (and effect on each other) and the light that we shine half makes our world - different colours bring out different aspects, different intensities bring out different things. Thus the world of one person is not the world of another, even tho' they stand side by side. -The world of the happy is not the world of the sad, they cast different light and illumine different things.

We are as crystals of light: light effecting shape and shape effecting light, both change the world and the world changes back. -All three in a knot of causality: our being, our doing, and the world we are within (three abstractions from one thing).

We are carried along by mighty currents, by forces beyond our control. We are swept into different waters and waters Unknown. Thus we know rapids where the water seethes and we have to dance to stay alive; and we know waters calm and stately, part of some massive placid flow.

The world and our shape determine our movement - the flow is time, the movement change. It is Thaos: the river of life.

Standing here, alone, i look at Thaos. What do i see? Love and hate, joy and despair, beauty and ugliness, pleasure and pain. Existence as we experience it is no mean average, no drab mingling of colours - it is the proud proclamation of opposites standing side by side; a mix, but not a blend, of heaven and hell.

No wonder, then, that momentum falters. No wonder that questioning can bring about despair. -How can it be that we can know the good things, that our heart can yearn for them, and yet we are still in a world of so many bad things? How can it be that people born innocent and with a longing for love find themselves swamped by the currents of the world until they grow into engines of hate and despair? How can it be that children who have died screaming could be alive laughing?

The incongruity of it, the overwhelming pity of it, has broken many before and will break many again; its weight hangs over all of us - thus the Unknown has been invoked to explain and comfort; thus we have told stories of heaven and hell, of gods and devils.

If one is to look at the world without stories one must be strong, or its horrors will overwhelm. Knowing the horrors, one is afraid. But pain can serve - as a force to make one stronger and more compassionate, to help one choose the harder and better path. None of us are simple goodness; like our world, we are a mixture. The harmony is that the pain in the world can serve us against our imperfection - there is no other use for it that we can know.

(When i hear the horrors of the world i try to hold them: a hollow diamond beneath my solar plexus, as small as my belly and as big as a planet; it holds the horrors, seen but contained.)

No wonder that people tell stories in which the opposites of Thaos come together in realms of their own - realms within the Unknown, glimpsed only throu' Mystery. No wonder that they separate, sort, and place in neat collections those parts of our existence that seem so different, those parts whose coexistence seems impossible and thus profoundly confusing. We do not allow ourselves such stories, but we do not forget the Unknown. More than any others we hold it to us, for we hold it for what it is - Unknown.

We hold it to us because we know that being without handholds and learning to swim means knowing that anything could be the case. Incongruence should not alarm, because congruence should not soothe. We know that our existence is within the Unknown, that the overall picture can never be ours: thus we live in the world but do not judge it. We know that anything could be the case, that our existence could be made to mean anything; our strength comes from this, from the Unknown.

We do not Believe, but when we are tired we tell ourselves stories. (Stories of which there are no end.)

A Story of the Unknown: Existence is infinitely big and infinitely old, and it is always growing - growing larger and growing towards the good. Thus it is that the world contains this strange mix, this cocktail of heaven and hell; behind us there is an infinite history and around us something infinitely good; but we are young and our pain cannot be avoided - it is the price of existence, of the coming good. There is no Parent who could have looked after us, and the good that is around us is too far away (perhaps infinitely) to help. We are within something infinitely big and infinitely good; we are paying the necessary price.

Another: We are needed. There is a battle. -Those or that which started our universe, which 'designed' it for life and the question of purpose, need us but cannot be here to help us during our infancy. There is a conflict of proportions as beyond us as a galaxy is to an atom; even so, we are needed to play our part.

Another: Our universe as a flower - opening and shutting with the passing eons as a flower opens and shuts with the passing days. From a Primal Explosion to its Final Contraction, a single day - an opening and closing. And what opens and closes is not just space and time, matter and mind -the stuff of the universe- but also its causality, the way things fit together and what they do to each other. Thus it is all of a universe that is contracted into the utterly small at its end - all that is in it and all that has happened in it. In that last instant everything

that is and the effects of everything that has been pull themselves into the smallest size and fuse into a singularity from which a new explosion is born. And as the body of the new universe is the child of the old - its stuff the explosion of the prior contraction, so its causality is the child of the old - all that happened in the old universe determines all that will happen in the new. From its birth it is fixed, its causality in place, its future determined: our planet will form, and life will evolve, and we will live our lives exactly as we have lived them before and exactly as we will live them again and again without end - except.. .

Except for free-will, except for the capacity of matter/energy/mind to form complex wholes, beings, in which the being's awareness of itself and its awareness of its place in the world can form a magical breaking of the chains and the possibility of escape. Magical, mysterious free-will -an outcome of mirroring awareness turning upon itself- can transcend causality, can set us free. It can throw pebbles into the fixed waters of Thaos from which the ripples spread out, growing ever fainter and ever wider, but always there. And as the universe contracts, the waters of causality and the ripples we have made within it contract; the waves of causality bounce off the edge of existence, back towards a new fusion and a new explosion. In the final contraction the consequences of all that has ever happened come back together; the echo of every action, good or bad, is there in the fusion which becomes the next explosion. They are there in the new universe - its shape and laws are from what went before. Each universe almost identical -perhaps one must make the same mistake a million times before one learns the lesson- our lives stretch out either side of us, as well as behind and in front. We have made ourselves and this life. We have made ourselves and can set ourselves free and grow - the succession of universes as a growing flower; on and on until, at last, a universe which sees itself as one thing from the very beginning, a universe in which life co-operates from the start and grows into something wonderful beyond our understanding, something that can grow for eternity without contraction.

There is comfort in these stories, excitement and explanation, but they have mirrors and we dare not Believe. When we have told our stories we smile and we sleep.

Awake, facing the world without stories, facing the known and the Unknown, we seek to answer the question. Unable to dismantle and build anew, we must start with what we are, with the stopping points, the points where we say 'this is what i am, this is what i do'. We must start with the axes about which we most deeply spin, the axes whose removal would most unmake us, would most turn us inside out. We must start with our heart, and our heart is love.

All goodness is love:

beauty is love of form,  
happiness is love of living,  
pleasure is love of sensation.

Love is our most central axis, the thing that is most important to us (if you don't know this, only the world can teach you).

Love's denial would be the hardest to accept:

That one's memories should all be false, that all that one remembers never happened and all whom one remembers never existed - this would be amongst the hardest to accept.

That one's beliefs about the world are all false, that water runs uphill and the world is flat and rests upon a giant turtle - this would be harder to accept.

That truth is an error, that belief cannot reflect what is, that 'what is' is itself a nonsense - this would be harder still to accept.

But, that love is wrong, that those whom one loves and cherishes the most are those one should hate and hurt the most; that beauty, happiness, and pleasure should be shunned for ugliness, misery, and pain - this would be the hardest to accept. This would most turn us inside out, would most unmake us.

Love is our heart and truth its method.

There is always a story to turn anything on its head, but truth and love are the deepest; pushed past desperation, out into madness, we would let go of these last.

They are the last to go, they are the beginning of the answer. The beginning and the end: truthful love is where we start - our source-spring and our hope; and loving truth is our aim, where we hope to arrive - the world as love and love as the world.

They are the beginning and the end and almost anyone can say them: The suicide can say 'life is not good enough for love, the truth is that it hurts too much'; the egoist can say 'I love myself, the truth is that this is the only love worth having'; the tyrant can say 'life is

hard, the truth is that if one wants to make something worthy of love, one must be hard oneself'.

Almost anyone can say them, they are the beginning and the end. It is explaining what they mean that is answering the question, that is the voyage of discovery. It is explaining what they mean that is philosophy.

The first steps have been taken, the end has been named; but no end of paths still lie before us, there are no end of ways we can go. Thus we walk tentatively, trust our luck, hope for success. -Thus we are fluid. Knowing that we cannot avoid our chosen point of view, we seek to understand the other paths. We seek for perspectives that all travellers must share: aspects that hold for every sane answer to the question of purpose. We seek to find what we want. For our relationship with ourselves, as a whole and as individuals, is a child of the buffetings of the world. It is time for us to take control; for thought and emotion to rule from within themselves, for our looking at ourselves to be loving and truthful; it is time to find our true selves.

There are two halves to what we want, two aspects to be understood. There is our hearts' true desire and our hearts' true feeling - what we really want and what we really value. Our hearts' true desire, what we really want, is not easy to find - there are so many barriers, so many other people inside us. To find your true self look at your likes and dislikes, they are feelings -'yes' or 'no'- are they yours or another's (forced in and hammered in by fear and by habit); is it you or another that you find within? If it is another, if there are voices not your own, cast them out, and replace them with your true self, with what you really feel. Do not be afraid of what you find inside - 'it may be God himself who draws near to you in this most despicable form'. Seek and find, seek and find - wake yourself up and become your potential.

Our hearts' true feeling, what we really value, is not easy to find; it is our judgement on the world when we do not know ourselves, when we do not know who we are. What is inessential in us, the contingent facts, can be left to one side: for this question can always be asked 'what would i think if i did not know who i am, if i did not know what i am?'; its answers are our true values. This perspective, the view from nowhere, cannot be escaped, it cannot be left behind. It can be buried; beneath the weight of worldly desires it can be buried, for a time, while it rots and festers, until it feeds into the system a self-disgust as poisonous to the spirit as any vitriol to the body. The question cannot be escaped and its answer is always the same - understanding the view from nowhere only truth and love can be admired, only those lives which are a force for truthful love or are moving towards truthful love can be said yes to, for from here one can see the effects of falsehood and hate and one knows that those effects might be directed upon oneself, and from here one can see the wonders of love and knows that they could be one's own.

Our centre is love and truth, and truthful love here means that we love our lives, that we are happy; it means that we must become all that we can be, that we fulfil our potential, that we wake ourselves up. (For if a possibility is loved, its actuality will be loved even more).

We have our beginning and end, love and truth, but almost any one can have them; we have our beginning and end, but we have still let go. We are alone in the depths without stories to hold onto; alone in the depths, frightened of the truth. We are not strong and in the world there is much pain; we are not strong and we have only just let go. Going further, we need more than our everyday life. Going further, we need a context.

I offer three objects of meditation (simple truths of modern and ancient knowledge).

The first object of meditation is the mystery of existence: the mystery of the known and the Unknown. The mystery is in three: existence itself, existence producing life, existence being conscious.

The mystery of existence itself is simply that it is, that there should be something rather than nothing, that what there is should be the known wrapped in and penetrated by the eternal infinite Unknown - an unfathomable mystery, in every part and altogether an unfathomable mystery. The mystery of life is that our universe is evolutionary: 'fine tuned' from the beginning for stability and ever increasing ordered complexity. 'Fine tuned' to bring together the simple into the complex, and the complex into the more complex, into life and ever more complex life. So much easier to imagine a universe that does nothing, yet ours conjures life out of nothing - a wonderful mystery.

The mystery of consciousness is truly magical. What could be more extraordinary than mind coming from matter, than there being awareness and thought, love and truth?

Perhaps mind is matter from the inside. -Energy not just radiation but inconceivably raw awareness, the simplest matter the basic constituent of feeling. Or, awareness emerges out of nowhere, from a cold soup - a gazelle springing from a mirror. Either way, a sublime mystery.

Meditate on the first object to discover magic; to open your heart to the wonder of existence, to feel the marvel of life.

The second object of meditation is the possibility of non-existence. The non-existence not just of us and our world, but of everything. No space, no time, utter nothingness. Impossible to conceive; the second object of meditation.

Meditate upon the possibility of nothingness in order to learn your love of existence. -The closer one moves to understanding the possibility of nothingness, the greater one's understanding of its horror. Understanding its horror one sees the horror of existence in its

context: the horror of our world is mixed with our heaven - the horror of nothingness is pure, unalloyed.

The horror of our world is its price for existing (there have been no mistakes).

Meditate on the second object to see the horror of the world as a price you are willing to pay.

The third object of meditation is the openness of the future, the possibility of failure and the possibility of success. Living in the known and shunning Belief it is clear that we know nothing of our far future - we know nothing of the destination of ourselves after death, of our species, of our universe, of existence. Utter failure and total success must therefore be with us as possibilities (mirrors that we hold by our heart). Look at the world and see the disregard that nature can have for life - individuals and species lost in the blink of an eye. Do not doubt that we could fail by destroying ourselves; that by stupidity or greed or malice we could kill ourselves and our planet. Do not doubt that we could fail by being destroyed from the outside; that a blow from the world or from space or from the Unknown could kill us all.

One only has to look at what we have done to see that we can succeed, that we can build something glorious - something of joy and truth and growth. One only has to look to see that we can move towards the divine - that life can come together, across the universe life can come together into something greater, into something of love and truth that is immeasurably beyond our comprehension. Do not doubt that we can succeed throu' our own effort, throu' what we can know; that we can build something which gives reason and meaning to the pain that has gone before - something which would unequivocally and with a clear heart say yes of itself. And do not doubt that we could succeed throu' the Unknown, that for reasons we cannot see all will be reconciled and our pain make sense.

Meditate on the third object to find the will to act, to see your responsibility. Living in the known, eschewing Belief, one accepts one's responsibility: unable to rely on the world, one does what one can. (Everything may depend on it.)

We see the world's magic and we will bear its horror. We understand our responsibility. And tho' there is no story of the Unknown that can be ours, we cannot leave it alone. It has been given many names in many stories, and those names and stories are all around us. They are in the air we breathe, the water we drink, and the ground we walk on. Shouted, spoken, whispered: they claim all answers and all wisdom as their own. To turn one's back on them is to turn one's back on spirit, on the heart of life - its poetry, its ineffable truth.

If you like,  
Our search for Truth,  
I will call a search for God.  
Presuming nothing,  
Seek only to know;  
Open to mystery,  
Move step by step.

To understand, live in, and love the known one must see the enfolding and penetrating Unknown - one must see the Unknown within the known and around the known. One must understand that the Unknown is central to our life, our happiness, and our answering of the question (tho' not our answer).

We are that in which our planet achieves awareness and language. Our responsibility is to answer; bereft of stories we must start with the known - with the world as we can understand it, the lives that we have to live. We start with ourselves and the torrent: shining crystals within the river of life.



Looking to Thaos, seeking to know, i stand and question. What is it that i see? -Is it one or many, divided or whole, infinity or unity? We are confronting the world with language, with understanding: abstraction. Language abstracts from the world - it signifies and pulls out, approximates and pulls out. Only within language are there clear numbers, unities - in the world all word boundaries are vague. (Language reveals its weakness, its finiteness in the face of what is endless - it reveals its approximation). -Only an infinite language (everything with its own name) could avoid vague edges, the blurring of one thing into another. Without language there is just the world - before wholeness and before division there is just the world, unexplained existence.

I look at myself: a mind, a body. Am i one or many, divided or whole? There are different thoughts and different reactions, different deeds and different wants. If an animal has no language its unity is no more than the focus of the nowness of its experience,

its mind's eye - nothing claims ownership over the workings of its self. Such an animal is uncluttered by time and multiplicity. Once time is breached, nowness gives way to the overview, and the eyes unite into an 'i' across time. Different thoughts and different reactions, different needs and different wants unite into the 'i' that exists across time. What before was a focus becomes a word, a thing, an identity. Abstracted from the world, from the foci of nowness, the ego is created and creates itself.

'I' like a monarch: like a monarch surveying their estates, they lay claim to all they can see; like a monarch they can rule well or badly - can give freedom or repress, understand or censure, be kind or cruel. (And, like a monarch, can give way to their people when their people have grown ready.)

'One or many' is language; it is understanding, our creation. The 'i' claims authority by virtue of seeing -across time and across self: in feeling, it claims as its own. It is a creation of language, a creation of ourselves.

'I' can be at any level: only ignorance separates us from our siblings - if i knew your pain, your pain would be mine. Imagination shows us ourselves over time - memory for the past, anticipation for the future; imagination can show us each other - if i knew your joy, your joy would be mine.

'I' can grow to any level, it can move out to take in more and more, its realm is of its own choosing: simple nowness, the self across time and the self across consciousness, other people and other awareness, all of existence. -The range of our identifying is unlimited.

Within the self a monarch can be hard, rigid and unyielding; or they can be fluid, wise and understanding. The monarch can give way - we can grant ourselves freedom: 'i' for all of us. Outside the self the monarch must give way - to identify outwards is to relinquish control.

Before language there is simple existence, with language we have grown apart and near - individuals who understand each other. No 'i' is more real than any other, all a creation of ours - no range of identification untrue. 'I' then and 'i' now; you and me - simply parts of the world before names. Division is language, wholeness is language - our creation and our decision. -The isolated monarch is as real as all that is.

Every step is a choice and the choice is ours, but there is only one way we can go: there is only one way for truthful love. -Truth insists the fiction of 'i': that its reference is our choice. Love insists that our choice is to move out, to grow. Time means change - back towards nothing or out towards all. (To stay still is to stagnate - the slowest path backwards.)

To move outwards, identifying with all awareness, is to move oneself into conflict - to identify with suffering. For we are a divided being, at war with ourself, in pain. There is pain

in identifying outward, but there is solace: the solace of solidarity - sufferers are not alone: it is us, one thing.

*Only when all awareness is as 'i', when everything is together again, will we know peace and completion - perhaps it will be our beginning. In time we will look back, remember the pain of our birth, understand its necessity.*

The path of love is outwards, but we are only people. The path of love is growth, but we do not become one with the world through simple desire. We must start with what we are and the love within us; we must start with the easiest steps.

Deep within us is the family, deep in our hearts are our parents; to identify with one's family is the easiest step outwards. A child needs love as naturally as a magnet attracts, it is of its essential nature. From birth to death we need the love of those around us; only the destroyed can live without it. From the beginning, we need a loving, understandable world; we need a family. Our family is the nuclear family, parents and children. Like an atom it holds itself together by the forces within it; like an atom it does not hold onto the attractions around it. But atoms evolve: in the hearts of stars, in the explosions of stars, atoms are bound into larger shapes, into richer and more complex patterns, into molecules. In our exploding world it is time for the molecular family, it is time for us to grow.

For our system is collapsing. The atoms are being torn apart - by the forces within them and the attractions outside. Our children are being hurt; we are all being hurt. In the molecular family the forces from within can be channelled into the larger structure and contained there; in the molecular family the attractions from outside may be met and held onto, new elements in the pattern.

We need to grow, to become richer and more complex, if we are to survive this exploding world. We need to acknowledge the forces within us and the attractions outside. We need the molecular family.

As always it is truth and love. To tell ourselves what we want and what we are, to tell those who love us and whom we love. There must be respect and caring; a sharing of pains and pleasures, griefs and joys. We must look after each other and enjoy our lives, we must teach our children to enjoy their lives. We cannot know the shapes we will build, the families we will make; we only know the way we will build - with love and truth: caring for and understanding those we move with and caring for and understanding ourselves; for their wants and fears, and for our own.

The path of love and truth is outward - into the world, its pain and its beauty. Individuals are the beginning, the origin of love; next is the family -our kith and kin- where love is most natural, where moving outwards is easiest; but all together we are society - and here there must be change, here there will be change.

The path leads out into the river of existence, where the water trembles in anticipation of the roar ahead, of the wrenching swirling joyous currents that are leading us towards a new shape and a new existence.

Everything around us says it: things are changing. One only has to look to see: the time of decision approaches.

The time of decision. The time when we come together, make ourselves 'i', decide our destiny.

(For the first time, a time when we can choose.)

We have grown from nothing, grown within the laws of nature; there has been no freedom, no choice - there have been no mistakes.

We are growing: towards global communication, towards global community, towards global selfhood. We are growing towards a new answer - an answer for all of us.

For the first time we will be able to speak to our selves; for the first time we will be able to choose.

It is a unique time; the approaching time of decision.

Only when we speak as one thing can we choose. Before this there is only discord, choices made in the context of strife; here humanity has no voice, only individuals speak. We are in transition. We are moving towards self-knowledge and the unity that comes from it, we are moving towards self-dialogue, moving towards decision.

Decisions made within strife, decisions made by individuals, are bound by pragmatism - decisions made by humanity, by all of us together, will be bound only by Infinity.

The time is coming when all can be together, when all opinion can be registered and understood. We will create an environment where all of our awareness, throu' all our senses and senses new, will be filled with comprehension of what others think, of the decisions they are prepared to make. (A computer connected to every home. A program that can place any argument or opinion in relation to others. A virtual reality that displays this - how much is thought about what; a world-wide belief reality. From that shared reality and opinion forming, a feedback - a magical turning of the mirror back upon itself, the attainment of an infinity; from that shared reality, a transformation.) When this happens we will be able to act as one, agreeing what we do, we will be able to say 'i will if you will'. When this happens we will become something immeasurably greater: we will become a species at one

with itself - the voice of the world will become at one with itself. For the first time our world will speak clearly.

Our world will speak clearly, what will it say? There are many tasks, but ahead of us is our greatest challenge, the solution to the sublime and magical mystery of consciousness. How can matter make mind? How can inert, three-dimensional 'stuff' make dynamic, non-spatial sentience? How can carbon and electricity make joy and fear? These questions still produce vertigo; but we can see the way ahead, the way to progress. -In understanding the brain, we understand the pattern of matter that makes mind; in building thinking machines we understand the pattern of artificial thought; in thinking about mind and matter, we clarify the problem. By these means we will find a way to solve the mystery; by these means we will serve truth. It will be a wonderful journey.

It will be the most revolutionary change in our understanding, and it will lead to the most revolutionary change in ourselves. Once we understand the pattern, we can control the pattern; once we control the pattern, we control what we are - in our essence and entirety. It will be the fusion of technology and spirituality. Our power will be awesome.

We are in transition. Either side of us there is a precipice, and we could fall - our species could fail, we could fail our world. We are in transition and we must strive for our goal, for the growth of life.

Evolution is the coming together of the simple into the more complex, the formation of a sum greater than its parts. When we come together in a constructed reality of information, when we choose our destiny from such a state of being, we evolve into a higher species.

This is our goal; this is the object of our striving.

To reach our goal, our relationship with ourself must change. -The way we control ourself, the way we move, our form of society. It is time for us to grow.

The party system, elections, secrecy - they are all destructive. (What was once essential is now redundant.) We need a new system.

We agree our principles: a government is for its people's wellbeing - their comfort and freedom. The parties fight over nuances, and their system is destructive - the manipulation of appearances, pre-election distortion, the denigration of opponents. We require efficiency.

Secrecy breeds corruption, it allows manipulation and distortion. It is no longer necessary (we are not in competition).

We require efficient government, open government, government we control.

If a person is to do their best they must aware of what is happening, they must think, and they must will; a society should do the same.

In society, awareness is everywhere - we all perceive. Society's awareness of itself focuses in the media: they are our eyes and ears, our means of understanding what is happening. Their role is vital - where we should know, they should find out. Theirs is a power on our behalf.

In society, thought is everywhere - we all think. Society's thought focuses in groups and organisations. It should also focus in lawmaking (not ego, not prejudice). So our legislature should be professional, the best that we have; promoted by merit, their work and beliefs should be in different worlds.

In society, will is everywhere - we all do things. When we do things together, as society, we should will them together. We need a new system - a computer in every home, a program to measure opinion and a world-wide, world-used, belief reality to display it.

We become aware of the choices throu' speaking to each other - on the street; in local media and local networks; in organisations and interest networks; in the international media and the world-wide belief reality. (When someone listens then others may hear - thus thoughts are amplified and an individual's ideas can end up heard by everyone.) The legislature, throu' clear thought, refines the choices into alternatives; the media inform and the decision is ours. The will of the people will be the will of the government at last.

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What is the will of the people, what shall it be? I go to the City seeking answers. The first thing i see are the poor and the rich - in spirit and in body, in the heart and in things, this is not a fair world.

In a shop across a dirty street and a dirty pavement, behind ram-raid barriers and metal grills, a hundred televisions beam the same picture into the dark dirty night - the desperate love of a mother washing her starving daughter illuminates the empty dirty night. From Africa by satellite into a hundred screens for the empty night, fifty thousand pounds for the empty night - enough money to feed a town in Africa. The daughter dies, the mother despairs, and television's cold light shines on into our empty cold night.

In a doorway by the shop an old man lies like a naked and helpless baby - beneath the dirt and suffering, under the hideous instincts taught him by his fate, he is as weak and hopeless as any abandoned newborn. Beneath the gin soaked layers of his mind that infant screaming he thought left behind long ago continues unabated - the fear, the loneliness, the overwhelming sense of injustice scream out in great sobs; but he cannot hear them, his gin addled vision is no more than a sullen blur of comfort within pain.

From the beginning he was used and abused - loved by his parents, his weak parents who were cowed by the world into doing what *has* to be to be done. He *must not* do this (but its what his heart longs for) and he *has to* do that (but he just does not care). Their love, seldom shown, he came not to believe in. He gave out anger and anger came back. In the world he was worked without mercy or care; the only pleasure allowed him was drink. He never had the brains to pull himself out, he never had the love to make himself care. He has ended up here, comfort within pain; the cold night without, the sobbing within. He did not choose his fate. No one chooses their fate.

In the bustle of the day i walk down the street - there is a shop (detergent clean windows smeared with blood). Hanging in the window, lying on the slabs, its ghastly wares in the colours of death - the dull red of dead meat, the bloated sallow of dead fat. Meat and fat, like ours; fear and pain, like ours. Suffering without words. Their lives are full of pain; their deaths are full of fear. It is unnecessary. It is obscene.

These people and animals are all of us. Their pain is ours. We are awareness and we take many forms - you, me, those people, all sensation. We are the same stuff moulded into different shapes. We must love ourself.

'Nobody can truthfully say of themselves that they are filth: for to understand and believe that means madness or change'.

But the truth is that we are filth because we let them suffer, because we let them suffer while we work for ourselves (and that is the opposite of love).

The view from nowhere is inescapable - its judgements penetrate our lives. If we do not hurry our changing, madness will prevail.

I walk on throu' yellow sunlight and blue sky, and white clouds and moments of clarity. The bright light bathes a shop front, a table on the pavement. Piled high are green cabbages and red tomatoes, blue berries and yellow bananas, purple aubergine and orange peppers and, and... ; and inside are bags of brown nuts and white flours, and black seeds

and golden saffron and, and... . And this place is lovely; a place of love. It feeds and enraptures us. It is beautiful.

In the street, for a moment, the polluted air is blown away and the building opposite is framed against the sky. The cleaned white stone shines in the clear air, and the dreamlike shapes that adorn its crown are sharp against the limpid blue; made in an age when craftsmen toiled in heat and cold to carve stone, stone with a magical beauty in the age when people write software that designs palaces of trade.

Beside the building a park stretches back - winding paths throu' arching trees; flowerbeds like giant flowers on the rich green turf; magical bridges over still water, brilliant sunlight on sparkling fountains. Children laugh at the beauty of it, birds fly in the fountain's rainbow mist, troubled people know a moments peace. We can make such beauty that rage can be calmed and sorrows forgotten, we can make places to live that make life worth living.

At last, at long last, we have the power to make a beautiful world -cities like jewels, nature respected- but we spend our money on our cars and our private delights. We can make the world whatever we want; only one thing stops us and that is ourselves, when we wake up to what we want anything can be ours, when we wake up to what we are anything can happen.

Do not doubt that we could fail by destroying ourselves; that by stupidity or greed or malice we could kill ourselves and our planet. Do not doubt that we can succeed throu' our own effort, throu' what we can know; that we can build something which gives reason and meaning to the pain that has gone before - something which would unequivocally and with a clear heart say yes of itself.

I walk on throu' the City. Down into the Underground. Past desperate broken people lying on the floor and posters of holidays for thousands of pounds. I see a woman starving to death of her own volition, her eyes are lost with no-one can help. Behind her, adverts guarantee happiness.

I get on to a train and ride under the City. Opposite me is a young man, seventeen or eighteen, on his face and in his heart disappointment with the world. His body is discomfort and he is ill at ease. Every fortnight a dole cheque, and ducking and diving, keep him in action but he always feels poor. Always, that is, apart from the nights when he pops a pill or snorts a powder. Then he is king and the world full of love, and his body surges with pleasures and strength. The lights and the music, the smoke and the pills, and everything is wonderful and nothing kills. Who can blame him for this in a world of such ills; it is a gorgeous way of being, the thrillingest of thrills. But he has been swept into a stream leading nowhere because our world does not teach that such pleasures must be paid for and we will not allow him his drugs made properly and clean.

He must be allowed to choose, even were that self-destruction. But he wants to live, to experience and love. He wants to live, but his life will not let him. His life is our life, his shape could have been ours. He wants work that rewards him and playtime that sings. They may not be your aims, but allow him his.

All drugs can be safely used (tho' some just as medicine and some very seldom); it is up to us to discover how and the price that must be paid. People taught lies will not believe - we must teach what drugs are and how they can be used. If the young want to do something the rest cannot stop them. Making it dirty and dangerous is neither truthful nor fair. Only in truth will people believe; only of truth will they take advice. Drink and drugs can make some feel tremendous. It has to be said because it is so. What they need to know is how they can do it, how they can do it and their lives still go on.

We come into a station, he rises and leaves, a young woman, sixteen or seventeen, takes his place. She is a star-child, up from the country, from bus or bender or van. In ragged bright colours, and skin pierced with silver, and hair piled high with purple and blue. Her face shines, she is full of love. I see into her heart, she has not yet known pain. Her parents loved her with truth, and she knew that love, and now she is grown-up discovering the world. She knows Mother Nature and the stars in the sky that guide human destiny, that are the hidden hand. She can read the Tarot and throw the stones. She has seen the world as love and shining colour. But she has yet to know betrayal, treachery, and deceit; she has yet to lose her illusion of the one she loves.

The stars and the Tarot will not help her when she loses him, when he stabs her in the back and all she gave him was love. In his palm it does not say that he is going to smash her, that the wounds that he inflicts will never fully heal. Her cards did not advise her, the stones did not warn. She will face him wide open and so in pieces will be torn. When she loses her faith in him she will lose more beside, with that blow her trust in love and Mother Nature will die.

She is beautiful but weak, and she will be broken. She needs truth in her life, not superstition; ideas that make sense, not fragmented dreams. Where did they come from these 'laws' she believes in? What was the ancient wisdom that gave them birth? Human fate is beyond the tealeaves; it is beyond the stones, the cards, and the stars. If the ancient worlds knew, from where their wisdom? If so wise, why did they die? For our lives to work, we need the rigour of truth; for our awe and amazement, we accept the Unknown.

We come into a station she rises and leaves, a woman takes her place: smooth dark skin and eyes that are comfortable with her world. She is pretty and clean, and everything fits, her nails gleam burgundy, the burgundy of her lips. She works in an office that is bright and airy, with plants, and water, and sunlight. Her job absorbs her, her playtime is exciting; her parents were poor, now she buys them their treats.

She hates the world's miseries. She turns away. -Her mind is on her work and her friends, and her clothes and her lovers. She knows what life can be and she will not be broken; she is strong, but the strength is for herself and for her world. She hopes that that

world will be safe, she will not listen to the voice that says that it is not. Her world is a good world, but it lives with the other worlds, with squalor, despair, and pain. They cannot be kept back, their poison encroaches, tomorrow her bag will be snatched again. It will not destroy her, just shock her and hurt her, but it is part of a larger design.

With the locks on her doors and the bars on her windows, with the dirt and the fear in the streets, with the child that starves and the mother that weeps, her life has more pain than it needs. She cannot shut out everything, no matter how she tries; she is kind to those she loves, but she knows that babies die. She knows that it is not safe if she walks around at night; she knows that drunken men argue, rape, and fight. No one can insulate themselves from the suffering around them, not all the money in the world could make a wall that thick. Only in a happy world can there be true happiness. The happiness that we know comes from moving toward that.

We come into a station, she rises and leaves, a young man takes her place. He is twenty-five and his clothes reek of money, his brown hair curls above the disdain in his eyes. He is one of the elite, a shaper of desires, he persuades us to buy what we do not need. His Porsche has been clamped, and there were not any taxis, and he is late for a meeting on the other side of town. He feels contempt for these people, his bread and butter, he wishes that he did not have to be here. He despises their lowness, their meanness, and kindness; their sharing, their loving, and pain. They have no idea of the refinements of his mind, of a taste for shirts that cost five hundred pounds. At work he shouts at those beneath him, they are less than him, it is what they deserve. His wife is an asset for she has social connections; and he knows she is beautiful, it is in other men's eyes. Their marriage will not last, he will lust and betray her, and in his heart he will laugh as she cries. -Another fool he has tackled, has tackled and bested; he always wins, winning is his style.

He had a chance once, a few years ago, an almost fatal illness grabbed him hold; he thought about his life and changed what he was. He dropped the cynicism and bitterness, the hate and the bile; he made peace with the world and what he was. But, when the illness was cured 'what a fool he had been! - he could never have died, he will always be supreme'. Back came the old self, it will never go now; he will grow older and harder, and never learn love. By the time he discovers that he is empty and sad, he will be alone without loved ones to help bring him back.

His life is a tragedy, like that of the old lady who was sprawled across the platform stinking of sick. It gave him pleasure, as he stepped aloofly around her, to consider how far apart their two worlds are. His life is so full of pleasures, of possessions and power, that he cannot see that when they fade he will be more desolate than she. At least she has companionship of a sort upon the streets; but by her age, in his loneliness, he will be in hell.

He thinks that money and power can buy happiness and content, that pleasure is all that is worthwhile. These are the oldest mistakes, the saddest that there are; they are the cause of millennia of misery and despair. The only way to happiness is throu' love and truth, by moving towards a better world, by helping all to get there.

We come into a station, he rises and leaves, a woman comes and takes his place. She is in her fifties, plump and delicious, with chocolate brown skin and dark curling hair. Her eyes smile and there is love in her heart. She is strong and without despair. The world has been hard to her and the world has been kind; but she sings and she dances and laughs. Her Lord Jesus Christ loves her, holds and caresses her, and she knows that all will be alright. The pains that she suffers and the horrors she sees are absolved by the touch of His hands when she sings and dances and cries at her church. Her belief is total, she has no doubts; Sweet Jesus is always there. Her life is not easy, up at four every morning to polish and scrub and clean. Her knees give her pain and so does lumbago, but she accepts without fuss that this is her lot. She is giving and generous, she has a warm heart; with her friends she is trusted and safe. She has a story that is strong, that with which she is secure, that is beautiful with an essence of love. No wonder she can bear the pains of her life, no wonder she smiles inside.

But the world has turned since she was young and such stories will no longer do. Less and less can Believe now for they hear the stories all call out 'Only I am true'. Her story is sublime, magic and beauty, in it truth and love reign. But it will no longer do.

We are like a child growing up, becoming an adult, letting go of the stories that kept them strong when young.

We come into a station, i rise and leave.

Up, out, into the air. Into a large, high, old shopping street. There are glass shop fronts and wide pavements. The welter of humanity. I walk down the street looking at the faces and the garb around them. It is like the richest collection, the most complex of flowers. There are black skullcaps and white kobaas, and turbans of every colour; hair that is braided, shaved, twisted, piled high and flowing free. Clothes that are tight, that are loose, that are flowing; clothes for tradition and clothes for respect. Clothes with every message under the sun; faces of every type. All of the world seems to be here, every race, every religion, every creed. If the air was clean, and war and poverty were behind us, it would be the most beautiful thing ever seen.

At last we can do it, we have the freedom and strength, only we are stopping ourselves. Either side of us is a chasm, we must not fall; only we can stop ourselves.

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*All that is everything is Love and Truth. They are the First and the Infinite, the Oak and the Beech, the Brightest Fish in the Iridescent River. They are the Sun and the Moon,*

*and Bluebells above Verdant Ground, and Existence as an Eternally Growing Dance. They are the Depths of Space and the Shining Stars. They are Thaos.*

They are endlessly complex and endlessly deep.

Their wonders will never cease.

All glory comes from them. All glory to them.

What do they do? They make life possible and life worth living. Truth started as staying alive, as knowing what to do for life. Love is that life as something worth living.

Love and Truth bring things together: they unite, they make one. Love and Truth and Truth and Love are all; they are divine.

Truth brings us closer, lies move us apart. If i look at you believing falsehood of you i see you less clearly; if i believe nothing that is true of you, you are not there at all. In knowing we approach each other, perfect knowledge would be oneness - if i knew your joy, your joy would be mine.

Love brings us closer, hate moves us apart. To hate something is to want it destroyed or a world away. Love is seeking to be with the loved one, to share and enjoy one's existence with it. In loving something one seeks its Truth; one seeks to come closer, to know more.

Lies do not work; they are like stones clumsily thrown into the waters of Thaos, the waves of causality spread out and bounce back, an unhappy turbulence returns to the lie. Only the wing of Truth can cut cleanly throu' the waters of life, disturbing just that which it means to. By being faithful to what is, Truth is allowed to be. The hardest and most important is Truth to oneself, but it is impossible without its partner- Truth to others. A lie is like a blindfold - with it one blunders into things, one destroys what one does not mean to; in the end it is oneself.

Love and Truth are what is and how it ought to be. Existence and its ideal. What could be more different? They are as unlike as mind and matter.

Truth is what is. -The hard reality; everything a fact, observable from the outside. Love is an attitude, a value, an emotion. It is something experienced from within.

Opposite yet the same: they are the obverse of each other - the same thing in different guise. One leads to the other; for both need, and both give, each other.

Love gives Truth, and Truth gives Love, and Love needs Truth, and Truth needs Love. It is the richest circle that there is.

Love gives Truth, for Love seeks Truth - to do so is of its deepest essence. To love something is to want it, is to say 'yes' to its presence, 'yes' to its here and now; and what one wants in loving is the thing itself, the reality not a fiction. Of course, desire for Love and the fear of losing it can push the need for Truth to one side, but such love cannot flourish - the Truth will out or the tensions produced will seethe and boil and explode;

and Truth gives Love, for Love is of the world - it is, and therefore by Truth it must be known; and once known, it cannot be rejected. For Love is such that to know it is to love it, is to want it, for oneself and everything. In it is beauty and happiness and pleasure and every subtle variation of what we say 'yes' to, what we say 'yes' to as surely as a stone falls to earth. Its appeal is obvious, its value is everything, it cannot be denied once known;

and Love needs Truth, for it does not work in a private, self-created world: it chokes and dies. Love needs to grow -it is in its nature to embrace ever wider, to know ever deeper- there is no false, person-made world that is big enough for it.

Imagine a person, who has never been loved and has never loved, having a child and thereby learning love: throu' their love for their child they learn to weakly love others - at first their child's friends then teachers, and parents, and on and on and growing and growing until they learn to love the whole world and all of existence. But if this person does not let their love grow, if their love is in the false world in which only their child is worthy, then it will focus too strongly, it will focus too jealously - in the end no-one can bear such love, and as they grow the child will reject their parent. The love, by being held in, destroys itself.

It is so for all Love: if it is restricted, confined to a fiction, it will wither and die. Love needs the freedom of Truth if it is to survive and flourish as surely as a flower needs light to bloom;

and Truth needs Love, for without Love life is not worth living and knowledge is empty - without Love, Truth wants not to be. Our Universe, of energy/matter and awareness, is one evolving thing. It is a coming together of the simple into the complex into the more complex into mind and language and the question of purpose. This is Truth: the

potential for Love, the potential for 'yes' and 'no'. Without Love, Truth is worthless; without Love, better it not be.

Inquiry corrupts itself when it is not made with Love. What is discovered is not deep Truth - bigger bombs are built and with the death of animals scientists learn how brains and minds work. But it is tarnished: this beautiful, exotic Truth is given to us splattered with blood and gore. Unless it is cleaned, our wrongs atoned for, it will lead us to the Ugly and we will destroy ourselves - we will become something not worthy of being. It is thus with all knowledge: without Love, it corrodes.

Truth is power, power is change, and only Love can make change good. An action has love or hate, just as a patch of colour has tone. It takes place on a scale wherein are sublime and evil, kind and mean, and indifference at its centre. An action is a deliberate changing of the world, a moving of the waters of Thaos. The intention is Loving, or not; the result is more Love, or not: thus the doing and the deed are good, or not.

Power without Love is more of what is bad; better to be impotent, better not to be at all.

Love and Truth are supreme. They are all that we need; they are our everything. They are our ends and means, our handholds and hopes; they are our doing in the day and our dreaming at night.

Our need for Them is deeper than all the laws of physics - to understand what we are is to understand that need. -Only the desperate say no to Existence; tortured are those who say no to Love. Our need for them is deepest, understanding them is prime; but the Truth of Love is the hardest thing to find. Many are the pleasures that lead to destruction, many are the beauties that beguile the heart, happiness can be bought before the pay-back - to find the Truth of Love is the only task.

Love is delicate and complex, robust and pure - it can roar like a lion and whisper like a breeze. The voyage of life is exploring the Truth of It - the further one goes in, the wider one's eyes. One sees that existence is one big ought - that all of everything, from the spacetime around us to the texture of experience, is a pointing towards the form of life that we should lead. 'How can it be, then, that people go the wrong way, that for so many the reverse of Love and Truth is the case?' In the same way that a train system can be built in which the trains collide. Nothing stops its construction, but in the end it will die.

We have been born in the jungle of existence, no guiding Parent to hold our hand. We have evolved from a world of starvation and predation, we have made no mistakes in getting here. We have made no mistakes but it is time to let go - time to let go of what could

drag us down. Everything of hate, everything of falsehood: it is time to let them go lest they bring about our end. Beauty awaits us, if we steer towards it; all around are signs that the Wonderful is here, but either side abysses lurk - hold on to your hope and hold on to your fear.

Any awareness will move towards 'yes' when they understand and are free to choose, yesness is Love, and the only way there is Truth - these facts are the heart of this existence.

*Mind and matter, the obverse of each other, the same thing in opposite guise - the whole Universe travelling the path of Truth, towards 'yes', towards Love. A flower opening and shutting, growing brighter and better and more beautiful every time until at last, the great flower of eternal expansion and never ending growth.*

With the plants and animals we are the life of our world, with the animals we are its eyes and ears, we alone are our world's voice and conscience, we are alone are its laughter and tears. Our little world, a bloom within a bloom within a bloom, is coming to a special time, a special flowering. We must seize this chance to build something glorious, to make of our world something of Truth and Love. It is time.

## NOTES

page 1. 'the mark that one is fully a person' - being fully a person is probably something that none of us ever achieve (in this life) because, in order to be so, every part of us would have had to have answered the question. It is an ideal we can seek to move towards.

page 5 that is stable is a complex form within a less complex space' - the space here is not physical space, but logical space.

page 10. "this is what i am, this is what i do'. One's bedrock; the axes about which we spin.' The language and ideas here are taken directly from, and inspired by, the genius of Ludwig Wittgenstein's 'Philosophical Investigations' and 'On Certainty', both works of philosophy that are as easy to read as they are hard to understand. As probably no-one alive fully understands Wittgenstein's work, it is necessary to say here that even when one thinks one is taking an idea of his, it is probably only one's own version of his thought.

page 5. 'Second Law' - the Second Law of Thermodynamics asserts that disorder always increases over order; in terms of heat, this would mean that creating heat somewhere entails creating more cold elsewhere.

page 6. This argument is not meant to show that evolution will necessarily win over entropy, just that those arguments which seek to show that entropy must win are flawed; when we fully understand matter/energy, awareness, and the relation between them, who can say what might be achieved - perhaps will be able to create heat from nothing by thinking it into being.

page 16 'Pascal's gamble' - was that one should be a Christian because if it is true, the punishment for not being one is infinite; whereas if Christianity is false, the loss to one by being Christian is finite. However he forgets all the other possibilities; for example, infinite suffering being a punishment for being Christian (these ideas are explored in greater depth in later pages).

page 18. 'Yes or no is a simple response' - tho' in many actual cases of saying 'yes' or 'no' to something, the response will be a complex of many different 'yes's and 'no's, all of which are simple.

page 21. 'Ivan Karimazov' - in Dostoyevsky's 'the Brothers Karimazov', Ivan is the brother who believes in God, and believes that God could reconcile him to the horrors of the world, but he wants neither God nor that reconciliation - the horrors of the world are too much for him. My contention is that Ivan's position is not a tenable one; that if he really believed in God, the absurdity of his position would overwhelm him. Either that, or he is already broken - the belief has made him something much less than his potential.

page 22. 'Now it is Satan who arrives grasping ten thousand thunders...' - the imagery here is taken from Milton's Paradise Lost.

page 22. Occam's razor is the principle that the simplest explanation is always the best, that things should not be postulated to be the case unless absolutely necessary. It is a useful guide to theorising, but not to what is true.

page 22. 'infinite importance' - this is a phrase used by Kierkegaard to justify leaping into Belief.

page 24. 'The world of the happy is not the world of the sad' - adapted from Wittgenstein's "The world of the happy is a different world from that of the unhappy." 'Notebooks 1914-1916' pg. 78, published by Basil Blackwell.

page 27. 'matter and mind' - in this work i use 'matter' to refer to energy/matter, and 'mind' to awareness -the stuff of experience. One might say that mind proper is awareness channelled into ordered rational patterns.

page 28. 'the fixed waters of Chaos' - even the maddest eddy in the torrent is utterly determined by the iron rulings of causality; utterly determined, that is, apart from the mysterious causality of free will.

page 28. '...our lives stretch out either side of us, as well as behind and in front' - i.e. our lives have temporal breadth as well as length; consecutive lives stand side by side, each moment is next to both the moments touching it in this universe and the same moment in the universes before and after.

Part of the terrible pathos of life are the lost possibilities for good. In one's life this, this, and this, could have been but were not: that which is good is destroyed and that which would have been good does not happen. This hardest of human burdens can be lightened by the story of the Universe as a Flower; it is only a story, for night-time and sleeping, but it has a plausibility that many such stories do not for it requires no magic, beyond the undeniable magic of consciousness, and no Creator - it needs only:

(1) A chain of almost deterministic universes each one arising out of the collapse of the one before it, and collapsing itself to form the condition for the next universe's creation.

(2) The final state of any universe being the entire cause of the first state of the next universe.

(3) Free-will being what stops it being totally deterministic.

(4) A causality in which the effects of a person's actions rebound on them in the next universe in a way which reflects that action's moral value. This is less implausible (without a Creator) if one equates the good with the efficient - what is good is what works and what works is what is good; our mistake has been, for example, to see being generous as opposed to being selfish as a struggle between what one ought to do on

principle and what one wants to do - as if being selfish could be in one's self-interest, as if it does not make one something lesser even if it does not immediately lessen one's love of one's existence. Imagine an individual as a part in a self-replicating machine - it seems not unnatural that if that part independently damages the machine, that damage will reappear focused upon the same part in the new machine. (Perhaps the possession of such a causality is one of the necessary conditions for a universe to evolve in the first place - perhaps it must go through uncountable expansions and contractions before it has a physics stable enough to sustain even the simplest matter.)

One argument against this picture would be that genuinely random events occur at the quantum level, and that these can sometimes emerge through to the macro level. This picture may be true, but I have great difficulty with the idea of truly random events, and suspect that when we know more we will understand that what we previously took to be random events are in fact, in some as yet incomprehensible fashion, determined.

I first came across the idea of our lives repeating themselves again and again until we get them right in J.B. Priestly's play 'I Have Been Here Before'. It is not itself far removed from the Eastern idea of reincarnation but, at least in the story of the Universe as a Flower, there is no requirement for a soul separate from the body which is the vehicle of reincarnation - for me, the incomprehensibility of the causality of souls and reincarnation makes the stories which include them less soothing and less satisfactory.

page 29. 'All goodness is love' -

Beauty: To love a form is to find it beautiful; finding it beautiful, it is natural to love it.

Happiness: To love living is to be happy; being happy, it is natural to love living.

Pleasure: To love a sensation is to find it pleasurable; finding it pleasurable, it is natural to love it.

page 32. 'it may be God himself who draws near to you in this most despicable form' - adapted from Carl Jung's "Had it been God himself who draws near to us in this most despicable form, we should have denied him a thousand times before a single cock had crowed." 'Modern Man in Search of a Soul' pg. 272, published by Ark.

page 32. 'the view from nowhere' - this phrase is taken from the title of a book by Thomas Nagel. His brilliant earlier work 'The Possibility of Altruism' was very important to me; however, I was much less happy with 'The View from Nowhere' due to its attachment to Realism (the philosophical doctrine that one can meaningfully talk about that which cannot

be known). Nietzsche insists in 'the Genealogy of Morals' (third essay, section 12) that there is no pure objective perspective, no absolute view from nowhere, only different views. What I mean by the view from nowhere is the view one has when one does not which of all the possible perspectives is one's own. This is not *the* objective perspective, but *one's own* objective perspective. Nietzsche argues, probably correctly, that one can only become more objective, never totally so; if so, then the view from nowhere is an ideal we can seek to approach.

page 43. 'it will lead to the most revolutionary change in ourselves' - perhaps this is why we see no signs of civilization in space - when life advances, it goes elsewhere.

page 47. 'No one chooses their fate'- or if we do, such choosing is Unknown.

page 47. 'We are the same stuff moulded into different shapes' - awareness is our essence, form is secondary.

page 48. 'Nobody can truthfully say of themselves that they are filthy: for to understand and believe that means madness or change' - adapted from Wittgenstein's "*Nobody can truthfully say of himself that he is filthy*". Because if I do say it, though it can be true in a sense, this is not a truth by which I can myself be penetrated: otherwise I should either have to go mad or change myself." 'Culture and Value' pg. 32, published by Basil Blackwell.

page 50. 'we must teach what drugs are and how they can be used':

Opiates: the strongest of painkillers, the most dangerous of drugs. If you suffer a pain, in heart or body, opiates will relieve it for a month or two; then the pain is as before with addiction besides. If an opiate could be synthesised with no ill effects and no addictive properties, that lasted for twenty minutes before sleep, it might be a pleasant drug; otherwise it is for hospitals only and terrible pain.

Cocaine/Ecstasy/Amphetamines: they can provide 'yes' to the moment/love/energy but afterwards give their opposites; it is as if the next two weeks worth of yesness/love/energy have been used up. Frequent use brings severe mental problems. Is there a way of using them occasionally that avoids the problems? They can certainly help make a good party better.

Psychedelics: must be carefully used - one is fragile in such a state; and if used often one must be rigorous in the thinking that follows.

page 50. 'It has to be said because it is so' - just because something is true one does not have to say it, but when enough people know something and the question is being asked, it has to be answered.

page 55. 'kobaas' - a kobaa is the small white cap worn by Muslim men.

page 56. *'Bluebells above Verdant Ground'* - where i lived as a child, in Spring the woods were so thick with bluebells and the green covering beneath that, as the ground rolled away from one, lit by the bright sunlight filtered throu' the green chestnut leaves, it truly seemed one exquisite frothing haze of the most magical blue the world has ever seen.

page 57. 'To hate something is to want it destroyed or a world away' - the seeming exception to this is cruelty, where someone wants the hated object present in order to inflict suffering on it - this occurs when a person has come to love their hate. When someone loves their hate, or hates their love, bad things are sure to follow.

page 58. 'obverse' - in logic, obversion is a process which takes a statement and changes some of the words into their opposites in a way which does not change the statement's meaning. E.g. 'It is dry' has as an obverse 'It is not wet' - 'is' changes to its opposite 'is not' and 'dry' to its opposite 'wet', and the meaning remains unaltered. In the same way, but at a much more profound level, truth and love, despite seeming to be so different, are the same thing.

page 58. 'Love gives Truth, and Truth gives Love, and Love needs Truth, and Truth needs Love.' - the same holds for their opposites: hate and falsehood.

page 58. 'desire for Love and the fear of losing it can push the need for Truth to one side' - there are, of course, many other reasons why the desire for what is real in the object loved may be overridden. One might, for example, simply have had enough of their irritating ways for a while; but such reasons are always working against the necessarily present desire.

page 59. 'weakly love' - all positive feeling is a form of love: to like something is to weakly love it.

page 60. 'Truth is power' - from understanding comes control.