

THE LANGUAGE OF SILENCE

George Schloss

VOLUME 1 - ESSAYS

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ISBN 978-1-84799-871-2

Subject headings:

Consciousness
Douglas E. Harding
Philosophy
Theology

FOREWORD

Taking as his framework the Alpha and Omega of human experience, both in terms of human history and individual experience, George Schloss signposts the journey from Alpha at the outset, where we move from wholeness into separation, through the evolution of consciousness in a history which ultimately creates the conditions for reintegration at Omega. We return to wholeness enhanced by the experience and fruits, not simply of the individual life, but of the history of mankind: the means of the reintegration and conversion are a series of experiments designed by Douglas Harding. The result of the experiments is so ordinary, so natural, so everyday, that any attempt to accord them the status of 'solution to the quest' is considered by most people to be absurd; likewise, George's own claim that they constitute 'the end of history'. He takes Douglas Harding's double injunction as the guiding principle of his work:

"To realize this instantaneous Now, to live in the present moment, taking no thought for tomorrow or yesterday must be my first concern. And my second must be to find in this Now all my tomorrows and yesterdays".

The first concern is met in the experience of the experiments, the second involves an inversion of the customary world outlook and, as a consequence, it is deeply resisted. So, whilst the vision is plain its import is denied as long as the significance and value of the experiments continue to be overlooked. George Schloss attempts to overcome this resistance by revealing the meaning of the vision. In a series of essays and letters, he explores the unfolding of this revelation through history. This is the first of a two volume collection of George

Schloss' recent writing. Volume 1 includes two essays: *Letter to Anne* and *Headlessness and the End of History*. Volume 2 is a series of letters, expanding on the content of Volume 1 and describing the work of leading philosophers and theologians whose work has brought them to the edge of the necessary transformation now made accessible by the arrival of the Harding experiments.

Alan Mann

For Alan Mann, with gratitude.

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INTRODUCTION

About ten years ago I came across a book by a Morris Berman called *Coming to Our Senses* which, appropriately enough, just under the “heading” to Chapter one bore a quote from another book called *The Hierarchy of Heaven and Earth* by someone named Douglas Harding. Curiously, though I was fairly current in the literature, I’d never heard of him. Because the passage is only a few sentences long and, as it turned out, had such an implosive effect on my own life, I’m going to repeat it here.

What happens when I look in my mirror is that I, who am nothing here, place myself there where I am a man, and project him back upon this centre. Now this is only a specially lucid case of self-observation in general; my glass does for me what my friends do, only with fewer complications. What occurs everywhere obscurely, occurs plainly here. Between us, the glass and I achieve a man.

And that was all. There was no mention of him in the text. He was not even listed in the index. But far from the customary chatter, its very concreteness a good omen, it was just enough to whet my appetite.

Since I live in Princeton and have access to the University Library, a copy of the abridged version of *The Hierarchy* was readily available. I say “readily available” advisedly because, though the abridged version had been published in the early fifties and this was the early nineties, it had been checked out exactly once. Now a lifetime’s experience in the ways of the world, especially the “intellectual” world, has taught me that when a book that’s been around for that length of time, particularly in one of our great centers of learning—the home to Einstein and others—and has been checked out only once in forty

years there's a reason for it. It's either an exceptionally good book or one that's, well, maybe not so good and receiving its just due. Needless to say it didn't take me too long—maybe a chapter or two to recognize I was in the presence of something quite extraordinary.

Devouring it in three or four sittings, I immediately ordered a copy of *On Having No Head* which, when it arrived, I couldn't wait to begin. Since it represents such an important turning-point in my life, I can still picture the scene perfectly. It was a late Sunday morning and I was sitting in my bathrobe on the couch holding the book in my left hand and with my right attempting the first experiment I ever consciously performed, in this case the pointing finger or, as I've come to think of it, the magic wand which, indeed, it is. A creature of habit like so many of us, the first time round I completely missed it. I assumed I was pointing to my face which, of course, on present evidence I was not. Returning to the text for directions, I tried it again and this time I got it and got it in spades. I recognized almost at once that a search that had begun a half-century before and had included a brief flirtation with Catholicism, a lengthy pilgrimage through India and a short stint in Japan along with innumerable books and not so innumerable peak experiences, had come to a close, that I was enveloped, literally immersed in something of a revelation. Like the prodigal son who might have asked "Was this why I wandered the world over in body, mind and spirit only to end up here in the presence of mySelf?", I can also remember murmuring under my breath, and more in amazement than reverence, "O my God!" Little did I know.

Now in the sense that I'd finally found that what I'd been looking for had, in reality, been here all the time in the person of what I was looking out of, it might very well have signalled the end of the story. But, as I've written elsewhere regarding the "end of history", rather than

finding myself at an end, as with history itself I discovered I was also at a beginning and a beginning which, quite in accordance with two-way looking and our all-too-human need for name-calling, may very well come to be classified as the Headless era. And if, hiding behind the all-embracing skirts of the experiments, this claim sounds too immodest, even too presumptuous for words, it's meant to. It's my conviction—and I'm quite serious—that because we've finally recognized who we are and from this conscious position can see that what obtains to each of us in microcosm is also applicable in macrocosm to the race itself, indeed to all creation, we can, now that all has been said if not done, for the first time in history afford to be too presumptuous for words. After all, if paradox is the name of the game and, as any experiment demonstrates, it is, this presumption might even, paradoxically, be taken for a sign of humility.

On the next to the last page of my copy of the Headless book was a note advising that further information was available from Anne Seward in Playford in Suffolk. I wrote, she responded with a list, I selected a few items, enclosed a check and proceeded to forget about it. Not about Headlessness, of course, or the experiments which I continued to return to—at least the few I knew about that could be practiced alone, that is to say in the presence of none other than my Non-other—but about the material I'd ordered. It wasn't until a few months later that in the U.K. on one of my frequent visits and coming across a copy of the newly-published Head Off Stress in the airport on the way home—and I can assure you it only served to re-ignite my commitment—I was reminded that, though my check had long since been cashed, I hadn't as yet received the print-outs and back issues of Share It I'd sent for. I hasten to add this was pure oversight on Anne's part and instantly remedied when, on my return to the States, I called her.

Now if I'm going into this in far too much detail, it's only because it seems to me a perfect example of what I've come to think of as 'providential serendipity', serendipity being a word coined by Horace Walpole in the eighteenth century signifying valuable things not sought for. Recognizing that it says a great deal more about me than it does about him and I blush to admit it, but here I'd been already deeply affected by Douglas' work and maybe a hundred miles from where he lived and it never occurred to me once to get in touch with him. Not that I'd ever been that much of a camp-follower but, aside from the fact that I'd lived long enough to have had my fill of "gurus" (which, of course, as I was to discover, he distinctly is not). I wasn't about to intrude on the privacy of a man already in his eighties.

All I can say now is how mistaken I was, especially as regards this business of 'privacy.' Because as I was to find out, if there's one thing Douglas is not it's a 'private' person. On the contrary, his life and work, dedicated to the total transparency that reveals the secret everyone knows anyway, have proven to be just the reverse and, in retrospect, I can only thank God for it. And Douglas, too, of course, and Anne for her oversight and the subsequent phone-call I would otherwise not have had to make. I still shudder to think of the alternative. Because it was on the strength of that phone-call that my own personal history, already come to an 'end' by means of the meaning made explicit in the un-discovery provided by the experiments, was to begin anew on an altogether different plane. And here, if I may, is an example of how 'providential serendipity' works or, at least in this instance, worked for me.

After accepting her profuse apologies, I mentioned in passing that I knew Playford where she lived quite well, that I'd been stationed for the better part of two years during the War at Martlesham Heath only a few miles away and that, though I'd been to England many times

since, I'd never returned to the base but, having recently received an announcement that what was left of my old outfit was about to celebrate its fiftieth reunion, a plaque to be unveiled and the queen in attendance and so on, I was thinking of doing so. "Then you must come and visit him," she said and not only said but insisted. "Why don't you give him a call? I know he's home now because I just finished talking to him." So she gave me his number.

I called. We set up a time and a few months later following a day or two spent revisiting some of my former haunts in Woodbridge, Felixstowe and Ipswich I found myself at Shollond Hill. I knocked, he opened and we immediately greeted each other on a first-name basis. (And though this is not the place to go into it, that too, in my view has its significance when weighed in the great scale-pan of custom and history). I also handed him a large package I'd seen leaning against the door which, as it turned out, contained the final proofs of *The Trial*. When he groaned—and for all the radiant lightness of its content it was a heavy damn thing—I mentioned that inasmuch as I'd been an editor in one of my past lives I'd be glad to run through it with him. Apparently it was an offer he couldn't refuse because instead of spending just the one night as planned, I stayed for the balance of the week. No need to imagine what a delight and privilege that was, not only to go over that seminal book word for word, but to be able to share and compare notes with its author. Incidentally, prior to leaving I learned that someone else was due to arrive shortly, a lady he'd recently met in Paris also on her first visit. Her name was Catherine.

I don't want to go on too long. Suffice it that I attended my first organized gathering that fall in Montreal where, accompanied by Judy, Douglas kicked off his annual progress from east to west in this hemisphere. Aside from the obvious benefits of sharing with the like-minded or even the not so like-minded, it was a

marvelous opportunity to go through some of the experiments that, as with the Foursome, the Machine, the Circle, require more than one or two people to make their point. Though, as Douglas is fond of emphasizing, any way home is the right way home and, as a result, any one experiment will do to reveal who we really really are, nevertheless, when it comes to my particular area of concern, to illuminating this or that aspect of human existence not only as experienced singly but in its so-called collectivity—that elusive and illusive ‘we’ he talks about in *The Science of the 1st Person*—some experiments are more equal than others. In any case, though I’ve since attended many, many workshops, both here and in England and France and on a small scale have even conducted a few of my own and though I’ve also been a guest in his house many, many times just as he, from time to time, has been a guest in mine and each occasion has offered an opportunity to at once confirm and deepen my commitment I have never veered, not for one instant, from my first response to the initial invitation I received that Sunday morning: that the pleasure of my company was being requested at an epochal event.

Which brings me, finally, to specific material you ask for your proposed biography. Though, like many of us I do know something of the inevitable gossip, the ins and outs and ups and downs of little Douglas’ life, it’s nevertheless a project that’s worth undertaking and must and should be undertaken while the details, the names and dates and all that goes along with them, are still available straight from the horse’s mouth. Certainly it’s a book I look forward to reading. As to what I in particular might contribute to your research over and above what I’ve already mentioned in passing—I’ve been thinking about that. Hence my delay in responding to your request for information.

For me it all boils down to one essential question. What has been central to my experience of Douglas that, commensurate with his epochal achievement—and I have to insist on that—might be of interest to the world? I suppose I could begin by listing the many personal qualities I'm sure you and others will note as well, qualities made obvious not only to me but to the seemingly endless stream of visitors through his house and the innumerable attendees at workshops: his courtesy and patience, his openness and generosity, above all his supreme intelligence. I'm sure that those of us who've met him in the flesh and maybe even those who haven't could add to the list and throw in, for good measure, some I've omitted. But though all that goes without saying and in themselves would be more than enough to insure a valued friend, as far as I'm concerned it's still not of the essence. After all, there've been many people—well, if not many at least a few, enough at least to keep the world right-side up—who, from time to time, have exhibited courtesy and patience and intelligence and all the rest but that still doesn't add up to the experiments, to the give and take of two-way looking.

Because in my view the experiments are the key not only to his work but to a life which seen from the outside might otherwise have revealed a dangerous integrity bordering on unholy ambition had it not been redeemed by these 'heavenly' instruments he was then impelled by their very nature to share with us. Now I realize I may be treading on delicate ground here—his early rupture with his family, for instance, echoing, at least to some degree, an earlier "Woman, what have I to do with thee?"—but in the final analysis (which is what the experiments are all about) that's not the issue. The issue is the truth.

I've already mentioned his transparency. And certainly it's no small thing and reveals something of the awesome power implicit in the experiments that the

realization of his 'glassy essence' has not only brought so many of us together who would otherwise not have met but has served as a conduit, a medium through which each of us can in turn, if we so desire, realize our own. But as I've written elsewhere as regards the nature of apocalypse—its essential meaning no more nor less than 'an unveiling, an uncovering'—with history itself now coming to an end, not in the way expected, of course, but the only way possible, and with its purpose fulfilled by means of these simple instruments, as with each of us individually this is only a beginning. It's my contention that what distinguishes the experiments and, by extension, Douglas, from anything that's come before is not only their all-inclusiveness but their and his essential anonymity. As in the Unclassified, to invoke the experiments is to call upon the name of that which shall remain nameless, namely the voice of silence, Godspak. And though, as regards their implications, I have yet to detect one false note in anything he's ever said or written about them, their absolute truth depends neither on what he says nor does but only on that they are. And I know of no other guides to the nature of reality—and that includes the founders of the great religions and the great spiritual teachers, the sages and saints and seers—of whom that can be claimed. Were it otherwise, especially in this 'democratic and scientific' age, it would represent not only the mixture as before but an intolerable lapse into an idolatry and hagiography that has bedevilled us from the beginning of time and which, of course, he instantly and justifiably rejects. And should the day arrive when there are some who don't reject it—and stranger things have happened ("Why call me good when only God is good?")—we now know, thanks to two-way looking, that as the unique Subject of the equal opportunity universe that inhabits us, either all of us have the credentials to identify ourSelf and the where-with-all to prove it, or none

of us do. By the same token, that it's been granted to Douglas to become the vessel through which I, for one, have been given back this gift of mySelf would be a debt almost impossible to repay were it not for the testimony of the experiments themselves. But I do repay it and so do we all with the knowledge and assurance—and never so apparent as in a paper-bag—that, whether in Nacton or at a workshop or anywhere else, as his guest I am at the same time necessarily his host and so, paradoxically, in this reciprocal interchange of absolute inequality we meet as equals. And that, too, is the meaning of our time. I dare say of all time.

George Schloss

LETTER TO ANNE

November 21, 1998

Dear Anne,

A propos our brief discussion this past summer, herewith as promised a few tentative notes on what I've come to think of as the historical dimension of Headlessness—a secondary consideration no doubt (what isn't after hitting the bull's-eye by just plain seeing?) but important nevertheless. And fascinating too, full of what the Zen people refer to as “wondrous being”. I know that when the greyness of the valley experience becomes almost a little too grey even for me and, let's face it, I get bored and long for something of a lift (as good an account as any of God's “need” for creation, His Fiat Lux), all I have to do is “haply think on” the longed-for, looked-for face—in this case the experiments and what they represent, the *idea* of them and “then my state, / like to the lark at break of day arising / From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.” And as any pop-tune will testify, it doesn't take a Shakespeare to tell you how the heart goes pitter-pat at merely the possibility of the vision made palpable.

Which is not to suggest that, however addicted I and everyone else have become at accepting substitutes, thought or any other reasonable or even unreasonable facsimile takes precedence over the all-inclusive sight (and site) of the loved one and its presence. Not for a minute. Still, the fact that, as Douglas is fond of remarking, “the wise reject what they think, not what they see,” in no way invalidates the equally cogent fact that the quote from Huang-Po is also a thought. That, as truth, it happens to co-respond with the fact and as such only *points* to the thing in no way forestalls its being all to the good any

LETTER TO ANNE

more than my pointing my finger, my magic wand, at the original face diverts me from looking into the nature of reality, into the Who and/or What I am. On the contrary, en-couraging me, that is to say en-heartening me ('coeur' being at the root, the very heart of "courage"), is what the good is all about. And certainly, though the mysteries the experiments reveal may not be totally subject to logical analysis, by the same token in their infinite largesse they don't object to it. One of the glories of Transparency, Capacity, Emptiness—call it what you like—is that by allowing each thing or idea, all that mind-body stuff, to assume its proper place, to fall into place as it were, it demonstrates beyond cavil that, however well-founded and well-grounded Mantalk is, alongside Headlessness, the Godspeak whose flowers are fruits, the fruits of language are at best flowers.

Speaking of flowers (and come to think of it, what's so bad about that?) it occurs to me that it's no accident that the word "idea" along with its side-kick "theory" both derive from the Greek for seeing, our Lady Theoria's name itself betokening her familial, if not necessarily intimate, connection with Theos, the Great God Him/Her/Its-Self. And if I say 'not necessarily intimate' it's because that relation is reserved for prayer and meditation, not least meditation for the market-place, the conversation that takes place, not between two equals observed confronting one another supposedly at a distance (cf. the Foursome), but, as in the paper bag, in the reciprocal intercourse between one who "speaks" (manifests) and one who is silent—what you and I, at once both and neither, are doing right now. Latin hints at an analogous condition: the curious cousinship that exists between *speculare* and *videre*. Likewise English with its ambiguous distinction, however slight, between 'looking' and 'seeing' and, similarly, between 'hearing' and 'listening.'

All of which is by way of cautioning that whatever I have to say about history and our understanding of it as regards Headlessness must, by definition, come under the heading (we can save the be-heading for later) of pure theory. At least I hope it's pure and not distracted by the rank undergrowth, the collective hallucination Douglas characterizes as the second, the Social Womb, and which, passing for the symbol "history", has for the most part since time memorial been denominated the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Just as, when you and I exchange faces in the tube, neither of us can provide to the last detail and with absolute certainty the almost but not quite infinite particulars at the far-end, so too with the intricacies and complications of what, up to now, has been that most elusive of wills o' the wisp, history, more especially, the meaning of history. But, thanks to the experiments, now that we've succeeded for the first time in history in attaining a purchase *outside* it, a universal point of view, beyond time and available to all, from which to look it squarely in the eye and see it *whole*, that's all changed.

As I can see if only by its effect on my own life—and, after all, what else is history but the story, the sum total of us little ones, Zero Sum writ small?—it's not only possible to change the past, a relatively easy matter, but the equally ever-present future as well. This was once quaintly referred to as con-version, the turning-round of present consciousness to past events that encourages us to alter, even demands that we alter, not the event itself, which is of course neither possible nor even desirable (suppose those village idiots Adam and Eve hadn't eaten the apple and we endured the fortunate fall—can you imagine anything worse? I wouldn't be writing to you now), but the interpretation of it, what we might describe in this instance as the long way home from Heedlessness to Headlessness—in a word, history.

Just as the experiments offer, not only the conscious capacity to see with absolute certainty where we' re coming from but, by virtue of that omniscience and omnipotence, to determine, and this too with absolute certainty, where we've been, so, too, as the accrued royalties mount over the years, properly invested their return on principal may transform, at least in principle (and the principle is freedom), if not the face of the earth, at least our perception of it and, by extension, our behavior on it even as it turns within us. Tension and attention. Two-way looking. The realization that flowers don't only bloom *in* spring, flowers-blooming *is* spring.

"All things" (and that includes history), "work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose," Paul announced. And, as the experiments confirm (not the other way round) and confirm, not as mere information 'about' (what I'm doing now) but *by the very fact of their existence*, quite right he was too. Because as I intend to demonstrate: the very real and conscious presence at once manifest and embodied in each and every experiment—proof positive that "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen" is, as it always has been and always will be, realizable here and now world without end—represents the supreme, the definitive and defining event *in* history in which reality, including history, becomes totally and wholly transparent to itself. It's my claim that the emergence, via the experiments, of the truth *of* history in history (the experiments, too, being a product of history) is *the* historical event that constitutes at once the meaning of history and, at the same time, its fulfillment. (How this came about—the particular historical acts that brought us to this pretty pass—I'll get to in a minute).

Where Headlessness differs, or rather differentiates itself and, in a sense, in *the* senses, supersedes Paul, and not only Paul but everyone else bar none who's bothered

to address him-or-herself to these matters, is not only in the degree of its specificity and universality but, infinitely more important, in its qualitative difference, an unheard-of, no less seen, difference in kind -literally Godspeak, the sound of silence; the truths of reality at once rendered and confirmed without taking thought even as they're made available to all.

Please don't misunderstand me. Contrary to Ecclesiastes there are and have been many new things under the sun. The field of history is littered with them: the discovery of the use of fire, the transition from paleolithic hunter to neolithic agriculturist, the invention of the wheel and writing, the foundation of cities and establishment of the great world religions, not to mention what's going on right now under our noses—a man on the moon, One World and so on. What distinguishes Headlessness from any and all the above or any other epochal advance you might care to name (and God knows there've been many) is that, with one possible exception (and I'll get to that too shortly), the experiments are both new *and* original—at once newer than the newest thing yet, as *original*, older than the oldest. And that's never been seen before. As if past and future were rolled into a ball, like two-way looking itself, they meet us and greet us coming and going.

However genuine a reflection of reality Paul's vision and his subsequent evaluation of it, however authentic Blake's reply, when asked his opinion concerning Christ's divinity, that "He is the only God, sir. And so am I. And so are you" — though delivered as statements of fact, they're still only assertions which, however we slice them, you, I and the world are at liberty to take or leave, always of course with the understanding that, either way, we do so at our peril. Not so with the experiments which, above suspicion, offer us the absolute certainty that God or rather, knowledge of God (or Awareness or Consciousness

or Emptiness or Nothingness—call Him/Her/It *anything* you like) is no longer a fiduciary option but an intellectual given. And by “intellectual” I mean something far removed from what passes for that dirty word today (especially when applied to the self-styled camp-followers of the same name who, like the poor always with us, make up our current “herd of independent minds”), something much closer to what the Medieval Schoolmen meant by “in-tuition”, literally a “seeing into.” But even here the gap between everything that’s gone before and Headlessness is virtually infinite, as different as the *speculative* search for truth is from the *visible* finding of it. One has only to compare the attempts of an Anselm or Aquinas to prove the existence of God with the least experiment to see that the answer to that Question—one might easily say *the* Question—has been returned from the speculative to the visible where it not only belongs but, thank you very much, has been “living” happily in the ever-after all along anyway. Think of it, as I’m sure you have: the Invisible now made visible in Its Invisibility. I’d say that’s both new and original.

One more point before I begin in earnest—this business of absolute certainty which I insist on, indeed, have to insist on not, I hope, purely or even primarily for the sake of defending an already pre-conceived “intellectual” position or, for purposes of ego-gratification, to ram my ideas down someone else’s throat, but because the facts, as exemplified in the experiments, demand it. “Give me a place to stand on,” Archimedes pleaded more than two thousand years ago, “and I will move the world.” As witness, if nothing else, the “whirling dervish” exercise, we now have that fulcrum, the “unwobbling pivot” at dead center from which every thing, life itself, emerges and which, precisely because it is nowhere to be found can only be found—you guessed it—Nowhere. And not only do we now *have* it, for the first time in history

we're now equipped to see and not just hear that we *are* it. "Before Abraham was, I am" is no longer hearsay but looksee.

Because as absolute creatures—so far as we know *the* absolute creature, the Immortalizer and with good reason—absolute certainty is the name of the game and anyone who tells you different is just plain lying. He or she may get away with it for a while—most of us do or try to—but you can't beat the rap forever because forever (not, incidentally, to be con-fused with history) is, quite simply and naturally, who we really are, not human beings having spiritual experiences but spiritual beings having human experiences. Our poems sing it, our movies dream it and our dreams come true—the experiments - confirm it: the sneaking suspicion that, dogged by the Hound of Heaven forever chasing Its tale (and the tale is history), we've been looking for the Someone Who's been looking for us. (Come to think of it, not a bad title for a Gershwin tune). And when even language, that most treacherous of instruments which, in order to make any sense at all has to mirror, at least to some degree, the intelligible structure of reality, when even language can't help but betray itself in face of the Fact and, finally forced to reveal what it would most conceal, stands self-condemned, sentenced on its own Ground, you know we're really onto something. "All things are relative," it proudly boasts. And, indeed, all things *are* relative. And that's the absolute truth—invariable, unchangeable and forever.

Now for chapter and verse. And just as the believer Dante chose Virgil to conduct him to the threshold of a Paradise reserved "for Christians only" and so, for good and sufficient reasons, wouldn't, couldn't let him in, so Hegel, in my view and certainly for our purposes the greatest of the modern "speculative" thinkers, will guide us, not through—that's reserved for the Headless—but to

the gate that leads, not into history but out of it, what Douglas refers to more broadly as the passage from the Social to the Spiritual Womb.

And if this sounds like fancy name-dropping it's meant to, if only to re-mind myself, if no one else, of the magnitude of Douglas' epochal breakthrough. No need for unseemly modesty before a Virgil or a Dante or a Hegel or anyone else you care to name. We're not talking about individual talent here or genius, but the truth. And no room for sentiment either; only humility in face of the facts. I know—speaking for myself—I generally walk around as if nothing much has happened until I suddenly pinch myself (or life does) and I wake up to the immensity of the great gift, the privilege, we've been given. Because—and I know I don't have to tell you—this is big stuff, Anne, real big. Still, I can't help but wonder sometimes if any of us, and that includes me, recognize just how big and to what extent the experiments can work for transformation, not only as they pertain to the so-called "normal" nitty-gritty, the peaks and valleys of everyday living, but as regards all sorts of hitherto debatable and disputable questions—theological, philosophical, historical—my particular area of concern. As I touched on above, belief in God (and God working through history) is no longer an option. The debate is over. And who knows? Maybe that's why, at least according to the latest polls, nobody (whoever he or she is), really really believes anymore. Or at most very few. Maybe it's because—*vox dei, vox populi*—the people sense, feel it in their bones, they won't have to anymore. They'll know.

Since you ask me how I see the experiments affecting issues like these and since I seem to be incorrigible in this department and, despite howls of protests in some quarters, will no doubt lay out many more before you before I'm through, let me start with one example. Take Hegel. Hegel is a perfect case in point.

Looking out his window at Napoleon's triumphal march celebrating the battle of Jena, Hegel, a young docent at the University there, in a sudden flash of inspiration saw that the age-old Master-Servant struggle, the confrontation that has bedevilled us both singly and collectively from almost the beginning, was about to be resolved, at least in principle, in the mutual recognition of two independently *equal* subjects. And if this principle was to be obeyed "more in the breach than in the observance", no matter. What did matter for Hegel was that the combined and intimately connected forces of 3rd Person Science and Christianity coming to a head in the prescriptions (and alas! proscriptions) of the French Revolution was in the process of completing world-history, of literally (how literally even he did not know) turning it upside-down. And if you doubt that liberty, equality, fraternity, not to mention animal rights, isn't what it's all been about ever since, just look around you and see how we've conspired, at least in our *mind's* eye, to arrive at that penultimate stage, that World (and worldly) State, where each can now *confront* every "other" here, there and everywhere—as an equal.

And, "conspired" is surely the operative word. Because as the paper-bag incontestably demonstrates, when push comes to shove this so-called confrontation between equals turns out to be (as it's always been) no confrontation at all but, in this most stunning of reversals ("catastrophe" in Greek), merely a surrogate station on the way, a proxy for "the reciprocal interchange of absolute inequality." However useful, even necessary this hallucination universally agreed on has been, both to the evolution of an "adult, mature perspective" and its quest for certainty in the name of One World, its most spectacular global contribution has been saved for last—for the experiments and the reassuring revelation that, despite our shenanigans, maybe because of them, the *self-*

immolation of that recurring dream on the altar of its own nightmare can only awaken us to Reality and the fact that “all shall be well and all manner of thing shall be well.”

And, if not the first to see it coming, Hegel was the first, modern that he was, to diagnose it, to recognize, not only *that* it was a “real” possibility, but *how* and *why* it had become one. (And to say “become” is also to say history). As if in obedience to the alchemical formula that “like cures like”, Hegel suspected and more than suspected that the way out of history lay in and through history itself. Still, though his much-ridiculed, even maligned, conviction that we were on the verge of what he called the Absolute Epoch has been more than vindicated by the appearance of the experiments, there’s no way in the world this most pre-eminent among *mind*-men could have *foreseen* their specific development any more than Virgil, who also sensed something was up, could have prophesied the sea-change about to take place across the water in the arid deserts of Palestine a decade or two after his death. No more than Yeats, virtually sitting in Douglas’ back-yard, could have predicted the answer to his prayer when he wrote some ten or twenty years before the publication of THE HIERARCHY: “Surely some revelation is at hand. Surely the Second Coming is at hand.”

Indeed it is and not only at hand but, as the experiments convincingly and conveniently demonstrate, in hand as well. Not to appear glib or flip or facetious in a smart-alecky attempt to minimize the terrible personal sufferings often endured and only occasionally redeemed by members of the cast in this horror show, the passion play we euphemistically call history—nevertheless, witness the “see-change” that takes place in the card-experiment, to single out only one: in the twinkling of an eye the Son of Man-and-Woman transformed immediately, that is to say *without mediation*, into the once and future Son-and-Daughter of God, the long-awaited

and overdue Spirit of Truth in all its transparency, the Paraclete in person, *in First Person*, the only Second Coming there is or has been or ever will be. Or First Coming, too, for that matter.

What's often over-looked, though, as usual, not by Douglas -"The meaning of each stage lies in the next stage," he simply and trenchantly notes in *THE THRICE-BORN*. "It's always one jump ahead of itself." —is that full disclosure and transmission of the above Fact has been largely under-written and, strange as it may sound given its somewhat equivocal, not to say shady past, could only have been under-written by that self-same history. Ostensibly offering the witches' brew of its own making its glad hand always at the ready to grease a palm or two and send a well-oiled karmic wheel careening on its merry way, it nevertheless manages, through no fault of its own, to serve up the necessary, if not essential, ingredient for that self-same transformation.

As Hegel, providing us as he does with an almost perfect blue-print of the process, was the first to see in its entirety, the one factor missing from almost all previous accounts of the *historical* equation was the *Fact* itself—the God-factor, Consciousness: that the course of world-history, like the Providence that causes the rain to fall on the just and the unjust, is no respecter of persons, places or things, of modes or manners or morals, even of civilizations and religions, as inexorably it strives and drives to fulfil its own destiny, a destiny that cannot be clearly seen until it, too, has achieved its end.

What he did not, could not know, when he took his penultimate step, nor could anyone else until now, was that complete knowledge of that epochal uncovering had to await the appearance of the experiments. And by "epochal" I mean an intelligible advance in consciousness that renders all previous forms, not so much "wrong" as inadequate, inconclusive, better yet, as measured against

the experiments, non-all-inclusive. Precisely Dante's predicament when, faced with an analogous situation, he was constrained by the inner logic of Christianity, to leave Virgil behind, however reluctantly. Just as he reserved seats in Paradise for only those rare spirits—the saints, seers and sages of the Christian tradition—so in the case of Headlessness we have to leave, not only a Hegel behind, but virtually all the so-called “great thinkers” who've characterized world, particularly Western, thought. And it was precisely Hegel himself, the self-styled “last” philosopher, who recognized this when he proclaimed the end of history (and philosophy too) as we've known it or at least understood it. Where he stands condemned out of his own mouth, however unwittingly, is that, as a member in good standing of the “I believe in order to know” school, of faith as the basis of knowledge, his opening shot at heralding a New Age and raising philosophy to the level of an out-moded theology already on its way out was about to be succeeded, or rather superseded, by a “way in” he could not possibly have imagined, no less predicted. But now that all the returns are in, pertinent information regarding such matters will, from now on, have to be after the Fact, the Fact provided by the experiments. Except as historical artifacts -of great “historical” interest, of course—the old theology and philosophy will never, can never be taken quite seriously again.

Which is not to say that the “lesser lights”—virtually all previous practitioners of philosophy or theology or whatever—disappear, any more than those living museums, Venice or Florence, for instance, or even Rome for that matter, disappear just because they're no longer taken seriously as world-powers, any more than rings stored up in the bole of a tree disappear when, in the fullness of time, it comes time to tell the time of the tree—in this case, the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil—

and know it by its fruit. And now the same call, the last and final call as it turns out, has been sounded by the experiments, announcing precisely in and by their “emptiness”—Godspeak—the fullness of time, of the Time of the Tale ripe, rotten-ripe, for the picking.

And this is what I mean by an “uncovery” which, like its counter part, “unveiling”, happens to be the correct translation of both the Greek “apocalypse” and Latin “revelation”. Combining the two—epochal and uncovery, new and original—we come up with a revelation or, if you prefer, an apocalypse like nothing, literally, ever seen before. Not the one expected by Paul. Not the prophecy of the long-sought release from time (from history now as well as the cosmos) projected onto the world and into the future by the imprisoned, individual psyche, but the only one possible. And/though, as I’ve already mentioned, there’ve been many of these intelligible advances, there’s never been one like Headlessness, in my view only comparable to that first step, in whose track we’ve all followed ever since, when Narcissus, staring into a pool, recognized his own image and so, by reflection, his humanity. And now, floating up to the surface from the very depths of history, for the first time *in* history the image dares to stare back, not at the sky and the stars in their courses, but at its Self. I tell you, Anne, except that Douglas has done it for us, we could write a Self-help book to end all Self-help books and (with apologies to Teilhard who also didn’t get it quite right) call it HOW TO GO FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA—THE SEAL OF OUR DIVINITY -IN ONE EASY LESSON. And if you think I’m kidding, try putting your dog or cat in front of a mirror or into a paper-bag and see whether it comes up with an “I”, no less an “I AM”, whether as Meister Eckhart would have it, it brings “God to birth in the soul”, in consciousness. Not incidentally, it’s also worth noting the intimate connection that exists between this and that other essential

fact of life: that, along with its upright posture, actually because of it—and no double-entendre or suggestive innuendo is intended—human is the only creature who assumes the missionary position and “makes love” space-to-face.

It would appear, then, that it needed the experiments to “unveil” history’s reason for being, that unlike Hegel’s claim—close, but no brass ring—it doesn’t culminate in the revelation of Reason, of the truths of spirit—specifically of a Christianity filtered through 3rd Person science and *re-presented* as religion, the human mind elevated to divinity (cf. Huang-Po)—but the revelation of Revelation itself, of the truths of science, 1st Person science, exhibited as Presence Itself. And this I submit, has to constitute a Revelation so finally and indisputably clear, distinct and more than mathematically certain, so visibly and, not only visibly but, sensibly accessible and compelling, as to relegate from now on in all previous, partial attempts at acceptable world-views, however pure, to the category of pure speculation.

Quite a mouthful, I admit, and if at first some of it may give you pause and you’re having trouble with the lingo, welcome to the club. I can’t begin to tell you the years I spent (I’m tempted to say “wasted” except that as we see now nothing is lost, nothing is wasted), swayed by every wind of doctrine, veering from one opinion, to another, trying, in a wilderness of words, to pick up the bits and pieces and make head and/or tale of them. And now, in the twinkling of an eye, I can do both. And so can you. And so can we all. All the king’s horses and all the king’s men couldn’t put Humpty together again but—one more feather in the Cap that oversees the not-so-wide-as-all-that world—the experiments can.

So for God’s sake—and, again, I mean that literally (and if I seem to be insisting now and forever on the word “literally” as distinct from “metaphorically” or

“figuratively” or “symbolically” it’s only because it happens to be the case)—don’t *you* start feeling inadequate in face of what at first glance might look like intractable material. Or, God forbid, take this as an invitation to start wading through Hegel’s dense, almost impenetrable prose. Still, it must be acknowledged that by taking language, the instrument of time, to its limits (and that that language happened to be German may have hindered as much as helped him in that project), in his last-ditch attempt to express all at once what he had the foresight to recognize demanded to be expressed all at once and, as we see now, can *only* be expressed all at once *spatially* by the experiments, his work spoke volumes and, along with that of so many others, contributed, however unintentionally, to the creation of a climate in which a Headlessness could become possible, not to say visible.

Because, if the experiments, covering as they do not simply *a* but *the* multitude of sins (and sinners too), are to be taken seriously as more than just another exercise in futility, a kind of feel-good parlor game, if, in Meister Eckhart’s words, they represent the “intellectual return to God”, the God who is “equi-distant from all souls” (by common measurement, as we see now, about one meter away), then their effect has to extend to every level of our knowledge and experience and behavior. And it’s my contention that they do, right down to the realization that these guys—and I mean all of them—put on one pants leg at a time just like the rest of us, just like you and me. If the truth be told and I’m telling it: with the “one thing necessary”, the experiments, as a backdrop, all this glorious shop-talk can be seen and measured for what it is—just that, shoptalk, Mantalk. I’ll go even further. To the degree you’re certain in your awareness of who you really, really are, aside from those rare spirits who’ve led, but not *shown* us, the way—that was reserved for Douglas—to that

degree you're one up on the whole lot of them. And I except, I only except, No One.

Now I know I'm preaching to the converted but even so I'm also aware this last, especially, smacks of the classic put-down so dear to our modern levelling sensibility which, it turns out, if it is found wanting is only because, as the experiments reveal, it hasn't levelled enough, at least with itself, at least not yet. You know the kind of thing: the "I'm as good as you are and besides I know what I like" syndrome, what I call the enter-here school of thought. There's an ancient Hindu text on theater—Bharata—in which the spectator is enjoined, both as a social duty and religious responsibility (not to speak of a buffer against boredom), to compensate in his or her own mind and imagination for whatever deficiencies the author or performers display, in effect, is called upon to redeem a thoroughly bad show if only as a form of penance if for no other reason existence itself. And I was reminded of it only this morning when, while surfing the Internet and Spiritweb site for sight of the Headless Way and one of Richard's notices, I first had to run the gauntlet of such spicy items as Living with Crystals, Time Travel and Rainbow Reflections, to cite only the most egregious. And they say democracy doesn't work! Verily I say unto you that this slight brush with death constitutes as humbling a picture in microcosm of the modern world in action as you're liable to get and just the reverse of what goes on in the Headlessness which has come, not to destroy intelligence but fulfill, if anything can, the legitimate but mis-guided longings for Origin that get swallowed up in ersatz stews and mish-mashes like these.

Take the Self-portrait exercise, for instance: how, by reducing the self to its lowest common denominator, to its only common *de*-nominator, the One Subject is able to witness Its own mode of operation and rather than put people, places and things *down*, elevates them, in effect

frees them to assume their proper place in the order of things. And this, not in the name of an already discredited aristocratic ideal—the lordly superiority, most bogus when most magnanimous, of “putting them in their place”—but, if you will, by letting them “fall” into place, what, when, and wherever that may be. And that means a rock is a rock, a cloud is a cloud and, as this one experiment alone incontestably demonstrates if nothing else does—the debate is over!— a man or a woman is no longer to be *conceived* as only a man or a woman but *seen* to be made in the image of God and, as if that weren’t enough, that God a not-God. On this score, it’s interesting to compare (and confirm) Meister Eckhart’s sketch in black and white with the Headless portrait, presented for the first time ever in living color, of the true aristocrat: how, not by right of birth or wealth or, God help us, merit, or even as heir to all the ages do we inherit the earth (since, if we all got our just deserts, “who should ‘scape whipping?”), but by nature of Its ultimate largesse, our Un-born-ness.

The beauty of it, of course, is that included in Kingdom Come are, as promised, the things added. Along with the obvious, and I do mean obvious, spiritual boon (though I must admit to having my suspicions about the word “spiritual”; it’s overused and underemployed), the contingent rewards that come with the territory and come unsought, come *because* unsought, are enormous. And come not single spies but whole battalions. Art sans artdolatry, Intellect without benefit of the intellectuals—the good names inscribed in that Social register are also legion. As Douglas (and others) have consistently and insistently pointed out, once you realize, that is to say “make it real” both in your head as truth and out of it as fact, in a word make it yours (which it is anyway), the aristocratic ideal of true order, of everything in its place (which is all “cosmos” means), just happens and happens

quite naturally. Even the cosmos, tried on for size, is seen to live happily in the ever-after. And all this and heaven too without sentiment and in complete humility, if by humility is meant the capacity to see things as they are, neither more nor less, neither better nor worse.

I bring this up here for what it's worth merely to assure you, since you've indicated reservations as to your competence (your lack of formal training and so on), that aware of your omniscience, omnipotence and omnipresence, in a word knowing what you know, you know all you know on earth and all you need to know. "The fox knows many things; the hedgehog one big thing," So wrote Archilochus, an ancient Greek poet. And you know that one big thing. The rest is sheer gravy: pleasant to the taste if your taste runs that way (and mine happens to), nourishing to the mind if taken in moderation but, as a modernity grown fat for the kill can now testify and does, as a strict diet dangerous to the heart. Witness the babble of opinion, even informed opinion, with which we're assailed daily and no doubt have been ever since the snake, right for the wrong reasons, whispered sweet nothings in Eve's ear.

When you consider what's been going on recently, and by recently I mean the past seven or eight hundred years: how modernity arose, or at least became visible, out of the breakdown of the "childlike" anonymous (no-name) Medieval culture (for example, not till the Renaissance did artists and writers no more than architects or children—those harbingers of the Unclassifiable experiment—dare or even care to sign their names to their own work); or how the authority of a largely discredited Church was almost instantly replaced by that of the "adult" individual genius (Big Brother subbing for Big Daddy in the guise of a Luther or a Calvin), only to lead, in turn, to our current situation with its collapse of all institutional standards and traditional values, of Tradition itself (the death of God, the

Buddha killed in earnest, everyone doing what is right in his or her own eyes)—when you consider all this, or at least when I do, I can only marvel at how, what Hegel calls in all its specificity “the cunning of history” is reunited at last with that perennial if somewhat vague catch-all, “the ways of Providence”, the one doubling for the other and both coming to the same thing in the end. And never so manifest as now when, right before our eyes and in the twinkling of an eye, modernity come to a head, Headlessness immediately hands it back on a plate, if the truth be told, on a silver platter. Converts what might otherwise be a ground for alarm, even despair, into a cause for celebration. Translates what formerly appeared to the casual observer as disintegration, a breakdown into what can clearly be seen, now all the returns are in, as liberation, a *breakthrough*. Gives meaning. States quite simply: “Without that, no this. If that’s what it took, that’s what it took.” As for the collateral social benefits—“Seek ye first the kingdom”—they reach everywhere, touch everything. Not least—and I’m quite serious now—relieve us of the burden of greatness, of genius, and all the sins, crimes and follies committed in its name and resulting from it. Frees us from even the need for it. Though you may (or may not) continue to admire “this man’s art and that man’s scope”, with an eye true-tempered to putting every *thing* in perspective, there’s absolutely no reason ever again for you or anyone else to feel intimidated or overwhelmed confronted by the work of the great thinkers. Of course, since this kind of material is by definition secondary and for the most part, if not solely made up of word-games, certainly not of the essence, it may not interest you. In which case, forget it. Take what you can use or enjoy and leave the rest. And that applies to the earliest movers and shakers right up to and including the latest rumblings hot off the press. Particularly those who, whatever their field of endeavor

and however expedient their accomplishments, break out of their narrow, specialized pens and, jumping the fence, start baying their pronunciamientos on the nature of God, reality and so on at the moon. “Flectere Si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo” was Freud’s favorite motto from Virgil. “If the heavens prove inflexible, I’ll move all hell.” And he did. And look where it landed us. Fat, deep and in the middle of Paradise with a paper-bag, a card with a hole in it and a mirror, a moving finger and eyes to see—genius enough to last us for as long as forever is.

The Greeks, putative fathers of our 3rd Person Science, had a word for it and the Greeks—the tragic poets and Plato and his followers excepted—had it wrong. As Headlessness demonstrates—and so far as I know it’s the only event in history *fully* equipped to surpass the condition of its own historical contingency and, as a consequence, take its measure (cf. any of Douglas’ regional maps)—man is not the norm, man is not the measure. Further confirmation, if needed, of Aristotle’s prescient observation that it’s better to find than to seek. That debate, too, is over, wrestled to the Ground.

By the same token, with the built-in certainty that either all are called and *qualify* or none do comes the equally built-in guarantee that built-for-loving is in no manner, shape or form of our own making. Like places and things, we are as we are and not otherwise. Recognition of which might help keep us right-size, might just prevent us from getting too big for our seven-league sly-boots, always an occupational hazard in this business of being human. Not to mention the temptation to add an inch to, rather than subtract eight or so from, our stature as we roll merrily along on our way to becoming—and this supposedly under our own steam, mind you—“an absolutely divine creature, darling”.

And I don’t have to go so far as to sniff out and then righteously condemn the various perversions that have

overtaken “spiritual” movements of this kind, indeed movements of any kind. If past is prologue, sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof—mine. I have only to take a quick, hard look at myself and the demon demons gnawing at us all just busting to slip its leash. If Headlessness is swell, swelled Headlessness must be sweller. How can they be so stupid as not to get It (whoever “they” are and whatever “It” is) when—since in each step towards a goal, any goal, the goal of the Origin is already implicit—here I am in the know, in on the secret everyone’s walking around with anyway and even a cursory glance reveals you can’t be too dumb to see, only too smart to look?

Or, admitting to this, the flip side of the coin: the higher Boy Scout routine where taking arms against myself I win the battle and lose the war. Virtue Triumphant! Enter the experiments. In this case, one I picked up from an article David Lang wrote in *THE HEADLESS WAY* some issues back and I think I mentioned in my last letter. Since it’s eminently portable (actually they all are; as meditations for the market place they have to be), it’s one of my favorites. You let your left hand represent the Problem and your right hand the Solution and then realize Who’s got them both. And as I alluded to above, really realize it, not just think about it. Make it real. Better yet, let it be real which it is anyway.

Fittingly enough, this particular issue (just one more in the long list the experiments have come to resolve or, if you will, dissolve), was prefigured in *Mantalk* by Nicholas of Cusa, a truly outstanding Medieval metaphysician and almost-mystic and one I would count a generous precursor of Headlessness. He came up with the idea of the “*coincidentia oppositorum*”, the coincidence of opposites, the doctrine that all opposites are reconciled in God, one which Jung later glommed onto for his own purposes and which we in turn recognize as constituting the paradoxical nature of all existence. And this not simply

to talk about it or see it or even because we are it but because we see we are it, not only the pearls but the invisible thread on which they are strung and which I take to be the end-point of all our exploring and what two-way looking is all about.

I indulge myself in this little excursus on Cusa, not, I hope, as sheer embroidery or worse, to exhibit a harmless display of pedantry, or even to argue the point since the point is that the issue he raised is no longer arguable but has been settled once and for all by and in that most concrete of all forums, the human body. I merely want to point up once again the effect of the experiments on every level, from the most rarefied thought to the commonest every-day activity and how, in the long run, and in the short run too if you're only aware of it, they all come to the same thing and that thing a no-thing. And also to point out that when Cusa bitterly complains it would take a miracle to convince the Aristotelians of his time to admit to the paradox, to the compatibility of contradictions in reality and clear the way for the possibility of the mystical ascent, that miracle has already happened, is, thanks to Headlessness (and for all I know, David), consciously happening right here and now in the flesh as we speak: in the reclamation of the body in space, the resurrection of the body *as* space.

Which, of course, is just as it should be. Because if in Its Mercy the one Subject forgives everything, in Its Justice It pardons nothing except on pain of repentance on the part of the person. And I say "person" advisedly since places and things—rocks, clouds—don't have the capacity to turn themselves around (which is all "repentance" means), it may be because in their native, their cosmic wisdom, they don't have to. Being what they are they don't need to suffer a change of heart, the price freedom exacts for being what it is. And therein hangs a tale and it's precisely that tale that we call history -despite its bad,

even on occasion its justly infamous, press, believe it or not the bearer of good tidings.

I hope I haven't lost you. I know you (and others) have prodded me to keep it simple and concise and I can only plead in extenuation that I am keeping it simple, or trying to, or at least as simple as this most complex of subjects can be spelled out in a few pages. One of the bugbears in discussing questions like these—in effect, two-way looking—is to keep a delicate balance. On the one hand we live in a world where, without so much as a word or blink of an eye, I can lay claim to the center and pitch my tent at any time and in no uncertain terms at the very Ground of the Universal Empire. Yet on the other, though monarch of all I survey, I can also go so far out as to lose mySelf (or temporarily pretend to) and, no better than a tourist on the town, poke around the sights, my only concern to date the names and name the dates. Which is to say no more than that you can't oversimplify the perfect Self-defense—what's beyond words, what's not even a What. You can, however, and probably will, if you're anything like me, try to play God (which in His/Her/Its simplicity is the one thing God does not do) and oversimplify everything else. There are certain, or rather uncertain, issues—like the world, for instance, or life itself—best left to approximations, where a brief expression, however simple, is simply (sic!) not adequate to the content, is to do it an injustice by giving it more simplicity than God gives it. Only the supreme reality warrants, one might almost say, deserves such simplicity and, as far as I can see, gets it and gets it supremely in the experiments. To say that life is simple when, for example, as the experiments demonstrate (and confirm)—the paper bag, for instance—that "only God can be perfectly known because only God is perfectly simple" is to fly in the face of the evidence, of what I see when I look into your face at the far end or my own in the mirror. Which, incidentally,

is why Einstein's forlorn hope for a Unified Theory was doomed to failure from the start. Quite simply, he was looking in the wrong direction or at least not far enough or deep enough in the wrong direction to come out the other side. We do better on that score when we stick to our last and abstain from what, in another context (modern art), has been characterized as the "fallacy of imitative form", the attempt to overcome chaos by, knowingly or not, contributing to it.

The problem is, as our 3rd Person scientists well know—a quark a day keeps the doctor away—the more we pay attention to particulars, the more particulars we have to pay attention to and, fortunately or not, history consists of nothing but particulars. Still, a god who will not be mocked will also make it its business to reside in the details (where else?) and if I seem to be focusing overmuch on a figure who must at best be obscure to most of us (Hegel), it's only because one of those details happens to have been the publication of his work. Though hardly overlooked in its own time, as we see now after the fact, and by after the fact I mean after the publication of the Fact, it took the experiments and all they provide by way of a total perspective for it to assume its place as a major *historic* event, for our purposes only second in order of importance to Douglas' ultimate uncovering. And lest you -find the prospect off-putting, rest assured I'm not about to embark on a discourse on Hegel. Hegel is not my primary interest, Headlessness is—its historical dimension, what Douglas calls the Second Womb.

Nevertheless, merely to glance through Hegel's by far most accessible book, the lectures ON THE INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY, is to come into possession of an almost perfect road-map, a key, not only to what the experiments signify but, as we see now—again after the Fact—the *only conditions under which they could possibly have arisen*. Though admittedly not

of the essence, an analysis of their existence, the why and wherefore of them—how the Ground was prepared *historically* for the flowering of Douglas' insights as its Vessel—is my area of concern here, is really all I'm equipped to contribute to this earth-shaking development.

Before getting into the text proper, just to whet your appetite here are a few tid-bits I've selected at random from some of my old note-books, all taken at one time or another from the INTRODUCTION. And even at the cost of becoming tiresome, I can't help adding another plug for Headlessness: that whereas my jottings over the years are littered with question marks along the margins, now that all's come clear I've had to replace them with exclamation points. Like this!!!! Because on first, then second and sometimes third readings I really thought the man, though brilliant enough and with an enormous range, was stark raving mad, absolutely out of his mind. Which charge—to go from the sublime to the ridiculous—I'm flattered to report has already been levelled against me in certain quarters and against which, again thanks to the experiments, I'm safely and serenely inoculated. As we see now, if Hegel did fall short through no fault of his own, it was only because, absent the experiments, he was not quite primed to go out of his mind enough. In any case, as regards the following I suggest that wherever he refers to "Reason" or "Christ" or "Christianity", you substitute "Revelation" or "Headlessness" or "the experiments" and you'll have it.

"History, in order to have meaning, must come to an end and the final epoch of world-history brings Christianity as the absolute religion to its close... *By Absolute Epoch is meant that period in which reality becomes transparent to itself and the divine nature is revealed to all as consciousness..* .This insight itself is the Apocalypse... History unfolds the nature of God and God is known to us through Christ.. The place of Providence in world-history

becomes knowable when God reveals His nature as Spirit, to *the proper organ*".

As the gunfighter remarked, standing over the corpse while biting off another chunk of chew: "Them's my sentiments exactly." And we have better and more sufficient grounds for certainty than Hegel ever did. We have the Ground Itself! And if I've underlined his last phrase—"the proper organ"—it's only because it's here, as we see now, that with his Western bias towards "being" in contrast to Eastern "emptiness", he comes a cropper. (There are exceptions, of course, but they only go to prove the rule—Meister Eckhart and others, for example). Like the snake in the garden, right for the wrong reasons—in this instance, Reason itself—Hegel, taking it as far as it would go, pounding away as hard and deep as he could, only succeeded (only?) in hammering Home the last nail in the coffin of mind. (A few generations later, Joyce in *ULYSSES* and *FINNEGAN'S WAKE* was to accomplish a similar mission testing the limits of language—one reason, I suspect, that reading them both can be so deadly difficult even as both predicted towards the end of their lives that after them would come, could only come, not the deluge but the utmost in simplicity. (When these things are in the air, they're in the air). Because as Huang-Po saw and the experiments confirm and we know, "the proper organ" is not, as Hegel thought, Thought, (or as with Joyce, Speech or the Word) but the eye. The "eye"—in effect, the I AM—has it. It's as simple as that.

What's so intriguing, if, like me, you enjoy a good Mystery (and what else is there?), is that simultaneous with Hegel's completing, however unwittingly, his hatchet job) and portentously pronouncing the triumph of mind (presumably leaving God for dead or so it was misinterpreted by some, Marx for instance), Who or, if you prefer, What should come sailing round the bend and steaming up the bay but our local contingent returning

from Cathay and points east, ships of the orient line, their decks loaded for bear and up to the gunwales with the booty of murder, mayhem and the spice trade—what we so blithely call history?

But is it really? Is it really the *whole* story? (And, as we'll see shortly, history is nothing if not a story). Because along with the loot of all Asia—"the apes, ivory and peacocks, the sandal-wood and sweet wine"—though, under cover of darkness, plainer than the nose on *your* face for those with eyes to see, there, safely stowed in the hold and scrawled in an almost indecipherable hieroglyphic on a few sheets of parchment probably used for wrapping paper, lo and be-wholed!—the Eastern doctrine of No-mind.

Talk about arriving in the nick, literally the gap, of time or, as with the awareness of death in life, the cunning of history which "must come to an end in order to have meaning." Is there an intention here? Or, if not so much a willed intention, an inescapable, an irresistible Possibility driven by the necessity of Its own nature to realize Itself come hell or high water? That there really is a Providence working, not *on* but, *through* the human and one of the many ways it manifests is through history? That it's not for nothing or only nothing—for nothing Alone—that we're built for loving, but for everything? If I didn't think I was reaching, maybe overreaching and so trying your and everyone else's patience ("Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp, / Or what's a heaven for?"), I might almost go so far as to suggest that, like the experiments themselves the very fact of whose existence confirms their content, in looking after a world looking for It, Providence—the word—means exactly what it says: that as it was in the beginning, so in the end, the end in view is seen to be in Sight. Is and always has been, much as, when you bake a cake, the liquid you pour goes into the mold every which way until, full-up, it congeals and reveals its

true identity, yields up its own unifying pattern, its true shape and form, not by means of a motion not its own introduced from the outside, but rather by “design” of its own inner necessity. Is it possible, given this crazy mix we call the modern world, that the third millennium coming up represents more than an arbitrary dating game but rather a sign that what once had to be taken on trust or faith is now full-filled and the whole business—all of it—is seen, providentially, to have been for the sake of Seeing itself—“pro-videre”, the treasure that wants to be known?

A pertinent side-light—and maybe more than a side-light and less than impertinent because prophetic of things to come and integral to my theme—is to note that the first word from God’s mouth to man’s ear is “where?”. “Where are you?”, God calls out to Adam in GENESIS 3, as walking in the Garden in the cool of the day He detects the cover-up. Since, as so stated and now confirmed by the experiments, man and woman are presumably made in His image (cf. the paper bag), as if by reflex, His Nakedness, always on the “qui vive”, immediately spots the transgression for the face-saving device it really is. The rest is history and, as we’re about to see, not to be taken wholly at face-value.

It’s worth noting, too, that the last *words* on the Subject -and famous last words they are or will be—also begin with a “where?” and by virtue of being last take precedence over the who’s and what’s, the why’s and when’s, all of which challenges entail, indeed demand, *verbal* satisfaction. “Where are *You*?” Douglas asks in a still, if not particularly small, voice, thinking out loud what’s been on everybody’s mind anyway since the fall. Though not likely to be regarded as good form in the best of circles (for instance, I was brought up not to point), it’s not an unreasonable request considering the goings-on in the interval between then and now, the proceedings that

have characterized life on this planet during its Sixth Great Day.

In any case, turnabout fair play, modern through and through in his audacity (precisely what got us into this fix in the first place “if the fool would only persist in his folly he would be wise”), he dares to respond to the original Question with a question, with *the* question. And unlike the too-polite Parzival gets it right the first time. And unlike the impolite Pilate stays for an answer, has the Perspicacity to see “where?” not face to face as Job would have it, but space to face as is our birthright. Girding up his loins like a man, he lifts the imaginary fig-leaf veiling the imaginary God made in the image of our guilt and reveals One naked as the day He was unborn, His absolute privacy (as distinct from His sun, moon and other stars), the one “place” where, as members of His congregation we can be re-con-ciled, can safely and peacefully employ and enjoy our sabbath sense, alone, that is to say all-one, together. (cf. the Self-portrait). Judging from first reports of the early re-turns, the trans-formation looks to become quite a spectacle in its own right and one not at all displeasing to the Whom it may concern—at least, not on present evidence.

Mention of the Self-portrait reminds me to clarify, briefly, another issue. I hope, when I speak of history, I haven’t given the impression I’m speaking of it as a power, an inevitable force with a life and destiny of its own that somehow arrives at its goal all by its lonesome, a position Tolstoy adopted, mistakenly I think, in WAR AND PEACE. By the same token, as if the possibility of saving grace is not built part and parcel into the Act, even into so simple an operation as baking a cake, the ancient notion of a “deus ex machina” descending on a wing and a prayer, a god dropping in like a bolt from the blue to tidy up whatever loose ends are left hanging, is also at odds with the Fact.

As usual, the truth lies somewhere in between. And by “in between” I’m not suggesting the “liberal” answer to every dilemma—a politic and well-meaning walk down the middle of the road where, passing out leaflets in praise of progress or regress, too, for that matter, even looking both ways (as distinct from two-way looking), you’re liable to get knocked flat on your face by a vehicle barrelling out of control, down-hill all the way. Certainly, though broad-minded and tolerant to a fault, the experiments don’t depict a 3rd Person world out there, however it may inhabit us, as devoting itself exclusively to a stroll down Lover’s Lane.

As Douglas’ regional maps indicate, vertical is the way to go, not horizontal, something akin to Buddha’s middle way, Aristotle’s mean between two extremes, Cusa’s coincidence of opposites and, topping them all in my view, David’s little exercise in *absolute* middleness, true in-betweenness, what Plato refers to as the divine “Metaxy”—left-hand, right-hand, and who’s got them both. Just as in the grand finale at every Gathering, we close ranks and, arms linked in an unbroken chain, form a circle, present a united front—which, though hardly a seamless garment, seems nevertheless all of a piece, a continuum until, suddenly aware of the gap, we see the end implicit in the beginning and both originating, not where you are across the room but where I AM, so history, like time itself “that takes survey of all the world, must have a stop.” And the buck stops here, not in retrospect, in storied memory but in reality, in the gap “between”, in the Alpha and Omega made manifest by the wonder of two-way looking.

The truth is that there aren’t two sides to every story but three (which is no side at all) and history, made of the people, for the people and by the people, is no exception. Though it’s evident enough that “There’s a tide in the affairs of men/Which, taken at the flood, will lead to

fortune" and a rising tide will lift all boats and a boat is a boat is a boat is a boat, nevertheless, though all boats are essentially equal some are more equal than others. I have only to consider how different the course of world-history might appear (and again, I'm quite serious) had it been I rather than Douglas who'd come across so seemingly innocuous and inconsequential an affair as Ernst Mach's preliminary sketch towards a Self-portrait. Assuming I'd noticed it at all—a rather generous assumption—I would at best have remarked, "How interesting" and moved on.

A scary thought—to think we might have missed the boat, presumably to await another occasion. But would there have been another occasion? Since history, when seen in hindsight from its own horizontal perspective, looks to be a series of random, in many cases accidental, events any one of which need not have happened, possibly not. But when seen after the Fact, in the fullness of time which is no time at all, from the standpoint of a Providence in which the end, the not yet, is all-ways there to greet the beginning, the all-ready here hurrying to meet it, everything falls into place. Much like water that, creating its own channel as it flows, knows no rest until it finds its resting-place in the sea it makes (and not even here as it rises to fall on the just and the unjust), so we find no rest till we find "our rest in Thee". As in the continuity of our supposedly closed circle where everything connects with everything else only to culminate, if it can be said to culminate at all, in God knows what, that is to say in what appears to be an emptiness and a kind of death, but is in reality, an open awareness, so, what might have been is seen to be precisely what could not have been. As with all means, the means (and meaning) of history—its secret destiny and design—has been dedicated, I might almost say consecrated however unconsciously (at least up to now), to just this one project: to allow, to "help" if you

will, the end to realize, not only Who and What it is but That it is.

I have only to look at the microcosm which passes as my life, as, indeed, it passes for all our lives, and the seemingly fortuitous circumstances that led me to Headlessness. Never mind the latent, almost infinite undercurrents that washed me up on that shore; I only speak of the last visible step, the tip of the iceberg as it were. If I hadn't called you one Sunday afternoon seven years ago to inquire about some print-outs I'd ordered but hadn't yet arrived and if you, being who you are, hadn't suggested that my up-coming attendance at the fiftieth-anniversary of my wartime outfit at Martlesham might also include a visit to Nacton, a visit, you insisted over my protests, Douglas, being who he is, would welcome rather than find intrusive, how, otherwise, could I, being who I am—rotten-ripe and ready, a representative modern to the core—have my quietus made and found fulfillment in the experiments? And this without benefit of “a bare bodkin”. (I'd already tried that). The rest, as they say, is history and, if you'll forgive the easy rhyme, no less a mystery for all that.

The point here is that individuals do count. Indeed, as the surrogate for the Unique In-dividual (that is to say, for That which cannot be divided), in the final analysis they're the only ones who count. “God has no hands but mine,” says St. Theresa of Avila, an “assertion” validated over and over again by any number of experiments: the laying-on of hands, for instance, when we lay-out the completed Self-portraits in a circle, the magic wand exercise and so on. Though, on the surface, the wheels of time seem to roll along the highway of history at an ever-increasing speed and, since God will not be mocked, the further it heads into space the deeper Space “heads” into it (from all reports the past six or seven thousand years of recorded history correspond to about one minute to midnight on the

great scale-pan—all the more “reason” for Headlessness), it’s worth remembering that that same highway has been built, not only on the back-breaking labor and suffering of countless, anonymous millions (“Let us now praise famous men” and women too), but over their dead bodies, is literally paved with their bones. Only rarely does one of those in-dividuals rise from the dead to bear the burden of glory and, serving as a channel, a carrier, make the connection—closes the circle in order for it, paradoxically, to erupt, open itself to the world.

And when I say “rises from the dead” I mean just that. Certainly we can all agree that on present evidence the experiments, like everything else, emerge from the Void. But it seems to me equally obvious that no more than Douglas or you and I do they spring up, like Athena from the head of Zeus, in a vacuum. They don’t just happen. Rather, given the continuity of history (the circle again), they constitute the end-point of a process implicit from the beginning and now made explicit in its consummation, precisely the result of that long trans-historical conversation we’ve been conducting and will no doubt continue to conduct with the immortal dead. But, from now on in, with this difference and it makes all the difference. In order for the beginning, not of time but the Time of the Tale—the play, the drama of history—to reveal its full meaning, like everything else it must first come to an end. And it has.

As with the airplane and automobile superseding the horse-and-buggy and the sail, the appearance of the experiments has virtually eliminated society’s need, more significantly, its increasing dependence, on history as a *primary* mode of transport, a mode which, as time accelerates into space—literally rockets into it—has all but blinded us with the dust left from its fall-out. You’ve only to contrast our awareness of what actually takes place and is always taking place when, as in the card experiment, we

pass from the time of the mirror, the ticktock of Chronos, and genuinely explode into the true time of time-free Kairos, to realize there are such things as limits, especially to self-congratulation, and we've reached them. An almanac, a mass (and morass) of miscellaneous information piled one on top of the other, of everyone dying to leave his or her "historical legacy" if only in the form of a name and a date (not to mention the ultimate parody, the anti-conversion of everlastingness to celebrity), does not constitute history, no less its meaning. (Cf. the Unclassified). Even if we put the best complexion on it – and Headlessness, providing us as it does with a haircut to fit every face, accomplishes just that—it's still not equipped to steer us through time's twists and turns. With the appearance of the experiments, more specifically, *by* the appearance of the experiments, it's been relegated to a back-seat, there for the consulting when required: as an aid to education or vehicle for woe or wonder or means of ancestral piety or just plain common sense and worldly-wisdom, whatever. Not to be sneezed at, certainly, and to be treated with the deference generally accorded an old party, a very old party. But not to be crowned and mitred either, a distinction strictly reserved for the "no-heads, the good old *boys*, as the Taoists lovingly refer to Lao-Tse and Chuang-Tzu, forever young. As with Florence and Rome, as with what you and I are doing right now, putting on the finishing touches if only for the record—a homesickness which in itself speaks volumes—it's no longer of the essence. Its job is done.

Hegel says somewhere that the only thing we learn from history is that we learn nothing from history. Well, I'm not so sure about that but as we'll see in some detail, it's just this historical sense—Douglas'- Second Womb—that, distinguishing us from all other creatures, has helped make us human enough and, by extension, free enough to re-cognize our divinity, that even as it led us out of the

Garden is now pointing us the way towards the Heavenly Jerusalem. (And you and I both know and, as Douglas has made quite clear in *THE LITTLE BOOK OF LIFE AND DEATH*, this “pointing”, as long as it’s in the *right direction*, is neither hyperbole nor symbolism, but perfectly doable and within the realm of possibility; in fact, is the realm of possibility).

In any case, its essential task, to bring consciousness to term, not Consciousness *per se* which, contrary to Teilhard’s claim, is neither born nor dies and certainly doesn’t evolve, but ours—has now been fulfilled. Not completed—the dreadful error Marx committed when, deliberately misinterpreting Hegel, turning *him* on his head, he instituted the stop-history movement at the cost, in human life, of untold millions—but fulfilled. And for our purposes the distinction is vital, just one more instance, since ideas do have consequences, of how the healing properties of Headlessness, intrinsic to the body, can be “logically” processed and applied to a malady of the soul, in this case to a world-historical figure like Marx when he was out of sync with reality. And I pick (and pick on) Marx only because, as a matter of convenience, he happens to be one of the latest and not the least egregious in a long line of dis-eased “thinkers”. (cf. Huang-Po).

I have only to descend (and please note, I say “descend”, not “con-descend” which, aside from being all-too-human and insufferable would also be out of line with what’s already built into the bone), I have only to drop in on the circle whose center is everywhere (Cusa) and, resembling the design in Amerindian blankets, is not round for no reason yet open at one end, “my” end (which is also its beginning), to become aware that if the world of memory and imagination—what, up to now, has masqueraded as history and 3rd person history at that—stops with Me and in Me, it also starts with Me.

I quoted Dogen earlier. “Flowers bloom in spring,” we say, as we pay homage, I might almost say ransom, to the “lessons” of the past and assume that that’s the end of it. And certainly for all practical purposes this short-hand has provided necessary and yeoman service towards maturation of the Second Womb. Indeed, still does and will no doubt continue to as long as it learns to “know its place” in the new and original, the aristocratic dispensation we’re about to enter, with the advent of the experiments have already entered. But is it the whole story or even the half of it? How reconcile the view “that flowers bloom in spring” with the more immediate vision—im-mediate because no longer mediated by memory or imagination—that, motionless mySelf and omniscient, I can also see that “flowers blooming is spring”.

Quite simply, just as, again in the circle, when, turning either to the left or right to get my bearings in *space*, I open mySelf to my next-nearest neighbor—myself being my nearest—and consciously take the measure of the Immeasurable to find out where I AM, so, correspondingly, when I turn to the world, in this instance to my historical part, and look to uncover its past and future in *time* (its future, too, having “nowhere” to go), I see it unfold, along with everything else, not only in the present but also in its Presence, in God, a fact which, with few exceptions and we’ll get to them, has escaped the attention of virtually all historians, especially modern historians. And with good reason. They didn’t have the experiments.

As with our individual biographies, it’s a startling experience, this conversion from 3rd to 1st Person history, an event, I suspect, only comparable to its registering on us that we had such a thing as a history in the first place. Startling, too, to observe how, by merely turning ourselves round and thus removing ourselves from under its long

shadow, everything comes clear, not least the shadow itself. And this, not by pretending it doesn't exist (ancient Egypt and India), or wishing it would go away (with the exception of Dante and a great exception it is, our own Middle Ages) nor—blissfully unaware that if the pursuit of happiness would only slow up for a minute, not to say stop, the happiness of pursuit might catch up to it—by the current craze to chase after it, as if chasing shadows isn't equally a mug's game.

Most startling of all, however, is the realization that, except for the perception of it, nothing happens, at least on the surface. True, as if to test its limits, the room swells to cosmic proportions, if only to expose the measure even of *its* containment. But the scene—the props, the cast and characters—remains essentially the same. Only the scenario, the story, changes, precisely by “doing nothing”—except an about-face. The script, the invisible writing on its wall become transparent, the wall itself comes tumbling down and, “articulating” its secret—the Word everyone “knows” anyway—reveals its meaning: that as it was before the beginning, before the Time of the Tale—history—so will it be after its end. But with this difference—and again it makes all the difference—this time we'll know it because this time we see it.

As we see in the circle, the *re*-turn to the beginning, to *universal* recognition that “flowers blooming *is* spring”, is entirely contingent on our having come *full*-circle and meeting up with ourSelf, on exhausting all the Possibilities of “flowers bloom in spring”, that is to say, of history. And by “exhausting” I mean just that—not by virtue of virtue nor of goodness, but simply because, having taken the long way round and come to the end of the road, that's the *way* things go. (And I suggest it's no accident that the world, the One World that inhabits us even as we inhabit it, is round). All that's required is to examine what takes, and does not take, place where and *when* end and

beginning meet, where motionless com-motion, space and time, are one, to see that to close the circle of history as it spirals down towards death and resurrection is to open it, that to let it all go (which, after all, is what endings “do”) is, simultaneously, to let it all come, to say goodbye to all that is, at the same time, to say hello to all this.

“We shall not cease from exploration,”—Eliot’s phrase—“And the end of all our exploring/ Will be to arrive where we started/ And know the place for the first time.” Contrary to Marx—his forerunners as well as pied-pipered followers heading for the cliffs of Utopia (the word itself means “Nowhere”)—contrary to the heaven-on-earth as distinct from the earth-in-heaven crew (cf. *THE LITTLE BOOK*), just because history comes to an “end”—which end, coming as it does before the beginning, is, as the experiments demonstrate, precisely where, as origin, it starts—doesn’t mean it disappears any more than rings stored in the bole of a tree disappear when the tree ripens, any more than the actors or audience or author or, for that matter, lovers disappear when the play or ball is over and they finally get to go home where they “belong”. And if any of us still nurse lingering doubts as to the nature of our more recent disasters, contrast the true face of never-never land, the “*neti, neti*”—not this, not this—of Hindu scripture with the Marxist parody where history, not to speak of the people it’s “deconstructed”, sure disappear in a hurry when the music stops.

It’s said that happy people have no history. Malarkey. As Douglas notes in *ON HAVING NO HEAD*, happy people who have no history are village idiots. And if we can trust contemporary anthropologists as regards primitives, and psychologists and sociologists as regards everyone else, they aren’t all that “happy” (whatever that means) to begin, no less end, with. If the slow, tortuous, historical stream that’s delivered us foundlings—children of the world’s old age—to the very banks of ultimate

uncovery, to revelation and apocalypse, indicates anything at all it's this: that, on the alchemical principle that like cures like, it takes time to redeem time, that, paradoxically, we go through time to get *through* time in order to re-turn *as* time, the right time.

Not surprisingly, the issue has been addressed in some form or other by various seers in the past, if only indirectly since until now, although history has been a pressing problem—the life (and death) of Jesus speaks to that—it's never been quite as op-pressing in the sheer bulk and quantity of, at once, its triviality and its tyranny, in the tyranny of its triviality. (Which, we can only assume, is what an end, when ends meet, looks like). Imagine the possibility of being blown to kingdom come, of being buried alive under the weight of a handful of dust, by an atom no less and a broken atom at that, smaller than the mote in our eye blinding us to the meaning of the history of which it is, putatively, the end result—if not the be-all, certainly the end-all. Is it any wonder that the real Be-All *and* End-All Who will not be mocked and never shuts one door without opening another simply because It can't has made "pro-vision" for just such a cata-strophe (a turning-round)? Instead—proof positive that like (not to speak of Love) cures like—ends up rearing Its head if only to up-end it and show Its "face", the other side of the coin.

There's simply no way around it—except to go round it. And to go round it is to go *through* it. Once the die is cast—the pre-text the exodus from Eden—what with the cherubim jealously guarding the front gates with their flaming swords, there's no other way except to take the long way (to all intents the wrong way) and, if not sneak in, somehow ease ourselves in by the back door. Which is exactly what's happened with the advent of the experiments. "The same stone which the builders rejected"—history, the royal way, every man and woman a king or queen in his or her own eyes—"has become the

‘head’-stone in the corner.” And this, not by faring “well”, but by faring forward. Not by leap-frogging the impenetrable wall into transcendence or looking back at it longingly or worse, pretending it doesn’t exist but, the world being round, by following the signs of the times, taking the longest distance between two points, between beginning and end, so that “every valley”—you and me—“shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked made straight.”

Even the exemplary Buddha in as nice, if unintentional, a rationale for the need of two-way looking as you’ll find, even he, while admonishing his disciples to leave not a trace behind couldn’t help but enjoin them in the same breath to follow in his footsteps; in his attempt to jump the gun in the race’s race to the finish-line, couldn’t escape the contra-diction implicit in this covert acceptance of the need for history (and, by extension, 3rd Person Science), until recently, at least, considered the province of Western barbarians.

And if I say “need” it’s simply because, as we see now, after the Fact, after the experiments, without that, there’s no this. Without history and its culmination in the experiments, there’d be no ex-per-iments in the last place (and the last shall be first), no conscious “going through” to the aware and *universal* ex-per-ience of reality, which “going through” is all “ex-per-iment” and “ex-per-ience—both words deriving from the same root—mean and, at bottom, have always meant. And lest I be accused of an anti-Eastern bias it should be pointed out in all fairness that, according to Buddhist apocrypha, on encountering Mara, the Evil One, the very embodiment if not spirit of history, the Gentle One (about as gentle as Jesus was sweet), first greets him and then, his initial embrace rebuffed, eats him. Swallows him whole, lock, stock and barrel. Digests, assimilates and excretes him. Doesn’t avoid him. Doesn’t deny him but simply, as any fertile

field can testify, gives the devil his due. Or as that latter-day natural, the Hollywood impresario Sam Goldwyn, put it even more succinctly when turning down a deal: "Include me out." So the Buddha vis-a-vis Nara. So we vis-a'-vis history. We include it out, that is to say, incorporate it.

And no one knew better than Dante it's the only way to go when, in imitation of Christ before his ascension, he descends into the lowest circles, the hell of history. And this not just to see the sights or even scour them but primarily to purge, empty himself of their memory that he may be filled and *full-filled* in the vision of Paradise. As we experience in the circle, the movement of the poem, too, is circular, better yet, spiral—an open circle. Starting from where he finds himself—and don't we all? (This, too, was once a riddle: how the end comes at the beginning and the beginning in the middle)—he runs the whole gamut, mounts step by painful step—no fudging—to the pinnacle of Purgatory. There, since only those who are prepared to enter Paradise alone can hope to reach it in company (cf. the card experiment), he dismisses Virgil, the voice of authority, only to learn that before truly coming into his own he must forget the past he's so painfully remembered in order to re—member the "future"—the not-yet already here—he's so easily forgotten. And I think it no small measure of his rightness and of things to come, too, that both these movements—the remembering in order to forget, the forgetting in order to re-member and both *contained* in single vision in the present—are *re-presented as if* occurring in physical, not in so-called "meta-physical", acts. He bathes in the river Lethe, the waters of forgetfulness, and then almost immediately steps into Eunoe, the pool in which he bodily "*re-members*" who he really is. Like Hun-Tun in the Taoist literature, like our Humpty-Dumpty for whom all the king's men, that is

to say the regional powers, were of no use whatsoever, he's literally put together again.

"Well," you might say (I know I have), do I have to go through all that? God knows I'm no Dante." To which I can only reply: "God knows you no longer have to be." Historically speaking that's the whole point and accounts for how and why the experiments, warmed by the sun at midnight, have been able to break Ground and poke their heads up under cover of darkness—the break-down of tradition and standards, not least the breakdown of language itself, being the absolute and indispensable *pre*-condition for their break-through. To paraphrase Douglas: the "as if" of language, of thought, of *representation*, has now been superseded by the "as is" of a Godspeak come not to destroy language, thought or representation however they manifest by way of memory, imagination or even history, especially history, but to fulfill them, include them *in*. I suggest that when we gather in the goodbye/hello circle, a circle of awareness now, and complete it by not completing it, by closing it in order for it to open to the Presence and see what was once whole in our vision come again (as if it had ever left), we experience no less in the flesh than Dante expressed in symbolic, narrative form. No less than the Word made flesh and his words too, we *are* that DIVINE COMEDY.

Though I know the barrage I'm subjecting you to would seem to belie the sentiment and my only consolation is that you asked for it, strange as it may sound after all I've written so far, I tend to overlook this aspect of Headlessness. Like all of us, I become so enamored of its geography, the "where" of it, I tend to neglect the Second (and secondary) Reality that constitutes history, the "how" and "whence" of it. Let me give you an example.

For me to fly, or, more precisely, be flown to the U.K. in a matter of hours and share, say, the blessings of the

Unclassified experiment at Nacton (not to mention the pleasure of your company), I have to show my numbered passport with name, date, nationality and so on. And that's not all I have to show. If we apply the same exact standards of "measurement" to our temporal selves, to the Whence and Whither, as we do to our spatial, regional selves, the Where of us, I first of all show, not only my face but my race (human) which, reckoning backwards, immediately suggests the use of clothes, tools, metal, what have you. Most important and certainly equal to the development of speech if not prior to it, I display my upright posture and the consequent *historical* effect it had on "my five and country senses", on the liberation, indeed triumph, of my eye over nose, ear and, as we *see* now with the precedence awarded Godspcak over Mantalk, even tongue. And all of this took time, lots of it, of which history, *The Time of Our Tale*, makes up only the latest episode in the process of coming full circle.

At any rate, there I am, either comfortably ensconced in the plane or, depending on Whose perspective, the plane comfortably ensconced in Me. Assuming that, "clothed with the heavens and crowned with the stars"—Traherne 's words—I'm minding the store, that is to say the storehouse, I watch the universe glide by till, in due time, the pilot sets us down at Heathrow. But there's the rub—this "due time" business. Because no sooner do I set "foot" on the Ground than I forget my manners. Though I may remember I'm heels over head in Love, that head still very much in the clouds persists in forgetting what got it there if not in the first, certainly the second, place, the plane itself in the order of win, place and show finishing a poor third. I forget, assuming I ever knew, that my means of transport (in both senses of the word) is not just a plane which, invented, manufactured and delivered in *time* is in turn the end-product of a slower but surer and, as we see now (and only now, now that it's come to an end thanks to

the experiments), a more inclusive means of transport: history. And we all know Whose end-product that is and Where it originates. Thanks to the experiments we even know now how it unfolds. I may marvel at the miracles performed by one of its handmaidens, 3rd Person Science, may even flutter a little and pay willing lip-service to the wings that deposit me at Heathrow in six or seven hours, but I'd be remiss, even ungrateful, if, at the same time, I didn't acknowledge the tremendous debt owed the Mother of us all—of planes and trains, of “shoes and ships and sealing wax”—the Second Womb that, like any conflicted parent, possessed as well as possessive, even as it delivers us, inherently bears, for all its faults, the means of its own deliverance, let alone that of its young. Though I may still see as a child, indeed, *because* I still see as a child, the child has become mother to the woman and is finally free to walk alone, all-one.

What I'm saying here in far too many words (but I want to get it down till I get it right and to that end, as in the paper-bag, you're helping to bring me to life) and I'm saying it because, though often overheard it's almost always overlooked, is that, as I suggested above, if we direct our single vision towards measurable time (which, curiously enough, we can't *see*) with the same attention as we do towards immeasurable space and, taking a leaf from its book that is our primer, look both ways, we become aware that it doesn't take six or seven hours to fly to Heathrow or *only* six or seven hours but, give or take an aeon or two, by latest count something on the order of fifteen billion years as well. And the same goes for the experiments. Douglas didn't just pull them out of a hat. For what it's worth, the same goes for this letter I'm writing and you're reading. The whole universe of fact and possibility—past, present and future too—is involved in what, why, when, where and that I'm writing it right now and from this point of view, from the perspective of

two-way looking, can be seen to be at once absolutely unconditioned, free, yet at the same time determined. Free because, presumably as 1st Person I'm free enough to know or at least see the Fact, no less be It; conditioned because, like all the other paradoxes flesh is heir to, it's subject in the telling to, among other *things*, the limits of language at best and the limitations of the English language, not to speak of mine, at worst. (Douglas touches on this in another context in HEAD OFF STRESS).

It seems to me that if I'm really really serious about the *two-way* looking that lies at the very heart of Headlessness, in fact inexorably leads to the heart of its heart; if, on hearing the music of the spheres, I choose to join in the dance of life and keep time with it and faith too (and let's admit right from the start that it's not necessary to live but it is necessary to navigate), I ought to recognize along with the Tibetan seer that "those who believe in substantiality are like cows but those who believe in emptiness are worse". Similarly a Thomas Aquinas when, half-way across the globe, he noted it takes two to tango, time and space—one and none (no-one), making in all One: "The soul united to the body is more like God than the soul separated from the body."

It seems to me that if time is what we have and space is what we are and the marriage of the two is what we do, common courtesy dictates, if nothing else, I at least nod if not doff my head in time's direction and, acknowledging its role, resist the ever-present (sic!) temptation to, on the one hand, devalue and, on the other, eternalize it. Instead, as in the circle, see it or, better yet, ex-per-ience it for what it is: not so much a junior partner but the carrier of meaning, as at once the conductor and conducted of a movement, a process in which the present, meeting and greeting Presence at the altar—and to say Presence is to say Awareness—serves, like fire to light, as both escort and bodyguard to Its deaf, dumb and blind Source. "God

has no hand but mine.” So St. Teresa. By the same token—indeed, by the same hand—God has no history but ours. And so say we-all now that we’re finally both open to it and on to it. And it’s about time, too, now that, thanks to the experiments, we’re finally and literally in a position to let *it* tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. And what an extraordinary story it is, at once announcing that the “second reality” of history is as much a mystery as the Reality it expresses and that we now have the means, the instruments, to contain, to measure and define the providential conditions, both external and internal, that led to its happy ending, happy not only because it ends but because it ends where it begins—in the ever-after.

“Well,” you might again say—indeed, if you get as impatient with me as some of our other friends do as they watch me ride off into the sunset on my favorite hobby-horse, you might even snort a ‘so what!’- “why bother your head with this stuff when it’s as plain as the nose on your no-face that the proof of the pudding is in the eating, in the experiments?” To which I couldn’t agree more. Still, if the proof of the pudding most certainly and, in the case of the experiments, absolutely does lie in the eating, the truth of it lies in the cooking and as chief cooks and bottle-washers, at least for the time being on this planet, it might not be a bad “idea” to take a look at the ingredients that’ve gone into it. And this, not simply to borrow the recipe or enjoy the aroma for its own sake as, conscious of our divinity now, we experience the divine pleasure that comes from seeing the great cosmic ideas working themselves out. (c.f. Giambattista Vico, the first great philosopher of history). Nor even to satisfy a perfectly natural and human curiosity as exhibited, for instance, by George Leigh Mallory who, when asked “Why Everest?” simply replied, “Because it’s there.” Not even, finally, to allay the justifiable suspicions that might arise when

offered—and gratis no less—the elixir of life and magic potion all rolled into One, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. (Although, what with the *discovery* of the Americas and now with the *uncovery* of Headlessness, we can no longer even say “let’s first have a look” with impunity). After all, humankind has been seduced before by many a snake-oil salesman.

In any case, that’s not the question here. However legitimate any and all the above reasons, the issue goes far deeper than that. You mentioned, and I touched on earlier, your feeling of inadequacy in face of all this seemingly unwieldy material due to your lack of formal education and so on. And I tried and am still trying to alleviate your concern since it’s totally unwarranted. In fact, one of my motivations in writing to you at such length is to assure you that *what history can give you you already have, courtesy of the experiments*. As I indicated earlier with the image of rings stored up in the bole of a tree, it’s already incorporated in the price of admission. No need for you to punch a time-clock or pace up and down waiting for Godot or, God forbid, a time-bomb. The stop-watch has already been installed and you’re walking around with it in your pocket.

And if you don’t believe me—and there’s no reason why you should—here’s Gibbon in the DECLINE AND FALL describing just one of the collateral after-effects emanating from the spiritual ferment that so intoxicated the Mediterranean world at the time of the rise of Christianity. And I refer to it because, what with the gods dead or dying (the break-down that heralds the breakthrough), what with its unprecedented announcement that God had actually walked the earth and been seen in person, in the 3rd Person, in Jesus, it’s the period of all periods that most closely resembles, indeed foreshadows our own in its epochal consequences. If you then throw in the obvious co-respondence between its “claim” of a First

and our *confirmation* of a Second Coming, the Parousia manifest in each of us, you get the mixture as before and then some (spiced, for good measure, with a dash of Gibbon's delectable prose).

"A chosen society of philosophers, men of a liberal education and curious disposition, might silently meditate and temperately discuss in the gardens of Athens or the library of Alexandria, the abstruse questions of metaphysical science. The lofty speculations, which neither convinced the understanding nor agitated the passions of the Platonists themselves, were carelessly overlooked by the idle, the busy, and even the studious part of mankind. But after the Logos had been revealed as the sacred object of the faith, the hope, and the religious worship of the Christians, the mysterious system was embraced by a numerous and increasing multitude in every province of the Roman world. Those persons who, from their age, or sex, or occupations, were the least qualified to judge, who were the least exercised in the habits of abstract reasoning, aspired to contemplate the economy of the Divine Nature: and it is the boast of Tertullian that a Christian mechanic could readily answer such questions as had perplexed the wisest of the Grecian sages."

And Tertullian was quite right. (Though as an early Christian apologist and wild man if there ever was one—"the Incarnation is certain because it's impossible"—I'm not so sure that with friends like that we need enemies). Because, however you slice it, we're all mechanics now. It's the meaning of our time. We walk and talk (and swear) like mechanics. We address each other, even strangers, on a first-name basis, as if, testing the waters, we sense that deep-down there are no strangers, only friends we haven't met yet. We even aspire to look and dress like mechanics: blue jeans, Mao jackets, workers of the world united by an invisible thread no Marxman could align in his sites, let

alone pass through the eye of his needle. "I am the sole possessor of the world and to complete my joy I see that everyone else is.?" (Traherne) By the same reckoning, as sole possessor of the world, I'm also the sole heir to its history and to complete my joy I see that everyone else is.

And by history I mean the genus History, what Douglas calls the Second Womb, that contains it all: beginning, end and everything in-between. Not only its chronicle of events, of everything that's happened and hasn't happened, but also the record of all that's been thought and said and written and read (and forgotten too) from the first stirrings of wonder up to the latest theories of 3rd Person Science. As necessarily the last on the scene (and this, logically enough, since on the principle that it takes one to know one, you have to have a history before you can know it and you have to know it before you can tell it), it finally extends to and includes knowledge of itself, its meaning; receives, through the transparent prism of the experiments, more importantly, welcomes *by the very fact of their existence* the imprint of divinity, proof positive that history, too, like everything else is seen to be itself contained and utterly Self-revealing if you only look in and out of the right place.

And I contend because I have to contend that this has never been seen before on the face of the earth, at least not in this shape or form and certainly not with this clarity and totality and finality. Even the order of procedure as regards our various appeals to individual saints, seers and sages—and saviors too—for confirmation has been, if not reversed, superseded, not only by the certain and universal evidence presented by the experiments but by the inevitable conclusion that can and must be drawn from them: that over and above what they "say", what they "tell us", *the fact that they exist at all is their own content*, the witness not of this one or that one, however beyond suspicion and essential his or her contribution to the

whole, but the testimony of history itself that includes them. That includes the “I am the way and the truth and the life.” Includes the “No one comes to the Father except through me.” Fittingly enough and not surprisingly since we’re into beginnings as well as ends, includes the Fiat Lux. And this no longer offered as a second-hand pronouncement delivered from on high to be taken on faith but, rendered here and now in God’s speak, in 1st Person vision for all to see: that the container is its own content, that, as in the card-experiment when we mount the card, as in the circle where we become aware of the gap and realize we are it, the “let there be light” and light are one.

Years ago there was a best-seller about the life of Jesus called THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD. And since the “moral” of the story implicates not only everyone but everything, certainly as regards the centrality of its theme and its universal relevance it’d be pretty tough to top it. (Cf. for instance, any of Douglas’ diagrams or the exercise where arms out-stretched at 160° we embrace the world). And if you don’t buy the Gospel account of the Incarnation, Crucifixion and Resurrection, the seasons with their comparable rendition of life, death and rebirth will do.

Still, the facts—I might almost say the Fact—compel me to suggest and more than suggest that with and by the appearance of the experiments and *what they signify*—and, again, I can only apologize for repeating myself but I simply have no choice—the story I’m about to tell is itself so incredibly credible in its incredibility as literally to force me to make what must seem to all but the most committed “seers” as outrageous a claim as was made a couple of thousand years ago when, it was first said, God walked the earth. It may account for the rather hit or miss methods I’ve had to adopt and why it’s taken me so long, almost as long as history itself, to wind up and deliver my pitch. As

strictly an amateur, that is to say, a lover and a lover submerged in a sea of “pro’s” at that – Princeton post-Einstein fancying itself the self-styled “gnostic” capital of the world, although what the professors are “professing” seems to me somewhat moot—it may be that, overwhelmed myself, my taking care to touch all bases accounts for a certain circum-spection, a looking-around just to make sure. Not that, as I’ve insisted before and still insist, the experiments—their own reason for being and ultimate in Self-Revelation—require confirmation. Aside from encouraging others to look, all any of us can hope to do is to support that confirmation as best we can with whatever means at our disposal and leave the Seeing to return the compliment. Which is no more than to say that since you’ve experienced and are aware *that* it’s happened, it’s not at all *essential*, by definition, to know *how* it happened. Nor once knowing it, unless it happens to be your bag (and it’s obviously mine), is it necessary to wallow in it, any more than Dante, once *freed* to go about his business in Paradise, hung around Hell or, for that matter, Purgatory longer than he had to. As with Seeing itself, to see it once is to see it once and for all. And that’s what we’re here to do as we make the journey together.

In any case, given the facts (and, at long last, THE FACT), with all due respect I have to say that, if not greater than the story of “the greater than Solomon”, the story of the story itself, of History—specifically, how it got that way in order to “end” in the experiments—runs it, I won’t say a close second because it doesn’t come in second, doesn’t, despite the obvious and intimate connections between the two stories, even finish in a dead heat with it, but, no contest, literally runs it into the Ground, a perfect example of how, all things being equal, parallel lines meet in infinity.

If, as Douglas points out, “the meaning of each stage lies in the next stage. It’s always one jump ahead of itself”

and if, as I suggest, the greatest event in history is the “invention” of history itself that like a wheel within a wheel, by preparing the soil for the experiments that embody its meaning, serves at the same time as ground for the Ground—how did it happen? Because, make no mistake about it, it *has* happened and, since God rests in the details, happened in a precise and particular way which, thanks to those same experiments—and, again, not only what they “say” but what they *are*—we’re now able to identify, localize: the expectations, the longings, the dreams of two thousand years and, as we’re about to see, a good deal more, finally and conclusively realized.

To get an intelligible purchase on it we have to return to Hegel who, like Caesar’s division of Gaul, divided history into three parts: original, reflective and philosophical. Though as categories they’re hardly arbitrary, since they’re not written in stone (except for the experiments, what is?), to avoid confusion I’ll designate them naive, philosophical and sacred. Incidentally, it’s interesting to note that the division is triadic, mirroring as it does (and it was one of Hegel’s pet themes), the *necessary* trinitarian structure of all manifested reality (mother, father, child; beginning, middle, end; yes, no, maybe; even the three stages in the Headless scheme of things—pre-adult, adult, post-adult; childish, mature, childlike; unconscious, conscious, aware).

Original or naive history has been around from the beginning; in fact, as distinct from the creation of the cosmos and other unlikely occurrences, constitutes it, *is* what makes it the beginning, not the beginning of time but the beginning of the time of the tale, of a “second reality”. (And I’ll explore this notion of history as a second reality and its nice connection to the Second Womb more thoroughly as we go along). Mindful that even to attempt to *re-construct* it is already to advance a step towards *re-reflective* or philosophical history, we can nevertheless re-

present it. We can *imagine* those early cave-dwellers gathered round their newly-subjugated fires as, presumably discussing but most certainly drawing on their *re*-collection of the immediate past already etched in their *memory*, they set out, in worship and in awe, to *re*-create the day's hunt on the walls of the cave. And are you and I doing any less right now or any more as, throwbacks all, rings stored—and storied—in the bole of the tree of history, we set out, the hunt for the quarry over, to commemorate its meaning?

At any rate, comes the evolution—the epochal change-over from paleolithic hunting and gathering to the neolithic establishment of, first, agricultural settlements and, later, towns—the hegemony of imperial Cain, whose lordship we still obey in the person of his brainchildren and their handiwork, begins in earnest. Along with the translation of wall-paintings into hieroglyphic, civilization proper and its not so proper comrade-in-arms, history (which, in the very process of recording its development helps make it possible), start to take on a life of their own, a second reality. Killing two birds with one stone—their annals, chronicles and reports insuring continuity while their rudimentary book-keeping, their lists of material transactions such as the storage of grain and grape and the “3rd Person” head-count of livestock, answer to immediate necessities—they provide, however unintentionally (which is what history is all about), future generations, us for example, with, among other things, food for thought.

And I must say, I, for one, find it somewhat sobering, even humbling, almost as humbling as the manger-story, to learn that, just as every abstract word in the language and in every language, bar none, has for its source a concrete experience (“to ab-stract”, for instance, means “to draw out of”), so writing itself, along with number the vehicle of choice for the transmission of so many of our high-flown and high-blown fancy ideas including these,

also began life in none too salubrious a neighborhood, its pedigree drafted in a warehouse or stable.

Which only goes to show that if history ends where the experiments begin, in the resurrection of the body, it must have had a body to begin with, a fact often overlooked by the more ethereal among us, though not by the Headless. Compare the exercise where, starting from the outermost conceivable galaxies, world beyond worlds, and, descending through the solar system, we zero in on who we really are, only—as in good, sound Mahayana Buddhist doctrine—to *re-turn* to or, better yet, as in the card-experiment, to *ex-plode* into the All. Or hear what our old friend, Tertullian, not to be outdone (never that), has to say: “For there is nothing except body. All that is is body; nothing is incorporeal except that which is not.” For which—God being a not-god—I can forgive him almost anything.

For Hegel the supreme example of original history is Caesar’s COMMENTARIES, the model for all subsequent first-hand, eye-witness accounts or what pass for eye-witness accounts in that naive pre-headless but post-Edenic world where, according to the Zen triad (do you know the Ox-herding pictures?), in the beginning mountains are mountains, waters are waters. Delivered, as on nightly television fresh as paint or a nursery rhyme and fine as far as it goes, for all its charm it only goes as far as its nose. Letters, journals, diaries, dispatches from the front—“I came, I saw and saw it with my own eyes. I was the one. I was there.” The “eyes” having it should give us a clue and do, not only to the pretension to a simplicity largely unearned, but worse, to its self-assured usurpation of the big picture. “The eyes and ears of the world” Fox Movietone used to appoint and anoint itself. It was there all right but was it here? Because when it comes to the endless litany, the closed circle of unredeemed event, the supposedly objective mirror that that kind of history and

those seductive “eyes” hold up to nature, like the camera it emulates, lies. Or not so much lies as fails to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Fails to tell it because, for all its facts it overlooks the Fact. Like an overexposed negative, the spurious clarity of one-way looking blots the image, tells only half the story if that. And so it happens that, absent the Fact—the Eye and the story It has to tell and, as in the paper-bag, our awareness of It—the first on the scene miss the good news and, a case of arrested development, end up the last to know.

Reflective or philosophical history is something else again and constitutes Hegel’s second category, the “mature” recognition that things are not what they seem, mountains are no longer mountains. And I dare say it’s what ninety-nine and forty-four hundredths of us mean when we speak of history at all, if we speak of it at all, whether of Gibbon’s monumental work on Rome or the latest enquiry into the causes of the Second World War or, for that matter, a study on the effects of the spice trade in 13th century Turkestan. I know it’s what I meant by it until, faced with the hard fact of Headlessness and its inevitable by-product, the chain-reaction it sets up, it got me to thinking and I found, to my surprise, that among other things my mind had changed. As St. Paul noted, this, too, qualifies as a con-version, a turning-around, not of events to be sure, but of the perception of them.

Briefly, as its name implies, reflective, philosophical history in contrast to naive, original history, suggests distance, maturity, adulthood. If the earlier mode misses the forest for the trees, the later, if it notices the trees at all—and, of course, the very greatest historians do if only in some form of unpaid lip-service -nevertheless, its primary concern is with the forest in which it imagines it’s immersed, what we more or less agree to call the world. As Douglas points out in another context, to go from one stage to another usually, even necessarily, entails some

sort of reversal and reflective history as a kind of half-way house, a station on the way towards a true, authentic history where things will be seen to be as they are and it's only we who are not what we seem—in short, where mountains are mountains again—is no exception.

For the origins of that kind of reflective 3rd Person history we have to go back to the Greeks who, as with so much else—in mathematics and the sciences and in philosophy—started it all, prepared the foundation for what later evolved, along with the dissemination of the Judeo-Christian “idea”, into the distinctive Western contribution to world-civilization we're now said to be “enjoying.” Indeed, has so succeeded in laying the ground-work for that world-civilization (and by extension, however inadvertent, the Ground-work for Headlessness) as to become in its aspirations almost synonymous with it. When, looking for God on my pilgrimage through India almost forty years ago, I overheard at a whistle-stop in the Himalayas, along with the chatter of monkeys, the plaintive radio-voice of Bing Crosby crooning to me from somewhere in the jungle—and this at four in the morning—I knew it was time to go home. That it took me another thirty years to locate precisely where that home was—that is to say “nowhere”—is another story.

Speaking of India, it's also worth noting that for good and sufficient and obvious reasons, aside from chronicles—mostly mythical—classic, ancient Hinduism had no history or anything that remotely resembled it. After all, if the world and what we take existence to be is largely illusory, why bother? And the same devaluation, though to a lesser degree, applied to its off-shoot, Buddhism, as well as to its contemporary Taoist practitioners in neighboring China. Only the Confucians took history seriously, but though they produced a few interesting figures, their work—it may be because they were in and out of power so often—hardly constituted a

break-through on the order of what was achieved by the Greeks. Because with Herodotus, the father, and Thucydides, the son, we're off to the races and, not excluding the trial-run, the initial experiment at Incarnation, Crucifixion and Resurrection that took place some two-thousand years ago and whose consummation is attained in Headlessness, haven't stopped yet. At least until now.

What characterizes reflective history is, as I've said, what we all more or less assume history is all about: an enquiry into the causes of things (and I do mean things), the coming to be and passing away of peoples and societies and cultures. In Herodotus' case, the issue was the rise and fall of Greece's arch-enemy, Persia; with Thucydides, the reasons for, the how and why of, the mutual self-destruction that engulfed both his native Athens and Sparta in a war—the great com-motion he calls it—in which, though he serves as a participant, his essential role is that of an observer. And surely "observer" is the key word here and sets the tone for everything that follows. Because from now on in, the function, the thrust of history, at least in the ideal, will be towards objectivity, towards 3rd Person objectivity, to a gathering of the facts, the facts and nothing but the facts in an attempt to make some sense out of this "tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing." Nothing indeed! I tell you that that Shakespeare is one in a million. One in a million? One in a billion! One in six billion! Even when he doesn't intend it, he's right on! Because, thanks to the experiments and as any number of them will confirm—the Circle, the Foursome, the Self-portrait—we all know now where that supposedly 3rd Person objectivity is coming from. More important, where it leads to in the end. Which, parenthetically, only goes to show that, however well-intentioned, however sincerely motivated our pretensions to honesty, before we can tell the truth we first have to

know it—a suggestion that, even if heard or, as is more likely, overheard in Babel, would, I’m afraid, only be construed as yet another signal to turn up the volume.

As for variations on the theme, not surprisingly we get as many perspectives on, and interpretations of, the facts of history as we do historians, though it must be conceded that, in contrast to the Gospels or, say, the paper-bag, more often than we like to admit they emerge from the camp of the victors. Whether it’s a Livy promoting the special interests of Rome or a Polybius—actually a Greek—validating the Empire as the basis for global order, the first known attempt, at least in the then-known Western world, at universal history and the concept of one world; whether, picking up on the same motif more than a thousand years later, it’s the devout Muslim, Ibn-Khaldun, whom Toynbee regarded as the most penetrating of all universal historians (including, possibly, even himself), as he describes the trajectory from original hardy pioneers (the Bedouin) to enterprising settlers to town-dwellers so secure in the outward construction of their walls as to conceal the gradual softening at their own inner core, a softening that can only lead, eventually, to collapse under the weight of a rigid, top-heavy bureaucracy (sound familiar?); or whether it’s one of my own particular favorites, Jacob Burckhardt, a nineteenth-century Swiss sceptic who could find in this vast desert, this “nauseating spectacle” as he called it, only one redeeming factor: the presence of an occasional oasis—Athens, Florence, islands of culture and civilization thrown up here and there in an ocean of blood; whether it’s any or all of these, they’re all essentially telling the same story—of rise and fall, of coming to be and passing away—which, as we see now thanks to the experiments, turns out to be anything or rather, everything *but* the essential.

And this is not to knock the great or near-great or not-so-great among this august fraternity, all of whom or, at least, most of whom were decent, honorable men and, in some cases, remarkably prescient, but merely to point out that absent the outlook and/or the insight provided by the experiments, just as it's virtually impossible for each of us individually to see our life steady and see it whole except, possibly, in the occasional "mystical" flash or, so they tell us, *in extremis* when drowning, so, as regards the Whole, when seen from the standpoint of reflective history. And if it be argued—and it has been—that it's not history's business to see the Whole but merely to record "what Alcibiades did and what was done to him", then Aristotle's dictum is perfectly justified: that, when it comes to informing the head, not to speak of the heart, about the nature of reality, history, at least that kind of history (and he knew no other), falls far short of tragedy. Because in tragedy we at least witness, if not participate in, the *representation*, as in the OEDIPUS or ANTIGONE, of a two-way duel, a "confrontation" not between equals but, asymmetrical by nature, between a mortal in his or her pride and the true hero, the unseen God who, even as it reduces the human protagonist to nothingness—and absolute defeat is essential here -invites it to fulfill its immortal longings and put on the mask of divinity. My God—Big-one, Little-one, Joy and Sorrow united—it reads like an outline for the perennial drama of the card-experiment, the divine comedy performed daily, not by actors once removed ("hypocrites" in Greek), but by real live people like you and me. What Aristotle was onto, of course, was that the study of man, autonomous man without the *dimension* of God—Consciousness Itself—was pure and maybe not so pure sophistry. Which is why, when it came to the question of access to the highest good—contemplation of the Unmoved Mover—he awarded precedence to the poets and philosophers over

the historians, in effect took one more step in the direction of that ultimate differentiation which is to culminate in Headlessness and recognition of the “Gap”. Since what this one says and that one says is entirely dependent on a *limited* perspective, like knowledge without truth it always ends up arguing in a circle. (Cf. David’s little remedial exercise—left-hand, right-hand, and Who’s got them both).

But as we see now with perfect clarity when we gather in a circle—a privilege that, epochal in its implications, Aristotle could only intuit—we no longer have to go round in circles or even argue in one. Thanks to two-way looking we see that we’re not in a circle or not *only* in a circle and never have been. The circle is also and primarily in “us”. As in the Tao, the way in is the way out, the “point” at center where we obtain enough of a purchase, first to see, then find our way out of history altogether—and all together this time. Time—history—does have a stop. However far it casts its net in its attempt to contain the ever-receding horizon of the past (and future), however wide its range in hopes of bottling up the waters of the deep, reflective history can never arrive at its own root cause which, meaning-free in itself, precisely because meaning-free, is free to provide breathing-room, literally, for everything else including meaning.

And it’s no accident that self-contained, as distinct from *Self*-contained, history, is still very much with us, the very air we breathe. In fact, like the mythical worm that chasing its own tail winds up devouring itself, it has, in concert with 3rd Person Science, so expanded, so stretched our inner and outer regional universe to its limits as to force it, if only in the interest of equilibrium, not to speak of self-preservation (No-Self can look after Its Self), to contract, whether to implode into the card-experiment or explode into the atom bomb—in either case, the end of a world—remains to be seen. Because however useful for

the purposes of temporal orientation, in its quest for certainty—and, as I indicated above and St. Thomas Aquinas seconds when he affirms that “no natural craving is in vain”, we long for certainty because we suspect that at heart we *are* certainty—the mere recital of events and their consequences can never tell the whole story. Quite simply, because it doesn’t know it and doesn’t know it because, looking the wrong way, it can’t see it. But now, in this most magnificent of reversals, it can and does. With the advent of the experiments—the final revelation—we’re now in a position to tell the whole story which, not to be confused with the story of God Who has none except ours, nevertheless paradoxically constitutes, and for precisely that reason, God’s story

Fittingly enough in this topsy-turvy world, it’s got to be one of the greatest paradoxes of all time, indeed of Time itself, that the vain repetitions of history—its wheels, like our feet in the circle, blindly circumscribing the globe, encompassing it as with a giant set of pincers—should, despite itself, become the vehicle for making both ends meet, itself and its Meaning. Just as we recognize in retrospect that, following in the footsteps of Alexander’s first but unsustainable thrust towards a universal empire and its inevitable consequence; a universal history (and the inevitable consequence of that, the union of East and West, and the inevitable consequence of that, Headlessness), the consolidation under Augustus three hundred years later and the subsequent Pax Romana served to make possible the conditions for the emergence and spread of Christianity, so in our day the equally unintended effect of the establishment of One World and all that that entails has set the stage for history’s last hurrah, its final appearance in a leading role. Which, God forbid -and I hope to touch on this later when I wrap things up—is in no way to suggest its eventual disappearance since it would only signify ours’. On the

contrary, if past is prologue (look what happened to the Christ's or Buddha's message, for example), rather than settle into a peaceful, if involuntary retirement, it will no doubt, kicking and screaming all the way and furious at being reduced to second billing, continue to raise its ugly head from time to time. And would we have it any other way? Could we? As Douglas points out in *THE LITTLE BOOK*, and as I'm sure we've all experienced to some degree in our own lives—I know I have—the reality of earth in heaven—the vision of it—is in no way a guarantee of, or proxy for, the realization of heaven on earth. Or even of its desirability.

Still, it's no less a delicious, if painful, irony that the drama of history—the Second Womb—ends up becoming the means of its own deliverance as, hell-bent and presumably making up for lost time, it rushes headlong and heedless towards its ultimate destination—the revelation contained in the Gap. To watch—at least for those with an eye to Seeing—awareness of the Fact unfold historically as we might watch a flower or a mathematical formula unfold; to observe, no longer as a mere spectator now looking outside in but as a participant, *the* participant, looking inside out, and trace, as in two-way looking (the paper-bag for instance), the lineaments on the face of historical memory, the *specific* acts and events that first lead to, then merge with, the universal and absolute truth, is to see everything come clear and fall into place: that Q.E.D. (thanks to the experiments), all things work together for good but only God is good.

And surely “specific” is the telltale word here, as was brought to my attention only the other day when, on Catherine's recent visit, I attempted to sketch out for her in barest outline what I'm about to write to you. “But,” she said, “that was all predicted by Padma Sanbhava”, a Tibetan seer, apparently, whose work I do not know. And, of course, she was quite right. In virtually every religious

tradition, whether orthodox or heretical, in even non-religious or irreligious traditions—the Buddhist Nichiren comes to mind, for example, or Marx—the fullness of time has been predicted in some manner, shape or form. For the three monotheisms it's been their stock in trade, their reason for being from the very beginning. With its road from the Earthly Paradise to the Promised Land and beyond, to the Messiah who will solve the earthly destiny of Israel and with it, that of all people, the Old Testament is almost entirely built on that premise and that promise. As for the New, though the Man himself gave his life that it might come, he, like everyone else, was completely in the dark as to when and where and, most important of all, *how* it would come—the Heavenly Jerusalem of the Holy Spirit. Even Mohammed, more practical and world-oriented as befitted the Seal of the Prophets, was forced to concede in a “hadith”, a saying attributed to him, that “in the latter-days one-tenth of what was required in the beginning, will be sufficient.” Which, despite the nightmarish fears of apocalypse that have haunted us ever since, is just about as nice a hint as we're going to get as to what the latter-days as rendered through the medium of the experiments are going to look like. Their form their content, their simplicity and finality pointing at once, as in the circle, to the end of a world and the beginning of a “next”, they both affirm and confirm that even the Seal of the Prophets has been superseded, like everything else, in the person of, the 1st Person of, the Seal of Prophecy itself.

And that, in response to Catherine for instance, brings me to what this letter is essentially about. Not *that* it's happened which, I'm sure, we can all agree is self-evident, but *how* it happened, which is not. And is also not quite as immaterial as it might seem, at first glance, to the purists among us. To that end we have to return to Hegel's third category, what he called “philosophic history” but was formerly referred to, in many cases laughingly—not least

by folks like me—as “sacred history”. And if I’ve seemed somewhat reluctant to get to the point, it’s not only due to an apparently woeful inclination on my part towards prolixity which no less a personage than Douglas has reproached me for and in deference to whose opinion I’m almost tempted to preface what I’ve written so far with a “skip the introduction and start here”. Nevertheless, aside from the reason I’ve already listed—that I wanted to insure my claim to a stake in the mother-lode rested on a firm footing—I still have to insist there’s method in my madness. In this sense I have to go along with Paul who, when hauled into court before Festus to answer to the charge that he was beside himself and much learning had made him mad (would to God I could be beside my-self more often), protested, “I am not mad but speak the words of truth and soberness.” Since—not to compare great with small—I’m under no immediate threat of being hung upside-down or worse and, certainly not God, I’m not even Paul, why then this hesitation, almost coyness, in coming out with it, speaking my piece once and for all and having done with it?

Quite frankly, because much like my initial experience of Seeing—reclining on my couch and pointing back here, appropriately enough, turned out to be my road to Damascus—though I was thoroughly convinced right from the start it was the genuine article and we were in the presence of an astounding revelation, I couldn’t help but wonder, given its impact on me and the way it forced me to revise virtually everything I’d thought and felt before, how it might affect others who, perhaps, hadn’t had the leisure or interest to look into these matters. Could this simple vision for complicated and worldly people like me—and especially its collateral consequences—be really all that simple? There were actually moments, believe me, when it occurred to me to pinch myself and, if I’d been a believer, cry out with the father in Mark, “Lord, I believe.

Help thou mine unbelief." Was it possible that, along with just about everyone else except for the occasional Christian apologist, I'd been mistaken in my appraisal and what had once seemed to me merely the riddle of history, and an agonizing one at that, was, by this amazing turnabout, elevated to the level of a mystery? And a mystery founded, not as with Paul, on faith as "the substance of things hoped for" but grounded on the evidence of things seen.

So, on the assumption that if I was mad, this time there'd be method in it and at least some semblance of conscience, of 1st Person con-science, back I went to the drawing-board, but with this difference. Since there's no substitute for experience, that is to say, the experiments, I no longer had to tip the scales or cook the books in my favour, just the opposite. Dealing as I was from strength, flush with my new-found wealth and power, I was actually in a position to talk back to the books, and I mean *all* the books, the so-called "best that's been known and said in the world in the history of the human spirit." (Human?) In fact, have spent these last seven fat years doing just that, not only revisiting the scenes of the crime and re-examining them for clues but, presumably in focus now, finally putting the unauthorized treasure I'd managed to filch during a lifetime of disparate and sometimes desperate hit-or-miss search and research to some good use. Little did I know at the time that in time, in the fullness of time, an honest man at last, I'd be able to go straight and, turning state's evidence, testify to the Fact that what passes for love of wisdom—philosophy, reason and, let's face it, a good deal of theology and metaphysics—has, like history, been incontrovertibly *surpassed* by the vision of the Thing Its-Self made available to all. Or that "the fragments I'd been shoring up against my ruin", could serve, however modestly, as a defender of the

faith in no-faith. Indeed, it's all I'm equipped to contribute to this truly definitive revelation. So here goes.

Sacred history, the only kind of *history* that, transcending both myth and symbol, has the capacity to count to Zero on real fingers, begins with the Jews, achieves a tentative high in the supposedly unique and *non-recurring* identification of Jesus of Nazareth with God (a peak experience if there ever was one), then, downhill all the way, spends the next two-thousand years (almost to the day!) nursing what, on the surface, appears to be a monumental hangover of disappointed expectations and failed hopes but in reality has been a probing for a bottom, the indispensable *pro-vision* for arriving where it started, at the Ground Itself already waiting and always waiting to receive it into Its all-embracing and sheltering arms, namely (if we have to call It names and we do), the Godhead most manifest in Headlessness. And that—the long slow descent into the valley even beyond shadows—is the meaning of sacred history which, not incidentally but by definition (as any of number of Douglas' maps illustrate), also includes under its rubric *all* history. As we see now after the Fact—no need any longer for conjecture or speculation—like water creating its own channel as it flows, the whole purpose of Time and that regional aspect of it we refer to as the second reality of history, has been to deliver us, as in the circle, to that end-and-beginning “point” we call the Gap, the Source, which like Space, though it makes room for and encompasses all actions and events and purposes, has none of its own.

And by purposes or purpose I don't mean to imply some preconceived plan on the part of a creator. Though one, and only one, of the *things* It contains is availability to Itself by means of that knowledge of continuity we call history, this is not a question of some Divine Guy in the Sky sitting up there dispensing happy juice in an attempt to persuade us to adopt one of his pet projects, whether

knowledge of His Self or, same thing really, His design for a more perfect union or whatever. Considering what it's taken to get us even this far that would be too horrible to contemplate. Rather, it's a question of an uncovering—a revelation, an apocalypse—of that which has been present from the beginning, the be-all and end-all fully disclosed for the first time ever in the experiments. As we see now, now that it's over—and to say “over” is not to say “done with”—just because this or that problem is or isn't solved doesn't mean everything's hunky-dory or comes up smelling of roses any more than a war and its aftermath is over because the decisive battle's been won, any more than the cosmos ceases to exist (as many early Christians hoped for and believed) merely because we recognize from any regional map or experience in any experiment Who contains it. On the contrary. As David's exercise shows with its invitation to live, not happily ever after, but *in* the ever-after, it turns friendly, not least because the problems of history don't go away, only their problematic nature which, from first to last has had for its main function the preparation for this vision of reality, not only for the one or the few or the many, but, this time round, for all. It's the meaning of our time, the end-time. And how could this vision “do” or rather “be” otherwise than open to all if, as Meister Eckhart claims and the experiments confirm, “God is equi-distant from all souls”, about one meter away?

Now admittedly, though packed and served up in a nut-shell, this is still quite a helping to sink your teeth into, let alone digest. And certainly there's no suggestion here of offering it as an intellectual, a mind-full substitute for the one thing necessary, the experiments, the one and only first aid indispensable to your survival kit. Though I'm sure volumes could be devoted to it and no doubt will be, as I noted before, if it doesn't interest you don't worry your head about it. As who should know better than we,

that's not what heads are for. Even so, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to wake up one fine morning in the not too distant future and find my doorstep literally littered with all sorts of extraneous dissertations, scholarly or otherwise, treatises on this or that aspect of Headlessness and its almost infinite ramifications, more than enough to keep us busy as, beginning with the Year One, we "head" into the first millennium of the new dispensation. That's assuming anyone will still remember or even care to count. Stranger things, like history itself, have happened.

And, after all, when push comes to shove what else is there? To tell the truth, if I had the time I'd take a shot at one or two myself, I'm that incorrigible. With almost no encouragement at all I'd be willing to explore the effect and influence on the experiments of, say, Admiral Perry's forcible entry into Japan in 1853, opening it to the world. Or, if the fancy took me, to examine the "eye" and demonstrate how, after centuries, actually an epoch, of "mature" disillusion with and distrust of the senses, we've come home to the realization, as witness the paper-bag or the magic wand, that the eye doesn't lie. Only its objects—mutable, perishable—do. And if that weren't enough, skipping here, there and everywhere as the spirit moves, I might light on our own Judeo-Christian heritage and investigate how, through a series of developments, notably its devaluation of nature, Christianity, a Jewish heresy, led in turn to a heresy of its own—the modern world. China communist, India industrialized, the once hermetically-sealed Japan a world power—simulacrums all but also a culmination, a worldly, de-christianized Christianity the necessary prerequisite for its fulfillment.

The point here is that the miscellaneous scraps of information I might toss into the pot are not meant solely for our delectation or curiosity but to demonstrate in the most concrete manner possible that it's precisely the phenomenon of sacred history no longer operating as a

meaningful ingredient (Kill the Buddha! God is dead!) that's provided the leaven necessary, not only for its consummation and resurrection, but the key to a reverent understanding of it.

Because in any or all instances I or anyone else could name, as we see when we lay out the Self-portraits in a circle or join in the circle itself, the one predominant theme is that, though all things seem to hang separately, in reality they hang together. They connect and, as if filtered, connect in and through the Gap. To take only a random sample. If you follow the yellow brick road from an Aristotle, say, who, though a relatively late and extremely sophisticated "pagan", could still look at nature and the world with the eye of a child and see god (or the gods) in everything, and then continue on the tortuous and tortured path of history as it winds its way down from where everything is sacred to where we are now where nothing is sacred, and then watch with astonishment and wonder as in the twinkling of an eye the realization dawns that because no-thing is sacred and *only* No-thing, by extension everything is sacred and "mountains are mountains again", you can't help but notice, to say the least, that something significant has happened as regards both the individual *and* the race. Having passed through our "adult" stage and negotiated the difficult and heart-breaking passage, first down, then through, then finally out of the Second Womb altogether, we're now in a position, at least the *possibility* now exists, for every man, woman and child, all of us together now, to go Aristotle one better (which I'm sure he'd approve of), to go one on One and see that, not only *is* God in everything as he concluded but everything, including history, is in God. As the prophetic Isaiah assured us it would, the crooked has been made straight.

The upshot of this perspective for our understanding of sacred history is not only the recognition that

supposedly objective “3rd person” events inevitably reflect the state of consciousness of the perceiver (as differentiated from the awareness that is God), but the discovery that, the spirit blowing where it listeth, this seemingly directionless movement island-hopping from culture to culture yet never at a distance, will, when the occasion arises—and it has—arrive in full panoply. Like air always available to a collapsed lung if it could only suck it in, like water, dammed till the canal lock is released, the Void, too, holds the key, is always there, ready, willing and able and, nothing if not circum-spect, *waiting* to rush in to fill a vacuum and draw it into Its range of vision. In fact, to whatever degree outer expression mirrors inner consciousness, to that degree, the two always and necessarily march in tandem.

And we see it everywhere, how everything fits: the pillared Greek temple and Greek philosophy; the Islamic dome—the canopy of heaven—and the Sufis; the a-spiring Gothic cathedral and St. Thomas Aquinas’ monumental Summa. And now in our time—the nuclear age with, on the one hand, the “solution”, the promise of the “good” life, of peace and plenty for all and, on the other, the “problem”, the threat of ecological disaster or world-wide annihilation where, as I understand it, even the most conceivably powerful telescope will eventually be up against a blank wall due to the speed of light and space curving back on itself—either way the end of the line, the exhaustion of all possibilities except one—the Impossibility. Or, as It’s better known or should be, “He or She who’s got them both.

As once more we see in the circle, when extremes meet (like God and the devil each offering a “final solution”), extreme measures have a way of happening, even, when called for (especially when called for), the Immeasurable! “Only a God can save us now,” the German philosopher Heidegger cried out at the end of his,

by no means stupid but nevertheless, ignoble life. Had he been aware of a prediction attributed to the ancient rabbis—and quite specific it was too—he might have saved himself the trouble of conspiring in the extermination of their descendants. “The Messiah will come,” they announced, pin-pointing it almost to the day, “when the whole of Israel observes one single sabbath or *none* do.” And I think we can safely testify to their foresight, not only as regards the necessary conditions but the exact time of arrival, either by pointing a finger at our unsuspecting co-conspirators in the Middle East as we watch them on nightly television trying to sneak in through the back-door or, taking the more head-on-because-head off approach of the experiments, by pointing the magic wand, always at our finger-tips and the only compass capable of indicating true north, at our Self, to not only when the Messiah, the Anointed One, will come but—same thing—where He/She/It will be coming *from*. That’s assuming—and it’s a pretty large assumption, in fact it’s what sacred history is finally all about—that He, She or It ever went anywhere to begin with. For which confirmation I can only encourage you to look at What takes place, Its rightful place, “at the still center of the turning world” when, again, we lay out our “individual” Self-portrait in a circle. As history, finally catching up with its Self, demonstrates like nothing else, there’s no going back. However we slice it—down and/or out—from now on in it’s apocalypse all the way.

I know I’ve been harping on the same old string to the point where it’s taking on the sound and configuration of a drill but if, as I claim, one of the supreme inventions *in* history is the invention *of* history and particularly sacred history, it began with the Jews although, thank God for all our sakes, it didn’t end there or we’d still be waiting. Of course, there are those, and they constitute a majority or at least did until recently, at least in name, who feel that

Whoever or Whatever the Jews were waiting for did drop in for a short stay but after an unpleasant episode reputedly left, not so much under a cloud as on one, with the promise to return in due time in some form or other, which time, coincidentally, would signal the end of time. (As to what “form” the Holy Spirit would finally take and what the end of time (and its beginning) would look like, consult virtually any experiment: the near-end of the paper—bag, for instance). Unfortunately, they, too, are still waiting and will no doubt continue to wait as long as lip-service is paid to the notion that the “search for truth is more precious than its possession”. (Another pied-piper, another great shibbolith now enshrined in every university in the land and another great “thinker” heard from). And to go from the ridiculous to the sublime—when even so towering a station on the way as St Paul, a figure not only absolutely indispensable to the understanding of sacred history but instrumental, however inadvertently, in steering it towards its ultimate resolution in Headlessness, when even he can’t quite make it to the finish—line with his “We walk by faith, not by sight”, you know we’re in for resistance. Nevertheless, to persist in the stubbornness that the Jews were once and more than once accused of and for which their scattered remnant were, to put it mildly, hauled over the coals, is to invite, indeed almost insure the same danger (although hopefully not the same peril) of being overrun by “historic events” as they say or, as I would say, superseded by, not a but *the* “fait accompli”.

On this score—and, illustrating as it does both the all-inclusive response of Headlessness to so many hitherto unanswered questions and how, once you’re at center, everything dovetails, I have to insist it’s something more than an aside—take the case of modern Israel. Though on the surface the acknowledgement of its existence certainly seems to signal a triumph, if nothing else in the interest of

sheer survival (I know it did for me at the time and still does), nevertheless, when viewed from a perspective of sacrality and measured against its original high and holy calling, it looks to be just the reverse, an admission of complete and total defeat. Which helps explain, incidentally, the position the die-hard orthodox among them still take, still fighting one more losing battle in last epoch's war. Was this what all the shouting had been about, to end up a nation like any other?

I remember reading in Toynbee's *STUDY OF HISTORY* his contention that something like this should have happened two-thousand years ago. The Jews should have seen the writing on the wall and—their mission accomplished, fulfilled in the person of Jesus, if not the Messiah expected the only one possible—thrown in the towel there and then. Since when, according to him, considered as a serious religious entity, Judaism, its essence embodied in Christianity, has become a mere relic. (If we had time, it would be instructive to contrast what took place in a comparable situation in India where, in a less "historically" oriented society, the more universal Buddhism broke off from its parent Hinduism and peacefully moved on, at least for a while). And I must confess that at the time I more or less agreed with him. Growing up in a liberal and "liberated" household with Washington, who twice turned down a crown, our Moses leading us out of the wilderness and Lincoln, born—if you're into the airy-fairy—on February 12 and murdered on Good Friday, the secular Christ in our American civil religion, I used to wonder about my forebears about whom, if the truth be told, I knew almost nothing. Why had they put up with it, in many cases acquiesced in taking this terrific beating, in terms of its longevity if nothing else unmatched in human annals? For an idea? A hope? Or on the principle that "they also serve who only stand and wait?"

And remember, this was during the Hitler era, it was still going on though, admittedly, the stakes were higher, a really really “final solution” this time and no holds barred—I couldn’t help but notice that the logic of the thing had become almost completely attenuated, watered-down, profaned on both sides. With few exceptions the Jews were no longer being eliminated for what they believed but simply for being Jews. Many if not most had long since given up their Messianic hopes, just as their Christian counterparts (of whom Hitler was obviously not one) had for the most part tabled the perplexing question of a Second Coming. Still, as if to corroborate Dr. Johnson’s observation that “when a man is to be hung in a fortnight, it concentrates his mind wonderfully” or, as we used to say in the army, “A guy could get killed here”, it set me to thinking. It occurred to me and more than once that if my great-grandfather, a socialist, hadn’t picked himself up after the failed revolution of 1848 in Germany, I, too, might have been included out.

Why, for instance, had so many “conversos”, the forcibly converted in Spain of whose descendants St. Theresa of Avila was only one of the most notable, why had so many others persisted in secret in their intransigence, at once equally convinced in face of the Christian consensus that though He had not yet come, yet, as the prophets had assured them, He would come? After all, if Jesus of Nazareth was who he said he was—the Son of Man upon whose sacrifice depended the future coming of the Son of God trailing clouds of glory (a “miracle” we see played out any time of the day or night in the card-experiment) and as simple and easy as switching on a light—why had nothing happened? Indeed, no-thing *had* happened but, with a few rare exceptions, it took us a while—about two-thousand years—to catch up to the Fact. If anything, things had gotten worse. Now they had not

only the Romans to contend with but the Christians as well.

The best I could come up with B.E. (before the experiments) was that for the most part the Jews as the first historically-oriented people were a “show-me” people. In fact, the two—a this-world orientation combined with a sense of history (after all, from first to last the Bible is essentially a narrative progression) go hand in hand. “Show me. Show me your face. Where are you? Speak to me. Let me hear you.” Couple this with the absence of belief in an after-life and you have all the ingredients for skepticism as regards the resurrection of the body or even the need for it. There’s no afterlife in the classic Judaism of the Old Testament which accounts for, I hesitate to say its inability but, its disregard for passing through what Zen calls the Great Death and coming out the other side. Or if it does, as in a few of the Psalms but especially Job, it insists, unlike the lesson of the Crucifixion, on earthly evidence, an earthly reward. If, as Douglas notes in a recent article, seeing is believing but believing is not necessarily seeing, then it’s altogether fitting that for his fidelity Job should end up blessed with the “sight” of twice as many sheep and goats and cattle in his coral and twice as many children, ample testimony that from its well-defined God of conduct to the rhapsodic, even extravagant strains of the Song of Solomon the whole thrust of classic Judaism is towards honoring the body and honoring it for one simple reason. If God made the world and it was good and man is made in His image, then this world and this body are enough.

But are they? Setting aside the claims of Christianity or, to a lesser extent those of Islam, both of which depend on faith, the experiments indicate otherwise. As, of course, do those other exceptions that go to disprove the rule, not only a good part of Advaita Vedanta and the Buddhist and Taoist canons—generally designated Eastern

metaphysic—but also its Western counterpart, the so-called esoteric, gnostic tradition within the three exoteric monotheisms—the Kabbalists, the Christian mystics, the Sufis—all of whom at times and in varying degrees seem to inhabit a universe quite different from, almost the reverse of, their more orthodox coreligionists, even at times, their founders. When you read, as I did recently, Meister Eckhart who, in direct contradiction to Jesus' injunction, recommended the way of Martha over Mary and so presaged meditation for the market place, when you read him roundly condemned by a well-known contemporary theologian for being "no better than a Buddhist" (would that none of us were any worse), you know he, Eckhart, must have been doing something right. Because as the experiments show, there is an "after-life" or, if you will, a next, another world and we're already in it and always have been or rather, it's in "us".

I offer this merely as one more instance of how Headlessness, by including all positions, puts each discipline in its proper perspective, whether it be that of religion or philosophy or history or even Einstein's pet, his unified theory in physics. For instance, measured against the total inclusiveness of the experiments—the "religion" of no religion if you will—*all* religions appear partial in one way or another. Supports yes but confirmations no. Those belong to the experiments, to Godspoke. If, "right" for the wrong reasons, Judaism longs for three-dimensional evidence, a demonstration in the here and now and, "wrong" for the right ones, Christianity, by adding Time, the fourth dimension, to the equation, interminably postpones its promise of resolution to the end of time, then there, with a flick of the wrist and the wave of a magic wand, you have it, both come to term in the fifth dimension, in the near-end of a paper-bag, what used to be mysteriously referred to in more arcane circles as the aether but is a mystery no longer. (We've got

enough of a real mystery to contend with as it is). In intimate union, no longer separated from an unreachable, transcendent God, the Job in each of us is rewarded with a cosmos alongside which the doubling of his worldly goods looks positively piddling. By the same token, closer by means of partial mediation through the Son but still no brass ring, Christians, or at least most Christians, no longer have the option of exercising their classic cop-out, of putting off the Great Day of Reckoning, the resurrection of the body, to God knows when or, even more tellingly, of locating it in some “etherial, spiritual” never-never land God knows where instead of in the flesh where it belongs. At once reconciled and fulfilled, as are all opposites in Headlessness, First or Second Coming reduced, that is to say “led back” to left-hand, right-hand and Who’s got them both—the difference turns out to be the same.

And I’m convinced this kind of analysis can be applied to all aspects of what were formerly considered to be insoluble enigmas. Certainly it’s eminently applicable to an understanding of that history which, according to Mr. Eliot, “has many cunning passages, contrived corridors.” For instance, I find it more than a little curious and altogether fitting that in this era of “final solutions, of Holocausts and Headlessness, the really, really, final solution to the “Jewish Question”—the tacit admission that the Messianic hope that started all the com-motion is dead and buried once and for all in the land of its origin—should arrive disguised as the establishment of a Jewish secular state, yet *in reality* coincides *almost to the day* with the emergence of the experiments, with—“all this and heaven too”—the Resurrection of the 1st Person in earnest and for real. As I learned when I was a child (and didn’t believe), God does not close one door without opening another. Though they may appear to be, the simultaneity of these events is hardly accidental. The one above and “visible”, the mirror-image of that Other, supposedly

gestating in darkness below Ground, the two move in parallel until, in that moment in time when history gets out of its own way—what we call the end of history—the “Invisible” erupts and in the twinkling of an eye everything is seen to be as it truly is and always was. Just as I used the example earlier of liquid we so casually and without taking thought pour into a mold and not until it congeals can we make out the pattern, the final form the cake will take, so the “expedient means”, the experiments baked in the oven of history, reveal its ultimate “shape”, its meaning, and in so doing the larger Whole that contains it. “We hope till Hope creates/From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.” That’s Shelley and it says it all: that the Fact is favorable; that, as the experiments demonstrate, when carried to the edge of the world and Beyond, prophecy, like history, like everything and *everyone* else, is Self-fulfilling.

As for Toynbee’s contention that, in light of the Christian revelation, present-day Judaism is a mere relic—for obvious reasons (howls of protest, absurd charges of anti-Semitism and other assorted flack), he was forced to retract, at least to some degree. But like so many contemporary practitioners, whether of the art of history or theology or philosophy for that matter, lacking the insight provided by Headlessness, though it was understandable, he still missed the point. Because if, measured alongside the experiments, Judaism seems a mere relic, so does Christianity. So, by the same logic, does Hinduism, Taoism, Buddhism, Islam and everything in between. Which is equally absurd. Just because I can fly to San Francisco in a matter of hours to visit my daughter doesn’t mean I couldn’t arrive if I drove or took a train or, choosing to see the sights, went by boat via the Panama Canal or—divine homage to those high priests and gurus, the pioneers—fitted out a covered-wagon. If I really wanted to appear antediluvian and put on the dog, I might

even don a loin cloth and, sporting a beggar's bowl, walk. (Though, thank God, in this case it wouldn't have to be on water).

What Toynbee and so many others missed was the distinction between the mission and the message, although in all fairness it should be acknowledged that he recognized the uniqueness of Christianity as the one and only religion in which *history*, in the *sole* person of Jesus, is wholly identified with the eternal and transcendent, in which the messenger *is* the message. Not Moses, not Mohammed, not the Buddha, not Shiva, Osiris, Dionysius, you name 'em, none of them dare or even care to make that absolute yet, at the same time (as in two-way looking), that *concrete* claim. Only the experiments. Which is why, of course, historically speaking, the roadmarks which dot the way from Alpha to Omega, from the "in the beginning" to the end in Headlessness, have largely to be spelled out in Christian characters and explains the necessary emphasis I've had to put on the Judeo-Christian tradition as a whole.

It's important that that remain absolutely clear. This is in no way to claim, as has been done far too often, the superiority of the Judeo-Christian tradition as to *essentials*. Which, aside from being ridiculous and just plain wrong—if anything, in certain "metaphysical" areas it's actually seen to be found wanting—is, for what it's worth, even at odds with my own personal tastes and preferences. To say a people or even an epoch is a-historical is no more a condemnation or an act of judgement than to say a child is a-historical. And we all know what rung children occupy on the ladder of Seeing. I'm sure there were individuals residing in the Indus Valley, for instance, or in Egypt or Babylon or Chaldea or even over here in primeval America who explored unimaginable spiritual heights and plumbed unspeakable spiritual depths long before Israel was a gleam in its Father's eye. Just as there have been since. But as I

indicated when I began this letter, the essentials are not the issue here, but history, the historical dimension of Headlessness, and by that reckoning the direct life-line that begins in Judea and is transmitted world-wide by Christianity right down to the present wins hands down, if only by default. For reasons I'll reel off in a minute, with the exception of the Greeks—and we know what those Johnnies-come-lately were up to—there simply wasn't any interest in it elsewhere.

As a result, to cite the obvious and indisputable influence of Zen, say, on Douglas' work or the effect of what may have brushed off during his extended stay in India, is to beg the question, the historical question. The point here being that, in contrast to the more static and, because traditional, the more "contemplative", East (though it too, like the Greeks, had a most sophisticated sacred science which it chose *not* to "use"; the Hindu zero, for instance, coming to us by way of the Arabs, was originally, like gold, a sacred emblem), the Christian West had other fish to fry, a mission as well as a message. Beginning with the Church Fathers with their activism and insufferable conviction of superiority, it was off and running with a vengeance and in one *form* or another (China communist? Jesus by way of Marx?) hasn't stopped since. Because, again right for the wrong reasons but quite in keeping with Hegel's notion of "the cunning of history", seen from a "Headless" perspective, their conviction if not their methods has proven to be altogether justified. Its central event, the Incarnation, Crucifixion and Resurrection—as the only Revelation until then of God in history or, for that matter, until now, until the experiments, Christianity *was* "Superior", was, as we see now, *now that all the returns are in*, more evolved *historically*. Without its expansive, even imperialist dynamic which managed to convert—one could as easily say pervert—the Word, the "go forth and be a light unto

the nations" into worldly profit, into voyages of discovery with their subsequent exploitation of the "heathen", into, by way of 3rd Person science, "the knowledge is power" syndrome and, particularly scientific knowledge, where even the revolt against Christian principles parading as this or that "ism" is a parody unable to conceal its Christian roots, I seriously doubt whether you or I or any of us would ever even have heard of Zen or the Vedas or the Upanishads. And we would most certainly not have had the experiments.

Instead, we might have continued to grope our way, some of us wandering in the wilderness when we weren't slapping each other around in monasteries, the rest making out as best we can under the watchful if somewhat removed gaze of those sedentary souls content to sit holed up in the trunks of bo-trees supposedly contemplating their navels. And we may continue to do so but with this difference and it makes all the difference. For the first time in history the possibility exists for each of us singly "to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time." And know it, not through the mediation or good offices of another but, setting out alone in what Plotinus describes as the flight of the Alone to the Alone, arrive, paradoxically, in company, All-one together. As we see most graphically when, for instance, we arrange the Self-portrait in a circle, the goal and meaning of the collective initiation we call history and that Douglas refers to as the Second Womb has been to lay the Ground-work for the experiments, to uncover, unveil Who we really are—Space for the All. And the good news this time is that when the announcement comes it no longer slips passively through one ear and out the other but by means of its indelible imprint on the eye—the vision of it—stays put. Paradoxically, though not surprisingly, by pursuing the three stages to the edge of the world and beyond, by taking Time's immemorial way of teaching to the end of

the line, here too the facts, no longer dependent on faith or hope, prove to be favorable. The child in each of us studying to remember so that it can forget, like Dante dipping into his two symbolic streams in preparation for the vision of Paradise, we, too, as adults, can be cleansed, can learn to forget in order to re-member—and this time in real time.

As for Toynbee's confusion regarding the distinction between the Judeo-Christian mission and its message, a confusion still shared by virtually all his colleagues theological or otherwise (without benefit of the experiments how *could* they know?)—the mission accomplished once and literally for all, the message or messages, abide. Refracting as through a prism the clear light of Headlessness, they live on and of necessity will continue to live on for as long as forever is and not one minute longer. And come in all shapes and sizes. A haircut to fit every face. In Judaism, righteousness, justice and truth; in Christianity, love—love of God and one's neighbor (one's nearest neighbor being one's self); in Islam, if you care to wander afield, surrender. You pays your money and you takes your choice: Buddhist compassion, Confucian virtue, Taoist active inaction. Only Hinduism, its diversity covering the multitude of all sins, balks at being characterized in a word other than to disclose that if, as the mother of us all, it had, as some claim, the first, it no longer has the last, word. That belongs to the experiments, to God speak.

It only remains to examine as briefly as possible how and why this obscure tribe of desert nomads inhabiting at best a handful of primitive settlements, with no culture to speak of, not even as yet a Book, with barely a civilization to its name, not even as yet a Jerusalem, managed to bring off what turns out to be the "coup" of the ages and—a likely story if there ever was one, almost as likely as creation itself—invent history and so open up one more

way, the ultimate because at once the most differentiated and, because the most differentiated, the most inclusive, path to God ever revealed.

The “why” we’ve already disposed of or at least as much of it as is becoming or even possible. “I was a treasure and I wanted to be known” should suffice for all but the most incorrigible. And if that won’t do, then, as with Job, Nothing will have to—and It has. Like questioning why there’s anything at all, to embark on that infinite regress and persist in asking the unanswerable and then reply, as some have, with pretty thoughts as to Its “need” for Self-expression (then why the need?), or reason that if the Unlimited didn’t limit itself it wouldn’t be unlimited, is, in the final analysis, to say absolutely Nothing, is, in effect, to invite no more (or no less) than we deserve. And it’s a pleasure to announce the invitation has finally been accepted in the person of Silence transmitting the experiments.

And the same goes for that equally fruitless, if minor, variation on a similar theme—why, when it could have happened otherwise and elsewhere, why it happened to, of all people, the Jews? To which, echoing St. Augustine who, when asked what God was doing before He created the world, snapped, “Minding His own business,” we, too, can only reply in kind and, singing in the same key, let it go at that. As both our individual and collective histories testify, what might have been is precisely what could not have been and though, hypothetically, it might have happened otherwise and elsewhere it didn’t. If, as Douglas suggests so eloquently on page 336 of *THE TRIAL*, even Omniscience ends where it begins in total, inexplicable and utter mystery, why shouldn’t that darkness extend to and envelop our learned ignorance in other, lesser matters?

All this by way of introducing the three dominant motifs the Jews contributed to the human hymnal, the first

of which—their choseness—may be the trickiest and most treacherous of all to deal with. It's certainly the touchiest.

I remember attending a conference at Columbia University right after the war which featured a lecture by the Jewish philosopher, Martin Buber, author of *I AND THOU*, a seminal work and one that had and has continued to have a tremendous influence on contemporary theological thought. At any rate, in the discussion that followed, Buber, to all appearances a saintly man, certainly a decent one, was shocked, absolutely shocked, when, “confronted” by Joseph Campbell, an equally important student and teacher of mythology, Campbell dared to suggest that Judaism and Hinduism—this last, for Buber, a seedbed of superstition and credulity—could be spoken of in the same breath. Shades of Toynbee and what we might call the Western disease: the assumption of an unwarranted moral, not to say spiritual, superiority when, as we see now, what has been at stake all along and “intended” from the beginning has been something far different and constructed on a much grander, indeed an all-inclusive, scale not dreamed of in any philosophy—the quintessential *historical* unfolding intrinsic in Headlessness, one that directs us, not to what you say or I say or he, she or it says, but to what the experiments say. And what they say is stop, look and *then* listen.

Which is why, incidentally, or maybe not so incidentally, it was so instructive to go back to Buber's book after encountering the paper-bag for the first time—a demonstration second to none of the I/Thou polarity—and recognize, not surprisingly since what we see conditions what we think, that for all his reputation he hadn't got it quite right here either. And I offer this not to take a snide side-swipe at a supposedly “great thinker” (since, if he hadn't gotten it quite right, it's only fair to say neither had I) but as merely one more instance—and they're legion—

of the *unlooked-for*, unsought gratuities that come with the territory, with Seeing, how all kinds of hitherto debatable and collateral issues are reconciled -solved, re-solved and finally dis-solved, compliments of the house -in the twinkling of an eye.

To return to this delicate and controversial business of “choseness”, the resolution of which may come as less of a surprise to you, brought up as a Christian, than it did for me who, for obvious reasons (“a guy could get killed around here”), wanted, like most of those around me, to sweep it under the rug. Tired of being singled out, if only to be forgiven for something I hadn’t done or if I had, if I had “sinned” against the Son, not to mention the Holy Spirit (and admittedly still do), so had everyone else, I studiously, I might almost say religiously, avoided the subject in hopes it would just go away. But it hasn’t gone away. If anything, with the advent of the experiments and our search for their origins, it’s come back and hit me, for one, full force. But this time—one more feather in our headless cap—with a nice twist best exemplified by that perennial source of consolation and wisdom, a Jewish joke (most of which are not all that funny),

This one has to do with the revered and recently-deceased rabbi who, no sooner deposited in Abraham’s bosom than he’s immediately informed by no less than the Almighty Himself that on the strength of his spotless life he’s to be granted anything he wants. “Anything?” the rabbi asks, justifiably mindful of the price inflicted for previous “gifts” and that if past was prologue there might be a hidden catch somewhere. “Anything.” “Well,” he persists, just to insure he’s on firm ground, “Is it true, Lord, we’re the Chosen People?” Startled into speechlessness that its validity could even be questioned, the August Presence could only respond with a nod. “Then do me a favor. Please choose somebody else.”

And of course He has. It's taken some doing but if there was ever any doubt about it two—thousand years ago when the field of contestants narrowed down to a majority of One, there can be none now, now that it's come to a Head and the explosion of the experiments has blown it to Kingdom Come with an impact only comparable—since these phenomena move hand in hand—with the all-pervasive and universal fall-out usually associated with that shadow Omega, the atom-bomb. The fact—not always recognized or even recognizable but implicit from the beginning (how else could it finally have been realized?)—is that, as we see now after the Fact, all are chosen.

And it *was* implicit from the beginning. If, as the prophets were the first to recognize, the trouble with the Jews was that they were just like everyone else, the mystery of Judaism is that it isn't. Or, at least, wasn't, wasn't like anything ever seen before. And I suspect this accounts for, at least in part, its tremendous and increasing sense of excitement and expectation, sometimes (sometimes?) bordering on lunacy, certainly, more often than not, exceeding the bounds of reason and good sense until, unable to contain itself any longer, the fever breaks on the Cross. But as we see now in hindsight (one more supplemental benefit provided by the experiments), given the requirements of Self-fulfilling prophecy and its demands on the Impossible (impossible even to ItsSelf as Douglas notes in *THE TRIAL*), this was precisely the one thing necessary for its realization. As Blake put it: "If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise."

And God knows the fools persisted and if, as befits a happy ending, only God knew why, so now do we. And thereby hangs a tale whose unfolding, thanks to an unerring guide, the Bible, we can now parse from its beginning to the present and, with additional help from the experiments, even beyond to the Presence. And I'm astonished and apologize in advance for having to confess

that as I approach the end of a long life I can do no better than point to those timeliest of Testaments, supposedly a hodgepodge of myth, legend and hearsay, as the one indispensable text to the understanding of history—not spirituality, mind you, but history. Because it's precisely by following in the footsteps of the Bible that, like studying a script in preparation for an anticipated performance, we can best observe the drama of history as it plays itself out: from the Creation to the expulsion from the Garden, from the Exodus to the founding of Israel and, finally, through a gradual process of refinement—curiously, as the field winnows down to One, the vision enlarges from the predicted Suffering Servant to the Redeemer whose deliverance *reaches to the end of the earth* and embraces it in Its sheltering arms. (Sound familiar? Better yet, look familiar?)

And herein—"to the end of the earth"—lies the key. Certainly other peoples have felt or referred to themselves as chosen. In some cases the conviction may have been a prerequisite for their survival as I myself witnessed when, living in the Great American Southwest, I often visited with the Navajo, the name itself signifying The People. But the claim was essentially parochial as were all other claims, Even the relatively relaxed and hit or miss methods of the monks drifting from India to carry the Buddha's message to China and points east throughout Asia, though their policy of attraction rather than promotion may have reflected, in fact certainly did, reflect a more "mature" spirituality, lacked that sense of direction, that dynamic vision of the whole, of the whole story that, once it got off the Ground, was to characterize Judaism and eventually emerge as Christianity.

And that brings us to our second point, the second distinctive factor that, intimately tied in with the first—its assumption of chosenness—sets apart that self-styled "peculiar" people, not only from its neighbors but from

anything seen before—an awareness of the collective. Absent, at least in its early stages, a belief in personal immortality, from first to last, from Genesis to Revelation, Israel is a collective enterprise, Its whole thrust is towards a collective immortality. And I say this not because its cast of characters numbering in the thousands—good, bad and indifferent—rivals, indeed on many occasions inspires, Hollywood, but despite it. Despite the fact, too, that what starts out as a vague historical longing achieves apotheosis in the Unique Individual. One has only to compare the Book of Revelation, the end-point and end-time of history, with its opposite numbers, with, say, the Egyptian Book of the Dead or even the Tibetan Book of the Dead to recognize the fine line in intention that separates them; the one, its chief concern the ultimate disposition of the race, the last two strictly devoted, as is virtually all the spiritual literature East and West, to individual salvation and illumination. Jesus doesn't offer himself on the Cross for the sake of his own inner peace or spiritual development but, always in the context of a larger whole, for the sake of the redemption of the human race, the only race there is incidentally.

And if I seem to be lingering overlong or splitting hairs on what at first glance might almost seem an irrelevance, I haven't forgotten our original purpose which is to relate, as best we can—and it's admittedly a secondary consideration—the experiments and what they signify to everything that's gone before—historically, philosophically, theologically. And it seems to me that, for all its diverse lineage—the influence of Zen, for instance—the seed that was to flower into the *absolute* universality of Headlessness was primarily sown here in the Judeo-Christian tradition. Which is—and I can only repeat myself—in no way to suggest that tradition's *essential* Superiority. On the contrary, the same impulse to go out into the world in order to “end” it, that is to say transform

it, is operative in Mahayana Buddhism as well, to name only one. Its very meaning is in the return to the market place to share the fruits of sitting" with the "unenlightened". I could even argue—and I'm sure others will—that in its hands-on, one-to-one recognition of the original face, it beats hands-down anything else around or at least did until now. But though a slap and a tickle may mark a penultimate step in the right direction and an advance on language since it largely dispenses with it, it's still, historically speaking, naive, insular. If Zen were all there is or was—and, of course, like so many other spiritual disciplines past and present offering "individual" spiritual fulfillment, it's enough—we still wouldn't have the ultimate, the supreme expedient means, the experiments, the more than enough that both renders and confirms through experience what enough is and in that universal fulfillment—the only lion that will lie down with the lamb—*completes* it historically. Which only goes to show, at least from where I sit and not only sit but stand and live and move and have my being, that if God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform, His way is not our way or if it's ever about to become so, it will be despite, not because of us.

To clarify the distinction I'm trying to make let me demonstrate with a specific example. And what better way to suit the word to the action than by means of an experiment? I've already addressed my conviction as to their paradigmatic nature, how, depending on where you're coming from, they resolve, as a secondary benefit and under their sheltering cover, all sorts of what were previously considered problems. Different strokes for different folks: the paper—bag, for instance, as regards the I/Thou issue; the card-experiment, the transformation of the Son of Man into the Son of God, and so on. It sometimes seems to me that if, as Douglas is fond of saying, "any way is the right way home," then, given the

enigma of history, an enigma no longer, *all* ways are the right way home. Because unless I'm completely mad (and that, too, is a real possibility) the perspective on and comprehension of history and the role it's played in the emergence of truth, not as an abstraction (like this one) but as a concrete, historical event or series of events, has never been so clearly presented—I might almost say "Personified"—as in the Self-portrait.

I sketch one and, assuming I'm minding my p's and q's and paying attention to present evidence, I'm immediately given at one remove, a perfect representation (and support of who I really really am). There's simply no question about it. Meanwhile, you do the same. Though it's not necessary, we can then, if we choose, compare notes; in effect, expose our Self—to each other, to the world. If it didn't sound so salacious I might almost say, since the difference is the same, you show me yours, your naked truth, and I show you mine. (And there's a real connection here, too, between the illicit substitute, the world seen through a key-hole and what we're all really really looking for, but that's for another time). In any case, I suggest that this illustration of a one-to-one or, better yet, a one-to-none, asymmetrical encounter with ourSelf—as with so many of the other experiments a plunge into the Godhead—is as far as we can go. Quite simply because it's all there is (or isn't). I also suggest, and I think we can probably agree, that since, unlike behavior, "Seeing" admits of no degrees—I either see it or I don't—this "*individual*" realization of who I really really am corresponds to what has been experienced and reported in one form or another, either through word or deed or both, by the seers and sages of all traditions.

So far so good. Now though I know I've touched upon it earlier, it might be worth our while to re-examine a little more closely just what happens when we take, say, ten or twelve of these Self-portraits and arrange them

collectively, lay them out, as we often do, in a circle. It's immediately apparent, in fact it goes without saying -and it's precisely because it does go without saying it bespeaks the supremacy of the experiments—that in this laying on of heads there's one and only one 1st Person, one I AM. What, in a series of visions accessible only to himself, a Swedenborg, for instance, spent dozens of volumes expounding—that God resembles nothing so much as a Great Man (we might almost be tempted to say a great centipede)— can now be easily recognized and graphically confirmed by each of us in a flash.

But suppose, rather than letting it go at that, we linger a little and consider some other aspects of this phenomenon, It may be helpful, it's certainly an opportunity, to see how far-reaching the ramifications of Headlessness are, The first thing that comes up, at least for me, is that this is one of the few experiments I can think of off-hand in which, once I contribute my drawing to the collective circle, I'm "free" to revert to my old habits, to substitute the concept—what I think or even know—for the percept that I see, Stepping back to enjoy my well-earned sabbath rest and admire what God hath wrought—the sketches in the circle, "your" handiwork and "mine"— I can so forget mySelf as to pretend I'm studying this collective ensemble objectively, as objects seen at a distance and separate from me. (Not necessarily, of course—and I'll get to that—but my purpose here is to show how history, or at least our notion of it, what we mistakenly take history to be, happens).

Taking my cue from Blake's Nobodaddy, the Out-of-sight-but-very-much-in-mind guy in the sky who, his god's eye trained in, one might almost say riveted on, the transcendent view of things as he looks down sternly from on high at us poor mortals, I may even find myself, when the occasion calls for it, frowning because someone insists on bolloxing up the works by portraying "Me as a 3rd

Person. Which—so much for Eden—is no more nor less than I myself am “guilty of” at the moment. In short, falling back into my old ways—and I use the word “fall” deliberately—I resume the old game of playing God, the one game God does not play. Unlike my experience in the paper-bag or the card- experiment or, for that matter, when I draw the Self-portrait where, captive of my own unboundedness, I’m unable to escape the realization of Who I really really am (a realization that comes not only in a flash but in the flesh), by a kind of reverse paradox I find myself no longer observing as a participant, as the Participant, but, human all too human, participating only as an observer.

Since this relapse in perspective from the child-like to the adult has consequences—among them, history—let me immediately clarify. When I, little George, link arms in the Circle or the Foursome, when I point my finger, the magic wand, at mySelf or, putting on my spectacles, consciously assume my 1st Personhood, I’m literally forced to experience the Gap, the only Space that suffers no distance.

Not so when, Self-forgetting and turning my attention from the One—and the Anointed One at that—I direct it *exclusively* towards those “made” images, the sketches that, hung out to dry like nightgowns on a clothes—line, trunks without heads flapping aimlessly in the wind or—to consign it a rosier complexion—like rays emanating from a central sun and set neatly in a ring, seem to make up a separate entity. What once upon a time was quaintly referred to as God’s body appears in time and very much in time to acquire a self-sufficient life of its own. And, as bodies have a way of doing, insist on being taken at face value, not so much as a whole which is fair enough, but as *the* Whole which is not. Witness, for example, the genesis of that current miracle, the evolution of the modern corporation out of air, out of thin air, into at once the most

abstract yet concrete of immaculate conceptions. No longer is this round little world of images, headless or not, perceived as consisting of individual spokes connected, however invisibly, to the hub of a wheel, no longer is it seen, as with sun, moon and stars, as strictly God-given but man—and (forgive me)—woman made. After all, didn't you make that sketch? Didn't I draw this one? And didn't a corporation, never mind a farmer, plant the tree that provided pulp for the paper and wood for the pencil?

With this we enter the realm of what has been called and I refer to as the world of Second Reality, Douglas' Second Womb. As his regional maps indicate, the time and place of my birth and death, the culture I'm born into and so on, is no less a given than the great cosmos itself. And no less driven to achieve its quietus in the drama that is fulfilled in it. But with this difference, Already once removed from the fact of sun, moon and stars—and trees—theirself once removed from *the* Fact, it is a world of artifact, a world "we" make, the world of history. Another country heard from, another dimension in the regional hierarchy of being. Indeed, the entire "performance"—a word originally denoting completion—might best be described as a procession from Fact to fact to artifact, the supreme arti-Fact being, as we see now, the experiments . Having come full circle in order to arrive where we started, container and content become one. Fact and artifact, beginning and end, life and art, Godspoke and mantalk, join at the root and what appeared on the surface a divorce born of necessity turns out, by this rite of passage, to be the basis for a true marriage achieved in freedom.

To put it another way and as this particular experiment renders to a T since by its very nature it's abstract, conceptual, "ideal," can this re-presentation, these sketches bound to each other as in a volume and continuous as pages in a book, be taken in isolation as a

mere quantity? Can these “made”, any more than “our created”, images be said to have a legitimate reality except as the collective expression of the One Reality they embody? And this even when viewed from above, as we’ve been doing, from the standpoint of reflective, “objective” history? In which case, if to say collective is to say history, Whose collectivity is it? Whose history?

I think one of Douglas’ most powerful uncoveries is the one he makes in THE SCIENCE OF THE 1st PERSON where he convincingly and conclusively demonstrates the shadowy, if not totally illusory nature of the “we” as a construct, a convention, a concept, But he also notes— and if he didn’t two-way looking would—its necessity. And if one doesn’t buy that and is too too “spiritual” for words, I suggest try getting in its way.

More to the point, however, and over and above the mechanics of the thing, is how, as I wander around examining the sketches, this tableau—part icon and part whole and making in all, one—reveals both its individual and its collective aspects and in so doing offers by this double exposure a perfect illustration of how history works. Seen from a distance, from a so-called 3rd Person perspective, it’s obvious that either way—conceived singly or in concert—this representation of content and container as shown here in the circle forms a union. As any number of Douglas’ regional maps indicate, you don’t get one without the other. Indeed, if I didn’t know better (and maybe I don’t), combining what I conclude *from* the experiments with what I see *through* them and specifically through this one, I might almost accuse Reality of being a giant and patient spider, of weaving out of its own entrails its web of history—at worst a nightmare and at best a dream—with the express purpose of summoning home, step by step and *one by one*, its awakened prey.

A nice “object” lesson and not at all at odds with the hints and more than hints that have come down to us

through the ages. There've been many proofs for the "existence" of God and many of them persuasive. Proofs from language, from logic, from reason, The Vedanta and Medieval Scholasticism are loaded with them, proofs from paradox, notably myth. There've even been proofs from geometry, the connection between mathematics and music, the harmony of the spheres. And, of course, the literature of personal witness, beginning long before a St Paul, for instance, and extending right up through the mystics to the latest public (and too often well-publicized) confession, is enormous. One doesn't require the good offices of an abstruse metaphysician to get the sense, at least, that the infinite is at work in the finite when it can be commonly enjoyed by all in a beautiful sunrise or a death in the family.

The one area of neglect has been history. And I say this in full view and even as I come up for air—mostly hot, of the very present Second Reality that's in the process of suffocating us in its own offal, Despite the Christian, the surpassingly historical, era, or maybe because of it, because of its necessary call on faith which, when the medieval synthesis with its emphasis on reason collapsed, came back in spades in the persons of Luther and Calvin, the one proof that is no longer offered is the proof from history. Or if it is offered in the tepid hope and expectation of a Second Coming and let's say for argument's sake that if only by way of an experiment that'd be an historic event of the first order—it's still a far cry from the do-or-die conviction of the apostles or the martyrs or the saints or even the cathedral-builders, not to mention the last cry attributed to the Founder himself. The point here being, that no one—or at least very few—takes it seriously anymore. Like making the sign of the cross—that comforting, even pleasant, reminder in times of stress—what was once believed in because known has become, for the most part, a superstition, known now only because it

was once believed in. (And please don't get me wrong. Some of my best friends—those I've met and those I've only read about but admired—have been superstitious and as such probably a good deal closer to essentials than those who mocked them). Yet, as was announced in a parallel context, "the same stone which the builders refused is become the head-stone in the corner," and it still is. The great Question that was first asked almost three thousand years ago—"Is God in history?"—the unfinished business that has lain locked up heavy as a stone in all those heads until only yesterday has now been answered, has been lifted.

The upshot, of course, is that if we ever had any "intellectual" doubts as to whether the Fact is favorable even when the facts appear not, we can have none now. Plato who, for all his twenty-seven dialogues, despaired of ever setting down the truth in writing, finally had to settle on myth, the likely story, for its transmission. Lies that tell the truth, he called them, a mind-set recently re-adopted (and re-adapted) by Freud and psychoanalysis. Oedipus? Jung's gods and goddesses made in our image? Slowly, layer by layer, we peel back the onion in that skin-game which—to paraphrase Marianne Moore on poetry—reveals nothing but "imaginary gardens with real toads in them," And what more imaginary a garden than this "we", this hallucination universally agreed on, depicted here in "our" laying on of heads, this concept (which is what history is) come to replace myth—after all, Jesus of Nazareth was no Osiris and neither am I—only to metamorphose into a myth of its own? Talk about "cunning corridors" and lies that tell the truth, How about the biggest whopper of them all?

Because as this particular experiment in its dual application demonstrates as no others do, at least as regards this particular issue, history's end-product, Headlessness, this lowest of the low roads leading to what

was formerly considered an exclusive park reserved for aristocrats of the spirit only, has now been thrown open to the public to make of it what it will. Like our stately country houses (though unlike them—and it constitutes the difference between the things of the flesh and the things of the spirit—the admission's free and we're invited in for more than a peek, for a good, not a last look), it's the sign of the times and it no longer reads Keep Out! but Come In!

And as if that weren't enough, this historical road we walk on alone together, that is to say all-one, turns out to be, as represented here in the circle of sketches, the surest avenue, the royal road to the truth, the whole truth and nothing and the truth. What appears at first sight to be the poor relation to art and religion and 3rd person science and philosophy but, in effect, includes them all, what seems on the surface the most pedestrian and beaten of all paths to Nowhere, a history worn thin almost to the point of extinction by all those millions "going places", is *seen* in Reality to have been doing "the Lord's work": a flick of the wrist, a wave of the magic wand and in the twinkling of an eye, the "hand of God"—the crooked made straight. Concealed in that most pre-eminent of imaginary gardens, history, buried under the litter and refuse of centuries—Ground-level paved with gold. As when—the real thing now, real flesh and blood images—we link arms in a circle to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time, experience it singly not as a dead but the living end, so, too, with this world of sketches once removed, this collective "we", this lie that tells the truth. As in the first instance I experience in living color, so in the second I see in black and white, even at a distance, the real toad transformed into the frog prince, the proverbial fairy-tale pro-verbial no longer. I see that, rather than condemned, as faith would have it, to live happily ever after in a world without shadows which would be no world at all, these

shadows, this “we”, too, is happily alive and well *in* the Ever-after.

And what better, more certain tack (and tactic), given the almost intractable material It’s had to deal with— intractable because free and made in Its image—would or even could a loving God take to steer its wayward children en masse yet, paradoxically, single-file, to Its own end-time, except as exemplified here in this experiment, the very Fact of its existence at once acting as both guarantor of its Presence and its content—its Presence being its content—as if It were saying, “if you won’t or can’t navigate by My sun, then My clouds, which also have their uses, will have to do? This same shadow, this history that first taught you to tell the time (which is, after all, what a beginning is), then lulled you to sleep with its bed-time story, is not tolling its end, “It’s time to wake up.” And what better or more certain demonstration than subsists in this simple trinity, this tri-partite experiment— wide, long and deep—recapitulating in microcosm— epochs writ small—the development of each of us from child to adult to veterine even as it reflects the reciprocal evolution of the race, this “we”?

“For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away with.” When I become a child again, I see as a child, I draw my Self-portrait as a child. Starting from somewhere in the region of the heart, bottoms up all the way, I see the world and everything in it as a child, But when I become a man and forget mySelf I put away childish things. Joining my image with all those other images and then circumnavigating this tiny globe to see the sights, in my self-centeredness I carelessly and ignorantly, some might say sinfully, assume that we’re connected or only connected, not as rays to that central sun, one at their Source, but one to each other, *laterally* -

links and, as we see now, *necessary* links in the karmic chain.

Nevertheless, thanks to the party of this second part, as I survey this exhibit, this laying on of heads in the graphic representation of God's body, I'm not completely without hope, at least not yet. I do know in part. Though Emptiness, Capacity—call It what you will—is precisely That which cannot be conceived or represented as Emptiness or Capacity, I can still see how the concept, the Idea of It (when it is a good idea), approaches, approximates vision, points to it. Because even when I see as a man, as an adult, and make out, plain as the nose on *your* face, the “form” the Formless takes (I might almost say borrows), I can immediately re-cognize, theoretically and objectively and more easily and more certainly than reading about it on a page or hearing about it through the ear (and this, too, constitutes an intermediate step in the right direction), that these sketches in a circle are at least *telling* the truth, that as demonstrated here, God is, indeed, in history and there's only one I AM. Greater than the notion of universal equality, the brother-and-. sisterhood of man—greater because, paradoxically, lesser, smaller than the smallest thing, it includes it—is what used to be referred to, again rather quaintly, as the fatherhood under God, universal inequality. And I suppose with rare exceptions that's about as far as most of us, even the most well-disposed, have been ready, willing or even able to go, though, following St. Paul, we may have *hoped* for more. “For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.” What was so extraordinary for me the first time I went through the motions of this experiment in its entirety—the wide-eyed child aware of everything except its own awareness, intent, con-centrated, as suggested, on seeing those things as they really really are, *everything* in its place; then the far-sighted observer

“preparing a face to meet the faces that he meets”, making the rounds, taking the long view, trying to figure out what all these assembled pin-ups meant, what they were “saying” or, if I was feeling gossipy, whose drawing belonged to whom (that idiot!) and so, before you knew it, certainly before I did and could catch myself falling, encapsulating in my own private minute a compendium of history’s long, slow but sure descent into separation, not only from my original purpose but consciousness of Origin Its-Self—what was so extraordinary, when recovering myself from these preliminaries and coming to attention, *deliberately* re-capturing that child-like vision in order to un-cover my*Self*, was the sudden realization that I stood, as thanks to the experiments we now see we all stand and have always stood, at the confluence of both “givens”, of both First *and* Second Reality, the Ground *and* Its history.

No longer was it a question of seeing through a glass darkly but, as one of the great Zen masters put it, of not seeing through a glass at all. No longer was it a question of prophesying in part. If to say prophecy is to say history (and it is), we no longer have to. The promised Paraclete, the “when that which is perfect is come”, has come—the experiments. All those “when’s” and “then’s” of Paul waiting for history to run its course and reach its outer limits are here and now and always have been waiting for the Great Unveiling in and on the wings of the Ever-Present Possibility. And, as he suspected and more than suspected—expected—even to ask “Is God in history?” seems almost piddling alongside the stupendous revelation that history—all of it, the whole finite and perishable kit and kaboodle—is in God. And this, not on this one’s testimony or that one’s word, however deservedly exalted because laid low but, the Container its own content, by virtue of its own voice—the sound of silence.

Because there where the cross is made, where, as depicted in Douglas' regional maps, vertical and horizontal, inherent and inherited, percept and concept, intersect and knower and known are observed to be no longer two but one, a proxy for the race even as I anticipate it, I take the third and final step. Returning to my senses, I become aware, if only for a moment, that I AM, the certainty I'd mouthed often enough but now experience in the flesh, contains and is embracing it all, and I do mean all. No longer the spectator on the shore, the bystander on the beach looking in, but the swimmer in the sea looking out, I see, and not only see the ancient covenant kept, I am it. I live it, I live the resurrection. I see the drawings in a ring—those surrogates for history. I see the room and the people in it, and beyond, even beyond the illusive and illusory horizon, the great globe itself, all happening in me, in My person. No longer is it a matter of merely *telling* the truth, which at best is all we've been equipped to do anyway until now, no more than we've possessed the technology to fly to the moon to explore unbounded but *finite* space. No more than—and the two go hand in hand—we've been possessed by the techknowledge, the where-with-all, necessary to take the measure of the Immeasurable. As nice an instance as you'll find, incidentally, of the distinction between 3rd and 1st Person Science. Of the distinction, too, between the two histories, reflective and sacred, and where they lead: the one, a trajectory to an even deader end, the moon; the other, the flight of the Alone to the Alone, the All-one to the All-one, in a space-ship designed to describe, because built for loving, an all-together different ark.

The moral of the story of course—and it is a story, *the* story, not because written in stone but because bred in the bone—is that before you can tell the truth or show it, you have to know it and before you can know it you first have to see it and before you can see it you have to be it.

Though the Science is certainly in the Seeing, the Art and Heart of it, the Mystery, lies in the Being. And where have we heard that song before, echoing down the “cunning corridors” of history through the ages? Why, here we are right back at the “I *am* the way and the truth and the life.” And it’s precisely here, because it is no longer an echo, because the congregation assembled in the back row—the likes of you and me—no longer has to mark time to the end-time but can respond in kind and chorus and unison and still keep the beat, that marks the end-time. Not the end of time, but, the Second Womb come to term, the end-time of the Time of the Tale, its “reason’ *for* being. Which, as I’ve already pointed out and the experiments certainly confirm, is in no way to suggest a gloom and doom scenario. As we see when, linking arms in the circle we close ranks only to find our-selves open to and included in our-Self, to a new and true beginning, to the *whole* story, the only end the end-time signals is its own.

And it’s my claim, outlandish as it may sound to modern ears (and I include my own until I stumbled on Douglas’ work and everything fell into place), that the seeds of this divine plot, this divine drama (for that’s what it is) which were to flower into the ultimate Possibility of Headlessness and the experiments, were first sown in ancient Judea. Now I know I’m going to be misunderstood here, not necessarily by you but by those who fail to distinguish and, in some cases, insist on failing to distinguish between what might have been called in the good old days God’s “spiritual” and His “historical” will. Though both perspectives are, as are all perspectives, ultimately re-solved, and one could as easily say dissolved, in Headlessness (just as it reconciles all opposites—science and religion, for instance), as I’ve tried to make clear, the issue here is the Judeo-Christian tradition as an historical stratagem, as one way among many of getting, not only the Word across but, as we *see*

now *through* its indirect inheritor, the experiments, the Deed as well, and both on an absolute and universal scale never seen before because never capable of being seen before.

I also know or, if I don't know, suspect, I'm fishing in dangerous waters and may, for obvious reasons, be charged with harboring a hidden, or maybe not so hidden, agenda. But I can't help that. If Headlessness demonstrates anything at all it's that the facts are facts and the fact is that, aside from its offshoots, Christianity and Islam (admittedly rather large asides and we'll get to that). Judaism is pre-eminently *the* historical religion just as the Jewish people—not this or that Jew but the collectivity—is or has been pre-eminently the historical people. And please note: I do *not* say, “the pre-eminent historical people” which would not only be ridiculous since there is no such animal, but obscene, a kind of Nazism in reverse, even an excuse for it, but “pre-eminently the historical people”. Other societies have been around longer. Some, like China and India, a lot longer and, presumably wiser, have managed to maintain a semblance of stability and cohesiveness, of at least a geographical continuity to go along with their essentially static, their *spatial* and spacious, world-views. Not so the Jews who, whether willingly or no—though certainly knowingly enough after the initial, the original catastrophe—were caught up in this new dynamic, the dynamic of time, the web of history which was destined to enfold the globe and, quite unbeknownst to it or even to them, finally unfold it as well.

Because from first to last, and I do mean first and I do mean last—from the expulsion from the Garden to the bondage in Egypt to the Babylonian Captivity where, the scalding memory of Egypt recorded like a scar, the prophets, realigning their sights, began looking the other way and set about *re-membering* the future, to the

destruction of the Temple and the subsequent two-thousand year wandering—even when barely surviving on the periphery they’ve been intimately involved with history in one way or another in a way no other people has been before or since or will ever have to be again.

And the involvement extends right up to the present or did until only yesterday when, with the advent of the experiments, modernity as well as the Time of the Tale came to an end. As a by-word for rootlessness and homelessness, accorded a mysterious, in some quarters a sinister, influence out of all proportion to their numbers for having provided, however involuntarily, the then known world with its essential gauge and timekeeper, if nothing else they assumed the role of witness to the claim that God once walked the earth. An earth where, not incidentally, even the nations themselves, fractured, atomized, bereft of their ancient and sacred traditions and their gods, now find themselves in like case without a homeland, where, since what goes around comes around, for the first time in history the *whole* world is faced with a similar prospect—pleasing or not depends on your perspective—of having nowhere to lay its head.

Nor, knowing what we now know as a result of the experiments, should this involvement, this immersion in history, come as any great surprise, since Judaism was not only the first to recognize its Possibility, it in fact invented it. Which invention *of* it—the idea—may well qualify as the most momentous invention *in* it And then proceeded to tell its story, to set it down in a Book which, as I’ve already pointed out is, from beginning to end, a narrative, a lie, if you will, that tells the truth. And as if that weren’t enough, to cap it off presented the world with its first, its One and Only, at least up to now, historical God. The collective hope narrowed down to a Majority of One, the Lord of history—made of, for and by history -put in an appearance, one who not only had a *story* to *tell* and,

suiting the Word to the Action, appropriately enough told it in parables, but had one to *live*, and suiting the Action to the Word, lived it. All in all an extraordinary piece of business, this cautionary tale designed to capture the world's imagination which, of course, it did.

And here, in the word "imagination" — along with its twin, its mirror-image, memory, the two-faced custodian of our ambiguous and deceptive humanness; an imagination which, even as it beckons us to enter the Holy of Holies, by its very nature prevents it—here lies the key. I've already touched on two features that distinguished original Judaism from the beliefs of its predecessors and immediate contemporaries, notably Egypt and Babylon, indeed from anything ever seen before anywhere, at least to the same degree and with the same intense conviction: this notion of being chosen coupled with the sense of solidarity within the collective. Indeed, of being chosen precisely to proclaim the solidarity of the collective, of all people under the one God. And, incidentally, that the phrase "under the one God", reverberating as it does of Sunday school and the naive view of an entirely unapproachable and transcendent Guy in the Sky, hardly jibes with our experience during and after any experiment—after all you can't be "under" what is already an abyss—though indicative of how, stacked up against Headlessness, all religions, in one way or another are found wanting, is, nevertheless, not quite to the point here, not quite relevant, though it will be.

What is to the point, however, is that over and above its very real enlargement of the human potential, compared to which even this advance in consciousness positively pales, is its third contribution, a contribution that marks not so much a difference in degree as in kind, a break so radical and transforming as to institute a new epoch — the historical epoch—which signed, sealed and delivered in the guise of Christianity and distributed

world-wide is now coming to an end, has, via the experiments, already *in essence* come to an end. And if as yet only a handful recognize it, no matter. Three-thousand years ago, give or take a century or two (so much for the exactitude of reflective history), one could hardly have faulted an innocent bystander—assuming there were any left at that late date—for having missed the boat on the significance of the Red Sea and the Exodus. Or, for that matter, for not having spotted, a millennium later, the meaning of its inevitable consequence, the Incarnation that inaugurated the second Year One.

And since, as a result of the experiments and what they represent historically, this is now evident, though, unlike the experiments themselves, not Self-evident, it calls for an explanation. When you and I and everyone else think of history, whatever's come down to us by way of the past, whether of tradition or traditional values or customs or simply the recitation of events, of names and dates, or whenever we indulge ourselves in even its lowest form, nostalgia (which originally meant homesickness), we immediately invoke Memory, the first of those twin pillars which, as I mentioned above, at once invite yet at the same time prohibit admission into the inner Sanctum. And, assuming we even have a choice, quite right we are too. We'd be fools if we didn't. Worse, village idiots. It's what makes us, more than instinctive, human. And the prophets, nothing if not human, were no exception. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem..."

What was so revolutionary, however, about early Judaism almost from the beginning, its claim to fame so to speak, was that somewhere along the line during the episode in Egypt, it began to look to the future. Strange as it may sound to us now, now that *as a race we have the future behind us* thanks to the experiments (cf. the Storehouse), this dream was undreamed of at the time, unheard of. Certainly not in the great cosmological

civilizations, the more sophisticated though more static societies, of Egypt and Mesopotamia by which, with their *cosmic* gods—the Osirises and Attars and Baals of this world, reflecting in their endless seasonal and astral rounds the *closed circle* of a bounded universe—it was surrounded, almost engulfed, swallowed up. And with whom, in its ambivalence, when it wasn't tempted to join up—hence the prophets for whom this lapse constituted a return to the abomination of desolation—it was constantly doing battle. Hence, the bad press the Old Testament, especially, has received from the overly, the more spiritually scrupulous than God.

But the *essential* was there. For the first time ever, history—the idea, the concept of it—was seen, not, or not only, as past, as Memory, but as future, as imagination. And with it came the possibility of the emergence of truth, the truth of God, of meaning, as a concrete historical event. Since the past had failed to disclose it—certainly, beginning with the expulsion from the Garden, Judaism hadn't—and since the present appeared hardly more encouraging, what with a God Who was available to the collective only second-hand and then only on the word of select individuals like the Moses of the burning bush or the Prophets, themselves largely playing by ear what the people were summoned to learn by heart—if God was not yet present as Presence, yet He might be present, and present to all, as future; in effect, since it had little conception of an after-life and as yet even less need for it, as hope, that hope which Paul was later to define as “the evidence of things unseen.” Somewhere beyond the horizon a future event would reveal the meaning of history and by solving, not only Israel's earthly destiny, but all peoples' come to an end. Not an end of time, as I've already noted, but an end in it. And, as we experience when we link arms in the Circle and become one with the Gap, an end that would signal a new beginning, what

Christian theologians have since characterized as the difference between Chronos and Kairos, between ordinary, day-to-day, tick-tock, earthly time and the time-free time of eternity. The one, with its proscription against novelty—as round and as closed as a clock—a prescription for resignation; the other, a call to future redemption: first, in the Promised Land which, arrived at by way of Sinai, reflected its earthly longings; then, mirror of its later development, in the promise of the Heavenly Jerusalem, a beautiful illustration, incidentally, however unintended, of Imagination in the service of two-way looking, uniting in the one phrase the vision of the spiritual—the heavenly, the God-given—with its historical counter-part and expression, the man-made.

And it all began with the Exodus from Egypt, with the simple realization that the same history that was enslaving the children of Israel, the same Second Reality that was keeping them in bondage, was the same history that offered them the possibility of release from it. Already deeply immersed in its element, their plight brought about, not by natural catastrophes, by desert storms or droughts or plagues of locusts or whatever, but by that other act of God, man-made history, one way or another—God knows how or why—they recognized that to the degree they were in some measure responsible for, that is to say, answerable to history, to that degree would they receive their reward and eventually be free from it.

The Exodus really constitutes an extraordinary leap. Used as we are to its vain repetition—the miracle of the parting of the Red Sea, for instance—drilled as it's been into most of us, at least in the West, at least up to now, through every conceivable medium—school, Sunday school, books, comic-books, movies, fairy-tales, sermons—I don't think any of us realize, I know I certainly didn't till I came upon the experiments, how really really central this single and singular event is to everything that's followed

historically. And I do mean everything, right down to our current notions of progress, material or otherwise. If you take, as I do, as I think we all must and presumably someday all will, the experiments as the end-point, the goal to be reached, then, having arrived by means of those experiments at that perspective which is beyond the horizon, beyond history, everything, all the mind-body stuff that includes history, falls into place. Just as we can now see, looking ahead into the past, that the great moment for the New Testament and by extension the human race is contained in the Incarnation, so its necessary precursor and path-finder, the great moment in the Old, is the trailblazing Exodus. And like Theseus hugging his life-line, the thread that was to guide him out of the Labyrinth, so we, too, by looking back from its end in Headlessness to its future beginning and retracing those first footsteps, the Ground-breaking route taken by both these epochal events, can now see our way clear out of the maze of history and into the open air and freedom. And again, I can only remind both of us and anyone else who might be interested, that our concern here is solely with the significance of the Judeo-Christian tradition as regards its consequences for history. In that context and for our purposes, whatever one makes of either or both as a religion is simply irrelevant.

Because whatever its social implications—self-determination, freedom of conscience and worship, liberty of expression, all of which the very air we breathe and none to be sneezed at—the flight from Egypt is more than a flight from Pharaoh and political oppression. More, even, than a flight from what, as surrogate, he represents—the great cosmic gods made in our image. As gradually refined in the fiery furnace of prophecy and then tried to perfection in person, in the, literally, excruciating crucible of flesh and blood, it signals *a flight from the Cosmos itself*, from its necessary operations to its

Mode of operation, from Nature's law, red in tooth and claw, to Love, to the law of Love.

Contrary to popular imagination, the miracle of the Exodus does not lie in that watershed event, the parting of the Red Sea. It lies in the parting of the ways, of the ways to God. In one direction, the great, for the most part static, ahistorical, civilizations—Egypt, China, India—which, their orientation geared to a cyclical universe, could and would only continue, however liberated this or that individual groups of individuals may have been from the wheel of existence, on its age-old closed round. In the other, the *birth of linear history* with its beginning, middle and end, the Time of the Tale which Vico—the pioneer 17th century philosopher I mentioned earlier—declared constituted the dividing line between what he called the Gentile and the Mosaic-Christian dispensations.

This last, he insisted, exempt from the closed circle and different in kind from the repetitions of the eternal return, represented something absolutely new in the world. Which it certainly pretended to do, though whether providentially or not—a direct expression of the Divine Will as Vico contended—had yet to be proven. Indeed, literally remained to be seen by people like me who, absent Headlessness when I first came across his work and, as a result, still only half-way through the story, automatically assumed his belief was mere prejudice, a reflection of his Catholicism coupled with a fear of the Inquisition breathing down his neck. And it may have been. But as I see now, now that I know, now that we know, the whole story and how it's turned out, it appears he came as close to the truth of history as you can get without the experiments.

And the same goes for the Jews who, when push comes to shove, had even less choice in the matter given their situation. For them it was either up or out. No longer bound by a traditional or only traditional, Memory,

uprooted, hoist by their own petard, by the *myth* of the Garden to which, guarded forever by the cherubim with their flaming swords, there was no going back, there was only one way to go and that was ahead—to freedom. Freedom to wander in the wilderness of a dynamic, forward-looking Imagination-history's first step, however halting, towards its open-ended Source beyond the horizon, towards the Original dimension that contains it.

And since in these matters there are deep and very real connections—there are always deep and real connections; it's not only what history is, but what it does—it's no accident that a millennium later, to choose only one example, as if to bolster its *faith* in the doctrine that tragedy is the most transient of outcomes (if for no other reason the presence of death itself), the iconography of the early Church can portray Christ as the Pantocrater, the conqueror of the cosmos. Or why, in this day and age of space-travel and remember, we're figuring in millennia now—a Douglas can come up with his regional maps, graphically laying out in the same medium an up-to-date, expanded itinerary in the direction of the same happy landing. Better yet, by zeroing in from the outermost conceivable galaxy and beyond to the heart of the matter, of all matter, can take the next step, the next and final step and making honest brokers of those alternately grave and gay deceivers, Memory and Imagination, convert them, point them to the One Reality and their true purpose: that of administering the Seal of Prophecy, of rendering the covenant not only *concrete* but *complete*. In Blake's words, prove what was once only imagined: that we, too, can be the Life of the party, in reality, really really are; that the Resurrection can be experienced here and now in the flesh and whether we know it or not or even like it or not, the cosmos itself is an event taking place in each of us alone, All-One.

Other than to fill in the spaces, further than that we can't go, at least on history's horizontal plane, though I can anticipate on the vertical front all sorts of protests from the contemplative brigade—a delegation from the East, perhaps, headed by the Buddha or Lao-Tse with, to lend it a species of ecumenism, a Plato thrown in as back-up, a sop to interglobal dialogue. That's assuming, of course, Plato excepted, who would have jumped at the chance, if only out of curiosity—they could have been prevailed upon to attend to so illusory a matter. Now I know this digging, rooting around, in hallowed ground in order to prove a point easily lends itself to unfair caricature. Still, I can't help but imagine them and others descending on Jesus sweating away in Gethsemane in an attempt to dissuade him from what would have had to, must have had to, seem to them an insane performance. In a word, one helluva way to save the world, to transform it. "Was ever woman in such manner woo'd?/Was ever woman in such manner won?"

"My dear boy," I can hear one of them say quite patiently and quite correctly, too, given *his* perspective (which one I'll leave to *your* imagination), "why all the fuss, the com-motion—this business of the Kingdom of God being at hand? Surely you know as well as we, better perhaps since, despite your insistence on calling It names, you've already announced It's within you, surely you must know that the Word is "immanent" and not "imminent". You, of all people, must realize that the not-yet, the Presence as future, is already here and there's as much for you now as there'll ever be." And presumably there was—for him and them. But what about us?

In any event, if, as Pascal noted years ago, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac and the God of Jacob was not likely to succumb to the blandishments or entreaties of a metaphysician or a sage or even an avatar, neither was his Son. The Lord of history was not to be gotten at through a

Platonic dialogue or a discourse from the Buddha or Lao-Tse however well-founded or well-grounded. In keeping with his Semitic heritage and the three monotheisms—Judaism, Christianity and Islam—which, for the most part, are not at all concerned, at least in their early stages, with God’s inner workings but His outward acts, the fisher of men had other fish to fry. Though it was precisely Jesus’ mission to bridge the gap and bring the distant, the unapproachable One ever closer (cf. its later concretions in the doctrine of the Trinity), it’s not what God in His ineffable essence is, which is unknowable, but what He does or doesn’t do that counts. Though admittedly open to interpretation (though more than a question of taste)—by His fruits shall ye know Him, by how He behaves. Adam and Eve may hear, the prophets may even listen, but it’s only by means of His Acts and their end-result that His Will can be discerned for certain. The Annunciation, the Virgin Birth, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection, the Ascension—these are all *acts*, to be recognized for what they are or purported to be only in hindsight *after the Fact*. A perfect definition, incidentally, of the historical method.

Quite predictable, then, would have been, would have had to have been, Jesus response to his inquisitors that the prophecies, that is to say history, had to be fulfilled. Period. And no amount of appeals from the Buddha as regards, say, the delights of contemplation or pure experience and for whom, despite his vow of the Great Compassion never to rest until all are awakened, history, no less God, were not even concepts and both no better than temporal and temporary aberrations -worse, distractions from the hard work of self-liberation -. would have deterred or detoured the *revealed* God from his appointed task of taking the narrative way, *the long way round to Nirvana*, for the benefit of his neighbor.

And as we see now, though the timing may appear a little off and it’s turned out the Great Day has arrived not

as expected but in the only way possible, quite justified he was too. And quite in accordance with that “Will” which, because it’s no will at all is beyond all wills—yours and mine and Jesus’ and the Buddha’s too if he can be said to have had one. If history teaches us anything at all, and when seen aright it teaches a great deal, while we’ve all been running around or sitting cross-legged doing our “thing”, the God whose mills grind exceeding slow but exceeding fine, has been busy “elsewhere” (to use one of Douglas’ favorite words from *THE HIERARCHY*), has been out (and in) making other “plans”, in short, preparing the Ground.

Quite simply, had we as a race adopted the Buddha’s formula for strictly “individual” realization and following in his footsteps left not a trace behind, we would not have had the experiments. And, as we see now and can only see now, now that we’ve come to the end of the story, not to have had the experiments with their universal implications would have been to deprive history of its ultimate meaning. To omit history, to jump the gun and disarm it and deny it its concrete reality, to somehow conceive of it as unreal, is to make a mockery, not only of the suffering, human and otherwise, it’s created during the past six or seven thousand years, but of attempts such as the experiments or, for that matter, Buddhism itself, to alleviate that suffering. It would be to accuse the One Reality of which its second reality, its regional appearance present as time past and time future, though admittedly only an appearance is nevertheless a very real appearance, of being a sham. You don’t cut off the hand that cradles the finger that points to the treasure that wants to be known. Not if you value your life—or all life.

The beauty of it, of course, is that by filling and fulfilling the biblical prescription—consciously or not is irrelevant—by heading in the polar opposite direction to that of Buddhism or Taoism, what with history finally free

of its destiny thanks to the Destiny of destiny that has none, a few, many, or even all of us may one day dine somewhere closer to the Buddha's or Lao-Tse's table and partake of the benevolence *without purpose* which is the hallmark and specialty of that house. Certainly more than was previously thought possible or even necessary in a world where stranger things have happened, like the invention of the wheel and the "conquest" of space.

And if it appears I'm doing a sudden about-face, I refer you to a long and charming poem by Robert Frost in praise of his home-state of New Hampshire in which, having compared it favourably to, among others, New York, Texas and California, he concludes, "At present I'm living in Vermont."

It would indeed be an irony not lost on a God whose stock in trade is nothing if not pure paradox and whose ways are not our ways, that the election of a tiny Israel should have had as its principal effect to make the world safe for the religion of no-religion, for, if you will, Headlessness. Or that the sacrificial Self-Revelation of the God of history should go the way of all flesh and, doing away with Its Self, have as its final purpose and reason for Being the revelation of Its own true Ground – Its Self as a not-self, what the medieval mystics referred to as the hidden God, the *deus absconditus*, the point beneath the point, Eckhart's Godhead, Boehme's *Urgrund*, the Buddhist's *Sunyata*, what we call Emptiness, Nothingness, Awareness.

This was once known in certain hush-hush esoteric circles – the same who considered Christianity, at least in its abstract other-worldly aspect, no better than Platonism for the masses – as secret doctrine, to be fully revealed to all only on occasion of the Apocalypse, the Day of Reckoning at the end of time.

Well, here we are and if, in this age of nuclear proliferation (since there's no picnic without ants, also an

end-product of history), there's a better way to reckon with, not to say reckon on, the Day of Reckoning than the experiments—esotericism itself for the masses—I haven't seen it.

Mention of points east—Buddhism, Taoism and other doses of alternative medicine very much in the news these days—brings up a related issue that also ties in nicely with our current situation. Certainly it provides the sum, if not the substance, of many a global “ecumenical” conference, the rash of fashionable inter-and-intra-faith dialogues that, hoping to break through the impasse and “bridge” the gap instead of experiencing it, seem to me at least, for all their good intentions, to be engaged in an activity about as productive as arranging deck-chairs on the Titanic. If you haven't already guessed, I'm referring to this question of “East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet, a “canard”, by the way, unjustly attributed to Kipling, one of the last great masters of the language, instead of to one of his “characters”, quite a different proposition.

The truth of the matter, of course, is that, as we see now, East and West do meet and only meet in Headlessness—as all things do. By following, as it were, good biblical procedure, by utilizing the only valid, because all-encompassing, historical method and recognizing after the Fact the evidence of history by its acts—and in this case by means of its supreme act, the experiments—we're finally for the first time ever in a position, a position-transcending position so to speak, to offer a proof from history to go along with all those other proofs, some of which—those of the Medieval Schoolmen, for example—I've already mentioned. But with this difference. One way or another all those other “proofs” have holes in them: the truth that's felt, rather than demonstrated—faith; the truth that's declared by an oracle or a holy text—authority, scripture; the truth elaborated

through logic and reason—philosophy, mathematics; even the empirical truth that emerges from the data of the senses and created the marvel of 3rd Person Science—all of them, when weighed in the balance of Headlessness, found wanting. This last especially where—so near and yet so far—directing the senses the wrong way, 3rd Person Science claims lie. As any number of experiments demonstrate, the senses—above all the eye, the single eye—do not lie. Only their objects do.

The problem with our understanding of *all* history up to now (and not only history) has been our incapacity to find the sweet-spot, to locate, as in the card-experiment, the all-comprehending and all-embracing vantage-point “outside” it, outside time, the place and space whose circumference everywhere and center nowhere would have enabled us to see it in the context of the whole. Indeed, I’d go so far as to say that, just as, individually, we’re never fully human till we recognize our share in divinity, that we’re more (because less) than human, so the One missing part in all our searching and re-searching since the Time of the Tale began has been the Whole! And quite fitting, too, since that’s what a tale is. As with any honest-to-God narrative, *seeing* how it turns out—the end in view—is the goal, its whole purpose. Which is not to suggest that just because you finish with a book and put it down or, picking it up again, re-read it as we’re doing now, you stop living. On the contrary, it’s only when the story, the parable of eternity with all its trappings is over and done with and the logic of redemption is allowed a free hand, that you may be truly said to begin. Especially if it’s been a Good Book which ends up living in you.

Early in the century (which, it’s worth noting, is about to celebrate its death and resurrection into a new millennium if only to remind us that, for all its facile portentousness, no one’s keeping score, that, though these, too, will suffer the great change along with all the other

perishables, with names and dates, with Time itself and the experiments, what the experiments render us will not)—early in the century a Viennese mathematician, Kurt Gödel, came up with a theorem regarding numbers (but it applies to *everything*) in which he conclusively showed that the truth of a system, any system— and history is nothing if not a system—can't be proven *within* that system. Like squaring the circle or having your cake and eating it, it can't be done. It's an impossibility,

Or was until Douglas demonstrated that with God all things—omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence—are possible. And although it may be nice to have and it's certainly one way to get through the day, we don't need a Gödel or anyone else to inform us of the Fact. So please, in case you're feeling inadequate because you've never heard of him or, even if you have, like me can't quite figure out his equations, don't even try. We're talking about the rose here, not its name. All you have to do to see the Whole and more than see it, be it in Ruysbroek's phrase, "be the light by which one sees"—all any of us have to do including Gödel, including even Ruysbroek, is to do what we do 'when, driving along, we look out the window of our car and observe what's in motion or—to call upon Thucydides again and his word for history—what's in "com-motion" and what's not. Or, linking arms in the unbroken, continuous circle which history is and surveying its course from promised future to, if not perfect present, perfect Presence, see that in order for it to open and reveal the Whole and where the Whole is, it must first, paradoxically, close and close completely, globally—no more slipping through the cracks—its true subject revealed as the Subject ItsSelf,

It turns out—miracle of miracles!—we *can* square the circle. As that variation on the theme, The Machine experiment, amply confirms, the riddle that stumped so many mathematicians and geometers and alchemists

(geniuses all!), even the Sphinx itself, can be solved. Better yet, dis-solved. By at once looking it square in the eye and seeing it *through* the Eye, the Wheel of Time can be squared away and in so doing brought to a halt, if only momentarily. And like the song says, "I don't want to make history, I just want to make love," in that "instant" of no-time, the necessary given, filtered through the Gap and trans-formed, can realize its Self before it resumes rolling on in full consciousness now, now that the end of the end is seen to be endlessness and freedom. And not just freedom in the sense of political liberty which too often descends into, at best, licence, and, at worst, perversity, but freedom for the Self both to send "its letter to the world", the natural expression of the Place, and, as in the experiments, to deliver it. This was once described in the ancient, arcane symbolism of initiation as the long, arduous passage from the Earthly Paradise to the Heavenly Jerusalem, to be accomplished, paradoxically, in the twinkling of an eye. True to our all-inclusive plebeian yet aristocratic origins, we know it as having our cake and eating it and call it two-way looking.

The ramifications of this linking of existential and essential vision into One Whole, a whole absolutely open beyond all opposition, are endless and in every field. Thanks to the experiments, like parent to child we can set aside the child-ish in favor of the child-like things. Can see, not only played out before our eyes but conformed to and con-firmed in our very bodies, how all questions, and answers too—all things—are reconciled in Headlessness: Science and religion. Religion and religion. Science and science. To name only one, the age-old creationist conundrum toyed with for centuries, the "riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma", of how and why, in order to be one, the one had first to become two. Or within the confines of 3rd Person Science itself, the seemingly irreconcilable differences between partisans of wave-

particle theory and relativity, depending on the perspective, two diametrically opposed ways of accounting for the behavior of light, both “true” as far as they go, yet neither competent to address, not to speak of effect, its capacity for Self-revelation. As witness the experiments, one is indeed entitled to ask, “What about the whole ball-game?”

Or perhaps closer to home, the East-West debate I’ve already touched on which can get quite touchy, too, in some quarters. Recognizing that, in order to avoid questionable simplification, in a brief survey such as this oversimplification is sometimes required, nevertheless, there are, or at least have been, differences, if only in emphasis, between the two. On the one hand, the openly conceded deficiencies of Hinduism, Buddhism and Taoism represented by their skeptical attitude, especially these last two, towards active social engagement, a detachment that too often borders on indifference, although it’s necessary to remember it was the Buddha who in his compassion first attacked slavery in the guise of the caste system, not the Quaker Wilberforce in Britain or, later in the nineteenth century, a reluctant Lincoln during our Civil War. On the other, their inability to cope, at least up to now, with history and 3rd person science, its concomitant result the absence of even a rudimentary constitutional law that, issuing in the West from an active concern for justice and even on occasion displaying more than just lip-service to love, might have added teeth to the Buddha’s vow to respect and value, not only human life, but all life and which, for all its spontaneity and sheer immediacy, because it lacked critical discrimination, could hardly insure food on the table or the liberty of conscience and free interchange of ideas and information that makes the appearance and dissemination of a combined technology and techknowledge like the experiments possible—all these “benefits” and more, directly attributable in some

degree to the better moments of the Judeo-Christian heritage with, despite an excess of external reform at the expense of inwardness, its accent on the ethical. By the same token, suffering like all of us, the vices of its virtues and the virtues of its vices: the East's unsurpassed aesthetic view of existence, manifestation of a contemplative perspective that in its intricacy and subtlety and *individual* exploration of spiritual possibilities, of a God no other than our awakened Self (or, as in the case of Buddhism, no other than our awakened not-Self, Awakenedness ItsSelf), makes, with a few rare exceptions—Eckhart for instance, or one of Douglas' favorites, De Caussade—its counterparts in the West, especially its theologians, look like babes in the wood.

And now, now that, thanks to the experiments, the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil (history, second reality) has finally been re-united at its root where it belongs with the Tree of Life (direct experience), now we have Headlessness—as promised the Self-emptying fullness of Time. Not meditation alone or the market-place alone, but meditation for the market-place all-one. And to the degree we realize it, that is to say, actualize, make real, what we know and practice what we preach, to that degree are we witness to and persons of this great marriage between East and West that we see taking place right before our eyes. A marriage, incidentally, which, though it brilliantly prefigured it, a forest, temple and monastic Zen, precisely because of its ahistorical character, couldn't quite bring off. Its attempt to by-pass rather than fulfill the Word, its *opposition* to rather than inclusion of speech exposing its dependence on it, in its overpowering desire to leap-frog, to transcend or even trans-descend all cosmic existence, couldn't quite coax history to the altar and that total silence—Godspeak—in which the consummation of true love is celebrated. But the experiments can and do. Respond, not with the question

still unanswered—“speak now or forever hold your peace”—but with the unquestioned answer; say, “I do, I do speak now and forever hold my peace.”

Which only goes to show what happens when we say yes to unions at altars, especially when the bride, a round-bellied, smooth-faced, smiling Buddha or a Tao, the Mother of us all, meets up with a stern, bearded Father Jehovah and His tortured Son dangling on the Cross. We get a blessed event, *the* blessed event, a child, a Christ-child if you will, or Buddha-baby, a newborn reborn headless into the unborn life, And why not since, however actualized as the Logos, Jesus never once referred to himself as the Christ (that was left to St Paul) but only as the Christ-to-be and, however realized as the Dharma, Gautama or Sakyamuni or whatever you want to call him, never once claimed to be the sole Buddha but only a manifestation of the one Buddha-nature inhering in all living beings? “Be ye lamps unto yourselves,” he said, “look not to me but to the Dharma.” And now we say, indeed are privileged to say, in no small measure thanks to him and his message transmitted down the cunning corridors of history, “Now, as simple as turning on a light-switch, “now look to the Dharma and see it.”

And if ever there was any doubt about it, about just how cunning those corridors are, there can be none now. Who’d have thunk it? Who *could* have thunk it? That the all-conquering marauder, the purveyor of the crassest and most explosive materialism the world has ever seen, the destroyer of all traditional values and exploiter of the earth and its peoples, namely the much maligned and justifiably maligned West with its Inquisitions and wars of religion and revolutionary Reigns of Terror, with its incredibly brutal record second-to-none of wholesale slaughter of indigenes, of persecutions and Crusades and a desolation honed to perfection in its death-camps and gulags far outstripping, at least in magnitude, anything its

opposite number, for all its reputation for Chinese torture, ever dreamed up; (though lest we forget, the East, for all its claims and disclaimers, on the one hand, to spiritual superiority and, on the other, to its invention of gunpowder as solely intended for its benign use in fire-crackers, this same East was hardly inhabited by angels either and even less so now that a secularized Christianity has captured its imagination and, re-ascendant once again, chanting “California here we come” all the way, has joined the modernist party—cf. the behavior of the Japanese during the late war or, for that matter, Mao and Pol Pot and that bunch until only yesterday, with that of the traditional Samurai who, if they had to kill, at least killed with some class, some style and recognized that, however perverse and wrong-headed its devilish embrace, the essence of war, the very meaning and etiquette and courtesy of hand-to-hand and “face-to-face” combat, demanded that greater love hath no man than to lay down his life for his enemy);—be that as it may, who would have thought that that same West would be the agent through which the East, admittedly the storehouse of spirituality, would receive back its most precious gift—its Self—at the hands of spiritual barbarians and in this exchange and mutual transformation both break through their respective perspectives in order to validate a new universal Selfhood and/or redemption? I tell you, Anne, it boggles the mind. Which, of course, it’s meant to do. I mean, let’s face it. If little good was expected from Nazareth, how much less had we a right to expect anything at all to come out of Lowestoft of all places?

I know it may appear I’m overreaching, even a bit quixotic, but I can’t help that, The roads both taken and not taken all leading to the same Place, the signs are just too blatantly obvious to be ignored. Since we really really really are all one and always have been in time as well as space, we don’t have to scratch all that deep but only a

little beneath the surface to see by the light of the experiments that, except for the experiments themselves, the mish-mash going on world-wide and the need to create a cosmos out of chaos isn't all that new, in fact has been going on since the beginning. In fact, is the beginning, God's job. So that this East-West give-and-take I've hastily sketched—a kind of up-dated version of the ancient and honorable practice of potlatch—should come as no great surprise. And since we're concerned here with connections and not only inter, but intra-connections and how they relate to our work, let me just say a brief word about potlatch, a very real and concrete precursor to what we act out, uncover perfectly, in the paper-bag.

Potlatch is, or at least was, a primitive rite (since replaced by the experiments), wherein on an appointed day, a holy—day, a day of Judgement, the chief of Tribe A, throwing himself on the mercy of the gods and his neighbors, would voluntarily divest himself of all his worldly goods—his wives, children, warriors, his hut, his tools, his weapons, everything—and hand them over, lock, stock and barrel, to the chief of Tribe B who, immediately upon receipt, would proceed to return, not only the favor but the compliment (and it was a compliment), would likewise strip himself of his earthly belongings and so make these odds all even.

Lest this suggest, as it has to some of our more jaded and cynical anthropologists, a precedent for the spiritual economy that was later to grace the higher wife-swapping of the Greek and Hindu pantheons, I hasten to point out that the reciprocal exchange was purely formal and at the conclusion of this “ceremony of innocence” (cf. our gatherings and workshops) all reverted to the norm, to two-way looking. Still, I can't help believe there was a movement here, a fundamental acknowledgement of something inherently deeper, that in that instant in time or, if you will, that “gap” outside of time in which the

world stood still, each participant recognized, however unconsciously, that to relinquish what he didn't essentially own was to receive back a share in what he did. And that share was trust. Along with an awareness that either was free to betray it, a trust in the actual workings of the mechanism itself. So that when I meet up with those who, in need of "in-spiration", though they accept the insights provided by the experiments are nevertheless a little leary as to its "ethical" implications or lack of them, I try to remind them that when I look in the mirror at the image of my nearest neighbor, it's no more than an appeal to my own Self-interest to recognize that if, in that exchange, I, little George, am living on God's sufferance and God's mercy, as his eyes and ears, hands and heart, He is also living at mine. Angelus Silesius says it better: "I know that without me, the life of God were lost; Were I destroyed, he must perforce give up the ghost."

Since, not only by post but by serendipity, *your* thoughtful and generous letter of encouragement arrived yesterday just as I was about to start on the last lap anyway, I'll tie up a few loose ends as quickly as possible. And I say "loose" advisedly. Because if, as we see now and are only in a position to see now, the central event, the reason for being *of* history and the unity of world-history is the Incarnation—the belief that God became man in order for man to become God—and if, as again we see now and are only able to see now after the fact, the ultimate consequence of that faith and hope has been the actual, concrete realization of the Fact, not in the species of second-hand reincarnationism *in-voked* daily in our churches but in a Self-revelation finally free of history, a resurrection of the body no longer dependent on a mediation through time but *pro-voked* here and now by the supreme sacrament, the experiments, then it follows, it must follow, that one of the most momentous events *in* history, the *means* by which all this was accomplished, was

the injunction of Jesus, unthinkable before, certainly unheard of, “to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar’s and unto God the things that are God’s.”

Now I know there are those who contend this was advice he could “afford” to give, a temporary stop-gap against the expectation of the imminent end where, the law of love succeeding to the law of law, a like provision would hardly pertain or even be necessary. Still, when compared to the exalted Beatitudes or the “home” truths of the parables, not to speak of the heart-breaking climax to the story itself, this looks and sounds like pretty pedestrian stuff. And, of course, it was—like chasing the money-changers from the Temple, not a bit “spiritual.” Which is precisely the point. “The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.” An extraordinary insight, to say the least, and one hitherto quite incomprehensible to the “pure in spirit”, let alone the many. Indeed, as comprehensive a pre-view as you’re likely to get of history’s coming attractions and its real meaning, the deep undercurrent beneath the visibly clashing waves that was to surface in the fullness of time.

Because, as I can only assume most of us have experienced in microcosm in our personal lives, at least to some degree, you don’t get from here to there—or perhaps I should say from there to here (which is just where we’re supposed to be)—you don’t come down from your peak in God to your valley in Godhead without first crossing the Great Divide, the gap which, even as it separates, and in the war of all against all comes to bring not peace but a sword, also binds. Which, like the Hound of Heaven in Francis Thompson’s stunning poem, not only pursues us down the labyrinthine ways but, just to make sure we get it coming and going, actually lays out, like an invisible thread, the downward path to be pursued. I know I’ve said it before but I’ll say it again and I’ll keep on saying it till I—we – get it. One of the great supplemental boons of

Headlessness, at least in historical terms, of the final reuniting of the historical and the “spiritual is the certain knowledge and comfort, too, that God hates being deified.

And what further proof do we need than that the disappointed hopes engendered by the “impossible” expectation—the otherwise cause for despair—is now seen, via the experiments, to have been the pro-vidential road to its realization? Because as we see now, could only see now in retrospect (which is all history is), that’s exactly how it’s worked out. The confidence or at least faith in an immediate Second Coming, of a new heaven and new earth, slowly receding further and further into the future as well as into the past and both at the same time, however unanticipated yet quite in keeping with the law of unintended consequences, the “render unto Caesar” assumed a significance out of all proportion to its original intention. The supernatural transformation of the world gradually relegated to the beyond (and, thanks to the experiments, we all know now where that is), there gradually emerged in its place the idea of progress, the belief that hope for the world, now a human project and a human responsibility, lay in human hands.

And I wonder how many of us, even at this late or, depending on your orientation, this early date, recognize what a deep, “unholy” but necessary split and shift in perspective this represented. Not only did it spell the eventual quietus of the sacred theocratic state and all it entailed—for example, the authority, however benign as in Egypt or horrendous as in Assyria, of all traditional hierarchies or, as in its later development, the doom of the almost more than divine right of kings and emperors that, with the important exception of the Greek and early Roman experiments, passed for rule in civilized societies; not only did it institute and then bring to perfection in the Christian Middle Ages the rationale for the separation of Church and State and so unwittingly initiated the

necessary condition for the latter's total breakaway, but by de-mythologizing the gods and, most important of all, de-divinizing nature, provided the impetus, the go-ahead that led, first to the democratization of 3rd Person Science and then to you know What, to the democratization of God, to the Presence, in the person of the experiments, of the plebeian aristocrat himself. (Or, since current usage and the experiments, too, demand that we cover as well as uncover the multitude of all sinners: "of the plebeian aristocrat him/her/its/Self").

Which is not to say the doctrine didn't meet resistance, efforts to arrest the "decline" or what was perceived to be a decline, most notably in the emergence of Islam, the last of the three monotheisms and a truly great religion and civilization, if only as god-parent to the Sufis. Seven centuries after the Crucifixion, Islam—Judaism for the masses—arises as a buffer, an attempt to restore for the Semitic peoples the balance, the equilibrium that, unnerved by the claims of the First Coming, was permanently rent by the failed expectation of the Second, an expectation only now capable of being fulfilled without recourse to nostrums and opiates and misunderstandings. It's no accident (and may largely account for the current murderous, because fraternal, animosity between them) that with their absence of an official priesthood, their regulated but relatively uncomplicated codes of conduct and, most important of all, their this-wordly orientation, Judaism and Islam resemble each other far more closely than either of them do Christianity, the wild card in the deck, the loose cannon (and canon too) let loose upon a, literally, unsuspecting world.

But despite repeated attempts to stem the tide there and elsewhere—for instance, in the court of Louis XIV, the "Sun King" which was pure theater or the "courts" of Hitler and Stalin which were pure hell and not by chance, either, coincident with the ultimate manifestation of "pure

heaven"- the "devilus" himself, the little god, being the very darkness at noon that foreshadows the sun at midnight—despite these and other resistances to the flow, came the slow but steady and, as we see now, inevitable realization, still going on, that it was fighting a losing battle.

Because beginning as no more than a trickle, then growing into a flood, in the name of modernity "the render unto Caesar" has finally inundated the whole known, not to speak of the whole *unknown*, world which, polluted or not, has become for us fish out of water the very air we breath. This was the hole in the dam (and literally in the damn, in the original curse, the fortunate fall), the chink in the armor and fissure through which, however inadvertently, however much through trial and error, the fisher of men invited us to all or nothing, to all *and* nothing, to the resurrection of the body in a new heaven and a new earth (cf. Douglas' THE LITTLE BOOK) by way of the total secularization and profanation of the world

And we need only be reminded by the dictionary that to "pro-fane" is to live beyond the pale, that is beyond the boundary, outside the precincts of the temple, the sacred space reserved for God. And we need only be "re-minded" by the pro-vidential experiments—any experiment—that there is no such place to *be* profaned. He/She/It has reserved *all* the spaces. To dream, as history did (or science or religion or philosophy, too, for that matter), that we can somehow survive, literally *be*, outside that sacred space, that sanctuary, that *ethic*, is the one and only unqualified, unconditional, utterly unequivocal and absolute no-no, an Impossibility not even open to God or Consciousness or Awareness—any name will do because in two-way looking any name is sacred (and profane)—who is that space.

But we had to take it to the end of the line, to the “end” of history, the realm in which and from which we humans have had to free ourselves, to find it out. Enter history as something more than a mere record of events, a series of comings and goings. Just as in our individual biographies we exhaust the furthest reaches of all-possibility, if only in as simple a device as a paper-bag, so all our voyages of discovery, our attempts to explore the limits of space as well as time, of the great globe itself—and not only to all points east and west, but north to the stars and south to DNA as well—have led to this: to the uncovering once and for all of the only possible Impossibility. And we don’t need reminding that it took some doing and a great deal more undoing to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time. Witness those harbingers of the end: the “Death of God” movement proposed by Hegel and apotheosized in Nietzsche or its Zen counterpart in the admonition that “if you encounter the Buddha in your path, kill him.”

In any event, its job done, the illusory character of modern optimism and its attachment to mythological forms—not least the idea of progress, infinite regress in reverse—replaced by the Ground for *real* optimism, for joy as the “guru” as well as suffering, exit history, to resume its rightful role as a bit-player, no longer a star but a has-been in the transitional stage from the child-ish to the child-like. “In the kingdom of the Father there is no drama, only dialogue which is disguised monologue.” Which is in no way to suggest, no less guarantee, that like its patron deity, Mars, the March of history, because it comes in like a lion, intends to go out like a lamb. Whether, falling on its own sword in despair or, the salt having lost its savor it will dissolve by sheer attrition or whether, the thrill gone, it will be content to rest on its laurels if not in peace, is anybody’s guess. Certainly, when you consider that Headlessness, the appetite that grows by

what it feeds on, feeds on heedlessness, its disappearance, desirable as it may seem at the moment, may not quite correspond to "God's will", not if past is prologue.

Besides, that's not even the point. As Douglas implies, again in *THE LITTLE BOOK* (unjustly overlooked, I think, by many of us), though they intrinsically include support for modest government—and institutions, like the institution of history, have every reason to be modest—the experiments are not political prescriptions but designed to fit things as they are, for Self-government and individual awakening to the Ground beneath our heads which, for the first time in history, has been firmly established by history, the only medium through which this knowledge as experience could have been made available to all. That It ItSelf happens to rest on an Abyss is even more freeing. As I tell my more sceptical friends when, mindful that revelation can only be experienced in itself and not "explained" or understood from the outside, "Try it, you'll like it. 'Let go hell and your fall will be broken by the roof of heaven.'" (So Djuna Barnes).

But other than to point out that Seeing is the exact opposite of its utopian mirror-image, the formulas concocted by the apes of God for a new heaven on earth that so scarred our century; other than to make clear that these last (and hopefully they are the last) represent the ultimate parody of the possibility of heaven on earth, of the demonstrable Fact now providentially peeping its "head" up out of the Ground through the smoke and rubble, that's about as far as we can go. And it's far enough. I think if we've learned anything from history – and contrary to received opinion it's taught us a great deal, maybe all there is – it's not to indulge overly in or confuse prediction, the merely probable or not so probable in point of time, with the possible, with prophecy which, rightly interpreted, is, by its very nature, eminently Self-fulfilling here and now. And what a relief to recognize, to

be able to recognize, we're at, not so much a turning-point which sounds awfully grandiose—and God knows He/She/It/ and "we" too have had enough of that—but at a turning-around point which appears, appropriately enough, a much more low-keyed affair. And what a liberation to realize we already possess enough and more than enough and always have, to go with what we've been given and are, at most, sometimes forcefully, sometimes graciously, being pressured, rather than add an inch to our stature, to relinquish eight, literally a much simpler business. And a charitable one too—to give back less than a tithe of what we owe as our reward. And then, free to go Nowhere and do Nothing, to go there and do it.

Which, I guess, just about does it for me, too, for the moment. Like history itself which, though it may end, is never finished but only abandoned—as we say over here "it ain't over till it's over"—no doubt there's more to come before, running its course it lands, along with us and everything else, on the great cosmic dust-heap. Precisely why, I insist, anything more essential than the experiments, whether to justify or validate our immortal longings, is simply not possible. "Ripeness is all."

In the meanwhile, love to you, Anne, and thank you for putting up with these seemingly endless diversions which, if no other consolation, will at least teach you to think twice before asking me what I think.

George

AN ESSAY INTO HEADLESSNESS AND THE END OF HISTORY*

December 2001

*Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed into nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?*

W.B. Yeats, The Second Coming

*We shall not cease from exploration
And the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.*

T.S. Eliot, Little Gidding

Neither Yeats nor Eliot, arguably the two finest poets in English of their generation, were alone in their premonition that something was afoot, something had to

* *The insertion of a superscript 'Q' with a number refers to a question which is stated and answered in Appendix 1*

give and the bubbling stew we call modernity, long since come to a boil, was coming to a head. Still, however well-versed they or anyone else were in the unexpected means the expected adopts to achieve its end, little did they dream that only a few miles away from where they were writing just before the Second World War the ultimate in revelation was about to take shape and give to airy nothing its final habitation and a name. Indeed, as with all prior epochal shifts in perspective, was to appear, not parading in full panoply to the blare of trumpets along some crowded avenue but, quite in keeping with its self-effacing nature, was to slip in unobtrusively, almost surreptitiously, through a clearing in the woods.

As many have already observed and one wag summed up nicely by noting that though history doesn't repeat itself it certainly rhymes, not since the ferment that erupted two-thousand years ago in the then known-historical- world, the arena of a dominant Rome lording it over a Carthage wiped off the face of the earth, an inert Athens and an inconsequential Jerusalem, has there been such general consensus—the correspondences are too palpable to be ignored—that humankind is about to suffer yet another sea-change, though whether into something rich and strange remains, literally, to be seen.

Just as with the rise of Christianity, no sooner had the gods made in our image been banished from center stage by the Church Fathers than they began to show up under assumed names in sheep's, if not lambs', clothing and even today, despite, or maybe because of, the ministrations of our current crop of high-priests and witch-doctors, can still be spotted embracing the sporting life on any psychoanalyst's couch in the land; so recent rumors as to the demise of the one and only successor to Pan—Pan being the latest and last of antiquity's idols to be pronounced dead on the arrival of the God-man—are now seen to have also been greatly exaggerated. Summoned

home at last by the experiments to where he belongs, as much a posthumous victim in triumph as ever he was of mistaken identity in defeat, the God-man, too, still lives and along with the rest of us saints and sinners can be found for the looking any day of the week in the place he never left.Q1

The experiments. If the Greeks didn't have a word for them the Hindus did: Shruti, the absolutely indispensable text absent which root all subsequent fruits are merely flowers. Deriving from immediate insight into reality, speaking by authority of its own voice, Shruti is the one thing necessary, the bottom line for which there can be no substitute but at best only a reasonable facsimile by way of commentary. Classic examples up to now would be the Upanishads or Vedas, the Tao, the Buddhist canon, and in our Western monotheistic tradition, the Old and New Testaments and the Koran. However exalted or informative the interpretations of these sacred texts, like barnacles hitching a free ride on the back of the mother whale, the relation, though symbiotic—at once totally dependent on the host's largesse for subsistence yet, at the same time, returning the favor as best it can by tidying up—is essentially asymmetrical.

Our task, then, is to tidy up, always keeping in mind our total dependence on evidence provided by the experiments. By virtue of the fact that they are what they designate, these constitute the one absolutely indispensable text for which there can be no translation and no substitute and which, by reason of their all-inclusiveness, relegate image, symbol, concept, everything that's been thought or said or written or read in the past and I dare say will be in the future (including this) to the realm of commentary.

Unfortunately, as Galileo discovered when his inquisitors, even those well-disposed, flatly refused to look through his telescope, one can only preach

convincingly to the converted. Short of at least some acquaintance with these magical markers that render the invisible as visible as it's always been (though with rare exceptions our consciousness as a race was as ill-prepared as it was well-equipped to see it) and which, much like safety-matches or lighters compared to the hit-and-miss method of primitive flint, insure both fire and light every time, I can hardly expect those unfamiliar with them to agree with my conclusions or to see in them anything more than mere assertions. Nevertheless, it's my view that this union of the container with its content, this joining at their root of the contemplative and active, techknowledge and technology, the esoteric and exoteric, the original and the new, marks the completion of the modern project that, beginning some five thousand years ago with an ostensibly civilizational expansion but now speeding to its close in our current contraction into a global village, has, by making meditation available to the market-place, rendered transparent its reason for being. As a result, we find ourSelf, both singly and collectively, in the unique position of possessing for the first time the potential, the conscious and concrete capacity to be both "in" at the Creation and, at the same time (since the two go hand-in-hand), present at "the end of history."

Fortunately, though the experiments can't be put into words, like the act itself compared to the protestation or even the confession of love, they can be shared. As I intend to demonstrate through, of all things, the testimony of history—that most unlikely vehicle for yet another "proof"—it's to the providential manifestation at this time and in this place of these built-in, unassuming instruments that we must turn for assurance that God or Consciousness or Awareness – call It any "thing" you like – is alive and well and never shuts one door without opening another.

A quick visit to headquarters to look over, into and finally through these simple tools of Self-confirmation should do the trick. The Pointing Finger, the Spectacles, the Closed Eye, the Paper-bag and Card-experiment along with, perhaps, the Whirling Dervish and the Foursome, the Classified and Self-portrait, should provide sufficient back-up to corroborate my claim that, as another commentator remarked in a different context, the medium is the message. Put to the proof in person, in 1st Person – and performed with due diligence any or all will do – the possibilities of their application, of the implicit made explicit in every field, are virtually infinite and can't help but condition the way we go about our business of filtering reality through the partial lenses of such disciplines as religion and philosophy, mathematics and 3rd Person science, history, even speech itself—all the mind-body stuff that precisely because it's delivered us to this pretty pass is itself, like Ariel finally set free to assume his proper place in the order of things, about to be delivered and receive its reward.Q2

For the first time in history – and we'll be addressing quite a few firsts before we're finished—the sacred text that speaks by authority of its own voice no longer requires translation into Mantalk or, when memory fails, needs to be set down in some new-fangled black and white derivative—the visible echo of speech we call writing—but comes to us in original living color and, to avoid confusion, in no uncertain terms: in silence, in Godspeak.

This has never happened before, certainly not on a universal scale. But then, until the thirty years ago that more or less coincides with the appearance of the experiments (except, as we shall see, there are no coincidences), when was the last time you heard of, no less watched a man on the moonQ3 as distinct from the Man in it? Or, like Zeus surveying the goings-on at Troy from

the parapets of Olympus, were you able to enjoy a war in the safety and comfort of your living-room? Or, to go from the ersatz sublime to the ridiculous by way of the absurd (which also has its uses, as witness the consummation of history itself), did you have a thousand horses at your finger-tips or like a god could command heat and light by the flick of a switch, not to mention ice in summer, a privilege once reserved for the divine Caesar but assuredly not his Alpine runners falling more dead than alive at his feet?

As only a cursory glance at the modern world makes clear, we're all potential emperors now, our badge of office "the customer is always right." And gods-in-waiting too, as the engine that first propelled us out of the Fifth Great Day – the desire to know – continues to hone our Sabbath sense^{Q4} and ready or not we prepare to exit the Sixth one way or the other. And if this sounds too apocalyptic for words, it's meant to, "apocalypse" itself like its Latin synonym "revelatus" (our revelation), signifying no more nor less than an uncovering, an unveiling. Restored to their Source, no longer captive to bomb, bacteria and barbarian, such lurid futuristic imaginings and fundamentalist visionary concepts as the end of time, the end of the world, the end of history, take on new, take on their original meaning, even as the simultaneous translation provided by the experiments – at once a liberation from, and a transformation of, language – reveals ours: that with the successful negotiation of the detour we call history only to see it arrive by hook and by crook where it started, its essential task completed with the uncovering of these simple tools, we now have available and available to all the necessary means to achieve our end, to begin the Great Work of consciously rejoining the birds and the bees and the little children too. In that sense and in that sense only the possibility as possibility has already been realized, is already here and now. Not incidentally, it also

offers one more instance of how the principle of asymmetrical balance—two-way looking—moves in tandem to serve its own end, however unconscious it may appear on the surface. The same consciousness that over millennia of struggle and suffering laid the ground-work for the final recognition that it inhabits one world is the very same that by the law of inverse progression (for every explosion an implosion, for every complexity a simplicity) has at last come to see that the world is inhabiting It. And this, too, in its universal accessibility, is a first.

Whether this awareness will be made flesh and put into practice is, of course, something else again. As Father de Caussade insisted and we'd be the first to agree, our primary object is not to study the history of the operations of Providence but to become, each of us individually, the Subject of those operations, to be It as well as see It. But surely the two perspectives—a meditation for the market-place no longer solely confined to meditation on or contemplation of the market-place but combined with active participation in and for the sake of the market-place—are better than none or even one and, alone together, constitute all there is.

And if it be argued, as no doubt it will be, that if past is prologue this possibility is no different from all those other possibilities, those pie-in-the-sky panaceas that, ranging from a muscular Christianity to a busy Mahayana Buddhism, were mother's milk to us, again we can only reply, it ain't necessarily so. Though congenitally starry-eyed we may still look to outer space for signs and proudly if heedlessly point to that other dream of flight once bogged down in seemingly endless rehearsals but now dotting the horizon, now we need look no further than home to, as zero is to one, its polar reciprocal revealed by a history at once humbled and fulfilled, humbled because fulfilled in, of all places, a paper-bag.Q5 Where once the dream of idols defined the taking up of

the person into heaven and against all odds and the law of gravity proved it to be no idle dream, so now, in the infinite light and lightness of the experiments, those odds are made all even^{Q6}. A conclusion that would not have been lost on a Plato with his notion of the good life as serious play or, for that matter, on a Karl Marx who, with unaccustomed insight worthy of a Zen master, announced that if history's first act ended in tragedy, its second would more closely resemble farce. Is that to be our destiny—to end up in a paper-bag? Or will there be a third act—the destiny of our destiny the freedom to have none?

One thing we can say with certainty. If history teaches us anything at all—and, as we shall see, it teaches us more than we know but no more than we had a right to expect—it's that where predictions based on statistically repeatable "natural" events like the sun rising and the seasons coming and going have been shown by 3rd Person science or just plain common sense to obey the laws of probability, when it comes to the divine-human dimension, to the realm of freedom, the law of love if you will, they have just as consistently failed where prophecy and possibility have not. No more than we might have detected an embryo Christianity slowly germinating undercover of the first great universal empire, who could have predicted the cosmic reach of the experiments or the design and form they would take beyond speech, beyond custom and tradition and boundaries, beyond history, beyond even the cosmic horizon itself? But they were prophesied; in fact, were fitted to our exact measurements. As the experiments incontestably demonstrate, not by taking thought and adding an inch to his stature shall homo faber, the maker of, among other things, history, inherit the earth, no less the Kingdom (though, God knows, more possessed by it than of it, he's tried to), but by subtracting eight.^{Q7}

Yet even here the paradox inherent in the divine-human equation becomes transparent through two-way looking. Because it was precisely this disobedience to the “heavenly” injunctions characteristic of all traditions that, marking our career from the beginning and supposedly signalling our separation, not only from every other creature on earth but even, it was said, from our “Maker”, provided the impetus that once upon a time was called the “fortunate fall.” It was precisely this taking thought and adding an inch to his stature that qualified the toolmaker in his freedom to eventually uncover the tool (the experiments) that at once turned everything right-side up by revealing it upside-down. And it was precisely this stunning reversal to end all reversals – what the Greeks welcomed as the “catastrophe”, the about-face necessary to transform tragedy into triumph—that empowered him not only to arrive where he started and know the place for the first time but in the twinkling of an eye achieve what all the King’s men—the seers and sages and avatars and saviors – couldn’t put together again simply because the time was not ripe, not to say rotten-ripe: to establish without question once and for all and on an absolutely rock-bottom footing the meaning of who we are and why we are. And thereby hangs a tale. And that tale we call history. Not this story or that story, but the story of the story itself.

To devalue it would be a serious error. To assume that simply because we’ve consciously come to and at long last secured the point without position from which for the first time as a race we can at once see and see with certainty, not only from here to there but from there to here as well and that all things, including history, arise from the Void, is in no way to suggest they simply pop up in a vacuum. No more than the material ingredient, though freely poured in any which way, can a-void con-forming to the structure of the cake-mold that contains it, can we

continue to pretend that the Void is a vacuum or, in the Presence of the experiments, deny the Self-limiting “desire” for Self-expression that would otherwise render null and void the capacity of a limitless Gap to reveal all its possibilities. Q8

To devalue history and, overly simplistic, fail to acknowledge its role as intermediary in what, for all we know, may represent the most central “experiment” of them all, the model and sine qua non of all experiments – human life on earth – would not only constitute a gross miscarriage of justice directed at both the living and the dead but a disservice to ourSelf. To find ourselves artless in an art-full, man-made world released for the first time from the time-constraints of a “natural” evolution that, if not consummated, has certainly been brought to a halt by our presence and, no longer confined to the realm of instinct, now demands a conscious art for its very survival, and then to confuse the issue by ascribing to history a simplicity God doesn’t give it, a simplicity that rightfully belongs at its Source and only at its Source, would be brash enough.Q9 But to overlook the road and especially the road-builders that got us there or, if you prefer, here, to make a mockery of all the told and untold suffering, the tangible stuff ground into dust that literally paved the way on which we walk, would be worse. Worst of all would be the pretension, not unknown to the species, that somehow things and events simply happen, that behind what appears to be the strangest and most extraneous of all cosmic anomalies and deviations—history itself—no guiding principle both in-forms and en-folds it and that things can fly “head on” into the “face” of reality with impunity.

To his dying day, Einstein, along with a few though by no means all his colleagues, insisted that God does not play dice with the universe, a faith which, taking into account the facts, is not only as far as reason and logic can

go in that direction but as well-meaning an interpretation and statement of purpose as we're likely to get from the perspective of 3rd Person Science.Q10 The FACT, however, indicates otherwise. As witness the dearth of dinosaurs recently, not to mention the shocking display of intimacy—the scandalous foreplay still being publicly exhibited and, in some cases, publicly enjoyed, between an evil always with us and freedom—God does indeed play dice with the universe but, built for loving, the dice are loaded. Which would seem to indicate there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in even our philosophy but, in light of the absolute certainty the experiments provide, need be dreamt of no longer.

One of them is the distinction often made between the contemplative and active paths, the Way Of and the Way To. Students of comparative religion may recognize variations on this theme still going on in Buddhism: the order of precedence awarded “self-power” by Zen adherents as opposed to a faith-based, almost Lutheran “Other-power” by followers of Pure Land doctrine. Conveniently enough and not surprisingly, similar distinctions arise within the three Western monotheisms. Witness the differences, if only in emphasis, between the esoteric and exoteric traditions, the way of Mary and the way of Martha, between the approach adopted by an Eckhart, say, vis-à-vis a Thomas Aquinas in Christianity or a Rumi over against an Averroes in Islam and in Judaism by the Kabbalists virtually taking on the whole Jewish canon, Torah, Talmud and Old Testament included. On the one hand, interior evidence of the Fact provided by subjective individual experience – broadly speaking, by the insights of contemplation and mysticism; on the other, exterior descriptive evidence deduced from the facts by objective and consensual observation – the outlook of a theology on its way to becoming 3rd Person science.

What we've never had, however, though there were certainly intimations of it in Eckhart's favoring of Martha and the Kabbalists' rejection of mysticism as the be-all and end-all, is evidence after the Fact, the union of both perspectives – interior and exterior – neatly packaged in one universal revelation, a wedding-gift for a marriage, though made in heaven, not yet consummated here on earth. And we never had evidence of it before for the simple reason that there had never been a need for it before on a universal scale. The returns of history, the facts impelling its re-turn to where it started and, as we see now, implicit in the structure of "Other power", were not all in yet.Q11

True, there had been hints and more than hints—sometimes delivered by word of mouth, sometimes written in blood and, on at least one occasion, both—that there was more than enough of the already-here to go around and match the not-yet step by step, that, if anything, we suffered more from a lack of demand than from any lack of supply. What was required was the one thing necessary, a need on the part of the party of the second part that could only be answered by the "desire" on the part of the party of the first, a desire that, like air to the about-to-be drowned, would co-respond not only in kind but, given the nature of the beast and its gift for reciprocity, in kindness. That need was provided by the special conditions of modernity with, as Yeats and Eliot and others reminded us, its very real inklings of, if not the end, an end.

The rest, too, is history. Having come full circle from, at one pole, an unrealizable commitment to total transcendence (as in, for instance, the other-wordly aspiration of the medieval cathedral), to, at the other, its consequent collapse into our current fragmentation, caught between the devil of an atomized disillusion and the deep blue sea of atomic dissolution, universal

humanity suddenly awoke to find itself in a unique position, one it had never occupied before, certainly not as a collectivity. What with reaching for the moon and other points north, south, east and west – most of which turned out to be made of green cheese – it was about to discover that in a world where, given enough time, what goes round comes round and there are limits to even the worst possibilities, if you “let go hell” as one observer put it, “your fall will be broken by the roof of heaven.” Q12

Enter the experiments—a surprise to say the least—and, if absolutely unheard of in evolutionary circles, a chance for a whole new ball-game. And this without so much as altering that will-o’-the wisp, human nature, or changing the rules that had been in effect since the beginning. On the contrary, here was an opportunity to play the game as it was originally designed—the old old-thing in the guise of the new new-thing, a cosmic face-off so to speak between Who’s inhabiting What and What Who. Indeed, assuming the species’ will to survive, no less live and enjoy the ride, with no place else to go, no less hide, except, one way or the other, Nowhere, there was nothing left to do except look It in the eye, head for home (which it was doing anyway) and undo.

When extremes meet, extreme measures are called for, not least the capacity to identify the Measure, then keep the beat. What could not have been foreseen, however, since it had to await the mandatory receptivity on our part and, in any case, could only be confirmed after the Fact, was that, like the age-old paradox of squaring the circle prophesied to be solved at the end of time, the issue had been decided in advance, had already been shaped by the contour of its beginning, in effect, by the nature of the Gap.Q13 Like Plotinus’ description of the flight of the Alone to the Alone, the All-one to the All-one, the unique called out to the Unique and the call was answered with the only leap in perception commensurate with a vision of

one world, one humanity, a leap that not only represents a difference in degree which, tried in one form or another has been found wanting, but a difference in kind. And it makes all the difference. Not this or that one's testimony, however authentic, but a haircut to fit every sentient no-face, the only kind that will do. The vision of the veritably new held in perfect, if delicate, equipoise by its veritable – and now absolutely verified – mirrored Original.

It's my claim that the manifestation of the experiments in, of all times and places, this time and this place, in this the hour of need to end all hours of need when we are witnessing, if not for the first time in history, the first time on a global scale, the complete breakdown of all "traditional" structures and beliefs in all fields – religion, science, language, the arts, modes, manners, morals, what have you – yet at the same time are privileged both to observe and participate in its concomitant breakthrough, is confirmation enough and hope that if all's not right with the world, at least God's still in his heaven and, the asymmetrical balance acknowledged and preserved, we have a chance. Which, suiting the Word to the action and the action to the need – the magnitude of the present high stakes—is no more nor less than we've always had and can only lead to the inescapable conclusion that this same revelation of Self-power—the implicit made explicit by and through the experiments, the only form adequate to the infinite content it's meant to express—also carries with it the assurance, as manifested in and by history, of Other-power. In effect, the two, generally conceived as its immanent and transcendent aspects, are one, different sides of the same coin. Just as, when gathering in a circle^{Q14}, we link arms to form a continuum only to arrive where we started and know it for the first time, know it because we see it, so, too, the arrow of history, however aimless and random its trajectory may appear, has also been homing in on that

Self-same Gap, the bull's eye whose center nowhere and circumference everywhere both contains and embraces it. In fact, as we see now and can only see now after the Fact, the two, inextricably joined at the root, arrive at their predestined destination simultaneously.

Quite simply, the Self-realization now available to each and every one of us with an eye to the truth is precisely what constitutes the end and meaning of history.Q15 The last of a series because for the first time in history it stands outside all series including its own, it has, by delivering us to the experiments, delivered itself. As with each of us individually, so history, its mission accomplished and function fulfilled, has achieved that perspective from which for the first time it can see itSelf whole and at the same time can be seen whole for what it is—as something more than “a tale told by an idiot” or, at the opposite end of the spectrum, a human-interest story to be divined by faith. In reality it is a divine story waiting to be realized by the being-to-be dying to be free within all of us, that same being Who, until it possesses the totality of time as well as space, cannot be said to be wholly incarnate or to have realized by means of its emptiness its fullest possibility.Q16

Alfred North Whitehead once noted that the last thing a science discovers is what that science is all about and, as again we see when we gather in a circle and render the future retroactive, the “end” is the only true starting point from which logical deductions can be made.Q17 And Headlessness, the Science of the 1st Person, is no exception. As befits a prerogative that, like death, presupposes finality and all-inclusiveness, there's more to it than meets the eye, a point Douglas nicely brings to our attention when he distinguishes between foundation and superstructure, between how many faces we see in the paper-bag—the experience—and what we make of it—its meaning.

It's my claim that, touching all bases, the experiments now offer the opportunity to combine both perspectives. Percept and concept, subject and object, mystic, if you will, and (to indulge in a little metaphysical shop-talk) a priori and a posteriori views as ways to truth before and after the fact—in a word, the long-sought philosopher's stone that the thinkers and theologians and alchemists and, yes, even the sages and seers and saviors have failed to establish on the rock-bottom foundation of absolute certainty is now available to all in the one grand omniscience of Headlessness, the union of all knowledge so long dreamed of by so many.

The implications—that it's not only by reason of what the experiments "say", which is Self-evident, but that they are at all, which is not—are, by extension, enormous. It's one thing to uncover the Fact of Who we really really are and in this simple affirmation realize without emotion that whether we know it or not or even like it or not we're built for loving, that, as any fly on the wall could tell us if it could only talk, in order to exist at all the structure of reality demands it. It's quite another to discover What that Who really really really is and then re-cognize that at the very heart of the heart of All-Possibility lies an infinite compassion which, though obviously expressed in infinite ways, has never appeared more infinite and more beneficent than in the possibility of its own Self-revelation by means of these simple instruments. Indeed, like life-giving water dammed-up and only waiting for a sign the flood-gates have been opened, like tears for the blessed who mourn and shall be comforted, its will-less willingness or, if you will, its "desire" to express and share ItSelf turns out to be in an exact mathematical, a one-to-one reciprocal relation to the need we all share to share that desire and that will, in effect to know Who we really really are. And this for the simple reason that from first to last, from beginning to end, it is Who we really really are.

On this it would be remiss not to point out yet again that it's hardly an accident that the vehicle of choice to convey the good news has been the candidate which, by general consensus and in virtually any forum, would surely be voted the least likely to succeed, namely history. Though it's not my intention to add insult to the injury of our pretensions or, going along with St. Paul, compound the error of our ways by persisting in them that "grace may abound", surely it's telling us something: that not through our good and human offices alone, our self-power, are we assured of that "Other-power" which, surpassing all other assurances, is none other than that "Non-other" Who is our Self and which will never abandon us however much we abandon It or try to. Will not because It cannot. In fact, if history tells us anything—and, thanks to the experiments, for the first time in its history it's now in a position to—it's not despite, or not only despite, our mistaken perceptions and, with rare exceptions, our faulty interpretations, that this Other-power has, like a permissive but loving mother, somehow come to the rescue of her wayward children who, parting company with the Measure and overstepping its bounds, have been caught red-handed butting their heads against a blank wall—the Not-yet not yet perceived as the wide-open space it really is, the Already-here. It's because of them. It's precisely because we've lost ourselves in this hallucination universally agreed on and, taking it to the end of the line, have exhausted all its possibilities, that, awakened from at worst a nightmare and at best a dream, we find ourselves in this age of space-travel face to no-face with the one unexplored Possibility—the possibility of the dream redeemed. Q18

God, they say, works in mysterious ways and none more mysterious than that the road to the place where we started should be paved with the stones of delusion. And we need look no further for a tidy demonstration of this

than to its most recent and, as it turns out, its ultimate manifestation: the course a well-meaning “natural religion” or, as it was called, Deism, took some three centuries ago when, abandoning its faith in revelation in favor of a belief in God based on a reasonable deduction from the phenomena of nature—what it considered the facts—it ended up dispensing with God altogether in a world peopled by 3rd Person Science. Which, God being a not-God, was just what the doctor ordered preparatory to the ultimate in revelations, a comprehensible mystery for all to see. And, for good Measure, to provide a prescription to help clarify some of the more enigmatic declarations formerly made in His name, our particular area of concern. Take, for instance, “the last shall be first” which contains in its own right the whole of the meaning of modernity we see being played out before our eyes—King Clown and his daughters finally getting their shot at the deer, a chance to go to town and raise hell. Or the otherwise even more unfathomable but nonetheless harrowing, “The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.” And they have. Q19

All of which can only point us to certain inexorable conclusions . For one, an invitation to a beheading by way of raising hell is not a summons to raze it and, throwing out the baby with the bath-water which would obviously be Self-defeating, dispose of Heedlessness, assuming that were even possible, at the cost, God forbid (and He has), of Headlessness. As it was in the beginning and still is and will be world without end even now with the future behind us, the name of the game is as it’s always been, two-way looking. Nor does it resolve itself into a popularity contest as the Lord God well knew when, yielding to Father Abraham’s pleas, He reluctantly settled on ten good men, assuming they could be found (and they couldn’t), as sufficient to spare Sodom. As Douglas suggests so succinctly in *THE LITTLE BOOK OF LIFE*

AND DEATH, the purpose of the experiments is not to stand the world on its head, to provide a road-map, no less a road to the establishment of a heaven on earth, but, quite the reverse, to recognize ourSelf right-side up with the realization that earth is already in heaven here and now for those with eyes to see. Even for those with eyes that don't or won't. This is the message of history. This is the dream come true, not the one expected but the only one possible: the realization that, prisoners of grace, the door through which the poor in each of us must pass on the way to freedom is always open if visited by the poor in spirit Who, equally always with us—"nearer to us than our own jugular"—will never abandon us.

Which, as I intend to examine in more detail in a sequel, if it's in no way to endorse a blueprint for Utopia neither is it to deny its uses, the quest for Nowhere that has at once defaced the epoch we are now quitting and, at the same time, finally unmasked it and revealed it for What It is and Where It is. Rather it's to extol it, to praise "the nothing in its life that became it like the leaving it"; that, however misplaced and misapplied the longing for It, in the long run the longing has not been misguided. And we need look no further than the century just past which, for all its unspeakable horrors, has demonstrated with unparalleled and definitive forcefulness, that it, too, if only by reason of its greatest gift —the Presence, as manifested in the experiments, of the Unspeakable ItSelf—was not immune from redemption, was something more than a catastrophe looking to tie up its loose ends. Awful as it may sound, if we hadn't taken the long way round, if we hadn't been there and done that and, suffering nihilistic breakdown after breakdown until we hit bottom and tested to their utmost limits our worst possibilities, how could we have uncovered our best and recognized that, from atom bomb to antibiotics, though all goes wrong it may still come right? Absolute creatures that we are, how

could we be absolutely sure that the only place “out there” where, despite our fondest hopes, a lamb can safely lie down with a lion is in a zoo? Or that the journey that began with the expulsion from Eden and, passing by Sinai to pick up some pointers on how to behave, then headed for the Promised Land only to be detoured, inexplicably at the time, towards the building of the Heavenly Jerusalem and a vision of the perfect world, has now come full circle to arrive where it started, again not in the way expected but the only way possible? Absent the immediate certainty of the experiments—the signs of the time that are a sign of the times—how could we possibly know what finally issues, what must finally issue, when we go round in circles, especially when they seem to be spiralling out of control?Q20

Appendix 1

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Q1. Would you elaborate on the following: Summoned home at last by the experiments to where he belongs, as much a posthumous victim in triumph as he ever was of mistaken identity in defeat, the God man, too, still lives and along with the rest of us saints and sinners can be found for the looking any day of the week in the place he never left.

George: We can approach this on two levels. First, from a spatial, let's call it a vertical, experiential dimension and, secondly, on a horizontal plane: how that experience, any experience, is expressed in time and translated into behavior—in this case, history. Let's start with the experiential and a piece Douglas wrote a few years back called "On Having a Head." As he demonstrates, once we see on present evidence—and this through any number of experiments but, in this case, primarily by means of the Pointing Finger experiment—that all that's there, or rather here, is nothing at all, just pure awareness, it's also palpably obvious if only to the touch that something else is stirring in that region. For instance, I can lift my arms which appear to arise out of nowhere, and holding each ear, or what I've learned to call an ear, between thumb and forefinger, see that between them they contain the whole wide world or whatever part of it is in view. It could be a landscape or a room or the computer I'm writing on now or you or my own image in a mirror. That I can also realize, that is make real, a similar marvel by simply extending my arms and consciously embracing the universe is merely frosting on the cake, further corroboration of this phenomenon.

I can then take a further step and—eyes open or closed makes no difference—start examining with my fingers that massive and material lump between the ears that has certain definite features: a nose, mouth, cheeks, chin etc., so shaped and formed that it distinguishes it from any other species on earth. I can then identify it as human as distinct from bird or beast or insect. Finally, I can locate unique characteristics such as a mole, a scar, a beard or buck teeth, in my case, baldness, and so on that help define my individuality. (And, by the way, to be individual means to be undivided). And just for good measure and to insure this individuality I can, if I choose, take a look at the fingers that are doing the walking and notice that no two prints are alike. Well, you might ask, what has this got to do with Jesus the Christ? As it happens, a great deal.

Let's start with step #1, the Pointing Finger, and call what we're pointing at the Godhead as it's generally been known to the mystics, notably Eckhart, Ruysbroek and many, many others including Sufis and Kabbalists, or as Jacob Boehme preferred, the Urgrund, the *mysterium tremendum*, the empty Ground that cannot be described because raining on the just and the unjust it has no characteristics whatsoever other than the capacity to make room and contain everything within it. Setting aside orthodox monotheism's difficulty with the notion that there can be an "entity" without attributes beyond Jehovah or God the Father or Allah, let's call, for argument's sake, this unbounded Source the divine—in Eastern terms, *sunyata*, *nirvana*; in the negative theology of the West, the divine darkness or, as Douglas in the *Trial* prefers, not-god and then move onto step #2.

Although not entirely another kettle of fish, all things considered (and, after all, we are considering all things), step #2 is still a pretty big fish in its own right because it now introduces something new into the equation (and, not

incidentally, the subsequent need for two-way looking). It comes up with a body and a body that unquestionably has a head. As Douglas cries out, usually with great glee, "But what a head!" What a head, indeed, because as we've seen, although itself bounded by something called ears it contains between these two extremities the entire universe. And this, by definition, is what is meant by the Christ, the Messiah, the Anointed One, the head of the Universal Church and, by extension, the cosmos itself. The Byzantines referred to him as the Pantocrator, the God-man, the Crown of Creation and Lord of the Universe. At the other end of the spectrum and just to show the process plays no favorites, he's also acknowledged in Negro spirituals as the one who has the whole world in his hand.

Steps #3 and #4 follow quite naturally as we ascend from the genus God-man to the species human (usually referred to as generic Man, though he could, of course, be a woman), and then to the top of the heap and the end of earthly evolution, to the individual, any individual. It could be you or it could be me or it could be an individual by the name of Jesus of Nazareth who, so far as we know, was the first to suspect that within the context of a particular prophetic message—and I'll get to that in a minute—he had a claim on his inherent and all-inclusive birthright or on at least three of the four perspectives listed above. Thanks to his acting on this conviction (combined with the full faith, if not credit, of those who believed in him and, spreading the good news, laid the ground-work for what subsequently unfolded), we can see now and see with certainty some two-thousand tortuous years after the event, that the universal recognition of this birthright consists of nothing more nor less than the ultimate awareness of the structure of reality and our place in it. And this, not because he said it or his followers said it or I say it or you say it or William Blake said it who, when asked what he thought of Jesus Christ, replied, " He is the

only god, sir. And so am I. And so are you,” but simply because the experiments say it and say it loud and clear: that this is what is and all there is, there ain’t no more.

Not surprisingly—since, again, it reflects the structure of reality—this four-square design, this given, is acknowledged in other traditions. In Mahayana Buddhism, for instance, it’s approximated by the Three Bodies of the Buddha consisting of the Essence Body which is identical with the void, the Body of Bliss and finally the Body of Transformation, which is the Essence Body made manifest on earth as an historical Buddha, entrance into which club, according to Zen, is potentially open to everyone. Even more striking, however, is its total correspondence with Hindu doctrine or, rather, Hindu doctrine’s total correspondence with it, with the rock-bottom evidence provided by the body. As outlined in the Upanishads, in the realm of sound the four portions of the Self, though pronounced OM, are written AUM, with A signifying the waking state, U the dream state, M the condition of deep sleep, and underlying and underlining all—symbol of the silent ground in which it lives and has its being—the abiding bottom-line that contains it. And if we have any doubts as to how, for the truth to be truth, it must be all-pervasive and, endlessly repeated, apply not only to special cases but to every aspect of existence even its lowliest, we have only to consider the total dependence of the print, the variable letters you’re reading now, on the blank and silent and constant page it’s being written on. That is, if we care to emerge from chaos into some sort of cosmic legibility.

We can now turn from the first to the second category, to the dimension of time or how the real will seem. What distinguishes the Judeo-Christian tradition from its counterpart, the so-called Wisdom of the East—and a very great wisdom it is indeed—has been its emphasis not so much on “what is” but on what will be,

on becoming rather than being. In contrast to the East's weary resignation to the cosmic cycle, to the everlasting round which, reflected in the relatively static nature of its societies until only yesterday when it came under Western influence, the dynamism so intimately connected with a linear history consisting of a beginning, middle and end has its origin in the West or, rather, in the Judeo-Christian West before it incorporated its Greco-Roman part and evolved into Christendom. And we can follow that way of thinking and that perspective right from the notion of the Creation, the Big Bang itself, to the subsequent expulsion from the Garden with no possibility of return but only of a forward-looking advance, to the Exodus from Egypt which, as much a flight from the tyranny of the cosmic gods made in our image as from political oppression until, passing by Sinai, it temporarily came to a halt in the Promised Land. But then a funny thing happened. Spurred on by the prophets and particularly one special prophet for whom even this first foray ever into freedom and the Beyond was not enough, pausing midway to catch its breath (and breadth), it executed an about-face and reversed itself. It literally turned everything upside down or, as we see now, right-side up—blessed are they who mourn, the last shall be first and so on. Not surprisingly, given the biblical orientation towards history and its completion, this about-face, this “when”, this exclusive once and once only that we've come to know as the Incarnation, Crucifixion and Resurrection (cf. Blake), was first figured in terms of time. And if I use the word “midway” to describe this shift, I do so advisedly because, as we see now, that's what it was, a station on the way to its ultimate “where”, to the end of the story and its promised fulfillment in that “heavenly” space certified by the experiments, those universal instruments of the Parousia designed to lead us by way of the Second Coming of the Christ or, since we can be more specific

now, of the Christ-head, to the longed-for and, given who we really, really are, the justifiably longed-for Kingdom of God. And if the notion of a Second Coming no less is too much for us moderns to swallow—a folly to the Greeks and a stumbling-block to the Jews, some folks still get touchy about it—we can just as easily split the difference and call it the First.

Now I realize that what I've just written is, if taken purely at face value, arguable to say the least; in fact, has, to put it mildly, been the subject of some violent disagreement over the years. So let's look at the record and see if we can zero-in on the truth, on not only "what is" but how "what is" appeared, how it seemed to happen.

As the story goes, a human, an individual from Nazareth named Jesus decided, whatever his reasons or inspiration, to take it upon himself to announce that the aforesaid and long-awaited Kingdom as detailed in the prophecies was at hand, a proclamation not all that novel in a world which, very much resembling ours in its generous allotment of assorted kooks, was being blown about by conflicting winds of doctrine, literally feverish with great expectations and talk of a New Age in which "Pan is dead" had become almost a universal watchword. What distinguished him, however, aside from what, as reported, must have been an undoubted personal charisma, was that, unlike other itinerant preachers on the circuit, he felt called upon to do something about it. He goes out into the countryside, deliberately and fittingly enough at harvest-time, and declares the end. Nothing happens, nothing at all. In his dismay and bafflement, he retreats for the traditional and symbolic forty days into the wilderness (cf. Noah on the waters and Moses on his mountain) where, after resisting several earthly temptations, he recognizes that for the prophecy to be fulfilled it must be acted out to the letter and the letter—notably Second Isaiah—reads: that, for the Son of God to

appear in person (or, as we would say, in 1st person), the Son of Man, the Suffering Servant, must give up his life. With this in mind he decides—quite logically it appears in retrospect—“to im-personate” the Messiah, that is, to assume in his own person the necessary requirements for the role already outlined in the scenario, one of which is to offer himself as ransom. “Greater love hath no man...” etc. What’s pertinent for our purposes and no doubt accounts for his Self-proclaimed deathlessness as the Way and the Truth and the Life is that, orthodox to a fault thank God, he never once as Jesus or, as we would say, the little one, designates himself the Son of God but, in perfect accordance with the script (and, by extension, reality), only refers to himself as the Son of Man who must first make the ultimate sacrifice in order that the Son of God may come.

The rest is history and, as it happens, the absolute content and meaning of the card-experiment. Looking back from its vantage-point from which, for the first time ever, we’re in a position to take in the whole picture since, as the conscious Measure, we demonstrably contain it—and, after all, looking back is what history is—everything falls into place and not only history but the myriad other speculations that have been littering the fields of metaphysics and religion and philosophy for millennia. And if I’ve perhaps gone to too great lengths to answer your question it’s only to stress how truly epochal and all-inclusive the experiments are. Because it’s thanks to them that we’re now in a position as never before in history to trace its course from first to last and recognize how, reflecting the three stages of our own individual development, it passes from childhood, from the make-believe of myth and rumors of prophecy, to its real live enactment in the supposedly once and once only event of the Cross and from there, by however devious a route its crooked path is made straight, to its ultimate

consummation in this particular experiment where, as both conscious witness to and active participant in this same drama of Incarnation, Crucifixion and Resurrection, we see the mystery played out before our very eyes, endlessly and ceaselessly repeated in Fact just as it's always been since the beginning of time by every living creature on earth. And this is what I mean when I claim that the experiments come not to destroy but fulfill the prophetic books—the Old and New Testaments as well as any other testament, personal or otherwise—that they and this experiment in particular constitute the last and final affirmation of who we really really are if only by virtue of their pride of place in the body, in God's body.

As for the “as much a posthumous victim in triumph as ever he was of mistaken identity in defeat”, appropriately enough we can address the last first.

According to the Gospel accounts, nobody present knew quite what to make of it, including the principal figure himself who, as his last words indicate—a direct quote from the Psalms—remained canonical to the end. And this condition persisted until Saul, renamed Paul, of Tarsus came along and, as the only one of the original bunch who might pass for what today we might call an “intellectual”, wedded his undoubted familiarity with the mystery cults then raging throughout the Near East—the myths of the dying and resurrected god—with the certainty provided by his own overwhelming vision on the road to Damascus. Interestingly enough, it may well have been that this certainty was reinforced, not so much despite but, because he was the only one of the apostles who had never actually seen Jesus face to no-face. In any case, if Jesus is the first putative one and only Christ, Paul, on the strength of his being the first begetter of the doctrine, becomes the first Christian.

And so begins the gradual conversion of Christianity, not only into the official religion of the empire three

centuries later but into the exact opposite of what its founder intended or even dreamed of, into the civilizational entity we know as Christendom. But lest we're tempted to take cheap shots, as so many have and still do, at "God's providence", not to speak of the natural course of things, it's also important to remember that if the advent of the message in its institutional and organized form at once signalled the end of the beginning for its founder even as it consecrated his new career as "posthumous victim in triumph", it also marked the beginning of the end for all of us in person, in the 1st person of the experiments. Because as I've tried to show, using the experiments as a gauge—at once the goal to be reached yet the place from which we start—we can chart a direct line from the events characterized as Western "Christian" history to where we are now. From its self-styled universal mission and subsequent exploration (and exploitation) of the known-world to one world; from the unheard-of-till-then separation of Church and State ("render unto Caesar") to our equally unheard-of till-now recognition of the individual and his and her right to freedom of choice; and from the failure of its high hopes and great expectations for a Second Coming that inspired the medieval cathedrals to the ensuing disappointment that in turn encouraged the first halting steps towards a 3rd person science—it's all of a piece. And the same applies to its aftermath, to that science which, no longer confined to the service of the sacred as it had been for the highly developed Chinese and Hindus and Arabs and even for the Greeks, but devoted to the less transcendent but more modest and profane improvement of the human estate, by lowering its sights, led in turn to its own reversal, to the bottom-line from where we see now for the first time that only absolute immanence has the capacity to transcend, that not until we are Nothing can we pretend to contain All. Which is no more than to say—and it has been said

and not only by Jesus—that the Kingdom of God is not “up there” but “in here”, within us. But with this difference. No longer solely dependent on faith or belief however well-founded or on a mere assertion by him or anyone else, it’s a real, live, palpable and sensible Fact to be experienced and enjoyed and celebrated by all in that marriage of matter and spirit that, once known as the resurrection of the body, we here and now call two-way looking.

And if it be asked, and it has been, how then account for the undoubted and acknowledged influence on Douglas of Zen, say, as the religion of no-religion that most closely approximates Headlessness, the answer in historical terms is equally simple. As we see now and could only see now since only now has the story arrived at its happy ending, had it not been for Christendom’s “perversion” of Christianity—its infiltration of pagan elements itself a perversion of its original message—and had this not been followed by its own subsequent breakdown into warring denominations until they, too, collapsed of their own weight into the totally secular, commercialized and expansionist world we live in, no one outside of China and Japan would ever have heard of Zen, least of all Douglas. We, or rather, they would still be sitting cross-legged in forest monasteries. Which, of course, would have been fine for the select few (and an all male crew at that) but what about the rest of us?

And the same goes for the usual charges levelled against the West and its so-called Universal Church. Because if it’s true that more often than not its outer, its exoteric rind was bitter and hard to swallow—the Crusades, the Inquisition, the innumerable atrocities committed in its name—it’s equally true its pulp—its saints and mystics and great thinkers—was often sweet to the taste. Most important of all, it was they who provided shelter and protective covering for the one thing

necessary, the seed. So that when the time was ripe, even rotten-ripe, and the fruit came tumbling down—and it has—the seed could safely fall to the Ground in the experiments. And it has. And we all know what happens or, at least, what may happen, if “a grain of wheat die...”

Q2. Details of the experiments referred to are provided in appendix 2.

Q3. Do you mean by Man in it the face we make out to be there when we look at the moon?

George: Yes, that’s what I do mean—the man in the moon.

Q4. What do you mean by Sabbath sense?

George: According to the Creation story in the Old Testament, the Sabbath is the day when God rested. So, by extension, the Sabbath sense (at least as I use it) is that same sense come to awareness in the experiments when we rest in our emptiness and capacity. By the mere and sheer presence of the experiments—the fact that they exist at all and what that possibility entails—we have in a sense already exited the Sixth Day and are present in the Seventh. The Kyoto School—Nishitani, Tanabe, Abe—touch on this when they distinguish between the “already here” and the “not-yet.” It’s my view that, thanks to the awareness provided by two-way looking, we can now see that the “not-yet” is already here, or at least as already here as it’s going to get. Paradoxical all the way, the goal, the destination, where we think we’re heading, is now revealed as where we’ve been coming from all along. The Storehouse experiment demonstrates this very nicely: that in reality the future is already behind us. Which, I suppose, is what is meant by the concept life-in-death and the “end” of history.

Q5. The paper-bag experiment. Two people face to no-face, one at each end of a short tube. (See Appendix II)

Q6. I need some help with “Where once the dream of idols defined the taking up of the person into heaven and against all odds and the law of gravity proved it to be no idle dream, so now, in the infinite light and lightness of the experiments, those odds are made all even.”

George: The ascension into heaven, so-called, has indeed, proven to be no idle dream since, as I’ve tried to show, it’s come true, not in the way expected, of course, but the only way possible. Because it was precisely the failure of that transcendent hope and the ensuing decline and fall into modernity and disillusion that plunged us to the bottom-line and the “heavenly” immanence now available to all here and now.

Q7. Eight inches representing the height of my head?

George: That’s exactly what I mean—the length of the head.

Q8. I read this to mean the desire for my third person expression is the obstacle to the first person or Self-expression, the freeing of THIS? Is this what you mean?

George: Although that may very well be, I don’t think it’s what I meant. The cake-mold symbolizes the structure of reality, of All-Possibility, of what is. When I pour the liquid into the mold from the left or right or center or from wherever, it can take an indefinite (not an infinite) number of paths, routes, ways, but however it flows and varies and deviates, when it congeals it still must take its ultimate shape from the shape of the structure itself. In that sense, it has no choice. I suppose, seen from the point of view of the 3rd person, we could call that the way of life-and-death or, better yet, life-in-death. From the standpoint of the 1st Person, however, this

limiting of the shape is not a deprivation of its limitlessness. On the contrary, it's an affirmation of it. If the limitless 1st Person—omniscient, omnipresent, omnipotent; God, if you will—could not limit its limitlessness into the limited it would not be limitless. There would be something it couldn't "do", so to speak, somewhere it couldn't "be."

Q9. Has evolution been brought to a halt?

George: I think it has, at least for the time being. Just as there've been no evolutionary changes on earth since our arrival some millions of years ago, so I seriously doubt any could occur under our watchful eye. Which is not to say that if we destroy ourselves lock, stock and barrel or are destroyed in turn by some cataclysmic cosmic event something else might not come along in time. But the whole point of history—and, by extension I might add, the experiments—is that in this business of nurture vs. nature there's no longer any need for natural evolution. We have all that's necessary to be all that's necessary just as we are. And even if we do happen to modify the species either by chance, accident or design, it still won't be evolutionary; it will have been created by us. As for modifying the Genus, as suggested in my comments in Question 1, that's literally impossible. It's not by accident that the 1st Person is absolutely, positively, non-get-attable or that there's nothing there to get at. If only in Self-defense, it "knew", knew without knowing, what it was going to have to deal with—us.

Q10. I think of absolute certainty as third person conviction because certainty and uncertainty would not apply or be relevant from a First Person perspective. Is that a correct interpretation?"

George: Wow! First Person perspective *is* absolute certainty. We have it, It is it. Even language "knows" it. It

says day-night=Day. “God has no arms, no hands but mine.” (St. Teresa of Avila). I “have” the conviction that I AM is the absolute certainty. Since I can’t draw it here, imagine an isosceles triangle with the points at its base signifying uncertainty/certainty and its apex Certainty. Or better yet, try one of the nice exercises in Headlessness. Let your right-hand represent certainty and your left-hand uncertainty, both small-caps. Now look. Who’s got them both? If that ain’t Certain what is? Or try this one on for size. Just say aloud, “All things are relative”. You’ve just proclaimed the absolutely Certain truth and, incidentally, settled the perennial debate that’s plagued philosophy and some schools of the Vedanta and Buddhism from the beginning: this whole business of non-duality vs. duality—matter vs. spirit etc. It all depends on your perspective and whose perspective. If, from a 3rd person standpoint—God projected up there into his heaven, Blake’s Nobodaddy—you imagine yourself as an observer rather than a participant as well—the Participant— of course when you train your sites on the base of a triangle all you’ll see will be uncertainty/ certainty. Just to bring it closer to home, the Foursome experiment demonstrates this exactly. Seen out of the corner of your eye, those on your left and right seem to be confronting one another. But is that the whole story? Is that what they’re really doing any more than you are? Of course, the pathos of the situation is that it’s not just a question of your containing them which, given this experiment, couldn’t be simpler or more patently obvious. The pathos lies in drawing their attention to it, in getting them to see as clearly as a mathematical equation the inequality that exists between 1st and 3rd persons. Are they really confronting one another, however much they may believe and are convinced they are? Which, in my view, is the task for Headlessness: not only enjoining people to love one another with feeling, with words and music—we’ve been

trying that for aeons with only limited success—but to demonstrate it's what we're doing anyway whether we know it or not or even like it or not, that, in a word, it's in our own and best self-and-Self interest to do so.

Q11. What is it about the present situation that you consider makes “evidence after the Fact, the union of both perspectives—interior and exterior” now necessary “on a universal scale?” Please explain what has changed to make the need now.

George: Not to pay lip-service to the Johnnies-come-lately on the scene or even to sound too alarmist since it's been a long time a-coming, but I think a glance at the recent headlines might help answer that one. One world means one universal world and a language to match. Not a sterile parody as was proposed some years ago by devotees of Esperanto or, thanks , first, to the British and now the American hegemony, the colorful if somewhat limited pidgen English now spoken by some two or three billion people on earth, but a language that everyone can understand and, at the same time, that not only says something but has something to say—Godspeak, the voice of silence. It's time. The explosion of 3rd Person science with its two-edged sword of danger on the one hand and opportunity on the other has led to its corresponding implosion—the experiments. It's worth noting too, that reality never fails to work in just this way. We just don't get one without the other—no atom bomb, no penicillin. Which is not to suggest we all run out and learn some equivalent homogeneous babble or give up convenient simultaneous translations but recognize where speech comes from and Who it comes from and allows, nay, encourages all those surface differences. Nor is it to suggest that I hold out any great hope that this ideal state will be realized, but only to acknowledge that for the first time ever the real possibility of transcending local

religions and beliefs and customs and the means of locating and so containing them exists, that's all. But then, who could have dreamed even as recently as a hundred years ago, that fifty or sixty nations might at least give the appearance of getting together to rid the world and not just some locale of its present menace? In any case, in an ideal world, which is no world at all, Headless people would not go around decapitating others, only their selves. Whether the experiments will foster that kind of behavior in more than a few is anybody's guess. But are more than a few necessary? Again, who could have suspected at the time that the essential message to the world from Athens would narrow down to a handful, to an Aeschylus or Socrates or a Plato and Aristotle or from Jerusalem, to the prophets and Jesus and St. Paul, that it was they who laid the Ground-work within their traditions just as a Gautama and Lao-Tze and Chuang-Tzu did within theirs.?

Q12. Who said "let go and your fall will be broken by the roof of heaven."

George: This is a joy and a beauty. It's by Djuna Barnes from her novel *Nightwood*. Djuna Barnes was an American lady, born in the late nineties—the 1890's that is—who was a charter member of that very vocal contingent of American expatriates in Paris after the First World War. She knew everybody—Joyce, Hemingway etc. Wrote novels, short stories, plays, but none so accomplished as *Nightwood* which was picked up by Eliot when he was the head honcho at Faber and Faber and who also contributed a very flattering introduction. And, in truth, it's an overlooked gem. Coming back to the States just before the outbreak of the Second War, she lived about three or four doors down from me in Greenwich Village. I used to see her in the park once in a while, a formidable presence I can assure you, in fact something of a recluse,

and though I knew people who'd met her I could never summon up the courage to approach her. I would now, if only on the strength of that quote which, as far as I'm concerned, says it all. Because "let go hell and your fall will be broken by the roof of heaven" is exactly what happens and is happening all the time whether one is aware of Seeing or not. It wasn't long after I'd discovered Douglas and his work that I vaguely remembered it and sure enough, going back over my copy of forty years before, found it underlined. Interestingly enough and much to my surprise, it was the only thing in the whole book I'd underlined. So I guess there really are no accidents. I guess I was implicitly feeling my way towards what the experiments make explicit—an enormous difference, of course, the difference between dining oneself and watching other people dine. Still, as a description of what takes place in all of us when we're running on all six cylinders, it couldn't be better said.

Q13. Could you explain what you mean by the Gap."

George: I think my response to question 8, above, should cover that one—the Gap as the cake-mold.

Q14. What do you mean by gathering in a circle?

George: I think that is covered in my answer below.

Q15. Could you be a bit more specific in relating the following extract to the experiments? Quite simply, the Self-realization now available to each and every one of us with an eye to the truth is precisely what constitutes the end and meaning of history. The last of a series because for the first time in history it stands outside all series including its own, it has, by delivering us to the experiments, delivered itself?

George: As regards our interpretations of history, the problem up to now has been that, with few exceptions -St.

Augustine's *City of God* is an early attempt—we've never been able to secure a purchase outside it from which to see it whole. It would be much like your asking me to make a fair appraisal .Shakespeare without having read *Hamlet* or *King Lear* or *the Tempest*. Sure, I might make some hit-and-miss judicious comments here and there as to this and that play, just as our better historians have turned their attention to this or that period, even in some cases like Toynbee or Spengler, or Polybius and Ibn-Khaldoun and Vico before them, to universal history, but always from a conditioned as distinct from an unconditional point of view without which it's impossible to uncover its essential meaning. However indirectly, the Classified experiment addresses this issue.

Let me put it this way. We know from their testimony and behavior and example that over the years Self-realization has been available to a handful of people, the rare few—the great saints and sages and mystics and so on. We know that what they saw, usually at great cost though not necessarily so (cf. Traherne who appears to have been a natural as was Heinrich Suso, a disciple of Eckhart's, and de Caussade, one of Douglas' favorites), is now available to all of us by way of the experiments, just as we know that the equivalent of a dozen or so lackeys required to run around lighting two-hundred candles so that Louis XIV could see what he was eating is ours for the turning on of a switch. Hegel was the first to claim that this resolution of the Master-Slave or Master-Servant relation—the switch replacing the lackeys—constituted the end of history, its meaning and purpose, what history had been for and finally all about—the realization of the essential equality of all people. What Hegel, great as he was, could not see, though he suspected it, was that this turn-about had in turn to be turned-about, that the Suffering Servant, the so-called King of the Jews, hadn't worn his crown of thorns for nothing, that, as exemplified

in the paper-bag experiment, the Servant=Master relation which to some degree seems to have been resolved at least in the eyes of the law of democratic polities, had in turn to be modified to read its exact reverse, the Servant as Master, as omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent ruler of the world. Nishitani, one of the great representatives of the Kyoto School of Zen, calls it “the reciprocal interchange of absolute inequality,” a tough one at first bite until, coming out of the paper-bag, you chew it and digest it and realize that, taken word for word, that’s exactly what takes place, I as absolutely Nobody absolutely disappearing in your favor, you, reciprocally, disappearing in mine. And this despite history’s (and historians’) seeming disclaimer is what’s really really been going on if only underground since the beginning of time. We just didn’t know it, that’s all, because we didn’t see it. And seeing, the basis for knowledge, comes first. Hence the centrality of the experiments.

Further than this we can’t go, at least conceptually, quite simply because that’s all there is. What we can say with absolute assurance is that what was once accessible to the fortunate few is now available to all at least potentially thanks to this most unlikely source. And in delivering, via the experiments, this possibility of realization to each of us individually, history, its purpose satisfied and meaning made plain, has done the same for itself, has taken at least the first step towards its own liberation. Which is not to suggest it goes away any more than mine—or, I assume, yours—went away when over ten years ago I first came across Headlessness. But—and I speak for myself now—it has been transformed. What I saw as evil or, if you will, just plain bad in my own life (whether self-administered or not is beside the point) because it failed to affirm my little one, I see now, at least in my better moments, as the only good available to me at the time, if only because it led me to a realization of who and where I AM. In this sense,

Mr. Eliot was quite correct when, as regards his own personal destiny, he wrote that “In my end is my beginning.” So, too, with history. Though neither its slaughters nor deliverances—the facts of its past—can be changed, in light of the FACT it served as a channel to reveal, our interpretation of its meaning most certainly can be and must be. If, in the end, as he goes on to say, the end is the place we start from, we better make sure where that end is so that we can begin.

And, again, and at the risk of becoming tiresome, we have an experiment to illustrate the truth of this—the Machine, a variation on the Circle. Since it’s rarely performed I don’t know if you know it or not but it is a marvellous demonstration of what I’m talking about, not so much of beginnings and ends but of ends and beginnings. I remember one occasion quite forcibly. We were at a Gathering in Nacton. It was late morning and Douglas as the leader (though, of course, it could be anybody) represented himself as a very, very old inventor, a very tired, very weary party who, nevertheless, had to get through this last task before we could break for lunch and he could sit down and rest. The ground-rules were as follows. He would lower his arm which, acting as a semaphore, would indicate to the person standing closest to him that the exercise had begun. Since we were holding hands this person would in turn signal by the slightest pressure that he or she had received the signal and so it would pass from hand to hand around the circle till finally arriving back where it started, to its originator, it would trigger the semaphore and the experiment would be over. Like God he could then sit down and rest and like humans we could then sit down and have lunch.

Now this experiment is generally offered as an exercise in freedom and it certainly is that. After all, whenever I receive the signal, let’s say from the person on my left, I have a choice before passing it onto the person

on my right. I can either do so immediately, or delay a little or a lot, or not pass it on at all, in which case, as we say over here in baseball, the game is called off because of rain. (And that may happen to the race, too, if we don't attend to our proper business). But for our purposes that's not what concerns me here, rather a variation on the theme. Because on this particular occasion it struck me that as the recipient of the impulse I had absolutely no choice either in what or when I received it. In that sense, as heir to everything that had gone before, to all the other impulses that had travelled the circle until they reached me, I stood at the end of a series over which, like the date and place of my birth or my genes for that matter, like history itself, I had no control whatsoever. By the same token, however, if I stood passively at the end, as being very much present in the Gap and aware of it I also stood actively at its beginning. I could, depending on the conditions set down and my own inner state (like love), respond accordingly. And, albeit the image speaks louder than words, this is what I mean when I say we—each of us—are at once at the end of history yet at the same time at its beginning or, at least, at the possibility of a new beginning. Because if, like man-made history, the experiments are new, for the first time in history all of us can consciously see in this particular experiment the new finally join hands and unite with its original. Can see, too, by this recognition, that the circle of history coming to a close, it paradoxically opens. As a result, to the degree I see that I'm no longer the center of the universe but the universe is centered in me, I have to take responsibility for it or, if you prefer, that I'm now "responsible" to it, literally in a position to answer to it and for it. Dostoevski in one of his novels touches on this when he has one of his characters shout (his characters are always shouting), "I see now I am responsible for everything," which, however impressive it sounded when I first read it years ago, I must

admit to not having the vaguest idea of what he was talking about. I do now. Though, as in this experiment, I may appear to be free to make this or that choice right down to doing nothing (that is, depending on my psychological and sociological conditioning—my so-called state of mind—refuse to pass on the impulse so that Douglas can sit down and rest), as to making a choice one way or the other I have no choice at all. As St. Paul put it so poetically but we see now in the flesh, we are literally “prisoners of grace.”

That question answered with certainty, it only remains to be seen what we do with it and make of it, how that certainty translates into individual behavior, from Seeing to Being, always mindful, of course, that to the degree each of us falls short of that centered vision, to that degree do we pay a price for our absence.

Q16. What exactly do you mean by the being-to-be dying to be free within all of us...?,

George: I guess by its very nature when we deal in language paradox has to be the name of the game. As I intend it, “the being-to-be dying to be free within all of us” is for want of a better word, God. God, or if you prefer, the 1st Person, has no being, is a pure abstraction until “incorporated” in me or you or whoever. “God has no arms, no hands, but mine.” That’s St. Teresa of Avila. Angelus Silesius says it even better. “I know that without me,/the life of God were lost;/ Were I destroyed, he must/perforce give up the ghost.” “What has been said of God/suffices not my mind./ The more-than-God is where/ my life and light I find.” I don’t know how far you want to go on this. I probably should have been satisfied with referring to these or Eckhart’s sermons (from which the above derive) and let it go at that.

Q17. This refers to the ‘Circle’ experiment.

Q18. You are saying the awakening to this space here is the redemption of awareness from the waking dream of everyday life? Or is 'the fulfilled life' the possibility you refer to?

George: I interpret the manifestation of this Possibility via the experiments as an expression of what once upon a time was referred to in the Western tradition as Providence and in Buddhism as Other, as distinct from Self, Power: how all can go wrong but if pursued to the end—the world being round—can still come right. The only difference between the world and Providence, between, if you will, the perspective of the 3rd and 1st Person—and it makes all the difference—is that Providence, as again demonstrated in the Circle and Machine exercises and in the Foursome as well, is, when experienced rather than merely observed, an open circle, in reality just another name for God. Any closed circle that we can imagine or draw, like this O, like the great globe itself, is essentially an abstraction and as such, if acted upon as the be-all and end-all, an hallucination. A necessary one, of course, which is not only the reason for two-way looking but precisely its point. Were there no hallucination, no dream to be redeemed on the dark side of the moon, we'd still be in the Garden with all the other birds and bees, but the All-Possible would have been deprived of one of its possibilities —to know itSelf, to be conscious and aware of itSelf—and, as such, unfulfilled.

Q19. I need some explanatory comment here.

George: It might help here to consider the four castes as established in Hinduism following the Aryan invasions. Working from the "top" down and in order of "importance" we have first the Brahmans, the priestly class, then the Kshatriyas, the aristocratic warriors or royal power, and then the third estate, the Vaisyas, the

merchants and farmers—these three and these three categories alone qualified to be “twice-born.” And we see something like this reflected in the course of Western history along with its philosophies, their reasons for being. Beneath them but still included in the scheme of things are the Sudras, the workers and peasants. What with Marx and the rise of socialism on the one hand and the emergence of consumer capitalism and democracy on the other, no need to go into that most recent development as it, too, becomes part of the mix, indeed becomes the dominant factor in what we mean by modernity, at least up to now. Every man and woman, too, doing what is right in his or her own eyes.

What’s often overlooked, however, is that there was a fifth caste, if it can be called that. Just as Zen has often been called the religion of no-religion (though it’s my claim the title is more aptly applied to Headlessness), this was the caste of no-caste, the Chandalas, the outcasts, those with neither affiliation nor home, spiritual or otherwise. No accident that these were Gandhi’s Untouchables. No accident that half-way around the globe their opposite numbers arrived in America in steerage or in Australia in chains or that from here to Hollywood they included, though not exclusively, actors and mountebanks, jugglers and medicine-men, the dispossessed, the nameless. No accident, either, that the experiments, the pure light of the single eye that, shining through the prism of this world, reveals religion, all religions in their true if various colors, were devised not in safe centers like Oxford or Cambridge or Berlin or Rome for that matter but, outside the loop entirely, by the son of a struggling lower middle-class green-grocer in a small coastal town, an obscure scholarship boy who also found himself dispossessed and with Nowhere to go (Douglas Harding).

As for “The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.” Isn’t that what history’s all about—violence—with the century just past (and who knows what’s yet to come) witnessing the sum of death by war greater than in all the previous ages combined? And yet, and yet, inexorably and inextricably correlated with these numbers and this historical and historic breakdown like none ever seen before on the face of the earth, hand in hand comes its corresponding historical breakthrough to the bottom line. Can there be any doubt that you and I and all of us to some degree live by violence and will continue to live by violence—on Indian land, for instance, or aborigines’ land? (And whose land were they living on?) To my mind the only workable translation of the sixth commandment is not “Thou shalt not kill” but “Thou shalt not murder”, as even the Jains in India understand who, if they really really lived by the first rather than the second rule, would, paradoxically, all be dead in a week. Blake, that magnificent precursor of two-way looking, said it best of all. “The cut worm forgives the plow.” And the plow is history and the experiments the harvest.

Q20. A bit more elaboration here please George.

George: You ask what that’s all about. I guess it’s about two-way looking and the need for it, at least for the likes of me. This is hardly the time or place to discuss it, but it leads us into all kinds of issues that have to be related to Headlessness—like pacifism, for instance, and non-resistance. Kierkegaard once asked whether a man has the right to allow himself to be put to death for the truth inasmuch as Jesus did it once and for all, replied that “once and for all” meant once was enough. I think the question might be better put to ask whether I have the right to stand by and watch another be put to death for any reason—like my child, for instance, or any child. There was an interesting exchange of letters during the

Second World War between Martin Buber, the Jewish philosopher, and Gandhi, Gandhi insisting that the only answer to Hitler was non-resistance, Buber pointing out that were he, Gandhi, living under the Nazi rather than the more benign British hegemony, no one would ever have heard of him or his non-resistance movement. He would have been snuffed out in a second. Interestingly enough, the Bhagavad-Gita, Gandhi's Bible, adopts Buber's perspective.

The point I was trying to make, however, was the danger of confusing Utopia or the hope of it -the not-yet— with the Nowhere which is of an entirely different order and already here. Douglas addresses this beautifully in the *Little Book of Life and Death*, the unbridgeable gap between the notion of heaven on earth and the reality of earth in heaven which is where we all are anyway only we don't know it. And we don't know it because we don't see it. Or at least haven't up to now.

Appendix 2

EXPERIMENTS REFERRED TO IN THE ESSAY

The following notes are intended to help readers with no previous contact with the work of Douglas Harding and the experiments he designed, to get an idea of what the experiments are about. And an idea is all the reader will get from the description as they have to be carried out rather than read about. More detailed information, including a series of video demonstrations, is available on the www.headless.org website and/or its successors.

Paper-bag or Tube

An open-ended paper bag or short tube. Two people, one at each end put their faces into the bag and consider, on the evidence available to them, how many faces are present and the differences between what they experience or find at the end they are looking from and what they see at the other.

Pointing Finger

Point at various objects consider their shape, color, size and then point at the place where others see your face and see what, on present evidence, it is pointing to.

Two-way Looking

Become aware of what you are looking out of, not just what you're looking at. Simultaneously let one finger point "out there" and another "in here."

Card Experiment

"Hold up a large card with a head-size hole in the middle and a small mirror attached to one of the bottom corners. The mirror reveals the 'little one,' the third person, what passes for me, a reflection. The hole reveals the

Whole, who I really really am, the container for all that exists (and doesn't exist).

Classified Experiment

An experiment where you are given a group identity, unknown to yourself but obvious to others, and required to find your way to your own group.

Machine Experiment

As described by George in his answer to Question 15, above.

Storehouse Experiment

The Storehouse. Deals with “the Power behind the throne”. The Storehouse requires two people. #1 sits in a chair looking directly ahead; #2 stands silently behind and, beginning at one side, either left or right, slowly, very slowly and in a semi-circular motion, passes one by one a series of objects for inspection through #1’s field of vision. These objects can be anything that comes to hand: if performed outside, a stick, a stone, a leaf, a flower; if inside, a pencil, a coin, a wrist-watch, a handkerchief, a piece of paper, whatever. We can now see how everything arising out of Nowhere it reaches apotheosis at center, and then returns to where, Nowhere, it began. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust and so forth. And yet, if we want to survive, no less live, we still have to navigate the Meanwhile.

Spectacles Experiment

Bring a pair of spectacles slowly to the face and observe as the two eye pieces conform to the single eye or capacity that awaits them.

The Foursome Experiment

Four people form a square, each person taking a position directly opposite one of the others thus making four points of the compass. Assume the description is given from the South position and relying strictly on present evidence. South sees East and West confronting each other face to face. Turning her attention to her opposite compass-point, she asks herself whether she is similarly face to face, in confrontation with North? Here she discovers a completely different situation—one of face (North) to no-face at South. She discovers an absence here at South without which North could not appear. She disappears in favour of North. (This illustrates the Nishitani “the reciprocal interchange of absolute inequality,” referred to in the answer to question 15, above).

Appendix 3

NOTES ON THE FOURSOME EXPERIMENT

The Foursome is a condensed version of the Circle but it addresses, I think, a somewhat different aspect, a variation on the theme. Four people, arms linked—let's say, you, Margot, Douglas and myself—form a circle to see what the structure of reality has to say for itSelf. Let's say Douglas and I, presumably "facing" one another north-south, form one axis and you and Margot the other at east-west. (Mindful, of course, that, as demonstrated in the Unclassified, the designations "latititude and longitude", though not purely arbitrary, make possible the fitness of the environment and so like everything else in this world are created for our convenience. As the Romans used to say and two-way looking confirms: "It's not necessary to live; it is, however, necessary to navigate.") In any case, coming from where I am at 1st Person absent memory and imagination, what do I or rather I AM see on present evidence? Well, I see two things. Looking straight at Douglas, I see that in order to see him at all I first have to get out of the way, not his way but my way. I have to disappear in his favor. I also see that this is not a question of choice but simply the way I'm built, the way things are. Dante calls it the love that makes the world go round, that moves the sun, moon and other stars, not as a feeling but a fact. And the same pertains when, looking left and/or right at you and/or Margot, I receive you singly or together in my field of vision whether or not you return the courtesy. But then a funny thing happens. I notice that, despite what may be going on interiorly in each of you—and at this stage I can only assume that the identical process is taking place in both of you since this disappearing act seems to be the only operation that works—you and Margot looking at each other don't seem

to be disappearing at all in one another's favor. On the contrary, from where I stand or sit it very much looks to me like you two are actually confronting each other.

What to make of it? Even more important, what to do about it? The first thing that comes to mind is to point out that though in this instance I've been referring to my own experience for the sake of clarity, this particular but by no means peculiar experience is not confined to me but is an absolutely universal phenomenon, equally applicable in one degree or other of awareness to every living creature on earth. Thus, although the content may vary and I in your line of sight replace you in mine, the container never does. Which would seem to indicate that, as the saints and sages have been insisting since time began, at bottom we're all one. Nevertheless, though it's now evident to all that somewhere in the region of the heart headless is where we begin, it's equally obvious we don't end there. There's still the stubborn fact—and there's no denying the world, too, is a fact; the philosopher Hobbes calls it the war of all against all—that regardless of where you, Alan and/or Margot, are really coming from (and this would equally apply to a fly on the wall), it very much looks like you two are confronting one another, even though, as we've already seen, that's not really the case at all.

Well, which is it, then, and how reconcile these two diametrically opposed yet seemingly legitimate views? Has my eye—the same eye with which I see God and, according to Eckhart, the same eye with which God sees me—deceived me? The most obvious answer, and it's been around for millennia, is the one adopted by, among others, the Vedanta which, on the strength of its indisputable familiarity with the 1st Person or what, in its impersonal way it was to acknowledge as the 1st Person, was to sweep it under the rug, to declare that the so-called confrontation was pure illusion—that yes, my eyes have deceived me. To which the more down-to-earth, like Hobbes for instance

(and the Hindus have their share of the likes of him too), immediately respond that, aside from the social consequences, if confrontation is an illusion it's a helluva real one as even language testifies when it advises against rushing "head-long" into the lion's mouth in hot pursuit of its nature.

Now I don't know how far you want to go with this in our limited space—you ask for a few words—but it may help clarify a point I made in my paper to explore one more time the uses of "illusion" which is no illusion at all but, as the lion's mouth attests, merely a half-truth: how, for example, the "appearance" of history—what Douglas calls the "we"—has providentially affected not only our knowledge but also our experience of reality. If nothing else, it may help demonstrate my conviction that the logical ramifications of the experiments, of any experiment, are virtually infinite.

In one of his Discourses, Rumi, one of the great precursors of two-way looking and meditation for the market-place, begins by bemoaning the almost universal sway of what he calls Heedlessness, the inattention to who we really really are. But—and, of course, this is precisely where his greatness lies—he almost immediately catches himself up by recognizing, as Headlessness and particularly this experiment does, that one-way looking, whether devoted exclusively to this world or the "next", is, aside from a miscalculation, a physical impossibility, since, very much like the interplay between foundation and superstructure, a distinction Douglas makes, you don't get one without the other. A foundation alone is worth exactly what it looks like—nothing. It's certainly not habitable. And it would appear the Power behind the throne "wants" the world inhabited, at least for (and in) the moment. By the same token, a superstructure without foundation—and, as we've already seen, it's a foundation grounded in love—cannot stand. As we've known all

along and even our pop tunes, especially our pop tunes, not to speak of a paper-bag, proclaim it—when it comes to reality it takes two to tango. Without that special one and its non-Other—and, no doubt about it, from a God’s eye perspective we’re all special since, as we see now, he counts on that for his very ex-istence—there’d be no world at all, just as this blank page would reveal nothing but silence were there no writing on it. As in the paper-bag, without you, where would I be? You guessed it. Nowhere.

How else, then, except under conditions which demand a foil—an object to love—where you and Margot have to seem to be confronting one another, could God—awareness, consciousness, love, call Him, Her, It anything you like—be said to ex-ist at all, be brought to birth as Eckhart puts it, a detail which any mother, practiced in the labor of love by means of separation, will corroborate? Even more important, how could it succeed in having its Presence not only felt but known? To quote Angelus Silesius again: “I know that without me, the life of God were lost; Were I destroyed, he must perforce give up the ghost.” It’s no accident that, in Western thought especially, the human, by right of its body, a body that, as in the Resurrection, signifies the realization of all possibilities, of redemption as well as election, is raised higher than the angels. And like nothing else in this world or even out of it, the experiments, by making explicit what is implicit in the body, sing that certainty like nothing and no-one else ever has before. Finding ourSelf fallen so deep into what used to be called the abyss, we’re finally in position to heed the wake-up call. It’s only then we can confirm the fact that “the same eye with which I as subject see God as “object” is the same eye with which God as subject sees me as object” is the absolute truth, the immemorial words promising heavenly harmony and re-union finally set to the music of the spheres. Eckhart and St. Teresa and

Angelus Silesius (who belied his name) and the rest weren't just bumping their gums.

I suppose if we have to talk about it—and apparently we do—aside from reminding us of the primacy of the senses when unhindered by memory and imagination, its purpose is to point us to the ways of God and man. As the dying Lear says to his dear Cordelia, “we take upon us the mystery of things/ As if we were God’s spies.” We can now see how everything arising out of Nowhere, it reaches apotheosis at center, and then returns to where, Nowhere, it began. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust and so forth. And yet, and yet, if we want to survive, no less live, we still have to navigate the Meanwhile. Why don’t you have Margot, standing behind you, slowly dangle a wrist-watch in front of you? See how at dead-center, at the high-noon of your life, the moving hand of time and, by extension, its surrogate, history, is contained within your space and so in its coming to be and passing away acquires meaning, not in the order of cause, of course, but of value, how without that time ticking away Your empty space would have no meaning, right down to the realization that possibly in-and-for itSelf it really does have none. And what Good would that do, no less be? In two of his greatest plays, Hamlet and King Lear, Shakespeare comes to almost identical conclusions: in the one that “readiness is all,” in the other, “ripeness.” Half-way across the great globe, the Zen people, who knew a thing or two, too, about such matters (and I dare say still do), announced, and acted on it, that, aside from food and water, the one thing necessary to living the good life—a life of benevolence without purpose—is to pay attention. I suggest, as befits two-way looking, the experiments meet all these requirements, get it coming and going. If ripeness is all, then the “purpose” of history satisfied by their very Presence, we’re now ready to fit the bill by paying it. Whether we’re willing to do so is another matter but it’s

certainly possible that, thanks to the joint venture of history in the service of providence—the Power behind the throne—for the first time ever we’re now able to. Become aware, finally, of the capacity, not only do we see we have it, we have the where-with-all, we see that that awareness is the capacity. Of course, as with any of the experiments, we’re free to read and interpret them anyway we want so long as we remember that if God helps those who help themselves, God help those who, lapsing into license, get caught helping themselves. I think it was St. Augustine who said, “Do what you like. Do what you like—and pay for it.” What I get from this one is the “backness” of things, that I really and truly am backed, in this case, by death itself if needs be and, of course, as we all know, it needs be. They say we don’t have eyes in the back of our heads. And as far as it goes that’s true. But does it go as far as it can go? Does it go all the way and tell the whole story? Because, courtesy of two-way looking, I now know of one eye that does see into the back of my no-head and beyond and what it finds is reassuring. And it’s reassuring because it’s trust-worthy which, as it happens, is the original meaning of “true”—that in life as in death we’ve been given all we need. Whether the goods of this world get fairly distributed is at once a matter for politics and economics and at the same time the matter with politics and economics and, as again in two-way looking, it’s necessary to remember that. But that the Good of this world (and the “next”) is there or rather here, at least in potentia, and not so much for the taking as for the asking and receiving, is unquestionable. Like the song says or should have: “The best things in life really really are free.” It’s as simple as the paradox that dictates it: that all we have to do to make our way home, the place we never left, is to move out, disappear in our Own favour.

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More information on the work of Douglas Harding
is available at:
www.headless.org

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