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## NEMONEMINI SONNETEER

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### PREFACE...WHO AM I'S

The significance of a life is personal, but this autobiographical documentation might pass as impersonal, and will serve more one, in some incidents taken from the period of the New Age movement of the seventies in the last century. The incidents might be of value to those who come later, and who in the cascade of generations endure lives without

correct information, in a dismal cycle of situations replicating almost archaic rituals. Here, there might be another reason for such a tale. It is said among buddhists that recall of previous incarnations is a great step on what they call the path. This would greatly complicate an autobiography, leaving the account with no real beginning, what to say of an ending. And yet, Failing that...we shall see that some may so recall that of others, but keep them in the dark. The cut purse of time, No path at all, keep all in the dark, as the shadows of Plato land. This refers to the ambiguity over the figure Ouspensky. His world of followers should know of his fate.

In my early searches I once attended a group of sufis and was pointed to as the reincarnation of Ouspensky, which left me alarmed and non-plussed, but the connection could not be right since the dates are wrong: i was born in 1945 and Ouspensky died in 1947 so that's out, unless by some system of passpartout ghosts one can be in two bodies at once. I was in any case refused admittance to the sufi brotherhoods but i figured a way to steal their secrets which are elusive even to sufis themselves. To have not been Ouspensky is a huge relief since he was a reactionary antimodernist of the worst kind intending to restore the ancient laws of caste. The point was that as I learned later the real reborn Ouspensky was quite naturally reborn in the US in the Baby Boom generation as a middle class liberal american with beliefs grounded in that period. To those behind Gurdjieff who had high hopes of future class warfare from such a person, it was distressing to see him slip away, oblivious to his previous birth. Lucky that i wasn't reborn (reborn) thus.

One need not decide on the right approach or plead guilty to narcissism to write a short memoir of the last half of the twentieth century. Although confessing to a long involvement in the New Age movement of that period, I deduced before long that I was never a member and that the proponents had gotten their age periods mixed up. So, as a 'secular' modern humanist and 'atheist' (given the infinity of gnostic views of 'god', an atheist could never negate them all and thus requires quote marks for any such accusation) : in quotation marks, and democratic citizen I find the ministrations of the astonishing flood of gurus of this period to be a strange distraction from living in the greater now of modernity, to use a phrase dear to those who would have us live in ancient worlds. the counterrevolution against modern democracy, a complot whose seeds are now sprouting in the age of Trump. Beside

the gurus stand the less visible sufis whose activities can border on the obscure, a possible interpretation of 'occult', with possible reference to our previous references to cutpurses.

Another beginning here is the period around 2005 when I began the blog Darwiniana and had almost completed the work on World History and the Eonic Effect. In fact the fourth edition appeared in 2008, giving a settled form to the initial formulation, researched and written in the period from 1995 to 2000 when the new technology of POD appeared and the first edition found a venue. This was dawn of the period of POD and suspicious text bypassing peer review, general opinion, and brainwashed thought control This was the period when the Internet took off in a real sense as the availability of important information began to transform political insight. The appearance of online journals such as Counterpunch made one realize the action of ideology was a lot worse than one had imagined. The book on the eonic effect had a new insight into the dynamics of civilization and the mystery of evolution as it is captured by the fake theory of Darwinism.

The work on that blog constituted a remarkably vigorous period of social reflection and scientific debriefing, and leaves the question of the origins in doubt and shows a deep error in Darwin's theory of evolution. After 2008 I began to search for new means of publication and discovered the software Indesign from Adobe and the venue of Lightning Print. I was able to produce 3 books with that technology, shorter versions of the first book Descent of Man Revisited, Last and First Men, and Enigma of the Axial Age. A remarkable software indeed, like a printing press in one's personal computer.

I had begun a series of 'netbooks' using the now archaic Microsoft software Publisher 1998, which allowed the creation of write as you go booklets, and I produced a series of such now at the website eonic-effect.net, along with a few of the poems I had written in the 80's, one a flourish about Captain Nemo as a partial disguise for the net, online at nemonemini.info.

The wind done blew blew blew our faces flat

And all along the seascape loomed the rain

## Descent of Man Revisited

In clouds that tumbled like a blown off hat  
 I watched as Nemo scoped the cresting main  
 His face looked distant, present from a mile  
 Nemini, there! he barked, pointing alee.  
 Nemo seemed one, yet two to show a smile  
 A steaming frigate owned the open sea.  
 Dive! Dive! He shouted as the klaxon whined  
 And storm toss broke awash the coning stack.  
 We scrambled down, and screwed the hatch behind  
 The ship came swerving on a closing track.  
 The blue-green eye electric furrowed night,  
 none save a sea beast, nemo, given sight.

The original 'nemonemini' arose in 1999 to devise an AOL screenname that didn't have numbers, e.g. nemo142887. This bio-text began with the 'onset' of a new blog, nemonemini.info. The Preface to Last and First Men creates a flourish on this:

As a youth every kid on my block was Captain Nemo: that shows the importance of team work, a job for the 'little rascals'. Nemini is the plural of nemo, in pig latin. Nemo and the sea-beast are sometimes archetypally made one and/or seen as alien messengers, the leviathan or c-beast at lightspeed. Diagnosis? hyparchic future shock! But what is hyparxis?

The 'nemini group' is either the crew of the Nautilus, a gang of leftists, and a full blown scheme, global, of plots against the government. Another interpretation might be the many 'i's' (nemini, the plural of nemo in pig latin).

Which government? All governments! But first the French government, the object of nemonic fixation. So the American covert

agencies need not bother with our case, in the plural. In fact, in the spirit of global revolution in the wake of 1848, global insurrection should begin with dignity where it left off in the streets of Paris. So it is, to start, between 'us' and the Paris Gendarmerie. This might deflect the attention of the CIA.

The idea of hyperaxis came from J. G. Bennett's *The Dramatic Universe* and refers to a dimension of time along with linear time, eternity and hyperaxis in the mode of six- dimensional geometries of the universe (old-fashioned variants of the Flatland theme of the nineteenth century). The idea actually has an entry at: [en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Multiple\\_time\\_dimensions](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Multiple_time_dimensions), time, eternity and hyperaxis. I may have misused the term whose meaning was known first by Bennett who was able remarkably to visualize a hypersphere.

Short of science the idea nonetheless proposes that our minds interact with a timeless (i.e. not linear time) dimension within its own time.

This idea is a useful metaphysical construct and a precursor of the ideas of spooky physics (with no claims to serious rigor as science). But the idea of 'soul', so intractable for standard psychology, seems to want a spaceless dimension of the 'eternal'. Everything about the lore of spiritual psychology and cement block status of standard models of mentality suggests the idea of dimensions beyond the known, in Flatland fashion...

The Preface to *Last and First Men* starts with a set of inklings about whales, whales in distant galaxies, and designing rocket ships for whales using string theory, and, ominously, Hobbes' *Leviathan*. failing that resorting to astral projection, if whales can read books on the subject, else otherwise they are already adepts in cosmic 'schools'. Further questions, was *Moby Dick* a case of alien abduction? This is a descant on Bennett's idea of demiurgic powers...

The entirely apt idea of hyperaxis suggests a solution to the 'eerie silence' noted by the physicist Paul Davies. Bennett's idea of action from the virtual future puts the 'c beast' into the 'nemo zone'.

Cf. the 'tongue in cheek' <http://darwiniana.com/2012/09/29/c-beast-and-light-speed/> "there is a solid rumor that the 'aliens' have already



arrived, bypassed homo sapiens, and established contact with cetacean species: Moby Dick was a alien counterattacking against the predatory whaling industry.” A moment of silence for omrade Moby Dick then.

This beginning to LFM signals a mysterious channel quite different from the gross sufi/buddhist noise that has cursed the last few decades of my life. But they are too cloaked to detect, beyond the simple suggestion to write a book on communism, and may channel through sufi sources. Sufis are known to harbor claims about alien fish beings. So maybe this is a serious practical joke: a hidden sufi communist (terrified of being found out in reactionary sufis circles). I think that Bennett found the answer in his take on ‘demiurgic powers’. What’s the difference between a demiurgic power and a communist whale from outer space? Sufis may be the only people who can contact that domain.

The appearance of Moby Dick in the period after the revolution of 1848 is somehow very timely, and J.G. Bennett sense the onset of a new age around this time. An autobiographical blog might start at the end and the onset of The Gurdjieff Con (2008): realization that the ‘reincarnation of P.D.Ouspensky was active in a ‘Gurdjieff resistance movement’. This one way source of communication being highly subjective has to be taken as is: I was provided with a metaphor: the ‘born identity’: ‘RG (reborn) Ouspensky’ trying to remember the ‘deep programming’ from the malevolent G entity trying to maintain control of his ‘disciple’ slaves across rebirths. Ouspensky’s partial awakening made him snap out of the deep hypnosis, but not fully. Hence the slight analog to ‘Bourne’, a remarkable series of movies on the attempts to escape the covert agencies. The metaphor of this cuthroat spy film made me understand the plight of the real ‘rb-Ouspensky’: he wished to not be found and wished to escape the cover/esoteric clutches of the gurus a la Gurdjieff.

As a bystander who also experienced stress/revolt in the Gurdjieff work I was amenable to a critical blog re: the G men menace to modern liberty....ETC I must have been a backbencher in the O. school in the thirties.

I pursued a curious meditation on this theme: The Bourne Identity is a strange metaphor of rb-Ouspensky: let’s hope he gets away.

RB/Ouspensky, as in typical life cycles was a modern left/liberal who rejected totally the reactionary role in the Russian White context of Gurdjieff and felt compelled to undo the negative influence of his previous life.

Here the hidden message is ‘Barry stealing the baraka of Lyndon’, and how I

know that is pretty hard to explain at this point.

My moral is that the Gurdjieff world is an advanced game of black ops, and if you are a stupido in that world you are at risk.

#### SELF-REMEMBERINGS

I was born in 1945 to parents from Ohio and Canada, and entered into the family of a Baptist, soon Episcopalian minister, with a sister and brother. Born with gluten allergy, celiac syndrome, in a period that still misunderstood the syndrome, the first few years of existence were a crisis of nutrition, and a shock to my development. I was very late in learning to speak, until age three when, to my parents astonishment, I began to sing ‘row, row, your boat gently down the stream’. This delay in speech behavior is not uncommon, I suspect, and was present in Einstein. It may be a sign of directed birth, and with Einstein the suspicion lingers. To me Einstein was a carefully staged phenomenon. This may be the reason those who thought I was reincarnating Ouspensky saw no contradiction in the dates, Ouspensky dying in 1947/8? Since I have no knowledge of a science of reincarnation I can’t proceed with clarity, but it is obvious our ignorance is nearly complete. And the inference incorrect. I have another explanation, in the odd and mistaken confusions of reincarnation. But it might follow that between births the ‘somebody entity’ enters a timeless domain, making sequential logic undefined in that space. To enter a body in strict sequential timing may not be something we can assume. My life often mimicked Ouspensky drives and interests, but so what? Bennett talked of the ‘soul stuff pool’. Maybe Ouspensky ended up in the ‘sausage machine’ and some of his characteristics ended up a flock of later persons. This concludes discussion of the Ouspensky nonsense.

My parents were solid survivors of the Great Depression, and began to recover to enter middle class life in the coming era of American prosperity. My father was chosen for a position as a missionary in a theological seminary in Uganda. This was for three years from 1955. This remarkable opportunity changed everyone in my family, brother, sister and parents alike. In my case it was still another shock to my mentality as I was suddenly transported from the American High School world to the middle of Bantu plantain culture near Mt. Elgon in Uganda. A spectacular site at 5000 feet above sea level had a colonial missionary seminary in the midst of a plantain forest hiding a vigorous culture of Bantu speakers, Lugishu, as close or closer to the well-known Luganda as Spanish to Italian. My mother later bragged that I had learned both languages in a few weeks, but that was hardly the case. But I did often wander the plantain labyrinth which came upon homesteads embedded in the 'one extended banana farm' and was able to greet the many residents with the elaborate greeting sequences used by the Bantu spectrum of peoples. Because of my father's courage in standing up to the color bar, he became well-known to the local community, and he dared the unthinkable, visits to his students' homes, many of them solid householders in their thirties and forties aiming to become preachers, and delighted to host this defiance to color bar. I have always honored my father's memory here: his sudden appearance in Uganda was a harbinger of the end of colonialism.

This experience was a remarkable stimulus for a ten year old, skipping the fifth grade to roam the novel environment of an African lapsed Eden making friends with many my age. The question of my education was up in the air. My parents had sent my sister to a Kenyan boarding school for girls, but she hated the place, and in the context of the Mau Mau era, and the dangers of racial indoctrination in such an environment, my parents withdrew her, and we proceeded in a vacation period to search out a decent educational institution in the then 'Belgian Congo'. Arriving in Bukavu they discovered a Francophone-style Lyceum high school, and upon enquiry enrolled us in their program. My parents had the idea that Belgian colonialism was less racist than the English, and to be sure the school was integrated racially, but only with token representatives of 'chieftain families' and children of Indian merchants. But I can recall no issue of racism perceptible to a ten year old, and I

think my parents calculated rightly that this environment would not be as dangerous in that respect. Confronted with the prospect of taking classes in French, I actually thrived and blossomed into a good student, near the top of the class, and was speaking some sort of French very quickly. After two years in this school my parents returned to the US, and the long goodbye to colonialism was at hand as Uganda reached independence.

Upon return I was enrolled (after my brother) in the well-known Groton School, with a scholarship reserved for sons of Protestant ministers, it appears. I did well and became a fan of the classics. Near the end I suddenly starting writing poetry in English and French, and become the editor of the school mag, and the recipient of the classics prize. This ending was a boost to my self- confidence followed by a crash, as the episode of 'poete maudit' terminated almost to the year of the same, for Rimbaud. For a moment I peered through a mouse hole into that world as bird on the wing gazing on that non-pareil among poets, and then the vision faded, and the poet was soon gone. It was better so, but I failed to see the point, ending in obscure post-poetry mimicking the style of Finnegans Wake. This episode of the 'poet' was really a movement in consciousness and gave me an outsider's identity with a strong self-confidence. The energy passed and it wasn't until the period of the eighties that it returned, as I wandered the America west.

From there I went to Colombia College, with a major in classics, which I completed in three years. My college experience was eerie as I became a recluse for three years of university. I was a complete loner and had little contact with students or professors and went through the major coasting on my high school Greek. It was clear I would not be destined to a career here. So I focused on getting my money's worth, the texts of Greek Tragedy, with a thesis on the Bacchae. I became interested in math, and took a course in calculus my seniors and then taught myself a lot of advanced math. But my academic routine was disintegrating, and I ended up writing my senior thesis a week late by typing out the final draft on an old typewriter. By a miracle I got a B+, from Moses Hades. I had switched to calculus and Japanese, and I met a Japanese painter, and began to move beyond the world of the university. A PhD in classics would have been a waste of time so I was advised against judgment to enroll at Teacher's College, but it was a foil to teach myself advanced

math, reaching electromagnetism, tensor analysis and general relativity, and Hilbert spaces and matrices for Quantum Mechanics. In something like unreality I suddenly realized that my major was in unemployment and in my senior year I changed course with a course in calculus and Japanese, which I enjoyed leading to a year at Teacher's College to learn enough mathematics to get into the Peace Corps, in 1968.

Once again I found my self in Uganda, and proceeded through a series of assignments to teach first British O level, and then A level mathematics. My self-study in (I had brought almost fifty math texts with me) mathematics had born fruit and I managed without ever having a course in physics teaching A level 'maths' which was a strange concoction of 'almost calculus' and Newtonian statics. I had enrolled for a third year, and I spent the conclusion to my tour teaching the complicated statics puzzles that graced old fashion A Level sweatshops, the august laws of Newton's mechanics in statics engraved on the brain. This is a reminder that the tour was not a tourist spree, but a hard slog of mathematical grind explaining A level dreadfuls to a students who were very eager, but with few chances of employment.

My second experience of Uganda was a mixed one: the closed world of very intelligent students trying to get a grip on technological mentation: British A Level math would make most American high school students fall down in a dead faint. Between the three schools I worked there was the outer world of East Africa, where I learned to speak pidgin Swahili in a blue streak (five hundred words, plus a bit of grammar). The version called Kisettla spoken by colonists was for a while a badge of suspicion, but the period I went through was already different: pidgin Swahili in the African brand is spoken by almost no whites anymore, except in Kenya perhaps, where people actually speak real Swahili, but is universal from Mombasa to the borders of the Congo in the markets, bars, shantytowns and general transport systems to bring some means of communication to domain with a new language every hundred miles. I saw a lot of the whole universe, from the coastal mystery cities north of Mombasa, to the world of Daresalaam where I came across the amazing Makonde street sculptors whose raw genius stepped out of the trinket tourist trade to some really stunning psychedelic pieces sold for a pittance. You can find this now on the Internet for hundreds of dollars, but I bought a few in Daresalamm for a few shillings. This

hidden sculptured talent is stupendous. But the shock of colonialism still lingered and the possibilities of interaction were still limited. I used to walk through the shantytowns without fear, but real communication is difficult with a pidgin.

This period was not a tourist spree but a prolonged trek via the mixture of mathematical and scenic memories to the crisis of globalization. The enigma of Africa deserved 'simple attention' as I made a kind of meditation from its cascade of peoples and cultures.

I concluded this remarkable three year stint with an extravagant exit: I took a bus to Lake Kivu region north from the Bukavu of my youth, and from there decided I would hitchhike across the Congo. I must be the only American-style hitchhiker nutty enough to have gone from Kivu to Stanleyville, nope, Kisangani (I am almost prehistoric in using the old term), a nearly hopeless route. But I lucked out and got a ride the whole way with two men from Seychelles with a lorry load of whiskey and a briefcase of cash. They seemed to think I would seem like I was riding shotgun through a set of roads that were no turnpike: twin dirt tracks through the great jungles of eastern Congo, with pygmies leaping out of the jungle. From Kisangani I took a boat down the Congo river and then went to West Africa. I took my time reaching home with a tour of West Africa and South America with my rapidly dwindling Peace Corps exit fund. I will leave an immensity of memories of these years in limbo, for the nonce, and try to reach my present in 'league boots'. My contact with Uganda had a remote quality, but the real effect, in its richness, came later, in fact.

Upon return to the US, I was shocked to realize the obvious that three years public service and a degree in classics counted for zero in the American economy. I got a job, however, as an orderly in a crisis clinic in a hospital in New York (My father was now a member of the staff of the cathedral of St. John the Divine). his remarkable experience introduced me to the world of schizophrenia in the age of Thorazine, and I was soon an R.D. Lang style pain in the neck for the staff, who were actually far beyond the dreadful thorazine circuit, with a progressive, one hopes, stance on the issues of crisis treatment. I must have made an impression and the suggestion I would make a good psychoanalyst was rendered moot by my lack of pre- med essentials. But the experience

was remarkable in the way I went into a kind of funk as a mysterious resonance effect in contact with schizophrenics. I recall a period of a kind 'racing mind' effect that was a kind of 'high' that soon devolved into a near clinical depression. Resonance with people having their first schizophrenic break was remarkable but unnerving. But I managed to conceal this and was able to complete a year of this until the world of the New York cab driver opened up as my father, alarmed at my mysterious depression, suggested a brilliant solution: a short course in scuba diving in an indoor pool. The experience did not lead to a Jacques Cousteau future, but I did discover something I had never heard of, pranayama 101: take a deep breath. The sudden new breathing rhythms of the elementary course were the key to a lifting of depression, and I was soon in the realm of the New York cabdriver with some contact with economic 'something'.

This was the period of entering into the New Age movement in 1974. And I experienced a series of instant satoris in a strange sequence. The breathing experience was followed by a week doing yoga exercises, and I recall the sudden onset of a deep relaxation, almost an altered state of consciousness. In the strange way I had of dropping things I had tried, I dropped yoga almost as soon as I started and moved on to new trials: I paid up for the emerging Transcendental Meditation mantra yoga technique, and as usual succeeded at the first step, before dropping the technique. I recall the strange way the first use of the TM mantra in a short session flipped me into what I thought a mini satori, which lasted for three days, fading away, not to return until later. I am not sure if 'satori' is the right term: a moment of 'self-consciousness', transient enlightenment', and I had the basics of the whole game at the start, with the concluding episodes unable to reach the beginning. I should have been suspicious of gurus at the start, most are vampires for higher energies, but the two subsequent satoris, one on reading a book on caballah and another reading J.G. Bennett's *The Dramatic Universe*.

It seems looking backward that I was on the threshold of enlightenment until I entered the New Age movement and regressed completely to nothing. At this proximate point I picked up a copy of *ISOM* by Ouspensky, and felt like a duck in water. I could spiel on this book without stopping, but my later New Age experiences took

me quite away from the end in my beginning. I can leave this short account there, for the moment, and consider Castaneda's idea of erasing personal history. I think that mystery man was wrong there, but a full autobiography seems narcissistic, and in any case, the collision with the sufi world left me derelict for decades: the tale would be a boring rehash of the secrets of riding freight trains west of the Mississippi.

The world of Gurdjieff so clear at the start turned into a nightmare and I stepped out of it, with, I think, some help from a hidden Buddhist or else the emerging Rajneesh. But I found the Gurdjieff menace hard to shake and I think this world is really that of rogue Sufis, and you are more likely to be mindfucked than enlightened. I felt a force repelling me and I took a hint: I was not welcome in the sufi world.

I think that the issue here for the moment is that, Ouspensky or not, your contact with the shady gurus of this world can put you in danger in a future life. Honest teachers with the super rare skill of seeing your past incarnations ought reasonably to tell you, but the dangerous reality is that you are more profitable if they don't tell anything. Be forewarned.

In any case, 'what me worry': I had the basic taste of threshold 'enlightenment' (I dare to guess) in the three periods of 'satori', if the Zany Zen men will forgive this usage, and knew what was missing, an important stage of realizing the mechanicity of personal behaviorism. New Age gurus here were absolutely no help and drained away any hint of real consciousness. I remain suspicious, all my 'satories' stopped once in the world of new age gurus.

As I explored the new age movement I was drawn to the works of Ouspensky and began to search for the solution to its riddle. This was really the world of the sufis, and I examined most of the groups here, including the world of Arica and Oscar Ichazo, and then that of E.J.Gold. Looking backward I almost regret having gone this route, but the experience taught me the dangers of the spiritual search. The world of E.J.Gold was a strange monstrosity and I got the message very quickly that this was not my venue. I was suddenly in a phase of enmity with Mr. Gold who started a vendetta against me, and whose 'school' was a series of deceptive layers. Later I realized he picked on select victims and tried to harry them to death. He failed with me, but I learned more

than I wished to know about black magicians. It took me a few years to realize I was being given a tour of this world, before moving on to my real path. The world of sufism is almost impossible to decipher, but has a mysterious spiritual 'technology', the seed-plexus phenomenon. And they have a remarkable spiritual energy or 'baraka' which I once experienced by accident in proximity to a student receiving the blessings of a guru. Baraka is package enlightenment and secretly given to a few, but it be used on a group and as I was by accident in the way, I got a blast, and found this spiritual energy, in fact 'material' in some sense, as sufi equivalent of dope. The only problem is that you can't own it, and my experience terminated almost immediately when a strange 'sufi' called Mustapha appeared, befriended me and then ripped of the baraka. A high followed by a low: it is like carrying a million dollars down the streets, with bills sticking out of your pockets. Tends to attract thieves. The thieves of baraka must be a sufi type and liability. In any case I was better of without twinkle star sufi dope. But it is alarming to consider that rogue sufi thieves have reached downtown Los Angeles, where I was living briefly.

I have described my experiences here at the blog The Gurdjieff Con and I was strangely made aware of the so-called real 'fake sufism' even as I was accelerated beyond the sufi world, at once critical but with some awareness of its hidden core. The so-called school of Gold was a series of nonsensical phases and the charades of this stand up comedian turned sufi sheik were a warning that I was in the wrong place altogether, and was at risk due to the facile surrenders of new agers of some dangerous and debilitating occultism.

We should pass over briefly this phase, a story for a later chapter. It is tale of spiritual war, invultuations, and the dark side of the 'work'.

The world of Aleister Crowley, Gurdjieff the devil, and the confusing fronts of Mr. Gold (his spiritual side kick was the founder of the San Francisco Ball) belied the extremes of fascism, pornography, and an all around Machiavellian sufism. It took my too long to realize I was noone's student and should be off before those who thought me a rival finished me off. The world of black magic was dawning, even as I refused the bait. It was clear I should move on a fast as possible, but, having lost my hack license to one of Gold's students, I confronted the prospect of a new

kind of path: the fakir or beggar. That may fake gurus ply Crowley in the background is a warning of the hypocrisis here. But Crowley knew nothing of the 'will', which strangely was carefully studied by Bennett whose take is no more than scholarly dullness, but which unwittingly contains a map written in Samkhya of that mystery, which in fact appears in the work of Gurdjieff whose bad writing made a botch of the whole subject, which however he brought to the modern world in a garbled version based on his 'materialist' take on consciousness as cosmic hydrogens. Bennett tried to clarify the subject but his Dramatic Universe, which does so, is flawed nonetheless.

Back in New York from the California and Boulder new age circuits I came upon the world of the Bowery. One could get a cheap hotel cubicle and meal ticket from the city welfare system, and I found myself in a strange situation: the sudden relief from the mentality of economic life induced a profound period of relaxation and I had a sense I couldn't forget of the effect of capitalism on one's state of mind. I made good use of my time here, and began a study of the now complete four volume work of J.G.Bennett, *The Dramatic Universe*. That book made a tremendous impression on me, and I embarked on a study of tensor analysis and General Relativity in order to assess the fixation of both Ouspensky and Bennett on the six-dimensional universe. This period was remarkable in the way it turned me to the left and the study of marxism. I had met an old jewish communist living on the Bowery and he was enthusiastically supportive of my sudden radical bent.

The first version got the dates wrong: some notes below trying to correct the sequence.

The yoga relaxation peaking and then TM cosmic consciousness moment must have been earlier in 1972/3

NY loft period 1974 spring... first california sufi visit 1974

living with some gold students 1974 fall

Reshad interaction

second visit to california summer 1975

Plexus/x seed ripped off in fake sufi interaction return to new york

bowery hotel experience: The Palace, classic bowery flophouse

study. The Palace was a buddhist meditation on the king leaving his palace, a lot of later buddhist study...

sudden relaxation outside of market economy generating an accelerated study period.

study of Bennett's DU, tensor analysis, General Relativity

two more periods of cosmic consciousness with a book on qabalistic tree of life and more massively reading DU vol 1

meet jewish marxist friend...back and forth to Midtown library, walking med, read dozens of books on marxism...and ...many topics...

another trip to california, no more sufi/gold contact, persona non grata, start of black magic attacks

Los Angeles skid row ...

Born Again sequence, january 77, spree with job, money apartment collapses in early september

back to bowery, study of buddhism, start to encounter Osho world, speedreading the flood

of his Poona series books (standing up in Weiser's bookshop)

back and forth, broke/rich with newly mastered daywaitering job

decide to become a vegetarian and walk out of final restaurant job, dispersing money asap

I must have had a grubstake five times over to start a new life,

but every time I would get a really nasty set of black magic shocks, and it all collapsed.

## Descent of Man Revisited

Life briefly with an Osho sannyasin and try to enter the office temp world, but the lure of the road beckons...

I get the Path train to new jersey and start walking west

I learn the tricks to winter survival in the rockies and am back and forth from Northwest to Texas, Utah, Colorado

winters in Boulder Colorado and Grand Junction. Start writing poetry again, sonnets, blankverse

Visit Rajneech commune, 1984?

mysterious darshan: not a state of enlightenment unless some primitive variant but a shock realization my senses were deceiving me

moving back to Grand Junction, Texas, Colorado

The task of survival thus gets downright easy:

up early, pick up aluminum cans three hours,

\$5/10 in cash, and every day a clothing set and shoes

(in terms of commodities this was a fifty dollar an hour job...)

endless free commodities from dumpster diving, afternoon off, jug of cheap wine, sitting (boulder creek...) writing poetry...

Idyllic, positively, but my basic question, how can one follow a path of the homeless yogi in a capitalist economy:

it doesn't really work, although it might. After another year especially in Boulder

I visit my family in Long Island and Dad suggests I live there.

He lets me use his new truck and in no time I am an entrepreneur

recycling metals in the still open landfills: a gold, or aluminum, mine plus copper...

It is hard to believe, but they still buried tons of aluminum and copper/brass everyday in public landfills. You could walk in and make fifty dollars in less than an hour.

It lay out in the open for several hours before burial and was easy pickings.

I buy 300 Rajneesh books and visit a Rajneesh now Osho workshop at Omega institute. But I had no place there.

Rich again, but the era of open landfills was passing as the landfills started to close and it gets harder to do the recycle...

Set aside poetry after attempted invultuation by sufis/gurdjieff types to control/experiment with a poet...

I discover computers and dad finances a cheap computer which I find fascinating. Take to C programming with a cheap compiler and am suggested to take a years course in which I do well. But no job... It seems outrageous: I could program C like a whiz, but noone would hire someone with even small gaps in their resume.

I am pushed away by Osho presence and told to get rid of books (which are a cloud of bookworm's fake buddhism)

The C programming cured me of excessive drinking and twelve hours a day of C was a remarkable unwitting experiment in neuroplastic reprogramming. I am being pushed away from (imaginary) new age path to start work on what will become World History and the Eonic Effect. Someone seemed to want an outside opinion treatment of the Axial Age and/or in specific critique of Bennett's DU and where he went wrong on world history.

And in the era of floodtide postmodernism, the status of so many antimodernist new age groups was a concern of many spiritual powers, I bet. The latter came to me much latter and was a secondary issue: the point was to makes sense of the evolution/history debates.

I asked to move to New York to live with parents to use the Columbia Library and was on my way with WHEE. The solution to

the problem came to me in 1995 and the next four years were a massive bookread in the stacks of the great library...

I had no idea how this could be published, but just as the book was finished the new POD technology started up and I was on my way with a book, and soon an internet life. The first edition was so arcane noone could read it, but the rapid series of editions up to the fourth brought the effort to a usable form.

Whatever its flaws the 'macro model' set forth in the book resolves so many issues it is almost unavoidable but the fact has to be faced the result is still too difficult for most students.

And scientists trained in physics thinking on reductionism can't handle it either. That's a pity because some mysterious core of 'differentials' is at the heart of it. But it is more like discrete interval difference blocks.

And the factor of 'will' is mysteriously present and confounds causal analysis. We are in a world prophesied by Kant and intuited by Schopenhauer.

#### ON THE ROAD: SHORTSTOPPED IN SUFI LAND

In the period of New York life when I was a cab driver making a still robust wage, the era is long gone now, I was able to move into the greater Manhattan universe, moving into a loft in Greenwich village, or rather a cubicle in that loft, rented by 'Olivia', Ms. Blavatsky I came to call her, a classically ugly fat lady and irascible shrew...we seemed to take a liking to each other, from a distance, and I was able to exist from that cubicle in the remarkable world of downtown New York in a period of cultural transformation. Olivia, who I later suspected was a rare 'enlightened' one, was the apotheosis of a bag lady and her loft was the most extraordinarily cluttered space one could imagine. Some might simply take fright at the spectacle of a hundred yards of junk in a scene not unlike that of Dickens' Stella and Mom in Great Expectations. Very ready to respond vigorously to any suggestion her loft was preposterous, she was often very cogent in her observations about people and seemed to sense what

was about to happen to me: encountering the new age world starting to accelerate all over the world and especially in New York where within a few years Rajneesh sanniyasins in their red robes would swarm the Village. With ample funds I began to explore a number of venues, among them an expensive course in cinema at NYU. This was the first instance of signing up for workshops, attending the first session and never going back. In this case I had picked up a copy of Ouspensky's *In Search of the Miraculous*, in the process encountering his novel, *Kinemadrama*, if my memory serves me. I took to ISOM like a duck to water and felt like I knew the whole book cold, and began to explore the world of fourth way groups, so-called. Most seemed very mechanical, but in the winter of 1974, it must have been, across the street from the loft, I ran into a couple running a discussion group connected to the world of one E.J. Gold in California and this was a straight encounter that seems like the 'magnetic center' connection spoken of by Ouspensky. A group, reading up various resources over coffee, coffee, into the AM's, rapidly created a focus of concentration (ingenious simplicities of sufi methods) and thence a group bond. This was followed by the next stage, a trip to the lair of Mr. Sufi in Crestline, California. There can be no doubt that Gold was a remarkable version of the sufi, sufi sheik to boot, and the group pilgrimage in a series of cars was a very remarkable introduction to the kind of alternate universe that rare spiritual types inhabit, a case resembling in a very poorly done description of the Magus in the novel by that name.

But he hated me on sight, and I lost any connection to his groups almost at once. I had gone with another student, a young jewish fellow somewhat younger than me, and we both came to be a sort of Gemini in a strange and dangerous match of opposites. I became the victim of some jewish mischief here as the collision of two 'reincarnates', so they said, produced the collision spoken of in the strange nonsense phase of the film *Barry Lyndon*, *Larry and Landon*... Gold was/is a remarkable case of the type of Western sufi very badly portrayed by Anthony Quinn. But the overall movie framework suggests what many never see: the actual world of the Mr. Conscis types that so rarely appear in Western culture, the reason someone like Gurdjieff can pass himself off as some kind of hyperalien. He was, to be noted, himself a Gemini in some mysterious relationship with the 'Archdruid', the owner of the San Francisco Ball, and one more riddle in the strange concoctions of good and evil ways in sufi circles (about which I know nothing). But I was warned early on I

was not welcome, but I managed to steal sufi secrets in a quick take.

This interaction with Gold was to prove fateful, if not fatal, and the group returned to New York to live in a group situation for three months after which it dispersed. My first meeting with Mr. Gold was remarkable in its severity: he took an instant dislike to me, almost savage, and apparently wished to destroy my life, path, and economic future in one scowl. I learned later this was his wont with select victims in the midst of fawning disciples, and I was on the defensive for long after.

He began the attack in the first session of a group discussion with him, and that was the end of my sufi career. It was a puzzling situation uncalled for in any normal circumstance of teachers and students, but in retrospect it freed me forever from sufism at the first draught, and I was being driven out of a mechanical sufi path Day 1. After that I was never again able to really interact with other sufis, and it was often hard to even talk with other students of Gold, who disappeared from my life for good. As a way to deprogram someone from a cult the method would have been first rate. But I was later invited to a return visit, with one other person, for a short one on one with Gold, to the consternation of the others in the group, so I must have been not as feckless as he made out. And in the New York situation, I worked on the so-called GSR project, a parodist clone of the Scientology e-meter, which Gold was exploring in one of his many 'raids' on scientology, a cult he strongly condemned. In any case, the question of a later relationship disappeared after one more visit to California. In all this I had at one point overheard a Gold remark, with respect to me, of 'bus stations' and the life in them. That, later, was the smoking gun evidence of malevolent intent, attempts to use magical means to destroy my economic life. My hack licence now in the hands of the Gemini twin spelled the end of my easy New York life. This Gemini twin, let's note, was a favorite of Mr. Gold in reverse portion to my being trashed as a fool and failure. It seemed cruel and unfair, but in the end a victim of the Gemini sacrifice play can stalk his twin to a recovery and a reversal of fortune. But the end of the New York episode was graced with a visit by Reshad Field a strange expatriate sufi sheik from England and it was from this point that the mysterious plexus phenomenon, evidently sufi, emerged with respect to the original group. This mysterious moment went almost unspoken in the baffled trance of this extra-sufic phenomenon. And this too was 'stolen' in the "Thieves of Barak" episode

in Los Angeles. I was finished with the New Age movement for good. The attacks continued but I learned to evade them.

My reckoning with sufis was thus brief, in fact, there was no real interaction at all, and I was very soon banished from the kingdom. But the following spring after New York I did voluntarily seek out the 'school' of Mr. Gold in Los Angeles and spent the summer there with another group of his students. It was at this point that I encountered once again one of the fringe students in our group, who was clearly aware of having missed a key aspect of a 'school'. Living in Los Angeles, and buying a beautiful old fifties car with the ridiculous fins from another student, I went about LA trying to find some success as a salesman (one of Mr. Gold's jewish/sufi bad of tricks, himself no death of a salesman type, but a fast talking case able to sell anything). It was towards the end of the summer, after zero success as a salesman, This gang was scary in retrospect. Thieving baraka isn't funny. I realize baraka and plexus phenomena must be related, and the Thieves of Baraka get a two in one here. I saw the sadness of the situation: most sufis never even learn of the real thing while a persona non grata like myself stumbles into the game only to be pursued within hours.

I spent a day in higher consciousness and then in the evening was graced with a visit from this strange Mustapha who chuckled at my state and then, after a sly reference to the tale of Mulla Nasrudin and the stolen fruit disappeared never to be seen again by me. And with them went the energistic of that strange day, after which it was clear the plexus core had surface flushed out as 'consciousness' and then passed away, like the fruit.

This 'the end' conclusion to the sufi encounter left me strangely in reverse gear, until I understood being conscious without 'energy' props (it took me several months to figure this strange form of theft), etc, and as I was getting ready to leave LA I was suddenly taking to the streets, after selling back my little gem of a car, and beginning to encounter the world of the down and out. This was the beginning of my wanderings from the East to the West Coast to finally living in the wilds of Colorado. But I was to have a very fruitful spell in New York, this time in the Bowery, where I had discovered the secrets of cheap lodging, and the chance to begin a course of study with a spell outside the economic machine in a bibliographical spree with free room and board. You would think that

the interaction with spiritual sufis would result in reverent respect but in reality this was period from which I began to refer to sufis as the biggest bums in spiritual history. You would think they would sue for slander, along with Mr. Gold who I charged with eating little children in a fit of wrath. In such cases, the charged should sue if the charge is unjust. But he never did.

But Mr Gold was to end up a victim of the Internet, all those things you thought hidden ending up now on the Internet...

In later years I encountered the Rajneesh world in passing. I visited his ashram, a spectacular moment when outsiders could gain access to the Oregon chaos. I had heard of this new program in Colorado and took a set of freight trains to the Oregon spot (no mean feat). To get to the nearest town you had to ride a train from Klamath Falls to Washington State, and get a train back that would stop in the little town near Rajneeshpuram in Oregon. I will always remember the miraculous moment when the freight train stopped in that town, unexpectedly. From there I walked the twenty/thirty miles to the ashram, where they admitted me. I stayed a few weeks, but couldn't last, the homeless program being suddenly marginalized, a pity, since a month later Rajneesh started speaking again and produced his classic 'Rajneesh Bible' series. Then everything blew up and that was the end of it. The whole experience was downright spooky. But the Rajneesh era was an echo of the past for me and I went through it strictly on the sidelines. I read a lot of his books, but that gives a misleading impression. In any case, I was ready to return to New York and work out the sense of history that was later to emerge in World History and the Eonic Effect.

I am sometime asked why given a general critique of scientism and evolution I don't make with Jesus and become born again. I have a definite answer to that: in the seventies I covered a lot of ground in the emerging new age movement and was pressed to study xtianity at close range. At one point in downtown Los Angeles I began to frequent a Gospel Mission in the fall of 1976. I used to watch the Born Again phenomenon preached, exploited and pressed on the homeless in the lead up to a meal. The ritual of staging a decision for Christ in the daily sermons is a mechanical conversion machine that operates across the whole of the US in every skidrow known to capitalist downtowns. In

a mood of suffistic experimentation the utterly boring and wretchedly parsed doom and damnation sermons to sniggering alcoholics began to spring to life and I decided to take the born again plunge. I recall the time: the year 1977 was to gain one second on the new year (if i recall) and I took the pledge on New Year's Eve. Taken back to the sacristy as per the ritual I recall the look of the minister and his doubts. But something remarkable was afoot. I suddenly became energized to return to New York, hitched from LA to Odessa Texas for a few days work as a roustabout paid out from wads of cash from the agents of the work. I was in New York with a week, and everything worked. I walked by a Deli in the midtown and there was a sign, Help Wanted, Dishwasher (you don't see that anymore) and in a few hours I had a grubstake for the paid fee labor pools in the downtown area a mile up from Wall Street: three bucks would get you a day's work as as D/W, five a day as a waiter if you could speak the lingo and pass a test, over easy whiskey down: two eggs flipped with rye toast, and a lot more. Within a week I graduated via the D/W circuit to a full time job as a waiter (\$50, plus the lingo spiel, pass). I was suddenly in gravy train mode with a full time job in the Deli/coffee shop circuit, soon an apartment, girl friend, the works...But by the end of summer the born again effect was fading and I suddenly felt like I was visited by a Jesus cop on angelic wings writing out a ticket through a scowl: Faustian moving violation ("How dare you exploit Jesus as a mephistopheles..). By September it all fell apart and I was back in the streets, wondering how to hitchhike to California, a last goodbye flipping the bird at the girl friend, 'loser'...yeah yeah, girls....

I recalled the preacher weird look in the sacristy: born again dud.

But this experience was a valuable lesson. I could see how the Xtian system worked and the way it quietly subsumes the mephisto effect with a Christ override and in the process lifts thousands out of poverty, etc...

But the born again dud is a strange reality, as is the born again experience real mccoy. The full potential of Xtianity is almost never realized. Its hidden work remains to challenge those who challenge its effects.

Should more or less stop here, enough to make a point.

## POETIC INTERLUDES

Around the age of seventeen I began writing poetry and this one in French was extant in the old issues of The Grotonian.

Et alors, que sauf la rnernoire

De tutoiements sans desespoir

Avec pouliche printemps parmi les du labas sainfoins, Demoiselle mignonne croissante dans mes mains,

Ou les sapins qui bavardent avec la brise si lointaine, Qui chasse qui peigne ses cheveux qui verts,

Tout cela pour rnementaire et alors je me perds.

Car perdu parmi le maintenant, elle est vermoulue; Vient la rnementaire comme billets-doux qu'ai de la reçu, Billets-doux comme feuilles a travers la plaine,

Feuilles de l'automne galopent avec la brise si lointaine. Oui, j'ai oui la mementaire de la poesie;

Mais on me dit que le suicide est vain, recoin, folie, Que si l'on descend vers qu les Heurs malades S'egarent parmi le deluge en promenade,

Alors que-mais cela ne vaut pas la peine.

Car je m'ennuie parmi la nuit, la pluie, la haine, Parmi le nuire le languir la nuitre,

Je suis Ia d'ou jamais l'exode ou le fuire,

The renewed period of writing poetry in the eighties was an odd development. I had long since left the identity of poet, and the period of writing poetry when I was seventeen was very brief, and the clue to this I should have better sensed was the theme of the death of the poet. At the very start of the song of the poet was the farewell to the poet. It made sense later to think of a mousehole visit to the chambers of Rimbaud for a crumb of poetic sonnetry...le poete maudit.

Apart from a few sonnts in my freshman year at Columbia I have more or less gone through the death of the poet, if I could understand that. The idea of disembodied poetics much later in the realm of Boulder buddhism, seems apt in retrospect.

But the second period of writing poetry then was perhaps some spiritual prompt to make some use of a clear gift that had gone to waste and which was mindful of the way the 'spiritual path' claptrap could only destroy such talent. and so it was. A slew of sonnets in a backpack ended up in an old cabin in montauk, untouched until decades later.

But as usual whenever I came into a conscious energy state the sufi vampires weren't far behind. I got something done before the breeze passed.

There was another side to this, beside the prejudice of the gurus, and that was the experimental realization of what had happened to T.S.Eliot. My interest in his Wasteland, and I was warned of this, was a conservative theme of antimodernism. I was quite taken by that, but my basically radical nature collided with my talents and the rest is silence.

The latter reference is a key to the real issue: writing sonnets and blank verse was a way to study Shakespeare, and the idea of tragedy. Scanning numberless lines of blank verse was a contemplation in itself. And an idea for a blank verse epic, however outlandish, in the wilds of Colorado/Utah was a remarkable wild goose chase. Within a few years the whole thing was over and I was on my way to the work of WHEE.

But the experience was fruitful in the way it brought home the mystery of the tragic genre, and works like George Steiner's *The Death of Tragedy* and many other works try to grapple with that enigma.

And that enigma is a deep clue to world history itself, as I began to gradually realize.

Vying with Shakespeare then was a useful bit of bravura and fine nonsense. I thus

never at risk from the 'anxiety of influence', another mouse visit.  
And the Frogs will pay

Shakesbeard a visit one day. Then the Groundlings will speak in blank verse while the hobnobs will speak prose, Aye and more to come... A splendid introduction to the coming understanding of the macro effect, starting with the Greek Axial Age.

Material scanned from thirty years ago, mostly written in hobo jungles in Oregon, Colorado...one a day and never revised. Here are a few that can be rescued:

I.

What could will be if choice is barren wish

That asks the parrot's cracker for its sup.

I have self bounds, no oozer like the fish,

My plans are set, my projects up and up.

What could will be if futures cast the dice,

That this plusperfect live as one possessed?

We zoom these eyes, to jig a small device,

It woofers all our songs in love obsessed.

What might will be if thrust and action feud,  
And rust the finish in the upstart plan?  
We could be choiceless in a trackless mood  
That is tack-sail if blow oppose the man.  
I am the crew and helm, gale from a cat™'s paw,  
No pirate save to self, where seas inherit law.

II.

Who finds a loved one in the clash of pairs,  
so fond of apposition as this face?  
It blinks one ego that a lifetime spares,  
There is more substance to enchanted grace.  
Tell me some secret of galactic fire  
Whose beep and redshift tell departing news  
scrounging (?poor~ original lost) in its expanding gyre.  
I watch the stars, nearby a feline mews.  
Am I some pathogen to feed me more,  
where several sizes plane all baubled thought.  
It is such burden as an unfired ore.  
Infinity to hide, yet I seem caught.  
I am the worldline to a meeting place,  
The cat's gone off, cruel sphinx, I'd grab its tail...

## III.

The put about your vessel from its journ,  
 It is the search itself for your man jack,  
 he is still there tho none if you should turn  
 to face your coming hence from your past lack.  
 Then to another presence incalesce,  
 It must have means to be all where and when,  
 more locate yet where suns will incandesce  
 common stray gas to light the fairs of men.  
 It is a fugue where entry by the second  
 is your reflection yet arriving first,  
 enduring temp and temple art rehearsed. ??? Last couplet lost...

## IV

The music plays, it seems no evening doom,  
 There could be dance, a feast of bodies, lose  
 each separate sinew in the shuffling oompah...  
 Take him to creature where remembrance waits,  
 They have gardens for the twist of love,  
 still otherworldly by eternal gates  
 whose point of entry is then sky, above...???  
 Some octave puts all color to desire,  
 that flaunts a blossom to productive tease,

.....????

my memories call, brought to this conscious hire whose task is joy

IV

As to a sufi ancient whose each breath

speaks mantram or allah to his exhale

airing some fire, as life to moment death,

I would stand vlatzman to this selving tale.

Am I the doer to this farcist clown

Whose sad routine is ~KapR is evening to the moon?

In search of joy my facescape paints frown

sketched in brief stroke, as one departing soon.

I shall be glad, here is pagnificence,

entire \JOrlds , potential to god-feasts.

Dancers are limbs, taut, reckoned, all too tense, showing slow gods  
enrhythmed in their beats. Breathe on, this oxygen is overhead,

free to such steed, \whose \tJill is heaven I s lead.

V

The wind done blew blew blew our faces flat

And all across the prairie loomed the rain

In clouds that tumbled like a blown-off hat.

We grabbed our gear and ran down toward the train,

Come northbound through the Amarillo yard.

## Descent of Man Revisited

We had been heading down to Old Fort Worth,  
 But since the rain would soon be falling hard, S  
 so what the hell, we'll go the other way,  
 And caught out on the fly our boxcar berth.  
 VJe huddled in our bedrolls from the spray,  
 One cracked a jug and passed as grey werret black,  
 And s)read a night of flash and thundercrack.  
 Not much despair these esperadoes had,  
 Fresh hopes for Colorado made them glad •

VI

Though water find the sea, these terrans roam  
 Beneath high cirrus to a clouded fate  
 Given suoh draught that few envision home  
 Where shouting children rush the opened gate.  
 Some say the ages bend and circumturn  
 Bringing all ends to futile ruined starts,  
 They were advised to love, though most still yearn  
 the hub and barter of their loaded carts.

????????????????????

Man feeds a cycle in his toward and fro --- and love's reunion find  
 them always there Whirling four seasons as the bloomers grow

or eve~lasting in summer's fair Dreqms root in sleep , sleep ekes the

meagre I will awake,

VII ???

Industrial Age Spawns Frankenstein myth

The recreations of these Frankensteins

sideshow the art-facts of our industries. No I, but I will issue foolish sheens, This I, someone to shoe~I opposies. Alas, the deeper octaves of these tones

were all, who knows, exvented in the smog. The stitch-assGmbly of still fleshy bones falls dismally short of species fully hog.

We thus emerge in these emergencies, created ghoul stands forth from voltage gri~ We end by chasing all these lunacies

across the arctic waste, to seethe a kid. The factory that can give art to life creaketh eternal like a bullock cart.

VIII

How will they tend the spirit if this force

fret them between the beggar and one rich?

The economic puzzle sets him his course

til he take deed to palace or a ditch.

How will he tend this business if the spirit  
is made to dog his hatred or more greed.

His coin and ledger will have bank on merit  
or mix damnation to a poor man's feed.

How will one spirit-matter pass the state  
or find self-action from conspiring priests?

Great Ceasar's ghost will guise a pope-like fate,  
and bring bad gov8rnment to sacred feastS.

Barbaric times warrt fusion in a soul,  
we will prove

That's enough.. I have hundreds of pages of this on scraps of paper,  
but they are hard to read and may not matter.

### **The long goodbye...rogue sufis and their prey...**

It is very odd to produce such a negative biography of failure but the reality looking back was far different. The losers aren't the failures. Perhaps it is the new age success stories that are...who? Or perhaps not. Success or failure are meaningless here. In India one can drop out and go to a forest. In the US or a capitalist economy the experience is different. There is no forest. But after a while it is all forest, so it makes no difference.

Apart from the need to assist in the debriefing the of rogue sufi world of Gurdjieff and Gold, I was freed from the whole question of sufis, with a funny laugh that I was acquainted with the great secret of the sufis, but unsure if I could ever make use of it. You cannot do the 'sufi development' number with any confidence or safety. Is it paranoia to fear

that rogue sufi gangsters aware of the hidden sufi tech have purloined it to create soul monsters doomed to immortal terror and suffering, the drone of the 'work' destined to provide torture baraka for figures he has never. I think the seed should simply be dumped to allow one to move on. Man as he is has a soul, all that he needs. Public man never meets the path, but if he does he may drop dead as I did.

Anything more needs a review by the creators, the mysterious demiurgic powers who need to return to review their ancient creation.

I think via the route of interaction with Rajneesh I passed by the obvious buddhist way out. From there one can achieve some degree of realization among sane people who are not occultists trying to line up marks for human sacrifice. It is beyond belief.

But in a strange way my darshan is accomplished. Perhaps the Advaita folks are right: 'enlightenment' isn't an experience. I am prompted by irate who's after declaring my new age years a waste of time to realize that I have achieved enlightenment realization, if so, then in a strange form (it would be nice to get it in writing): it was rather the will waking up momentarily, and that can be short of the enlightenment finale. Strange indeed. Like the snows loosened by thunder and set to avalanche the game of ego is destined to its endgame in the realm of buddha sanity. The Osho figure is insane, also, but a close passage in the wilds of Oregon was a token of 'nothing at all done right'. The field of a buddha seems strangely real. In retrospect the lack of a 'dramatic' experience of becoming enlightened was a deeper sign of being on the right track. Save that the mysteries of the miraculous are strangely hypersamsaric, illusion.

It is strange that I was drunk at the time, so the 'experience' of being enlightened was under suspicion and made one look beyond the experience. A strange fortune. But it was really the spectacle of the miraculous and the implied 'will', which is different from 'enlightenment', beyond will. The latter has no organ of experience. So this was ego watching a miraculous violation of physics and showing up ego by showing up the senses are misleading. The reality was a sense of something beyond ordinary consciousness, where even freight trains were toys of the mind. So it has no corresponding outer experience. The

result was an inference, not an altered state of consciousness. Becoming enlightened can confuse those who 'experience' it, but the experience is important to stun the ego, at least momentarily, otherwise it is like a tree falling in a forest, noone heard. Nonetheless, ego realizes it is surrounded, so the end is nigh.

At this strange moment 'enlightenment' was not an experience, had no connection to sufism, a total waste of time frn the enemies of Ouspensky, who I was not, but what to do, and was the same experience outstanding from years before the New Age encounter, an event in the unconscious noted in consciousness, but that evidently has no space-time connection. The spectacle of the miraculous and the mystery of will, not just consciousness, point beyond classic enlightenment to a larger realization...The key point was to see that ordinary consciousness stands in the way of something deeper, the Self or the Will, the latter being a big What? since it is not an ego or person.

No more material in the drafts saved. Perhaps can finish later...



