

Stalking Personal Power and Peace
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Foreword

Stalking Personal Power and Peace

Through

Balancing Structure and Flow

This book is dedicated to my wife Genevieve who laughed when I told her I was going to write a book, to my son Luke who said he looked forward to reading it, to my son Raphael who asked if he could share the profits “I need the money.”

I wish to thank Leona Lutterodt who started me on the track of getting a website and Nelson Laviolette who took it so much further with immense creativity and enthusiasm. He has quickly and uncomplainingly finished tasks. A good student!

“O Friend! Hope for Him whilst you live, know whilst you live, understand whilst you live: for in life deliverance abides

If your bonds be not broken whilst living, what hope of deliverance in death?

It is but an empty dream, that the soul shall have union with Him because it has passed from the body:

If He is found now, He is found then...”

Kabir I.57

“When you called me I was asleep under the shadows of my walls and I did not hear you. Then you struck me with your own hands and wakened me in tears.

I started up to see that the sun had risen, that the flood-tide had brought the call of the deep, and my boat was ready rocking on the dancing water.”

Rabindranath Tagore, “Crossing” poem 43.

Introduction

Why? Who? And Where?

Why me? Why you? and

You really don't have to wait till you are dead to know who you are. Why should you wait for death to reveal the secret?

What?!!

Sssh! Listen.

I am a talker. My power goes into the spoken word. In my classes at The School of Tai Chi & Esoteric Arts I can hold everyone's attention as I speak. I tell stories. My words jump all over the place and my class will follow them and me. I fill them with my power, a power that seduces and entices, goads and puzzles. I talk about stalking. I prowl across the gym floor as if it was my domain of the jungle. My class is aware of the soft tread of my feet. It sees my curled fingers pawing the air. It feels the power in my stalking eyes. It waits for my comments on their Tai Chi form.

Here and Now I am stalking in a book. Stalking you. My words meander and the reader who wants planned structure will feel impatient. This book is about self-knowledge. It can't go into the **Known** like a well-organized tourist trip. In the **Known** you will only discover your same old self. If that is all you want to do then this book will frustrate you. You will put it down. Maybe when life has battered you a bit more you will find time for the **Mystery**, the **Unknown** and these jumping words. These you often encounter unplanned, and especially while stalking, like a spiritual warrior.

A book about stalking! Yet I only get to the subject right at the end. How about that? It is in the nature of things to be so. If you feel frustrated read the book in any order you like. Take a bit here and bit there. That is how I talk. And how I talk is how this book is written. If any of my power gets into the written word you will feel this, will feel my passion, will feel my love and, maybe, feel how vast and huge is this **Mystery** we are stalking. Then you will drop all this petty reliance on rational order. Reason doesn't see. Its eyes are blinded. It sees its own solid boxes. It does not see the skipping hills, the dancing breeze or the thin line of birds low over water. You have to leap out of the cage of reasoning habit to discover who you are.

"You talk of vision,

Reason ate your eyes long ago." Rumi.

In oral traditions people would tell stories round campfires. There was no rush to get to the point. They were relaxed. They could enjoy the journey on which the speaker charmingly took them. Please forgive the repetition. Be seduced by the meandering words of the talker.

Why listen to this campfire talk?

Don't even ask why!

For reasons of Mystery Spirit has placed the speaker in your company; not unlike, if you find him uncomfortable, a hair in your soup, or an unexpected wind that startles the dead leaves on your path, or the sudden flash of a brilliant smile that surprisingly lifts your spirits and makes you smile too. He has had unusual experiences. You will hear of some of these, here and there as the talk unfolds. Here and there his story will come out. Here and there will be a few practical things you can do. However this is not about **his** story. His experiences are shared, indications of an authentic voice, in order for you to make your own Self-discoveries. Be bold, be patient. Let the words wash over you, follow the meandering stream, round the bends, over the rushing rapids. See where it can take you. Be ready for surprises.

You don't have to wait till you are dead to discover who you are. Let me explain.

Chapter 1

The Body - The Physical Self

Sit down. Listen to this story I heard Rajneesh tell.

There was a woodcutter. He was a poor man who went six days a week into a forest with his donkey to cut wood. This he sold in the village for heat and cooking. Thusly he made a very meagre living. In the forest there was always a yogi who sat cross-legged in silent meditation. Out of respect the woodcutter would bow to the yogi each morning and again at the end of the day when he left. The yogi, whose eyes were usually shut, never acknowledged this. One day as he bowed the yogi opened his eyes and for the first time spoke to him. "Tell me", he asked,

"What do you do here each day in the forest?"

The woodcutter replied, "For 15 years I have come here 6 days a week to chop wood in order to support my family, and only just support them, for we live very poorly."

"Why," asked the yogi, "do you chop wood, if you could, instead, take copper from the copper mine?"

"There is a copper mine in the forest!" stuttered the perplexed woodcutter. "Even after 15 years I have never seen it."

"Ah," smiled the yogi, "you just have to go a little deeper" and he made a graceful penetrating movement with his hand. "Desire and look."

And it happened that the woodcutter with great surprise and delight found the mine and filled his sacks with copper. As usual he bowed to the yogi, and this time said, "thank you very much. You will only see me three times a week now. My family will enjoy increase wealth." The yogi continued to sit in silence.

After some years of this the woodcutter had become an important man in his village. His children were likely to marry better than they could have anticipated. Life was going well. He couldn't wish for more.

As usual he bowed reverently to the yogi before collecting his load of copper. One morning the yogi opened his eyes and asked, "Tell me, what do you do here?" The woodcutter was stunned.

"Surely you remember. You told me of the copper mine and now, thanks to you, I work less and enjoy more."

“Ah,” said the yogi. “ You need a little more intelligence. Why do you work so hard taking copper when there is a silver mine in the forest?”

The woodcutter exclaimed, “ Even after all these years I have never seen a silver mine!”

“You just have to go a little deeper,” said the yogi, making the same gentle penetrating movement with his hand.

And so it was. The woodcutter found the silver mine, loaded up his donkey, bowed to the yogi and thanked him saying, “ You will only see me twice a week now.” So it continued. His life prospered greatly. He became a very important man, not just in his village but also in the wider community. One morning the yogi asked, “ Tell me what you do here?”

The woodcutter patiently explained about the silver mine thinking the yogi had become forgetful and, perhaps, a little odd.

“But why do you waste your time with silver when there is a gold mine in the forest? If you only went a little deeper.”

“Hold it right there!” spluttered the woodcutter. “Why, if there is a gold mine, did you not tell me straight away of this instead of talking first about the copper and then the silver? Why not go straight to the gold mine?”

“You understand nothing,” said the yogi. “ It is all a process. It takes time. You must go a little deeper in each phase. It is a process. You have to honour the process and not try it all in one step.”

“Then tell me,” said the woodcutter. “Is there something after the gold mine?”

“Yes,” smiled the yogi.

“And after that is there also something more?”

“Yes,” smiled the yogi.

“Then I want to know what that is,” demanded the woodcutter.

“Finding That,” said the yogi “You will want or desire for nothing more. You will have That which contains all else.”

“I want that,” claimed the woodcutter.

“Come tomorrow at sunrise,” said the yogi, “and I will show you how deep you have to go to find **That**.”

You don't have to wait till you are dead to know **That**.

You know you have a body.

The body is where our physical **self** resides. It is our interface with the physical world around us. It carries our awareness and moves it about our world of sense perception. For some people it is their whole world.

I teach Tai Chi, other Taoist internal arts and related ways of internal alchemy. When I teach Tai Chi I often interrupt the class to talk. What I say is often relevant to the movement the class is trying to learn. It often seems that teaching Tai Chi is only the overt cause of my being there, the covert cause is to talk life. I am going to pretend that you, the reader, is in my class and we have stopped practising the moving form to listen to life.



Chop with Fist - fig.3

We are trying to get this move “turn and chop with fist” right. You will never learn Tai Chi without trying; the effort, the will to get it right must be there. When one is keen one makes an effort. Nothing will come unless you do. There is an effort to learn the choreography, the sequence of the steps, the angles and the directions. Some pick this up easily; some take a little longer. It is the easiest part of the training and one that takes your first focus. While you practice focussed, your mind is completely absorbed. This is the first example of the meditative quality of learning to do Tai Chi. If you are constantly distracted by the mind flying elsewhere you lose the focus required to be one

pointed on what you are doing.

You also need effort to learn the structure required for Tai Chi. This involves hard work. The legs have to be made strong so they support the body easily. Just strengthening the legs changes one. The phrase that is commonly used “Stand on your own two legs” is an indication of an inner attitude that comes when you become self-reliant. As your attitudes change, this change will be reflected in the body and vice versa. By learning to stand fully and balanced on your two legs you acquire strength of purpose. You become rooted to where you choose to be and from that rooted foundation you can express yourself with confidence. Thus a change in how you express yourself physically has a corresponding change in your attitude about yourself and life. *1
(footnote)

By and large the older you are when you start Tai Chi the more work will be required to make the physiological changes necessary for Tai Chi to become an internal art. The joints get opened, the pelvis gets loosened, the spine becomes flexible, the chest is not collapsed on to the heart, the head is held high without the neck bending forward which causes the jaw to jut. Lowering the eyes lowers the spirit, raising the head and looking straight ahead raises the spirit. Quite accurately we use the phrase “downcast” for someone who is low in energy and courage.

Effort is required to master this form. Nevertheless you will never learn Tai Chi just by trying. You must learn how to balance effort with effortlessness. This takes time and practice. Tai Chi is ultimately a surrendering to the moment. This we will go into more deeply soon.

Tai Chi is so much more than external choreography for all this is still external. I mentioned that Tai Chi is an internal art. How does it become internal? By long and regular repetition of the form the movement starts to go inside. You need first to master the external choreography because that is essential for the next stage.

Through repetition the movement goes inside, massages the organs inside, clears energy pathways and suddenly the student starts to feel the movement coming from inside and expressing itself outwards. It is like a flower that opens from inside and blooms externally.

Watch how I can rise up from a *donyu* (squatting) position, where all my energy is concentrated in a sphere, and how I allow the concentrated energy to express itself into limbs. Gradually from that sphere bits appear, a head, a limb, a jutting arm, a pushing palm. It is still one unified energy system but the flow makes it appear as parts. Tai Chi involves having the correct structure that permits the flow to be graceful yet contain great effortless power.

This gets us to the kernel of this book. Structure is required for the flow to begin. People come to Tai Chi and want to get to the poetry straight away. These are like those who write poetry, thinking that splashing emotions over a page without any previous inner discipline and studying the art comprises poetry. Everyone has to pay their dues and do their homework. The hard work has to precede what comes next. It is a process, a going a little deeper day by day.

We are involved with a process. One can't, usually, leapfrog to the end. For us to have flow we need to have worked on structure. This requires grit, patience and time. Like any art or craft repetition is necessary. Not mere mindless repetition, but repetition done with focus and awareness. In the repetition, done day after day a factor called Grace enters. It comes in subtly, but come it will. Grace is when the student gets beyond the form and opens up to a larger identity. This is not something that a teacher can give but the teacher can help the learning. In aware repetition gradually the ego dissolves or becomes transparent. It is not something one can set out to do. Any goal that you set yourself is set by the mind and the mind, from the student's perspective, is still rooted in

ignorance. Therefore any goal set by the mind is within the parameter of the known. If your goal is within the known of the ignorant mind then it is ipso facto an ignorant one no matter how lofty a title we give it. To encounter the **Real** we have to move beyond the boundaries of the little known into the **Unknown**. This is less a doing and more an undoing. It is in the undoing that Grace enters when the student, for a miraculous moment, is less ego-directed and just open to the moment. This is usually immediately recognised, for in those moments a new subtlety is appreciated, the movement has a different flavour.

An “aha” moment!

These moments being pleasurable are naturally attractive and treasured. As they get repeated (and they will get repeated for the movement of consciousness is towards them) there is given to the student a hunger for them to come again. This hunger will drive the student to keep seeking and repeating. Once again in a special moment, in a letting go moment, it will happen again.

It takes grit to seek so continuously. It is often easier to stop than continue. The ego wants more immediate rewards and honours. Indeed it is not in the ego's interest for the student to transcend it. This we will discuss later, for it is important to understand why the ego feels controlling is its job description. The ego has to be honoured for this but told to take a break.

It is this very fact that it is a **process** that so annoys many. They want the desert before the rest of the meal. They don't want to do the work. They like the lofty ideals and book learned knowledge. This is merely borrowed not earned.

A year after I started Tai Chi a new student came and before the class began talking about Chi. I was awed by his knowledge and in truth felt very ignorant. It was his first class with us. As we walked out to practice I watched how he walked. I had a suspicion which was confirmed when I saw him do some of the movements. He hadn't the first clue about Chi or Tai Chi. He was a good talker and had learned how to repeat his reading well but none of it was his. His movements betrayed his lack of balance. One has to decide whether sounding good is as valuable to us as looking good, especially to an eye trained to **See**. As my Tai Chi teacher Master Moy Lin Shin once said, “Every movement you make paints your state of consciousness that is seen by those who know.” Your movement is like a brush that paints a description of who you are and how you are feeling.

Those who want to leap to the poetry of Tai Chi are easily spotted. They are too lazy to work on structure. They lack discipline and are often over emotional and highly imaginative.

Many disdain the body and wrongly feel their mind alone can take them there. For me the body is the first rung on the ladder. Just think of when you stub your toe, cut your finger, fall and wrench your knee or have a tooth ache. Your body immediately

summons you into the present and pain. Or if you have an operation or a biopsy you will most likely be taken into the future and fear. No matter how elevated your consciousness when the body is sick, you have the flu, gastric flu, are vomiting and have diarrhea you will notice a narrowing of focus; an expanded sense of Self gets narrowed into symptoms. Enlightened ideas can be very distant as you rush to make it to a toilet. It is hard to “soar” when the sick body brings you down.

I often tell my students that you want to keep your body healthy till the day you die or else you will spend time with other old folk discussing symptoms. That is why it is wise to attend to the body while you are healthy, wise to establish in a flourishing state of health a routine of health maintenance. The deathbed is no place for the commencement of an exercise regime. Yet while youthfully impetuously all that old age stuff seems so far away.

Tai Chi as you get older and stiffer, is harder than when young. While it is easy to do when young the motivation the old and aging have isn't there and when the motivations have, because of symptoms, become obvious the going is tough. In youth the body forgives easily. In old age it is different. Older people have to work physically harder for less obvious results. Time is no longer on their side. To stay biologically in one health spot requires great effort for the clock ticks on and we age as it ticks. To actually reverse the biological clock demands even more effort for time is now clearly pushing you towards stiffness and lack of mobility. Gravity pulls you down. The tendons shrink. The Spring juices of youth are now sparse. And yet much can still be done with diligence and a good heart. Death will always be stalking you but as a good warrior you can delay it and fully embrace your present by using the proper techniques.

Of course for many they aren't even properly in their body to start with so their balance on the first rung is tenuous. We must feel that first rung clearly and honorably. Give the body the respect it has due to it. That is working on the structure of the first rung.

There are a number of reasons why people don't accept their bodies and perhaps we can talk about these later for it is an important topic, especially for those who don't fully inhabit their body.

Loving one's body is necessary. Imagine a factory filled with workers. When the owner comes in uptight and angry everyone is affected negatively. But if he comes in smiling, with a kind and loving word for everyone, there will be an atmosphere of friendly cooperation.

We are often like that angry boss or a nervous, tense boss or a boss who shows little consideration to the workers inside. Inside our body are all those workers (organs, cells) busy with their duties, diligent and cooperative. A kind word to them is good courtesy and a sound management strategy. Encourage them. Feel good about your body. After every bath I massage my body, rubbing it till it is almost dry. I have done this since my yoga regime began 40 years ago. If you can add loving thoughts at the same time

your touch will be augmented with power. Everything responds to love. Think positively as your hands rub it. Bless your brain as you massage your head. Encourage your hair growth. Think of all those hard working organs as you rub your tummy. Don't forget the feet. All your organs are represented on the soles of your feet so rub the feet lovingly. Your body, which has to serve you through all the various situations of life, deserves consideration.

(Arthur Miller wrote in *Death of a Salesman*: "Attention should be paid." So we must pay attention to the lowly and the ignored, our body)

When the time comes to die Master Moy, my Tai Chi teacher, said his hope was that we would relax into it. Having learned to surrender during our Tai Chi practices we have acquired this art. It has become second nature, a way of living. Now at the time of death it can become a way of dying. We can relax and surrender to the experience, go through the door excited at the adventure, say goodbye to the body as one would to an old friend whose company one had enjoyed and appreciated. If you have shown loyalty to your body, looked after it while it housed you then at this time of parting you can say goodbye with no regrets.

During a discussion of first rung issues one should not avoid food issues but I will -except to encourage you to eat organic food and thus avoid all the toxic chemicals in so many foods. A useful practice is to drink dandelion root or chicory root periodically to detoxify the liver. A delicious tea can be made with the addition of fresh sliced ginger, fresh lemon balm, mints and some honey. Burdock root boosts the immune system; mullein helps the lungs, important in these days of rotten air.

I remember seeing a cartoon of a wife saying goodbye to her husband as he left for work in smoggy Los Angeles (in the bad days before the dramatic clean up took place.) "Have a good day dear. Try not to breathe too much." And another cartoon where a man says, "I get up, open the windows and take a long, deep breath, and feel the worse for it."

Many people get heavily stuck in a food structure. From throwing anything and all down their mouth they go through the necessary process of becoming fussy. Even become neurotic about it, or even ill. I have met many people who have had to get sick to become well. On a TM course I met a lad who tried to eat only sprouts and yoghurt. Hardly a bon vivant! He was also a neurotic conversationalist. In the TM Centre in Johannesburg we had a man living who was a highly educated, affluent advertising copy-writer. I saw him one morning putting down the phone looking concerned. I asked him what the matter was. He replied that his girlfriend hadn't succeeded in the toilet before going to work so he had just phoned her to enquire if she had had any results since. Her negative reply deepened his anxiety. One should be lucky that there aren't more important anxieties in one's life.

I knew a professional musician who got stuck on the mucous-free eating diet. No breads, no cheeses, lots of brown rice and seaweed. He would walk around with a pocket

full of rice and sea-weed on which he could snack when the wrong desires would beset him. Once a month he would crack and buy quantities of bread and cheese.

Such people get into a structure that permits their compulsive, addictive neuroticisms to flourish. It is perhaps an improvement on the previous careless eating behaviour but it doesn't make for balanced companionship!

It is the same thing we will learn during Tai Chi instruction. I have often observed how an instruction to modify something gets taken to an extreme. You ask a student to stretch and they start to stretch immoderately. Or you ask them to sit a bit more and they try to get their bottoms on the ground. I often tolerate this for a while to see if they will learn the balance themselves. It often doesn't happen because most people come to be taught, not to learn, even though I constantly point out the difference saying I much prefer people to go away saying, "I learned so much today" rather than saying "You taught us a lot." I always add that "if you come expecting to be taught every step of the way who has the time or interest to do that for you? Become learners and you will learn by observing your own movement"

When I finally broke from the Tai Chi organization where I had had my home for 24 years someone wrote me that I was arrogant because I had stopped learning. I replied that learning was an interior condition and that I was learning all the time. If you don't have that internal condition you won't even learn from a good teacher. If you do have it, and are learning constantly a bad teacher can be awful and set you back. What my colleague meant was that I had stopped going out to seek instruction. There were number of reasons for that. For one I had had enough of well meaning people interfering with what I was learning and getting me to apply effort when Master Moy, in one of his last personal instructions to me, had said that for me no effort was best.

Someone came to visit me in Cape Town after some publicity attached to my name. He told me that if one ate properly one would never desire sexual activity. All sexual activity, he said, sprang from wrong eating. He also told me one should grow nothing in the garden that required any irrigation, as that, too, was unnatural. He was starting to launch on another lecture about the correlation of numbers, Hebrew, and the Christian Bible when I decided I had had enough. I looked at him closely and said, "I am not usually so abrupt and frank at a first meeting but I have to tell you, you are not balanced." He looked at me in amazement. "You are so perceptive and intuitive," he commented." My sister insisted I eat a creampuff bun last night and you can see the result." I gave up all hope for our having a sensible conversation and didn't pursue the topic. For him everything was seen neurotically from a food perspective.



Bal Yogi -1969

exercise quotient. They remain athletes to their marrow. They relish hard physical work, a good sweat and the undoubted health benefits all such exercises give. They are not opened to movement as a way of opening interior vision.

Structure requires that we strengthen the body and open the joints. Become strong but flexible. But Tai Chi is more than athleticism. If flexibility were all then every contortionist would be enlightened. If all you want is exercise (and many come to a Tai Chi class only for that) it is an excellent form of exercise. Athletic exercise is exterior focus. Tai Chi, being honest to the first rung (the body), gives exercise but it is an exercise with a **beyond-the-body** goal. Many students never get beyond the

Nevertheless, working on structure is exercise. You will sweat and you will get tired muscles. Gradually, the movement, which starts off exteriorly directed will work inwards. This culminates when the movement starts from inside and gets expressed outside. Again this is a process. The first rung is exterior work. Of course, if your teacher has never got beyond that the chances are good that is where you will stay too.

Exterior work is still beneficial. There is much talk nowadays about how lack of exercise is causing obesity and type 2 diabetes, even in young people. I assume that most people reading this book do not struggle with those sorts of problems. I have found that for people dealing with first rung problems getting a sense of liking and enjoying your body through exercise is valuable.



Bal Yogi -1969

Lack of exercise can affect the psyche. It slows down circulation, and causes lethargy. Stasis leads to blood pools that don't move. Hence the danger on long plane flights of blood clotting and the consequent risk of stroke as we know from stagnant marshes where things rot; stagnancy is not good for our physiological and psychological systems. Moreover, as Taoist internal alchemy teaches us, awareness circulates like blood. The whole body is aware and if we have a sluggish internal circulation of energy it affects our mental processes and our whole emotional outlook on life.

There is a reason why some people like structure. Fear. If you are fearful you love structure. Structure allows you to control. The irony is that it is not through control that Tai Chi is learned but in letting go and surrendering. The ego likes control. The ego likes to be in control. An over emphasis on structure kills flow. Flow, that sensitive darling, gets strangled. What wants to be expressed is something that comes from beyond controlled structure. It seems, at first, like something delicate, hesitant, shy, the start of a

bud opening; the crocus showing the first signs of Spring. The gross, brusque, hard external of rigid structure frightens the flow away.

People can suppress their emotions by control. Men are constantly accused of not allowing themselves to feel. The start of internal flow in Tai Chi is like allowing a feeling to occur and has, initially, much in common with the gentle growth of a feeling. People who feel they need to be in control, who fear they will not do the movement correctly and get judged, accordingly, by their teacher, the group or themselves, will struggle to get internal flow. When I see students shaking their head in irritation when they miss or fail I give a little talk about how one must be kind to oneself. Constantly judging yourself is a sure way to miss the flow. Love your body as it learns.

Organizations are much the same. I had a friend (Count Blucher) who worked for a very large German company in the 60's. He told me it was run like the army. Everyone had their place and moved up rank methodically. You could tell someone's rank as soon as you entered the office by the decor. Once you knew the system it was easy. He wanted to buy himself a Mercedes 350 but someone firmly told him that a car like that was above his rank and would cause the company problem. So although he had the money to afford the purchase he decided to uphold the system by buying a 220, but by putting a 350 engine in it he got the power he wanted in a car. It was all hidden beneath the bonnet so the rigidity of code and his place in it remained intact. The plus of such a system was that, everyone in the know, felt a security, felt held, tightly, and, like blanket wrapped babies, enjoyed the security.

I spent many years working as a full time volunteer (unpaid) for a meditation organization and later for a Tai Chi organization. As the meditation organization grew and became successful, great rigidity of structure occurred. The founder wanted anyone who attended an introductory lecture, anywhere in the world, to hear the same identical talk; an identical lecture given by someone who even dressed similarly (colour of tie, suit, hairstyle etc). Similarly in the Tai Chi organization, after the death of the founder, those who ran the organization wanted a similarity of instruction so that anyone anywhere could get the same class. Now both meditation and Tai Chi are sciences. As a science tuition can be structured. But more than Science they are also **arts** and as an art you over structure them at a grave peril of killing all feeling and spontaneity.

Imagine training concert pianists so that anyone anywhere in the world would hear a particular concerto played in exactly the same way! Or if all artists painted a subject in just the same way. A Stalinist view of life. Poor Shostakovich who suffered under him!

Highly rigidly structured organizations, like highly rigidly structured societies, value the mass and the control of the mass more than the flowering of individual beauty. In both the above cases I left the organization. If Enlightenment means anything it means the freedom to be yourself, or rather your **Self**. Groups where the head honcho or guru controls it like an army are antithetical to such freedom.

If you are insecure in yourself you will submit to such control and spend much of your time doing your dance to remain a good boy or a good girl. I find it curious that so many of the Hare Krishnas, head shaved, are so controlled by the organization but were once freedom loving hippies who eventually felt more secure with authority over them. It would seem that rebelliousness is the other side of the coin of wanting authority over one. Both sides of the coin must be dealt with to be free of the tyranny of power. Until then you will either seek it out to submit to it or seek it out to rebel against it. When you become secure in yourself you can deal with it maturely. Before you have dealt with it thoroughly the structure of power has a hold over you one way or another.

The art is to have structure where structure is needed and flow where you can get it. In everyone's development these two will need constant balancing. Those who revere structure will seek balance in structure and rigidity. When you stand stiff and straight, army style, you are apparently balanced but a quick push at the right spot will uproot you. Moreover in an exercise routine such rigidity is bad for health.

Anytime while doing Tai Chi when there is a part of your body that is held rigid the rigidity will affect flow everywhere. The body has an organic unity so that rigidity somewhere affects flow through all the body. Many people never learn to understand this. I have often seen Tai Chi teachers freezing movement and energy and inevitably passing this on to their students. Tai Chi can be seen as a way to learn where you lock energy and how to release it for the greater glory of the whole body.

Balance is a dynamic thing and in life one is required to re establish balance moment to moment. Life is change and flow so if you seek balance in rigid structure you have opted out of change, and, thus, out of a dynamic life. It is like taking the beginning posture in the Tai Chi set and holding it for the length of time that everyone else does the other 108 moves. You won't lose your balance as some of the other students might but that doesn't profit you much.

Indeed balance is learned by, in fact, actually losing your balance and finding how to reestablish it. If you never lose it you will never learn this dynamic way of keeping balanced.

In most societies or structures the top few adore the status quo and will preach tradition and constancy (law and order sort of thing) to maintain their privileged position. They will tend to dislike any change they don't initiate or control. Which is why cultural change is such a difficult thing. Economic bastions don't rush out cheering and waving banners for change. They sit behind stolid walls and stolid systems hoping to ride out any change that dares a walk down their streets, or worse will fight that change subtly, by propaganda, or unsubtly, by force.

I grew up in South Africa and one of the sobering realizations that gave was that the rich and powerful don't change out of the goodness of their hearts. They don't share out of goodness and love. Change seems to come often when the angry, dispossessed and violent make it come. It doesn't have to be that way. Life, being evolutionary, there

should come a time when the people on the top of the pile are people with hearts, people who realize that change is life, is flow and will embrace that change and be part of it. I happen to be one of those strange beasts that believe we are entering a phase of incredible change during which old structures and old concepts need to get thrown away, like old fashioned tight shoes that stop your feet dancing. People who relish their rigid structures are going to find this difficult if not hellish. If you are one of those that needs rigid structure to maintain your sense of balance this book is for you.

I have founded The School of Tai Chi & Esoteric Arts. What I teach there is a way of finding your balance moment to moment in life. Of course it is not easy. Of course the temptation is to resort to control to do it.

But the magic, the real magic, is when you discover that in surrendering to the moment you can learn to find your balance and your purpose for being here. I don't know anyone who in a moment of crisis can't lose balance, especially if no one is watching! I like to joke that after 40 years of meditation I can, sometimes, fall apart as well as the next person. However I do think I have acquired the ability to restore the balance quickly afterwards. Perhaps that is good enough. After all, if one doesn't respond with some energy in a critical situation, let loose a few choice words maybe one is not properly alive either. Sometimes one can see oneself doing those things and smile inside and sometimes one goes headlong into a spin down. But if, shortly afterwards, one can take stock and say, "Well!" and laugh, that is as much as one can hope. On this planet and with the circumstances around us serenity in all circumstances seems out of reach. This leads us into the next chapter: our dramas.

*1 Read Alexander Lowen "Physical Dynamics of Character Structure" for the correlation of physical structure and personality. E.g. when we say someone has a mean mouth, or hard eyes or a weak jaw etc all this description of physiological structures indicates the quality of person inhabiting that body. Read Caroline Myss "Anatomy of the Spirit". She writes that your "biology is your biography". She explains that your body and your current physical and emotional health show how you have lived. Your history is written on the page of your physiology)

Chapter 2

Our Dramas – The Emotional Self

Our dramas take place in our emotional body, that part of ourselves where emotions are expressed or suppressed. Whether we want to or not we all live out various dramas, get scooped up into them and indeed play many different roles. Our search is for Self Knowledge and it has taken us from the physical Self into the emotional Self.

A friend (Wayne who lives in a wheelchair) wrote an article which he entitled “I know it is your life but don’t take it personally.” If you fully understand that you can jump to the next chapter.

Hold it! Maybe wait till you have enjoyed the story I want to tell you. You enjoy stories don’t you?

Our dramas give us the chance to really show our acting skills and like good method actors we identify with the role. We do take our lives personally.

We could define our reality by saying, ” **our reality is what we attend to**”. What we attend to is what we tend to experience, not so? If you don’t look at the flower you won’t see it. Our attention moreover tends to go to where our interests lie or where our compulsions are. Certainly most of us give the bulk of our attention to the details of our lives. When drama enters it grabs our attention exclusively.

I knew a couple that had been going through relationship troubles. Both had been seeing therapists. Donald had reached a point where a lot of what had been causing him sadness, frustration, and thus a negative view of his relationship, seemed to have been internally sorted out. On their wedding anniversary he booked a table for a romantic dinner with wine, flowers and candles. They dressed up to celebrate. He felt cheerful and buoyant. With the wine he toasted their life together and told Iona he now felt so positive about their relationship that he thought they could discuss having a second child. Iona who was attending to her own drama didn’t see it that way at all. She was quite unprepared for his positive response, nearly fell off her chair and said that for her the relationship was so bad she wanted to have a separation. They had been attending to different things so their dramas didn’t coincide at all. The rest of the meal was spent discussing the details of their separation, which soon afterwards took place as Iona’s drama was more powerful than Donald’s.

I have a belief that most of us are born with a huge hole in our psyche. If we try to imagine the creation process, as mysterious and inexplicable as it is, we could say that the Unmanifested, Eternal, Undifferentiated All apparently gets expressed in form, time and space bound manifestation. Out of this Silent Non Moving Being a twist of form and action appears. Matter, linear time, action, cause and effect, and all the processes of life are thrust into existence. The Formless apparently takes on form. That is us, and the

worlds we live in. At first, no doubt, initial forms feel a resonance, a harmony an essential contact with the All. The subtler their existence the nearer they are to their Mysterious Source. The denser creation becomes, the more concrete the form the more tenuous the essential contact with That. And thus we get to us, humans, mostly feeling no contact with All, indeed living and behaving with little harmony with almost anything.

We become separated from the All and it is a shocking experience. From being one with Existence we suddenly find ourselves seemingly on our own, and having to cope with conflict and threat. Inside we feel a lack though most could not define what it is. It is a lack. Something is missing. We are not at home. It is that gaping hole, seeming absence of Being, which we try to fill. Generally we try to fill it in an acquisitive way. The hole gets translated into a desire that gives us the attitude that if we fulfill this particular desire we will then be happy. We think our unhappiness is caused by this unfulfilled desire. It is, of course, a never-ending search because nothing can fill that hole but the Whole. You can observe the whole round of desires that people chase. The pursued desires never come close to filling that huge hole even, when, if you have good luck, you attain them. You work your way through various desires like a round of golf going from 1 to 18. When what someone else desires doesn't grab you and you know that well and truly, then you can walk past those desires like walking through a shopping mall when there is nothing you want. Feeling free of the shopping frenzy (at Christmas for instance) you can observe the people, some frantic with desire and short on time rushing around trying to fill that hole, even with lists of how to do it. We are lost and desperately seeking happiness, fulfillment, triumphs.

When I see what some people run after I think, "maybe I am an alien!" It is like reading those tabloids in the supermarket while waiting for your turn at the cashier and you wonder how you have managed to live on the same planet with some people and not have recognized their existence. Do they come out of the ground when you go to sleep? Watch rush hour streams of workers. Do you see the brilliant light in their eyes of people living in the Eternal? Or do you see compulsive prisoners going from task to task? We won't even get into the illegitimate ways of trying to fill that hole, drugs, alcohol and that sort of thing. It is enough to be bound to conventional imprisonment, job, family, mortgage payments, University fees for children, financial maintenance for separated families - "the whole tragedy" as Zorba the Greek called it.

All this ordinary life stuff never gives us the time to realize we have this hole, and even less time to do something about it. We become as much a prisoner as those just trying to survive. We do it just a bit more elegantly than the powerless and impoverished.

A few years back I visited South Africa after living abroad for many years. Driving from Cape Town to my old University in Stellenbosch I was shocked to see what had once been a pleasant drive amongst vineyards was now a long road next to shanties. Shanties that varied in scale from poor wooden houses to corrugated iron shanties to what were only plastic sheets over a bush. It filled me with incredible sadness. The lives of those people must be a daily struggle just to get food in their bellies. If you had to decide what their attention was on you wouldn't include beauty, poetry, grace and the leisure to

ponder on their place in the scheme of things. The very things that make life tolerable for me must be completely absent.

I find it extraordinary that anyone would get excited by that sort of life. If your life is just a scramble to get a meager meal what on earth is there to get excited about? Why cling to it? To survive, merely to struggle through another day tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow? And yet they do. Is there much difference between that and the same awesome struggle many endure to pay for the luxuries in a life? Both lives miss the mark. Both desire and seek everything but the one thing, **Being**, that would fill that hole. Both are on the same treadmill, pacing the same floor only with a different quality of carpet.

We live through what we focus on, what we attend to. Maturity comes when we know that this and this and this endless stream of baubles will never satisfy the hunger. So we ask the question: where does that hunger come from? If we don't ask it we can't answer it. For me the mature life is trying to answer that. What is the nature of fulfillment? How can I get it? How must I live my life for that to happen? How can I deal with my dramas in a way that allows me to enjoy my life? I hope you have already asked these questions. What answers have you found? Of course these will change as we grow.

Dramas can be big or little. They can even be boring routine, the busyness of a daily life that skirts around that huge hole day after day and says, "Not now but one day I will seek to discover what ails me". Like St Augustine we ask God to delay our conversion. Generally we need a major crisis to take a peek into that hole. Our world has to come crashing down so that we get stopped short in our tracks and reevaluate our circumstances and goals.

I was fortunate. I was in my last year at Stellenbosch university studying LLB after my B Com. My life suddenly felt completely empty although I had been a seemingly happy go lucky sort of boy, a sunny boy with a radiant smile. I took up yoga and read some metaphysics and that was it. I decided the world was all baubles and I yearned for a Himalayan cave. I finished my degree (Cum Laude for the LLB) and got involved in a meditation organization. My first meditation course, in Hoch Gurgl (Austria) when Mahesh Yogi took my hands in his and spoke to me was like the start of a love affair with the Other. I was ravished through and through on that course. My kundalini burst into my head with sparks and ecstasy. I was never the same again.

If I look back at my youth it seems to me I relearned several life lessons very quickly. I did most of the expected things a young, vital, creative man would do. A few, minor excesses and I'd say "well that's over with. I was done with that in a previous Life." There were other dramas to come, of course, because life doesn't let one go until the lessons are thoroughly learned but the main direction and thrust of my life was set a 22 years of age. I wanted God and Enlightenment and I wanted to help the world to get these too.

I meet people who get into such drama they can't see any light at all. You know those moments in a bath when you can't find the soap and you swirl around with your hands trying to find and grab it, while it continuously slips away. Don't swirl around. You only stir up the soapy water. Doing this, getting frustrated and swearing when you don't succeed, is perpetuating your drama and getting stuck in it. Stand up, look down and you will see the soap so very easily and can gently pick it up. This is raising your perspective. Dramas, like sudden ill health, reduce your perspective. Meditation raises it. Perspective (and timing) as we will soon discuss is of major importance.

When someone is in a drama my advice is save your breath until they are ready to listen to you. When someone is having a nervous breakdown they are not open to advice UNTIL they reach the rock bottom and are ready to come up. They will often disagree and say you don't understand or see it the way they do. Life is so hard etc. Of course you can't see it the way they do. From your perspective (standing up in the bath) the soap is not lost at all. They are just failing to see it clearly. Or else they will nod their heads and say, "Yes, you are right. You are so wise" This makes you feel good which is why you probably gave the advice to start with. But it won't help them. They will immediately go back to swirling the water and getting frantic about the lost soap endlessly escaping their clutching grasps. Stuck in the drama.

Sometimes, as I have learned in teaching Tai Chi, students have to do the wrong thing long enough. There is nothing evil in doing something wrong. As we mentioned earlier, losing your balance is exactly the way to learn how to keep it. If people keep at the practice long enough they will learn the right way. In any event the "right" way is a progressive thing, for what is right today is most likely wrong further down the line. As a Tai Chi teacher you try to stop them hurting themselves. But even hurting yourself is a big lesson in how not to do it. And that is what some of our big dramas are, the hard way of learning. The school of hard knocks as they say. I read in Yogananda's

"Autobiography of a Yogi" that some Buddhists say God has two arms which try to draw you in. One is the arm of happiness. If that doesn't do the trick then the arm of pain will call you home. For mysterious reasons humans mainly go for the arm of pain. The arm of pain that will soon teach all humanity this so awfully clearly will be the environment and our health.

So people tend to get stuck in their dramas, even, amazingly, to repeat them all over again. I heard Rajneesh give a talk in which he said there is only one sin, which is to do something unconsciously. If you do something with awareness then, if it fails and causes you pain, you won't do it again, unless of course you are an addict. In a sense we are all addicts in varying degrees and remain so until we finally learn.

A Sufi story I heard Rajneesh tell.

A man was praying to God. "Why God do I have so many problems and so many troubles? Everyone seems to be happier than I. Why is this so?"

That night he had a dream. In this dream God called out in a loud voice. “Everyone wake up! Put all your troubles and problems in a sack and come to the mosque right away. I am going to get rid of them for you.”

People ran around catching all their troubles; some were right at hand; some they had recently forgotten about but were found lurking for just the right moment to be expressed. They had to thoroughly search for others. They found even those that were residues of childhood. They stuffed them all, complaining and whining in sacks. The dreamer was amazed to see how big some people’s sacks were compared to his. Some people whom he had thought were happy had huge sacks. Some people had to drag their sacks because of the weight. Some had little sacks they carried nonchalantly.

When they got to the mosque God said,” Put your sacks down against that wall and all of you sit down on the opposite side.”

They all did this. In the dark it was hard to see where their sack was now, piled up amongst all the sacks.

Then God spoke again.” Now all of you go to the opposite wall and take any sack you want. You can exchange your sack for another one.”

In the dark a miracle occurred. Everyone sought and found their own sack and took it back home with them. Even those who had brought huge sacks didn’t want to take a smaller one, for who knew what peril was inside? It might look small but what was a little problem for some people might be huge for them. And those big sacks, who knew what was stuffed in them? Better take your own sack back and live with it.

We do take our lives personally and seem determined to compulsively watch every detail of our film as it rolls. Because we are what we attend to, if this is all we do then these petty details ARE our lives. There is nothing else but these details. Often it is just a repetition of a previous episode. This is to limit ourselves to being small and avoiding All that we are and All that life can offer us. Continuously repeated experiences makes grooves in the consciousness, samskaras in yoga, and the energy will tend to repeatedly return to run in these grooves unless we do something about it. With the best intentions our mind will still slip into a groove and replay our scratchy tune. Moreover what is in our mind tends to attract similar energy to us. Groaners attract other groaners and compare notes or compete in misery. I remember a lady who never ceased to complain or tell sad stories. Someone falls pregnant and she would recount graphic descriptions of all the things that can go wrong with pregnancies. If some couple told her they had decided to delay pregnancy for a few years; she knew and, would tell them in sorry detail, of people who did delay then couldn’t get pregnant.

One day in her kitchen I saw an old photo of people enjoying a picnic. They all looked so happy. I felt this was a safe subject and pointed to the photo. She then told me exactly how every one of them had died! This one was rushed to the hospital and when a surgeon cut them open a burst spleen disgorged muck etc. Every single happy face in that

photo disappeared into the drama of their death. The happiness was sucked out of that photo. Their faces crumbled and shrank into skulls. In such gloomy company there were no safe subjects!

Eric Berne (Founder of Transactional Analysis, popularized in his book “Games people play”) gave a list of certain roles people assume and how they seek out people who will play with them, sometimes to their great suffering and misery. Sort of like how a masochist will find a sadist. “WHAM (why does this always happen to me?) will find NIGYSOB (Now I’ve got you, you son of a bitch). WHAM goes through life being unfairly treated and NIGYSOB goes through enforcing his full measure of pain. “Elke pot vind sy deksel”. Every pot finds its lid as they say in Afrikaans.

Partly this is a gift from life. If you want to play a certain role, life will give you that opportunity over and over again until you decide “enough!” I learned that from my early days with Maharishi Mahesh Yogi (between 1962 –1977) observing that he would often push people. He had one typist, Nina, typing 20 hours a day on a 1962 meditation course. He scolded one young man who hadn’t done a task, “Don’t tell me you have to sleep.” What I learned was this, that a great spiritual lesson lies in being able to say the word, “No.” A “No” loud and clear, not necessarily in anger but just stating you didn’t want to do something. It is a wonderful lesson to learn and better sooner than later.

So many of our troubles are like holding a big, heavy ball that is causing us grief. It could be an addictive habit such as going too many extra miles, making a martyr out of ourselves, or smoking, any behavior pattern that causes suffering. We do all sorts of therapies and obsessively discuss our problem with friends but the ball (the problem) stays tightly held in our hand causing suffering. One day we just drop it. The ball falls automatically and we think, “Wasn’t that easy?” Now, as long as you don’t pick it up again that ball (the bad habit) is out of your life and your drama. As we saw earlier when you have done something wrong long enough you are ready to learn something new.

How long is long enough? as long as it takes for you to decide “Enough” or “No”.

I have observed that in a theatre when the play is theatre of the absurd it is generally not long before the audience accepts the parameters of the absurd as the reality of the play. Whatever the absurdity the audience will accept that is the-way-it-is. I have watched my son Raphael play a video game and get extraordinarily tense in certain situations as he tries to battle some demon. I have told him “If it makes you tense stop the game.” But of course the “fun” is in the tension. Stop the game and you are out of the situation and can start to relax. We all see that. We all see that when we observe other people’s dramas. It is very easy to have perspective when it is they who are searching their soap! But when it us, our drama, when we are in our bathtub with lost soap, our perspective and wisdom are the other side of a shut door.

How then to gain perspective? First of all try when you are not in the midst of a drama. In the midst of a drama is the hardest time to do this. Just as a regime for good

health is best begun while you are still healthy, seeking serenity and balance is a good task for when you are feeling good.

Laws seem to repeat themselves on all levels of life. Think of and prepare for winter even though it is summer.

When I first visited the UK it seemed as though the British were always amazed that winter came. The houses were neither draft proof or insulated. During summer no one thought of winter, so, of course, when summer ended the same problem of cold was there. It seemed like a National joke. Everyone learns in time and this now seems to have been learnt.

Meditation is an excellent way to gain another perspective. There is a part of our selves, our soul and our spirit that transcends the details of our human life. This can embrace you during meditation.

I teach a simple technique in my School of Tai Chi & Esoteric Arts. Take off your shoes and kneel sitting on the ankles. Some people who have tight ankles can't sit like this. You can use a zazen bench that elevates the buttocks a bit and puts less pressure on the knees or ankle or you can sit in a chair. I like the floor because it is easy for me. Also sitting like this helps open up the joint of the ankle. All joints are energy spots and a yogi once said that this position helps open up the third eye. All the same this exercise can't be done if you are in discomfort. If you want to practice sitting like this to open it up do so while listening to music or watching TV to alleviate the sense of discomfort. For meditation use a chair or a stool or a cushion to get comfortable for this practice.

Close your eyes and take a full breath. A full breath consists in filling first the belly, then the mid-lungs and only then the top of the chest. Most people breath with only the top of the lungs, pushing out the chest. A few others breathe only from the belly. We have to learn to take a full complete breath. With each full breath you do two locks, one in the throat by pulling your chin back and one down below by pulling your anus up. Shoulders should be relaxed and to aid this I allow my arms to hang loose. Focus on the third eye. Start to exhale slowly through the mouth feeling the air leave first the chest, then the mid-lungs and then emptying from the belly. At this point start to slowly bend forward which will force more air out of your belly. Time it so the air is all gone by the time your forehead touches the floor, if you are kneeling on the floor. Hold this position without air for a little while (there should be no strain) and then start breathing, through the nose, by first filling the belly and then as you rise up, mid-lungs and chest. At the top again make sure your shoulders are relaxed, not hunched up, and you do the two locks (chin and anus). Keep your focus on the third eye. Hold the breath for a little while (no strain) and then start exhaling and repeat this procedure for 10 to 15 minutes. As you get into a pleasant and easy rhythm pay attention to the bending forward. Feel that as your head sinks down it as if you are sinking into the earth. The earth is the origin of our bodies. It is our material Mother. So sinking down into it is like going home. Going home is a pleasant, relaxing experience. You can let go. Give up all that you hold on to. Surrender. Allow that sinking, letting go feeling to be all. Feel how empty your mind can

get. For just this moment let go of all who you think you are. Let go of all your drama. Allow a nothingness to invade your awareness. Allow yourself to become this nothingness. No struggles, no goals. Just for this moment give it all up. No dramas. Sinking down into nothing, darkness, the silence between thoughts. The Silence that fills your Being, the Nothing that is transcendent to things. Surrender to this. As you rise up allow this peace to stay. At the top even with your focus on the third eye notice how sometimes you can feel the energy of the air in your chest, the brightness of it, coming from the heart, feel how the third eye pulses with light. It will help to have the tip of your tongue gently pushed against the hard palate and your teeth, not clenched, but slightly apart.

I have done a few meditations on the last breath of Jesus. Imagine what it must have been like; all that turmoil, shouting crowds, suffering and rejection, the sadness and the confusion of friends. And now that last out-breath as He merges with God. With that out-breath the total letting go of what is a temporary situation and the surrender into an eternal bliss. Similarly for all of us, no matter what our lives have been, our dramas, here with this last out breath we are letting go of all of it. It is a relief and a joy as we expand out of the temporary, leave the theatre of the absurd, to merge into the All. That huge sack of problems we have toted on our backs drops away, our out-breath takes on a feeling of relief, restriction is replaced by expansion, we can't help but let go into deliciousness So let go and surrender. This is the feeling you want during this practice of breathing. The head rolls down in time with the squeezing out of that last out-breath and as the forehead touches the floor the surrender is complete. For this moment there is nothing and that nothingness is a miraculous Fullness.

There is another way to look at it. We are breathed in and out by God, by Life, by the All. There is that natural expansion and contraction like a heartbeat, effort and rest, to all life. Just as in Tai Chi we stretch and then relax, rise up and then sink down. A natural rhythm. As we breathe in we breathe in Life or we can say Life breathes INTO us. God breathes INTO us. We get filled by Universal Energy. We breathe in what God is **exhaling**. We receive what God gives. Then when it is our rhythm of exhaling the opposite occurs. What we breathe Out God receives. We give it back to God. So our lives, our existences are drawn back into God. Out of that vast Pool, energy has come into our lungs, and, now, with the exhalation back into that vast Pool our individual energy returns to It. As we are sucked back into the Eternal we surrender to that feeling, we get reabsorbed, our individuality drops away. Just so is that out-breath in this exercise. We are reabsorbed by the All (the Tao). In that re-absorption we let go our dramas. For that brief moment as the forehead touches the carpet the dramas aren't there. For that brief moment the soap is not lost, the pain of the loss, the unfilled hole in us, is not there. For this one moment let go. Allow yourself to savor it, to be soaked in that experience. Feel how that peace remains as your lungs fill, and, as you rise up, you rise back into the world; you are reborn to individuality. You may even feel the joy and the love of being again recreated and breathed back by the All into individual existence. You may feel Light filling your chest and, love expanding from the heart centre, Light pulsing in the third eye.

For many, except during deep sleep, this is the first time they let the dramas go and moreover, it is, unlike in deep sleep, a conscious letting go. Like many of the arts I teach in my School, it is a practice that is accumulative. It is a process each time of going a little deeper. As you gain the new perspective of your life it is like having a part of it that is beyond drama. Having lost the soap is not the only experience you can have. You have touched **That** which is beyond drama. This is the goal of meditation. You are beginning to learn how to re-find your balance when life topples you.

This is an excellent practice to precede meditation. I often follow it with the Tibetan exercise for raising energy and an ego reducing kriya using the breath of fire breathing. These three can create a hum in the body, like the sound of being near a big electric transformer. The body resonates with the energy and where the tongue touches the top hard palate you can feel how the energy pulses as it circulates through two main meridians. One meridian comes from the perineum up the spine, over the head and to the top palate. The next goes down the front of the body back to the perineum. The tongue, touching the hard palate, acts like a link between the two. Thus when you have the energy flowing strongly you can feel it in the tongue, a current that gives a particular tingle to the tongue's tip.

We have talked of the two pulses of life, activity and rest. We could also talk of birth and death. Death permits change. When something gets stopped it can feel like a death but, often, that death is so that life can change and move on in another way, a destruction of the old to permit change. When life wants you to move in a certain direction and you resist that the push life will eventually give you what feels like intense discomfort, pain. So many of us resist change till that painful, insistent push comes.

Some years ago a gifted clairvoyant Marilyn Rossner came to Kingston to give a public talk. I attended her humorous, insightful talk. At the end she looked at me and asked, "Sir, May I address you directly?" I said "yes" and she said, "Spirit wants you to write a book to share what you know. And not just one book but three." I nodded and said "thank you." Over the years many psychics have all said the most complimentary things to me and I have wanted one to say, "the trouble with you is..." and give me an uncomfortable blast. Anyway I had already thought of writing a book but kept to a decision I had made when I stopped teaching meditation (in 1976) that, until I could speak with my own voice, I wouldn't teach again. As far as a book went, I felt the same. If I had nothing authentic and original to say why waste paper and take up space in bookshops?

I had begun to feel cramped in the Tai Chi organization and felt restricted not being able to share with my students all that I knew, all that I had discovered and which, because of rigid rules, I was not permitted to teach. But I wasn't ready to leave it. I enjoyed teaching my little daytime class, liked the people who came and felt loyal to the organization. I had been a member of it for 24 years, indeed had been the founding member of the club in Kingston. Over the years I must have spent some \$25,000 to \$30,000 going on various weekend and week courses. The club was like a second home. It would take a serious upheaval to get me out there. I got this upheaval!

Because of my intense summer gardening, an activity which fills 3 freezers, a large root cellar and keeps us mainly vegetarians in food all year I had been unable to go to the summer week, held annually which was designed to keep us informed on teaching matters etc. They seemed essentially so basic. The only one I had attended was very boring. Moreover because of financial constraint I now balked at being forced to make the obligatory \$500 tax-deductible donation (on top of the fee) to attend when I had no income to deduct it from any way.

Each year I wrote my apologies at not attending. After four years my apology was no longer accepted. The local committee informed that I was going to be disciplined and be asked to stop teaching my class. I went through considerable turmoil exacerbated by the fact that over the previous 18 months my investments had plummeted to near zero and this was, naturally, very worrying. I kept trying to hold on to my niche in the club, a niche that each year had got smaller. After 6 years as President of the club, 21 years as an instructor and all that I had done for it I thought an exception would be made for me.

What I am recounting are all the exterior things. The truth is that life wanted me to do something else but I was being dim and not seeing this. I was sitting in my bath and couldn't find the soap, busy with my drama. I kept going over all the exterior stuff and kept trying to cling on. 24 years involved participation is a lot to let go of! The more I clung the bigger push that was given, the more intense my turmoil. The one thing I could not do was say, "Yes, I will do exactly as I am told to do." I wanted my place on my own terms and that is exactly what I would never get. The structure in the organization didn't permit that, and, of course, in their view one small exception might endanger their whole structure!

I was doing Tai Chi outside my home and asking myself, "What does life want from me that all these troubles have descended on me?" The answer came instantly, "start your own school." I had never considered doing this but I knew immediately that it was correct. In that very instant that I let go of clinging to what I wanted, and embraced what life wanted of me, all turmoil left me. It was a perfect lesson in Taoism. Don't cling. There is a story that Lao Tzu was sitting under a tree and he watched a leaf falling. As it fell it turned and spiraled and moved exactly as the breeze pushed it. It did nothing that wasn't inspired by the breeze and never refused to do as the breeze encouraged. Lao Tzu saw the wisdom of this and discovered the principle of Wu Wei, non resistance. In the resisting of the urging of life is pain. In the following of its promptings is peace.

So I decided to start my own School and call it The School of Tai Chi & Esoteric Arts. I immediately went to write down a curriculum. The next day was my morning class and I emailed the Instruction Board that I intended to resign my membership at the end of my class so that this would spare them, my friends, having to tell me to quit. At the end of my class I told the students that this had been my last one and I told them of my intentions for a new school. Of course I also cried. One door shuts another opens! In thinking of what I could teach, I realized that much of what I could offer were my own discoveries. They were experiences I had had as a result of my own searching and

understandings. I realized that they were an authentic voice, not just recycled book learning. I discovered I had something to say so I decided to write a book. This is it. It is a book of finding and of letting go. Of trying hard, showing grit and determination but also of allowing change to happen. Working on structure but being alert to the flow.

What would have happened if I had followed the promptings 5 years earlier of Marilyn Rossner and my own cramped feelings in the club? If I had quit then before the push? Would have I lost all that money? Wasn't it strange to see that financial necessity was needed to prod me into activity? That I could be as obtuse as the next man about my next step. That I could avoid change as determinedly as anyone else. Moreover, that I would have to question my structures of loyalty before I could take that next step and teach on my own and in my own name.

“Structures of loyalty.” Belief structures. This takes us on to the next chapter.

Chapter 3

The Mental Body

The mental body is where we have our attitudes, our belief structures, where we form our ideas of life. It is where we make a mental structure, a philosophic construct about our life. It is the battleground for our yes and no. Here reside our mental perceptions, of ourselves and of others. Here lie our prejudices, unexamined judgments, the doors we have closed to ourselves and the doors we have shut in the face of others. Here we build the structure that encourages us to get up in the morning, and to go through our daily activities. Any change of activity, stop smoking, eat less, eat differently, begin to meditate, become a different person gets run through our mental body. It is our inner policeman, contains our cultural conditioning and is often, sadly, our prison.

As we are now dealing with the third of our bodies it is timely to point out that these three bodies don't exist separately from each other in the sense that one does not influence another. Not only are they congruent, the energy from one will penetrate another.

I taught meditation in Cape Town to a very attractive woman who was clearly obsessed by her appearance, very neat, beautifully made up, clothes well chosen. After some months of meditation she told me of a realization that she had while she was meditating. It involved a long forgotten incident. She was about four at the time. She and her mother were going to go out somewhere special and this little girl was looking in the mirror admiring her clothes and rearranging the fall of her dress. Her mother, for whatever reason of stress, remarked to her tartly and sharply, "I don't know why you are looking at yourself like that. You are so ugly no one will ever look at you." These were harsh words, spoken under some unknown duress and probably forgotten shortly afterwards. But not by the little child! For her, those cutting words went into her like a dagger and caused a wound in her emotional body. "You are so ugly". Her own mother found her ugly, so very ugly that she said, "no one will ever look at you." Those words scarred her emotional body and also formed a twist in her physical body where their energy was recorded, a bundle of negative energy that continuously poisoned her system because they also went into the mental body where they became part of a structure that told her daily, "I am a very ugly person." There they stayed. Such stresses can cause armor in the body, like a protective coating around the injury.

She spent hours as a teenager and as an adult trying to become beautiful, but, despite this, always feeling she was ugly. No matter how many compliments she got, how many devoted lovers she had, she remained feeling ugly. She made her face up, chose expensive clothes, obsessed about her appearance. Her life largely revolved around trying to fill that hole of perceived ugliness. Then one day, while meditating, the precipitating incident returned to consciousness and she finally was able to release the physical bundle ("unstressing" Maharishi calls it) and with that went the poison that had seeped daily into

her emotional body and into her life. Thinking about it she could restructure her mental body to replace her image of herself as ugly with the image of her actual beauty.

Once she felt beautiful she really became a stunner because often how we perceive ourselves creates energy, an aura that others feel. Instead of her energy going inside and negatively, it was projected outwards and was charismatically positive.

I often tell my Tai Chi students that if during a move you are where you should be, going in the direction you should be going in and doing what you should be doing then you have every right to feel confident. The Universe must support that. Exactly the same thing must apply, not just in doing a Tai Chi move, but also in life. If life has any structure it is one that encourages our growth. Once you move in the right direction the Universe will support that. Of course one must always realize that the right direction might include a sharp lesson as well but, as we have seen, sharp lessons, when they are needed, are part of life's plans for us.

For that woman she gained several things. Firstly it takes energy to maintain those stress knots. Once they were released the energy that had been used just in maintaining them was now available for something else. In Tai Chi I have learned that if during a move you freeze any part of the body you impede the internal flow of energy. The body is an energy system, a unified energy system, with different parts but, in essence, one, so that any block in the flow anywhere hampers the flow everywhere else too. Naturally this is a Catch 22 situation because it means that until it is 100% right the particular move is still all wrong. However don't despair. We have seen it is all a process of going a little deeper. Gradually we do this and improve. It does, however, take this insight and it has amazed me how many students and teachers of Tai Chi haven't realized this. I see them doing a move with a part of their energy locked rigid, teachers teaching students this. Maybe they keep everything below the waist locked and taut, i.e. no movement below while they perform an arm movement. In my school I will often teach this move just the way they do it as energy locked movement. No one complains. Then I teach it as a whole body exercise. I ask the students to carefully note how they feel. Then I get them to do it once again blocking flow. They are always amazed at the difference. One is liberating, the other is imprisoning. One feels like the body is dead, the other allows a grace and a flow that is so obviously natural. But unless you come to this realization through your own experience you will keep on restricting flow. It is easy to do this. Once while practicing alone before a class a student I knew but from another class came in and began a Jong (basic foundation exercise). I watched him briefly out of the corner of my eye and then asked him if he was enjoying it. I asked him if he knew what he was doing. He said "Yes." and told me what he was working on. I asked him if he wanted to know what I thought and when he said, "Yes" I told him "You don't have a clue what the jong is about." Later in the class I taught the jong to everyone and at the end asked him if my comment, which I knew had shocked him, had been fair and he said, "Yes."

It is like cats and dogs. A cat knows what relaxation is about. You watch a cat settling down. It will turn and twist until everything is just right. A dog will lie down on a lumpy rug, give a sigh and stay there. No cat would do that. It takes its time to find the

right spot and the right position. My border collie Mc Gregor, admittedly a hyper active breed, can't even shit relaxed. His eyes dart around and survey the ground and the sky, just in case there is anything he should chase. Tai Chi, done like that, is hard, unrewarding work. You may build up a sweat but really....!

During my last participation at a regional Tai Chi workshop I was trying to see what I could learn from the two teachers leading it, trying to be humble and just a



Author - Brush Knee

student. They were teaching a Tai Chi move called brush knees. They were teaching it very basically but I tried to see if there was something I had been missing so I followed their instructions applying effort just as they were and in the way they were teaching. I became increasingly frustrated and the move became worse. A friend and a knowledgeable person passed by me and quietly said, "Just do the move."

That comment was worth the fee for the whole weekend. I stopped **trying** to do the move, making unnecessary effort and consequently tightening up. I went back to the flow I knew so well. Indeed Master Moy shortly before his death told me I had gained my foundations and could now relax. Continuing to apply effort was fatal to progress for me.

So when that woman got rid of her stress knot, not only did that release the energy required to maintain it, but it now permitted her energy to flow harmoniously. The rigidity of the knot being gone she was now capable of getting a better flow through her whole system. This allowed health to improve, because lack of flow is stagnancy, and stagnancy, or lack of energy flow, particularly in certain parts of the body causes deterioration and decay. Master Moy would often talk of how aging caused people's internal organs to dry up. Improved health and vitality naturally lead to a sense of beauty and well-being. This led her to restructure her mental image of herself from being hopelessly ugly, to being a natural beauty. Seeing herself as naturally beautiful allowed her to cease the incessant search for beauty aids. This gave her more time for other things, such as meditation, which she found rewarding.

We see, thus, that a change in attitude, her mental body, ("I am not ugly. I am beautiful") made a profound change through her physical and emotional bodies. Moreover there was a continuing and positive reciprocity between all three. Instead of a downward spiral she had an upward spiral.

I read recently of the scientific research that salamanders have an energy field around them shaped like an adult salamander and that this exists even in an unfertilized egg. We all, thus, have an energy field built by our DNA code that tells our embryonic body how to grow. As thoughts have energy it is a small step to accept that our negative thoughts will negatively affect our body and vice versa. Indeed I am currently working on

a deep meditation technique that aims at changing the functioning of our body to harmonize with the encouraging thoughts we put out.

I knew an anorexic. Nicky was extraordinarily thin. I noticed she would often look at her wrist after or during a meal. I asked her why and she startled me with her response. "To see how much weight I have put on." I asked her how on earth looking at her wrist could do this. She insisted it could. Obviously she saw what she was compelled to see when she looked at her wrist, the fat calories piling up!

Tyrants who build up a structure of adulation around them are people who, for whatever reasons, feel deeply unloved. To survive this they use their power to project an image of lovability and create a structure, huge public glamorized portraits of themselves, statues emphasizing physical strength, well publicized stories of their generosity, hospitals built in their name. Ironically they strip the country of its wealth for personal gain, but by spending a tiny fraction of it in this way they get a reputation of benevolence.

I had a friend who built chemical fertilizer plants. In a country, which shall be nameless but whose leader finally got what he deserved, he gave a quote for a new plant. The President told him to add \$10 million to his \$100 million quote and added, "you have the contract. That \$10 million is for me." He then added he did charity work with it.

Tyrants are despots, cruel and horrible but they promote and get this image of kindness and loving their people. Of course they feel so unloved that none of this ever is enough. Look at Saddam Hussein. 99.86% approval rating in one election wasn't enough. In the next he got 100% approval and moreover 100% of the voting population voted! unthinkable, of course, to anyone who didn't comprehend or feel his needs.

Someone will always, unthinkingly, remind the despot they are unloved and, of course, pay a price for that. Even after the tyrant's death there are followers who will never believe the truths that emerge. They are stuck in the structure of adulation. The larger a deep feeling of being unloved the greater the need to seek or command this love. This plight of feeling at a deep level unloved, affects most of us though we might not know or admit it. We will go into this problem later.

I find myself at a point where the more I find the public persona of a politician appealing the more I distrust them. There are reasons why so much energy has gone into creating that public persona and you believe it at your peril. There are no compelling reasons for me why I should fit in with the structure someone, who feels deeply unloved, has created for themselves. Of course if I am searching for an idol, someone to look up to and admire, be devoted to, I am a victim ready for the plucking. One of life's hard lessons waits for me.

You can read any number of stories about Gurus who have needed and got excessive devotion. Their disciples get sucked into the structure projected by the guru around them and it becomes theirs. They are sold the rewards of devotion and that is all they see. Their guru is seen as selfless and generous, benevolent and kind. They don't and

can't see the despotism behind it or the incredible need, both of the guru and the devotee. They work devotedly and serve the guru and his/her movement hoping for a higher reward or recognition and blessing from the guru. Movements are often based on the selfless slave work of such devotees.

But is it, in fact, selfless? The truth is these devotees must have a structure in their mental body that obliges them not just to serve but also to be servile. They need the guru as much as he needs them. An actor needs an audience. A guru needs devotees. Eric Berne's transactional "game". A con man needs a mug, a prostitute a "John". They come together in mutual satisfaction. The devotee needs to function within the structure they have determined for themselves. Forget yourself in higher service done by doing the guru's wishes. Is it exploitation? Decide for yourselves. There is always the choice of "No".

One of the nets that catch a devotee is their believing in the aim of the group around the guru or charismatic leader. We so want the world to be improved. We want to help and we feel that this particular line of activity is the way to accomplish this. In this way our good motives are used to ensnare us. Who can refuse the invitation to be benevolent? After many enthusiastically dedicated years pursuing this ideal of spiritually regenerating the world I came to the conclusion that I had no right to do this. Everyone has to sniff out for themselves their own path to salvation. Helping is, often, just interference. We all need to learn our own lessons in our own way. When a child is learning and attempting a task we often rush to help because we can do it better. Clearly that will not allow the child to learn. A child worth its salt will insist, "I can do it myself." If it was right to give someone salvation then God would have done this for us already, not so? We have already discussed that, in Tai Chi, a student has to make the same mistake long enough to be ready to learn. So much of this saving the world is an attempt to feel good ourselves.

I knew the wife of a renowned spiritual healer, Charles Melck, in Cape Town. She told me that on his death bed the healer had regretted he had ever healed anyone. He said it was interference and no one had learned as a result. If you don't change yourself, if you don't change your behavior, your attitudes, the same ailment will return or something else will replace it.

It would seem that the structure of our lives in this earth realm is one of learning from our own experience. We have talked of the Tai Chi student who was full of book learning but no experience. It seems that many teachers recycle other's ideas and contribute none of their own original thought, probably because they don't have any. One can write commentaries on commentaries but the wise seeker will look for that someone who has done some tasting for themselves, who has the knowledge that can only come from personal experience. I appreciate someone who states some truth saying, "This is my experience" rather than quoting an external authority for the statement.

At Stellenbosch University we had a well-known law Professor, J.C. de Wet. He had acted in a big court case and at a certain point the judge had asked him what were his

authorities for a certain statement of his on what the law was. Usually in such a situation the advocate would quote certain old texts, certain ancient authors or some legal precedents that serve as authority. But J.C de Wet never quoted any and said, "I am the authority for that statement." After a short while the judge upheld that he had sufficient authority to make such a claim.

In our insecurity we often feel the need to bolster what our own experience has taught us by quoting someone else's authority. For myself, no matter what someone else says I will respect it, but increasingly I prefer the authority of my own authentic, original experience. You can follow other authorities down blind alleys and end up lost. At a certain point in your pilgrimage you decide to sniff out your own path and be your own authority. The days of gurus are numbered.

Our inclination is often to rush in to help and be a teacher. It is so satisfying to do that, so confirming of whom we want to be and what we want to do. A bit of acting ability, a great sense of conviction and a sincere face can take such teachers a long way. To the insecure someone who is utterly convinced is a beacon on troubled waters and if the teacher is also charismatically convincing he/she will get followers. Look at the medical profession. Few patients are attracted to a doctor who admits he doesn't know. When we have an ailment we like to feel it is understood and diagnosed. Of course there is a price for needing that security that certainty an authority figure can provide. One of them is that doctor's mistakes are buried - never admitted.

Saying something is true over and over again doesn't actually make it true for you. We can engage in all the make belief we want and it is very comforting to have such a fantasy but as in the title of a book I read, "Talking doesn't cook the rice." The rice gets cooked when you do something about it. Self-experience is cooked rice.

In our rush to provide ourselves with the security we think we need we put in our mental body a structure that holds us together. We gain a system we can believe in, but we lose the reverence for mystery and change. To this we will return for it is fundamentally important. If you don't accept that life is mysterious, if you insist on structures that deny any mystery then change is impossible. You want a future already mapped out, a path well trodden by your gurus and your authorities. You are then bound to ignorance.

People have the right to be themselves and if they choose to act wrongly there will be consequences naturally. But you can't coerce goodness. Goodness is lived because one has become good in oneself.

We mentioned the choice of "No". Many times a devotee will hover on the boundary of that. Each time they will remain caught, bound by the habit and the comfort of the structure around and inside them. Each time they get near to cracking and breaking out and away there will be individuals within the group who will dissuade them; until a breaking point is reached and a personal crisis forces them to take another look at their drama. Things don't have to be the way they are. Perhaps the Guru does something they

can't rationalize as acceptable. Perhaps they begin to sense another need that wants expression; not the need for devotion but the strong need to be themselves, free of the constraint of the group and the guru.

The hard thing is to see and accept that all those years of devotion have bought them no higher rewards; just years of toil and lack of growth and a subsumation of their life into someone else's. Bitterness, which is pointless, often comes now, followed by anger at the deceit and depression over their foolishness. It may take a while to accept responsibility.

I have found that when something is over it is best **really over**, so walk away into something new and forget the past. Learn from it, yes; but don't waste time and energy in gossip with other dissidents. That is to remain stuck in the prison; the other side of the coin of devotion is disenchantment.

I have been fortunate. Each time I have walked away I have left with very happy memories of my participation and these have remained, happy memories, but a very clear understanding that going back into those confines is completely out of the question. What is over is **over**. No bad feelings, just a joyful goodbye. As Rajneesh has said, "if there is a path to enlightenment how much better if your path is not one of suffering and misery but a dance and a song all the way". Dance, sing and be joyous. Leave the grouching and complaining for those misery heads, who, indeed, have a structure in their mental body that says this grouching is their path for greater satisfaction. First grouse and grouse and wallow in the disaster of exploitation and injustice maybe later I will find some joy.

I was so impressed when Barbara Fromm interviewed Mandela after his walk out of prison. One of her first questions was, "You must feel bitterness?" His wise, honest, and completely captivating, reply was, "no. Bitterness is for lazy people. I have a political agenda to fulfill. I don't have time for bitterness."

Some people create financial or political empires to fill the hole. Others create a spiritual group that might, indeed, include political and financial power too. Dissent is forbidden. Criticism of the Guru is unthinkable. Often the Guru indulges in sexual adventures and gross manipulation but the devotee, even if they become aware of it, will generally rationalize it around the structures in their mental body. There is always an explanation they can find that never includes the statement that what was done was wrong. Because of the fake aura of benevolence around the guru what was done must have been done for the well being of the victim!

The mental body is the battleground of "yes" and "no". Listen to that again. The mental body is the battleground of "yes" and "no". We have seen that "No" can be very positive. It can also be a definite delaying tactic if what we are confronted with is a choice for change. We are presented with a path that will aid or facilitate this change." No" immediately comes to mind. Saying, "No" is often easier for us than saying "Yes". The "No's" spring readily to mind but the "Yes" has to be dug for.

Often the structure of our mental body, where our core beliefs exist, from where we get a sense of our purpose and goal doesn't want that change. The "No" might not be as obvious as in "this is not for me." But more like "the timing is not right", next year or on some other evening or whenever the course might be held in the future. The change is happily shuffled off to the future but the future has never changed anyone!

Fear of the future can maybe create change but not the future itself. The future is the place where our good intentions reside happily snuggled under the blanket in a comforting fog of "not yet". Sometimes the window of opportunity for change hangs around; sometimes it disappears for a long time. Master Moy it seems would tell you three times how to do something and if you didn't get it right after the three times he left you as you were. At a workshop with him I did a particular move "Fist under elbow." Three times he said to me "Fist David." I repeated back to him "fist" three times sort of wondering, but not too intelligently, why he kept saying "Fist". I knew I had to make a fist. I knew the name of the move "fist under elbow." Later back in my hometown club as I did the move I saw, as I looked in the mirror, that my little finger in my right fist stuck out when I did the move but my left elbow had usually obscured this to me. Each time he said "fist" I would properly clench my fist to show him and repeat his word "fist" to him to show I understood, but then when I did the move I habitually stuck my little finger out. In Tai Chi we can't see ourselves and probably this is to the good, as we would give up early on if we saw how bad we were. But we have that wonderful illusion we are doing it right. I thought I was making a fist. It felt like a fist. Only when I saw from a mirror to my side that my little finger stuck out while all the others curled into a fist did I laugh at my own obtuseness. That gave me a valuable insight into my own student's blindness.

Sometimes a shock is needed. We had a student in the Tai Chi club who had just become a teacher. When he did donyus (this means drop hips, an exercise like sitting down in a chair but lifting yourself up just before sitting on it) his fingers would waggle. We discussed this amongst ourselves and wondered whether it was a sign that he had internal energy moving in a way we didn't. His fingers waggled for a year or more. One day he went to Toronto and attended a class of Master Moy. He was doing his donyus wiggling his fingers as usual when Master Moy sent a top student over who said, "Master Moy says your Tai Chi is up to shit. Stop waggling you fingers." He stopped. The next Saturday he was in the class again waggling his fingers. The same student was sent over. Master Moy says, "Stop wiggling your fingers and if you ever do it again he will tell you to leave this club and to never come back." The wiggling stopped! Sometimes a big shock is needed to wake us up!

We might, in a comfortable discussion, say we are prepared to change, even eager to change but often we aren't. Often the change people want in their lives is for their circumstances to change, (be healed for instance) but not for them to change themselves. That is too hard. We can invent the most marvelous excuses for that. Recently I met a heavy smoker. We discussed his smoking and he said he had a theory we all have cancer inside us but often something prevented it manifesting. For him smoking was stopping the cancer inside him from developing. While he agreed smoking was bad for his health

he worried what he could do to stop his cancer if he quit smoking! He didn't see any of that as perverse or twisted!

The structures in our mental body form our opinions and our attitudes. Many of them are given to us with our mother's milk. This is our cultural and social heritage within which we feel so very comfortable.

We might gallantly espouse freedom and talk of free will but if we could see the structure in the mental body we would see how foolish that all is. Our freedom is within a tightly controlled parameter. To become free of our social identity is extremely difficult. It is hard even to see our self as having an identity beyond it. People identify with their family, their blood ties. As they expand in awareness they will identify with something larger, their village, their tribe, their religion, their politics, and their nation. I read once that cultural differences and cultural exclusiveness can start with eating habits. "Don't eat with them. They don't eat the same as us". This soon can become "Don't eat with them their hygiene is different" can become "Killing them is not so bad as they aren't even real humans."

I remember in South Africa going into a Hindu shop in my small University town of Stellenbosch, to buy incense. When I spoke to the owner about the Hindu /Moslem differences he said Moslems were very dirty people. A few weeks later I bought incense from a Moslem shop in the same town and began the same topic. The Moslem owner said he had had occasion to visit with some Hindus in Durban and was quite surprised to note that their house was clean! I heard exactly the same prejudice from opposite quarters. And both Indian races were looked down upon by the bulk of the whites.

An Indian nurse told me that walking in the street she saw a white Afrikaner fall down with a heart attack. He stopped breathing. She stepped forward and was about to treat him with the kiss of life when his wife, stopping her, asked whether there was anyone else there who could help. She would rather he died than have Indian lips give the kiss of life. Our mental body will continue to bolster our prejudices and judgments unless we can start to erase them or live from a higher level of awareness.

When I lived in South Africa and became aware of all the injustice I became ashamed to be a white man.

If your awareness is much expanded you will identify with humanity as a whole group. That already is expanded and few can do that for often some tight affiliations will intrude. It is always refreshing to hear a group tell a joke against themselves. It is an act of maturity when you can laugh at that.

A Jew told me this story:

Two New York Jewish men used to meet every Saturday in Central Park. One day Simon says to Hymie, "Hymie I can get you an elephant for \$900".

Hymie, says, "Simon for what I want an elephant? You know I live in a small apartment."

Simon says," but it is a good price Hymie."

"My apartment is too small even for me Simon. What can I do with an elephant?"

Simon looks excited," Alright I can get you three elephants for \$1500."

"Now you're talking," says Hymie smiling happily.

A Christian told me this:

Two Jews are walking down town and they see and posters in a window,
"Convert to Christianity today. Cheap!"

Reuben says," You know I have always wondered what Christianity was about, perhaps now is a good time to find out." He goes in while his friend waits outside.

When he comes out after half an hour his friend asks, "So what was it like? What did it cost?"

Reuben looks at him haughtily," You Jews, all you think about is money."

The joke, as I hope you realize, is actually against the Christian prejudices.

An African told me this:

Sir Winston Churchill during the war appealing for equipment said," Give us the tools and we will finish the job." We Africans say," Give us the job and we will finish the tools."

A pirate told me this:

A young lad was talking to a pirate, the real thing, peg leg, hooked arm and patched eye. He asked the pirate, "How did you lose your leg?"

"Big sea battle. The cannon on the defending ship shot a ball that took my leg right off."

"And your hand?"

"Attacked by other pirates. One cutlass blow amputated the hand."

"And your eye?"

“A seagull shit in it.”

“Seagull shit? But seagull shit doesn’t blind you,” exclaimed the smart lad.

“Oh yes it does, if you forget you have a hook for a hand.”

A Van der Merwe told me this:

A Van der Merwe and two friends have their car break down in a desert. They decided to walk to safety and each took something from the car to help. One took water out of the radiator to pour over his head in the heat. One took a chair to sit on in place of the hot sand when he was tired. Van der Merwe took the door.

“Why are you taking the door?” he was asked.

“When I feel hot I can wind down the window.”

Woody Allen said sex is like bridge. If you don’t have a good partner you better have a good hand.

Being able to laugh at your self from time to time gives useful perspective and shows inner security. If you lack this inner security you will always be on the look out for insult and will take umbrage over and over again. As Wavvy Gravy correctly said, “Don’t lose your sense of humor. If you do, that isn’t funny.”

Reincarnating many times has given you a cultural identity at one time or another with most of the different cultures and races around. Not only have you been male and female, you have also been all colours and all sexual orientations. Surely it is time to see beyond the temporary identity to something larger. It is a good for an actor to immerse himself in his role but pathological if he sees himself in life as that role. There must be something in him that knows it is an act. And yet we all forget that, especially in our dramas. We become the role and forget we are something else as well. The role is our structure and it determines our life and our destiny. But to say that is all there is, is to avoid our larger identity as Self.

Of course we like our role when it is ego satisfying. Not many people want to drop their ego when it is enjoyable, spending your lottery win or, more likely, just fantasizing about that! It is satisfying to be successful and admired. We are happy to keep the triumphant ego but we would like to drop the suffering ego, the one that fears the future, gripes about the present or the past and is full of pain. But you can’t have one without the other. Life is such that the wheel turns and today’s success is soon tomorrow’s failure. If you have an ego and ego fantasies, your ego is bound to enjoy and then, inevitably, later suffer as the wheel turns. If you are on the wheel you must go through the up and the down. No one’s wheel is continuously up. A part of you is not on the wheel and if you can fundamentally realize that and I mean fundamentally, not just an

intellectual concept, then a part of you will truly smile as your role takes you into a drama.

Identifying with all humanity on earth is already a large growth. You have moved beyond identifying with a particular small group, male/ female, white/black, Christian/Moslem etc. In a conflict you don't immediately take sides any more. If you are watching a sports game often the only real tension comes if you have invested interest in the result. Then the ups and downs of your team get felt physically. When France got knocked out in the World cup soccer it was felt by many French as a national disgrace. People wept. The country needed counseling to get over it. To those who had no such investment in the result this seemed rather out of proportion. The soap had apparently been lost and they were shrieking and wailing.

Of course politics and propaganda aim at encouraging you, manipulating you to make the requisite investment and take a side. In any global conflict the propaganda machines come out. It is like the cheerleaders at a sports game. If you don't care who wins then the cheering from either side is seen as frothy air. Taking sides when you don't have to is to get caught up in the drama unnecessarily. Don't listen to the trumpets calling you to the conflict, trying to appeal to loyalties within your mental structures. Rather gape in amazement at what people will do. This is important as we head into times of conflict and chaos. Stay in your centre and don't take sides. You don't know who is right. In a marital conflict if you take sides you can't be friends with both. There is a neutral spot on the top of a mountain where you can see the valleys on both sides. Raise your perspective and watch the world chase after its soap.

If you go further with your evolution you identify with Life on Earth. Not just with specific groups of humans, not with humanity as a whole but with all life. If you do that you come to a shocking realization. Every aspect of life here is in balance. A bird is just what it should be, a tiger a tiger and a leaf a leaf. They all take in energy and express themselves in balance with one another; all, except one species – the humans. If you identify with all life then you come to the conclusion that humans as a species have been too successful, have over populated the earth, have taken and taken and taken and separated themselves from the unity of life. You then decide you now are ashamed to be a human and root for Life and not just humanity, deciding to toast any approaching asteroid with the best bottle of French champagne! You realize that for the most part the rest of life would cheer for the extinction of humans.

We talked of the big shock sometimes necessary to provoke change. For many years environmentalists have given grave warning after grave warning yet we still have lawnmowers that pollute, and so on and on. I live in the country quite far from any major industrial areas but this past summer we had many smog alerts, with bad air coming up from the South and we were advised not to work outdoors in our gardens as we would endanger our health. Living in the country and being told not to breathe the air!

You can live without food for several weeks. You can live without water for a few days. If you don't breathe for a few minutes then you die. Just try holding your breath exhaled and see how long you can hold it. Then imagine that that next gulp of air you

grab in was poisoning you. We are an extraordinary species for our blindness. Life on this planet is dependent on clean water and air. 95% of the water on earth is salty. Only 5% of the water on this planet is drinkable. Of this half is locked up in glaciers. Our lives depend on the little that remains; all life, for when the water gets polluted the fish, the frogs, all die. Yet we use fresh drinkable water to flush toilets and spew that into rivers and lakes, and the ocean. We smoke the air with toxicity. We get warned. David Suzuki has clearly told us in his wonderful book "Sacred Balance" that we ARE our environment. What's outside there becomes our bodies. We can't separate ourselves from that which surrounds us. The DDT we no longer use still moves around. What ended up in the Great Lakes has now returned via precipitation. Scientists were at first excited when tests showed a drop in toxicity and thought the lakes were cleansing themselves. But later they found that the chemicals were being "exhaled" into the air. The bulk of this later falls in the Arctic to poison life there. The toxic chemicals attach themselves in particular to fat molecules. So any animal that eats fat eats poison. This poison then gets into the mother's milk and poisons the suckling young. Animals and humans living in the Arctic face extinction from the pollution produced far to the South. It is a disgrace.

We can't hide from our environment. I remember reading about how organized crime got rid of toxic waste for a fat, under the table, fee, much cheaper than proper disposal. They filled up a tanker and drove on a highway in rainy weather slowly letting it drip onto the road. It was said that unless the tires of the vehicle behind dissolved they would get away with it. Shocking but exactly what we do every day, in one way or another. The price will eventually get paid and humanity will get its shock.

It is not just our environment that will give us this shock. Many unpleasant surprises seemed lined up. Open your eyes and they stare you in the face. We are too many people. The media advertise a life style that the planet can not support. Not everyone can live that way. There are not enough natural resources. One day the candle that we have lit will burn out, unless....!

We live lives of separation. The original sin sits on us like a heavy weight crushing us with its challenge to us. The original sin, the only sin, for all others come from it is to live in separation from the All. Once that happens the tragedy commences. This subject deserves a whole chapter.

Changing your attitude is a great challenge. It takes energy. Part of what I teach at my School is how to accumulate energy and how to transform this energy into power. Energy, in and of itself, is not power. I have known very energetic people blessed with an abundance of energy and lucky for them this was so for they were so chaotic, confused and inefficient they needed that extra energy just to keep pace with the slow movers. Every task was tackled with abundant enthusiasm and a total disregard for any harmony, discretion, technique or timing.

Tai Chi teaches how to use minimum energy to unseat a larger opponent. A small amount of force applied in the right direction and at the right time can topple someone already off balance. Indeed philosophically speaking anyone who attacks you is already

off balance so that if you take the energy aimed at you and return it to your opponent you complete the circle, bring everything back to harmony and have the assailant on the floor. You don't have to add much of your own energy to accomplish this.

Of course I said philosophically speaking, because as I have discussed with other martial artists, you would have to be very accomplished before you tried this with a Mike Tyson charging in like a massive bull. The theory, however, of returning exactly the amount of karma being aimed at you is faultless as theory. You say, "I don't want this," as a blow is thrown at you. It is not mine it is yours and you send it back- end of fight. Exactly the same thing can occur when anger is thrown at you. If you can deflect it before it hits you and gets inside (because once it is inside you will inevitably have to deal with your own anger that gets generated) then you will be left free. Your own energy system will have repelled the intruder in the same way as your immune system preserves the integrity of your body against invasion from germs. Avert the danger before it comes.

Maharishi tells a wonderful story about his early days. Just after leaving India on his world mission, in Rangoon a "wizard" told him that he planned to send malevolent spirits at Maharishi and if he could repel them the wizard would become his disciple. Maharishi laughed heartily and asked, "And what if they don't even come?" How lovely to have that confidence that your very state of Being was so powerful that dangers get repelled even before they arrive.

When I learned Aikido in Cape Town our Sensei told us we could learn 1000 defenses to 1000 blows but one day someone could come with the 1001st blow for which we had no defense and we would get defeated. "The only defense," he said, "is to become one with Nature and let Nature defend you." Oneness. Unity. Non-separation. The great game of life begins with separation and ends with Unity.

How did our mental structure permit us to see ourselves as so superior? Daniel Quinn in a series of excellent books points the finger at the agricultural revolution in the Mesopotamian triangle where hunters and gatherers discovered that by growing their own food they gained control over the vicissitudes of life; famine could be prevented by growing and storing your own food. Having a large supply allowed your tribe to grow. As your numbers grew so did your power. You could conquer your neighbors and expand your area of influence. Storing food, something that was never done before, allowed food to become a commodity. The powerful had more food and sometimes the only food. If you wanted it in times of scarcity then work, allegiance and loyalty could be demanded. Whereas before if there was scarcity, all suffered equally. Now not everyone suffered. So control was exacted on others. The powerful became rich, dominant and the rewards of doing this were obvious. Who wouldn't go for it?

So from being an irrevocable part of the web of life subject to the forces and whims of nature, a group of humans asserted their independence from this and exerted control over their destiny. Sounds not only feasible as a theory but one can see the good sense in doing all that.

The problem is that life is mysterious and we never know how things can turn out. One can start a painting, building it up stroke on stroke but if the original stroke had an error in it, all gets built on an original error. Just as a small, seemingly insignificant deviation in direction at the beginning (as in a rocket launch) will affect where we arrive. So humans took a decision to control their environment and we created in our mental structure, our place of attitude, judgment and understanding of our place and purpose, an identity that we were superior. We have continued in this way. Step after step our path has brought us to hubris and disaster. Not immediately noticeable, indeed, for many, not noticed even now when it stares us in the face. A little original error, but now possibly about to culminate in imminent catastrophe.

People still want to control, not only their own destiny but often others. Control nature! A cosmic joke actually. The way of acquisition and greed, built into our mental bodies. The way we are and the way we must be.

Well not really. We can change. We can look at where we are, how we came here, take stock, and with an exercise of power change. Cultivate inner energy, manifest power, intention and change. That is what my School is about.

We can do this before the shock or we can wait passively till the shock forces us. **What we can't expect, is that hoping for someone to do it for us will accomplish it.** Don't change, but hope for a healing. This is very immature. But who isn't like that in some ways? Who wouldn't want God to sit on their shoulder and give them guidance? Offer to the gods and let them sort the problems out. The trouble is we are the gods. We might not recognize our job description, have forgotten the contract ("ye are as gods") but that doesn't make it invalid.

As a young man I was invited to give a talk at Pretoria University in South Africa on reincarnation. It wasn't a subject I was passionate about but I decided to go. What wasn't explained to me was that my talk was part of a week of fundamental Christian revival meetings. The talk was in a large outside amphitheatre. There were two older Dominees (Afrikaans religious Ministers) on the stage. Interestingly enough I heard them remark that wasn't it a pity that from where we sat you could look up the young female students dresses. I the younger man (with supposedly greater interest) hadn't even noticed that!

I based my talk on the premise that life was for learning and that there were more lessons than one could learn here in a single lifetime. So one was given many, indeed as many as one needed, to graduate. One could choose one's pace, apply oneself more or less diligently and intelligently and thus grow. When it was the turn of the Dominee he turned the afternoon into a debate but a debate where I had had my turn in speaking and couldn't reply. He gradually built up in fervor talking of the power of Christ. When he came to his crescendo he had flakes of foam on his lips. He culminated in an ending as powerful as a condemnation to Hell, "to believe in reincarnation is to accept the fallacy that we can do anything to save ourselves. Those who believe in Christ know that isn't true. To believe in Christ, as we all do, is to accept His Grace and Love in our lives, to

have Him change us. Those who foolishly think they themselves can make changes have rejected Christ.” He turned and glared at me as the great Evil and sat down to thunderous applause. All my quiet reasoned argument destroyed by a few oratorically splendid moments of sheer emotional appeal. I thought I might be lynched, that he would certainly not shake my hand goodbye. But after a short while, his theatrics over he turned to me gave me his card and asked me to visit him saying he was very interested in the subject of reincarnation and would like to discuss it further. I smiled but never took him up on his offer. The organizer walked with me to my car and apologized.

Change isn’t easy. Changing our attitudes is hard. Master Moy often worked on someone’s attitude, hammering them to break down their ego. He would later point out how a change in attitude had affected their Tai Chi movements. A change in the mental body had translated into change in the physical body. We have already seen how the opposite is also true. A change in the physical structure causes changes in the emotional and mental body. His methods were sometimes very harsh and generally always done in public.

Once while I was President of the Kingston club he came for a workshop and had me do a move called wave-hands in front of the class. He had one of my students do it alongside of me and asked the group who was better. He then told them,” David illustrates you can do something for 15 years and know nothing about it.” Tough teacher! I had had a dose of this before. It is actually a privilege because he felt you were worth it.

So what do you do? You can just smart at the hurt, feel bitter at the humiliation, grouse at the unfairness, the unkindness or you can reflect that if he had said, “David is so good” how wonderful that would have felt. You then realize that it would have been the ego that would have appreciated the flattery, just as it was the ego that suffered the insult. So you are left dealing with the ego, which is the real battleground for growth. When my class does stretches and they complain of the pain in tight ham strings, I tell them,” If you think that is tight you should look at your ego.” Being stretched beyond your ego is a REAL streeeeetch!

How to change our attitudes? Let’s go to the next chapter for that.

Chapter 4

Our Attitude

There is an old, wise saying: “You can’t always change your circumstances but you can change your attitude”. Like many wise sayings, it easier said than done, and yet possible. Possible, for that, indeed, is what life is about. How to change one’s attitude?

We have already seen in the bath and soap analogy that a change of perspective allows a problem to be seen in a new way, a way that can sometimes be transformational. Raising the perspective allowed the soap problem to be seen as essentially not a problem at all, rather one of perspective.

There are a number of ways to change one’s perspective. One of them is get into a relationship. Your partner will see you quite differently from how you perceive yourself. These relationship things are tough I know, but if you are honest, courageous and open to change much can be accomplished. Of course often it is the relationship itself that is seen as the problem. Marion Woodman, a Jungian analyst, whom I once consulted, said it was her considered opinion that our first choice of long-term partner was exactly who we needed to be with to grow and to make changes. Doesn’t mean that you have to stick with them forever but try to endure at least through the changes. So many people never do and end up in a new relationship having to try to learn the same old thing. Why in your wisdom would you choose to repeat the lesson? You project your same old whole bang shoot load of animus/anima on to the new love and away you go, eventually going again into the same drama as before.

Tai Chi (and Taoism) teaches the reconciliation of opposites. We learn this physically. As you stretch out with one hand you push back with the other hand, equal and opposite, same force backwards as forwards, energy in balance. You learn as you push up sending energy into the head, to stretch the top of the spine up at the same time as you allow the lower spine and pelvis to sink down into the feet. Equal and opposite is the rule. Furthermore, you learn that as you feel the energy going up the spine with the stretch you also feel an energy going down. First this is experienced as the spine going in two directions and later you will notice that as everything in you physically goes up something like a light inside you goes down.

I had a “dream” once in which my wife Genevieve channeled a Taoist Tai Chi master who asked me to do the set while he watched. After a few moves he said, “You are not expressing the inner valor.”

I take dreams like that very seriously. For sometime I became conscious that as I did the set that my body was very relaxed but there was an inner spirit, a warrior expressing a force within me. The inner valor, courage, didn’t get expressed as external strength and force but was an internal energy that was a ghostly duplicate of my body doing exactly the same move and containing the force and energy of courage. Outside is soft (yin) while the inside is hard (yang).

Later I reflected that Genevieve being French inner valor also sounded like inner “valeur”, much the same thing, of course, but still more broad. Inner value (valeur) is more than just valor. It contains all that is in spirit not only courage. Tai Chi is not just about asserting your courage and strength but any or all of the qualities of spirit that are needed in any particular moment. The moments vary so one must be open to the prod from within to respond appropriately in any particular situation.

Master Moy would often say “Up/down same time”. Many people would understand this as going down just after going up. They would do this by having the intention to go down contained in the final push up. This would allow them to think of down even as they went up. This is the most elementary way of understanding his instruction.

Later one would find out that the stretch up at the top included a stretch down into the feet. You were stretched in two directions at once. As the head stretched up so did the pelvis sink down. The spine was on a rack. Part went up, part went down. Later I found that as one energy went up another came down, very precisely up/down same time. This is very much like I indicated in that breathing exercise. As you breathe IN you are breathing the OUT that God breathes into you. So you stretch out with the in breath to God. And as you exhale OUT it is God breathing you back IN. You sink back in to your God within. In/Out same time. So while you push energy UP into the head and it is a physical push from feet to head, at the same time an inner, subtler, energy goes DOWN from head to feet. This is reconciliation of the opposites.

The symbol of Taoism, the Yin/Yang sphere illustrates very beautifully the flow of energy through change, equally and opposite.



As the yin grows the yang is like a seed within it ready to be expressed in time and vice versa. Being round the symbol lets you know that in time you will become rounded. All the qualities will appear. If you are too passive you will add assertiveness. If you are too aggressive you will add receptivity and gentleness. Grit is a marvelous quality but if you only ever show grit it becomes a vice. Grit, tenacity, has to be tempered, sometimes, with the ability to bend, to give in, otherwise it is stubbornness, a recalcitrant, unyielding energy. Courage has to be balanced with caution, for if you always leap into a situation feet first you will have some hard lessons.

One could make a contemplative exercise out of the reconciliation of the opposites. See where the opposite lacks in you.

If you can bring the missing element in, that is to change perspective. Notice how any virtue pushed to extreme becomes a vice.

Roundedness is roundedness. It is all inclusive. For you never know when a situation may demand the very opposite of what you consider virtuous action.

We have already said that we are often uncomfortable with change. Our very structure makes change hard, indeed, can resist change. This, as we have already discussed, is as true for individuals as it is for organizations or societies. Rigidity is against change. Rigidity we have agreed is death. I tell my students you come into life flexible and leave it stiff. So the stiffer you are the nearer you are getting to the head of the queue. Who wants to be the first in line for Death? At least not while health and life nourish you. Rigidity can be found in all three bodies and an increase in flexibility in any one will affect the other two. Touching your toes is probably the easiest flexibility to gain.

My experience of dealing with the hurt I sustained with the public slap from Master Moy allowed me to see the workings of the ego. If your ego sometimes tells you “Everyone just loves you.” then prepare yourself for it telling you “everyone thinks you stink.” We all know those swings. You can only have the one, feeling superior, at the certain risk of the other, opposite, feeling inferior, coming to you as well. Reconciliation of the opposites is attained when you find a balance between these swings and you are pleased to be there, at that current point of balance. Not trying to please people all the time (approval seeking to be liked); nor being defensively indifferent. One can shut oneself off from group participation and then complain of being rejected.

I can well remember at Plettenberg Bay, the holiday seaside resort where we resided in South Africa, walking daily on the beach past the large group of girls and boys and haughtily putting my towel on the sand all by myself. I would have loved someone in the group to shout, “Hi David come join us.” As that didn’t happen I could plump for being a solitary independent, like sitting with your arms folded across your chest, cut off and empty. Rejecting but feeling rejected.

Don’t slide past this discussion of reconciling the opposites as though it is interesting but... There is work here for you, and I mean YOU!

I always tell my class that there is nothing about themselves they won’t learn if they keep at it long enough. Things come up naturally. That is what life is like. You can deal with these events intelligently or you can just keep blundering on. If you are keen to grow then you reflect on what happens and see what you can learn. For instance something that can quickly come up in a class is frustration or impatience. You can’t remember the sequence of moves and you feel like a dunce when everyone else seems to remember them. A recent student who had had a mild stroke and had short-term memory loss felt embarrassed that she couldn’t remember the sequence. She phoned to explain this as a reason for quitting. The first thing to realize, and to realize in all its import is that it is always easier to quit than to keep going. Not everyone has the same amount of grit as those really gritty folk we admire. When a bump comes in the ungritty person’s path they shriek and stop. The ego hates confrontation. I had several slaps from Master Moy that

might have seemed a case for quitting in high dungeon. It was tempting for I could have preserved my sense of ego and bitched away at him.

I dealt with it neither by trying to excuse him nor by getting furious with him. It wasn't necessary for me to try to understand why he behaved the way he did. I just dealt with how I felt and worked on how I could deal with that to understand myself better. His work was his work and unless he asked me for advice I was wise to leave him do his work himself. The problem for me was not the exterior circumstances – the big public slap. They were the most obvious and the least important. These exterior things that people focus on and groan about the most are often decoys. The real prey is you and your reaction. You are stalking yourself. The field I needed to till, to cultivate was me, and my reactions. I have generally had the fortunate ability to pick myself up from such tumbles and quickly start smiling again.

As I often tell my class I have yet to meet a baby that doesn't tumble when they learn to walk. I have also yet to meet a baby that howls in frustration and stops trying. It is how they learn to walk and how they discover balance, centre of gravity and all that. It is in the nature of learning as we have already discussed. Lose balance and learn from it. I have also never met a parent who screams at a baby when they fall down on their shaky legs. Everyone is supportive, smiles and offers them a finger to hold on to. Yet suddenly, when we are adults, losing balance (forgetting the choreography of the Tai Chi set) becomes horrendous. We judge ourselves and are often judged in turn by others. Why do we lose this generosity of spirit and good will, the benevolence to others and, just as importantly, to ourselves? Very simply because it has become our cultural conditioning and our social awareness. No one screams at the baby. That is the cultural structure. Fortunately, because babies might well, for a while, give up trying. But as we grow older we have been screamed at and done our screaming in turn. It is the way things have become. Not the way they have to be but clearly the way we accept they are. Our ego, our mental structures are molded by this, and that is the way things will remain unless we take a second look, change our attitudes and our perspective.

This is, in fact, why we start Tai Chi. Of course we have other reasons uppermost in our minds; health, exercise, an evening out of the house. We start, in fact, because we want to change. It is in the nature of Life, just as it is in the nature for a baby to stand up on shaky legs and totter forward triumphant and gleeful, delighted at the whole process; never bitching about the unfairness in life that adults walk so easily. Of course babies don't realize that wheelchairs wait for some folk. Life is change. Diapers wait for some old folk too!

I told the student that being embarrassed at forgetting the sequence of the moves was a pitiful reason for quitting. If you start Tai Chi as an older person or with health problems you will find frustrations. You forget. You find the moves physically difficult or challenging. The ego yells, "quit". You can't miraculously change the way you are.

So, one step at a time. Repetition allows the choreography to be remembered. Repetition allows the body to change, the structure to be improved. One step at a time.

You can also gain a new perspective by being given additional information that allows you to see the situation differently. I read of a woman who was in the New York subway system when a father and two children got on. The father sat occupied with his thoughts, a sad far away look on his face while his children acted up, were incredibly rowdy and became a terrible disturbance to everyone, except to the father who seemed to notice none of it.

Finally, in great annoyance, the woman got the man's attention and rebuked him. "Your children are the noisiest, most ill disciplined children I have ever seen and you seem to be incapable of keeping them quiet; indeed you don't even try."

The father apologized and said, "It is true I have been so unaware of what they are doing. I am sorry. Be quiet kids!" he said forcefully and then, turning to the woman added, "Their mother, my wife, died unexpectedly two day's ago and I'm afraid none of us are what we should be. We don't know how to deal with it"

This new information naturally changed her perception of the situation. Our biased perspective can lead to incorrect perceptions.

A Story

A woman noticed a man pushing a stroller with a screaming baby in it. The father kept gently saying, "Relax Albert. Be calm Albert. "Nothing stopped the baby who was mottled in anger and, presumably, in some discomfort. The more the baby bellowed the more insistently and patiently the father kept saying in this quiet voice "Stay calm Albert. Be relaxed Albert."

The woman went over to him and said, "I have been watching you. You are a real inspiration to all parents. So patient with your baby." She lent over the stroller and said to the baby, "You have such a nice daddy Albert. Relax. "The father said, "No, his name is George. I'm Albert."

How I eventually managed to deal with Master Moy successfully was to introduce new information. I learned that with one of his teachers he could do no right. He got continuously slapped. Mui Ming Do, his jolly, cheerful always smiling, cousin, on the contrary, could do no wrong. So Master Moy learned his knowledge, and he had exceptional knowledge of internal energy, in the school of hard knocks. That was how his path had been structured or how it appeared to him to have been. I would have had to have been there to really know. He taught the way he was taught. This extra information allowed me to understand him better and take the slaps less personally. He didn't do it to harm me but to teach me something in just the way he had been taught and how he had learned. In this way I learned that these bumps were valuable tools for me to discover where my ego ruled.

I had one wonderful experience with him. I had been going through delectable heart opening and subtle perceptions as a result. I went to the D'Arcy St club. It was a period when the Kingston club was in bad odor for something they had done. When I arrived Master Moy was grousing about us to a group. Naturally he turned his attention on me and kept complaining. I could feel how the group responded thinking "David is going to get a heavy dose from him." They had often seen this happen with so many other people.

All the time he spoke I saw him surrounded by an aura of sparkling white lights and my heart was connected with his heart. All his words were whines and complaints but I felt they had nothing to do with me. They were for those others to hear and learn from (i.e. don't make the same mistake as the Kingston club). Between him and me, at that moment, were those dancing bright sparks and a heart connection. I had no doubt he felt this because although the tone of his words didn't change one whit he kept smiling at me as if to say "you are handling this lesson really well". When he was finished there was no hook between him and me, which said, "I am pissed off with you and your club and you had better realize it".

He gently said people "don't always know the history of a club and how much work has gone into building it. They come into a building and think it must have always been like that". He asked me to tell the group our success story of how we grew and how we eventually constructed our own building changing from being renters to being the owners of our own space. A bit of a success story in the history of our whole organization, and one which I had initiated.

Later I was quite able to be in Master Moy's presence and feel no awe or concern. Sometimes I practiced all on my own at the D'Arcy St club. He would be sitting in his chair in the exercise hall. I don't know if he watched me or not. He didn't say anything and I didn't care whether he watched or whether he said anything. I imagined what advice he would give me if he did watch or spoke but for the most part I just practiced and didn't allow his presence to bother me. He now had no power over me. I respected him and his knowledge immensely. He was truly an exceptional person. But I saw him also as rather unlikable and it didn't bother me at all that I felt that way.

Our last few interactions were all positive and complimentary. No more slaps! I think I would have left the organization if I had got one. I had sorted out his and my relationship, and it was, such as it was, one of equanimity.

Life is change so embrace it.

There is a Sufi story I like to tell

A wise Emperor who wanted to be a good ruler for his people decided that if he could have engraved on a ring some wisdom that would help him in all situations that would be a wonderful thing. He announced what he wanted and offered a large prize to whoever could come up with a pithy few words. It had to be short because he wanted it

engraved on the ring he wore. If it was written in a book that he could carry then the problem would be easy, for in a book you could write a lot of wise things that would apply to different situations. But something engraved only a ring! So small a surface and yet he wanted it to contain something applicable to any situation.

His wise advisers gathered, discussed, pondered deeply and could come up with nothing that satisfied the King. He became despondent. Eventually one of his advisers said that there was living in the palace an old man who had long served the King's father and who had a reputation for wisdom. The King spoke to him and the old man said, "Indeed! Yes I can help you. Many years ago your father had a great dervish come to him and I was assigned to look after him during his stay. He seemed very happy with my attentions for when he left he imparted some wisdom to me that has guided me even to this day. I will have your ring inscribed with this wisdom but there is one condition. You must only look at what is inscribed when you are in great extremity and don't know what to do. Before such a situation arises don't read the inscription."

The King agreed to this and the ring was inscribed in the manner the old servant dictated to the jewelers.

Sooner than the King expected a grave situation arose. His Kingdom was shortly afterwards invaded by rebels. A great battle ensued and the king's forces were separated from the king. The King was hotly pursued by the rebel army. He rode at great speed into a forest and, unfortunately for him, as he tried to sneak away he came to a sheer cliff. Below was a mighty roaring river. Instant death if he tried to jump in. Behind him he could hear the rebel soldiers calling to each other and the clink of their armor. He was at an impasse. What to do? Suddenly he remembered the ring. If there could ever be a situation of extremity this was it. He took the ring off and looked at what was written on the inside. Four words. "This too shall pass." He said them quietly to himself and as he felt the truth of the words that this situation will pass he was filled with a peace and went almost into a trance. When he came back he realized he couldn't hear the soldiers talking and searching for him anymore. After a while he carefully went out of the forest and by and by was reunited with his army that had regrouped. They attacked the rebels and, this time, they were victorious.

A great throng gathered on the road as the King rode triumphantly back to his palace. Cheers rang out when his people saw him. The King was ecstatically happy. Suddenly he felt a tug on his sleeve and he saw the old servant. "Look at the ring," the servant said.

"But this is no emergency," replied the King. "Why should I look?"

"Indeed it is an extreme situation. Look, because the words are valid," was the servant's urging.

The King took the ring off. "This too shall pass". The roars of the crowd receded and he felt that great peace again.

“Tell me,” he said to the servant.” What else did that wise dervish told you? Will everything pass? Does nothing stay?”

“I asked him exactly the same question,” smiled the servant,” and he spent a long time guiding me in his answer. What doesn’t pass is the Self that lies beneath all this exterior drama, the Self you can connect with when you let the exterior slip away and you become quiet. That Self endures. All else will pass.”

All things pass. This understanding gives perspective. The Tai Chi symbol rotates and you win, more rotations then you lose and through it all you try to maintain balance.

This summer after my phase of losses; money, my long time volunteer position as a teacher in the Tai Chi club, the rabbits that devastated a lot of my vegetable crop (160 cruciferous plants chomped to the ground as soon as I put them out) I surrendered to the urging of spirit by starting my School of Tai Chi & Esoteric Arts and, amongst all my daily chores, began finding time to write this book. A wonderful peace came. I didn’t ask WHY? Indeed as I have often smilingly told my students asking, “Why?” doesn’t always make you wise. (Because often inherent in that “why”? is not an urge to really find out why but a need to feel sorry for yourself and grouse about it.) Stopping to ask a sort of “why?” that comes from the depths of your soul often does make you wise. You accept that Life wants something for and from you and you gently start to listen to the urgings of Spirit rather than your ego promptings and the ego’s answers to your “why?” You don’t put the losses and gains on a scale, feeling up or down with the rise or fall of your fortunes. You accept the flow and take great comfort in the feeling that “all is well and all manner of thing shall be well.” This is surrender and a major change in attitude and perspective.

Many kind people gave me advice for my new school when they heard I was starting one. I thanked everyone but said I was consulting Spirit and following Spirit’s guidance to the letter.

I have found that for so long as I can maintain that inner connection then the losses and gains don’t matter. I have a different perspective. All is well and all manner of thing shall be well.

So we are dealing with reconciling the opposites. The main thrust of this book is an attempt to deal with the opposites of structure and flow and to see how a balancing of them can lead to an enhancing of both structure and flow and an increased harmony within a system, be it a human being or an organization of people.

As all these tendencies are structured within the three bodies (physical, emotional and mental) any disharmony between them makes them opposed. The opposite doesn’t have to be oppositional in the sense that it disturbs a harmonious flow. In a battery it is the very oppositional, the tension between the negative and positive poles that causes a current to flow. Taoist alchemy teaches that health comes from balance. Ill health results

from imbalance. If an organ has too much or too little energy in relation to others then the whole the system is in imbalance and health suffers.

What is required is just the right amount of energy everywhere. This is different for each particular person. Energy in itself is neutral. It is the excess or lack that causes the problem because the excess or the lack causes a disturbance. In a system that is in good health and, thus, in balance, any disturbance of balance, which will naturally come just from daily living and the interactions life gives us, will be restored naturally. Another Catch 22 situation! If you are strong and in balance you can maintain it more easily. If you are weak and out of balance it is difficult. The strong succeed; the weak perish, for some of the time any way.

I have read that when your body is in balance then what you desire to eat is generally what is good for you. When you are not in balance you tend to crave the very poison that will harm you, donuts, salty chips, sweets, caffeine drinks etc.

The stronger and the more harmonious your system (your three bodies) the easier you will maintain the integrity of it. Any invasion of germs or unwanted energy gets repelled. When a student in my class gets upset when I discuss the application of a Tai Chi move to self-defense because they see me, and Tai Chi, as something peaceful, harmonious, I remind them that their body will want to repel invaders to preserve its integrity. If necessary, they will take an antibiotic medicine and kill millions of bacteria so don't talk to me of passivity and non-killing as virtues. Such people generally have a problem with assertiveness and equate asserting your self as aggression, which it isn't. Self defense is self defense and quite legitimate. Again the opposites have to be reconciled. A warrior, a spiritual warrior, needs to balance masculine warrior like action with feminine gentleness and receptivity.

A body in equilibrium will easily return to equilibrium if balance is disturbed. Not so for an inherently unstable system. If the opposites aren't reconciled you are instable. There is more weight in one direction than in another. All extremes cause problems. A person who is excessively masculine or someone who is extremely feminine are a pain to be with. Marrying your opposite is a fake reconciling of opposites. It is within you that this must be done. Outside of you it is merely symbolic. The Tai Chi symbol has to be lived daily not just admired and discussed. As Sri Aurobindo wrote, "All life is yoga." Someone who is inherently unstable in any of their three bodies will react badly to challenges. These become crises and they readily go into their drama. We all know such people and we ourselves have certain situations where we tend to fall apart. This is to show us where the work needs to be done.

A friend told me that Master Moy was an expert martial artist. He hit you where it would hurt. He was talking metaphorically, not actual physical punches although the same thing probably applied. Once it no longer hurt when he hit you there he wouldn't congratulate you but would hit you somewhere else it hurt.

Socrates said that the unreflected life is not worth living. Reflecting on the opposites as they manifest in your life can help you bring yourself to harmony. In order to reconcile the opposites some people have found journal writing has helped them discover their imbalances. Apart from a dream journal I kept during Jungian counseling I don't keep a journal. I am not sure if this is laziness for I am not and never have been a lazy person. I do reflect. I also do energy work and teach it in my school. I have found that this energy work, as we will discuss later, mostly does the trick so it appeals to my sense of efficiency. Why do harder work or more work than necessary? Of course what is hard depends also on interest and aptitude. We will return to energy balancing later. Just the understanding that the opposites can be reconciled opens the door to change. The realization that any virtue pushed to an extreme causes problems is an eye opener for some, especially for those who try to be humble or loving. Sometimes being humble and soft and touchy is very wrong in a situation. It is also fake because it is an application of emotions, like an actor, rather than a spontaneous outpouring of feeling.



I remember in Rishikesh in Maharishi's ashram he took a day or two when he sat in the middle of the compound and anyone could come to discuss their problems. An American lad who had been in India for quite a while had gotten very sick with hepatitis some months ago. He had got into a dozy state of lethargy. Maharishi had given him little tasks to do such as looking after Maharishi's key to get him to focus, to pay attention to something other than his lethargic symptoms.

He came to see Maharishi who immediately shouted at him. "Look at you. Look how you look. It's awful. I can't bear to look at you. Go away. Get out of my sight." The lad told me he had never even heard him shout at the dogs like that and he fled quite upset and crestfallen. He went back to his room to meditate and had the first clear meditation for months. The shouting was just what he needed and it had been given with appropriate energy to cut through his fog.

Remember the story of Christ in the temple with the moneychangers. Not exactly let me wash your feet and hug you; but the whip, overturning of tables and shouting angrily. Or the story with the Syrian woman who came to Him for healing. His response, seemingly extremely cruel, was, "Is it meet to give the bread of children to the dogs?" Meaning she wasn't a Jew, and should be excluded. Then her wonderful reply which so touched His heart. "Yeah Lord, but even the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from the children's table." And marveling at her faith He healed her. One can only understand that story as being an energetic interaction with her that was necessary for healing to take place. Or as creating a living proof of what faith meant because He complimented her on her faith. It could never have been an intention of meanness to call her dog although that could be seen as very harsh to a loving person. Could you call someone who came to you for help a dog? She was given a hurdle and surmounted it splendidly.

Balance is not a question of everything in moderation being good for you, but everything in balance being good for you, which is not quite the same. Sometimes immoderation can open doors. I have found that when things are going well, in meditation for instance, I go for broke with it. I have spent hours upon hours, day after day, when certain energies are moving in my body letting them do their thing and savoring and exploring the result. There is merit in passion. And don't tell passion to be moderate. Then you speak like a dried up old prune who feels no passion. Swami Beyondanda in his comment on Socrates injunction "the unreflected life is not worth living," said, "that is true but the unlived life is also not worth reflecting upon." When you have faith in Life, are open to Life, It will teach you. I love Rajneesh's dictum, "Life is not a riddle to be solved but a Mystery to be lived." We will have a chapter devoted to the Mystery, for things aren't always as they seem.

I used to have an image of Taoist Masters as having smiling, twinkling eyes. I think we need some stories on Master Moy.

Next class!

Chapter 5

Master Moy



Master Moy Lin Shin was born in main land China. Later he went to Hong Kong. He was a Taoist monk, unmarried and with his cousin Mui Ming Do founded the Fung Loy Kok temple in Hong Kong after an inspirational dream. He was a sickly youth and started Tai Chi when on climbing some steps to a temple in Hong Kong found him self seriously out of breathe. He died age 67 in Toronto of a fungal condition of the lungs and it has been speculated this was something he contracted in Hong Kong as a young man. He was a tailor by profession.

He had many teachers. One Master Mr. Liang Tzu-pang, from the well renowned and respected Ching-Wu Martial Arts Academy of Shanghai, taught him Lok Hup Ba Fa. In Hong Kong he taught Tai Chi. Although his first love was Lok Hup Ba Fa he taught Tai Chi because he said that was well known and would attract more people than Lok Hup Ba Fa.

Teaching some people in a Hong Kong park he was constantly harassed for a few days by an old man sitting on bench. Derisively the old man shouted, “You call that Tai Chi do you?” “Is that what you call Tai Chi?” Eventually Mr. Moy went over to him and said he was teaching this to help them with their health and it was the best he knew. The old man who liked his response said, “I will teach you.”

This was Mr. Yang. He belonged to the beggar’s sect, an obscure and loosely connected group of masters who lived incognito as beggars. A friend from Toronto, Frank Herr, who met Mr. Yang with Master Moy said that his first impression of him was that he was a homeless tramp and perhaps a little mad. Eva Wong told me that they assume this identity to avoid being bothered by people.

After the war Mr. Yang had cured himself of skin cancer (cancer he got while making opium as a means of earning a living during extremely difficult times) using his internal energy control. His teaching of Master Moy seemed to have been one of direct energy transference. Using his own Chi to change Master Moy’s body. Doing the work for him.

Master Moy said Mr. Yang would have him stand on his head on a cobbled path outside the men’s washroom in a public park and would then punch energy into different parts of his body until Master Moy fell down. Sometimes he would creep up on Master Moy when he came to the park, pick him up and throw him on his head on the cobbled path. He was a small man but a friend, Chris Lewis, said looked a bit like a tough orangutan.

Master Moy had great respect for him and even after immigrating to Canada continued to go to Hong Kong to see him. He complained, however, that he was difficult to get hold of and sometimes Master Moy would have wait for days in the park till Mr. Yang appeared. This made me smile as Master Moy himself would sometimes come late or not at all for classes he was due to lead. It seemed only fair he also suffered!

After the Taoist Tai Chi Society was established in Canada Master Moy remitted regular money to Mr. Yang. This continued after Master Moy's death.

My first meeting with Master Moy wasn't favorable. Our new and still small Kingston Club decided to it was appropriate to go to Toronto to see him. Our visit to the Bathurst St club was organized by Walter who was running the Kingston Club. He had met and been helped by Master Moy during a week's workshop at Lake Couchiching. Walter rented a van to drive some of the members who had no cars.

At the Bathurst St Club we entered and saw several Chinese men. Except for Walter none of us knew what Master Moy looked like. After milling around for a while we went into the club exercise hall and a small Chinese man, through a translator, had Walter and Don do the "snake creeps low" exercise. This is a very demanding exercise and generally best done when you are warmed up. I was glad it wasn't me being asked to do them.

Then the Chinese gentleman (with perfect insight) asked Walter how the group had got down. Walter said he had rented a van. The man asked Walter if he had used club funds (again perfect insight) for this. Walter said, "Yes." The man said how did he dare to use club money for this especially when his Tai Chi was so bad. He shouted at him for a bit and added (and this was what it was actually about), "Why didn't you greet me when you came in? And introduce your students to me? You knew who I was. I had worked with and helped you at Lake Couchiching".

At the time I was furious and very defensive on Walter's behalf. I knew how hard he had been working to get the club going in Kingston and felt he deserved some praise not hard words. I can't remember anything more of the workshop except that at the end we were all invited to have a meal in the club. Marguerite Giles and I who both felt Master Moy was exceptionally rude decided we didn't want to eat with him and so ate on our own in a nearby restaurant.

Later I reflected that, whatever the reasons behind it, Master Moy had tackled Walter and had not insulted me. It was something between the two of them and had nothing to do with me. I also subsequently found out that Master Moy demanded respect and courtesy. At your peril you didn't greet him. Often at the large Orangeville centre in the early morning he would be slowly walking to the bathroom or dining room, apparently half asleep. We would all say brightly "Good morning Master Moy." He would grunt or ignore it but would remember if you had or hadn't greeted him; part of the Chinese culture and the culture of great respect for the teacher.

Joanna visited the Hagerman club in Toronto (where Master Moy lived) for a class and afterwards reported back to us. Round 11:30 pm Master Moy who had been out came into the club went behind a small screen and reappeared in his pajamas, threw a sleeping bag on the floor and went to sleep even while students practiced and chatted. She was amazed, as I was, he could go to sleep amidst noise and so publicly too. It really impressed me.

Sometimes a rock band practiced late at night in a room underneath the Hagerman St club. Marvin Lempert who wondered how Master Moy managed to sleep with all that noise asked him and was told, "I just do a lying down meditation and go to sleep."

Master Moy was a small man with a delicate build, thin arms, thin wrists and slim fingers. At his maximum he weighed about 120 lbs. He had many bulky students who looked tough. He didn't. You would never have given him a second look in a street. He radiated no charisma, no charm and no hint of his inner strength. He didn't look or act macho. Yet all those big strong looking students were physically scared of him. No one would have dared confront him physically. I was impressed that someone not macho had macho folk scared of him. Most of the time you wouldn't even notice him unless he decided to exercise presence and power.

There is an exercise called Push Hands (or sticky hands) we do in Tai Chi in which you have a partner (an opponent) and you test each other's balance and rootedness in a two arm pushing exercise. Doug Overholt told me the following story.

One night late at the Bathurst St Club Master Moy (who kept strange hours) was sleeping lying across three wooden chairs. Students were having a push hands competition. Push hands can be done cooperatively to help each other and generally is done in this way but sometimes it is fun to do it competitively. Doug who must have been 6 foot 1 inch, very athletic, big thighs and weighing approximately 200 lbs and all muscle and was Master Moy's top student at the time won the competition by pushing the last person down. At this point Master Moy opens one eye and sleepily slouches over to Doug beckoning to him with one finger. They start to push hands. On the third push Master Moy, 120 lbs in weight, pushed the 200 lb Doug right up to the ceiling and then slouched back to his three chairs and went back to sleep.

Doug told me, "He was showing us all who carried the gun in the organization."

Gary, a huge man, probably around 230 lbs at the time, told me that late one night Master Moy came over to him and told him to hold both of his wrists very tight. Gary gripped them but Master Moy said, "Harder." Master Moy then began to rock back and forward with a rhythmic movement. Gary said Master Moy's breathing changed and his face became a bit red. Gary who didn't know him too well was a little scared. Suddenly Master Moy pushed him in the chest so hard and so abruptly that Gary was flung towards the ceiling. He managed to hang on to one of Master Moy's wrists, and was pulled down

again. Gary found himself shaking and quivering all over from the energy he had received. Master Moy said, "that will open up your chest."

Marcus Delaney told me Master Moy visited the Hamilton club. At the end of the visit Marcus said he would walk Master Moy back to the car. Master Moy said, "No. Stay." Marcus kept walking next to him and repeated his offer. Master Moy repeated, "No. Stay." When this happened a third time Master Moy gripped Marcus on one arm. He said it was as if Master Moy was penetrating his flesh to touch his soul and grab it. He picked him up and then put him down again and repeated, "No. Stay."

Chek told me that one morning three big men, a little boozed, were walking down Yonge street in downtown Toronto. As they walked they were pushing anyone on the sidewalk down. Master Moy on the other side of the road who saw this quickly crossed over and walked casually towards them. When they started on him he quickly had all three on the ground and just kept sauntering away. The three said, "Who in hell was that little Chinese guy? This isn't such a good idea. Let's grab a coffee and go home."

John Panter told me that he went to Hagerman St and did one arm push hands with Master Moy. John said, "I had heard that this man had a lot of juice so at a certain point I decided to give a big push. I did this and I suddenly found myself sitting in the couch several feet behind me." Neither said anything but years later Master Moy said, "I admire John. He is even prepared to get into a fight to find out something."

Chris Young, with a long background in martial arts, was pushing hands and Master Moy was explaining what Chris was doing to "defeat" everyone with whom he pushed. Master Moy then said, "I will show you how I can use Chris's energy to defeat him". They began pushing hands. Each time Chris pushed forward on Master Moy Chris took a step back. Normally you stay rooted in one spot but as he pushed forward he stepped back which naturally nullified his push. When he was asked why he did this he explained that as he pushed forward he got such a great pain in his heart and the only way to stop this was for him to step back. In some way Master Moy took the chi (a form of internal energy) from Chris's push and redirected it back to his heart thus using the chi Chris had been able to build up over many years of practice to defeat him with its redirection. In aikido, you take the energy of your opponent, which is aggressive and intrusive, say "no thank you" and give it back to him thus ending the fight. By completing the loop of attacking energy "X" sent from the aggressor, collecting it internally then sending the same energy "X" back in self-defense everything goes back to balance again. You create a circle. Perfect return of karma and the defendant is left in splendid integrity, unviolated. Without having to resort to using aggression or anger peace returns. Tai Chi says use one ounce of your energy to defeat a large opponent. The one ounce Master Moy used was in the redirection of Chris's incoming energy. Skill in action as Maharishi would have said.

I was on a weekend workshop with Master Moy on the martial art applications of Tai Chi. He got our attention very quickly by telling us he had trained with Bruce Lee's

teacher. He told us that after you have killed enough people you realize that all you really want to do is to live in peace. You then devote your energy to peaceful living. He said Bruce Lee had never got to that state and the great energy he could generate one day burst in his brain and killed him.

He also said regarding martial arts and fighting. "All that kicking and punching when all you have to do is scramble someone's heart."

I assume that what he did in a minor way with Chris can be understood in that light. If you have the ability then one touch to your opponent directing chi to his heart would end the fight. No broken teeth, no bloody noses just a scrambled heart!

His first visit to the club in Kingston to our rented space on Princess St gave me an experience of his energy. The poor man had stepped in spilled water in our washrooms and his socks got wet. He had removed his socks to dry. He had us doing the donyu exercise (like sitting down into a chair). He came behind me and put one foot against my calf pushing it slightly forward. He then asked me did I feel it. I said, "yes ". I had found I went up and down automatically, quite effortlessly. I assumed it was because he had adjusted the angle of my leg. During a question break I asked the translator Shan if I could also push against a student's leg in the same way. She didn't even translate the question but chuckling said, "No. You don't yet have control of inner energy." It was only then did I realize that when Master Moy pushed on my leg he wasn't adjusting the angle but was pushing energy into me. The up and down exercise, which is actually physically very demanding, became effortless for me because Master Moy's energy bumped mine up several notches.

There are many such stories but you have got the drift. Master Moy knew how to accumulate inner energy and transmit it. He could do this in a self-defense situation but he could also, more importantly, do this as a healing or to change someone's body.

Master Moy worked just as dramatically with student's egos and their attitude. As we have already discussed, changing your attitude can change how your body functions. So he often worked hard to get an attitude change from senior students. He was never tough on beginners but usually quite sweet and patient with them. The higher up you were the tougher he got and he could be incredibly demanding of his top students.

During a week's course at the Orangeville centre he addressed John from Edmonton. The conversation started off quite gently but those of us who had been around had a feeling something more was coming. Master Moy spoke. "I saw you meditating this morning. You paid George \$200 to learn. Was all that money worth it?"

"Yes. Thank you."

"So you enjoy the practice?"

"Yes."

“You are glad you started?”

“Yes”

“Because I was watching you this morning. You could sit there doing what you were doing till what you were sitting on rotted and you would get nothing out of what you were doing. You think you know so much; but everyone, every single person in this room could teach you something.”

Master Moy paid an unexpected visit to the Montreal club and came in as Bernard Voyer was doing the set with his beginners. Bernard was so happy Master Moy had come because he felt he was doing really well in his Tai Chi and now Master Moy would be able to see this. Big ego mistake! When the set was over and in front of his students Master Moy told him, “Your Tai Chi is so bad I don’t know why I let you teach a class.”

A young American came up for a Fung Loy Kok week in Toronto. On the first evening Master Moy addressed him. : “You think you’re so special because you’ve paid \$1500 for this week.” And he laid into him about his attitude and how badly he must have been taught in the States. The next morning Master Moy worked physically with him and made dramatic changes. When he had finished he said, “I couldn’t have done this yesterday. What I did yesterday was necessary for what happened this morning. What I did yesterday helped to change your attitude”

Frank Dunn who was a top student and lead the Waterloo club told me of a workshop where Master Moy lambasted him publicly. At the end he asked Frank how he was feeling. Frank decided to be absolutely honest and told Master Moy he felt like crying. Master Moy said, “Tears are purifying. I could have told you were doing really well but that wouldn’t have helped you as much as what I’ve done.”

Another top student, Frank Herr, who was running the Toronto Bathurst St Club and working for the Society was asked to go out for lunch by Master Moy. He told him he had too much work to do. Master Moy gave him a blast for not delegating. That night they went out for supper and Master Moy asked if such and such had been done and Frank proudly said he had delegated that and promptly got another blast because that particular thing shouldn’t have been delegated! Frank said he felt Master Moy was bending him this way and that and Frank didn’t always understand why.

Often it seemed that if Master Moy felt you needed the whip he would find a reason. The cause, the exterior circumstance, wasn’t the real issue; the real issue was that your interior needed a little work.

Rod had been given the task to get gifts for door prizes at a banquet. Someone offered a computer and brought it to the D’arcy St club. Rod carried it in and Master Moy asked what it was. When Rod told him Master Moy gave him a real blast saying “No one consulted me about this.” Rod bowed his head and said “I’m sorry”

He sat down next to Master Moy and “from that moment on it was a dead issue.” The “I’m sorry” was all what was needed. It couldn’t have been about the computer, which was a lovely gift. It was about how do you deal with an unpleasant push or slap. Can you maintain your balance your equipoise. He has, at times, criticized someone just to see how the student would take it.

When I went to the Orangeville Centre I generally chose a place towards the back. Eventually I decided that as I wanted help I would position myself right in the front when we did the set. I saw a small smile cross Master Moy’s face. He knew I had chosen to be in the line of fire. Nothing was said and nothing happened till the next morning when he said, “We will watch David do the first part of the set.” My legs nearly froze in front of the 100 or so participants and I guess I did the set much worse than usual. However he was very sweet and gave me some advice. This taught me that one has to learn to do the set for oneself, not in fear of disapproval and not to seek approval. If you do it to show off you are already out of balance and that will be seen. If you do it unsure of whether you will get approval or disapproval then too you are out of balance. Naturally, what one learns on the practice floor is exactly the same for all situations. You do your best because you do it for yourself. Approval or disapproval is not the issue ever. Which is why I was able eventually to do my set alone with him sitting there at D’arcy St Centre not anxious at his presence. His approval or disapproval no longer held any weight over me. It was a pleasant state of neutrality to be in.

There was a student, Doug Mair, in our Kingston club that Master Moy really liked. Doug had two little fingers that since birth were curled and tight. He couldn’t open them. One day just before Christmas Master Moy took one hand and using his internal energy rapidly bent one finger until it was quite straight. He said, “This is your Christmas present. The other one you can do yourself.” Doug still has one little finger straight and on the other hand one curled.

Many times I have seen him go behind someone while they were doing donyus and start manipulating their hips. The student tried to keep up the flow of movement but generally had to stop and let Master Moy do his thing. Sometimes he would bend them forward supporting them with one hand while he thumped chi in various places of their back with the other fist. In this way he would open up their hip joints and also give an energy tonic. Sometimes he shoved his hand with his fingers in “chicken beak position” into their throat, putting chi into their system. I have seen him give open handed chops to the side of their throat. He would help people who had clots of blood in their legs. One person was about to have amputation as his leg was all dark and black He saw Master Moy who thumped chi into him and had him do donyus for long time. He had several chi treatments. His leg was never amputated and he pulled up his trousers to show us the healthy pink colour of the skin.

One Vancouver man was HIV positive. Master Moy worked extensively with him over several visits to Toronto and then one day said, “You will live to become an old man.” When I heard this story I cried because when Master Moy had told him he would

live to become an old man he knew that he himself was ill, was dying from the fungus in his lungs, could or would do nothing about it and that he himself would never become an old man. But he had the generosity to still use his energy to help someone else.

He had often told us that we teach Tai Chi to help people's health. But that sometimes people come who are too sick to help themselves at all. Then the teacher has to take some of his own health and energy to directly intervene.

Whenever Master Moy transferred energy it was at a cost. A lot of New Age people don't understand this. They have the lovely romantic notion you can just tap into the All and recharge your batteries after a healing session. Maybe this is possible. You can certainly make a mood of that. You can make a mood of a healing session. The patient may or may not feel better afterwards. It can all be in the realm of make-believe and that can have its effect as we know from studies on the placebo effect. I have never met anyone else who could take their own energy and quite obviously give it to someone else. Sometimes Master Moy had to sit down quickly afterwards. Sometimes he would nearly collapse. I often observed his face. It looked like he had just had an orgasm. Often, if he did an energy treatment at the start of a week's workshop, you could lose him for most of the week. He would go away or he would spend a lot of time sleeping, even sleeping in a chair in the practice hall with his mouth wide open.

His own health suffered. He would see Mr. Yang in Hong Kong who would shake his finger at him and say, "You must stop this. I am not going to keep fixing you up."

On one visit to Hong Kong Mr. Yang removed Master Moy's two big toe nails. Eva Wong said he peeled them back with his fingers. One toe done one day, the other the next. He put a cup under the foot and strangely coloured fluid dripped into it. Our medicine has no explanation for what happened, nor could a surgeon remove a toenail without instruments. Mr. Yang used only fingers as cleanly and precisely as if he had used a scalpel. In some way I imagine Mr. Yang drew whatever poison was in Master Moy's body down into his toes and extracted like that. An art we in the West don't know about.

Frank Herr told me that during a visit to Hong Kong in the early 70's Master Moy had been ill from healing work. Mr. Yang dug his hand into Master Moy's abdomen and began moving it there. Shortly afterwards Master Moy started to vomit blood. Frank was really concerned and wanted to take Master Moy to the hospital. Master Moy said, "Not to worry". His teacher knew what he was doing.

Master Moy often said if he kept up healing and energy transferring he would end up in a wheel chair like many who came to see him for help after strokes. We all nodded and thought "sure". He knew enough for that never to happen. But it did. He even traveled in a wheel chair to Australia to give a workshop. And thus he died a comparatively young man, 67 after being very ill and in a wheelchair for sometime. One of life's mysteries. To the end he thought of others and how they could be helped. One of his last acts was to fundraise for the hospital where he was dying, and was able to donate \$80,000. An exceptional man.

I described him as uncharismatic.

A Story

A Taoist monk had a top disciple who wanted to go on a tour to meet people and talk about inner things. His master said, "You are not ready for this. You should wait till you are ready."

But the student didn't take the advice and began his tour. At the first village he was greeted with great respect, given the place of honor at the dinner table. The villagers couldn't do enough for him. He was astounded by their generosity. The same thing happened the next day at another village. On the third day when he was being feted once more he became scared and ran back to the monastery. When he arrived his old Master was leaning on his stick waiting for him at the monastery gate and shaking his finger. "I told you so. You are not ready."

Rajneesh explained that the student's aura was "leaking". This meant that energy was coming from him to the people around him. This energy affected them so they felt loving and devotional towards him. They wanted to do things for him. He wasn't used to this in the monastery. He usually got the "stick" from his teacher. To his credit the adulation bothered him and he ran home. He could have stayed and kept subtly manipulating villagers, becoming a legend around them until perhaps one day he would fall from grace and would get hated.

I have a theory that many "gurus" have this energy and consciously or unconsciously (as was the case in the story) use it to make their followers like and love them. The devotion of the followers carries energy too and this feeds the "guru". It is like a multilevel marketing business. The guru is on the top of the pyramid and as the base grows (he gets more followers) he grows with it. The more devotion he is given the more energy he has to use to manipulate. He need only use a little of the surplus he is given to keep the whole group happy. Not every disciple need get treated every time. It is sufficient that whoever gets the energy then talks about it, so the whole group hears and everyone eagerly waits their turn. In the meantime as they wait they serve the guru, hoping this service will give a pay off in some favor from him.

It might start off fairly innocently. Someone has charisma, which is attractive. They are up on the scale of inner growth and have valuable things they can teach. So students come. Students become devotees. Devotees create a guru inevitably. He starts to give them what they want, an authority figure and one to love. The authority figure creates a sense of order and security in the group. Most people like a strong leader who "knows." Someone they can follow. The figure will attract all those who lack their own inner authority.

Unfortunately by following they prevent themselves from discovering their own authority for themselves. Followers aren't leaders.

Some students in a group will create followings in their own right and will then either hive away to form their own group and do the same old manipulating thing. Often the guru will encourage this because if they stay they will compete with him and his ego. But sometimes even knowing what the guru is doing, whatever indiscretions he has begun, they find a spot in the organization from where they can protect their own spot and become mini gurus in their own right there. Scratch around on the internet and you will find this story repeated many times.

It takes great honesty to avoid this trap. To say to yourself “I am not ready yet.” It is very difficult once the process has begun to extricate yourself. For a start the external rewards are great and become greater. Adulation can be difficult to refuse. Often I saw Master Moy turn away from it. Literally turn his back. He wanted respect but not adulation. The “false” guru tends to become worse as the cult grows. It is the old story of power corrupting and absolute power corrupting absolutely.

It is heady to see in the eyes of people that they love you and they want you to tell them what to do. This is one of the major reasons I stopped teaching meditation in 1976. I had learned that by accumulating energy and power I could influence a group of people while I talked. I could pick up an audience in the palm of my hands. Energy pours through you and you feel the effect of it yourself. The problem is that you are more than that energy. While it flowed I was a golden boy and that was what everyone wanted, a golden boy to admire etc. But I was more than a golden boy, I also had my dark shadow, which no one wanted to see. I didn’t either. It is much more pleasing being the golden boy. It is what gets you the rewards. But the shadow waits for you. You have to deal with it or it will deal with you. One of the ways it deals with you is to have you be less than a golden boy with some devotees. So you sleep with the odd devotee. It is hard not to when it gets offered so constantly. You extract money from others. You start being like anyone else in the chain of command of a hierarchical organization. You use your position to obtain the favors you want.

I stopped teaching before these things happened so I could get on with my evolution and had a long, dark period assimilating and integrating my shadow. It was very difficult because I turned the tap of that energy off. I didn’t radiate it out to people. I was extremely reluctant to talk of inner matters because when I did the tap was turned on again. I could see it in the faces of the people listening and in the vibration I created in the room, a delicious feeling of love and peace. By turning the tap off I turned it off for myself too. In its place I was now turned on to all those nasty hidden corners inside myself where the repressed parts of me lived and lurked. It was a difficult period.

However it was totally tough and necessary work. But now I turn the tap on again because I feel I know myself, and the traps life can give one. I don’t find them tempting. When you have “killed” enough people you realize that what you want most is to live in peace.

I wrote that although I had great respect for Master Moy I was relaxed about finding him unlikeable. The remarkable thing is that he didn't try to be likeable. Most of us do. We even feel a need to be liked. He was a teacher. As a teacher he demanded respect but whether he was liked or not didn't seem to be a concern.

In the early days the Bathurst St club had a letter signed by a medical doctor. It stated that Master Moy had asked the doctor to bring his stethoscope to the club and listen to Master Moy's heart. Master Moy then did some breathing exercises and his heart stopped. This reminded me of what Maharishi once said, "Any notion of life as being dependent on the beating of the heart is a very ignorant view of life."

The same doctor was also asked to examine Master Moy. He was asked to stick a finger up to the first knuckle into his eye socket. No problem. He found some sort of hard thing under the armpits that protected the soft and, martially, vulnerable area. He was asked to try to throttle him. He showed no sign of discomfort. Another friend was told to squeeze his testicles hard. No wincing. All this was an internal energy that protected his vital areas. After the doctor had examined him the doctor saw a blue light come up his own spine and out his own head. He asked a neutral question, "Did you see what has just happened?" (Not, "What was that blue light I saw?") He wanted an answer not based on any information he fed Master Moy. Master Moy, said, "Yes. That was the energy you got from touching my body."

Master Moy often rewarded students who were helpful. A doctor after giving a day's workshop on the physiology had chi pushed into his gut. He got an immediate erection, quite visible through his sweat pants. That clearly proved to me that energy had been dramatically transferred, no mood making nonsense.

Master Moy's last words to me were, "I have confidence that if you stay in charge of the Kingston Club all will go well with it." Coming from someone who didn't easily hand out bouquets, that touched me.

His Fung Loy Kok temple was an amalgamation of Buddhism, Confucianism and Taoism. He wanted the three religions that had warred in China to be reconciled in what he taught. He opened many temples and shrines in his organization dedicated to Kuan Yin, the Goddess of Compassion.

For all the difference Master Moy brought into the lives of so many people all around the world may Kuan Yin grant him Her Blessings.

Master Moy Lin Shin died June 1998.

Chapter 6

Perspective and Energy

Changing your attitude results in a change of perspective. Changing your perspective also will effect a change in your attitude. They go hand in hand. Both can be easy or difficult depending on how much energy one has available to create the change.

Coming back from a recent trip to France we took off on a heavily overcast day. The clouds above were black and threatening forming a total barrier between the ground and the sun. As we rose and flew through them, the plane shook and then the clouds changed colour. As we gained height above them and into the sun they were large brilliantly white puffballs, attractive and inviting one to jump and bounce on them. One moment they were dark and threatening, and then airy, light and friendly. Different perspective, different viewpoint lead to things seen differently. When things are seen differently one gains a different emotional quality to one's life.

Some Christmases ago Christmas a couple I knew were having a hard time. There was resentment on both sides and they tended to see the bleak in each other. The night before Christmas they usually opened small presents with little clues attached and they tried to guess what was in each parcel. The wife had just opened one that contained a small antique demitasse coffee cup and said, "Is this some sort of joke?"

The husband who, because of the tension, took this to mean that she didn't like the present said defensively, "I know it is not a very big or exciting present."

She said, "Open this one" and gave him a small parcel. He opened it and found she had given him exactly the same demitasse antique coffee cup bought from the same shop!

If the energy between them had been different his immediate response to her exclamation, "Is this some sort of joke?" would not have been negative and both might have marveled at the wonder, indeed, miraculous synergy that had them giving each other the identical present. They might indeed have celebrated this rather special fact and that as they now owned a pair of identical cups they might have reflected they had more in common than either cared to admit. But they didn't and were separated a year later.

Our energy colours our attitude and gives us our perspective. In this way we are imprisoned and forced to follow our own structured destiny, unless we care to change.

Change comes when we want to change i.e. admit we are tired of the way things are and get no joy in complaining about them either. I had a friend who once said his wife started the day bitching at him just to set the tone right for the rest of the day, like warming up the engine.

Until you want to change not much is likely to happen. Even wanting to change is not enough. You have to start the engine of change. This means accumulating the energy required to do this. The plane that rose above the dark clouds into the sunny white ones required sufficient energy to do this. So do we need to cultivate and accumulate energy in order to raise our perspective?

Energy is stored in our energy body, our prana or chi body.

How to gain this energy? First recognize you want to change and admit that change is possible. It is very hard to change something if you feel it is impossible. No matter how dark and gloomy those clouds, there **is** sunlight above them. You just have to find the energy and the way to rise above them.

The problem with gloom is that it saps energy or colours energy with tamas. The Yogis describe energy as sattvic that is upward lifting, tamasic which is downward moving, or rajasic which is like chaotic energy, frenzied.

Eliminating as much tamasic* (see Footnote) food from your diet is a good start. Alcohol (except an occasional glass), nicotine, excess caffeine, old food, junk food and lots of meat should be eliminated or reduced. Your body runs on the energy with which you provide it and if you provide it with food that carries the vibration of abattoir fear; or the agony of fish left thrashing on a ship deck or in a net till they die; fruit and vegetables toxic with pesticides, herbicides, or polluted rain obviously you must reap the results of such eating and drinking. All this you can research yourself. Food depleted from nutrition or trace minerals has to be supplemented in some way. Eating less, eating some raw fruit and vegetables, the occasional fast and detoxifying your liver periodically is also recommended.

Avoid getting neurotic about eating and food. Being neurotic and compulsive even about a good thing is still to be neurotic and compulsive. Try to avoid getting sick in order to become well! There are many people, especially multi level marketing sellers, that exploit the neurotic with a myriad of health supplements and you could probably go bankrupt buying them all. The sales pitch is well rehearsed with dramatic testimonies of the cured or the radiantly healthy. They also try to ensnare you to become a seller and use several lures. One, you will help the world get healthier, happier and better environmentally and, if that is not motive enough, there is two, that you will also get immensely rich in the process. Help the world and cut a big slice of the money pie, both very appealing to most people. At the very least, selling enough of the product will allow you to have your monthly expensive quota for free.

When I was a kid an American evangelist came with a large tent to our area of Cape Town and we were given an American one cent coin if we brought a friend to the next meeting. You can see the roots of the multi level marketing scheme. Reward for participation. Unfortunately you also have to learn to exploit friendships, family and any little old lady you might meet. All become grist in your mill because the more people

under you (downline) the broader the base of your pyramid and the more your cut of all these sales will be.

I have a theory that there are entrepreneurs who know expertly how to start a multi level marketing scheme and when one scheme starts to peter out they have another product in line ready for the next venture. Always they are on the top of the pyramid like good gurus; helping the world, of course, but also helping themselves to another fat slice of pie.

There are many books on food and many directly contradict each other. When you read some of them and the stuff on supplements you wonder how you have managed to live so long already! Find out what suits you. When you have read enough you can congratulate yourself that your diet is one way today and another way tomorrow. Remember that your thoughts are also a part of your diet. Good thoughts, happy and positive are also nutritional.



Venkatesananda

I remember Swami Venkatesananda telling a group that it is what you think that pollutes you more than what you eat. What goes out of your mouth pollutes you more than what goes in.

Many foodstuffs that are considered good today are discovered to be bad tomorrow as researchers delve deeper. Wine is good for the heart but reduces the cancer reducing potential of vegetables. Being balanced means accepting it is all a mystery and you will die of one thing or another eventually any way, so at least be happy while you eat and are alive.

We have discussed exercise in the first chapter. Sitting still for long time causes stagnation of blood and energy. It is bad for health. Moreover you probably slump over which constricts the blood flow.

Master Moy pointed out to Ed Feney that the boat was sinking and he was sinking with it. He then explained that Ed was slumped down and this was putting pressure on his heart. It also constricted the blood flow. Not only did the heart have to function fighting the structure of his body, (the slumped down posture) but it had more work to do getting blood through constricted veins and arteries. Obviously giving it more strain will tire it. So Master Moy said, “The ship is sinking and you are sinking with it”.

The slumped down posture is endemic to the computer age. Exercise reduces cholesterol and lowers blood pressure. We all have choices to make in life and this is an easy one but it takes determination to stick to it. The pay off is that you feel better. However don't, while feeling better, commit yourself to extra work that then prevents you from keeping up your healthy exercise regime.

We have discussed the benefits of that positive “NO” in your life. I have a friend who had to tell his wife “For you it is always ‘Yes’ at work and ‘No’ at home”. The world will happily intrude if you let it. Moreover you might find that at work the jobs tend to get given to the people who do them. If you are known as one who always says “Yes” to the extra tasks you will need to define your boundaries again.

In the academic world where job descriptions are vague you can easily find yourself swamped with commitments and an 8 hour day might become a 14 hour anxiety filled slog.

People who work like this are generally pleasant at work (the work persona) but crabby at home. All the strain of being pleasant at work drains them of any to show at home.

I knew a woman whose husband owned an undertaking business, well liked and admired in his job. Every time she met someone who had enjoyed the attention of this sympathetic, considerate man they told her how nice he was. Eventually instead of saying, “Yes isn’t he!” She would say, “I wish he was like that at home.”

A Story

A psychiatrist whose wife was rather a prude and not overly sexually demonstrative had been asked to give a lecture about sex to a group. As she was prudish he told his wife he was giving a talk on fishing. She was very surprised but said nothing as she did not like to intrude in his affairs. The next morning she met a lady who had attended the talk and who gushed at how wonderful it had been and how wise her husband was.

The wife was astounded. “That surprises me greatly. He knows hardly anything about the subject; indeed doesn’t even like it. The first time he hooked a fresh young one he vomited when he had to touch it. The next time he lost his whole rod.”

We wear different hats at home and at work. Generally it is our home life that sees the worst side of us.

It has been pointed out that just as poverty can reduce your perspective to the next meal so too can affluence as a result of the terrible price of busyness exact a narrow focus. Your life can fly by in one task after another trying to afford what you neither have the time nor the leisure to enjoy. You aren’t relaxed enough to enjoy the affluence, but just pleased you have the affluent status.

I heard a Nigerian clergyman tell Stuart McClean (of CBC radio’s Vinyl Cafe) that the West has the fancy watches but the Africans have the time. For years, since my youth indeed, I have heard talk of the coming age of leisure; that technology will allow people to have more leisure time. This is one of those myths that keep people going and one of those ways to avoid actually saying the word “no”.

I had an electrician who did work for me, an extremely hard worker, a nice man; you couldn't wish for nicer man - but a workaholic. He planned to relax and enjoy the good life when he retired and have holidays on the property he owned on an island in the Caribbean; build a house there. His wife looked forward to this immensely as day after day he went out early and came back late, never refusing a job. He retired young enough in years to enjoy all he had accumulated, all that money in the bank but he hadn't saved any health or energy for retirement. He was dead within months. His widow has no one to enjoy all the good things with now.

Taoism and its internal exercises of alchemy talk of cultivating energy or cultivating the self. (Dual cultivation is another thing and involves sexual practices with several partners. From what I have read one partner who is the one trying to cultivate energy uses many different sexual partners gaining energy from these encounters in an exploitative way. I read that Mao Tse Tung who believed the juices of a woman's vagina rejuvenated a man would have injections to enable him to be potent and thus enjoy the intimate juices of young women.)

Tai Chi and these alchemical exercises are an accumulative and progressive way of gaining energy. By this I mean that the more you do them the more you progress. Moreover if you practice them daily the energy gained changes your body, which then enables you to cultivate even better.

A famous golfer (Jack Nicklaus) was asked to what he attributed his success. He replied." Luck. But I have found that the more I practice the luckier I get."

We have discussed in Chapter 1 a little of how the body changes and gets transformed through Tai Chi etc.

Taoist internal alchemy describes how sexual energy accumulated and purified turns into jing. Jing accumulated and purified turns into chi. Chi accumulated and purified turns into shen, spiritual energy. Energy goes from the lower Dan Tien (the belly) to the middle Dan Tien (the heart), to the upper Dan Tien (the third eye). Master Moy said he was now healing with shen. He also considered himself as still learning about internal energy saying he was a third level intermediary student.

You will find that "all things work to the good of those that love God." This means that once you have set your intentions right you have given your path an upward tilt. Changing your attitude, changes your perspective, changes how you accumulate energy. Then changing how you accumulate energy changes your perspective, changes your attitude. They all work together for an upward spiral. Of course they can all work together for a downward spiral too if that is the sad way your life is going.

Master Moy told us that there is a door that is closed to the higher reaches of internal energy and is opened only to those who work on attitude. In his organization great emphasis was placed on cultivating compassion, humility and doing service to

others. He said it was wrong to come to a workshop hoping for personal gain. You came because you hoped to learn so as to be able help others more. He was a tireless fundraiser for causes other than his own and, often, also needy group. Wheelchairs for the disabled, the Parkinson Foundation, churches and direct service such as free classes in English for Chinese immigrants, helping them with tax returns etc. free vegetarian banquets on special days in the Chinese calendar.

It makes sense that before you are able to scramble someone's heart you have to discover the compassion and forbearance of your own! It is not often you learn a physical exercise that demands love, compassion and humility in order to learn it properly. I can't imagine a weight trainer telling you that!

A Story

A very sincere and open hearted man approached a guru for instruction and discipleship. The guru, although well known locally, was, in fact, a charlatan. His knowledge was a parrot like repetition of some learned phrases. Indeed his guru status was more a way of maintaining himself in lieu of begging and his ignorance was well covered by smooth phrases and an elegant tongue.

He accepted the new recruit and told him his practice was repetition of the guru's name. "Call on me sincerely and with devotion and I will do all the work for you. Such is my instruction and blessing to you."

Day and night the eager, honest disciple repeated the guru's name. One day while crossing over a rope suspension bridge, high above a raging torrent, a rope broke and he fell. As he fell he continued to repeat his guru's name and when he hit the water he was able to walk on the surface to safety. Some fellow disciples witnessed this and told the guru who summoned the new disciple and enquired of him how he had managed to walk on the water. The disciple replied, "It was all through your Grace. I repeated your name as is my wont and your Grace saved me." He prostrated before the guru.

The guru thought, "this is strange. I have had this name all my life and never has my own name done this for me. Yet this ignorant fellow repeats it for a week and can now walk on water. My name must be more powerful than I ever imagined."

So he decided to repeat his own name and jump from another bridge into a river. Fortunately some disciples were nearby and saved him from drowning. The guru somewhat chastened and, at heart not such a bad fellow, decided to come clean. He called the disciple to him and said, "Listen I am not really a guru. My name has no inherent power. It was you yourself and your deep faith that gave you this ability. I resign my chair as guru and place you on it. From now on you will teach me."

The new disciple's pure intent allowed him to access great energy whereas the guru's self interested intent barred him.



Donyus fig. 1



Donyus fig. 2



Donyus fig. 3



Donyus fig. 4

I teach a donyu that raises energy into the head. It is not difficult to do but is better learned in a class situation where personal attention and my own energy can convey the technique clearly. Techniques, on their own, as we saw in that story are only part of the way. The intention must be correct as well. The donyus I teach raise energy from the heart into the head and are, thus, as much an act of worship as a physical exercise. Once understood, they can then be practiced on your own. Feelings and physical energy then move in harmony up and students can reach states of elation and ecstasy as they offer themselves up to the All.

It is interesting that we talk of the head of an organization as though the head is all-important. There is never anyone appointed to be the heart of an organization. That is surely indicative of our culture. If you asked a Hindu child where God was they would touch their hearts. A Christian child would probably point up into the sky, way above their head.

A Story

A politician, who was the head of the opposition, had gone for a heart transplant. Just after his own heart had been removed and before the new one was put in his secretary rushed in to tell him the Government had fallen and he was now the new Prime Minister. He got off from the operating table, very excited, pleased, and rushed off. The surgeon pursued him. "Wait," he cried, "We haven't put your new heart in yet."

"Don't worry," was the response, "Now I won't need a heart for 5 years."

Organizations that have heads and no hearts are the sorts of organizations that bargain Chinese sweat shops down from 25 cents an hour to 18 cents so that they can sell cheap products to the affluent Americans. Even if you know this will it stop you buying the cheaper product? At some point spirituality and political activity have to merge otherwise there will always be the split between God and mammon. Just as we are our environment we will also find out we are our neighbour and our world's welfare is as

important as our own. “I want to be happy but I can’t be happy unless I make you happy too.” A wonderful song.

Taoist Internal Alchemy says that the whole body is conscious. The rationally minded think only of the mind, the brain, as the seat of awareness. I watched a fascinating TV program by a female (of course it had to be someone feminine!) molecular biologist that confirmed this. She said everything in the body was conscious and aware of its relation to the other parts and the body as a whole. Our spirit inhabits a vibrantly alive vehicle, every part of it open to awareness and also spirit. That ancient division between the qualities of head (rational, discriminatory, judgmental, separating etc) and the qualities of heart (inclusive, loving, embracing, accepting etc) is a division we falsely make and for which there is a staggering price when aspects of our own awareness get excluded from what should be the holism of ourselves.

As I constantly remind the students in my school, freeze energy anywhere in the body and you freeze the flow of energy throughout the system. Our energy system is unitary. I often demonstrate this by squatting in a donyu with my arms to my side. In this position all the energy is like a ball, concentrated in an obvious sphere. As I rise up pushing from the feet the push acts like a bellows pushing energy everywhere, legs straightening, arms moving out, body straightening up, spine stretching, head getting energy. Suddenly a sphere takes shape into angles, lengths and parts.

Reconciling the opposites involves reconciling the qualities of head and heart, bringing these two energies together so they form a unity. One can do this consciously in therapy, by self examination, by understanding the problems their separation has caused in one’s life, in one’s connection to one’s own body (frozen energy) and in one’s relationships, rigidity, lack of connection; either over judgementalism, or its opposite rampant, disruptive emotions. All this is to follow Socrates injunction to live a reflective life and it is most valuable, and probably indispensable though many dislike this sort of work especially the heavily rational or the excessively emotional often categorized as the unfeeling male burrowed in his Martian “cave” or the flapping female, emotions scattered willy-nilly amongst her “Venusian” web.

By learning to lift the energy in this exercise from the heart to the head you bring the softness, the ecstasy, the joy, the inclusiveness of the heart centre, the light into the head. It brings a smile to your face and a physical elation to your head. I am not saying it can replace the other work but it certainly is a part of the process that is delicious and, once you have the knack, not like work at all.

It gives me great pleasure seeing a student that can get it. Of course there are others who feel frustrated when they can’t. We are all at different levels of our chopping wood, mining ore scenario. Life would be curious if we weren’t. Moreover one of the lessons of the path is the indispensable one of not comparing, not deeming ourselves inadequate in the process and getting impatient. We learn to accept where we are and, in fact, all students are enjoying where they are in my class. It is when they hear where others are (mining silver while they chop wood) they get envious and wonder,” when will

it happen for me?" Generally until I point it out most students feel they are doing the movement well. Then they get a correction and they struggle to integrate this. But till that happens they enjoy. If the correction arrives just when they have done the "wrong" thing long enough it is quickly learned. (They only have to drop the old habit.) If not they take a while to fully savor and understand the new insight. That is part of the quest we are on; to fully discover all that we are, in our radiant totality. Being magnificent, expanded beings this takes a while and is not unfurled in one sudden rush. Indeed as Aurobindo wrote," anyone who tries to take the Kingdom of heaven by storm is in for a rough passage."

When the moment is right the student will lift the energy from the heart into the head. Such a little difference "rt" and "d". HEArt to HEAd but really more than a letter , more than a word , rather a world apart.

I remember reading in South Africa of something Anton Rupert (a very wealthy Afrikaans businessman) told his young son when the son called him to see a black man driving his own Mercedes. "Good," said Rupert, "Now he won't want mine."

So the engine of our spirit has to be started and revved up to climb through the dark clouds. I teach the following simple exercise called The Tibetan exercise for raising energy. I sit cross-legged in the siddha position i.e. one ankle folded on top of another. You choose what is the most comfortable, kneeling, maybe on those zazen benches or sitting in a chair. Place your hands on your knees. Breathe in deeply through the nose, filling tummy, mid chest and then top chest in that order. Focus on the third eye and start exhaling through the mouth. When your breath won't come out any more, bend forward to complete the exhalation. Sitting cross legged I can pull myself down with the hands on my knees a bit to do this. Try to exhale almost completely but don't be frantic trying to do that. When the air is out push on your knees to lift the shoulders and without breathing in rise up and at the top bend your head back over the hunched shoulders (like a turtle over its shell). Then pushing on your knees pull in the stomach and the anus. Hold this without breathing for as long as you can. This is difficult and takes grit. You must try to work towards your edge. The pull on the lower energy is accomplished by the stretch along the front of your body and the attention on the third eye gives it the direction up. Sometimes, if you really get close to your edge, you will feel like convulsions as your body wants to suck air in and you can feel an energy mounting up from the genital area. When you really need to breathe in this in-breath will be a rapid hungry breath. Breathe out and in twice. Now a third breath, taken less greedily, hold the breath for a bit while still pulling up the anus, jaw pulled back and your focus on the third eye. Then start exhaling through the mouth and do the practice over again. You can this for ten minutes or so. I often do it after the first breathing exercise I gave in chapter 2. In the same mode as there when you exhale and bend forward feel you are sinking into nothingness, letting go of all, immersing yourself in the Silence of the All. As you get into a good rhythm the exhaling can become gentler and less forced, the whole process becoming easy and gentle except for the stretch at the top. I was advised by an osteopath that some people who have no necks or necks extended forward should be careful about tilting the head back at the

top of the stretch. In such cases they can feel nauseous and some chiropractors have been accused of causing a stroke by bending such people's heads backwards.

You might find that you see the third eye pulsing with light and when you hold your breath on the third inhalation even see your own inner light body. You can find that this third breath is a delicious one, gentle. The energy gained is seductive, enticing you on.

This exercise gives a very powerful command to your energy that you want it to rise up. You feed your sexual outlet less and direct sexual energy to your upper chakras. When you have finished sit quietly in meditation.

You have a choice in life how you want to spend your energy. You can direct it into many different avenues, creative, destructive, or living in gratitude, with a thank you on your lips and a smile in your heart. Living greedily with a "PLEASE" instead of a "Thank you"; a life dominated by "I want, I want, I want." Never enough, never a moment for contented, well feted gratitude. A life of manipulating for what you want, fighting for it, taking and dumping the refuse afterwards. You can direct the energy into poetry, art, writing, music and meditation and self-growth. You can make your body and your awareness your work of art. The choices are there. You grow by making choices.

There is always the question of time. When can I find the opportunity to do all this? It's a valid question and problem and so is the response. "Prioritize your life so that you find time, time for your self, and for your Self. No one will give it to you."

When I ran a meditation centre I well discovered the demands of the world that wanted more and more of me. I told everyone I never answered the phone before 10 am. Between 5 pm and 6 pm, no matter who, was there I would go to my room to meditate. They could wait till I was finished or leave and come back later. If you don't protect this special time the world will swallow it up.

If it really is impossible then just hold in your awareness that this is what you really, really want and let your life get organized eventually by that want. Remember there is a difference between wishing, which we all do, which is a fantasy and a hope it will get given to you. Wanting exercises the will and is a determination to seek something and get it. It is like Lawrence of Arabia's difference between dreaming by day and dreaming by night. His dreaming by day became transferable into his life's dramatic actions. Wishing can be just wishy-washy and is just a temporary, satisfying fantasy, like winning the lottery. The spiritual life is for warriors not the wishy-washy. The wishy-washy are life's soccer balls and get kicked around. If you are wishy-washy then, "CHANGE!"

As Bruce Springsteen sang, "You take what you want and you pay the price."

So when you decide that you WANT spiritual growth and inner happiness you find the time for the practices. We all find time for daily hygiene; so find time for mental

and spiritual hygiene. Something, as in the old song, that will “eliminate the negative and accentuate the positive”. The time will probably not be given to you, except by ill health and it is better not to go that route! To find the time for health only when you are sick. You will have to discover where to find the time and claim it for yourself. Not being able to find the time is a feeble excuse and is to allow your life to be a doormat for the world to wipe its feet on.

I find so much of my own time is trying to motivate people and that really shouldn't be my function. Dig deep for your own motivation and say “YES I WILL.” Spend less time in saying you don't have time and feeling guilty or lousy over that and find the motivation and then the time. Otherwise catastrophe looms and time will run out for you.

Rajneesh tells the story of a man who spent a lifetime collecting spiritual books. He had a library of them, all unread. He planned to read them “one day”. Then one day he was given the bad news of a terminal illness. He decided to hire some scholars, divide his book collection amongst them and ask them to write a summary of the wisdom. Now scholars don't find brevity easy or write quickly. They studied, they reflected and the ill man waited so he could benefit by reading the wisdom of the books he had collected.

After 5 months he called them and asked them to read what they had written to him. They said they were still studying. Exasperated, he cried that time was running out for him. He said, “Write just 3 pages, each of you, so I can profit from my years of collection and my good intention to acquire wisdom”.

The scholars went away but the next day the man became very ill so his wife told the scholars to write only one paragraph of pithy wisdom. They came that evening but the man died as they entered his room. His wife screamed at them, “Shout. Just one word of the wisdom. Maybe he will still be able to hear that word.”

Death doesn't wait for our good intentions to become manifested!

I have a friend who felt she only saw her partner accurately when she was premenopausal and grumpy. Then she made no excuses for him. It is like saying, only gloom allows you to see the realities of the world. There is some truth in that, of course, but what a way to live! I learned in business to prepare for the worst but hope for the best. Actually I tried to learn that for I am a bit of a Mr Micawber type, trusting of common and believing something will turn up to make a positive difference. That is my wishy - washiness. But I have also passionately and actively engaged myself to bring about the differences I want. No one is as interested in your life as you are. Believe me you can do it if you want.

Henry Ford said, “If you believe you can do it, or if you believe you can't do it you are right.”

Change can be dramatic but in my own experience the best change happens gradually. As Swami Venkatesanda once told me, "Every day you see your face in a mirror and you have never seen it changing. But change it has. If one day you notice a change between now and yesterday that is probably something disastrous like a sudden tumor."

Meister Eckhart could be disparaging to students excited by their first ecstasy. I know some people who are always excited, always on the edge of discovery but who are always on the edge and never there. They generally sit close to some other edge tomorrow. They enjoy the high of new starts, nearly getting there but fading when grit is demanded of them. In my experience substantive change takes time, gets tested by time and requires showing daily grit through thick and thin to do your practices. You don't want to be a fair weather friend to your spiritual life, only doing the practices when you are feeling good about them, when you are getting results and rewards. You do them regularly because you are disciplined whether you are getting results or not. It is this discipline that will stand by you when the chaos comes, just as you stood by it daily in chaotic times. It is this discipline that will allow you rebalance your energy in the topsy-turvy future the world will enter. The wishy-washy will get washed away by the torrents of change. You must be centered in your truth and disciplined enough to hold yourself there as all about you tumbles down. You are spiritual warriors so take your training seriously. It is not a hobby, something to be picked up and done with the mood and when time permits. To be like that is to be like all those who don't know where they are going; the vast majority outside your window influenced by whims, advertising and manipulation. Little cogs in that vast wheel of karma, never taking their destiny in their own hands, wanting to be told what to do, to follow, to obey, to serve and never think for themselves and never having the guts to strike out into the unknown to discover the truth for themselves. Like the rest of the world, going like lambs to the slaughter.

Once you have decided you need a change of perspective then you can start cultivating the energy to do that. Just deciding to do that already makes a difference. I had a friend from my school days, Charles Winshaw, who got a little stuck in his life. I had been meditating for a year and came to stay with him in his flat above Clifton beach. While there I talked about meditation and taught him how to meditate. I also told him that I was going on a month's meditation course (1964) with Maharishi in the Austrian Alps. This really interested him and he decided he would come too. He got really excited about going and his whole life picked up in anticipation.

One day he told me how much he had changed and said, "I have changed so much since deciding to go on that course I feel I don't have to go now." I insisted he went.

Realizing you have options energizes you. The trick now is to follow through. Day by day practice. Day by day adding to the store of cultivated energy and, day by day subtle changes permeate your being and enter your life.

I have a positive outlook on life. I believe there is a force, an energy that wants us to grow and evolve and once you start to co-operate with it then this energy (like the

Grace we mentioned earlier) starts to operate in your life. Life situations will show you where you are stuck and if you use your new energy and your new perspective you will learn how to deal better in these stuck areas. Habits, which were problems, drop away. It is as if the new bottle demands new wine. By having changed the structure the old wine (the old, clogging contents of your life) gets dumped and there is place for fresh wine.

You know how when you drive and you see a river, which extends to a bend, you have an urge to go round that bend. The bend in a river has become a symbol for something new that can happen for and to you as you make a turn in your life. This promise is exciting and, as in Charles's case, fills you with hope and positive energy. Take advantage of that window of opportunity. Say a loud, "YES" and carry through with your new intentions and direction.

Too many people go through life saying these "yes's" but that is all they do. They get such a kick of it but haven't the grit to follow through. I call them matchbox collectors. They don't light the fire with these matches. They just collect them for display. They talk. They seldom do; certainly don't do substantively long enough.

Energy cultivation, self-cultivation is an art and like all such things the craft is learned by repeated practice. We don't live in an age where that sort of discipline is valorized, where young people learned from wise adults that skills take time to learn and that inner skills and inner energy require a life of dedication.

For a moment accept reincarnation as true. Accept thus that not only have you lived many times before, but you have been dutiful and diligent over many lives. You have raised families, wiped the crumbs off breakfast tables, earned the food, sowed the clothes, tilled the garden, succored the sick, paid off the mortgages, the education debts, worked on relationships, messed them up and all that. Are you just going to do the same thing all over again? Is that *all* you want?

There is a story about the desert fathers, those early Christians who lived and did their spiritual practices and penances in solitude in the African and Middle Eastern deserts. Abba Lot came to seek counsel from a Sainted one Abba Joseph. He recounted all the routines of his day, his list of techniques. "As far as I can I say my little office, I fast a little, I pray and meditate, I live in peace and as far as I can, I purify my thoughts." Then he asked, "Is there anything else I could do?" The Sainted one Abba Joseph, the old man stood up and pointed his hands to the heavens. His fingers became like ten lamps of fire as he said, "If you will, you can become all flame." (Coptic Orthodox Church).

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So why don't you? Yes YOU! You want more, more than the usual round of work and duty. Don't you want to discover the Fire in Life? to extend yourself beyond the routine, the habitual and the banal? Then utter that intention and allow your life to glide into unknown waters beyond the bend and perceive what life there is like.

Perception. That is the next chapter.

Chapter 7

Perception and Energy

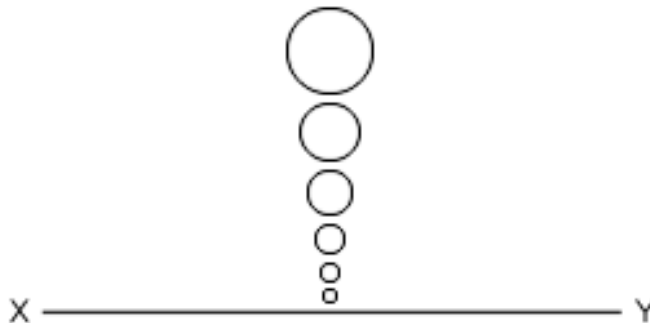
So what **can** lie around the bend? Many different things. Perhaps something new. To make life really new we have the opportunity not to merely investigate horizontally which is to continue to move forward on the same plane as always but, instead of that, to start seeing vertically, going vertically **in** instead of horizontally forward. That is meditation, taking one's attention from the surface values of life and boring deep into one's own inner existence.



Maharishi at Hochgurgl

If we stay on the surface then all we can explore is the surface value of life. But life has depths we haven't dreamed of yet.

I was fortunate to start TM and meet Maharishi Mahesh Yogi in 1962 (Hochgurgl Austria) when I was 23. He had a very easily understood and a very convincing explanation of the nature of the mind and how, using this nature and the structure of awareness, deep meditation is, and should be spontaneous and easy.



He used the bubble analogy.



Maharishi - Bubble Theory

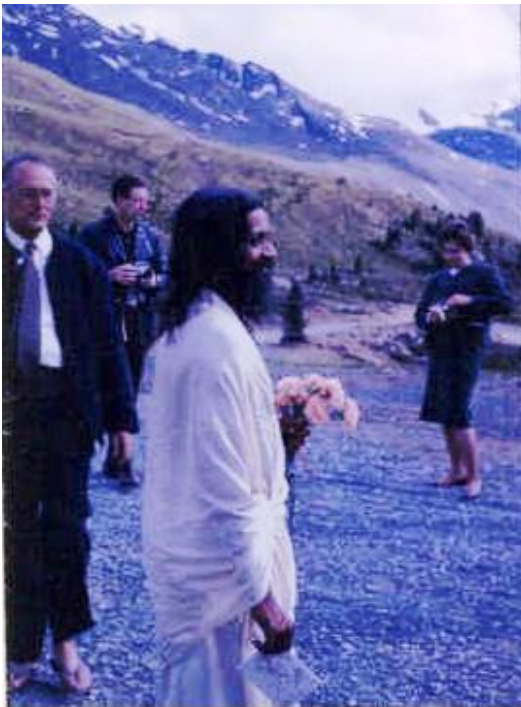
Thoughts arise in the mind like bubbles that start in the depths of awareness. They rise subtly, uncognised, until they burst on the surface of mind and are realized as thoughts. Meditation in the TM way is a retracing of the path of a particular thought, a mantra, starting with the gross appreciation of the mantra on the surface of the mind and gradually appreciating subtler and subtler values of this one bubble, the mantra, until it is transcended and the meditator is left without anything in awareness, other than his own experience of Self, a state of awareness devoid of any content other than awareness itself. No thoughts, but yet awake awareness and thus not deep sleep. In deep sleep there are no thoughts but we are also not conscious. Meditation brings us to an awareness that pertains to neither the waking, dreaming nor sleeping state, but the fourth state of consciousness, called Turiya (the fourth) in Sanskrit.

His revolutionary understanding is that as subtler levels of the mantra (the larger bubbles getting smaller) are more appealing to the mind and as the mind naturally follows a path of increasing delight so the path inward should be easy and spontaneous. He would emphasize that enjoying was eminently natural. No effort is required to actually enjoy. Therefore a process of meditation that utilized the principle of increasing joy should be easy and automatic.

He discarded vigorously all concepts of the monkey mind, unruly and undisciplined, that hops around and needs the exercise of will and concentration (i.e. effort in meditation) to control it. Thoughts do occur during TM but he gave us the understanding that thoughts occur when the nervous system of the individual meditator releases a stress e.g. the case of the woman who thought she was ugly. The memory of that stressful incident had been stored in her body. This energy gets released as a thought and with the appropriate emotional content of the stress. Stress release occurs naturally as the nervous system is given the deep rest of meditation. While there are still stresses stored in the system, thoughts will occur and to fight these is to attempt the impossible, moreover it is to do something antagonistic to the natural process. These thoughts are a natural clearing and cleansing. There is, of course, a difference between indulging these thoughts i.e. pursuing them and, when you know you have stopped repeating the mantra, without force, gently redirecting the awareness back to the mantra.

Applying force and control during meditation, applying effort is to try to force the pace, to be impatient and greedy. It is exactly the same thing during the practice of Tai Chi. We have discussed that although, initially, there is effort and trying, at a certain point effort must be offered up in surrender. Grace enters when you are effortless. We often think that just a little extra effort will do the trick. That comes from the illusion of our vibrational dimension, here on earth, and partly a result of our desperation, our desire to GET something. It is the ego trying to reassert its dominance and demonstrating its need to be in charge. Effort is always ego directed.

You surely know the syndrome of the New Age junkie. The next book, the next workshop, the next technique, the next self improvement course we start all will give us that longed for Realization. We rush on and on making effort and doing all these things. Changing gurus like fashions. Rajneesh says we must make maximum effort so that we can realize that effort won't do it. Otherwise there will always be a corner of our awareness, a place in our mental structure, that urges, "effort succeeds"; that will say, "push and you **will** get there". "Will" in this phrase implies both 1) will as an act of effort as in make the effort willfully and 2) will as future, meaning you aren't there yet, which may be true but sometimes it is better to take good note of where you are (the present) than to anticipate the future all the time, and thus avoiding living in the present. It is no point still seeking when you are just at the point of finding. Seeking then obscures the process of finding. "Knock and the door will be opened." Yes, but continuing to knock when the door has been opened is very silly and counter productive.



Maharishi at Hochgurgl

I found TM worked well for me and on the 1962 course in Hoch Gurgl Austria Maharishi empowered me as a teacher of TM, probably one of the first dozen in the world. He asked me if I wanted "to spiritually regenerate Africa". I told him South Africa was a big enough challenge. I started the TM movement there and remained active until I immigrated to Canada in 1977. By then, things had begun to unravel between myself and the TM movement. In a later chapter I will give you some anecdotes of those early days and some of my experiences around and with Maharishi.

On that 1962 course sitting one afternoon in my room cross-legged on the floor in meditation my body started to gyrate and I could feel a nice feeling moving from the base of my spine to the top of my head. It was as if I was going into another world, another

reality. Nothing like this had happened to me before.

Suddenly, with a tremendous ecstatic rush, light and flames pumped up my spine and burst in my head in a great explosion. I hardly knew where I was or what had become of me. The physical pleasure of it was enormous and almost overwhelming. When it was over and the energy subsided, it left my body feeling as if every cell had been cleansed and satiated. The whole body felt deeply fulfilled and content on a cellular level. Complete in body and mind I wanted nothing. The mind was accurately focused and clear, clear, clear. I knew my kundalini (see footnote1) had risen.

I didn't tell anyone and went about my life on that course normally. The next afternoon the energy again rose but without any of those strong feelings of bliss. (I have formulated a theory that the bliss sensations are the result of the path (the sushuma in the spine) the rising kundalini takes being cleansed. After it has been cleared then, when the energy rises again, it does so without those overwhelming sensations that block appreciation of anything else.) As I walked down the stairs to supper in my Dr Scholl's wooden sandals I felt as if my feet were hardly touching the floor. I felt rather bodiless. I came into the dining room and, I presume, was walking strangely because everyone looked at me and smiled. When I got to my table my friend Count Blucher had a big grin on his face. (He told me later he thought I was playing the drunken fool.) At that very moment the kundalini energy pulsed up my spine and I started to fall down saying to Count Blucher, "Nikolaus help me." His grin faded and he jumped up. He and Dick Britton Foster put their hands under each of my shoulders and they ran with me up the 6 flights of stairs to Maharishi's room. I was chuckling all the way. They told me later I seemed weightless. 6 flights of stairs is a long haul to carry a slumped body. I have no recall of any strain on their part. I just remember feeling rather pleased and amused.

We burst into Maharishi's room. He was eating his supper seated cross-legged on his bed. He took one glance at me and chuckled too, "Ah the Bliss of God was too much for David." And he went back to his meal. I was left sitting in silence against the wall. He ignored me. It was strange. He didn't ask a single question or make one other comment. I sat in my own blissful silence and watched him eating yoghurt with his fingers, licking his fingers and sticking them in his mouth.

Later, I reflected on all of the experience and was so grateful he dealt with it in exactly the way he did. He didn't congratulate me. He didn't say that was wonderful for you to have that in your first 6 months of meditating. He didn't say some people meditate all their lives and never have that. Totally ignoring me, and any preoccupation I might have had over my experience, he ate his supper with his fingers. I was faced with the very ordinary in the midst of the most extraordinary experience of my life.

I reflected on 1) that he knew exactly what had happened as soon as the door opened and they brought me in. Not a word from Nikolaus or Dick about why they were lugging me in. No concerned question from him "What has happened to David? Is he sick?" Just the flat statement "Ah! the bliss of God too much for David."

Like Meister Eckhart's stern disparagement of his students being overwhelmed by their first experience of ecstasy he showed me that an evolved man can sit and eat yoghurt with his fingers while all sorts of energy course through his body and can thus behave quite normally and act very ordinarily. The risen, glorious energy remained unseen, unflaunted like the Taoist master of our story where his student was not in control of his auric energy yet. This saved me a lot of glamour and all the problems that ego enhancement can cause. It was never discussed in any of the meetings and no one came up to me and ever asked what it was all about. Now, looking back, I find that curious, as I would have been eager to ask someone else if they had been rushed out of

the dining room like that. I suppose on that month the extraordinary was accepted as normal.

A Story

A guru decided it was his time to die. All his disciples gathered around him. Except his favorite disciple who had earlier gone to the market to buy the guru a cookie he enjoyed greatly. Other students ran to look for this disciple to tell him his guru was dying and had asked for him.

He had some trouble finding the cookie so his trip took longer than he had anticipated. The guru lying on his death bed would feel his awareness slipping out of his body and he would then bring it back, open an eye to see if his beloved disciple was there yet, so he could bless him and die. Not yet. Then the guru would again shut an eye, start slipping away.

Eventually the disciple came. The guru opened his eyes and, with an arm that was as steady as a sturdy branch, stretched out his hand to take the cookie the disciple fondly offered him. The disciples marveled that one about to die did not tremble as he stretched an arm out. A disciple said, "Master you are about to leave us so please give us some final wisdom we can treasure."

The master took a bite of the cookie, chewed a bit, smiled and said, "This cookie is delicious."

He was in the moment. Those were his last words for all to ponder.

When St Francis was about to die he asked a monk to go to ask St Clare for a burial shroud made of blue cloth he liked. The monk had just left when a parcel arrived from her with exactly what he wanted as well as some almond cookies he relished. That eminent ascetic, so tough on his body most of his life, died with the sweet grains of that cookie on his lips. I like to think that effected some reconciling with his body.

So I sat overwhelmed by my experience, feeling bodiless while Maharishi licked yoghurt with pleasure from his fingers. Reconciling the opposites!

Meditation is "pratyahara", a description likened to how the tortoise pulls its limbs into its shell. Just so the mind, the meditating mind, detaches from the outward direction of the senses and pulls the focus in. Once the focus is inward the natural inclination of the mind, when left alone, is to sink into its depths. The mind will do this and stay there for so long as the nervous system can maintain this energy. Likewise the nervous system, when a stress gets released, will pull the mind up and out again in thoughts.

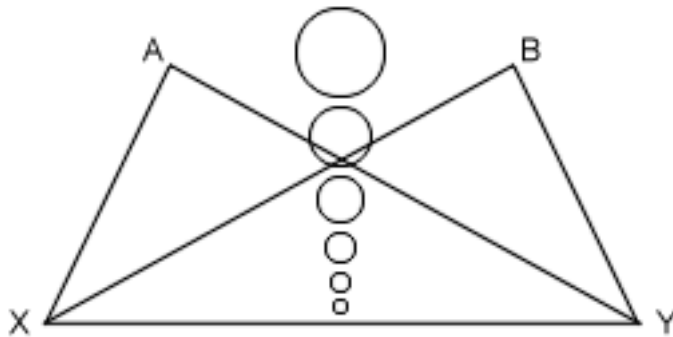
As the meditator gets habituated to this inner experience, this inner way of perceiving, inner perception can continue along with outer activity. If I focus on it, I can perceive trees with a blaze of gold all around them. It is a beatific experience, a sacred

sense of this golden energy that fills me with such awe so that sometimes I am almost too shy to look at it, as one would be if one came on a beautiful princess bathing naked in a stream.

Seeing this gold around the trees is a penetrating glimpse into profound intimacy. We humans are so inflated with our importance and our conception of our central place in the scheme of things. And yet there are the humble trees rooted in the Divine light of God and pouring it out into the world, while we arrogant humans, rootless and shallow, throw out our bad thoughts and competitive emotions like discarded rubbish

I have walked along a busy street with cars emitting their gases and looked up at a tree, seen all the gold and cried with the beauty and joy.

As your meditations and alchemical exercises cultivate your inner energy, as you accumulate this and raise it so too will your perceptions change.



In the bubble diagram awareness goes from the surface, the narrow focus of differentiated consciousness to the unbounded Silence of undifferentiated awareness. If at the point where the smallest bubble disappears into the All you drew a horizontal line XY then XY would symbolize the Infinite. If from XY you now draw a triangle up to the level of the largest bubble (surface consciousness) then XY and A represent you. XY is your depth, and A your most external aspect. Your individuality has come out of the unmanifest All. In some curious way the ever expanded, eternal Unmanifest All has been twisted into XYA – you!

If your awareness has never gone inside, beyond the horizontal level of A then your perceptions of the world will be on the level of A. You will feel no contact with XY, the All. In this way the unbounded in the act of creation seemingly gets contracted into a tiny finite point A, **you**.

If from XY you draw another triangle to a point B, then B is another limited focus and narrowing of the All into a separated individual. On the surface value of life there are a great number of points like A and B, for a start all the humans on earth.

All those humans (we will call them ABCD), whose consciousness is restricted to the upper most level, can relate to each other only at that surface level of consciousness.

That is all they perceive and therefore all the details of their lives, the details of their dramas are on that level. We **are** what we can **perceive**. There they will live and die except for any moment when their awareness slips a little into their depths.

On the surface value of ABCD etc there is no inherent, obvious natural connection of harmony. Often points A, B, C, and D are in direct competition and conflict with each other. They bump into each other and jostle and get jostled as they move about the world. That is ordinary every day human life. B, C, and D are perceived as clearly separate and different from A and often stand in opposition to what A wants.

This can lead to manipulation if A wants B, C, or D to change. Or he can try to force them to change. Do what I want or you will get bombed, or your aid will get cut off, you will lose my favor and get my disfavor etc. We get all those rigid structures that encourage or force the BCDE's of the world to live in ways that are acceptable to the group or another group (family, village, race, gender or religious affiliation etc) within which they live. Thus, in the mental body structures are formed (twisted) that promote a certain way of perceiving, thinking, judging and consequently acting. This is the only way some sort of harmony can be created on the level of ABCDE. There is no inherent harmony, no essential links other than the imposed ones.

(Harmony is an expression of an inner harmony flowing outwards. In Tai Chi you learn the movements externally. A teacher will help you construct the pose by external instructions. Gradually as all the necessary changes take place (physiological, emotional, mental and spiritual) the movement is begun inside and gets expressed outwards.)

We are encouraged to be sympathetic, compassionate and loving using a mental structure, ethics, to bring harmony and kindness to our lives. Points ABCDE are given ethical, moral values as guidelines. In some societies or families these are more than guidelines for there are punishments exacted for non-adherence; expulsion, banishment, torture or death. All aimed at bringing "harmony" into an essentially disharmonious realm. People go through life struggling to fit in; never fully able to be themselves because, as **themselves**, they are unacceptable in that society. Of course only the tyrants of life get what they want; except to be truly loved, for that will always escape them because, as we have discussed, their sense of being unloved is so vast (their very actions also guarantee that!) that this sense of being unloved can never be altered. They will always feel unloved.

Societies then get varying codes of behavior and, often, these are in conflict with those societies that have different structures. Children, women, homosexuals etc will get differently treated. In many ways the positive history of human society is an attempt to rise above the inherent differences as perceived on the level of ABCDE. We know that there are differences but try to minimize them by liberal policies.

On the other hand the negative history is, sadly, often a brutal attempt to stop the transcending of these barriers happening, an attempt to end all movement towards greater tolerance. Invade Tibet, convert the non Christians, smash down their culture, have

Inquisitions, ban the ANC, enforce house arrest, “disappear” the opposition in Chile, exterminate the Jews, blow up the Buddha Statues in Afghanistan, kill the infidels, isolate Cuba, create monopolistic financial empires, control money, the media, concentrate financial power, cheat in elections, enforce martial law, keep the rich rich and the poor poor, etc. Daily life in our world!

As A starts to meditate and deepen perception notice what happens. As A’s focus deepens from the surface value at a certain point his energy and those of B share a common area in the diagram. (The two triangles overlap). A perceives something essentially in common with B. He is not practicing love and compassion because he has been told that is correct. Through a change in his energy, a change in the way his system functions (which is what a change in energy causes) he perceives B differently. He is not acting cute and trying to see B as a point of light, a spark of the Divine. He has begun to do that naturally. The sense of connection to all, the sense of an essential harmony is expressed from inside out. It is an externally manipulated behaviour.

On the surface value of life A and B will always be different. They are different twists in the All. On the surface value of life those differences are valid. One same culture everywhere would be boring. Eliminating different cultures because cultural differences cause wars is a sad way to deal with the problem. Do we really for example want a fast food, American capitalist exploitative system to prevail? Actually it never could. There are not enough natural resources for everyone to live like the Americans who alone consume something like 35 % of these resources. So there will always be the rich and the poor, the dominant and the exploited for exactly as long as we perceive the world the way we do. It is not a question of educating ourselves to see differently or to live pretending that we don’t see life restricted to the value of ABCDE. If that is where our perceptions lie then all attempts to pretend we don’t see life like that is merely manipulating the facts, creating an illusion, a make belief that is not real at all. Now we can fool ourselves that while we actually **live** on the value of ABCDE, **intellectually knowing** we have depths beyond that makes a difference. It doesn’t not really. We can make a pretence of living as if we weren’t there (at level ABCD); that is a like a poor man buying round after round of drinks in a pub or, feeling rich, acting like a spendthrift. Anyone can sign a cheque for one million dollars but only the person with the million in his account will have his cheque met. You can struggle to be loving, but, if you aren’t a loving person, it is all a struggle and an act. You are attempting a loving role without the inherent nature to be loving. You will get guilty trying to live ethically while knowing you are an unethical person. You will force yourself to be nice when actually what you want to be is unpleasant.

When a child stamps his feet, crosses his arms, has a tantrum and bellows that is honest clarity in action. Most people, if they are truthful, will envy the child the ability to do that. Mostly we have to cloak it, hide it and let it seep into our lives like subtle poison, just as that organized crime truck let toxic sludge slowly run out on the highway during a rainy day. Our greatest fear is getting caught, not anxiety at the sad fact that is the way we actually are, emotional and mental polluters of the world. We are secretly awful but

publicly we act moral, a terrible split, and we are all like that. Poor Jimmy Carter and his confession of venal “playboy” thoughts.

As more people deepen their perception, in whatever way they find actually works for them, then more people will begin to really see, feel and have deeper levels and deeper values. Behaving spontaneously from those deeper levels will automatically allow the energy from that level to flow. If their structure of life is at the deeper level then the flow will be there too. If their structure is on the surface any attempt to flow as it if were structured deeper can’t be a flow at all. If water is at a deep level then a deep well has to be dug. You can force people to flow where there is no flow. You can’t expect a beginner in Tai Chi to have inner energy flowing. It just can’t happen. It will be miserable coercion and won’t work. Flow is not coercion. Coerced behaviour consumes energy and will soon dry up when the energy forcing it dries up. The Afrikaans have a saying, “knyp die kat in die donker” “to pinch the cat in the dark” which is to say you can be yourself only when you can’t be seen. When whoever is coercing you to be moral can’t see what you are doing then you are free to be yourself and pinch the cat.

This is, perhaps, a revolutionary way of looking at virtue. Don’t remain at level A and try to be better than A, but deepen your awareness and allow that deeper energy you gain by doing that to seep into your life.

Here I must give a big caveat. One’s spiritual journey is not only exploring the inner silent depths but, as we have seen, also exploring our attitudes etc. An essential complement to meditation is also conscious behavior. You really practice what you believe in. Just as you cultivate energy, you also cultivate compassion, humility, tolerance, acceptance, non-judgment and all that. What I am describing is not a free ride junket. We live by choices and we also grow by choices. A stalker has many arrows in his quiver. I will later deal with this important concept of stalking.

Everything in life hangs together. It might seem to the reader that we go round and round. We are doing exactly that. For truth is multi-faceted. All sides of the diamond have to be polished for sheer brilliance

We are born with an inherent amount and quality of chi, energy. This can be added to or subtracted from by how we live, like the talents in Jesus’ parable. We can add to our initial supply, what we have been given, by careful investment of our energy. We can also squander it till the little we have left is also taken away. How we invest our energy depends on the structures in our mental body. You can see the circular reasoning and how everything eventually interrelates. If you take any one leg of a table and pull it the whole table moves. Just so, by working on the physical body, the emotional body, the mental body and by cultivating energy and practicing intent we pull the table by all its legs in the direction we want. If you really want to go somewhere then it is wise to marshal all your resources.

How you see things will determine how you act. How you act will also determine how you see things. Perception depends on the quality of fuel in the system. As this fuel

becomes more sattvic, as your energy is purified then so also will your perceptions change.

It has been said, look at your body and you will see what your past was; observe your thoughts and you will see what your future will be. Our future is in the making and our future includes the quality of our perceptions. Like the savings bank slogan, "Build now for a better future." It is a gradual process of going a little deeper, chopping wood, mining copper and so on. Step by step. Being impatient is trying to rush it. There is a sense of urgency no doubt about that. The world is what we all make of it and the world at present is in a terrible plight, a plight that has been reached by a step-by-step process. It is time we change direction, urgently so and, step-by-step, move away from all the catastrophes stalking us. This will take a colossal effort on our part, we spiritual warriors who have girded ourselves for the battle. If you have read this book so far count yourself in that group of spiritual warriors, "admit it and admit All". (Rumi)

Changing one's perceptions takes energy, takes intent, takes warrior-like focus. It is more than fashion or whim or a hobby. It is to take one's destiny seriously. It also takes time, and time has its own destiny so you better work eagerly with what time you have left. For time is taking this planet on a roller coaster of a ride. All the little threads that have been sown by individuals are weaving a pattern that seems to have catastrophe woven into it. All eggs will be hatched and all birds come home to roost. What has been sown will be reaped. It is harvest time ladies and gentlemen and the wheat and chaff will be separated along with all that biblically prophesized wailing and gnashing of teeth. There is a larger destiny at work here than just your individual destiny. Cosmic forces are cooking the pot here on earth and if you can't sense the bubbling you are not in tune with the times. You are getting cooked any way

If you get your sense of identity from perceptions at point A then you live a very localized life. We are all localized to varying degrees. That seems to be the situation on the earth plane and there is not much we can do about that. As you deepen your awareness past A, by going within, and experiencing inner values of yourself you acquire a different sort of knowingness. Not everyone becomes psychic, although many have psychic, or intuitive, experiences, but irregularly so. It is difficult to understand why exactly there is this veil through which we see darkly and why, for an unknown reason, it is sometimes lifted. It seems to be the conditions placed on life here. I had thought of titling this book "Don't wait till you are dead to know who you are". From near death experience accounts it is clear death lifts the veil and most descriptions are of people being amazed at their own beauty, their bodies of Light and feeling immensely loved

One possible explanation is that life would be very difficult for humans if their minds were occupied with all the zillions of impressions that surround us. Our brains act as a filter to narrow the focus, our bands of perceptions. We have this veil and yet have to live and grow groping through dark.

I was doing Tai Chi outside, alone, once on my farm driveway and suddenly the veil was lifted and I saw a group of people smiling and waving at me, very happy at

seeing me, beckoning to me with their hands to come and join them. Being the sort of disciplined fellow I am I kept at my Tai Chi set and they all gradually vanished. I remember so well their pleasure at seeing me and have since wondered what exactly I would have had to do to join them; also what was the point of being allowed to see this.

In Cape Town I often had some fun on the telephone. For example a friend phoned early one morning and asked me if I could look up a phone number in the morning paper. It was under "items for sale" and he had left his paper at home. I found the advert, read it to him and gave him my own phone number (the one he had just dialed!) and not the one in the paper. I had one minute in which quickly to plan a joke. In his hurry and excitement he didn't realize he was dialing me again and when I answered I tried on a different voice, but, not being an actor, probably not too well but good enough to fool him. He asked about the item and I said, "Not so quick about the item, I have first some questions to ask about you. I am not selling this item to just anyone." I then proceeded to ask increasingly intimate and bizarre questions until he said, "This is some sort of joke isn't it?" I then owned up, said it was me and gave him the real number.

Some months later the phone rang and a women's voice said, "Hello Fred." Remembering my earlier fun, I thought it was my sister in law Anlenor playing a joke on me and replied, "Hello Carol" using the first name that came into my mind. We talked for a while and then she said, "You're not Fred are you?" I said, "No." and she then asked how I had known her name. This was years before the name display system you can now have. It could have all have been sheer luck (which seems unlikely) or it could, for some unknown reason, been a psychic opening, maybe just to show that Life has its own sense of humor too! Life is mysterious. It was, in any case, very insignificant. Carol and I never met and nothing important at all came out of this episode.

My friend Marie Naude made a pact with her companion; the first to die would try to come back to the living to show there was life after death. He died first and some months later she was meditating, sitting on her bed when suddenly he was there. He couldn't speak but his face was flushed as though very proud of what he had accomplished. She put her arms around him and gave a hug to his very solid body saying, "Now that you are here I am not going to let you go." Just then a nun walked in, shook a finger at her dead companion as if to say, "You've been a naughty boy!" and putting her palms together made a few upward movements separating the hands while she did some special breathing and the companion and the nun both disappeared.

I was given Marie's name by a German lady, Vera, whom I met on the plane coming back from my first meditation course in 1962. I was reading Aurobindo's "On Yoga". She saw the title as she walked down the aisle to the toilet. She was interested in these matters so we started talking. Enjoying her company I asked her where she was going to in South Africa. She said to visit her brother in George. I said, "Why that is only an hour's drive from where I live". We exchanged phone numbers and later she phoned and her brother and his wife organized my first course in TM, which I gave at the Theosophical Society in George. Her sister in law told me that when I went to Cape

Town I must look up Marie Naude. I said I intended to visit Cape Town in a few months, took down Marie's number and gave her the number of my friend Charles Winshaw (where I planned to stay) so that Marie could also phone if I forgot. Nothing detailed had been arranged with Charles yet.

After some months I drove to Cape Town, parked my car and decided to check if Charles was in before I carried my suitcase several flights of stairs down to his Clifton apartment. I rang the door. He opened it just as the phone rang. He answered the phone and then passed it to me. It was Marie Naude to ask if I had arrived yet! Intuitively she had chosen the moment to the very second for her call.

One day I was talking to Arnold Friederich who had been having some kundalini type experiences. As we walked to the door I put my hand on his shoulder and said, "Arnold you can really believe me when I tell you I know what I am talking about." He looked surprised and asked, "Why did you just say that?"

I said, "I just felt to."

He added, "because, just before you said that I was saying to myself what does David really know? Does he know what I am talking about?"

It was not as if I read his mind, saw his doubts and decided to reassure him, a psychic experience like that, but just speaking from a place of knowingness, quite naturally being "guided" to respond intuitively.

In the mid 1970's I went with my wife, Ingrid, to De Kelders, on the South African coast, the day before my birthday, to spend a weekend there. That night I dreamed of my friend Charles Winshaw. He had committed suicide with a shotgun some years earlier in Johannesburg. Charles was born the day before me. I had always felt I knew Charles from the inside, as we were so close astrologically. I saw the threads of his life that were so similar to mine- the tendencies, the attitudes and the capacities. I also recognized the pits Charles had fallen into that I had with good fortune avoided but to which I might, if I had been less me and more him, have succumbed.

Charles came to me in my dream. He looked dreadful, cadaverous, flesh and skin peeling from his face. I said very forcefully, "Charles! What do you think you are doing here? Get on with your evolution." I immediately did some sort of ceremony for him and with a similar breathing and hand movement as the nun in the earlier story made him disappear. It was interesting that that night was his birth date. You may call this just a dream but that wouldn't convince me. I have little doubt that Charles was earth bound since his suicide and, by Grace, I had helped him to move on.

I sometimes do a breathing meditation especially at night before sleeping. I breathe very gently and allow the breath to flow into the back of the nostrils towards the third eye area. This focuses a lot of energy there and you can see a very bright light ("jyotir" in sanskrit) behind the eyes and in the head. With shut eyes turn the eyeballs up

and in, as though squinting a little. This will help open subtle perceptions. Never struggle or try to force it though. Let everything takes its own course.

Animals also are sensitive to vibrations. Our German Shepherd dog, Judy, would growl every time Phyllis Birch came to visit my mother. Judy was friendly with everyone else so it was a mystery and embarrassing to us that she always growled at my mother's friend, who was a sweet elderly lady, always smiling and saying nice things. Phyllis would visit twice a week, have tea and biscuits. My mother, as was her wont, would discuss all the ins and outs of her turbulent emotional life, not censoring any intimate details. One day in the village a gentleman working in the hardware store took me aside and confidentially said, "One can talk about anything to friends. But bedroom matters should be kept private." That was the first suspicion I had that Phyllis would leave my mother and generously spread the intimate conversation all around the village. Judy wasn't fooled one bit by her smiles and affectionate manner. Judy knew that Phyllis was no true friend to my mother. Phyllis fooled us, but not the dog, who always growled at her and at no one else who visited.

I think people who teach Tai Chi and other energy orientated work probably inevitably become sensitive to the energy in people's bodies. You can feel via your own body what is happening in theirs and rejoice when they get the energy to flow and similarly suffer the unpleasant feeling of restriction when the flow is blocked. It helps immensely as a teacher to be able to do this. You can give better advice.

I was so pleased the other day when I asked my class to try to see energy intuitively while watching me as I demonstrated the Grasps Bird's Tail sequence and to tell me exactly when the energy began to move from my heart to my head. I was teaching the move from this perspective and trying to get them to understand the timing. I was thrilled when the class shouted out, "Now" at exactly the right moment. The next week I commented on how pleased I had been and how surprised I was they took the fact they could do it accurately so nonchalantly. They said they could do it because I helped them. I think they were helped in ways they still don't understand.

During my first few years of teaching TM my sensitivity was a nuisance. I often became sick after teaching someone. When you are open you are open and I seemed to have become a sponge for all the negative vibrations around me. When I next saw Maharishi in 1964 I told him about his and he laughed delightedly and said, "David you will become sick just walking down the road." And he was right.

Later on that course I went to see him one night as I felt to hang out in his room but when I opened the door and felt the vibrations of the people sitting there with him (I call it "a stones in my head feeling") I had to leave. Later when alone with him I asked him how he was able to stand it, sitting there with those people. He looked at me kindly but penetratingly and said, "David you have to distinguish between sensitivity which is good and weakness which isn't." He gave me no further advice. For long I struggled with this.

I read books which told one to build an auric egg shell around one. That appalled me philosophically. Who was I to cut myself off from others when the goal was unity? This sensitivity often led to uncomfortable situations where someone in front of me was going through the polite motions, social grease, but inside was feeling grumpy and irritable. I found it hard to relate to the quality of the words, which were fine, and not to the quality of the feelings, which weren't. Thus I found myself responding to the grumpiness and not the externally affable words. Extremely disconcerting!

In 1966 I was staying in a cottage of Charles Ferris, a clairvoyant Free Methodist minister. It was a beautiful Saturday morning. I was feeling on top of the world and was washing my Austin Mini Cooper. Charles drove up in his car and I said, "leave it there Charles. I'll wash yours at the same time." No sooner did I touch his car than I felt extreme resentment to him. I was greatly bothered by this. He hadn't said anything like, "While you are about it, what about washing mine too?" If he had, and I had felt obliged to wash it I could have explained my resentment. But when it was I, all happy, feeling expansively generous, that had made the offer I couldn't understand what could have caused this sudden resentment.

The explanation came a few weeks later. My star was rising and a lot of people had become interested in the TM meditation I was teaching. Charles's star seemed to be descending and he had recently given a talk to his group, some of whom had expressed an interest in learning from me, telling them not to let me teach them, saying that it would only make them psychic and that wasn't good for them. He was resenting me. Nothing of this he said directly to me, but he was making sure he kept his own flock. It was his resentment I felt as soon as I touched his car, although it was experienced as resentment back to him. I suppose in some way I was returning the energy he had put out towards me.

I was sad over this because our first meeting had been full of delicious promise. His wife had phoned me after seeing my advert for meditation classes. We had chatted and she had told me her husband was a Free Methodist minister. I asked where and said I would come to the church one Sunday. I went a few weeks later, a lovely Harvest festival. At the end of the service Charles was shaking the hands of everyone who left. He shook mine and before I said a word as to whom I was, there was a burst of light around us and we were joined together in this bubble of light. Charles knew then exactly who I was and immediately said they had so enjoyed my advertisement and could I stay for tea.

I have had this burst of light several times. It is like when separate drops of water running down a car's windscreen during rain suddenly coalesce and become one drop, or two bath bubbles become one. The membrane, or whatever it is that separates you from someone else, becomes transparent and you enjoy a sudden, unexpected, delicious unity. That breaking down of the barrier is experienced as delightful and causes a pop of light and in that light you are temporarily joined and share energy. This pop of light allowed Charles Ferris to know who I was and for me to know that he knew it.

It that shared area of the two triangles XYA and XYB that is experienced when A and B have deepened their awareness.

I have had many identical experiences.

Once in Maharishi's ashram in Rishikesh I came out of my room and saw a Swedish lad in the path. As we looked at each other there was a pop of light between his third eye and mine. He smiled. I smiled. We both knew it had happened. Neither of us talked about it though.

These anecdotes indicate what can happen as you deepen your perceptions by making your energy subtler.

Refer again to diagram 2. As you deepen your identity so also do you decrease the separation between you and all you perceive to the point where you feel some identity (can feel the energy) of the person being perceived. Lovers often report much the same, feeling so close you know what someone is thinking.

I think participating in that common energy space is what love is. Love is this sharing of energy. Moreover as you physically feel the other person you share in their life. I find one of my students might pop into my awareness during the day and I will feel what it is like to be in their body.

Once in Rishikesh my awareness was in the body of a woman (Marguerite Causley). I even looked out of her eyes and saw myself. My consciousness was in her body and seeing through her eyes. I told Maharishi about this and he said it was a very advanced experience. Advanced or not, it breaks down the concept of our separation and the limits of where I end and someone else begins. Furthermore as intimate as our body is to us it also indicates that this physical body is merely a vehicle, which we only temporarily use if someone else can, even if only briefly, inhabit it with us at the same time.

I was talking about localized consciousness. If we inhabit just point A, the very surface of our individual life, we are as localized as we can get as humans. At the point XY our awareness is now unlocalized. There is no longer the sense of David Fiske. This is often a relief. David Fiske has his problems; the XY into which David Fiske disappears knows nothing of these. Regrettably these problems only vanish while he is on the level of XY but are waiting to stalk him once again as he re-emerges and again becomes localized. This creates quite a dichotomy. A place that is problem free and then, coming out of it, again experience of the field of problems. There is no greater problem than one's own localized identity. Yet it is in this very field that we have to live. That is why we are here; though exactly why this is all so is one of life's mysteries. We will return to this in the chapter on stalking.

Localized and unlocalized, could there be two greater polarities for us to reconcile? And how to do this? Put the question another way who is going to reconcile

them. The “you” that is localized? What chance do you have? The localized you, is, as we have seen, living a life of separation, the surface values of life. The unlocalized you seems totally separate from this sphere. The unlocalized you is a Teflon man, all the dirt, the soil of individuality, drops off as you enter unlocalization.

Maharishi gave the answer in his analogy of dying a cloth yellow. A cloth is dyed fast yellow by dipping it into the yellow dye and then bringing it out to fade. The process of dying is constant repeating of this, fully yellow then out of the dye into the sun and fading, back into full yellow and so on until the cloth is saturated with yellow and will never fade.

One can look at it another way. Each time your awareness goes to Unbounded Being a certain bias is given to your awareness like the bias of a carpet bowling ball that turns in a particular direction when rolled. The more often you go there the greater the bias so that it becomes easier and easier to flow that way. Effortlessly and naturally the bias of your life takes you there. At a certain point it becomes so weighted that it never leaves where it is. You never flip back again. Like those toys that can’t be turned upside down because they immediately right themselves. You have lost your balance and regained your balance so often in your Tai Chi training that balance is automatically, and naturally, restored.

Who or what is doing this? Not you, because you can’t. You can try to and that is how you learn. But in this trying and failing and trying again, in this repetition, as we discussed right in the beginning of the book comes Grace. And Grace is when **you** stop, and **Life** starts. If you really stop, once and for all, then Grace will take over, Fully and Forever.

It is our notion that we exist as individuals, as point A that is the problem. We can take our identity as point A and enjoy and suffer as all points A must do. But when we allow the XY, the unbounded, to live the point A then **Life** lives and Life is a Unity without separation and knots and seams. There are no NOTS and No SEEMS any more, just IS. You have surrendered totally and fully, dropped that uncomfortable ball of problems never to pick it up again.

So the question we have to ask ourselves is “who the heck is in charge”? And why? It is the fundamental question and the goal of the quest of quests.

Who am I? Let us go to the next chapter.

Foot note *1

Kundalini is a powerful subtle energy that at some point in an individual’s growth will rise up a subtle channel (sushuma) inside the spine. It is connected with transformed sexual energy. It activates several points along the subtle channel (chakras). It is a physical energy and can be expressed very physically especially if the path of the sushuma is not clear. Gopi Krishna wrote of his adverse experience in his book

“Kundalini. The Evolutionary Energy in Man”, indeed got excessive mileage out of his one experience.

In my experience kundalini has, at times, been energetic but never caused fear or unpleasantness. Maybe it depends on the purity of the nervous system or, maybe, it is just good luck. I suspect drug use could make things tricky for some, as any drug experience leaves like an ash in the nervous system that has to get cleared out. No matter how expanded the awareness is after, for instance, smoking marijuana in the sense that awareness of taste, sound and sex are enhanced the price is that your expanded sense of liberated Self gets contracted so that, while on the one hand you can have subtle experiences (of a limited nature though), you also lose profound contact with your Wholeness. Maybe one day we will discover the Soma, which ingested brings inner radiance and leaves none of the messy “ash” from the fire.

The energy is associated with Shakti Power (the Power of the Goddess) who is rising to blend her energy with Siva (the Masculine force or God) in the top of the head. The blending of their energy is the lovemaking of Great Power.

It should be noted that my experience was not the result of trying to force the pace and deliberately raise my kundalini. Kundalini rose up when She was ready. The Union was ecstatically delicious.

Chapter 8

Who is the Boss?

We have seen the fallacy of thinking we are in control. The “I” that we think is in control is an “I” that is your inherent personality (genetic make up and individual quirks) mixed with non-inherent “I” elements, an amalgam of familial, social and cultural conditioning. Separating the “I” that is essentially you from all this added on clutter is difficult. How much of you includes some of the expectations of your parents, your religious teachers, your cultural heritage etc dumped on you? Jung has said that the unconscious mind of the parent is freely loaded onto the psyche of the children. It is handed over lock, stock and barrel, in the home air they breathe, in the silence of the breeding unconsciousness of the family.

I recently read an article by a black woman living in the United States who found it impossible to see herself apart from her blackness and the historical and cultural struggle to be black in the United States. Personal individual emotional traits, causing depression for which she would have enjoyed counseling seemed relegated to be less important than the ache of her racial history, which was a more significant depression. To think of her self as an individual worthy of attention apart from her package seemed, to her, to be a betrayal of her race’s painful struggles.

How we see ourselves depends also on how others see us. If they see our racial heritage as predominant then they relate to us primarily as a person of a certain colour. If we are seen as part of some other grouping, then our daily interactions become dominated by this factor. Furthermore, if the group to which we belong sees itself as essentially victims of society, regarded as inferior etc then that will colour how the members of that group see themselves as individuals.

I met a woman who told me she was an abused child and had, consequently, an abused personality. I asked her what abuse she had suffered. She said her mother had shouted at her. I asked if she had been naughty and she said, “Yes.” She had, evidently, been a rebellious child and incurred her mother’s wrath. She had fallen in with a group of child abuse victims who had convinced her she was a victim too. We all have been shouted at, and sometimes unfairly so, but that does not constitute such an abuse that it makes you define yourself as an abused victim. To allow that hat to be placed on your head is to forego any right to choose who you are yourself; is to, unconsciously, take on the group’s biased slant on life.

None of us has escaped this in one way or another. It might not be as extreme as the many of the Palestinians or the Jews who grow up “educated” to hate each other, or the old style Christians who are so fundamentally superior and very right. Scratch most orthodox religions and you will discover that the fundamental sense that they think they are better than others. I read that one of the Viceroy’s of India who was deeply interested in the Indian religions and philosophies once asked a well-known guru and Brahman pundit to put the tilak mark on his forehead. The pundit reflected a bit and said he would

do it with his toe and then immediately take a bath. The white man, viceroy or not, was, to the orthodox Brahman, essentially a very dirty person, and for the pundit to touch him with his finger was unthinkable, so he would do it only with his toe, not a finger, immediately followed by a rapid cleansing bath.

I was invited to eat at the home of some Brahmans in Calcutta and was embarrassed when they served me the meal and would not eat with me at the same time. In their beliefs I was an unclean person. They told me they would eat after I had left! Putting food in their mouths with me present was offensive to their beliefs. Some blacks in South Africa would have crockery only to be used by their white visitors. No black lips had ever touched it.

It takes conscious effort to extract oneself out of all this stew. It takes energy and intention. Yet, if one wishes to discover who one is, it is indispensable. For a start, one must refrain from feeding the fire of the prejudices that make up this identity. Wars start over prejudice and offended honor. We live in times where this is all too obvious. There are so many divisions in society and each seeks your support in the competition of living. Try to be yourself and try to avoid taking sides in any struggle that isn't really yours. Don't fall for the emotional propaganda and the guilt placed on you for not being part of the group and the herd psychology.

What makes this harder is our Aristotelian social appetite. We like to belong. Community is important. How to feel community, enjoy it and yet avoid the prejudicial inoculations of the community, the inevitable cloak of bias a community places over our shoulders. You are one of US, we are told with a warm inclusive embrace; with all the natural pride and awful, imprisoned narrowness of perceived identity that communal embrace brings. How fortunate are those who live in a diverse community and can identify with the richness of this diversity.

It is lonely to be yourself, on the path" less traveled."

To see yourself only from the perspective of how others see you is to put yourself at great risk. If I get my identity from the others then how they respond to me gives me an identity. Am I not something in my own right? To seek and express this is to refuse to just be seen as a role, a mother, or a househusband. No one likes to be seen just as a role, the picker up of clothes, maker-of-meals, organizer-of-home life etc.

If how you feel about yourself (your identity) comes from others then you are vulnerable to their swings of approval or disapproval. You should have an identity apart from how you are seen. Many teenagers go through a period of trying to establish an identity separate from their family, but, of course, and naturally so, an identity constantly and strongly influenced by their peers.

All this work we need to do aims at our discovering your ego as distinct from group. Now your ego is in charge. Your ego is boss. It loves it there. It takes directing

your life as its job description. Let us try to understand why, for this situation is still far from a good one.

When, for reasons that are mysterious, the All differentiated itself into form and individual awareness, when YOU were created, that you was, for a while, snuggled close to the bosom of the All. However the process of externalization meant your moving further and further away from Source. This experience is paralleled by that of a baby starting to experience itself as separate and different from the mother. The baby at first sees itself, experiences itself, as a continuation of the mother's body. It takes a while for it to get an identity different from the mother. As we are thrust away from the Being of the All, our Universal Mother, we experience a great loneliness. This is a huge, cosmic loneliness. Along with this birthing of our individuality comes a sense of our having being judged. We have been thrust out of the home, the warmth of the Embrace of the All. The only reason we can think of why this happened is that we must have been not good enough, not lovable enough, otherwise we could have stayed warm, cuddled and suckled in the Embrace of the All.

How to survive this situation, alone and separate, forced now to cope with unexpected difficulties, struggling to survive amidst competition and conflict, like a foundering rudderless ship? Who will lead us? Take control? The ego, brave stout fellow steps up and says, "I'll give it a shot." So the ego tries to help by controlling and directing. It becomes the Captain in stormy conditions. This is an admirable plan, worthy of a medal, but it has serious flaws. The ego is a good Captain, but only for so far. Yes, the ego helps you marshal your resources. It is an essential step to becoming an individual and getting created as you. You and your ego, how to separate them? Weak ego = weak person. Weak person = many problems in the hurly-burly of life. Strong ego = strong person. So your energies get centered round the ego. Your desires and ambitions get centered there too. Your ego enjoys as you succeed and suffers when you fail. It is a tough job but the ego feels obliged to do it. It stands by you through all the thick and thin of many lives. It has become important. It feels this. Strong ego means big sense of importance, big sense of indispensability. It demands respect from lesser egos and fawns before stronger ones, or rebels too. It is the glue that holds all the parts of you together. It directs your life and via your mental body structures your future.

Once the ego has been well formed, once you have become well individuated, and this is necessary for evolution of consciousness, there is another step to growth. Growth now wants to take you back to the All. Creation is the separation and then re-union of the separated, one of life's cosmic mysteries. The ego is essentially a separating function. It keeps you from being the same as all the other bits in the stew, so that life is not just a silly mess, rather a vital creative process with the individual bits being important. For the merging back with the All the ego has to stop its bossiness, because now its bossiness, which was necessary for survival and individual growth, becomes the barrier to reunion.

You can't just dump the ego. Throw it away like Rumi's dirty dishrag of duality. Life is a process of going a little deeper, and honoring the steps on the way. The ego has to be thanked for all it has done. To do this, sit comfortably, shut your eyes, breath slowly

and consciously and, if you can, allow your soul to embrace you. Feel the immensity and the love of your soul for you. Feel cradled by it, secure in its cuddle. The mind will become very quiet and the heart will feel expanded. Then thank the ego for all its efforts. Tell it that you appreciate what it has done in difficult times and circumstances but you now give the directing of your life to the All, to God. Tell it that it can become transparent to the whispers of Eternity (like Hildegard von Bingen's "I am a feather on the breath of God"); that as God blows so the feather will move. Lift up the energy of your heart and offer it up. Let the controlling need to direct your life be given away. Give up your struggles. Let it all go.

I do a breathing exercise (a kriya), which I was taught on a shamanic course. For this I sit cross-legged, but, whatever the position, you must be comfortable without any strain in your abdomen. The breath is taken bhasrika style (yoga bellows breathing). To do this you force little breaths out by contracting your abdomen and when you relax the air comes in. It is done very rapidly, through the nose and the air will make a sharp noise. (It will be useful to have a yoga teacher verify you are doing this correctly). The breaths are little. You try to avoid hyperventilating. It is not a chest heaving exercise but abdominal. You can put your hand on your belly to feel how it contracts, going in and out with the rapid, short breaths. The arms are stretched above the head in a V shape and the thumbs are stretched out in a 90-degree angle to the rest of the hand, which is in a fist. (The stretch between thumb and forefinger is called tiger's mouth in Tai Chi.) The thumbs point towards each other arcing over the head. You put your mind on your third eye. This exercise can be done for 1 minute, 3 minutes, or 5, 7, 11 or 21. The arm position is held constantly, elbows straightened, the thumbs extended. Eyes are closed. I keep my tongue touching the hard palate. This kriya takes a lot of grit, as you will discover. If you like, you can practice the breathing without the arms extended (but lying on your lap) until you can do this without strain. If you have an injury that prevents you having the arms above the shoulders then just imagine they are doing this. Don't sit cross-legged if that is difficult. There is already enough strain involved in the rapid breathing. Your abdomen must be soft so it can contract and expand rapidly. I don't bother with the exact minute timing but I was taught those periods of 1,3,5 7,11 or 21 minutes. Breathe rapidly in and out in spurts with the attention on the third eye.

When you have had enough you stop the rapid breathing and take a deep full breath, again doing the two locks, anus pulled up and chin in, awareness still in the third eye region and the arms and thumbs still extended. You hold this position and the full breath for a long time then exhale fully, chest first and down to belly. Do this a second time. Then the third breathe, hold it for a little while and then lower your aching arms. I often first do the earlier taught bending forward breathing exercise, followed by the Tibetan exercise for raising energy breathing and then this kriya. This kriya was called an ego reducing exercise. It can expand the awareness beyond ego.

After the third breath you can lie down, trying to time the lying down so that your final exhale happens as you lie down on your back, arms out at your side. Feel that you now die. Complete relaxation, like a corpse. Eyes closed. Allow the breathing to be completely natural. You can often feel a humming in the ear and in the body. Maybe light

in the head. After 3 minutes you can sit up and meditate. I generally don't lie down but go straight into my meditation. Try both and vary as you feel like.

We are not trying to drop the ego. The ego is there to give you an identity. Without it you would be like any other fall leaf lying in a pile on the compost heap. We want the ego to be there. I am supposed to be David Fiske and not John Smith. We want, however, the ego to be transparent to something transcendent to it. We want the larger Power to illuminate the ego and thus the individuality. You are not trying to bash your ego into non-existence even though the ego can be, for most of us, a mixed blessing.

For many years, during spiritual and psychological struggles I felt I was playing the game of musical chairs and was between chairs i.e. I could not identify myself with what everyone else seemed happy to do, ordinary, banal human existence. That seemed too trivial. My life seemed to carry a heavy existence and I wanted to fly. The narrow, circumscribed me was filled with what I called the ancient sadness of being David Fiske. This was that sadness that dated back to separation from the All. I was between chairs. Not content or able to sit on the chair I had already left and not able, but wanting, to sit on the chair that was still beyond me. The ancient sadness of being David Fiske, sad at who I was; alone and bouncing on a sea of separated waves. No sense of identity with the Ocean.

The ego gives one an identity with that anciently sad David Fiske. You feel that is all you are. Nudged further along this pilgrimage of ours we can come to a sense of the More, the 'Other' beyond all the waves, lying deep and silent, the Mighty Ocean.

For me to know connection with the All I must feel my little me less concretely. The little "I" is that point A in diagram 2. The Big "I" is identified with XY the Infinite. The little "I" struggles to cope and keep on whatever course it sets. The little "I" suffers and enjoys its disasters and its triumphs. The ego is in charge of little "I" life.

Thus not only do you need to separate the ego from all that is dumped on it, your social, psychological and cultural identity, you also need to discover the beyond-ego "You". This large "I" is found through surrender. Having polished your ego, having made your physical, emotional and mental bodies works of art you hand them over to the All saying "not my will but Thine."

Of course the process is not necessarily so distinct. In life we don't just chop wood until we mine copper and so on. We do bits of all of it from time to time. Even while we mainly polish the ego we can also, at times, be surrendering. We do, truly, live between the two chairs and also sit now on one, now on the other.

It can be confusing; job, money, family life, worldly ambitions along with an increasing hunger for something completely different. There is competition for precious time by these interests. Who are you? Well, at different times you are different things. You are stalking yourself in the dark jungle of confusion. Not knowing, but sensing in the beyond, in the darkness the something completely different. This 'Other', this Beyond,

comes with the word NOW as in “and NOW for something completely different.” The Power of the Beyond gets discovered along with discovery of the power of NOW.

Power comes from energy, from cultivating energy.

Dance and hop your musical game to the next chapter.

Chapter 9

Cultivating Energy and Gaining Power

I cultivate energy by doing my forms, Tai Chi, Broad Sword, Lok Hup Ba Fa, Hsing I and Dayan Chi Kung. These, when done well, exercise all the three bodies. You can't learn these properly from a book or even from a video, so don't waste your money. The only way to learn them is in a class situation and, moreover, over a long period of time from a competent teacher. These forms are energy producers. Much exercise makes you sweat and takes energy. But internal exercising, when you have got it right, leaves you feeling more energetic than when you started. I find that after the last movement, the bow, and then the standing still, feeling bubbles of light dancing through my body provides the reward for all the moving. The body feels so grateful for what I have done for it. Standing there feeling this gratitude and the fullness of energetic Light inside is a wonderful way to end an exercise. It is the pay off from having done the form and shouldn't be rushed or neglected.

Sometimes I get the class to do a standing meditation before we practice a form. This quiets the mind and brings a ball of energy into one. Then, as we do the form, I talk in a way that is conducive for the class to maintain this gentle attitude. Arms floating up and down effortlessly, body like seaweed in a warm tidal pool being gently moved by the current, back and forth, no effort, no strain, body moving as if in a dream, half not there, not trying to get the form perfect, not working hard, allowing something other than you to get expressed in the dance.

I cultivate energy by breathing exercises. G.K Chesterton wrote a Father Brown story in which Father Brown sat on a park bench and the villain he was seeking voluntarily came to sit by him. When asked how this had been done Father Brown replied that between him and the culprit was a line and even if the villain went to the end of the earth Father Brown by a twitch on the line could bring him back. Between God and us is a line and with a twitch of this line we get united. This line is the breath. It is a fine link, which if pursued all the way back gets us to God. As we have already discussed God breathes us in and out and this essential fact is linked to our own breathing.

Here is another one exercise.

Sit comfortably and do what the Taoists call reversed breathing. As you breathe in you pull in the stomach and as you breathe out you extend it. It is called reversed breathing because the slight sucking in of the abdomen as you breathe is the opposite of what is usually done. So also the pushing out of the abdomen as you breathe out. Have your tongue touching the hard palate, just above the teeth and with the teeth not touching. Try to allow the breath to make a slight sound, like a baby breathing, (not a hard snore but the same mechanics) by slightly closing the epiglottis. This rasping sound can stimulate the pituitary and the pineal glands. Imagine energy rising up the spine with the raspy in in-breath (the slight sucking in of the abdomen will pull a little on the anus), energy ascending up the spine and over the head to the top palate. Then with the raspy

out-breath, the energy goes down via the tongue connection to the top palate over the chest and back with a little curve round the base of the spine.

Pulling in the abdomen facilitates the curve at the top over the head and the extending the abdomen helps the curve round the base of the spine. You can hold your hands, left palm on top for men, right palm on top for women. Both genders have the middle fingers extended so they touch the opposite palm, right middle finger touches the left palm in the middle, and the left middle finger touches the middle of right palm. Thumbs touch.

The rasping of the breath is the least important addition if you find it hard to do. Allow the breath to be easy but full. It is a not deep breathing exercise. The air does fill belly, mid-chest and top lungs, but easily so. Similarly with exhaling, gently exhale from top, to mid chest to belly. You may find the third eye glows.

In Taoist Internal alchemy the right ear, right brain, is the green dragon. You may hear a humming sound in the right ear. The left ear, left brain, is the white tiger. You may hear a static buzzing, like crickets in the left ear. By putting the middle fingers in the given position you aid the “copulation” of the green dragon and the white tiger. The union of the green dragon and white tiger is effectively a balancing of the right and the left hemispheres of the brain. The sounds are an indication that energy is moving. For me the left ear is not a tiger’s roar, but gives me the impression of a dark jungle floor with insects crackling and the white tiger stealthily stalking across it.

Meditation is a way of cultivating energy, ultimately probably the best way. As one also needs exercise there is an advantage in having a form of exercise that has a two-pronged effect. It is said that the Shaolin forms came from Boddhidharma (called Damo by the Chinese) who felt his monks were becoming unhealthy sitting for such long periods in meditation. So he devised exercises that not only kept them healthy but were also compatible with a meditative life style. The physical exercises would complement the meditation exercises. Moreover, as they were also martial arts, the monks were given a way of self-defense for when they went on long journeys alone.

In my school the martial art aspect is very secondary. I do talk about it because generally if the move is done correctly it is not only good for self-defense but also for health. If you can get energy moving correctly in the body that is the essence of self-defense and of good health. I have a friend, Eric, who teaches another form of Tai Chi (Chen) and he wisely said that he has met more people who got hurt in a club doing martial art forms than people who got hurt being attacked in the mean streets. Wrenched knees from kicks etc. So, he says, some martial arts may be more dangerous for one’s personal safety than not doing them! This is not to put them down so please don’t take offence. And if you do, see Eric for he is better capable of defending his position, one way or another.

I like to tell my class the biggest enemy is ill health. Death is stalking each one of us. Thus we do these forms as a defense against ill health. Cultivating energy is eminently productive of good health. There is so much to learn in life that if we can

prolong our lives and maintain a zestful vitality we have a better chance to learn more of it before we die.

I do Falun Qong. These are exercises promoted by Li Hongzhi and can be downloaded from the Internet. (<http://www.falundafa.org>). You can also buy the book. I have attended a few of their seminars. The practitioners are kind, gentle and generous people. Money doesn't easily change hands for their knowledge. It is given free. However I would be wary of the cult like quality of their devotion and the streak of fundamentalism that discourages any practice other than their own. Also a tendency, like AA groups, to confess, in great detail, how bad they were before they began the practice. Also don't practice Falun Qong publicly in China, unless you want the experience of a Chinese jail! The practitioners there are cruelly persecuted.

I have been taught several Chi Kung techniques which I teach in my school. Standing meditations, walking meditation and a waist Chi Kung, which is a shaking exercise. I also do some yoga postures and prana yama. I learned some kriyas (breathing meditations) on a shamanic course.

One can't do everything! So one has to balance the time one has sensibly between all of them and concentrate on what is working well for you.

Now that we are cultivating energy how do we turn it into Power, for, as we have discussed, energy, in itself, is not power. A big question, but for us a simple answer. You already have the tools and the knowledge. You take the energy, brimful and keen and with focus and intent cultivate all the qualities we have discussed, compassion, forbearance, attitude, perspective, reconciliation of the opposites, good deeds. Engage in life fully. Live mindfully and also live heartfully. Energy spent in these activities becomes power. As you lose the bias of narrow judgments and prejudice, as you open up to wider perspectives, as you free yourself from the past and stop dreaming of the future, as you live now, as you allow the ego to become transparent to Something Larger and Other, so you acquire Power.

Life will test you and provide you with appropriate lessons. Engaging in your life in this alert, attentive way draws Power. Remember what Master Moy said: "the doors to higher power are shut to those who don't work on attitude."

Power is spherical, contained and to get power one must become rounded. All those edges that trip one up have to be rounded. If you constantly fantasize about a brilliant, successful future you are wasting energy and losing power. Power means being present with everything in your life, owning all that you are, being just as you are. Hooks to the past or hooks to the future drain power away. You can't unhook yourself from the past and fully engage in the present without doing the work we discussed in the 1st, 2nd and 3rd chapters. Don't fool yourself that you can simply make a mood of power and thus cultivate it.

Don't deceive yourself that if you misuse power there aren't consequences. Don't think you can behave free of consequences. Proper training is to become disciplined. Spontaneity comes from discipline. A dancer or a musician has practiced disciplines that support their ability to be spontaneous and creative. Just acting the way you feel without the training that becoming disciplined gives you is to allow compulsions and greedy desires to reign.

Someone who is acquiring power and who has also not spent time in this discipline can have tragic consequences on others.

There is the Sufi story of a King who had been battling rebels for 15 years in his Kingdom. He had met the leader of the rebels several times in battle but neither had ever prevailed. One day, while fighting, the rebel leader fell and the King's sword was immediately at his throat. The rebel looked at him and spat at him. The King shut his eyes momentarily and then put his sword back in its sheath. "We will meet again tomorrow," he said.

The rebel quite nonplussed at this shouted out, "Hold it! Not so fast. For 15 years we have fought and now for the first time you had me at your mercy and you did not kill me. I demand to know why."

The King said, "Yes, it is true we have fought for 15 years and during that time I wanted to kill you. But I was never angry with you. I was about to kill you this morning. Then you spat in my face. I became angry. For the first time in 15 years I was angry with you. I could not kill you, for my training taught me to never kill in anger."

The rebel, impressed, said, "You have won any way, for tomorrow I will no longer fight you, but become your student."

That is real discipline, overcome by intense emotion and yet capable of restraining yourself.

When you read the stories of how teachers with some power have used it to manipulate their followers in one abusive way or another you can deeply regret they never did their homework thoroughly, that they hadn't cultivated virtues along with their power. Power corrupts unless the power holder has been trained in discipline.

Be wary if you desire power to impress, I have learned a very valuable lesson.

Know your power.
Use it wisely.
Keep quiet about it.

All three are important. You must know what your power is. As you cultivate energy use that energy to cultivate power. Through cultivating virtues you discover that virtue is a power in itself. You can't cultivate power thoroughly without cultivating

virtue. Virtue gives power. Virtue is power. Power without virtue is venom, a poison that endangers the power holder. The misuse of power has dire consequences and sets the student back in his evolution.

Knowing your power you must use it wisely. It is not a talent to be kept hidden but a wealth to be shared. However it is not to be flaunted for self-glory, to earn approval etc. Those are lessons best learned before you have power so that you are not tempted when you are powerful. Oscar Wilde said, "I can resist anything but temptation." Power can bring its own field of temptations.

Having used it wisely, don't talk about it. Keep quiet. That is wisdom. It is natural to want attention, to have people know what you have done. Lao Tzu told of the sage who came to a village and totally transformed it, but in a subtle way, so that the villagers thought they had done it all themselves. That is so very wise. Firstly if you draw attention to the power you have used some people will resent you greatly. They are, perhaps, envious, or dislike having things done for them. You will have, unintentionally, made enemies of them. Secondly, and just as important, others will start bothering you for your help.

Rajneesh said it is easy to become extraordinary. You just have to work for it. But to be extraordinary and yet appear as ordinary is a rare gift. Taoism is full of stories such as the big strong oak that is cut down for its wood while the ugly gnarled tree gets spared, for its wood is useless and no one wants it. The ignored survive but the popular don't. The saying is that the tallest trees catch the most wind, generally meaning attracting the criticism. Standing out attracts attention. Appearing ordinary is to keep your power secret.

Keeping quiet about your power when it is used is probably the hardest rule to learn and remember. Break it and you will definitely get a sharp lesson. No one needs to know. I remember so well rationalizing that I needed feedback; that I needed to know that someone had felt the power I used so I could confirm I was doing it correctly. It is a slippery slope that. Don't look for approval, for admiration. Do what you feel is wise, and shut up. If you are a man and women come up with smiles and glad eyes just pretend you don't notice. Be friendly, affectionate but don't notice the vibe being put out. More than one guru has succumbed to that, and one fall has lead to another. For power should not be used for vainglory. Best of all, power in its use, its displays should just happen. You feel less that you are manipulating forces and feel more that Grace is happening. You let it, and, like everyone else, wonder in the miracle. Don't let yourself be set up as an idol. The world has a history of smashing its idols. Loved one day and despised the next.

Before we discuss the important topic of stalking your power I want to tell you some anecdotes of Maharishi.

Next chapter.

Chapter 10

Maharishi Mahesh Yogi- some anecdotes.



Author's first meeting with Maharishi July '62

I was fortunate that I met Maharishi in 1962. The SRM (Spiritual Regeneration Movement) movement was small and he was accessible. I had received a telegram before departing the UK for a meditation course in Hoch Gurgl Austria that my father had been hospitalized in South Africa seriously ill. I was so keen to go on the Austrian course and was torn between that and returning back to South Africa immediately. I went to Austria. Jemima Pitman and Henry Nyburg, who were both very close to Maharishi, were apprised of my situation. They introduced me to Maharishi as soon as he had arrived so I could discuss it with him. He is not a hand shaker, doesn't touch people, but he immediately took both my hands in his and held them and asked me if my mother knew where I was and could reach me. I said, "Yes", He said, "Stay until you hear more." I stayed the whole month, in fact, I was even able to go back to the UK and spend time with him there and take my flight as originally scheduled to South Africa. It was a four-day Trek Airways flight stopping in Malta, Kano, Windhoek and then landing at Johannesburg. My father died during the flight.

During the course I was in the back of the hall during a lecture talking to John Homes who had been on the first Indian course held to train teachers of TM. I suddenly felt a strange sensation in my head, pleasant and gentle as though someone with soft fingers was examining its contents. It reminded me of those dentists whose fingers are amazingly gentle in the mouth. I turned to Maharishi who was looking at me. I stopped talking!



Author in India 1969

When I was in India (at the Rishikesh Academy) a young Swede told me this story. He was walking down to Maharishi's compound after the evening lecture, as many did, to hang out, musing a little angrily, as he did as to why he had to take his shoes off to see him. Who, he thought, is this Maharishi that I must take my shoes off for him? He arrives on the porch and starts to take his shoes off but they won't come off his feet. He struggles for half an hour to get them off, crawling all over the ground and thus "debasing" himself more than the simple courtesy of taking off his shoes. A lesson in humility!

In those days Maharishi could, on occasion, take criticism. I haven't seen it often but I have seen it. In 1964, in Wiesensteig, a few of us were working on his book "The Science of Being". I say "we" because Maharishi gave me bits to comment on but I think

the comments were all ignored and that he just wanted me there and kindly wanted me to feel useful! It was Carnival time. One morning we heard from his bedroom the noise and singing and shouting of the parade in the village below. Maharishi dismissively said "NNNH! That shows the level of their consciousness." Jemima Pitman, who must have been in one of "those" moods, lost her cool. "What have you read of Western philosophy that you can just say NNNH!? Shows the level of their consciousness? What have you read? What do you know?" She went on and on and Maharishi chastened kept saying, "You're right Ma. You're right Ma" while she waded into him. Then he got up from his bed to show some interest in seeing what was happening and when he saw an elephant float he said, "Look! They've brought an elephant all the way over from India for the parade." He got quite excited, even though I said it wasn't a real elephant. The subject of the level of the consciousness or the carnivals was dropped!

To complete the picture I must also add that years later Jemima (we called her Nanny Pitman for she was like a nanny to Maharishi) evidently scolded him again and he banged the table and told her firmly "Don't speak to me like that!" She told me she had deserved it.

On my first Hochgurgl course in 1962 a German lad got furious when he disagreed with what Maharishi was saying about Yogananda's techniques. He picked his chair up and threw it on the floor and walked out of the hall. Maharishi laughed heartily and said, "That shows spirit!"

At Wiesensteig we explained to the innkeeper that Maharishi was vegetarian. He assumed that he was not eating meat on doctor's orders for he couldn't believe anyone



Maharishi & model planes

would do so voluntarily. So he winked at me and said, "but we can put a little bacon in his Brussel sprouts can't we?" as a way of cheating the doctor and helping the poor Maharishi who was being denied proper food! To be safe I told him Maharishi would die if anything like that happened!

In the summer of 1964 Count Blucher took Maharishi to see a toyshop near his German home. Maharishi particularly enjoyed the radio controlled model planes. The store's owner who had answered many questions said that, as he was so interested, the club was meeting

that afternoon and he could join them. Maharishi said he would most appreciate seeing them.

So after lunch we drove there. It seemed that the object of the participants was to get the planes to climb as high as possible before their little engines ran out of fuel. Then they could glide, gradually losing altitude. Maharishi said, "No, No. Make them go like

this." He demonstrated with his hands he wanted a steep dive and a skim just above the ground in full throttle. I could see the fun in that, more fun than circling up and up.

He chummed up with one of them and discussed importing planes to India. The man offered to come and see Maharishi the next morning, a Sunday. It was all arranged.



Maharishi

Bright and early we all met in Maharishi's room. I asked Maharishi what he wanted the planes for. He said he wanted them to hover above the meditation academy all day. They make a dreadful racket so I said it seemed a horrible idea to do this in the quiet of the Rishikesh forest. He said, "the saints would come from miles around to see the planes once they heard them."

So they discussed plans and Maharishi, as he can when he gets creative and full of fun, decided he would also like radio controlled motorised ducks that could skim across a pond. I imagined him crouching behind reeds controller in hand startling visitors. It might have even gone further in extremity but I sort of tuned out of the subject. Nothing, fortunately, came of the idea.

All this was discussed with as much seriousness and as much hilarity and bouncing on his bed as he applied to anything profound, such as commenting on the Gita etc. He is a fun person.

Some anecdotes to show Maharishi as an "all rounder."

- 1) Maharishi as unintentional master of anonymity: accounts received at the London UK centre in 1960 addressed to:
M.M.Yogi Esq.,
- 2) Maharishi as businessman: speculating on butter on a commodity exchange with Walter Weiss in 1963 or 1964
- 3) Maharishi as comic, just one example: debating with Jemima Pitman the distance to somewhere. She said it was far. He said it wasn't. "I could walk it," he said. "It would take you two hours," said Jemima. "Oh Ma", he ripostes, "You wouldn't have me suffer da feet."
- 4) Maharishi as sports coach: encouraging me to go skiing with Count Blucher while in Wiesensteig. I say I have never skied. "It's easy," Maharishi says. "All you do is this," making polling motions with his arms. I went and fell so often and struggled so hard to get up I got a headache that lasted a day.
- 5) Maharishi as counselor: message received back in South Africa in 1962: "tell David not to be in a hurry to get married. I want him to evolve as fast as possible."

6) Maharishi as matchmaker. Message received a year or two later." Tell David not to marry until he has met Tina Olson." (I hope I got her first name right!). I never met her.

7) Maharishi as life style guide. Message received in South Africa. "Maharishi wants you to learn Spanish and get your air pilot's licence." I did neither, being a bad devotee! I think he wanted me to spread TM in South America flying myself around.

8) Maharishi making life hard for the customs and David in 1964."Tell David to bring all the TM audio tapes from the UK to the course in Germany". There was a huge trunk of them. I left on Boxing Day and had to phone for a taxi to come from miles out of London to where I was staying as no-one was working the morning after Christmas. At the station, delayed by the taxi problem, arriving in a panic just before the train left the customs flipped when they saw all the tapes and told me I should have come over an hour earlier to get them cleared.

9) Maharishi as psychometrist (touching something to know more about it). Going through the tapes to sort them out I read the titles out and he says, "Let me hold them it helps me know what they are about." I give him a tape. He holds it." Oh yes that was a beautiful lecture. I said."..." and he started to tell us what he had lectured on. Amazing!

10) Maharishi unfazed by black magic. Question on one of these tapes probably Bangkok or Rangoon 1957 or so;" I will become a devotee if when I send you a host of spirits you can turn them back." Peals of laughter from Maharishi:" And what if they don't even come?!"

11) Maharishi as an expert in getting people active after a course to shake them out of their quietness by organizing a group photo and having people carry chairs all over the place and constantly change positions putting now this person then that person in front or behind. By the time he was finished everyone was grumpy - except him who had enjoyed it all immensely.

12) Maharishi as subtle replier to questions. This one posed by an ancient French woman, who had incidentally left in a fury when she wasn't given a front seat for the group photo in Hochgurgl. She had been a lion tamer once if you please. She asks Maharishi," Those of us who are married when should we have intercourse?" Stunned silence. Maharishi replies, "We always eat AFTER meditating." No one knows if he understood the question thinking perhaps intercourse had something to do with meal course. I could imagine her as a lion tamer pulling her husband who was tiny into a closet for her "meal."



Crossing the Ganges

13) In similar vein Lesley J (1969) talking about a wet dream in Rishikesh and asking a question about the effects of that. Maharishi in peals of laughter." You mean you dreamed you fell into the Ganges?"

14) Maharishi as the silent receiver of a dubious compliment. A Japanese meditator in Rishikesh, " Maharishi I love you so much. You are just like Hitler."

15) Maharishi as subtle manipulator.

When course participants at the first Indian course complained about the flies in the kitchen he went to the kitchen. As he comes in all the flies fly out the window. Maharishi says, " Flies? I don't see any flies." He leaves. They fly back in.

I remember telling Maharishi in '62 that I saw in the centre of my brain a small ball of light, smaller than a golf ball. He said "that is a fortunate experience" but said no more. It wasn't the same as the intense light one gets most of the time during TM but rather the organ itself (pineal?) that emits the light.



Author and Mabs Honey

In India I grew my hair and when I left in April 1970 Maharishi wanted me to see TM people in Teheran and Istanbul. I told him I planned to cut my hair. He sweetly said, " I think you look beautiful like you are." A friend Marguerite cut it and to even up her mistakes it got shorter and shorter. Eventually Mabs Honey from Australia, sweet Mabs, did the final cleaning up. I think I did look more beautiful before the hair cut.

Before the first Indian course Maharishi went without sleep for a week because of the clamour of Indian devotees who wanted to touch his feet, even resorting to climbing up the

walls to get in via the window. Maharishi is legendary for his ability to do with little sleep and to be just as demanding on others to do so.

To get to the Rishikesh ashram they had rented, they were going to use taxis. But Maharishi, after long, heated bargaining, decided the price demanded was too much and said "Come on we're walking". Most of the participants would have preferred to pay the high fee than carry their suitcases the fair distance.

When I got to Rishikesh in 1969 it was so exciting after the little ferry boat ride to walk along the bank to the Academy even with my heavy suitcase. I have never learnt to travel lightly.



Tawalla Babba

Above Maharishi's ashram in a cave lived Tawalla Baba. In the army, during a dispute, he had allegedly killed a man with a blow to the head. Maybe that was the spur to his search. He lived looked after a by a devotee in a cave heated with a wood fire and spent most of his time in meditation. Maharishi invited him to talk to us explaining that Tawalla Baba often criticised him for being so active and not meditating more.

He is a large, strongly built man, with long matted locks, either tied around his waist or carried by a devotee when he walked. He came with a sort of loin cloth, what I call a coffee bag, kept up by what I believe is a gold chain. He carried a stick. He gave his discourse with his eyes shut as though he was looking at another reality. He told us that truth is like a river. Everyone is happy where they swim and describe their river from their point of view. He said the world is as you are. There is no difference. Later someone asked him whether he thought the world was getting better now that there were movements like Maharishi's and how he saw the future of the world in that light. He replied, "I have already told you; the world is as you are. As you are so is the world. That is the answer to your question. There is no question of the world getting better."

Maharishi told us he had another friend a sky clad (because he wore no clothes) Swami who would also visit. At the big Kumbamehla in Allahabad a famous discourse took place between the naked Swami and Tawalla Baba. The naked Sami pointed at Tawalla Baba wearing his coffee bag and said desisively, "You, you with your material possessions, give them away and be free!" Everything is perspective!

I heard that a devotee shot and killed Tawalla Baba and Maharishi was most upset at this.

Going to Hochgurgl in 1962 the party from Britain was composed of several people who had never owned a passport or left the country before. It was pleasant chaos. The courier who accompanied us told me after the return that HE WOULD NEVER GO WITH A TM GROUP AGAIN. I guess you need TM to do the job with all-over-the-place meditators.

Driving with Maharishi to the Danish border Ma and I are snacking on stuff. We offered some to him. Maharishi refused said he preferred to eat his meal "all at one stroke".

At the border when Jemima started to fill in his immigration form he said he could do it himself so she gave it to him. He filled it in, probably with the right details, but put in

wherever he felt like. The official returned and said, "I can't accept this." So Ma filled it in. Sometimes we need our nanny!

I was driven by Guri Mehallis, of Norway, from Stockholm to Oslo where I was going to teach. She was very energy sensitive. As we walked to each other the morning of the departure Guri said, "Oh David your stomach and I have to sit next to you all day." I said, "I'm sorry Guri I ate a green banana last night."

Guri traveled using the middle pages of a school atlas that showed the whole of Europe on two small pages as her route map. When we got to Hamburg I wondered how we would get out the other side. Guri said, "Shepherd, Shepherd show me the way." And she just drove and we got out as easily as anything.

In Stockholm we walked through all sorts of underneath passages and back passages in the City Hall so Maharishi could walk onto the stage from the wings. I was a little surprised to sense his energy as tense, just as you or I would be before a major lecture. While he was being introduced, somewhat lengthily, he sat on his couch eyes closed. I asked him later if he had been meditating. He said, "Actually I fell asleep." So any tension that he had been feeling had left him by then.

In Germany at a conference hall before some function I went to the washrooms and was just finishing a pee when in comes Maharishi. It was strange to meet him in that place. I looked at the urinals and at his robes and said "I better put a coin in so we can open the toilet door for you." No pockets no money can be a hazard sometimes.

From Lago di Braies, Italy, we flew in a small plane from Cortina to Venice. There was a huge storm and the plane jumped, dipped and swung around. Maharishi who had been given the seat next to the pilot so he could watch everything laughed and hooted. Mario Brunetti, from Italy, clasped his hands in prayer and crossed himself several times. Henry Nyburg clutched the portrait of Gurudev Maharishi always travelled with. He told me he felt that Gurudev wouldn't let his portrait be smashed so he was safe as long as he held it. I was the silent observer of the fun and terror.



Arrival at the Cipriani Hotel

For Venice I had booked us rooms at the Cipriani Hotel where I had stayed once before as it was elegant and QUIET. But the manager of the Lago di Braies who had asked me what were our hotel arrangements told me, in a slightly drunken voice, the evening before we left that he had cancelled the bookings and made new ones for the Hotel Grand." The Maharishi," he slurred," can only stay at the Grand." When we checked in the Grand the manager told me they had put, as requested, flowers

and fruit in the suite where Maharishi and I were staying. Indeed they had. I have never seen such a large bowl of fruit and many vases of flowers. I could just hear the wine laden voice of our Lago di Braies manager, telling them to "treat the Maharishi like royalty and to fill the room with fruit and flowers." Visiting meditators ate the fruit. It was all, as I found out when I paid the account, on the bill! Fortunately the organisation had given me enough cash to foot the bill.

The Grand might be grand but it was on the main canal and the vaporetto (big passenger boat bus) kept me awake hooting along the canal. In a bad mood, I bitched to Maharishi and he said he was having a wonderful time there as he had come up with good ideas with Vernon Katz for his Gita commentary. I felt a little put in my place.

In Venice we took a gondola across to a church near the Hotel Cipriani, at which I looked wistfully. A monk scurried towards us, and when he saw Maharishi took a postcard from the rack to give it to him as a present saying he recognized a monk too. Maharishi was touched and they made small talk translated by Mario Brunetti. Maharishi then gave him a flower from the bunch he always carried.

From Venice we flew to London. I went through one customs line as South Africans were no longer commonwealth citizens. Maharishi went through another. Maharishi was having some trouble. He had a \$100 bill folded in his passport as evidence of wealth but obviously not enough to convince the official he could support himself for a few months stay. I came over and said "It's all right he is with me." The official said, "Oh he is your friend is he?" I said, "No. He is my teacher." A white skin helps in some places!



Maharishi and Jerry Jarvis

Count Blucher told me that when they took the train to Allahabad for the Kumbha Mehla. Maharishi scurried up and down the platform pushing and bossing TM'ers into carriages. The train was full (read crowded!). Everyone in the train started - with Maharishi still on the platform. Jerry Jarvis seeing his Master left all alone jumped like a good devotee from the moving train, rolled on the platform and came up next to Maharishi. They both missed the train.

Some experiences.

Staying in Oslo (1964) where I was initiating. Guri Mehalls had just told me that Are Holen had heard the music of the spheres while meditating. A few minutes later he comes into the kitchen and as I see him I think of what Guri had said. There is an explosion of light between Are and I our minds merge and he says, "I didn't tell her she could tell you!"

In Stockholm (1964) and living for a few days on mineral water and honey (soothes the nervous system Maharishi had said) and grapes offered for the initiation ceremony I was in a very energy sensitive phase. Taking the almost empty tram and sitting at the back I see two young lovers caressing and fondling each other. In my body I totally feel their waves of physical enjoyment as though it was happening to me.



Author & Marguerite

In Rishikesh in 1970 I had been having curious experiences with Marguerite Causely, feeling her energy in my body and mine in hers even at a distance and wondering what would happen if we explored this by meditating together but wanting to check it out with Maharishi first. So I wait next to the path to his compound to ask him as he passes after the evening lecture. Before I can say anything he says, "Fine David. The green light to go ahead". I did wonder if he actually knew what I was going to ask or was just saying my aura looked good so keep it up.

We do meditate together and one day I am in her head and see my body through her eyes. Very strange. I tell Maharishi and he says it is a very advanced experience.

Here in Sydenham, some years ago, having woken up round 1 am or so and meditating, I become aware of the female energy as sheer power. Kali. Amazing force. Not scary but awesome power, able to crush planets in Her hands. Then the feminine energy experienced as gentleness. I don't know who She was but I called Her the Queen of the Night for her robes (dress) were dark night (blue/black) and studded with stars and they seemed to caress against me so gently and lovingly.

Later I lay on the floor where I had been meditating, and a white angel came above me flapped its "wings" and a ray of bright light shot into my heart.

Walking down the country road one day my feet sank into the ground, maybe a foot deep. That was what it felt like. I guess it was my subtle body sinking down. It was a lovely feeling.

Going to my beehives and wheeling the wheelbarrow with my equipment in it I passed some young pines I had planted some years back. Light shot from them into my heart. I said, "Thank you I love you too." It was as though they had thought, "here is this guy that rushes around busily taking care of nature here. Let us tell him of our gratitude." I know this sounds weird but life has many depths.

Being in a group of people learning to meditate and feeling I was able to turn an energy vortex like a long beam, an airplane propeller, between us, all sitting in a circle. First one way and then the other way. Later they say they felt a turning first to the left

that takes them down and then to the right to take them up. I played around with that for a while at different times then decided to quit manipulating things.

For a brief period I helped people wanting to learn meditation, mainly through the power of my aura and presence and maybe angel help and some other tricks that came to me. I stopped it partly because I prefer not to have that relationship with people and using one's "power" is neither good for one's ego nor for them.

It has been lovely to remember the delectably happy times I had with Maharishi. I have also appreciated the opportunity to share them here with people who never had the same opportunities, as I did, to get to know him as I did. Sometimes I regret I didn't use those opportunities as much I might have. For instance in India I was really one pointed on doing my meditation. I never went down to hang out with Maharishi. Once he summonsed me to his room for a private chat saying, "I called you to come because I knew you would never come on your own." That was true.

I once had supper with him and Jemima in his rooms and he said, "David should eat with us every night." I declined because it was important for Jemima to feel special and alone with him and my being there would have intruded on that. I was perfectly happy to enjoy my meditations in my room alone. I wasn't devoted to him the way he was with Gurudev. My path was my own meditation. Eventually it became meditation, and other things.

He once said I was the crest jewel of the movement. I didn't swell up with that.



Dal Lake Srinagar sunset

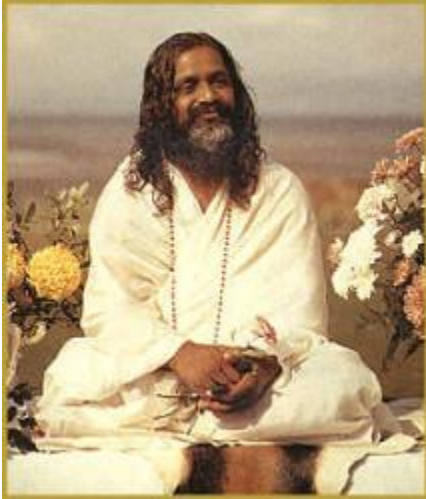
He is not beyond flattering people. He picks them up and drops them just as abruptly. I remember in Kashmir a tiny India doctor walked in and Maharishi said, "Just seeing you brings waves of joy to my heart." I guess the Indian's doctor's pride swelled too. Later after the doctor left Maharishi said, "I thought he was Colonel Nedhu". Colonel Nedhu was a prominent and wealthy Hotel owner in Srinagar. Still, I hope the little doctor treasures the memory of

what Maharishi exclaimed at seeing him.

In the Rishikesh ashram during Shivaratri (Shiva's marriage) Marguerite put her hand on mine and I went immediately into a trance that lasted for the three hours the Vedic pundits chanted. It was a curious feeling of suddenly sinking and staying there in a blissful state. Marguerite said that the Mother Divine had come to her and said, "Touch David's hand I want to give him a blessing."

I have never been able to understand why the Mother Divine needed Marguerite to touch me and couldn't have given me the blessing Herself. Is there an explanation?

Once, late at night, all alone in Maharishi's bedroom in a Seelisberg Hotel, as things were starting to unravel between me and his movement, for so many reasons, I told him I thought he didn't love me. He said, "My love for you was established the first day we met."



I had a teacher once. Him. I have never wanted another one. Oh I have learned from people. That must happen. But I deeply believe that the time for Gurus is over, That each person must stand on their own two feet and glory in that.

Living the mystery is often far from easy. We all yearn for certainty, an authority above us to tell us what to do and why life is as it is. I am no exception as I yearn for that too. But the truth that I find now is my truth, precious and personal. I don't want to impose that on anyone else nor want them to impose theirs on me. It is not arrogance I think, more a delight in life's freedom.

Now for stalking!

Chapter 11

Stalking Personal Power in the Jungle of Mystery

Life is a mystery. One had better accept that. We plan, we direct our lives, we hope, anticipate and dream and yet things have a way of turning out differently. In 1970 I remember waking up in Madras where I was going to give lectures on meditation and thinking,” four years ago this wouldn’t have seemed like a possibility.” Sometimes we don’t know how we landed up where we did or, furthermore, what have been the events and threads that have brought our planet to the perilous place where it currently is.

A Sufi Story

A rich man’s servant went to the market and ran into Death who gave him a penetrating stare. He ran back to his master and told him hurriedly that he had encountered Death who had given him a terrible fright and asked if he could borrow a horse to ride to the country estate two hours away. He would then hide there. The rich man said, “Yes.” Then he went to the market himself and found Death still browsing. Angrily he accosted Death and asked him, “By what right did you give my servant such a fright?”

Death replied, “I hadn’t meant to startle him. Indeed, I was as surprised as he was that we had met, for I have an appointment to meet him in two hours time at your country estate and was perplexed to find him still here.”

We don’t know how things will turn out. Good plans go sour and unplanned things can often turn out remarkably well. We try to fit Life into our own personal structure but often Life insists that it gets experienced on its own terms.

Life is a mystery because it is sacred. There is no mystery to the mechanical. One process leads to another, A to B. In life we can start on one journey with a destination in mind and, by happenstance, end up somewhere quite different.

Most of us dislike this mysteriousness. Most of us have no sense of the Sacred. We like things cut and dried. We enjoy the security our structures give us. Structures often try to bar the mystery from entering our lives. Flow comes from the Mystery, from the Beyond, the Unknown. We fear the Unknown, but, often, worship It, hoping to earn Its favor.

What is mysterious has to be approached with awe, wonder and respect. This is stalking. You don’t rush into the Mystery with wheels squealing and horns blaring. You don’t encounter the Mystery with a fixed appointment, knowing all about it in advance. You don’t know where the mysterious will be met or where it will meet you. So you stalk. To stalk is to approach with full alertness, focused yet relaxed, ready for engagement; full engagement because you are stalking with everything you have and with everything you are. To stalk in this way is to give honor to Mystery. It is not the banal, the mundane you seek. By its very definition it is in the realm of the unknown and

yet you have to stalk through the known, alert, focused, because at any moment the known can vanish into the Unknown. Out of the dark Mystery can leap and grab you.

Stalking requires that you stalk with heart and that you stalk mindfully. Mystery is not for the half-hearted or the half-asleep. It demands respect. It demands the humility of the stalker who admits he doesn't know. He doesn't know where or why. All he knows is that he is on a quest and he will stalk on that quest till he dies. It is the meaning of his life, the fire in his blood and the song in his heart. He likes the company of other stalkers, those who understand, those who make tremendous efforts to know, to discover. They don't see stalking as a hobby, a pastime to fill in the gaps in their day. Stalking is their life. It fills it with all the awesome sense of wonder that approaching life's Great Mystery can give.

He will share his knowledge with these fellow stalkers. He will feel such anguish for those who don't appreciate the art, those whose days are filled with empty blunderings, vacuous noise, empty postures and meaningless repetition. The endless repetition of their personal folly, round and round and round again. "Wake Up," Stalkers want to scream. But people have every right to choose how to live their lives, to ignore the sacred and wallow in the profane.

To find a good student is every teacher's dream.

Shams was a dervish, a desert dweller from Tabriz. Fire burnt in his eyes from the passion of his knowledge. He asked God, "Before I die I want one student into whom I can pour all that I know. Can You not send him to me please?"

God said, "What is in this for Me? What do you offer Me in return?"

Shams said, "My life".

"Deal," says God. "Your student is Rumi and you will find him in Konya."

Rumi had inherited from his father a flourishing college for religious studies. He was well renowned as a scholar, a gifted intellectual and had 10,000 students studying under him.

There are different stories of Shams and Rumi's meeting. I like this one.

Rumi was seated on the edge of a river studying a text in a beautifully illuminated, ancient book. Shams, that wild one from the desert, comes up to him and asks him what he is reading. Rumi takes a knowing glance at the disheveled dervish and says, "a most penetrating script on a difficult subject, quite unintelligible to the uneducated".

Shams asks if he can look at it, takes it and quickly flings it into the river.

Rumi is shocked and exclaims,” Why did you do that you ignorant devish? That was a priceless manuscript.”

Shams puts his hand in the quickly flowing river and pulls out the manuscript and hands it to Rumi, unblemished and quite dry.

Rumi, totally astonished, blusters,” How did you do that?”

Shams replies,” That is the by the power of Passion, quite inexplicable to the non-illuminated.”

Rumi becomes Shams student and closets himself away with him for hours at a time. Rumi’s students become jealous and angry at Shams. After some time they insult him and he leaves to go back to the desert. Rumi is distraught and waits about the desert’s edge asking travelers for any news of Shams.

One day Shams returns and Rumi rushes to embrace him. His teaching schedule is renewed and again the students are angry at the long hours Rumi spends with Shams, angry at seeing Rumi leaning on Shams knee and staring adoringly into his face. A plot is hatched to kill Shams. One night there is a knock on the door and Shams says to Rumi,” I have a contract to fulfill. Stay here.”

He goes out, and to his death, killed, it is suspected, by one of Rumi’s sons. He was given his student, poured what he knew into him and then accepted the price, his own death. Rumi never knew what happened, was devastated and longed and longed for his beloved Shams.

Rumi, that extraordinary, lovable Iman of 12th Century Persia left behind exquisitely moving poetry and songs of his love for Shams and the teachings that he had received leaning on his knee, staring into his face. Via this poetry Shams can make students of us all. From Andrew Harvey’s “Way of Passion”

Pg. 273

“I have shrunk beyond the smallest atom,
Expanded further than the last star,
All that is left of Rumi is only
This garden, laughing with fruit.”

pg 163 “ Ground yourself, strip yourself down
To blind, loving silence.
Stay there, until you see
You are gazing at the Light
With its own ageless eyes.”

The first three chapters described the three bodies and some of the problems we can encounter. Let us see how stalking can be valuable in each case.

The first rung is the physical body, the physical Self.

The forms I practice and teach (Tai Chi etc) are physical movements. Often people think they can learn the external choreography and that is all there is. Practice it for 4 – 6 months and they think they will know what it is about. Gradually they discover there is a lot more to it than originally perceived. To be a good student you must be always open to learning, to discovering. Once you **think** you know, the door to further discovery shuts.

I remember Master Moy putting me in front of my class with one of my students and asking me if I was humble enough to learn from him. You can learn from students and it is arrogance not to be open to that.

Some of what I know I have been taught, taught by Master Moy, by other teachers and by a few students. However, the knowledge of these forms that I value the most I have stalked myself. Stalking means to practice the form, engrossed in what you are doing but all the time listening, savoring, alert for the moment that will teach you something precious; something you didn't know just a second before. It is as if you have asked the form and the body to teach you. You have to admit you don't know. This makes you a student. Sometimes this is hard, but after you have learned so many new things it is not an attack on your pride to admit there is much more you still don't know. It is this that makes practicing these forms so intensely absorbing. I have never found them dull. It is a constant exploration and, moreover, it is an exploration of yourself, your own energy, your own awareness. Your body is your own text, your field of research. You are lead on and on guided by a mysterious force which one can call Life, Tao.

Often, after you have learned something new, you come to a plateau. Initially that is very pleasant because there you feel you know. You enjoy where you are. Everything seems stable. Master Moy would often then give you a correction and you lost all that comfort as you tried to integrate the new knowledge, sometimes foolishly trying to combine the new with the old. New does mean **NEW**. The old has, often, to be forsaken. Sometimes it takes a long time to comprehend the new. Sometimes it is an immediate revelation.

These forms are a process of discovering the flow of inner energy moving from an exterior understanding to an inner, more subtle, awareness. Going from the exterior to the inner requires stalking especially when you do it for yourself. If someone teaches you then, if you can understand the teaching, you are handed a gift on the plate. But on your own, seeking alone, you move from the known, where you are, into the unknown, going not into anything specific but into that vague, hazy realm of possibilities out of which, if you are alert, something will attach to you. You are reverent of knowledge, taught or self discovered. Each piece is a precious gift. Sometimes they don't come easily. Students who get taught expect something new each session, each class. After all they are paying you for that! But to be self-taught, and, eventually, we all must become self-learners, your dues, your daily price, is dedication to the practice, stalking with alertness. Doing

the 108 Tai Chi moves of the Yang set (or any other form) you don't know in which move the revelation might come or when. It is a seductive process. You are stalking the Mystery but the Mystery is also waiting to reveal parts of Itself to you at the right moment. You go round and round each other until it happens and one more piece of ripe fruit comes to hand.

Just like this book. We have gone round and round the subject. The reader is put on a journey. From here, now from there glimpses of what it is like are given. The more you know you the more you see, the more you feel. Each change works on the whole. Just as in Tai Chi sometimes one new understanding of a single move has application throughout the set. Yet time and time again I will observe students who have just been taught one application get it sort of right in one move and never approach it again in all the rest. To understand that you need to **stalk** in order to **find** is crucial. You can't have a teacher coaching you every step of the way. Stalking is desire, it is attitude, it is perspective and it is perception. It is to be hungry for the Unknown, to seek and cherish **IT** above all else. Every little clue from the Unknown, like a crackle of a cautious, secretive step in the jungle, should be seized upon. Does the crackling sound come from that way, or from this way? You can't go on to automatic pilot. On plateaus you do go on automatic. We all do that.

If you have that burning hunger, then the New will come, like a longed for lover. You woo the Unknown in all the ways you can. You stalk to see how She/He can be revealed. The Unknown demands your priorities. It demands your reverence and respect, your heart and your mind.

The Chinese internal martial arts have the word "*sung*", often translated as relaxed. As you practice your form, stretching and relaxing, the tissues of the body change. The muscles that get developed aren't hard, round and bulging. The tissues become soft. Soft flesh allows the blood to flow easily, aids circulation, saves the heart from working so hard. Progress in the form involves stalking this "*sung*." Initially you use muscles. This is external structure. As everything opens up the student finds that there is a way of using the muscles of the body and the natural structure of the skeleton in what we can call internally focused movement. Because of relaxed tissues there is no resistance to the movement so little effort is required. With mind/body co-ordination a small muscular effort can get translated into a tremendous display of power.

Sung does not mean floppy, as opposed to tensed muscles. The intention of the mind gives alertness to the muscles but their inherent state is soft and relaxed. Many exercises one can do would work against this sort of body. *Sung* comes when the mind is Quiet, the body ready, prepared for action, but still restful. It comes through repeated, correct practice, from stalking.

This sort of practice stretches the body and also the fascia, the membranes that keep the organs in place. When thus stretched the fascia permit the organs to get massaged by the exercise. This promotes health and well-being. Well-being, in turn, then

aids the cultivation of *sung*, being relaxed. All fits in; all gets rounded out. If you do it long enough all gets rounded

There is the force of gravity, the force that pulls everything down. When you have *sung* the structure of the body supports you and you can allow yourself to feel the sinking pull of gravity. This is to become rooted in the feet. Becoming rooted in the feet, allows the feet to get massaged by the force applied to them as you move practicing the form. You push up from and sink down into the feet in a natural rhythm. Moreover as you stalk you will eventually feel how the energy can be lifted from heart to head. Very naturally and so easily you will be surprised you never knew this before. It comes from stalking because stalking gives you the attitude, focus and alertness to allow this new thing to happen. It is not the sort of experience you will ever discover in an aerobics class, weight training gym or any exercise routine that uses muscle force only. What we are doing is *power* training. This has nothing in common with cultivating brute force and mere muscle building. *Power* training gives you the power you need for all the changes you want to make in your life.

Master Moy taught a four posture standing meditation. Falun Qong also has a four posture energy cultivation practice although its last 2 postures are very different. Hsing I has standing postures. All allow the student to practice *sinking*, letting the natural pull of gravity go down, getting rooted in the feet. In *sinking* you can feel it all drain down. Then the standing meditation posture acts like a pump that moves the internal energy. After a bit of any of these I can feel the tingle of the current flowing in the tongue, the bridge between the *Du* and *Ren* meridians and the body hums. The sounds of the green dragon and the white tiger are heard in the ears. Master Moy said initially you need the *donyu* exercise to begin the circulation but eventually the standing position will do it on its own. To hold these standing meditation postures for a long time requires grit and determination. Master Moy said that if you held the position beyond the discomfort level that is when alchemical change happens in the body. You have to believe you will stalk something by doing them. I get students to do them in class but at home, on their own....?

To get a feel of standing meditation do this exercise. Stand with feet parallel and shoulder width apart. Open knees a little by dropping the pelvis evenly down, (don't tilt the pelvis forward) as if sitting down. This will cause a slight dropping of the buttocks. Leave the arms hanging down, palms facing but not touching thighs. Now you scan the body energetically. This is not so much visual but using feeling. (I am reminded how often master Moy would ask, "How do you FEEL?"). Start at the top of the head. You are feeling for blocks of energy that prevent the free harmonious flow. There are often blocks in the muscles or blocks between the joints. When your mind is attracted to a block, FEEL it, allowing it dissolve and then let it drain down. Do this until you have drained all the blocks (naturally only all that you feel in this session) down into the feet and into the earth. Later you can scan up and do the same thing. For remember there is always a two-way flow of energy from Heaven to Earth and from Earth to Heaven. Your body links the two.

A six position standing meditation



Stand up right feet shoulder width apart, knees slightly bent so that the pelvis is dropped evenly, i.e. front and back equally dropped. Don't jut jaw but slightly pull it back. Place tongue on top palate, close eyes if you wish and raise rounded arms until hands are at about eyebrow height, elbows dropped and forearms slightly inclined towards each other. Hold this position for about 7 minutes. Allow mind to be free and empty. An empty mind takes practice. Just be aware of the body and whatever is happening inside.



After 7 minutes slowly drop arms so that hands point down at approximately a 45 degree angle away from thighs, fingers extended. Hold this position for approximately 7 minutes.



Then slowly drop arms and turn palms face up, fingers not touching but pointing towards each other, at belly button height, arms are rounded, like holding a big ball or arms in a wheel.. Hold this position for approximately 7 minutes.



A Falun Qong position. Slowly raise arms like a big wheel until hands are above head. This is a tiring position. Try to hold it 5-7 minutes



Again Falun Qong. Slowly lower arms, again like a big wheel until hands are at ear level but not touching ears. Try to hold this for 5-7 minutes



Then slowly place arms behind back, palms facing backwards and slightly above buttock height. Hold this position for 7 minutes.



Then bring palms in front of abdomen (lower dantian), left palm inside for men, right palm inside for women, palms not touching, fingers spread. Hold this for two minutes allowing energy to concentrate in lower dantien.

End the practice by slowly walking around.

When I stand with my hands above my head, I remember a sadhu I saw when I went on my pilgrimage to Amarnath* (see Footnote at end of chapter). He told me that 15 years ago he had taken a vow that if he held his right arm up like that till he died God would reveal Himself to him at death. His right arm gripped a stone. By now his arm was totally rigid and he wouldn't have been able to move it if he wanted. The nails of his right hand extended down to his elbow. As Pathak who translated said, "He has made the bargain but from God's side he doesn't know if God agreed to the bargain though."

While we must admire the strength of his desire one could query his wisdom. It is based on the concept of tapas which is translated as austerity. By practicing austerity they hope to purify the body and consciousness. Maharishi said this is a very ignorant

understanding of tapas. If you withdraw your attention from the gross external in meditation and allow it go inwards that is tapas because you are denying exterior senses their gratification. No pain is needed.

If you have ever tried to use a screwdriver above your head for a long time you will know the agony he must have gone through. The above the head position does cause discomfort, especially in the beginning. Master Moy would talk of the alchemical change that took place during this discomfort.

I remember Frank Herr telling me that while sitting in cross legged meditation after 45 minutes he was experiencing agonizing discomfort and he kept thinking, "I hope he stops us soon." Eventually Master Moy said, "Stop". Just as Frank's awareness grasped the pleasure of this instruction Master Moy was right next to him saying, "Not you. You sit on."

This practice has many effects. For a start you will learn that standing upright for a long time needs a correct posture and is not as easy as you imagined. Standing correctly takes more attention than you realized. It will allow your skeletal structure to support you with a minimum use of muscle. Standing for a prolonged period will allow you to feel where you carry tension and strain. You can begin to relax these areas.

It will teach you to root yourself in your feet, in the earth. It will ground you. This is essential for those New Age space cadets. So many meditation practices take you out of your body. So many meditators are not properly integrated in their bodies. In this meditation you don't want to forget your body and transcend it. I have had many clairvoyants comment on how grounded my energy is. I teach my students that the higher you want to reach (especially metaphysically speaking) the more grounded you must be. As U2 sing, "if you want to touch the stars you have learn to kneel." There are reasons why we have chosen to incarnate. There are secrets of spiritual energy hidden within your own body. You want to become aware of the internal energy processes of the body. "Thy Kingdom come, ON EARTH" goes the prayer. We create our Heaven on earth by honoring the body. We honor the body when we allow it to reveal heavenly secrets to us. There is an energy hidden within your body that God has placed there from the beginning of time.

There is the story of a wandering pilgrim who had a very precious jewel he wore around his neck. He met a thief who coveted it and who started to keep him company. Each night when the pilgrim slept the thief ever so carefully searched for the jewel but was never able to find it. Yet when he awoke in the morning the pilgrim had it again around his neck. Eventually puzzled to exasperation he confessed his intent to the pilgrim and asked him to tell him why he couldn't find it.

The pilgrim laughed, "I knew your desire clearly so I hid it where I knew you would never look, under your own pillow." Each night the thief had slept with the jewel he searched for under his own head and within his own easy grasp.

Just so our own bodies have secrets for us waiting our discovery.

Standing meditation is a way of opening up the meridians, (“nadis” in Yoga), lines along which energy run. Gradually these get revealed. It takes a quiet mind and an opened body. It takes practice. With practice what initially took a long time happens quickly. To get the energy to circle in the microcosmic orbit of the Du and Ren meridians might take a lot of practice. Yet once the connection has been made it is there within seconds of starting the practice. This makes the practice more efficient. You start at the point where students hope to eventually end.

Taoists talk of fire rising up and water falling down. Reconciling the opposites means to find a balance between the upward flame of fire and the downward descent of Grace (water). Fire pushes through blocks. Water dissolves them gradually. Water is soft and has the quality of acceptance. It washes the impurities (blocks) down. This happens in time and *naturally* in time. No force is used. You stand and do this day after day and what the passage of time (your past life/lives) put in, let the passage of time remove. If you rush some things you court risk. You are wise to let the flow of energy open up gradually.

I have given several breathing exercises. These are good areas for stalking. See you what you can find and what innovations stalking can give you. For instance in addition to watching, following the energy loops described you can also raise it out of the head and beyond, in a pillar of light. You will feel yourself above your head. This is a way to leave the gross corporeal limits of your physical body and explore subtler areas. Christ said, “In my Father’s house are many mansions. Were it not so I would not have told you.” For “in My Father’s house” understand “in your body” (the Temple of God). Our bodies are mansions with different areas. Stalking is, to explore them, to find shut doors to hidden rooms and by stalking open the doors (gates in Chinese alchemy). Within each human body are wheels of energy, doors into inner realms. Stalking will take you on a self-exploration behind your eyes to what you never knew existed.

I had a student who recently said that in addition to telling them what to do I should also tell them what to look for, so they know what to find. I laughed. “You mean I have not only to tell you what to do but also what to FEEL?” That is not stalking. That is laziness. It is also to put me in a position where I shouldn’t be. Each person has to take the reins of evolution in their own hands. Each person’s growth is their responsibility not anyone else’s. You don’t find by following. What you are going to find is inside YOU. Drop reliance on outside authority. Become stalkers. Too many teachers love the authority; love to be in charge. Too many teachers pass on knowledge unverified, or merely imagined in a fantasy. If you follow their guidance and the initial information, maybe gleaned from some book, and repeated parrot like, is false where will you end up?

Taoist Alchemy says that in the micro cosmic orbit energy flows up the spine over the head and down the chest. You will read this in many books. What if the energy can also come up the chest and go down the back? If you only follow how will you find this out? What if it is also possible to have an energy loop in the shape of an 8? How does this

energy flow? In what directions? How are you going to do this? Stalk it out! On what plane lies the 8?

You can stalk in the mundane world. Be kind to your pets Cuddle them. Be generous, open and sensitive to the physical world around you; all the other humans, animals, birds, insects; all physical creation. Congratulate your plants. Greet them. When I get off my tractor I pat its bonnet and say, "well done". It might do nothing for the tractor but it does something for me. I feel gratitude. Feeling grateful is a wonderful way to live. It is also an excellent stalking technique. By being kind to animals you are showing respect and care for life. That is the proper attitude for a stalker. It opens doors outside and inside.

If humans felt more, more gratitude, wonder and reverence for the physical world around them they might destroy it a little less. Why hope and strive for a heaven when you can't even appreciate, love and look after where you are now? Your life, your growth and that of all around you is inter-connected. Not to live like that is to live a lie. You might not see the energy links but they are there. Why would Christ say "inasmuch as you have done it to the least of these my brethren you have done it unto me"? And do you really think his "brethren" were just humans?

I was talking to a businessman outside one of the businesses he owned. He took a sweet out of his pocket, unwrapped it and threw the paper on the sidewalk. I said, "Joe this is right outside your **own** shop. How can you do that?"

Reverence for life and compassion for life are good stalking tools.

A story

The Buddha was going on a journey and was surrounded by his followers who pressed to be close to him. He came to a forest, was about to enter but was stopped by guards. "You can't enter," they said.

The Buddha asked, "why?"

The guards told him the story of Angulemala, a dreadful man who had taken an oath to kill 1,000 people because he wanted to make a necklace out of 1,000 knuckle-bones from 1,000 different people. He had already killed 999 with his big sword and added their knuckles to his necklace. The only person who still visited him in this forest was his mother. Sons can be bad, but mothers just keep on loving them.

The King had ordered guards posted outside the forest to prevent people entering. This had proved so successful that no traveler passed in and Angulemala could not find his 1000th victim. He was becoming desperate. He had his oath to fulfill. 1,000 knuckles! Eventually looking at his mother's hands he told her never to come again. Mother or not he had his oath to fulfill! She stopped coming.

So now he was alone in the forest impatient and furious, his big, killing sword idle.

“So that is why,” said the guard, “You can’t enter except at your own risk and certain death.”

Buddha reflected an instant then said, “I unfortunately have an appointment for tomorrow night at a village the other side of this forest. I have promised them I am coming so I must go. As for Angulemala, if I don’t go to him, who will? Moreover it remains to be seen who will kill whom.”

Despite the guard’s protests and more warnings Buddha and his followers entered the forest. As it became darker and they penetrated deeper into the forest the followers, who, before, had vied to stay close, now allowed some distance to come between Buddha and themselves. They let him walk ahead.

All night they walked. As dawn broke they were nearly at the other side. Angulemala seated on big rock saw Buddha approaching. Angulemala smiled and gripped his sword. His 1000th victim approached and as he watched him gliding so gracefully over the forest floor he thought, “what a beautiful one too”.

Birds were singing. The morning was magnificent. Angulemala watched the man’s gentle tread on the forest floor, his robes gently brushing plants and flowers. His heart felt strangely touched. He couldn’t bear the thought of killing one so beautiful. He shouted out, “Stop! Not another step further. You are in grave danger.”

Buddha smiled and continued his easy pace. “Stop!” shouted Angulemala again. “You don’t know who I am and what I can do to you. Stop coming near to me.”

Buddha smiled. “I am not coming to you. You are coming to me.”

Angulemala thought, “So beautiful, yet mentally challenged! How can I kill him?” and shouted, “How can you say I am coming to you? I am sitting still on this rock and you are walking towards me. I see **you** move while **I** sit still.”

Buddha looked at him and continued walking. “You don’t understand,” he said. “I stopped going anywhere the day I became enlightened. Since that day I have remained exactly where I am. Believe it or not but it is **you** who are moving towards **me**.”

He was now under the rock. Angulemala gripped his sword even tighter.

“You want to kill me Angulemala? Condemned men have last requests, not so? Will you grant me mine? ”

“Yes.”

Buddha said,” That branch of flowers looks so beautiful. Will you cut it so I can hold them and smell their fragrance one last time.”

Angulemala cut the branch and gave it to the Buddha. The Buddha took it and inhaled deeply and appreciatively the scent.

“Actually my request comes in two parts. The second part is for you to rejoin the branch to where it was.”

“I can’t do that,” said Angulemala.” It has been cut off.”

“Ah,” said the Buddha. “If you can’t create then you have no right to destroy. “

Angulemala got off his rock, and walked to the Buddha and kneeled at his feet.

“I don’t know who you are, or where you are going but I will follow you,” he sobbed.

By now Buddha’s followers, seeing he had the situation in control had come close again.

Buddha said,” I will initiate you as a follower Angulemala.”

A disciple protested.” But Sire you can’t do that. Look what he has done. He has killed 999 people. He would have killed his own mother; he would have killed you.”

Buddha said,” If I don’t teach him, who will? Besides I love him. He was alone, against the whole world. Now he will be **with** me and **for** all the world.”

With love and compassion Buddha stalked Angulemala, drew him toward his generous heart.

For other stalking relevance in the realm of the physical body I leave it to the reader to make their own discoveries.

Now for stalking in the emotional body, the realm of our dramas.

This is not so easy for the nature of dramas is that they trap us into their parameters and keep us focused on the current crisis. After the drama has ended you can stalk what has happened. That is, use your cultivated energy to examine the issue freshly *as if you knew nothing about it*. Don’t allow your awareness to circle as usual in the same routine. “You did this. I didn’t do that. This is all so unfair etc”. See how you fell into the trap, what attitudes permitted this and how you can deal with it differently next time or maybe avoid the trap completely.

My friend Sheila Turner tells the parable of a person who leaves home and falls into a hole. With great difficulty she clambers out of the hole.” Whew! Wasn’t that something!” she says.

The next day she leaves home and falls into the same hole again. This time, she clambers out more easily as she knows exactly what to do.

The next day she avoids the hole completely by taking another route. How to stalk Life, in a few sentences!

These situations all come as lessons. Or one can **use** them as lessons, for we don’t want to eliminate the possibility of chance, accident and randomness coming from the Mystery. Stalking means avoid the exterior grouching, concentrate on the inner threads and what they mean to you. Leave the other person out. What is **your** lesson from all of this?

I told you how I had those experiences late one night (actually round 1 am) first of the Kali power, loving but destructive; then the feminine power of the “Queen of the Night” followed by the Angel beating energy into my heart. It so happened that it was Mother’s Day. It also happened that when it was all over and I lay exhilarated on the floor I thought of my deceased parents and thought of them with such gratitude as though they were responsible for me having these experiences. This surprised me as I reflected that not once had I thought,” Well, after all those years of meditation etc you deserved that”. No, I thought gratefully of my parents who, on one level, were major and exhausting drama players in my life and could have been greatly blamed, not thanked. Gratitude was a wonderful emotion to feel. It seemed to wipe the slate clean of anything negative towards them. I can’t say I stalked that. It fell across my path. Stalking came later.

I had been having a few people who came to my house every Monday morning for meditation. It was a lovely group and after meditating we “shared.” At the time there were 5 women who came regularly.

On the morning after my intense experiences the whole group had a wonderful meditation. This didn’t surprise me as I felt supercharged from my experience the night before and felt my aura embrace them all. One lady told of her experience and said she had been sitting on a magnetic cushion. She attributed her good meditation experience to its power. She was part of a multi-level marketing group and promoting magnet devices.

I told them of my experience the night before and, very foolishly, added that I thought that was why we had all enjoyed so much as the Goddess Grace was still powerfully there. The result was that I got verbally hammered by the magnet lady for ten minutes. She said that the meditation group I was currently running in her house in the evening was just a one-man-band and next time I came she would rather go out than be there. She was still angry when she left. As she drove away I could see anger rising out of the car roof!

I was devastated and felt quite awful. So I stalked. First I chuckled that after having experienced feminine destructive but loving power (Kali), followed by feminine totally embracing love why should I not also experience feminine rage to complete the range? The rage of a woman who felt, yet again maybe, disempowered by a male when she was promoting her own stuff. It was perfect. I stalked more. The point was not whether her explanation or mine was right. The point was that mine was unnecessary and inappropriate. I did not need to have said anything other than recount my late night experience. Even if I was right and that I had been used as an instrument during the meditation (I was quite clear that it wasn't me who had done anything but did feel something had been done through and because of me) there was no need to seek any recognition. By stalking this was made absolutely clear. Thus I came up with my already stated aphorism.

- 1) Know your power.
- 2) Use your Power wisely
- 3) Don't talk about it.

I could see what a valuable lesson it had been and how there was one gaping hole I would definitely try to avoid in the future. Stalking took me away from the obvious **outside** to the secret threads **inside**. Instead of wallowing in self-pity I tried to glean the lesson. These events don't happen just to cause one suffering. Life is handing one bits of power in them. Stalking is the way of grabbing that power. Stalking means looking for that. It isn't obvious. What one sees as obvious are the hurt, the pain and the sense of being unfairly treated by someone one loved; all the things that are, in fact, unimportant, but which hide the power being offered. Once you have done the merry-go-round of pain and blame a few times, wisdom demands some variety. Are you going to go through life feeling always victimized? Or are you going to outgrow this? To stand up in the bath to see the soap is to apply stalking principles. Raise your perspective. See what it was about. Take the gift, the gift of power.

If you can accept that Life wants one to grow and if you can offer yourself to Life for growth then you must also accept the gifts Life sends. When I stood in the front of the Tai Chi class at Orangeville offering myself for instruction by Master Moy I had to examine carefully what and how he spoke to me. Once you accept the principle that Life wants your evolution then you must listen very attentively to the message. Stalk the hidden truth behind the obvious. If you get blinded by the obvious then you miss the secret. Early Christian mystics often talked of the need to understand ghostly, that is, from the interior and spiritual, rather than grossly which is exterior and gross.

You remember how we talked about problems; how they are like balls we cling on to. They bother and bother us and abruptly one day we drop them. Stalking means to be alert that having finally dropped them you don't pick them up again.

You know how one can say about something, "I really shouldn't but" and then you do it, eat it, drink it or whatever. When that voice says, "I really shouldn't" one day it really becomes time to attentively listen to it. In Tai Chi the window of opportunity for a new student is large. If they can do the move, simply getting from A to B, that is fine. Later **how** they get from A to B is important. They will discover all sorts of little things between A, the start of the move, and B, its final end point; little things that are trivial at first but incredibly important later. Just so with those "I really shouldn't", at some point you **really** shouldn't. Until that time, enjoy those moments guilt free. Guilt adds nothing to the experience. If it is a sin, at least enjoy it.

With knowledge and power (growth) comes greater responsibility. Who knows who stalks you to test your responsibility? At each level of attainment we have plateaus so we can absorb the lesson, integrate it. Then life will nudge us on. By applying what we know we learn it thoroughly. By teaching it to others, sharing the knowledge, you learn it even more thoroughly. All this takes time and perceptive focus.

Stalking in the realm of mental structure means to be alert to the point when a structure no longer serves you. Structures serve a function. When the structure causes pain and no longer serves its function give it a second look.

You start something new because it is presented to you with a structure that appeals. For instance, you start Tai Chi because you hear it is good for health, back pain and that it is a moving meditation that, you believe, will soothe your stress. Without having such structure you wouldn't start, or, despite some inconveniences and with considerable priority shifting, go to classes regularly. Your structure says this is good for me. I must make time for it. You make time for it by devising a structure that fits Tai Chi in. Later, as you become more enthused, you don't just fit Tai Chi in, but, more importantly, you fit the rest of your life in around it. Similarly for meditation; I plan my day so I can get in my twice a day meditations. They are essential to my sense of well-being.

If I wake up in the night I sit up and do a breathing meditation filling my body with Light till I feel sleep coming again. This seems wiser than lying in bed thinking! The dark and deep quiet is a perfect time for a tiger to prowl - to prowl inside. The world around you is asleep so there is less intrusion from outside influences. At night other things come alive that are more accessible to the stalking tiger. Often after circulating the energy in loops till the Light becomes intense, it becomes opportune to let the breath and Light take me above my head into another realm, a realm far from the cares of this world. It is where your soul dwells; where angels embrace you; where you know you are loved beyond measure. This is part of you, your Self. Isn't it time you got know your Self?

Recovering addicts live their lives around tight structures that help them control their addictions. Similarly we have our structures that allow us to feel our lives are being well controlled. We have a God, religious, political and economic systems that make us feel that all is in order. Of course it isn't, but it is nice, comforting to get the feeling of order. At the top of this structure is our dapper, dandy ego, King of the roost.

Well, I hear a distant crowing that tells me trouble is on its way. A raider is coming. Keep an eye on your hens. In the coop! That is if you want to maintain the status quo. But if you are open to change, feel the need for change then a subversion of structure and a reassigning of the ego's power spot is in order. Of course you can keep it King/Queen and have it fight its constant defensive battles. Depends on how tired you are of the whole drama business or not. If we have kept company with me so far then there is good chance the ego has less a hold on you than it originally had.

As we have seen structures can hamper flow.

One particular tenet I have liked about Taoism, as I understand Taoism and practice it, is that Taoism appreciates the need for structure but is secretly anarchistic. It allows the structure, even encourages it, but built into the Taoist structure is a self-destroying mechanism. A good structure eventually self-destructs. The structure is a temporary crutch to give you meaning and purpose, to lull you into confidence. As you grow and embrace more and more the concept of Mystery you can accept that in Mystery structure gradually becomes formless. You no longer need to know with the same quality of shatter-proofed conviction, a conviction that is so tenaciously held, precisely because it would be shattered if doubt entered the room. The convinced have no place for doubt.

"Why should we restrict our use of natural resources?" crowed President Reagan." There will always be enough." Not the American way of life. Not the American dream of constant expansion, bigger and more profligate. Use and grab more, no matter from where or from whom.

To allow for doubt is to open the door to humility, to recognize that there is a limit to what your mind can ascertain is true, to be happy to hold on to what it is given to you as true **for so long as it seems true for you**; to be brave enough to move forward uncertain but unwavering into new truths.

As your structures hold you less, you need **power** and the ability to **stalk**. These are what get you through your moment to moments. It is nice to have a great number of beliefs especially if the beliefs are in **you**; not when the beliefs are beliefs what gurus, priest and gods will do for you. As you stalk power in the field of mental structure you disassemble the structures that bind. You need power to give you the strength and the purpose. Your ego is dissolving, becoming transparent, so is less bossy and cocky. You have lost that assurance of stiff, tough control. All you have is your heart and your courage (your guts), two good power spots by the way. You know that nothing is certain. You can lose money, prestige or health in a second. There is no security, no structure, except that which you have in your own **Being**. Your own Being, this you know from deep inner experience, has roots that go beyond the ups and down of daily life. From this you draw sustenance, from this and from other stalkers tales. To these you listen eagerly, howls from wolves in the night. Songs to tell you that others tread this secret path in the Jungle of Mystery.

To separate your Self from all the barnacles life has crusted on it takes stalking power. Who am I apart from all these identities of family, culture, society, race and gender? How can I flower when all around me I hear demands of obligation and guilt.

Listen to that wolf howl, that howl in the secret night that calls you to a hidden rendezvous. A meeting with your Self.

The Siva Sutras are such howls.

Sutra 3.2. Jnanam bandhah. “Ordinary knowledge is a cause of bondage.” Your knowledge, the concept in your mental Self, binds you to their structure. This is knowledge not wisdom.

Knowledge as used here is smaller than wisdom. Wisdom comes from letting go this knowledge, like a tiger that carefully pushes aside a bamboo stalk in the night to move ahead. It sees the bamboo and in order to pad ahead gently shoulders it out of the way. It is hard to drop our ideas, our opinions. Many people seem to be nothing but opinions. Meet them and you are immediately conversing with opinions, quotes of other authorities and gurus. I loved what the Emissaries of Light say. “The New Age is coming. There is nothing you need to do except drop your opinions.”

Let them go!

Your life can be ego directed. Then you are like everyone else, moving through the morass of personal preference, personal indulgence, and personal blind adherence to your structures, pursuing relentlessly your own personal folly.. These can't be dropped in an instant, sartori-like, to vanish forever. But you can stalk your way around them to find something new, something beyond the usual little repetitive circles.

Of course we go round and round but when you stalk Power and Self the round and round has a spiral quality. Your intent and energy (the Sattva you accumulate) move your circle upward. The spiral is a fundamental loop in life. A truth. A direction.

Where to? Who knows? But spiral we warriors must.

Sutra 3.9 Nartaka atman. ‘The Self is a dancer.’

Isn't that lovely? Your Self is a dancer. The tiger can leap, dance and chase butterflies as well as prowl. Do you feel your life is dance? Or are your feet encased in concrete? Trapped by the Mafia structures that allow you no liberty, no chance to put on those shiny shoes, shimmering dress and tango. Who are you serving? Imposed structures or your own illuminated Glory? Do you feel you have no choice? Your life has been laid out in duty and rules? Cry then in self-pity. But in the midst of tears please listen to the growl coming out of the dark. I am there. Other tigers are there. You are not what you take yourself to be. Your Self is not those structures.

It jives!

In Indian Tantric writings kundalini is described as the “glittering dancer” .The Goddess, Sakti, that snakes Her way up the spine for Union with Shiva in the head. In that union the physical, the individual, finds completion and ecstasy.

Sutra 3.7 “Through mastery over delusion while naturally in the presence of eternal fullness comes the mastery of subtle knowledge.”

The delusion is the field of drama and the mental self. We are there. We can’t deny that. To deny that is foolishness, pretence. Then you fall into an even deeper pit of self-delusion, thinking you aren’t subject to the laws of the earth plane. Many people who embrace New Age knowledge do this. They try to wish away their ignorance by repeating eternal truths or by hoping someone can do their growth for them. The dramas in your jungle don’t vanish so easily. These truths are borrowed knowledge. You can believe them, but first show me the battle scars you got getting there. Truth is won. Of course, in the final result, it is *given* but it is only given when you have stalked and fought for it with all you have. The word “mastery” implies you have tried. Even if mastery only finds its full completion in surrender the effort to master has to be made.

So what to do? I could say, “Find out for yourself”. This is, in fact, good advice. But you would then leave the class, throw down the book and demand a refund.

What to do? Even while in the delusory, your dramas and your mental structures, stalk something deeper. You have to stalk because you are in the delusional. You don’t know. But you can, in moments of greater clarity, come “naturally in the presence of Eternal Fullness.” This should be clear to the reader by now. You add something New and Other to your personal stew, day by day. Gradually things change. You live your life as given to you but secretly you are a subversive agent. Behind the daily mundane there is that tiger you are, ever seeking, ever prowling. “Mastery of subtle knowledge” the sutra promises” through mastery over delusion while *naturally* in the presence of eternal fullness.”

Sutra 3.10. ”The inner self is the stage.”

We know that now. Our structures create the stage for our dramas to unfold. We even draw great actors to flesh out our folly. We then blame them for our misfortune. “All the world’s a stage.” By raising our intent we start the spiral that draws tigers onto our stage. Tigers that will growl and goad you into the pursuit of the **Other**. Be alert for them. Listen!

Sutra 3.11 “The sense organs are the spectators in our dramas.”

We are more than the five external senses. We can turn them inside to have five internal senses. That is stalking. Used externally the senses see our dramas. Turned inwards they stalk. Make your choice.

(Sutras quoted from “Finding the Hidden Self” a study on the Siva Sutras by Roger Worthington).

We have discussed the reconciliation of the opposites. This is an important and excellent field for stalking. All extremes must get balanced. Taoism has the image of a Taoist master moving through life like one crossing a rushing mountain stream. The feet carefully feel out each boulder, wrapping the soles around it, gaining balance and then moving forward. Determination, caution, forward, but ready to retreat if need be. Find that mid point between the opposites, that is now your home and from there you can move in any direction, as life requires.

If you like write out your qualities, pair them with opposites and see how things fit in with your life. Where is there imbalance? and what can you do about this? Are you mostly meek and mild, or, mostly, determinedly aggressive? Do you cave in easily? Or never admit you are wrong? Do you martyr yourself? Go too many extra miles? Can you laugh at yourself with others? Are you too serious? Do you have a place for fun? Do you lack structure? Everywhere? Or just where you refuse to tackle tough tasks? Are you sometimes feminine, sometimes masculine? How do these balance out? Do you sit too much? Or jog too much? Do you embrace life with passion? Or is it all a drag? Do you find any pleasure in household chores? Do you do something creative? Often? Seldom? Do you find time just to be quiet? Do you escape into meditation because life is too harsh? Do you exercise? Are you obsessive about this? Do you judge others. Often? Seldom? Judge yourself? Often? Just in certain areas? Do you feel loved and cared for? Is this important to you? Or have you given up expecting it? Do you feel validated in your life? Do you feel ignored? How often do you state your truth? Do you carry it on your sleeves, like a badge of honor? Do you have to constantly recite it? Are you stuck in “isms”? Or are there none in your life? Do you feel grateful? Mostly or hardly ever? Do you think you have been given a hard deal? Or fell in the butter unjustly? (I once told a friend that I felt my life was a long “thank you.” He replied that his was a long, ”PLEASE”!) Can you easily do nothing? Or do you have to be active all the time? Do you always assume control? Or can you take a back seat? Do you look outside of yourself for authority in your life? Do you resent it when someone tells you what to do? Do you ever cook? Tidy up? Unasked? Are you thoughtful of others? Do you obsessively want to please? Do you like your body? Are you obsessive in liking or disliking it? Do you ever touch it and feel you show it love? Can you look at yourself in the mirror and not wince? Do you always check how you look in the mirror? Shop windows? Can you look a little awry and still meet company? Can you live with untidiness? Or does every speck of dust horrify you? Is your life ordered with routines? Sensible ones, or are they just obsessive/compulsive routines? Can you be flexible? Can you take criticism? Do you feel every-and-any criticism of you must be true? Do you feel your gender is downtrodden? Does this just eat you up? Can you have a sensitive, civilized conversation with a fundamental Christian? Or do you just want to tell them to piss off? Do you ever read anything funny? Do you read poetry? Do you take time to look at the world of nature and nearly cry with the beauty? Do you worry over environmental issues? Do you sound like

a repeating record when the subject is introduced? Can you mix with all sorts and also find some things that interest you in simply everyone? Do you have any heroes? Do you tend to hero worship? Do you put your lover on a pedestal? Do you think falling in love a great way to spend time? Do you compulsively fall in love, or wish to, for the high? Do you think anything good of Bush? Saddam Hussein? Do you think you are anything like them at all? Could you spend an evening talking with them without losing your temper? What bugs you the most about them? Does it really infuriate you? If so do you look into the mirror they offer? Do you envy the power of others? If not, then why not? Do you feel powerful? Really powerful? If yes, why are you reading this book? Can you admire the body of someone the same gender as you? Does this bother you? Are you being honest now?

Are you going to do any of this? Or is it just too boring? Or too much work?

Stalking **attitude**, stalking **perspective** follow along similar lines and should be included in the above plus any other additional questions that you yourself wish to consider.

Stalking energy and perception

I have given some of the internal exercises I do and some of what I have gained by doing them. See you what you can discover for yourself. See how you may get led into new experience. Remember always that the mind can manufacture a great variety of visions, etc. Don't indulge in fantasy. Accept what comes, but stay a little aloof from it all. Gods can be seen. Gods can also just be imagined. Some things come easily. Some won't come at all. In the Mystery there is a reason for all of this. There are different lessons, different courses for us to run.

I am toying with a second book to be called "Behind the eyes/Above the head, Stalking Alchemical Change." It will be about experiences inside and above.

The Taoists have the concept of *De*, the energy of virtue. Becoming good, no matter how hard good is to define, brings with it the energy of *De*. Sometimes our life can be unglamorous, no visions, no thrills, no highs, none of those exciting things. But what we are conscientiously building up by living with compassion, forbearance, truthfulness and awareness is this energy of *De*. Virtue brings its own reward of energy. The energy of virtue surrounds one and can be felt by many. How often don't we say someone is such a good person, a kind person, ready to help, to listen, to just "be there".

Chinese call the quality of moral fiber "*xingxing*". The Falun Qong practitioners are encouraged, no admonished, by their teacher, Li Hongzi, to practice *Zhen-Shan-Ren*, truthfulness, benevolence and forbearance. *Xingxing* is improved as you face the events of your life with forbearance, truthfulness and compassion. Not bursting like a volcano when things don't go your way. Getting depressed over criticism. Feeling martyred. You try to meet these challenges with equanimity. This does not mean you run away from them or are passive. I tend to believe in meeting most challenges head on. You stand up

to them, not necessarily defensively, but prepared to say, “Sorry” if you have been wrong or “No” if you feel you are in the right.

Anyone’s life will present them with situations that are disagreeable or downright horrible. If you can you try to change the situations. If you can’t change them then you have two choices: walk away or accept them. Sometimes you can’t walk away. You get a disease that can’t be healed, or a child dies. It can’t be changed. You can’t run away from it. You have to accept it as it is. The acceptance of such things cultivates *xingxing*. You gain “character”, moral fiber. You surrender to what life has forced on you. The one choice you don’t have, but which we often indulge in, is bitching about the rotten ‘deal’. Try to avoid that. Bitching depletes energy and power. Acceptance brings its own reward.

This gaining of “character” gives you *De*, the energy of virtue, which can fill you with its power of Light and essential Joy. *De* is energy. It is a power, the power that comes from living virtuously. If you seek power then you have to also seek virtue. You must cultivate *De*.

So many ‘pilgrims’ who have made good progress and acquired lots of power and spiritual insights can fall down by not cultivating *De*. Indeed often one reads of powerful, charismatic people who have fallen for the same three temptations that lure the ordinary worldly folk: sex, money and power. These three siblings often return to dangle their offers in front of the unwary. *Xingxing* will help you to say, “No.” Saying this “No” generates *De*. Not saying “No” but succumbing to the temptations results in a loss of *De*. You can lose much of what you have gained from your spiritual practices by wasting your *De* energy. Flashy meditations and great insights can all go down the drain, and have often done so, when someone succumbs to money, sex and power.

Furthermore it is greatly damaging to all seekers when this happens to someone they once admired. Many become cynical about spirituality. It is seen as just one more commodity for unscrupulous commercial travelers: a way of getting followers, making a good buck and exploiting the gullible.

It is useful to remember the rule of “step by step.” Remember those Taoist sages crossing that rushing stream, one careful step after another, each step taken with awareness. With each step the balance is stabilized. Move slowly, surely and integrate your spiritual gains in conscious behavior. Conscious behavior is the cultivating of *Xingxing* and *De*. If we all could include this in our exercises it would serve us well.



Satay Sai Baba - exposed on the Internet

The Internet is full of stories of people who gained much renown: teachers who had had profound experiences, gurus who attracted many who came to them for help, many disciples who

then ended up being exploited and abused by these gurus; stories of teachers who became englamoured by some meditation flashes and who built a whole edifice on this.

The inner “flashes” are juicy and wonderful. They keep us going and fill us with a special inner joy and light. But don’t neglect the solid step-by-step work of cultivating *De*. This white energy of virtue will support and protect you when the temptations line up. Eastern Gurus who grew up in a gender-separated society have no skills in dealing with sexy women who are just being friendly and not aiming to seduce.

When I was in India there were reported cases of American women who smiled at Indian men getting subsequently raped, because the merely friendly smile was perceived as a sexual come on.

Gurus who have charisma attract followers who want to look up to them, who want to admire them, who want to love them. One thing can easily lead to another.



Author at the Ganges

When I was in Rishikesh and happily celibate I was walking in the ashram above the Ganges one evening. A red haired Brazilian woman asked me to sit down on the bench. She said she felt terribly attracted to me. I said there was nothing wrong with that. She asked if she could touch me. By “touch” I thought she meant touch my hand so said “Sure.” She dived into my loosely tied Indian pajamas to grab what she wanted.

I often recount this story to prospective Tai Chi teachers when they get trained to ask of a student “May I touch you?” before adjusting a hip or a foot. I point out the question can have unexpected ramifications. A few wary students when asked, “May I touch you” will ask, “Where?”

One evening in Cape Town an extremely attractive 20 year old came to my bed-room totally naked. I said, “This is not actually what you want. You might think you want to have sex with me but actually what you feel is the love I evoke by mirroring to you your own soul. The mind, by habit, will often interpret this feeling as sexual.” I gave her a hug and sent her back to bed.

This is not always as easy. Someone can project such a strong vibration (aura) with a powerful sexual content that it enters your body and hammers on the lower chakras drawing your own energy down. If you haven’t cultivated *Xingxing* and *De*, an offer is made you can’t refuse. From there it is a simple step to actually start initiating such encounters yourself. Then the whole saga and sordid drama of “power corrupts” begins. There is one more sad tale of a guru gone bad. One more disillusioned seeker.

There was a reported case of a University student who filed a sexual harassment charge against a Mathematics professor for “leering” at her when she was at the

swimming pool. His wife tried to explain to the court that he was short sighted and didn't see well, even if someone thought he was leering. He was also absent minded and didn't notice when he was staring because he was, in fact, thinking of mathematics formulas. He was dragged through a horrible process. Sometime later this same woman joined a Tai Chi class led by a friend of mine. After a few lessons she began "hitting" on him. She invited my friend to go out with her. He explained that he was engaged to be married. She told him he shouldn't let minor things like that spoil fun.

I imagine that that woman exuded a lot of sex energy and whether the professor did leer or not, I don't know, but he probably found himself netted in an auric vibration where he might have found it hard not to leer.

Exactly the same descent down gets made over power and money. Indeed they seem often irretrievably intertwined. Isn't it strange that the very same lures get thrown across the path of the worldly as well as the spiritually minded!

We need to cultivate truthfulness, forbearance and compassion. It is not enough to just meditate and hope for the best. That is to be lazy. Life is also growth by the choices we make, choices of action, choices of paths. It is not enough to cultivate Silence, Power and Awareness (Satchidananda) without also living consciously. Living consciously means living with heart, living with awareness, practicing truthfulness.

I know of a guru who when he has a cold tells his "handlers" to keep devotees away. This is done so his image of being invincible, or whatever, is maintained. No disciple should see him ill. Little deceits can become big deceits. If one starts pretending in little ways to be what one is not where will it end? And all just to keep some disciple's high opinion! Do you live your life based on what people will think of you? Or do you base it on truth? And why pretend to be above getting colds?

If you want the high opinion of others you are selling out your substantial values for something which can be fickle any way. People can like you one day and dislike you another. I told a student who said he had so enjoyed the talk I had given, that someone else had said that I had talked too much. He replied, "You can't please everybody." I said, "Yes, so remember that the next time you dislike something, someone else enjoyed it."

Little untruths tend to require bigger untruths as time passes. The guru loses *De*, the power of virtue. This might not be noticeable immediately because the guru gets some of his power from the devotion of disciples. He sits on the top of the pyramid. The broader the base the higher is the pinnacle. However truth always comes out. Somewhere down the line the truth is revealed. And when the base (the bulk of the devotees) discovers the deceits, how great is the fall of that pyramid.

Chinese masters have said, "What you practice you become." Practice truthfulness and you become a true person. Practice deceit, you become a deceiver.

Of course, in the search for power the virtues are not seen as glamorous. Seeking them is hard work. It doesn't seem flashy. Not like trying to see auras or bend spoons or to be able to manipulate an audience.

The Dalai Lama is a person one can only admire and love for his cultivation of the virtues. His humility and his compassion touch one. Similarly, Thich Naht Hahn the Vietnamese Buddhist. You read their words and you simply love them. You feel their goodness, their *De*. A good person's energy, their power, reaches out to embrace you. You respond with love. Not because they are seeking admiration, seeking followers. But just because of whom they are. Good people.

When you read of the high jinks of some charismatic leaders, one can only feel sorrow. Personal power gained for personal glory. It is like using something Beautiful for Ugly purposes. Some people can see a bear or a deer and their heart will leap with the joy. Others can only think of shooting.

If you practice seeing beauty you will find beauty. Beauty will find you.

If your concern is public admiration at any cost then not matter how much you get and for how long, one can make a certain prediction. You are going to lose it. Your end result will be worse than your beginning.

Every path to personal power should have engraved above it “ *Zhen, Shan, Ren*”.

When I got to this point of my writing it occurred that for many, stalking personal power could seem selfish and indeed frightening. Power has connotations that put off so many people who identify power with the abuse of power, Stalin like images. Add to that the word ‘stalking’ with all its sense of stalking exactly to wield power or fear over someone and I decided to include a chapter on Stalking ‘peace’. Indeed to include Peace in the title of the book. So turn the page!



Inside Cave

***Footnote** - Amarnath is a cave 12,000 feet up in the Kashmir Himalayas. It is an important pilgrimage place in India. The Goddess Parvati looked at her husband Shiva and asked why he wore a garland of skulls around his neck. He explained that each skull was one of hers. That every time she died he kept it as a token of his love for her and then married her again when she was reborn. Parvati asked him why he never died and he replied, “Because I am Amarnath, Lord of Immortality.” She asked how one could become immortal. Before he replied he scorched the earth all around the cave where they were talking so no one could hear his secret, but unbeknownst to him a parrot escaped dying and heard the whole story. It was a long story and Parvati fell asleep during the telling (and so never learned the full secret) but not the parrot who having heard all flew away as soon as Shiva finished.

Shiva followed but the parrot escaped down the throat of Vyasa's (a great Yogi) wife as she yawned. In time she gave birth and the parrot was born as one who knew the secret of immortality. This caused great consternation amongst the Gods because if everyone became an Immortal and there was no death so would the whole cycle of life as we know it on earth finish, with no more death and regeneration. Shiva said he couldn't retract the power his secret bestowed but he could amend it so that whoever followed the instructions would not become immortal but would come to his Kingdom and live there for a very long time before again taking birth on earth.



Amarnath - a heavy load

Each year a great crowd takes the mountain paths to the cave trying to arrive at the full moon of August. I organized a pony trek for myself, Count Blucher, and Princess May Kaivani of Iran. The trip up took us 3 days. Each day we camped just short of the main group of 10,000 pilgrims. Away to avoid all the noise in the tent city that grew up each evening. It was a wonderful experience with pilgrims coming from all over India. I saw some without legs who pushed themselves on pads under the buttocks all the way.



Last Camp before Cave

We climbed up to 14,000 feet where oxygen is scarce and policemen, with canes!, prevented anyone from sitting down lest they not get up again hurrying them to go down to the last beautiful valley for the final camp.



Pilgrims at Cave Entrance

There we rose at 2 am to make the final ascent so that we arrived at the cave at dawn. I remember well seeing Pathak taking his ritual steaming bath from a pot in his tent so as to be pure for the cave.



To Amarnath

When we got back our pony wallahs wanted us to leave right away as they wished to get back in 2 days to pick up another party. So we had a very long tiring day which had started at 2 am.

Scenery on the way back was spectacular.

Chapter 12

Stalking Peace

Peace is elusive, for oneself, for communities and for the world. At the time of writing very unpeaceful people talk aggression and war. Of course it is couched in words that justify the future violence. Good against Evil; overthrowing a tyrant and all that. But it will replace Saddam Hussein with what? the daily violence of an economic system that is violently competitive, blatantly unfair, exploitative and wasteful, and with the media grossly manipulated by the powerful and the privileged? The choice seems to be between bad or the worse!

It is hubris and folly to imagine peace coming from people who don't know peace in themselves. The very word 'peace' when uttered by such people seems like sacrilege. It is being used as a propaganda tool.

Yet who can throw stones? We all live degrees of violence, no matter what our estimation of ourselves, the violence of not knowing that "Peace which passeth Understanding", and compromising daily by voting with our silence to maintain the violence in our society. We can't all live the stressful life of an activist. So we live our lives as best we can, thus, passively, accepting the conditions of society. If you accept the privileges of the elite and say nothing you help maintain the depressed conditions of the under privileged.

The disenfranchised and unempowered can't know peace. They will know apathy, envy, or anger. Apathy if they decide privilege can never be theirs; envy for those who have it; or anger and bitterness towards the powerful and the privileged. Apathy is the worst state. Nothing will change for the apathetic. Envy eats away at the insides. At least anger will motivate one. It is curious that anger can be nearly as powerful as love in moving society towards justice and fairness.

First we must look inside and discover the causes for our lacking peace. I am not talking of having the peace that comes from the freedom of being able to make many choices in our lives, what to eat, what to wear, what entertainment to have, where to go on holiday, what model car to buy. No, there is another peace that comes from knowing that part of oneself that is essentially Peace. The sense that, no matter what happens, there is That to which one is irrevocably linked, to That which Exudes Peace like a rose gives scent. The peace which comes from knowing, that, no matter what the drama, we can raise our perspective and see the "soap" in the swirling opaque water.

Being able to do this gives us the opportunity to wallow in peace like a relaxing, spiritual hot bath at the end of a tiring day. It is the beginning of finding that peace is there all the time, nurturing us, supporting us, even smiling as we yet again lose the soap and get frantic.

When I do my meditation techniques I feel that peace.

With practice all comes quicker. Beginners are assailed by thoughts and minor emotions. Practice teaches you an inner language so you can converse with your inner Self. No, not converse because that sounds like more mental chatter. Commune with your inner Self. Take a holiday from the habitual world of strain and effort and sit on the warm beach that is inside. Only when you take a break from that struggling, fearful, grasping self can you really know what peace is. Not the peace of getting a desire fulfilled, but the deeper peace that is quite apart from grasping desire and which knows nothing of such lack, the hole in our Being. We are multi-layered beings. Most people inhabit the gloomy basement, which is a sweat-shop. At the top you have the penthouse and the joy of having a spectacular broad vista of infinite horizons.

So we are back at the first chapter. The body is the first rung on the ladder. We all have bodies. Getting to know the energy of the body, cultivating it, circulating it, purifying it through internal alchemical practices puts you in contact with a larger energy, a joyful stream that “runs through all things”(Wordsworth’s poem Tintern Abbey). You start with the physical self and move through all the selves (energetic, emotional, mental, causal, Bliss-Power-Being) and put yourself in contact with That, which is larger and Beyond. The Other.

To have peace you cultivate energy and power. That gives you security. You lose fear. It is the fearful dog that bites and shows aggression. It is the insecure people who become tyrants. It is those insecure parts inside our selves that cause fear and aggression. Stalking will reveal them to you. You dissolve them; dissolve the blocks that prevent the full harmonious flow of energy. All your parts, all your levels work in harmony, are unified. What is the most potent unifying force? You know the answer.

Love!

You lift the quality of the heart to head, first in the movements, then just sitting still and breathing it up. In the head you open up a funnel that allows the All to flood into you. You connect with the Eternal, Brooding, Loving Silence and become Its secret agent. You don’t have to chatter and talk about It. But you live That in your daily life showing compassion, respect and love to life as it streams before you. It is all a Mystery. You don’t know where It starts, or where It ends, so vast It is. You don’t know Its reasons or Its explanations. You walk that Mystery step by step, in peace and in faith like a Taoist Monk, feeling for your balance on the stones as you cross that rushing winter stream.

You learn to soak up peace like bread soaks up gravy. Peace comes when all your parts are reconciled and integrated. Peace will never come when those parts at war inside you. Then you will have repression and the inability to feel. Allowing yourself to feel fully permits you to feel the stress and pain of a dysfunctional interior. To fully know peace you have to fully know yourself.

If you remember diagram 2, when A experiences himself as XY, irrevocably part of the Infinite, then A experiences the peace of his own essential harmony. He is then like a musician that plays his note perfectly. However, if the rest of the world is out of harmony within themselves and with everything else he can not help but be affected. He may play his note perfectly but when everyone else is not doing this, when others are out of key and harmony the result can not be pleasing, even to A. To arrive at the perfection of a Beethoven string quartette expertly played by all takes a lot of practice and growth.

To arrive at one's experience of one's XY existence is vital but then to be able to fully enjoy one needs one's environment also to be in harmony. There are two things, thus, self-growth, and societal growth. One can not ignore the needs and frustrations of one's world. Compassion does not permit that, nor does the impulse of life to move to greater harmony. What joy is there in singing one's beautiful melody in a choir of dissonance, and amongst hacking coughs?

Life urges growth. So one, totally immersed in that fuller life, who realizes that the web of life contains all, must work for the greater glory of life. Peace within and peace without.

Peace comes when you know yourself through and through, when your personality has become like an old corduroy jacket that fits comfortably, when you feel and love your place on this earth. Peace is feeling that affinity with the life energy that sparkles in all the species and plants here.

When I watched TV coverage of the bombing of those mountains in Afghanistan to dislodge Al Qaeda fighters from their caves I thought less of them cowering in the darkness and felt more for the trees, shrubs, insects and all life that lived there too and had never a quarrel with man. They were bombed out of existence. I never read or heard any eulogy for them. I wished that man could choose a barren desert for their wars and blow up sand and themselves. I can hardly bear to read of the gorillas killed by soldiers in Rwanda. TV coverage of dead monkeys etc in African markets fills me such despair that I begin to dislike the human species.

Once you feel this affinity for life then you realize with such horror the brutality that surrounds human existence and our callousness towards all those little species that call this earth their home too.

Arrogantly, man sets himself up as a superior consciousness and sees his place as at the pinnacle of evolution. In moments of despair I have to remind myself that we have produced Bach, Beethoven, Rumi, Meister Eckhart as well. It is not all bad.

For peace to be known across this globe, mankind must know himself.

When we attempt to know ourselves we often neglect all the parts. And what do we mostly deny as part of ourselves? See the next chapter for the dismissed Self.

Chapter 13

Wrapping it Up

The Denied Self – The Shadow

I mentioned in chapter 5 how I turned the tap off when I stopped teaching meditation in 1976. This was necessary for me to do so I could explore my shadow undistracted. It is essential work. I suspect many charismatic people who don't do this remain caught up in their glory and also have their followers devoted to this splendor of their golden part. They then remain unaware of parts of themselves that are 'unregenerated', which are profoundly ignored. This does not mean these parts don't have their effect. They do. But their work is done in secret and in unconsciousness.

Having charismatic power and a flawed personality is a bad combination. There is no development of that inner conscience to temper the power with humility and compassion. Indeed it has to be silenced because the gap between the Light and the Dark is so great. The Light is what is attracting people to you. Your Dark will repel them. Neither the leader nor the followers want to see the leader's humanity. A conspiracy is established to deny the existence of the Dark. The longer this continues the harder it is for the leader to step back and do shadow work, because shadow work is shadow work. You go into the darkness inside, where all those nasty, repressed demons lie. But those demons are part of you, the part that you have never been allowed by parents etc to acknowledge. Everyone has told you, "You can't be like that." Behavior springing from unregenerate areas is criticized. Behind every person there is that sack of the dismissed self, the naughty self, dragged miserably, ignored, just hating being ignored, but biding its time. It follows you everywhere, seeps into your life and will eventually ruin life, yours and others.

I am convinced that this is what happened to fallen gurus. They eagerly followed the Light. The Light is seductive. It charms and entices. It gives you a wonderful sense of who you are. There you feel embraced and accepted by the Universe and your Soul. You grow nurtured by That. It fills your life but NOT the crevices of your denied and dismissed Self. Those have been banished into your unconsciousness. Most of us don't want to make the journey into our dark. C.G. Jung so succinctly wrote: "One does not become enlightened by imagining figures of light, but by making the darkness conscious."

Shadow work involves admitting to your dismissed self, admitting it into your awareness, getting to know it, accepting it and then allowing the Light to transform it. You can't get to know what you have banished. Your personal culture has forced you to dismiss all those unacceptable parts, but they have remained parts of you. Like angry, disinherited children they actually yearn for acceptance and love. Yet acceptance and love are the very things that we find so hard to give them. Especially when you get a sense of yourself as Joy and Light and Love. When people respond to you as that, further confirming your Light identity why would you want also recognize the halt, lame and the

disfigured you? The more successful a family then the more obvious are the black sheep that darken its name. So ship them off to Australia, to the dark faraway colonies, so no one will know you have a black sheep in the family.

People of Light, gurus, accept the devotion of those who come within their orbit of influence, people who love the aura the gurus project, who suck up the energy they radiate. Like being a rock star or any media darling, it is addictive and seductive. What ego can easily stand aside and reflect,” I am not so wonderful in fact”?

What began slowly, those little successes of demonstrating Light, thus attracting followers, become a torrent, a cascade that rushes ever on carrying the blind guru and his besotted devotees to disillusionment, unless they both do shadow work.

This means calling the banned back, inviting the black sheep into the family. A simple rule, and often stated, is this: if someone’s behavior really gets your back up then you can place a safe bet that this is so because, inside you, something resonates with that behavior. The bad behavior is the very thing you stop yourself doing and which has been relegated to the shadow. It pisses you off mightily to observe someone do what you censor yourself from doing. They are acting out your own dark and you hate to see it being made a procession of in front of you. Most parents dislike watching their kids having fun while doing their chores slowly, or inefficiently. We don’t have any fun doing chores so why should they? We don’t stamp our feet and pout. Oh yes you do; it is just not so obvious and honest. We think that chores should be done swiftly. Fun is not part of chores to an adult, unless they do chores communally, then they discover the joy of doing chores with others.

When something in you resonates with and, consequently, hates someone’s behavior, use that as mirror of your shadow. Admit you have that in you and start directly dealing with the black sheep, either consciously on your own, or avail yourself of therapy. Don’t pretend the dark isn’t there.

When you have become clear of the shadow then you might still not like someone’s behavior but it won’t set your teeth on edge any more. Indeed I sometimes really enjoy watching kids being mildly naughty and having such fun in whatever mischief they are doing. It is actually liberating.

When you reintegrate your shadow self it is no longer there like a demon in the closet. You have explored all the rooms in your house and become familiar with them. You have become happy, serene in your house. You have discovered personal peace.

You can add power upon power and become more powerful, but if you have neglected your shadow self, nemesis awaits. The lure of the Light becomes a drug, an intoxicating escape, and you neglect your personal house cleaning. It is much more pleasurable to sit in that inner joy than clean out inner muck. House cleaning is exactly the work we do when we dissolve blocks in our meditation. It is the process of reconciling the opposites for which you might need some counseling, especially in these

days of fragmented society. Not everyone has intimacy with a wise person so you will have to hire one!

A meditation

Sit on a chair, on the edge so your back is straight and your pelvis even. Put your hands on your knees. Breathe into your stomach, into your lower dantien. Notice how the breath in the belly expands forward and also backwards. After a while, try to notice that you can also feel an expansion to the left and to the right. Left to the spleen and right to the liver. As you breathe in it is like a sphere filling up in your belly. Then as you breathe out the sphere contracts. Do this until you are comfortable with it and don't have to concentrate to feel it.

Then feel how that sphere of energy can also rise up your back as you breathe in a little deeper. Rise to your kidneys on the in breath. Then contract back into a sphere in your belly on the out breath.

Allow the breaths to be easy and natural. As you breathe there is an energy that moves, expands and contracts again. Feel that energy.

When this has become easy, feel how as you breathe in a little deeper the energy rises up your back, spreading behind your heart. As it does this it feel like your back is gently rounding

Then notice how it can spread to each side of your shoulders.

Then up the neck into the third eye area. If with shut eyes you turn your eyes upwards and focus gently on that area this helps.

Then up the neck to the top of the head.

It might take you several days for all this to become really familiar so don't rush it. It is better to have each step, understood and integrated before you tackle the next step.

Then notice how you can have the energy go from the shoulder joints down each arm and into the finger bones.

Then notice how the energy can spread through the pelvis into the hip joints.

Then how from the hip joints it can go down each leg, through the knee and into the feet.

It might be hard to do arms and legs at the same time. Practice diligently and don't be in a rush. These things can't be forced.

Feel how the energy returns to that ball in the belly with the out breath.

This should be completely easy before you try this next step, maybe after some weeks or months.

At this stage you can feel with the in breath that energy expands to the limits (hands, feet and head) of your body and then returns to the belly. Now comes something more complicated. Two seemingly opposite things happen at the same time. As you breathe not only is the energy expanding as you have felt but it is also, at the same time, becoming concentrated as a sphere in your belly. Then as you exhale from that concentrated sphere energy goes to the extremities at exactly the same time as the energy that had already been sent there returns to your belly.

There are two expansions, away from the belly, one with the in-breath and one with the out-breath. So two opposite things are happening at the same time. The energy center in the belly is filling with an in-breath and expanding out at the same time. With the out-breath it is expanding and concentrating at the same time. Energy is being moved both into the dantien and at the same time being expanded from there. This is an application of the equal and opposite rule, or a reconciliation of the opposites. Becoming small, concentrated, the ball in the belly, and becoming large, the expansion outwards to the limits of the body, both at the same time. While you feel energy coming back into the belly from head, hands and feet you also feel energy being sent from the belly to head, hands and feet.

You remember how we discussed our in-breath is like God's out-breath, which He/She breathes into us. At the same time as we breathe in we are expanded out into God. This is the same feeling. While one line of communication allows energy to concentrate another line allows energy to expand at the same time.

If you don't feel this easily just relax. When you are open it will happen. Opening happens with practice and should be natural not forced.

This is an advanced breathing meditation and might take time for you to feel it happening.

When this is easy there is another things to do, but first some intellectual background.

Teilhard de Chardin, the famous Jesuit, postulated the theory of the noosphere. Our earth, as we know, is surrounded by a biosphere that permits life on our planet to function. A very delicate balance has to be maintained between the gas components (the percentage of oxygen to carbon dioxide etc.) Too little oxygen and we die. A fraction too much and there is a risk of spontaneous combustion. Into this biosphere we pour out our gas emissions. As we have discovered, the biosphere is not a free dumping ground where we can get rid of our waste. What goes up comes down- somewhere. It is like a closed circuit and, at our grave peril, we ignore our connection with it.

The noosphere is like the biosphere, but composed of our mental projections. Into the noosphere we pour out our mental emissions. All our thoughts, all the events of our consciousness end up there like a big cloud that surrounds the earth. Some of what we project is happy and full of Light. Some isn't. During times of great stress we emit dark thought gases, like a body sheds unhealthy or dead skin. These collect in this noosphere. Just as we are affected by what is in the biosphere, for it gets into our air, our rain, our lakes, our plants and our food, so too we are affected by the noosphere. Everyone has come into a room where a tense argument has been happening. As we say, you can cut the atmosphere with a knife. So too the emotional (Light) quality of the noosphere affects how we function. Like it or not we are a part of the web here. A world war creates great masses of dark clouds. You may wake up one day and for no obvious reason feel depressed, sad, irritable, or down right angry. Sometimes this is your own stuff, your own mess, but, sometimes, it is not. All of us are affected by these emotional and mental clouds, the noosphere that surround us.

Over the long history of human life on earth much has been poured into the noosphere. Ideas feed new ideas. We are nurtured by them. Break-throughs in consciousness become part of the human psyche. So does depression and anger. Unless the muck is cleaned up we are also affected by it. At times of great crisis a huge amount of muck, like a dose of bad karma, is given to us for processing. It can seriously affect how people behave. Decisions get taken under the impulses of anger and negativity.

A lot of the muck in the noosphere has come from each one of us, and not just in this lifetime, but for as far back as you can believe you have existed. We are all responsible for what we have put there. It is now tidy up time children.

When you feel you have got a good grip on the preceding meditation, when you have expanded your energy so that it goes beyond your head then hold the intent that you wish to connect with the noosphere and connect with the negativity you have put there. You will have to rely on the law of affinity. Just as a calf will find its mother in a herd of cows drawn by affinity with the mother, so will your awareness draw to you that which has come from your awareness. Like that line Father Brown had that connected him to the criminal we have a line to our thoughts. They are psychically our children.

You are not processing events, but energy. There is no need to go into the dramas that we had when we put them there. Reliving the whole movie. Connect with the energy, allow that energy to come into your belly. Into your belly, and there in the fire of your belly allow it to be transmuted, just as an incinerator can create energy from waste. The dark energy can get turned into positive energy in your life.

It helps if you realize a connection between the fire in your belly and the heat of the earth's core. Use the energy of the inner earth via your belly to burn the muck. Allow it to pour out of you into the earth for transmutation.

Into the hollow that has been created in the noosphere when you took out muck, you then pour in Peace and Light. Do this by raising your consciousness to your heart

center and expand the Light there into the noosphere. It is like giving the earth a cuddle, surrounding it with the loving energy of your expanded heart.

If only one person does this it won't make a great difference to global consciousness, but that person will have cleaned up their own mess. If more people will do this then more people will clean up noosphere mess. It is like those community-clean ups along country roads. It gives a good feeling when you tidy your room or your office. It gives a similar feeling of positivity to have erased some of your mess and to have gained energy in the process.

I began this chapter by reminding you of how I turned the tap off in 1976.

I have now turned the tap back on. The energy now flows, not just for me, but also for whoever comes within the orbit of my influence. I have discovered my mission in life.

Put simply, 'It is to flow.'

Chapter 14

Smells go directly into the memory of the brain and awaken old scents. After a long absence from South Africa I was doing Tai Chi in a park. As my heel turned into the sandy Cape Flats soil it caused a scent that took my memory straight back to my childhood. I didn't even know that I had a memory of the smell of the soil. But one turn of the heel and instantly the scent was familiar. As when a well-loved friend embraces you, you can relax into the warmth of their body and feel that old familiarity of certain contours, so too I sank into the scent of the soil of my birthplace. This was my birth home. Familiarity and a hug of memories filled me with delight. On that trip the taste of strawberries awoke memories of eating them as a child. The taste is different from anywhere else; so too was the coffee on South African railways.

In a blinding moment you can recapture that aching passion for a love that time long ago took away from you. Someone you once met. Someone you loved intensely. Your paths diverged and now with a cramping pain you wonder how you could have possibly let love slip away so easily. There is that sudden overwhelming anguish of loss.

Deep in our awareness is a memory of the All from where we came, that feeling of being AT HOME. It might be aeons ago that our individuality separated from the Undifferentiated but, as we reach that spot in our awareness where we consciously reconnect with Home, the familiarity of that Wholeness obliterates the long period of its being absent from our awareness. We come into the familiar welcome of Home. Afterwards one could weep for the long period that one didn't feel the joy of Home. Its long absence is now perceived as an agony of loss. Here, in an instant, time, has stopped its ticking. Everything imposed by the relative on the Undifferentiated vanishes. Later, as St Bernard wrote, just as gradually the pot of porridge taken from the heat stops bubbling, so the inner cooking stops and we again yearn again for that passion of Home and the feeling of Joy percolating in us.

It is my hope that the reader who has not yet consciously experienced this reconnection will do so. Once it has been tasted you will ever seek It out, again and again. Breathlessly and with passion you will become stalkers, treading the path of Heart, treading the path back Home.

“Exultation is the going
Of an inland soul to sea-
Past the Houses-
Past the Headlands-
Into deep Eternity.”

Emily Dickinson. (1)

“May what I do flow from me like a river,

no forcing and no holding back,
the way it is with children.
Then in these swelling and ebbing currents,
these deepening tides moving out, returning,
I will sing you as no one ever has,

Streaming through widening channels
into the open sea.”
Rainer Maria Rilke (2)

“Traveler, how far is the sea?”
“How far is it we all ask.
The rolling roar of its water swells to the sky when we hush our talk.”
Rabindranath Tagore.(3)

I LOVE YOU.

David.

Have Wisdom; Will Travel
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(1) Poem 143

The Poems of Emily Dickinson edited by R.W.Franklin.

(2) Rilke’s “Book of Hours” (Love poems to God) translated by Anita Burrows and Joanna Macy. 1,12.

(3) Rabindranath Tagore ”Crossing” poem 72.

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