

# The Roving 'I'

Textbook of The New Consciousness...

...Part 1

by Anton Grosz, PhD

\* \* \*

*Dear friend...*

*yes you...  
reading these words...  
here and now...*

*...hello again...*

*...it's me  
...writing these words  
...here and now*

*...we have met before...*

*In the old days when I would visit your village there would be a big celebration and lots of food and drink and music and dancing. And when it got dark we would all gather together around the fire and I would tell you stories of amazing places and fabulous beings while the sparks crackled off into blackness. And pictures would form on the screen of your mind that had never been there before and you wondered, filled with questions you were too shy to ask with everyone there from the village.*

*You would go to bed dreaming of visions and vistas and long after I had gone some of the pictures that had formed in your mind as I spoke remained... sometimes for a day or two... sometimes for a lifetime... sometimes even beyond that. That is why I know we have met before. I recognize some of the pictures in your mind.*

*Of course, I do not know all the pictures in your mind... just as you do not know all the pictures in mine. How could we know? We have each gone our separate ways since those nights around the fire. That is why you look at life and the world differently than I do. In fact you look at the world differently than anyone else in the world. Your life experiences are unique. But, of course, you already know that.*

*Yet that does not mean we do not share many pictures or experiences in common based on deep primal experiences that go to the very heart of what it means and feels like to be human. Doesn't a mother's love transcend language... don't the horrors of war transcend weapons?*

*As you may have gathered by now, I am a storyteller with no craft nor art other than the ability to spill visions into words so others can share the pictures in my mind and know what I feel, what I think, and where I am when I am not where I look like I am. Wherever that place may be, my words allow you to join me there.*

*Now storytelling is not a profession to be embarked upon lightly for it gives access to another person's mind and lets you put pictures there and that is a very powerful thing to do. Terrible tales are told of young storytellers who did not know their own power. Shame on them for not knowing what they had. Terrible tales are also told of old storytellers who knew their power and sold its use to the highest bidder. Shame on them for misusing what they knew.*

*Storytelling is also not easy to do, at least not well. For storytelling shares common feeling and understanding through mental abstractions called words, words that cannot help but produce unique pictures in each person's mind. One word... different minds... many pictures. That is just the way it works.*

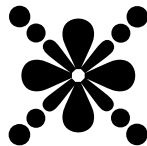
*When I say the word 'home', for example, or 'mother', you see a different picture of home and mother than I see. Why shouldn't you? You have grown through different experiences of home and mother than I and those experiences shade your reactions to those words. What then of more subtle words and experiences, like 'truth' and 'love' and 'freedom' and 'beauty'. How can I truly communicate everything I mean through words that mean something different to you?*

*Imagine, therefore, how concerned I am about attempting to share a story with you like the one I am about to tell... a story that contains some unusual experiences so very different from yours and yet so very similar to ones you could experience if you so wished.*

*What pictures will they create in your mind? What feelings will they evoke? Will they frighten you? Will they make you joyful? Will they excite you for the stories you might find within yourself?*

*And please forgive yourself if you do not see and feel and understand everything I wish to share with you this time around. It's not your fault. Blame me, the storyteller, for not being as skilled in my profession as I should be. And then, please forgive me as well, for I am trying to be and do the very best I can.*

*Finally, remember that ultimately, there is no one to write and no one to read, nothing to teach and nothing to learn, no one to forgive and no one to be forgiven... only one of us here and now talking and listening... communicating with Itself.*



*\* \* \**

## Welcome to the New Consciousness...

...the growing understanding that when we say “I AM”... we are speaking fact and that anything we say after that to describe ourselves... male... female... black... white... yellow... red... rich... poor... Hindu... Christian... Muslim... Jew... Atheist... whatever... is just an adjective.

\* \* \*

Up till now humans have related to the adjectives that separate us... the separate bodies, ideas, experiences, emotions, everything that makes us look and feel different from each other... separate... me from you... you from me.

We find fault in others just because they have different adjectives from us and do things differently than we do. And because of that, we act towards each other in ways that are less than humane... to put it mildly.

\* \* \*

Yet deep inside us... deep inside those different adjectives that separate us is something we all have in common. You know what that is...right?

\* \* \*

Turns out... We all feel “I AM” at our very core. No matter what adjectives we use to describe our differences... “I AM” is our deepest innermost reality. Everything else builds on that. And, not surprisingly, that’s true for everyone... every single seemingly separate one of us.

\* \* \*

Sure, when we look out and see that we are physically separate from each other, we think each “I AM” is also separate from each other. That actually makes sense when you’re looking out with your eyes.

But according to New Consciousness that’s just part of the story. “I AM” doesn’t just feel the same for each of us... it *is the same* for all of us. Deep down inside where we all feel our I... we are all connected.

\* \* \*

My I is not just the same **as** your I... it **is** the same “I”. Inside all the adjectives that describe us... we are connected by our “I”. And when enough of us feel this Oneness... it will be an evolutionary step in the development of life on Earth.

\* \* \*

Will knowing we are all connected make a difference...?

Think of it this way. What if there were eyes on the ends of the fingers? And they looked out and saw the thumb and said...

“You stupid thumb, coming from a different direction! Take that! And that!  
And that!”

... and they scratched the thumb and made it bleed and it got all infected and the infection went into the hand and back up into the fingers and they all got infected, too. Would the fingers have scratched the thumb if they knew they were all connected and hurting another would hurt themselves?

Shouldn't it be the same for humans?

\* \* \*

Knowing we are all connected will be the impetus that ushers in an era of Perpetual Peace and Universal Understanding. It will be a time when we celebrate our differences... using our individual and separate skills and talents for the benefit of all. Sort of like how all the organs in our body are different from each other but work together to keep us alive and healthy and the best that we can be.

Sounds pretty far from where our world seems to be these days, if you listen to the news. But, certainly it's a goal worth aiming for.

So this is why ***The Roving 'I'*** is here... to help **you** experience and be a part of the New Consciousness.... Earth's next big evolutionary leap.

\* \* \*

And just to show you how far we've already evolved... this giant evolutionary leap, unlike all previous ones... is voluntary. You see, humans are no longer simply controlled by instinct. Each of us is able to think for ourselves and able to choose how we want to interact with the world we see around us.

So, obviously, we're all so glad you've come... glad you've chosen to move into the future. Somewhere down the path we should all be seeing 'I' to 'I'.

\* \* \*

*At my eighth birthday party Aunt Clare asked me, "What do you want to be when you grow up?"*

*"I want to be happy," I answered.*

*My mother was walking past at that moment. She stopped long enough to cuff me along side the head. "You can't be happy," she said. "You have to be something."*

*Years later, despite my mother's words, I realize that may have been the defining moment of my life.*

\* \* \*

*[psssst... I'm going to be sharing some of my personal stories with you... and not because my stories are better than yours. I just think it's important to know where somebody who thinks they have something to teach is coming from. Also, they could trigger something in your memory that could help you on your path. I'll put them in this font so you'll be able to see them coming and get out of the way if you want.]*

\* \* \*

Very important! You should know, right off the bat, **The Roving 'I'** is not a cult or religious movement. There are no passwords or secret handshakes in the New Consciousness. It is merely an evolving way to be and experience reality that's different than the way most of us experience reality today.

Whatever your religion, whatever your faith... if you're happy with the path you're on... keep your current beliefs. **The Roving 'I'** does not conflict with it. If you are true to your faith and heed the teachings of its founder... you will reach your goal. In fact, the exercises in this book should help you on your path and make your faith even stronger.

**The Roving 'I'** is also not a touchy-feely kind of nebulous spirituality reeking of crystals and mantras that says everything is going along just as it should. However, spiritual seekers searching for the intense personal experience such spirituality offers, will comfortably resonate with what is said here. Its exercises should open wide your path as well.

And although **The Roving 'I'** is not a scientific treatise, it is designed for the scientists, the doubters, the logicians, the thinkers, the rational skeptics, agnostics, and downright atheists who refuse to accept on faith alone what they have not seen with their very own eyes. If you don't believe in anything but quantum physics, simply read this... play the games... follow your path... and you will experience the New Consciousness through a completely different and equally valid door. All it takes is a mind open enough to ask, "What if?". And if someone cannot do that, is that person really a scientist?

\* \* \*

New Consciousness bridges the gap between science and religion... allowing each of us to experience human awareness in a way that makes sense to the devout believer, the dogmatic atheist, and everyone in between.

Going behind words that separate us... words like science and theology... God and consciousness... intellect and intuition... New Consciousness touches the immediate, immanent shared experience of existence that truly makes us One... no matter what we want to call it. That's the whole point after all.

\* \* \*

The experience we shall be examining and sharing is a subjective one and cannot be imposed from the outside. Not only do I know such an imposition cannot be done, it is not my intention to attempt it. However, it is my intention to guide you within your own mind to the source of your very being. To the place where you stand on the fulcrum of the seesaw and have only to choose for yourself who do you want to be... 'I' or I?

\* \* \*

As you will discover, what we will be examining and experiencing is not just a subject for academic discussion and analysis. It's a concept that's more verb than noun... a way to be... a way to act... and a dynamic way to understand the world and Self that binds together the seemingly separate views of science and religion into an integral whole. Further... it adds another dimension on what it means to be human... what it means when we refer to ourselves and say... I.

And whether you think this proves the tenets of modern quantum physics or validates your faith in an Almighty God, really doesn't matter either. What does matter is that when you feel this universal force radiating within, you will also experience a freedom, and joy, and control over your life that will allow you to manifest your highest potential not only for what that could mean for you, but for the ultimate good of all.

The hope is that each person who reads this will find at least one path that resonates and leads to the final goal.

\* \* \*

***The Roving 'I'*** is not just about the New Consciousness... it ***is*** the New Consciousness... designed to lead us each to the "I AM" within us all."

\* \* \*

## “On Beyond Human”...

That’s what Dr. Seuss would have called it...

    this evolutionary leap we’re about to take...

        it won’t look like much of a change...

            from the outside...

                we’ll still look like humans...

                    from the outside...

rock to plant...

    plant to animal...

        animal to human...

            been there...

                done that.

human to... where we’re going next?

                                Just as big!!!

\* \* \*

## The Jewel of Truth - part 1

So once upon a time there was a circular forest... trees and bushes and flowers and green. Just the same as any other forest, except that this forest was absolutely, completely and perfectly round.

Right in the middle of the forest there was a castle and in the middle of the castle there was a strong room and in the middle of the strong room there was a treasure chest and in the middle of the treasure chest there was a jewel. A beautiful jewel. A special jewel. It was, in fact... the Jewel of Truth.

Over time, lots of people, having heard about the Jewel of Truth, went into the forest to look for it. Some of them went in from over here, some went in from over there, some from way around on the other side. Since it was a circular forest, the distance from the outside to the center and the Jewel of Truth was the same no matter where people entered the forest. But, of course, you have already figured that out.

Now just because you could get to the Jewel of Truth from anywhere on the outside of the forest doesn't mean that everyone who went inside looking for it found it. Some people got tired before they reached it and gave up, some lost their sense of direction along the way and kept going round and round in circles, and some people were lured away by other things that they decided were more interesting.

On the other hand, some people who were traveling through the forest for other reasons and weren't even looking for the Jewel of Truth just happened to end up in the right place and find it. Go figure. However, the important point is that over time, a lot of people found the Jewel of Truth, and from a lot of different directions.

Oh... one of the things I forgot to tell you about the Jewel of Truth and one of the things that makes it so special, is that if you do make your way through the forest, into the castle, into the strong room, into the treasure chest, and touch the Jewel of Truth... not only will you have it with you forever... it will still remain there in the treasure chest. In other words, even though you have it... it's always there for someone else to touch as well. Don't ask me how it does that... that's just the way it is with the Jewel of Truth...

(end of part 1)

\* \* \*

Okay. So before you read the rest of the story. Take a moment to stop... go inside... and feel yourself going through the forest to look for the castle and the Jewel of Truth. Doesn't matter what kind of forest or trees it is or even if it's a cartoon forest and you're some Pixar prince or princess. Your forest... your castle... your story. Nobody should tell you what pictures you should see in your very own mind. But it is important that you experience it instead of just listening to me telling about it.

Take a moment...

...stop and feel...

...here I am...

...at the edge of the forest

I've heard it's there...

...I'm not afraid...

... I'm going to find it...

...So here I go!!!

\* \* \*

And now... back to our story...

\* \* \*

## The Jewel of Truth – part 2

Now here's how the problem started. A number of years ago, some people who had never even entered the forest heard about a guy who had made it all the way into the center and touched the Jewel of Truth. Rather than actually going in to look for it themselves, they started putting up signs saying, "This way to the Jewel of Truth".

They cleared out a bunch of trees and made a path part way into the forest along the route they figured the guy had taken. They stayed on the outside of the forest and just kept stopping others and getting in their faces and saying "This is the way... this is the way... this is the way to the Jewel of Truth".

"That's cool about your guy", the others would say, "but I want to go into the forest and look for it that way", and they'd point to somewhere else around the outside of the forest other than the path with the signs.

"No", the people with the signs would say, "you can't. My guy went in this way and he found it. This is the only way to go". And the others would say, "Yeah, I know he went in that way and made it, but other folks went in other ways and they found it too."

And the people with the signs would get madder and madder and louder and louder and the more they yelled and the more they fought with the ones who wanted to go in a different way, the more you knew that they had never made it to the center and touched the Jewel of Truth themselves. Cause if they had, they'd know you can get to it from anywhere around the outside of the forest, not just that one place and on that one path. It is a circular forest after all.

It got so bad they even started killing people who wanted to take different paths. Can you believe it? Killing people all in the name of the right way to get to the Jewel of Truth. They even killed some people who were on the path they said was the right one but who were saying different words while they walked. Unbelievable!

Meanwhile, that guy in whose name this was all taking place sat there in eternity shaking his head and wondering how his followers could have gotten it so wrong.

So never forget... there are many ways to get into the center of the forest and touch the Jewel of Truth. Follow the guy with the all the signs if you want... or follow some guy with less signs... or someone without any signs... or strike out on your own and blaze your own way. It doesn't matter. They can all work if you truly want to get there and don't give up.

Stay focused and don't worry. When you finally touch the Jewel of Truth you'll know it. And you'll recognize other people who have touched it and know it, too. You'll talk to them and sit with them in a circle around a fire, just like we're doing here. You'll tell them your story and listen to theirs and you'll marvel at all the different ways that can lead to the Jewel of Truth.

For different ways to the Jewel of Truth cannot hurt you. It is only the person who says "My way is the only way", whom you have to fear.

\* \* \*

Remember what I said in the Introduction about the difficulty with people agreeing on the meaning of words? Don't take my word for it... find out for yourself.

## The Say What You Mean Game

Draw something very basic such as a star, a dog, or a house.

Now, without showing anyone the picture you drew, ask several of your friends, family members, or co-workers to draw a picture of the same object.

Now compare results.

Even after discounting artistic ability, what are the chances that all the drawings will be the same? For 'star' someone may draw a five pointed star, another an asterisk, another a shooting star, another a sheriff's badge. There will be big dogs and little dogs of all shapes and breeds, maybe even a hot dog, while houses can range from single family homes to apartment buildings, exteriors to floor plans. Someone once drew a hole in a tree to represent a bird's house.

It's not that you communicated what you wanted poorly or that the people you asked were unintelligent or weren't paying attention. It's just that words are not the reality, they only represent the reality as perceived by each individual, and as such they represent different things to different people.

Using words and expecting people to be in complete agreement on their meanings is unrealistic.

\* \* \*

## One More Thing about Words...

...actually three to be perfectly honest

What pronoun should we use to refer to someone we know absolutely nothing about? He? She? He/She? They?

English has used all of these and they are lame... none of them truly satisfies. English simply does not have a singular third-person pronoun that is not gender specific. If we wish to speak of someone's ideas, mind, or existence rather than their body and physicality, the language is sorely lacking.

So I have coined the word "se" - (pronounced "see") to fill this void in the English language. It will refer to anyone when their sex is either not known or is not an issue.

"I have read Dr. Jones' work and se says..."

"Have you met Dale? Se is a really nice person."

Feel free to use it if you wish. It won't take long before it feels quite natural and proper to speak of a person and not have to reference sexual plumbing. Se can be used for any past or present living being, physical, fictional, or spiritual, where genitalia is either not present, hasn't been examined, doesn't matter, or is an unresolved issue for the individual.

As a bonus, "se" can also be used in conferring life to non-human beings who are usually referred to via the inanimate "it". This is more important than it may first appear, since how we speak affects how we think... which in turn affects how we act. Is the object an inanimate one we humans can use as we wish, or a living one we should respect and care for?

"Look at that forest. Se is beautiful"...

...as opposed to...

..."Look at that forest. *It* is going to make us \$\$Millions\$\$."

Plus se is a great way to refer to "\_\_\_\_\_". You'll meet se later on.

\* \* \*

The next problem is that English doesn't have different first person pronouns to represent various ways of experiencing ourselves. We will be exploring several perspectives of our own individual reality and we really should have an easy way of explaining which "I am" I am at any given moment.

Am I the usual one sitting here in my body looking at the words in front of my eyes... or am I the one looking down at the one looking at the words... or am I the One who said, "I AM THAT I AM". You know... like that.

So just as indigenous peoples of the Arctic have numerous words for 'snow' because the different nuances are so important to them... we've come up with three ways of writing the first-person, self-referential pronoun...

I me... the usual... whom I point to when I say... I am  
'I' watching me being me... above? looking down? not really sure...  
...I do know that 'I' am is aware of more than I am...  
"I" as in... "I AM THAT I AM" ...

...call it God... call it Universal Consciousness... call it The One... The Self...  
The Void... All That Is... The Tao... Satchitananda... Allah... Jahweh... The Big  
Kahuna... The Cosmic Muffin... The Jewel of Truth... or The Grand Unification  
Theory. What name you use really doesn't matter, other than it tends to separate  
you from people who call it something else.

\* \* \*

"I" is what "I" is...

...singular reality...

...pervading the universe...

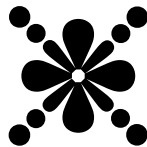
...source of human consciousness...

...and therefore...

...foundation of both science and religion.

\* \* \*

Finally, as if inexact meanings and limited writing systems aren't bad enough,  
words must be delivered sequentially and cannot convey the sudden, complete,  
bazinga moment, that often occurs in consciousness studies. Following a trail of  
words can lead to the point of knowledge, but you must transcend the words and  
see the light for yourself... subjectively... internally... and suddenly... to know it  
to be real. That's why we will be using the non-verbal symbol...



... to indicate that flash of instantaneous, gut-feel, non-cognitive "knowing". It's  
an experience, not a word, and not pronounceable. The closest translation into  
language might be "Aha!" or "Eureka!", but they are only the expression of the  
feeling, not the feeling itself. Another definition would be 'grok'. [Grok: (from

Robert Heinlein's 1961 novel, **Stranger In A Strange Land**,) a Martian word meaning to understand something so well that it is fully absorbed into oneself.]

"The path is blocked by vowels and consonants," said the Buddhist monk, Khana, over a thousand years ago. Trust me... it's still true today.

\* \* \*

## *The Golden Rule*

*I was blessed with the perfect tenth-grade geometry teacher. For starters, she looked the part, a strong angular woman in her fifties, with silver hair and steel rimmed glasses. She stood straight and tall, always perfectly groomed in tweed skirts and starched high collar blouses. And even her name was perfect. Miss Rule. Miss Mary Rule.*

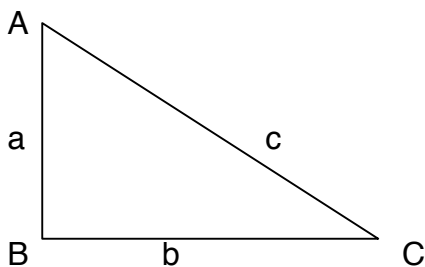
*In class she was stern and precise, just what you'd expect a geometry teacher to be. But after school when she was alone correcting papers and I'd come in to ask her about something she'd taught that day, we'd sit facing each other across the corner of her desk, and she would smile.*

*We talked about theorems and proofs and what I wanted to do with my life, and oh, the places she took my active and curious mind were wondrous. She opened me up to whole new ways of thinking and being. I loved her and her class and am grateful to this day to have been her student.*

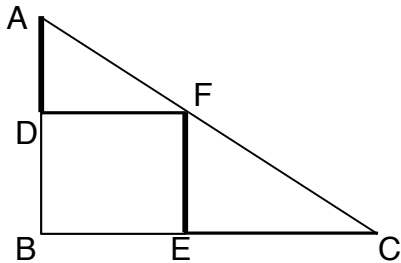
*Like the day she presented a proof contradicting the best known theorem in all geometry, the Pythagorean Theorem. You know the one. It states that the squares of the two sides of a right triangle are equal to the square of the hypotenuse. We laughed when she said she was going to do it. After all, this was near the end of the term, long after  $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$  had become a spinal truth beyond issue or contradiction. I can still feel the experience of sitting there and having my mind jarred loose.*

*"I'm going to show you how Pythagoras was wrong " she said in a very measured voice. "The squares of the two sides of a right triangle are not equal to the square of the hypotenuse!" She rose from her desk, walked to the blackboard and picked up the chalk. "Pay attention."*

*First, she drew a right triangle on the board like this, labeled the corners A, B, and C, the sides a and b, and the hypotenuse c.*



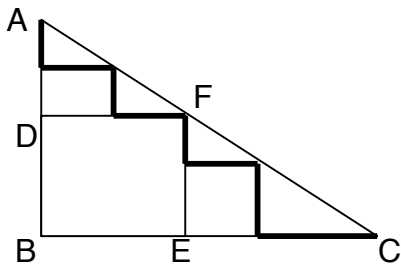
Then she marked the midpoints of the sides, labeling them D and E, and drew perpendiculars from those points to where they met on the hypotenuse, a point she labeled F. There was now a square on the board, BDFE, inscribed within the original triangle and flanked by two smaller triangles, ADF and FEC.



She spoke and wrote on the board at the same time. "The length from A to B equals the length of A to D plus the length of F to E. Similarly, BC equals DF plus EC. This means that the length of AB plus BC equals the length of AD plus DF plus FE plus EC." She traced the step pattern. "Are you with me?"

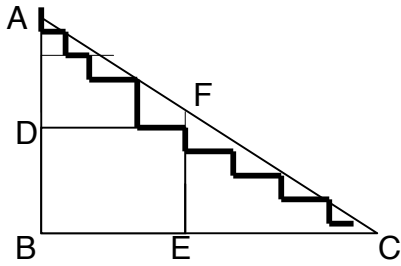
She paused, turned, and looked around at her charges. The room was silent and I leaned forward just a bit from my third row seat to be a little closer to the action. Where could she possibly be going with this?

She then bisected lines AD, DF, FE, and EC, and drew new perpendiculars to the hypotenuse within the smaller triangles ADF and FEC similar to the ones she had previously done.



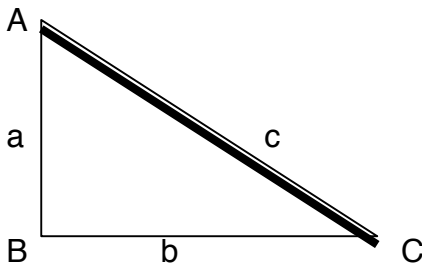
"This distance, too," she said, following the new step pattern that had been created on the blackboard, "is also equal to AB plus BC. Are you still with me?" I sat there mesmerized, my fourteen year old mind thrilled by challenging the impossible. Something was happening here that didn't feel right. I just didn't know what it was.

Again she inscribed a square within each of the newly formed small triangles, dividing every line in two. She was facing the board as she spoke, drawing more and more triangles on the black surface, triangles that kept getting ever smaller and ever closer together.



"We can keep doing this to infinity," she said, pausing between phrases to give her time to draw a new set of bisected lines and triangles on the board, "the lines getting ever smaller and ever closer together... ever closer to the hypotenuse... narrower than the width of the chalk... eventually... becoming impossible to draw." Before my very eyes, the constantly bisected and rearranged vertical and horizontal lines were coming ever closer and closer to the diagonal one.

She turned and rubbed the chalk dust off her hands. "Finally, they become infinitely small, becoming at that point, for all practical purposes, equal to  $c$ , the hypotenuse."



She looked around the room for an objection, but there was none. "Therefore,  $a + b = c$ , not  $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$ . So Pythagoras was obviously wrong." She made this last statement with a triumphant smile at our dumbfounded expressions and put down the chalk with a flourish.

My mind was racing. No! This couldn't be! Logic had become an enemy. I mean just because you couldn't see something didn't mean it wasn't there! Right? All those little bisected lines couldn't just have disappeared? Could they? No. No!

Suddenly there it was, clear as could be. Yes!!! Yes!!!

"Miss Rule, Miss Rule," my hand was waving wildly. "Maybe you can't draw all those little steps because the chalk is too thick. But they're still there. They're always there. You just can't see them." My mind was spinning. "And, and...there are so many of them, even if they're small, they'd still add up to the length of the sides,  $AB + BC$ . So  $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$  still works. You see?" My chest was pounding. I had dared to contradict her in front of the whole class. I was in trouble now for sure.

Her stern face melted into a smile, "Of course. Very good. That's the whole point, class. As you approach infinity as we are with this line, the laws of logic go out the

*window. Don't be fooled by trusting only what you can see and measure. Anyway, this is just for fun. Let's get back to some real work."*

*That afternoon, on the way home from school, I zig-zagged across the empty lot at the corner.*

\* \* \*

Somehow, as a youth I knew it intuitively. There are limits to what we can see with the external eye. And not seeing something doesn't mean it isn't there. Within ourselves, as within the depths of a geometry class blackboard, infinitesimal steps reach out in a meaningful, non-measurable direction towards an intuitive reality we know to be true, but cannot measure in material terms.

\* \* \*

## Please Draw A Tree – part 1

So since we've already been in a forest, I'd like you to draw a tree. What kind of tree? I don't care. Any kind. What kind of tree do you like? What kind of tree did you see in your forest? What kind of tree are you good at drawing?

Now don't make more of this than you need to. It really doesn't matter what kind of tree you draw and I really don't care how good an artist you are. In fact, to be perfectly honest... it's not really about the tree.

A lot of what we're going to be doing here is about sharing thoughts and feelings and experiences. Right? That's some pretty intimate and serious communication going on. So what I'm trying to do now, before we go any further, is to see if we can share a thought on the most basic level. When I ask you to draw a tree am I asking clearly enough for you to be able to understand that I really want you to draw a tree?

We've only got one shot at this. Am I communicating here? Am I getting through? That's all I want to know.

Yes?

Ya got it?

You know what I want?

Super.

So draw a tree.

\* \* \*

## Please Draw A Tree – part 2

Okay. What say we take a look at your tree. You didn't?

[psst. – If you already drew your tree, skip this page and go right to Please Draw A Tree – part 3. As for the vast majority of you... read on.]

Look. No reason to get hung up over it or start going around carrying fifty shades of guilt. Just be aware that what we're doing here is really interactive, and if you don't play the games, if you don't take part, you might finish the course, but you're not going to experience the payoff. You with me?

I mean you wouldn't think twice about following directions and clicking on stuff and even becoming some weird character just to play an online game. So why is it so tough to do the same thing here, while you're listening to me talk inside your head?

Anyway, what's done is done... or not done as the case may be. I'm going into the kitchen to get another cup of coffee. Take advantage of the break and draw a tree. I'll see you shortly.

[Don't move on to #3 till you draw the tree.]

\* \* \*

## Please Draw A Tree – part 3

Okay. I'm back and you've drawn a tree. Good. So show me. How? I don't care. Paste it on your forehead and point it towards where these words are coming from... tele-transport it to my desk... create an imaginary being named “\_\_\_\_\_” who can travel between dimensions and have se place it behind one of my frontal lobes. Use your imagination. Just get it over here and let me have a second to look at it. Thanks. ...

...

(sigh!) So this is what I was afraid of. In fact I pretty much figured this is what was going to happen. It almost always does.

Look. How difficult was it? I asked you to draw a tree. Right? And did you draw a tree? I think not. Look again.

Half a tree. That you drew.

I didn't ask you to draw the top half of a tree... or to draw the part of a tree that's above the ground... or the part of a tree that's easy to see. I asked you to draw a tree. And you figured you understood, right?

So where are the roots? Aren't roots an integral part of a tree? Of course they are. You know that. Every tree has them. But did you draw roots on your tree? Nope. You see what I mean by communication being so hard?

But it's not your fault. You didn't draw roots on your tree because our society causes us to focus only on what can be seen and measured. This is what the scientific bias of proof and measurement has done to our conception of reality. And trust me... you're not the only one this has happened to.

Oh... and if you... the I reading these words right now... are among the minority who did draw roots on your tree... way to go!

\* \* \*

Either way you've entered the forest... adding new thoughts and experiences even as you go. Congratulations! Not everyone gets this far. Many give up when they have to go inside and examine themselves. It's not always easy opening your I to outside observers. Some people even find it difficult to open their I to themselves. But you did it. Awesome.

\* \* \*

As you go along, remember... there is no right way for you to go... there is no wrong way... at least as long as you don't hurt others and get in their way.

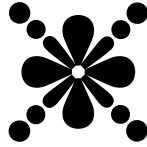
You get to do your own thing... create your own path... go where you want... do what you want when you get there. We all have our own talents... skills... abilities. So many different people... so many different paths.

\* \* \*

As you move ahead don't accept what is said in *The Roving 'I'* without experiencing it for yourself. Trust in your own judgment... not what someone else tells you... not even the person writing these words. And don't be afraid to ask yourself how you know the things you think you know. Know what you know. And keep your inner and outer 'I' open.

\* \* \*

...and especially, remember...



... that sudden knowing experience. Trust it when it happens... remember it as being real.

\* \* \*

So here's an interesting question. How do you know you know something? I don't mean like where did you find an answer to some specific question you had. I mean like when you get an answer... how do you know you have the answer and aren't still looking for the answer, or thinking of the answer, or believing in the answer. Simply put... How do you **know** that you know... anything?

Until you can answer that question, you could find an answer you're looking for and never even know you knew it. Wouldn't that be a bummer.

\* \* \*

The brilliant Zen philosopher and writer Alan Watts once penned a limerick about knowing. It goes like this.

There was a young man who said 'though  
It seems that I know that I know,  
What I would like to see  
Is the I that sees me  
When I know that I know that I know.

At issue is not which parts of the brain perform the functions that create knowing. There are enough scientists out there working with rats, wires, and computer print-outs to figure that out. The more interesting question is "what does knowing feel like?" We don't need fancy equipment and a government grant to do this... just the ability to be aware of ourselves.

\* \* \*

Questions are a big give away to not knowing...

They can be directed outwardly... "Excuse me, sir, how do you get to Carnegie Hall?"

They can be directed inwardly... "Where did I put that phone number?"

Lack of questions, of course, doesn't mean knowing exists. There's a lot in this world I don't want to know about... and I'm glad I don't know. Or I may have gotten wrong information and *think* I know something I don't. In either scenario I won't be asking questions... inside or outside.

\* \* \*

Questions, of course, cause thinking... which is not be confused with knowing. They are two separate and distinct experiences. Thinking is a "figuring out" process that proceeds mentally... sequentially... step by mental step. Thinking may lead to knowing... but it's not the experience of knowing, itself.

How do we know? Well... think about it. When we finally get an answer to what we've been looking for and experience knowing, we switch our focus to the next thing we don't know and start asking questions about that.

outwardly... "Did you say 'practice?'"

inwardly... "Now why was I supposed to call?"

\* \* \*

Plus, there's an actual somatic difference between thinking and knowing. Thinking feels as if the process is taking place within our heads. And the feeling can vary based on what we happen to be thinking about. It can be relaxed and casual... it can be intense and almost painful. We've all gotten headaches at some time in our lives from studying too hard or thinking too much.

Knowing on the other hand is a gut feel located somewhere in our solar plexus. It feels the same no matter what the subject is we've been thinking about.

outwardly... "Oh. It's a joke. I get it."

inwardly... "Ah, yes. I remember. I got it."

You know... and you know you know. There's nothing to think about. With knowing... there's no question at all. That's what makes it *knowing*.

\* \* \*

Of course, as fully functioning humans who are able to practice deception, we can pretend to know something when we don't. Like if the teacher starts talking about a book you were supposed to have read and you nod your head as if you have. Even though the teacher doesn't know you don't know... at least until the exam... you know you don't know. And that's what we're talking about after all... your own experience of knowing.

\* \* \*

Interesting, isn't it. Not knowing about a subject produces a definite feeling of knowing. Knowing that you don't know! And the feeling of knowing you don't know feels the same as the feeling of knowing you do know. Take a minute... don't just think about it... feel it. Fascinating.

Anyway, turns out knowing about knowing is not nearly as hard as talking about knowing. Plus, personal experience is so much better for learning than listening to someone else talk about their experiences. So, check out this experiential game called, appropriately enough... The Knowing Game.

\* \* \*

## The Knowing Game

Answer the following questions one at a time. Proceed as rapidly as you can, however no guessing. Knowing is important...knowing that you know...or not. Take time to play the game, otherwise you will only be able to talk about knowing without really knowing it. Know what I mean?

Option 1: If you know you know the answer, say "I know this answer," out loud, with conviction...but only if you know you know. Note what it feels like to know you know and where that feeling is located. Then go on to the next question.

Option 2: If you know you do not know the answer, say "I do not know this answer," out loud, with the same level of conviction... but only if you know you do not know. Note what it feels like to know you do not know and where that feeling is located. Then go on to the next question.

Option 3: If you are unsure about whether or not you know the answer to a given question, take a few minutes to think about it. Ask someone. Look in a book. Google it. Do what it takes to find the answer and note where that feeling of looking for the answer is located. After either finding the answer, or deciding you do not wish to spend any more time searching for it, say "I know this answer," or "I do not know this answer," whichever is the case, out loud and with conviction. Then go on to the next question.

Don't forget... you don't have to say the actual answers out loud. You only have to say whether you *know* the answer or not. Got it? Great. Here are the questions...



. How much is two plus two?

\* \* \*

. What are the colors of the American flag?

\* \* \*

. Who was the first human in space?

\* \* \*

. What did you have for dinner two nights ago?

\* \* \*

. How many squares are there on a chess board?

\* \* \*

. What is my wife's middle name?

\* \* \*

. What does a zymometer measure?

\* \* \*

Great. Nice job... I'll see you shortly at the Post Game Wrap-up...

\* \* \*

## *The Lab Rat*

*I was walking across my college campus many years ago on a lazy Saturday afternoon. There was this sign on a building:*

<p><b>\$5 - GUINEA PIGS NEEDED FOR PSYCHOLOGY DEPARTMENT - \$5</b></p>
--

*Inside was a maze of desks and dividers manned by grad students with theses that needed statistics. The last station was in a room where four other students were already waiting. "Take a seat," said a voice through a loud speaker. "We have the right number, we can start."*

*We sat at desks in front of panels with red and green lights and buttons underneath. The desks were separated by dividers and faced a corner of the room where,*

*inside a glass enclosure, a professor wearing a lab coat and holding a clip board was speaking into a microphone.*

*"This is a test of hand-eye coordination. I will push a button in here that will simultaneously activate everybody's red or green light. As soon as you see it, push the button under the light that flashed. The flashes will come faster and faster and we will continue as long as no one in the group makes an error. Do you understand?" We all nodded.*

*I riveted my attention on the panel in front of me. There was a red flash... I hit red. A green flash... I hit green. The flashes came quicker and quicker... green, red, red, green, red. Then a buzzer sounded, the flashes stopped, and the professor said it was over. Someone had just missed and pushed red when it had been green.*

*"Who pushed red?" asked the student on the end.*

*"I did," I said. "Mine was red."*

*"It couldn't have been," he came back. "The professor said they would be the same for everyone and mine was green. Yours must have been green, too."*

*"Well it wasn't," I told him.*

*"Mine was green," said the woman on my other side.*

*"Good for you," I said. "Mine was red."*

*"Mine was green," said the woman next to her.*

*"Me, too," added the fourth student.*

*"Tough," I said. "I saw red."*

*The first student stepped toward me with a direct challenge, "Are you telling me your light was red when all the rest of them were green? That can't be true. You blew it, chump. Admit it."*

*I exploded. "How dare you tell me what I saw. Who the hell do you think you are?" Once again I was seeing red.*

*"You wanna make something of it!" he yelled back, and fists clenched, shouting curses, we charged each other as the student in the seat between us dove for cover. Just before we came to blows, I felt a strong pull on my shoulders pinioning my arms from behind. I struggled to escape, turned, and saw it was the professor out of the glass cage.*

*"There, there, son, it's okay. You were right. It was red. Relax. Calm down. This wasn't a test of hand-eye coordination. It was really a test of how well someone*

*stands up to peer pressure. So take it easy. You did real well. Now take this ticket to the desk at the end of the hall and you'll get your \$5."*

*My pulse was racing. My blood boiling. I was enraged at having been duped, but left without further comment, pushing the test and the feelings it had evoked out of my awareness for decades.*

\* \* \*

*It was only years later... after my first out-of-body experience... that I recalled the test and recognized the ultimate importance of having validated my own experiential reality. It was a real test after all.*

\* \* \*

## The Knowing Game - Post Game Wrap-up

Okay. So you should now be able to talk about knowing from within the experience of knowing, itself. Let's go to the video-tape...

For those questions you knew you knew like..."How much is two and two,"... you simply said "I know this answer." It was easy. You may not have even thought of the actual answer at all. You just knew you knew it. And you should have had an equally strong response for the colors of the flag as you did for two plus two. You said, "I know this answer." Didn't think about it. Piece of cake.

That feeling of knowing without question or doubt was a gut feel located... well... deep inside your gut... which is why it's called a gut feel... duh! And that feeling was the same even though the questions and answers were different.

\* \* \*

Content of knowing... the actual answers to the particular questions being asked... that takes place in our minds... in our brains... in our heads. Great... Everybody's in agreement on that. We can move on.

\* \* \*

Now when you knew you did not know an answer... "What is my wife's middle name,"... it was just as easy and immediate to say "I do not know this answer." How could you possibly know? You've never met and she never uses it.

That should have been "spinal"... a gut feel so strong it has moved to the back of the body. There is no questioning here... no trying to find an answer. The brain

is not involved. And even though one response has content, (red, white, and blue) while the other does not... (no way I could know)... the feeling of knowing or not knowing is a similar sure gut reaction in both cases.

Knowing is absolute. With knowing there is no question. In fact, this is what makes it knowing. Anything less would be believing, or theorizing, or supposing, or guessing, or hoping or any number of less than total gut feel experiences. Nothing wrong with these experiences, but they are not absolute, visceral, gut feel knowing. You with me?

\* \* \*

Now the feeling was quite different when you were unsure about whether you knew the answer or not and had to think about it, wasn't it. Whether the answer was something you could find via some external source... the first man in space... or something you could only answer by searching your own memory... your dinner menu... that's when mind came into play.

What you did next... the intermediary steps leading up to knowing... thinking... reading... Googling... asking others... whatever. Whether you got an answer or not. The process was head stuff.

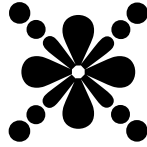
There are times we search and search inside and outside looking for answers we never find without ever experiencing the feeling of knowing. We just give up. And that's one way we know that knowing is clearly separate from thinking, the processes leading up to it... even if the final knowing is that... I don't know.

\* \* \*

So, having played The Knowing Game, you should now be able to say with complete conviction that you know several facts about knowing that you may not have known before. And not just because you read them somewhere but because you experienced them personally. Namely, you know that...

- 1) Knowing is different than the content of knowing;
- 2) The feeling of knowing is the same regardless of the content of knowing;
- 3) Knowing you do not know is an experience of knowing.

Remember you know these things as we move ahead and attempt to sneak up on and examine our own consciousness. It will save you from having to repeat steps in the process because you doubt what you now know you know.



\* \* \*

By the way... just in case you had not experienced the full flush of knowing to the above questions... aside from your dinner... which only you and the person you might have eaten dinner with can know... or not... the answers are...

four...  
red-white-and-blue...  
Yuri Gagarin...  
64...  
Mae... and  
degree of fermentation

There, now you know...

...Yup!!!

You sure?...

...Yup... now I know.

Good.

\* \* \*

Another human experience we share... difficult to talk about in English, is 'now'... this very moment. See... I know you are reading this page in your 'now'. And you know that I am also reading this page in my 'now', as I input these words into the computer and write them. Every time you open to this page... no matter how often or when... we experientially share this moment. Really.

Your I is reading these words in your 'now', while my I is writing them in my 'now'. By looking at the very same words and possibly thinking the very same thoughts, we are sharing our 'now'... our personal... inner... immanent reality of I. It's as if you were standing behind me looking over my shoulder as I am writing them and giving them life on the page.

Actually... come to think of it... that is not quite true. It is your reading the words that gives them life.

\* \* \*

Of course, some people will note that the writer's 'now' had to occur well before the reader's 'now' for there to be any printed words on this page... and, in the

physical sense, this is true. Such a view, however, is based on a human construction... the one built on external referents, such as clocks and calendars... which are ways we measure time... not how we experience it. Clock time is only one possible "definition" of time and not an absolute characteristic of reality.

Part of the reason for thinking of time this externally focused way, is that it is built deep into the structure of the language that is fast becoming the world's common communicator. Every sentence that I say or write in English... whether I think about it or not... automatically includes a verb that corresponds to either past... present... or future... subconsciously reinforcing the concept of external time.

Just try to say something that doesn't have an implicit connection to one of these three. In English... you can't... and this makes it appear that past, present, and future are simply the way it is. Well, they're not. There are other languages that do not use past, present, and future to represent time in the same way we do, and yet they can describe the full range of human experience.

\* \* \*

Several Native American languages have only two verbal forms... both of which include temporal and spatial aspects as they relate to the speaker... rather than a clock or calendar. One tense... "being"... is used for events in progress... those that are just about to begin... and those that have just been completed. It's also used for describing things and actions located in the physical vicinity of the I who is speaking... in the room... down the road... across the valley... within eyesight. It is the tense used to describe the here and 'now'.

The other tense... "becoming"... is used to describe things and events that are not in the here and 'now' of the experiencing I... events in the distant future or the distant past... out of sight or far away... across the oceans... over the mountains... generations ago... still to come. It's also used to describe the non-physical world... the world of dreams... and the spirit world.

These tenses and verbal forms are just as natural and just as spinal for the speakers of these languages as ours are for us. Yet they open up a whole different world view, a world view that centers reality on the inner experience... on I... rather than the world out there. Such a view falls outside of the current Western paradigm... though fitting within the experience of New Consciousness.

\* \* \*

*I remember the very first time I heard of these other ways of speaking and knowing. It was in grad school during a class in Anthropological Linguistics taught by a gentle and brilliant teacher who would rapidly become a close friend and mentor.*

*As se spoke of other ways of speaking and other ways of knowing, I realized that everything I had read my whole life... everything I knew... everything I understood...*

*had been read... known... and understood... in English... within that particular temporal mind set and that particular way of knowing.*

*And then... suddenly... a feeling as if everything I knew was being compacted and moved to the right side of my head... with the left side now open and empty with cool breezes wafting over it. It felt as if there was now room to learn so much more. What a wonderful and liberating feeling.*

\* \* \*

And speaking of remembering... Remember those answers I gave you a little while back in The Knowing Game. Are you sure they're the right answers?

...Huh???

...Whaddya mean?

\* \* \*

Check this out. Unless you already knew all the answers... which includes my wife's middle name... you have no way of knowing whether the answers I just gave you are the correct ones or not. If you didn't know all the answers before, the confidence of knowing you felt in your gut just a paragraph ago should be history. Interesting.

\* \* \*

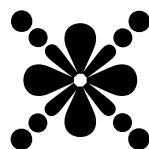
But wait... there's more...

If I had not just warned you that the answers might be false... such a thought would have never crossed your mind. Admit it.

You would now think you knew the answers and conceivably would have told them to a friend as truth adding, "Oh, I read them somewhere." See how easy it is for unscrupulous or misinformed persons to manipulate and take advantage of us?

This is the very kind of "knowing" that Descartes' rules of reason declare to be invalid. It is also why absolute "knowing" must remain an individual process and why we must experience for ourselves... from the inside... everything we really want to say we know for certain.

Aren't consciousness games fun?



\* \* \*

And now... having made it through all the necessary preliminaries... the underbrush at the edge of the forest so to speak... please direct your attention to the center of the screen in the center of your mind. Here's where we head deeper into the tall trees... deeper into the forest... and the first real taste of the New Consciousness evolutionary experience begins.

\* \* \*

## Cognitive Science Sees the Light – part 1

Your name is “\_\_\_\_\_” and you are a highly trained, technically aware, international operative representing government and commercial interests on the leading edge of the study of consciousness and the human mind. Your assignment: Find out how consciousness works.

Tracking down a hot lead late one night in the laboratory of a competitor, you are attacked from behind, knocked unconscious...

...

...

... and come to awareness lying on your back in complete darkness with no idea of where you are and no memory of how you got there. You shake out the cobwebs and try to figure out what to do next.

Suddenly a powerful and brilliant light from above floods the absolute blackness and you are momentarily blinded by the contrast. You reflexively close your eyes and turn away. But the light has made it possible for you to see, and as your eyes begin to adjust, you note that you are inside a large dome shaped building... now illuminated by a single source of light located high above your head and much too strong to look at directly.

Gathering your technical knowledge and expertise you try to figure out the light's design, how it works, how it is attached to the ceiling, the type and power of bulb being used. Is it on a timer or did someone turn it on? The questions are there but there are no answers. Fascinating how the light is illuminating everything in the building except itself.

Unable to look directly at the light because of its brightness, with no further information than what your sensory experience has already given you, you realize that as long as you are there on the floor, there is no way you can answer any questions about the light with any degree of certainty... how it works, why it works, who if anyone is in charge. Without further facts, whatever you come up with is merely speculation, and your academic training and scientific rigor will not permit you to make unsupported claims. Let's face it. There is nothing about the light you know for sure.

\* \* \*

Well, actually, there is one thing you do know for sure... and that is what you experienced personally and first hand. It had been dark. Now it is light. The light had been off. Now it is on. Whatever else you may not know, THAT MUCH YOU KNOW! Right?

(answer... before moving on...)

\* \* \*

## Cognitive Science Sees the Light – part 2

Pssst...

Did you actually answer the question from part 1 before reading this?

Yes? Now I'm not just talking about thinking about it. What I'm asking is... did you stop looking at the words... go into character... become "\_\_\_\_\_"... visualize yourself on the floor of something that looks like The Astrodome... and experience what se felt going from darkness to light? You did? Great! Hold on as I talk to the vast majority of 'you' reading this right 'now'.

Yo, guys. Didn't I talk to you back at the tree? Get with it. The 'I' in the previous paragraph did it... so can you. This isn't even as complicated as drawing a tree. You've got to experience and know this stuff for yourself... not because I tell you it is so. Right? Let's try again.

So... given the scenario we just set up, this is what you, as "\_\_\_\_\_" experienced personally and first hand...

"It had been dark. Now it is light. The light had been off. Now it is on. Whatever else you may not know, that much you know is true. Right?"

(answer... before moving on...)

\* \* \*

## Cognitive Science Sees the Light – part 3

It had been dark...	...yes
Now it is light...	...yes
The light had been off...	...yes
Now the light is on...	...yes

Agreed?

Well... Not quite.

\* \* \*

You can certainly say... as a result of your direct knowing... that you had experienced darkness and now you are experiencing light. And with the English penchant for putting names on processes and turning verbs into nouns, you could even say "it" had been dark and now "it" is light... whatever "it" is.

However you cannot say with absolute confidence that what you experienced occurred because a light, which had been off, is now on. Although that would be a reasonable explanation... especially since the invention of the light bulb... it is pure supposition, since there is at least one other scenario that could produce the same experiential results.

Take a moment. Can you see it?

\* \* \*

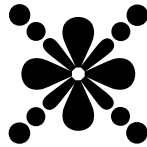
What if a lens shaped aperture... similar to a camera shutter... had suddenly opened up in the ceiling, revealing a brilliant and powerful light source that was already on and located just above the roof on the outside of the building? The opening of the shutter would have flooded the inside of the building with light from this already illumined source.

Lying there on the floor below, your experience would be the same in either case... right? A sudden change from darkness to light. And because you are unable to look at and see the details and know the workings of the light-producing mechanism because of its brightness, there would be no possible way for you to tell which of the two processes had actually taken place and changed your world. Did a light come on??? Did a lens open up??? From where you are there's no way to know. Interesting.

\* \* \*

What is more interesting, however, and the critical issue at this point, is not even which mode of illumination is the one lighting up your otherwise dark surroundings. This doesn't matter. What does matter is the realization that...

... once it is clear that there are two equally valid and equally logical possibilities that yield the exact same sensory experience... it becomes impossible for the rational and logical mind... your scientific mind... to hold onto any one explanation as being the only possible one.



\* \* \*

## Cognitive Science Sees the Light – part 4

Okay. So let's apply our experience with the light to the issue of consciousness.

Cognitive science and the other physical disciplines have clearly established the relationship between mind and brain. The more evolved the brain, the more evolved the mind. Our brains are developed beyond those of dogs, which in turn are developed beyond those of frogs, which are developed beyond those of slugs, and so on down the line. This is observable fact.

And as to be expected, the mind, i.e. the perceptual and cognitive capacities and capabilities of each different level map a clear direct relationship with the development of the brain. We're all in agreement.

\* \* \*

However, what has been presumed to be a logical conclusion within the scientific community regarding an underlying causal relationship between brain and mind... that as the brain grows and develops it creates the attributes of consciousness we call mind... turns out to be pure supposition.

Just as with the appearance of light in the thought experiment we have just experienced, there's another explanation of the brain/mind relationship. And this relationship is just as valid and just as possible as the causal explanation of modern science... though it leads to completely different conclusions about the nature of consciousness, itself.

**What if the brain, through its measurable development and evolution, rather than creating an internal light of consciousness out of dark nothingness... was actually opening us up to an awareness of a light of consciousness that already exists external to us?**

Is it possible? Why not?

Why not, indeed! Back when we were inside the building, looking at the light, we couldn't tell whether it was coming from a source under the roof or whether there was a hole in the roof revealing a source above the roof. In an exact parallel from within our body... looking at the source of our own consciousness... we have absolutely no way of knowing whether it's self contained within us... or flooding us through an aperture from an external source. Think about it. Once

it's in our heads it's too late to tell where it came from. From within, there is no possible way we can tell the difference.

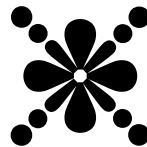
\* \* \*

Remember, all the scientific studies ever done to demonstrate a relationship between brain and mind are still valid. The observable features still hold. The more evolved the brain, the greater the capacity of the mind. Only now the brain is viewed not as a mechanism whose development... like the operating of a rheostat... turns on a light and makes it ever brighter. The brain now becomes a mechanism whose development... like the operating of a camera shutter... widens and allows ever greater access to an already-existing brightness.

\* \* \*

What is more interesting, however, and the critical issue at this point, is not even which mode of illumination is the one lighting up your otherwise dark surroundings. This doesn't matter. What does matter is the realization that...

... once it is clear that there are two equally valid and equally logical possibilities that yield the exact same sensory experience... **it becomes impossible for the rational and logical mind...your scientific mind...to hold onto any one explanation as being the only possible one.**



\* \* \*

## Cognitive Science Sees the Light – Part 5 Post Game Wrap Up

Amazing, isn't it. Two equally possible explanations of where our consciousness comes from and yet only one has dominated scientific thinking for the past several hundred years. It seems so obvious. Both should be considered.

And yet it would require a major paradigm shift that would reshape all of Western thought if it were accepted to be so. Is such a shift even possible? Well, of course it is. That's how progress happens. That's how we evolve.

Like there used to be a time when everyone was certain that Earth was flat. Then brave adventurers started sailing home from places where they should have fallen off. Talk about screwing with the belief system.

And there was a time when we were equally as sure that the sun went around Earth and we were in the center of things. You just had to look up and you could see it was true with your own eyes, for gosh sakes. But, after Copernicus, one small change in consciousness... nothing changing in our reality but our minds... so that we now see the sun holding steady while Earth rotates... and humanity's understanding shifts... making possible the comprehension of an even greater reality.

I wonder how long it took for the average enquiring mind of the time to actually accept as fact that Earth orbited the sun instead of the other way around. You can just see the headlines in the supermarket tabloids of the day...

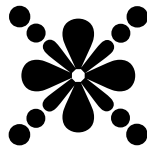
### **POLISH ASTRONOMER SAYS EARTH SPINS LIKE A TOP!!!**

\* \* \*

Interesting how the eye of science, while freeing us from the distorting lens of a parochial medieval theology, has nonetheless colored our subconscious reality in the exact same way with a distorting lens of its own. Everything must be measurable. And just as those trapped in the theological mind set couldn't conceive of any other way of viewing reality, so is it with those of the scientific mind set, who don't even recognize that their view is skewed.

Think about it... question it... feel it... examine it... and you can't help but know as a result of your own personal experience that... it's impossible to tell for certain whether your own consciousness... your own awareness of being... the feeling of I at your very core... is being generated from within your brain or being received by your brain through an "opening" from outside. Remember, **once it's in your head it's too late to find out where it came from.**

As logical, thinking, rational people, we have to accept this as a possibility. After all, anything less than considering all possibilities would be unscientific. Right?



\* \* \*

According to New Consciousness ... consciousness... "I"... is the ultimate reality... the underlying source of everything... the "The Big Bang".

That would mean that all of what we call void... space... emptiness... nothingness... the vast reaches of the known and the unknown... all of this is really filled with an immeasurable... non-physical... all-pervading... undifferentiated... consciousness.

Could it be? Why not? From inside consciousness... how could we possibly know? Like the old Sufi saying... "I don't know who first discovered water... but I'm sure it wasn't a fish".

\* \* \*

And what if this all pervading "I" consciousness started changing... becoming more and more material... testing its limits... morphing into diverse... less similar... aspects of itself. It would end up producing all the physical forms we find within our changing multifaceted physical universe... creating a consciousness continuum along the way.

Although neither pole of this consciousness continuum would be more nor less real than the other... the two would bear strikingly different aspects.

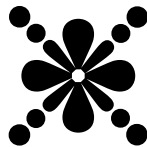
One would be singular... non-manifest... non-measurable... and constant... consciousness without form... "I"

One would be innumerable... manifest... measurable... and changing... form without consciousness... not "I"

\* \* \*

Well what if over time these not "I" forms started coming together... forming new and more complex physical forms... until eventually one of those forms became so complex that it gained the ability to be aware of and monitor its own existence... an individual conscious experience... what we experience as I.

Bet it would look a lot like the world we live in. Bet it would feel a lot like I feels.



\* \* \*

## *Evolution of Consciousness*

*.Consciousness sleeps in the mineral  
...arising of conscious reflexion*

*.dreams in the plant  
...arising of conscious awareness*

*.stirs in the animal  
...arising of ego awareness*

*.and awakes in man.  
...arising of cognitive awareness*

*.just wait till you see what's next!!!*

*...[modern reframing of an old Tibetan saying]*

**\* \* \***

I call it The Integral Paradigm... but the name is unimportant.

### **THE INTEGRAL PARADIGM**

First premise...

**.Consciousness exists in everything... whether we know it's there or not.**

Consciousness exists 'out there', and also 'in here'. It is inside and outside each and every atom of everything that exists in whatever size universe we can imagine. And if we can theoretically visualize a reality between 'inside' and 'outside', it would fill that space, too.

We exist in consciousness and consciousness exists in us in much the same way that water exists in a living sponge and the living sponge exists in water. And like the water in relationship to the sponge, consciousness doesn't care whether we know it is there or not.

Although consciousness is the building block of everything that exists, everything is not conscious. Consciousness exists independent of its being known... independent of our awareness of it... and independent of our being able to measure it. Consciousness just 'is'.

**\* \* \***

Second premise...

**.A being's material nature affects how consciousness is experienced.**

The relationship between consciousness and material things is similar to how radio waves, passing unnoticed through space, are only turned into sound by machines both designed to receive them and tuned to their particular frequency. Consciousness, needless to say, has many different frequencies and is infinitely more complicated than radio waves.

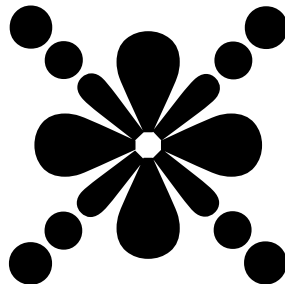
We know that the radio is not producing the music that plays through its speakers. It is receiving and playing sounds that already exist. And just as with radios and sound waves, it is the capability of the receiver that determines how much... what frequencies... and with what clarity... total consciousness is received and rebroadcast.

Total consciousness flows through rocks, plants, and animals, just as easily and completely as it flows through humans. Humans just have more ways available for interacting with consciousness... and it is the amount of consciousness a thing picks up, processes, and displays that determines how evolved we, as humans, think it is. We think we're right at the top of the ladder.

Third premise...

**.Consciousness is experienced as "I AM".**

But you already know that...



\* \* \*

...End of Part 1