

NOTES FROM LOLLYGOG

By William Samuel

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ON METAPHYSICAL SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS

The study of metaphysics makes pompous asses of us lest we are very wary, and how few of us are wary! How is this? Because the manipulative successes that accompany the least knowledge of truth tend to strengthen our self-view as a manipulator of experience, as an applier of truth, as an artist who exercises a technique of healing his world. How easy it is to look on the wonders of Reality revealing itself and credit oneself as the healer, the demonstrator, the one who gets results, the successful practitioner, etc. to infinity! Oh, how this arrogant misidentification, this personal view of oneself, hangs on, defending its proud position, its activity, its personal opinions and especially its words! How this one is offended by any threat to its authority. He drinks the New Wine only if he can make it fit his old bottle. Why, the old nature of us isn't happy until it can make the whole world conform to a personal view of "good." Pomposity plays at being GOD.

Reader, our work here in Mt. Brook is clearly defined. It is not our job to call the attention of self-righteousness to what appears as an imperious church, teacher, practitioner, minister, priest or rabbi "out there." In this matter we have but one task and that is TO BE CERTAIN THAT WE DO NOT ASSUME SUCH A DEAD POSITION OURSELVES; that WE see the absurdity of such a selfhood apart from Perfection--and then, that we be very wary that we are honest in this matter, NOT MERELY PROFESSING THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS WHILE WE OPERATE OUR AFFAIRS AS SUCH AN IMPOSTER. This is the insidious hypocrisy of personality!

The appearance of spiritual pomposity and arrogance is everywhere to be seen, within organizations and outside them. I suspect that such pride of personal viewpoint is much more a cause of the revolt within human organization than is the unfoldment of the true Identity which cannot be bound by them. As appearances go, many who break with their church are doing so because of an ego viewpoint they are as anxious to defend and argue about as the churches are to defend theirs.

So, as in all matters, WE come home to OURSELF – the Self being I. We meticulously maintain the integrity of THIS consciousness-being-I. We find the center that is THIS one I am, making certain there is no hypocritical, self-righteous beam in THIS singleness—and we do all of this HERE as the one we call I, without regard for what anyone "out there" does or doesn't do, writes or doesn't write. It is enough that we put this house in order—which we do by steadfastly LIVING the ORDER being LIFE (awareness, consciousness).

THEN, as WE be the honesty WE are, we find ourselves knowing what to do about the appearances of pomposity, arrogance and unconscious delusion coming from unwitting "do-gooders" who would attempt to influence us by every devious trick at their disposal. For myself, I find that this is to leave them alone entirely. I am not responsible for the actions of

others nor for the "correction" of their actions. I am responsible for my own actions ONLY, ONLY. And so it should be for each of us.

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QUESTION: "Mr. Samuel, what do you do when someone comes to Mountain Book to argue with you about your views?"

ANSWER: To the best of my ability, my actions coincide with my unfoldments and I defend neither. It is pointless to argue about what I am. I am here to tell what I have found and live-- not make anyone believe it. Sometimes it is difficult to articulate in ways that preclude semantic difficulties so I make every effort to communicate without a hang-up on words. This means simple words and tender illustrations that speak to the Heart; but alas, alack, metaphysical pomposity condemns simplicity as "concessions, compromises, talking down"-- as if the stilted jargon of the absolutist has anything to do with this Joy one is, this Light-being-I that I know about and tell of as best I can.

"My" activity here is not to speculate, theorize nor intellectualize but to LIVE the revelations it has been my pleasure to discover. Principle defends its position by being itself, not arguing about something it is not. As I live my unfoldments, whatever mistakes I make become clearly apparent to me and I am the first to know and benefit thereby.

Very often visitors come here wanting to be told what to do. I do not tell others what to do but I am happy to tell them what I did in similar circumstances--and what I am presently doing is plain to see. Whether they "go and do likewise" is not my responsibility; whether they agree or disagree makes absolutely "no nevermind" — But how this bugs our disposition to apply the Truth! "You really don't mean that!" The hell I don't, say I. The fruits of healing, tranquility, love and happiness are the validation of this position.

Reader, we find "demonstrations" beyond the wildest dream experienced by those who tend to their OWN knitting, turning to the single selfhood that awareness is, LETTING GO THE ROLE OF A PERSONAL EGO TO BE VAUNTED UP AND DEFENDED. How refreshing it is to let GOD be this life we are and let the agony of defending a separate selfhood go its not so merry way to oblivion from whence it came.

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ABOUT HUMILITY

Humility has all to do with NOT being the separate selfhood, the old man, the ego, the personality. To let that one go is not to loose the Identity but to find it. It is not a position of weakness but bedrock Omnipotence itself. And all one need do to find that this is true is to unmask the pompous liar and let it go. But the sundry systems (even the "absolute" ones) as they are practiced in the world, are very strong about correcting the liar's lies yet woefully weak about lowering the boom on the liar whose role we try so hard to play. This is understandable, because the systems to arrive at what cannot be arrived at are the liar's own creation, not designed to do him in but very well geared to do battle with what will. The applicatory systems apply themselves to everything short of pin pointing that false identification, the applicator.

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ABOUT WORDS AND ACTION

Personality has most to do with intellectualizing and intellectualizing is primarily a matter of words—not actions, just words.

This afternoon I held a smooth stone in my hand that existed before a single word had ever been uttered. But this is really not so remarkable since there is hardly a grain of sand or drop of water anywhere that did not exist before words.

Which is the most significant: the smooth stone or the words that describe it?

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Some years ago I was honored to be the first white student of a renowned teacher in India. For fourteen days a group of us sat at the feet of this "Master" during which time he spoke not one word—not so much as a grunt—until the final day when he bade us farewell and assured us we had learned much.

And I had, much to my surprise. But it took months before the seeds of those silent days began to sprout one by one revealing— that there are indeed many things for which the uptight, recondite babble of books and teachers is more a hindrance than a help.

Now this is not to say that words are worthless, but only to suggest that the occasion presents itself here and now to come down from the lofty towers of metaphysical theory and begin to put some of our precepts into wholehearted, honest action.

There is no one reading this essay to whom the Truth has not been revealed many times and for whom the Truth needs only to be LIVED. Additional enlightenment and its tangible experience called "healing" comes with the LIVING—that gentle meadow of soft grass just beyond the wailing wall of words.

Who built this wall? The same imposter whose role we play as a selfhood apart from God.

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ABOUT THE BOOK

Imagine a great book of a hundred thousand pages into which is placed every word that has ever been written about the oceans of the world. Such a volume is not beyond belief because more words than that have been written on some subjects—God, for instance.

But imagine yourself studying this great tome of erudition, pondering its passages, delighting in its gentle phrases, laughing with its humor and rolling with the ebb and flow of its most absolute disclosures of the tides.

Imagine yourself year after year attending group discussions, listening to lectures, attending seminars and classes on the ideas contained within this authoritative volume until that day when you have finally prevailed on the entire world that THIS book, this holy bible of the sea, is the most reliable one ever written about the oceans (or metaphysics, or...) Imagine the day you find yourself having memorized every idea, every illustration, every line and word from the first to the last—and if given an opportunity you can recite them backward and eat a

peanut butter sandwich at the same time. Imagine the pride of such an accomplishment. What an authority we will have become in the eyes of the world! Think of the places we are bound to be called on to lecture and display our wisdom!

Reader, I tell you that the least minnow swimming in the sea knows more of the REAL ocean than all this. The smallest sandpiper pecking in the wet sand knows more of the TANGIBLE ocean than the authority. The little boy running barefoot along the beach can laugh with more authority than the scholar—and this authority is his without philosophic systems or words--or effort.

You see, somewhere along the line we are required to put down the big book and, like children, take a swim in the ocean.

Can you see this?

Then do not be dissuaded by unhappy purveyors of profundity who have only read about the ocean but never heard it or felt it.

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At Lollygog we tell the story of the traveler searching for the river. He studied his maps so intently that quite without realizing it he passed over the bridge into the wilderness beyond. Then there is the story of the bud who was listening so intently to all the babble from everywhere about how to bloom that it thought the bees were figments of its closed-bud darkness, and the blue sky an illusion.

Only blossoms see the sky, dear Reader—and bees don't buzz around in buds.

Kindest regards from Lollygog,
William Samuel

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