

NOTES FROM LOLLYGOG

By William Samuel

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AN ASSORTMENT OF CONCLUDING NOTES

There is no question that something "comes through" as the consequence of talking face to face (Eye to I) to groups, even as it does during the Eye to I visits here in Mountain Brook or in the letter exchanges. Even though Truth is ever "here" where one is (there is no "there" where one is not) something happens when one makes the EFFORT to find Himself. Those who "come to Me" are always "helped" when they come of their own free will and accord. The evidences of that help are not always so apparent when I go out stumping like a motor-mouthed traveling evangelist.

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REAL Self-discovery begins when we are finally brought to that place where Truth means more to us than all else—and when our actions coincide. I am reminded of the story of the 100 sheep, one of which went astray from the flock—from the ordinary. One hundred of us may shout that Truth is more important to US than all else on earth, but only one in that hundred pays the price and puts his hands where the Hand is, and his feet where the Foot is, and is REALLY willing to "make the two one." One is only playing games with a personal concept of Truth until he is willing to surrender everything for it—including the dollars and the time and the effort to BE it.

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There is neither a personal nor an impersonal Identity. There is just IDENTITY—the One—being all there is to the appearance of both the personal and impersonal. We hang in there steadfastly with Identity—the All, the Alone, the One—and identify as the Life-Awareness of THAT one, allowing our actions "here on the human scene" to fall naturally into place.

This has us acting with grace—free, natural, unbound, unworried, unhurried, without personal condemnation or guilt. This ends our struggle with personality—with what is personal and what is supposed to be impersonal. We do what appears to be the proper thing to do at the moment, without lingering thought for the pocket-book, the clock, or what propriety (society) dictates.

I have learned this: Very often the letters to me containing the greatest of anguish come from those who allow the most meager excuses to prevent the end of those wails – a wife or a mother, a husband or a brother, an old automobile, a job or 100 miles of space, or dollars. Oh, especially dollars! How we yield ourselves servants to obey the financial institution with its threats of starvation unless we do thus and so. There are not enough dollars on earth to purchase a glimmer of Light and there is no real consciousness of Light until one, IN FACT, values the Truth more highly than his last dollar. The metaphysician has a harder time learning this lesson than a bell-strung camel in Arabia.

As metaphysicians, at one time or another, we have all fallen into that trapping intellectual crevasse that has us proclaiming, "After all, I know my supply is not a matter of dollars but of GOD," while we still go on attaching more value to the dollars than to the Light. No wonder the enlightened of all ages have been ready and willing to forsake the "ninety and nine" for that rare one who goes searching away from the crowd, willing to surrender EVERYTHING for the Light.

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This work has been remarkably successful in solving problems pertaining to "supply." But I have found "Supply" (like the subject of "love" or "meditative writing") takes more to "communicate" than the written words alone; or, for that matter, the written and spoken words together which, by themselves, may seem more hurtful than helpful.

So far as my (Bill's) part goes (concerning those who come to me with supply problems) I do not seem to perceive the tangible "healing" until all three major aspects of supply are covered and understood. Metaphysics touches only one of these three, turns a deaf ear to another and doesn't even appear conscious of the third.

For myself, it was necessary to understand and live all three aspects of the matter before the appearance of "lack" yielded and dominion was found to be here as Identity and not out there with the financial institution.

We covered one of these three areas in our recent talks in Carmel-by-the-Sea, another in Hollywood, and if you could but read my mail, you would see that the tangible "results" have been astounding.

Inasmuch as all "problems" are actually a matter of "lack" in one way or another, a complete and understandable coverage of "Supply" is called for--and is the basis for a book we are presently at work on.

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A NOTE TO PRACTITIONERS

When someone comes to me with a problem, physical, emotional, monetary or whatever else, there seem to be two ways to see the problem solved, both stemming from the same predicate—that predicate, of course, being the fact of God's ALLNESS, hence, PRECLUSION of all problems, no matter what the appearance. But, beyond that predicate, there appears to be one pathway that touches the intellect, another that touches the Heart. The "healing" often comes when the intellectual aspect has been understood—and, indeed, this is important. On the other hand, when the Heart is touched, the healing always happens, oftentimes without an intellectual understanding of what has taken place. But, it seems to me, the bloom of the Heart appears to fade unless it is shored up by the complete understanding of all that has transpired within Caesar's arena.

So, it seems wise to travel to the place where the "healing" has made itself tangibly plain and then onward until both the Heart and intellect comprehend all that has transpired.

I haven't said this well, but the essence is here. It appears that the intellectual "cure" alone is

not permanent; neither is the Heart's alone. The intellectual "correction" becomes permanent (on the human scene of things) when I continue until the Heart has been touched and love FELT.

On the other hand, the instantaneous Heart "cure" should be followed, gently, gently, until the intellect is brought to accept the reasons for all that has appeared to happen. (This is not making a dualistic tangle of things, but living the actions that judgeless awareness allows me to see I should live. Here in the realm of "people, places and things" that living includes a natural and happy balance twixt Heart and intellect.)

IT IS LOVE THAT DOES THE WORK. We can rationalize on this point all we like but ultimately it is found that Love does the work—simple, credulous, honest, tender love—giving and receiving love—the love that Identity is, not the love a possessor of Awareness is supposed to perform or have performed for him.

Sooner or later we come to admit this and stop denying love, stop withholding love, stop trying to make a dualism of love, one spiritual and esoteric, the other human, mundane, married or unmarried. We find that love (Love) is being every manifestation of love from the guileless embrace of children to the gossamer, lilting lift of butterflies awing, from the warm feel of a lover's touch to the singing heart and release of tears between simple friends.

It is Love, love, that does the work. Love and love alone. Love is the fire of Spirit, the flame that warms the earth and melts the coldest appearances. And love, I remind you, is not restricted to or by the institution of marriage! Infinite God is limitless love. The DOMINION lies with LOVE, not with the institution that is supposed to be its regulator.

ABOUT EMPLOYMENT

Awareness cannot be unemployed. Awareness cannot be without all that is necessary for its perfect operation. "Life" is Mind's Self-action in automatic existence. This knowledge, intellectually accepted and Heart believed, works in Caesar's arena as a continuing, fulfilling and rewarding activity made amply apparent by whatever means best suits the unfolding moment.

There is only one Government in all existence: God. Not God's. GOD. Maybe you'd rather use the word Truth, Reality, Isness or Being rather than God, but whatever denotes the single, only INEFFABLE-in-all-Existence also denotes the only real government in existence—a perfect government "wherein there is nothing that maketh a lie." The ACTION of this government is life, awareness, consciousness the very awareness even now reading these words. There is no other action actually going on. Every appearance of human action ultimately serves to do naught but DELINEATE the immortal fact that this Life-I-am (the life YOU are) is the action of Mind about the business of knowing Itself—and knowing Itself unlimitedly, beyond all doubt, beyond intellectuality.

Mind and its activity are one Mind being unlimitedly Self-aware. THAT is the awareness reading these words. THIS is the life that God IS. This is the Life immortal, the awareness "ever about the Father's business."

Exactly so, there is only one IDENTITY in all existence: Infinite Being being infinitely Self-aware. That Self-awareness is the consciousness reading these words; yet, this awareness is infinitely MORE than the perusal of finite form, trees clouds, signs and symbols, ink marks on a sheet of paper. The survey of measurable form (things) is Being's knowledge of Its myriad qualities and attributes, certainly within the capability of INFINITE Mind's action of knowing Itself. Oh, but unlimited Mind knows Itself in its "parts," its qualities and attributes, as well as in its wholeness. (Would not an unlimitedly wise tennis ball know its own qualities and attributes? "I am round. I am hollow. I am fuzzy. I am bouncy, etc." And would it not also know itself in its completeness? "I am a complete and perfect tennis ball, by gosh!")

What is wrong with BOTH parcels of knowledge? Is this an indication of duality, and if so, why? Isn't it the height of human egotism to believe that "mortal mind" can see a chunk of matter called "tree" or "flower" or "little girl" but that INFINITE Mind cannot? Consciousness that cannot see form (or a dream or anything that can be thought of) is not INFINITE Consciousness, but limited consciousness, hence, not Consciousness at all.

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The Identity-I-am (you are) is the Deific awareness of Deity, therefore I am unlimited wisdom ITSELF, unlimited intelligence ITSELF--unlimited, unbound, without restraints, restrictions. Please note: Any label attached to Me (the divine I or Us) could not possibly define Me, for how can the indefinable be defined? The label would be a restriction not pertaining to Me but only to a concept of Me. So, listen, listen: To whatever extent I appear to be the Honest One to "you," then whatever you think I SHOULD be, that, UNBOUND Honesty will NOT be! Whatever label "you" place on Me, unbound Me will be seen to be NOT THAT! Whatever the limit--and labels are limits--Identity CANNOT be JUST that, since infinite Identity transcends limits, even while including them all--even those diametrically opposing one another, always to the great mystification of intellectuality. The "opposing" limits ever have to do with the qualities and attributes, not the Whole.

To intellectuality, the ultimate mystery is simplicity, wherein the dominion of Identity is hidden in its obviousness.

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ABOUT PROBLEMS

What appear to be human problems are much like examination questions on the blackboard--question which, via inversion and paradox (as ever a question must be) serve to delineate a pre-existing Principle wherein the answer precludes the question. Our knowledge of the Principle is the means by which the examination is passed and the blackboard erased. To hang in there and contend with the question is to never end the examination. Somewhere along the line, we are FORCED to leave the land of Nod, the pigsties of the far country and "return" to the Principle wherein no real problem exists OUTSIDE THE PARADOXICAL DELINEATION of the REAL, which constitutes the reason for the question.

At this point, the age-old question arises: "If all is Mind and Its INFINITE Self-Awareness, then why the appearance of the examination in the first place? Why the appearing of contradistinctory human problems from which we must find our answers in an ALL and

ONLY pre-existing Perfection wherein there cannot be the slightest possibility of a problem? Why the seeming? Why the paradox? Why the inversion?"

Reader, can you answer this?

It CAN be answered! It has been. And "you" must 'ere the "seeming" ends its noxious seeming. Many who attended the recent Carmel and Hollywood work felt the answer to this primal question clear down to the soles of their feet and were amazed to find themselves KNOWING the answer, BEING the answer. Always, the question answered, the problem on the blackboard is erased and we are free to walk outside into the sunshine of a cloudless day.

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A consciousness of the universal awakening is coming soon because it has been perceived already. The night's sleep is nearly ended and a final restlessness is upon the world. We are (and have been) given an opportunity to live this experience until we live it perfectly--that is, until we understand it fully! Now, the time grows short.

Reincarnation? REincarnation presumes that life has been incarnate in the first place. It has never REALLY been, even though it seems so. Furthermore, it will continue to seem so until it is understood to appear only for the simple, simple reason that we may KNOW the impossibility of Life IN matter, and know it beyond all intellectual question. That is, AS THE INFINITE WISDOM THAT AWARENESS IS.

Do we really believe it possible to unlimitedly (infinitely) know what Identity IS until we have attempted to live what it is NOT? Living the contradistinctory "is not" has forever delineated the "IS" and made it plain beyond the limits of limiting intellectualism. The mortality of humanhood has ever been the perfect and precise delineation of immortal Being, not an enemy at all. So understood, the "sting of death" is removed "and the second death will have no power." The "first death" (the Bible speaks of) continues to be the surrender, this side of the grave, of the ego--that fatherless, would-be recipient, possessor, director, dictator, regulator and opinionated judge of awareness-life.

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THE ILLUSTRATION OF THE MOUNTAINEER

An illustration born during the seminar just past may well be repeated here. It makes a subtle metaphysical point--subtle, but one that must be finally comprehended if we are to ever intellectually understand the reason for the tares midst the wheat, the mysteries, the paradoxes; and why it is best to leave the tares alone rather than attempt to pull them up, correct or manipulate them.

NOTE: The point to be held in mind during this illustration is (1) that Identity is awareness, the same awareness reading these words; and (2) that Awareness is the UNLIMITED knowing, action, wisdom or intelligence of Mind. We are concerning ourselves here with just how infinite is INFINITE (alone, only, all, unchallenged) awareness.

Once upon a time a man lived in the hills of the southland where the sky was very blue, the clouds very white, the grass sweet and green, the water crystal clear and cool, the trees with

lofty crowns and the squirrels with bushy tails. He was asked, "Do you know what beauty is?"

"Of course," he answered. "I am living in the midst of it. Beauty is everywhere around me in the blue sky, the clouds, the grass, water, trees and bushy-tailed squirrels."

"You are correct," the questioner said, "but do you know this unlimitedly, infinitely, beyond all doubt and all restriction? Do you know beyond intellectuality?"

"Yes," answered the mountaineer.

But DID he? Did he yet know completely? Did he know infinitely? He certainly thought so. "After all," said he, "I am the unlimited wisdom that Mind is! At least that is what my study of Truth has told me."

Well, it happened that one day our happy mountaineer went over the top of his beloved hills and dropped down into an industrial valley on the other side. There he found himself face to face with is-not blue sky, is-not white cloud, is-not green grass, is-not peaceful and quiet, is-not loving and serene, is-not self-sufficient, is-not satisfied. There he was faced with mystery upon mystery. "Why the unhappiness?" he asked. "Why the riots? Why the awful struggle to survive?" and even as he asked himself these things he tried vainly to make out in the mad maze of the is-not world of contradistinctions. Because it seemed the thing to do, he tried very hard to fit in and correct the situation he was faced with, but to what avail? Every machine he invented only made matters worse; every cure he found finally became another crutch; every advancement in one direction was ultimately found to be a retrenchment in another. Every victory was hollow. No matter what he tried to do, he found the valley closing in from every direction. The clock clicked ceaselessly and time took its inexorable toll. Death dangled before him.

So, one day he gave up the struggle and returned to the mountains. Like the prodigal of old, he "went home" again. Now reader, I ask you: THIS time, how did the same blue sky look to our friend?

Where before he had seen blue sky and intellectually called it "beauty," this time it looked bluer than blue, more beautiful than ever before. This time he knew BEYOND intellectuality what "blue sky" IS because he had seen (and attempted to live) what blue sky IS NOT, Now he knew on both sides of intellectuality. Now he knew INFINITELY, because unbound awareness does know infinitely!

This time how did the clouds look? The green grass? Whiter than before! Greener and lovelier than before! Oh, this time he didn't just call the trees beautiful; this time he ran to embrace them. This time he felt them and shouted aloud! This time he ran into the stream with his shoes on, laughed and cried and scooped up cool water in his hands! This time he talked to the squirrels! This time their tails seemed bushier than before. Yes, the same beauty; the same sky, the same clouds, the same grass, water, trees and mountains but now Awareness was unlimitedly, infinitely aware CONSCIOUSLY, having consciously looked on the illusion of all that "infinite" beauty is-not.

Does not INFINITE intelligence know what beauty is NOT as well as what beauty IS? Doesn't intelligence know that "hand" is not "foot"? That "oak is not pine"? Would it be

INFINITE if it were limited only to a knowledge of what IS? It would not!

Oh, but the "what IS" is the REAL, the "wheat" --and the "is nots" are the "tares" that serve only to DELINEATE the IS beyond, beyond, beyond mere intellectualism. The "is-nots" are the means by which "form" is made apparent, the "way" an infinite awareness sees on all sides of Being's qualities and attributes. The fictitious is-not-beauty only delineates Beauty, even as is-not-love (called hate) tells us what love really is; even as is-not-oak outlines pine. Reader, at last, at last we are coming to comprehend WHY "the two are one, the above as the below..."

As appearances go, the Carmel, San Mateo and Hollywood talks were successful. Always, the "reward" for so great an effort is to hear just one person say, "Now I see! Now I understand!" or to see one "healing" or to witness the weight of one "is-not" roll from a single back. During the past two months there have been many such events and I have seen the bright eyes of new comprehension everywhere. In addition, I have seen sunshine, mountains and tall trees. I have seen smiles and felt love. I have heard the gentle laughter of Joy and seen the color of Light through the prism of Joy's tears.

Now I'm back in the quiet of my trees, not soon to roam so far nor so long. Least ways, not physically nor publically. According to the world, the Light, of Love is too bright to look at, the Truth too irrational to be understood. To the best of my ability, my living actions are in accord with the Light I see the Single Self to be--very often NOT in accord with what makes sense to the world. "I" have been "given" an immense Light to see and I have seen it to a monumental degree. This Light lies so far beyond human attempts to find words for It that these NOTES FROM LOLLYGOG seem a mockery, an act of feeble, futile, farcical foolishness--like trying to sound a Symphony in words, like trying to reach out and touch the stars, like attempting to rearrange a perfect Arrangement, like wiping tears from one eye only to make tears in another.

Who is Bill Samuel to think he can say what can't be said? Yet, the wonder of this Light-I-see-I-be seems to be in the wonders it works in the affairs of my "others." Many who appear to understand nothing I say (or do) still see and feel the wonders, the miracles, the "signs following" and believe them, despite my inability to "say it like it is."

Anyone who studies these ideas earnestly will find themselves one day doing everything I have done--and much more. My predilection with stillness and quietness and my deep love for "those whom the Father hath given me"--and those are the ones who have come to me--are such that I cannot longer be unfaithful to the moods, the states of mind and the simple actions that appear to have brought me to see this Light-being-I. Even as the illimitable Light cannot be confined to the peeping, tinkling words that pretend to tell of it, neither can that same illimitable Light that Identity is be bound to schedules, a body, the modes and mores of a fictitious society, nor brought to defend old views or infinitesimal points of metaphysical philosophy--not when there is so much more to be discovered, understood and lived.

So now I announce the discontinuance of these NOTES FROM LOLLYGOG on any kind of a regularly scheduled basis. They will just come as they come--from out the Heart rather than from any sense of human urgency to meet a time table. They may on occasion (as in the past) be accompanied by special papers called VIGNETTES. Or they may not. For the present subscriptions, I will attempt to give full measure.

If this arrangement is not satisfactory to you, you may have the remaining portion of your

subscription refunded--or have one of the new books THE AWARENESS OF SELF-DISCOVERY in lieu of that refund provided the remainder of the subscription is enough to cover the cost of the book. As nutty as it may seem to "me" from a financial standpoint, I am accepting no more new subscriptions. I cannot do less than I ask others to do--and that, to run with the Heart wherever it leads. At the moment it seems important for me to hurry on with the meditative correspondence and to the work of helping those who ask me for it--and to the remaining things I have been given to try and write while there is yet time to write them.

It is a beautiful, colorful Fall here in Alabama. Dark clouds gather in the South harboring the first storm of one season ebbing, another approaching. Leaves hang tremulously on limbs. I think they look at the ground and know.

Oh, but it is not the leaf that lives, but the tree! The Tree of Life lives through the cold winds and winter. Only the leaf's viewpoint falls away.

To identify as the leaf is to be born in one season and die in another. To identify as Life is to see the leaf fall away, if needs it must, but to see it fall without regard or regret, knowing Springtime brings another crown of flowing, fluid viewpoints--views of a Single Tree of Eternal Life "whose leaves do not fall in winter or summer."

Winter, after all, is the "is not" Spring--the means by which the eternal Spring of Light is known beyond all doubt.

Godspeed and unending love,
Bill Samuel

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