

NOTES FROM LOLLYGOG

By William Samuel

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DISENTANGLEMENT FROM JUDGMENT (The Expert on Elm Trees)

From its infancy, humanity has been reared to judge everything it sees. Every object of perception has been placed somewhere along a humanly determined scale of good and bad, valuable and not valuable, desirable and undesirable. The daily affairs of the world are based on the computation of these man-made values. Mortal happiness revolves around the personal ability to manipulate a private or public experience that accords with the "good," the "valuable" and the "desirable," at the same time having as little truck as possible with the bad, valueless and undesirable. The REAL Value, of course, ever remains the Primordial Isness being this Identity-I-am (one is) and the values placed in "things" NOT the Primordial will be seen to be removed and should be, else the illusion of a false set of values will continue its appearing and we will go on playing slave to it—playing slave to our own belief in a flat earth. How does one see the end of a "nothing claiming to be something" except as a nothing becoming recognized as a nothing?

With regard to the militant destruction of our institutions and the riot of pleasure seeking youth, it is for those who know that ISNESS is the authority to not be swept along by the fear gripping others. We are comforters only to the extent that we ourselves are not afraid.

QUESTION: Considering the viciousness of the militants, how will we keep from being caught up in the fear to sweep the country?

Surely the most practical way is not to become entangled in a meticulous attention to the world's problems. Too much concern for the details has us lose sight of the single thread, the simple seed. Intellectuality is carried away with the wordy descriptions of the leaves and limbs, the bark and roots, but fails to see the simple picture of the whole tree in its singleness.

The story is told of the great scholar who spent years studying the elm, that stately tree that shades many a lawn in these southern hills. This grand expert on elm trees had read every scientific report known to exist on the subject. He had traveled the world over to study in its libraries and learned institutions. He had labored long and hard to determine such things as the chemical composition of the elm's bark and heartwood. He had studied and pondered the electro-photosynthesis of the elm's leaves. He knew the tensile strengths of its elastic and non-elastic fibrous elements, of its reactions to nitrogen laden water. He even knew how the tree reacted to the urine of passing mongrels. Oh, he studied until he had become the most learned authority on elm trees in all the world and perhaps the universe.

Then, one day this scientific expert went out to the woodland to gaze upon the object of all his study only to find out when he got into the woods where many trees abounded, he couldn't tell an elm tree from a scrub oak. In his concern for detail he had overlooked the

simplicity of the whole.

So it is that human intelligence, the product of habitual evaluation, walks its weary way along the puckish paths of intricate, and mostly unnecessary, comparison. It picks, shovels and digs a crooked path through tons (and tomes) of detailed information only to overlook the childlike simplicity of Singleness.

There is a sequel to the story of the expert on elm trees. A group of children found him in the woods sobbing hysterically, his head pressed against a Mississippi magnolia. When they discovered the cause of his grief they took him to their swing which was attached to the limb of an elegant elm. Again, as is often the case for us all, it was simple, uncluttered childhood that led the expert directly to the object of his search.

The point is simple. It is to maintain our perspective. It is to be balanced in our perusal of detail, NOT following multiplicity to infinity thereby losing a sense of the whole. The "big picture" is ever what the moment demands, and the moment—a perfect NOW—demands the passing of false values, revealing the REAL, the BASIC, the PRIMORDIAL, that has been and always will be the underlying, overlying REALITY of all that appears.

And finally, I have found for myself that the return to uncluttered, uninhibited childlikeness and honesty is the DIRECT route to the Light of Illumination wherein no shadows of fear are possible.

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MORE ABOUT WORDS, ABOUT SILENCE AND ABOUT SIMPLICITY

Reader, I say again, we find a new measure of immediate peace when we end the excessive struggle with words—either ours or the other fellow's. How many times have we listened to the faltering words of children as they poured out their hearts? Didn't we understand all that was necessary to understand? Of course, we did! We heard through the stutters, the wrong tenses, the misplaced syntax and the mispronounced words. We heard straight through to the simple, honest, tender HEART. It is the Heart that gives utterance to the words we see and hear in the first place.

So, as you read these NOTES, sit easy and look at the paragraphs and pages in their completeness, in their singleness, in their totality; then, listen to the Heart. It is the Heart that instructs, not the words. The Heart goes beyond words and cannot be fooled. "Behold, I give thee a wise and understanding heart."

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In the study of words pertaining to the Truth, it isn't the specific fact that is written on the page (or listened to in the class or on the tape). Most often it is the feeling or the overall "mood" into which we relax after reading or listening to the words. It is the atmosphere the words only seem to evoke. Indeed, it is the open mood, that gentle feeling of contemplative softness which is the teacher—not necessarily the individual word nor the specific detail on the page—that allows us to perceive the honest picture of Identity. Whatever leads us to the Silence of the Self leads us also to the Light—to the Light we already are in fact.

When I was a boy living on the Mississippi Gulf Coast, I often made long afternoon pilgrimages into the back-country bayou land, a veritable swamp but a wonder filled place for a boy. It grew water cypress and huge oaks, festooned with flowing moss that I likened to the hair of a lovely dream lady. A railroad skirted the back edge of the swamp marking the usual limit of my penetration. There I had a special place to watch the evening phenomenon of the flowing moss on the live oaks as its color changed in the setting sun from gray to green to nearly yellow, and then, for a short moment, turn to a deep red along its edges as though it were on fire; thence to a dark gray again and nearly black as the sun dropped below the horizon.

Oh, but there was another wonder to delight a boy on those late afternoon journeys. It began when the New Orleans to Mobile train came thundering out of the sun and roared past my vantage point shaking the ground and splitting the air with its hissing steam, pounding wheels and rushing wind. How I tingled with excitement as that metal monster thundered by. Then, when it had passed and its last sounds had clicked away in the East, there followed a silence so still and so soft, so lonely and holy that I could never bring myself to be the first to break it. It was a childish game, I suppose, but I would sit there in the deep silence of the growing twilight until a gull or a killdeer winging its way would break the silence and tell me to go home while there was light enough to find the way.

If I were a teacher at a great university and it fell my lot to give a lecture on Silence, I would want a long freight train on its way to Mobile to come roaring through the lecture hall. From that point on there would be no more need for words.

Virtually the same lesson in Silence was repeated for me in China many years later; and with this second lesson I learned that many of the pages of Truth we read (and write) are freight train pages, intended only to make the sounds that follow stand still and soft—like great Mississippi oaks, covered with magic moss and glowing in the setting sun.

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Now listen softly. Wisdom comes out of warm quietness and simplicity, not from the bombast of overpowering words and hard talk. Knowledge comes out of simple tenderness and childlikeness. We let weighted concern go! Frustration and fear have no authority! They cannot alter the Identity being us. We let go the struggle to define the infinitesimal. We end the battle to outline the relationships of an endless microcosm—foolish task! We come home to Awareness. We return to simplicity, to the warm tenderness and inescapable effortlessness of the Already-Identity Awareness is, right here, right now reading these words!

Reader, this is not to pinch the nose until it is blue. This is not to laboriously ponder the mysterious paradoxes as though Wisdom depended on that. This is to joy in letting go the thinker, and find yourselves the THINKING of Isness.

Given the choice of examining an abstruse philosophical flower of countless variations of color, or a simple unnamed weed blooming with a single, frail blossom, we take the weed every time. Its simplicity tells us everything we need to know. Like a child, simplicity and silence lead us straight to the elm tree—every time.

Sending you Happiness,
William Samuel

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