

Avoiding thought / A void in thought

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When I was a teenager, I had an experience which left an indelible impression on my mind. I went to see a stage hypnotist who explained the amazing powers of the subconscious mind and went on to demonstrate some feats using volunteers from the audience as subjects. They were amazing because they demonstrated that what we thought of as the normal limits of mental and physical powers in the human personality could be transcended.

Well of course, I, being as curious as I was then (and now) paid more attention to his explanations than his demonstrations. I was more interested in why it worked than seeing it work. I also paid attention to how he worked it. With my scientific curiosity I would seek to test the hypotheses later. And so I did with a schoolmate friend much later. Then I could experiment to my own satisfaction and seek to discover the mysteries of the human mind...at least as far as I could then explore.

What resulted truly left a lifelong impression. Because I discovered things about human reality that I would later realize most persons never stop to contemplate during their entire lifetime. They simply accept things suggested by others. And exploring my new role as an 18 year old suggestor, I would never again be quite the same. Reality would thereafter never necessarily be defined by social norms or customs. Conventional thinking would never satisfy my mind. I had to always ask 'Why?' - Because that experience led me to two conclusions. Behind every formation and experience, there lies a conscious Who employing a definite What for a specific Why.

Under the power of hypnosis/ ie suggestion...I quickly realized that objective facts are indistinguishable from accepted suggestions. In fact, for the mind that has deeply accepted a suggestion, not only can suggestions become objectified, but also objects can be suggested into oblivion and negated. That intrigued me. When I realized that one with access to the deeper recesses of mind could control a person's reality (their own or someone else's) as completely as if directing a movie or play, this caused me to stop and ponder what new limits was there to this new world of power. Who was already accessing it. To what use was this power being put. And what were their limitations?

Following the techniques I had observed and with the explanations I had been given, I basically turned my friend into a zombie for about at least a half hour. I had him performing antics he would never do under his own volition. I suggested him into worlds that only existed for him, not for me. I was to quietly watch, unobserved by him what he would do. (I didn't have to hide, just suggest that I wasn't there). I suppose for want of a better word, I became a god to my friend by his permission.

After I had satisfied my curiosity, I decided to erase my friend's memory of any traces of the encounter so as to protect whatever motivations I had that might not have met with my friend's approval from being scrutinized by him...leaving myself accountable only to my own consciousness. When I recognized that under hypnosis, things could be added to the mind and erased from the mind, and that the mind was as manipulable as a tape recorder, I became very nervous. I ended up telling my friend all that had transpired in the half hour that I had wiped from his memory and apologizing to him for what surely could have been taken as an abuse of our friendship. I also decided not to use this power again as I realized that I did not then trust myself with that power.

For the most part I kept faith with my decision, but I never stopped asking the questions that would take me to the limit of searching for the source of the reality that I encountered in the world around me. Like in the movie the matrix, I had begun to wake up and nothing that appeared was taken at face value. Who were the suggestors of this world? I intended to know. Mainly, because I found many of those suggestions (what some people call facts) to be unacceptable. Somewhere, somehow, someone was abusing their power. And that power for me was a negotiable one.

Recently, I have been writing about the gods of this world. For many, a god is beyond questioning. Beyond fathoming. Not for me. I identify with god. I see god in myself. (Or perhaps I should say I see myself in god.) I see god in the Conscious Self and Vice versa. I see god as a choice we all have in terms of possible identity. O That I would Be That I Am.

Of course I have just said things that some deem unlawful to utter...or very unwise given the tremendous attention that has been invested in closing these gates to common human enquiry. Well if even we appear to be breaking laws, our intent is to see something more acceptable come from those gates to this side of reality.

As you read this, billions of souls are hearing one or other of the gods known to this world speak to their consciousness in the language of the select texts or popular orature that purport to represent Him/ Her/ It. To some, god is speaking words in newly crafted language, not yet canonized, recognized or sanctified by any group.

In this piece, I would invite you to speak to your God. I would invite you to utter words and direct them to the Source of your world. Right here, from where we are, reflecting that we all have become too familiar with the Divine and in so doing have become arrogant...arrogant in that we reflect the spiritual life or energy pattern of a system in distress.... in decay.... all of us together. There are gaps. Big gaps in our thinking, in our feeling, in our being.

I am inviting us to call on the God that has no gaps. No time and space warps. No seasons or stages. No places of powerlessness. No states of absence. The God of no gaps. I invite you to simply ask that infinite source, to prepare us to express more of the infinitude of possibilities that the conditions around us are demanding....in order to fill the gaps. You feel the void, then let us go now into the Void and fill it.

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