"You have to understand, most of these people are not ready to be unplugged. And many of them are so inured, so hopelessly dependent on the system that they will fight to protect it."
- 'Morpheus' in The Matrix

"Nobody told me there'd be days like these. Strange days indeed."
- John Lennon

A STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND:” that’s what most of the experiencing of this world amounts to since the jungle. The Brilliance, All That Is, knowing that there is no 'david,' only Consciousness streaming here; there has been some adaptation to this and so living continues through this dream character, with always everywhere perfect Brilliant Stillness, outpouring constantly and seen; now, always, not as from this mind/body thing.
The dream characters are what they are; ordinary folk going about life, the dream humming along and the dream characters playing the parts scripted, oblivious to the True and thinking their 'selves' are real. Unaware of the Brilliance that 'they' are. Most not very happy much of the time, but they do have moments; and in any case the interactions are the relatively straightforward interactions between dream characters within the parameters of the dream.

Yes, there are times when it seems comprehension breaks down and there is only severe bafflement and an inability to communicate. And yes, there is a certain unfiltered rawness to the experiencing of life, and the severe limitations of the mind/body apparatus at times become very evident. Even so, from this perspective it is all amazing and beautiful and always completely impersonal. Just seeing what arises; what will today's script bring?

It's a little surreal: here is Consciousness streaming, somehow pretending it has forgotten who it is, when here it is quite obvious who it is. The dream lacks conviction, credibility, and there's a sense of constant amazement that no one sees how phony and propped-up this whole illusion really is. It's actually full of holes, full of clues. It carries all the inconsistencies and missing bits that any dream does. Many times a day there are moments that are giveaways, when the dream cover is blown: but nobody sees this because they are all conditioned to patch in for what would otherwise bring down the whole house of cards. “Did you see that? No, I didn't either.” “What was that? Oh, right, nothing. Couldn't have been.” It's crazy really, but there's a certain consistency to it and it's kind of endearing.
The difference between awake and not awake is so incredibly thin it hardly can be said to exist. It's as if, to use an admittedly strange image, all that is needed is a very tiny shift in your mind, to shift your mind metaphorically to one side of where it is, by an almost imperceptible amount; and that shift, that pop would be sufficient to change the perspective enough so that all would be seen as it is. Tiny; so tiny that almost nothing is needed. I call it a 'phase shift,' probably from watching too much *Star Trek*; everything remains as it is, it's just that the perceiving is brought into phase with What Is. What has changed? Nothing; that's how tiny a shift is needed.

Another analogy. Say you had a dream or a vision and in the vision everything is streaming light. That's all there is, just light streaming. And part of the light streaming shapes itself into a chair, so you sit down. And then the light streaming over there shapes itself into a person who says, "I want to be able to wake up and see the light." You look at this streaming light formed into a person-shape and say, "But what you are is obviously streaming light." The streaming light says, "No, I don't think so, I don't experience that. I feel very dark and alone and am in so much pain. Show me how I can see this light you are talking about." Meanwhile the streaming light formed into a person-shape is practically blinding you with their beauty and brilliance, and all you can really think is, what the hell is up with this?

When things are seen like this, it's hard at times to keep in mind that from the point of view of the dream characters the gap is not so tiny as to be infinitesimal, it's so huge as to be infinite. But what you can see is that there's no reason, no need for this.
It’s like, say you’ve just stepped into heaven. Perfection, beauty, wonder, freedom, bliss, abundance, love, everything you can think of. Astonishing. Your heart sings. Then over in the corner you notice a miserable little character curled up tight with his hand over his eyes, clutching his few dirty broken belongings, muttering to himself. You go over and try to talk to him; “Hey friend, hey, open your eyes, look around, see where you are.” He curses at you, turns away, clutches his coat around him, muttering. You try again; “Hey come on man, look, everything’s okay! Look, let go of that stuff, you don’t need it, everything is provided here, beautiful things, anything you want.” He lashes out at you, screams, “Leave me alone, don’t take my stuff!” This isn’t endearing, this is pathetic.

The odd thing about the ‘spiritual seeker’ characters, the ones that talk about wanting to wake up, is that while they are saying that they are simultaneously, and completely without realizing it, spending most of their time and energy actively doing whatever they can to prevent that from happening. Seriously. You think I’m exaggerating with all this, but I’m not. Seekers talk about waking up, about enlightenment, but almost none have any idea what they are talking about. They talk about it as something they can get, something they can come to, ‘attain,’ that will change them and how they experience life. It’s apparent that somewhere along the line these dream characters have absorbed some dream idea of ‘waking up’ that apparently means some shift in the dream but quite clearly does not involve actually waking up, which would necessarily mean that the dream, and they, would cease to exist as such.

“Seeking begins with the individual and ends in the annihilation of the individual.” (Ramesh)
'Annihilation' here isn't referring to some party game. It is a total and radical thing, often bloody and brutal, called annihilation; wiping out of existence; ceasing to be; death. Not death of the body; nothing dies when the body dies. Real death; the only real death, as real as death gets: the death of an individual person/self.

Spiritual seeking is the art of walking in very small circles. This does two things: it creates the illusion of motion, of getting somewhere; and it prevents one from stopping, from becoming still, which is when one would look around and see the futility of it all. Most of all, it's not very challenging to the ego, that sense of individual self. Working on being 'spiritual' reinforces that sense of self, pretty much the opposite of doing anything that might damage it in any way, let alone lead to its death.

The streaming light is already streaming light. The little guy in the corner is already in heaven. There's literally nothing they have to do to get anywhere or become anything. The only thing that's keeping you from seeing it is this blasted insistence on hanging on to the broken little possession which you think is all you have; the idea that you are somebody. This belief, this story, that there is a person in there, with deeply cherished memories and wounds and dreams and hopes and aspirations and attributes and thoughts and theories; that is the thing that you are clutching so tightly to your chest as you engage in all this seeking, which prevents you from finding anything, from seeing where and what You are.

What would it take to get that little character hunched in the corner of heaven to get up and open his eyes and see where he is? Think about that; because what that would
take, is what it would take for any seeker to awaken, to “enter the kingdom of heaven.”

“Many people do think they don’t ‘see’ it, but I think one has to see it first before one can reject it; we see it so briefly but unconsciously reject it immediately. I think it is impossible not to see it.”
(Douglas Harding)

It’s like the armchair traveler who loves the travel books and magazines but won’t actually go anywhere because he doesn’t want to risk traveling. Seekers talk about awakening, and read all the spiritual books and magazines, and even do all the practices, retreats and meditation and service and devotion, but only so long as it only amounts to spinning their prayer wheels and doesn’t actually entail being annihilated in the process.

You really gotta let that go. It’s that simple. No waking up can possibly happen as long as that hanging on to a ‘me’ is there. Going to satsang and asking all kinds of questions about the spiritual theory you’re working on, or about healing the injured self, or about gaining more insight, is all quite useless, and from this perspective incomprehensible.

“So-called self-realization is the discovery for yourself and by yourself that there is no self to discover. That will be a very shocking thing – ‘Why the hell have I wasted all my life?’ It’s a shocking thing because it’s going to destroy every nerve, every cell, even the cells in the marrow of your bones. I tell you, it’s not going to be an easy thing.... You have to become completely disillusioned, then the truth begins to express itself in its own way.”
(U.G. Krishnamurti)
If you’re going to do anything, do this. First, figure out whether this waking up, this enlightenment is really something you want. Do you really want to die? Do you really want for ‘you’ not to exist; and for living to continue, if it does, not as who you know and love as yourself but as a hollow husk with impersonal Consciousness blowing through it? If this is what you want (how can you possibly?) then you are talking about waking up from the false dream of individuality, and then you can proceed. Your thinking, your praying, your meditating, your asking questions at satsang, whatever you ‘do,’ will be with the realization that what you think you are is illusory, and with the intent of exploding, obliterating, that illusion called ‘you.’

Can you ‘do’ this? Of course not; ‘you’ is a dream character following its role in the dream. But who knows what that role calls for? If that role calls for this character to wake up, then it has to start somewhere, and the character may find itself engaging in things that will ultimately bring about its own death. Not physical death. These are disposable containers; look around, they’re being recycled constantly. Rather, real death, as real as death gets. Death of the one who cares.

If you decide that what you really want is something other than this complete and ultimate ‘waking up,’ then bless you. Have a wonderful life; enjoy the incredible edible banquet of material and spiritual and psychological and New Age goodies that are out there. Grow and expand and change and develop and improve your life immeasurably; evolve and become more mature and deeper and wiser and more beautiful. Discover your higher self and your higher purpose and fulfill them. I mean this absolutely sincerely; and even, I notice, with a touch of delicious wistfulness.
from what’s left of the david thing. This is not in any way some kind of second class status; there is no such thing. Take what the dream has to offer; that’s what the dream’s there for, to be enjoyed. Consciousness only enjoys it, only perceives it at all, through the dream characters, and there have to be some through which can be experienced enjoyment of the whole panoply of the spiritual marketplace.

But in that case don’t come here talking about waking up; that just doesn’t make any sense at all.