



The Beacon

1 - The Friction Between The Fictions

2 - The Unity Of Self

3 - The Apple And The Tree

4 - The One Knowledge

5 - The Shape Of Nothing

6 - Destroy, Destroy, Destroy!!!

1 - The Friction Between The Fictions

My mummy read my diary. There was nothing particularly private in there, nothing I could not have told her. Nothing that should make me uneasy. I was uneasy. I couldn't have told you why, but I was uneasy. I didn't notice it at first. I'm no good at understanding my body and the stuff that goes on down there. The unease mixed with a general anxiety, hunger, indigestion, coughing, my left index finger is itchy...

I was uneasy.

I meditated. I tried to, at least.

Something is something and I don't know what's what. So what if mummy read my diary? I have nothing to hide. No secrets. There's nothing embarrassing in there. Is there? Oh no. What have I forgotten? Have I blocked something out? I do that. I do that lots. I do that all the time. Did I do that here? Is that why I'm uneasy? My brain is telling me something's off; is it trying to make me remember something? Oh I really feel uneasy.

Calm yourself, boy. You're getting worked up. Nothing to hide in there.

I guess the diary was never intended to be read. I didn't have to read it again to know it was kosher. But I have to read it again just in case. Might be something I missed. Not a big thing, a little thing. There must be little things. Little things add up. Little things add up to big things.

But it's my mummy. She knows all my little things. I could have confessed to that diary that I had murdered and dismembered 104 children in cold blood for the sheer thrill and her love wouldn't bat an eyelid. Factual.

Her love wouldn't bat an eyelid, but her opinion of me might change. She'd love me, but she might not like me. She'd support me, but she might not respect me. I wanted my mummy to love me, but also to like me. Validation. I need to read that diary again. Little things add up to big things and big things change other things.

I'm not reading that diary. The answer is not in that diary.

Whatever is in there, she still loves me. But she may not like me after reading it. Why is that so important? Why am I uneasy?

I went to see The Teacher. The Teacher knows why I'm uneasy. The Teacher knows why I'm uneasy because he knows me. He knows me because he knows himself. In himself he found me and he found you.

The Teacher taught me about *The Friction Between The Fictions*. In my relationship with my mother, in my relationship with my brother, in my relationship with my friend and my partner, and in my relationship with myself, I have created worlds. I do not interact with my loved ones. I never have. I have only ever interacted with the worlds I create for each one. *The Fictions*. Some fictions are closer to reality than others. Some fictions do not harmonise with others. Some fictions contradict each other.

I don't know my mother. I have no idea who she is. All I know is the mother-fiction my own brain has created. That's not to say she doesn't exist outside of my mind, not at all. It is to say my brain writes a story and creates a character to which she corresponds. In that fiction I also create my own character: my Self. The fiction of my mother prescribes *what* to interact with; the fiction of my Self prescribes *how* I interact with it.

My unease was caused by the *Friction* between the fictions. In reading my diary, my mother had seen my Fiction. She had seen the fictions of my Fiction. Of course I had blocked some things out. Little things. The little things that didn't harmonise with my Fiction. That contradicted my Fiction. The things that, if I acknowledged, would make my Fiction nonsense.

My Fiction was nonsense. My Fiction was fiction.

That's why I was uneasy.

2 - The Unity Of Self

Shorba was passed out on the floor being way too cute. I couldn't resist. I lay down beside her rubbing her belly the way she likes as she stretched her arms and legs out to forever. She curled up and stared at me, all fluffy and teddy-y. Adorable. Edible. I scratched under her chin, her little paws holding my hands there as she purred and purred and purred and purred, her teeny-tiny-teddy paws too big for the delicate task. Even more edible.

I scratched her belly again. Nope, she don't want that. I placed my arm on her body as she lay on her back, her eyes already half-closed in anticipation of more scratch-scratch. As she was drawing my hand closer to her chin, she was simultaneously pushing my elbow away with her hind legs. Make your mind up, woman. Do you want me here to scratch-scratch or not? Why is your head saying yay and your belly nay?

Hmmm. This one cat wants two different things. Contradictory things, no less. It's like saying I'm hungry I want food, but also saying I'm not hungry I don't want food. And meaning both. Can't do that. No, it's not like that. Two separate parts of the cat each want something, that happen to be opposites. It's not I'm hungry I'm not hungry, it's more my hands are hot and my feet cold. Two separate parts, not the same part. I would be better served asking each half of the cat what it wanted, rather than the cat itself. The contradictions disappear. It's not a cat. I've imposed a unity on this thing in front of me. This cat is an amalgamation of different bits, parts, organs, systems, senses, desires...

There is no cat.

OK That's weird.

Are *we* the same? We *are* animals. Do different parts of me need or want different things? Are they ever contradictory? Sometimes I'm cold and hungry at the same time. That happens when I'm standing out in the cold and I haven't eaten all day. But those desires are not contradictory. I put a jacket on and have soup. They're so uncontradictory that they're aligned. The soup fills my belly and warms me up. So? So there is no Conductor at the front. No Puppet-master deciding when I'm cold or when I'm hungry. They're just different things wanting different things. I'm not a cat too.

There is no cat.

I am cold. No: My body is cold. I am hungry. No: My belly is hungry. I desire wealth and status. No: My Ego desires wealth and status.

There is no cat.

3 - The Apple And The Tree

What is the purpose of the brain? I've always started at the end with this one. Teleological they call it. Well, to think. In a nutshell. Think think think. Smarter better wow. Bigger brain better brain smarter brain wow wow wow. Towering above the petty ranks of the sub-par-conscious life, our brains have allowed us to conquer the planet. Ain't no nooks and crannies no more, 'tis all ours. We aren't the strongest or the fastest species, we don't fly through the air and can only be left submerged in water for a few seconds before we die. We are susceptible to disease, can only tolerate a relatively miniscule change in internal or external temperature and produce young that are completely helpless, dependent and consumptive for a significant and extremely cumbersome period of time.

We got guns and we got cars, we got planes and we got boats. We got antibiotics and clothes and houses and nannies and nursery schools. Our brains made all of that. Thinking made all of that. Thinking is the purpose of the brain. It's a problem-solver.

Let's go off-piste this time. Instead of starting at the end, let's start before the start. Ontological.

What is the purpose of the brain? Not sure how to start this one, I normally work my way through the other end. OK so brains are common to animals and the like, animals evolved from mush. In evolving from mush to animal, out came brain. Little badgers got brains. Not like our brains, but they got brains. But that's skipping, brain came long after mush. Mush made mush that could reproduce. New mush reproduced and evolution kicked in. Evolution mush is in water. At some point cells and respiration. Specialised cells. Different groups of specialised cells. Increasing complexity. Basic regulation inside organism. There. That's the seed of brain. The regulation. The brain is a management system. The brain is the body's management system, ensuring the harmony of the different parts of the body.

The brain is a glorified management system.

But this doesn't have thinking. Why thinking? If all that is needed is to regulate and manage, why think? Reproducing-evolution-mush turned to organism turned to organism-with-brain and brain started thinking. Thinking is an evolutionary advantage. That's it, that's where thinking comes in. Thinking gave thinkers an evolutionary advantage. The better an organism can think, the higher the prospects of survival. Survival of the fittest. Brain brain brain wow wow wow.

Wait. If thinking was a by-product of evolution that allowed organisms a greater chance of survival, what does that mean? What does that mean to me? I don't think I really use my brain much for that. Food is in the fridge and house is keeping wolves out. My brain evolved to get that stuff, and I have it now. Idle hands, my brain. Got no evolution-hunting to do. Just left to think.

It's not supposed to be doing that.

What? Is that you, Teacher?

It's not supposed to be thinking. Brain's job is to regulate body now, that's it. Thinking aimlessly is wasting energy.

The purpose of the brain is not to think?

There is no ultimate purpose of brain. The brain is. You are safe, it has served its immediate purpose. Now, if you crave peace, be. Listen to what your body is telling you and let that be your guide. Be mindful of each part of your body, neglect not the furthest reach.

I don't understand why you're telling me not to think. Thinking has always brought me the highest of all pleasures.

And so it goes. Thought is the foundation of pleasure and pain, of suffering and desire. In order to think, one constructs a Self with which to think. It is this that thinks and derives pleasure from thought; that craves and lusts, loves and creates. One cannot think and be impervious to the human condition; one cannot pick and choose. With Self comes the human condition, that is to say with Self comes love and hate, war and peace, life and death.

I have no hate and don't fear death. Thinking has freed me from hate and from fear. It is my body that is useless, not my mind. Switch my body off before my mind.

Thinking freed you from hate and fear after trapping you there. In the book of Genesis, Adam is in a paradise both within and without. He is warned, but he eats of the tree and gains the knowledge of good and evil. The karma was to live a life of toil. Think, but know the karma of thought. Knowledge of good and evil is nothing but thought. Toil is the karma of thought. Self precludes thought, and with self comes desire and with desire comes suffering. Think and you shall suffer. Desire, and toil, so long as you think.

So my mind and my body are useless then!

Your body is not useless, neither is your mind. Your body can feel the delight of breath and the vigour of energy. Your mind can be in awe of the infinity within. It is there you will find your peace.

4 - The One Knowledge

I always felt like I missed my first day at school. That would've been the one where they told you what this was all about. Housekeeping. Orientation. I only came in when everyone was already on the same page. Day Two is just get on with it day. Day Two until the End of Forever Day is just get on with it day. I came in and just got on with it. I followed. But I had no idea why it was *this* we were all getting on with. That feeling stayed.

I managed to reach the Age of Reason like that. Getting on with it. Not sure exactly what *it* is, but I got on with it. Couldn't stop. Gotta run to keep up. Stop and you fall. What? Fall Where? Doesn't matter, you fall. Can't stop. Can't think. Gotta keep up.

I learned to read whilst running. Sometimes I ran really fast for years, heart racing to keep up. Gotta keep up. Smoking slowed me down. Sometimes I'd sit down to smoke, but then I'd have to run three times as fast as the wind to stay ahead. I was the hare. I was a turtle-turned-hare. A hare ran lots and sat down lots. I learned to read whilst running; I learned to think whilst sitting.

I ran and I sat; I read and I learned. What was I learning? Nothing. I wasn't really learning. I was searching. I needed to find the lesson plan from that first day at school. They hid it. They pretended the Second Day *was* the First Day. They said I hadn't missed anything. That didn't make any sense. How did they all know, and I didn't, then? Hmmm?

They didn't make it up, they can't have just made it up. Every other school had the same lesson. I could tell. So it was based on something. That's what I searched for. I went to the shore and looked under all the stones I could read, all kinds of stones. Little ones, big ones, weirdly shaped ones, ones that weren't ones but looked like ones, ones that moved and ones with wild colours on them.

As I read each one I found something in each one. The little ones had a way of getting under my skin. The big ones knocked me like a sledgehammer to the face. Some I looked at with fascination, some with gratitude, some with mild annoyance. I read them all. I learned to use them. I became smart. I could Macbeth a Lucretius and Voltaire your Stavrogin. Minor. Monkey work. Still missing the bit that makes it all go. I'm half-way through a race and I don't know why I'm running.

I sat.

It is when I'm sat that I find the teacher.

There is only One Knowledge. All else is information.

Don't speak to me of knowledge, Teacher. Some things I don't know, some things I do know. Philosophy I do know. Epistemology I do know. Correspondence Theory and Hume and Rationalists and Pure Reason. I know what constitutes knowledge and I know the components of knowledge.

Information. All, information. Every thing an intellect can comprehend; every thing a mind can create. All, information. Knowledge dwells not within the mind. Information is in the mind. Mind is in Self. Self precludes Knowledge.

Teacher, you seem to be saying I can only know something when I stop thinking. That doesn't make any sense.

One cannot know any thing. You can only have One Knowledge. It is not through the mind that the One Knowledge is found, but through the body. What one claims to know, one can never know. One cannot have knowledge of any thing that is outside the mind; access to things outside the mind is through the mind. What you have is information, opinion, dogma, prejudice. The only Truth is inside oneself; the only Knowledge outside of mind.

So what is your knowledge?

It is not my knowledge, it is the One Knowledge. Outside of space and time, inside oneself, It is immutable, unchanging, infinite. It has been known by sages and mystics past, by laymen and learned alike. There is an eternity inside oneself where bliss and awe reign supreme. This is the One Knowledge. All the mind can create and comprehend is naught but fragility, knowledge is not through the mind.

Then through...

Through a suspension of Self. It is only when one gives up all that one can have anything at all. That is the One Knowledge. Not in the destruction what has been constructed, but in the deconstruction what has been constructed.

How on Earth do I suspend Self? What is that??

Therein lies one's journey to the Ultimate. Each has had their own life, each must have their own journey. There is no path I can prescribe, no route that is not one's own. I am but a sign that points the way. It is for you to find your next step. Peace be upon you.

5 - The Shape Of Nothing

I found the One Knowledge. I suspended Self. I beheld the glory of the infinity inside me and the divinity inside you. I had seen Zarathustra's Truth; Siddhārtha's Truth; the Mayan Truth; the Only Truth.

How can words describe what is Outside? It's the colour that never was; the sound that never spoke. Wonder. Awe. Bliss. Answers to all the questions never asked. No desire, no frustration. No Love. It is the *source* of Love. It is the *source* of everything. It is Nothing.

This isn't a we-are-all-connected or the inter-connectedness-of all-things-animated-or-not. This is inside oneself, not outside. Who cares what's connected to what, I found Truth!

I found Truth through Nothing. I can't tell you how I suspended self. Can't want. That's *your* journey. That's my reason. My other reason is say-it-and-it's-gone. I'm scared of that. It's MY truth. Go find your own.

In finding the Truth of Nothing, I had to dig. I had to dig lots. I had diggers and spades and little archaeologist-chisels. It really took it out of me. But I found it. Treasure. This Treasure was in my mind, I couldn't hold it. I couldn't lock it in a room or scan it to my email. That meant no one could take it away from me. But I could. I could take it away from me. I could forget it. To find peace, one must NOT think. No thinking. Nothing. Had to remember Nothing.

It's not easy to remember Nothing. Think about it. It's not remembering a word, it's remembering an idea. A state of mind. Or, rather, a state of not-mind. Don't think, don't think, don't think. Why? Because Self. Oh yea. What? Thought from Self, Self precludes Peace. Oh yea. Don't think, Peace is at the end of don't think. Remember.

Sounds easy. Isn't. So annoyingly isn't. This is how:

Let's meditate for a few minutes. Keep the mind clear. Take a sip of tea, smoke. Blank mind. Calm mind. Blank calm mind thinks it was just thinking about something. What was it? It was something important. Need to remember. Feels really important... why can't I remember?

Traceback.

Thinking about cat, cat got parts, parts not one, one is illusion, why is that light changing colour, it looks amazing but why is it doing that, no concentrate, cat got parts, parts not one, one is illusion, illusion in mind, mind in Self, the other cat is hungry he keeps meowing, but I only fed him an hour ago, he's getting fat, pauncho cat, wait no concentrate important, illusion in mind, mind in Self, Self is what, Self is illusion, suspend mind and suspend Self, not-mind, why won't he stop meowing, oh he wants to go outside sorry mate let me open the window, wow its cold outside, is my tea still there, no wait concentrate important, suspend mind and suspend Self, not-mind, Nothing, remember Nothing, peace is at the end of don't think, don't think, remember NOT to think.

Dammit!! I been thinking!!! It's been an hour and I been doing traceback and thinking. God dammit!! That so annoying!! OK, calm down.

Let's meditate for a few minutes. Keep the mind clear. Take a sip of tea, smoke. Blank mind. Calm mind. Blank calm mind thinks it was just thinking about something. What was it? It was something important. Need to remember. Feels really important... why can't I remember?

Traceback...

The shape of *Nothing* is round. And it lasts for hours. I was in a mind-bend going around in circles for over three hours. It was exhausting. It was extremely frustrating. I had to stop arbitrarily. I don't like arbitrarily.

Nothing is so round that you can't walk straight when you find it or you leave it. You have to walk at Pi-degrees maybe. The degrees that gets you closer to the middle as you go through it, not straight through the outer edge. I found *Nothing*, but I still have to find my bearing through it. I'm not doing another 3-hour circle-session to get *Nothing* out of it. Well, I will. But not if I can only stay a few minutes at a time. I might. I probably will. I need to find my bearings and get access to more *Nothing*.

If *Nothing* was easy it would be straight. *Nothing* is not easy. It's round.

6 - Destroy, Destroy, Destroy!!!

Creation is a wonderful thing. Any one can create. Every one can create. If they can't then they're not any one. I'm not on about a Michelangelo or a Sidney Lumet kind of creation, although that's a type of creating too. Pigs create a world where they think food is in one place and sometimes it isn't. Sometimes it is, but sometimes it isn't. When they realise it isn't, they create a new world where the food is in a different place. Then they go look there. And so on until they find their food.

In replacing one creation with another, they have to destroy the first creation. Michelangelo didn't have to destroy David to create The Last Judgement. They could co-exist in the outside-world. Piggy's world where the food was on the left was instantly destroyed when cute little Piggy had to create the world where the food was on the right. Piggy couldn't have two fictions that didn't harmonise. That's Friction. Piggy couldn't go on believing the food was on the left when he went trot-trot to the left and saw that there was no food there. Piggy's better than that. Piggy created a new world with new expectations. A world where food is bountiful on the right. Piggy then went to follow his dreams and find the food on the right. But food-left-world was left behind. Crushed. Destroyed.

So what? Little Piggy couldn't have both worlds, Piggy moved on. Let's do the same.

Let's not. Because I've had my little Piggy moments, so have you. We've destroyed one world and created another. We do that daily. If the biscuits aren't in the cupboard, we look in the drawer. No biggy. Not that frustrated, all told. Even if they don't turn up in the drawer, not that frustrated. All told. Life could be worse, I guess. Replace one fiction with another and move on. Great.

What if you get really attached to the fiction? What if you hadn't eaten for days and you'd trekked for hours for a world where the biscuits were in the cupboard? What if you got there and there was only wrapper left? Pissed. Proper pissed. Hangry. Of course you'd be. It's not about the biscuits, it's about the world of the biscuits. The Fiction.

I got angry recently, like real angry inside. I rarely get angry. It was, well, I properly value my sleep. No, that's not it. I mean I do, I so do. But, in truth, I value my expectations. I can handle little sleep, it's fine. Consistently even. But if I *expect* a decent night's sleep and I don't get it, that's annoying. Really, really annoying.

Like little Piggy, I had to destroy one world to create another. Not by choice, but because the outside-world had crushed our inside-worlds. Destroyed. I *could* carry on believing the world where I was sleeping, but I wasn't sleeping so that would be silly. I would ultimately be frustrated in my still-sleeping-world if the outside-world kept telling me I wasn't sleeping. Silly or not, I was still angry. It was silly to be angry, fine, but that was *my* silly. I'm allowed to be angry!!

I don't want to be angry.

I meditated. I tried to, at least.

Why was I angry really?

The level of frustration is equal to the level of attachment to the fiction. See with what frivolity you attach to these fictions.

If you want to release your anger, meditate. This you know already. It is something else you desire.

It is, Teacher, I don't want to get angry. You never get angry. I want to be zen. I don't want to let the outside-world affect my inside-world. I want to be my own master, not a slave to the whims of the outside-world.

You desire to be released from change? Outside of The One, change is the only constant. Only The Truth is unchanging. This is the world of the impermanent. You wish to be affected not by the world of people, get you hence to the forest!

If you desire a release from change, seek the Peace inside. If you desire not the world of people, seek the forest. Be not trapped by the dogma of creation and destruction. When in Self, deconstruct. Feel the frustration, let it flow through your body. Own it. Give it space; but give it its place. In replacing one petty fiction with another, be frivolous in your attachments. When you find yourself attached to a fiction, learn to laugh at how you attach yourself so. Joy lies therein.

My brother showed me a really funny video. His kid, Zack, at bath time. Absolutely nuts, this kid. Wild. The energy was incredible. Zack is trying to get his trousers off and can't quite figure it out. The frustration builds. Visibly. You can see the agitation grow in real time. Just don't know how to get the legs out, there's feet at the end that go across instead of down wassat?? Pop, bang, little dude goes nuts. Screaming starts in short, sharp bursts. Then longer ones. A brief pause to see if this can be figured out. No chance. Screams.

As an onlooker (and one who does not see the difficulty of taking one's own trousers off), it is hilarious to see this comically ignorant creature getting so unbelievably worked up over something so silly. It's OK, he figured it out fairly quickly. Leave 'em to it, learning and all. But those moments were real. His desperation, and ain't no mistaking it was 100% desperation, was palpable. In his little world where there's bath time and onesies, getting those legs out of those trousers is huge. That is to say, his level of attachment to that fiction is huge. So too becomes his frustration.

In being woken up early, in being deprived of that sleep on which I had placed so much hope, I was that little Piggy; I was the biscuit-hunter; I was Zack.

I've learned to see myself as Zack. I am still Zack. My sleep is his trouser.

I am Zack.

It's funny how angry I got. Silly, comically ignorant boy you. Getting all angry.

I hadn't destroyed; I had deconstructed. I wasn't angry anymore.

I was grateful.