

## **Final Throes of the Mind** ~ An Email Exchange between M.C. and Paul Constant

*The final throes of the mind are like the intense but hopeless motions of a beheaded chicken, struggling to be eternally aware of the awareness that it witnesses.*

- Richard Rose  
*Psychology of the Observer*



**5/1/2007. Excerpt from an mail message, from M.C. to P.C.:** *The only true friend is one who can show another his own thinking. This mirroring cannot be done by plan, or previous agreement, or casual or perfunctory discussion, no matter how good the intent. It can only be done through a system of tension and artificial shocks, as in the Zen technique employed by Richard Rose. While there are other teachers and other methods, it is his method that I find to be most effective and suited to my own particular temperament.*

**P.C.:** I have doubts about most methodical techniques because I know all too painfully well how my mind works i.e., my habits, fears, moods, inclinations, etc. This isn't braggadocio, it's a statement about paul's laughable condition. Except for words that inspire, I know that confrontational methods meant to serve as "teachings" or a "system" have little impact on me anymore. I've spent a lifetime backing away one step at a time, all the while growing weary of the mind's tricks. I'm at the point where R said the seeker runs out of railroad tracks and now searches only for the right words that will trigger an accidental discovery of his Source. Sure, I'm blind to some aspects of paul, but I don't care to perfect that hopeless little personality of his anymore.

**5/6/2007. M.C.:** *What needs to happen is "Paul" needs to enter the field of battle, prepared to fight to the death (ego). Don't think it'll be pretty, either. It's war, and there's no rules. Think about that for a while. It's not a game in any way you understand that term. It's a battle for your sanity or your Realization, take your pick. You can't have both. Read the last paragraph in the Psychology of the Observer for further clarification. You can't have reservations. When you leap off the edge there's no turning back. Your desire will carry you across the chasm...or not. That's the risk. You do not know yourself, and true confrontation with an aim toward a maximum realization is not an "approach."*

**P.C.:** I doubt if confrontation is going to work. I do understand that paul, his mind, and all his connections with the external world are witnessable by Awareness. Therefore, they are not "going with me" upon the death of the mind. I realize that my wife or my

fuzzy kitty aren't part of whatever it is that comprises Awareness. Anything observable is tied to the Observer. On the one hand, I see the Watcher looking outward at all the mind stuff. On the other hand, I'm conscious of the Watcher. I used to think that I could muscle my way behind the Awareness. I thought that with enough effort, I could glimpse backward through the Source and pop, there's the Absolute. But I recently saw (or was shown) that nothing is back there. Blackness. So, its a helluva quandary, isn't it? I feel like I'm still paul the Watcher, but now I don't know where to find Awareness. I can only surmise that Awareness doesn't need me to exist -- but that's speculation, which leads only to blind alleys. It's fruitless to define Awareness in terms of words and other mind-stuff. R often warned about trying to define God and strive towards It; rather, the reverse vector is the proper path.

In my message, when I said that I know "me," I'm talking about what I just said above. The "me" is the mind-junk that I witness, which as times becomes quite lucid when I just step back and Watch, and know that I Watch. The irony? The Process Observer and Awareness are key aspects of Jacobs Ladder, which I knew 22 years ago. In 1985, I believed that success in discovering the Absolute was directly proportional to following a rigorous discipline of celibacy, intense meditation, reading, fasting, etc. None of it was a waste of time, per se. I had to punch at the clouds to realize that Awareness of Awareness is all that's left to do.

Not many options, are there?

**5/7/2007. M.C.:** *Why didn't you enter that blackness to which you refer in your email? What held you back?*

**P.C.:** The short answer as to why I held back is that I psyched myself out.

The longer answer goes like this:

I had been wrestling with a quandary (mentioned in my email message to Bart) for several days. One night, about 30 minutes after I laid down in bed, I was thinking about what or who was the Awareness that I see. I don't recall anything special about the cycle of being caught in thought and then stepping back and being aware of the thoughts. At some point, a blackness appeared "behind" me. I remember the play of thoughts and watching those thoughts...

"What is this?"

"How can nothing be back there where Awareness should be."

"Woe, something is happening, is this the start of an Experience?"

(I recall that my heart was racing, I was swallowing hard, and I felt a body-panic reaction.)

"Rose said be careful not to create an image of the Absolute. Don't wish too hard for a preconceived image."

"Am I creating this? Is this blackness my imagination?"

Within seconds, my mind and body calmed down. But it left an indelible mark because I now have nowhere to turn. Previously, I thought that my Awareness was "back there." In fact, somewhere Rose says that we return to the Absolute, but that once experiencing It, we find that we were back there all along. Maharshi also likened discovering our Source as something akin to a movie projector, and we need to look back into the source of the light. These statements now make even less sense to me. In fact, the reverse seems true, where Paul is now the movie screen (with nothing behind) and he is at the same time outwardly looking at the movie. Yet his Awareness needs the movie to know that he is Aware (something external is needed to reflect from in order for Paul to be Aware).

Honestly, M\_\_\_\_, that's the best that I can explain it, as wordy and senseless as it sounds. The blackness experience is not the Absolute, but it has profoundly disturbed me nonetheless.

**5/7/2007. M.C.:** *I think you understand this intellectually but not directly. As a fellow can understand if he hits his thumb with a hammer, it will hurt. But until he does, it's only a concept in his head, along with ten thousand others.*

**P.C.:** It is an understanding reached through my life's experience -- but only up to a point. I know that Paul and all his robot-thoughts are observable, which isn't hard to understand for most seekers. I know that I'm aware of the Awareness, which again I suppose isn't hard for many to feel or know. But the key to what I said is that the observable is tied to the Observer [*later clarified: this also meant the Observer is simultaneously tied to the observable*].

This next point is where the understanding for me truly becomes intellectual: I (falsely) believe that Paul must be part of the Awareness for It to exist. To truly know my Source, I need to experience a cataclysmic shift in my viewpoint that would show me with certainty that the Awareness can exist without Paul being involved in the process. I haven't been there. All I can do is latch onto someone else's words, which are only hollow words, such as "Awareness is Self Aware" [Art T.] or "One Awareness encompasses all things. People do not have separate little awarenesses, they are in Awareness." [Bart M.]

**5/8/2007. M.C.:** *Paul is observed, so in what way is he connected to the Viewer or the Observer? Paul is both observed and Observer, or he seems to be. When I write this letter, and you read it, who is the recipient and the reader? Who are we talking about when we discuss 'Paul' as a third person entity? Is it possible you've dichotomized yourself in a way the Bob F. wrote about somewhere, the 'good Paul' and the 'bad Paul'? If so, who has done or is behind or is the engineer of the dichotomizing? Is your desire or love of Truth overshadowed or clouded by the machinations of all the Pauls?*

*What prevents inspiration, in this situation? What would it take to be inspired enough to forgo belief in Paul's intellectualism?*

**P.C.:** I realize that the Golden Find is far beyond words and an intellectual understanding of the mind. If someone asked me to explain the difference between the Process Observer and Individual Consciousness of Awareness, I couldn't lay it out in a concrete description. Thus, I know that the intellect isn't infallible, nor is it something that places a person on a superior rung. However, I cannot turn off the intellectual churning over the conundrum that I face.

At the last TAT meeting, I asked myself whether pride or fear is the block to an Experience. My first thought is that fear wasn't it. But then my next thought was that pride wasn't the block. Hell, now I don't know -- maybe its fear of the blackness that I couldn't enter.

I believe that inspiration, for me, is important. When I am inspired by a book, or by listening to someone at a TAT meeting, I seem more focused on Awareness for days and even weeks afterwards.



*May 14, 2007. During a Realization, no mind stuff -- no self -- was present to reflect an empty and boundless One Awareness. From a description of a personal account: "A glimpse of the Absolute forever ended my inability to solve the awareness-awareness problem. It was a massive awareness-identity problem solved with finality."*

- P.C.