

3. Waking Up To Ourselves

I don't know about you, but as a kid I wasn't cuffed to a cast-iron bed frame so much as cuffed around the ear often and told to wake up to myself. It was the standard bit of parental advice at the time before anarchy set in with child-rearing from the 1980s. On every single occasion, it was conducted by what I would describe as one of the idiots we allow to vote on matters of great social importance. It's enough to make you want to emigrate. But it got me to thinking quite a bit about the business of waking up to one's self. It's a vast area of study that's neglected by the ponces who call themselves scholars today. It suggests we're all under a form of slack anaesthetic. I call it the Invisible Anaesthetic, or the Great Stupor. It's a theme that unites the writers of the group, all of whom are aware of Georg Gurdjieff's theories about the human stupor. We can navigate around and make grunting noises (called normal speech in today's market-obsessed society). I suspect that the anaesthetic substance was released in some form of smart bomb that went off a long time ago and goes on emitting indefinitely, crippling our minds with its lingering fumes from one generation to the next, and so on, and on.

In my dogged seeking for the truth, I've found that the secrets to be discovered are simple and straightforward. But they've been messed with and deliberately made chaotic by professional fraudsters we pay homage to

because they're reputed to be less stupid than the great mass of us (mess of us, more likely). Their holy task was to make them seem complicated and overwhelming. Even the Bible, in an obvious moment of forgetfulness, tells us as much: *"For there is nothing hidden that will not be disclosed, and nothing concealed that will not be known or brought out into the open. Therefore consider carefully how you listen. Whoever has will be given more; whoever does not have, even what he thinks he has will be taken from him."* (Luke 8:17-18). If no one who loves you will offer this sort of advice, the fact remains that the knowledge isn't hidden. It's in books that are easily accessible. But you have to be keen to know, and to go and find the books with this stuff in it and read them.

We've been too used to thinking that life just happens to us, and we react accordingly, like robots. It's become the norm. Only a few of us seem capable of deciding it can be otherwise and act on that conviction. And in acting, they have to go further than the carnal level of perception and understanding that is the natural habitat of the anaesthetized. But because even our civic leaders are caught in the Anaesthetic, rackets run by big business, organized religion, political parties and organized crime go on, and on, and on – from one century to the next.

The fact that the anarchy has endured intact into the Third Millennium is unquestionably a serious indictment of Mankind's rank as a supposedly conscious animal. As long as the Anaesthetic prevails and goes on holding him in its iron grip, he remains an unconscious animal and

therefore only partially Man. The job of art and science is to prevent this sort of waste of our human potential. Christ's mission was to bring men out of their animal state into Manhood—blessed with knowledge, free of superstition and fearless as he walked in the world of free men. I can't see how he succeeded, but I can see an abundance of evidence that he failed. All he could do is point the way, but we weren't looking. We deliberately looked away to maintain our comforts. Our eyes were downcast. We feel quite at home being stunned into stupor, and will fight tooth and nail to preserve our condition.

The thing about the Stupor is that we won't hear of it. If it was done to us by our betters without our knowledge, it's safer and more prudent all round to let sleeping dogs lie. There's no telling what these weirdos would do to us if they realized that we'd woken up to their game.