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## Am Not / Am

### Am Not

I am not God. I know, I know, certain prior materials may have created the impression, according to some scholars, that one voice in those papers was indeed God, and that the author, having written that voice, was therefore himself God, at least in some sense of the word. Of course, no-one believed that for a moment, so the inevitable conclusion (among scholars and critics alike) resolved to the inevitable: that the author was either deluded, or perpetrating an unspeakable hoax in asserting divinity devoid of any conceivable legitimacy. Unfortunately, it was politically expedient to uphold the original assertion for a time, even though such a position demanded celestial provenance, but it was thus affirmed *ad nauseam*. The critics of later years came to their senses, as everyone knows, and my position, stated above, at last rests unchallenged.

Lest readers be further provoked, this present material affords a completely different view of things from the aforementioned prior materials. It is at times something like a *dialog*, to be sure, but no represented voice thinks for a moment it is God. Neither of them (if there be only two) would dare to pursue such ridiculous fantasy. Let it be said now, to be perfectly clear: If, in the course of this erstwhile dialog, notions arise that some assertion is being made, tacitly, subliminally, by implication, or by some subtle logical maneuver, that any party to the dialog is anything other than a fabricated persona dwelling in the fingers of a fast typist, then

an egregious error has been committed, for which all of us apologize in advance.

Thus the aforementioned dialog, which commences shortly, could never include the voice of God. It's too ludicrous to contemplate. Do not seek the sacred here; don't read between the lines, and don't interpret. Take these rants for what they are, simply, at first glance: just the blind deceiving the blind.

But this is enough preamble, nothing more than a prelude to prolapsed psyche. The sheer smallness of it all is overwhelming.

No, yes, I admit the *it all* is obviously not small in and of itself. It's the contrast. No end to the contrast. Everywhere I look there's something bigger and better and wider and taller and harder and thicker and richer and smarter and older and happier and healthier and—

Tautologies are all there is, all there can be. Eating my fake bacon and fried egg whites and drinking my Tang, looking over this whole situation from as far off as I can get, what's to see? Nothing but tautologies. Just as I said.

I'm looking at quantum fields, electromagnetic swirls and eddies that shimmer with existential pops and what do you know? Up shoots the stuff, the convincing stuff, a head full of this and that, billowing into every nook and cranny until the whole brain-pan bulges with intolerable pressure, the scalp stretched tight and shiny, hairs standing straight up under the tension.

Have to keep going. Have to finish something before it's finished.

There's the cry of the ages, going raucously into the night, carping and bitching about every little detail. Who can blame us? We all do it. We all *will* do it, and nobody's the wiser for having done it. It just happens. The sickness sweeps up through the alimentary canal with gun and camera and bursts the explosive high-tension brain-pan, and then all the studied presentations disintegrate in confetti fluttering in a great blast of fetid air.

You protest. It can't be all that bad, can it? You insist there's more, there's an underlying explanation, there's a Good Story, there's an apologia from On High, woven with theological precision into an ethereal rationale for shattering every dream and ripping the flesh from the carcass while the beast inside roars and roars.

But you're right. In light of the Story, or at least a few of them, it's not

bad, not bad at all. If you have to live in a swirling electromagnetic field of superpositioned wave-forms ten thousand thousand times bigger than a galaxy, all waving and constructively and destructively interfering in an n-dimensional symphony of unpronounceable rhythmic ditties that hide behind every little wrinkle of time, yes, if you have to live there, God bless you, then hey, it's not so bad. Could be a lot worse, couldn't it?

There's this: Surely such complaining, this constant complaining, comparing, weighing, judging, enumerating, all this badgering and conniving and endless fretting, every speech, every conference, each monologue and soliloquy, couldn't emerge from the mouth of God, could it?

I've proved my point.

Not that I ever doubted it; well, some time back I may have thought otherwise, but now, now that it's obvious and incontrovertible and unassailably self-evident, now we can just say with utmost confidence that we're not God. *I'm* not God. Never was, never will be. What a stupid idea in the first place, right? What pompous nonsense. The sheer inexcusability of it proves it.

No god would be inexcusable, would he? How would that work? He has to be good, or at least a nice guy. He can't be the source of all misery and horror and emptiness because he's a creator, he makes the stuff, makes us, makes *me*. So it's someone else who rips it all apart and thwarts what God really wants. Has to be. Couldn't be any other way.

So, then, there's the devil. That's where he comes in. God is all the good stuff, and the devil is the crap. But of course God created it all, so he created the devil, and the devil is his only real main pain in the ass, and nobody can do anything about it, apparently even God, so this doesn't make any sense either.

Sorry, I'm doing my best. God creates some stupid negative force that blocks him at every turn, right? No way. I'm trying to remain somewhat lucid. And I'm trying not to speak for you, though perhaps I may have done, once or twice.

The thing is, it's so terribly unnecessary. That's the whole issue, ultimately, the unbelievably gross un-necessity of it. Of the devil, of the negative forces, of the balance of good and evil. The grossly unnecessary theory of social contracts with the divine, our unnecessary covenant with

God, and the only real agreement is that we'll keep the sophistries going on and on and endlessly build sufficient blatherings to keep him from getting the blame.

So he *can* make everything and still not get the whole thing pinned on him, right? Just the good stuff. Fine. So, I'm OK with that. Have to be, don't I? No choice. I'm not complaining. I may have sounded like I was earlier, and maybe I was just a little, but really, I'm not.

Whoever suggested I was God in the first place? Not me. OK, it was me, I, who came up with that, but I heard it in various circles, you know, the critics, and before from certain not-to-be-named conclaves of like-minded folk who had built an enticing edifice of optimism and positive thinking, and then dumped it on me.

Well, not dumped—they fed it to me, wrapped in a tasty pastry shell with colored sprinkles and those crunchy tiny clear cubes of raw sugar. Man, it tasted good. I sucked on it for years, and admired the texture, and it always felt real good going down. But sooner or later, the food has to come out, doesn't it? Not a pretty picture, but part of the larger scheme of things, inevitable like every other little thing.

The scheme, of course, comes in other flavors, too, so it took me forever to realize that all the schemes are just schemes, stories, word-webs woven by our great spidery intellect, which apparently has nothing to do but wrap everyone up in big fur-balls of warm vermiform bullshit.

I apologize for the limits of my vocabulary. I wanted every phrase to ring with authority, to emerge from the chaos of my ramblings with a stunning aura of subtle credibility, so you'd know that even someone as mad and incompetent as I am, might have, like babes in toyland, accidentally uttered something magnificent. Or OK, not all that grand, but plausible, something with a shred of possibility that doesn't collapse at the first poke of a second thought, something a person could lean on for a little while and take a breath and pretend for one short evening that even though all the other schemes are hollow and cynical, here's at least one good poke at them all, a laudable jerk on the rug they all stand on, a sharp stick to jam into the chinks and at least worry a few particles of marble out onto the museum floor. The mausoleum floor, polished and cold, where all ideas ultimately crumble into dust.

But there you are, there I am, blowing the dust from my hands and

watching my own meager spiderweb of sophistry just tangle itself up and come to naught. And the worst of it is that even this half-baked idea, that the schemes are all worthless, has to come across in one of the worst mixed metaphors I've heard in over an hour.

But then, or now, you were promised a dialog. Or threatened a dialog, or something akin to a dialog, perhaps a dialectic, or more than one voice, if not in conversation, or even at least a suggestion of the exchange of ideas.

In truth, however, the exact nature of this dialog will not be found in this section of the material. For this is part one of three, and the other two don't exist yet. They are, in fact, inconceivable to him who writes this first part. The other two transcend, as it were, the context of Part One, just as reality itself must transcend language, even though we know full well that language creates reality and reality would be a sorry mess without it.

So the putative dialog, if it is still worthy of the name, exists only in the counterpoint between the parts, or in a sense it exists in the temporal juxtaposition of the parts, since they must be experienced sequentially while only later, at the same time, or really subsequently, can they be considered all at once, in juxtaposition. And now I'll leave it there, to everyone's relief, since preambles can't be sustained forever.

And so for all, our thanks, with gratitude unbounded for bearing with us through this minor prefrontal trauma. The lobes will have at it, one step at a time, and once they subsume it all, *then* we can make some *real* progress and bring this weary exercise to an end. That's what progress is, after all, an end to things, to everything. Isn't it?

## **Am**

Oh lordy, for heaven's sake, alright, Jesus, I give up. It's incontrovertible. There's no other possible conclusion. I was in error. Utter, devastatingly inexcusable error. I *am* God—I admit it, and I have made a terrible mistake.

God makes a mistake? We'll come to that. And how terrible must be the mistakes of a god, yes? But later. For now, know that the nature of the mistake is more calamitous than simply forgetting. My real mistake was in assuming this role of primate in the first place, and *then* not knowing; homo sapiens not-so-sapient.

How then, now, do I know? Well, therein lies a tale. We'll get to that

all too soon enough, and I say that advisedly, since it's not something I'm proud of, or anything one would want to dwell on any time soon, once the whole truth of it is known.

The thing is, it's the only possible explanation for the notions that have been dogging me all this time, and it's the one denouement I would have most dreaded, had it not been by definition the antithesis of any possible scenario that I might have entertained. For someone so utterly bummed out by the stark knowledge, unbidden and unquestioned, that he is not God or anything vaguely celestial or even theological, for such a person to find himself forced to the conclusion that in fact the opposite is true, that he is ultimately the original of all that is, the wellspring of every impression that once seemed so obviously to come from an external dualism, that he is the fountainhead of every brush stroke of existence from planet-devouring solar eruptions to the dancing dust-motes in a sunbeam—this discovery, for such a person, such a soul, in fact, is a level of irony that transcends all reason, *and* the even greater irony that reason itself can be transcended by, of all things, irony.

The recursion alone is unbearable, as the crushed soul in question recognizes itself, in the final analysis, to be the uber-soul. The world-soul. The noumena. The godhead. The source. The eye of knowledge that peers in kaleidoscopic wonder through the spectrum of all beings.

But the worst is not this absurd overload of irony that annihilates reason, individuality, and hope. Yes, hope is obliterated in the absence of dialog, confirmation, counterpoint, of simple sharing, of pointing at something and just calling out, "Look at that!" No, the worst is that the first state could have existed at all. The abyss gapes when I try to fathom the previous supposed reality in Part One, that I am *not* God. Why? Because that earlier mistaken notion was the result of *forgetting* that I am God. The implications are beyond horrendous.

I seem to have forgotten how it came about that I somehow concluded I am not God. Imagine, if you can, the scale of this misunderstanding: that I am God, in fact, but can no longer perceive it is true; nor conceive it. Imagine that I am the Creator, the origin of everything that exists or ever will exist, but my Self is barely human, at best human, consumed with fear and uncertainty, awash in endless trivialities that overwhelm all semblance of self-sufficiency or calm. Imagine being a king who has forgotten the

location of his castle. Imagine a billionaire without a bank, Michaelangelo without a brush or chisel, Napoleon without even a slingshot. Imagine Christ with no disciples, no flock, no teachings, orphaned in Jerusalem.

And then imagine further that this forgetting, this getting lost in the atheism of pure reason, was entirely *my own doing*. And still I forgot.

I wonder if I did this to myself intentionally. Did I gaze at the universe one day, one eon, and think, "I must go into this. I'll enter into one sole tiny being, and see my creation through his eyes, and then I'll know what it's like."

Why would a God do such a thing? Isn't he already omniscient? Doesn't the answer to this question—a trivial one, mere voyeurism—already exist in his boundless cosmic mind? What could possibly be the point of condensing infinite knowledge into a bag of sticks and giblets that trembles at shadows? And then, pointlessly, wantonly, *forgetting*?

They say here, in this world of fearful manipulative bipedal omnivores, that God is a mystery, and the ways of God are unfathomable. This, then, must be the quintessential most terrible unknowable: why God inflicted the smallest unit of his Creation upon himself, and submerged in limitation.

There is a further conundrum, however, wrapped in a hairball, I'm ashamed to say (and I'll have to deal with a divine hairball and divine shame in another diatribe), and here it is:

Drowned in boundaries, though I now know I *am God*, I still do not know myself *as God*.

Big difference there, I can tell you. Because since you only exist in Me, and so do I, and there is nothing else, because I am the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end, all things, the source of everything, the universe itself, yada yada, then—when I look out my eye-holes into the quantum soup—obviously I should see *myself*, right? Something more profound than selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor side-effect warnings and political sound-bites.

Forgetting you are God is in a different league from forgetting where you parked your car. But it's not *that* different, since both memory lapses are apparently quite easy to achieve.

I woke up inside this meat puppet, wandered around for decades, taking everything very seriously, and vigorously denied any connection to the sacred in any sense of the word. Then one day (is that not enough for

you?) the inescapable conclusion rears its head and I'm off to the races, one thing leading to another, solipsism devoured by Gödel's incompleteness theorem with Heisenberg for dessert, and the reared head turns out to be mine, and there are no other heads, no matter how many colorful and devious personae I may have contrived in my capering disguise.

It's simple enough to come to the right conclusion, since there aren't any alternatives available anyway. Strip away the illusions and deceits and deceptions, shut off the busy blast of the senses, look down deep at the only thing that truly exists, and boom again, there you are, nothing left but God. No god but God because there isn't anything but God. God's the *stuff*, no more no less. Tag, I'm it.

## Me

The issue these generations of imaginary beings have incessantly addressed is simple identity. There is no question that there may be a dialog, or a trialog or polylog; this is not in doubt. The question is, Who are the participants. Do we know them? Do we create them? Are they ourselves?

We sit inside our heads, angel on one shoulder and devil on the other, listening to their dialog, and we are the third party, the listener, wondering paradoxically which of them is the real me. But all along we know, in the adamantine center of cognition, it is neither.

How many of me are there?

On my left shoulder is the angel, the voice of God, the voice of Values, the voice of Better Judgment, the voice of Ought and Should, and this voice, we all know, we tell ourselves, is, must be, the voice of the Higher Self. It speaks only truth. It speaks only that which is preferred, better, prioritized.

And on the right shoulder, is the voice of Reality, the voice of Reason, the voice of stark Pragmatism, the voice of the world, the voice of the Devil, who says, *It's hopeless, don't bother, you know the voice on the left has no power, no influence. Nor do I; no-one has any influence. You go through this thing the way you go through it, and no-one has anything to say about it.*

*And you, oh listener, sitting in your ivory tower, sitting on your golden throne inside that head between us, looking to the left, looking to the right, imagining the angels and devils on your shoulders carrying on dialogs—what an idiot you are. You have nothing to say, because you do not speak. You*



*have nothing to understand, because you cannot act, and knowledge without experience is meaningless. And so the experience of action is denied you as you ride this silly chariot down the road toward nothing, from nothing, with nothing, achieving nothing.*

The voice on the left says, *No, no, no, it's not so bleak. There is beauty along the way. Behold the field of daffodils, what could be more sublime? There are great people, great minds, great achievements, great poems, great paintings, great symphonies, great personal interactions, great conversations at a cocktail party that leave you thinking 'Yes, yes, there is more to it than this, there is something below the surface, something that matters, something I can't quite glimpse, which reaffirms and reminds me, whenever I encounter it, that there is more, that this is not just form, this is not just function, this is not raw action devoid of meaning.' The meaning comes from within, says the angel, the meaning is intrinsic, intrinsic to what is inside.*

Inside what? Inside me?

It is inside the head, in fact, sitting bodiless upon its throne inside the skull. It sits there, staring at a screen that fills with light from the lenses of the eyeballs, and sees the actions playing out. And it listens through the giant conchs, holes in the side that open out into the world.

Inside the conch on the left it hears the angel, and inside the conch on the right it hears the devil, and the two of them fixate in living stereo upon the song of the world, the song of dichotomy, of this and that, of is and not, the song of black and white, the song of day and the song of night. It is not right.

Where, in this perverted dialectic, is there anything remotely God-like? When I jumped from the celestial into the mundane, is this what I expected? Could I have wanted this? Could it have a purpose?

Not likely. Its only rationale must be the fulfillment of my cosmic curiosity to know—from both sides of the veil—every nuance of experience. I chose the scenic route, nothing more. And this, of all such paths through the myriad sensoria of living creatures, just happens to be a trap.

At least that's the only rationale this creature can conceive.

The trap's release, then, isn't inside—it lies *outside* the sensorium. The trap is not the question *Am I God*, nor the resulting dialectic *No / Yes*, nor the fog of reason that obscures the center itself and confirms the

very dimensions of the field. No, the trap surrounds the mind but does not submit to language, conceptualization, or any kind of sensibility. This release can only be an escape from the mind itself, not to subdue it, or understand it, but to remove all attention from thought or mentation of any stripe. The mind is the trap.

What could exist outside of thought? In this beastly guise, there is nothing *but* thought. Thought from incessant stimulation of the senses, thought from the gurgling wet-ware which itself dwells outside direct perception, and thought from the never-ending dialogs of doubt, analysis, correlation, and confusion. No, a dialog is not what this is: it is the din from a restless crowd of incomplete personae, each desperate to confirm its own existence in a domain of partial, unverifiable identities.

And what remains? God or no god, there is nothing here but the faint glow inside the skull, emanating from this trivial pineal splidget that dangles at the center, awash in a galaxy of overlapping quanta, dwarfed among more galaxies like grains of sand, yet glowing with a faint joy so dim and inconclusive that if it were one erg more intense the heavens would explode in a new big bang within the last one. Nested bangs, recursive bangs, tsunamis that race across the tiny textures of Herschel's sandbox.