



The Emergent Principle

Chapter 11



The devil's best trick is to persuade you that he doesn't exist.

- Baudelaire.

CONTENTS

Chapter 10

The Scarlet Pimpernel 407

Prince of Darkness 408

POEM: The Bell Tolls 409

Sympathy for the Devil 411

Gothic masterpieces 417

Humanity 418

And finally... 419



We seek him here, we seek him there,
Those Frenchies seek him everywhere.
Is he in heaven? - Is he in hell?
That damned, elusive Pimpernel.

- Baroness Emma Orczy



Prince of Darkness

The Bell Tolls

Destruction is in the air

Change is imperative

No longer can we revel in the bliss of ignorance

The conditioning of education

The misrepresentations nurtured by traditions of fear

Preparing us like firewood

Time to wake up!

We are dying

Used up like a food supply

Continuing to defer our obligations to our children

Conditioning them to do the same

Bartering our denial as the well goes dry

Choosing to misunderstand the work:

The work is to unify not multiply.

We are dying!

By giving in to the beast of loneliness -

Our pervasive fear

We submit to a control unknown

By refusing to rationalize this force

We guarantee its future

The bell tolls.

We are dying!

Like hollow logs empty in our abundance

By our denial we have cannibalized our very soul

Compromised our mother earth

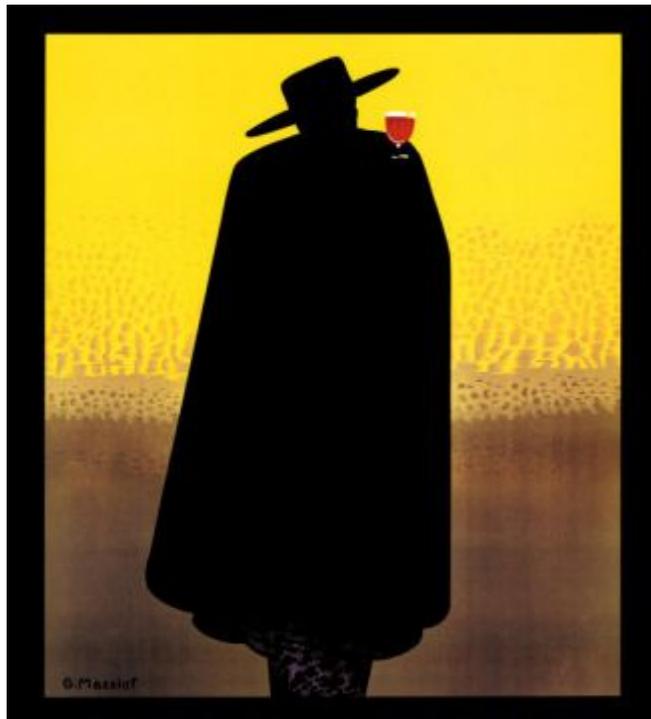
The monster is feeding in our garden

The bell is tolling

But we are oblivious.

Sympathy for the Devil

- by Mick Jagger



Please allow me to introduce myself
I'm a man of wealth and taste
I've been around for a long, long year
Stole many a man's soul and faith

I was 'round when Jesus Christ
Had his moment of doubt and pain
Made damn sure that Pilate
Washed his hands and sealed his fate
Pleased to meet you
Hope you guess my name
But what's puzzling you
Is the nature of my game
I stuck around St. Petersburg
When I saw it was a time for a change
Killed the Czar and his ministers
Anastasia screamed in vain
I rode a tank
Held a general's rank
When the Blitzkrieg raged
And the bodies stank

Pleased to meet you
Hope you guess my name, oh yeah
Ah, what's puzzling you
Is the nature of my game, ah yeah
I watched with glee
While your kings and queens
Fought for ten decades
For the god they made
I shouted out,
"Who killed the Kennedy's?"
When after all
It was you and me
Let me please introduce myself
I'm a man of wealth and taste
And I laid traps for troubadours
Who get killed before they reached Bombay

Pleased to meet you
Hope you guessed my name, oh yeah
But what's puzzling you
Is the nature of my game
Pleased to meet you
Hope you guess my name, oh yeah
But what's confusing you
Is just the nature of my game
Just as every cop is a criminal
And all the sinners saints
As heads is tails
Just call me Lucifer
'Cause I'm in need of some restraint
So if you meet me
Have some courtesy
Have some sympathy, have some taste

Use all your well-learned politesse

Or I'll lay your soul to waste

Pleased to meet you

Hope you guess my name

But what's puzzling you

Is the nature of my game

Tell me baby, what's my name

Tell me honey, can ya guess my name

Tell me baby, what's my name

I tell you one time, you're to blame.





Mick Jagger, Bram Stoker and Oscar Wilde penned gothic masterpiece's in which the central character maintains power by draining it out of others. This scenario is analogous to the Emergent Principle. Maybe they struck a chord just as George Boole struck a chord with his special algebra or smallpox with its lesson.

The truth is that we, one and all, are God. There is only one God and all that happens facilitates this awareness. There are no mistakes and there are no enemies, there is just perfect response. It can be no other way.

And finally...

Those of you who have read thus far are now aware of a responsibility that few are capable of achieving. I began this work with a basic explanation of movement and how this movement supports the spectrum of gravity. Humanity is a wave-band on the spectrum of gravity and it is within this material spectrum that the face of thinking is played out; bodies die but thinking stays alive; all is here now – history is alive!

It is only through knowledge of eternal recurrence that the growing complement of thinking may be brought to knowledge, but, in true measure of our continuing failure eternal recurrence is still not part of the human conversation.

I suggest, as before, that should you take up this responsibility you begin your enquiry by gaining the wherewithal to accept the natural hierarchy of energy and place the emergent principle firmly in view as you proceed. Otherwise, you will very quickly be spinning your wheels.