

Exploring Gurdjieff's Teaching of The Fourth Way—The Way of Transformation in Ordinary Life \$7.50

# Gurdjieff



**THE CHALLENGES  
OF OUR  
TECHNOLOGICAL  
WORLD-TIME**

# Letters to TGJ

Please send your letters to:  
The Gurdjieff Journal Letters,  
P.O. Box 58, Fairfax, CA 94978-0058,  
or email us at:  
Journal@Gurdjieff-Legacy.Org

## "I Am Outraged by Issue 56"

The Occupy Movement issue is not the type of *Gurdjieff Journal* I am used to getting and paying for. It is a very great disappointment.

To be quite blunt, this issue is not something I would ever have paid for and I feel cheated by it. I will not renew if this is the future of the *Journal*. I would like a response on why a decision was made to minimize Gurdjieffian material. It is almost a worthless document to me and I have been waiting for months and I feel like throwing this issue in the trash. I am paying for a journal concentrating on Gurdjieff and other interesting features. I am very conscious as I write this and trying to sense my hand. I am outraged by issue 56.

Gilbert Scherer  
Columbus, Ohio

Thanks for taking the time to comment. We can remove you right now, if you like.

I did not ask to be removed. I would like to know the future direction of *The Gurdjieff Journal*. Issue 56 did not resemble any other issue I have ever got. I would appreciate some proper comments about what the future holds if I continue to subscribe. Issue 56 is a

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marked departure from any other issue over the years that I have received. Is it now under different management? I am guessing that others are also wondering what is going on. It just looked to me that the issue 56 was quickly put together to meet a deadline. I would have been happier if issue 56 had also included more typical stories and essays on Gurdjieffian related matters and much less than the whole issue on the Occupy Movement. Again, the Occupy Movement is not that important in this part of the country. It is of almost no importance to me. This is the first time I have ever really directly criticized the content of the *Journal*.

Gilbert Scherer

*We're sure you are not alone in your reaction. But let some time pass and read the issue through to the end. Ask yourself—Why did they do this? What's the message? You may have a different experience. Or not. . . .*

Maybe and maybe not. I would have been okay with things if the journal 56 had been arranged much like all the other issues and reduced the Occupy Movement to a much reduced section in number 56. I will be renewing my subscription in the near future.

Gilbert Scherer

All's well that . . .

## Sense of Relief

The layout of the pictures in the "Occupy Wall Street" issue produced a lot of energy. They provided a series of impressions that nearly overwhelmed the intellectual center. When reading the text, there was a skipping over the "continued on page . . ." and the next consecutive page was read instead. This led to a lot of confusion, as the words didn't make sense. When the "Notes" section was reached, there was a sense of relief, looking again at a familiar format. It was an opportunity to work with quite a lot of material.

Angela Rosh  
Springfield, Illinois

## The Teachings of Don Juan—A Film?

After reading "Gurdjieff and the Nagual of Freedom" (TGJ #34), I reread Castaneda's *The Teachings of Don Juan*. What a great movie it would make! And *A Separate Reality* and

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## Sayings of Substance

Your life is a mirror of what you are, it is your image. You are passive, blind, demanding. You take all, you accept all, without ever feeling indebted. Your attitude towards the world and towards life is the attitude of one who has the right to demand and take, of one who doesn't need to pay or gain. You believe all things are due you, only because it's you!

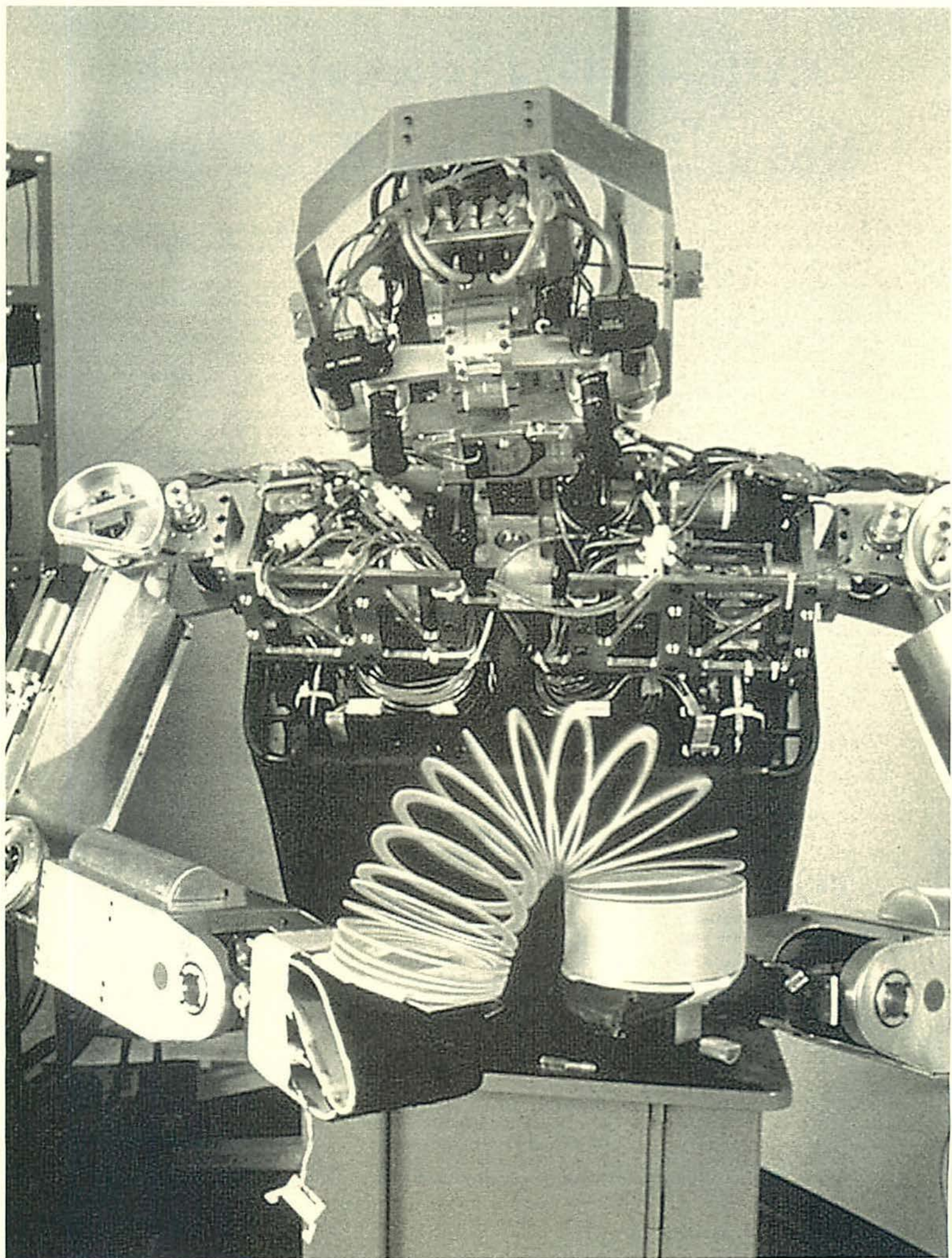
If you observe without self-pity you will see that you are two. One that is not, but takes the place and plays the other's role and the one that is, but so weak, so inconsistent, that just brought forth it disappears immediately. It cannot stand the lies. The smallest lie kills it. Learn to observe until you have observed the difference between your two natures, until you have seen the imposter in you. When you will see your two natures, that day, in you, the truth will be born.

If you look at your manifestations in detail, you will realize a part comes from heredity, another from the damages of education, and the third from the sins you have committed when young.

Justice is objective. What you sow you will reap. And this Law doesn't concern individuals only, but also families and nations. Therefore things that happen come frequently from what has been done by father or grandfather. And the consequences fall on you and you have to face it. This is not an injustice. On the contrary, it is a very big chance for you. This responsibility will serve you as a factor for self-remembering. And in this way you will begin to redress the past for your father, grandfather and great-grandfather.

One needs fire. Without fire, there will never be anything. This fire is suffering, voluntary suffering, without which it is impossible to create anything. One must prepare, must know what will make one suffer and when it is there, make use of it. Only you can prepare, only you know what makes you suffer, makes the fire which cooks, cements, crystallizes, *does*. Suffer by your defects, in your pride, in your egoism. Remind yourself of the aim. Without prepared suffering there is nothing, for by as much as one is conscious, there is no more suffering. No further process, nothing. That is why with your conscience you must prepare what is necessary. You owe to nature. The food you eat which nourishes your life. You must pay for these cosmic substances. You have a debt, an obligation, to repay by conscious work.

—G. I. Gurdjieff



# THE CHALLENGES OF OUR TECHNOLOGICAL WORLD-TIME

LOOK AT THE PHOTO ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE. WHAT DO YOU SEE?

Did you look at the photo as a whole, or look at a part, then at the other part?

However you saw the photo, what was used to see it? That, though mostly overlooked, is the most precious thing we have. It is what is being taken away from us, what we are losing all the time and don't know it.

What is that? It is what you are using right now to read these words. Your attention.

And what takes our attention away? Things outside us, things inside us. That girl, that guy, that thought, that criticism, that futurizing and historicizing.

That's always been the case. But now our attention is being taken by the powers of Technology, the "Son of Man" we have created. We're all tied up in it 16/7 and if the body didn't need sleep it would be 24/7. It's like a devil's bargain—we get marvelous powers and in return we give up what is essential to our humanity.

If we don't learn to value and understand the power of our attention, its primordial value, how it operates and can be refined into higher and higher levels of consciousness... then the "Son of Man" will continue eating us alive. Technology will make us into bioplasmic robots—not superior but inferior to machine robots. This will happen in a number of ways, but principally by taking away our identity.

## The World of Robots— Trained for Human Tasks

Before examining that, let's first consider robots themselves. The word was first used by Czech writer Karel Capek in his play *R.U.R. (Rossum's Universal Robots)* published in 1920. Robot is derived from the Czech word *robot* meaning "forced labor, drudgery," derived from *rab*, meaning "slave." Isaac Asimov first coined the term "robotics" in his 1941 science fiction story "Liar!," published in *Astounding Science Fiction* magazine. In 1942 Asimov formulated his Three Laws of Robotics. Six years later

Norbert Wiener formulated the principles of cybernetics, the basis of practical robotics, and in 1961 the Unimate, the first digitally operated and programmable robot was installed—it lifted hot pieces of metal from a die casting machine and stacked them. Today robots are widely used in manufacturing, assembly and packing, transport, earth and space exploration, surgery, weaponry, laboratory research, safety, and mass production of consumer and industrial goods. Currently, most robots are either human controlled or operate in a static environment, but the aim is to have them operate autonomously in a dynamic environment. To be mobile, they would need some combination of software and navigation hardware, as demonstrated by Google's driverless car. The car drove itself 1,000 miles on American roadways without any human involvement (to meet driving laws, a human sat behind the wheel) and more than 140,000 miles with no more than minor human adjustments. The only accident came when it stopped at a traffic light and was rear-ended by a human-driven car. The technology is so rapidly advancing that—just as scheduling truck routes was automated in the last decade—driverless trucks will be on the road in this decade.

The ultimate aim is to design robots that mimic the base capabilities of human motion-sensing and perception. Says Gary Bradski, vision specialist at Willow Garage, a Silicon Valley robot development company, "All these problems where you want to duplicate something biology does turn out to be hard in fundamental ways. It's always surprising because humans can do so much effortlessly." Many robotics researchers are using a bottom-up approach in which robots will be trained to do one task at a time and so build a catalog of tasks that will ultimately have robots mimicking humans. At Willow Garage the company's "PR2" robot has been programmed to fetch beer from the fridge, play pool and pack groceries. A robot at the University of California, Berkeley, folds laundry, though slowly,

with "the end goal," says computer scientist Pieter Abbeel, "being to do the entire laundry cycle from dirty laundry in a basket to everything stacked away after it's been washed and dried." What about robotic guide dogs for the blind? NSK, a Japanese robotics company, is hard at work on "RoboDog" which can roll across floors, climb stairs and assist those with limited or no sight. "Nao," a humanoid robot developed by Aldebaran Robotics, a French company, is already able to find and walk toward a patient who needs to be reminded to take a medication, bringing the medication to the patient, interacting with the patient using natural language and notifying an overseer by email when necessary.

## Can Robots Evoke Feelings?

And then there is "Cog" (see page 3) a slinky-playing robot with moving arms and a head that turns toward whomever is speaking, suggesting it understands what is being said. Sherry Turkle, an MIT professor studying robotic impact on society, and author of *Alone Together: Why We Expect More from Technology and Less from Each Other*, has spent some 15 years studying "sociable robots," including toys like Furbies and new robotic pets for the elderly. She found that she deeply wanted Cog to interact with her rather than with a colleague. "I understood what I felt, even though I know that there's nobody home in Cog." She sees companies selling robots designed to baby-sit children, replace workers in nursing homes, and serve as companions for people with disabilities. She visited several nursing homes where residents had been given robot dolls like "Paro," a seal-shaped, stuffed animal programmed to purr and move when it is held or talked to. In many cases, the seniors bonded with the dolls and privately shared their life stories with them. Taking the human-robot interaction even further is David Levy, author of *Love and Sex with Robots* and an expert in conversational computer software, who believes that by 2050 people will even choose to marry robots. "It is better for the 'outcasts' to be able



*Undivided Attention*

to have a relationship with a robot than to have no relationship at all," he says. Turkle, however, sees it all as demeaning and transgressive, damaging our collective sense of humanity.

Whether robots enter human life to such a degree is moot, but certainly as robots become more and more human-like and begin to interact with humans the question of ethics arises. Initially, Asimov thought he solved the problem by formulating his Three Laws of Robotics.

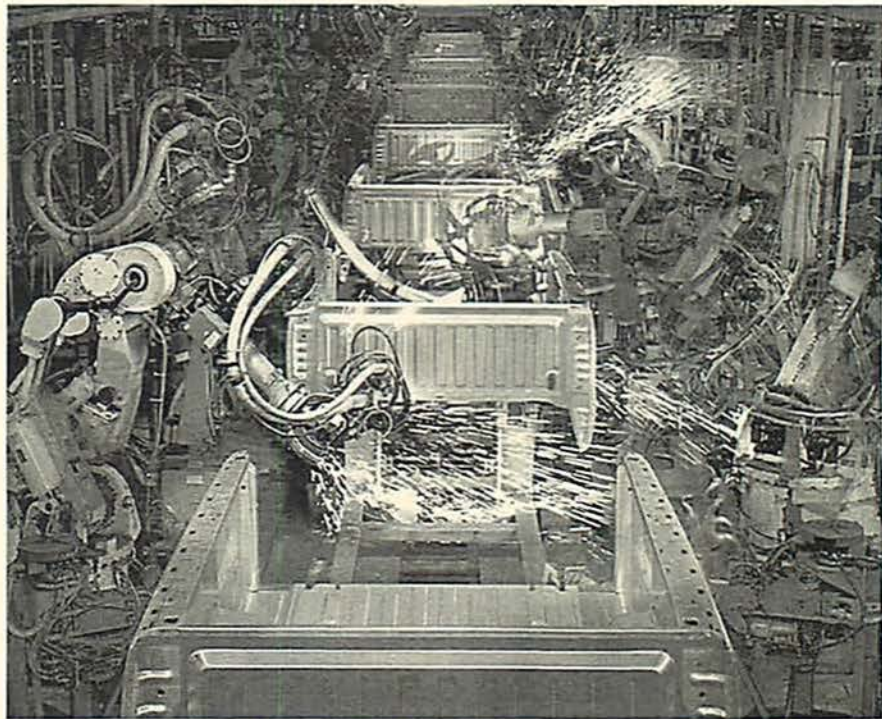
First Law: A robot may not injure a human being or, through inaction, allow a human being to come to harm.

Second Law: A robot must obey the orders given it by human beings except where such orders would conflict with the First Law.

Third Law: A robot must protect its own existence as long as such protection does not conflict with the First and Second Law.

That sounded pretty good until Asimov himself saw the problem. In his 1976 story *The Bicentennial Man* Asimov had human bullies order a robot to dismantle itself. Because of the Second Law the robot has to obey the bullies, and cannot defend itself without harming the bullies which would be a violation of the First Law. If robots are to become autonomous and make autonomous decisions—the goal of researchers—then they would have to make impartial decisions. But whether people would accept this, given that they often do not accept them themselves, will make for an interesting dialogue.

Meanwhile, philosophers are hard at work making machines ethical, as shown in the British magazine *Philosophy Now*, which devoted an entire issue to "Moral Machines," featuring such articles as "The Challenge of Moral Machines," "Will Robots Need Their Own Ethics," and "How Machines Can Advance Ethics." They better hurry up, as robots (some of which are redesigning themselves) are waiting for no man. Professor Hans Moravec, Principal Research Scientist at Carnegie Mellon University's Robotics Institute, predicted in 1997 that first generation robots would have the intellectual capacity of a lizard and be available by 2010; second generation robots, having the intelligence comparable to a mouse, would come on stream in 2020; third generation robots would have that of a monkey; and fourth generation robots having human intelligence would surface about 2040–2050.



In 1979, at Ford's Flat Rock, Michigan, casting plant, a 25-year-old assembly line worker was killed on the job—the first recorded human death by robot.

### Technological Unemployment

The more immediate concern with machines is the "technological unemployment" they bring, a term first used in 1930 by the economist John Maynard Keynes when he warned of "the new disease," the inability of the economy to create new jobs faster than jobs were lost to automation. It's taken some 80 years for Keynes' prediction to come true. Now faster, cheaper computers and increasingly sophisticated software are giving machines capabilities that were once thought to be distinctly human, like understanding speech, translating from one language to another and recognizing patterns. Machines are now moving into call centers, marketing and retail sales, self-checkouts at supermarkets and banks. Warns W. Brian Arthur, external professor at Santa Fe Institute, "Technology, just as it did with farm and factory jobs, is quickly taking over service jobs, the last repository of jobs—fewer of us in the future may have white-collar business process jobs." Over the last 50 years the country has shifted from manufacturing goods (down from a peak of 19.5 million jobs to 11.8 million today) to providing services, so that today only about a tenth of American work is in manufacturing, while service providers and retailers like Walmart and temp firms like Kelly Services employ about six in seven of the nation's workers. This loss of

manufacturing means the loss of a "job multiplier," which unlike most service jobs creates jobs in other industries. When an auto company hires 1,000 new workers, for example, it creates four times as many additional jobs for marketers, managers, parts manufacturers and car salesmen.

Of course jobs en masse have been lost before without dire results. About 90 percent of Americans, for instance, worked in agriculture in 1800; by 1900 it had fallen to 41 percent, and by 2000 just 2 percent. The reason the loss did not produce a calamity was that there were more than enough jobs created in other sectors, as well as the emergence of whole new industries. But today there are no other sectors and few new industries. When one did emerge, like solar panels, which we created, it was quickly taken over by the Chinese.

### "Those Jobs Aren't Coming Back!"

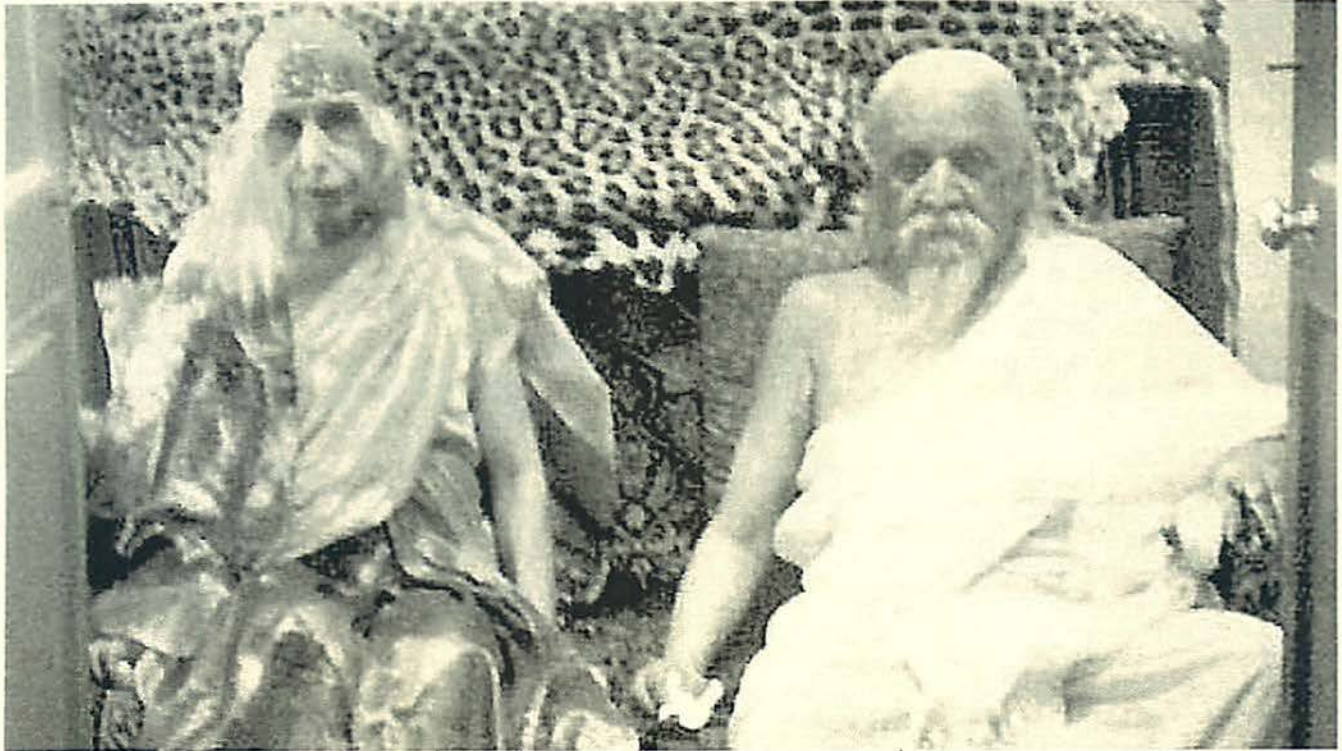
A major reason for American unemployment is thought to be outsourcing to countries that pay their workers far less, but the deeper problem is with cultures themselves. Apple, for example, employs some 43,000 people in the U.S. and only 20,000 overseas, but its contractors employ an additional 700,000 who engineer, build and assemble iPads, iPhones and its other products. When President Obama and Apple's Steve Jobs met,

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# Sri Aurobindo

## The Man & His Teachings

Part III



The Mother & Sri Aurobindo

THE YEARS 1905 TO 1920 WERE DIFFICULT ONES FOR AUROBINDO, WITH demanding publication schedules and even more challenging spiritual conditions. He wrote in his journal, "After 15 years I am only now rising into the lowest of the three levels of the supermind and trying to draw all the lower activities up into it. But when the process is complete there is not the least doubt that God, through me, will give this supramental perfection to others with less difficulty. Then my real work will begin."

Outwardly though, Aurobindo, the revolutionary turned yogi, was a puzzle to his contemporaries, and although out of politics for several years, political leaders had not forgotten him. Mahatma Gandhi had begun a campaign of passive resistance, and in 1919 Gandhi sent his son Devdas to ask Aurobindo to help. Aurobindo told Devdas that independence was certain, and he was concerned with the form of life that would develop in independent India. Devdas explained the principles of nonviolence, to which Aurobindo

replied, "Suppose there is an invasion of India by the Afghans through the Khyber Pass, how are you going to meet it with nonviolence?" He was opposed to Gandhi's principled nonviolence—"getting beaten with joy," he once called it—and predicted that the noncooperation movement would end "in a great confusion or in a great fiasco." Afterwards he corrected his position, admitting that "I had been wrong; it had ended in confusion and fiasco."

Ten years had passed with Aurobindo only rarely exchanging letters with his wife Mrinalini, who was living with her father in northeast India, and devoted to the teachings of Ramakrishna. At first Aurobindo wrote that he did not want to send for her until his finances were more secure, and then the war made all travel impossible. Finally, in December 1918, Mrinalini traveled to Calcutta in order to arrange to be with him, however she succumbed to the postwar influenza pandemic, which killed tens of millions of people, and quickly died from the disease. He could hardly be called a good husband, finding

marriage a burden and in the way of a single-minded spiritual endeavor, but he had impelled her along a devotional path, true to his aspirations.

With the end of the war, Paul and Mirra returned to Pondicherry on April 24, 1920. This marked a time of renewed activity for Aurobindo, opening him to correspondence with many from his past. Aurobindo's brother Barin—just released from prison—soon arrived for guidance on setting up an ashram in Bengal, accepting Aurobindo's counsel that a change in politics had to be based on spiritually transformed individuals concentrating on yoga. They made plans for a prototype spiritual community, a *sangha* based on Aurobindo's teachings; the first steps toward a "spiritual, social, cultural and economic reconstruction of an almost revolutionary kind," as "a sort of practical or laboratory experiment" that would become the nucleus of a Gnostic society. Not wanting proselytizing or advertising, he insisted, "It will be enough if I can get as instruments of God one hundred complete men free of petty egoism."

A dozen or more others came to be near Aurobindo, and in the evenings they would gather on his veranda for conversation, which often turned to his ideal of “the great future when man would bridge the gulf between matter and spirit, by divinizing even his body,” and sitting in silence and meditation. People began to notice a new development; Aurobindo and Mirra would often be to one side, with Paul and the others on another side, and sometimes Mirra took Aurobindo’s hand in hers. When Paul confronted Aurobindo, questioning the nature of their relationship, Aurobindo replied that he had accepted her as a disciple. Paul demanded that Mirra give her primary loyalty to him. Mirra simply smiled as Paul became violent and then left. Soon after, on November 24, 1920, during a heavy monsoon, the roof of Mirra’s house gave way and was in danger of collapsing, and Aurobindo moved Mirra into a room in his home. From that time on, the Mother always stayed in the same house as Aurobindo.

The routine of informal evening meditation and talks continued, now with several disciples including the Mother. One devoted disciple took detailed notes of Aurobindo’s evening talks. Although they were not intended by him for publication, these notes were published decades later as *Evening Talks with Sri Aurobindo*. They span a vast number of subjects, not always of a yogic nature, with Aurobindo “freely cracking jokes with a hearty laugh.” As the years passed more disciples came from outside to stay for Sadhana. “Those who came to him were free to pursue any methods or all methods”—or no method at all. The only suggestion he made to those who came to him for guidance was to try to surrender themselves to the Divine and to invoke the shakti to purify and illuminate them. There was only one rule: strict observance of *brahmacharya*, or celibacy. Otherwise members of the household could do as they liked.

It is only a minority that is called to this strict yogic life and there will be always plenty of people who will continue the race. As to the sex impulse, regard it not as something sinful and horrible and attractive at the same time, but as a mistake and wrong movement of the lower nature.



*The Mother*

It was necessary, in the work he was doing, for the masculine and feminine principles to come together, but the union had nothing to do with sex; in fact it was possible in his and Mirra’s case precisely because they had mastered the forces of desire.

#### The Descent of Krishna

As people continued to join the community, more space was needed and so three larger homes were rented. By the middle of 1926 there were around 20 permanent residents, with the atmosphere taking on a more traditional Indian *guru-shishya* [teacher-student] relationship of an ashram, with *darshan*, and elaborate gestures of devotion, generally resisted by Aurobindo while the Mother thrived in it. The evening sittings would begin after meditation in the early evenings, but Aurobindo became less and less accessible, often coming late to the evening session. Aurobindo spoke little about his progress during the talks, but it seemed to many as though a breakthrough was imminent. Finally, on November 24, 1926, he crossed a threshold. The Mother summoned all the *sadhaks*:

Many saw an oceanic flood of Light rushing down from above. Everyone

present felt a kind of pressure above his head. The whole atmosphere was surcharged with some electrical energy. The door of Sri Aurobindo’s room opened; first Mother, then Sri Aurobindo came out—he seemed half in trance. They sat and “Silence, absolute, living silence,” prevailed as all sat in meditation. The *sadhaks* came forward and bowed at the Mother’s feet, with Sri Aurobindo’s hand held behind her head “as if blessing them through her.” At the end, one of them spoke as if inspired: “The Lord has descended into the physical today.”

Of this descent Aurobindo wrote in 1935, “The descent of 1926 was rather of the Overmind, not of the Supermind proper,” and, “It was the descent of Krishna into the physical. Krishna is not the supramental Light. The descent of Krishna would mean the descent of the Overmind Godhead preparing, though not itself actually bringing, the descent of Supermind and Ananda.”

This day would be remembered as the Day of Siddhi, or Day of Victory, a day of significance that remains for the community. Three days after, Aurobindo

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# GURDJIEFF & DOROTHY CARUSO

**D**OROTHY PARK BENJAMIN, BORN IN 1893, WAS A SHY, AWKWARD GIRL educated at a convent school. She was never comfortable in the social milieu of her father, a wealthy New York lawyer who was cold and demanding. She felt the rejection of her father and her peers; her closest confidant was her brother, her mother too ill to nurture her.

At the age of 25 she met and married the famous tenor Enrico Caruso (1873–1921) against her father's wishes. Their life together was idyllic but short-lived; he died only three years after their marriage. As Caruso's widow she had wealth and connections, but she felt empty with his loss. There would be two unsuccessful marriages afterward. She spent the war years in Vichy, France, reduced to planting potatoes with the peasant women to provide for her two daughters. Later, crossing the ocean for New York, she met Margaret Anderson who, in telling her about Gurdjieff, spoke "words that lighted the universe." The following is an excerpt from her book *Dorothy Caruso: A Personal History*.

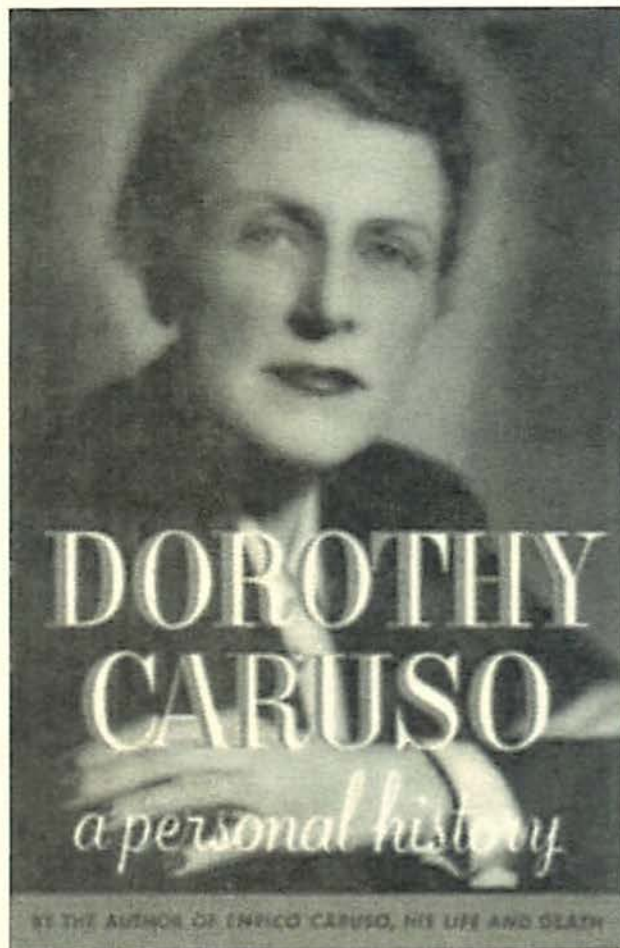
## A Conversation

Two nights later on the ship, twenty-four hours out of New York, I sat unconscious of time and sea, conscious only of a conversation.

In darkness, on a deserted deck, I looked up into the black unmoving sky and listened to words that lighted the universe.

They were words that contained thoughts of such power and abstraction, such virtue and vastness, that I sat speechless, overwhelmed by the magnitude of ideas of a kind I had never heard.

All my own thoughts, all my uneasy unsuccessful efforts to create within my troubled mind a mental chart that I could follow toward what I hoped would be a wonderful experience, became puerile, pitiful, in the face of an immense unknown world that was opening before me. It reached



far beyond the mind and yet was a part of it, or the mind a part of its immensity.

In my flash of understanding, the words I was hearing were consumed, forgotten forever, and I saw instead a way of life, a road as clear, as straight, as the road I saw in that instant when I looked at Enrico Caruso from the top of a flight of stairs.

\* \* \*

At two o'clock I went to my cabin. The children were waiting for me. "Something has happened to me," I said. "I have heard things tonight that may change the course of our lives."

But I could not repeat the words I had heard—even today I cannot remember a single phrase of that conversation. It had to do with a system of knowledge concerning man's relation to God and the universe, as taught by a man called Gurdjieff. He lived in Paris and for many years had been teaching there. From a name, and an outline of an "unknown doctrine," there arose for me a total vision of a new world. What was important, now, was how soon I

and my children could enter this world.

And suddenly I realized, as if through revelation, that on this night, on a ship sailing toward New York, I had come at last within sight of a land I had sought since childhood.

The magnitude of the revelation, the quality of the disclosure and the immensity of its effect upon me, erased from my mind all dread of the future. Nothing could ever take from me this night's apprehension of a new world; and my only wish was to meet the man called Gurdjieff who had explored to its limits this unknown world, who had traveled all the way along its roads and welcomed all those in need who came to him to learn.

\* \* \*

The person who made this conversation was Margaret Anderson. Later she told me of her life—how she had founded the first of the little magazines, the *Little Review*, and how, after publishing it for ten years, had left America and gone to live in France, to be near Gurdjieff. She had stayed there for twenty years, had written a book called *My Thirty Years' War*, and was now writing another describing her experience of the Gurdjieff teaching.

"What will you do in New York," I asked, "after twenty years and the war?"

"I don't know. Friends are meeting me—I'll stay with them until I can decide. I can't imagine what it will be like."

"And will you go on writing?"

"I have the manuscript of my new book with me but it isn't finished. People around me . . . I can't work unless I can be alone . . . one room, a closed door . . . I'll have to wait. I don't know."

"If you should feel desperate at any time . . ."

"Yes. But there's always that other world. Nothing really matters except that."



Enrico Caruso

\* \* \*

I never lost sight of it, even during those first weeks in a New York hotel, when the overcharged nerves in my emaciated body increased my senses to points of pain. The size, sound, brilliance and speed of objects, of vibrations; voices, colors, the taste and smell of food, the dreadful length of stem and thorn of American Beauty roses, the jungle richness of their petals; the monstrous circumference and texture of porcelain bathtubs, the Niagara roar of water running into them—these things were torture.

And on all the streets walked men and women in uniform, and sirens blew for blackouts, and somewhere there was a war.

\* \* \*

"I want to go away to a quiet place—I want to sit alone under a tree," Gloria said.

"I'm in a guest room where I see seven doors, always opening," Margaret Anderson said.

"I'll be eighteen in September," Jackie said. "I've always wanted to be eighteen."

"Tomorrow morning I will find a house," I said.

### The Rose-Stone House

237 East 61<sup>st</sup> Street, New York. It was a rose-stone house with a rich plane tree shading the front entrance and a brick-walled garden at the back. And on Jackie's birthday we were all seated around Enrico's old refectory table, in the candle lighted dining-room, hearing at last only our own voices and the wind in the wisteria outside, and gentle Sadie passing behind us, to and fro, with footsteps quiet as a nun's.

In her father's chair, opposite me, Gloria looked like a Florentine portrait in copper velvet and écru lace, her thin

cheek resting on her hand, her brown hair bronze in the glow of the birthday candles. And as her fine reflective eyes moved slowly from face to face they seemed to absorb all Jackie's soft delight, and Margaret's lovely laughter, and offer it back to me with such confiding tenderness that I knew she had indeed inherited her father's heart.

\* \* \*

Night after night I listened to his records until his presence seemed to fill the house and we spoke of him as if he were living in it with us, invisible but defined. His music, the harmony and understanding between my children, Margaret and myself produced an atmosphere so warm, so flaming in affection and aspiration, that everyone who came to the house caught fire and talked with brilliance and elegance. Even their appearance changed as if, when they crossed our threshold, they left outside in the street all their cares and the frenzy of New York.

Early each morning, through frost-lace on my windowpanes, I looked up at the immense design of winter stars, then across the back gardens of opposite

houses. Here and there behind a lighted window shade a shadow passed, blurred and gigantic, like the shadows I had watched in despair from my bedroom in father's house thirty years before at nightfall.

Now I saw them in the dawn; and when I turned back to my room I saw a friendly snapping fire, with a pot of coffee and a plate of toast warming before it on the hearth.

I put them on the table, sat down in an armchair, drew a fur rug over my knees and looked at the green tin box on the floor at my feet. It was locked, tied with a heavy string and sealed with red wax. On the table beside my breakfast lay a little key. Written in faded ink on the label: "Rico's letters to me. To be burned unopened after my death."

The treasure of his letters was the portrait and the stature of the man.

I bought a typewriter and learned to type. Day after day I copied his letters, and day after day my delight and amazement grew. As I worked I thought: "In wisdom and in poetry these letters are more beautiful than any letters I have ever read. Here, in his own words, singers can learn from the greatest singer of them all. If I could incorporate these letters in a book, the world would know and understand the man they have loved and idolized so long. And if I can write our story, speaking of him as I am at last able to speak, I will have expressed my heart's full gratitude to all who loved him, and we will have written a book together, he and I."

Thus, in a rose-stone house, came the first conception of a book I was to write two years later.

\* \* \*

Swift were the courtships of war, and swift the weddings. Some friends, some relatives, some wine . . . a bridal cake and her father's costume-sword to cut it with . . . Then she was gone.

For weeks I wakened in the night thinking I heard Gloria calling me.

\* \* \*

A year had passed since I had first heard Gurdjieff's name. At that time the knowledge revealed in his ideas had seemed lightning clear; now it seemed as if the more I heard about the man the less I understood of his ideas. I had not only lost the sense of understanding, I

Continued on page 22

# PROBE

## Disappointed with Life & Yourself?

An Extemporaneous Talk at a Day of Self-Exploration

MR. GURDJIEFF SAYS WE MUST BE DISAPPOINTED IN LIFE TO COME TO THE WORK. DISAPPOINTED IN WHAT? Not life itself. Our *understanding* of life. What we take life to be. And within that our dreams and aspirations for ourselves in life. And in one way or another we became disappointed.

And so what happened? We no longer so wholeheartedly believed anymore. Our conviction in our understanding of life was shaken. Though, of course, we didn't know what happened really, we couldn't quite formulate it. Something was just lost. We found ourselves in that state between knowing and not knowing.

And so a space opened up. We didn't know that of course. We were just open. It just happened like everything happens. But that inner space allowed that something could be experienced in a new way.

Before, truly, we were deaf, dumb and blind to anything other than our imagined understanding of life, an understanding we never really questioned. We always polished, defended, argued, projected, gave ourselves to it wholly; all unknowingly, of course. But then *that shock*, either coming all at once or gradually dawning. We realized life is not what we thought it was. That opened us, put us in question, at least to a degree. And in that openness a magnetic center began to emerge. And the consensual hypnotism of ordinary life, its mechanicality, its hype and carrots, the continual grappling for position and status, the perfidy, the hypocrisy of the big smile with the billy club behind the back began to reveal itself. That the beliefs and thought forms that people give their lives to—it was *all invented*. It was then that the Work tapped us on the shoulder in some way. A connection happened and we realized there was something beyond what Ouspensky called "the thin film of false reality."

Yes, we entered the Work, but that didn't mean we dropped all our



understanding. We still thought we knew. It's just that we didn't know about *this*. And what did we hope and expect *this* would do? End the suffering? Give knowledge? Power? What?

When Fritz Peters first met Mr. Gurdjieff and Gurdjieff asks him what he wants, he says, "I want to know everything." And here was a young boy with a man of such great understanding and being that it exceeded human understanding. Let me say that again, because I think we all don't hear that. Our understanding is, at base, human understanding, the understanding of a human being. Gurdjieff's is beyond that.

### Kant Didn't Quite Get It Either

Is that a shock? Everything we see and do and hear we do so as a human being, yes? We are enmeshed in a space-time continuum with only our reason to rely on. That was Immanuel Kant's understanding of phenomena and noumena as he writes in his *Critique of Pure Reason*. And we had to clean our reason of our personality, our convictions, our beliefs to come to the pure reason that observes without filters what is, and isn't. But as great a thinker as he was, Kant didn't quite get it either. His thinking "lacked scale," Gurdjieff said, didn't recognize the cosmoses, the Ray of Creation. His understanding was still on the human scale. And from that understanding modern science emerged, and we're all living within that scientific paradigm augmented by Bacon, Newton, Einstein

and Bohr and today's String Theory. So we enter the Work not as clean sheets but still under the influence of the thought forms of our time. No matter how badly our understanding was initially put in question it is still there, living in the formative mind and the formative emotional center. And so, truth to tell, rebels though we be, we still pretty much remain deaf, dumb and blind no matter the face we wear; or, rather, that wears us.

And as Gurdjieff says, understanding cannot be passed. You can't give another person your understanding. Try it. It doesn't work. Why? What is understanding based upon? Not knowledge but self-knowledge, genuine self-knowledge. That is, seeing ourselves from the standpoint of an impartial observer which means one first has to remember themselves, come to presence so as to be able to observe impartially the truth-of-the-moment, *unflinchingly*.

We've heard all of this so many times, right? Has it made any difference? Has it made a dent, in *the moment of moments* when I'm shocked, when there's a "criticism." Don't I immediately react with vagueness, projection, duality? Can that be seen? Can I see how the bag comes over my head? I don't do

René Magritte: *The False Mirror*, 1928. For Surrealists a closed eye was a secret sign for drawing on interior states. Magritte's image of an open eye represented a false vision or mirror. Reality lay otherwise than in the exterior world.



Are any of these me?

it. It happens. But I'm so identified with the hurt feelings, the shock, that I am not there to experience, though I look to be. Maybe a few hours or days later, I might describe it, describe it as if I were actually present, but I wasn't and don't know it. Which is why Gurdjieff said we have to learn to be sincere.

After a time in the Work, Ouspensky—who Gurdjieff nicknamed “Wraps up all thought” because when asked a question Ouspensky's answers were encyclopedic—admits, “I do not understand anything,” Gurdjieff tells him, “You have begun to understand.” It is Ouspensky's first taste of understanding. His efforts to self-remember and self-observe had brought him to a direct impression of himself. Suddenly, this person who understood everything experienced *not knowing*. (Deeper still was the experience of being nothing, a no-thing, but Gurdjieff did not tell him this. Perhaps as things turned out he should have.)

Now what is it that knows you're nothing? How can you say you're nothing? You see how identified we are with our self-love and vanity. That only someone who is truly working on themselves could come to the starkness of this impression. That we're all nothing, we're made up, composites, add ons, and no-thing. But that takes courage, real will, not self-will.

#### Two-Headed Snake

The Work is a two-headed snake. One head gives wisdom, the other esoteric poison. If we do not go deep

enough, if we only add the gloss of the Work, its ideas and jargon, onto our ordinary understanding, then we become the worst of all “I”s, the “esoteric I.” Then we are really buffered, psychically cemented into a holier-than-thou understanding, up to our throats in lies and self-importance.

Faith of consciousness, the five Obligolnian Strivings, being-Partkdolg-duty—the steady and serious practice of these will step-by-step take us up the staircase to where The Fourth Way begins. And with every step our being touches Being and our self-knowledge increases. We come to a greater and greater understanding, as we are moved from a life lived in all the little selves to the individual self and beyond. Everything can be thrown into the fire and what is real will survive, as Gurdjieff told Ouspensky.

What is spiritual realization? That was the question for the speaker in writing the recent book, *Adi Da Sarraj: Realized or/and Deluded?* What is delusion? We all believe we know what delusion is because we take our level of commonality, our sanity, as being the basis of what is. And what is other is delusion. Isn't it interesting that though all of us here would agree with one another we're all sane, we all do have delusions. We don't know about them, but sometimes life interrupts our self-love and vanity and we recognize, by gawd, I've been living in a delusion! So it's possible, then, to be both sane and be deluded.

What about spiritual realization? Do we know what that is? If we are not

realized then it's all what? Words not rooted in experience. If we haven't experienced the pointless point of view then by definition we are still identified with a point of view, and no matter how rarefied, it is still a point of view, still in duality. When you're defending nothing, when you're standing naked in yourself, when all your interpretations and convictions have dropped to your ankles, you're approaching a pointless point of view . . . Consciousness without an object. You're still on the outside of the 360 degree circle. You've just come to the perimeter, the subject still exists and so the relationship is still subject-object.

#### Delusion & Pointless Point-Of-View

What is delusion from a pointless point of view? We don't know. But the easiest way to step out of the question is to adopt a point of view about it. Which is based on what? Ephemera. This is so plain. But take it on all levels. We continually think we know. Understanding can be sudden but, as the ancient Chan Chinese came to realize, it is also gradual.

Do we recognize that when Gurdjieff talks about reason, and the degrees of reason, that he may be talking about a reason *beyond* human reason? Don't we all just assume, immediately, he's talking about the reason that we believe we have, just rarefied but still human reason? It is Beelzebub who passes through the levels and he is one-natured, not two.

Do you see how we so quickly fall into an assumption? Or I shouldn't say fall, we live in assumption. We don't question. And when we're asked to reason about something we just do it or we don't do it. We don't reason. We don't remember ourselves, come into being embodied, connecting the three centers, directing ourselves wholly on whatever the question is, pondering, and allowing the immediacy of reason to speak.

We're afraid of reason. We want to live in feelings, in formatory thought and understanding. We have to see that about ourselves. We're passive. We don't have to be. We can change our state, our attitude, immediately by being-Partkdolg-duty.

And that is what this whole talk is about. A reminder, a plea, to remember ourselves, to step out of the hypnosis, the little understandings, into what is, and *Be what Is.* ✍

—William Patrick Patterson

## J. G. Bennett & the Inner Barrier Part III

1948 MENDHAM. BENNETT VISITS  
MADAME OUSPENSKY.

Earlier, he had tried to find Gurdjieff in Paris, but without success. He thinks Gurdjieff had either died or gone mad. Madame Ouspensky tells Bennett—  
“Gurdjieff is not mad. He has never been mad. He is living in Paris now. Why don't you go to him?” She had earlier also told her more mature students—Lord John Pentland, Christopher Fremantle—that Gurdjieff is alive—“Hurry, don't waste a moment. Go to him.”

August 15, 1948. 6 rue des Colonels Rénard. Twenty-five years to the month when Bennett had left the Prieuré promising Gurdjieff he would soon return, John Godolphin Bennett, now fifty-one and a powerful business executive and leader of his own groups, rings Gurdjieff's bell. Accompanying Bennett is his seventy-five-year-old wife, “Polly.”

Madame de Salzmänn answers the door and motions the two inside. They walk down the dark, dingy hallway, every inch of the walls covered with paintings, either ugly, bizarre or decidedly amateurish.

They are motioned into a small sitting room, its walls covered with paintings of like quality. Though it is early afternoon, the windows are shuttered. The only illumination is provided by electric lights. The furniture is shabby and the carpets threadbare. On either side of the fireplace hang representations of the enneagram, made from mother-of-pearl, and sewn to fabric-covered black disks. In the corners of the room abutting the street, sit two odd, glittering artifacts. One is a sort of stylized Christmas tree, made out of some gold-colored metal or gilded wood. It gleams from light reflected from countless prisms of glass. The other is a cabinet containing a large collection of dolls dressed in different national costumes. There is also an assortment of keepsakes, pipes, musical instruments, Orientalia. Later, when the room is properly lit, the cheap materials scintillate and sparkle, giving Bennett a feeling of being in Aladdin's cave.

Presently, Gurdjieff appears in the doorway. The moustaches are white now and the face has lost its firm outline, but the skin is still smooth. He wears a tasseled magenta fez, open shirt and rumpled trousers. Though quite heavy now, he holds himself as erect as ever. He moves into the room with the



J. G. Bennett

same grace and economy of gesture as Bennett remembers from the Prieuré.

Madame de Salzmänn introduces the Bennetts. Gurdjieff does not remember them. For a few moments he takes Bennett in. Finally, he tells him, “You are Number Eighteen. Not a big Number Eighteen but small Number Eighteen.”

Soon, it is past two o'clock. By this time several people have knocked on the door of the flat and are standing about. Gurdjieff suddenly says, “Chain. Chain.”

People form a line from the kitchen to the dining room and pass plates of food. Gurdjieff has Bennett seated on his right, Bennett's wife on the left. With his fingers, Gurdjieff slowly eats morsels of lamb and hard bits of goat cheese and fresh tarragon leaves. At one point the toasts to the idiots begin.

After the meal, which does not end until nearly five o'clock, Gurdjieff invites Bennett into the pantry for coffee.

Though food is still rationed, the shelves of the pantry are stocked thick with tins and jars of food, while from the ceiling hang dried fish and sausages of camel's meat, bunches of dried scarlet peppers, and sprays of rosemary.

“You know what is the first Commandment of God to man?” Gurdjieff asks, as he pours some coffee out of a battered old thermos bottle, takes a piece of sugar, puts it into his mouth, and sips coffee through it.

Bennett fumbles for an answer.

“Hand wash hand!”

Gurdjieff pauses to let Bennett absorb that. Then declares:

“You need help and I need help. If I help you, you have to help me.”

Bennett tells him he is ready to do whatever Gurdjieff wants.

Gurdjieff speaks about money difficulties, then asks Bennett what he wants from him.

“Will you show me how to work for my Being?”

“It is right,” Gurdjieff declares.

“Now you have much Knowledge, but in Being you are a nullity. If you wish, I will show you how to work, but you must do it as I say.”

They speak quite seriously. Bennett is amazed. It is an exact continuation of the conversation they had had in Constantinople twenty-seven years before.

At one point Bennett tells him—“I know my situation is hopeless. That is why I have come back to you.”

Gurdjieff repeats: "If you will do as I say, I will show you how to change. Only you must stop thinking. You think too much. You must begin to sense." Does Bennett understand the distinction between sensing and feeling?

Bennett gives an intellectual definition.

"More or less," Gurdjieff says. "But you only know this with your mind. You do not understand with your whole being. This you must learn."

*Several Days Later.* Gurdjieff has gone on a trip to Cannes with a large sum of money that Bennett has given him. As he drives through the town of Montargis, a small truck, its driver drunk, shoots out of a side road and plows into Gurdjieff's car. The impact is so great that the drunken driver and his passenger are instantly killed.

It is dusk before Gurdjieff's car returns to the apartment. The car door carefully opens and Gurdjieff slowly gets out. "His clothes were covered with blood," says Bennett. "His face was black with bruises. . . . It was a dead man, a corpse, that came out of the car, and yet it walked."

Somehow, Gurdjieff gets to his room on the second floor and sits down.

"Now all organs are destroyed. Must make new," he says.

Seeing Bennett, he tells him—"Tonight you come dinner. I must make body work."

With that, the pain gives his body a great spasm and blood flows from his ear. Bennett thinks that he has a cerebral hemorrhage. If he continues to force his body to move, he will kill himself.

Gurdjieff asks Madame de Salzmann about some man. Told that he is in the American Hospital, he tells her to go see him.

Then he adds, "I wish watermelon. Buy watermelon when you come back."

Now Bennett realizes that Gurdjieff has to do this, for "if he allows his body to stop moving, he will die. He has power over his body."

*August 1948. 6 rue des Colonels Renard.* Bennett has brought about 60 students to Gurdjieff's flat. C. S. Nott, having coffee with Gurdjieff at the Café des Acacias, says to him that Bennett's return will be a very good thing for the Work, as he has a large organization and many of his students seem to have money.

Gurdjieff tells him laconically, "Bennett is small thing. Useful for

money, yes. He will bring me a thousand pupils and out of these I shall choose perhaps 10."

Lunches continued at Gurdjieff's apartment.

We all eat jammed around the table with our elbows in each other's tummies almost. The meal always starts with so-called "salade," too disgusting, floating about in a little bowl. "Not such salade never was"—and indeed I hope so. Then there is usually meat or bird with rice and a big dish of radishes, onions, etc. passed round to eat with it. Then a sweet—always very sweet and syrupy—and fruit, melon, grapes, etc. Sometimes coffee, sometimes not. Throughout the meal Gurdjieff passes round oddments of food—apparently quite indiscriminately, so that one may easily find oneself eating sprats or bear meat with one's sweet, sheep's meat from Bokhara, camel sausage from Kayseri—one never knows what to expect. Once he broke up fish in his fingers and then held out a fistful across the table, saying benevolently "Who not squeamish?"

The last evening we were there one of Brynn's goat cheeses was handed round which Gurdjieff described as "special Scotch cheese from Scotland" and enveloped us all with a baleful stare, defying us to deny it. All this is washed down with, mainly, bread or white vodka for the toasts, but there is also Mare, Calvados, Armagnac—most things. . . .

After the meal is over we go into the salon and settle ourselves on the chairs, the divan, the stools and the floor. Gurdjieff sits in his chair and Lise [Tracol] brings him his little portable organ which he rests on his knee playing with one hand while he works the bellows with the other.

Gurdjieff then makes the strangest music—the most wonderful music. He says it is "objective"—that is, the vibrations he produces have a definite effect on people, both organically and psychologically. It affects people in different ways, tough business men and scientists sit with the tears streaming down their faces, others are merely

bored or puzzled, others again are moved but do not know why.

He is asked about this music. A woman says she found she did not listen to it with her ears. He tells her, "Ears are no good for this music, the whole presence must be open to it. It is a matter of vibrations." Then he adds, "But tears must come first." He had to put the whole of himself into these vibrations, he says. It was very difficult for him. He is always exhausted after playing. Often he does not play. Then we play the records of the music.

The lunch session lasts from 1:30 to 4:30 or later; the evening session from 10:30 to 2 or 3 in the morning.

*Late August 1948. Lascaux.* Gurdjieff visits the caves. He tells Bennett that the enneagram, like the Sphinx, is not a symbol but an emblem of an esoteric society. Gurdjieff says the composite animal at the cave's entrance is no more than 8,000 years old, the time of the loss of Atlantis. Bennett says expert prehistorians date the cave paintings between 18,000 to 20,000 years. Later, Gurdjieff does not want Bennett to travel with him.

"I go left," Gurdjieff tells him, "you go right."

"Then we must say good-bye to you?" asks Bennett, hoping to keep an opening.

"Yes, good-bye!"

Back in Paris, Bennett experiences again being out of the body and separate from the mind.

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Madame Ouspensky at Mendham

## Book Review

### *Aristoxenus's Ghost: An Ancient Metaphysical Mystery Solved*

Xlibris Corp., 156 pp.

### *Nearly All and Almost Everything: The Gurdjieff Work, the Hebrew Kabbalah, the Indian Shrutis, and the Musical Tree of Life*

Xlibris Corp., 187 pp.

### *Gurdjieff, String Theory, Music*

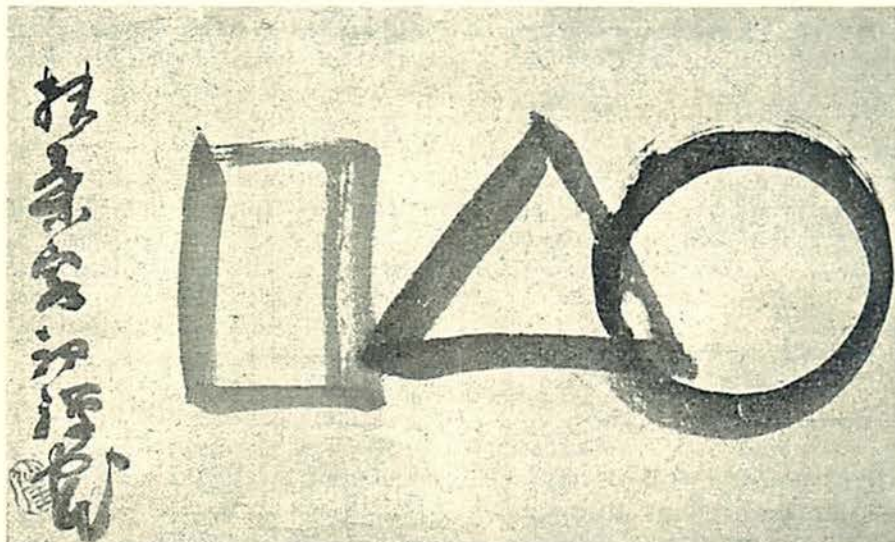
Xlibris Corp., 134 pp.

by Mitzi DeWhitt

THE SACRED SCIENCE SEEKS THE WAY TO REALIZING THE REAL WORLD. For that, neither conceptual theory nor experimental practice is complete without the third independent factor of perceptual *experience*. Man's experiments, divorced from any perceptual experience instead put him in great peril, for the machines turn the tables, become the masters, and proceed to wreak havoc on man's world.

Early in her graduate work as a musician Mitzi DeWhitt realized that musical performance was not her path but that she had been "called" to musical theory and musicology. Through her experience in the Work she felt that what Gurdjieff was talking about in *All and Everything* was not only vibration but the *quality* of vibration. She was deeply convinced of the depth and secrets contained in the *First Series*, even though she saw "study groups trying to understand *Beelzebub's Tales* formed and disbanded, and as the members of these groups left, disheartened by their lack of comprehension." Her first three books represent over 30 years of work looking at how these ideas regarding vibration can give us an understanding of the Work.

DeWhitt says that her "musicological trilogy" corresponds to the figures in the Zen painting *The Universe* by Sengai Gibon (1750–1837), which Henri Tracol used as the motif for his book *The Taste of Things That Are True*. Reading the painting from left to right we see the square, triangle and circle representing the body, the soul and the mind. "In my books," writes DeWhitt, "the three systems are representative of what Gurdjieff termed the three lower centers:



Untitled painting by Sengai Gibon often called "The Universe"

instinctive, moving, and sex. From a slightly different perspective, they may be viewed as the unconscious, subconscious, and conscious minds."

#### Recovering the Enharmonic Matrix

In her first book, *Aristoxenus's Ghost*, DeWhitt begins with the square, the symbol representing the body, the instinctive center and the unconscious mind. The square is considered "female" and, as she explains, "This body template is based upon the perfect number 28, the number of days in the monthly menstrual period of the female." She shows that the number 28 also corresponds to the microtonal division of the octave referred to in Greek music as the *enharmonic* scale, dating back to Aristoxenus (c. 335 BCE), a Greek philosopher and a pupil of Aristotle. Aristoxenus distinguished three genera as a model for creating scales in music. The genera—diatonic, chromatic, and enharmonic—are differentiated by the magnitudes of the intervals into which they divide the octave. Diatonic and chromatic are terms that are still in general use today by musicians. The diatonic genus is best exemplified by the white keys on the piano keyboard when playing in the key of C, and the chromatic genus by the white and the black keys on the keyboard in the key of C.

But the third genus, the enharmonic genus, had been lost. Musicians do not even know of this third division of the octave. Her book is "about the recovery of the enharmonic matrix after a twenty-five-hundred-year silence."

It is this 28-note scale that Gurdjieff is referring to in *All and*

*Everything* when he describes the Lav-Merz-Nokh. Including the white and black strings and the horse-hairs and counting these and the red "quarter note strings" from doh, we have the octave divided into 28 notes, as she illustrates. Of course the modern piano keyboard includes only the first two divisions of the octave, the diatonic notes (the white keys) and the chromatic notes (the black keys), and is not subdivided further to include the quarter notes.

Referring to the 28 notes in the enharmonic genus, DeWhitt says, "As the primordial vibrations, they represent the instinctive functions of the unconscious. . . . Those who study the mind say the unconscious is always awake and remembering. What we call our conscious mind is the one that is nearly always asleep and forgetting."

By laying out the 28 notes in a four by seven matrix, she illustrates how this matrix refers to what Jung called the *prima materia*, the "uncreated," original undifferentiated ground of being. In the process of laying out these 28 notes within one octave she also discovers a new interval unknown to musicians today, which she designates the "New Ratio." She also indicates that the 28 notes of the enharmonic genus correspond to the 28 vertebrae (counting 7 in the cervical, 12 in the dorsal thoracic, 5 in the lumbar and 4 in the sacrum) in the human body and that the interval ratios between the notes correspond to the discs between vertebrae.

However, the 28 notes, as they exist in this four by seven matrix representing the spinal column, cannot produce

any vertical scales, and consequently there are no evolutionary possibilities available. Step by step DeWhitt shows how, with the correct education in the Work and by incorporating the two conscious shocks, the unconscious shock and the coccyx portion of the spine, the "vertebral column" may be articulated and made conscious to produce the second and third bodies.

### Musical Intervals on the Tree of Life

DeWhitt's second book, *Nearly All and Almost Everything*, corresponds to the figure of the circle in Sengai's painting, representing the sexual center and the conscious mind. The first half of the book is devoted to the Tree of Life, a symbol of the Kabbalah, the mystical aspect of Rabbinic Judaism, where she illuminates how many of the questions surrounding the Tree of Life can be reconciled by placing musical intervals on the Tree, and that "the complex and difficult ideas of Gurdjieff, when explained in musical terms, not only become more understandable, but also serve to vivify and validate the ancient Hebrew teachings." Affirming their correlation, she connects the various sefirot on the Tree with the Work ideas of the three-story factory, the hydrogens, the centers, and the stairway. Also demonstrated is how the mental center is incomplete and, as she says, its resolution "can only come by 'oral transmission' from teacher to pupil."

She then illustrates the cause and order of the lateral octave as it corresponds to the Ray of Creation. The ascent on the lateral octave begins at the "gates of hell"—"Once in hell, there was a strange sense of inversion: what was formerly down became up; what was last became first; what was Fa became Do." This is the place where we "die before you die," where the C in the lateral octave lies alongside the C in the Ray of Creation. In applying musical intervals and the laws of harmonics to the symbol of the Tree she shows the way up by creating a musical Tree of Life.

The final half of the book establishes how the circle, as enneagram, has the ability to contain two tuning systems that are incommensurate with each other (a tuning system determines the intervals between the pattern of notes creating the scale between a given doh and doh one octave higher). One is the just tuning system, built on naturally occurring overtones. This is the

first scale seen in *In Search of the Miraculous*, about which Gurdjieff said, "The seven-tone scale is the formula of a cosmic law which was worked out by ancient schools and applied to music."

The second tuning system is the Pythagorean tuning system and is based on the creation of a scale using the interval of a perfect fifth (the interval between doh and sol). When both scales are placed together within the circle we can see how the movement from the just system to the Pythagorean system symbolizes the change that occurs when we remember ourselves and practice self-observation. This movement takes place when the three altered Stopinders are applied to the just scale. As she says, "This 'look from above' can be defined objectively, by calculation of Pythagorean scale ratios of fifths."

So, we move from the subjective and the narrowly fragmented views of the person, to an objective view with a feeling of ourselves as the viewer and, simultaneously, present to the object in view. As Gurdjieff said, the altered Stopinders take us out of our "subjective actions."

And, just like looking through a kaleidoscope and then turning the cylinder, the intervals change from one pattern to another. We move from the Subjective to the Objective, from the just tuning system to the Pythagorean tuning system, from the fractious to a picture of the beautiful. This book illustrates not only the path but the change in vibration that occurs when we self-remember and observe.

### Relating Gurdjieff to Music & Physics

Her third book, *Gurdjieff, String Theory, Music*, DeWhitt says, "is even more daring (some might say audacious) and attempts to show the commonality between music, physics, and the Gurdjieffian ideas." This book corresponds to the figure of the triangle from Sengai's painting and represents the moving center or the subconscious. The triangle is meant to reconcile the figures of the square and circle and this book deals with nothing less than the Soul itself.

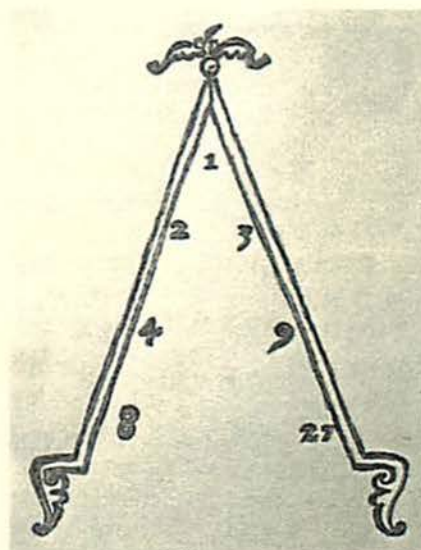
The symbol of the triangle is connected with the ancient figure of the *lambdama*, an "infinity of numbers, an endlessness, a 'heart without measure.'" Both sides of the figure begin with the number one at the apex. The sequence of powers of two run down the left side

of the figure representing the just tuning system, and the integral powers of three run down the right side representing the Pythagorean system. She says, "The 'opposites' may now be explained as the two legs of the 'real' lambdama which, by means of musical ratio and proportion, blend together and form the A-shape framework of the soul."

As examples of the many clues served up in this book, she draws relationships showing how the figure of the lambdama connects to the Pythagorean right triangle, the signboard put up by the Adherents-of-Legominism, systems philosopher Ervan Laszlo's A-field, the phenomenon of attention, the structure of space-time, dark matter, heart without measure, and the invention of "equal rights" by Lentrohamsanin!

The ideas of vibration and ratio in her books are connected with physics, cosmology, myth and fable, fairy tales, number, mathematics, metaphysics, archeology, the Tarot and with ideas from various religions. Although the perspective is a musical one, the books can be read through symbol and number, which also gives the reader a clear and visual pathway to follow. In bridging these musical ideas to the Work, DeWhitt says, "If there was to be found a primary thread guiding the reader through Gurdjieff's labyrinthine teachings, the study of vibrations was that thread." Using music, she explains more of the vibrational ideas in the Work than any other source so far.

If anything is missing in these books it might be that one questions if some perspective could have been



The lambdama

given as to where the Greeks were “coming from.” She tells us the lambdoma was “transmitted to us from the time of the ancient Hellenic culture when it was brought to Greece from Babylon by Pythagoras.” Pythagoras is said to have spent over 20 years in Egypt, where the priests taught him mathematics and astronomy. DeWhitt also alludes to Egypt as a source, in one particular example reporting: “Horus, bringing wisdom, may represent Mr. Gurdjieff himself. Consider that one of the names for Horus is ‘Kemwer,’ which means ‘the black one,’ or ‘darky.’ At the close of ‘The Arousing of Thought,’ Gurdjieff, affixing his ‘signature,’ includes among the several names he ascribes to himself ‘the Black Greek’ and ‘Darky.’”

So, can the Work and the world we live in be viewed through the numbers of music, by an order and ratio? Can these numbers and proportions be applied to systems and philosophies whose meanings have been fragmented or lost? Might they be used to elucidate ideas that have degenerated through time, where now

only traces exist, and then resurrect keys to act as a guide to knowledge that leads to understanding? Mitzi DeWhitt says, “Yes, a very, very big yes.”

—Lowell Thomas

1. *The sacred science seeks.* Mitzi DeWhitt, *Gurdjieff, String Theory, Music* (Xlibris Corp., 2006), 31f.
2. *Study groups trying.* DeWhitt, 11.
3. *Her first three books.* DeWhitt has since published a fourth book, *The Meaning of the Musical Tree* (Xlibris Corp., 2010). This book is a further elaboration on the theme of the Musical Tree.
4. *Used as the motif.* Henri Tracol, *The Taste for Things That Are True* (Rockport, MA: Element, Inc., 1994), 22.
5. *The three systems.* DeWhitt, 13.
6. *In her first book.* Mitzi DeWhitt, *Aristoxenus's Ghost* (Xlibris Corp., 2004).
7. *This body template.* DeWhitt, *Gurdjieff, String Theory, Music*, 14.
8. *Twenty-five-hundred-year silence.* DeWhitt, *Aristoxenus's Ghost*, 30.
9. *As the primordial vibrations.* DeWhitt, 37.
10. *Her second book.* Mitzi DeWhitt, *Nearly All and Almost Everything* (Xlibris Corp., 2005).
11. *Once in hell.* DeWhitt, 91.
12. *The complex and difficult ideas.* DeWhitt, 11.
13. *Oral traditions.* DeWhitt, 83.
14. *The seven tone scale.* P. D. Ouspensky, *In Search of the Miraculous*, 124.
15. *Both scales.* Neither the just nor the Pythagorean tuning systems are in general use today in the West. The primary tuning system used for more than 100 years has been equal temperament tuning.
16. *Look from above.* DeWhitt, 158.
17. *Subjective actions.* Gurdjieff, *All and Everything*, 753.
18. *Even more daring.* DeWhitt, *Gurdjieff, String Theory, Music*, 12.
19. *Was transmitted to us.* DeWhitt, 50.
20. *The opposites.* DeWhitt, 50.
21. *Primary thread.* DeWhitt, 11.
22. *Horus.* DeWhitt, *The Meaning of the Musical Tree*, 178.

## Letters

Continued from page 2

*Journey to Ixtlan*, too. Before he died in 1997, Castaneda said he wanted his teaching to be known—that was why he, with “the witches,” led all those seminars for the last seven years of his life. In his will he left some \$20 million to Cleargreen, Inc., the company Castaneda created to preserve and promote his teaching. It’s been 14 years since his death. If they don’t make a film soon, they’ll all be too old or too dead. Oliver Stone is waiting. . . .

Bob Groshock  
Wilkesburg, Pennsylvania

*Carlos left equal shares in his estate to four of the Cleargreen people (Bruce Wagner, Tracy Kramer, Steve Levinson, an office worker, and Fabricio Magaldi, the accountant). They would all have to agree. If interested call Cleargreen 310-839-7150. Or write them at 11901 Santa Monica Blvd. #599, Los Angeles, CA 90025.*

### Bare Honesty, Humility & Remorse

The ideas presented in “Working with the Seven Deadly Sins” (TGJ #55)

provoked an insight of bare honesty, humility and remorse in considering the habitual, mechanical patterns that have motivated my actions and troubled countless others in the wake of my life. There was a shock of the person full of justification for my sloth and lying saying that it wasn’t really so—an example of pride and sloth together in action.

Interestingly, the article on Sikhism in the same issue described the term “man” as both the source of our possibilities and the source of our evil impulses—the seat of our sins as well as the faculty for knowing truth and higher feeling, resembling the dichotomy of pride. The discernment of false pride and real pride in relation to possession of oneself affirms the necessity for self-remembering. The point where diligence gives way to sloth can only be known if I am there, aware of the compelling draw toward apathy and ease. False personality contains so many traps; without presence I find humility quickly descends into guilt or despair, and moments of integrity ebb into superiority.

John Lewis  
Greenbrae, California

## So Yesterday

In reading “Seven Deadly Sins,” it initially “hit” me as “so yesterday.” The idea of sin and salvation reminded me of the tent evangelists of the 30s and today’s TV evangelists. It’s interesting that Gurdjieff gives us both ends of the stick when talking about “real pride” and “false pride.”

The “sin” that interested me was sloth or “acedia.” Before reading the article, my definition of sloth was “laziness.” Now I see that it’s turning one’s back to God, unwilling to labor for God. The “heat” was also turned up when I read Dante saying sloth indicated that one would be “engaged in ceaseless activity” in Purgatory. In following this thread I discovered that sloth also refers to emotional inactivity or being without joy.

I think in today’s world, unfortunately, sloth has devolved from melancholy to depression, sadness to despair—a complete disconnect from God. This has given me something to really think about. Thank you.

Robert Greenhaven  
Raleigh, North Carolina

notified the sadhaks of two things: first, that it was necessary for him to work things out in detail "by the help of the power that has descended into the unconscious," and second, "Mirra is my *Shakti*. She has taken charge of the new creation. You will get everything from her. Give your consent to whatever she wants to do." What this meant was that he would not see the sadhaks any longer—the door to his room remained closed to all except the Mother.

Although Aurobindo would retreat from ashram life, over the next 12 years he spent upwards of 12 hours every day replying to the letters of his disciples, within the ashram and throughout the world. These letters were an opportunity to explain his yoga and how it applied in particular situations, as well as to follow the sadhana of his sadhaks, and were later collected and published in *Letters on Yoga*. With good humor and great compassion he was able to relieve the fears and anxieties common to many seekers, noting, "A God who could not smile could not have created this humorous universe."

During periods of concentration he used his spiritual force to produce tangible results in the world, including healings and to bring about "change in the human world." Aurobindo described the qualities of a spiritual dynamic Power that can be possessed by those who are advanced in spiritual consciousness:

The clue is that the Force does not act in a void and in an absolute way. . . . It comes as a Force intervening and acting on a very complex nexus of Forces that were in action and displacing their disposition and interrelated movement and natural result by a new disposition, movement and result. It meets in so doing a certain opposition, very often a strong opposition from many of the forces already in possession and operation. To overcome it three factors are needed: (1) the power of the Force itself, i.e., its own sheer pressure and direct action on the field of action (here the man, his condition, his body); (2) the instrument (yourself); and (3) the instrumentation (treatment, medicine).

I have often used the Force alone,

without any human instrument or outer means, but here all depends upon the recipient and his receptivity—unless, as in the case of healers, there are unseen beings or powers that assist.

#### Mirra, the Mother

In 1928 his first new book in more than eight years was published—entitled *The Mother*, it explained the four "aspects" of the Divine Mother. The concept of the Mother—or *shakti*, Divine Energy—is well established in the Indian spiritual tradition. By Aurobindo's own insistence, it is impossible to follow his yoga except through the Mother.

The Mother's consciousness and mine are the same, the one Divine Consciousness in two, because that is necessary for the play. Nothing can be done without her knowledge and force, without her consciousness—if anybody really feels her consciousness, he should know that I am there behind it and if he feels me it is the same with hers.

In the merging of the woman with the ideal, the spiritual authority of the Mother was reinforced through Aurobindo's writing to the disciples. She was a born organizer, expanding the ashram's activities in every direction, as well as helping in sadhana and in life. By the end of 1928 the number of disciples rose to 85, and up to 170 in 1938. However friction and conflict between members at times thrived, with the Mother at times at the heart of the issue. Aurobindo wrote to disciples that "in an Ashram which is a 'laboratory,' it was necessary that 'humanity should be variously represented,' to deal with all sorts of elements favorable and unfavorable." And, "I do not find that the Mother is a rigid disciplinarian. On the contrary, I have seen with what a constant leniency, tolerant patience and kindness she has met the huge mass of indiscipline, disobedience, self-assertion, revolt that has surrounded her, even revolt to her very face and violent letters overwhelming her with the worst kind of vituperation. A rigid disciplinarian would not have treated these things like that." Yet every morning all the sadhaks gathered in the Meditation Hall, approaching the Mother for her blessings, infusing her shakti force into each disciple, who would offer themselves to the Divine through her.

"The Mother is the Divine Mother [i.e., as an incarnation or avatar] who has consented to put on her the cloak of obscurity and suffering and ignorance so that she can effectively lead us—human beings—to Knowledge and Bliss and Ananda and to the Supreme Lord." In the person of the Mother, Aurobindo thus saw the descent of the Supermind. He believed she was its avatara or descent into the Earth plane. As the incarnate Supermind she was changing the consciousness on which the Earth found itself, and as such her work was infallible. She does not merely embody the Divine, he instructed one follower, but is in reality the Divine appearing to be human.

#### The Ascent to Supermind

Aurobindo had evolved to the final stages of his Sadhana, the physical side of the transformation—the remolding of the body, "even here upon earth" into a fit vehicle of the transformed consciousness—the culminating object of his yoga. Although some have called this "physical immortality," this is a misnomer as its aim is not just to make the body last forever. It is a specific technique, or meditation, whereby the body gradually disintegrates and is substituted with a body of light. When this transformation is complete, one can either exit from this world or stay here at conscious will. The *Record of Yoga* contains many references to his development of these powers, noting experiences of parts of his body renewing as quite young and full of perfected beauty, although he was unable to secure this as a fundamental change in the material consciousness.

#### Break with Isolation

Then, on November 23, 1938, Aurobindo fell and fractured his right femur above the knee, requiring that he allow in a doctor. This accident brought about a change in his complete retirement, and rendered him available to those who had to attend on him, so that daily conversations, and eventually evening talks ensued. This opened a period of 12 years during which his retirement was modified owing to circumstances, inner and outer, that made it possible for him to have direct physical contact with the world outside. He began to revise the major *Arya* series for publication as books, giving priority to *The Life Divine*.

As the Second World War took hold, Aurobindo wrote that he began to



*The Mother at her desk*



*Sri Aurobindo shortly before his death*

act against the German war machine. Outwardly he expressed his support of the Allies in the war, recognizing this as necessary for the future independence of India, and publishing his views on political events, and actively intervening, whenever necessary, but solely with a spiritual force and silent spiritual action, acting from behind and from above. This opened the door to appeals that he reenter politics and a public life, prompting him to reassert his rule and spiritual aim. Both Sri Aurobindo and the Mother used the astral Forces to support the Allies and to subdue the *asura* (astral demon) working to prevent the advent of world unity through its guidance and active contact with Hitler.

In 1948 and 1950 Aurobindo was awarded two prestigious Indian awards for his contributions to peace and culture. He was also considered as a possible candidate for the 1950 Nobel Prize for literature.

Toward the end of that year, complications set in on his condition of hyperplasia of the prostate, but Aurobindo refused any major treatment, or even to use his therapeutic power on himself. He fell into a strange sort of

coma, from which he seemed to be able to emerge at will. At the end he awakened, kissed those faithful companions of his last years, and then just after midnight on December 5, 1950, left the vital earthly plane. For five days there was a remarkable preservation and luminosity of the body, surrounded by a tangible aura of light. One of his disciples quoted the Mother as having "told us that he has simply gone into a long Samadhi. He is not dead; it is part of his project to find immortality. He has found all, but just for the last, missing link he has to go into deep Samadhi, to dive deep into the ocean." On December 9th Sri Aurobindo's body was interred in Samadhi in the inner courtyard of the ashram.

Shortly before his death he announced that the Supermind would be manifest on the mental and physical plane through the Mother. The Mother later said she received a transmission of divine grace from her guru, "As soon as Sri Aurobindo withdrew from his body, what he had called the Mind of Light got realized in me," and then, on February 29, 1956, the Mother announced that the Supermind had indeed descended through her.

#### **Sweet Mother Mirra**

On the morning of December 10th it was announced that the Mother would carry on at the ashram, and soon she held an inaugural gathering to announce that "Sri Aurobindo is present in our midst, and with all the power of his creative genius he presides over the formation of the International University Centre, which for years he considered as one of the best means of preparing the future humanity to receive the supramental light that will transform the elite of today into a new race manifesting upon earth the new light and force and life." The Mother maintained that now he possessed more power for action than when in his body, and this was the reason he had left; so that his action could become very concrete—not at all mental, and not ethereal either. "One could almost say that it is material."

Stating that her work was now completely directed by the Divine Will, she experienced "Sri Aurobindo, whom I know and with whom I lived physically for 30 years . . . has not left me, not for a moment—for He is still with me, day and night, thinking through my brain, writing through my pen,

speaking through my mouth and acting through my organizing power." In 1959 Mother saw him in the subtle physical plane for the first time, and from then onwards she regularly met Sri Aurobindo in the subtle physical.

Elevated to the highest level of manifest consciousness, the sadhaks and devotees addressed her as "Sweet Mother," and, as one writes, "If Sri Aurobindo is an ocean of peace, Mother is an eternal spring of sweetness. She loves to call Herself a Force in action endeavoring to evolve the next species." Although outwardly things hardly changed for the disciples, with the descent of the supramental, the Mother affirmed, "The manifestation of the supramental upon earth is a living fact, a reality, and one day will come when the most blind, the most unconscious, even the most unwilling shall be obliged to recognize it."

#### Toward the City of Dawn

The Sri Aurobindo Ashram continued to grow under the Mother's supervision to 1,200 members living in over 400 buildings throughout Pondicherry. Following the teachings of the way of Integral Yoga, meditation is included, however every member is expected to do some work in the ashram as a part of spiritual preparation. The ashram "has nothing to do with asceticism or retreat from the world, and members of the Ashram are not sannasins; for it is not *moksha* (liberation) that is the sole aim of the yoga here." The primary purpose of the work is not to satisfy any practical or economic need, but to provide a field for their spiritual growth. "To work for the Divine is to pray with the body," expressed the Mother. "It is not what you do that matters, but the way you do it and the consciousness you put into it. Remember the Divine unceasingly, and all that you do will express the Divine Presence."

As the University Centre of Education located within the ashram continued to grow into one of the largest schools of its kind in India, the Mother also inaugurated several new industries in the region, including a sugar mill and a stainless steel factory. In 1960 she launched the Sri Aurobindo Society (SAS), dedicated to bringing the teachings of Sri Aurobindo throughout the world toward the advent of a new world of human unity, at its peak maintaining 350 centres and 75 branches in

India and internationally.

Shortly before Sri Aurobindo's Samadhi, the Mother envisaged the foundation of an ideal city for all those who wanted to develop their consciousness towards a collective realization of the immortal Being, living in peace and unity, in alignment with Aurobindo's teaching in his *Human Cycle*. In 1968 she began work on Auroville—the City of Dawn—an international township project near Pondicherry, foreseen as home to more than 50,000 devoted servants of the divine consciousness, run without a hierarchical order but by an assembly of every adult resident from over 30 different nationalities, languages and cultures, applying Aurobindo's vision of spiritual discipline and selfless action as the basis for participation. The actual community of 2,200 residents have created a remarkably self-sustaining, ecofriendly biosystem on barren land, welcoming thousands of visitors annually for minimum one-week guest stays for seminars, yoga workshops, work exchange programs, and to tour outside the central building, the Matrimandir, "the soul of Auroville." However successful the achievements of the community may be, the dream of the future birth of a new species imbued by Superconscious immortal beings appears either concealed or nonexistent.

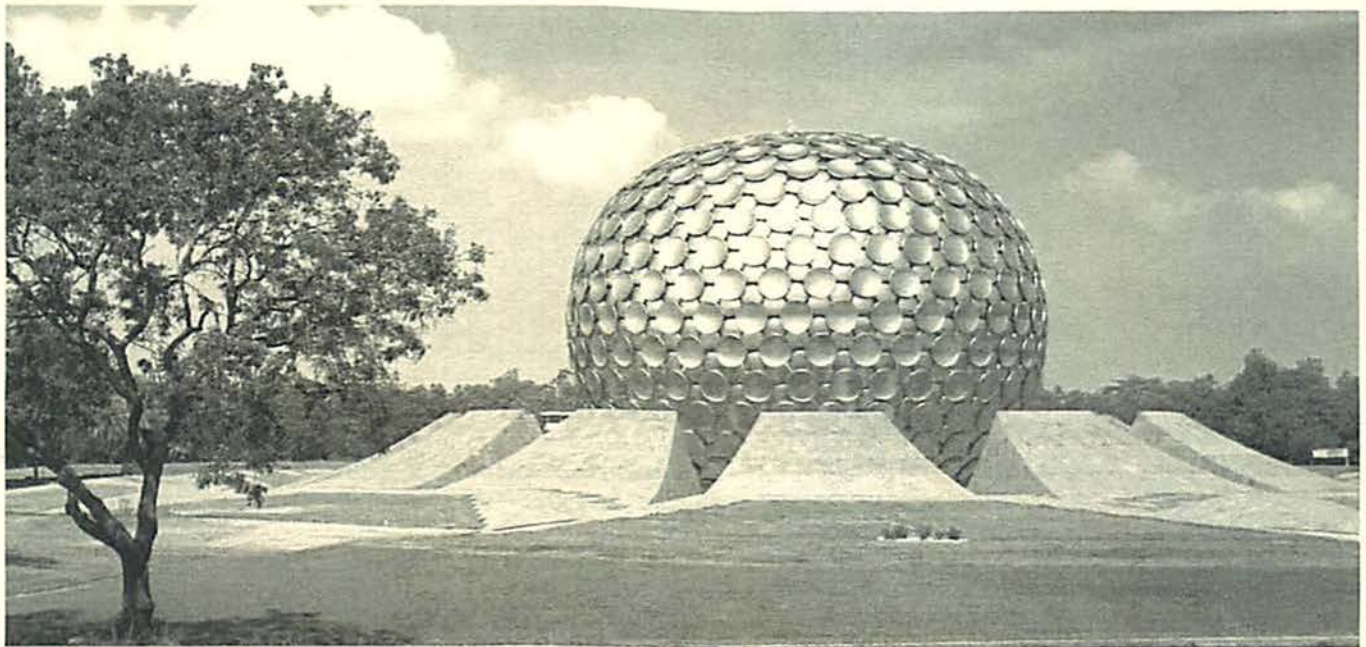
The Mother stayed in Pondicherry until her death on November 17, 1973, permanently retiring to her room in 1960, living mostly in seclusion much as Sri Aurobindo had lived in his lifetime, while continuing to guide the development and activities for both the Ashram and Auroville through select devotees. Her significant contribution to record her own explorations into the supramentalisation of the physical body were published in 1979 as *Mother's Agenda*, a massive 13-volume, 6,000-page journal of conversations with the Mother recorded by her devoted disciple Satprem over a period of 19 years. Yet the authenticity of these reports have been disputed as distorted by many of the Mother's followers, and Satprem—a "volatile and provocative voice of the Aurovillians"—was expelled from the ashram for "anti-Ashram activities" in December 1977 for attempting to publish *L'Agenda*, amid allegations of an assassination attempt against him. He eventually published the volumes through his own independent institute.

#### Trouble in Paradise

Without a clearly designated successor for either community, leadership and management of the ashram and Auroville soon led to vicious clashes, power struggles, and legal battles. The SAS had been the de facto manager of the Auroville project since its founding, and in the years immediately following the Mother's Samadhi, an accounting audit of the SAS's books found serious misuse of funds intended for Auroville. The Aurovillians petitioned the central government of India to intervene, and as lawsuits and injunctions flared, tensions between the SAS and the residents of Auroville accelerated, with a sectarian movement within the SAS provoking threats of deportation and instances of violence against residents. One member of Auroville observed, "We were at this point a community under siege, growing more and more paranoid and stressed under the intensifying madness."

In 1980, under increasing pressure from both parties, the government decided to take temporary control of Auroville's affairs, removing the SAS from its authority over the community. The SAS filed suit on the contention that the SAS and its project, Auroville, were religious institutions, and as such not subject to the court's decision, and so the case was elevated to the Supreme Court and a heated debate over the definition of religion ensued. Although the Mother and the SAS itself had clearly presented to the world that membership in any of its projects was not based on religion, now "the SAS's lawyers argued that when Sri Aurobindo and the Mother spoke against religion, they were referring to the lower form of 'religiosity' and not to 'true religion.'" After a lengthy consideration of the meaning of "religion" and an examination of the teachings of Sri Aurobindo, in 1982 the court found that "neither the Society nor Auroville constitute a religious denomination and the teachings of Sri Aurobindo only represented his philosophy and not a religion." This required the SAS to sever its connection with Auroville, and made the secular central government "the owner of all property and assets related to Auroville," not what the residents of Auroville had hoped for when they originally petitioned for help in freeing themselves from the SAS.

What, then, is Aurobindo's legacy, the culmination and dissemination of decades devoted to his supreme intentional aim to manifest the Divine



The Matrimandir—The Temple of the Mother—is a meditation center in Auroville, a township founded in 1968 by the Mother.

Supermind down into the consciousness of the Earth? According to his own records, this aim flourished through his union with the Mother's force of *shakti*, and this was later imbued through *Shaktipat*, or transference of spiritual energy to her being, and her continuing efforts towards the realization of a spiritualized, idealized life and community on Earth. Clearly his monumental written works have inspired multitudes of seekers in both the East and the West. Although he wrote, "Our goal is not to found a religion or a school of philosophy or a school of yoga, but to create a ground and a way which will bring down a greater truth beyond the mind but not inaccessible to the human soul and consciousness," on the surface his methods and aim appear to have been reduced to the exclusivity, egoism, misunderstandings and dogmatism of all human religions and philosophies. As Aurobindo observed, "Life is too full of infinite potentialities to be tyrannized over by the ordinary intellect of man. . . . This is the cause why all human systems have failed in the end; for they have never been anything but a partial and confused application of reason to life," and accordingly do not understand the true nature of the Divine Becoming.

Only the illimitable Permanent  
Is here. A Peace stupendous,  
featureless, still.  
Replaces all,—what once was I, in It  
A silent unnamed emptiness content

Either to fade in the Unknowable  
Or thrill with the luminous  
seas of the Infinite. ✍

—Jean Lauderdale

#### Notes

1. *Many saw an oceanic flood of Light.* Heehs, *Lives of Sri Aurobindo* (New York: Columbia University Press, 2008), 344–45.
2. *It was the descent of Krishna.* A. B. Purani, *The Life of Sri Aurobindo* (Twin Lakes, WI: Lotus Press, 2006), 217.
3. *The concept of the Mother.* Sri Aurobindo, *The Mother* (Pondicherry: Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust, 1994), 27–28.
4. *The Mother's consciousness and mine.* Sri Aurobindo, *On Himself* (Pondicherry: Sri Aurobindo Ashram, 1972), 455.
5. *The Mother is the Divine Mother.* *On Himself*, 461.
6. *There is one divine Force which acts.* *The Mother*, 49–50.
7. *Then, on November 23, 1938.* A. B. Purani, *Evening Talks with Sri Aurobindo* (Pondicherry: Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust, 1959), Introduction.
8. *Shortly before his death he announced.* Robert McDermott, *The Essential Aurobindo* (Great Barrington, MA: Lindisfarne Books, 2001), 48.
9. *Only the illimitable Permanent.* Sri Aurobindo, *Nirvana, Collected Poems and Plays*, vol. 2 (Pondicherry: Sri Aurobindo Ashram, 1972), 298.
10. *Sri Aurobindo is present in our midst.* The Mother, *The Mother's Collected Works*, vol. 12—*On Education* (Pondicherry: Sri Aurobindo Ashram, 1978), 112.
11. *One could almost say that it is material.* *Mother India*, the Ashram journal (Pondicherry: Sri Aurobindo Ashram, December 1973).
12. *The manifestation of the supramental.* The Mother, *The Mother's Collected Works*, vol. 15—*Words of the Mother* (Pondicherry: Sri Aurobindo Ashram, 1978), 198.
13. *The SAS had been the de facto manager.* Peter Heehs, "Not a Question of Theology? Religions, Religious Institutions, and the Courts in India" (Conference paper presented at *Fundamentalism and the Future*, held on 9/11 and 9/12/2009 at the California Institute of Integral Studies, San Francisco).
14. *Yet the authenticity of her reports.* Robert N. Minor, *The Religious, the Spiritual, and the Secular: Auroville and Secular India* (State University of New York Press, Albany, 1999), 177.
15. *Without a clearly designated successor.* Minor, 156.
16. *Life is too full of infinite potentialities.* Aurobindo, *The Human Cycle: The Ideal of Human Unity, War and Self-Determination*, vol. 25, *The Complete Works of Sri Aurobindo* (Pondicherry: Sri Aurobindo Ashram Trust, 1997), 108.



Enrico, daughter Gloria & Dorothy sailing to Naples three months before he died on August 3, 1921

had almost forgotten the way I had felt. Yet the impression that something had happened to me that night remained as strong as ever.

Sometimes Margaret read aloud fragments from her notes—conversations in Paris between Gurdjieff and his pupils, or brief formulations of his teaching. But I understood little.

One night four of Gurdjieff's pupils came to dinner. I tried to question them.

"What do you mean by his 'work'?" I asked. "What work do you do?"

One said, "It's always a three-fold work. When he had his school in Fontainebleau pupils helped in the translation of his book, worked in the vegetable gardens, cooked . . . all studied." Another said, "Nearly everyone took part in the sacred dances he taught—he composes the music for them on a small accordion-piano. They are based on the sacred temple dances he had seen in Tibet." Another said, "The important thing is 'inner work.' You do that all the time."

"What is inner work?" I asked.

"Work on yourself."

"How?"

"There are many ways—it is very difficult. That is the real work."

"I don't understand," I said.

"Of course not. You can't understand until you do it."

"Isn't there anything I *can* do?"

"Not until you see him."

"You have told me about a book he has written. You say you listen to it read

aloud. Can't I get that book and read it, so that I can be prepared beforehand?"

"No. It isn't published. It is a manuscript—typed copies of certain chapters are read aloud."

"May I borrow yours?"

"We aren't supposed to lend them."

"Why not?"

"Because you wouldn't be able to understand."

"How will I ever understand then?"

"When you go to him you will see. Everything he says, every word he utters, is teaching. Gradually you come to understand."

"And if you don't understand," I said, "can't you ask him to explain?"

"He rarely explains. He wants you to make great efforts to understand, from the hints he gives you. He purposely makes it hard. In his book he says that the key is always hidden far from the lock."

\* \* \*

So I continued to think and ponder, as I listened to talk and terminology that were beyond me. I tried to find a similarity between my convent life and the Gurdjieff way. I could find none. I tried to compare the teaching of Mother Sands in Christian Doctrine with the teaching of Gurdjieff as his pupils described it. I could not connect them.

All my efforts toward understanding led only to confusion of mind and, in the end, to despair.

Despair . . . but never doubt. It was my fault, I was sure, because of my ignorance. I was ignorant of the simplest esoteric terms. I had read no mystic literature—I didn't know the *Bhagavad-Gita* or the *Upanishads*, not one of the great books except the New Testament. That I knew by heart—I had read it all my life.

Long ago in father's library I had discovered that religious discussion led only to conflict. Was Gurdjieff's teaching a religion? I didn't think so. It appeared to me to be the essence of all religions, with something added—if I could only find out what . . . Sometimes during these months I wept in the night. Once having heard of Gurdjieff, I couldn't

go backward; but I couldn't go forward without meeting and talking with him. And yet what could I say to him when we did meet? What question could I ask that would be worthy of his answer? What was it that I wanted him to tell me, what was it that I wanted to know?

I knew only that whatever I said, or however I said it, he would understand what I meant. On this I based all my belief, and it was enough.

While this struggle went on within, another took place without. It had to do with the book I was trying to write about Enrico.

My first conception remained clear, but I couldn't carry it out. I had lost confidence in myself, realizing now how little I knew about literature. And from Margaret I had heard about the craft of writing in a way that father, with all his erudition, had never spoken of.

I learned of the work that goes into the making of a book—the search for words, the measuring, weighing, selecting, rejecting of material, and the tremendous effort always to keep a balance of emotions: to know how and when to use evocation, description, dialogue or straight narrative; and how, in no matter which idiom, never to let the spark of vitality die. "You must make every word count," Margaret said, "but first of all you must find your form—the form that will be you and no one else."

There were too many rules to remember. I wasn't a writer. I called a professional ghostwriter, and began to tell my story. She wept. When I had finished she said she was incapable of reproducing in a book the emotion I had made her feel.

"You must write it yourself," Margaret said. "No one else can ever do it—not the life you knew; it will always sound second hand."

In the restaurant where we were dining I sank from discouragement to desperation. There was nothing at which I would ever succeed. Neither Gurdjieff's work nor my book. I was too uneducated.

"In all my life I have accomplished only two things. I made Enrico happy and I've brought up my children well. Even that I didn't do myself—he set the example for me."

"Learning from books, or from another person, isn't all there is to education," Margaret said. "You don't know



Margaret Anderson

what you have inside yourself—you've never tried to bring it out."

"How can I 'bring' a book out of me when I don't know how to begin?"

Margaret looked up at the balcony above the room. "Suppose there was a screen stretched across that balcony. Suppose you were looking at a motion picture of your life with Enrico. Begin anywhere and tell what you see."

The next morning I began to write. I did not remember—I saw. And as I wrote even the picture that I was seeing vanished. All my other senses became involved; I smelled the hot Italian air; I heard Enrico speak again, and sing. My hand moving across the paper, writing words, was actually resting on his shoulder as I stood behind him while he made up in his dressing room, each smiling in the mirror at the reflection of the other.

As if propelled by powers beyond my own, I finished the first draft of my book in six weeks. Three months later, after I had edited and revised it, the manuscript was ready for publication. When I read it over for the last time, before sending it off, I knew that the tragic end of the story I had told was not its ending.

\* \* \*

March 26, 1945. I had waited long for this day. At eight o'clock in the evening Gloria's son was born, and she named him Eric.

Neither his resemblance to Gloria, nor his relationship to me, stirred me as deeply as the knowledge that within his bloodstream, bones and brain moved the same forces that had formed Enrico Caruso.

Before she fell asleep Gloria looked at me with grave eyes. "I must remember what Mr. Gurdjieff teaches," she said. "I must take good care of his little psyche."

\* \* \*

June, 1945. It was our last evening in the rose-stone house.

The drawing room was still filled with the spring flowers of Jackie's wedding, three days before, and the garden where we sat still hung with lively paper lanterns.

"What made the feeling in this house different from that of all the other houses we've lived in?" I asked Jackie.

"Creation," she said. "All the time something was being created. The excitement that comes from creation made the house a breathless place, charged and yet quiet. I felt it going on around me all the time. During the day there were no discussions except of the books you and Margaret were writing. No general conversation broke your book lives—Margaret used to say 'Keep it for dinner,' and this made dinner and our evenings thrilling. Everyone talked from the inside of herself and everything had an equal intensity and one felt vivid and safe and quiet all at the same time. And because no one ever forgot the subject of a conversation, we could always say 'I've thought some more about that' and go on without having to repeat or remind anyone what we had said before. We lived in a continuity of thought.

"Do you remember the night Ben Hecht came, after he had read the galley proofs of your book? He talked about writing with you and Margaret, and that talk snapped and sparkled as if it were made of electricity.

"But all our evenings were exciting. They were a ritual—they had form and reason. And the chess games in the library under the red lamp—the exhilaration of those games took the place of the nursery rhymes you used to read to us when we were little—they gave me the same sense of security. The repetition was important, night after night, to balance the new thoughts of each day. . . . If Gloria and I stayed out of the house for a single day we felt we had been on a long journey to some place where nothing was happening."

"I wonder why we have been so blessed," I said.

"I know that it started on the boat when Margaret first told you about Gurdjieff. Everything happened after that. I don't know why—I only know it's true," Jackie said.

#### Snapshot, 1946

The war ended. One of Gurdjieff's pupils who had managed to get to France brought back the first authentic news of him since 1940.

He had remained in his flat in Paris, always teaching. He had ignored the Germans and they had not molested him.

"How did he get enough to eat?" I asked. "There was scarcely any food in France when we left."

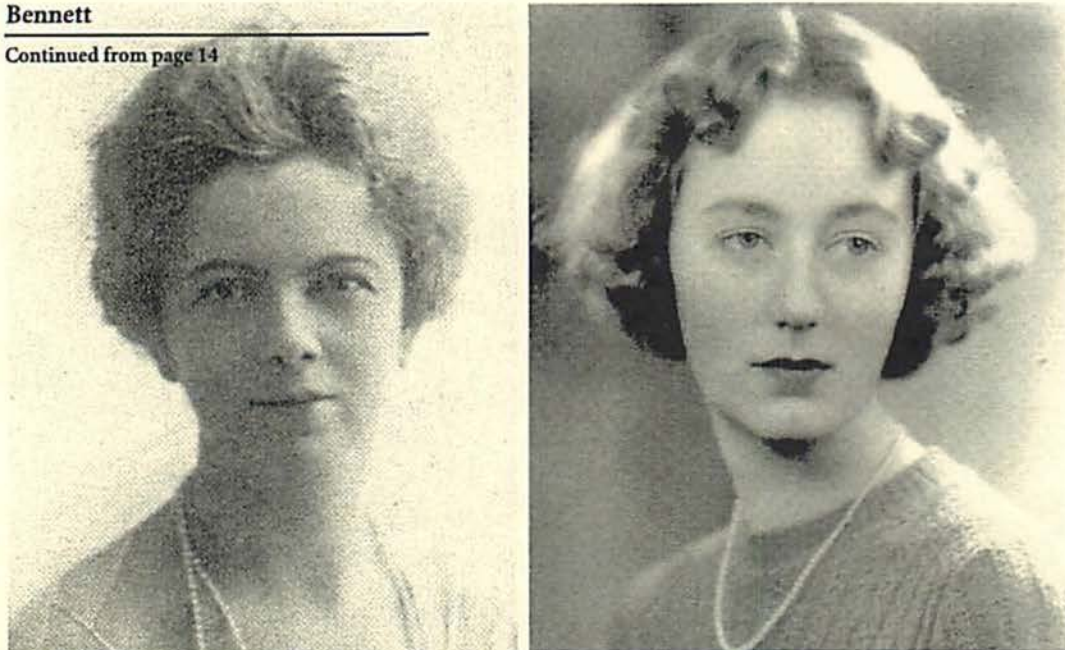
"He always had food, he told me, and enough to help other people too. Where he found it no one knew. And when I asked him he only said, 'They knew me. I had no money but they trusted me.'"

There were other guests for lunch the day she saw him—an old Russian, a French couple and a young boy with his sister. "No one talked," she said, "and after lunch he invited me into his little storeroom for coffee. I sat opposite him, as in the old days, while he poured the coffee into tiny cups, out of a battered thermos bottle—'the same,' he said as he put it down. I suddenly felt as if nothing had changed anywhere, in spite of six years of war."

To be continued



Mr. Gurdjieff at table



Left, Winifred (Polly) Bennett, J. G. Bennett's wife, pictured here as a younger woman (she was 20 years older than Bennett) accompanied him to Paris when he returned to Gurdjieff. Right, Elizabeth Mayall, one of Bennett's students, whom he later married, was also in Paris and, along with Bennett, published a version of her diaries, *Idiots in Paris*.

When he meets Gurdjieff again, he is treated "as if I were an outcast." Gurdjieff complains that he had not been able to eat on the drive back from Lascaux for lack of company.

"But you sent me away," says Bennett.

"But you tell me you have to go fetch wife—" says Gurdjieff, "but she here all the time. You are not honest. Your manifestations are disgusting."

September 4, 1948. Paris. Bennett goes to Gurdjieff's café in the rue des Acacias. Gurdjieff is there but he ignores him. He responds only after much time and much prodding and only after Bennett tells him, "I cannot thank you for what you have done for me. That I can never repay."

Gurdjieff says nothing for a long time. People come and go. Finally he turns towards Bennett and says slowly:

"What you say about never repay—this is stupidity. Only you can repay. Only you can repay for all my labours. What you think is money? I can buy all your England. Only you can repay me by work. But what you do? Before trip I give you task. Do you fulfil? No; you do just the opposite. Never once I see you struggle with yourself. All the time you are occupied with your cheap animal."

Later, at lunch Gurdjieff speaks of conscience, saying that "When conscience and consciousness are together, then you will not make such mistakes."

Bennett drives Madame de Salzmann home after lunch and tells her of his sense of having failed Gurdjieff.

"The work changes," she says. "Up to one point, one gets fairly clear guidance. Then comes a time when it is made so confusing that you can easily do exactly the wrong thing in the conviction that it is right."

October 30, 1948. France. Gurdjieff is to sail for America with Madame de Salzmann and Lord Pentland. On the boat train there is a large luncheon. Bennett is the director of the toasts. He breaks the ritual by proposing a toast to Mr. Gurdjieff's health.

"No," says Gurdjieff, "I will propose myself health of English. Thanks to the English I sail to New York free from all debts. Pure *comme bébé*."

His parting message to everyone is: "Before I return I hope with all my being that everyone here will have learned the difference between sensation and feeling."

November 18, 1948. South Africa. Cecil Lewis receives another letter from Bennett:

The truth is that everything is so exciting here [London] at the moment that hardly anyone can bear the thought of being separated from it. At the same time if and when disaster strikes, the very people who are reluctant to do anything to share in building up a home for us to go to, will be only too

ready and anxious to take advantage of what has been done. . . . I am equally certain that within two or three years we shall enter that period of acute nervous tension which Gurdjieff called Solioonensius. Such periods induce intense incentive to work in those who are capable of it, but they engender madness in those who have lost touch with the real aim of life. Whenever the process of Solioonensius occurs on earth, a state of tension is created in which it is impossible for people to exist quietly like cows. They have either to work on themselves or they begin "to

destroy everything within sight." As I understand it, the next Solioonensius will be the most intense of all. As an outcome, either mankind will change to a different mode of existence or there will occur the most terrible process of mutual destruction. . . . So our decision to seek a place in SA remains just as valid as it was three years ago.

Winter 1948–1949. New York. Gurdjieff stays at the Wellington Hotel in Manhattan. He visits Madame Ouspensky at Franklin Farms. He wants to begin to consolidate the groups, putting the "Ouspensky people" in contact with the dozen or so "Gurdjieff people," most of whom, like Peggy Flinsch and Dr. William Welch and his wife Louise, come from the original Orage groups. As a result, some of the Ouspensky group begin to visit Gurdjieff regularly at his hotel. Among them are Lord and Lady Pentland, Christopher Fremantle and his wife Anne, and Tom Forman. Gurdjieff throws food at a young man with a look on his face. It is Paul Beekman Taylor, son of Edith, his former student and mistress. After every luncheon there are the toasts. Bennett has arrived from England.

Says Louise Goepfert: "Bennett returned to Gurdjieff's table and pronounced himself Mr. Gurdjieff's oldest pupil. When Bennett was put into the Round Idiot category, the same as me, it sat badly with me." Gurdjieff said of the

Round Idiots—"those that never stop, but day-night-year-round continue."

January 13, 1949. New York. "It was in the year 223 after the creation of the World by objective time-calculation, or, as it would be said here on the "Earth," in the year 1921 after the birth of Christ." In the original manuscript the quote was in italics. The date and location in a different font.

Twenty-five years after having first dictated these lines, Gurdjieff decides to publish the first series of *All and Everything—Beelzebub's Tales to His Grandson*.

In the morning at Child's Cafe on Fifth Avenue, Gurdjieff's "New York Office," he tells Bennett to write a circular letter to all his students telling of his decision to publish the first series of *All and Everything*.

Says Bennett: "I asked for a sheet of paper, and wrote without knowing how or what I should write. . . . The manner of writing was completely foreign to me. I had used the word 'adept' instead of pupil. This both surprised and annoyed me, as the word 'adept' grated harshly on my ear as savoring too much of occultism."

At lunch that day, Gurdjieff's rooms at the Hotel Wellington are jammed wall to wall with his students, overcoats piled four feet deep the length of the foyer. Early arrivals are seated cross-legged on the floor around the sofa, everyone else standing, Gurdjieff sits on the sofa with one leg characteristically tucked under him, parting his moustaches with the thumb and index finger of his hand. Finally, he takes a letter from his pocket and hands it to Bennett, sitting near him.

"Read, read—is for everybody," Gurdjieff says in a low voice. He listens as if weighing each word.

Bennett, who says Gurdjieff handed him the letter as if he had never seen it before, reads: "This circular is addressed to all my present and former adepts and to all who have been directly or indirectly influenced by my ideas and have sensed and understood that they contain something which is necessary for the food of humanity. After 50 years of preparation and having overcome the greatest difficulties and obstacles, I have decided to publish . . ."

Following the reading, Gurdjieff says three representatives are needed, for France, England and America. For America he appoints Lord John Pentland; for France, René Zuber; and for

England, J. G. Bennett.

In the afternoon there is a children's party at Gurdjieff's hotel room. At the party's end everyone leaves, Bennett finds himself alone with Gurdjieff. Gurdjieff is at the end of a long drawing room seated on a low couch. Bennett goes up and kneels beside him, thanking Gurdjieff for all that he has done for him.

Says Gurdjieff, "What I have done up to now for you is nothing. Soon I return to Europe. You come to me, and I will show you how to work. If you do what I tell, I will show you how to become immortal. Now you have nothing, but if you will work you can soon have soul."

August 1949. 6 rue des Colonels Rénard. While reading aloud at the evening meal, Bennett suddenly has the experience of leaving his body. "I found myself several feet away from my body," he says. "My voice was still speaking, but it was not 'my' voice any more, but a stranger's. . . . The sense of separation from the body persisted for several hours, although I remained inside it."

One mealtime Gurdjieff speaks to Bennett in a low voice on the Last Supper and the role of Judas. He tells Bennett that Judas was Jesus' best and closest friend and that he alone understood why Jesus was on the planet. By his selfless action Judas had saved the work of Jesus from being destroyed.

Then Gurdjieff asks, "You know what I say of Judas and how differently the church teaches. Which do you believe is true?"

To Bennett it seems that somehow the crowded dining room and time disappear and he finds himself back in the Jerusalem of 33 CE. He becomes aware of the good and evil forces at war and sees that Judas was unmistakably on the good side.

"You are right," Bennett answers. "Judas was the friend of Jesus, and he was on the side of good."

In a voice so low as to be almost inaudible Gurdjieff says: "I am pleased what you understand."

Several other times during the coming days Gurdjieff tells Bennett that his relationship with him is the same as that between Judas and Jesus.

Bennett says once he and Lord Pentland were sitting next to one another and Gurdjieff says: "Mr. Bennett is like Judas; he is responsible that my work is not destroyed. You," he says to Lord Pentland, "are like Paul; you must

spread my ideas."

During these last days, Bennett says, Gurdjieff "never spoke of death, but of going far away."

October 1949. London. Bennett gives a series of lectures in London called, "Gurdjieff: The Making of a New World."

October 20, 1949. New York. Ouspensky's *In Search of the Miraculous* is published. It would be published a year later in England.

October 22, 1949. Paris. Bennett finds Gurdjieff at his café in the rue des Acacias. He is dressed in his coat with the astrakhan collar, sheepskin boots, a brown and red woolen scarf folded over his chest and his black astrakhan cap. His appearance—that of a sick old man—is shocking. He looks ill, his face very dark, the eyes sunken with black rings around them. Gurdjieff speaks of the future.

"The next five years," he says, "will decide. It is the beginning of a new world. Either the old world will make me 'Tchik' [squash me like a louse], or I will make the old world 'Tchik.' Then the new world can begin."

—From *Struggle of The Magicians*

#### Notes

1. *Christopher Fremantle*. He later plays a significant role in helping to establish the Work in Mexico and later assists Lord Pentland, who became president of the Gurdjieff Foundation of New York. See his book *On Attention* (Indications Press, 1993). See *Eating The "I"* for his last public talk.
2. *Paul Beekman Taylor*. His sister Eve "Petey" Taylor is Gurdjieff's daughter. Taylor is raised by Jean Toomer. As the identity of the father is not known, it could be Toomer. He later comes to Paris and is among those taking car trips with Gurdjieff. At one point, Gurdjieff tells him, "You will tell stories about me." And Taylor certainly does so in a number of books. Interestingly, Taylor never joined a group or studied with anyone but through the force of personality was able to have himself appointed as president of the annual All & Everything Conference, a group of rogue and faux students, among whose members were James Moore and Nicolas Tereshchenko, both summarily cashiered from the Work by Michel de Salzmann.

## Challenges

Continued from page 6

Jobs was asked if Apple's overseas jobs couldn't come back to America. "Those jobs," he retorted unambiguously, "aren't coming back!" What American company could satisfy the ever mercurial Jobs who just weeks before the iPhone was to be released insisted that its plastic screen be replaced by an unscratchable glass screen. Within 96 hours China's Foxconn Technologies had its assembly line overhauled and the contractor's 8,000 workers, all of whom live in dormitories on site, given a biscuit and a cup of tea and put on 12-hour shifts fitting the glass screens into beveled frames. Each day 10,000 new iPhones came off the assembly line. The plant is just one of those operating in what is informally known as "Foxconn City." The "city" has 230,000 workers, many of whom work six days a week, 12 hours a day, earning less than \$17 a day, and living in company barracks.

Foxconn Technologies has dozens of facilities in Asia, Europe, Mexico and Brazil and assembles an estimated 40 percent of the world's consumer electronics for companies like Amazon, Dell, Motorola, Hewlett-Packard, Nokia, Samsung, Sony and Nintendo. And Foxconn isn't standing still. The 10,000 robots it currently uses will increase to 300,000 by the end of 2012 and more than one million on line by 2015 says Terry Gou, its founder and chairman. The robots will be used for the most basic tasks in assembly technology such as spraying, welding or assembly. This robotization in its assembly line will allow the Chinese giant to even further reduce production costs and improve efficiency.

### Capitalism Becomes Corporatocracy

It has long been an implicit belief that there was a correlation between

democracy and economic growth, but that is now in question given that China and Vietnam are among the world's most dynamically growing economies. The globalization that Technology has produced has so reoriented thinking

that as Klaus Schwab, executive chairman of the World Economic Forum, says "Capitalism, in its current form, no longer fits the world around us." What does fit remains to be seen, but even this most sacred of Western cows may be approaching a refocusing if the disease of technological unemployment isn't cured within a few decades or less.

Meanwhile, the dog-eat-dog mindset of American corporatocracy where world domination and profit are king and people are seen as resources, "human resources," is automating everything that can be automated. For the jobs remaining companies are increasingly resorting to resumé-filtering software that screens applicants. Interviews are then conducted by an automated system and applicants passing this first stage receive an emailed assessment test with more questions. Two of the companies using this approach are Starbucks, which attracted 7.6 million job applicants last year for about 65,000 corporate and retail job openings, and Proctor & Gamble which got nearly a million applications for 2,000 new or vacant positions.



Willow Garage's PR2 robot fetches beer for its programmers.

And, of course, the growing curse of ageism is now infecting and distorting the whole society. Web-based companies like Google and Facebook, for example, search the world to hire new talent that are "passionate and have a desire to change the world," while older, educated tech workers find their skills are no longer valued. Kid nerds don't want to play with older nerds. Brian Reid, 52-year-old Google manager, was told he was a "poor cultural fit," an "old guy," and a "fuddy-duddy" whose ideas were "too old to matter." And nine days before the company announced plans to go public, he was fired, causing him to lose \$45 million in unvested stock options. Reid sued. Google denied. The case was resolved out of court. "Especially in social media, cloud computing and mobile apps, if you're over 40 you're perceived to be over the hill," said Kris Stadleman, whose survey of human resource directors at Bay Area tech companies showed they screened applicants out once they reached 40. And this mindset has gone countrywide.

Where is Technology taking us? MIT's Erik Brynjolfsson, an economist, and Andrew McAfee, a computer scientist, believe that because the industrial revolutions that steam and electricity brought were integrated for the betterment of mankind the same will be true of digitization. In their book *Race Against the Machine*, they say "the key to winning the race is not to compete *against* machines but to compete *with* machines. Humans working together with machines will create a new world of benefits. The twists and disruptions will not always be easy to navigate, but we are confident that most of the changes to come will be beneficial

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### Robotics Timeline

- 2013-14 Agricultural robots
- 2013-17 Robots that care for the elderly
- 2015 One third of U.S. fighting strength will be composed of robots
- 2017 Medical robots performing low-invasive surgery
- 2017-19 Household robots with full use
- 2019-21 Nanorobots
- 2021-22 Transhumanism
- 2035 First completely autonomous robot soldiers in operation
- 2038 First completely autonomous robot flying car in operation

# KULTUR

*Demon Removal.* Fortune telling, No. 165 in New York's penal code, draws 90 days in jail or a \$500 fine, yet tellers abound. One, Sonia Spiro, pleaded guilty to taking some \$40K from a woman who wanted demons removed. If the teller says it's just "entertainment or amusement," according to the code, it's okay. That's Jesse Bravo's defense, his day job working in investment banking. He charges \$500 an hour for giving, in addition to demon removal, talks with those who have "passed over," like matchmaking tips from dead grandmothers. . . . *Female Pastors Rising & Not.* By 2009, 28 percent of senior pastors in mainline churches were female, but preference for, or firm requirement for, male pastors persists among conservative churches, mainly evangelical, with fewer than 2 percent of senior positions held by women. Single pastors remain uncommon, especially among conservative churches, where the figure is one in 20. Among mainline Protestant denominations, roughly one in six senior pastors is single, according to a survey by U.S. Congregations, Louisville, Kentucky. . . . *Walk to Save Memory.* In healthy adults, the hippocampus, part of the brain important to memory formation, begins to atrophy around 55-60 years, says a study in The Proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences. The hippocampus can be modestly expanded by regular walking. "People don't have to join a gym," says lead researcher Kirk Erickson, psychologist at the University of Pittsburgh, "they just need shoes." . . . *Gee! Say It Isn't So.* "The top 1 percent of Americans now take in roughly one-fourth of America's total income every year, according to Nobel prize winning economist Joseph Stiglitz. "In terms of wealth rather than income, the top 1 percent now controls 40 percent of the total. Twenty-five years ago, the corresponding figures were 12 percent and 33 percent." . . . *Failure Protects.* "Currently, about one-fourth of ninth graders fail to graduate high school within four years, says Arne Duncan, Secretary of Education (only Mexico, Spain, Turkey and New Zealand have higher

drop-out rates). Seventy-five percent of young Americans, between the ages of 17 to 24, can't enlist in the military since they lack a high school diploma, have a criminal record or are physically unfit. . . . *What's Up with Moral Values?* Seventy-six percent of Americans say the country's moral values regarding cheating and lying are getting worse. In Atlanta, 178 teachers and principals allegedly changed student test answers to collect bonuses, more than half lied about it. In Pennsylvania 89 schools were suspected of cheating when the percentage of students tested as proficient in reading went from 28.9% in 2008 to 63.8% in 2009. . . . *Go Naked in Public?* Legal in San Francisco but erection not. . . . *The Skin Hears.* People hear with their skin, as well as ears, says a *Nature* article by Bryan Gick, University of British Columbia. A previous 1976 study found people integrated both auditory and visual cues, like mouth and face movements, along with hearing and speech. In Gick's study, cues from sensory receptors on the skin trumped the ears as well. "Our skin," says Gick, "is doing the hearing for us. We are these fantastic perception machines that take in all the information available to use and integrate it seamlessly." . . . *Next Big Market.* As \$2.9 billion lawn and garden sales taper off for Scott Miracle-Gro, CEO Jim Hagedorn says, "I want to target the pot market." With 16 states legalizing medical marijuana, the largest being California, \$1.3 billion, and Colorado, \$244 million, the market will hit \$1.7 billion in sales this year, according to See Change Strategy, an information data services company. Signaling future IPOs, medical marijuana companies are seeking venture capitalist money. However, it's still illegal under federal law, and pot raids which eased off are now increasing as we enter the presidential election circus. . . . *Fat Cats Getting Obese.* Executive pay rose some 300 percent from 1992-2007, according to Standard & Poor's Executive Comp. In this same period the inflation-adjusted real wages of college grads rose 14 percent. Median comp for CEOs at 200 large companies was \$10.8 million last year, a 26 percent increase over 2009. . . . *Let's All Share.* Even technical users find it hard to discover how many third-party companies get your data when you visit a Web page. Chris Soghoian from the Center for Applied

Cybersecurity Research cited the *Wall Street Journal's* site as sharing its Web data with 38 outside companies. . . . *Marriage a No-No.* Since 1970, the number of unmarried couples with children has increased twelvefold, says the National Marriage Project. Those with only a high school diploma are far more likely to cohabit than college grads, only 11 percent of whom divorce within the first 10 years, 37 percent for others. . . . *Your iPhone Knows Where You Are.* All cell phone companies store location information about your cell phone to route information back to you. In the U.S., no one has any information on which companies and government institutions have this data, or how long they keep it. A current House of Representatives bill would require the data be stored for 18 months to help combat child pornography. Or so the sponsors claim. However, MIT Media Lab research shows that with access to recent data, your future activities over the next 12 hours—such as who you'll meet, where you'll be, and what you'll be doing—can be predicted with 80- to 95-percent accuracy. AT&T or the NSA might know what you'll be doing before you do. ✎

## THE Gurdjieff JOURNAL

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## Challenges

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ones, and that we and our world will prosper on the digital frontier." Sounds good, but for the many who have lost their jobs to robots, how do they, the already technologically unemployed, work with robots? If new jobs are not created, then millions upon millions will be walking the streets with no hope for the future.

### Superfluous Workers, Sick & Angry Society

Declares Herbert J. Gans, emeritus professor of sociology at Columbia and author of *Imagining America in 2033*, "If modern capitalism continues to eliminate as many jobs as it creates—or more jobs than it creates—future recoveries will not only add to the amount of surplus labor but will turn a growing proportion of workers into superfluous ones. A society would soon deteriorate into an unbelievably sick and angry country with intense and continuing conflict between the have-jobs and have-nones."

Should workers become more and more superfluous what is left of the American dream would end, and with that what would happen to American institutions and society? Niall Ferguson, author of *Civilization: The West and the Rest*, and whose earlier book, *The Ascent of Money*, published in May 2008, anticipated many aspects of that autumn's fiscal meltdown, believes that the fears that the

West is headed toward a fall like ancient Rome are not altogether fanciful. Considering the role that fiscal crises, wars and political factionalism have played in the toppling of other dominant powers, Ferguson suggests that the collapse of great civilizations tend to come quickly. "Rome imploded within the span of a single generation; the dramatic transition from Confucian equipoise to anarchy in Ming-era China took little more than a decade. Civilizations are highly complex systems made up of a very large number of interacting components that are asymmetrically organized so that their construction more closely resembles a Namibian termite mound than an Egyptian pyramid. Such systems can appear to operate quite stably for some time, apparently in equilibrium but in reality constantly adapting. But there comes a moment when they go critical. A single perturbation can set off a phase transition from a benign equilibrium to a crisis—a single grain of sand causes an apparently stable sandcastle to fall on itself." ✱

—The Editor

Part II will consider the question of human identity in the Technological World-Time.

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An insolent robot in the premiere of R.U.R. at the National Theater in Prague, January 25, 1921. The robots have no soul or emotions, making them cost-effective. They realize their efficiency, revolt, and kill all the humans. But they can't reproduce!



Foxconn's Shenzhen factory workers in China assemble the latest iPhone. "When you have more than 900,000 workers you are going to have people with mental-health problems, from romantic breakup and feeling fraught and overwhelmed, to clinical depression, to some who could be psychotic," said Eric Caine, chair of the department of psychiatry at the University of Rochester.