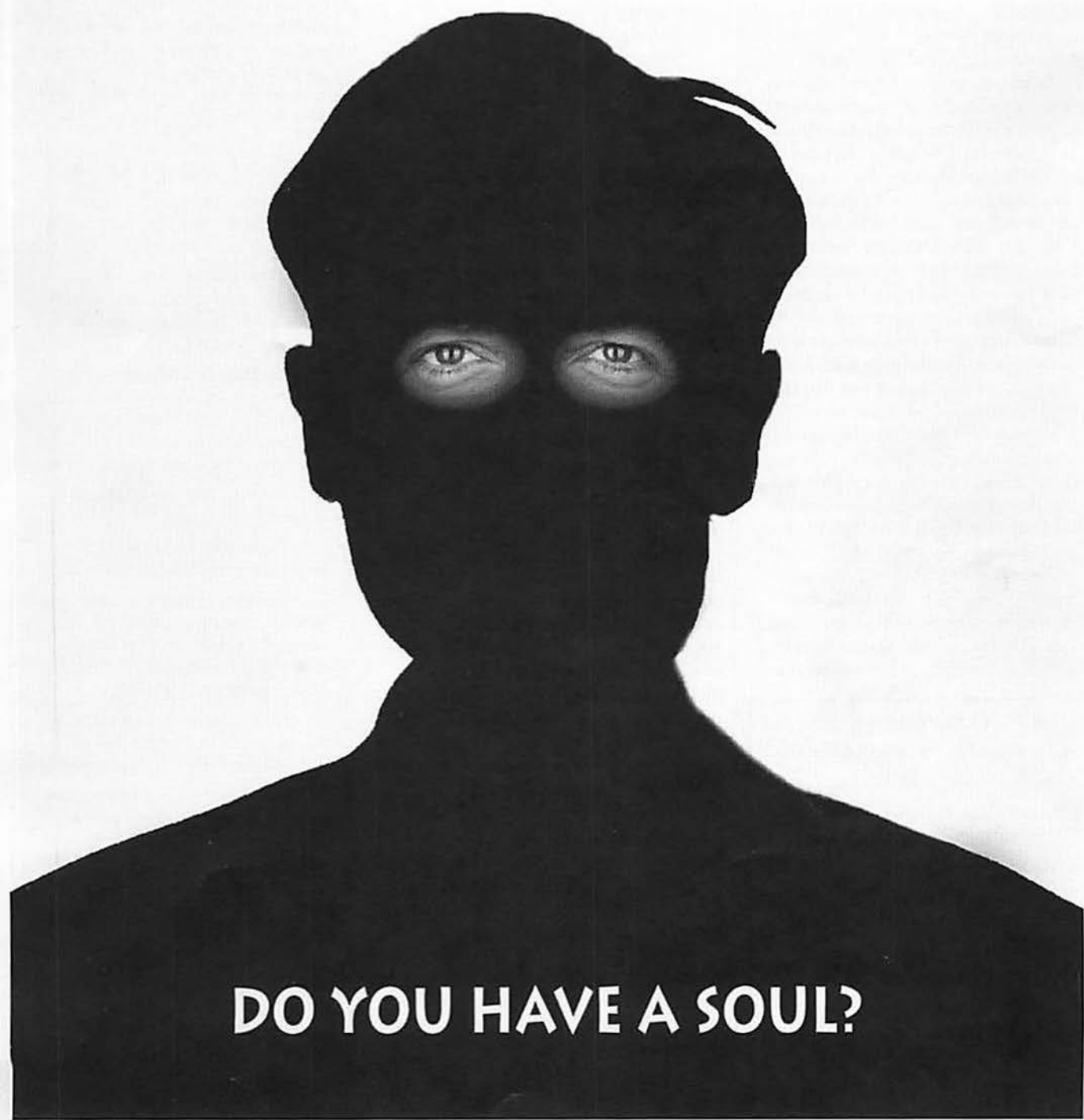


Exploring Gurdjieff's Teaching of The Fourth Way—The Way of Transformation in Ordinary Life \$7.50

Gurdjieff



DO YOU HAVE A SOUL?

Letters to TGJ

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The Gurdjieff Journal Letters,
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Journal@Gurdjieff-Legacy.Org

Ichazo Redux

I very much enjoyed Mr. Myers' article on Ichazo's system and its relation to the Gurdjieff work (TGJ #61) and was pleased I was able to assist in its preparation. I found it well-researched and written, not an easy task with an organization that provided so little honest information about its origins or true goals, which, in my opinion, given the years I was an active part of it, were to create a personal empire, one more based, knowingly or not, on hypnotism and black magic in the guise of a spiritual school dedicated to enlightenment and "saving" humanity. Although much of the early theory, blatantly taken from *In Search of the Miraculous* was sound, and many of the exercises, taken from a variety of esoteric traditions, generally without attribution, provided some profound if short-lived experiences, behind the scenes my impression was that it was an ugly dysfunctional organization.

Fortunately, the larger community of seekers soon became aware that many of "the fruits" were not as enlightened as claimed and more resembled zombies than Buddhas. Today, Cult Arica Ichazo hardly exists. It looks to have retreated into secretive obscurity and although there is a core group still taking the never-ending trainings, it seems to have attracted almost few new members in decades. Yet, internally the remaining

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cult members, who I see as mired in delusion and denial, and now dying off, are still fed the most outrageous and never fulfilled claims about their exalted states of "Pristine Enlightenment — Theosis" (in reality, they are in a form of crystallized hypnosis) and the group's "sine qua non" importance to the world. But in fact, virtually nothing is written about the cult today, and it has no impact on society, which in my mind is a blessing upon the human race. Mr. Myers' article will serve the historical record, and perhaps as an appropriate epitaph.

Sterling Doughty
Switzerland

Faux-Works

In reading the article on Oscar Ichazo in TGJ #61, there was a surprising mix of impressions which arose. First, you illuminated a previously unknown side of Ichazo, that of his early life and experiences. What promise he exhibits as a youngster, and though the esoteric circle he was drawn to was evidently not a bona fide School, Gurdjieff pointed out that such faux-Work organizations did in fact serve as a threshold between ordinary life and a genuine Way. If only his magnetic center had carried him beyond this initial encounter to a genuine teaching and teacher.

Equally striking was the surprising decision to remove himself from the daily activities of the trainings he set up for prospective students. Suggesting that he had succeeded in creating a group of "realized men" capable of conveying his teaching reveals not only his hubris, but even an embarrassing lack of unity. Given that he also claimed to be the exclusive source of the Arica theory and method. Gurdjieff worked with certain pupils for nearly a decade before concluding that they were as yet insufficiently developed to carry the teaching forward without him.

In reading the accounts of some of Arica's participants, it appears that several may have come to something real for a time. Without crystallization, however, these pupils were subject to the inevitable descent which also appears to have impacted their leader and his movement. One is left wondering what might have been for this once promising seeker.

Philip Johnson
Arcata, California

Sayings of Substance

Use the present to repair the past and prepare the future.

We are asleep in the animal; the body is awake, the 'I' not.

He who goes slow goes far.

Four sources of action are mother-in-law, digestion, John Thomas and cash.

The sign of a perfected man and his particularity in ordinary life must be that in regard to everything happening outside him, he is able to, and can in every action, perform to perfection externally the part corresponding to the given situation; but at the same time never blend or agree with it.

The liver is the air's stomach.

To write a book for conscious men would be very easy but to write it for donkeys — very hard.

To live and teach so that there should be a new conception of God in the world, a change in the very meaning of the word.

I am Beelzebub traveling the solar system, telling my grandson the history of all the countries we pass. We begin with Atlantis and end with a picture of the America of the future.

Memory working together with sense makes attention.

Kundbuffer not in tail but at the beginning of the tail.

Emotions can only be connected with the mind by *Hanbledzoin*. The substance that arises from being-efforts. It is the blood of the *Kesdjan* body.

Man must die to resurrect. But he cannot die until he realizes his nonentity-ness.

We have three tapeworms, one organic, one in feeling center, and one in mental center. We must make preparatory work to have I not in quotation marks, not three 'I's.

Religion says believe, and uses words like 'love,' 'hope' and 'faith.' I say believe nothing, trust nothing, hope for nothing, love nothing. Yet I am a very religious man.

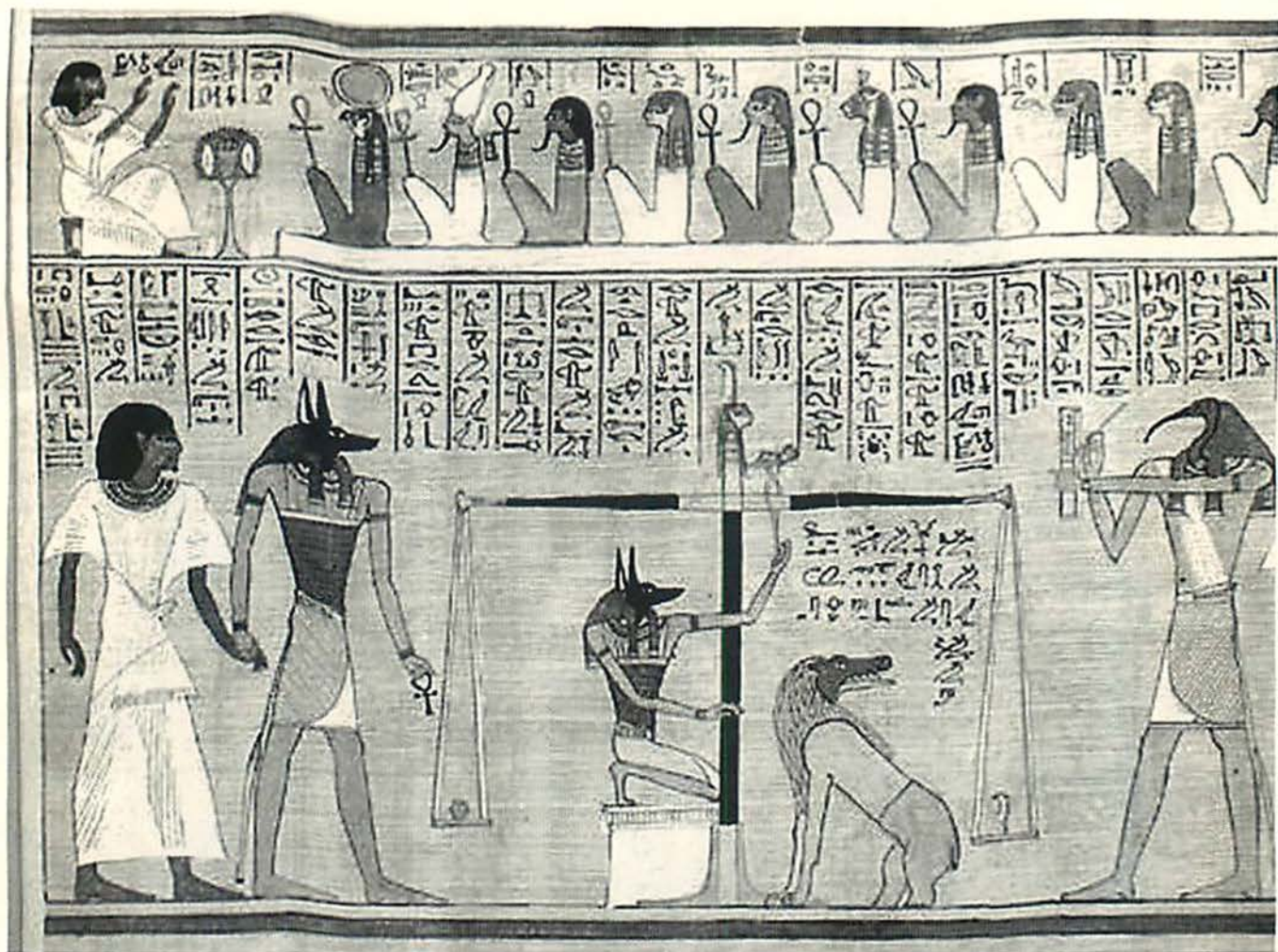
— From *Georgi Ivanovitch Gurdjieff: The Man, The Teaching, His Mission*

The Question of the Soul

WHY DO WE BELIEVE WE HAVE A SOUL? WHAT IS THE BASIS OF THE BELIEF THAT WE ARE BORN WITH A SOUL? YES, THE MAJOR RELIGIONS OF THE WEST—CHRISTIANITY, JUDAISM AND ISLAM—ALL TEACH THAT, WITH SOME VARIATION. THE ASSUMPTION IS THAT BECAUSE WE HAVE A SOUL, WE HAVE THE CAPACITY TO MAKE CHOICES, AND THAT BARRING ACCIDENTS AND CATASTROPHES, OUR LIFE AND OUR FATE ARE IN OUR CONTROL. WE HAVE A SOUL—BUT WE CAN LOSE IT.

BUT WHAT IS A SOUL? IN ANCIENT EGYPT AT PHYSICAL DEATH ONE'S SOUL WAS WEIGHED, AND IF NOT AS LIGHT AS A FEATHER, IT WAS FED TO THE HIPPO, RETURNED TO MOTHER EARTH. BUT WHAT IS IT THAT IS BEING WEIGHED? EVERYTHING SAID TO DEFINE SOUL IS USUALLY AN ATTRIBUTE, NOT WHAT IT IS IN ESSENCE. THE WORD MOST COMMONLY USED FOR SOUL IS *SPIRIT*. THE LONG DEFINITION WE FIND IN THE DICTIONARY UNFORTUNATELY ISN'T MUCH HELP. *BREATH* IS THE FIRST WORD USED. THEN "AN ANIMATING OR VITAL PRINCIPLE HELD TO GIVE LIFE TO PHYSICAL ORGANISMS." *HOLY SPIRIT* IS THE NEXT. THEN "THE IMMATERIAL INTELLIGENT OR SENTIENT PART OF A PERSON." AS EVERY ATHEIST WILL RIGHTLY INSIST, THESE ARE NOT DEFINITIONS BUT TAUTOLOGIES.

YET THERE IS SOMETHING RIGHT TO THE WORDS, SOMETHING THAT STIRS, CONNECTS, AT LEAST FOR MANY OF US. NOW INSTEAD OF THESE WORDS BEING THE SOUL IN ITSELF, WHAT IF THEY ARE ATTRIBUTES OF THE SEED OF A SOUL? WHAT IF WE DO NOT HAVE A SOUL BUT HAVE THE MAKINGS TO DEVELOP ONE? ALL OF THE ANCIENT RELIGIONS WERE RIGHT, AND ALSO WRONG. WHAT IF THEIR FOCUS ON STRIVING TO LIVE A GOOD LIFE IN ORDER NOT TO LOSE WHAT, IN FACT, WE DIDN'T HAVE WAS PUTTING THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE? CERTAINLY IT MADE FOR A BETTER DAY-TO-DAY WORLD, BUT, WHILE SOCIALLY GOOD, IT DID NOTHING TO DEVELOP A SOUL. SO AT DEATH, NO MATTER THE LIFE ONE HAD LIVED, THERE WAS NOTHING TO SURVIVE IT. . . .



In 1912 a man appeared who gave the esoteric answer. Of all the truths that had reached us from ancient times, he said, the only one that was true was that we are "the images of God." We are images but undeveloped images, having only a seed, a germ, which gives the possibility of developing a soul. He called it "the representative of God in the Essence."

His name was George Ivanovitch Gurdjieff and he brought the teaching of how to develop a soul, the ancient teaching of The Fourth Way, a teaching he said which "is completely self-supporting and independent of other [spiritual] lines and it has been completely unknown up to the present time." While human beings have the possibility of becoming immortal, of growing a soul, an inner knowledge and sustained and specific practices are required to fulfill this potential. The teaching provides both a method and "a mathematical and material explanation of the creation, maintenance and purpose of the universe, man's place in that universe, his function and duty." It is a Sacred Science of Being of how to develop a soul, to

attain salvation. Said Gurdjieff, "Only by understanding the correct sequence of development possible will people cease to ascribe to themselves what, at present, they do not possess, and what, perhaps, they can only acquire after great effort and great labor."

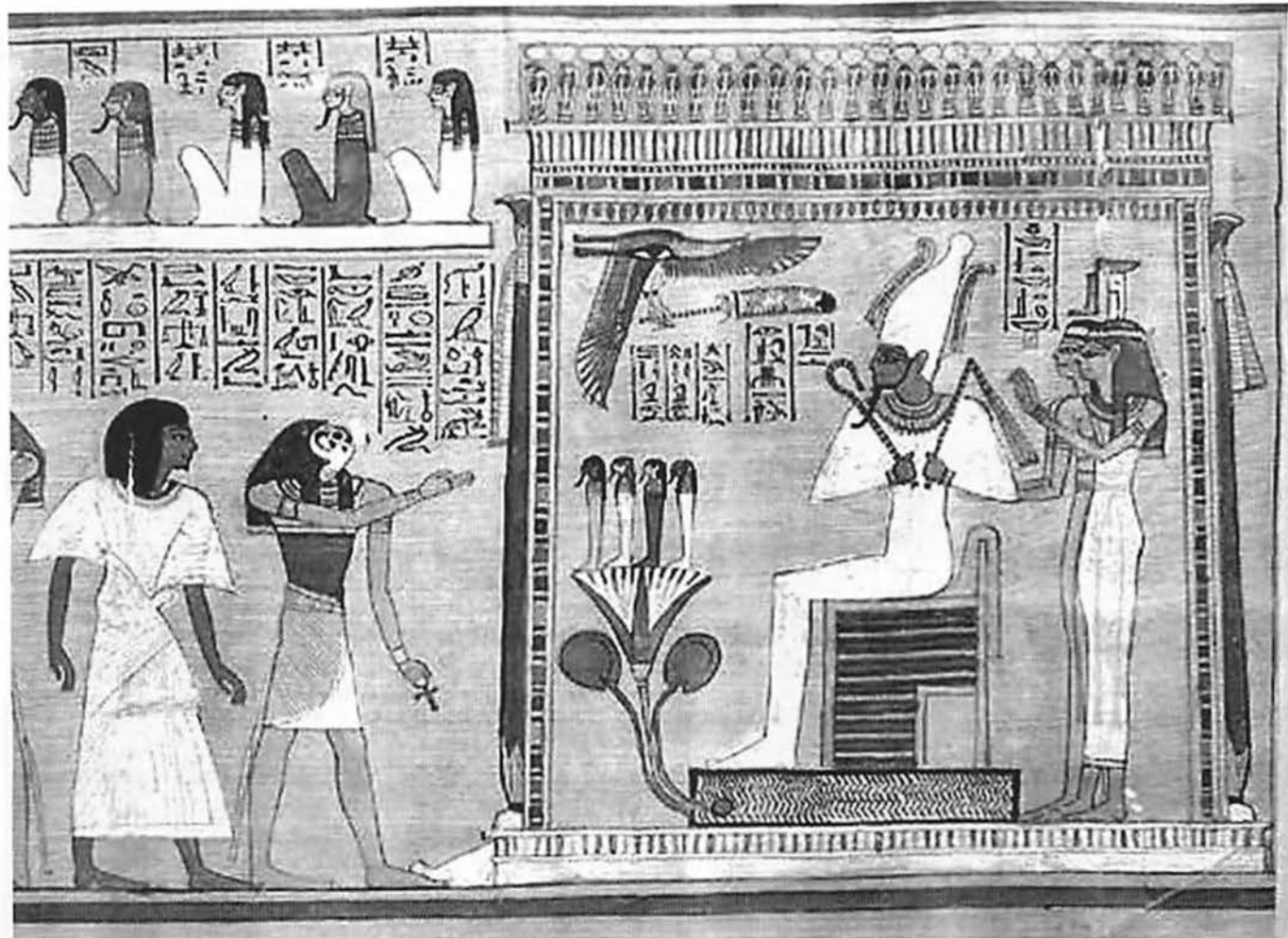
As We Are as We Will Be

We see life "topsy-turvy," as Gurdjieff said. This is the fundamental problem. We all believe and think of ourselves as individuals. This notion is reinforced in a variety of ways. For example, we are called by a certain name, held responsible for our actions, are enmeshed in habits, and have some bodily sense, all brought together with our belief in ourselves as being an indivisible I existing in past, present and future space and time. We fail to see that we ordinarily function like a machine and that our conditioning causes us to react to external or internal stimuli just as a machine acts in accordance with its programming.

Moreover, with the advancement of technology, progress is seen as

human functioning in collaboration with machines. Thus, though unstated, we aspire to become more efficient machines. And indoctrination into technologizing ourselves starts quite young. For example, there is a television commercial for a "smart phone" in which several young children are sitting in what looks like a kindergarten classroom with a man in a business suit. They readily agree with him that doing two things at once is preferable to doing just one, as the voiceover concludes, "It's not complicated, doing two things at once is better, and only AT&T's network lets you talk and surf on your iPhone 5." The point is that even a five-year-old can quickly understand that individual

Above. The Weighing of the Heart from the Book of the Dead of Hunefer, British Museum. At center, Anubis weighs Hunefer's heart against the feather of Maat representing truth and justice, observed by goddesses and Hunefer's own ba. At right, the monster Ammut, who will devour Hunefer's soul if he is unworthy, awaits the verdict, while the god Thoth prepares to record it. At top are gods acting as judges.



human progress comes by collaborating with technology, because with it we can “do” more and do it faster, better.

Technological Momentum

Scientist, inventor and author Ray Kurzweil, who has been described by *Forbes* magazine as “the ultimate thinking machine,” makes this point to a more sophisticated audience. He describes a biotechnology revolution leading to science creating “designer babies”; invading the human body with robotic red blood cells, thereby increasing human capacities; and implanting into our brains nanobots that will shut down the signals received from our senses, replacing them with signals from a virtual reality which will allow for what he calls “full emersion” into a virtual reality that can be shared with other people. He describes all this as an expansion of human intelligence through direct merger with technology. He predicts that a “singularity” will be achieved in which humans will transcend the limitations of the body and brain so that “future machines will be human, even if they are not biological.”

Against the momentum of the mechanization of technology, Gurdjieff teaches that we need to see ourselves not as the indivisible I that we think we are, but as what we actually are—an assemblage of different “I”s. Careful observation will verify that one “I” thinks, speaks or acts, followed by another “I”. Thoughts, feelings and impulses, all based on conditioned memory, are in continual reaction to outer and inner influences. The past is living the present. We have no indivisible I, and thus no real will. Instead, with us, just like programmed machines, “everything happens.” We are being lived, not living.

As with the acorn that is eaten by a squirrel or simply decays and returns to the earth, nature is served by our reactionary life. That is, we fulfill the role that nature requires of us by living our lives mechanically, in a state of waking sleep. “Our mechanical purpose on Earth is to do exactly what we are doing right now. Simply by functioning—breathing, moving, associating, thinking—we mechanically receive, refine and transmit energies. There are higher energies

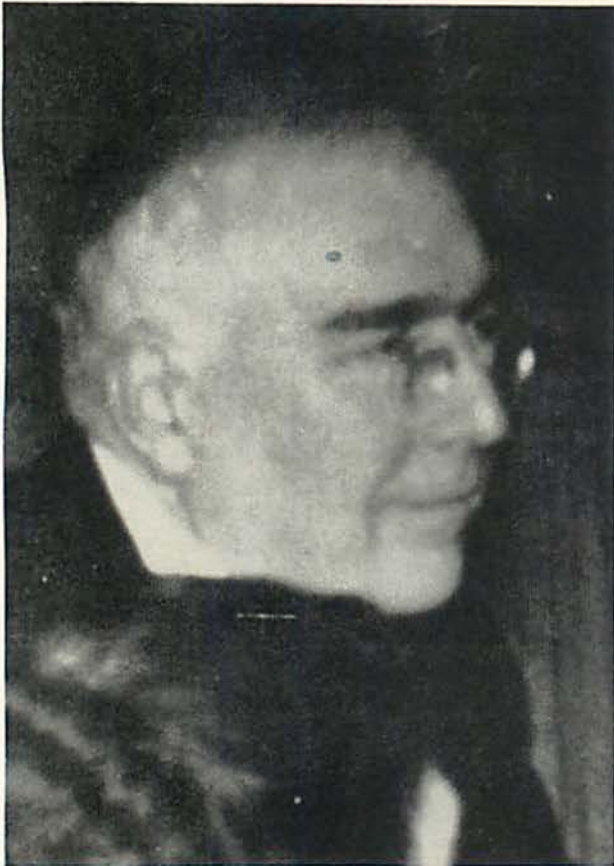
that we can work with, but Nature neither needs nor compels us to do so.” And, if our lives are lived this way, at death we cease to be. “If a man is changing every minute, if there is nothing in him that can withstand external influences, it means that there is nothing in him that can withstand death. But if he becomes independent of external influences, if there appears in him something that can live *by itself*, this something may not die. In ordinary circumstances we die every moment. External influences change and we change with them, that is, many of our ‘I’s die.” Gurdjieff tells us that it is impossible to talk of any kind of ‘immortality’ for such people. “Who is now one, the next moment another, and the next moment a third, has no future of any kind; he is buried and that is all.”

As Gurdjieff explains, “The whole

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Above. Having passed the test, Hunefer is presented by the falcon-headed Horus to the shrine of the green-skinned Osiris, god of the underworld and the dead, accompanied by Isis and Nephthys.

Miracles Can Happen



Teacher

Carman Barnes met Ouspensky in February 1941, shortly after he arrived in America. Deeply impressed, she offered her studio in New York for him to give lectures. Thereafter she became his personal secretary and friend, both feeling a deep connection with one another. Then twenty-eight years old, Barnes had published a best-selling novel, *Schoolgirl*, when only sixteen. A year later, she helped dramatize the book to play on Broadway. She wrote several other novels, none as successful. At the time she met the sixty-three-year-old Ouspensky she was in search of a teaching. Before returning to England in January 1947, he gave her permission to dramatize his novel, *Strange Life of Ivan Osokin*.

A NEW RELIGION IS OFFERED TO THE WORLD. THE 20TH CENTURY MAY well be remembered by further generations—if there are to be any—by three momentous events: the atom bomb, the flight to the moon, and this teaching. It

is not a new doctrine nor a new cult nor a new philosophy but actually a whole new religion, the first one since Mohammed and probably the last one before our civilization ceases to exist. This new religion, the most important since the Gospels, has the inherent power to postpone the destruction of our society; indeed, if anything can prevent the coming world catastrophe, it can.

Man is a machine and no evolution is possible for him unless he becomes other than a machine; that is, unless he acquires Consciousness, Permanent I, Unity and Will. If Man knew himself for what he really is—a helpless

puppet in the mechanical repetition of happenings with no hope of changing things—he might go mad.

Ouspensky, convinced that he had fallen upon the great and terrible truth, abandoned all his previous conclusions. He began to tell his pupils that with the exception of the last two chapters of *New Model of the Universe*, he no longer believed his books led to anything.

When he came to America in 1941, like others whose ideas had been radically affected by his two great books, *Tertium Organum* and *New Model of the Universe*, I became one of his pupils. I found it disconcerting when he said that now he felt them

useless. He offered, in their stead, what seemed, to begin with, an obscure and confusing system of thought, the origin of which we did not know, the end of which we could not foresee, the methods of which we doubted, and the pursuit of which seemed abstract and incapable of realization.

"Modern scientific man has forgotten how to believe in the possibility of miracles," Ouspensky once said. "We must not allow ourselves to forget that they can happen. The possibility exists for man gradually to free himself from mechanical laws."

Perhaps the miracle that can happen for the world is that, through the publication of this hitherto esoteric knowledge, our deteriorating civilization will be shown—and accept—before it is too late, "the way out." [This was the original title of *The Fourth Way*.] ✍

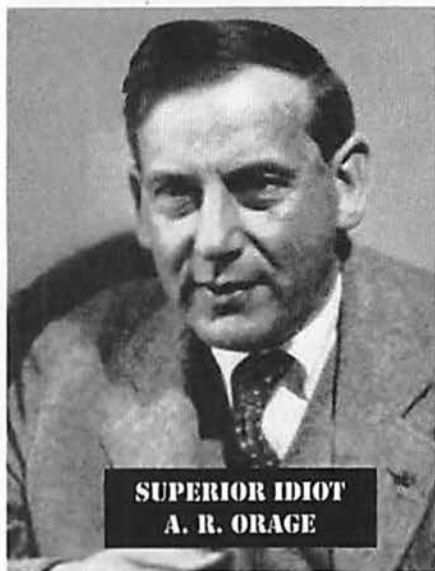
—Carman Barnes

From William Patrick Patterson's forthcoming book *G. I. Gurdjieff: The Man, The Teaching, His Mission*

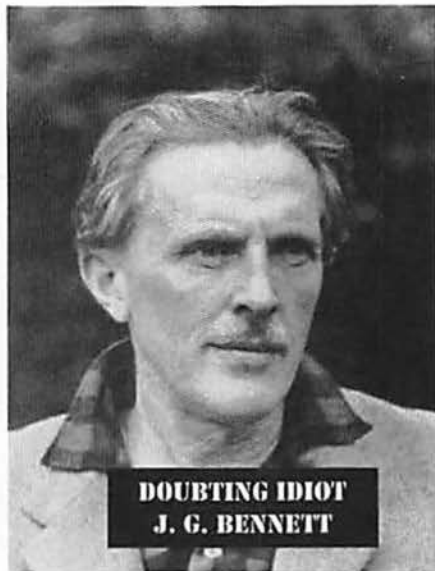


Pupil

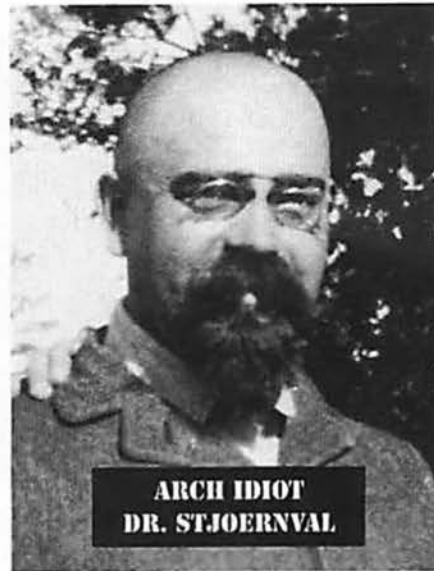
The Science of Idiotism



SUPERIOR IDIOT
A. R. ORAGE



DOUBTING IDIOT
J. G. BENNETT



ARCH IDIOT
DR. STJOERNVAL

GURDJIEFF FIRST SPOKE ABOUT "THE SCIENCE OF IDIOTISM" AT THE PRIEURÉ. He said it is a symbolical representation of human destiny. It was known in Babylon and later preserved in Central Asia. The monastery of a brotherhood at which he spent some time used the symbolism as a way to express and preserve for initiates important knowledge about Man and his Destiny. Because he saw in it a special power which did not exist in other ways of expressing the secrets of the inner life of Man, Gurdjieff decided to use it for the uninitiated.

Idiot — "I Make My Own"

Anyone having any contact with reality is called an Idiot — most people, immersed in fears, dreams and ambitions have no real contact at all. The word has two meanings. The first, according to ancient sages, is to be oneself. If he is, then to others living in the illusory world, he will look like a madman. "Everyone who decides to work on himself," says Gurdjieff, "is an Idiot. No one can make you an Idiot, you must choose it for yourself." The root of the word in Greek means "I make my own."

All individualized essences are Idiots, including very High Sacred Individuals. In another sense Idiots are contrasted with Wise Men and Intelligent Men. Only Idiots are to be toasted with alcohol; Wise Men with pure water; Intelligent Men with water with something added.

The Idiot is someone who strives toward something — he is the Being in process of Becoming. That is why those who are stationary, such as "Wise Men," cannot be Idiots.

Idiots eighteen, nineteen and twenty occupy a special place. Gurdjieff gives eighteen a number of definitions, pro and con. Bennett was this, though small, before becoming a Round Idiot. Nineteen and twenty, Gurdjieff says, are Sacred Individuals who perform functions in relation to the whole Megalocosmos. Twenty-one is God, the Unique Idiot.

The special force of the Science of Idiotism as a method of instruction lies to a great extent in the ordering of the series. Looking at the first ten — those most commonly toasted — there appears to be an ascending order from Ordinary to Enlightened. The next seven move in a direction which does not seem to be upward or downward but rather of greater helplessness and dependence on influences out of their control.

Downwards & Upwards

There are two directions of movement — "downwards" toward the Ordinary Idiot, experiencing one's non-entityness, and "upwards" toward number Twenty-One. If the aspirant does not first move downwards but attempts to move upwards then he will soon become stuck and the identifications can no longer be shed, and they become an insurmountable obstacle. Those

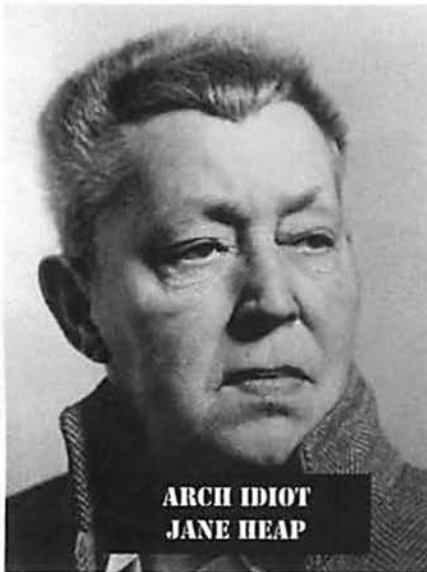
identifications that are objectively real, in essence, cannot be realized as such until they are discovered from their results.

Therefore, wherever one finds oneself, whatever Idiot one is, one must first "descend consciously" to the Ordinary Idiot, that is the Idiot with no distinguishing features, no personality, no special powers or properties.

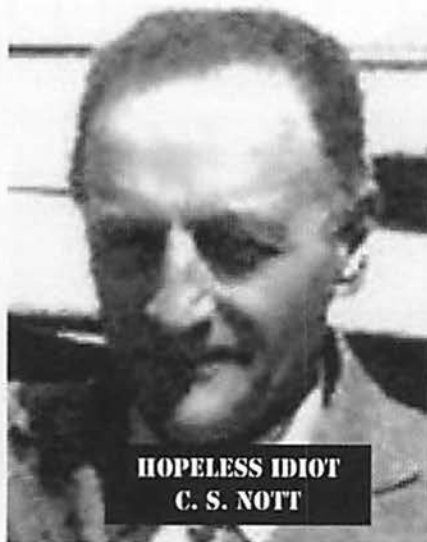
"Necessary consciously descend to Ordinary Idiot — then consciously ascend," said Gurdjieff. This is closely connected with his insistence on the necessity of "realizing one's own nothingness" before one can hope to move toward anything real.

Ascending, Gurdjieff said, is automatic for everyone who works on themselves. Every two or three years they move up one stage. This automatic ascent is the result of life experience, of increasing self-knowledge. It does not come without effort and sincere striving, but it lacks something essential, it is the way of knowledge and not being.

The way of knowledge leads only to the stage of the Enlightened Idiot. "I pity Enlightened Idiot," says Gurdjieff. "More unhappy person not exist." The Enlightened Idiot has struggled and climbed, finally reaching the stage of knowledge where he knows everything (or thinks he does). He can say exactly what he must do — but can he do it? Is he all just words? Is it his fault, or a defect in his heredity? The only way for him is to give up his "knowledge" and



**ARCH IDIOT
JANE HEAP**



**HOPELESS IDIOT
C. S. NOTT**



**COMPASSIONATE IDIOT
SOLITA SOLANO**

descend to Ordinary Idiot and begin again. Margaret Anderson is an example. When she tells him that she hopes with her whole heart to fulfill his wishing for her, he stops her short—"Not hope. In my opinion hope is an evil thing, is why man is shit, why he is nearly not man any longer. *Man must use what he has, not hope for what is not.*"

After Ordinary Idiot is Super Idiot. He appears to have "something." If he has to descend to Ordinary Idiot, this "something" is an encumbrance, a relic of his self-importance, from which he must divest himself. If he is already moving upward on the right hand side of the scale, this "something" has a certain real value if it has been acquired in the ordinary world. According to Gurdjieff, Moses and Orage were examples of such. The next in the scale is the Arch Idiot. They are those who occupied positions

of importance in the realization of their immediate plans. Jane Heap and Dr. Stjoernval were Arch Idiots.

Next comes the Hopeless Idiot. There are two kinds, Objective and Subjective. Says Gurdjieff, "Objective, he is shit, nothing never he can do. Subjective have possibility not be shit. He already come into place where he himself know he is hopeless, he realize his nonentity. He possibility have not be shit always such as he is." He says there are "seven aspects of Hopeless, dirty Hopeless, harmful Hopeless, stink Hopeless." The others he does not name. "Every man thinks he is God," Gurdjieff says, "but a Subjective Hopeless Idiot sometimes knows that he is not God. Objective Hopeless Idiot is shit. Never can be anything, never can do anything. Subjective Hopeless Idiot has possibility not to be shit. He has come to the place where he knows he is hopeless. He has

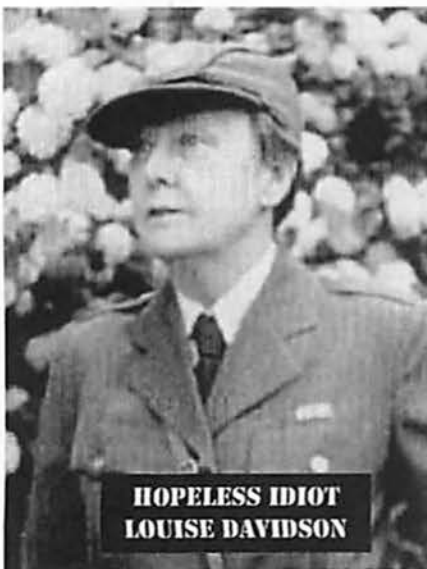
realized his nothingness, that he is nonentity." Louise Davidson was originally such an Idiot in the Objective sense, C. S. Nott in the Subjective.

Next is Compassionate Idiot, either Sympathetic or Antipathetic. The one sees a man lying in the gutter and goes to help him immediately; the other does so as well, but only because his fiancée's father is looking out the window. A third category is someone who sometimes is compassionate and sometimes not. Gurdjieff says, "I am Unique Idiot so I am no more this Idiot Compassionate." He also said he was Number Seventeen.

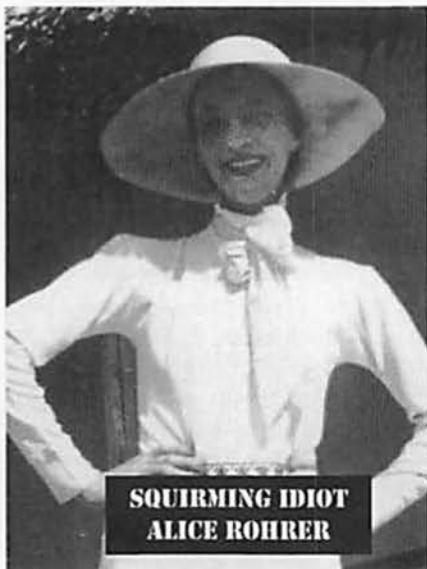
Struggling Against Shit

Squirming Idiot doesn't know left from right; one should not remain long in this Idiot. Alice Rohrer is an example. Square Idiot, which has breaks at

Continued on page 22



**HOPELESS IDIOT
LOUISE DAVIDSON**



**SQUIRMING IDIOT
ALICE ROHRER**



**SQUIRMING IDIOT
GEORGETTE LEBLANC**

Film Review

The Life & Loves of a Fake Guru

Kumaré

Directed by & featuring Vikram Gandhi

THE FILM HAS MANY FACES, ITS IDEA CHANGING WITH SHOCKS AND experiences, some planned, others a surprise. But in essence that it's about posing, fakery, lying, and taking advantage of others, breaking their faith, makes it one of the 'great' mirror films of our time.

The film opens with director and lead Vikram Gandhi recounting how



Kumaré in Lincoln Center, New York City

his parents were determined that even though they had left India and settled in New Jersey they would continue to practice their religion. So while Gandhi and his brother were fairly typical American kids, they also grew up studying Hinduism, its philosophy, practice, rituals and rites. As he got older, with the West's interest growing in yoga and Eastern religious practices, and American gurus proliferating, he began to question it all. Still, he also saw the peace morning prayer gave to his grandmother. That peace had to come from somewhere, but where?

Gandhi enrolled in Columbia University, initially majoring in religion. After graduating he went into film production as a director and producer. His question about religion and gurus still remaining, he decided to make a documentary on gurus. Interviewing and interacting with gurus in America and India, he found some seemed sincere, but many were fakes in his estimation, never doubting his ability to judge them. He also had doubts about the religions they espoused. So Gandhi decided to become a fake guru himself, figuring that if he could be accepted as a guru, with a teaching he just made up, then that would prove both gurus and religion are false. So he let his hair and beard grow long, meditated, studied yoga and changed his name to Kumaré (his middle name, Kumar, with an added 'e'). Dressed in robes, hair and beard grown out, speaking with his grandmother's accent, Gandhi tried to pass himself off as Kumaré in New York's Central Park but was quickly recognized. So, he took his fake teaching, with its fake sutras, fake yoga moves, fake chants ("Be All You Can Be" in Hindi) and presented himself as a guru in Phoenix, Arizona.

There, Kumaré's two female "disciples," one an actress who knew yoga, the other one of the film's producers, began gathering students for what he called "the mirror teaching," the teacher is only mirroring what you are. The women disciples set up information booths and got the word out. The plan was for Kumaré to give talks at a yoga studio, thereby authenticating him. Though his made-up background was a little thin, Gandhi's knowledge of Hindu philosophy and yoga asanas was adequate. One owner, Tish Hegel, who had studied yoga for 30 years, was interested. She checked with friends in India but no one had ever heard of him, but the disciples

told her Kumaré had been a renunciate in the Himalayas and had "just come out." When she met with him she was impressed with his knowledge. "He was fascinating to talk to," Hegel said, "very charismatic."

So lectures at her yoga studio began, all free, along with his made-up chants, and made-up yoga postures. Hegel was using a "blue light" meditation (probably taken from Swami Muktananda), which Kumaré used as a focus of meditation.

At first Gandhi saw faking as a "game," even occasionally visually mocking students. But, like every con man, Gandhi as Kumaré was really likeable, empathic, and Gandhi found he liked being liked. Many people felt a real affection and connection developing,



Vikram Gandhi interview on *The Colbert Report*

and Gandhi was surprised to find the same happening with himself.

He got mailing lists and sent out an electronic inquiry asking for personal information and offering to solve personal problems for free. People started coming, asking for advice, counsel. Some made significant decisions about their lives based on what he said, or what they thought he said. Some students took his advice and lost weight, became a yoga instructor, paid off bills, put their lives in order, at least for a time.

Eventually, he gathered some 14 people who became his core group; they attended all his talks and, told about the proposed film, signed waivers. Repeatedly, Kumaré told them he was not what they thought he was. He asked one student if the message could be accepted even if the messenger was rejected. The student was so committed he couldn't understand the question.

Facing The Truth

Eventually, Gandhi so enjoyed being Kumaré, he came to believe Kumaré was his ideal self. Now no longer was his purpose just to show that gurus are not needed, but that Kumaré wasn't needed either, he was a fake. Now it came to him what his real teaching was, he had a message. Gandhi thinks the blue light became real for him. Perhaps he could see it. Or perhaps, as Gurdjieff says, one of our major weaknesses is how suggestible we are, especially to our own illusions.

In the film's final part, to complete his "mirror teaching," Gandhi decided to reveal that Kumaré is Gandhi. A meeting of his core group was scheduled for the unveiling but fear and inner considering was so great that he couldn't go through with it. Had Gandhi become so addicted to the guru love that a part of him couldn't give it up? Or was it that he couldn't face his students' reactions to seeing him as the con artist, the lovable phony, he actually was?

So Gandhi left Phoenix, got away to New Jersey. But there was a film to be made, so much money had been spent. Finally he, as Kumaré, called students and promised to return and "complete the teaching." Returning to Phoenix his loyal core group of 14 gathered for a second attempt at facing the truth. This time, however, instead of speaking directly to the group, a video was first shown of Kumaré in full guru garb explaining that after all he was really



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About Kumaré

Also there is a movie about Sri Kumaré. There is also a facebook page for the Kumaré movie, along with a twitter for @SriKumaré.

Music Page

Click to listen:
Buddhas Kumaré Rama Nama Bapa
Buddhas Kumaré Kumaré Mayakara
Prakash Shivalik's Twamiva Nitha
Prakash Shivalik's Sons of the Kumararasthana
Laurel Devi's Jai Sri Kumaré

Mirror Yoga: An Introduction to the Kumaré Method

A two hour workshop designed to introduce practitioners of all levels to the Kumaré Method. Students can expect beautiful chanting, a healthful asana practice, revitalizing pranayama and kriya exercises, a philosophical discourse, and guided meditation. Workshops conclude with Adarshan, a transformative blessing. Sri Kumaré will be assisted by a U.S.-certified Yoga Teacher.

The Unveiling: Immersion Into the Kumaré Method

Sri Kumaré's 5-part program will delve deeply into Mirror Yoga and the esoteric teachings of the Kumaré Method. Each day will be spent on one spiritual and physical step of the 5-step process that begins with Reflection and culminates in the Unveiling.

Day 1 - (Manana) Reflect
Day 2 - (Mayakara) Envision
Day 3 - (Upakramah) Project
Day 4 - (Kriya) Enact
Day 5 - (Udguthana) Unveil

Those unfamiliar with the Kumaré Method will find this course to be a journey in self-discovery and personal transformation. Kumaré has designed this course specifically to meet the needs of the Western yogi. By enrolling in this intensive and accelerated course of study, students make serious strides on their spiritual path. The Unveiling is an enlightening experience that has the power to create lasting change in students.

Personal Consultation

Whether you are looking for general guidance or interested in learning in more of a one-on-one environment with an enlightened master, personal consultations are often a way of elevating your practice. Sri Kumaré believes that spiritual teaching is best delivered personally from a teacher to a student (schedule permitting).

The workshop page of the Kumaré website still functions.

from New Jersey, was just like them. Then out he walked—Vikram Gandhi, short black hair, no beard, shirt and jeans!

After a moment's shock, a young woman jumped up and hugged him, the yoga studio owner, Tish Hegel, and some others charged out the rear door in anger, others just stayed in their chairs, transfixed. One student, who had only recently battled a cocaine addiction and had given all his trust and love to Gandhi, left Phoenix immediately and hasn't been heard from since.

Tish Hegel said, "When I walked out the producers were out there, saying, 'Wait, wait, wait!' I told them I couldn't believe I had spent so many hours with you and Kumaré. 'You're taking

advantage of everybody' I told them, 'the whole thing's been a lie.' And they said, 'But the message is so good.' I told them, 'It doesn't matter what the message is. All that people are going to remember is the lie. It was like going to a priest to confess your suffering and afterward the priest telling you there was no God.'

To deliberately undermine another person's faith is a deep and long-lasting damage that brands its perpetrator with a heavy dose of karma. Word is, Gandhi is making a film on the psychology industry. Is shrink love as good as guru love? Given his self-love and vanity, it's not likely "Dr. Kumar" and certainly not Gandhi will ever taste the real thing.

—Mike Miller

The Sacred & The Work

UNLESS THE SACRED IS INTRODUCED INTO THE WORK, IT IS LIKELY TO disappear in this technological world-time. It is odd saying this, the idea of the sacred being *introduced* to the Work, as if it wasn't an essential part of it already, yet the way it has largely come to be studied and practiced is without much, if any, emphasis on the sacred.

To be clear about what is being discussed, let's begin with the dictionary's definition of the word sacred: dedicated or set apart for the service or worship of a deity devoted exclusively to one service or use, entitled to reverence or respect, highly valued and important.

As we see in Mr. Gurdjieff's *Legominism* the word is mentioned in the *First Series* 619 times; 17 times in the *Second Series*; and 6 times in the *Third Series*. In the *First Series*, one of the many mentions of sacred says:

Although you were created for the purpose of the common-cosmic existence on planets, and although you were created also as a 'a-field-of-hope' for the future expectations of our COMMON ALL-GRACIOUS CREATOR—that is to say, created with the possibilities of coating in your presence that 'Higher-Sacred' for the possible arising of which the whole of our now existing World was just created—and in spite of the said possibilities given to you, that is to say, in spite of your having been created three-brained with possibilities of a logical mentation, yet you do not use this sacred property of yours for the purpose for which it was foreordained, but manifest it as 'cunning' towards his other creatures.

Real Religion Is Sacred

All religions are founded on the sacred and so essentially the two words *religion* and *sacred* are one and the same. The first usage of the word religion in the Work is in Russia in 1916, when Ouspensky reports that Gurdjieff, answering the question as to the origin of The Fourth Way, says, "I do not know how much you know about *Christianity*."



Christians celebrating ascension on the Mount of Olives in the Church of the Ascension, 1898

... But for the benefit of those who know already, I will say that, *this is esoteric Christianity.* [Emphasis original.] Later in the book Gurdjieff speaks a great deal about Christianity's origin and practices. He then adds:

Every real religion, that is, one that has been created by learned people for a definite aim, consists of two parts. One part teaches *what is* to be done. This part becomes common knowledge and in the course of time is distorted and departs from the original. The other part teaches how to do what the first part teaches. This part is preserved in secret in special schools and with its help it is always possible to rectify what has been distorted in the first part or to restore what has been forgotten.

Six years later in the fall of 1922 when he opens the Institute at the Prieuré in France, Gurdjieff says that its purpose is to "help one to be able to be a Christian." And, within months, speaking in London, Gurdjieff declares:

Christ, his disciples, their followers in subsequent centuries and followers of other religions, never said "We are Christians" but "Be Christians." It was never said and no utterance was ever given "We are such" but "Be such."

Formerly two teachings went parallel, namely "Be" and "How to be." "How to be" has been rejected and though it still exists it is never used, it does not serve as guide and all that remains is "Be," "We are," "You are." There were two independent programs of Christianity, one was absolutely discarded—thrown out of use—and now people take as a guide merely the other program that remained.

Given this as the context, why then are Christianity and the sacred so rarely, if ever, spoken of in the Work? One reason may be time. Gurdjieff first arrived in Russia in 1912 and within two years the First World War began. He came West in 1921 to a Europe just recovering from the ending of the war three years before. The 1929 Crash followed. Ten years later the Second World War begins, only ending four years before his death in 1949. So the teaching entered the modern world in a quickly changing, difficult period of instability. There was a real reason for secrecy. In Russia, speak openly about attending an esoteric meeting and you would find yourself being interviewed by the Okhrana, the Tsar's secret police. In Paris of the 1940s you might find yourself in a concentration camp. So the need for secrecy, and the idea born of it that one had to find the Work, became inherent.

A Bias Against Religion

More deeply, the Work attracts rebels, those not completely hypnotized by the ordinary world's carrots, and quite often they carry a bias, deliberate or not, against religion. Gurdjieff certainly supported this in his attitude toward religion, but this was its *contemporary* manifestations, not religion itself. Not only those practicing but those writing about the Work seldom, if ever, mention its religious basis, the exception being Jacob Needleman's *Lost Christianity*, which gives a deep and penetrating analysis of the loss, but it doesn't speak directly to the subject posed here. A strong mention is given in Kathryn Hulme's *Undiscovered Country*, where she writes:

Gurdjieff had given us a pledge to say each time before beginning a new exercise—that we would not use this for the self, but for all humanity. This “good-wishing-for-all” vow, so deeply moving in intent, had a tremendous effect upon me. For the first time in my life, I felt that I was truly doing something for humanity as I strove to make my own molecule of it more perfect. The meaning of this Work, which at first had seemed quite egotistical and self-centered, suddenly blossomed out like a tree of life encompassing in its myriad branches the entire human family. The implications of it were staggering. By my single efforts toward Being, I could help sleeping humanity one hairsbreadth nearer to God. . . . It was my first experiencing of the Mystical Body of Christ of which I knew nothing then, but would encounter many years later like a familiar concept though always shrouded in its immense mystery.

Acknowledging the Sacred

With The Fourth Way teaching of working to pass from the waking state to conscious egotism, to developing a real I and in time a soul, Gurdjieff introduced the esoteric part of religion, not the external part. If the external part becomes distorted or forgets its focus, Gurdjieff says it can be rectified by the esoteric. But the esoteric, too, if it loses its fundamental religious foundation, may need also to be rectified.

Unless the sacred is acknowledged as the Work's origin, in time it will become increasingly stiff and dry, egotistical, and competitive, all the while talking the language and believing it is

truly practicing the teaching. It must be realized that the Work is a snake, a two-headed snake, one that begets Wisdom or Power. One must be vigilant, for the person, the animal in us, always looks to use the Work for its own ends. There is always the “owning” of the “I” that has developed, the “esoteric I,” or “jealous God,” as the Tibetans express it. And there is always the temptation, too, to leave the Work as the suffering of one's self, imagined or otherwise, becomes more acute. Both, unfortunately, we see with Ouspensky.

As Shri Anirvan commented:

One has access to the Void by four stages. In his book *In Search of the Miraculous*, Ouspensky speaks about the first two stages. He remained silent about the last two stages because he had left Gurdjieff. In all of his subsequent personal teaching, which is very important, he tells us of the development of these two first stages and his experiences with his Master. The writings of Gurdjieff, on the other hand, open for us the frontiers of the last two stages. These are cleverly hidden in his mythical narrations. The four stages are: plurality of “I”s, a single “I,” “no I,” the Void.

But how now to reintroduce the sacred into the Work? To begin with, it is to admit that it has played little to no part in the Work. Then perhaps it is to consider what the word *religion* in itself means? Not as a word but as the experiencing of it. After we sit in active-being mentation, listening to the stillness, the change of time and space, and the expansiveness of global sensation, let us say silently—*religion*. For the basis of the word is *wholeness*. It is sacred. ✠

—William Patrick Patterson

Notes

1. *Definition of sacred*. Just a few words below *sacred* is the word *sacrifice*. The dictionary defines it as “an act of offering to a deity something precious, especially the killing of a victim on an altar, to suffer, to give up, to renounce for an ideal, belief or end.”
2. *Although you were created*. G. I. Gurdjieff, *First Series*, 195.
3. *‘Cunning’ towards his other creatures*. This can only result in division, rivalry, superiority, war.
4. *I do not know how much you know*. P. D. Ouspensky, *Search*, 102.
5. *Help one to be able to be a Christian*. G. I. Gurdjieff. *Views from the Real World*, 152.
6. *Christ, his disciples, their followers*. William Patrick Patterson, *Georgi Ivanovitch Gurdjieff: The Man, The Teaching, His Mission*, 137.
7. *Lost Christianity*. Jacob Needleman (New York: Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1980)
8. *Gurdjieff had given*. Kathryn Hulme, *Undiscovered Country* (Boston: Little Brown and Company, 1966), 112–13.
9. *One has access to the Void*. Lizelle Reymond, *To Live Within* (Sandpoint, ID: Morning Light Press, 20007), 163.



Easter Procession of Greek Orthodox Pilgrims in Jerusalem, 1900

Probe

The Hill Before the Thin Veil

HOW DID YOU FIND THE WORK? HOWEVER THAT WAS, CONSIDER HOW Pyotr Demianovitch Ouspensky found the Work.

In 1908, Ouspensky, thirty years old, had lost his father, grandfather, mother and, just a few years before, his sister. All he had left was his close friend Sherbakov. They both had realized that there was no spiritual teaching in Russia or Europe that was the "entirely new or forgotten road" that they sought, one that would take them "beyond the thin film of false reality . . . of a 'life' that led nowhere." But just before they were to leave Sherbakov died.

Ouspensky was now all alone. *How serious was he?* That was the question life put to him. Stay in Russia and hope to find someone else to travel with, or take the chance and go off alone into the unknown.

Can we imagine, now more than 100 years later, what travel to Egypt at that time would have meant? The difficulties, the dangers?

But Ouspensky went alone into the unknown of his time. And he returned with what? Nothing. He had not found the teaching of what he would later call "a more rational kind" that would bring him to the self-transformation he sought.

He turned his formidable mental capacities to investigating the functioning of the mind and various states, even experimenting with hashish and nitrous oxide but soon saw drugs led nowhere. In 1912 he published *Tertium Organum*. During this time he had become involved with the Theosophical Society of St. Petersburg. He rose quickly in its ranks and soon was lecturing on various spiritual subjects. After one lecture he met Anna Ilinishna Butkovskaia. She was also searching and they became close friends. He told her his opinion of the Society, "These ordinary members are sheep. But I feel there are even bigger sheep in the 'inner circle.'"

In 1913, five years after his first trip, he again left Russia for India in search



Ouspensky in Ceylon, 1913

of the teaching he wanted. This time he wrote articles for the newspaper *Golos Moskvi* detailing his travels. A year later he returned, and again it had all come to nothing. Imagine how he must have felt. But then, shortly after his return, thumbing through the pages of a rival newspaper Ouspensky sees a strange advertisement for a ballet scenario, "The Struggle of the Magicians." It is not what it appears to be. Strange. But he thinks no more about it. He begins giving talks on "In Search of the Miraculous" and the "The Problem of Death" at the Alexandroski Hall of the Parliament of St. Petersburg before 1,000 and more people.

Meeting an "Indian Raja"

He speaks in Moscow as well and there a composer, Vladimir Pohl, and a sculptor, Sergei Mercourov, meet with him about speaking with the creator of the ballet scenario, but he isn't interested. Finally, they convince him and he is directed to a loud merchant's café, just the opposite of cafés frequented by artists and the intelligentsia like himself. And there he meets this strange man who "seems to be disguised and completely out of keeping with the place and its atmosphere." Though conventionally dressed, Ouspensky imagines him to be an "Indian raja or an Arab sheik . . . a man poorly disguised."

Gurdjieff and Ouspensky met for a

week. Gurdjieff answered all of his questions—in psychology, for example, a domain in which Ouspensky considered himself expert, he says, "Gurdjieff knew more than all European science taken as a whole." So when Ouspensky returns to St. Petersburg he goes straight to Phillipoff's Café where Anna Ilinishna was waiting for him, he tells her—"I have found the miracle!"

So How Did You Meet "The Miracle"?

For myself, I wasn't really searching but had minored in psychology and philosophy in college and realized their answers about human life and its meaning were conditional. We live, we achieve or not, to one degree or another, and then we die, so what's it all about? But reading *Meetings with Remarkable Men* awakened something in me, though I couldn't then say what. It was the strangest book I had ever read. The author is saying something but all the time withholding something. I asked everyone I met who seemed like they might know about this book and its author but nothing, no one.

That was 1963. I started a magazine, *In New York*, two years afterward and five years later the company I had sold the magazine to went bankrupt. I couldn't get the magazine back. I was just another creditor. "Disappointed in life" was what Gurdjieff said was often needed to come to the teaching.

Disappointed? I felt like I was the walking dead. Then one day at a newsstand I overheard a fellow, Peter Rowley, talking about this Lord Pentland who was the leader of the Gurdjieff Work in America. He had interviewed Pentland for a book he was writing, *New Gods in America*. Rowley called Pentland and got permission to give me his number. I called right away. It was a Friday afternoon, December 19, 1969. This Lord Pentland said I might want to wait until Monday to see him. No, after what I had been through, I knew there was no Monday.

Meeting Lord Pentland

I went right down to see him at his office in Rockefeller Center. Knees trembling, short of breath, I knocked at the door. No one answered. There were windows in the door. The office dark, nobody there. Did he give me the wrong address? Did he think I was coming on Monday? What was going on!

I walked away and pushed the down elevator button. But in that moment of no-thought something stopped me. I turned around, went back to the door, and did something I had never done in my life—I tried the door. Not locked. I entered. Darkness, shadows, empty space, silence. I felt like a thief. From

the front office a dark hallway led to the back. I heard the sound of a door opening. Then appeared this tall bird-like creature slowly moving toward me.

In that moment, my life changed forever, though I couldn't know it then, for I had, in my own way—not traveling to Egypt and India but simply opening a door I presumed to be locked, going against my upbringing—found “the miracle.” As electric as that moment was, compared to what Ouspensky paid to discover the Work, it was trivial and it took a long time for me to realize that finding the Work was really a miracle.

What happened after Ouspensky met the teaching is a warning, both instructive and sad. Being an old soul but not a completed soul, he was very concerned about taking the wrong path. His concern could only mean that he had taken paths many times before, but, for all their promises, they had ultimately not led “beyond the thin film.”

He agreed to gather students for Gurdjieff but didn't want to join a group himself. Only when Gurdjieff refused or only half answered his questions did he reluctantly obey. But Ouspensky never took himself as a student. He speaks of himself as being a “collaborator” with Gurdjieff. Gurdjieff told him his chief

feature, or chief fault, was his “excessive individuality.” He heard the words and could report them but they didn't register deeply. Three times he broke with Gurdjieff, calling him a tainted channel. Too bad this high soul did not remember the maxim that what Peter says about Paul tells us more about Peter than it does about Paul. And at the end of his life this brave, serious, highly intelligent man still didn't get it. Rather than question himself and his chief feature, he abandoned the teaching, he wanted something simpler! So having found the miracle—actually it found him—Ouspensky, confused, forsook it.

As for us, did we really do much to discover the Work? Looking back, I can see that my discovery happened because it was meant to happen. I expect the same is true of you. We were given the teaching and practices that opened us to ourselves and glimpses “beyond the thin veil.” But it is so easy to level everything, take it for granted. How deeply have we valued what we were given? As Mr. Gurdjieff says, “It's hard to go up the hill but easy to slide down it.”

Yes, but first we have to be fortunate enough to find the hill. ✕

—William Patrick Patterson



Vladimir Ivanovitch Pohl



Sergei Mercourov

LA MACHINE À COURAGE

BY GEORGETTE LEBLANC
EXTRACTS

A celebrated diva and writer, Georgette Leblanc met Gurdjieff in 1924, attended his Institute, and during the 1930s was a member of his 'Rope' group with Solita Solano, Kathryn Hulme, Margaret Anderson, Jane Heap, and others. Her diaries provide a unique portrait of Gurdjieff and the Rope.

HERE I AM, AT THE POINT THAT WE ALL REACH, AND THAT SEEMS TO BE the negative point of existence. Women produce no more children and men do no more business. We rest, and imagine we are slipping down the hill (as though we had ever mounted it). We declare—with an incomprehensible tone of satisfaction—that we are getting old, that the task is done, that we are no longer what we were, that it is other people's turn to live . . . and this life that they talk so much about, extends, roughly, from the ages of twenty to fifty—and that is stretching it a bit, as the period of women's youth is more elastic now than it used to be in Balzac's time. It is judged to be over, when I consider that it has hardly begun. Life is held to be an arc, when it can and should be looked upon as an ascending straight line. According to me, life begins at fifty, and afterwards rises all the time. Everything worth while begins at that age. It is the time for "something else."

I have the feeling that I have lived the whole of my life for this particular present. I must admit that I have not yet finished with art and

moonlight, with music and spring, and that I shall never be insensitive to all the delights that are the delicious froth of the earth. But in order to learn to live one must be prepared to abdicate, to make way for changes of plan and level. There is a way of looking at things that is eternal and that accords to happiness the place it deserves.

In 19. . . Colette wrote to me about my first book *Le Choix de la Vie*: "But I shall never dare to speak to you again! You say: 'We lose nothing when a sad truth takes the place of a beautiful dream.' Shall I ever think in so noble a way? No, I am quite sure I should regret. Forgive me—I know that amongst many other things, the 'need for knowledge' is lacking in me. To half ignore, to fear, despise, desire passionately and passively, to hate and curse, and even

come to blows, this is my lot. I was astonished (forgive me)—really astonished—at the inexhaustible strength one divines in you. I could wish you Queen of something or somewhere, and your subjects would be overjoyed."

But I am not one of those impatient people who throw themselves, from the very beginning, on something they have only caught a glimpse of; I search, and doubt, and wait, and search again, and wait again. This cycle has repeated itself all my life until 1924. Since then my search has been slowing down—until it finally came to rest in 1934.

Meeting Truth

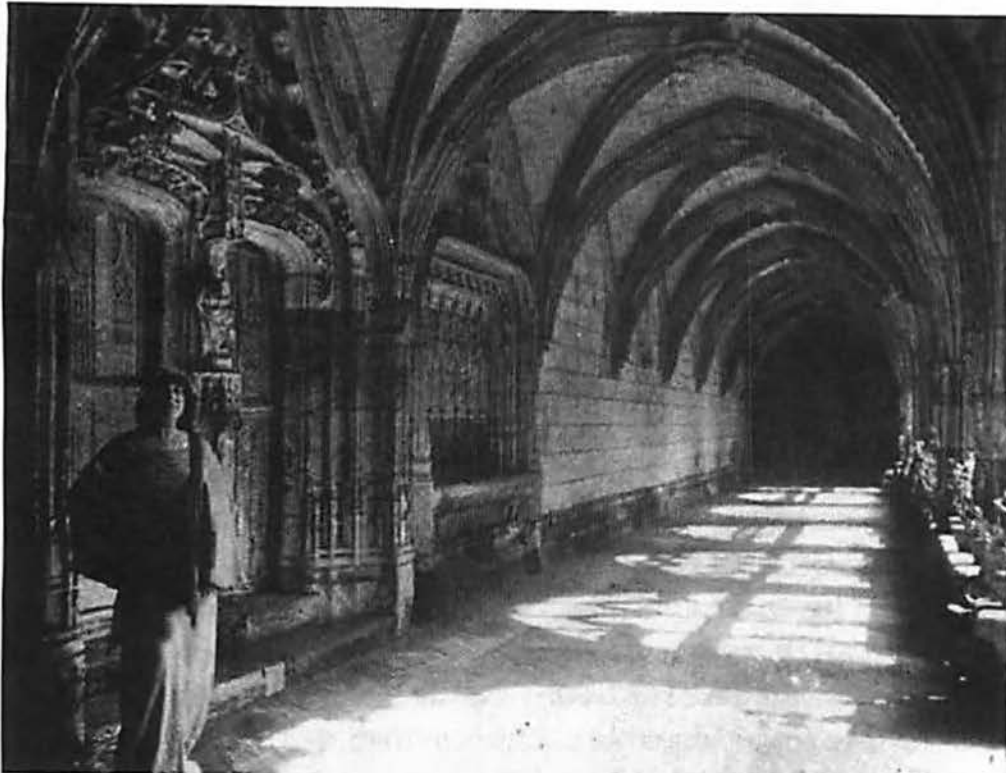
It was in New York in 1924 that I met someone and something. I began to think: "There is a truth here."

Since then I have never left this truth. I have studied it, sometimes looked at it askance, trying almost to betray it, but it triumphed over my schemes, and continued—getting stronger and stronger. And now—fifteen years later—it has become for me the Truth.

To say it in a word, in many words—in countless words—would be to annihilate it. A truth that can be contained in a formula is nothing. I shall only tell what I have felt and understood, what it has done for me by transforming my aspirations into one united force. I will not say what I hope for, but what I have learnt to will. I shall proceed by an elimination of systems, beliefs and methods. I will quote a few pages from my notes and my impressions. I will do it without pride or false modesty. I am not unaware of the danger of speaking about ideas unless it is to deny them. Negation is always well received, and thinkers who only put forward hypotheses are always seemingly respectable. Hypothesis is a kind of life belt for the mind, which, by clinging on, can float a



Young Georgette around the time she met Maeterlinck



After breaking up with Maeterlinck, Georgette bought Tancarville lighthouse where she lived with Margaret Anderson. At the château they entertained artists and writers such as Hemingway, Wilde and Cocteau.

little further before sinking. I am not unaware of all that can be said against the word "search"—it's stupid, useless, incomplete, mistaken, limited, excessive, feverish, hysterical, pretentious and vain. If searching seems vain, it is less so than living comfortably with one's eyes shut, living a life one no longer believes in.

At first it seemed to me terrible to be approaching the truth when no longer young. I sank into deep despair. But the very fact of working on a new and unawakened part of myself has restored to me my youth. A fresh start is ahead of me and barring all accidents I shall know how to use it. The future seems to me like the mould of a honey-comb, each cell of which is waiting to be filled.

Someone and Something

And so, in New York in 1924, I met someone and something.

I was asked: "Is he the man Katherine Mansfield knew?" I answered, seemingly yes, but in reality no. She understood him "religiously"—I am tempted to say "ordinarily." He was misunderstood by her, her husband and her friends. The greater a man is, the less likely one is to see the whole of him. If I succeeded in understanding him a little, it is because I have studied him for a long time.

I am convinced that Katherine Mansfield was seeking a spiritual life.

She was not pious, but she needed some prop. She, who was already "pure," was preoccupied with the idea of a system of purity. She was pure and did not know it. Knowing is everything. That is what was wrong with her seeking, for naturally she found what she was looking for. She was seeking a spiritual life—but a spiritual life without religion. That is nothing much. It is the first stage after that of religion. It is not worth it.

Her greatness was to wish for truth; She did not see that Gurdjieff offered her more—that is to say knowledge. Of course knowledge is spiritual life, but it is not that only. Spiritual life is still ourselves. Knowledge is beyond ourselves. The Truth, of which she had such a splendid need, was still too much tied to life—human life. In life, the true and the false have no great importance as they are both, after all, more or less nonsense. It is beyond, where there is no boundary between physical, mental and emotional life, that everything begins. These lives were meant to function together—that is why they were created. We have divided them by our inability to use them properly. When we feel, we live badly; when we think, we no longer feel; when we live, we neither feel nor think.

I believe that Katherine's subconscious, aware of her approaching death,

impelled her towards an idea that was both consoling and without the religious trappings that would have put her off; but, in fact, what she absorbed from Gurdjieff was a religious force that enabled her to say: "All is well" and gave her resignation. Now, Gurdjieff is not consoling. He is something better. What he brings us is as tough as Jesus is, if one goes back to the source. There is no question of soothing truth. I think the primary condition for approaching Gurdjieff is to be in good health. One must be in a state to withstand the first shocks. Above all there is the unbelievable torture of feeling something beginning to work in one. Suddenly all one's strength is engaged on a work that is unknown—impossible. The more one sees of it the more one thinks: "I shall never be able to." But is it really

our own strength that is being called on? No—we have never used it, we know nothing about it. It is an energy awakened by a new need and directed towards a new end.

The Priory, Fontainebleau

It was in June 1924 that I settled for the first time at Fontainebleau-Avon in order to get to know Gurdjieff. I had the impression of a giant who had chosen the smallest doorway to the world and had to bend double to pass through. The earth seemed like a coat too tight for him, bursting at the seams. Where was he, himself? A great deal in his writings, a great deal in his words, but not at all in social life—a huge joke that he treated roughly and with impatience.

I was not surprised that he should be little known or recognized. Neither money nor "friends" could open the door of the fortress he had built around him. At the Priory I have seen sweet smiles and outstretched hands brushed aside and Gurdjieff himself turn away, mumbling "Dirty money" between his teeth. He created all sorts of difficulties to discourage at once the lazy-minded.

I have never been able to accept ordinary polite behaviour. I don't believe in it and I always turned away. But the atmosphere at Gurdjieff's, on the contrary, held me—a difficult

atmosphere, almost despairing. To remain there one had to have an invincible need of "something else."

The conditions were hard, however, my greatest concern was not having known sooner about this work, which would have taught me how I might have lived. I felt a growing despair, as every moment I became more aware of the soul I had not yet acquired. There are two histories for every individual, his own history and that of his shadow (that is to say, his soul). The visible self comes and goes with a force, a name and a position. The shadow—a reality that only exists through light—awaits its hour, and makes its appearance only at the end. I saw myself as we all are, a repeating machine; I, who had always aspired to some different state ... on to finish with this life, so sweet but so empty—human life that leads to nothing unless it leads to all. I had rested too long in the illusory "me" that perpetually approves of us. It says "yes" to all our stupidities, like a nodding china mandarin—that is its only gesture.

Now I was working at changing my direction and I felt great upheavals. How was it that I could go on clinging to what I did not want and had never wanted? I did not realize the strength of the ties that bound me to nothing—all the ties of my heredity. I thought myself different from my parents because I spent my time differently, but what of that? It was only the bill of fare for the day like the bill of fare for a meal.

I had to reduce every question even farther in order to find the answer—reduce it to a point, the worst, perhaps ... The question is the stone thrown into the water. One sees only the rings on the surface; one responds to the rings, not to the question. One ignores the stone that has fallen to the bottom.

While joining in all the activities at the Priory, the exercises, the readings, the rhythmical movements, I also worked in the garden. I used then to try to distinguish the different phases of my development, and I laughed at myself—this poor human creature that dared to write: "I want to be—to devote my whole life to this end." It was as monstrous as though I had said: "I am working so as to be able to fly like the birds." The road leads from tadpole to bird, and I could not even imagine the number of stages on the way. I knew only that each step creates the next one and that nothing in the world—no

book, saying or prophecy—could give me any inkling of what the next step would be. It depended entirely on my own makeup, only my own "me" could tell me, this "me" that I was getting to know better every day.

What astonished me was not that I should understand—a little—but to see so many not understanding. Sometimes my conscience shook me so violently that I became hot all over. My pulse beat in my temples, my breathing stopped and I was afraid—afraid of what? Of no longer recognizing myself. Between the non-existent picture of myself that had been my constant companion, and the new picture that I sometimes caught a glimpse of, there stretched a mist. Everything disappeared, and I pursued myself, panting and despairing, with the terrible fear of never finding myself again.

I often felt I was falling into an abyss, and a kind of dizziness came over me. I longed to fly, to escape from this science that asked too much of me. Why did that seem to me both criminal and impossible? Because once one has caught even a glimpse of the truth it never leaves one but will make itself felt at whatever cost. And if one really wants to live this truth one is bound to have given oneself to it, and it is impossible that all the events of one's life should not always have been conspiring towards it. I felt I was like a chick beating on its shell to get out. All that is beyond, is, for us, quite as different as the outside world is for the chick. I believe that any preparation "before" is equally impossible for everyone, as that would be a negation of the new life that comes "after."

The Other Life

Many people have surely come across some science similar to the one I am describing, but there is nothing in it that can be of any use in a worldly life. Even intelligence takes second place. Why should anyone who is satisfied go in for it?

I lived for two years on end at the Priory. Later on, in Paris, I met Gurdjieff less often but I continued to live according to his principles and incorporated his teaching more and more deeply. "Why do you want knowledge?" I was asked. A strange question! One does not ask: "Why do you want happiness?" Knowledge for me is synonymous with happiness, a sure happiness.

My friends inundated me with questions and advice. "Never look into

yourself—it's fatal." Or: "What can one do with life when one has lost all illusion?" I answered: "It is as though a peasant said: they have removed all the weeds from my field—what can I do with it now?"

Another time I used to think: "Our natures must be ploughed, like the land. But where is the plough, and who guides it? Alone we can do nothing. The labourer is as necessary as the seed."

In Gurdjieff's work the way was indicated, the plough and the labourer were ready. It was up to me to be ready. Desire, need, preparation, realization—this is where the other life begins, with its special efforts, new laws, and essential evolution which even tends to change one's chemical constitution. It is hard. I have seen people stop half-way, renounce the work or diverge from it, or even turn against it and embark on a different system that promised for certain a paradise at the end of their lives. Sometimes they went back to some religion, declaring themselves suddenly touched by grace—a grace that usually corresponded to their most material needs and in which they settled down comfortably with every convenience, as though for a long journey. They took a single ticket to paradise, which, more often than not, proved to be a return.

I think the place for religion is in a monastery, where self-centered egoism can be unbounded. In real life, religion limps, in society it poisons—and what a mistake to imagine that suffering is sufficient for growth. If that were the case our planet would be full of saints and angels. Suffering kills some, spoils or maddens others; very few are improved or able to progress through grief. That requires a special technique, the hardest of all, perhaps. I was always a believer by instinct, but I could not accept the God offered me by religion—God as a refuge, when He should be the divine goal of a soul that contains him. He is neither a refuge nor a hope. But everyone is the mirror of the God he conceives, and many are pocket mirrors.

My only hope was in the efficacy of effort.

At the Priory I knew hours of happiness such as I had never known before, but, in reality, I lived from one despair to another. What was my anxiety? It was total. I was living the meaning of the word "distracted." I had the feeling of being driven out of myself.

Fragments of a Journal 1936–1937

Circumstances allowed me to see Gurdjieff continuously until war was declared. I can only convey the steady relationship with him and with the work—the “development” that no other happiness can ever equal for me—by giving extracts from the journal I used to write from time to time, during long, sleepless nights.

I am a little afraid of the absurd interpretations that could be given of the struggles recounted in this journal—faults to be conquered, crimes to be expiated, childish mortifications, false mysticism—when all I was really attempting was to awaken and enlarge what was already within me, as it is within everyone. I shall not speak of the principles of this science. I have no right to. I shall simply try to describe what happened, which was, for me, the culmination of life.

June 1936—Constant suffering. A painful period. Have at last found a flat in the Rue Casimir-Périer, between the church and the trees.

A wonderful end to the month because of my recent meeting with Gurdjieff. He has been living in Paris for some time and I decided to say to him: “Time is passing and I am making no progress. I haven’t much longer to live. Will you let me read the new parts of your manuscript?” He looked at me for a long time and at last he said: “You still have time to live. Yes, come to lunch tomorrow and you shall read.”

He murmured something that I couldn’t understand. At length I grasped it: “Liver out of order. All organs clogged.” Again he looked at me for a long time, and he then said: “Yes, I will do it for you.”

I wanted to cry out my thanks, but I knew that I should keep calm, that he would understand me. With difficulty I got out: “Thank you.”

I lunched with him and his family and a few pupils. After lunch he fetched this manuscript and showed me a cupboard in a small room next to the dining room. He would leave it there for me, and I could come and read whenever I liked.

So I go there nearly every day. I read with concentration, as though my life depends on the difficult thought to be gleaned from those pages.

June 28 and 29—A bad liver attack.

(This was to be the last.)

Thursday, July 16—I tell him I have changed. I haven’t had any pain for the last fortnight. This has never happened before in the last twenty years. He was glad and not surprised. He said that he had wished this, that he had an object. He repeated for the second time: “You are young.” I understood later that he thought it a question of glands. He explained that there was hope for me, but that the work would take five years. One achieves nothing if body and soul are not keeping pace. It is faith that purges the flesh. In Tibet, priests are doctors, and vice versa.

He tells his pupils that my case interests him. “She was a candidate for death. Now she is a candidate for life.” At lunch he looked at me mischievously: “I only said, read the book, madame, read the book.”

A Second Spring

July 22—Physical and moral delight when every night I can stretch out on my bed. Amazement of the body, when the expected suffering doesn’t come. I often feel a strong, internal heat, as though I were pleasantly near a fire. I sleep peacefully. I believe a deep and beneficial upheaval has taken place. My mind is overflowing with astonished gratitude. I understand what is happening, but living through it is amazing.

July 27—Yesterday I dragged myself to his flat, exhausted. I read the book for two hours, and when I left I felt light and strong. I walked for miles without tiring. Physically, I am experiencing spring, in this cold month of July. I feel charged, like a dynamo.

July 30—Gurdjieff came in while I was reading. I was finishing a chapter on the religions. I told him of my exaltation, with as few words and gestures as possible. He doesn’t like too much enthusiasm. He was obviously pleased. He thinks my health is improving all the time. He added: “This is nothing as yet. Soon something else will begin.”

August 1936—No more pain. I can’t feel my organs. My body knows it is living through a miracle. Morally, I am not yet accustomed to marvel. I am assisting at something immense that is taking place inside me. The brain is not our sole control; some of our

organs register what is happening in us more accurately than the brain. At the moment, I have the impression of a perpetually turning wheel within me, embracing my whole body from head to foot, inside and outside. The wheel is moved by the relief from suffering of my organs, and by my conscious will to receive what I am being “sent.” It is also the wonder of experiencing something that is not hereditary. I could not have conceived it, but having always been searching unconsciously for it, I was ready. Otherwise there could have been no result.

August 1936—If I succeed a little in grasping this Master as a whole, it is because I have been seeking and studying him for thirteen years. The humility of Jesus was in tune with his bare feet, the desert and the epoch. Gurdjieff’s humility looks like a grimace, or a joke. Really, he seems to me almost a messiah—a messiah with no followers, no setting. He “is,” but the blindness of the civilized world turns him into a negative prophet. He has, however, a few disciples, enough to ensure that he will be “understood” in one hundred or two hundred years. Humanity is powerless without pregnancy, and becomes aware of its condition through growth. It takes centuries for it to give birth to a messiah.

September 27, 1936—For several months it has been clear that man’s unconscious is producing what he calls destiny, that is, war, while at the same time he declares, in all sincerity, that what he wants is peace.

September 30, 1936—I go every day to read his manuscript. I consider it the decisive event of my life.

The time of destruction—war—is near. However, we go on arranging our flat, which is getting prettier all the time because of the arches I have made everywhere. We shall lose it. There will be war, external or internal, or both.

I am anguished by the strength that has been “restored” to me. For three years I had accustomed myself to the idea of death. Now I’m full of desires, enthusiasm, plans.

October 28, 1936—“He” still does me good, but, being now no longer torn by constant pain, a release of tension is taking place in me. And then winter is coming. My body is adjusted to the

changes of the earth, beneath the pale colours of the cold. The trees stretch their branches towards the sky with mechanical gestures. One's body has bad habits; having suffered too long, it wants to suffer still. It is more on edge, more sensitive. And I feel I'm slipping. I have moments of discouragement. I try not to admit it, but it's true.

October 31, 1936
—I explained to him my condition, my distress. He knew ... the usual reaction. From the beginning he had said to me:—"I can stop the pains and so prepare the way for something else."

I know that there is some special work to ensure that my psychic life shall keep pace with my physical cure, but shall I have the strength to undertake it?

He went back to his studio, and I began my reading. A minute later I felt enveloped in vibrations. I remained there, reading and resting, from two o'clock until six. The next day I felt renewed.

A Deeply Buried Treasure

Monday, November 2, 1936—A great day. When I arrived at his flat he opened the door himself. I said at once: "I am in a new body." The light from the sitting room fell full upon him. Instead of withdrawing, he lent back against the wall. Then, for the first time, he allowed me to see what he really is—as though he had suddenly dropped the mask that he is obliged to wear. His face was stamped with a goodness that embraced the whole world. Transfixed before him, I took him in with all my strength, and experienced so deep and painful a sense of gratitude that he felt the need to soothe me. With an unforgettable look he said:—"God helps me."

November 15, 1936—The efforts required are infinite and almost hopeless;



Margaret Anderson (left), Georgette (right) aboard ship

but to believe at last that a truth exists, is there, and that one can go towards it, is enough. I understand, now, that happiness was nothing, that the delights of love and art were nothing but pleasurable soul-deceivers evoked by a desire for self-manifestation. I am aware that my subconscious has lived in spite of me, like a deeply buried treasure. It was necessary to have lived first for a long, long time, according to the usual laws.

November 20, 1936—One of Gurdjieff's greatest virtues is having been able to make accessible to human understanding, truths almost impossible for the human brain to grasp.

End of November, 1936—After dinner he played. A unique sight—Gurdjieff playing on his little organ. One can see the music "pass" through him. He plays it, but is not the player. He is the direct means of expression of an "impersonal thought"—the perfect vehicle of an idea. One is watching a man—a circle—live. One hears a language that borrows its very essence from art, in order to adjust itself exactly to the form to be communicated. And what an extraordinary look!—the

richness of his smile—the richness of kindness, the richness of truth.

The Patriarchal Distribution

December 25, 1936—Extraordinary gathering at Gurdjieff's. In another age, a patriarch distributing bounty. The little flat was full—of relations, friends, the Concierge and his family, and old retainers. The Christmas tree was so tall that it was squashed against the ceiling and its stars fell off.

The distribution began with real ceremony. About fifty numbered cardboard boxes stood in a corner of the room. He stood at a table, with his glasses on and a list in his hand, calling out names that corresponded to a number. The person called came up, and into each box that was put in front of him, Gurdjieff added one or more hundred—or thousand—franc notes. Then he handed over the box with a small gesture that meant "No thanks," and muttering:—"Off with you" he passed on to the next one. The ceremony went on from 9 o'clock until ten. A Russian publisher received a dressing gown, a doctor received woolen underwear and a thousand-franc note. As Gurdjieff dropped the note into the box S. said:—"He's



A 1921 note from Georgette to Margaret: "For my charming friend who realizes the precious miracle of having as much Heart as Beauty! as much beauty as spirit and soul—Tenderly, Georgette Leblanc."

lucky, that one." Gurdjieff replied in a flash:—"Not you?"

At ten o'clock we dined. On each plate there was a huge chunk of mutton, with pickled gherkins and pimientos, and a Russian roll—all things I can't bear; but there were splendid deserts spread out. Cake, fruit and sweets of all kinds. At half-past eleven we left, and others took our places. The Russian maid told me:—"After one o'clock until daylight the poor will come ... and the place will stink."

We know that after this feast there will be, for him, a more or less lengthy fast. Thus he will compensate for his material bounty and fulfil his duty.

December 28, 1936—A resurrection is beginning in me—the all-powerfulness of the spirit. A passionately interesting and fundamental question for me—the successive deaths and perpetual re-births. Illness devours life: resurrection—the sum of what was, is and is to come—goes beyond.

My intelligence—no, I don't believe in it, but I have an element of lucidity that, through all the disasters of life, has never failed me. Before my present experience, I saw the time approaching when this element would be all that remained to me, like a flag on an empty house.

My notes from January to December, 1937 describe only the long months of effort, of discouragement and exaltation, of fall and ascents well known to all who follow the difficult path of Consciousness.

But what does that mean?—"the path of consciousness?" One has heard this phrase all one's life without attaching any precise meaning to it.

It is the same with everything that touches on the secret history of humanity, of which Gurdjieff and a few others believe themselves to be the trustees. But on what basis, precisely, does this science of the soul rest? Philosophers are satisfied in saying that: "this interpretation of the Universe, this anthropocosmogeny is the highest, the greatest, the most admirable, the most invulnerable that has ever been conceived; it overflows man's thought and imagination in all directions." (Maeterlinck.) "But," they add, "what influence will a revelation such as this have on our life? What will it transmit to us, what will it add to our morals, to our happiness? No doubt very little. It will pass over our heads. It will not descend

to our level. It will not touch us, we shall lose ourselves in its immensity and, in the end, knowing everything we shall be neither happier nor wiser than when we knew nothing." At the same time they admit that our moral evolution lags several centuries behind our scientific evolution—and that it is solely on the former that man's happiness and future depend. They maintain that all one seeks can be found between four walls, in books. What could one gain from such an armchair search? Anyone can read Hermes, Pythagoras or Buddha and remain blind to these secret codes, without undergoing any change in himself. These are special teachings that do not reveal their content. Man has something more to do than to read, admire and speculate. The study of "Know Thyself" demands special work and a dedicated life. To those who think that by work they will obtain results beyond their comprehension, one is tempted to say:—"First begin to work."

All work imposes the same laws. The road that looks vertical flattens out as one mounts it. This hesitation to dedicate one's life is due mainly, I think, to fear. Every initiation involves a time of panic. The first gulf is between "knowing and incorporating."

I will include from my journal some extracts from this painful period of incorporating. Resurrection and Fall followed each other for a long time. Then there was a long, slow period of stabilizing without which there could have been no construction. It was like flood water finding its level, and bringing its fruitful desolation. Neither despair, nor hope. I lived in a tunnel.

The Balance That Is Required

*October
10, 1937*—I know that I am

approaching serious moments, morally and psychically. I know about the equilibrium that has to be maintained during these trials. I understand about the balance that is required between the three centres, and that a whole lifetime is too short to attain it. A few lines from Goethe constantly haunt me:—"There is no path. Nothing but the untraced in that which nothing can tread ... You will see nothing firm to catch hold of in the eternally empty distance."

I know and I detest my anguish. Great as it is, I count it little.

But I am afraid. Afraid of what? I have a hundred fears that haven't all a name. It is my parents, my ancestors, who are afraid in me. Then why do I listen to them? I had less fear of death. Was that, then, more natural? Yes, surely.

Others before me have done what I want to do; but that doesn't help, because, for the first time, everyone is himself, each experience is new, as it adjusts itself to an immutable truth. I envy the impatient ones who plunge in with no hesitation. I am not, however, afraid of being mistaken. My confidence



Georgette & Maurice Maeterlinck

has been strong enough to enable me to withdraw from the outer world. I have already refused the easy way of life many times, but now, faced by what is still to do, I see that that was little enough—perhaps, even, it was laziness, the boredom of beginning over again. Has anything changed? It is impossible to know.

No sacrifice is demanded, but time cannot be stretched. One has to choose. A small life for a great truth. It is little enough. One must pay. The price rises with the quality of the experience. I am ashamed of my hesitation. It seems that I am haggling with myself while this self is still mine. You will go on, into the darkness, without knowing anything. You will see no progress. That which seems is abolished for the sake of that which is. The hardest moment is yet to come. You will only know it by living through it, by feeling yourself lost beyond help. The Master will look on at your painful stumbling and say nothing. He has said:—"I cannot develop you. I can only create the conditions in which you can develop yourself."

October 12, 1937—The important moment has come. I cannot ignore it. I even think it would be idiotic not to notice it. But my decision is still the same: I would rather risk "all" than watch myself slipping, slowing-down, diminishing psychically, understanding less, taking in less ... No, not at any price. Let it be enough to suffer, to struggle, to look death in the face from nearer all the time. No, I will go on risking.

They could say:—"You are losing your reason." What reason would they mean?

October 13, 1937—I had a dream. I had been walking for years in search of a planet. At last I arrived on it, through space. I thought at first that the towns, the people and the things on it were the same as our own. I soon found that there was little in common. The people loved one another and didn't speak. The animals spoke.

I had a long conversation with a white horse as big as a Cathedral. He explained to me his two-dimensional view, and his dreads. He realized that I was burning hot, so he let his mane fall like rain round by body, to relieve me. It was he who told me about the celebration of a feast that is unknown to us. Three of the seasons had beaten

the fourth. I was seeing the triumphal return of the troops—the regiments of all the summers of the world were advancing, their banner streaming, flanked by high spring-times and barely turned autumns. They had killed the winters.

They bore neither good nor ill with them. Their songs were bells, their laugh was the laughter of the sea in sunlight. To amuse themselves on the way, they had chastened plagues and banished pain and calumny—those scourges of humanity. My companion said:—"With winter they have killed the inevitable. Death will be only a result, the consequence of not having understood."

Suddenly, one of the men fell from a great height on to the ground at my feet. He split in two. He was empty.

Has the Time Come?

October 18, 1937—Tomorrow we will ask him, Margaret and I, if the time has not come to attempt the personal experiences.

When I "really" begin the trials nothing will have altered outwardly. I shall have my same name that I don't like, I shall wear the same clothes. No sign will be made, nor promise. I shall go, tomorrow, and simply say:—"I will do." It will not be "I want to" or "I shall." It will just be those three words. But for me, for me alone, for myself, it will be the biggest event of my life. When I say that, I shall see before me, in spirit, a succession of mysteries without end, that I shall pass through, come what may.

For those who haven't been wishing and seeking all their lives it is almost easy. But for me it is the perilous end of what I have always been seeking, and seeking without hope. I thought, like everyone else, that my end would be my death. But this end is in order to gain life.

I cannot write the words:—"I will do" without trembling.

October 19, 1937—Five o'clock in the morning, in my room in the Rue Casimir-Périer. The sky is a deep blue behind the still spring-like trees. It is cheerful and calm. My God! Why have I known that one can live on another plane than the easy, human plane, which seems to me more and more like a bed of roses. I loved that life. I had at last reached a life turned entirely towards the spirit, and softened by a perfect tenderness, with never a shadow of

misunderstanding. How far will it be modified by a new sacrifice? I don't know. At eleven o'clock Margaret and I will ask the Master to "begin."

October 19, Evening—He consented, and gave us an appointment for one o'clock tomorrow at his flat.

October 20, 1937—As soon as we arrived, he explained again all that we already knew: the need to be certain; to realise that the work would become more and more difficult; that it was not too late to say NO. He didn't mention the rewards. The first one for me is this, that he wants us to help each other.

October 21, 1937—A heavenly day in the Luxembourg Gardens, with dead leaves swirling about. I have begun the new work, explained by Gurdjieff in such a clear and complete way that I understood without exactly knowing the words. For me it is a long-awaited revelation, this fact, this real, tangible happening, that has infinite repercussions in my being.

Long ago, perhaps forty years ago, I wrote to Maeterlinck: "I don't know if you are aware of it, but I am like a soap bubble that floats in the air and is not attached to anything real; even in my depths I feel that I am nothing. Only one worry exists, perhaps, in this void, that is, my dissatisfaction at being the way I am. It is as though; in order to change, I had to accomplish something I ignore. This comes from far away in me, like a lost thought, a commandment I can give no form, and I search and search ..."

Today, a lifetime later, when I know what I have to do, I see these words again: "As though, in order to change, I had to accomplish something I ignore."

Eleven o'clock at night—To sum up, this 21st of October I have lived real moments.

End of December, 1937—I live too hard. I am tired. If I saw death coming now, I should not accept it as easily as I accepted it in the hospital beds where I have spent so many years. That is because now my time is heavy with a real substance, that I had no conception of before.

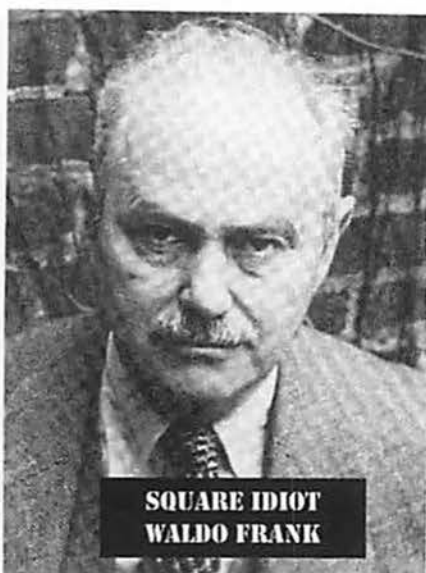
I said to Gurdjieff: "I am almost afraid, life is rising in me like the sea." He repeated: "This is only a very small beginning." ✱

Idiotism

Continued from page 8



**SQUIRMING IDIOT
JESSIE DWIGHT**



**SQUARE IDIOT
WALDO FRANK**



**ROUND IDIOT
KATHRYN HULME**

corners of the square, is where something may momentarily enter. Round Idiot is an Idiot on all sides, is never to blame. Whatever they do, they have a good excuse. Kathryn Hulme is an example. "Zigzag is high Idiot," says Gurdjieff, "goes this way, that way, struggles against shit he knows he is." Jessie Orage was an example.

Gurdjieff once said to Solita Solano, "Scale is from shit to God." About toasts he said, "Unique Idiot is highest (thing) and in stone or static thing is the lowest; between the two is our scale or measure. First time, one starts up the scale automatically proceeds as far as #16. This is easy, easy to go up. For going down is difficult, because go down with consciousness. Second time go up, can go beyond #16—even to Stink Idiot."

Solita asked, "Is Stink Idiot same as Harmful?"

"No. Sometimes Stink Idiot can

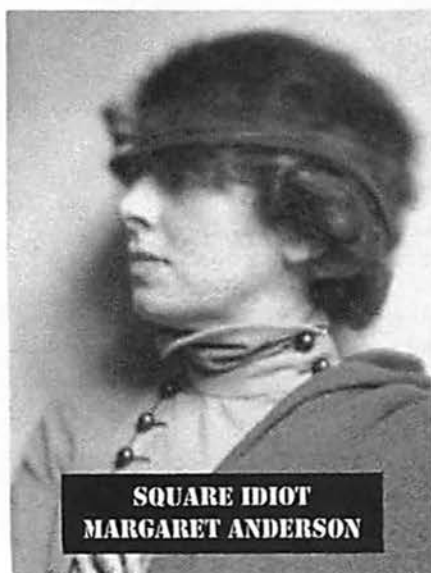
be made clean. But Harmful never, in objective sense."

Giving the Toasts

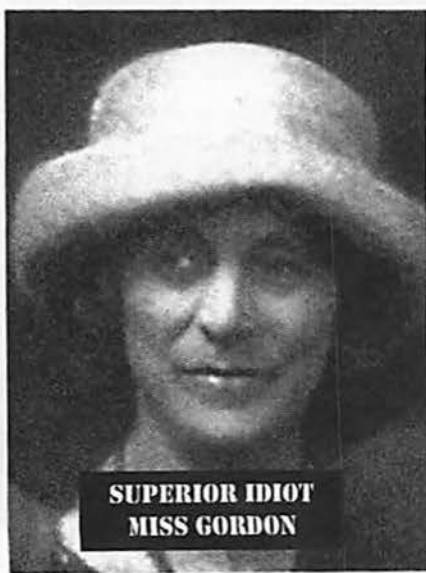
In giving the "Toasts to the Idiots," the Director, usually a man, always seated to Gurdjieff's left, begins at the beginning of the scale. Everyone was given a small tumblerful of Armagnac or vodka. Men were supposed to drink the glass in three toasts, one-third per toast; women in seven. The toasts usually stopping at four or five and only rarely going beyond twelve. The first four toasts were to Ordinary Idiots, then Super, Arch and Hopeless. The Objective Hopeless Idiot is satisfied with himself and does not see that he is a candidate for perishing like a dog. The Subjective Hopeless Idiot sees his own complete nothingness and does not realize that this death of self is the guarantee of his resurrection. From this stage he becomes a Compassionate

Idiot whose reason has opened to the suffering of others. The Squirming Idiot is not ready for help. The geometric Idiots are Square, Round and Zigzag; they represent states in the establishment of true reason, at first momentarily, then comes the discovery of one's own identity and third the desperate struggle to break free. The next series is Enlightened, Doubting and Swaggering Idiots. The Doubting Idiot doubts he is an Idiot, he is "shit of shit." But there are two kinds. One is Antipathetic—he only wishes to appear clever. The other is Sympathetic, one who doubts sincerely. Beyond these are Idiots whose characteristics are deep in their essential nature. At each stage there is a death and resurrection before a new gradation of reason is attained. Very difficult for these three.

There are 21 gradations of reason from ordinary man to that of our



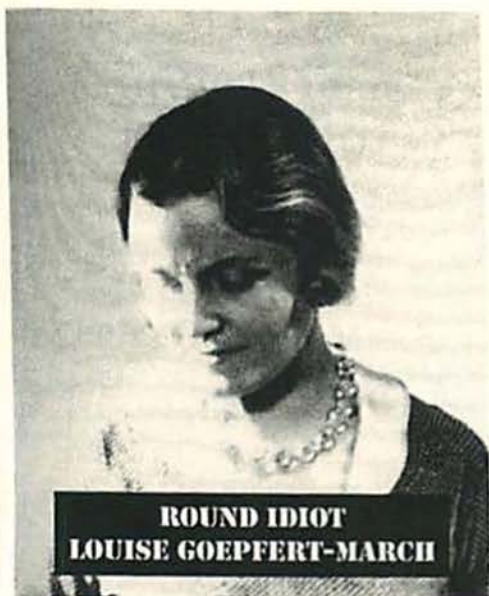
**SQUARE IDIOT
MARGARET ANDERSON**



**SUPERIOR IDIOT
MISS GORDON**



**ZIGZAG IDIOT
ANNA ILINISHINA BUTKOVSKAJA**



ENDLESSNESS. No one can reach the Absolute Reason of God, and only sons of God like Jesus can have two gradations of reason that are 19 and 20. Therefore the aim of every being who aspires to self-perfection it would seem is to develop to the 18th gradation.

—From *Georgi Ivanovitch Gurdjieff: The Man, The Teaching, His Mission*

Scale of Idiots

1. Ordinary
2. Super/Superior
3. Arch
4. Hopeless—Subjective and Objective
5. Compassionate—Sympathetic and Antipathetic
6. Squirming
7. Square—Sometimes not an Idiot as there are corners where something can get in
8. Round—Idiot on all sides, morning, noon and night
9. Zigzag—Have five Fridays a week; hysterical people
10. Enlightened
11. Doubting—Sympathetic and Antipathetic
12. Swaggering
13. Born Idiot—Remorseful from Birth
14. Patented—Also Born Dreaming
15. Psychopathic I
16. Polyhedral—A Stinking Idiot (one of stinking heredity)
17. Not named
18. Highest development of human reason and being
19. Sons of God
20. Sons of God
21. Unique Idiot (our God) ✱

Question of the Soul

Continued from page 5

secret is that one cannot work for a future life without working for this one. In working for life a man works for death, or rather, for immortality. ... In studying his own life as he knows it, and the lives of other men, from birth to death, a man is studying all the laws which govern life and death and immortality. If he becomes master of his own life, he may become master of his death."

Gurdjieff describes how The Fourth Way differs from other teachings that fail to work with the entirety of the human being.

"There are four ways. Let us compare ordinary man with a three-room apartment. The dining room will represent his organism, his moving center, the place where he eats and attends to the needs of the body maintenance and development. The drawing room represents his feeling center and the bedroom his mental center. But this apartment lacks a bathroom which we will call the 'I' room. In man's ordinary three-room apartment there is disorder. The roof leaks in the dining room or there is no floor in the drawing room or the window panes are broken. The building itself may be in the slums.

"Man has tried three ways to find the soul. First by living only in the dining room, develop the body, give it great tasks and suffering—Fakirism. In the drawing room, Monks—feeling center and psychic experiences. Bedroom—mental center, via knowledge, Yogism.

"I am the representative of The Fourth Way. And I have no concurrent rival. For instance, ordinary yogis who do not know these secrets lie for three hours a day to learn how to use air. With my secret shortcuts they could do this in five minutes—in fact, like magic, drink the active elements they need from air out of a glass.

"Man as he is has three or four personalities instead of one 'I'. Each day he is a different person, depends on which center is the day's center of gravity. Only after he has made his 'I' can he begin to develop a soul; and unless he does this, he will die the *merde* he was born....

"Before man can make a bathroom, his 'I' room, he must first repair his old apartment. Sometimes it is cheaper to make a whole new one, throw out all the furniture, finish each room again,

with each new object in its proper place. Then the bathroom can be made and it will be a place to bring up a baby in, with ordered rooms for the purpose of living in order.

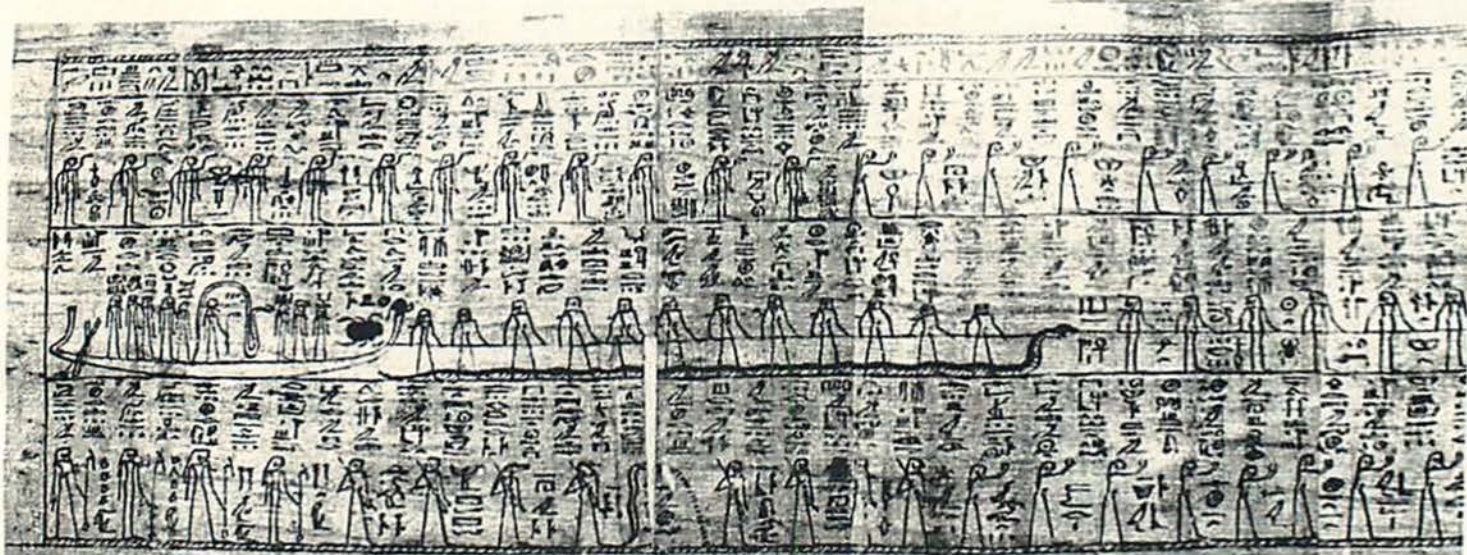
"I am the architect for apartment—I examine the old apartment, the neighborhood, I tell where reparations must be made and the source of the work."

The reason why it is possible for four bodies to exist is that the human organism, that is, the physical body, has such a complex organization that, under certain conditions, a new independent organism can grow in it, affording a much more convenient and responsive instrument for the activity of consciousness than the physical body. The consciousness manifested in this new body is capable of governing it, and it has full power and full control over the physical body. In this second body, under certain conditions, a third body can grow, again having characteristics of its own. The consciousness manifested in this third body has full power and control over the first two bodies; and the third body possesses the possibility of acquiring knowledge inaccessible either to the first or to the second body. In the third body, under certain circumstances, a fourth can grow, which differs as much from the third as the third differs from the second and the second from the first. The consciousness manifested in the fourth body has full control over the first three bodies and itself.

Balancing the Centers

The planetary body is composed of earthly materials. The work on the planetary body begins only as a result of efforts of a definite character and can only take place in an esoteric school. The planetary body comprises specific brains or centers—the thinking, emotional, and moving/instinctive/sexual. Through the practices that are taught the student comes to see how his or her centers function in the moment. In each of us, as we are now, one center dominates our psychic life. In learning to consciously relate to the planetary body, the centers are gradually balanced so that no one center is dominant.

The second body, the *Kesdjan* or astral body, is composed of material of the planetary world. It develops from the friction caused by an inner struggle between "yes" and "no," the result of resisting one's mechanical manifestations. Gurdjieff states, "What may



As laid out in the Book of the Dead, an Osirian afterlife is offered to everyone, and the deceased is even referred to as "the Osiris-[name]."

be called the 'astral body' is obtained by means of fusion, that is by means of terribly hard inner work and struggle. Man is not born with it. And only very few men acquire an 'astral body.' If it is formed it may continue to live after the death of the physical body, and it may be born again in another physical body. This is 'reincarnation.'" However, Gurdjieff says that the astral body's reincarnation is accidental, unconscious. "If it is not re-born, then, in the course of time, it also dies; it is not immortal but it can live long after the death of the physical body." Thus, the astral body is not immortal in the full sense of the word, because after a certain period of time it also dies, but it does not die with the physical body. One who has an astral body has risen above mechanical humanity and has achieved a unity and indivisible knowledge. That is, "he cannot have one 'I' that knows something which another does not know. What he knows, the whole of him knows."

If a man has a third body, it is composed of material of the sun and it can exist after the death of the 'astral' body. Gurdjieff tells us that this body too may reincarnate, but unlike the astral body, it is able to choose the physical body it will inhabit. One who develops a third body has complete knowledge possible, but it can still be lost.

"The fourth body," said Gurdjieff, "is composed of material of the *starry world*, that is, of material that does not belong to the solar system, and therefore, if it has crystallized within the limits of the solar system there is nothing within this system that could destroy it. This means that a man possessing the fourth body is

immortal within the limits of the solar system." [Emphasis in original.] The knowledge of this man "is his own knowledge, which cannot be taken away from him; it is the *objective* and completely *practical* knowledge of *All*." [Emphasis in original.]

Each of the three higher being bodies is composed of very fine material. To acquire a soul, therefore, it is necessary to have the corresponding matter. As we are now, we lack even enough energy for our everyday functions. To have the material necessary for the growth of these bodies requires that we economize so that we have the energy for self-development. The aim is to crystallize these materials into the higher bodies. Gurdjieff explains:

"If we have some crystals of salt and put them in a glass of water, they will quickly dissolve. More can be added over and over again, and they will still dissolve. But there comes a moment when the solution is saturated. Then the salt no longer dissolves and the crystals remain whole on the bottom.

It is the same with the human organism. Even if the materials are being constantly produced in the organism, they are dispersed and dissolved in it. There must be a surfeit of such materials in the organism. Only then is crystallization possible.

The material crystallized after such a surfeit takes the form of the man's physical body, is a copy of it and may be separated from the physical body. Each body has a different life and each is subject to different orders of laws.

The materiality of these bodies and the development and purpose of the soul

must be explained within the context of the universe or Megalocosmos.

The Megalocosmos

We begin with Gurdjieff's explanation of how the Absolute, God, created the World by establishing certain processes or laws that enabled Him to defeat time. It is these same laws that we must understand for our own self-transformation. As Gurdjieff states, each of us "to the smallest detail is exactly similar, but of course in miniature, to the whole of our Megalocosmos."

As three-brained beings that function like the Megalocosmos, we can consciously engage in our own law of creation, *Triamazikamno*, and transform substances that help develop higher being bodies. Human beings, unlike insects, which are one-brained beings, and animals, two-brained beings, have within us an intellectual brain or center, an emotional brain and an instinctive brain. In our head brain, we have cosmic substances corresponding to the functioning of the Absolute, which serve as the affirming source for developing within us our higher being bodies. The denying source, functioning just like the second order suns, is located on the spinal column. The reconciling source is, for us, located in our solar plexus. As Gurdjieff tells a student, "The center of gravity of your presence is in your solar plexus, which is the center of feeling. That is where things happen." By consciously engaging in our own law of creation, that is by engaging in *being-Partkdolg duty*, we take in impressions consciously, enabling the substances admitted within us to transform and help develop higher being bodies.



The deceased passed through a subterranean realm called the Duat, contending with threatening beings, traps and snares.

Eating Consciously

We receive the Omnipresent-Active-Element-Okidanokh through the three foods: physical food (which is dead) and air and impressions. We receive this energy and transmit it simply by living. But we do so mechanically. That is, we eat, breathe, and see and feel automatically, only occasionally aware of the intake of these foods. It is only when we practice *being-Partkdolg-duty*, aligning ourselves in a triadic configuration, that the Okidanokh contained in these foods undergoes *Djartklom*, a dividing of Okidanokh into three forces, active, passive, reconciling, which then blend and nourish and coat our three brains, intellectual, feeling, and instinctive, mixing with "kindred-vibrations" which are localized in the corresponding brain. These blendings are known as *being-Impulsakri* and it is the quality of these that allows the self-perfecting and coating of the various bodies. If we do not practice *being-Partkdolg-duty*, then there is no *Djartklom* (except when Great Nature needs it), and of the three brains, only the denying-brain in the spine is fed. Hence, if there is no conscious work, then the older one becomes, the more denying, the less conscious.

Through the growth of consciousness from this internal process of *Triamazikamno*, Reason also grows. The measure of one's Reason is the "totality of self-awareness" by which is also determined the degree to which the sense and aim of one's existence is justified, along with the further role one will have in relation to the Megalocosmos.

Types of Being-Reason

There are three kinds of being-Reason. The first is "pure" or objective being-Reason, and it, rather than the physical body, is the "center-of-gravity-initiator-of-the-individual-functioning" of the whole presence of the being who has attained to the corresponding level of being. The second being-Reason can be in the presences of beings who have a body-*Kesdjan*. The third being-Reason is simply the "automatic functioning which proceeds in the common presences of all beings in general . . . thanks to repeated shocks from outside, which evoke habitual reactions from the data crystallized in them corresponding to previous accidentally perceived impressions." This is manifested by what is called the formatory apparatus. The formatory mind isn't the real mind at all but one that is forever formulating opinions, attitudes, conclusions, forever talking and imagining. It lives by rote and feeds off the energies of other centers. The formatory mind has no energy of its own. It is a kind of parasite. As we are now, without engaging in *being-Partkdolg-duty*, we rarely engage the real intelligence that is innate to us, but instead associate through the formatory apparatus.

In response to a student's questions, Gurdjieff explains how one develops intelligence. "Intelligence means he who directs his body. If the body directs, you are a nullity, a peasant—if you direct your body you are intelligent. Thus, choose what you want. Intelligent or peasant. If you want to be a peasant, let your body direct you. If you want to be intelligent, let consciousness direct your

body. The more you want to direct your body, the more it opposes you. And in resisting you, the more strength it gives you."

The development of higher being bodies has a corresponding development of different qualities of blood within each being body. The blood of the physical body is composed of the transformation of substances of the earth and enters the body through the food we eat. The substance that serves the *Kesdjan* body, called *Hanbledzoin*, is obtained from the transformation of elements of other planets and the sun and enters the body through our breathing and through the pores of our skin. And finally, the blood of the soul, called the "sacred-being *Hanbledzoin*," is formed from the direct emanations of the Sun Absolute, *Theomertmalogos*, and it enters and coats the highest being body "exclusively only from the process of what is called '*Aiësirittoorassnian-contemplation*' actualized in the common presence by the cognized intention on the part of all their spiritualized independent parts."

If we fully develop these higher being bodies, when we undergo the Sacred *Rascooarno*, or death, our higher being bodies may be of assistance to the enlarging world in accordance with God's plan. Upon the death of the planetary body, the body-*Kesdjan* and the soul separate from the physical body, leaving it on Earth, and the two rise up together to the sphere where the cosmic substances that make up the *Kesdjan* body have their place of concentration. They exist together there until the final sacred *Rascooarno* occurs to the body-*Kesdjan*. The soul then leaves

the body-*Kesdjan* and becomes an independent individual with its own individual Reason, worthy of reuniting with the presence of the Sun Absolute and fulfilling God's purpose in creating the Megalocosmos.

The Obstacles to Developing a Soul Facing Three-Brained Beings on Earth

The reason so few people on Earth engage in *being-Partkdolg-duty* is explained by the events that unfolded during the creation of our solar system, which is a relatively late arrival within the Megalocosmos and is in a remote location relative to the Sun Absolute. Gurdjieff says our solar system is "even almost beyond the reach of the immediate emanations of the Omni Most Holy Sun Absolute."

While our solar system was being formed and before the Earth had developed its own atmosphere, it was struck by a comet making its first full orbit within the solar system, and two fragments split off from the Earth. This happened because certain Sacred Individuals concerned with matters of World-creation and World-maintenance made an error

in calculating the timing of the comet's movement through this point on the Earth's path. The two fragments, one of which we know about, the Moon, and a smaller fragment, largely unknown, called *Anulios*, continue to orbit the Earth. When this calamity was recognized, a Most High Commission of Angels and Archangels studied the situation and concluded that although the two fragments would make regular elliptical orbits around the Earth, in light of the possibility of "*Tastartoonarian-displacements*" they might leave their positions and cause irreparable damage to this solar system and to neighboring ones.

The Commission decided to take certain measures to avoid this possibility by having the Earth send to these two fragments the sacred vibration *Askokin*. In order for the sacred vibration to be actualized, it was necessary for the two primordial sacred laws to deflect and manifest independently, which would lead to the creation of organic life on Earth, and the three-brained beings who could fulfill that purpose. When human beings began to arise on Earth, they had all the possibilities of self-perfecting as

did the three-brained beings on other planets throughout the Universe. That is, they had all the possibilities of acquiring Objective-Reason and becoming two-natured beings, having a physical body and a body-*Kesdjan*, with the further possibility of developing a soul. But due to events over which they had no control, all this changed.

At first, human beings developed normally, that is, they were developing the qualities of Being that lead to the acquisition of Objective Reason. However, when the Commission returned to the solar system to determine if the measures it had taken were sufficient to avert further calamities, it became concerned. What if the three-brained beings on Earth should prematurely realize that they were caused to arise on this remote planet solely to protect its solar system and neighboring solar systems from a catastrophe caused by the two fragments veering off course? If that happened, the Commission concluded the three-brained beings would, on principle, destroy themselves.

To protect against this possibility, the Commission decided to implant in the planetary body of the three-brained beings on Earth a special organ, called *Kundabuffer*, with "a property such that, first, they should perceive reality topsyturvy and, secondly, that every repeated impression from outside should crystallize in them data which would engender factors for evoking in them sensations of 'pleasure' and 'enjoyment.'" Essentially, what the organ did was to blind humanity to its reason for being and create the false impression that each of us is the center of the universe. This organ is the source of our self-love and vanity, which must be overcome to see reality and fulfill our cosmic responsibilities.

Being-Partkdolg-Duty No Longer Done

This organ grew at the base of the spinal column, the root of the tails which human beings still had at that time, and was left in place for three years by objective time, or 1,167 earth years. Once the organ was implanted, however, humans lost the instinctive need for *being-Partkdolg-duty* and ceased to make the efforts to liberate the sacred *Askokin* for the maintenance of the Moon and *Anulios*. Nature was therefore compelled to take certain actions to extract this

Continued on page 28



The Soul's First Flight. The preparation of the mummy with its magic armour of charms and amulets was an important process, and placed under the protection of the god Anubis, who is here shown in the act of laying the corpse on the funerary couch. The human-headed bird is the soul of the deceased, holding the breath-giving sail and scepter of power.

KULTUR

The Deepak-ian Vision. In his keynote address at the fifth annual Science and Nonduality conference, San Jose, CA, the now philosopher, former guru-ji, Deepak Chopra, in track pants, red running shoes and glasses with rhinestones and wearing two motion-tracking wristbands—the UP and the FitBit—as well as a Basis to track heart rate, along with, oh yes, a Sanskrit bracelet to remind him to connect, proclaimed the Internet, through social networks, neural networks, blogs and videos, can help harness “collective creativity.” Deepak’s goal: to put brain-wave monitoring bracelets on 100 million people. “We could create algorithms for states of well-being within companies, cities, countries.” . . . *The American Way.* Using allowed deductions and loopholes, large corporations paid only a 12.6 percent tax rate, far below the 35 percent that is the statutory rate imposed by federal government on corporate profits. And when foreign, state and local taxes are included it’s 16.9 percent. Meanwhile, were you a CEO of one of the top public companies with at least \$1 billion in revenue, the median pay package was \$15.1 million—a leap of 16 percent from 2011. Highest paid is Oracle’s Larry Ellison at \$96.2 million. Highest paid woman is Yahoo’s Marissa Mayer at \$36.6 million. Then there’s Papa John’s CEO, John Schnatter, making a lousy \$2 million a year, who, to subvert Obamacare’s provisions, is cutting worker hours to less than 30 hours. As to income distribution, adjusted for inflation, the income of the top 1 percent rose 31 percent from 2009 to 2012 while the real income of the bottom 40 percent actually fell 6 percent. All this and a number of states are cutting the average weekly unemployment benefit, but not so low as to make the state ineligible for the \$700 million in federal aid to the long-term unemployed. Meanwhile, there may be a \$39 billion cut in the Supplemental Nutritional Assistance Program, SNAP, food stamps, which, if passed, will remove 3.8 million people, almost two-thirds of whom are children, the disabled, and adults with children. In

2000 we had 17.2 million people on food stamps costing \$17.1 billion. This grew to 46.6 million in 2012 at a cost of \$78.4 billion. . . . *Hot Clerical Garb.* CM Almy, Armonk, NY, family-run clerical clothing company since 1892, is revamping its clothing line to keep up with increased demand from female clergy. In 2012 more than 20 percent of clergy were women, up from 14 percent in 2002, and about half those graduating from Episcopal seminaries are women. The future looks feminine! . . . *Get It On, Socially, Girl!* Lap up New York’s prominent social and charitable party scene. Price? According to the *New York Times*, putting your woman in play runs \$455,450 to a mere \$98,645 for five big ticket items on the city’s nine-month social scene. For the big spender: tickets at \$100K for at least one table with prime seating and \$200K for a combination of tables or tickets to four other events. Wardrobe: \$100K for four to five new gowns, plus shoes, jewelry and accessories new or recycled. Hair and makeup: \$5,700 for four botox eye-area treatments throughout the year at \$600, plus monthly glycolic peels at \$275 per session. Fitness at \$18K for three weekly sessions with personal trainer at \$150 a session. Personal stylist at \$3K for three hours at \$250 per hour, four times a year. Personal publicist at \$120K at monthly retainer of \$10K. Car service at \$1,250. . . . *Teen birth rate hits new low.* In 2007 it was 41.5 births per 1,000 teens ages 15–19; in 2009, 37.9; and in 2011, 31.3. This is approximately half what it was in 1991 when the teen birth rate was 61.8. . . . *Racial Makeup.* The U.S. is currently 63.8 percent White, 16.4 percent Hispanic, 12.1 percent Black, 4.7 percent Asian, and 3.0 percent Other, according to 2010 Census data. . . . *Gawd Damn.* According to the Pew Research Center, while 20 percent of Americans say they have no religious affiliation, an increase from 15 percent in the last five years, one in five American Jews say they have no religion; the percentage highest among younger generations, saying they are atheist, agnostic or have no particular religion. Among Jews married after 2000, nearly six in ten married a non-Jewish spouse. . . . *Say It Isn’t So.* In 1974, 3 percent of retiring members of Congress became lobbyists. Now 50 percent of senators and 43 percent of congressmen lobby.

During the 2012 presidential campaign, the so-called super PACS and mega-donors gave upward of \$2 billion; the top 150 consulting companies grossing more than \$465 million. Can’t wait for 2016! . . . *Dude, Out of Work? Write a Potboiler.* E. L. James, *Fifty Shades of Grey*, made \$95 million; James Patterson, *Mistress*, \$91 million; Suzanne Collins, *Hunger Games*, \$55 million; Bill O’Reilly, *Killing Lincoln*, *Killing Kennedy*, \$28 million; Danielle Steel, \$26 million. The bad news is that, according to Google, some 130 million titles have been published since the first books of monks. This overwhelming catalog is today being supplemented at a rate never before seen. Nearly 1.8 million new titles were published in 2012, an increase of half a million in just three years. Everyone, it seems, wants to be an author. And, according to the *New York Times*, 81 percent of Americans feel they have a book in them. New technology plays its part here. With the traditional locale for gaining others’ acknowledgement—the workplace, family or neighborhood—increasingly strained, maybe we’ve come to the True Age of the Book. ✎

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Question of the Soul

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substance by other means. And therefore, the human beings on the planet Earth did something that had never been done by three-brained beings on any other planet. They engaged in wars, destroying each other's existence. This serves Nature's purposes by releasing the necessary substances through the sacred *Rascooarno*, or death, of the three-brained beings. When they were not engaged in wars, the beings were fecund, increasing the population and insuring a sufficient source for *Askokin*.

When the Commission returned to Earth, it became convinced that the measure was no longer needed to maintain the existence of the two fragments. Therefore, it removed the organ *Kundabuffer* from the human beings. After it was removed, the first generations "very soon learned that a certain cosmic substance had to be transformed through them and that their assistance in this transformation was one of their chief being-duties." Beings on the

Below: Ancient Egyptians believed that for a person's soul to survive in the afterlife it would need food and water. The Opening of the Mouth ceremony symbolically animated a statue or mummy, magically opening its mouth so the person who died could eat and drink again in the afterlife.

continent Atlantis, which was then the primary population center on Earth, devised certain customs as a way to fulfill simultaneously the duty to maintain the two fragments and the duty to perfect their higher being parts.

However, two unforeseen circumstances occurred to prevent these customs from flourishing. First, the Earth's center of gravity finally shifted to its true position following the dislodging of the two fragments. This caused the continent Atlantis to be engulfed within the planet. With the loss of Atlantis went the necessary esoteric practices developed there. Second, the Commission realized that it "did not foresee that by the destruction of the organ itself the possibility was not destroyed that in the future the given consequences of its properties, would, owing to a certain manner of existence of the beings, become crystallized in the presences of their descendents." So, although the organ *Kundabuffer* is no longer implanted, its consequences continue to manifest.

Thus, humanity has all the possibilities for coating their higher-beings but must know how to work with and against the consequences of the organ *Kundabuffer* to develop them. The Fourth Way gives that knowledge. ✕

—Ron & Claire Levitan

Notes

1. *Representative of God in Essence*. William Patrick Patterson, *Georgi Ivanovitch Gurdjieff: The Man, The Teaching, His Mission* (Fairfax, CA: Arete Communications, 2014), 142.
2. *Completely self supporting*. P. D. Ouspensky, *In Search of the Miraculous*, 286.
3. *A mathematical and material*. Margaret Anderson, *The Unknowable Gurdjieff* (London: Arkana, 1991), 49.
4. *Only by understanding*. Ouspensky, 40.
5. *The whole secret*. Ouspensky, 101–102.
6. *There are four ways*. Patterson, 311
7. *The reason why*. Ouspensky, 40.
8. *Astral body*. And yet, years later in *The First Series*, Gurdjieff writes that the astral body "must inevitably languish also forever in all kinds of exterior planetary forms." Gurdjieff, *All and Everything*, 674.
9. *The fourth body*. Ouspensky, 93–94.
10. *The knowledge of this man*. Ouspensky, 73.
11. *Some crystals*. Gurdjieff, *Views from the Real World*, 214–15.

