

24 July 1962

DAILY PROGRAMME

Looking at this picture (overleaf), begin to make your own day-to-day programme. Come to yourself during two periods of silence, and absorb fine impressions in between. Remember that there are worlds of difference between all the impressions that surround you. And, as Aldous Huxley says:

Words are not the same as things. There is a universe of consciousness reduced, expressed and petrified by language. And then there are all the other worlds which bathe in the spirit and to which we can obtain access. ...

Do you know the lovely story about Buddha preaching a sermon without words? He picked a flower and held it up in the air, and only one of his disciples understood this language and smiled at him. Buddha smiled back and said: 'Now I have just taught you the supreme doctrine which lies on the far side of all Philosophy.'

(Interview with Danielle Hunebelle, in *Réalités*, Number 141, August 1962)

The following is a sample programme made from English poems written around the time of *The Courtier*. Remember that, for us, this is a Ladder of Awakening, and that the impulse to love comes from that sweet Presence felt in the heart now as a faint warmth, now as a glow, now as a mounting flame; the steps of the Ladder varying accordingly.

FIRST DAY. Unsatisfied Desire to Love

From *Quia Amore Languet*

In the vale of restless mind
I sought in mountain and in mede
Trusting a treulove for to find:
Upon an hill then toke I hede.

Anon. 15th century

Blou northerne wynd!
Send thou me my suetyng!
Blou northerne wynd!
Blou! Blou! Blou!

Anon. 15th century

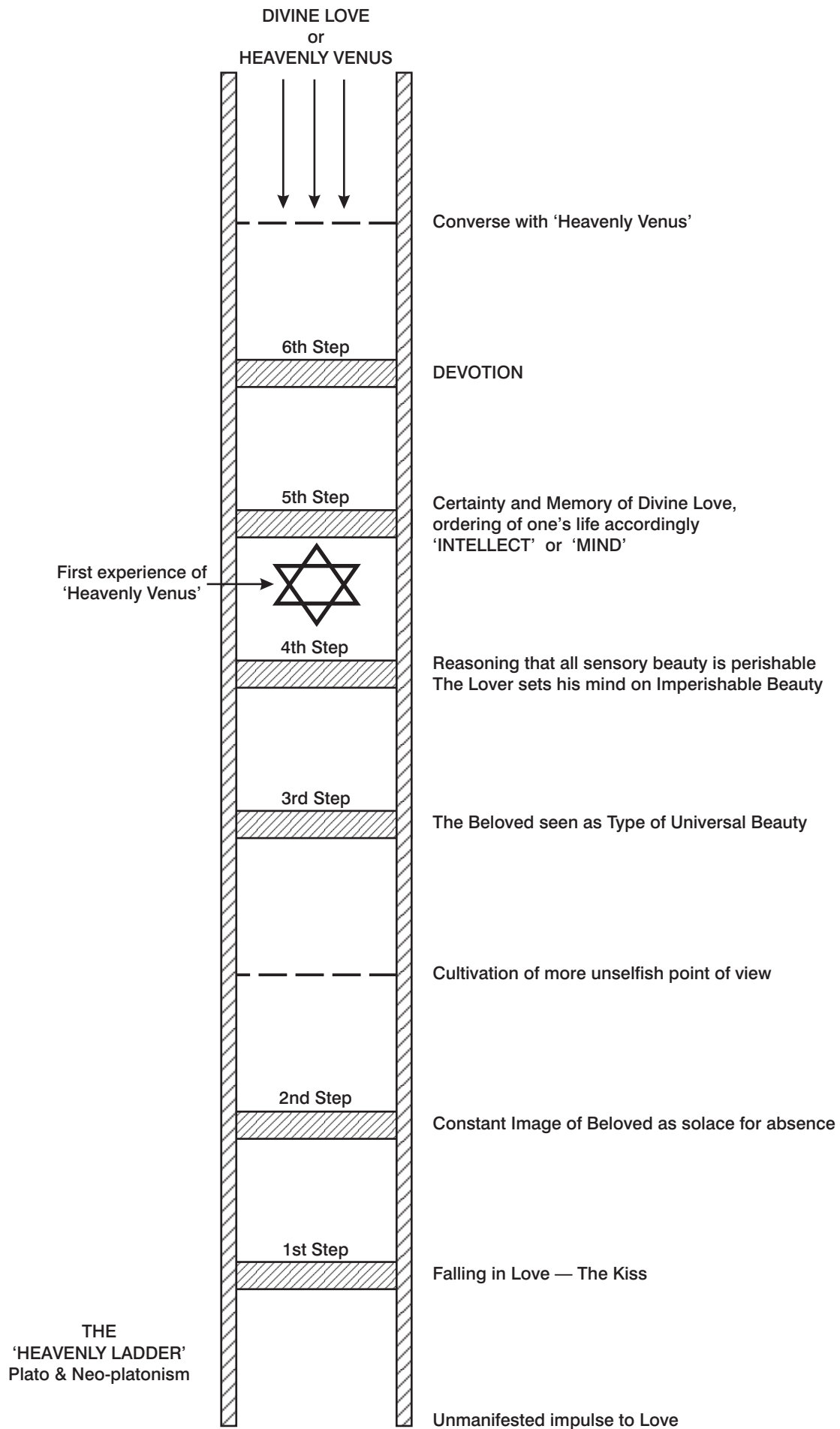
SECOND DAY. 1st Rung – Love Returned: the Kiss

My heart is high above,
My body is full of bliss,
For I am set in love
As well as I would wiss.

Anon. 16th century

Wherfore I make you sure,
It were an hevenly helth,
It were an endeles welth,
A life for God himselfe
To here this nightingale.
Among the birdes smaile
Warbelinge in the vaile.

John Skelton, ?1460–1529



THIRD DAY. 2nd Rung – constant Image of the Beloved, as Solace for Absence

Thus may I not be from you:

Thus be my senses on you:

Thus what I thinke is of you:

Thus what I seeke is in you:

All what I am it is you.

Sir Philip Sydney, 1554–1586

But there is a catch to this!

A! my herte, a! what aileth the

To sett so light my libertye,

Making me bonde when I was fre?

A! my herte, a! what aileth the?

Sir Thomas Wyatt, ?1503–1542

FOURTH DAY. Interval – Cultivation of a More Unselfish View

3rd Rung –The Universal Nature of Corporeal Beauty

The lover... shall gather in his thought by little and little so many ornaments, that melding all beautie together, he shal make an universall conceite, and bring the multitude of them to the unitie of one alone... And thus shall he beholde... an Universall that decketh out all bodies.

Castiglione, The Courtier

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more lovely and more temperate.

Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

...

But thy eternal Summer shall not fade,

Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;

Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,

When in Eternal lines to time thou growest.

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,

So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Sonnet 18, *Shakespeare, 1564–1616*

FIFTH DAY. 4th Rung – Imperishable Beauty Lies Beyond the Senses

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine.

Ben Jonson, 1572–1637

But –
Wrest every word and look,
Rack every hidden thought,
Or fish with golden hook;
True love cannot be caught:
For that will still be free ...

Thomas Campion, 1567–1619

Let here his eyes be raised
On nature's sweetest light;
A light which doth dissever
And yet unite the eyes:
A light which – dying never –
Is cause the seer dyes.

Sir Philip Sydney, 1554–1586

SIXTH DAY. 5th Rung – The Image of Ideal Beauty in the Mind

After the first visit of the 'Heavenly Venus', the lover must press on to the fifth stage, looking within himself: opening 'the eyes that all men have, and few occupy'.

She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

*Shakespeare,
Two Gentlemen of Verona*

Tell zeal it wants devotion
Tell love it is but lust;
Tell time it is but motion:
Tell flesh it is but dust.

Sir Walter Raleigh, ?1552–1618

SEVENTH DAY. 6th Rung - Ascent from the Idea to the Place where Heavenly Love is, in Her Proper Form

God I pray to prosper thee;
For I am stil thy lover true,
Come, once again and love me.

Anon.

Butt true Love is a durable fyre
In the mynde ever burnynge:
Never sycke, never ould, never dead,
From itselife never turnynge.

Anon.

*

This is the colour of kinde clenness
Regina Celi that nevere dide mys;
Thus endeth the song of great sweetnes,
Veni, Coronaberis.

Anon.

25 July, 1962

DAILY PROGRAMME (ALTERNATIVE DAY SIX & SEVEN)**SIXTH DAY. 5th Rung – The Image of Ideal Beauty in the mind**

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From: *Soe well I love Thee*

(These verses were made by Michael Drayton Esquier, Poet Laureatt the night before hee dyed)

Soe well I love thee, as without thee I
Love Nothing: if I might Chuse, I'de rather dye
Than bee one day debarde thy companye.

...

Looke as your Looking glass by Chance may fall
Devyde and breake in manye peyces smale
And yett shewes forth, the selfe same face in all;

...

Soe all my Thoughts are peyces but of you
Whiche put together makes a Glasse soe true
As I therin noe others face but yours can Viewe.

1563–1631

Envoi:

A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly –

.....

Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Shakespeare, Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act II, scene vii.

