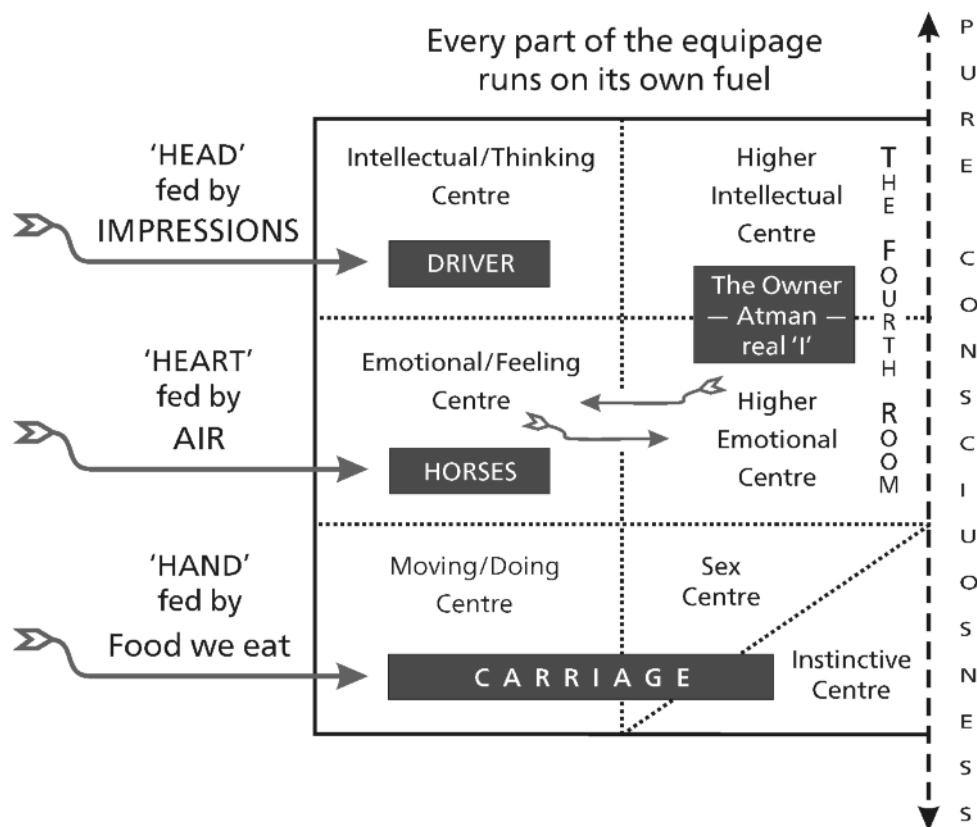


Energy (3) You are what you eat

Without energy we die, it is as simple as that. Human beings live by three foods — the food we eat, the air we breathe, and the impressions that fuel our minds. Without food we can live for about three weeks; without air, for about three minutes; without impressions, about three seconds. Yet most of the time we take these life giving forces quite for granted, giving priority to the least important of them.

The digestion of these three foods is a wonderfully complex process from which our whole being is created and maintained. 'You are what you eat' is generally true if we take into account all of the three. Digestion of all three foods is automatic and designed by Nature to maintain us in a state where we can serve her purposes satisfactorily. Nature brings us to a condition where we digest and refine our foods only as far as she requires. Nevertheless, further refinement is possible, and would produce great changes in our being, but any further evolution of our potential we have to understand and undertake ourselves.

The most important food, the constant driving belt of impressions without which we can only exist for seconds, is the food that we least digest and refine. Air too is capable of much further refinement. Even solid food and water can help us much more than we usually allow it to.



The System focuses on impressions as the continually available source of energy that can be further refined to elevate our being. Just as when the food we eat enters our mouths there are enzymes ready to start refining it into substances that can be used by the body, when impressions enter our mind there needs to be something ready there to start a similar process. In our ordinary state that something is usually unavailable. In fact, it is *attention* that is required to begin to refine impressions. Sometimes it happens mechanically by involuntary attention, as when some wonderful or awful event arouses our emotions. The same emotional arousal can also be produced by voluntary attention, as when we concentrate on something so as to perceive and understand it more fully, but this remains largely an exception and requires a particular understanding and motivation to allow it to develop.

So we must first look more closely at the driver of our *equipage*. Every impulse, or impression, from the horses, or the carriage, grab his attention so that he forgets his true purpose. The driver *identifies* with every successive desire arising from the instinctive centre, or the sexual centre or from the moving centre. The force of these desires cause him to forget his own identity and the job he is paid to do. Every time a horse rushes off, or suddenly stops to munch some tasty snack, the driver becomes identified, he temporarily *becomes* the object of desire — that is what identification means.

The driver is weak and forgetful. He forgets his job and who it is he really wants to please. In fact, the driver is simply not getting the energy that would allow him to do his job properly, which is to attend impartially to whatever is going on. To be able to do the job he was hired for he must somehow learn to abandon much of his personal ‘thinking’ so that he can become peacefully aware of all the desires rising up in him and discriminate as to which of them are helpful for the purposes of the Owner of the equipage.

The first thing the driver can do to help himself is to learn to be still. He needs to find a place of rest so that he can recharge his batteries, and simply going to sleep in the ditch will not suffice. Learning to keep the screen of his consciousness clear of all impressions for a few minutes at regular intervals actually connects him to an inner source of energy that will strengthen his resolve and clarify his memory. This inner source of energy is always available but seldom remembered, and only it can provide all the substances required for the refinement of impressions.

As things are, only in an emergency does the driver remember to call for the help of the Owner. The crucial point being that, almost all the time, the driver is convinced he *is* the Owner. Quite how he managed to become prey to this delusion remains uncertain, for it is not at all rational. Some say that as a baby, at his christening party, he was put under a spell by a clever magician who spied a likely candidate to bend to his own purposes. Whatever the cause, until the driver somehow wakes up to his real situation and begins to remember he is really an employee of the Owner and starts to listen out for His voice, until then, nothing much can change.

The driver can certainly hear many really interesting ideas about himself, can come to love listening to them and even become quite an expert on the subject. Only then, more often than not, he manages to rearrange them somehow, and comes to believe they are his own ideas and what an interesting and clever person he really is. This just creates yet another layer of delusion — such a sweetly attractive one as to allow him to sleep much more comfortably — but in reality he continues to slumber damply in the ditch whilst dreaming he has a permanent suite at Claridges hotel.

It is a peculiar fact that we have forgotten how to wake up. How such a natural thing could be forgotten is a mystery. Yet once we begin to realise we are asleep, waking up is guaranteed. How long it takes is up to us.

Mulla Nasruddin used to carry a door with him wherever he went. When someone asked him why, he replied: ‘It’s just a personal security measure. Nobody can enter my house except through the door. So now I carry it with me everywhere I go.’

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