

## The Last “Great Barrier”

*Wind sweeps Maple trees.  
Old men sweep the falling leaves.  
Life sweeps the old men.*

I saw recently a digitized version of the film *2001*. It served to remind me that mankind has been trying to figure out what is going on for as long as it has been mankind. In the film we see these apparent ancestors of ours, Cro-Magnons or Neanderthals or maybe they were Peking Men, doing, it seems, what we are, regrettably, still doing, and that is fighting over turf and looking for the ultimate weapon—which, in that case, turned out to be somebody’s leg bone. Anyway, we can go back many thousands, even millions, of years, and we will find some form of Homo sapiens—men and women searching, looking, exploring, and not only, I am pleased to report, for the next best weapon, but most of the time just trying to understand what was happening, or just wanting to see if what was over the next horizon was the same as or different from, maybe even a little bit better than what they presently had. In fact, the history of humanity, what I like to refer to as The Great Unfolding, is really the story of our effort to find out—to find out what is going on here. What is all of this stuff about, anyway?

**Can you imagine what it must have been like some umpteen millions of years ago while, crouched in terror under a rock ledge, and clutching your leg bone weapon, you watched lightning come out of the sky?**

So, if we look back, we can see this unending search for answers in a multitude of areas of human life. But it isn’t the areas of the search or even the answers—which always turn out to be the beginnings of the next question, anyway—that are really of significance. The really significant thing is this force in us, this media not only within and through which we live and move, but likewise which lives and moves within and through us. Thinkers from Plato to Whitehead have noted this force. This force—what it is, how it works, and what our relationship as humans to it should be—makes up a major part of every spiritual text like the Bible or Bhagavad Gita that we have; and it was

also a major aspect of the oral message of every spiritual leader—regardless of race, or time, or religious persuasion or geographical location—of whom we have a record.

One of my favorite names for this media is *élan vital*. A 19th century French philosopher, Henri Bergson, coined this term, and it means the original vital impulse, the *substance* of consciousness and nature. I think of this force as something more, however, than simply a free-floating all-pervasive energy field. I think of this *élan vital* as the Will to Be. This is a Principled and Purposed Will. It is Life itself. We know it now as The Shamballa Force, and it is both within and without us.

In us it takes the form of a driving urge, a wanting to know, an absolutely needing to know: What lies ahead? What does it mean? Where did it come from? Where does it go? Can you imagine what it must have been like some umpteen millions of years ago, while crouched in terror under a rock ledge, and clutching your leg

bone weapon, you watched lightning come out of the sky?

The need to know what it was and where it came from must have driven some of us up into the mountains in search of those answers. Who knows what we found up there? This same force drives us today. This drive is, to me, a primary signature of humanity, and the guarantee, even if we do not now know what it will look like, of our eventual triumph. Humanity will persist until it gets there, wherever “there” turns out to be, and when we arrive, we will know it.

Today, we are spending large parts of our collective resources to find out what lies on the

other side of the Moon and the Sun and Jupiter. Why, just the other day, I saw a video on the Internet of what it looks like to fly at 7200 miles per hour over the polar ice cap of Mars. And, there is just as much interest about this old Earth. We are scouring the bottoms of the oceans and the tops of mountains. We are also exploring the depths of the human genome, the nature of DNA, nanotechnology, cybernetics and other such things.

Kevin Warwick, a professor of cybernetics at the University of Reading in the UK, is a man who believes the need to know, "... this desire—this urge to explore—is intrinsically human." (*Wired*, February 2000 pp.145-151) Dr. Warwick is going to have a computer chip implanted in his body that will connect large parts of his nervous system to a computer. He is willing to risk all sorts of dire consequences to discover what will happen as a result of this human/computer interface. His speculations are, among other wondrous things, that this kind of interface will eventually generate direct brain access to the internet, "enabling phenomenal math capabilities and computer memory" as well as "thought communication" which will eliminate the need to use speech and language.

**What do you think would happen if there were a dedicated effort by a recognized scientist to explore the electrical connections that already exist within our brains and between our etheric mechanisms and the subtle planes?**

But these highly technical and frequently very dangerous explorations are not the only or even the most important manifestation of this irresistible internal force that drives us all. Consider for a moment what must drive the work of the men and women who are engaged in the search for peace between ancient and bitter foes, or the ways to end poverty and educate children. And this is not all. How many times in our daily ordinary lives—the lives of those of us who are not diplomats, or teachers or research scientists or oceanographers or in the

Space Program and such—how many times have we experienced this inner drive to discover what lies ahead, what lies around the next bend in the road, or on the trail?

I recall a time when I was so caught up by the discovery energy to see just around that next cove on a wind-swept, wave-crashing beach that, endangering my own children, I persisted even though I knew the tide was coming in and that the way back to the camp would be already half submerged. There was another time, one of those "almost the last times," when I just had to see what was around the next little bend on this rock face even though I could guess that the dwindling ledge upon which I was inching along was going to go away, and I would have to spend precious daylight trying to back down a trail I was just barely able to move forward on.

The incoming tide, the dwindling ledge, the ice falls, the swamps, no matter what the specific field, these kinds of things are called, in the language of the explorer, obstacles or barriers. Thus we have the gravity barrier, the pressure barrier, the weight barrier, the dwindling ledge barrier, the racist, sexist, ageist, prejudice barriers and the hate and fear barriers and many others.

On our particular mountain, the mountain of consciousness, we also have obstacles. We have the emotional vehicle that must be harnessed and brought to a point of crystal clarity. We have the rampaging lower mind to bring to a point of stillness, and we have the dweller. Something is laid across the path or trail that denies further progress.

As any research scientist, any explorer or climber, or hiker in any field will tell you, obstacles or barriers always beset one's way. A major part of the survival skill set of an explorer, of any human on planet earth, involves the techniques needed to overcome these barriers. We gain these skills through lives and lives of experience.

So, when to the question of, "Why did you climb that mountain?" the climber answered, "Because it was there," he or she was simply

demonstrating this very human urge to want to find out, to want to, to need to, go where we have never before been. It would appear that it is humanity's destiny to search. Searching, looking, this is the dharma of humanity, and it is within this dharma that we discover ourselves. It is our very effort to see what we are that raises the obstacles which block our vision of the truth of our being.

### After Many Lives Of Looking

However, after many lives of looking for answers among the rolling and unending sand dunes of physical phenomena, exploring and experiencing every imaginable sort of taste, feeling, sight and sound; after plumbing the heights and depths of desire; and after climbing for eons among the unending branches of the tree of knowledge and after being ultimately unsatisfied with the answers we find—the answers that leave unanswered the ultimate questions of, “Who are we?” and “What is all this stuff about anyway?”—after all of this, the unquenchable, the irresistible drive that is our signature turns us in, turns us finally, from the “out there” spaces to the “in here” spaces. The inner search begins. The man steps almost unknowingly onto the Path of Return.

Very frequently, this shift is signaled by a shift in concern. The concern for one's self subtly and gradually diminishes. It is equally subtly and gradually replaced by a concern for the welfare of others. In this transition, the man or woman moves on to the most challenging trail ever encountered. This is the Last Path. This is the Path of Return, the Path which is nowhere and which is built only by walking on it. This Path will lead, ever upward, ever inward, through many obstacles and barriers, eventually back to the “no place” which we call the Father's House.

I would like to focus the remainder of my comments this evening on the nature of the last great barrier we face both as individual disciples and as the disciple Humanity. This last barrier is the barrier that keeps us land- or form-locked

and separated from the ocean of wisdom out of which we crawled so long ago and to which we are destined to return. I began this talk with images and examples of the physical realm, the world of form. I did this because the world of form, the material world, is so real to us, so tangible, so there, and it is precisely this world that represents for us the last great barrier to the New Frontier.

True.

The final barrier to the New Frontier is not the gravity barrier or the light speed barrier, the overcoming of which would supposedly allow us to reach the stars, to reach other physical solar systems and planets with their mountains and oceans and deserts, with their life forms, where we could do—do what? Replicate the life we have lived on earth? Bacteria can do that. Mushroom spores do that. Not much new in that. No, the New Frontier lies not in the macro direction of Pluto or Sirius or the Pleiades, or Andromeda, nor in the direction of any galaxy. Neither does it lie in the micro direction of the GNR fields, (Genetics, Nanotechnology and Robotics). The New Frontier, new to mankind, is the formless, endless, beginning-less ocean of the Real. This realm lies on the other side of form and, therefore, on the other side of the space/time continuum which always and *only*

coexists with form. The last barrier to the Frontier of the timeless, spaceless, formless realm of the Real is the Great Illusion of Separation which flows from and is fed by our identification with this oh-

so-tangible, this oh-so-feel-able, taste-able, seeable, hearable, this *so here* world, and, this oh-so-evident physical body which we think we are.

These identifications are the barriers to the New Frontier.

As long as we are identified with the seemingly infinite micro/macro form world and the seemingly infinite space/time continuum within which form, no matter how tiny or how huge,

**The concern for one's self subtly and gradually diminishes. It is equally subtly and gradually replaced by a concern for the welfare of others.**

always and *only* exists, we are doomed to live and move and have our existence within this realm. There are, of course, countless barriers to overcome here, with the barriers to space travel being actually among the least. The real barrier to existence in the form/time/space realm, the biggie, is a much more pressing issue called death.

### The Backbone Of Illusion

As long as we are identified with the physical forms that we inhabit, we will be faced with the specter of death. Death is like the backbone of the Great Illusion. It sort of connects in one ages-long and unbroken chain all of the nodes or aspects of the illusion of form life. Because we think we are our forms, we become afraid to let them go, to let them die because we think that we will die. The more intense or solidified is our identification with our forms the more we empower the specter of death, and the more we empower the specter of death, the more intense or solidified is our identification with our forms. It is a dark and vicious circle which has held mankind in bondage for eons, and which has, for as long as we have records, made one of the primary targets of our search the quest for immortality.

**The quest for immortality has to date failed. The prospect of its eventual success is zero.**

This ages old quest for immortality has to date failed. The prospect of eventual success is zero. However, so strong is the identification with the body that many of our most intelligent

brothers and sisters spend their lives chasing this illusion. Let me give you a couple of examples. Today, there is a recognized field of science called longevity science. Also, a great deal of the leading edge of scientific research in what is called the GNR fields, (Genetics, Nanotechnology and Robotics) is devoted to finding some way to keep our bodies from death.

One "highly regarded futurist," Danny Hillis, who is the cofounder of Thinking Machines Corporation, is quoted in an article in the April 2000 issue of *Wired*, by Bill Joy, the Chief

Scientist at Sun Microsystems. Danny Hillis is quoted as saying, "I'm as fond of my body as anyone, but if I can be 200 with a body of silicon, I'll take it."

In the same article (which I recommend to everyone, by the way), Bill Joy talks about Ray Kurzweil, who in his forthcoming book, *The Age of Spiritual Machines*, outlines a utopia in which humans gain near immortality by becoming one with robotic technology. And, of course, as we learned on the news the other day, we now have the cloning of pigs, not so that we can get more bacon, but so that we can grow human organs in the cloned pigs for transplanting in people who will, it is assumed, thereby gain some extended length of form occupation.

Now, this is just a little aside, and I do not mean to be impertinent. But, I do have a couple of little problems with these examples, which I assure you are only two from among hundreds that could be cited. The first problem is with the whole notion of future that dominates the thinking of many of our scientists. There is a kind of orthodoxy in science, and the "orthodox" scientists are similar to the orthodox in any field. They tend to not want to get "out of the box", and they tend to look askance at those of their colleges who do. Another kind of earmark of the orthodox scientist is that they see linearly; they tend to think linearly. They tend to think of future as a place in "the time that is yet to come." Consequently, the visions including the more utopian, that are generated are really imaginative extrapolations of the present self-conscious-generated, physical paradigm into time. They are clever, great science fiction stuff (of which I am a tireless reader), and they do, I believe, represent a possible scenario that Humanity may, indeed, have to live through on its way to discovering the Real, the home of Future. But they are not future. They do not represent a move into Future.

### A Place In Consciousness

Future is a place in consciousness, not in time. The world of form as it exists within the space/time continuum is the past. It is, even as we meet and talk together here, an effect of, a

manifestation or working out of, purposes and principles which are formless and by and large way beyond our present level of comprehension. So, the people who project utopias in which humans gain near immortality by becoming one with robotic technology are not futurists. They are “Past-ists.”

The other problem is that I cannot understand the meaning of “near immortality.”

The supreme irony of our identification with our forms is that we long for permanence, for immortality within a system that every scientific device we have ever invented, every Law of Nature we have ever discovered reveals that this system is characterized by impermanence. It is a system that is constantly changing, mutating, fluctuating, a system within which no thing—whether it be a human form or a sun or even a galaxy—has permanence.

We are not even sure that the space/time continuum within which this stuff all occurs is permanent. The bet is that it is not, that it, too, will die, come to an end, disintegrate or disincarnate, retreat into what the Ancient Wisdom calls pralaya. From another point of view, one that is rooted in the formless worlds, which lie even beyond what we call consciousness, the entire system—including all of the forms that exist in the entity called space—the entire lash-up is, after all, only a system of phenomenal existence. It is, in the end, the Great Illusion.

I do not see any easy way out of this circle of confusion and illusion. My saying that the form world is a chimera, an illusion, and that it does not really exist is not going to convince anyone. Equally troublesome is the fact that the ability to intellectually articulate the parameters of the thing does not necessarily confer the ability to break through the barrier.

### **The Will To Be**

I do, however, have some thoughts to share with you about the way to overcome this last great barrier. They are, unfortunately, very few. But before I get into them, let me once again recall for us, once again raise up into the light of the

group mind, the fact that we are intrinsically invested with the Life Force, with the Will to Be, and we will overcome this barrier as we have overcome all the previous barriers Humanity has encountered on its journey back to the Father’s House. This is not feel-good talk, not idle cheering-up I am doing here. This is the sum and substance of the energy we call faith, the knowing of each one of us in our soul that we will triumph, that we can and we shall overcome.

As you have noticed, there are no physical equivalents for what I am trying to say, so, rooted in the formless, I must continue to rely on metaphor. First let me say that we do not need the word *eternal* in front of the word *Life*. Life is. Next, let us realize that we do not have to wait to die to experience Life. We are immortal. Identify with that fact.

***Life is available now. It is in the everywhere of nowhere.***

It is identifying with our form, about whose mortality we have undeniable proof, that has us screwed up. *Life* is available now. It is in the everywhere of nowhere. To penetrate into the “no place,” which is everywhere, we do not need to be info-cyborgs, we do not need light-speed or fusion drives. We need quiet minds, no-speed or stillness drives. We do not have to travel light years to other galaxies; we need only to shift our attention for an instant to the Real. We need only to follow the path of our thought through our hearts into the silence to discover—what?—the music of the spheres, the nature of beauty, the reality of the inner-side, to discover who and why we are. We, various ones of us, have been learning to do this and doing it for centuries. The shift is not into some other materialistic form but rather into a new inclusive, synthetic state of consciousness.

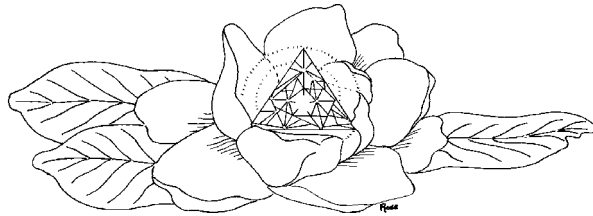
Identification with form leads to a wild and ultimately failing effort to outrun death. Identification with the essential Divinity within and around us, identification with the force that has eternally driven us, liberates us from the

bondage of the circle of incarnation and death. A side benefit of this is that we actually do become agents of freedom in the outer world because freedom is a quality; it is the nature of the inner world. It is this quality that we are able to express or embody when we have broken the cycle of bondage and can walk the Earth living in the now, living as happy, caring, joyful human beings who will—when the time is good and our work is done—who will consciously, deliberately decide to relinquish the form we have been using to get around in on this plane,

and return through the now demystified door of death to the Father's House.

We will do this because we can. The way between the two worlds can and will be bridged, and we will come and pass again as we are needed and as we will. This may not sound like some utopia or be something that everyone can get behind, but it is Humanity's future, the real future. It is, in fact, the only *future* we have.

*Tom Carney, Pisces, 2000*



*Meat Bound*

*Caught in this fleshy density,  
Imprisoned behind these bones,  
Peering through pulpy eyes,  
He proudly proclaims,  
"I Am!"*

*While still meat bound, man—  
One level living, and that the least—  
Cannot see the unfolding Plan.*

*But freed finally from form,  
And finally, finely formed—  
Exquisitely shaped,  
With sinews of light  
And eyes of fire—  
He stands before the Open Heart.*

*A seven hued Ray streams form the sky.  
I am That, he cries, and That am I.*

*Tom Carney*