

A Reality In Me

Forces from all worlds pass through me, from the lowest to the highest, the most pure. And I do not know it. I do not feel them, I do not serve them. For this to be possible, the barriers that separate me from my essential being must fall, and I have to become conscious of myself as a whole.

There is in me a sense of insufficiency, of dissatisfaction that is not understood. It sets in without any real questioning about its source, and without the feeling of self being engaged. Instead of a perception of the real fact, which could call a new attention, there is a reaction. My mind remains passive, judging, demanding what it does not bring itself. I do not understand either the nature of the dissatisfaction or the nature of the reaction. The reaction is not put in doubt, and my feeling does not change. It cannot change because the being, my being, is not concerned as a whole. And this dissatisfaction, which in fact reflects the need of consciousness to grow, is appropriated by the ego.

When I am touched by an event on a larger scale, I realize that there is a reality beyond the reach of my habitual way of being, an elusive energy beyond my known tension and relaxation. I see that I vacillate between tensions of all kinds and the relaxation, voluntary and involuntary, that follows them. Yet I never see the tension—intellectual, emotional or physical—in the moment itself as tension. I see only the result: the word, the image, the form it produces, the emotion in reacting for or against. The tension itself, the movement of energy, I do not see, and so I am subject to it. Since tension and relaxation make up what we call our life, giving us the impression of living, we are avidly attached to them. It seems that everything would collapse without them. But these movements hide something more real, something that I do not see because my attention is caught. How can I know this?

When our attention is placed on ourselves, we become aware of tensions within our whole body, which we feel as a hardening of matter. Yet they could be felt as vibrations of different kinds, each having its own speed, its own density, its own sound. A movement, a tension, could be felt as sound or as light, producing a current that is more magnetic or less magnetic. These vibrations are chaotic and keep our attention dispersed, in the dark. I feel myself taken by them, unable to disengage. Nevertheless, from behind the chaos, I may feel the action of a vibration that is wholly different in its intensity. This vibration is more subtle, and it is difficult to attune the slower vibrations that hold me back, which are too incoherent. But there is something that responds. I feel an influence more luminous, more intelligent than my usual awareness. And I feel a wish to obey this influence, to serve it. In order to attune myself, I become more sensitive. Now my tensions seem useless, even bothersome, and fall away by themselves. I become

permeable, as though each and all the parts of me were attuned to the wavelength of this subtle vibration.

The essential effort is always consciousness of “I.” Everything is related to this—touching my essence. What contains the energy is temporary. The energy is permanent. I recognize this in stillness when, with a pure attention, a kind of sixth sense, I disengage myself from associations and reactions that distort my vision of the real. I need a conscious attitude, an impulse coming from all three centers, in order to touch my essence, the current of life in me. At this point, I see my reaction in receiving an impression and I am not wholly lost in it. This experience is what could be stable, forming a new center of gravity in me. It is here that I need to hold myself. Here is the only work, an engagement from which can be born the substance that becomes the material of the second body.

de Salzmann, Jeanne. The Reality of Being: The Fourth Way of Gurdjieff (pp. 254-256). Shambhala. Kindle Edition.