

INTRODUCTION TO THE PURPLE BOOK

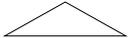


This is the third book in the Cerithous series. As the steps are taken, new material is more easily digested - indeed, with seeming ease. Yet, simple concepts of sweeping degree are nonetheless becoming understood and known as truth. These live within you always.

Matters of singular-ness, narrowing of duality, diminution of judgement, expanding acceptance, and so forth, affect changes in the ego and personality, pushing back what was once a total preoccupation with self, to partial. What remains is backdrop to the new. There are no words for this territory which a soul enters once the painting is dislodged from its easel. At first, a clean empty canvas, and later, no canvas at all. At first a clear lens, and later, no lens at all.

It has not been our concern to pry between the covers of spirituality and issue a science, or even contemplate the mechanics, techniques and nomenclatures of other plateaus and planes - reserving, as it were, our judgement for better things.

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We know by now that science is a noble ambition of the mind having been given latitude to overshadow the substance of things. Actually, shadow and substance are not divergent streams, but two currents within one stream. Our centuries have brought us little of value to hold-on to, but much to speculate upon. Nature, moreover, does not wait for one of her extremes to become extinct before taking to balance. And you have before you a time of balancing: a time of great retreat from the proven and demonstrable, the repeatable and the mechanical. This is the wish of nature today - to pull man back into BEING; this place of seeming darkness and mystery to the inquiring mind stranded at a dark pole.

We will begin this future by taking off the costumes and customs of the scientific dynasty which has planted and reaped for five centuries much like the office of religion did for fourteen previous centuries.

Know that the mind is not fully content with Truth - it must elaborate upon it until Truth itself, and BEING alongside it, are stranded.

This will not do. We have reaped the fruits of mental labors and have found no answers to our haunting pleas for Truth, for "fact" alone is no colleague of so great a light as Truth, and simply does not suffice.

We *know* Truth from fact because we are gifted in such discrimination already. Perhaps because science cannot teach us how to love or what love is, we sidestep this great power - this gift - as if it alone were not enough to seize and claim. We have moved outwardly to find inward truth. We have concealed BEING to find the meaning of life. We have placed our trust in others, while seeking to know ourselves. We have taken our deepest questions and replaced them with ones we can answer. We have seen formulas, but no essence. While the mind *must* breathe-in essence to work its magical spells, these very spells serve to conceal and hide essence. As we merge ourselves with the mind, away from essence, we, like the mind, will have nothing more to breathe-in. This is the plight of man today. And he will come to know his dilemma as this.

Mind is a tool of man. But he has confused this tool with himself, and like other men in other times, his very discovery of this error will provide the correction.

The effort of a reader of this book is to be placed upon the most evident, the most real, the least scientific topic: himself, his life, his being. There is no mystery to unravel and master. There is no

conclusion to life. Being, which stands within all things, waits to be claimed. Once claimed, all things will change. All things.

Coming full circle
as all diversions lead,
Spirit returns to spirit
for never did it leave.

This return, in a sense, is always upon us; is the very direction of our travel, of *all* travel. This *is* the eternal wellspring of hope in a world which God has created. And, despite ourselves, we SHALL return. Indeed, we are returning NOW.

In all things known and unknown there may be many questions, but there is only one answer.

— Michael T. Bucci
with Cerithous
February 1992