

July 8, 1972

I'm struck by the incongruity of the kind of situation to do the kind of thing ~~you~~ you want to do with these Treks. The incongruity of this kind of a ~~situation~~ situation for doing the kind of talking that we need to do around what we 're calling the "Spirit Treks", we need a more like a setting of an intimate place with three or 4 or 5 or 10 people, ^{sort of} like you would have at a local pub, where men are sitting around and talking about great adventures or great journeys into the land of adventure and danger. And the accomplishments, and the passing through of the valleys of the shadow of death. And so you've got to imagine, I think, that you're in such a situation, and that I'm not really screaming up here, but that I'm talking in a low and appropriate voice. Now I don't want to lecture, but Im supposed to ^{do a} lecture, so I'm, going to do the lecture in 5 minutes and then we talk for awhile. The lecture goes ^{something} like this; it starts with this bit of poetry:

earth

That which interests me is not man, nor ~~heavens~~, nor the heavens, but the flame ~~the~~ which consumes man, ~~heavens~~ earth and sky. The United States does not interest me, but the flame which consumes the United States. The betterment of the fate of the masses or of the ~~collective~~ select, happiness, justice, virtue, these are vulgar baits which cannot hook me. One thing only moves me, I seek it everywhere and follow it with my eyes with fear and joy. The crimson line which pierces and passes through men as through a necklace of skulls. I don't love anything else but only this crimson line. My singular happiness is to feel it ~~pleating/ny/skull/~~ splitting my skull into fragments as it pierces and penetrates. All other things seems to me ephemeral, stupidly philanthropic and vegetarian unworthy of a soul which has freed itself of every hope.

Once you encounter mystery at the ~~Center~~ of your Being, from that moment on, ^{only} only that interests you -- not the New Social Vehicle, ^{creation of a} not the global movment ^{the} but only ^{one} thing interests you, and that is, how do you come to terms with the ~~the~~ ~~the~~ fear and fascination of being in this humanly impossible situation. Whether you're playing or whether you're ~~playing~~ studying; ~~of/whether/your/te/~~ ~~dallying/your/time~~ whether you're accomplishing some great feat, or whetehre you're dallying your time away somewhere, one thing only, consciously or unconsciously consumes man, and tht is how in the world does he deal with the fear-filled, fascinating human existence. And everything else precedes from and to that one encounter. It begins something like this I became aware ~~of~~ of the fact that I --

July 6, 1972

Page 2

going to die. And when I become aware of the fact that I am going to die, I'm up against ~~fr~~ fear and fascination. And then, I become aware that not only am I going to die, but every thing ^{that} that I use to give my life significance, ~~everythi~~ ~~that/t/~~ single value, every single thing that I value, also ~~app/~~ passes away. And I'm given up to a world that makes no sense. ^{it's} Not that everything passes away, ~~but~~ ~~that/t/~~ ~~about/~~ the problem is I don't have anything to make sense out of my life. And then the third step is that I not only see that what I value passes away, but everything passes away. I understand we've photographed the passing away of a sun in which the star exploded and all that was left there was ^{just} a black hole because the substance or whatever it is so condensed in such high ^{density} ~~intensity~~ that all ~~of~~ you've got left is just one big black hole floating around out in space. Everything passes away. And It's not that everything passes awy, the problem is, that is, when I deal with my own existential life, the problem is I'm aware there will never be anything that will take away from my life the fact that finally i'm up against no thing, nothing. And when your're up against no thing, then you're up against the final mystery which every human being has to finally come to terms with in one way or other.

Now that finishes my lecture. Now we can talk some. We want to go on a journey. You must think of me maybe , no not as a tour guide, maybe we go on a travelogue, but anyway we ^{take} ~~go/~~ a journey, a trek to the Land of the Other World, which you're already in, but which you become conscious of. It's the Land of Mystery that we're going to journey in today. We're going to take sort of a generalized flight over it in which we're just going to take the broad sweep, and then in your ecclesiolas , maybe you will go into a particular part of the Land of Mystery, and explore out the nooks and crannies. What we want to do this morning, is to sort of take a brief journey fthrough the First Trek, of the Land of Mystery, which has been titled on your page, which you have in front of you, The Aweful Encounter.

Whenever I think of taking a journey, I always first of all go out and buy myself a new pair of shoes and get them broken in, because a journey has to do with feet. or walking around - or the jounies that I've taken. Feet have always been an interestingthing to me. I remember very early being conscious of feet. And being aware of some feet being very attractive and some feet being very unusual. You don't find many really attractive feet, but you find lots of attractively unusual feet, if you look at them carefully. I remeber my father's feet. They were ~~always~~ turned under, like this, because he wore pointed whoes that disfigured them. But it wasn't really this disfigureing of his -- I decided at that time I'd never wear a shoe, I'm still of that persuasion in terms of preference -- but at any rate, it wasn't the disfuguring of those pointed shoes that interested me, or that caught me, or that fascinated, but it was the fact that they were old. They were the first place where ~~that~~ I discovered that my Daddy showed that he was growing old, and therefore that he was going to die. I had an English professor in college, who said that the first place that you become aware of the fact that you're growing old is in fyour feet. Some pretty girl at some dance on the college campus ~~wanting~~ will come up to you and aks you to dance, wanting probably to get a better grade in the English clase -- his name was Dr. Abernathy, now that I think about him. And he said the first place you notice it is in your feet; they don't move ~~like~~ like you want them to move. I understand that baseball players retire early because their feet and legs give way at anearly age, I mean. The first place you notice that your life grows old and dies, one of the first places, is your feet. I had an aunt who used to soak her feet and then after she soaked her feet and scraped them, she would scrape off dead skin, to make me sick. I wans't aware of why it made me sick. Now when I take a bath these days, if you rub toohard skin comes off, I see some you skinn comes off, and it still makes me sidk. Everyone of us has clay feet, and that's the place ~~where~~ where you begin to bump into the aweful encounter - is when you wake up to the fact that you have clay feet.

Well, I like to think of this journey we're going to go on, with our clay feet, because you're never out of this world even when you're in the other world, I like to think of this journey sort of like going to a circu, or it has the same ^{kind} ~~flavor~~ of ~~flavor~~ flavor for me as going to a circus. And I suppose it's because a circus is sort of like a place where people get ~~to~~ together and thumb their nose at death; they do death-defying acts, and they defy gravity, and they get in cages with huge animals, and at a moment could turn and take them out of ~~being~~. ~~Yod/Yd~~ And they get up on those huge wires, you know, way up high and sometimes they don't have nets underneath them, ^{say, have you ever} ~~adm~~ they sort of walk out across the abyss, and ~~did/yod/****~~ noticed what they play? when they're walking across that wire, Hunh? How does it go? (Hum from audience, "When you are aware") Isn't that interesting. And there's another ^{guy} ~~guy~~ song about a ~~guy~~ on a flying trapeze, and that's a waltz too, unless I miiss my guess. Well, you walk out over the abyss of the mystery, you dance a waltz or ~~d~~ you don't stay on that high waire very long. You can imagine somebody doing a twist on that high wire, I suppose. Well, it's sort of like going to the circus, in the fact that you go and you bump up against life itself and then in the face of all of that, in the face of bumping up and defying death itself, to journey into the other world, lyou have got to be a clown, and you gotta look full into the face of the freakishness of life. And then in the midst of all that, waltz -- ~~womthing~~ like that is the way this journey into the other ~~swlyk~~ world is for me. And the journey begins at many, many differnet places.

One of the places that it begins, or one of the ~~tesnts~~ tents in the circuls that you can enter into the frailness of life. You notice, you wake up one day, and you become aware that life is just fragile, ~~ahat~~ your skin can burst with just the smallest kind of prick. and you can bleed to death, just like that. I don't know how many pints it is, but I know it's not al lot. Or you ^{break} ~~YIYK~~, have you noticed how easy you/^{break} ~~YIYK~~ -- is John Baggett in this Temple? John Baggett's in the other

July 4, 1972

Page 5

Well, day before yesterday he feell asleep in a chair, and now he's got a broken arm. He's the guy running around with a gaing. Well, life is just that fragil, you go to sleep in a chair, and you wake up broken. You get deprived of oxygen for 3 minutes and your'e gone. Life is just fragile. Some little ole virus you can't even see attacks your lungs and you're gone. Some little old virus attacks your nervous system and you're gone. One of the registrants for this conference , I ghink it was number 71, but I'm not sure of that, she registered 4 weeks ago l. W Two weeks ago she contracted spinal meningitis , and now she's not here. LIfe is just fragile, like you were walking on a high wire. That's one of the tents of the other world.

~~And~~ Another one of the tents is ~~just~~ the precariousness of life. You're walking down the street, downtown Chicago, as some people were doing a few weeks ago, a couple of months, now, I guess it was, and a car aareened out of the traffic and runs down the sidewalk and runs down six people and kills two. Life is just thaprecarious. You think of all the different things that could take your life out o being and you wonder how you made it this far. You think of all the things that could snuff out your life at any point, at any turn, and you wonder, why, why, how was it possible that you made it this far. 500 people were killed in automobile accidnets as as of last Monday nigh-, I mean last night at 12:00. ONe carload of people coming here was not killed but just barely excaped it, won't be here 'til next week. Life is precarious. you're walking down a high wire every moment of your lfie. And of course, this is oging on all the time. But when you go into the other ^{what you do is you see} ~~world~~ world, ~~you see~~ that, with a kind of clariyt that you never say before. just how precarious your life is. You suddenly wake up. 4 weeks ago in Chicago 6 cars which were part of a wedding entourage pulled up to a Stop sign in downtown Chicago and a building fell over and killed two people and injureed everybody else.

July 5, 1972

Page 6

I mean the building just feell over. You see, nobody expects it. Oh, when your're
in the other world, you see how fragile even the buildings are. And what you see is
how precarious your life is in the midst of that frailty. And if you turn around
and what you see as the next tent to go in this circus of the other world is the
tent that's written across it "The Absurd Life."

I mean that if that light that they pulled up to had turned green just 3 seconds
they would have gone ~~fix~~ right on by. The wall would not have fallen on them, it
would have fallen on just blank space. But as it happened, the light happened to turn
red just at that moment and the building fell upon the group. Whenever you wake up
to the fact that your illusion about being eternal ~~you~~ comes to an end and you face
the unatlerable doom that every man faces, then what you raise to your soncsiousness
is, "Why that's absurd?" What comes to yourconsciousness is "Well, why? Why? Why
didn't that light furn green? Why did it turn red just at that moment?"

And down underneath that question is a question something like this: "Why in the world
would a person show up and endure all the pain that it takes to become a self-conscious
human being just for the purpose of going to a grave 6 feet deep? What's the purpose
of it all?" "Vanity of vanities", says the Preacher. "Vanity of vanities, there
is nothing new under the ~~sun~~/ sun." Why expend your life creating a new social
vehicle when you know 500 yearsffom now, they've got to creat another one? Life is
absurd. n

And then attached to, though, to that tent, that's your circus of the other
world, is a tent that 's called something like the bottomlessness of life. When you
bump up against the absurdity of life, or you bump up against the passingness away
of your life, what you see then is that there is no bottom. Like you're out over
20,000 feet of pure air, 20,000 fathoms, isn't it? It's like that coyote in the
Roadrunner, you know.? The roadrunner goes out, and the coyote follows him out over
the ~~air~~ air, then the roadrunner comes back and the coyote is left standing there, over
20m000 fathoms. Then he makes a mistake, he looks down.: the moment he looks down he

he starts to fall. Well, this kind of experience is more like you just keep falling, and you fall, and you fall, and you fall, ~~you fall/keep falling/~~ -- it's a continuous fall. What you see in the other world is that your whole life is a continuous falling, like a dream where you can't stop falling, falling, falling, falling. In the midst of the experience of the bottomness of life, you see that what you're up against is sheer No Thingg -- ~~pure~~ Mystery, utter nothingness. And when you experience yourself up against that utter nothingness, then it is that you become aware that your life is finally, finally, finally, forever and forever and forever and finally, finally, finally up/ just up against mystery. And that's the aweful encounter of mystery. That's something like the first think or the first awareness of that mystery that occurs in the journey into the other world.

Or this comes in ~~other~~ ways; it comes as a start; you're startled, ^{lots of} You've experienced this. You're driving by a graveyard, and you glance over at the graveyard, and you're startled, ^{suddenly} And it happens in a flash you're aware of that whole ~~whole~~ journey we just went on. ^{that} It's not something that happens or takes time. Sometimes it happens just like that. It happened to me when I was teaching an RSI, that I walked outside to get a breath of fresh air and walked by a graveyard, and I had got myself pretty conditioned to graveyards., but then as I was ~~w~~alking by, I looked down, and I ~~saw~~ ^{saw} a picture by the grave. ~~And then~~, somehow, in a startling flash, I was in the other world, ~~so~~ for I was having to deal with the fact that I die. I think it had to do with the fact that that cotton-picking picture ^{looked} ~~was~~ so lifelike, And that when you looked away from the picture over to the grave, it looked so quiet, and the picture looked so lifelike, but the contrast with the grave was so calm. You know you're going to die, but you never expect it, huhh? until that happens, until you're startled. ~~I~~ One time, back a number of years ago, I was working in a Wesley Foundation, and I had a medical student under my care. And he started losing his faith, or so he said, couldn't figure out why it was he was losing his ~~faith~~ faith, but he was sure he was losing his faith. And so he asked me to come over and talk to him. I did.

And we talked awhile, couldn't figure out what it was. Then he wanted to take me on a journey through his medical labs where he was studying, and the place we finally ~~got~~ got to and stopped was the place where they trained the ~~old~~ medical students by letting them operate on ~~cadavers~~ cadavers. And my friend, my young friend, was in the midst of carefully removing hunks of flesh from bones, and categorizing them and memorizing the bones and the muscles. And you can see what that did. Wham!

It came to me once, too, when I walked into a ~~hmm~~, I started to say a carpenter's, but it was a contractor's office in a small town a good ways from here-- and there in his office, or in the lobby of his office were some wooden caskets. Now I've always been something of a rebel, and I became very incensed that these mortuary people had spent all that money lobbying in order to make it impossible for us to get buried without paying a fortune. You know you have to buy one of those expensive caskets. The only way you can get buried without getting one of those expensive, ^{oh,} 500-dollar or 1000 caskets, is if you belong to the Jewish burial society, and then you can get buried in a pine box. I don't know why that is, but it has to do with lobbying. --these characters in Washington. Well, I ~~that/was~~ ^{that,} back in my younger days, made me very angry, so I decided I was going to get buried in a pine box. But what I was really doing, it appears to me now, ^{was} ~~was~~ I was spoofing myself. As long as I could think of myself in a pine box, I could go to funerals, I could see those ads in the newspaper about those big old expensive ~~d~~ caskets and ^{it} hardly ^{ever} touched me. Then I walked into this contractor's office in this small town, and wham! there ^{it} was my casket. What ~~happens~~ ^{startles you is that} is that you see yourself dead; you see the muscles being pulled off, or you see yourself in your own casket, and it's not until you see yourself and you see yourself seeing yourself, that you enter into this other ~~world~~ world. Now that's nothing new to you. We've talked about that in RSI for years. /But it's new in terms of the intensity; it's new in terms of the depth ~~in/d~~ at which you and I are now experiencing the deeps of our lives, I would want to suggest.

The other way it comes to you is it disorients you.(something left out) Coca Colas. I couldn't even get up enough guts to order a French meal. Ever since then, I 've had a new appreciation for the Coca Cola bottling company and I have't been as hard upon them for embracing the world, because they saved my life. for 3 days it was. I remember trying to purchase something. I can't remember what it was , but i remeber agruing 30 minutes because I thought I was being cheated, . And it was 30 or 40 francs, or something like that, , I can't remember what it was they ewer e trying to cheat me out of, and when I finished I found out what I was arguing about was 3 cents, U.S. Well, you get sort of disoriented, when you bump into the other owrld, And there enters self-doubt , and you're wracked with self-doubt, I mean your're ~~with~~ wracked with self-do, Shall you spend 4 cents or shall you spend 10 cnets? become huge problems in this kind of disorientation or off-balance experience. Sometimes for me it's accompanied with nausea. You cna't spit and you can't swallow. And you stand there with your nausea. Or sometimkes the circus is a circua of paralysis.

There are 2 kinds of paralysis. One is vertigo, inwhich suddenly you come upon a huge expanse ,and you have to somehow take into your whole being the void. Life at the bottom is a huge void. And you experience a kind of dizziness, a vertigo in the midst of that, like you experience when you're on top of a high building. and you freeze in order to keep yourself form throwing yourself off the top. Or ~~it comes~~ the ~~panic~~ /suddenly/ paralysis comes as a kind of panic, in which you ~~panic~~ /run, or it comes where you cannot focus your mind, you can't work on this, & you cna't work on that, and you can't be happy moving tables. YOU ~~is~~ just can't get your being focussed anywhere, you're panicked. That's the active paralysis.

like
It's ~~panic~~ the falling. But then there's another. (I'm starting to lecture here, I din't mean to lecture. I was just going to talk about these things) There's a kind of amazement in the midst of if/ this experinece of the other world. It's sort of like you're lost, and being lost is going home. And there's a kind of amazement. If you've ever been in an automobile accident, there's about 3 seconds

ther's about 3 seconds between the time when you know that you're going to collide and there's no possible way to stop the collision, and there's a kind of perfect terrifying calm, ~~with~~ in the midst of that 3 seconds while you move inevitably toward the collision, and that's a fascinating time. You know, I don't recommend it, but if it happens, remember it.. (laughter) I see a lot of people have been in automobile accidents. It's a kind of terrifying calmness, a kind of amazement ^{about} of ~~it~~ being this kind of ^a creature that is on an unalterable course toward the grave. It must be something like when you drown; I understand that your whole life goes before you in a brief moment. It must be something like when you're drowning and your whole life ^{suddenly} ~~is~~ is passing before you, and you're ~~just~~ amazed about just the there-ness and the passing-away-ness of the there-ness. And you're aware of the fact that you've got one great life to pass away, and there's something in that that's amazing. Well, in order to stop lecturing, I think I'll read some poetry:

This first poem is a short story from Jean Paul Sartre. It's called The Wall, and Jean Paul Sartre writes the story about a man who is condemned to die, he's sentenced to die, and this is his journey ^{the story of} the evening before his death, when he's going to be put up before a wall and shot.. This is his interior journey. I'm only going to read you a few paragraphs out of it, but this points to what I've been talking about.

The Belgian doctor never took his eyes off me..... Suddenly I understood, and my hands went to my face. I was drenched in sweat. (thunder. laughter. Is it going to rain. Must be an airplane going over, ^{right} oh good. we have plenty of time then, right?) Well, I'll read some poetry and then I'm through. -- In this cellar in the midst of winter, in the midst of draft, I was sweating. I ran my hands through my hair gummed together with perspiration. At the same time, I saw my shirt was damp and sticking to ~~my~~ my skin. I had been dripping for an hour and hadn't felt it. That swine of a Belgian hadn't missed a thing; he'd seen the drops rolling down my cheeks and thought, "This is the manifestation of an almost ~~an~~ pathological state of terror." And he had felt normal and proud being alive because he was cold. I wanted to stand up and smash his face, but no sooner did I make the slightest gesture than my rage and shame were wiped out. I fell back on my bench with indifference. There'll be 8. Someone will holler aim, and there'll be 8 rifles looking at me. I'll think, how ~~well~~ I'd like to get inside the wall. I'll push against it with my back with every ounce of strength I have, but ^{well} the wall will stay like a nightmare. I can imagine all of that. If only you knew how I can imagine it. It's like a nightmare; Tom was saying. You want to think something, you always have the impression that it's alright, that you're going to understand and then it eludes.

It escapes you, and it fades away. I tell myself there will be nothing afterwards. But I don't understand what it means. Sometimes I can almost ... and then it fades away, and I start thinking about the pain again, bullets, explosions, I'm a materialist, I swear it to you. I'm not going crazy. But something's the matter. I see my course, and that's not so hard. But I'm the one who sees it with my eyes, I've got to think, think relaxed and overexcited at the same time. I didn't want to think any more about what would happen at dawn and death. It made no sense. I found only words of emptiness. But as soon as I tried to think of anything else, I saw rifles barrels pointing at me. Perhaps I lived through my execution 20 times. Once I even thought it was for good, I must have slept a minute. They were dragging me to the wall, and I was struggling, I was asking ~~them~~ for mercy. I woke up with a start and looked at the Belgian. I was afraid I might have cried out in my sleep. But he was stroking his moustache, he hadn't noticed anything. If I'd wanted to, I think I could have slept a while. I had been awake 48 hours; I was at the end of my rope, but I didn't want to lose 2 hours of life. They would come to wake me up at dawn. I would follow them, stupified with sleep, and I would have choked without so much as an Oof. I didn't want that; I didn't want to die like an animal. I wanted to understand. And I was afraid of having nightmares also. I got up, walked back and forth and it changed my ideas. I began to think about my past. A crowd of memories came back to me pell mell. There were good and bad ones. Or at least I called them that before. Now they seemed to me all good. (YOU get that? This is the ontological level you're on now.) There were faces and incidents. I saw the face of a little boy who was gored in Valencia during the ----- the face of one of my uncles, the face of Ramon ----- I remembered my whole life. How I was out of work for 3 months in 1926, and I almost starved to death. I remembered at night I sat on a bench in Granada, I hadn't eaten for 3 days, I was angry; I didn't want to die. That made me smile. How madly I ran after happiness, after women, after liberty, why? I wanted to free Spain. I admired ----- I joined the Anarchist movement; I spoke at public meetings. I took everything as seriously as if I were immortal. That moment I felt that my whole life was in front of me, and I thought "It's a damn lie. It was worth nothing because it's finished. I wondered how I'd been able to work to laugh with the girls. I wouldn't have moved so much as a little finger if only I'd imagined that I'd die like this. My life was in front of me, shut, closed like a bag, and yet everything inside of it was as yet unfinished. For an instant I tried to judge it. I wanted to tell myself "This is a beautiful life." but I couldn't pass judgement on it, it was only a sketch. I had spent my time counterfeiting eternity. I'd understood nothing. I had missed nothing. There were so many things I could have missed. But death has disenchanted everything. Last night I would have given an arm to see my girl again for 10 minutes. That was why I talked about her; it was stronger than I was. Now I had no more desire to see her; I had nothing to say to her. I would not even have wanted to hold her in my arms, my body filled ^{more} with horror because it was grey and sweating. I wasn't sure that her body didn't fill me with horror. ----- would cry when she found out I was dead, she would have no taste for life for months afterwards. But I was still the one who was going to die. I thought of her soft beautiful eyes; when she looked at me, something passed from her to me. But I knew it was over, if she looked at me now, the look would stay in her eyes, it wouldn't reach me. I was alone. ~~It's~~ ~~so~~ ~~bad~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~like~~ ~~that~~ ~~it~~ ~~is~~ ~~like~~ ~~that~~ In the state I was in, if someone had come and told me I could go home quietly, that they would leave me my ~~whole~~ whole life, it would have left me cold. Several hours or several years of waiting is all the same, when you've lost the illusion of being eternal. I clung to nothing. In a way I was calm, but it was a horrible calm, because of my body. My body I saw with its eyes, my body I heard with its ears. but it was no longer me. It sweated and trembled by itself, and I didn't recognize it any more. I had to touch it and look at it to find out what was happening. As if it were the body of somebody else. At times I could feel it. I ~~was~~ felt sinkings and fallings as if when you're in a plane, taking a nose dive. Everything that came from my body was all cockeyed. Most of the time it was quiet, and I felt no more than a sort

weight, a filthy presence against me. I had the impression of being tied to an enormous vermin. Once I felt my pants and I felt they were damp. I didn't know whether it was wet or urine, but I went to piss on the coal pile as a precaution.

Now this very short piece of poetry: @ the prince passage form The Magus)

Now very quickly wahn you go to this Other World, when you go to the circus, you bring back souvenirs. One of the souvenirs ~~that~~ you bring back from the journey that you've been taking today, is the souvenir that has written over it, "Life is expenditure." And when you've been to the other world, and you've seen that life is expenditure, what you see then, is that my death is my living.. "Dying is fine, but death, oh, baby, I wouldn't like death, if death were good. but dying, dying, is putting it perfectly mildly, lively."

The second souvenir ~~that~~ you bring back from the other world ^{on} ~~the~~ the journey that we've taken, that I bring back from the other ~~of~~ world, maybe I should say, ~~is/that/living/is/struggle~~ is the souvenir tha's written across it, "Living is struggle" and what you see, no imperative here, just the indicative, and what you see is the meaning of life is in the struggle. Anything you accomplish has meaning given ~~is/given/go~~ it only by the struggle. The meaning of life is in the struggle, is in the expenditure. Never again can you claim not to be free to participate in the struggle.

The third souvenir that you bring back from the other world is the souvenir that has written across ~~it/is~~ "Living is risking." Once you've been to the other world, you can never pretend agains that somebody else knows more about life than you do. And so you have no more excuse, nothing moral here, ontological, indicative. you have no more excuse for not trusting your ^{own} intuitions., for not valuing your own judgment. ~~your/first~~ That's one of the souvenirs you bring back, you're free not to risk your life .

The 4th souvenir you bring back has written across it, "Living is laughing." because never agina, once you've been to the other world, can you take your life so seriously, or never again can you take your life too seriously And what's going on in ^{'s} those souvenirs is a kind of resolve that down below any decision that you make

it's the indicative resolve. It's a kind of resolution of life, in which creation is restored to its creatureliness and thereby permitted ^{its} to go on to perfection.

It's that moment in your life, when all the struggle, all the pain, is authenticated, and at that moment, in which all of life is authenticated, is ^{precisely} the moment where you experience the ~~of~~ objectivity of the awe, of the experience of the mystery.

In the movie the Circus of Dr. Lao, a young boy wants to ~~go~~ ^{leave} with Dr Lao, and

Dr Lao is leaving. The circus is going off down the road, and the little boy asks

Dr. Lao to go with him. And Dr. Lao says this to him. He says, "Son, whenever you pick up a hunk of dirt in your hands and you see in that hunk of dirt the entire universe just at that moment, you will be a part of the circus of Dr. Lao." Now when you've been to the circus of the other world, it's something like this, whenever you see in the depths of your own life, the transparency of life which ~~is the~~ discloses to you the final reality of life which is the objectivity of awe, precisely at that moment, you are a part of the circus of the other world. And if somebody will start a waltz, we'll get on our high wires and walk out.