

THE POWERLESSNESS OF THINGS By William Samuel (written 1970)

Whenever we are about the business of determining what things are, why images of perception appear as they do, or trying to find answers to our questions, there is just one place one can start, and that is *with Awareness*. We begin with *this* awareness that is reading these words, that looks out the window at the pine trees swaying in the wind that sees the slanting rain blow across the dark green of the trees.

We begin with this awareness because Awareness, Life, is the only place we can begin. If we begin with the thing itself—the tree, the business, or the “claim”—we are beginning with an image *within* Awareness, and we will never find the answer *there*.

If we begin with the image itself, we can go no higher than the perception of image. If for example we begin with a mistake on an arithmetic paper, and we are confused and confounded by the mistake, we will never get at the answer by lingering there, will we? Can we ever? No, we gird up our loins and look away from the mistake long enough to go back to the principle of arithmetic, wherein there is not the least possibility of any mistake. There, carefully observing the principle, we soon find out what caused the mistake, and what to do about it.

No, we do not begin with the problem. We do not begin with the image within awareness. Even though that very often triggers the determination to go and find the answer, we must nonetheless turn away from the image, from the thing, to come back to the *principle* which is *being* the thing. We come home to the starting point, and the starting point, without doubt, is always this awareness, this consciousness that is conscious right here, right now. We come home to this life to find that Life Itself is our identity. And as we come home to Life Itself, That which is being Life discloses Itself. That which is being this Awareness discloses itself. That which is being the wind, the bending trees and falling pinecones; that which is being this monumental motion discloses Itself, and we find ourself coming up with the answers.

Let us talk about things for a moment. When we look at a thing, what do we see? Let us use an illustration. Suppose right here, right now, we have a lump of gold. What do you see? You see form. But is there any gold itself in form? No, you can say that gold itself is being all there is to form, but there is no gold itself in what we call form. If you touch it you feel something that is solid. You can say that you see and feel solidness. Is there any gold itself in solidness? We can put the lump of gold on a scale and see a measurable amount of weight. But is there any gold itself, any of the essence itself in weight? No. Because it is a lump of gold, we see yellow, don't we? But is there any gold itself in what we call yellow? No. But gold, the essence, is being all there is to what we call yellow. Yellow lives and moves and has its *being* because gold *is*. And instead of there being any gold in yellow, *yellow is in gold*. We might use Biblical language here, and say that yellow lives and moves and has its being because gold *is*. You see, yellow will exist just as long as gold *is*. And it is as perfect, in every way, as gold is being gold. Gold

might very well say, if it could speak, “Yellow is my color in which I am well pleased.” And speaking as yellow, gold might say, “I, yellow, and my basis in being gold, are one; yet gold is greater than I.” Gold is the substance and the being of all of the qualities and attributes of gold. Gold doeth the work, gold is the value.

All that we can see with the eye, hear with the ear, touch with the hand, or taste with the tongue are just qualities and attributes, and all of them together are not what gold *is*. They are what gold is being, but they are not gold *itself*.

Do you see this? Once again now, look at anything—over there is my old beat-up typewriter. We see form, we see color, we see shape; and yet there is no *Isness Itself* in form, color or shape. All that is seen with the eye is a grouping of qualities and attributes that we call “typewriter.”

Every object that is seen with the eye or heard with ear, everything that is included with what we call awareness, is always only a grouping of qualities and attributes. There is no power in *them*. The power is inevitably in That which is *being* the image.

I tell you that there is no value, there is no power, there is no importance in any object that is perceived with awareness. There is no need to fear or be concerned about anything that you see with your eye or hear with your ear. I’m quite aware that humanity is very reluctant to acknowledge this fact, because it is contrary to all that humanity believes is real, and all that humanity thinks is important.

This is the way it is that Awareness, this very conscious Awareness that right now listens to the thunder, that sees trees and leaves and little boys and with dirty knees, never sees primordial Isness, but sees the qualities and attributes thereof. One never sees the principle of arithmetic. Rather, one sees the signs and symbols that are the principle of arithmetic made manifest, but not that principle, *itself*. There is no audible sound in the principle of music, and yet we hear its melody through the application of its laws. The melody is not the principle *itself*, yet the melody exists because there is a principle of music. Principle is first, is all; it is one, alone, single, pure.

Obviously, so long as world science is concerned with the tangible thing, it is not concerned with Being, Itself. And so long as we are concerned with the thing, with the wife, the daughter, the grandson, the storm, the threatened business, the bank account—so long as that is *our primary concern*—then we are not being concerned with Being Itself, but only with the measurable qualities and attributes of Being. But Being, God, Isness, is the *Reality*, the *fact*. It is The Alone One besides which there is no other, outside of which nothing exists, and because of which all its qualities and attributes have their being.

It is really very simple.

Let us use another illustration. Suppose an actor playing the part of Macbeth comes to believe that *role* to be his own actually *identity*. On the stage as *Macbeth*, he could no more understand the powerlessness of things than he could rise and fly, and to rise and fly was not written in the script, so he could not. There would be no way to tell *Macbeth* there is no value in the sword, in the castle or in the soldier. There is no logic, no reason, that will ever heal *Macbeth's* troubles. All things, be they objects of sight, sound, touch or smell; be they thoughts, idea, intuitions, or dreams, are *within*—within this awareness that is aware right here, right now. The value and importance are not out there with the thing, but right here where Awareness *Itself* is being aware.

The value and the importance and the power are *That*, the Deific Isness, the Godhead, which is *being* Awareness.

Let us say it again. Whenever we are about the business of determining what anything is, we begin with the only place we *can* begin, right here with *Awareness*. We come to perceive that Awareness *Itself* is who and what we are and that we are not the custodian of Awareness. That is, we are not a container that includes Awareness with itself. We are not the one who is a manipulator of Awareness. We are not the one who says, “This Awareness is mine.” Rather, we are *Awareness Itself*. Right here, right now, this consciousness, this awareness that is aware, that reads these words, is the Identity we are. The body, the trees, the wind, the leaves, the wife, the children are images *within* Awareness: qualities and attributes of Isness, just being qualitative and attributes of Isness.

The one who identifies himself as an ego *containing* life, the one who believes that he is the grand custodian of life, the one to whom God has *given* life—that one is the great walking, talking, miserable “Macbeth.” *That* one will never be convinced of the truth of what we are saying here, because that one reasons *from things back to himself*. He looks out at an external universe that he holds to be “out there,” separate and apart from himself. He sees himself in one place and he sees things in another. He sees multiplicity and duality.

The one who is the custodian of Awareness will never understand what we are saying here; but *the heart*, that which is open, listening, feeling, recognizes the truth.

We must determine whether we choose to be life, or whether we simply want to *use* it. That is, do we want to just be this Awareness which is God's Awareness of being, already viewing perfection? Or do we want to live on and on as an ego, as an identity who simply wants this awareness to show him a house full of happiness and a bank full of dollars? The temptation, for all of us, is to *use* Awareness. As we become aware of the all-inclusiveness of Awareness, we still want to maintain ourselves as the great *possessor* of It, the grand *custodian* of It. Yet, it would seem that we must use the words of the custodian's vocabulary. That is, we must use Macbeth's words, a Macbeth who wants to use Awareness to suit his own aims. Macbeth wants very much to have all of his trials and tribulations ended. He wants Lady Macbeth to stop worrying about the

blood on her hands. Macbeth wants his calculations to go according to plan. He wants to know some great truth that will correct all of his trials and tribulations, *but he wants to remain Macbeth*. He wants to just be a very happy Macbeth, a happy container of awareness. He wants this container to have no problems. He wants only the happy things of a grand personal experience maintained, or of an unhappy personal experience changed, helped, rectified, or overcome. He wants to continue as a happy, healthy, prosperous, acclaimed Macbeth. He is not willing to *let go Macbeth*, to *just be Life, Itself*.

The surrender that the Bible and all of the religions of the world speak of, the ego that we are to let go of, is just this one that says, “Life is mine, I am the receiver of life—my awareness, my life, my consciousness, my affairs, my experience.” This doesn’t mean that we never say “my.” We are not going to fight that battle—trying to exclude certain words that appear to imply certain things in our experience. We simply understand that Awareness, right here, right now, is the Identity we are; that never, never have we been a custodian of It. Never, never have we been the recipient of It. We have played the role of the recipient of Awareness. We have played the role of the custodian of It, the director of It, the would-be slave-master of It; but that one was the “old man” the Bible speaks of. “Put down the old man.”

Can you see that all of the problems of Macbeth are entirely the result of his two identities, the real Identity, which is Awareness Itself, and the *belief* that he is a Macbeth who is the container of life? You see he *cannot* be both. He *cannot* hang on to just the “good” aspects of Macbeth’s life and carry those within him into the proper Identity. We cannot take all of the aspects of human erudition that we love, and all the “good” that we have come to perceive as human good, into the recognition of Identity as Identity is. Identity as Identity is requires the sacrifice of the old man *entire*. We must *let go* the old man; but the intellect will never let us do this. Macbeth, himself, will never let us do it, because the minute we consider the possibility, the great intellect tells us, “Well, my goodness, this will be the end of me, I’ll lose my identity, I’ll be nothing.” This is certainly true, because *the old man* and all of his problems will be gone. *That* one will have been relegated to the position that it rightfully holds—*just a part in a play*.

Ah, but you see *Awareness* goes right on. It is the same Awareness. It still sees the same sights, still sees the same tress and bees and pretty girls’ knees. It still sees the beauty that Isness is, because this Awareness, right here, right now, *is the perception of God*. It is *God’s Awareness* being aware. It is *God’s Life*, living. Oh, indeed, Awareness will be here yet! We *let go the container* that worries about the things that he sees. We let *that one* go, and find that Awareness is here yet, *unconfined*, beholding things as *they are*. Awareness Itself will still be the Identity I am, unencumbered now, free now, and not limited to the dark glass purview of an ailing ass by the name of Macbeth.

What harm can come to us as the result of things? Consider our lump of gold illustration again. What can yellow do to harm Isness, Itself? What can form do to hurt Isness, or Reality? No matter what we are faced with or how threatening it is, the Light that

illumination is ultimately allows us to see that things, the images of perception, *cannot do us in*. I tell you that should the roof fall in, should there appear to be the disintegration of a world in some sort of cosmic bath of radiation, Awareness would go right on being aware. Awareness is not confined nor bound by any laws. It is not bound nor confined by the body that it appears to see out from. Awareness is God's Self-Perception. Before anything can happen to this Awareness, some thing would have to happen to God.

We stop seeing ourselves as a great personal ego containing life within himself, to see that *this* life, right here, that *we* are, is *Deity's life*. And, what is life for, but to perceive and see? It is Deity's perceiving, Deity's seeing. Seeing what? What can Deity, being all, see but Itself? It sees Its own infinite qualities and attributes. The trees we see there, the mountain in the distance, are but qualities and attributes containing no power nor importance, *of themselves*, any more than numerals contain power and importance *in themselves*. The numerals show forth the principle. So it is that all of the things that we see are qualities and attributes showing forth Isness. *Isness* is the value, the power and importance. I can tell you, *because I know*, that Isness *transcends* the finite tangible appearing of the thing itself, just as surely as the television picture tube transcends the measurable images that move about on the screen. Yes, the screen is being all there is to all the images that appear there. But there is something that is vast and over-riding; it is that which we call the television set, which, in the process of functioning, is being all there is to all that the tube is and all that the images are.

We have the television set functioning as images; by the same token, we have Isness perceiving Itself. The perceiving is this very Life, this very Awareness we are. And the Itself is the qualities and attributes that Isness knows Isness to be. Consider this. Run with this. Look on the images that you see as the qualities, characteristics, attributes of the very self you are. See yourself as the seeing of God!

A FINAL WORD

There is a saying in the East that nothing has been read once until it has been read twelve times. May I suggest that you begin to reread this booklet at once. Do not put it aside until you have captured its message. There is a simple and gentle Light within these pages that will change your life and make all things new. It can! But it is a message only the Heart can find. Search with the Heart and you will find it.

Editors note: The ideas outlined in these pages are explained in detail in the author's major works, A GUIDE TO AWARENESS AND TRANQUILLITY and THE AWARENESS OF SELF-DISCOVERY.