

Neville Goddard 01-05-1965

## **THE REAL MAN**

I do hope we can make this the most productive session that we've ever had. If you apply it, I know we can. What I tell you is not speculation; it's all based upon experience. Tonight's subject is "The Real Man." If I tell you that the real man is your own wonderful human Imagination, would you believe it? If I speak of Imagination, you don't think of man, you think of, well, a faculty, a power, some creative productive power...but you don't really think of man. But if you ever hear the word "Jesus," you think of man don't you? One billion persons in the world call themselves Christians and they believe in Jesus Christ, and they believe in Jesus Christ as a man...a man that is God but man. But if I tell you that Jesus Christ is your own wonderful human Imagination, would you believe that? Would you really believe that Imagination is man? Well, tonight I hope I can in some way persuade you that Jesus Christ is your own wonderful human Imagination.

I do not know if you have seen the current issue of Life Magazine, it's a double issue. Well, in it the whole book is devoted, this coming issue, to the Bible. But one thought stands out, the thought of Albert Schweitzer. You must have heard of Albert Schweitzer. He is a great philosopher, theologian, musicologist and doctor of medicine. He made a concerted effort to find the historic Jesus; then he brought out his findings in a book called *The Quest of the Historic Jesus*. In the last chapter, we begin with, on the negative note, that the Jesus of Nazareth has never existed...never existed, the Jesus of Nazareth. But he ends the book on this note: "He comes to us as one unknown, without a name. He commands us, 'Follow me!' and to those who will obey him he will reveal himself." And how does he reveal himself? He reveals himself, as Schweitzer said, in an ineffable mystery. How? In this manner: To those who will follow him through the trials, the conflicts, the sufferings, as they must pass through them, he revealed himself in this strange manner: In their own experience, and then they will know who he is. That's how he comes to man. He had no existence and yet he comes to one as one unknown, one without a name, and yet in man's personal experience he reveals himself in this strange peculiar way. And then you have the experience, you know who he is.

We are told in scripture, "Be imitators of God as beloved children." In other words, experience the biography of God. Well, I can't induce it, it's not something that is self-engendered; it's something that comes out of the nowhere. But do set my hope fully upon this experience, this grace that is coming to me at the revelation of Jesus Christ (1 Pet. 1:13). Let me understand who he really is.

Well, who is Jesus Christ? I said earlier it's your own wonderful human Imagination. Well, what in scripture tells me that Jesus Christ is my own Imagination? Turn to the first chapter of Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, and these are the words of his first letter: "The Jews demand signs and the Greeks seek wisdom, but we preach Christ crucified; to the Jews it's a stumbling block and to the Greeks it's folly, all foolishness, but to those who are called, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God!" (1:22-24). So he takes Christ and makes it now the power of God, the

wisdom of God. Well, you can't separate your own creative power from yourself. So "the power of God and the wisdom of God," you have to think in terms of God.

Well, is God man? Well, standing before you, yes, I can confess God is man. I stood in the presence of the risen Christ. I stood in the presence of man...not some huge force, not some strange, peculiar light, a man. Infinite Love was the presence that stood before me and asked me and talked to me, face to face, and asked me, "What is the greatest thing in the world?" I answered in the words of the one who wrote the words I've just quoted, whose words are the words of Paul, and I said, "Love." Infinite love embraced me, and I fused with Love, and we became one man; not two men, one man, one body, one being. And then I was sent to tell you what I've been trying to tell you over the years; for to be called also means "to be sent." You can't be called and not be sent. Everyone that is called knows who he is, and to those who are called, Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God.

Then you come back into this world and you experiment, and you tell it, and you try it out. You try it out in a thousand ways and it proves itself in performance every time you try it...if you really get fired within yourself. You must be fired...you must want something, really want it. Sometimes you make mistakes, make a thousand mistakes, and you hurt; but, nevertheless, you are trying a power and the power is Christ. So, Christ is this wonderful power that is your own wonderful human Imagination.

Now, you might have read in the papers recently of the great meeting that took place in Montreal, Canada, the hundred and thirty-first anniversary of the American Association of the Advancement of Science. All of the great scientists of our land and from other lands came together and they all contributed what they had discovered in the past year...or maybe they had been trying for years and didn't quite discover something until now. But whatever they discovered they brought to this great convention in Montreal, which ended the last day of last year. So it's only a week ago. And here, one scientist made this strange statement, he said, "We have taken the body, we've dissected it, we've analyzed it, we know everything about the human body, but everything. We have put it under the microscope. We can see something beyond man's eye to see under the microscope. We've cut every little portion of it. We have seen it in operation. But one thing still remains a miracle." And he hated to use the word miracle because as a scientist there aren't any miracles; it appears to be a miracle until we find the cause behind the phenomena. But this is what he said, "The sperm somehow easily penetrates or passes through the surface of the shell, the egg, although on the surface of the egg there are no holes either before or after fertilization." The sperm passes through so easily the surface of the egg, and yet the surface of the egg has no holes either before or after.

In the Book of Ephesians, Paul's letter, he speaks of this, and he tells us how that which is the seed is Christ. The promise was made to Abraham and to his seed—not to his seeds, referring to many, but to his seed, referring to one—and the seed is Christ (Gal. 3:16). I say Christ is your own wonderful human Imagination. Can any power in this world stop you from imagining that you are in an egg? Could any power in this world seal something completely and make it hermetically sealed? Can any power in this world stop you from assuming that you are in it? No

hole on the outside, none whatsoever. Well, may I tell you from my own personal experience, when I awoke within this skull of mine there were no openings. How did I get into it in the first place? Did someone put me there, or was I led there, was I enticed there? Listen to the words of Blake, "When weary man enters his cave, he meets his savior in the grave." This cavern, this cave suddenly becomes a grave. Well, who is this one that I meet? For when I woke I was alone, there was no one with me. So "When weary man enters his cave, he meets his savior in the grave. Some find a female garment there and some a male, woven with care."

So I go into this cave. How can I get into the cave? When I awoke in my skull, there was no opening whatsoever; it was completely sealed, hermetically sealed. And I broke it like a chicken coming out, and I broke it from the base of the skull and came out. But there was no opening, not one hole from without. Looking at my head now you see seven openings—two eyes, two ears, two nostrils, and a mouth. But that's not the skull I entered. That's not the skull that you enter. This creative power that you are, you enter this sealed shell...he calls it the "mundane egg." When you enter the mundane egg, then you find a veil, he tells us, and you find veins of red blood woven into the scarlet robe; and the scarlet robe, which is like a sleeping veil, is really a funeral mantle...for you're dead. You enter that area and there you dream and dream for unnumbered years. This world, the whole world, is our dream because we are the creative power of God. We are all Imagination and Imagination is Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ is the power and the wisdom of God. There is nothing but God, only God. So God became man deliberately, to what? To simply expand his creative power beyond what it was when he limited himself to this egg, this shell, this mundane shell, this mundane egg that is man.

So I say, everyone here you can prove it now. If this is not true you can disprove it in twenty-four hours. You can't disprove what I'll tell you later, but you can disprove the power, just in twenty-four hours. How would I disprove it? Well, here is one...he writes me a letter, I got it yesterday morning...I don't see him here tonight...he said, "I went to bed as I always do thinking of nothing in particular, and then I said, 'What am I doing? I have gone to Neville, I have his books, I believe him, but I don't apply what he teaches. So I'm going fishing, but literally fishing.'" He's a member of club that's called The Gun (and something else) Club, The Gun and something Club. I'm not familiar with these clubs, for I'm not a joiner, but he's a member of a club where it's called by some other hunting name, and he was going out fishing. Well, you cannot unless you bring back at least a six-and-a-half pound trout even be mentioned among the members. Well, he wanted to be the biggest aspidistra of them all. So in his Imagination he puts himself into this stream where he's fishing...and he calls it the silver head trout. So (??) goes with the crowd. No one is catching anything, but he caught one. It was only about six pounds and a little boy caught one that was something like almost nine pounds. Well, he threw his line in again...all in his Imagination, and before he went to this place he'd done it in his Imagination. And one little hook, and he thought he held some kind of a piece of timber. But it wasn't, it began to move and it buried itself, and he waded out to his waist and disengaged his hook, and here was a twelve-and-a-half pound trout, the biggest thing the club has ever had. All in his Imagination he did it first.

Now he goes out. He may forget it from that moment on...he'd be so lost in his twelve-and-a-half pound trout. He never tried to catch twelve thousand dollars. He never tried to catch a million dollars. You can catch anything in this world...they're all fish...everything is fish in this world, but everything in the world just like that. But he thought, "Alright, I'll try it, I'll try it tonight," so he tried it. And the very next day he goes out and he brings back his twelve-and-a-half pound trout, and a length beyond anything this club had ever received. I say, he may go sound asleep once more and completely forget the creative power that is his own wonderful human Imagination that is Jesus Christ.

Now in this world today there are one billion persons who call themselves Christians. And you say "Jesus" to them..."Oh, yes, we believe in Jesus" and they think of a man who lived and died 2,000 years ago. But they don't for one moment identify this Jesus Christ with their own wonderful human Imagination. Then what are these words, "Do you not realize that Jesus Christ is in you?" I am quoting from the 13th chapter of 2nd Corinthians: "Do you not realize that Jesus Christ is in you?" (verse 5). If he's in me, then where is he? I read from the same letter, but the 1st letter, that he's my power—"Jesus Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." Well, then who is God? I am told that his name forever and forever is I AM. His name is I AM...well, I am. Well, I can imagine and the act of imagining is power, it's a creative power...and that's Jesus Christ? Well, I hadn't thought of that. You mean that is true, that I AM is God? And the act of imagining, the creative power of God, that Jesus Christ? That's Jesus Christ.

Now here, let me show you. What is the greatest commandment in the world? This question is asked in the 22nd chapter of Matthew, and the answer is given, "Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God, the Lord is one" (Deut. 6:4). If you've ever gone to temple and you hear this chanted, it's glorious in the Hebraic tongue. When you hear it it's something fantastic...when you hear this peculiar sentence sounded (even in our English tongue)...but hear it in Hebrew it's fantastic. It's a sacred, the most sacred statement made or sentence in Hebrew. They will not even sound the word when it comes to "the Lord" they've changed it. So, instead of saying which is the Yod He Vau He, which, on the other hand, it's a word you can't even pronounce. It's almost...my old friend Abdullah in trying to show me how to pronounce it he would have to belch. It's a belch; it's something you can't pronounce, Yod He Vau He. But the Hebrew, the orthodox Hebrew will take the word and because it's too sacred to be sounded, they will take it and put another word in its place and call Adonay, Yah-Adonay...which is in the place of Yod He Vau He, which you can't really sound.

But it begins this way, "Shema" which is "hear." In the Hebrew text the last letter of the word Shema is enlarged [ShemA], several times the size of the other letters; and the last letter of the entire sentence, Achad, which is "one," that's enlarged [AchaD]. So you take "Shema, Israel"—"Hear, Israel"—and then comes "The Lord our God, the Lord is one." That's the sentence. This word Achad, one, is a compound unity—one made up of others. We are the others, all of us; the whole vast world, we are the others. But this enlarged letter in the first word, or the last letter of the first word Shema (to hear) and the last letter of the last word, Achad (which is one), and you put them together and they form a Hebrew word meaning "witness." Everyone in this world will witness this greatest of all commandments: "The Lord our

God the Lord is one.” Everyone will witness that. You will stand in the presence of the risen Christ who is the Lord. He will embrace you and you’re not two anymore, you’re one. You are called one by one by one and we will answer correctly. As we answer that love is the greatest thing in the world, Love embraces us. That’s the risen Lord, and one by one are gathered into one body. So the Lord our God, our I AM, the Lord is one I AM. So in the end all are one.

So I’m telling you this night who this power is. The power spoken of in scripture as Jesus Christ is your own wonderful human Imagination. “By him all things were made and without him there was nothing made that was made” (John 1:3). Well, you can test that...that’s easy to test. You mean I can assume that I am where I want to be, without means to get there, without the time to get there, and find that things will so rearrange themselves that I will move across a bridge of incident and be compelled to move to fulfill that assumption? Yes! I’ve done it. You mean I can assume that I am in some other part of the world across water and have someone see me as a man? Yes, I’ve done that... where my sister came into the room. I just deliberately did it. I wanted her to see me as though I were there. She came into the room and came over to the bed, and instead of seeing her son who was desperately ill she saw her brother Neville.

Now, anyone who came into my room in New York City would have seen this [body] and thought that was Neville. Well, is this Neville? This isn’t Neville. This is not the real being that I am; this is the garment that I found when I entered the cave. And so, “When weary man enters his cave he meets his Savior in the grave. Some find a female garment there and some a male, woven with care” (Blake, Gates of Paradise, Pg.771). When I entered I found a male garment, but I am not male, any more than anyone is male or female—we are man and man is above the organization of sex. He finds garments and they’re male and female garments that he finds when he enters the cave, which suddenly becomes a grave. Enters a cave and suddenly it’s not a cave, it’s a grave, and completely sealed. He entered it without going through any door. How could Imagination enter? Well, anyone could see that. How could I go to Barbados thousands of miles away and be seen, visibly seen, and my sister writes a letter telling me exactly what she saw which I told eight days in advance to my wife and to a friend what I had just done? So I told exactly what I had done, to have confirmation come eight days later by mail. How could I get there? You can get any place in this world in your Imagination, but any place. You could be anyone you want to be if you really believe in the power of God; and the power of God—and don’t bend your head when I tell you—is Jesus Christ. And his power and himself are one: “I and my Father are one” (John 10:30).

And so when you really know who this real man is, suddenly the whole world takes on a different color. Everything changes in this world. And I am telling you, when you’re told “Be imitators of God as beloved children” you’re invited to experience the biography of God...and you will! Well, how will I experience it? Well, read the scripture, read the story of God, for the Bible is God’s biography. The day will come you’re going to have the experience of that biography. I’ve tried to express it in a little pamphlet called He Breaks the Shell. It’s a true story. I could express it in the form...it’s a confession of faith in terms of a series of experiences. I don’t have any longer to believe in the story, for I’ve experienced the story. So no one can say do you believe it? I don’t have to believe it, I know it. I’ve experienced the story and the story is true.

For all that is said of the power of God, personified as a being called Jesus Christ, and all the experiences described in scripture concerning him, you will experience. Every one of you will. I could take a bullet and put it right through your brain right now, but I can't touch that shell that you entered. This [skull] is not the shell; this is only a symbol, a shadow of the place that you are.

No power on earth...take an atomic bomb and disintegrate all of us here, they can't disintegrate that shell that you entered when you, the weary man, entered your cave and found your savior in the grave. That sealed shell cannot be touched by anything known by man. No power on earth could disintegrate it. You remain there until you from within break it. And you go from here to another state to another state until finally you ripen from within, like a chicken. As you ripen from within you break it and you come out, and you're born anew. Every one in this world will be born anew... and no one can stop it. No power in this world can, by decapitating you, by disintegrating you, in any way touch that shell that you entered.

So he made the statement, Those who will obey him and follow him, when they follow him then by an ineffable mystery...well, if he meant what the dictionary means by ineffable I wouldn't go along with it. Because as I looked it up to get the true definition of it, it mean's "that which is too sacred to be told." Well, I can't...I go along with Jeremiah: "If I say, 'I will not mention or speak any more in his name,' then there is in my heart as it were a burning fire shut up in my veins, and I'm tired with holding it in, and I cannot" (20:9). I just cannot. To say he mustn't talk about it because it's too...no, listen to these words, "And now I will tell you before it takes place, that when it does take place you may believe." So I will tell you before it takes place that when it does take place you will believe.

You will, right after the breaking of the shell and the coming out, finding all the imagery as told in scripture, you will find that only being in this world that could ever reveal you as God the Father. I can tell you from now 'til the ends of time, the whole vast world could tell you, you could read it in books, but you will never know it, actually know it, until God's only begotten Son stands before you and looks at you, and you know the relationship instantly. The relationship is father to son, and son to father. No power in this world can reveal you as God the Father but the Son. So we are told in scripture: "No one knows who the Son is but the Father; and no one knows who the Father is but the Son, and anyone to whom the Son chooses to reveal him" (Mat. 11:27).

Well, that choice is automatic. And may I tell you, it happens just as you're told in scripture, just as it's described in scripture. And like a birth, it's an explosion. Your skull seems to contain many flowers, they're buds, and they burst into flower, and each flower is an experience. And so this bursting, it's really the most terrific explosion, your head simply explodes; and suddenly, when the whole thing gathers and collects itself, there stands David. And then you know, "You are my Son, today I have begotten you" (Ps. 2:7). I brought you home...and here this fantastic boy just as he's described in scripture. You never dreamed for one moment he was contained within the stem of Jesse. Who is Jesse?—I AM. The word Jesse means "I AM." What is God's name? "I AM, this is my name forever, for all generations"...just I AM (Ex. 3:14). And contained within the stem of Jesse, here comes David. The 11th chapter of the Book of Isaiah: "Out of the stem of

Jesse will come one” and he brings him out. To reveal what?—to reveal you as God the Father (verse 1). It seems strange, it seems fantastic to tell you this, but I can’t restrain the impulse because it’s true. I’ve experienced it.

Between now and our closing day I would like everyone to put it to the test, put it to the extreme test. I don’t care what the test is; believe in the reality of your own wonderful imaginal act, for that’s Christ in action. There’s nothing but God and God is your own wonderful I AM. God in action is Christ and Christ is your own wonderful human Imagination, that’s Christ, that’s God. The day will come yes you will stand in the presence of the risen Christ, because it has been taking place now for quite awhile that God has been awakening. Everyone who is awake, awakened from this wonderful state, he’s absorbed, without loss of identity, into this one being. We’re all being gathered one by one until the end. All are one because all are the Father of the same Son. There aren’t many sons, only one Son. You’re gathered; and gathering yourself into this one being, you look out and here is this one Son calling you Father.

So here, regardless of the pigment of my skin I am wearing the scarlet robe. I could be this night as black as black coal; I am wearing the scarlet robe. I could be as white as snow; I’m wearing the scarlet robe. It’s a veil. When I meet...in that cave I meet a veil, and the veil simply has veins of red blood and it weaves itself into the scarlet robe. Is it not a scarlet robe of blood? Cut any skin, regardless of pigment, it’s all blood, the same blood, same red blood, regardless of how we do it, and so all must wear the same scarlet robe. But it is not only a sleeping garment, for I entered that state for I’m weary—as Blake said, “When weary man enters his cave,” so I’m tired—to find that it’s not just that I sleep, the sleep is so profound the garment becomes a funeral mantle. There I am in this state wearing my funeral mantle until I awake. I awake to find myself completely sealed, but completely sealed. And then I break it, and breaking that shell, that egg, I come out, to be awake for the first time in unnumbered ages, and the whole drama unfolds before me. But it was all contained within that little stem of Jesse which is I AM.

So beginning tonight and through the weeks to come and the months to come we will show you how we would do it. How I would become, if I desire to be other than what I am, what I would do to realize it. It’s very simple. It’s generating within oneself a certain heat as it were of enthusiasm. I can tell you something and you can be repulsed by it...that’s all cold. Or I can tell you something and you get all awake about it...that’s enthusiasm and how to do it. The minute you become enthused about something it’s easy. You can span almost infinity by being enthused about being something other than what you are. And so, that will be our technique from now on.

So this coming Friday, we’ll tell you that a falsehood, an ordinary lie, is prophetic. And so, as Blake brought it, She took it in her left hand and she enticed the daughters of Albion (humanity) to believe what was a lie forgetting that falsehoods are prophetic. Everything became exactly what she told them. She completely forgot. She thought she would trap them with a lie, but a lie is not a lie because imagining creates reality. So you can imagine yourself to be other than what reason at the moment tells you that you are, what your senses dictate; but because imagining creates reality you can by the lie be very, very prophetic. And so, here one of the daughters of

the twelve took in her left hand...and in Blake's symbolism the left side is always descending. So if you see in his pictures the left foot forward, he's descending; if the right foot is forward, he's ascending. If the right hand is up, he's ascending. So the left is always descent with Blake. And so, she's bringing them into the world of Babylon and bringing them here to entrap them, forgetting that falsehoods are prophetic.

Then she cried out when she saw the whole thing coming to pass. Everything was taking place just as she had foretold in a deceitful manner.

So here, I want you to take this, and as we go through the weeks and months to come, take your every dream, which may be a lie when you begin. But you take it and apply it in the way that we'll try to explain it through the weeks and months to come and see if you can't bring it to pass in the immediate present. Then may I ask a favor of you? Share it with me, in the sense that you tell it to me that I in turn may tell it to those who are present—not only here but when I leave here in the summer to go north and then to go to New York City in the fall—that I can share with them your experiences. Because nothing encourages people more than proof that it does work. Does it really work? Well then, tell me about it. As someone said to the minister—he was the head of this great, in fact, the oldest college at Oxford University—and he said: "You ministers are making a great mistake. There you are in your pulpits trying to persuade man about Jesus Christ. You should be witnessing: Does this thing work? Then share it with the rest of us. Don't try to tell us about some being who lived 2,000 years ago, some being that I must worship...does it work? If it works, then share it with the rest of us." And this was Lord Lindsay, who was Master at the oldest of the colleges of Oxford University.

And so, I want you to share with me that I in turn may share with others. So that I can tell everyone from here to the East Coast, to the north, as I travel, how this thing does work. Well, I may not have the desires, because my world is a simple world; it's not as complex as many, and so I have no real desire at the moment to transcend the way that I now live. The world in which I find myself seems quite nice, it's comfortable, and so there's no irritant in my world to make me want to transcend it. But maybe in your world there's an irritant and there's a reason for it. So if there's an irritant—that you want to make more money or this, that or the other—well then, after applying this principle then tell me of the results that I may share your good fortune with others by telling them.

Now, first of all, may I call your attention to the book table. You'll find books there that will interest you and my little pamphlet that came off just about a week ago—that's the week before I closed, which is about a month ago—called He Breaks the Shell. It's simply, as I told you, a confession of faith in terms of a series of experiences. But the other books are there, and maybe you'd like to look over the table.

Now are there any questions, please? None? The night is young.

Q: Would you explain again about what you said about Kennedy putting on the (??) at the time of Kennedy's death. You explained about putting on the one coat...put on the coat without seams.

A: Tonight I said that?

Q: No, you didn't say it tonight. But I was wondering if you'd explain it again. You explained it at the time of Kennedy's death, and I tried to explain it and understand it.

A: Well, my dear, I don't recall ever having said that, really.

Q: Well, you said something about the garment that the people cast lots for his garment.

A: No...well, that is in the Book of John, but I don't recall having said that. You might have heard it from some other lecturer.

Q: Well, not tonight, but it was from another lecture night and I just wondered if you'd explain it again.

A: Well, the story of the casting of the lots, this garment here is the scarlet robe that Jesus Christ wears, because I can't divorce myself from my power of imagining. Imagining is God in action, and God in action is Jesus Christ. Infinite love in unthinkable origin is God the Father. Infinite love in creative expression is God the Son. And so, that creative expression is when man imagines. But man is not yet aware that it really is infinite love. He doesn't know that God is love. As Wells said, If I could only find a universal lover; and Albert Camus, who would join the Communist Party (??) as it were, if something could only prove to him that there was love in the universe...that the universe could love. But I can't share it with them. Wells is gone from the world and I can't share it with anyone who's still searching for such an answer. I can only tell you, if you believe me or not, I stood in the presence of infinite love, the risen Christ. When Paul speaks of Christ he always refers to the risen Christ, infinite love. Well, the garment that the risen Christ wears he wears before he rises; it's the scarlet robe. This [body] is a veil of veins of red blood, I can't deny that, and it's woven as a scarlet robe.

But, now what the speaker said when you heard him, I don't know what he said, or what he meant or she meant. I only know these are the garments, and you wear these robes and it really is, really, a funeral mantle. Because people do not realize, in this world that seems so alive, this is a world of death, this is death, we're moving towards immortality. This sleep is so profound that it appears to be to those who view the world of death to be eternal death. But we're waking...everyone will wake from within; and then you break the mundane shell where he entered, even though scientists cannot find out how the sperm gets through the egg. There is an egg; the egg you see on earth is only a symbol of that true egg. So, where the scientists will say this past week that the sperm somehow easily passes through the surface of the egg, although the outside of the egg has no holes either before or after fertilization, well, the true egg God penetrates, as God is all Imagination. "Man is all Imagination and God is man and exists in us and we in him. The eternal body of man is the Imagination; that is God himself."

So not a thing could stop Imagination penetrating the egg that has no holes, so with their telescopes and their microscopes and all these things they're trying to find out how the sperm gets through the egg. And sperm is life...and in him is life. But when you see the sperm under the microscope we're only seeing a symbol of life...and that passes through without any hole on the surface of the egg. When the work is completed within the egg, he breaks it and comes out. When it comes out, this is God on an entirely different level. Everyone will come out, because no one by dying here or by being smashed here could smash that egg. That egg differs.

Because there are openings, obvious openings, in my skull; but when I awoke within my skull there were no openings, it was sealed, completely sealed. And yet, if I awoke within this physical skull, I should find two eyes, two nostrils, two ears and a mouth, some one of seven exits. But there were none. I was completely sealed as though I were in an egg, the mundane shell, and I broke it from within, not from without. I came out. The caterpillar comes from within out. What comes out?—the butterfly. So something entirely different, a new creation takes place: the soul has been born. The soul must be born in everyone. Until it's born no one can break that egg. The egg is placed into another nest of time, and it keeps on moving from moments of time. Then suddenly within itself it breaks the shell, and it comes out, and it's God.

Any other questions, please?

Q: Can the shell be broken on this stage?

A: No, no one can break the shell save from within. So you can't be destroyed. These shells can never be destroyed by any physical power known to man. Atom bombs can't destroy it. If you're blown into pieces at this very moment, you can't die. You are still in that egg.

Q: That's not what I meant. I meant can we evolve out of this shell while in this state? A: You have to break it within the wheel of recurrence.

Q: On this universal level at this stage?

A: This world is a very long time. It runs on for ages and ages, and it's all taking place now...the nest is finished.

Q: You've already broken it...will we be aware? A: Certainly.

Q: Is the caterpillar aware that it has to become a butterfly? A: The butterfly knows...

Q: The butterfly does know?

A: ...that which it was and which it is. Q: But the caterpillar shell doesn't... A: The shell is totally unaware.

Q: Neville, will you talk briefly about this mystery of (??) with the shell or being enticed?

A: Well, my only experience is this. I had an experience one night several years ago. I was taken into a world where they had not yet entered the shell, and they do not believe it. I told them of my experiences on Earth and they did not believe one word I said. They thought I was lying, because to them Earth is death, it's a tomb. The whole world called Earth is really a tomb, and they didn't believe me. I was talking with them and I spoke with Heine the great German philosopher and he told me that they didn't believe one word I said. Well, I could see from their faces they didn't believe me. They don't call this world Earth at all, they called it a strange...it's Woodland to them. They spoke about this as Woodland. Stationary objects of trees in a woodland. As you're told in the 8th chapter of the Book of Mark, when the man's eye was opened he was asked, What do you see? (verse 24). He said, I see men like trees, walking. They call this world Woodland. But when his eye was opened it wasn't completely opened...he still saw only trees but they were walking, they were animated, they were in motion. Then one other little act was placed upon him and now he really saw man; for the first time he saw animated trees. But those that I saw only could see stationary trees, things that were like death to them.

Not one would come with me. And when the moment for my departure came and the voice said, "Down to Woodland," every one held back but the ancient woman, an old, old woman, she had to come with me, and I brought her down. And then you read Blake's Mental Traveler and you know who the old woman is. He said, "I traveled through the world of men, a world of men and woman too, and heard and saw such dreadful things that cold Earth wanderers never knew. And there the child is born in joy that was begotten in pain," he tells us. When this child comes in, I can't describe the joy, the ecstasy that is yours when you see him and hold him. But that is begotten in pain. As he tells us, just as we reap in joy the fruit which we in, well, in pain did sew. I mean these are his thoughts behind it in his Mental Traveler. But he speaks of the old, old woman to whom the child is given. She had to come with me, and she came before I had the experience of the child. For I had the experience of the child in July of 1959. And my experience in this other world, where they wouldn't come here at all, that was back at least five years before that. But she had to come, but no one else would come. So the child is given to the woman old who nails him down upon a rock, and then catches his shrieks in cups of gold. So she came, she had to come. The time was up, she had to come. She was the only one who came down with me, and, may I tell you, we descended. This is a descent, this whole world, this is really hell...and we don't believe it. This is the world of death.

Now let us go into the silence.

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