

What is Human Potential?

Myths, Maps & Methods

The Use of Transcendental Meditation to Develop
Higher States of Consciousness and
Enlightenment through Brain Integration

*Expressions of
Higher States of Consciousness*



Expression #1

One morning when I was in the wood something happened which was nothing less than a transformation of myself and the world, although I 'believed' nothing new. I was looking at a great, spreading, bursting oak. The first tinge from the greenish-yellow buds was just visible. It seemed to be no longer a tree away from me and apart from me. The enclosing barriers of consciousness were removed and the text came into my mind, Thou in me and I in thee. The distinction of self and not-self was an illusion. I could feel the rising sap; in me also sprang the fountain of life up-rushing from its roots, and the joy of its outbreak at the extremity of each twig right up to the summit was my own: that which kept me apart was nothing. I do not argue; I cannot explain; it will be easy to prove me absurd, but nothing can shake me. Thou in me and I in thee. Death! what is death? There is no death: in thee it is impossible, absurd."

Mark Rutherford [William Hale White], *More Pages from a Journal* (London: Oxford University Press, 1910), 181–183

Expression #2

“Who sees all beings in his own Self,
and his own Self in all beings, loses all
fear. When a sage sees this great Unity
and his Self has become all beings,
what delusion and what sorrow can ever
be near him?”

— Isa Upanishad

“When the wise realize the omnipresent
Spirit [pure consciousness, the Self],
who rests invisible in the visible and
permanent in the impermanent, then
they go beyond sorrow.”

— Katha Upanishad

He whose self is established in
Yoga, whose vision everywhere is
even, sees the Self in all beings,
and all beings in the Self.

He who sees everything with an
even vision by comparison with the
Self, be it pleasure or pain, he
is deemed the highest yogi, O Arjuna.

Bhagavad-Gita, 6:29, 32

Expression #3

Student: “A very nice change which has taken place is an unbroken intimacy between my Self and the environment. It is a sort of liveliness of Self, rather than flatness, which I experience in everything around me. The continuum of Self within myself and outside of me just seems to have a very enjoyable, lively, intimate quality — as if my Self is smiling and radiating everywhere. . . .

I feel a very solid stability and invincible strength growing in my life. I do not ever remember feeling so uncompromisingly complete and confident about myself and the direction my life is taking. My favorite companion is the bliss and silence of my Self which is growing by leaps and bounds and spilling into the relative.”

Student: “Everything was pervaded by a sense of timelessness and of an ‘eternal present.’ At the same time, however, I felt extremely full, blissful, and expanded. Activity and perception were very rich, full, and lively, and everything was extremely beautiful and enjoyable. I felt, and feel, an eternal continuum of inner silence, peace, harmony, and utter contentment. I feel completely fulfilled and without desires, and yet everything that happens is the best thing that could possibly have happened, and seems to be the fulfillment of my un-spoken and even unconscious desire. I feel completely taken care of by the loving power of nature, and I flow with whatever comes my way. Nothing is jarring; nothing presents an obstacle; all cares, worries, and problems have vanished into the long-forgotten past. I feel a tremendous flexibility, and I can adapt almost immediately to any situation that may arise. My awareness feels very even and unshakeable, undisturbed and even uninfluenced by anything.”

Creating an Ideal Society, 1975

Expression #4

Student: “In the last month . . . all the beautiful indications of rising consciousness which I had been experiencing seemed to crystallize, and a new reality seems to be dawning in my daily life. I feel an underlying continuum of quiet bliss and fullness, of infinite and universal love. Often the deep silence of my Self seems all-pervading, everywhere the same. Objects seem transparent, and I perceive unboundedness, the unmanifest, in everything I see. At such times I feel infinitely full and enveloped in softness. Perception is often very glorified and rich.”

Student: “I began experiencing bliss consciousness intensely during activity at times. When this happened, I often felt as if consciousness were pouring out of my eyes and forehead like a beam of light made up of consciousness. This beam of consciousness would illuminate the value of consciousness in whatever I was looking at. In this way I experienced both myself and the object of perception as being made of bliss consciousness. When objects are perceived in this light, they seem much more wonderful and satisfying than normal, and the whole process of perception becomes very soothing and fulfilling. In this way, everything becomes extremely valuable because it is so delightful. Also everything seems to belong to oneself in a way because everything is made of the same stuff as one’s Self — absolute bliss consciousness. Everything is wealth when bliss consciousness is the dominant value of all objects of perception. . . .”

Creating an Ideal Society, 1975

Expression #5

One candle
Sitting there all by itself
One candle
It becomes part of yourself
 It slips into your heart
 It goes into your mind
 It goes into your heart
 It slips into your mind

One candle
Sitting there all by itself
Everything joins it
They become part of yourself
 They slip into your heart
 They go into your mind
 They slip into your heart
 They go into your mind
ONE CANDLE!

— Alison Sperry, 1991, Age 7

Expression #6

“The fullness of the living universe feeds and satisfies my starving being with its intoxication.

O blessed Nature! I know not how it is with me when I raise my eyes to thy beauty, but all the joy of Heaven is in . . . thy presence, beloved of beloveds!

My whole being falls silent and listens when the delicate swell of the breeze plays over my breast. Often, lost in the wide blue, I look up into the ether and down into the sacred sea, and I feel as if a kindred spirit were opening its arms to me, as if the pain of solitude were dissolved in the life of the Divinity.

To be one with all that lives, to return in blessed self-forget-fulness into the All of Nature — this is the pinnacle of thoughts and joys, this the sacred mountain peak, the place of eternal rest. . .

To be one with all that lives! At those words . . . all thoughts vanish before the image of the world in its eternal oneness . . . and Death vanishes from the confederacy of beings, and indivisibility and eternal youth bless and beautify the world.

On this height I often stand.

It does not stop at the surface, does not lay hold of us here or there, needs no time and no means, has no use for command and coercion and persuasion; from all sides, at every level of depth and height, it seizes us instantly, and before we know it is there, before we can ask what is befalling us, it transforms us through and through, in all its beauty and bliss.”

—Friederich Hölderlin, *Hyperion, or, the Hermit in Greece*, tr. Willard R. Trask (1959; reprint, New York: New American Library, 1965), 22–23, 27.

Expression #7

When there is separation, there is coming together. When there is coming together, there is dissolution. All things may become one, whatever their state of being. Only he who has transcended sees this oneness. He has no use for differences and dwells in the constant.

To be constant is to be useful...To be useful is to realize one's true nature. Realization of one's true nature is happiness. When one reaches happiness, one is close to perfection. So one stops, yet does not know that one stops. This is Tao.

— Chuang Tzu

Expression #8

In childhood I was often unable to think of external things as having external existence, and I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature.”

— Fenwick Note,” in William Wordsworth: The Poems, ed. John O. Hayden (1977; reprint, New Haven: Yale University Press, 1981), 1:978

Expression #9

It is true, often I have felt that something bigger than myself was fusing with my being: bit by bit I went off into the greenery of the pastures and into the current of the rivers that I watched go by; and I no longer knew where my soul was, it was so diffuse, universal, spread out. . . .

Your mind itself finally lost the notion of particularity which kept it on the alert. It was like an immense harmony engulfing your soul with marvelous palpitations, and you felt in its plenitude an inexpressible comprehension of the unrevealed wholeness of things; the interval between you and the object, like an abyss closing, grew narrower and narrower, until the difference vanished, because you both were bathed in infinity; you penetrated each other equally, and a subtle current passed from you into matter while the life of the elements slowly pervaded you, rising like a sap; one degree more, and you would have become nature, or nature become you. . . .

Immortality, boundlessness, infinity, I have all that, I am that! . . .

I understand, I see, I breathe, in the midst of plenitude . . . how calm I am!”

— Gustave Flaubert, *The Temptation of Saint Anthony*,
quoted in E.F.N. Jephcott, Proust and Rilke: The
Literature of Expanded Consciousness (New York:
Harper & Row, Barnes & Noble Books, 1972), 31.

Expression #10

Shall I never recover any of those prodigious reveries, such as I have had at times, — at dawn, one day in my boyhood, as I sat among the ruins of the château of Faucigny; once, under the midday sun, on the mountain above Lavey, lying at the foot of a tree and visited by three butterflies; one night on the sandy shores of the North Sea, with my back on the beach and my eye wandering in the Milky Way; — those lofty reveries, immortal, cosmogenic, when one bears the world in one's breast, when one touches the stars and possesses the infinite? Divine moments, hours of ecstasy when thought flies from world to world, penetrates the great enigma, breathes large, tranquil, deep draughts, like the diurnal breathing of the Ocean, serene and limitless as the blue sky; visits of the muse Urania, who traces on the brows of those she loves the phosphorescent nimbus of the contemplative power, and pours into their hearts the tranquil intoxication of genius, if not its authority: moments of irresistible intuition when one feels great like the universe and calm like a god?

From the celestial spheres to the moss or the shells I was resting upon, the whole creation was subject to me, lived in me and in me accomplished its eternal work with the regularity of fate and the impassioned ardour of love. What hours, what memories! The ruins of them that remain with me are enough to fill me with respect and enthusiasm. . . . And to fall back from these heights, with their unbounded horizons, into the muddy ruts of triviality! What a fall! . . . What a pale counterfeit of this life one glimpses is the life of actuality, and how these radiant flashes of our prophetic youth dull yet more the twilight of our shabby and monotonous manhood!”

— *The Private Journal of Henri Frédéric Amiel*, tr.
Van Wyck Brooks and Charles Van Wyck Brooks
(New York: Macmillan, 1935), 40–41.

Expression #11

The huge, endless bivouac that had previously resounded with the crackling of campfires and the voices of many men had grown quiet, the red campfires were growing paler and dying down. High up in the light sky hung the full moon. Forests and fields beyond the camp, unseen before, were now visible in the distance. And farther still, beyond those forests and fields, the bright, oscillating, limitless distance lured one to itself. Pierre glanced up at the sky and the twinkling stars in its faraway depths. ‘And all that is me, all that is within me, and it is all I!’ thought Pierre. ‘And they caught all that and put it into a shed boarded up with planks!’ He smiled, and went and lay down to sleep beside his companions.”

— Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, tr. Louise and Aylmer Maude (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1942), 1130.

Expression #12

I became for the time overwhelmingly conscious of the disclosure within of a region transcending in some sense the ordinary bounds of personality, in the light of which region my own idiosyncrasies of character — defects, accomplishments, limitations, or what not — appeared of no importance whatever — an absolute Freedom from mortality, accompanied by an indescribable calm and joy.

I also immediately saw, or rather felt, that this region of Self existing in me existed equally (though not always equally consciously) in others. In regard to it the mere diversities of temperament which ordinarily distinguish and divide people dropped away and became indifferent, and a field was opened in which all might meet, in which all were truly Equal. . . .

There seems to be a vision possible to man, as from some more universal stand-point, free from the obscurity and localism which especially connect themselves with the passing clouds of desire, fear, and all ordinary thought and emotion; . . . a sense that one is those objects and things and persons that one perceives, (and even that one is the whole universe) — a sense in which sight and touch and hearing are all fused in identity. Nor can the matter be understood without realising that the whole faculty is deeply and intimately rooted . . . beyond the thought-region of the brain.”

— Edward Carpenter, *Towards Democracy* (London: Allen and Unwin, 1916), 512–515.

Expression #13

I really do not feel that I can tell you anything without falsifying and obscuring the matter. . . . The perception seems to be one in which all the senses unite into one sense. In which you become the object. But this is unintelligible, mentally speaking.”

— From a letter, Quoted in Richard Maurice Bucke, *Cosmic Consciousness* (New York: E. P. Dutton, 1969), 240.

Expression #14

The object is suddenly seen, is felt, to be one with the self. . . . The knower, the knowledge, and the thing known are once more one. . . . This form of Consciousness is the only true knowledge — it is the only true existence. And it is a matter of experience; it has been testified to in all parts of the world and in all ages of history. There is a consciousness in which the subject and the object are felt, are known, to be united and one — in which the Self is felt to be the object perceived . . . or at least in which the subject and the object are felt to be parts of the same being, of the same including Self of all. And it is the only true knowledge.

Witnesses, far removed from each other in time and space and race and language, and perfectly unaware of each other's utterances, agree so remarkably in their testimony, that there is left no doubt that the experience is as much a matter of fact as any other human experience.

— Edward Carpenter, *The Art of Creation*

Expression #15

Consciousness is existence; and the perfect consciousness is the perfect and true existence. That universal consciousness by and in which the subject knows itself absolutely united to the object is absolute existence, i.e. Being.

The subject and object are seen, are known, to be united, to be essentially one. This is the unanimous declaration of the witnesses, and we know also that the witnesses are by no means few or insignificant in the history of the world. If then we accept their evidence we must believe the final and real Self to be one and universal.

The vision of the true Self at last arises, with wonder and revelation and joy indescribable: the vision of a self that is united to others, that is eternal. The thoughts connected with separation and mortality — the greeds, the fears, the hatreds, the griefs fall off — and a new world, or conception of the world, opens — life is animated with a new spirit.

That the individual should conceive and know himself, not as a toy and chance-product of his own bodily heredity, but as identified and continuous with the Eternal Self of which his body is a manifestation is indeed to begin a new life and to enter a hitherto undreamed world of possibilities.

It begins to dawn on us that, identifying ourselves with this immortal self, we also can take part consciously in the everlasting act of Creation. To still the brain, and feel, feel, feel our identity with that deepest being within us is the first thing. There in that union, in that identity, all the sins and errors of the actual world are done away. We are most truly ourselves; we go back to the root from which all that may really express us must inevitably spring

— Edward Carpenter, *The Art of Creation*