

Given Together
Spring 2016, Course 2

Transition to Week 8

In Week 7, the first class for Course 2, we looked more closely at what it means to say that the field in which appearance appears is more fundamental than the appearances themselves. I introduced a notion that we will be working with: the idea that when the feel is primary, whatever appears *pervades* the whole of space. This is another way of saying what is said at DTS 33: “each appearance — inseparable from space — fills the whole of space.

When it comes to objects in physical space, seeing appearance in terms of pervasion requires a reorientation. We did that reorientation in the previous course. As an example, instead of focusing on the object seen and the subject who sees, we looked at the act of seeing. It is this seeing that pervades the field.

In the mental realm, however, pervasion seems quite natural. We went over this in class. When I feel tired, I inhabit a world colored by ‘my’ tiredness. I see tired colors, have tired thoughts, struggle with tired emotions, and so on. In other words, feeling by its very nature pervades the whole of the field. In stark contrast to what science would tell us, this feeling dimension of the space we inhabit is fundamental, perhaps even primary.

For us to let this form of space-pervasion affect us, so that we inhabit space differently, it helps a lot to keep in mind the multidimensionality of space. When I see or think or engage, the feel of the field is one dimension of space. Seeing the landscape, every aspect of that pervasive seeing is at the same time a pervasive feeling. The two dimensions intermingle, and the same holds for other dimensions as they manifest.

When we let the field pervade and be pervaded in this multidimensional way, we let go quite naturally of the focus on me and my concerns, and the identity of the objects I encounter. Within the field, there is all sorts of content—the pain in my knee, the passing thought, the vase before me—but the field, and the feel of the field, are more fundamental than that.

In a field-centered view, experience becomes inseparable from space. The field of ‘human’ space, the space we inhabit, is a knowingful, meaningful, caring space. We are at home.

There are different ways of pervading, related to different dimensions of space (different dimensions of experience). One such pervasive dimension is the selfhood (or perhaps the ‘selfness’) of the self. No matter what the nature of my experience, it is pervaded by the sense that it is *my* experience. I inhabit the world of that experience. We will look at this in the coming week.

We did one exercise in class that was meant to familiarize us with the sense of experience as pervasive. Here it is, along with some others we did not have time for:

Feel of the Field

What are you feeling right now? Whatever else you are experiencing or doing, let the feeling pervade

that experience. Go into this precisely, expecting that your feeling will reveal new aspects as you explore, and that it may be complex. At the same time, you can expect that what you feel as you shift from one field to another will shift as well. Do not try to name what you are feeling: that will most likely only create obstacles.

Field of Sound

Be aware of sounds in all directions. Space pervasion here relates not to the individual sounds you here, but to the activity of hearing: the field of hearing is pervasive.

Field of Breathing

As you breathe in, imagine that you are breathing in the whole, multidimensional field of space. As you breathe out, imagine that your own aliveness and awareness merge with the field. For those of you familiar with it, you can combine this exercise with the practice of expanding and condensing. Where does that lead?

My father moved through dooms of love

my father moved through dooms of love
through sames of am through haves of give,
singing each morning out of each night
my father moved through depths of height

this motionless forgetful where
turned at his glance to shining here;
that if (so timid air is firm)
under his eyes would stir and squirm

newly as from unburied which
floats the first who, his april touch
drove sleeping selves to swarm their fates
woke dreamers to their ghostly roots

and should some why completely weep
my father's fingers brought her sleep:
vainly no smallest voice might cry
for he could feel the mountains grow.

Lifting the valleys of the sea
my father moved through griefs of joy;
praising a forehead called the moon
singing desire into begin

joy was his song and joy so pure
a heart of star by him could steer
and pure so now and now so yes
the wrists of twilight would rejoice

keen as midsummer's keen beyond
conceiving mind of sun will stand,
so strictly (over utmost him
so hugely) stood my father's dream

his flesh was flesh his blood was blood:
no hungry man but wished him food;
no cripple wouldn't creep one mile
uphill to only see him smile.

Scorning the Pomp of must and shall
my father moved through dooms of feel;
his anger was as right as rain
his pity was as green as grain

septembering arms of year extend
less humbly wealth to foe and friend
than he to foolish and to wise
offered immeasurable is

proudly and (by octobering flame
beckoned) as earth will downward climb,
so naked for immortal work
his shoulders marched against the dark

his sorrow was as true as bread:
no liar looked him in the head;
if every friend became his foe
he'd laugh and build a world with snow.

My father moved through theys of we,
singing each new leaf out of each tree
(and every child was sure that spring
danced when she heard my father sing)

then let men kill which cannot share,
let blood and flesh be mud and mire,
scheming imagine, passion willed,
freedom a drug that's bought and sold

giving to steal and cruel kind,
a heart to fear, to doubt a mind,
to differ a disease of same,
conform the pinnacle of am

though dull were all we taste as bright,
bitter all utterly things sweet,
maggoty minus and dumb death
all we inherit, all bequeath

and nothing quite so least as truth
—i say though hate were why men breathe—
because my Father lived his soul
love is the whole and more than all