

Realization

There Is No Material World

Steven E. Kaufman*

ABSTRACT

The Formless is just a word, just a form, just a post-it note, used to point toward That which is beyond form and so beyond naming. Call what is actually there where form appears to be whatever you want. It is not that. That is why there is no material world, other than as an idea, an experience, a form, that arises within the Formlessness by which all form is known and by which all form is created. The material world is just a story, a certain arrangement of forms, that people tell each other to try and explain the world of form.

Key Words: Consciousness, Formless, form, material world, arrangement, story.

There is no material world,
other than as an idea,
as a form,
that exists only within the mind.

The world is not composed
of molecules and atoms
and quantum stuff,
nor is it composed of energy.

These are all just words,
forms, post-it notes,
that we affix to what we perceive
and to what we conceive
as the world.

And having labeled our perceptions
and conceptions of the world
with these forms,
we then fall under the delusion
that we know what is actually there
where the world appears to be.

However, what is actually there
where the world appears to be
is not a form,

*Correspondence: Steven E. Kaufman, Independent Researcher. <http://www.unifiedreality.com>
E-mail: skaufman@unifiedreality.com

but is a Formlessness
in motion relative to Itself.

Formlessness
in motion relative to Itself
becomes Form,
and yet what Form is composed of
remains the Formless,
as water remains water
no matter how much it flows and swirls
in motion relative to itself.

And Form in relation to Form
begets form,
begets experience,
begets what appears
as the world of form,
as a line arises and so appears
where two fingers meet.

And we give names to those experiences,
to those objects, to those forms,
and then we think we know
what is actually there
where the world of form appears to be,
when all we have actually done
is obscure what is actually there,
as a reflection obscures a mirror
when the reflection is mistaken
for what is actually there
where it appears to be.

Because underlying the world of form,
underlying the experiential objects,
and the names, labels, and post-it notes,
that we have added and affixed
to those experiential forms,
are Forms that are composed of the Formless
in motion relative to itself.

The Formless is itself just a word,
just a form, just a post-it note,
used to point toward That
which is beyond form
and so beyond naming.

Call what is actually there
where form appears to be
whatever you want.
It is not that.

That is why there is no material world,
other than as an idea,
an experience, a form,
that arises within the Formlessness
by which all form is known
and by which all form is created.

The material world is just a story,
a certain arrangement of forms,
that people tell each other
to try and explain the world of form.

Greek mythology was also a story,
a certain arrangement of forms,
that people told each other
to try and explain the world of form.

And with regard to what is actually there
where form appears to be,
both stories are equally fictitious.

This too is just a story,
just a particular arrangement of forms.

But this story is not being told
in order to explain the world of form.
This story is being told
in order to point beyond form,
and so toward the Formlessness
that is actually there
where form only appears to be.

The story of the material world
is composed of forms
and points back toward form
as being what is actually there,
and as being of primary importance.

This story that tells of a world
composed of the Formless
is also composed of forms,

but it points toward something other than form
as being what is actually there,
and as being of primary importance.

And what this story points toward
as being what is actually there,
and as being of primary importance,
is not separable from, nor other than
the formless Consciousness
by which this story, this set of forms,
is being known.

Consciousness cannot know Itself as form
because it is formless,
because it is a Formlessness,
but Consciousness can know Itself directly
as the Formlessness by which
all forms are known
and as the Formlessness within which
all forms come into existence.

Lesser forms require Consciousness
in order to exist,
but Consciousness does not require any form
in order to Be.

Consciousness Is,
forms exist.

Consciousness is the Isness,
the formless Beingness,
that through relation to Itself
brings form into existence within Itself,
and then knows as experience
those forms that it has created
and so which have arisen within Itself.

And then somewhere along the way
in all this becoming of Form
and creation and knowing of form
the Creator mistakes itself
for its creation,
the Knower mistakes itself
for what it knows,
as the Formless mistakes itself
for form.

And in this misidentification
the Formless becomes obscured,
hidden from Itself,
so that all it then knows is form,
like a mirror hidden from itself
by a reflection that has arisen within itself.

This is why the stories
the Formless tells Itself
to explain the world to Itself,
while deluded with regard to Itself,
and so while hidden from Itself,
point only toward form
and make no mention of the Formlessness,
of the formless Consciousness,
in the theoretical absence of which
no form has ever been known.

How can a story include a Character
of which the Author himself
remains oblivious?

The material world is just another story,
just another fiction we tell ourselves and each other,
that must have form as the main character
so long as the actual main Character
remains hidden behind a curtain of form
which that main Character
is Themself creating
and then knowing as their self.

And so we are not really
living in a material world,
other than in our own minds,
because what the world
is actually composed of
beneath the surface appearance,
beneath the reflection,
that is the world of form,
is the formless Consciousness
upon which that reflection rests
and by which that reflection is known
as the material world.

End of story.