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ABOUT THE CONTENTS OF THIS TRANSCRIPT: This telepathic channeling has been taken from transcriptions of the weekly study and meditation meetings of the Rock Creek Research & Development Laboratories and L/L Research. It is offered in the hope that it may be useful to you. As the Confederation entities always make a point of saying, please use your discrimination and judgment in assessing this material. If something rings true to you, fine. If something does not resonate, please leave it behind, for neither we nor those of the Confederation would wish to be a stumbling block for any.

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SUNDAY MEDITATION

MAY 20, 1990

Group question: The question this evening has to do with man's ability to ask questions that are quite beyond his ability to answer. This is especially true in the field of mathematics, where there is an endless array of questions that can logically be asked, but which seem to require an intellect far beyond man's ability to answer. What kind of intellect would be necessary to answer questions of this nature, and of what value to the evolution of humankind is it to be able both to ask and to answer these kinds of question?

(Carla channeling)

I am known to you as the principle Q'uo, and I greet each and bless each in the love and in the light of the one infinite Creator. May it be with you always as it is at this moment. May blessings abide, may peace continue, and may your search for the truth burn ever brighter in your souls and in your hearts. We are extremely grateful for the opportunity to share in this circle of seeking. We too seek the truth, and we come not to give you that which is infallible, but to share with you that which we have learned during a journey which has gone farther than yours, giving us the perspective that we may offer you. We ask you to listen to these thoughts, not with a mind to accept, but after all is said and done, remove the gullibility, the openness, and the clear listening that is so much a part of our being able to speak with you, and discern carefully that which has spoken to you, resonated to you, and seems to be to you a truth that is not known for the first time, but remembered. If such does not occur, we ask you humbly to leave this

information, for it belongs away from your path of seeking, for we would not be a stumbling block to any. It is our purpose here only to be of service, and we thank you with open and loving hearts for allowing us this privilege, for this privilege allows us too to grow, as teachers always grow more than their students.

You ask a question this evening that is not at all what it seems. We shall, as we have before, have difficulty in language, for this instrument is completely without scientific awareness of any formal educative kind, and therefore her vocabulary—which we use always, as this is conscious, concept communication—must bridge the gap between our concepts and the clothing of those concepts in appropriate wording. However, this instrument's very lack of expertise is in some way that which opens our ability to make connections that may not have been made before.

The question seems to concern mathematics. It asks the simple yet profound question which is interesting, and which may be followed for some of your time. We will attempt not to use all of that time, as this instrument scolds us so fiercely for speaking too long, but the concepts which we wish to get across to you are not what you would expect, and therefore we must go carefully ahead with each step in our logical disquisition.

You note that mathematical questions are asked that cannot be answered. And you wonder if they simply cannot be answered, or if there has simply not yet

been born a mathematician able to answer these questions. Now, we shall begin with an observation of the type of function that mathematics plays. By the use of mathematics in its pure form, a structural concept web or field has been generated which may be compared to the naming of various techniques, kinds of food, and in certain combinations, the means to prepare this food, which can then be observed to be able to create an empirically based and internally cogent system of observations which form the basis for those disciplines of the scientist which enjoy the creation of machinery, of those gadgets which work because of electricity or magnetism, and of a very large field of more sophisticated topographies or models of the universe, in which events may be seen to fall in some logical order, thus giving to the classical, rational thinker the joy of the manipulation of this self-consistent web of cogent bits or elements.

This may seem to be a less than elegant rendering of the processes of mathematics, of [the] scientific method and its extremely baroque system of corollary sciences, all developed by the empirical method of observation, hypothesis, experimentation, the hypothesis proven or disproven, and this being done in a repetitive manner, which indicates that the pieces or bits which this web offers have been useful in producing that which may move from the theoretical to the useful in the mundane sense.

It is interesting to note in this regard that the greatest intellects in this, as in any field, sometimes tend to become mystics which focus upon the mystery of those questions that have not been answered, and indeed have oftentimes spoken strongly to the effect that any scientist who is not also profoundly a believer of faith and mystery has not seen the true scope of the particular discipline which has been studied.

Now let us go back to the view of mathematics. We ask that each consider its nature. It is a language. A mathematician may speak nonsensically, it may speak clumsily, it may speak with elegant exactitude. The variations in the schools of mathematicians are the variations of ability to use the language of mathematics. Just as there are those which find one truth in life, and speak in the native tongue about this truth to the absolute boredom of all around it, so there are some mathematicians which become excited about one portion of this language, and

move far along this particular path of thinking, and become extremely adept at using this particular part of the language without feeling the need to move further in exploring the possibilities of this language.

If there is any residual doubt that mathematics is a functioning language, one has only to go to one of your libraries and extract from it a treatise which is written in two languages. Indeed, there are sentences in which English and mathematics are both used. The scientist will say "this and this and this" in mathematical terms, and then will say "from this it is evident that" and then there will come another series of mathematical terms. Like German, Turkish, Romanian or English, mathematics is a language, and the mathematician who is most truly suited to the pure seeking within this field is the artist who follows a muse, for it is possible in mathematics to speak badly or well, to speak stodgily or lyrically, and to form the poor sentence or the exquisite, eloquent sentence.

Those who would be most likely to be able to express simple expressions of complex, impossible questions, are those who have abilities in more than one language. If one is a writer, the study of mathematics will make that entity a better writer, because there are accuracies and nuances in mathematics that inform the writer in the use of the English language, or any language in which the writer chooses to pen his words. Similarly, the mathematician who has studied music, especially harmony, is in perhaps the most helpful situation, as these two systems of notation have a great deal in common, and therefore may flow one to the other and back again with more ease. The architecture of the music is, like that of mathematics, made up of ineluctable ratios. The creating of tone is mathematical in nature, and the creation of a musical or artistic mathematics is therefore the cross-inspiration.

Let us say that the nature of all language within third density is such that it cannot describe anything but that which is an illusion, mathematics being a language which describes the local, shall we say, environment of fields, groups of fields, rotations and quantized rotations of light which create all that there is and all that may be observed. Just as instrumentation in the study of the atom moves the scientist ever deeper into what seems to be a recreation of outer space, until finally all that may be

seen of the atom is the path of its energy, and so is mystery born within the mind of that scientist, just so, in the language of mathematics and in a purer and intellectual sense, a man may seek a kind of holiness or sanctity as a mathematical mystic who is aware of that which lies beyond the limit of language, that which is beyond the limit of the notes and the arrangement of notes in music, [that which] touches and moves the soul and the heart and the emotions into a state of purified emotion which cannot be explained by the language used.

So it is in mathematics for one whose muse is truly that of the mathematics. One may see and delight in the many oddities that make the architecture of this language so rich and beautiful. This entity may then gaze upon that marvelous, euphonious amalgamation of mathematical words, shall we say, or pieces of notation, which brings one to a thrilling discovery, a purified emotion, and a wonder, a passion and an adoration of that which lies beyond the language.

Into each type of notation or language is placed two ultimate resolutions: paradox and mystery. One who follows the muse and becomes the artist, able to play the scales, able to play all that is created, and able to feel also with purified emotion the paradoxes and the mysteries which lie between the lines in the noumenal area, [so] that the mind retains each of these parts of music, of mathematics, may we say, even of computer programming, of any language, is privy to a wisdom of learning that concept [that] moves beyond words, that is wonder, that is mystery. The artist sees the beauty; the artist sees the elegance of the beautiful written language. But the artist is also aware of the most marvelous portion of the language, that language which will forever escape the tongue, or the pen, that language which is not local, and cannot describe anything, for there is nothing to describe that lies within the ken of the observer.

Now, when all this has been processed and grasped in some wise by the student of a particular language, it is possible for that student to become aware of its relationship to the noumenal, to that which is mysterious and paradoxical and beyond the ken of the intellectual mind. There shall be two children of this attitude. The first is merriment, for the deep humor of the universe lies in all languages for the entity opening up to its nuances. Secondly, and perhaps more profoundly, such an entity may realize

that there is a portion of itself which is also of the mystery, noumenal, beyond human concept, beyond this density of illusion which may be described mathematically in such and such a way, musically in such and such a way, poetically in such and such a way.

Where words end, there a new and larger and non-local frame of reference begins. This frame of reference lies within one, and it is possible that one which seeks in this deep mind, through meditation, requests in the dreaming, and other means of communicating with one's own unconscious self, may begin to intuit a non-local and fully articulated concept-language which shall have to remain naked of words, because within this illusion the natural laws of the infinite One must needs be kept. However, it is entities such as this which enter into experiments as a part of the experiment, and change the results.

It is forever frustrating to entities who are not in this frame of reference that such results seem only paradoxical and cannot be useful within the illusion. There is, however, the great peace of beginning to grasp timelessness, spacelessness, true simultaneity of all that there is, the nature of infinity, and those many, many mysteries that leave the intellect stuck in paradox after paradox after paradox. To some that shift shall always be an irritation, to others, a challenge, and to others, a wonderful and beguiling poem, a hint that there is more to come, and that each seeker of truth shall one day be more than it is at this point.

This is a dense illusion, and it is well for all of those with the muse to keep themselves grounded in the local rules of whatever language they are using. To communicate with others it is well to use the language well. There is a pride in excellence that one must needs encourage, for all you have, just as all we have, are the concepts that we give this instrument. Now this instrument struggles to clothe each naked concept in shabby, poor and patched clothing. Such it is for each language, that each of you may be a poet, each of you may inspire, each of you may develop a passion, a love of this naked, conceptual mystery.

All paths lead to the love of this mystery which we call love, the great original Thought that created all that there is. Thus, each may become far more wise than he may articulate, and that wisdom, beauty and

imperishability shall be his alone, his to treasure, his to place with respect and love, where it belongs, within the heart and in the soul, within that portion of the self that always has been and always will be. There is wisdom to be found in the picking up of a grain of sand, or a piece of straw. There is love in a dusty window, or the croaking of a frog. All things are sacramental to those who have acquired that language of concept which lies beyond words. Approach it from any study whatsoever, and the same results shall be yielded.

May your language be one of beauty, and may your passion for the truth build a fire within you that warms your heart and fuels your desire and your will to live as imperishable and eternal beings, not caught in the net of what must be, in this local habitation that you call planet Earth. You shall not always exist in this island of intelligence. You shall move forward, and all languages pay due respect to those things which make one's service to one's fellow man the greatest. And then, through meditation, contemplation, vision, prayer and dream, cherish that deep part of yourself which is one with all that there is, and is at bottom part of the Creator.

Look to yourself to the alleluia of love for all that you see, and all that you can learn, and with humor and excellence use the words that are your vocabulary, letting them shine, playing with them, showing their wonder as well as their use, to those who wish to see that which you know. You are both here and not here. You are infinite, and you are in an illusion. Love both of these, love the paradox, and most of all, love the Creator, yourself and each other, in whatever language you know.

We would at this time apologize, for once again we have heard the signal that says we have spoken too long. We are sorry, and we will attempt to speak more briefly when you call us next, as we do hope that you will. It has been a struggle speaking through this instrument, for it does not have the words even to describe the words of other languages, but it has put our ability to make concepts clear to a test, and therefore it has helped us to learn to communicate also. We would at this time close the meeting through the one known as Jim. We leave this instrument in love and light. We are of the principle of those of Q'uo.

(Jim channeling)

I am Q'uo, and greet each again in love and light through this instrument. At this time we would offer ourselves in the attempt to answer any further queries which may remain upon the minds of those present. Is there a query at this time?

S: I am S, and am grateful for your answers, and would like to think of them.

I am Q'uo, and we are most grateful to have been asked to join this circle of seeking. It has been our great honor and privilege to have been able to blend our vibrations with yours and to speak upon those topics which are of importance to you at this time.

If there are no further queries, then we shall, with great gratitude, take our leave of this instrument and this group, leaving each as always in the love and in the light of the one infinite Creator. We are known to you as those of Q'uo. Adonai, my friends.
Adonai. ❀