

# KOSMOS

The Journal for World Citizens Creating Planetary Civilization and World Community



## SHARING

THE WORLD'S WEALTH AND POWER

TOWARD A CULTURE OF SHARING  
GLOBAL SHARING | SHARING POWER  
THE COMMONS PERSPECTIVE ON SHARING  
PSYCHOLOGICAL | SPIRITUAL DIMENSIONS OF SHARING

### Presencing: Sharing Subjectivity

Mushin Schilling

While I write this I'm still very impressed by the Egyptians sharing their aspirations for a decent life in freedom and a positive future for their children with the entire world—sharing it with a passion. And I hope by the time this goes into print the Tunisian and Egyptian breakthrough will have turned into the spring of an Arab Renaissance inspiring the world.

Sharing needs to inspire and be acknowledged if it is to unfold its full potential both collectively and individually. When you express yourself and I truly listen magic happens—we're in sympathy, from Greek *syn* 'together' + *pathos* 'feeling.' We create the together feeling; latin, *com*+passion.

This is what happened when we came to be post-umbilical humans: right after birth two beings fall into each other's eyes with pure passion. Nature installed magic mystery moments, a period of about half an hour after birth when the newborn can actually focus and look straight at whomever looks back. I know. It is still a fresh memory. When my son was born 26 years ago, he took an endless 24 hours to come into this world and thereby thwarted our preparations for a home-birth. Right after birth the worried doctors laid him on a separate table with an oxygen mask in front of his mouth, afraid he might have suffered brain damage because of the long ordeal. Backing up his mother the entire time, I stood nearby and my son looked unwavering at me. It felt like a switch was thrown and my soul changed, not dramatically, but clearly. I shifted dimensions, never to return to the previous one. And I remembered. So I ordered the reluctant doctors to put him into his mother's arms immediately. After a brief discussion and firm power play they complied. This look was to be between the two whom I was there to serve, to flower into a first intimate face to face, a sharing cascading into a sea-change, hormonally, psychologically and spiritually.

When we are pushed onto the planet as soon as we share ourselves with each other we, both mother and child, forget how hard the ordeal actually was. All dissolves in sharing love. After the placental union and its oceanic environment becomes way too small for us towards the end, after the ordeal of passing through the gate of birth, we are initiated to independent embodiment with an umbilical cut and a slap on our buttocks. And right from within this maximum overwhelm and strengthened by our self-empowered breathing we are propelled into our very first gesture, a mutual sharing of the light in our eyes. Initiation into world: a sea-changing gaze transforms both mother-world and child and while their bodies still hurt they sink deep into each other,

dissolving in the love-space they co-create with nature. (And if he is as lucky as I was, father-world participates and awakens as protector of this space, taking care that doctors and nurses 'only doing their job' do not interrupt.)

Much later all of this has faded and so has natural sharing. Grown-ups live with a static I, a skin-encapsulated, absolutist self that interacts with similarly separate things and beings of what by now has become the world—a place of discrete objects full of dead matter that in your right mind you wouldn't feel sympathy towards, much less love. It's just ordinary, apart from an occasional postcard sunset there's nothing special out there in the world. "Do you sympathize with the world? Do you love World?" Does that sound like a strange kind of question?

You might like living on this planet and you sure are fond of certain things, but you're equally sure that these things don't like you back. We restrict sharing to a very few people, with the exception of the rare animal-lover and tree-whisperer who often care more about their chosen non-humans and will share their secrets with them. When we come into World, she embraces us making comforting sounds. But growing-up is growing away from a living world and towards scientifically dead rock falling on a measurable trajectory through empty space near a nuclear fusion furnace...

Does it make sense when I talk about the 'silver hour?' I stumbled upon the term when I was reflecting on what I've experienced when I truly meet people, speaking from and listening with the heart. Remember the last time when you had a conversation and time seemed to fly? Your speaking and listening was as natural as breathing and there was a sense of togetherness, a sympathetic mutuality that almost 'swallowed' you. There was no sense of separateness even though you and the other were lightheartedly and authentically being your very own selves. Mostly you don't remember too much of what was said, but you definitely do remember whom you were with and the 'silver' feelings that coursed between you. You simply shared yourself and didn't do much of anything to get there. And yet it seems obvious in reflection now, that this is the natural direction of sharing—helping beings navigate into this delightful realm—into this well-spring of wellbeing that, come to think of it, feels like it is the foundation, the deep context of our being.

Sharing is natural and it does have direction. But before this becomes a naturally dominant part of our culture, we might first have to let go of the Cartesian myth. We might need to see



through the erroneous belief that objects do exist as such, the misleading notion that reality is based on truth and that knowing it is sufficient. Here is the sum of our confusion, cogito ergo sum, “I cogitate therefore I am.” This, of course, robs any non-cogitating entity of being, and as long as we consciously or subconsciously subscribe to this view, we are absolutely sure that when we look at an object, it doesn’t sense our presence. This conviction also tells us that ‘silver’ hours and a sea-changing sharing at the beginning of our life are merely epiphenomena of neo-cortexualized flesh, a hallucination with a consequence at most, but not objectively real.

But we aren’t really blind. We haven’t lost our sight. We never really left the sharing-space. Even though we can lose our mind to empirical objectivity and cogitation as the only reality, our body always remains embedded in the subjective world. In the midst of this seemingly dead-matter world rushing through vast, dreadfully empty space, as soon as we look at something and allow this something or entity to presence itself to us we start a very different journey. We shift eventually from the imaginary objective world to natural inter-presence. Even if we’ve lived here only for a little while, it is groundingly obvious that all beings and even every thing is sharing its substance with all—that we are all substantially present to each other, not only in an abstract sense but in a very concrete, sensual way, as well.

From an ordinary perspective everything that seems to be an object really is a subject. It is the subjectivity of every so called object that is participating in the shared space that we usually call psychic or spiritual—the all-encompassing/all-pervading dimension of animate and inanimate matter. When we allow the subjectivity (presence) of a thing to share itself with us we are being addressed by the spirit, the collective conscious or the individual psyche. When we share ourselves with a dimension intrinsic to the visible and tangible world, we address the very same ‘spirit.’ And the old dualism between subject and object, between spirit and matter, even between reality and imagination fades away. We may, as a metaphor, describe this presence-sharing subjectivity to a Cartesian as the bridge over the chasm that he senses connecting the spiritual, the psychic and matter. But from our trans-Cartesian perspective, sharing ourselves, or self-presencing, is a fundamental force of Kosmos, as is gravity to a Cartesian (to us gravity is the attraction between huge-bodied beings sharing themselves also with energetic tendrils of love).

For many of us, the Cartesian fallacy that is so deeply entrenched in our individual and the triumphant Western sub-conscious is falling away. And rather than ask for truth, knowledge, understanding and essential being with the perennial question, “What/who is this?”, we finally dare to ask the utterly subjective question, “How do we relate?” The first question puts us into separation-mode, as things and beings might relate in mathematical equations or conceptually, but never subject to subject, heart to heart, life-throb to life-throb, being to being, with feeling.

But once we experiment regularly with the question, “How do I relate right now?,” or ask, “Avoiding relationship with what is present?,” or demand, “Show me how you share yourself,” or do some similar exploration, World changes into a sharing-space that can exponentially thrive, and will thrive through the ministry of sharing ourselves with Her. Reflecting on what our interior practice reveals about our embeddedness and sharing that with friend seems to be required for the good life of the 21st Century.

Twelve years ago I was shaken to the core by an enlightenment that revealed being’s foundational truth to me. I was shattered for I could no longer avoid the obvious, “The universe doesn’t make any sense whatsoever. There is no given meaning at all.” Maybe this sounds depressing to you and looks like an ugly piece in the Existential Exhibition of Matter that our empirical scientists are priests to. And it is. But for me it has been key. I look back on that happening as an enlightenment in the true sense of the word. It took away an age-old burden, the search to discover the One and Only Truth, The Absolute and it set me free to just be with things and matters that do as they please; no longer did I require anything to make sense. I could finally relax. And as I relaxed more and more, all of a sudden my whole being opened to an even more fundamental reality, “Everything and every being celebrates their presence, no matter what.” Meaning is not required for the celebration of being here. Self-presence and celebration are one and the same.

All matter and every entity celebrates being here now, and continually shares this in self-disclosure. As humans, we’ve co-created countless cultural realms and intelligent images—by which I mean those appearances that look at us as much as we look at them—with which we relate in wholesome or lesser ways and which can cause wellbeing or malaise. To insist on objective reality—for beings, things and images and declare everything that doesn’t comply with this empirical order irrational, ignorant or obsolete —seems to be the modern disease. The medicine I recommend is to look with subjective rigor at everything that appears to us and see how it shares itself with us and how we share ourselves with it. This may, in time, upgrade the human operating system such that we can rediscover how much we actually love World and how much She loves us.



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