

AS YOU ENGAGE ON THIS JOURNEY LET THESE QUESTIONS BE YOUR COMPANION HELPING YOU NAVIGATE THROUGH THE BOOK

1. **What is this about?**
2. **Is it important? If so, why is it important to you as a person or important to humanity as a whole?**
3. **What is going on in your mind as you are reading it?**
4. **What do you understand?**
5. **What do you not understand?**
6. **If it is difficult to understand what aspect is difficult and why?**
7. **What do you make of it?**
8. **If you are to edit it, what will you remove and what will you retain and why?**
9. **What question if any, do you have for the author?**
10. **Do you think you can write and share a review of what you have read or create a video or any art form inspired by what you have read?**

UNIVERSITY OF TOUCH LOVE WORLDWIDE

Many Lovers
Book 4267
Volume 1

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A publication of Touch LOVE Worldwide

Published by Touch Love Worldwide Ltd.
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Something in the dark was calling out for me I called on my camera to answer the call What it saw is what you see – Harriet Gore

UNEDITED

*This is me. Unedited. I give you me. Make of me what you may.
Harriet Gore*

BOOK 0 THE LONGEST BOOK
LOVE

BOOK 1 THE LIFE OF AN IDEA

This question has been occupying me and I would like us to discuss it. Do you think that you and I started life as ideas, striking and bouncing around in space? Look at that backpack over there, enjoying the ride on that back. Feeling content that it has come to be. Pampered and cherished journeying on the back. Look at that shoe and that coat and that shirt. All on their moving mannequins. Going up the escalator on a free ride. Just as they are. Just as conceived? Human beings. Idea bearers? Human beings. Models of ideas? Modelling ideas? Look at that house and that hat and that hut. They are beings, just as they are. Do you think ideas choose targets to strike? Or could it be that it is the targets which choose and target the ideas? Or are ideas striking indiscriminately and randomly and hitting targets by chance? Does an idea choose to strike the greatest ambitious builder within its striking distance, the builder best positioned to bring the idea to a life of greatness, to exhibit it so that others can see, to make it as successful as it can be? Do you think that every being is an idea propelled by ideas, some more powerful than others, some more dominating than others seeking to dominate all, some ideas recruiting other ideas to suppress some ideas and promote other ideas? Do you think it is an idea that transforms its builder from being unknown to being known, from being ordinary to being extraordinary, from being a nonentity to being a towering greatness? Are there queues of ideas waiting to strike the greatest skilled and talented builders, stirring the passion in the strongest builders so that they will bring them to life in a grand style? Is there a limit to the growth and expansion of a particular idea? What is success in the life of an idea? When is an idea as successful as it can be? Do you think the world itself is an idea or that the idea is the world, the world of ideas or the idea of worlds, a world pregnant with ideas or a world delivered by ideas? When an idea strikes you or comes visiting you, are you obliged to keep the idea and build it or build on it? How do you know if it is an idea you should build on or one which will build you or one which will destroy you? Where an idea strikes but does not take root, how do you know if it is the idea which left you or if you are the one who did not keep the idea?

Well this is my own idea. You are an idea. I am an idea. A thing is an idea. Everything is an idea. One thing is an idea. Everyone is an idea. Anything is an idea. Many things are ideas. All things are ideas. Nothing itself is an idea. Nothingness an idea. Some ideas are limiting. Some ideas are limited. Some ideas are limitless. Some ideas are enslaving. Some ideas are liberating. Some expand endlessly. Some ideas change some. Some ideas build some. Some build on some ideas. Some ideas destroy some. Some destroy some ideas. Some ideas visit and stay. Some strike and move on. Some ideas are actually on strike. You wrestle to keep some. Some wrestle to keep you. Some ideas strike and control the struck and the struck is left with no choice but to be the

channel of the idea and manifest the idea. Some ideas are not so controlling but leaves the struck with a choice. You see my dear friend, I think of myself as an idea which struck my creator. No one ever asked whether I chose my creator. So I am asking myself that question. I know who I am told my creator is. I accept what I'm told. But how can I be sure of what happened before I became? My creator is sure and those who witnessed the process of creation are sure too. So I have been riding on their surety to be sure that my creator is my parent. But is my parent sure of who I am and all I am? My creator may be sure of how I was made visible and tangible but is that all I am? I have been observing dad and mum at work. They create all the time in that work space. The process I witness reveals how I may have come to be. First, as a thought which powered an action. But did I plant the thought by striking my creator with the idea of me? Did I inspire my creator to bring to life the idea of me or did the thought of me just appear from nowhere to start occupying my creator? Did I choose my parent to be my creator, then stirred my creator's spirit to move and to create what I have become? Or did my parent do it all by own self with no input at all from me? Is my parent and I a team working together at all times? These questions have been occupying me. One thing is for sure. At the time I occupied my parent's thoughts, I lived within the confines of my parent's thoughts except when my parent shared own thoughts with others. At the time my creator was creating the image of me, I was visible to my creator but invisible to others except in so far as my creator made me visible to others. From nothingness to something else. From intangible formless, my parent's action created tangible form. My creator and I experienced the journey. From roll of canvas to a cut of canvas, from blank stretched to the first touch of paint. My creator and I were together from beginning to the end, expanding and changing until we have purged ourselves as best as we could at the time we did. But it was not just my creator and I, there were others too, though they remained unseen; the canvas maker, the paint maker, the brush maker, the transporters and all the others. From beginning until now, the experience has been a constant change. First, from nothingness which cannot be seen. Then to something which can be seen and touched. This something itself has been changing from moment to moment from day to day. This is why I ask: How do I look? I do not know how I look. If I meet myself, I will not recognise me. Please tell me what you see.

BOOK 2 HOW DO I LOOK?

When my parent was creating me, there were many spirits at play. I experienced the air, its spirit caressed me, the wind blew by, its effect changed a number of things and its spirit moved me. The sunray touched and stayed, its spirit dwelt in me. In my creator and around my creator, the spirits played their parts. The incredible forces of the earth did not want to be left out, so all the elements came out and fully joined in. With a mind of their own, they generously added themselves to what's on their path. My creator was on their

path and so was I, and I remain on their path. The air gave generously and got mixed in. The sun rayed generously to become part of me. At night the moon visited whilst my creator slept, its beautiful changing face beamed all night as it kept watch. It was a keen observer and did not miss a thing. So we would converse until the morning comes on its shift. What no one knew is that the moon knew what my creator did not know and continued to smile at the thought of all it witnessed happening around me. My creator was in the dark, what some call sleep, but the dark was in me, surrounded me, highlighting the light. You see my dear friend, the elements in me are more than the visible materials my creator used to make me. I was present in the spirits of both what my creator saw and what my creator did not see and those spirits are in me. Some spirits were in my creator's thoughts and some came from my creator's experience. So spirits are part of my big family. The spirits influential at the time dad was creating me, became part of me. What you now see is bigger than what was in my creator's thoughts. So this is why I ask: How do I look? My creator and I experienced a constant change, so I do not know how I look. Can you see all the spirits and all the elements in me? Please tell me what you see. How do I look? Some think that I started life as cut bunch of sunflowers but how did the cut bunch of sunflowers start life. For those who think I started life as cut sunflower, they are right to think that from the seen, I became unseen and from the unseen, I became the seen but is that the whole story? Is that the only story? Did I really start life as cut sunflower? Is that who I am? Your own premise may be that I was first unseen then became a vision from which I was made into the seen which you now see though part of me may still remain unseen. But how does that unseen which became a vision look? Does it look like I look? You see my dear friend, at conception, I lived inside my creator, but now, it is I, who bear my creator. I bear my creator's name. In me my creator and I meet, but I don't know if my creator and I look alike. I still do not know how I look for I have never seen myself and not sure how my creator looks though I have been told a name and bear the name. A lot of things joined forces to become me and the me I became is encountering more forces and the forces I am absorbing are keeping me in constant change. Please tell me what you see. How do I look?

BOOK 3 THE ORIGINAL IDEA

What's your name? You ask What's in a name? My thought 'Am I in a name? Is a name in me? A name could be anything, everything or nothing at all. You did not hear my thoughts so you asked me once again, and made me think aloud... I have not made a name, so I cannot tell a name I get to share a name only when I've made a name. You heard that thought and said "How can that be? You must have a name Every being has a name Please tell me your name" Where I come from, I thought out loud, we make a name ourselves. So I'm here to make a name but have not quite made it. The name I want to make is the name I want to be. A special kind of name. A unique name for me. A name which tells all, everything about me. To make such a name, I must first know myself. For me to know myself, I must first find myself. For me to find

myself, I must first recognise myself, go on adventures, fall to rise, learn to unlearn, know the strength in weak, to know the weak in strength.

An adventure produces a name, delivers a name, wakes up names. An adventure draws out names, invokes a name and brings out names. I'm here to wake my name, know my name to call my name. There are many names in me but I do not know them yet. There are so many things about me which remain unknown to me. I don't even know how I look. No mirrors tell me enough. When the mirrors called humans look into me, they call me 'colourful', 'beautiful', one 'ful', another 'ful', which, of course, does not tell me very much. But you are different. You have not called me any 'ful'. You have not called me any name. Rather you ask me my name, making me think and speak. You engage in conversation which reminds me that I am on adventure. An adventurous journey to know who I am, what I am and why I am. 'What's your name' you asked. 'Come with me' I say. I like your company and would like you to come with me, so together we would discover that which I do not know. Together, both of us can find my name. I like your companionship because at the outset, you caught my eye. You saw me from a distance and stirred and steered towards me. Your thoughts attracted me. I was strongly drawn to you and then became struck. Struck by the way you looked at me. Not just on the surface but deep into me. Struck by the way you moved to me, gradually but intently until you stood by me to ask: 'What's your name?

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