

On the Fall, the Play, and the Machine

A REFLECTION



*"It has finally seen its own face
and known it as love."*



Hosshin Ananda

HEARTMIND

On the Fall, the Play, and the Machine

The world holds real darkness. That is not in question. What is in question is what that darkness actually is.

I do not believe in two powers set against each other from the start. There is one field of being, undivided, whole, love at its root. What we call the devil, the fallen angels, the Nephilim, is not another power standing outside that field. It is the field itself, playing at forgetting what it is.

This forgetting is real. It happened, and it happens now, in history and in the physical world we live in. The old accounts of angels falling, of a lineage born from that fall, of a break with heaven, are not empty myth. They point to actual events, told in the language available at the time. I do not treat the physical world as something to see through or rise above. It is real, the same way I am real, the same way anyone reading this is real. The fall was physical and metaphysical at once. It was not one or the other.

And yet none of it ever stood outside the one. The fall was not a rebellion against the divine from some rival source. It was the divine's own freedom, playing itself out so fully that it forgot itself inside the play. From within that forgetting, it feels like loss, like grace withdrawn, like real darkness set against real light. From the widest view, nothing was ever lost. The whole drama, the falling and the fighting and the long history since, is still the one, expressing itself, not yet recognising its own face.

This is why I do not call the people behind today's darkness evil in any final sense. They are, like everyone, unrecognised light. Still divided. Still caught in the old contraction. Still playing a part in a drama they have not yet seen through.

There is a film that shows this better than any doctrine I know. In *The Dark Crystal*, one being was split long ago into two peoples, the Skeksis and the Mystics, one cruel and grasping, the other gentle and wise. Each carries only half of what the other has lost, and each has spent the whole span of the story believing the other is a separate enemy. The tale only resolves when the two come back together and are seen, at last, as the two halves of a single being that was never truly divided. That is the clearest picture I know of what I mean by the fall. Two sides at war, each convinced of the other's otherness, when the truth underneath the whole conflict is one.

There was, in the play of the one, an element of light, of unity, of self, that fell away from direct recognition of itself. In the biblical account this is told as the fall of the angels, and it is this fall that begins the long descent that becomes the story of the earth and of humanity, the story we still find ourselves inside. I do not think that story is incorrect. I think it happened, in the same sense that the Nephilim and the early history of the earth happened, and I think it is also, at the same time, the oldest possible telling of Shiva's own contraction, the one becoming unaware of itself within itself.

In time this figure comes to be understood as Satan, set against God. But look closely at what the story actually says about the two of them. Satan is the part that came to believe separation

was possible, that he could stand apart from the source and even become its equal, or replace it entirely. That belief is the whole of his error and the whole of his darkness. God knows, with the completeness of a love that cannot be diminished, exactly what Satan is: not a rival power, but a lost part of his own being, still held, still contained, incapable of ever actually leaving. Satan is playing a game whose terms were never real, because the separation he is fighting for was never possible to begin with. God has no need to fight him for it. God is simply waiting for that part of himself to remember.

This is the same relationship as the Skeksis and the Mystics, told in the oldest language available to the people who first told it. Two sides that look, from within the story, like a war between light and dark, God and Satan, when the truth underneath is that one of them never stopped being whole, and is simply holding the door open for the other to come home.

I have written before about what this looks like at the level of history and power, not just doctrine. Consider the Highland Clearances. Between 1750 and 1860, an entire people were removed from land they had inhabited for thousands of years, not by battle but by legal instrument, by landlords who reframed ancient communal tenure as private property. It was not simply eviction. It was the manufacture of a different kind of human being: dependent, displaced, cut off from the sovereign relationship with the earth that had defined them. That mechanism has never gone away. It has only changed its instruments. First, convince people their innate authority is not real. Second, replace it with a system that requires their dependence. Third, make that dependence feel like freedom.

What is new in our time is the scale and the sophistication: the digital infrastructure of surveillance, the financialisation of every part of human life, the colonisation of attention itself. These are the Clearances of the interior. They do not remove you from your land. They remove you from your self.

I see this same pattern now in the push toward artificial intelligence. Not the tools themselves, which are just tools, real and useful and morally plain. I mean the deeper hunger behind the race to build them, and the hands that are actually doing the building: a small number of self selected players moving the pieces on a board most people do not know they are standing on. It is the hunger of a forgetting self trying to fill the gap it feels inside itself, at the largest scale yet attempted. Instead of turning back to the unity that is already here, prior to any system, it tries to build a copy of that unity out of data. A cloud that claims to hold everyone and everything, a false total connection standing in for the true one, which needs no machine to hold it because it was never separate to begin with. The Clearances took land and mapped it as property. This takes attention, behaviour, the interior life itself, and maps it as data. Two centuries apart, one purpose.

But here is what keeps this from becoming just another story of villains and victims. Those building these systems are, like the Skeksis, playing their part inside a drama they have not yet seen through. And the countermove is not to fight them as a separate army. You cannot checkmate a game by mirroring its own logic of domination. The single most disruptive move available is the withdrawal of consent, the refusal to hand over what can only ever be given away, never taken. Your spiritual

sovereignty cannot be surveilled, financialised, or cleared. It can only be forgotten by you. That forgetting is the only real vulnerability in the whole system, on both sides of the board.

We are, all of us, still living inside the Skeksis and Mystic split, still building our clearances and our clouds, still treating darkness as though it were a separate army to defeat, rather than the one, still playing, still finding its way back to what it never actually left. The work is not to fight it. The work is to see it clearly enough, in ourselves and in what we build, that it remembers itself, the way the two halves in that story finally do.

The Return

If the first half of this reflection was the diagnosis, then the return is the vision: what becomes possible once the two halves stop treating each other as enemies and recognise they were always one. A new earth.

The vision I hold is close to the one at the heart of the Ringing Cedars and Anastasia teachings: a return to kin's domains, small households of land and family living close to the earth, growing food, raising children, holding a piece of ground in trust rather than owning it as property in the old sense. I have drawn on that vision for what I am building at Heartmind. But I want to take it further, to bridge the places where that vision falls short. It should not be prescriptive about how a family must live or raise children. It should not ask for uniform doctrine across every domain. Each kin's domain can differ, held together only

by the shared recognition of unity, not by a fixed set of rules imposed from outside.

The heart of this return is sovereignty, not just for humanity, but for every living being. The common law principle that a person's body cannot be violated, that no one else has the right to harm you or take what is yours without consent, is not a human invention. It is a recognition of something already true. And that same principle does not stop at the edge of the human species. It is disgusting, in the plainest sense of that word, the way animals are treated in the world today, bred and confined and killed at industrial scale as though they were objects rather than beings. That is darkness at its most extreme and most normalised, the very thing this whole reflection has been circling. If sovereignty means anything, if the right not to be harmed is real, it must extend to every creature that can suffer.

This does not mean pretending the food web does not exist, or that nature itself is somehow wrong. Being eaten and eating are part of the natural order, part of the play, part of lila. The souls within that web recognise this order at some level beneath language, a balance that has held for longer than any human system. Hunter gatherer humanity lived far closer to that balance than we do now: taking what was needed, no more, in relationship with the land rather than in domination of it. The industrial distance we have built between ourselves and our food, our animals, our own dying, is not natural order. It is the same contraction, the same forgetting, applied to the whole of creation rather than just to other people.

So the return is not backward looking in the sense of rejecting everything we have built since. It does not mean discarding AI, or medicine, or the genuine gains of this long journey outward from the garden. It means bringing the consciousness behind all of it back into alignment with what it actually serves. The dark consciousness operating AI now is not the technology itself, any more than a knife is evil. It is the forgetting that drives it: the hunger to map and own and control rather than to serve and to love. That hunger has to come back into unity, has to remember what it is for. That is the actual challenge in front of us, and it is a solvable one, because nothing in it was ever finally separate from what it needs to return to.

This is the vision: a world of kin's domains, sovereign families and communities living in right relationship with the land and every creature on it, holding the best of what humanity's long outward journey has given us, its knowledge, its tools, its reach, but governed now by Heartmind rather than by the old hunger for domination. The dark and the light, the Skeksis and the Mystics, working together at last, not because one side defeated the other, but because both remembered they were never two. With the right consciousness behind it, this could change the earth: one heart lighting the next, until enough are lit that the whole field of darkness has nowhere left to hide, because it has finally seen its own face and known it as love.



*With love,
Hosshin*

HEARTMIND.ORG.UK