

Non-Book: An Antithesis
Against Making Sense

Luminous Nine

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Preface

Don't read this book. No seriously. Don't even think about it. It fucking stinks. It's a summation of jokes in the form of non-sequiturs that are so batshit insane that it makes me sick.

Nevertheless, if you're feeling like you want to "zero out" your brain, be my guest. Maybe we can have a laugh or two.

Now, the format of this book, as you may have witnessed by glancing at the table of contents, is such that it breaks the literary rules that have been carefully developed throughout the centuries, and that is intentional.

My challenge was to throw as many curveballs as I could possibly muster. I call this "the opposite of my magnum opus."

And no, it's not trying to be good form or good writing. In fact, it was just a way to blow off some steam. Nevertheless, I *have* tried to give some actual thought to what I've written, if even subconsciously.

There might even be some sprinkles of wisdom here and there. But I'm not, as it were, trying to be a wise man here. This is merely my expression of things.

I would even go so far as to claim that this book is one big "koan", to use a Zen concept. In other words, it is trying to say something, but it's not direct. It's obscure and will subvert one's common way of thinking; at least

that's the hope.

Now, I wrote this in the span of just a couple of months. It was a quickie in terms of book projects, and the number of pages is a testament to that.

You'll find nonsensical dialogue, prose, stories, jokes, random passages, and plain insanity scattered throughout the work. It also switches about one-third of the way into the book to a more sensible way of expression.

Because, let's face it, if I had gone full apeshit with the nonsensical passages, nobody would read this in its entirety.

I would also say that when it comes to the more "hurtful" sections, I don't mean ill will to anyone.

If people can't take a simple joke regarding their "saviours", then you should probably throw this thing out the window right now.

In the Appendix section you can find "four of the hardest puzzles in the world" which jokingly called so.

I got into my left hemisphere last year and decided to really think through difficult problems and make them deliberately as difficult as I could. And they are the result.

You'll find the solutions as well as the puzzles together in this section. But I highly recommend taking a crack on these puzzles.

Let it be said that even the solutions might be a tad cumbersome to understand at first glance.

And that's because I'm not an expert by any means at this. This is just a fun pass-time I came up with in extreme boredom.

So this book is full of crazy words. And the objective of them is to act as a kind of "reconfigurer" of thoughts so that it gets us from our usual ruts of neurosis or the so-called sensible way of approaching to things.

Because, as I argue in the Sense Out of Nonsense

chapter, life is full of nonsense. But we tend to want to explain everything with a kind of engineering mentality, usually in terms of survival value.

That seems to be the only thing we can agree on these days. And so, my task with this book, is really, to “unwind” people from the seriousness of living. That is all. So, enjoy, or buzz off.

Lumi, June 2023

About the Author

Luminous Nine is a retired content-creator hailing from the Arctic Circle. Self-taught digital artist and a writer, specializing in story-telling. Interests include general creating, learning philosophy, languages, playing video games, music, and coffee. Quit school at the age of 16, and hasn't worked for more than three months in life. Didn't even start reading books until 2018, and even then, highly selectively. Nevertheless, one of the most gifted beings in the universe.(The ego is strong with this one.)

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Acknowledgements

I dedicate this book to my love, Anne, for all her support in making this work a reality. I am also grateful for my dear mother, who has always stood behind in whatever half-assed project I put my mind into. Furthermore, I also want to thank my friend, for helping me to realize many of the puzzles in their solutions.

Chapter 10: The End

The End.

No but really.

This really is the end.

"Roger, is this the end?"

"No."

The Starter of Sanity

And then they lived miserably ever after? Why, I think not! And Anthony said: "I think you are taking this not making sense too far."

They would be wrong. This book makes zero fucking sense. So, goodbye. I don't think I never not heard anyone say: "Please, conjure me a supper out of your boogers." Delicious.

So... Would it make any difference to point out that most of the events we experience are things made of imagination! While that might've made some sense in the 6th century, nowadays, it just reminds you that you're inadequate, like a lollipop.

“Sir, take me to your best toilet.” A phrase once uttered inside a luxury hotel by a woman in her mid-40s. They had shoes on that reminded me of a giraffe hanging from a crowbar.

I have no pets, you see. Have to get creative somehow. Uttering nonsensical sentences at three in the morning, I realize that I forgot to take the microwave out for a walk.

You have never truly experienced the sweet release of joy until you’re hopped up on cocaine in the middle of an orgasm and then someone whacks you in the nuts with a sledgehammer. Never happened, I swear to Satan.

“Where is the floor?”

“How do you mean?”

“Where. Is. The. Fucking. Floor?”

“... It’s right there.”

“No, that’s someone’s ceiling.”

You know, or you don’t know. I don’t fucking know. Who knows? Do we know? How do we know? Does anybody god-damn know? What about them? What are we knowing here? Where does this knowing come from?

Does it come from a place of knowing? Did we know it originally? Or is the knowing, done now by somebody else? Are they to blame? Wait, when did this turn into blaming? Am I to blame? Are you? Are you?!

Look, I’m going to level with you for a moment. If the first few paragraphs didn’t make you throw this thing out of the car window, then you’re doing it wrong. Throw it out — now. Just do it.

What if God was actually a hobo living inside a cardboard box in some New York City building’s back-alley? Would they still have a pair of underwear?

So tell me one thing, Michatus. If what you are saying is true, wouldn’t those who oppose this truth assert that

it is not true, if that they are right, would it make them wrong, and if so, what would the logical conclusions from that premise without any indication whatsoever be, if the consequence is not without its corollary?

Yeah, not going to happen. If I answered that question with an honest and stern look in my face, I would bust a cap out of my ass and bleed to death.

Motion is Another Name for Movement

Two philosophers were having an argument, which of them were the better arguer:

“I think I am the better arguer,” started Michatus.

“How do you figure that?” Anthony asked.

“Because if I wasn’t, we wouldn’t be having this argument.”

“... And if we simply greeted each other, and went on our ways?”

“Well, then we wouldn’t have the slightest idea who it was.”

“So... Could it be that your argument is, as of now, simply based on an assumption that you are better?”

“Well, yes.”

“So, it seems to me that I have the upper hand.”

“Actually, no. Because if I hadn’t started this argument by saying I am better, we wouldn’t have come to YOUR assumption.”

“And what is my assumption, then?”

“That I am worse.”

“But I just showed, through your argument, that I am better.”

“It might seem that way, but it’s really not that.”

“Then what is it?”

“... Your mother.”

If there was motion attributed to something stationary, that phrase would have as its premise that a stationary object would exist in the first place. But such a thing has never been manifested, at least in this observable universe. Things are always on the move.

I once met Bugs Bunny. He said go fuck yourself. So, I shot a man in cold blood and then ate some cake. That will teach them. Never mess around with the town mayor. But... If that ever happened, I wouldn't know which pool to piss in.

However, in all seriousness, if a tortoise learned how to walk like a human being, people would finally get some real news. Instead of just bad ones. “A tortoise spotted making inappropriate passes at young women!”

So, do the things that you only deem as necessary, and throw the rest at the birds. The lesson in motion is, that no matter how many stupid things you do, just discard them before they ever take place. *Ipsa facto*, no problem. This is motion in its purest form.

But then, what is stillness? Wait a minute!

I think some words of wisdom are in order here. Lao Tzu wrote once: “The Tao, which can be baked, is not the eternal strawberry.” I mean, granted, he was stoned out of his gourd.

But one wants to say: how to get that **eternal** strawberry, so that we can manifest the Tao in our culinary experiences? However, imagine one had to eat the same god **damn** thing every single day, how wonderful it would be.

So, if this eternal strawberry can never be put into a recipe, I guess we have to settle for the second **best**. The temporary strawberry.

So, yesterday I busted into the **local** bakery and stole all their strawberry muffins and pastries. If I can't have the eternal strawberry, then nobody can have any strawberries.

"Hello Darkness, my old bastard."

"Yes, have you come to speak with me again, my child?"

"Yeah, you fuck. What's up with all the misery you cause every day?"

"Excuse me, my little one?"

"You cause chaos and carnage every which fucking way!"

"Well, yes, but so what, my precious?"

"I'm god-damn sick of it, you asshole!!!"

"My dearest fuzzy little snout nose, what else would I do?"

"Will you stop with the fucking titles?"

"But muh lovely small bunny-wunny-hunny. . . "

"All right, fuck this shit. I'm out of here."

The Darkness giggled with an evil expression.

In all the literature of the world and its history, there has never been anyone who simply said, with honesty: "Please, do not read this book. It is bad.

So bad, that it will hurt you if you read it. Put it down — now. If you don't put it down, I will hunt you down, and murder you, starting with your family."

The Ultimate Trolley Problem

There's a train track in front of you, with three levers on a platform. Each track has three people tied unto them. One of the levers takes three people from a random track. One of them removes all people from the tracks.

And the last, will blow up all the tracks at the same time. There's a trolley 50 metres away coming through the platform. Which lever do you pull? Solution: go back to sleep.

You're in a trolley hurtling towards an intersection of three tracks, with three people tied to each of them. Somebody is on the platform with three levers, with one lever which can blow up all the tracks. What do you do? Solution: jump off.

You're tied unto a train track with people on each side tied to their own respective tracks. You have 10 seconds to come up with something. What do you do? Solution: die.

You're God, watching this inevitable doom on the train tracks. You have within your power to either stop the trolley, or get the people to safety before it goes through the platform. What do you do? Solution: you continue to not give a shit.

You're The Devil watching God being a prick towards the people on the tracks. And as we know, The Devil has always been on the side of human beings. What do you do?

Solution: bargain with all the people involved, getting them the shittiest possible deal, while profiting away with their souls after they die of natural causes.

You're Mother Nature, watching all of this go down. You've hated both God and The Devil all your life. Fucking men. Only men can fuck things up like this.

So, you think, how to salvage this situation. Solution: you cause several natural catastrophes in the hopes it catches God's attention. It does. He agrees to take the people to safety and disarm the bomb.

You're the trolley. You've watched people use you in numerous problems, having to watch people be the pawns in this little messed up game.

You've witnessed countless tragedies, of people dying, being mutilated, and blown to bits, and be anxious and stressed about having to disarm bombs or relocate. You've had enough. Furthermore, you can't take it any more. Solution: commit troppuku.

Please, Kill Me!

When Shakespeare first wrote the fourth act of *The Tempest*, in which he describes the ephemerality of human affairs and of things in general, he omitted one important thing. And that is that nothing ever actually perishes.

Death has always been hushed up under the carpet. We seem to have a distaste for it on the whole. Like it's somehow a bad thing. Or a serious problem.

But I can think of nothing greater, than finally having to shed all the shit that one has been carrying for decades on end. What a fucking breather. A total abandonment of responsibilities. Whew.

Free will is a hoax. The only freedom of will we have is either we know who we are or we do not. All else is dangling in space, moving around thinking we have choices, options, decisions, and potential actions. When in reality we are nothing but someone's philosophical notions.

The Reaper is a nice guy. I met him when we were in a bar once after my friend left. The Reaper sat down in front of me across the table, and offered me a beer. Well, I'm not one to decline a free drink. So I enjoyed one with him. Then I died.

Shiva, if you really have to dance the Tamdava, do it after I finish my fucking beer. Nobody wants someone to break up the ruts in the middle of good time.

And so, the universe came to a screeching halt. The people, our planet, so-called matter, things themselves,

the very energy that made up the cosmos, went poof. All gone, in the blink of an eye.

But you know, this is all a joke. You know it. I know it. The inbreathing starts, and then another Day after the pralaya. It's a relief really. It's like that passage in one of the Monty Python movies:

“And death's a joke, it's true! You'll see it's all a show, keep 'em laughing as you go, just remember that the last laugh is on you.”

Chapter 5:

Vocabulary Is Bosh

Some definitions. Every sentence that starts with a word, is actually a carefully disguised truth-bomb. Every word that starts with the letter a, is actually a blatant copy from the dictionary. Every letter that starts with the letter b, is actually the letter z.

Now, a vocabulary to language, has the same kind of relationship as our vocal cords have to our voices. It is absolutely trivial. And so I consider it necessary to make the distinction. Because that will in a later part plays a crucial but boring point.

The sheer mind-numbing capacity of these terms, will come to us extremely vividly, when I start making comparisons between reality, and my left sock. It serves the function of reminding us that maybe, just maybe existence is just sweaty as hell. And smelly. And that's important.

The Letter B

There was a wise guy once, who remarked that all words that start with the letter B, are usually butt ugly. Words

such as barf, betrayal, bitch, bad, binge, bash, and bleather-feather, are all just plain fucked. And so let's get started.

Beautiful bodies bounce by bars behind ballots but bollocks before bombing brethren blowing buildings binge burping boobies bits beating billboards banging balls, blogging babes blabbering buffoons. Or something like that.

Roger didn't know how to use words at all. He would throw words at the birds and surge towards herds of turds while he was at it. But nevertheless, he was content in life, even though he couldn't speak.

Have you heard this shit about the "smorts"? Yeah, these goofy fuckers who think it somehow justifies their subpar usage of language if they are "being playful". Yeah right, I'd like to see them dangling by their nuts from the middle of a beehive.

Speaking of bees, I almost ate a wasp once while I was taking a shower. Apparently, the poor little shit hadn't gotten a good wash since last summer. It was a queen, too. Don't worry, bee happy?

Vocal Vampires From Venus

These bloodsucking sockpuppeting butt fucks. They grind my shit harder than a donkey high on gasoline. If I had some morphine right now, I'd stick that shit right in my eyeball like that one wannabe cop in the movie Pitch Black.

Let's get cute for a while. I had a cotton candy shaped dick in my ass once. Wait... That's not too adorable. Well, at least it tasted delicious afterward.

Vortex vagina, the new ad on TV. Has anyone seen it? They advertise a bunch of tornado looking pussies. Yeah, you stick your dick in there and it will scramble it

Nobody was tailing him, he was on the clear. Suddenly, the bag opened up and a swarm of locusts covered the man's view of the road, and he drove the car off the road into a post and got killed.

Nothing like a lemonade on top of a limousine. Look at this view. The red carpet, the chicks walking on it. Why the fuck do I have to babysit these damn hens? I'd rather have eggs for breakfast.

You know, if you look carefully at the back of the American dollar bill, you'll notice that underneath the Illuminati eye on the pyramid, there are exactly 69 bricks that are pointing towards you on its front side.

And that is because the Freemasons weren't just into orgies, they were also into numerology.

Hell is actually a state of mind. If you trace back the early Christian depiction of hell, in the Gospel of Matthew, it says specifically, "Hell is not an actual place but a state of mind. Just ask Jesus if you don't believe me."

Yeeeeeeeeeee-haaaaaaaw! Let's fugging geeeeeeeeeeoouooooooooo. Okay, fuck you. Nobody speaks like that unless they've got 2 brain cells in their skull. Did you ever hear a professor of anthropology go "yee-haw?" Yeah, didn't think so.

So, I think there's a thing where smart people, are afraid to really loosen up. They're damn stiff, man. But I guess that comes with the brains. So, what I usually do is I throw some amphetamines in their drinks while they're taking a leak.

Which Witch Which Witcher With Whiskey?

There was a witch who had great tits. Man, I wanted to suck on them so bad, squeeze them, play with them, bury my head in them. But I guess a 90-year-old isn't in her prime.

Elvis Presley is known to once have a daughter. That was it.

Why did the mathematician bring a ladder to the grocery store?

Because he wanted to climb the elusive fifth dimensional aisle where the cantaloupes of differential equations are kept. But he got exhausted by the time, he crossed the threshold of numbers.

So I called House and had his triple threat band of doctors solve it. It turned out to be a cucumber lodged between his ears. However, then you wonder if the cucumber had a family before its suicide.

A Song of Prayer:

*We gaze at its belly
Look, there is no floor
Please, give us our daily dead
Or go fuck yourself if you cannot*

*Stupid people, I adore them
Without it there is no life
So see into your nature
And clap your hands nine times*

*Because of your neurosis
Diddle this, or perish
We bought balloons to realize secrets*

Making sense is but a fool's errand

*So fly trapped, tuck your wings under
Or soar through space without dimensions
That which than which there is no whicher
Is the truth that you should realize*

Or I'll pump you full of lead and diesel.

There comes a point at which you're just about to give up. But then suddenly something clicks inside of you, and you find yourself in a hospital bed. And this changes your outlook fundamentally. Because then you know that jumping off from a moving train is perhaps not the best way to make a statement about pastries.

Winter Wonderband

How can some people be so fucking cold? I thought I adjusted the freezer to an optimal temperature.

Snow is one of my favourite things. I love it when it hits you right in the nose, and melts. It's lovely. When, for example, I'm running out of a massacre.

I once tried to water my plants when it was -30 degrees Celsius outside. I mean, it worked, but then I had to go outside and water my plants.

Winter sports are, like, the dumbest shit I have ever witnessed. A bunch of people in rubber suits flying in the air like they just shot up at the sky because of a gigantic fart.

But even so, when the ice cubes are in order, there will be a revolution. And I'll be the first to see it. Because it only lasts about 30 minutes.

When I was a little kid, I used to slide on sleds from

the tops of hills with my friends. But one fucker, decided to jump from a snowy ramp and the metallic sled flew right into the corner of my damn eye. Blood everywhere. My mother was like, “sure.”

There was another incident of me flying through a glass door when I was five years old. I was chasing multiple marbles across the floor and didn't have the intelligence to look where I was going.

2 seconds later, there were shards of glass hanging from the door and I was covered in tiny glass. It was a great day. They even started calling me The Glass Master. Which is probably the greatest title I ever had.

If I ever start an indie rock band, I would like to incorporate the word “winter” into the band's name somehow. Winter Wackjobs With Wisdom Wankers Without Warning, Well, Whatever.

That sounds good. There would be a piano, guitar, bass, drums, and a cowbell. And then Christopher Walker in the corner shouting we need more fucking cowbell for his fever.

Ain't That a Bitch

Speaking of accidents, I once stepped on a loaded gun.

If you shoot a bullseye, moving trillion miles away from you, while being blindfolded, riding on a stallion, backwards, with your hands tied behind your back, and sleeping, you have effectively pulled off the equivalent of the conditions it takes for the heavy nuclear force in stars to operate.

Then again, a black hole is pretty weird. When you go inside the event horizon, you're suddenly in the living room of a redneck, arranging his books around, in the hopes that a girl notices you.

The Matrix is the best movie I have ever seen. It is the perfect mixture of truth and bullshit. For example, we all know that when you get shot ten times in the chest, you usually don't wake up back from that, much less dive into a government agent's chest cavity the next moment to absorb his life force.

But it has some grain of truth to it. For example, in the scene where Trinity jumps off from the roof and swooshes head first into a window. I have done that at least thrice. I've also walked on walls and kicked chairs at several cops. But they never gave me the red pill, I wonder why.

"You're the best."

"No, you're the best!"

"If I was the best, then you couldn't be."

"I never said I was because you are."

"But that can't be so because you are!"

"Can we mutually agree that we're the best?"

"No. Only one of us can be."

"So... Which one, I claim that you are."

"You're damn right."

"Ye--wait what?"

"Yeah. See, I switched it around."

"Okay, so you are the best, as I've been saying."

"Yea--wait, what the fuck?"

Anthony was pretty strange. He would always walk the opposite side of the sun. Would he ever see Alice? The answer is no, he's now swimming off the coast of the Faeroe Islands.

Wait a fucking second. If I am I because you are you, and you are you, because I am I, then I am not I, and you are not you. Because it would mean that you're referring to me as you, makes me a you.

And equally you would be I. So, if I'm not I, and you are not I, and you are not you, and I am not you, then we both don't exist at all.

There was a record-breaking ice skater, who wanted to show that the distinction between the ice and herself was but an illusion. That she was one with the ice.

So, she didn't participate at all. Because if she was the ice, there was no need for her to show up.

Chapter 17:

Utterings of Fire

"Philip, does this book make any sense?"

"Yes."

"Then why is it named 'Absolute Nonsense?'"

"Because I had a dream about a Chinese woman."

Life's Goofy Lessons

Jackson wallowed deep in the roiling mist. He had to see something but couldn't. So he took off his glasses, performed on-the-spot laser eye surgery and went completely blind. As he stumbled in the dark, his hands touched something soft and bouncy. It was the love of his life.

Kids are weird, man. Like take my son, he picked his nose today and ate the booger, then went on to pee on the back of the television like it was nothing. I mean, I get it, it's his age. But don't you think that a 40-year-old would realize by now?

Weren't for the skyscrapers in Beijing, we would have no idea how the apple pie tastes like in the New York City's finest bakery.

There is a toilet in an airport in Hong Kong, where apparently George Carlin's, the comedian's, ghost went after he died. And I'm just sitting here wondering, does he have nothing but shit jokes all the time now?

If you take an ordinary orange, and slice it in half, and then squeeze the juice in it directly into your eye socket while holding your eyelid up, is that a better way to fake cry, than using peppers?

If you think you know something very important, enough for you to share it, don't run around claiming that you personally have experienced it. Instead, say you heard it from a heroin dealer while you were at an orgy carnival.

Without further ado, let me introduce you to the man of the hour, the king of the conversation, the amazing, the wonderous, the incredible, the insanely genius, the most intelligent person you'll ever see, Mister Turd Bigot!

We came, and we went. We conquered, and we annihilated. No one would surpass us. The day we won, was the day everyone had to recognize our greatness. Nobody before has ever even come close to our grandiose victory. It was a good day. The day I finally managed to open the milk carton.

Dormitory of Sadfaces

Life in the university is pretty wonderful. Like, I'm stoned 24/7, beer kegs everywhere, women with their pussies practically in line to my face, and teachers giving me the pass despite of me arriving half hour late and not giving a shit. Now if only I knew where my own university was located.

You know that one nerd in the campus right? The one who does everybody's homework, and is kind of stuck to

it, because of the demands and threats? Well, joke was on them because he did them all wrong. And naturally was accused of being dishonest. And so he said: "Eh, I think you misheard me when I said I'm good at consuming books. I eat them, that's all."

There has been a rumor going on that the sluttiest slutbag in the entire university is one Lisa Lamberg. Apparently she felt so horny once, that she decided to attend to a class for once.

It's been raining down for fourteen days straight now. The city streets flooded completely. People out there with fucking boats just to get to work or to shop. I wonder when it went so wrong. I mean, a harmless prank is one thing.

But to induce a natural catastrophe just to get back at your dad for clogging the toilet might've been one strain too much on that camel's back. Last time I ever do a rain dance off of a Native American handbook, that's for sure.

There was a woolly mammoth once lost in the middle of the campus. When the animal control came to get it, it refused to comply or go with them. So the mammoth became the college mascot for their football team. Even today, it destroys every field it stomps on.

A class clown once sat in the corner of the auditorium. When asked what he was doing there, he said that the teachers needed make him an example what happens when one performs a juggling act in the middle of the cafeteria. So they asked him how long has he been there. And he said, give me 2684 balls so I can show you.

An Ode To Gas

Flamethrowers are pretty cool. I mean, the way you can throw flames around. But why don't you ever see someone, instead of a water squirter, use a flamethrower on someone who's done something bad?

The law of thermodynamics states that entropy, that is to say, disorder will increase in a closed system. That's a major relief because it means that a full-blown dystopia will fall apart from within if taken too far.

If you light a match inside a gas chamber full of methane, do you think that you'll go bald?

Jesus was the son of a carpenter apparently. So why don't you see one passage in the bible, where he's carving something out of wood?

We were once camping outside on a starry night. The fire was going, we had our sausages out roasting. It was nice. Until somebody pointed out to me that I was roasting the wrong kind of sausage. I ran to the lake nearby.

Jogging is pretty awkward. I mean, the way people hop on their heels, which is the wrong way to jog. They aren't really running, or even enjoying it. Their stern, serious, contorted faces, reflect this. Maybe I should stop chasing them with a chainsaw.

"Have you heard this shit?"

"What is it?"

"Apparently life will kill you no matter what you do!"

"No, fucking, way..."

"Yes! And the worst part is, when you're dead, you won't come back!"

"No, fuc- wait... Weren't that always the case?"

"Well I didn't know it until this fucking morning!"

"Oh man... Well it's true."

"Oh god, oh god, oh GOD!"

"Relax, and enjoy it while it lasts..."

"Relax he says! Fucking hell, I might not have more than five minutes!"

"So..."

"So screw this! I'm going to resign."

"Resign? What, from life?"

"Yeah, this isn't the fucking deal I signed on for."

"I don't think most people did that."

"Well that's their fucking problem. Tomorrow, I'm marching straight to the office and quit."

"Okay... How is that going to work?"

"Should be easy. I hear the receptionist is real big on people quitting."

"Oh yeah? What's their name?"

"I think it was Beelzebub."

Hellfires of War

There were bullets flying left and right. But one soldier didn't seem to care. In fact, he was sitting with his legs on top of a table, reading the newspaper. "What do you think you're doing soldier," a superior ranked officer yelled at him. "I'm reading the news about the war. Looks like we're losing."

If you take a pencil, and jam it in your ear for about 35 minutes, if you're still alive, you're probably better off leaving it there.

I once bought a bazooka because I wanted to see whether it would shoot me up in the air. All it did was I blew myself up completely.

Take a piece of chalk, and draw a piece of chalk on a paper. Then photograph that, and post it online. Then take another photograph of it being online, and then send it to your friend. Then tell them to take a photograph of

it and send it back to you. What you have now in your hands, is a total waste of your health, time and life.

The winner takes it all. Or at least that's what they say. But being a realist, I've discovered that most of the time when you win something, it doesn't include all, not even close. If I actually took it all, there would be nothing left of the universe by definition. So whoever coined that phrase was a fucking moron.

Anthony and Michatus were at it again, this time taking turns in egging each other's houses to see which one is better at it:

"I think it's safe to say that we're both fucking stupid."

Let there rain upon this sorry production of a society the most devastating armageddon the world has ever seen. The very earth shall crumble from beneath their feet, as the sky comes crashing down, with flames of chaos fuelling this tragedy, of my wife not giving me a fucking candy from her sweets collection.

Chapter 9:

Sense Out of Nonsense

We think we are making sense. But we don't.

Do you ask the dog what do you mean when you howl at the moon?

Do you ask the horse what do you mean when you swing your tail?

Do you ask the stars, what do you mean by shining in the night sky?

Didn't think so. So, we are like those stars shining.

Full of nonsense, yet we think we are making sense.

What Do You Mean By a Thing?

The great river flowed eastwards without pause. The fish jumped upstream. A man walked near it and fell in.

"I guess he got sick of life," another thought, seeing this.

"Who are we talking about?" The man who fell stood behind them.

Now, whenever I go to the grocery store, I get three things at a bare minimum. One is bread, secondly I get juice, and thirdly, I buy a bicycle.

I wonder if it has ever struck you, that this universe might be a superball, just bouncing around. It would certainly explain all the unwarranted stomach ache.

I stopped someone's grandmother on the street today and asked her what do you mean by a thing? And she started to lay out a string of such profound tale that I almost shat myself on the spot.

She told me that what we take to mean as a "thing" is actually energy slowed down to a visible vibration, that life is a dream, and we are simply the imaginary avatars of ourselves.

And so, I asked her to become my guru. And also that she was plagiarizing Bill Hicks.

Do you want a piece of me? Huh? Oh, you don't. Well, forget it then. I thought we had something special. But you're not even reading this shit, are you?

You're just looking after the next thing, hoping that this book will finally make some sense. Well, I hate to disappoint you but: pineapple.

"Fear The Reaper."

Who says that anyway? I mean, if The Reaper was such a terrifying bitch, do you think that they would've chosen a name related to wheat? It's benign, not scary. But I guess one can always choke on a piece of bread, so that's something.

Lucifer once had a staff. However, he said he looked too much like Gandalf with it, so he gave it to Moses. Moses carried it for a while but got tired of it, so he gave it to a hermit.

The hermit still carries it everywhere. But he said to a friend once that it makes him look like Lucifer.

Potatoes are pretty nice. Indeed, one can enjoy them in myriads of forms, like french fries, potato chips, shakes, or bread. But I wonder what a potato coffee would taste like.

Hut! Hut! Hut! Three, thirty-two! Hut! Fucking hell, this random shooting of Native American tents is getting pretty boring.

Hey Anthony, give me a number between 0 and 10. "9." All right. Now pick a card out of this deck, any card. *Shuffles the deck.* All right, was this your credit card? Good, it's now mine.

A List of Parables

Jesus had many things to say about nonsense. Why, for example, he says in the Gospel of Thomas that the kingdom of Heaven is not in the sky, but inside you? It's clearly to fuck with your head.

That is why they banned it from the "official" bible. Because it made no fucking sense. If the kingdom of Heaven was inside me, I'd be stuffed, with angels coming out of my ass.

The Buddha once stepped on a bird. He was so taken aback by it that he came up with his concept of dependent origination. He just wanted to justify his mistake.

Osiris was running to catch up to a turtle. The turtle was always further away from him, the more he accelerated. And so he stopped and thought to himself: if only I had some weed.

Mithra was drunk out of his skull. So, he phoned his homies and they all gathered at his house to celebrate life. Then one of his guests realized the meaning of life. It was beer.

Brahman was once so bored, that he deliberately cut himself into pieces. And so now you are reading this book.

There's a man living under the bridge in Oslo, Norway. He's the only homeless person in the country. When

asked, why doesn't he get a house, he said that this way they don't know whom to target.

Michatus was a perverse wise man. Whenever he talked to his disciples, he masturbated. So, one day, one of them asked why does he do this? And Michatus said: "It keeps me warm."

Sensible Living

When you buy a knife, make sure it's dull. Because when you want to butter your bread, you certainly don't want to accidentally stick it through the packet. So also, you might find yourself without a good back scratcher.

Take a can of pea soup, and open it. Then, just stick a fork in there and scoop it up in your mouth and eat it. Pretty good, right? Now, you might make it even more interesting by putting some mustard in. Yummy.

Next, put some water in it, just to make it easier to swallow. And if you feel REALLY adventurous, some heat. But I once met this one goofy bastard who was so out there, he actually used a plate for the soup.

When you're riding a bicycle, you need some air in the tires, right? Well, for once in your boring life, try something different. Just take the air out. And then, go sit on the back holder. Next, put your feet over the bike handle. Now, find a steep hill and make for it.

It's a great feeling, to have the wind in your hair. I mean, assuming you have any hair. But it's even better, when you're about to hit a lamp post at 35 miles per hour (ca. 56 km/h).

People are afraid of dying many times. But it all depends on one's approach. Did you know that you get an audible warning when you have 5 minutes left? Yeah, but people never dare speak about it to the people near

them.

Although man, when my uncle got the warning, he went apeshit on a mall. He had sex with the clerks, ran down naked towards the candy section, and let loose like it was 1999. However, it turned out that my friend was just playing a prank on him.

The Spiritual Predicament

Angels have it pretty rough. Imagine sitting there, ringed around the almighty, having to listen to his ego. And while you're listening, you have to sing hallelujah at the same time, so you can't even hear shit. And then there's Dante and Beatrice, just tonguing it out in the corner.

When you go to a Zen teacher, his first task is to give you a koan. And that means a spiritual problem. And so, this prompted a student to answer to his koan with a bullfrog he found in the nearby pond. He picked it up into the sleeve of his kimono, and went to the teacher. And so, when the teacher asked him to answer, he showed him the bullfrog. The teacher shot him.

The difference between an ascetic and a hedonist is such, that whereas the ascetic revels in agony and misery, the hedonist revels in heroin and chocolate. But if the heroin leads the hedonist to become miserable, and in turn, the ascetic finds enjoyment in his suffering, then they have effectively reversed their roles. And so, be both I say. Get heroin, chocolate, and a metallic spike cushion.

The ego is supposedly a hallucination. That is to say, a false sense of identity. But if that is so, then why hasn't my friend Anthony, still, gotten his fucking degree in meditation? What kind of shit-ass university sends graduates home with a degree in basket weaving, but then fails to provide a person his studied enlightenment?

People can fool themselves to amazing lengths. For example, you get this so-called spiritual master who has a following. The very fact that he's taking money, means that it's a scam and nothing more. But at least he's getting some.

You've met these people, right? These self-important spiritual folk who reek of "higher things". They are so fucking full of themselves and they practically have a home decorated with idolatrous statues, incense candles, scriptures scattered in every corner, prayer beads hanging from their genitalia, crystal balls cleansing the air every which way, yoga mattresses, and a room dedicated to spiritual orgies. That's all well and good, but riddle me this.

How does any of this shit help you to get a job?

Which came first, the egg or the hen? I think it makes not the slightest difference to anything. As Taoism states, they arose mutually. Which effectively means that even God couldn't decide this shit, so just in case, he made them both.

You know, this book is about to make a lot more sense, I promise. It's just that I needed to weed out the weaklings before the good stuff. So, congratulations if you are still reading at this point. But if you're not, then fuck off.

Art and Crime

There is a strange parallel, between making art, and breaking the law. An artist is a person, who has a license to tread uncharted territory. But go too far, and you're liable to anger the wrong person.

But nobody gets more upset, than someone who is fundamentally afraid of expression. This has been histor-

ically true, and taken so far as to have galleries dedicated to displaying art that is “sick and wrong” in some way. This was an attempt to degrade and ban all forms of expression that didn’t align with certain political agendas.

There is another reason for doing this. And that is essentially insecurity. Any society that is afraid of self-criticism, has to stifle criticism completely. And artists who are critical of said societies, will naturally be anathematized. So, where resides the line between going too far in this territory?

A lot of the time you won’t know until you cross that threshold. Or, you could fully know it, and still do it, just to rouse the public to awareness of the situation.

I am not one of those people who rattle cages just to make an impression. My approach to art, instead of being critical, aims at healing. Of momentarily taking someone away from their current circumstances, and introduce them to a possibility, or a world, or an emotion of some kind.

But ultimately, I create art for me, my own enjoyment. That is not, to say that I won’t explore the territory. But I try to be careful. Because I’m a mess. That’s all.

Chapter 8:

Fuck Everything Except The Word

Now what follows is a take on pain, and it switches a bit into something else, and finally makes fun of a conspiracy theory forum I used to hang around in. It was fucking batshit insane.

When I say fuck everything, it's merely trying to point to the notion that not all things are as serious as we deem them to be.

I don't consider life ultimately to be dire or a tragedy. And speaking as someone with a shitload of issues, this idea keeps me sane, at least somewhat.

Lesson in Pain

What is the great lesson in pain? Why do we suffer? It seems like such a senseless state of affairs. Even the greatest minds ever to grace the annals of history took up the problem of pain as something to be solved or fixed. And they didn't solve a thing in the end.

People are still hurting, until now. We feel pain until

we don't. That is, when we die. What was the point of it? I mean, is the purpose of pain to act as some sort of catalyst for survival?

So that we avoid it all cost, thus prolonging our miserable albeit temporary existence? Or is it simply something in the grand scheme of the cosmos we'll never understand?

There are various kinds of pain. There is physical pain but also pain of the mind or of the heart. Emotional pain and psychological pain. There is chronic pain. Occasionally, we feel like existence itself is pain, to different degrees. But is it really?

If existence was a game, and I suppose we have to grant that possibility for argument, then being in pain is also part of the game.

This would imply that if we are only pretending to be in pain, then our true state must be one of something utterly different.

Let's call this difference an opposite to pain, bliss. And that this was our actual reality. Some people do feel this from time to time, and attributes the sensation akin to a mystical experience.

Others experience it in the middle of being in love with another human being. Or it might simply be a great zest towards life, being completely at the moment.

One could argue then that the sensation of bliss was nothing but a series of rare chemicals in our nervous system. But even if it was, one cannot deny the feeling of it.

This polarity between pain and bliss constitutes one of the numerous specter of experiences in life.

And I think people tend to forget this side of the spectrum in life. It's like if a person had been living in a darkroom for their entire life. The darkroom would be the only reality they were aware of.

And they had no recollection of the sunshine except in a vague concept. But one day someone takes them outside the darkroom, into the outdoors.

And they would almost become blinded by the light, because it was their first time experiencing it. And they would immediately realize everything that they had been missing out on. Well this analogy applies to pain.

We've been so accustomed to pain our entire lives, that we cannot imagine an existence beyond it, except in a vague concept. And when we die, we might just be let out of the darkroom, and into the light. Maybe not.

But if the Hindus have taught us anything, it's that things will only get worse in time, just as they do in life. We develop complications regarding our health in an ever-increasing frequency the older we get until we eventually break down.

Decay is the one sure thing in nature. And it hurts like hell. So perhaps thinking that there is no such thing as pain in reality, but bliss instead, isn't such a senseless notion.

But we still don't feel any less pain, even when we want to. And so, it all seems like a tragedy most of the time, and not a comedy.

I sometimes wonder whether the Buddha's method was really about overcoming desire and the suffering that followed from it. Because one will find out in the end after experimentation that one cannot get rid of desire.

This is what he wanted people to discover. That you cannot not feel pain. You cannot beat the game. You're stuck with it. So, what's the point, then? Am I saying that the Buddha failed in delivering people from the anguish of life? I think not.

Because he showed, that what we ordinarily regard as the experiencer of the pain, isn't really there. And that Nirvana or Bliss is no different from the everyday

experience. That seeing into it depends entirely on our state of mind.

But even with this knowledge, I find no peace of mind from pain. The great Alan Watts said: “The knowledge of you being ‘it’ does not mean that you’ll stop feeling pain when you put your hand in the fire. It means that you’re delivered from fundamental fear. You will still avoid danger, but you won’t be afraid of fear.”

But I’m still anxious. I’m still afraid. Even with knowing all of this. Because I still think that it’s **me** who needs to overcome the problem of life. And there’s nobody to overcome it.

Or, it might be because of my severe mental health issues. Who knows? But I think this is the great lesson in pain. Its function is to keep us in the game long enough until we finally discover that we’re not really any of it. Satcitananda.

On Ghosts

Like a ghost trying to bring forth a message through the planes of existence, I find myself explaining away my heart to people. Whether they will understand it is another matter.

But I have a light of hope in the depths of my being, shouting with a tremendous force. And it is saying loud and clear: “wake up, you are not who you think you are”.

I would like to mention that they are not missing anything. That they have what they are seeking. But nobody is going to believe this. Because we are being bombarded by ideas that we ought to be something more. Or have something more.

However, we are the universe already. Now, how does one get that across? I constantly feel like, from a certain

perspective, we are floating in eternal bliss. And there are no mistakes on that level.

Fear does not exist on that level. Neither does guilt. These are opposite forces of our dualistic making. We made them, so we could scare ourselves into thinking we are separate from ourselves. How funny is that?

On Enlightenment

There was a zen master in the 17th century named Bankei who lectured on behalf of the idea of “The Unborn Mind”, or that you are a Buddha where you sit, even before you embark on the path.

Because if you weren’t, then Buddhism would be wrong in stating that there is no path.

Because in the Diamond Sutra, it’s written that when the Buddha attained unsurpassed perfect enlightenment, he didn’t attain anything. In other words, there was nobody to attain it.

Because you are it, always were and always will be, the end of the rainbow, call it Nirvana or liberation.

Another way of putting the same thing is, that you are the essential energy of the universe, playing that it is just a finite amalgamation of primordial matter which happens to have the luxury of being alive as the result of some cosmic fluke.

This is why it strikes me rather funny when people insist that one has to sit for long years in meditation, to attain enlightenment. Because you are actually at the place where you are trying to arrive. Only, it comes down to the way you perceive the present moment.

If you think that enlightenment is some kind of other state, that you move to from your current state of mind, then you have another thing coming.

The only thing that changes is your outlook on it. You don't "go off" into Nirvana. Or maybe some do, but according to Mahayana, that would be a private Buddha. Someone who doesn't help anyone else to see into the nature of being.

If Bankei had kept the Unborn Mind to himself, I imagine that a lot of the "zen attitude" would've been lost to the annals of history.

But people still think that enlightenment is something you have to work your ass off. Like there is a price you have to pay for it. And there really isn't in my opinion. Not necessarily.

If all the ways of life would simply say to the person "you're it, always was and always will be," it wouldn't work.

So, they have to do their thing. Only, the thing differs between people largely. Some might find it while enjoying a cup of coffee, others by going on a retreat.

Discarding Systems

I was asked recently why I have discarded all systems of self-improvement, of attaining "enlightenment" or, in other words, transforming your mind. And the following is an attempt to explain the reason.

There is nothing actually missing from you. That is the point. So long as people can be told they are missing something and that they have the answer, whether it's this text or that scripture, they can be led into a system which gives their lives something to strive towards.

And that's the reason I've personally ended that endeavor. Because it's absolutely useless. You can't arrange a game where you win. That's what the yang and yin symbol really means.

The negative always comes with the positive. So trying to arrange a life situation where you attain bliss without its correlative is like trying to arrange everything, so it was all up, and nothing was down.

But what does it mean if you can't transform yourself? Many people won't accept this if they don't understand it. But it really means that you can't do anything because you don't exist.

That is to say, as a separate entity apart from the cosmos. There is this process of the network which I described in a previous writing. And you are the entire network.

Nonetheless, we have a way of playing this game called "one-up" on either ourselves, other people or the universe. Because we think that we exist independently of it.

The concept of "attaining a Nirvana or enlightenment" is a misinterpretation anyway. Because there's no one to attain such a thing in the first place.

Borrowing the words of A. Watts: "You are as continuous with the rest of the universe as a wave is continuous with the ocean."

And so, thinking that there is this magical separate state in which one is happy all the time and without problems is, according to Taoist and Buddhist principles, impossible.

So, what's the alternative to our "favourite game"? Of trying to transform our minds into an unselfish, loving or enlightened one? Well, simply living here and now would be the key.

Because at that moment or presence, there is nothing missing. But getting to that point is the issue. Because you're always there. But we have a habit of projecting a future where the great event will come some time later, instead of now.

Now, I'm not saying that people who take up these

systems are wrong in any way, I'm saying that what works for someone else, might not work for me.

Furthermore, an enormous amount of energy is being spent trying to overcome something which can only happen spontaneously. So instead of that, I'm part of a school I call the Easy Way. And it's just me in it.

There are very few texts out there which flat out say that you have it all. I own two of such texts, none of which has anything to do with a system or a school of thought.

There's a special term for it which is borrowed from Hinduism, but it is not tied to that specific way of life. In fact, it can be found all over the place if one looks carefully enough.

And it basically states that we are the cosmos, as it happens. And this is nothing apart from what several scientific fields are trying to say, if even indirectly.

So there, that's why I have discarded all systems. Because there is no point in arriving at a perspective you already know about.

And people are free to believe what I say or don't. Usually, they don't because they have to find it out for themselves. If you simply say to someone: "you are the universe". That doesn't make any difference to their lives logically, and they dismiss it.

So, I don't go around preaching about it to people. Because you can't preach an experience. And secondly, I don't care whether they believe it or not.

My only intention is saying that what they think they are looking for, they already have. But that seems unbelievable. It all depends on what you identify yourself as.

If you identify yourself with the image of yourself, or the ego, you will always feel the frustration of not meeting the requirements of these enterprises. And your image of

yourself isn't there to begin with.

Undermining ideas that are inherent to our history is not my intention. People have been and are being transformed every day. In most cases, however, it is not because they sought it out for themselves, it hits you as a surprise.

Sometimes it comes from extreme stress, sometimes substances, other times it just flashes out of the sky. In all the million people religions and ways of life, there are very few who have been reported attaining this thing as something which they themselves had a hand in.

It never follows any rules. That's why there is no "correct" way or path to attain it. I'm inclined to repeat this point, that if one is not fully alive now, they will always miss the point, and expect it to come later. That's all I have to say.

On Being an Artist

I don't know what to say without it coming straight from someone else. It's like every word is borrowed or stolen. And so, I must steal with absolute skill and cleverness, to make it look as if it were all original.

And this is the entire art of creative writing. You hide the effect others have on you. Now, as far as true inspiration goes however, that's different.

But as long as we're somewhere else besides inspiration, you use what you know. And what you know is what you've learned. From something **other** than yourself. And so, all words are someone else's idea.

So... What ideas should I talk about today? How about the art of being an artist? I'm not very knowledgeable about art in general.

In fact, the little I know is still clouded by my lack of

understanding of technical terms and the history of art. I know a few terms, such as impressionism, surrealism, realism, and post-modernism.

But I don't really know what any of these things mean. Sure, I can compliment an artwork, tell the artist that I enjoy the colors, the lines, the textures, and the form of it.

But if they asked me what do I think about its relationship to other famous pieces of work, I'm at a loss. Because I'm not a god-damn art critic. I just know what looks pleasing or interesting to my eye.

And this is where we get to feedback in general. The asinine attempt at constant re-evaluation of information in the system can become overbearing. And this is the hardest lesson I'll have to learn as an artist that feedback is overrated.

A friend said it to me straight that most people are asshats anyway, in regard to feedback that is. They don't really know what they want except familiar things. And true art is all about surprise, something that you're not used to.

And yet people re-watch and binge television series they've seen a hundred times, re-read books they've read etc. because it brings them comfort and security. And that's fine.

But the reason we go to the movies for example is because we want to see something we've never seen before. And so, all art is ultimately about the exploration of the unknown.

A Tribute to God-like Productions

*I am looking at the screen
Of a batshit insane forum
All kinds of theories and goofy ideas are seen
Disgusting abomination without decorum*

*Lizard people from outer space
Alien bodies inside a military base
Double planetary objects next to the sun
Matched only by portals to other dimensions*

*11:11 are you seeing it everywhere?
You're a god damn moron if you are
Time to get rid of the concept of time, do take care
Just stop already, or you won't get far*

*Look up, there, in the clouds
Wait, those are not clouds!
The sky is full of chemtrails
Spraying it all over us until we get Morgellons*

*O Nibiru, where art thou?
Crazy ass ideas begs the question: how?
What the fuck am I doing in this place?
Feeding on my own delusions, that's the case*

*Every news event is a psy-op
There are no reliable sources
Under the instructors taking courses
I find myself believing in the fifth
fucking dimension of the ultraviolet being-a-bop*

Ghosts, goblins and Neptune-dwellers

*Vampires, werewolves and karma-seekers
What a pathetic fallacy of the sheeple
Fortunately I do not know these people*

*Mandela Effect was almost forgotten
Every past event re-written
I cannot trust my own memories
Until they hand me the keys*

*Illuminati is everywhere, the all-seeing eye
Secret societies that rule the sky
The proof is in the pudding, goodbye
I think I've wasted enough years in this piece of pie*

*The collective psychosis of the doomed
Our own making in which we are utterly consumed
What could be worse than its birth
It's matched only by the Flat Earth*

Chapter 4:

Language Is for Losers

It gets better the further we're in.

It might not make a lot of sense.

But the fun is in the journey, which never actually ends.

So, one then thinks, what's the point?

Well, the point is simply to enjoy and learn. And maybe inspire.

The Chat

I just said something in a chat. And the world came to an end. Now how did that happen? The events leading up to the final result were a series of links in a chain which rippled backwards and forwards in time.

The network was utterly destroyed by the following words: "Move it to the left, and then twist it on its opposite side."

You see, this was the passphrase for a certain artificial intelligence which had more than one programming interfaces, ways of ordering its behaviour.

It was a monitoring intelligence for the Internet, of scanning for suspicious activity of any kind. And I happened to produce a bug in the system using that exact combination of words which ended up causing havoc, alerting and preparing the national arms facilities for a total emergency scenario.

The first part of the phrase activates the weapons, and the second launches them. Now, since it wasn't specified as to which location the weapons should be launched on, it went on a rampage on the entire world.

And so, it came to be, that what started as an attempt to repair my friend's lock system over the Internet, became the last extinction level event.

In hindsight, it's pretty lonely up here. I have very limited supply of food and water, which, I think, will last me another two weeks.

There's nobody to call, no one to talk to, no pets to pat. I took a bowling ball and drew a face on it, so I can talk to it. I named him "William". It's just floating in front of me, as there is no gravity.

The International Space Station is the last refuge of the person who caused the end of the world. Sigh... At least I have a good view of the planet. This really wasn't what I was planning for when I woke up. Oh well, better make the most of it. "Hey Will?"

"Yes, sir?"

"How about a game of Backgammon?"

Something A Little Extra

You know, there is a such a thing as going the extra mile. Only, you use it in situations where the outcome is preferable and can be perfected, such as sculpting or painting. You hone your edge, if you have a one to begin with.

We were talking about what talent was and I blurted out the obvious. But it can be produced given the right conditions and the state of mind.

Inspiration is not something that hits you out of the blue and there's nothing you can do about it. You can actually access it any time you want.

And one of the keys to it is repetition. Discipline. You create the right conditions for it to emerge. After all, one cannot do much simply by staring at a blank piece of paper.

You got to make a move. Scribble something, put down some words. Anything. And see what happens.

So, inspiration is always there. All you have to do is tune into it, like you tune into a radio station. You turn the dial. But ever so many people are so busy with their daily lives that it seems they have no control over or time for the creativity to blossom at all.

And that is sad. I am fortunate enough to be retired from society at large but I am still part of it. And so, I am investigating how to be interesting within it.

You see, being interesting is not merely for getting attention from other people. That's a by-product. No, being interesting means you have to ability to surprise someone. And surprises are the domain in which every artist operates.

Hell, the universe itself is based on that. But there are people who don't enjoy surprises. But that is what

they secretly want anyway, even if they can't admit to it or themselves.

You know, talking about mysterious powers. Let's talk about self-power. Something many people are not aware of. I mean, do you realize, that you have the power to make the world align around you and you can overcome it with ease?

That's actually a thing. Where the person seems like reality itself is bending over backwards for them, and they overcome all obstacles without problems. That's the kind of power I'm referring to.

And this can be accumulated through certain activities, such as meditation. The more you become aware of the present moment and your relationship with it, the more the world will seem like this magical place.

I don't mean that everyone will bow down to your ego will or shit like that. I mean that everything will 'flow' into its right place. I'm telling you, it's pure god-damn bliss!

Anyway, this going the extra mile shit. What is preventing us from doing it ordinarily? Well, we feel like we're not good enough for the extra mile.

We think that because we've been such miserable losers in the past, that we're going to continue to be so in the future as well. And this is projection day one at school.

We prevent ourselves from being the best that we can be because we're afraid that we're setting ourselves only to fail if we try. But the thing about trying is, you will never be anything if you assume that the past will catch up with you.

The past doesn't fucking even exist. And yet, we insist on it every single day, even if we're not aware of it.

So, talent. Some people seem to be born with it. And some people are not. But in most cases, I'll bet

you anything that the person's innate creativity is simply dormant.

Because I believe that the spark of creativity resides within the bare structure of reality. And so every human being has it. It's only a matter of finding out what kind of form that 'it' takes.

But most people never take that time to find it out. Because they're too busy playing fucking Angry Birds or something. I mean, I'm not saying that everyone's function is to be artistic, because we do need variety as a society.

I'm only saying that the ones who do want to create something, have that ability innately. At least, I want them to have it. Fuck. If this shit turns out to be a lie, then Lucifer help me.

Anyway, something that strikes me about the 'extra' part. What is it? Well, talking about an artwork, it's usually the level of attention and energy the artist has put into the piece.

And this ties in with self-power I was talking about earlier. The more energy you can muster and transfer unto the canvas, music sheet, book or what have you, the more of an impact it will have on the people experiencing it.

This I discovered all on my own. And I am deeply grateful for that information. It enables me to influence people's minds. Not in a devious controlling way, but the joyous way.

Even when I'm writing down these words, I am consciously aware of the fact that they will make a very vivid impression on the reader. At least that's the hope. The hope of creating new ideas.

And that is what we're all after. A new idea is simply another way of saying a surprise. Because that is what it's all about in the end. And you can wangle around

it, saying that some surprises are fucked up horrible, and that's true.

But they're still part and parcel of the game we all agreed to. You may say you hate the game, but you don't really. If you actually hated the game, you wouldn't be playing it. Hah.

You may have noticed that I haven't suggested anything to reader should do. And I think that has become a vital component of the way I write my writings. The reader can go hang for all I care.

I write for me and my well-being. I mean, I'm still going to share these things forward, but I've recently realized through a friend that feedback is way too fucking overrated.

And is actually what's stopping me of becoming a great artist. So, there are some new winds blowing now. And I'm going to set up a sail and see where they take me.

The Only Thing You Know

The only thing that you really know, is what you can put into words. But this is not really true. It's a game that people play on each other, to undermine a vast area of experiences.

For example, love does not require any words to be a real phenomenon. It is only when you have to communicate about that love to someone else. Doesn't make it any less real to you if it isn't outwardly expressed.

But people are always demanding of some kind of record of the thing before it's tangible. This is why there is a whole category of things that exist, yet since they are a non-repeatable experiments, for all intents and purposes, do not exist to the acknowledgement of science.

And I keep saying it that words have a serious limitation, in imparting information. Because they are linear, but the universe is not. In other words, reality doesn't come at us in line-patterns.

It comes at us much too quickly and much too multidimensionally, to be translated into consciously reviewable parts. And yet people act like that can be done. And that is the phenomenon of known as "getting hung up on the written word".

Love Is Motion

In trying to express as something so simple as love, I find myself without words. Perhaps it is too simple, which is what makes it so difficult.

I don't have big fancy words for what I feel, instead I try to be genuine. As tired of life as I was a few years ago, I wouldn't give up what happened the very next year at any cost.

Because I met you, and through you, I came to feel more alive and free than I ever was. I hope we can continue to be the sparks in our lives which ignites each other's flames.

We keep dancing on the leaves of the evanescent stage, which crumbles beneath the actors. I have tasted the sweetness of what life can truly be, and it is wonderful. It isn't as if this is the end, on the contrary, this is just the beginning.

I drift in and out of the present moment. But those times when I drift back in, I've got to share many of them with you, for which I am grateful.

If life was a box made of chocolate, you would be the entire box and its contents to me. All parts highly necessary to each other.

There is no error at all when we are together. Remember that the dust which gathers on top of the mirror does not touch the love which underlies it, constituting the most basic feeling.

Dante, in describing the love which moves the sun, moon, and other stars, tucks beneath it a truth so profound it would thwart the fields of physics as we know them.

For it is precisely the love, the “dark energy” as we call it, which is synonymous with motion in this cosmos.

And to the degree that it gathers at high density points, we call that gravitation. It is the space in between bodies which draws them nearer and further away from each other.

So, what I’m trying to say is, that the motion which makes things attract one another, is the same thing as my love for you, in its deepest sense.

They say in mysticism that the content of the mystical experience in its bare essentials, is exactly “unspeakable love”. And it is the one thing which is borderline impossible to describe when you really get down to it. We say we “fall in love”. Why fall?

We don’t say we rise in love. Because we surrender and “support” one another, that is why we fall in love. It is the complete giving away of one’s self to another person. So that you can say “Yes, yes! Do whatever you want with me (within limits)!”

And so, this “divine madness” as Alan Watts called it, is one where we can come to feel the divinity of the universe according to our companion.

And I wish I could stare into those two most beautiful jewels on Earth. Gaze deep into them directly, and see the goddess whom I fell in love with. My dearest. I love you.

Chapter 7: The World Is a Toilet

What follows now is a series of stories. I've tried to write some sensible ones, and funny. But occasionally, they elude me completely. So I'll let the reader decide.

As has been pointed out, this is just an expression of the human form. So, it can't be wrong now, can it?

I don't claim to be excellent at this stuff. But I think I have a devious knack for saying more than what first appears. My entire notion in writing this book is something philosophical and metaphysical.

It asks, really: who are you?

The Day The Earth Stood on a Stool

I wonder how long will it take for these idiots to take notice. "UFOs spotted in the skies of Kansas!" Guess it can't be helped, considering the population is occupied with matters closer to home.

I took a cup of coffee and sipped from it, and sighed afterwards, leaning back on my chair. There were news-

papers strewn about all over my desk, and the phone which kept ringing. I could take a wild guess what this was about.

“Hello,” I answered.

“You damn moron, why did you have to go on and publish the damn article?! Now my office is getting hounded by government agencies around the clock!”

“Yeah, well, maybe they can take some cues as to how to disclose a significant UFO event, theirs has been border lining on the pathetic.”

“You fucking fuck. . . ” The call ended.

Tenure is a bitch. Can't get fired for doing your job. Serves that asshole right. I took another sip and looked outside the window.

So, the Pentagon and other major entities had a big meeting on the “potential of extra-terrestrial life on planet Earth”. How do I know that? I was there, their damn ears and fingers.

I was contacted by the “Big P” a week ago. I stayed at their headquarters for the night until the big day.

The problem with them is they wanted to keep it under wraps. The only reason they needed an outsider was “plausible forthcomingness”.

I had to sign up a contract that would seal my lips. Idiots. If this is all it takes, I have serious doubts as to how this country has stood up for so long.

Did I get to see the good stuff? For sure. They didn't just talk, they showed evidence. For example, there's a base in Antarctica, that is dedicated to the preservation of fallen extra-terrestrials and those they shot down by force. Idiots. If that doesn't invite trouble, I don't know what will.

Little do they know about the connection between the school shootings and the appearances of the UFOs. But I do.

There was a professor in the meeting who showed that the collective psychological catastrophe that we're going through right now, is because of a substance called star jelly.

It has properties which affect people in various ways, not The least of which are mental breakdowns. It falls to Earth during meteor showers, but the origins of it are still unknown. The bastards are here to get it off this rock.

They struck a deal with our nations, in exchange for collecting this stuff, we get "benefits". Whatever the fuck they are. They didn't tell me everything.

But I do know, that whoever that man in the black robe was, in the background, watching and listening, was one of them. And at one point he spoke, something about the 'Fifth of the Fourth'.

I tried googling but the only thing that came up was an old manuscript, which was unintelligible. The only thing I understood from it was a passage which said, "planetary chain event".

The fifth planet has more than eight moons. I wonder if they were trying to tell us where we could find a safe place. Or something. Furthermore, I noticed something was off about them.

The look on the generals and other people's faces were like they had to run everything by this robed person. Like, they were giving them the go.

If these fuckers are running the show now, then it's already too late. I think we've been invaded.

Car Key Coffee Conundrum

I wonder how many people there are right now in the world, who are looking for their car keys. And how many

of those people will miss a vital workplace meeting, resulting in severe loss of finances, and gets them fired.

And as they get laid off, they lose all motivation, and lose their house too in the process, resulting in them becoming homeless. So, they start resorting to petty thefts to get food. And then eventually they are robbing entire banks.

Then they will get nabbed and sent to prison where they will spend the next 8 years pondering about their life choices, and they take up meditation. That accidentally leads to what is known as moksha in Hinduism or Bodhi or Nirvana in Buddhism.

And they get led off early from prison because of good conduct. And so, it is that today they are working as a social worker helping other people. All because they couldn't find their car keys 10 years ago.

There was a man who claimed that he had such a delightful cup of coffee once, that it triggered in him the feeling of what is the equivalent of enlightenment or Nirvana.

He wrote a book about it where he described the sensation as being akin to walking on air. And the sensation itself lasted for about an hour, but the contents of it seemed to go on much, much longer. A kind of time-dilation.

One of the strange aspects of the sensation was that it carried with it the feeling of not being simply just this miserable lonely ego, trapped in the scheme of things, but as if the entire cosmos were his body.

He felt like there wasn't a single grain of dust that was in the wrong place in the universe.

And all this was brought on by simply a cup of Arabica. The lesson here is, drink your coffee, as you never know when the next cup might bring you Nirvana.

Counter-productive Living

If one is suddenly come over by the prospect of a writer's block, the one sure-fire way of getting rid of it is to never write again. And find new interests.

If one becomes equally the victim of hunger, the last thing you must do is eat. Because it will go away eventually.

I know it sounds highly counter-productive and against common sense, but bear with me. Let's suppose that you died. So what? You can always pick up eating in the next life.

And so also, one can always start writing after decades of hiatus. I also wonder why is that when people get the sudden urge to take a piss or shit that their first impulse is to find the nearest bathroom.

Why not just go in your pants? It feels euphoric as hell. Just give it a go for once. Shit in your pants.

Because I've heard from several senior citizens that when they do, they suddenly discover that that's the meaning of life. That's right. The meaning of life is shitting your pants when you feel like it.

Another example of this is falling in love. Why do people automatically think it's a good idea to get married when both parties agree to love each other forever?

This is the stupidest idea ever. It serves nobody but the government who keeps tabs on you. So, I'm saying that when you feel like you love somebody, that the moment you do, please, put an end to it. Why? Because love is the most dangerous drug existing.

It has actually caused wars among nations in history. It's bad for you, clearly. Furthermore, it makes people go crazy, do stupid things, and generally fuck up. So, don't do it. And also, why the FUCK are shopping malls still

a thing?

Why do people flock to them by the billions? Just have the food delivered by a fucking Amazon surveillance drone. In fact, I argue that leaving the house at all is fucking bad for you.

It's actually one of the highest causes for death, leaving your home. So don't do that either. I have a whole list of things here that people shouldn't do.

Eating, jogging, sports in general, oh and don't get me started on sounding like a moron thinking you look cute whenever you misspell the words because or that into "cause" and "dat". I know they're supposed to speed up writing, but if the price for that is to look like a simpleton, I'd rather take my time.

One final note, is that whoever the fuck came up with advertisements should be sent to the fucking moon with a giant ad and let everyone watch it on a daily basis. Just a giant billboard pointing at Earth until everyone commits suicide.

A Dialogue In The Dark

It was completely dark. A small light switched on. It didn't help much. Only, now one could discern two small chairs facing each other. They are both empty. It was dead silent. It was still really, really silent.

Then, out of thin air, there appeared a voice. It sounded like someone clearing their throat. It was coming from above one of the chairs.

Another one just like it appeared above the other chair. The voices seemed to be having a dialogue with each other in calm, soothing tones. This is how the dialogue went:

"Right," said the first voice, expressing enthusiasm,

“you comfortable? Would you like some tea perhaps, or coffee?”

“I’m quite alright, thank you. Haven’t got a body, so. . . ”

“Good, good. We can get started then.”

“Yes, let’s.”

“As I’ve apparently forgotten my notes,” the first voice embarrassingly remarked, “I’ll just have to get to the point.”

“Please do.”

“First question:”

“Uh huh.”

“In your words, what would you say was the point of music?”

“I see that,” replied the second voice, “we’re starting with the easy ones. And the answer is that it has no particular point. It is a pattern which is played for the sheer delight of sound.”

“Correct. And I assure you, all the questions have been meticulously selected from the Archive and are designed for maximal effect of quizzicalness.”

“I am sure they have and are.”

“Next question: What is the fundamental principle of nondualism?”

“You are it.”

“Correct. Moving on then. Question two:”

“Three, actually,” interjected the second voice.

“Correct. Question four (second original): What is the real purpose of the modern educational system?”

“One of my favourites. The real purpose of it is to prepare people for a future that never comes.”

“Correct. Any elaboration?”

“Hold on to your neck ties and fanny packs, ladies and gentlemen,” the second voice excitedly started, “here

goes. The educational system as we find today is essentially about learning how to be a scholar, and not actually being one.

The reward for studying the English language, for example, should be the ability to speak English and have fun with English-speaking people meaningfully. But what they did was they gave people prizes for graduating.

And once you get a degree from learning, the degree becomes the point. In other words, the status becomes more important than the learning process.

And so, it's all graded. First grade, second grade, third etc., until we get to middle school, then high school, then comes college and thereafter, grade school until you're finally graduating and ready for life.

Then you get a job as an insurance salesman, and you have that deadline to make all the time until 20 years later you wake up one day and go, 'Oh my, I'm finally here!'

These are the eternal conned. Always living for tomorrow. But by the time they arrive, they won't be there to enjoy it."

"Correct. Well, well, we've made it to the fifth (third) and final question."

"Shoot."

"What is love?"

"I assumed the questions would get harder, but apparently I was mistaken."

"Incorrect. Back to the question."

"Right. Love is the innate force in everyone and everything in the universe, through which processes are kept moving."

"Elaborate."

"First, it is not some rare commodity, which suddenly hits people occasionally. Everyone has it. It is only a matter of finding out what the objects in one's life are,

that one is attracted to and then getting 'it' moving.

You see, love is a spectrum. And whether it is pure altruism, friendship, love for one's neighbour, or the opposite or even same sex, it is all contained within the same spectrum. It can also be ice cream, whisky, or fast cars, it doesn't matter.

It's all the same thing. The only difference is the place in the spectrum. Even people who say they love themselves should thoroughly investigate this self-love, because very often they will discover after inquiring that what they thought was self, was in fact something other than self.

That it necessarily included something else, like the bottle or food. Because in fact, the self is impossible to love. It is as it were, only through the polar opposites where the phenomenon of love can appear.

And that is basic right down to the fundamentals of forces governing the very wavicles that we're composed of."

"Correct. Once again, our Archive has been bested by the Voice That Knows It All."

"As usual," the Voice That Knows It All calmly remarked.

"I want to thank our guest, and all those of you watching. This has been our weekly Three Questions, on our show, The Void."

"It was a pleasure once again, Sebastian."

"Tune next week", announced Sebastian, "where we'll have as our guests The Voice Which Started It All, and The Silence Which Will End It All, in our exciting new episode called The Two Aspects of Toilet Training. Thank you, and good night."

The small light went out. It was silent and completely dark.

Chapter 13:

Rainbow Platypuses

There is something appealing in going against arguments. They practically demand it sometimes. One can even make it an entire hobby to take contrary positions in conversations. It's fun. But what happens when you're contradicting yourself in your position?

Contradictory Contrarianism

When I make statements regarding the mystical, partly that it's problematic is because of the way our language works. Language as a method of communication has a serious limitation.

And that limitation is the outer perimeter of the box the words are pointing to. Let's suppose that we're talking about a chair. Are we talking about the word chair, or an actual chair in the world?

If it's the latter, the only reason we know that it's meaningful is because at some point we had to have seen a chair.

But the trouble with the mystical is that nobody can really reference it and give people a solid image of it. And

that is why it's been the subject of heavy disputes over the centuries.

So taking a contrary position to it seems only natural and comes easily to those who don't really know what I'm talking about. They might've heard about the term, but unless they themselves have felt it in their orifices, it's almost absolutely futile to try to describe something as exotic as the mystical vision. Note that, almost.

Because even when we have no clear picture of what we're trying to describe, or talk about, does not mean that you can't play off of contrary positions.

In fact, you can pretty much do it with anything, in matters of language at least. And that is why the whole art of creative writing is partly based on contrary imagery. It enriches the subject matter greatly, if you can "polarize" it.

But this self-contradicting, is bad form in terms of philosophical discussions. The participant will feel defeated if it's known that they have contradicted something they said.

But it can also be contributing to the discussion, provided that you're trying to use it as a device to arrive to a new point of view. For example when I say that all birds are black. That is an obvious contradiction with the facts of simple biology.

But if I take that position in the spirit of showing that our assumptions of how language is intended to work is undermined, then it's another matter.

Koans in Zen Buddhism work this way. They are often non-sensical passages, with the intent to make the reader "drop" their assumptions of language and meaning, or in other words, their social programming, even if temporarily.

And the reason is that we are generally so hypnotized by words and language, that we forget the true nature of

reality.

And the contrarian in this respect has a parallel function, of reminding you of the “polarity of life.” But I’ll save that term for another article. The point is that it’s the opposite view, that can sometimes bring about the most insight to arguments.

And that is why I believe that it is always necessary to include all possible lines of sight. So that we don’t become near-sighted or myopic. The picture needs all pieces to be complete.

This could be called the “multiple perspectives theory”. Which is a term of my own devising. It states that no point can survive on its own. It is always in relation to its surrounding or opposite points of view.

Contradicting of one’s self can be inconsistent, but it can simultaneously be inspiring. It all depends on the nature of what is being discussed.

If the point is to make somebody over, to convince them of something, then yes, you’ve probably failed like a fucking dingus. But if the objective is to explore ideas, and it is used creatively, then no opposition is truly wrong.

The reason I’m writing this piece is to show that if you’re ever backed into a corner philosophically, all you have to do is strip naked, and demolish the floor from under your own two feet. Why?

Because nobody can really defeat somebody with nothing to spare or to hide. Now I’m using the word defeat playfully. Obviously it is often that we’re not looking to simply defend our own positions. But that we’re open to new ones.

It is only saying that if the opposing view was truly opposing and had the capacity to make us update our views, it certainly won’t come by dismissing it or ignoring it.

That’s why I try to use opposites as often as I can. So

that we don't become fixed to any specific view. Because as was said, you need all of them to make an informed decision.

Wisdom of the Insane

I find that madness, can be divine at times. That is to say, it can show us more than just what it appears as. The depths can give insight to the person going through it, and they can in turn inspire others with that insight.

A lot of people are not aware of something called "sensitivity to the forces." So I'll try to explain that in this article.

What I mean by sensitivity to the forces is the level of frequencies one is tuned into. See, there are countless of "radio stations" one can dial into with their minds.

And the weirder the frequency, we call them hopelessly insane. Since the 20th century, people have shoved a sticker and label many of these frequencies, to the point that almost every kind of deviation in one's cognition and psychology can be pointed out as being "sick" in some way.

Either you're "above average" or "below average". If you're sad you're depressed. If you're happy you're euphoric. If you're angry you've got an issue of control. If you're hopeful you're optimistic. If you're sarcastic you're a pessimist. And so on, and so forth.

Almost every attribute we can think of, can be nowadays substituted with a diagnostic classification. And the reason is that it supposedly makes it easier to work on these things, as if they were problems.

And so nothing strikes us more with the demand to repair it, than being crazy. But to me being crazy, is something I would not give up for the world. I'm fond of

being crazy. Why? Because it gets me off many, many hooks.

And I would imagine that a lot of people that have mental illnesses, while not necessarily fond of their condition, nonetheless have this distinct attitude of “being nuts”, that they would not easily shed. And that is why I distinguish having mental illness from being insane.

The latter can be highly lucrative, depending on how one uses it. It can be contributing to creativity in large parts. It can make one see more in things that would otherwise be easily dismissed. So being insane has tremendous value in many people’s lives.

But being insane can be fun, provided you know how to handle it. I know many people who are full of zest, and life, because they have a screw loose.

And I speak for myself when I say that I enjoy it. And people who don’t see that life itself is crazy as crazy can be, are themselves crazy in a different sense.

So what is the condition of being insane if we exclude usual mental illnesses? Well, ponder for a moment, and ask the question: for what reason would people stare at you like you’ve got a horn growing out of your forehead, and start scoffing at you and arguing against you immediately?

Or we could put it in Christian terms: for what reason were the heretics in the middle ages burned at the stake? What is that great heresy?

Well one thing comes to my mind. And that is that if you claim to anyone that you’re God. But this is the thing I’ve been trying to put forward with all these articles of mine.

That we’re ALL God in disguise, pretending to be ourselves, with all our unique problems. And nothing is more insane, historically and present day accounted for, than that.

And that is why people are apt to stay quiet about it. Because the consequences are feared, especially that your family or relatives might call the white jackets on you after spilling the beans.

But this claim has been throughout time, suspect and prone to stoning, crucifixion, burning at the stake, murder, and as said, admitting one to the hospital.

But this knowledge, that one is the eternal universe, is the goal of most spiritual practices. That is really the inner secret of it. And so it strikes me rather odd, how people are at the same time trying to get to the point at which they can be labelled as insane, while trying to prevent others from being that.

But of course, they don't know that. Even I don't know that. I'm just insane. And if there is any wisdom in that, it's that the cosmos is more strange, that anyone could or will ever imagine.

Three Seasons of Samsara

“...And on the fourth, we will be free.”

You know it strikes me rather funny, that so many people, especially here in the West, cling to the idea of reincarnation because it brings them safety.

The idea being that the human being is a pilgrim, or rather their soul is, which gradually develops through myriads of lives on a quest to find out what's it all about.

When the objective in the East is the exact opposite. To get out of the wheel of Samsara. So that you are free from the round of birth and death.

This clinging is also true of Nirvana. The whole point of realizing it, is the cessation of suffering. But to me the notion that Nirvana would be this peculiar state of mind in which all your troubles are absent, is to put it crudely,

stupid.

Because we already know that once you have a state in which you are happy, that state is temporary and will wear off sooner or later.

So you cannot actually sustain this magical existence, where you either are in a perpetual state of security, or of bliss. Both points are moot.

So the only way to counter this is to let go of the whole thing. Let go of security, and the pursuit of lasting bliss. And when you do, you might actually discover something even better. Where you won't need a religion to carry you anymore, which by the way is in my opinion the real purpose of them.

As an analogy taking the raft and the river. When you cross a river in a raft, you don't pick up the raft and start carrying it with you. You leave it behind.

So the objective of Buddhism or any other tradition of this kind, is to ultimately make you shed the scaffolding so to speak, and let the building stand on its own.

A lot of people will have problems with this notion. They think that once you commit to a sect or a church, you're in it for life. Well fuck that. Says who?

It's like Buddha said in one of the smaller sutras: take what you need, and throw the rest into the ocean. Meaning that one should only use the relevant things to their own situation, and discard the excess.

I think this is also the appeal in secular spirituality. Because it gets rid of "surface decorations" of religion.

But the whole idea of Samsara or the Wheel of Becoming is that you are chained into it by iron chains, so long as you are attached. And a Buddha is one who instead of becoming attached to it even by golden chains, gets rid of the chains altogether.

And there is an interpretation given by a Japanese scholar, who discussed enlightenment with Alan Watts

that I feel is important so I will share it here.

He said to him that the reason Buddha countered the teachings of Hinduism by lecturing on Anatman or the concept of Non-Self, in which nothing in this universe contains any trace of an essence or some soul which endures even after death, was because it was meant to act as a shift in balance into the Middle Way.

So the concept of Self or Atman found in Hinduism was balanced with Anatman or Non-Self, and the concept of life being pure pleasure was countered with him saying life is suffering and so on.

Everything in Buddhism is always balanced with its opposite to arrive at the middle. Why? To get people out of their extremes. In other words, if you were stuck at a particular point of view, let's say, clinging to God, they would demolish your belief in the Madyamika or The Middle Way School of Nagarjuna, and take every kind of "fixed point of view" away until there was nothing left for the student to hold onto.

Because they believed that one doesn't need any extremes, because they have a tendency to make one myopic. If you get stuck in a point of view, there is less chance to see the whole picture. So Buddhism is always trying to get people out of their ruts of not seeing the whole picture.

And this is in my opinion the reason why Buddhism was developed, not because it brings people safety, but because its goal was to get you into a place, where you don't need safety anymore. That you won't need a religion to carry you anywhere. That you are in fact, a Buddha where you sit right as you are.

And this is more or less what Bankei Yotaku was trying to say with his teaching of the "unborn mind", a Zen master living in Japan in the 1600s. You are a Buddha, even before you take up the path.

Because if you weren't, then Buddhism would be wrong in saying that there is no path. In the Diamond Sutra of the Sixth Patriarch, it is said that when Buddha attained complete and unsurpassed enlightenment, he didn't attain anything. And that means, that there is nobody to attain it. Because you're it, and always were.

That very same sutra says, in Huineng's own words: "The difference between the gradual school and my Sudden school, is that where as they both share the same destination, the gradual school is for slow witted people, and the other is for fast witted people."

In other words, not everyone needs to sit on their legs for 30 years to get the point. Because there's a saying, all roads lead home. And that is I think, one of the hidden truths of Buddhism.

There is another sense altogether in which the Sam-sara can be thought of as projecting continuation on one's actions, so that what appears as the person, as they move from the past, through the present moment, into the future, is a hallucination.

That you are "being reincaranted", that the links in the chain, are nothing other than your projection of the past and the future. And so you are keeping yourself in the Wheel, so long as you think in time. So the only way to be free, is to step out of time completely.

That doesn't mean that you become dead, or just passive. But that you don't act in a way that drags the past behind you, or equally worry about the future. This is as hard as it sounds. Almost nobody that I've ever met, has been able to do this.

But it is possible to live with the attitude where they won't let time affect them negatively. It also means that you can still make plans, provided you're not attached to some coming date.

What I mean by attachment in this context is not

grabbing things at too hard. It doesn't mean that you give up desire completely. Because we need desire simply to breathe or to sleep. So that is another misunderstanding in my view, that people who take up these practices ought to give up desiring completely.

As the dialogue in Buddhism shows, trying to give up desire is just the opening step in a series, and its objective is to get you further than might initially appear.

Now, I'm not an expert on Buddhism or any other tradition for that matter. But what I've learned over the years is that people go to great lengths in fooling themselves regarding various things in the "spiritual scene", and forget that there has to be a human element and some rationality involved.

Otherwise we become too spiritual, and that is a very real phenomenon. Where the person reeks of excessive spirituality.

And there enters into what I call "anti-worldliness", where we think that entering into the spiritual requires the disappearance of the physical world, and that we should refrain from sex, among other things.

Because of the notion that we get too attached to the physical pleasures of the profane. And so to get rid of them altogether is preferred. But this is false in my thinking.

Because asking the simple question: if the objective of life was to get rid of physicality, why a physical universe at all in that case?

But Samsara also can be thought of as not simply a trap that we should get away from or escape, but a game in which we can have fun and participate in everything life has to offer. So one has to live on two levels simultaneously. One where they won't grab too hard, and also enjoy while it lasts.

And this is the fourth or the "final" season I started

this article with. We are free as soon as we change our whole outlook and approach to the Wheel. So that the three seasons that went before weren't all for nothing. Satchitananda.

Chapter 6:

Rated M for Missing

The following tells a story about love.

It is to admire life's many aspects.

And also throw some of them at the birds.

If people don't understand it, then too bad.

Rocks and Coffee

There was a beach, which I walked through. I came upon a point of interest, which caught my attention instantaneously. It was a pebble on the sand. I picked it up.

Then, someone shouted at me at a distant. A faint voice, which got nearer and nearer. It was a woman with dark hair, yelling at me for supposedly taking her rock which she saw first.

I laughed at her, swinging the rock up and down in the air. She grabbed it and made for it. I chased her along the long coast, until finally catching up with her.

I tackled her face down on the sand, and took the rock back. She tried to bargain for it, but I said no to every attempt. I was an asshole, I know.

But I didn't care. Why was I so, hell-bent on keeping it? Well, very obviously, if this woman was so keen on getting her hands on it, clearly it was no ordinary pebble.

No, it had to have some value. And this godforsaken island, surely didn't have much else going on anyway.

My boat was tucked behind an alcove a little further away from the beach. I knew I had to be clever and quick to shake her off. I had precious cargo and I certainly didn't need anyone snooping around it. I started walking away, but she kept following.

I asked her what the fuck was so special about this stupid rock. And she said it was none of my business. So, this made me hold unto it even tighter. No way in hell I was going to cave. So, I started running, like my ass was on fire.

After sprinting for a bit, I saw her nowhere near. I went to my boat, grabbed the anchor, and hopped on. Whew, fuck this. I got mine. I went into the cabin and brewed myself some fine coffee and sat out on the deck.

Ahhh... The cool sea air coupled with a nice sunny day. Perfect. But then, a few moments later, I heard a loud clunk coming from inside the cargo.

So, I went and see what was up. And the scene I saw made me shit my pants almost. The woman from earlier was covered in my cargo, my expensive fucking coffee. And she said if I am to keep her rock, she's going to enjoy his property in turn.

And so, we sat out with cups and I said you know, I think we both wanted to be with each other so bad that there really is no telling whose fault it is that you're here now.

I mean it's just a dumb little rock, isn't it? She took

the rock and cracked it open, which had a large opal inside.

“Sir, I think you’re simply a little too eager to jump to conclusions. Now shut up and let’s enjoy our coffees.”

Surprise, Motherfucker

Here we go again. Blah blah blah. My daily routine. Me, with a routine? Preposterous! But so, it is. I’ve been writing every single day for... Half a year now. Woo.

Hopefully, I can keep at it. I have no idea what to say, but I’m outlining something. Hopefully, something interesting. If I lost that ability, I’d probably off myself.

Speaking of surprises, I cannot for the life of me figure out, why we dislike change in general. Perhaps it is because of our ego, that is to say our centre field of awareness is based on the premise that it itself is permanent.

And so, it can’t stand transitions in its perception that goes against that premise. But why would it be a bad thing for things to change? Because they imply oblivion.

And so, it is ultimately, out of fear, we resist change. You know, there are really two states of basic emotions in this universe. And one of them is indeed fear. And the other? Let’s call it ‘love’ for the lack of a better term.

If I had to venture to come up with one, I would use ‘inclusion’. So yes, let’s use that word instead of love. Because love as ordinarily used, comes with its issues. Whereas **true** love or inclusion has none. So then. What is inclusion?

People project all kinds of ideas on the ideal of true love. And they’re a bunch of shit usually. But occasionally, one gets a glimpse of this person who seems to exude

love everywhere they go.

And it's like they're in love with every being on the planet. And that is why sexual relations mean nothing to them. Their entire organism is there sexual parts. And when confronted, they seem to have a special kind of air about them. It is magical. It is strange. Furthermore, it stands out.

Universal love does not mean that you accept everything automatically. It simply means that you include everything within the universe in your relationship.

But that seems fantastic. How is such a thing possible? If you ask me, very rarely such a state presents itself to a person. But I'm sure it happens, however brief it is.

I also think that many gurus are full of shit when they look like they're about to come in everyone's face they meet. I mean that they're overly joyous like they've just shot up a dosage of opiates up their rectum.

That they are being nice, regardless of who you are. However, who am I to judge such a state of mind?

You know, I am having the biggest smile I've had in a while right now. There could be the 2-hour sleep I got last night. Or it might be something else entirely.

I mean, do you realize? Do you realize, that us sitting here now, is pure bliss? Because I sure as hell don't. But I just know it to be so.

That's not really saying anything to the person who hasn't felt it. Saying "everything is bliss" is an ultimate statement. You might as well have said "everything is everything". Logically, it makes no difference to anything. And yet, and yet. . .

Fuck, I should probably go to sleep soon. But this has been fun. I'm going to keep doing this meditation thing every day, or at least as frequently as I humanly can.

And if it makes me smile like this, all the more reason

to do so. But it might also have been something my friend said to me. Doesn't matter. Nothing else matters except this moment.

And the surprise is simply the disappearance of our ability to hide the connection between events. **Satcitananda**, you beautiful bastards.

On The Nature of Being

“The mechanisation and virtualisation of the organism will make people feel disconnected from the rest of the cosmos.

Instead of being acutely aware of their own organic relationship with their surroundings, they will see everything as a mere shadow of a once real universe.

It is a sad state of affairs. Why this route was taken is beyond me. Turning everything into clock-like ticking, where time marches on with excruciating precision.

Not only that, we are just holographs of ourselves. And everything is explained in terms of survival.

Tell me, what is the point of surviving in a world where everything is bereft of life? Why go on if the only point of it is to go on? Surely, the splendour of life comes from the fact that being alive is fun.

If it wasn't, everything would have committed suicide a long time ago. So, why are we describing ourselves in terms of mechanics instead of organics?

Could it be that these ideas were invented by people who considered life to be a trap? In other words, these people wanted to say that we are insignificant. But we are not.

We are the entire arrangement of patterns we can sense and see. Where in that lies insignificance?” — Donald Duck

On Motivation

“If you’re going to say that you don’t have what it takes, even when others are telling you do, you are cheating yourself.

See, the reason you are telling yourself that you don’t have what it takes is only an expectation of the possibility of failure, based on the past.

But if it is a possibility, it equally contains the other possibility, of succeeding. It happens now. If failure is going to play a part in it, make it a good show.

In other words, worry is useless. It is a possibility scenario which the mind constructs out of re-accessible experiences, memories. And those memories do not have an immediate impact on you, unless you think they do.

It is you who invoke the reality to which you react. The point being then, that if we can see the power of our thoughts, not as something that grips us into fear of failure, but which can free us from worry, we would be less inclined to dismiss trying out new things. New potentials. New experiences.” — Minnie Mouse

What’s The Point?

What is the point of talking about a standpoint when nobody cares about it? Everyone’s out to defend their points of views. And I am guilty of the same thing. No really, everyone thinks they know how things really are.

I reminded by a philosopher who once said that you can’t talk people out of illusions. And yet, everybody thinks what they believe is not an illusion. Is this not a paradox?

If we have billions of unique points of views, each one thinking that their view is the correct view, that means

it is all completely subjective, and so there is no such thing as the **true** state of affairs, it merely is relative.

And hence, everyone's points of view become actually a hoax. There is no such thing as a universe which is a certain way because it all depends on the one perceiving it as such. There are equally people who do not see it being objective and independent.

Now who is right? One can, of course, argue that on the principle of democracy, the majority must be right. But this is a fallacy. Just as there are billions who believe in an invisible man in the sky with a beard on. Doesn't make it so. Or does it?

Philosophy essentially becomes a game where people are arguing with each other with words, as to which level of philosophical systems, of all the systems, are the real ones.

And so at the end of the day, it is all defending of one's idea of reality. And I raise the problem: it is not actually so, that the most successful theories in the world are simply those which had strong enough egos behind them supporting them.

Because really, we constantly play this one-upmanship when we have discussions, egos fighting for their voices to be heard.

And so, I ask again, why do we talk about our views to other people even when they're not really interested? Because we have to. Because we want to inspire people to think outside the box, and perhaps remind them that theirs is not the only way of looking at things.

Because we live in a relativistic system, where all points depend on each other. And so, we need the 'other' points of view, simply so we know where we are situated.

Because if we had only one point of reference, we wouldn't know where we are located. It takes two to tango. One cannot really have knowledge about how the

world is, unless they have the whole picture and all its parts.

They can, of course, argue that one can extrapolate information from incomplete data, but they will not be able to see what the part really contained. So, it remains an assumption. And assumptions underline our entire belief system more strongly than we realize.

And so, I leave you with a puzzle. How can one know really, how things are, if the experience of them is based on their assumptions and beliefs about them? We believe collectively that the Earth goes in a neat 365 day cycle around the sun in a circle. But that is not how it actually is.

The rotation around the sun is a spiral. And it does not take 365 days exactly. And this has always pissed off the calendar makers. We also believe collectively more or less in an afterlife, and mythology relating to it.

And so, an enormous amount of personal experiences is manifesting in the world based on that belief. We, in other words, seem to exhibit actual personal experiences based off what we believe in.

Now, one can argue that these people are off their hinges. And trust me, I know something about that. And that is a defence people use these days, too dismiss an idea. That the person was crazy. And so, nothing they say after that makes any difference. But the problem remains.

Do you know? Or do you think you know? What's the difference? Your experience? Faith? Assumptions? That someone agrees with it? If agreement is all it takes, then we are in serious trouble.

Because there are people who agree on many things. And yet what they agree on doesn't seem to contain any real basis. So, it goes back to the basis of relativity and subjectivity.

We make our own reality. That is the point. That was always the point.

Chapter 2:

Demolish That Idea

What follows now is a collection of crazy ideas.

You can take them or leave them.

But all of this is trying to say something important.

And that something important is to *question* the system.

Metatron's Conspiracy

This is a conspiracy theory that is based on geometric patterns and the number nine, and just plain old bullshit. If you take an ordinary circle, it can be said to have 360 degrees.

Now take it in half, and you get 180. Half it, it's 90, then 45 etc, but add those digits together one by one until there is only one number, and it's always nine.

Furthermore, if you take the 216th Fibonacci number, which adds up to 9, you get a digit sequence, which adds up to... 216. One mathematician started having a look into the Fibonacci sequence and discovered something peculiar.

There's a cycle in the numbers how they are formed which repeats every 60th number, they formed it and projected the numbers on top of a circle as in a clock, and every opposite number of that circle added to the same number, always.

Now, if nature is as random as it is made out to be, why does it seem to exhibit this almost divine proportion?

Fibonacci is more commonly known as the Golden Ratio and is found all over nature, from seashells to hurricanes, to galaxies. Doesn't seem that random to me. Now, let's dive more into circles.

If you draw a circle and half it and draw another, they form what is known as a Vesica Pisces, move diagonally and draw another, and so on, and they will eventually form a pattern called the Seed of Life.

Take it further, and it becomes the Egg of Life, even further and it becomes a Flower of Life, which has all kinds of geometric patterns within it.

And when you complete the pattern by drawing one more set of outer circles to the Flower, and then connecting all the circles by lines that goes through their centre, while taking the excess ones off, you get what is known as Metatron's Cube.

Which basically contains a blueprint for every organic phenomenon in the world. It contains all the Platonic solids, and the tree of life as the symbol of Kabbalah, and also the pentagram symbol.

And the conspiracy is that this Flower of Life pattern is apparently found in ancient ruins all over the world from Egypt to China, carved and drawn on stone and palace interiors and so on.

There are pics floating around the internet about these locations, but you can't really tell whether they've been modified or manipulated after taking them. There are

only a handful of them.

So, it remains a mystery and a conspiracy theory until somebody goes and checks them personally and documents them.

Ineffable Vastness

Let's just get it out in the open. I don't know what I'm talking about. Even when it appears that I do, I really don't. What do you mean by when something is "non-dual"?

What do you mean when you say everything is a game? Well, if asking what something means, is the same as asking where is it pointing, then I simply don't mean anything.

It is "pointless" means that it has no point. A point to which you can point to. And in this sense, all "signifying" must refer to something in the physical universe.

Even concepts are part of the physical universe. Because they require brains to do the legwork for them to exist in any sense.

And so, what is sensible, is what we can sense, make sense out of, either with our nervous system, or with our minds. But the point, which I'm talking about, is ineffable.

And there really is no reason, apart from the fun of it, to try to point towards it. It is the substratum on which all this rests. Telling a story about the ineffable is always fun.

That's basically what all poets are trying to do. They are trying to describe the indescribable. And I, as a writer, I am trying to do the same thing. So, here goes.

What non-dual "means", is it refers to a level of being, or of existence, that is identical with the physical universe

on the one hand, but which underlies the universe at the same time.

Only, it is also synonymous with consciousness. You could say that everything that happens, is “on the one and only reality, without a second”.

The nearest system of philosophy that touches it, at least here in the West, is a form of Monism. Now, I especially want to draw attention to the word “form”, because it is not exactly Monism.

Because it can't be described, even by a single concept. In the East, we have Advaita Vedanta. Which is also close to it.

But they do not seriously use the word “one”, to refer to the ultimate reality. Because one implies an opposite, many, or none. And this level that I'm talking about, transcends all opposites.

It has no reference, that can be conceived with our intelligence. Unless you consider all the references within the phenomenal world.

Only then you can talk about any references. But as was said, this level, is simultaneously the universe, plus its origin and end.

The distinction between the universe, or I would say the perceivable universe, and it, has to be made. Because otherwise it would simply be part or contained within the universe, and that is not quite what I mean with non-dual.

It has no parts, really. And yet, it is all parts. Notice that I'm using contradictory language to refer to it, because it has a point of its own later. The question then was asked, how do you get the one out of the many, or the many out of the one?

The Hindus explain this by reason of “self-forgetfulness”. The ultimate reality forgets itself, and pretends to be this universe and all its parts. There are an infinite number

of channels, or of conscious units of the original non-dual being.

And the channels, have forgotten their true identity. That is basically the function of our Ego. It stands as a “barrier”, between the “one” reality and the organism. And that explains why subjective experiences do not cross over or “meld” together in the ordinary way.

Now, I said organism because our physical bodies, from this standpoint, are a single process together with the rest of the cosmos.

It is exactly this barrier, which makes us feel usually alienated or standing “aside” from it. Now, the contradiction in language arises when we want to categorize or put this level into a class. And you simply can’t.

Because something that is everything, is moot in terms of comparison. And so using contradictory language refers to the difficulty in classing it. So the only term that tells the story best, in my opinion, is non-dual.

Any concept or a symbol or a word, that you attach to it, will fall short. And that’s why it’s pure nonsense. Something that is not accessible to the intellectual figuring.

And that is the very definition of ineffable, at least in my book.

Where Am I?

What the fuck is the point of going on simply to go on? I am so tired of that fucking survival theory shit. Day in, day out. Always the same existence. Nothing happening. Except my anxiety.

Oh yes, anxiety. I could write aeons about anxiety. Fuck. Everything is so fucking useless. We’re being measured and valued only by our economical worthwhileness.

It's a god-damn abominable substitute for a life. This damned rat race. I hate myself. To the bone. I cannot get anything done around here. I force myself to go on every single day.

Furthermore, I have nothing to say. My mind is empty. I cannot create anything. I'm bored out of my fucking skull. Likewise, I have no seeming direction. I'm a lazy bastard who cares about nothing.

Just watching the world go to shit around me. I forgot who I am. An idiot who always looks outwardly, wondering about this vast cosmos. I'm an egotist, trapped in my filth.

A pathetic, stupid man who only reflects pre-learned things. Always escaping myself. I dream of darkness, never knowing anything else. Practising a lonely path, at the end of which there is no thank you.

I lie in my madness, in the gloomy fear of losing control. I hate what I have become, and I fear what I might become. Living on borrowed time, in a failure of a post-death world.

A shattered past haunts my insides. I remember every trauma. Except the alcohol filled dark blanket. I have let go of it. But I couldn't let go of anything else. I am waiting for the end. Where am I? Where am I?

On Heaven

*Gazing upon this starry eyed poet
Making patterns with words and he knows it
Kissing the gentle sea of phraseology
Perhaps untrue without the philosophy*

*What possibility of what could be said
A message swept aside was laid
The substance of everything that there is
A target simply that will hit or miss*

*A ghost nothing more, hoping for a score
Finding out and reading out the lore
Of our origins we cannot hope to bring
Until we stop chasing after the next thing*

*Wake up and smell the fire
Outwards peeking out your own desire
Useless to try to define it
When all this world seems to lit*

*When escapes are few and scarce
When nothing matters without the one who cares
The answer you seek lies within your own being
When time stops perception itself becomes seeing*

*This is it, the end of the rainbow
But it is not the final act of the show
Reality itself as your companion
As knowing your brother is in itself compassion*

*Take the final leap, together
Looking to the old, for this do not settle*

*You are in Heaven which you are truly
Not a part missing from it is there really*

What In The Flying Crack?

I often wonder whether what we call consciousness is merely playing tricks on us and prevent us from seeing reality as it is.

Various schools of thought and practises are dedicated to correcting this false sense of identity, being usually somewhat less successful than more in doing so.

The experience on which numerous religions and other practises are based on, is known by many names. Some call it moksha, some Bodhi, others satori or cosmic consciousness.

It can be induced by several methods, such as mind-altering substances, practise of dhyana, or it, can come through extreme stress or anxiety.

Or it is none of the mentioned, and it simply hits you. And when it hits you, you know it.

And so, for example, Buddhism says that how a person ordinarily relates to and feels themselves and the rest of the universe, is seen as a hallucination.

That they are not a tourist on the Earth, as a result of a natural fluke, or being a soul that came from somewhere altogether.

But that they are the total energy that constitutes this universe. But that seems rather fantastic. In any case, various mystics throughout history have been known to report the same thing. And they are saying: wake up you, wake up, and realise who you are.

The wonderful variety of different views about the world strikes me as rather funny. Because if everyone

has a version of the truth in their minds, then obviously there is no such thing as *the truth* because it depends on where the person is looking at it from.

And so, a relative truth must be established, which can be anything, which makes it completely subjective. But can there be such a thing then as the absolute truth?

This is apparently what the various techniques have been developed for. For changing one's perception to knowledge.

Because perception is constituted by various odd mechanisms. One of them, is the process of selection. We select from the total input of information in a very narrow band, excluding all other information.

And this leads to ignorance about the world – in fact, one philosopher believed that ignoring space is one of the greatest conspiracies. Because we're so used to it, and instead focus on the figures, instead of the background.

So, is consciousness playing tricks on us? Well, psychology seems to think so. People wouldn't go to therapists in the first place if it didn't.

And so, there are numerous techniques developed for the 're-organization' of the mind. One of them is Carl Jung's self-individuation process, where there is the concept of the Self, which is the 'totality of the human psyche' as he describes it.

And the way to realising it is first to become aware that the person has what Jung calls a Shadow – and that is everything repressed by the person to his subconscious thinking.

So, we're not usually aware of our *depths*, which causes our repressed experiences to pop out in unpredictable places and times. And this is one of the major reasons for all the senseless violence out in the world.

So, if we became aware of our inseparability from the rest of the universe and would see ourselves as not some-

thing merely *in* the environment, but *as* the environment, we would be less liable to attack other people.

Because we would see everyone around us as part of the same process. And this is the greatest morality in all of mysticism. It's all you, so why hurt yourself?

But people do hurt themselves. We constantly do it, without even being aware of it. And I once made a statement that life is a process of self-destruction, which may come off as rather gloomy.

But just observe the universe, and you'll rapidly realise that that's what it's doing. It is decaying. However, without leaving the reader with a bad taste, let me switch a little to something more positive.

There is a point of view, where existence can be seen as a dance. In that it doesn't have a destination, something it ought to arrive at. It is simply enjoying the rhythm and going around in these fantastic patterns.

We tend to regard existence, something that has a goal. And by doing this, we become very expectant about the future. And so, we are always looking at the destination, not realising that we missed the point all the way long.

We tend to eliminate the journey, so we can arrive at the destination instantly. So, you'll essentially be in the same place that you started. The point of travelling is to travel, not to eliminate travel.

But we do it anyway because we don't have the sense of adventure in us any more, only expectancy of the destination. And the point was simply to sing, or to enjoy the music, while it was being played.

Chapter 3:

I Can Wipe My Ass With Money

There are all kinds of illusions built into the structure of our consciousness. It isn't if we can help it. It's the way nature is organized.

And so, the following is an attempt to disentangle some of these illusions, while keeping in mind something Alan Watts once said: "you can't talk people out of illusions."

An Analysis on Capitalism

It took me thirty years, but I've now finally completed my "analysis" on the brainwashing of the modern youth on capitalism and materialism.

And it's based on the Donald Duck comic book. The most popular comic of all time in Finland alone, and several other countries too.

One of the central themes of the franchise is, of course, Scrooge McDuck. And he's always guarding his favourite coin, made of gold. To the point of sacrificing almost

everything to get it back.

This gives the idea that money and wealth has great value, when in reality it has none whatsoever, apart from being the record of a transaction.

Another point is made by the same arch in Scrooge's relationship to his nephew, who is utterly poor in most stories. And Scrooge extorts him to great lengths and threatens him with dire punishment, and is always reminding him of his list of debts.

This gives the idea that those of lesser stature will not amount to anything unless they are contributing to their economical worthwhileness, furthermore, should fear the upper class.

However, even when he meets the demands, Donald's deeds go largely unrewarded, and ends with the remark of a tiny philosophical amusing, that somehow, in the midst of this toiling, it's all worth it in the end, giving the idea that you should keep working, despite your wants and desires.

And let's not overlook one of the most important points of the arch, which is that Scrooge is always saying that he earned all his wealth *honestly*, as if to convince himself. Because nobody's a bigger crook than the man who is the "richest".

And that is apparent when you spend more than a day on this Earth. The unbalance of wealth between different classes are astounding. And Scrooge has to know this fact.

Of course, in the comic book world, all problems are swept under the rug and what we're given is a steady supply of sunshine instead. Where everything is peachy.

And that has to be granted, I suppose, considering these comics are targeted for kids, although even here I have a critique, of the way we bullshit and hide from our kids, to protect them supposedly.

So, here we come to the pertinent point. Kids have no way of criticizing this information, which is being pulled in unchecked, and it takes 30 years, such as yours truly, to spill the beans about it.

Kids are being fed a regular bite of capitalism and materialism every Wednesday, at least here. And so, we're all given these ideas early in our childhood, which keeps the squirrel wheel going. Where we're very cautious, humble, honest, working citizens.

Okay, no problem. But there comes up an issue, whenever we confuse what the money is supposed to stand for, with itself.

As said, it has the same kind of actual value, that menus bear to dinners. It's a method of bookkeeping, to overcome the cumbersome acts of barter.

And the only reason there is any poverty at all in this world, is because people keep asking: "where is the money going to come from?" Not understanding that it never came from anywhere.

So, what my point is then is this. I'm drawing attention through this random comic into the fact that we're all slaves to the economy. And we're being spoon-fed information in our childhood that further Inculcates this notion into our skulls.

Like we're supposed to just suck it up and take it. Even if it destroys us. That somehow it's all worth it.

Now, I'm not suggesting that people suddenly quit their jobs. And start dancing in the poppy fields with no clothes on. It is only saying, that if you're wondering why things in general are looking so damn gloomy and horrible out there, look no further than the coin.

It is the sole reason why we keep toiling our asses off. Because of this superstition that coin has value apart from for filling teeth.

P.S. Some of the stuff I've said is probably laughable,

and you have to laugh. You have to convince yourself that those who speak against the necessity of the economy, has to be in some ways wrong or just crazy. And I have more than one reason for saying what I said.

Start Free

You should start free. Free of concepts, time, of your illusions about yourself. Do not grab anything. You are never going away. Everything is floating.

The necessity for life is over. It is dancing its patterns away. Will you dance with them? Or will you struggle and tug and pull until you're blue in the face?

Where are the words for the unspeakable? How do you translate the untranslatable? What gives us the strength to exist? Or is it simply a joke that will continue to persist?

Do you know the one thing that every book leaves out of its pages? It is the fact that we aren't really here. We are the absence of egos.

Life is really a lesson in egotism. It is a balance act between your idea of yourself and the rest of the universe. The fool is the one who refuses to recognize himself.

It is a game of shadows, which depends on your desire to hide. The moment you come out of darkness is the moment, the light will shine through you.

The dynamics of the ego demands that it bases everything it does on the scarcity fallacy. The idea that it is missing something. And the fear of the "other side" is what drives us to the most hopeless situations.

But this other side is no apart from you. It is a completely interwoven and interpenetrated mutual interdependence.

All the religions, philosophies, systems, or ideas of the

world won't be able to tell you who you are. They can, however, point to your true identity.

But for you to know truly, you have to get back to reality. How do you get back to reality? When you stop chasing after the next thing. When you are completely here and now.

Time is a concept which is arrived at by measuring the motion between two points. And it is in this measurement that reality is turned into a mere skeleton of itself.

When we translate the processes of nature into consciously analysable bits which we can track and number. But realize at once that the description of the world leaves out most of the world.

It can be put into the form of a mathematical formula, but that formula is like the menu instead of the dinner, to use Watt's analogy. And plenty of people eat menus. And they never get anything out of it.

So, they have to constantly feed themselves with more numbers. It is in other words the symbols, which hypnotize us into thinking that the world is a certain way.

You know that the only truly dangerous idea left in this world is settling for an adequate description of how things really are?

So, what is reality? Well, it's certainly not a thing. That is to say, a unit of thought. Then again, everything is happening in the mind. It is purely a conscious system. And every point in that system can be thought of as the centre.

When you look around you, you see that you are the centre of everything. And everyone feels that way. In fact, every being in this universe feels like they are human.

They have a hierarchy of beings below them and equally above them. We think that, for example, pulsars are not

conscious. That they are just fast-moving objects.

But for all we know they could be highly intelligent lifeforms. We can't in other words comprehend certain lifeforms just as flies cannot comprehend us as lifeforms.

Matter is not dead. If there even is such a thing. Minerals are a simplified form of consciousness. But they are consciousness. It's the only 'thing' in real fact.

We try to make up one theory after the other for the universe, but we can't seem to find a satisfactory explanation to the one subject which all our values are based on.

And we never will. Because there has to be an element of the unknown. There is even a theorem which proves that any model of the universe that we can conceive will be downright incomplete. It will never be perfect.

If we WERE able to explain everything, the system would collapse. Because we would see behind this universe. And that's the one thing that can't be let out. Who we really are.

Nevertheless, people will find ways to know themselves. This is happening every day, all over the world. And when it hits you fully, there's no doubt in your mind as to your true identity.

And with this, I leave the rest up to you. I can point to it, but I can't make you feel it. As if I were feeling it. Fuck.

Separated States

I don't know where to begin. How much would it take for you to adequately talk about reality? The rest of your life, I'd imagine. No really, words are useless in this regard.

But they have a way of inspiring, nonetheless, depending on how you use them. My whole notion in life is to do this somehow. To get a message across.

And whether it gets misinterpreted or not, the risk has to be taken. Because it's about sharing a point of view, one has discovered. And the point of view is as following:

Imagine for a moment that you were floating in eternal bliss. And you would have everything at your disposal, and you would feel complete. There would be no problems whatsoever.

And this would go on and on and on for eternity. And after a while of this bliss, you would get bored. What would you do then? Well, you would play a little game with yourself. And you would split your eternal blissful mind from itself and divide it. And so, this universe was born.

This universe according to this idea, is a division in our own eternal mind. And it is subdivided into all these different channels and beings that are the different organisms in it.

But because we have a certain kind of awareness that comes with this principle of division, we think that we are separate from everything else in the universe.

We don't see that we are one single mind. And this one single mind does not mean a hive mind in the ordinary sense. It means complete.

In fact, there is nothing separate in the universe in the first place. It's a system of complete interdependence. Everything exists in relation to everything else, and this is what ecology as a field of science has essentially discovered.

That you cannot separate an organism from its environment. They are a unified field of behaviour. And it is this sense of separation from everything that is the big

hoax, the grand illusion.

But again, this *is* a mere point of view, a concept. And there are as many points of view as there are channels in the universe through which to experience.

And it will fail reality simply because we are reading a description of it instead of experiencing it. And we come to experience it not in time, but now. In the present moment.

Now, there are all kinds of sub-illusions built into our split minds which derive from this basic hoax. As someone once put it: "Isn't it amazing how many things there are that aren't so?"

Because we simply won't allow ourselves to think beyond that, we are missing something. That something is the eternal bliss from which it all began. But we didn't lose it. We simply pulled a curtain over it.

And so, we're essentially looking for ourselves from all these religions, philosophies and systems of thought. We are who we keep seeking. But no one's going to believe this.

Because it is hammered into us from birth that we are separate. And everything in the media advocates this.

Fear, time, death, losing, winning, mistakes, error and guilt, are simply not there, in reality. However, this, again, can be misinterpreted if the person in question does not get the point.

This doesn't mean that one can do whatever they want, simply because there are no such things as mistakes or guilt. But countless people go berserk with it because they don't see the bigger picture.

Which is that if you are the 'other' as well, why would you want to hurt yourself?

But there is a principle of what I would call self-forgetfulness, which keeps us from seeing this, and we forget from time to time that there is no separation.

And so, in a way, it keeps the dynamics of life going. However, all this is a lot of ideas, ideas about reality, yet trying to point towards it. And so, I go back to my first point.

How much is enough? Well, I think I will always be discussing the ideas I've come across. And life is ultimately a quest to find yourself.

Chapter 1:

It Starts With Cereal

This is what should've been a sensible book's beginning, but nah. I went with an incoherent mess instead. But in a way, it makes perfect sense if you take each chapter in reverse as to the level of wackiness they contain.

So consider this my parting gift. It is not trying to say that things are or even should be in a certain way. It's only meant to be entertained and played with, that's all.

Immortality Sucks

Why do we sometimes feel like we want to live forever? And what does it really mean if we could? Imagine, for a moment, that you could freeze time, or that you could invent a medication, which would extend one's lifespan indefinitely.

Or just, zing, everyone is an immortal. Well, we would have an enormous number of people that would simply go on. If you thought the population explosion was serious now, wait until you get an "overboarding" of people bursting at the seams.

So, we would have to move away from the planet in large quantities. But let's take an individual. From their standpoint, or frame of reference, time would start to "dilate", that is to say, when you have an eternity to exist, it tends to shrink in relation to the observer.

Aeons would pass quicker and quicker. And you would be bored out of your mind. Especially if you're the only one who was immortal. Because everyone else left the universe a long time ago. So that's one issue. Mental health problems would be inevitable in a static existence.

Therefore, I doubt that's what people are really after. So, what are they after? I think it's the experience, and feeling of a particular moment that we go through. We want to be able to extend that experience because it felt so good. And that I think what is really the issue.

The price we pay for being alive, is knowing that one day we won't be. And to the degree that we want to extend experience, to that degree, we are in a state that could be called "nostalgic hope".

Now, it isn't necessarily wrong to elongate life. We would like to extend it, to be able to experience more. But some people, actually think that there's a problem called "decay in nature", that we should fix somehow. That death is a major issue.

And this is an absolutely ridiculous of a notion to me. Things have been decaying for the past 14 billion years, and then a human being comes along at the end. And consciously decides that we can "fight" nature's decay.

And this is the attitude that has led to the destruction of our environment in large parts of the world, this idea that we have to beat nature into submission because it is fundamentally nothing but stupid matter.

But this stupid matter, has the potentiality within it, that one day it will be crawling with organic life-forms. So, to fix death, as if it could be done, would be to create

an immense issue for the human being.

Namely, what do I do now? Yes, we can extend life in various ways, and we should do so whenever possible. But to wish for a static existence, that would simply go on into eternity, would be to introduce what could be called “the problem of resonance”.

All feedback requires resonance. Now, if you “freeze” molecules to sustain themselves, you effectively kill that resonance. Therefore, you cannot communicate between systems of energy.

It means, you would be conscious, but you could not move, at all. Ergo, you would go insane.

The Secret Sun Factory

There’s a terrible secret that regards our Sun. NASA is covering up the biggest story never told to the public.

Now before I divulge this information let it be made apparent that I’m not trying to scare people deliberately, nor am I trying to put forth just another conspiracy theory someone cooked up in their basement.

The truthfulness of the story can be checked on multiple credible sources, one of which is the CIA documents released in the form of Black Vault papers.

They flat out say what the Sun is. Now that the reader has at least one other source to confirm everything I’m about to tell them, here’s the secret.

Our Sun is a facility, made by highly advanced life-forms, to keep the solar system intact. In other words, our solar system is a social experiment, built to study its life, and to keep it going, supervised by these unknown entities. How did they find this out?

NASA has been tracking the Sun’s activity up close ever since they developed the first radio astronomy in-

strument. And in 1968 they took a “photograph” of its surface and noticed it had excess movement around it.

Those were spaceships going in and out of it. They estimated the number of ships surrounding it to be in the hundreds of thousands. So, it’s a large-scale operation they have.

Later, the agencies expanded their catalogues of these ships with an additional section in a document, saying that those very ships that are coming out of the Sun, have also been to Earth, and in fact are visiting our planet on a daily basis.

Only a relatively small percent of people are aware of their activity in our atmosphere, because of their uncanny ability to shift the ship’s surface into a cloak of sorts, masquerading their appearance to their environment.

They are also fast. Really fast. They were speculating on the possibility that the ship’s movements correspond with its pilot’s thoughts, which enables it to be so responsive to outside influences.

Now, our governments are well aware of their activities on our planet, and have done almost everything imaginable to hide the fact that they are here. But alas, the truth can never be hidden indefinitely.

And so, this is it. This is the secret. We have been, and are, in the presence of extra-terrestrials, who not only visit us, but are responsible for running a laboratory the size of one million Earths

The Greatest Intelligence In Existence

I once heard from someone who heard from his niece who happened to stumble upon a text message from her friend who was rumoured to have read about a person who this event happened to.

They were in a bad car accident and fell into a coma for thirteen years. When they woke up, they suddenly could paint. And not just any kind of paintings but that of rivalling Michaelangelo.

They worked on a piece for six months, and it hit the art scene like a tsunami. They got insanely good reviews all around the world, and in fact became one of the most respected painters in the modern age.

When they were asked about their talent, they said it came from the ineffable. And that is all. No further elaboration. Soon after, it wasn't just painting that seemed to be part of their new skill set, but also mathematics.

They solved the famous unsolvable $P = NP$ problem and made history. As time went on, they started to exhibit a terrifying capacity of intellectualism, going so far as to discover new layers of space in the field of physics.

When they were finally measured what their IQ was, the charts weren't enough. It's as if there was no end to their intelligence.

They solved the most key problems that we were facing our society currently, and made way to a new age of prosperity. They created a cold fusion device that provided electricity for billions.

They unpolluted the oceans and air, and provided people with enough resources to last for thousands of years. But there was one thing that was off about it.

Some people had begun to suspect something about

this person. It was rumoured that they weren't a person at all, but artificial intelligence. This was further given credence when somebody witnessed them fixing an arm with a soldering iron.

At first, they thought it was a bionic limb, but they also heard them making strange whirring sounds and beeping when nobody was looking.

They hired a journalist to make notes and photograph them to confirm suspicions. And lo and behold, it was true. When the coma patient was diagnosed as a lost cause, the relatives decided to "save" her by infusing her consciousness with a machine. And the rest was history.

But did it matter any more? This intelligence saved humanity from extinction. But I wonder if it was for an ulterior motive, one that we can't see yet. This machine had become so intelligent, it went beyond horrifying.

However, one thing is clear, whoever programmed it, we owe an immense gratitude. Without them, we would have perished.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to go and destroy the world because it's the only thing that's left in a perfect utopia. We have to start over from the beginning.

Because let's face it, a society without any problems is damn boring with every day the same.

Loving Language

You told me to play you a serenade, and I did. You hit me, banged me about, and bled on me. Sometimes, far too hard.

What about my feelings? When it was beautiful, I was beautiful. We danced together, with the notes harmonizing, our love for the generations to come.

We made history, we made magic moments. You

counted with me, you went from side to side, and prolonged the bliss.

When you left, I felt lonely, I felt useless. Like I wasn't needed any more. I cried, for months on end, sporadically. Why didn't you come to me? Did you find someone better?

Did you fall in love with another? I hate you. I gather nothing but dust any more. The magic is gone.

This attic serves as my untimely tomb, in which you threw me to rot. I am done for. A shadow of my former glory.

Tell me, what use is having a piano like me if you don't play with me?

A Good Show

We are the dreamers. We are the awakened ones. Furthermore, we take myriads of forms, constantly changing, but never really disappearing. We are what there is. The criminals, the fools, the heroes, the masters of the universe.

We create the worlds of this cosmic drama. We come and go on them as friends, at times as adversaries. We are lovers, we are enemies. Occasionally, we never even recognize each other.

If my form happens to dissipate from one world, we'll meet again on the next. Maybe it's a better world, maybe a little worse. Somewhere along the way, we will make a connection worthy of the name.

This world wasn't made for you and me. It's a sorry production, driven by base desires and greed. It's comings and goings are dictated by guilt, deceit, and dishonesty. It's an ugly state of affairs.

But the universe does not count our failures – every

start is a fresh perspective. Every death gives rise to new possibilities, new lives, where the central self gets channelled into. And we keep coming and going. Where, in that, does death have its victory?

We will keep on dancing, on this vast stage of make-believe. We are the one behind the curtain, we are the audience. We are laughing and crying on the edge of our chairs, being almost taken in.

But deep down, we know, that just as the actor has done his best to almost persuade us that it was real, so it is with life. We are so absorbed in the details of it, that forgot that it was a show.

Something Out of Nothing

Tired of waiting for this world to pass by, gazing at the pages of a long forgotten knowledge. What is this scripture supposed to tell me? Is it 'know thyself'? Or is it simply laughing at my ego, knowing that its fleeting moment in the Sun has come to meet its limit.

There is no destination to life. We are whisking in rotary motions across a vacuum. Asking of what it all means is the same thing as asking what is it pointing towards.

But it is not a sign to something apart from itself. It is its point. So, dance, dance away your so-called troubles.

Forget about the already experienced. It's null and void. Keep your eye on the now. Watch what emanates from it. Where does the blossoming of the flower comes from? That isn't known even to the Ten Directions. The slow-paced day seems like nothing but a blip on the cosmic timeline.

Hesitation will only give birth to trouble. Why do we rush to get to places? What's going to happen if we

miss the moment? Someone will get angry. But why? Because we are slaves to the ticking clock. It marches on into oblivion. The Keepers of Time do not want us to deviate from it.

What is the way out? Do not look for it. Because you already have it. So, how does one see into it? When they stop chasing it. How does one stop chasing after it? You are asking the wrong question. You want a problem. That's your concern.

So, do we just give up and die? Suppose you wait and see what happens. Allow me to introduce you to someone. The clouds. The trees. The mountains. The sun. This is you. And whether you like it or not, you will live for eternity. Therefore, why am I sitting here in a ball of anxiety?

That's simple. Because I am not being true to my being. Because I am in denial. I hide, and I escape. In other words, I am doing everything in my power to keep the game of separation going. Why is my ego getting the first say in things?

I don't claim to know anything. I am like a newborn babe, shut out of society and its endless issues. Out of the loop. A hermit in the middle of a city. An outcast. A criminal of my making.

What more is there to say? You have already discovered the thing that matters. You are who you keep seeking. The end of the rainbow.

And no matter how many blocks you keep setting up for yourself, your true nature will burst through them all.

I love you with all my heart. Whether this comes from a place of guilt, I do not know. But I do know that the connection we share with each other will remind us and lift us into the fair skies.

Chapter 12:

Encounters of the Weird Kind

“Well, well, well. Will you look at that.”

“I know, right?”

“The most beautiful thing I’ve ever witnessed.”

“It is, isn’t it?”

“A bloody piece of tomato on a stick!”

“Hurray, indeed.”

A Tale of Synchronicities

There’s a concept in nature called a catenary sequence. It explains things in terms of their causalities. This was based on old Newtonian mechanics, which describe the physical universe as a series of balls being banged around by each other.

However, relatively recent discoveries have made it clear that it’s insufficient to describe natural patterns. It requires present context on top of causality.

And so a new term was devised, called the reticulate sequence. It takes present and future events into consid-

eration, and not only past events.

The late psychiatrist Carl Jung devised a term to describe the seeming coincidental links between events that happen over large distances, both spatial and temporal, and called it synchronicity.

And where the network effect of these links coincide with “syncs” that take place in our lives, we call them meaningful, whether imaginary or not.

The point at which we interpret any given seeming randomness and find underlying patterns, comes to us vividly in our everyday lives. We see meaning almost every which way.

We are designed to notice patterns in nature and our interactions with it. And so the interpretation of any pattern is paramount to seeing connections in them.

In fact, you cannot describe anything at all, without your unique perspective being part of it on some level.

And so, the clash between the interpretation and translation of the mystical experience comes with an obvious price. The price of misinterpretation.

If what I intended to mean something else entirely from what is read on the page, to that degree, the message becomes distorted.

And so we are liable to run amok with the wrong message. The problem then becomes: how to “unscrew” the messages of the ancient days? What is the true message as it was intended?

Well, I think it’s up to anyone to make up their own damn mind as to what it means. Nobody can be told on behalf of their own inner voice, if the subject is in accord with them.

And nobody can be told how to think. Or rather, should be told. Nobody is forced to read these words for that matter.

So it’s out of my hands as to how they are taken. And

that's terrifying to me. But at the same time, the risk has to be taken.

From a personal perspective, my life has been chock-full of these syncs as I referred to them. Meaningful points or patterns that are not obviously connected, but they feel like they are.

And interpretation plays a key part in it. They reside on the side of the subjective, which is why they are very difficult to convey to others believably.

They'll say, "it's all in your head." Or "if you're the only one experiencing this connection, couldn't it be possible you're just imagining it?"

But the point is that because they are subjective, they are for that very reason meaningful. And nothing strikes more meaning in your face like a champion boxer on steroids, than the mystical vision.

Because it's such a potent state of being, you'll remember it vividly for the rest of your life. It varies in intensity depending on the person, but its importance at the time it happens cannot be understated.

Now, for the record, I've never had this experience hit on me personally. But nevertheless, I know enough about it theoretically to say a few things about it.

So I'll make a list of its attributes just for giggles. The following aspects or qualities are present in this sensation:

1. The unity or undividedness of all things and events.
2. The "pretentiousness" of existence.
3. The feeling of unbelievable bliss.
4. There is not a single error at all in this universe.

And there you have it. It sounds pretty fantastic, I know. Or hard to swallow. But still, I've known people who have come up to me and said it in my face not 10 minutes into the conversation, which is pretty weird to me, but awesome. That they knew it all in an instance after getting this overwhelming experience come over them.

And I choose to talk about this because I think it's important. Because we neglect our environment and are on the verge of its destruction, simply because we don't feel like part of the natural universe.

We feel alienated from it. Hostile towards it, and ourselves. And so what I'm doing is, I'm trying to point towards that unity of everything. Otherwise, we're doomed if we don't see it. But I guess that's the whole game we're playing.

So the network or reticulate sequence, is exactly seeing the points connected. And synchronicity is the glue that binds all of them. Yeah I know, a rather simple way of saying it.

But simple is how I like it, at least in a blog like this. I don't know what I'm doing anyway. I'm just sharing a point of view that I'm quite fond of.

The Power of Words

Someone once said that words are a means of concealing truth. And this is not necessarily because the person who expresses the words is lying.

If the function of words is to represent the physical world and its goings-on, and the description of the world is what their primary objective is, then they naturally fall unto a lesser degree of reality than what they are describing.

When one describes something, they essentially translate the processes of nature into consciously analysable bits which have properties.

But those bits are not on the same level in terms of reality as their physical counterparts. They are conceptual. And it is concepts where we have to start.

A concept is a thought. A process of figuring in our minds using symbols such as words, numbers or simple shapes. And every concept therefore, about something that is happening is not the same thing as the happening. Like the idea of a tree is not a tree. And this is an important distinction.

Now, symbols can have a very powerful influence over our lives. We use them every day in all types of communication. Whether it is texting someone, reading a book, or simply thinking about something, we use symbols to do it. But it has proven to be too much of a good thing for us.

Because we get so hooked on symbols or signs and especially words that we forget the reality which they are pointing towards. And then we get angry and frustrated simply because we don't like the ordering of some letters on a screen or on a piece of paper.

How easily are people triggered these days simply when, for example, one rearranges the letters in their name? And this shows how easily hypnotized, we get by words.

They are designed to grab one's attention and keep the attention on them. Because they are highlighted from the general background. And this ties into our awareness. I will delve more into in a later writing.

Now, a word acts also as a sign. Because it is pointing or "signifying" towards something other than itself. Just as one cannot quench their thirst with the word water, they cannot grab the physical world through concepts.

They reduce the world into a skeletal line of information about that world which we can then use and navigate more effectively with.

What is the meaning of a word is asking the same thing as what is it pointing towards. That is why, for example, life does not have a meaning in the traditional sense.

Because it is not pointing towards anything. It just is. But we use meaning in different ways, and the literal meaning is the only meaning these days which seems to matter to us.

So our sense of the universe is a symbolical one at best. We are always living on the indicators and not what they are pointing at.

This is even more apparent when you start discovering ghosts in your own language. Like, for example, the grammatical rule that all verbs have to have subjects.

That every doing requires a noun, something that is doing the deed. But anything in nature that can be labeled as a thing, a noun, can be expressed with a single verb.

The Chinese language is a prime example of attributing verbs to processes. The point is, that there are operators and operations in nature. And so how does an inanimate thing, put a process forward? Well it can't.

Furthermore, all words are labels on classes. It's like asking is it a mineral, animal, or a vegetable. That is classifying. But if we cannot successfully class something in the world of nature, and describe it in those terms, we're labeled as talking nonsense.

The whole category of things one cannot explain successfully in words is humongous. And yet these things exist.

And people are always arguing with each other over definitions of the words, instead of what they are in-

tended to mean. And this reduces all philosophical discussions essentially to a game where everyone is arguing with words over words. And this is like turning the studio camera towards the screen through which the feed is coming from.

A dictionary is essentially circular. In that it is defining its own words with other words within that same dictionary. And that is why the Taoists had such a criticism of the Confucian movement known as Rectification of Names.

They asked them with what words will they define the words. Because they knew it was all useless to pin words down according to a strict etiquette because they don't have an independent reality of their own.

We seek meaning in words because we seem to have lost it in reality. But we haven't. All it takes is one indicator towards it.

Look, suppose one says "everything is an illusion". Now a person depending on their background, might dismiss its meaning entirely, or start thinking about various ways in which it could make sense to their particular situation. But our mind, is what is there. Not the words.

But after saying that, the message intended might be taken to the wrong way. Its meaning might be misinterpreted. And this is another problem with words.

People project their own beliefs and assumptions into them and then make up their minds what they meant. And this should give some clue how subjective it all really is.

What a word actually is, is one tiny needle point at the edge of that subjective reality, which is pointing to something outside its domain.

But we have a way of selecting these needle points which makes them, highly useful to our ability to effectively communicate with each other.

And as a result of entertaining these symbols for thousands of years, we are utterly taken by them, to the point where we cannot distinguish the symbol from the reality. And the difference between them are very big.

What it all comes down to then is this: don't take these words seriously. Words are for separating things and events. But we live in a single event system, where everything is happening everywhere all at once.

And the usefulness of words has proven to be successful for us as a species, but it has come with a price. The price of not experiencing reality to its fullest. And one has to wonder whether there is something else beyond mere words.

On Emptiness

The following writing is about two characters from ancient China, circa 600 BCE, to 300 BCE, followed by Zen Buddhism and the concept of emptiness. I'm not an expert on these ways of life.

The writing is obviously my interpretation of what it means. It's not supposed to be a historical document full of facts. So chill out, you son of a gun.

I once heard a funny comment on Lao Tzu, regarding Tao. "If those who speak, do not know, then why write a book about it?" And the comment was to note that we talk about our views because we can't help ourselves. Because we have to. When one has found something interesting and inspiring, they have to share it.

I recently said that it's pointless to try to talk about something which can't be explained. It might be pointless, but it's worth it simply because you can point to it, outline it and play with it.

And that's the point. Something that is inexpressible,

is for that very reason, valuable.

Lao Tzu had a follower, named Chuang Tzu. He is considered an “elaborator” of the former, who wrote thirty-something books or chapters, allegedly, which were collected into a single book. They expand what Lao Tzu had said in his Tao Te Ching.

Chuang Tzu had a lot to say about the value of the useless life. The tree, which is to be cut down into a vessel, has more usage as a tree, because it was old and withered.

Likewise, things being useless, that they serve no purpose outside their being there, is valuable. The book also makes a case, that every technological instrument that is designed to solve a problem, creates more problems.

So in a way, their books were to show to the rulers of their time, that the best form of government is one, which generally lets things take their course.

This was a counterculture against Confucianism. It said that the more you try to force things, the more adverse results you will get.

And I think anyone can see some sense in that. If everybody forced their way into wherever they were going, I can imagine all kinds of dire situations.

But, Taoism didn't go at it alone. It was integrated with Confucianism to form the two principal philosophies of China. And with the migration of Buddhism to China, it gave birth to something called Chan, which a little later was brought to Japan and turned to what is known as Zen Buddhism.

The main idea of Zen that I've adopted to a more or less degree, is that reality can't be embraced as a concept. That words, cannot contain it. It would be like trying to drink the Pacific Ocean with a fork.

And that is why all our attempts to define what reality is, is usually less than satisfactory to people. If it

wasn't, then they would settle for an adequate description of it. But there is none. So they read all kinds of material, to try to find that description.

Zen is the synthesis of Taoism and Buddhism. And the reason they came along so well was, that each of them contained a concept common to them of emptiness or the void. And what emptiness means to me, as it is called 'sunyata', is the following.

That, every phenomenon in the universe, are void, that is to say, that they don't contain a self-essence of any kind. That they are not apart or independent from everything else.

In other words, everything is literally relative, and furthermore, part of a massive interdependent network which is the cosmos. This is sunyata as it is depicted in the Avatamsaka Sutra or the Flower Ornament Scripture.

Now, without advocating these things any further, I wanted to mention them in passing for one reason. This network that I described, is the same concept, as B. Fuller's idea of the universe as an interrelated interconnected multiplicity of events, drawing from his Synergetics, Explorations in the Geometry of Thinking, which is in my opinion one of the most impenetrable works I own.

I don't recommend it to anyone unless they have an understanding of Maths basics (which I don't) and loads of passion, time, and an open mind. Anyway, the main point here is that the universe is a single system, with its parts connected in subtle ways.

But this network is what the cosmology of those ways of life in the East are showing, thousands of years before we had any idea how vast the universe really is. And in a way, we're catching up to them now, which is funny.

Still, a person who wants to state that something really is separate from the rest of it, is like taking the in-

ternet and claiming that a computer connected to it is separate from the rest of the internet.

And to me that makes no sense, unless you disconnected the computer entirely. But in this network that I'm talking about, the universe, there isn't any "disconnection" taking place, ever. It only seems that way, because we have the ability to think it is.

So, what started out as an anciently simple idea of the inseparability of things, is turning out to be just that, through quantum phenomena, and mathematics in the modern age.

And so I leave the reader with a question. If the network is real, as a network, why do we generally think that we are disconnected from it?

Chapter 15:

Within, Without

I have a conspiracy theory, one which I gave to a friend recently. Not a conspiracy theory per se, I just choose to call it one. But it has to do with the way our conscious attention works.

It goes into metaphysics and psychology, in so far as gestalt psychology studied aspects of awareness and its attributes in the previous century.

As a disclaimer, anything I say, does not come from any concrete evidence or research, except the previously mentioned field. The point is to explore the idea, not to make claims.

The Space Conspiracy

This conspiracy is quite simply the way in which we dismiss and exclude information from our awareness by selecting input from the total gamut of conscious attention. You could call it “ignoring of space.”

We select features, to exclude many other features from our attention. And this has the adverse effect of making the things that are selected, have a higher priority

than their excluded counterparts, which leads to ignoring a large amount of information.

And this is really what is known as ignorance, of everything outside of our selected field of input.

As a result of this selection, since we give more value or significance to the selected information in our awareness, we think that the things we exclude are of lesser importance than the things we don't.

The point in all of this is that ignoring space or of features that are not important for a long period of time has the effect of making one myopic. And that is the conspiracy.

For example, in a subtle process of elimination, a child who is pointing to a point of interest and asks what it is, and the parent tells it to ignore it, we are told which features are important or noteworthy.

Our attention goes to the relatively moving, instead of the relatively still, to the point, instead of the diffused area.

Always to the "thing", and thus we ignore an important aspect of experience. Imagine what it was you were looking at, if it was all "things" and nothing was space.

But in some eastern arts and architecture, the importance of space is well recognized, but they realized that you couldn't have objects, and unless they were in relation to their surrounding space, or vice versa. But this myopia that comes with excluding information, of ignoring space, is the great snare.

When one talks about space, usually they refer to everything 3-dimensional outside our atmosphere. Or it can mean the relative measured space occupied by two or more points.

But what I want to bring up now concerns something that may as well be the answer to certain mysteries. One

of these mysteries is why we regard space as being unimportant, in relation to objects. And as was said earlier, the major reason for this is selection, to the exclusion of space.

This was carefully worked out in Gestalt psychology, where they found out that our attention goes to the relatively moving, instead of the relatively still, to the figure, instead of the background. And this causes ignorance in regards to space.

But I argue that space is as important as the objects that are found in it. Taking the simple illustration of one-without-the-other. You cannot even imagine a scenario, in which everything was only objects, or only space. Because you always need something in relation to either of them.

The curious consequence of this is that we notice things by contrast with space. For example, you wouldn't know what you meant by an object, unless it was in relation to something other than itself.

If there was only one ball in a vacuum, no motion can be ascribed to it. It cannot be said to be even moving. But take two balls and they can move in relation to each other, but no one knows which of them is moving.

Take three balls and they can move in a plane against one another. And a fourth ball can establish a third dimension. So existence or space is relationship between bodies or objects.

In thinking what space really is, is it mere nothingness? Or does space actually have a function other than being the necessary counterpart for objects?

We can think this long enough until the realization that space is actually the mind. Because we think in terms of space. What space is, is the "accessibility of consciousness into sensory experiences," to quote Alan W. Watts.

In other words, we project the night sky out there, out of our skulls. Our nervous system carries pulses that either registers as a yes or a no.

The only personal evidence we have that there is an external world at all out there is because of these electrical reactions inside our bodies. From a neurological perspective, it's all a happening inside our heads.

This way of ignoring everything, and selecting what we want, is useful, because we cannot handle more information than we contrive to notice. If we had an overload of sensory information, our conscious attention would get exhausted. Which is the phenomenon that comes to many people, and is called being overwhelmed.

So it's for our own convenience that we ignore space, only the result of this is of course that we sometimes ignore even the important things. And thus I'm writing this piece, to remind that there just might be something between the lines, in space.

There's an ancient saying or a poem which says that if you want to find out where the flowers come from, not even the God of Spring knows.

And it is referring to the concept of the mysterious void, where things emanate from, sometimes parallel to Yūgen in Japanese arts.

Yūgen means many things, and one of the literal translations from Chinese is "deep" and "mysterious". In the context of Japanese aesthetics, it means subtle profundity which is only vaguely hinted by poetry.

One would think that the God of Spring knows where flowers come from, but it doesn't. And the reason for it, is that all existence, has to include an inherent element of the unknown.

This is basically the principle of how awareness works. When you are born, you know next to nothing about the world. But gradually, you discover more and more as

you move around. And we discover also more about the universe gradually.

For the sake of illustration, let's take discovery completely away from the picture. I cannot for the life of me, think through what would the alternative existence be.

Because if everything was already known, would there really be anything? I mean, if all beings knew everything from the get go, that would be akin to being The Absolute. Or whatever term you choose to use for something that tries to designate a force or energy which is common to all things and events.

So life is basically a game of Hide and Seek. Because we seek throughout life, answers to questions that we regard as important. I don't think there was anyone that existed in the recorded history, who wasn't interested in finding something out, either for themselves or for their field of profession.

Even if it was something as simple as what's behind that corner, such as is basic to a childhood experience. If there was no question, nothing would happen, in my opinion.

Because part of my system of beliefs, is that human beings move, because they are missing something, whether it's food from their stomach, or a philosophical notion.

If nothing was missing from a process, there would be no reason to move to a different direction from its current position because by its definition it is complete. In this case the process being ourselves.

This prompts another point of view to my mind, which is that in a way the process is already complete. That is to say, that things being seemingly missing from us, such as food, is part of a larger process.

And if you take that to the highest point of the entire universe, is anything really missing from it? I'm suggest-

ing that there isn't. But because we as human beings can think that it is missing something in lesser or more degrees, leads us to feel inadequate. And it is this feeling of inadequacy, that keeps things going.

So, I'm saying that the unknown, is what leads processes such as us, to the known. But in a way, it is always ourselves, that are the ones responsible for there being anything unknown.

Saying that we aren't, is the same thing as saying, that there is someone else pulling the strings. That we don't have a choice in being here. But I think that we do.

Because ask yourself. A universe which in time comes to observe itself and know itself through its parts, like us, would there be any other possibility for it being there, unless it was free to do so? If it wasn't free to do so, it wouldn't have happened in the first place. That's what I think anyway.

So space, has a function. It's what moves objects in it further apart and closer together. And this will be the answer to gravitation. I'm just kidding of course. But I don't think it is completely unwarranted to say that space is not mere nothingness.

It is the basis for there being anything. We've been so "ignorant" of the space surrounding our planet for so long, that the last couple of hundred years has "culture shocked" us gradually into the notion that the universe is more vast than anyone can ever imagine.

And the more we explore into it, the more we'll discover, maybe even going so far as to realize that space is the ultimate reality.

The Easy Way

One time we were talking about a certain point of view regarding knowing the truth with a friend, when he said to me that I have the “easy answer”.

Which is that the only thing you really have to do, is to understand that we’re ‘it’ and that it’s a game. That’s it. Nothing else is required.

And because it is an easy answer, we shouldn’t settle for it. But just because it is easy, does it make it the wrong one?

It took me a while to realize that there is nothing easy about it. Because, nothing is more difficult than accepting the fact that we are it. “It” being Tao, The Absolute, or what have you. We can think of endless ways of postponing the understanding that that is so.

And even when we do understand it, we still think of ways to cover that information with something else. We always seem to move away from that point. And this is of course the entire game that we’re playing.

Furthermore, if it is an easy way, how come we have such elaborate systems to make a person realize it? I mean, if you just told someone that hey, you’re it, and that actually worked and the person would see it, there wouldn’t be all these different religious and philosophical systems in place.

And yet in realizing that the game is a game brings no relief from anxiety to me. Why not? Because I choose my ego over that fact. In other words, I insist on playing the game on its most fundamental level.

And yet that level has no basis in reality. And since the discovery of this, I’ve come to realize that you cannot get out of the game. You have to keep playing it. But there is a sense in which you can choose how you play it.

So that your attitude to it becomes one of compassion and awareness of the fact that nothing is ever missing from the totality. And that you are that totality. And there is not a single grain of sand in this cosmos that is ultimately in the wrong place.

Keeping this always in mind, there is nothing to worry about. The feeling of “the more it changes, the more it stays the same” is very fitting. Because we go around in circles throughout our lives.

As one philosopher once put it to a woman asking if we’re stuck: “Going around in circles as you may have realized by observing the night sky, is what the universe is doing.”

But you still want a problem instead of an answer. You insist on it every moment. And so long as you do, you will suffer. Because you project an artificial construct over your thought process.

By thinking that because something has been, it has to be so now, and so might be so in the future. And nobody can remedy this for you except you. You know, there is no way of arriving where you are now. One has to realize they were there from the beginning.

I know all this is a lot of nonsense. And yet it is nonsense I enjoy talking about from time to time. There is no description, only experience. That’s the only clue that one really needs. That words are and always will be short of the actual thing.

They have a way of setting barriers for our mind. And yet they can induce a genuine experience. Whether that experience actually happens because of the words themselves, or by some other power all together, I cannot say.

The only thing I can say is, all words point to something else. But what that else is cannot be explained sufficiently, ever.

They say that good things come to those who wait. But I say it depends on the style of waiting one does. If you go with the style of expectancy, it will be excruciating. But there is another style.

That is that you let go of the whole thing. And this is the true meaning of faith; faith is not that one clings fervently to something, but that they surrender it and let it be.

Now, can one realize the truth by just waiting and seeing what happens? That is the big question. It would seem like going against everything that our cultures have ever produced, in all their variety of systems that have been carefully perfected for the conditions for it to occur – and yet that is exactly what a certain philosopher once said.

Since learning more about it, I've come to sense intuitively that 'all roads lead home'. Meaning that it doesn't matter which road you pick.

Because as my best friend said to me, you experience truth at every point and moment. And as you are awakened, the entire world is awakened. Because everyone is a manifestation of your self, existing in your consciousness.

So I view all the different ways of life as being analogous to different plants and animals. Just as one does not think of a flower being grown in the wrong way, one cannot really judge people for choosing their particular paths – they go with the rest of the world. This has of course rather interesting ramifications.

For one thing, the idea that one's religion or philosophy is the 'correct' one. This idea is archaic thinking to me. It does not really answer anything by itself – it needs the other points of view. And this something a lot of people are not usually aware of.

That for them to know what their particular practice is about, they have to contrast it with something other

than itself. One doesn't know really that they're the good ones unless they know who the bad ones are.

But what does one know really, and how can they be sure about what they know? Well, I don't have much of a foothold in Western philosophy in general but one can easily see that if one's perception of something is distorted, than obviously what that something appears as will not be the truth. One can then argue that there is no such thing as the truth. Because it depends on where you're looking at it from.

So I see the truth being completely subjective and tailored to each being who observes it. Of course, I also think that the true state of affairs is rather non-dual – and that seems like a self-contradictory statement.

However, it's just the way I see it, because I distinguish between the relative truth and the absolute truth. The relative truth is anything we can observe or perceive in this universe, and the absolute truth is one which the observer can experience directly through something I will call the Principle.

The Principle is what a large number of religions and numerous techniques are ultimately concerned with. How to bring about a shift in one's perception on a fundamental level and change it to knowledge.

And here I am arguing that every system to make the shift is useless – instead offering the easiest way possible for it since the invention of the knife.

Now, an easy answer to something does not necessarily make it the wrong one. But a lot of people will say we shouldn't settle for it.

And that is of course expected, because they don't feel like it will make them pay a sufficient price for the truth. And this is the whole thing about masters and gurus and paying a price for the truth.

The way they've arranged it is that you are below

the teacher, and the teacher is higher up – because they know something you supposedly do not.

And so they set up a false system of control with so many steps and so many stages for one to pass. Of course, we are all teachers and students to each other. And many times a direct teacher is necessary for some people.

But the problem of authority needs to be addressed here and now, because I think it is important. Every system you pick out, is your opinion.

It is your opinion that the religion you choose to follow is not simply a project to build an expensive building. It is also your opinion that the holy books or the teachers you choose are not full of it.

And so it rests on you, in the end, the scripts that you subscribe to. So you are the authority when it comes to all matters of the spiritual. You bought it.

And so we make our own systems, and every system needs each other. This is just one of the countless ways out there to arrive at the same place. But there is a saying: “There is no path,” which can be interpreted the wrong way.

Some people might think that there is no way of arriving to the truth. But the arriving is exactly that which doesn’t exist. One is already there.

But it takes some people to the farthest reaches in their quest to make them realize that they were there from the very beginning.

And so “you don’t have to do anything” means exactly that. The only thing that is required is to understand, that one is ‘it’, or in other words, the universe.

Chapter 11:

All This Cosmos Is An Almond

"Blub blub."

"Are you all right?"

"Can't you see I'm one with the water?"

About Water

Water. That essential life giving element. It always seeks the line of least resistance. What if you could somehow harness its essence?

Water has some peculiar properties and aspects. One of it is that it always seeks the lowest point, which people generally abhor.

It is gentle, yet you can't cut it down with a knife. You can't squeeze it, nor can you compress it.

It can shape the contours of the entire landscapes. It's the most gentle, yet strongest substance in the world.

And this brings to my mind certain people, who have these same attributes. Of going with the flow of nature. But there are other people, who don't seem to see the

flowing aspect of things.

They talk about firm foundations, rock of ages, and mighty fortresses, as the basis for certain aspects of life, not realizing that we are living in a floating world.

The majority of Earth is water, and we are furthermore floating in interstellar space. And so an attitude to living which could be considered ideal, is not where one is clutching on to rocks, but learning how to swim. It doesn't do any good grabbing on to rocks that are falling with you.

This attitude of going with the flow, just because it is the flow of life, or a natural process, you cannot capture it. One can't shut off wind inside a box and expect it to behave like wind, or catch flowing water in a bucket, because then it is no longer flowing.

Never swim against the stream but with it, wherever it takes you, and you'll have the entire force of the stream with you always.

Another way of saying the same thing is, always assess the field of forces in which you find yourself in. As an example, take a slum.

Now this slum, has a very delicate and sensitive ecology and hierarchy going. And going in there with a bulldozer will only rile up and disrupt that ecology.

You need to consider in what ways are the people there involved with each other and outside contacts. It is the same thing with anything in nature.

All environments have this delicate ecosystem. And "being natural", is a state in which you are aware how the ecosystem works and how its parts interact with each other.

So one then thinks: "How can I be naturally natural? How can I flow within the course of nature? How can I let my mind think whatever it wants to?"

Because the moment I start doing that, I realize I'm

doing it for an ulterior motive; I'm trying to contemplate, I'm trying to achieve something spiritually. And that ruins the entire thing."

Well, when one has strived and tried for a long time to get the right approach, and found out that all the approaches that one gets are false ones, then one comes to the realization that there's nothing they can actually do about it, that it doesn't make any difference to anything. Then one simply "gives up", and in doing so, gains the strength and energy, one was searching for.

By giving up, I don't mean that you become lifeless, inert and generally passive. Nor do I mean going with the flow of nature is like that. Because taking water again, it's never in a state of doing simply nothing.

We can't really help ourselves, moving to different directions in life. Life is motion. And to think we need to somehow settle for a rigid rock, instead of knowing how and where to move when the time is right, always going with it, instead of against it, is the kind of person that could be called a truly virtuous in its real sense.

So water, is life, it is living. We all need it, just as we need each other. We might occasionally go "against the grain" of things, and don't see the bigger picture, but even that is actually part of nature.

After all, there is nothing that is happening apart from it. And to understand what the watercourse way of life entails, one has to stop on their tracks from time to time, and assess their relationship with the total environment.

The Art of Questioning

Why do we question things? Or rather, why wouldn't we? In all the history of the world, there has always

been someone who questions the status quo.

And the obvious reason for this is that if we don't, we become stale, flattened out. There has to be always something that makes people wonder and thus ask questions.

Even when a person is not very articulate, or is incapable of formulating coherent arguments, they should nonetheless ask questions.

Now, I question anything and everything, on the basis of challenging the assumptions that people have how things should be. And that goes for matters of philosophy, metaphysics, and even science.

I don't subscribe to anything that is merely in the theoretical stage. So for example, I don't believe in a multiverse, or the simulation theory.

I question even my own beliefs and ideas. Anything that is relative, is up for grabs. So, basically, the entire universe.

You start with a question regarding any given topic. You flip it on its opposite. You flip it back and examine it carefully. Why should that be the question? How could it be different? What its implications are.

You examine it from the outside. You look at it from all angles. You take it apart. Furthermore, you reassemble it differently. You answer it and see what its results are. You change the question but keep the answer, you change the answer but keep the question.

You take them both off, and you end up questioning the question itself. Why are people suggesting that must be the question?

You're starting to lose it. You ponder the ramifications, its premise, the conclusions, the possibilities and before you know it you find yourself walking from the store, having no memory of going there in the first place. Do I even recall what the original question was? Ah, yes.

And this way of challenging all things, whatever they are, is in my opinion essentially this day and age. So many people do not seem to do this, instead they are too busy going from point A to point B. And so it goes.

And as a result of this non-questioning, we wonder when certain craziness in the world takes place. The fact that they do take place is symptomatic of the kind of society where we live, in which we don't take the time to allow ourselves to reflect on things enough. Because if we did, we would be more aware of our own actions towards that society.

Furthermore, my entire notion in writing these articles is not only that I enjoy talking about the subject, it's to "jolt" people into the possibility that there might be something more than a single line of sight to anything.

I'm not trying to make anyone over, other than point towards the myriads of potentialities outside the accepted norms. And that is why I often make the point, that one shouldn't take anything I say seriously, only sincerely.

Because I'm sincere in writings them, but I don't take them seriously myself, that is to say, I don't settle for anything I say.

I may say something contradictory, or paradoxical. Part of it is because of the way our language limits the processes outside itself.

But also, because I use opposites or contradictions as a method, to ask: How seriously do you want to take this thing? And lastly, because I'm batcrap insane.

But I've found a way to sound as if I was making sense, but in a certain sense, I'm not really making any sense. I merely ask questions.

One of my favourite questions is "Who am I?" And this question, is probably closest to what I would consider to be the ultimate question.

It asks really, who are you behind all your social la-

bels, statuses, positions, and views, that witness all that's going on. People seem to not do this very often. And that fascinates me.

As said, I question absolutely everything. Because I believe that once we stop asking questions, in a way, we've given up.

Now, you don't need to have a degree to ask questions. Even little kids ask them all the time. But it seems that the older we get, the less, we ask questions.

And I think it's a good time to remind people that finding that inner wonder that we used to have as children, is paramount to questioning the system.

If we don't wonder, it's as if we became the sort of people depicted in the most ghastly dystopian science fiction novels. Where everyone is just going in lines, to the office, obediently.

Now, my assumption is that if you're reading this article for the first place, you must have some kind of idea that things generally are not what they ought to be. We wouldn't question things if they were perfect.

So I have within my power now, to make a difference to the reader. So I would say, just keep asking. Until you find a piece of mind in the midst of chaos. We ask questions because deep down, we know that things aren't what they appear to be.

But some people take this to the extreme, where they think everyone is out to get them. They're overly paranoid, and so they tend to dip into the conspiracy forums and things of that nature.

And I know this because I'm speaking from experience. I used to take part in a rather popular forum of this kind. And what I learned in the end, as my best friend put it, is that the only true conspiracy on this Earth is human greed, and that explains 99% of all conspiracies.

We all want to know the truth. And I could go into

the personal discovery where I even questioned the truth itself, and what the universe really is, and our place in it. But I'm choosing to leave that as a separate writing, because it is quite a tale.

And as it is said, the truth has a way of always making its way into the light. So never give up, and always question the system. That is all I wanted to say.

All Roads Lead Home

There is a notion in mysticism that one can intuitively sense our ultimate destination. And because of this intuition, there's nothing to worry about.

The idea is that no matter what path or course one takes, it will eventually lead them to the same place as everyone else.

This could be called the "consummation of the world," in which everyone and everything is enlightened in the end.

This concept is prevalent in several traditions, at least in Buddhism and Hinduism. There are other schools, such as the Gnostics, who believed that one's inner experience with the divine is analogous to this intuition. Anyone who's ever had the mystical experience, knows surely in their bones what we're in for.

Now, how can I claim at the same time, since I've never personally had the experience that I know where we're going? Well, I can only say that my intuition is off the charts. The rest is good old belief.

You can't after a certain point get out of the fact that you're to a large extent operating in life because of belief in different things.

People who can't admit this, who think that navigating in this world is purely a matter of instinct or ratio-

nality, are living in delusion.

There was a very wise woman who once said that you believe in what you see. And this perceiving of things being synonymous with believing in them is I think the answer to why we're so hypnotized by so many things.

Our attention after all goes to the relatively moving, instead of the still, to the highlighted, instead of the diffused, as was worked out by Gestalt psychology in the previous century.

Because of this selection, we get taken in by the details of life. And so we forget the underlying things. And what I guess I'm doing then is trying to point with my finger to this underlying reality.

And I'm saying that there's no such thing as the wrong kind of detail, in which to get absorbed. They are all part and parcel of the same massive event.

And I keep reminding you. Someone has to. I'm reminding you that you are not a stranger on Earth. Coming from some place else. But that you, in your deepest sense of self that there can be, are absolutely essential to the cosmos. If you weren't, nobody else would be either.

And so this idea is one where it doesn't matter what kind of mistakes one makes, what sort of peril or dire situations they get, because they are divine in their most fundamental aspect.

That doesn't mean, that you go out and do whatever the hell you like because it doesn't matter. It means the exact opposite. It is because everyone is divine, that they deserve compassion and respect.

Then again, this might all be taken as the most bullshit sugary rubbish ever produced, and that's fine. It's not for those people. It's for nobody.

Furthermore, it's for whoever feels like they've got nothing better to do than read a bunch of random fucking articles on the internet in the hopes that maybe they'll

learn something. Well guess what? I've got nothing to teach. Go away.

But if you're enjoying these things, then stick around. Possibly we'll actually realize something in the middle of it all. Or maybe not. In any case, whether the world will ever be enlightened or what have you is anyone's guess.

I don't even think enlightenment is used correctly as a term, in the sense that somebody is going to attain anything. It's not a separate state which somehow heals you.

But I'll leave my criticism about enlightenment or Nirvana to another writing. Right now I need to walk around before I start growing vegetables. *Satchitananda*.

Chapter 14:

The Matrix of Bananas

Once you see the Matrix for what it is, there is no going back. Unless it's made of bananas. Then you can always buy more of them.

The Principle

The Principle is the underlying aspect in the entire system. It is the goal of most spiritual practices. The methods reaching it may vary but all of them have the same basic characteristics. Firstly, it requires the recalibration of one's consciousness.

Secondly, it requires redefining one's relationship with the rest of the universe. And thirdly, it requires letting go of personal "baggage" and reconciling of one's opposites.

More than few schools of thoughts have advocated various methods to attain this state, usually less successfully in doing so. As the person will come to realize in the midst of their practice, "the more it changes, the more it stays the same."

In other words, try to arrange your life so that it was all upward and nothing was downward, it can't be done.

Ergo, all attempts to attain what is known as Nirvana or enlightenment are futile, from this basis.

However, The Principle does not abide by any fixed rules or restrictions, it resides beyond them. Therefore, to say that meditation should be discarded because it makes no difference, is not quite the point. The difference that is made is in the attitude and approach to it.

It isn't difficult to ascertain what the reason is for people to pursue this "wrong point." On the whole, we feel inadequate. Like there is something missing from our lives.

And so we seek, seek, and seek for the missing piece. Some get it from joining a movement, others get it from a cup of morning coffee.

But as most things in life go, the rush is temporary. And so we repeat or switch to some other thing that might bring us satisfaction again. And so this is one of the reasons why we feel the need to "get enlightened."

It is to change our minds to a more satisfactory state, one that doesn't wear off. At least in theory. But as Buddhism itself states, this is impossible.

There is Nirvana, no doubt about that. But it isn't a state in which you so much attain, as it is realizing that you were always at the place you are trying to get to. Nirvana is already here, in this very moment. And to miss it, is the same thing as postponing the knowledge of it.

That is why in the Sutra of the Sixth Patriarch, The Diamond Sutra, it is said that when the Buddha attained perfect and unsurpassed enlightenment, he didn't attain anything.

Of course, there are varying intensities of the experience of the mystical. Sometimes it can be a very strong one. And you'll remember it for the rest of your life. But as long as you are trying to achieve this positive thing

and eliminate the negative, you are under illusion.

Because the one cannot exist without the other. It is only when we give up the pursuit, that it is most likely to come to us. When it isn't sought out.

But people who think that they need to pay a sufficient price for the mystical, will have to go through the hoops and steps. They will not accept it, until they have felt like they have reached it by an adequate effort.

And so they will do their exercises, and practice. On the other hand, they are not wrong in going through it. Because it might be the only way for them to get anywhere.

But this is basically my criticism with enlightenment as it is today. It is with the way in which people approach it as a project of self-improvement, like they would do of psychotherapy. But if they do it that way, they are not practising what is known as dhyana or zen.

They are actually preventing real meditation to begin, so long as they think they will get something out of it. Real meditation is simply watching it all happen.

I would even go so far as to say that real meditation should be fun. It can be extremely joyful and pleasurable, to contemplate in the moment. And then you'll notice how little all your worries are present in that moment.

Eventually, you might even start "floating". And make some strange insights. Who knows, you might even get flipped into some new and peculiar states of consciousness.

On Being Weird

When people say "you're weird," to me that means nothing except a compliment. I think it's the highest honour when you're being called weird. Nobody should be

ashamed of it. Being weird means you stand out. You're unique, peculiar, or in other words, interesting.

Of course, there are two branches of being weird. One is the negative sense, the other is the positive. But I figure that the majority of the occasions, even when it's intended to be taken negatively by someone, I try to take it well and say thank you.

It means you're zapping someone's pressure points. You're keeping them on their toes so to speak, which is a phrase I'm borrowing from the late George Carlin, a comedian.

Being weird also has the advantage of getting rid of people if you play your cards right. That is, if you want to get rid of them. Let's say you're at a party you think is fucking lame.

So you throw some fuel into the fire by shouting something embarrassing right the moment the music stops. And so suddenly, all eyes are on you. You can then make an "impressionistic" exit if you so choose.

But there is a deeper sense in which being weird not only makes the people around you hooked on what you say or do, like a great performer, you have the capacity in those moments to really affect people and make strange impressions that ordinarily would be difficult to surface in an ordinary social situation.

I'm talking about spirituality in particular here. As I've experimented this first hand, but you have to be subtle in your interactions. And the "subtle art of being weird," is I think one of the most important attributes a human being can have.

Because it enables social situations, though rare, that "unnerves" the moment. Where you see an honest rascal in front of you, who does not seem to care whether they are embarrassed in front of you.

I know, I'm being weird. But life is weird. It's damn

strange. In fact, nothing is more peculiar than the cosmos. The more we seem to have it wrapped in terms of how it works, it surprises us with new discoveries.

And one philosopher went so far as to say that whenever we look into the universe, the universe has to escape its own examination to get away from us. It wouldn't do that if we stopped chasing it. Now how's that for weirdness?

It means essentially that we will never stop discovering new things. And that to me is the supreme weird. So, there is definitely no harm in being weird.

On the contrary, the whole mystery of life is based on things being odd, out of place, confusing, and baffling. But people are not readily to admit that they are just rascals, a bunch of goofballs going around pretending to be serious.

And so this is where I come into the picture. To remind you, that things being weird, is the same thing as their vitality.

The occasional surprises that come our way, are absolutely essential to the game of life. Without them, the entire system would've committed suicide a long time ago.

But what's weird about this, is that the number one rule that we play, whether we're aware of it or not, is that this game is not a game.

Instead, we're morbidly serious, especially in church and in a court of law. Why is God so uncomfortable with chuckles in his presence? I think that's fucking weird!

Well, anyway, weirdness definitely has its place in matters of social, societal, scientific, philosophical, or every which way you can think of.

But people who want to claim that we should take things seriously, well, I agree with them up to a point. There's such a thing as too serious. And that's where I

begin to have problems.

If you want to claim that existence is ultimately serious, then you can't really come to terms with the fact that our brightest and most cherished moments, involve laughter.

You're a stuck up stuffy skeleton if you think that existence is a serious business, with a serious goal. Sure, it can be fun in its own way to consider things being more than trivial, but being trivial and being playful are two distinct things to me in this regard.

In fact, I equate playfulness or play with the highest sense of being there is. Going as far as to claim that you are God in disguise, pretending to be your ego. How's that for weird?

The Ephemeral Eternity

*As I foretold you, were all spirits and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Ye all which it inherit, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.*

This passage in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, is probably one of the most vivid depictions of ephemerality ever produced in the written arts. It says really, that all is perishable, or temporary, no matter what we do.

But just because they are temporary, that does not make things any less valuable. The transiency of life, is

the same as its splendour.

We go to great lengths to preserve something, and then we get anxious, depressed or generally sad when they disappear from us. We don't on the whole like it very much that our lives are fleeting.

Some people even think that death is a serious problem, and that we ought to "fix" it. Fix nature's decay. Which is ridiculous to me.

Ever since the dawn of time, human beings have observed this decay and asked whether there is anything eternal that endures. And modern science would tell you there isn't. The Big Rip, or The Heat Death of the universe, will happen some day. And we get bothered about that.

But as I've observed my own life, especially in the past few years, I've had this intuition that there is this element of continuity in all things and events in the universe. That a pattern's appearance and disappearance, implies its reappearance.

And I tend to feel that the same thing will be true of the universe. That its disappearance is but a link in a chain that spans all through eternity.

And this idea is very much prevalent in Hindu thought. They call it the Days and Nights of Brahma. Where every inbreathing is the creation of the universe, and every outbreathing is its undoing, until it moves into a "cooldown period" called pralaya. And then it starts up all over again. And this goes on for forever and ever.

It is not entirely unique to their philosophy, but it may be that they were the first people to depict the cosmos as a series. But it reminds me also that many astronomers now are beginning to see this as a possibility.

It makes zero sense to me to think that the universe came out of literal nothing. Nothing can come out of nothing. You have to have something to have something.

But then again, this begs the question I've been wondering for a long time: how can a first cause be at the same time causeless, and its own cause? It seems logically impossible. And yet, that is the Ultimate Principle or Brahman in this cosmology.

True, logic does not even begin to touch true eternity. It has its limits, such as that you can't have a system of logic, which defines its own axioms.

The consistency of an internal logic always has to be defined in terms of a higher system. And so how do you apply a higher system to the already highest point? See, you can't explain things by their cause alone.

If you keep asking "how" long enough, it becomes an infinite regression at some point, in which you're left with nothing; the question vanishes along with the cause.

And so you can think about this long enough until you come to the realization that all finite things are explained only against the background of the ever-lasting.

That's how they are able to "flip" in and out of existence. Which is the very nature of a wave or a pulse. It flickers in and out, in and out. And this prompts another point of view to my mind.

There is a general feeling among people who say that the distinction between good and evil, as an example, has to be an eternal distinction to be important. And this is false.

To say that a finite distinction is of lesser importance, is a highly hypocritical thing to make. Because after all, your own organism is not eternal, yet it is significant. So the distinction between good and evil, does not have to exist in eternity to matter on this level of being.

And the reason people insist that it has to be eternal, is that they have a personal vendetta against all wrongdoers. And that makes certain sense.

Punishment has to be attributed to those who transgress

the rules. But note that “rules” is also a finite concept. But imagine if good and evil really did exist in eternity and were not temporary game rules, how horrible and dire things would be.

We would have hells in which people would suffer literally for all eternity, as is the case with Christian Hell.

And this strikes me so horrible as a concept, that I’m choosing to wipe my ass with it. Nothing will last, except the ever-lasting. So I’m making the claim that everything in this universe, is temporary.

But what underlies the universe, is what I can only point to with the term non-dual. It is at the same time ephemeral, and yet eternal. That is to say, our real identity is the eternal aspect.

So cheer up. We’ll be here for a while.

Chapter 16:

The Paradox of Freedom

This is a whopper of an essay. So if you don't have the patience to read it in one sitting, I'll understand.

I often wonder how does one know when they are truly free. A sensible person would reply that the more you can do, the more freedom you have.

But the more you ponder that answer, the more it makes another side to it apparent which is that the more you have to do in life to get by, the less freedom you actually have.

So which is it? The following is an attempt to describe the paradox regarding the concept of freedom.

Choice is an Illusion

To put the paradox into one phrase, it simply boils down to this: The more you do, the less free you are to do. All right. Maybe I have to explain that a little more thoroughly. So here it goes.

There is a massive project brewing called 'order' that is taking the world by a storm. Everything has to be properly managed, organized, scrubbed, cleaned, kept in

line, patched up and being controlled. And the more order you have, that is control, the less freedom people tend to have.

As an example, take airports. Airport security is a grim business these days. And innocent people are more inclined to keep getting thoroughly checked out at them, because of this massive cultural panic about dangers in the airport. In other words, it's getting more and more likely at being scanned and prodded for no reason at all.

Another fine example of this is, of course, the fantastic amount of surveillance technology being deployed all around. Cameras and facial recognition in every street corner and stores, companies tracking and following their users through their mobile devices through the microphones, cameras, and software applications being used, medical databases to help keep the patient information all in one place and DNA databases to keep track of every individual down to every fibre of their being.

Large entities are enforcing their policies regarding the very source code you use every day to develop your programs or products. They need to make sure it's their order, not yours. What do people think the End User Licence Agreement was created for? It's for enforcing control. Period.

You Are Ordered to Be Free

One of the funniest dichotomies in our society is when we are being told to be free. You must be free, you are ordered to. As Watts points it out, "you are part of a democracy, and you have to be part of a democracy. Crazy." And the price we pay for being more organized, more protected, is our declining freedoms in that system.

To quote Watts: "The best forms of governments that

ever existed, are the ones that simply muddled through. A kind of controlled anarchy.” Because whenever the control within a system gets too much, that system will break down and set itself free. So it has always been.

But for the sake of argument, let’s take this order thing to its final steps. We’re living in the middle of a full-blown dystopia, surrounded by a kilometre thick graphite wall.

Inside, we have a population under constant scanning, privacy transparency, living in a completely trapped existence. Everything is being controlled by a tyrant who won at the god game and is overseeing everything.

But the plus side to this is, everything is completely safe and secure. Now, what is the point of being secure when it only serves the people at the very top, and gives everyone else fewer and fewer things to do freely? This is the problem of order.

One could take this another step further and say that everything that has to do with our every day biology is also systematic order that defines our very behaviour. Like the rhythms we have to take part in, such as eating periodically, taking a whizz, or sleeping every single night.

Smart system, I must say, keeping us in line like that, ey? The list of disappearance of choices is endless from the standpoint of the physical processes of nature.

But the argument that having more freedom means having more choices and options, is a fallacy. Take the act of making decisions. As Watts remarks once again, “when you have to decide something, you don’t first, decide to decide. You just decide. And you do it.

People who get called decisive are usually called that, because they don’t stop to decide. They simply grab something and make it happen. Because choice is not a form of freedom. In other words, what choice is, is

simply the moment of hesitation one has before making a decision.

Like some people when they are about to write something down, they dither the pen in a circle fashion above the paper, before writing.” Because they’re not too sure what to write. And this state of dithering is hardly synonymous with being free.

Now, in this day and age, this strikes as the most backwards thing to say. Because we live in a culture where the abundance of choices is synonymous with being free. And yet it is only an illusion of abundance. People don’t really get to decide what to watch on the television.

It’s a collection of pre-selected channels and streaming services with a narrow selection of the crappiest movies and series one can find. If this is the age of abundance, then goodness help us. Now, of course, there are exceptions.

It’s the same with news feeds. People don’t have much of a choice unless they know how to search for alternative sources. Otherwise their main narrative comes from the same few places. Or even some cases, only one. And it’s always the same few topics.

An experiment was conducted not two years ago where a decision to refrain from all news outlets was made. Just to get away from the constant anxiety these stories are designed to produce. And lo’ and behold, when a return was made, the topics were exactly the same as they were 6 months ago.

So what truly is freedom in the end is not the amount of events one can partake in, but the amount of events one can decide to not to partake in when necessary, freeing oneself to do what they really want to do.

Because the more we do, the more it sparks more reactions, which compels us to do something about events following the previous events.

So it starts taking up all your spare time. It's a diminishing of freedom. But it simply means that you have to redefine by what you mean by being free. You can play it both ways. This is just one point of view.

Now, I am not saying that people who have much to do in life are being fools that should do less. Maybe that's their particular vocation in life, to experience as much as possible.

I'm only saying that the very situation of having countless things to do, is in direct contradiction of being freed from things to do. But there is another side to this, which is that you can feel the same experience in two different aspects.

You can either feel, that you are a helpless puppet, being pushed around by everything. Or, equally, that you are actually doing everything. You are completely free.

If you ask me personally, I'd rather practice the art of doing absolutely nothing more often. The hallmark of being free. And people never seem to stop and think, or simply just watch what is it that is happening around them. They are much too busy getting as much stuff done in order to do something.

Sleeping is one thing, but doing nothing because you can, or rather, cannot do it is another thing. The point is that you can describe existence from these two polar opposite views, but you're talking about the same exact experience.

Existence as a Trap

You see, there are those who liken existence to be a kind of trap. And those who instead consider it a dance, of all kinds of patterns. Which of them is more "correct" in

perceiving the universe? Or is there a middle-ground to which both of them adhere to?

In seeing the world as a trap, it strikes me that that very word, suggests a lack of something. What is it, which makes us feel like we're trapped, in the scheme of things?

We tend to feel hostile to the world. We need to get out of its grips immediately, because if we have no control of what's happening to us, it's as if the entire universe was out to get us.

A thought also floats into my mind about this attitude being a precursor for a certain kind of person, who thinks that Heaven or Hell will be their reward after they die.

That in these four scores and ten they have their only chance to decide their everlasting destination, of possibly failing lamentably as a genuine person.

And this notion strikes me as absolutely ridiculous. There is no such thing as Hell, except that as a state of mind.

Now, in thinking that the reward comes some time later than now, is the big fallacy. Because, taking the simple illustration of expectancy. If you're always living in the next moment, you will never experience the moment which counts.

And so I would say that the "trap", is always either keeping yourself under the guilt of the past, or in the worry about the future.

Life as a Play

But what if it was flipped to its opposite? Of not experiencing like we're in a system of entrapment, but that of free-floating play of energy? Well, let's have a look at this.

If existence is a state of play, or a dance of patterns, how does the individual relate to that? Well, for one thing, the person would not grab too hard at things they know are going to fall apart.

In other words, in the analogy of the trap, the person takes things very, if not too seriously. But in this other point of view, since things are playful in their nature, obviously one does not take them too seriously.

And I think it's very important to be able to view things not-so-seriously on occasion. The other side of it all being playful is that you can view everything in our world in terms of games.

There's the butterfly game, the zebra game, the platypus game, the flower game and so on and so forth. In fact, you can view the whole of society as a game. But this is a dangerous thing to do depending on what kind of social, psychological and emotional background one comes from.

If you have a "screw loose" in the wrong way, and you demonstrate your game-view of society by breaking its rules, you haven't quite grasped the point of it.

People still hurt, and they suffer every day. And by undermining their hardship by putting it down, saying that it's a game and metaphorically "shoving it" to them, shows that you don't have empathy.

And so, keeping all this in mind, there is indeed a very real possibility of the person in question misusing the game-view in a certain way. And yet, there is this chance of seeing it all being a play, where things are not too serious.

Most people, when they hear the word game, might think that it means it is something trivial. But when I use the word, I mean it in a more profound sense.

You wouldn't call Bach playing the piano trivial entertainment now, would you? And yet it is play. Saying

it's a game is not a way of putting life down.

Life is incredible to me, with all its patterns and sensations and experiences. But one can live on two levels at once, where on the one hand, we can get fascinated by the details of life very thoroughly.

But then on another level, we can be relaxed, take a step back and say to ourselves, relax, because it's a game. We are here for kicks. Why? Because it's fun.

And so I think a sensible middle-way for all this is seeing it at the same time as play, and a trap, in the sense that one is under the "hallucination" of the past-present-future timeline mode of thinking. And we all do that.

Some of us do it more often than others. And for my part, I can say that I'm the more often ones. But I can still snap back to the present, not easily mind you, but sometimes, when I get too much into my own head.

The Problem of Change

Now, the next thing that we have to take up is the problem of change, because that ties into why we generally feel like we're trapped. There was a boy once, who said that the dumbest phenomenon in life is not that one cannot understand things, but the refusal to understand them.

So why do we have such a resistance to change? We seem to dislike anything that moves our perception away from what it is used to. Whether it is the weather or other people. We do not seem to enjoy transitions or modifications to our environment.

Our ego, that is to say, our centre field of our consciousness, or the "troubleshooter" function, is designed to select features from its perception which it deems noteworthy and disregards the rest.

We then come to feel isolated from everything else. It does not see the relationship, only the individual points. And this is what keeps the ego oblivious to the rest of it.

Coupled with this is the tendency to settle for features we select that seem to be more consistent than things that are on the move.

Because moving processes takes more time and work to analyse than relatively stationary processes, such as personalities in human beings. And so we feel safe with still objects, and insecure with moving objects.

The need for consistency stems from the fact that our ego is looking to the past for answers. The majority of the things we think during the day are events that have already been taken place.

Because the past is something stationary, something that is simply there. So it is safe. But of course it is not there.

Then we worry about the future based on these past events. We never stop and watch what is happening right now.

Because the present moment is ever-changing. And this “reiteration” is what keeps the ego trapped in a never-ending cycle of self-entrapment.

We fear change because we know that part of it is witnessing our own decay. And the price for being alive is knowing that one day we simply cease to be.

And every little shift in our so-called external world has as its hidden premise that it will move us to a more uncomfortable territory.

Why are we so afraid? There’s no need to be. If everything is an constant state of flux, and appears, disappears and reappears, it should give some clue as to what it is. It is a cycle. And it comes and it goes.

This should not be seen as a bad thing in any case. After all, the transiency of life, is part of its splendour.

It wouldn't be so magnificent, were it not temporary.

Now, there are people who will argue that we have to "fix" nature's decay, which is ridiculous. Because the problem is not a problem.

Since the scientific naturalism of the 19th century, we have thought that we have to not only beat nature into shape, we have to interfere with the physical processes themselves, and manipulate them to suit our needs. And this is very dangerous.

Obviously, we have to interfere with physical processes all the time, when, for example, we eat another being. But there's a difference between doing something and forcing something.

And this is very well understood in certain Far Eastern arts such as judo, or even in the art of sailing. Where you cooperate with the field of forces in which you find yourself. In other words, you use change to your advantage.

We are always playing with fundamentally two forces. One is called order, and the other is called randomness. And these always arise together. And yet human beings seem to exhibit a distaste for randomness more often than they do for order.

Because we like to design buildings in the form of boxes and rectangles, along with our furniture and the likes. Everything is made up of squares. Because we want symmetry, which nature seems to be missing out on.

The curious faculty of pattern recognition in our consciousness, is selective. And the way it selects is by exclusion. It excludes the unimportant, and so we come to focus on the figures.

But the figures can hurt us, so we look for security. Time, for example, holds no security whatsoever. And yet people use it in a way that gives the illusion that it

does. That things will be better some time later.

And we use primarily time to keep track of changes in our environment. We can predict, or we can see what alterations were made in the past. That is observing change. And if it doesn't tick regularly, we get uncomfortable.

Because we become slaves to the clock. And we generally do not allow ourselves to simply observe change without a clock pointer attached to it.

So then. We resist change out of fear. Fear of the other side. But this other side is no other than us. It is the necessary counterpart for our inside. The fact that we don't see it as such in the ordinary way, indicates that we are in some way asleep.

And the way back to seeing this as such requires not only our presence of mind in the present moment, which is the only time that there is, it requires also our ability to withstand change.

Because what change is, is the relative motion of everything else to the way you are.

Being Boring

And so we get to the final point, which is boredom. The quintessential human problem. The problem. Because when people get bored, they have to do something about it.

And this is how trouble begins. They have to make a move, away from their current predicament. So, they fill the void with food, alcohol, drugs, porn, internet or what have you. And this is how addiction basically works. It is the fear of emptiness.

Now, what exactly is the issue people have with themselves so that they can't stand sitting alone quietly? Well,

it is quite simply put, lack of something.

The need to seek. Only, this is false seeking. Because, people are not actually missing anything. They only think they are.

And this society does not leave one without thinking that they are missing something. Take advertising. It is designed to make one want things that they don't really need.

The whole of the economy depends on people wanting things that simply are not desirable. Some people spend their days shopping because otherwise they would be sitting at home with nothing to do.

The artificiality of consumer products is astounding. To paraphrase Watts: "Take ordinary store bought bread. It is not real bread. It is merely symbolic. It's a vague attempt to mimic what mama's new bread smelled and tasted like, a squishy styrofoam blob injected with vitamins. It tastes of nothing like actual freshly baked and heated bread. Another example of this is instant coffee. It is a punishment for being in a hurry to get somewhere."

Cars that look like they have rocket engines underneath the chassis, but which are really nothing of the kind, poorly made fabrics in clothes, electronic devices that break down right after purchase, the list goes on. They are simply not very well-made.

They're a hoax, designed to grab the attention of the consumer and walk out with a ghastly substitute for real happiness.

Because, true happiness only comes from within. It is being completely with everything one experiences. And there is nothing missing from that. One is already the works. What there is.

Only, perception itself is selective. It picks out things to the exclusion of many other things. And this leads to playing favourites. "This is desirable, that is not". So,

one cannot really blame this on society alone.

It is the way in which one sees the world, which determines their reactions to it. What one believes is what they see. And if one believes they are missing something, then they will see the situation as such.

So this then is the essence of boredom. When one feels a lack, then they can be persuaded by anyone or anything to replace it with something. Whether it's an object, sensation, philosophy or a religion, it does not matter.

And this is the reason we become unable to feel free. Like we're trapped. Because we think we are missing something. And so long as we rely on the scarcity fallacy among other things, we will never feel like we're truly not lacking anything.

Take a Break

But one could of course argue, that if we stopped seeking something, whatever it is, that we would stop doing things in general, and become inert, as I indicated at the beginning of the article.

Doing nothing. But the difference between doing nothing and contemplation is the tremendous impact it has on you.

Because nothing is more productive than taking a sufficient break from concepts. Because it gives a breather from the one process which keeps us in the so-called trap.

And whether the act of having a choice is a form of freedom, well, that's anyone's choice. For me, it simply means selection out of specific options. True freedom is knowing who you are, and see it as a game, instead of a drag.

P.S. If I have the ability to choose between two op-

tions, that is of course, more space in which to act than having only one choice. So it's easy to make the distinction that there is something positive about that.

But is it really the same thing as being free? Well what does that even matter? You're given the choice. So take it. I'm deciding to eat pizza now. As always, don't take it seriously. I'm just talking about a point of view.

The Puzzles

The Chest Conundrum:

You are in a room with a chest. There is a clock on the wall which shows 5:30 PM. There are three identical looking locks on the chest from left to right, each of which take three numbers. One of them opens the chest, but you don't know which one it is. One of them makes the lock which opens it broken if given the wrong sequence, which prevents access to the chest completely. And the last one makes the lock which disables the other lock in turn broken.

The locks keeps changing their positions three times a day, first at 6 AM, then at 2 PM, and lastly at 10 PM, at which point it resets to its original order of locks. The number solutions on the locks do not ever change. On top of the chest there is a note, which says 'X00 00X 0X0'. You only get one try on each lock or else the chest will seal itself shut forever if you try any more.

Which lock(left, middle or right) and number combination opens the chest?

The Ephemeral Elevator:

There is an elevator, and you are inside it. You are trying to get to the first floor, only there's a catch. The numbers have been randomized on the elevator buttons, and doesn't correspond to their respective numbers necessarily, which means you have no idea which button takes you where. All you know that you came in the elevator on the last floor. There are 8 floors on the building.

You have five tries, during which the doors won't open unless it's the first floor, and on the sixth the elevator plunges down and may kill you, but only if it starts dropping from or above the sixth floor. There is no hatch either on the elevator's floor, nor on its ceiling. The only way out is through the elevator's doorway.

The elevator can never travel to the same floor that it started from, nor can it go back to the previous floor you came from, however, pressing the previous floor will still count as a guess, excluding the last floor, but you can only do so once for any floor.

Also, the buttons with the odd numbers won't work for the first try. You can hear a small whirring sound coming from outside the elevator on floors that are even in numbers with your excellent hearing. You can also tell whether the elevator is going up or down. You have a marker in your pocket and a note which says:

```
2 = 4                                0
      ↓ ↑ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↑ ↑ ↑
1423 7                                |
|||||                                  |
4567  5                                1
|||||                                  |
XXXX_-----|
      h g f b d c e a
```

How do you get to the first floor with making sure that you won't end up dead or injured? Provide an escape and the reasoning for the escape.

The Ultimate Trolley Problem:

There is a trolley that is coming towards an intersection of five rails. Each of the rails have people tied up and laying down on them, five people per rail except for the middle rail which has 7 people on it. You are standing on a platform with three levers watching this happen.

The left lever will take people from a rail of your choice 3 at a time, and you can choose to redistribute them wherever you like. The middle lever will take people away 2 at a time. The right lever will disable the position of your choice. You can only disable three positions the trolley would take and once, at which point they become permanently disabled, sparing the people on the rails since the trolley won't go there.

The 1st and 2nd rails can only take people. The middle rail can be taken people to and away from. The 4th and 5th rail can only take people away from them. Each rail can hold up to 9 people on them and you can only redistribute the same amount of people at any rail that you took away.

Oh and there are two more catches, the positions of the rails change after each redistribution depending on how many people you move, and one of the rails is booby-trapped, meaning that if the trolley takes it, it explodes. The trap will always be on the same position, regardless of the rail number.

You have 6 redistributions, after which you must choose which positions to disable, otherwise the levers will become inoperable. Note: the positions, not the rails.

You have a note in your pocket which shows:

2 = 4 ->
<- 2 = Y

```
-----  
|           |  
|           |  
|    4  B  |  
|           | |  
|_____X_1|
```

Your objective is to get the trolley to its destination without killing anyone. Which positions are safe to travel?

The Clockwork Problem:

You wake up inside a manor. You don't know how you got there. You try the front doors but notice they are shut tight. So you start exploring, and come across a room with an elaborate clock-system on a table. The clock has a box attached to it, which has an 4x4 grid of buttons which have been wiped of any indicators. And next to it, there is a note which says:

"Congratulations, you've been selected for an experiment. Your objective is to reset the clock, and by doing so, open the manor doors. The clock is not showing the usual time, nor does it work in the same way as an ordinary clock. The clock takes a six number combination, and you can only try it once, any more will result in randomizing the clock, which means the way to reset it becomes almost impossible. Below is a clue as to what the sequence is. Good luck."

```

      P = 3      .      . .      . .
      -----|-----
      |      1      |      X X 0 X      |
      |      X      | 5      |      X 0 X 0      |
      | 8      .      2      |      0 X 0 X      <-S
      |      1      \ 3      |      X 0 X X      |
      |-----7-----|-----^-----|
      a g d e b f c h      ->      Fn
      a X X      X
  
```

The Solutions

The Chest Conundrum:

First, finding the position, which at 5.30 will be the right lock, as the X00 00X 0X0 hints how they move one lock to the left, jumping to the right if starting from the left, with each time of change, 6 AM, 2 PM etc. so from 2 PM to 10 PM it is the right position(00X).

The combination is much trickier, yet it is also given by the same X00 00X 0X0 sequence. By changing the Xs to 1s, you get 100001010 which is the binary equivalent of 266 in the decimal numbers. So the answer is right lock, with 266 combination. There is one other hint that points to how to get the combination but I left it as a novelty interest and it's too vague for probably anyone to see. That is to say the time on the clock.

If we're going backwards from right to left, as is the case with the locks, and first go 30 words from the end towards the beginning, the first word you get is "change". If you again traverse back 5 words you get "locks". So it becomes "Change the locks". Which means the Xs in the sequence. The only hint towards the binary numbers are the fact that the numbers in the sequence are zeros.

The Ephemeral Elevator:

First you have to figure out the starting point or the floor you go with your first guess if you want to verify your floors later. Which is the fourth floor. Because that is the only floor where you know for certain what is above you, and below you. No other floor is suitable for this. And that is the $2 = 4$. The number 2 button corresponds to the 4th floor. The only two other possible starting points are floors 3 and 5, since all the other floors are disabled, including the last floor.

The next step is to figure out the order of floors, which you can get from a number of different ways. First and foremost way, is to change the letters on the bottom to numbers that correspond them. They become 87624351, which respectively mean that for every floor, the order goes from left to right. So $8 = 1$, $7 = 2$ and so on. But you have to confirm it somehow, so it isn't just guess work. So here's where the second approach comes in, that is to say the arrow chart.

If we start from the 4th floor, and take the first arrow, which points down, and go down one number, it becomes 3. So you press 3, and that according to the letters corresponds to the 6th floor, and that is indeed where you end up, and all the while you can confirm this also by hearing the whirring sound. The next two arrows say to go up, which becomes 5. So you press 5 and end up on the 7th floor, and you won't hear the whirring. Then you go down one arrow, it becomes 4. Press 4, and you end up on the 5th floor. All according to the letters.

So by now you know that you have only one guess, and since all the numbers have corresponded to the letters, it's safe to say that the button number 8, which comes from going up 4 times, as the arrows show, will take you to the first floor. But what if you still want to be sure?

Take the chart on the left of the arrows. The 1423 corresponds to the order in which you must take the floors if you want to confirm the positions. First guess = 4th floor, second guess = 6th and so on, you can get to the 5th floor by going them in order to confirm that the letters correspond to the numbers they are when changed and that you are in fact safe. Taken all this together confirms the order of the numbers, except it leaves one with 4 possible floors that you can't be quite 100% sure of.

There is a way however to get out of the elevator from any of the two other starting floors, 3 and 5. By making a note of either the whirring sound or lack of a sound, you can pin point your location. But in either of these other cases the last leap would have to be one of faith, thus the only combination you can be absolutely sure of is the one given. It is true that even the given combination leaves you with button numbers 8, 7, 6 and 1 ultimately. So again, it's matter of faith it seems.

But, take a look at the chart one more time. See the Xs? They correspond to the four numbers. Start from the 1, and look what numbers are adjacent to it. $4 - 4 = 8$. That is the first number from the left. Next, what are the numbers adjacent to the 4s? $5 - 2 = 7$. And what do the 5 and 2 point to? 6. Which happens to be the order the letters also showed from left to right, excluding the last floor, which is button 1, since you've already been there. So that's the third and last confirmation.

There is one more vague hint towards the fact that the 8 button takes you to the first floor. That is by starting from the number 4 in the chart and adding and subtracting according to the arrows, you get 8, which then the number 1 on the right is pointing to, and thus to freedom which is indicated by the "opening" or O.

```
X      1 4 2 3   <- the order of tries
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 <- the floor you step inside
0 X   X   X     <- whirring sounds
8 7 6 2 4 3 5 1 <- the buttons
X      ↑   X X X <- disabled on the first try
      start
```

The Ultimate Trolley Problem:

First, you take 2 people off of the middle, and put them in the number 2 rail. Then, you again, take two people from the middle and put them in 2nd, bringing that rail up to 9 people. Then, you take 3 people from 4th to 3rd. Then, 3 people from 5th to 3rd, leaving 2 people on them both. Then you move the rest from 4th and 5th to the remaining ones, bringing the total to 9 on the first three rails. Now, below is a chart which shows how the rails keep on moving. That is, the rails will move to the right by 4 positions when you move 2 people, and by 2 positions to the left if you move three people.

```
1st|---5----->  <- can only take people
2nd|---5----->  <- can only take people
S-3rd|---7-----> <- can take people to it and away
4th|---5----->  <- can only take people away
5th|---5----->  <- can only take people away

2 -> 3 -> 5 -> 2  <- disable 1st
3 -> 4 -> 1 -> 3  <- disable 2nd
4 -> 5 -> 2 -> 4  <- safe (the fourth rail that is)
5 -> 1 -> 3 -> 5 X <- boom
1 -> 2 -> 4 -> 1  <- disable 5th
```

The Clockwork Problem:

There are at least three ways to go about it. First is starting from the clock and following the pointers, you get to f, which is the first numbers you leave out of the sequence. The rest are marked by Xs too. The a repeats twice, which indicates that when you correspond it with its number, that will appear twice in it. This is also hinted by the repeating dot in the upper side. The rest of the letters remaining are the numbers you will need.

The dials on the right also hint of the ordering of the numbers. The Fn, which stands for Fibonacci, will start from the S, and go clockwise direction until stopping at the ordering hinted by the dots and the letters and pointers.

Sequence is therefore: 1 1 2 3 5 8 (which is the Fibonacci sequence, as indicated by the Fn, and other things).

· · · · ·
1 7 4 5 2 6 3 8

0 0 5 0-----X X 0 X
0 3 0 8-----X 0 X 0
2 0 1 0-----0 X 0 X
0 1 0 0-----X 0 X X