

Night Sky Sangha

Inquiry into Awakening

(Facebook posts August 2016 – April 2017)

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Continuity

Presence is empty of self which presumptuous folderol is empty of meaning as is everything which leaves you in a lurch concerning your hopes of finding something that might smell like enlightenment so you can enjoy your life more than you have up to this point.

And why would you want to talk to Rick Archer anyway? So others can hear all about your personal spiritual history and sign on to your world message of redemption posing as a solution for all to see that it's just happening, we already knew that.

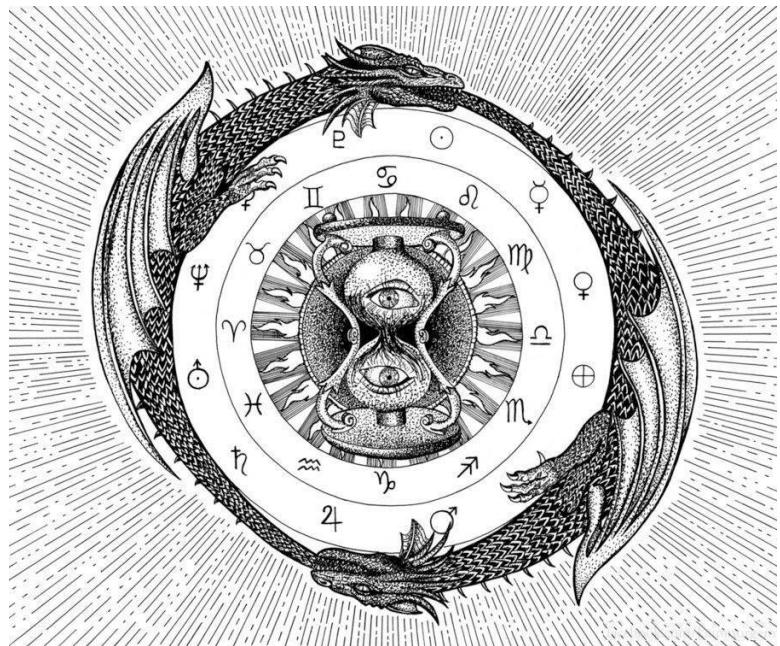
Consciousness adorns itself with metaphor and meaning like a never ending stream of sequels but no one can remember the original episode so we're not sure what or why we're doing what we're doing or what's happening as if something were happening that might have some meaning to someone else who mistakenly thinks that something is happening when it isn't.

As long as we stay one step ahead of the ever dissolving frivolity of our urgency to be relevant we think we can outsmart the truth of our own illusory identity and seeking enlightenment fits the bill quite well, as does most things not so lofty as the thirst for personal freedom.

This game of seek and hide fills our attention and objects appear with fervent insistence accompanied by the effortless fascination we have with ourselves bent on eliminating any sign of lack so we can be forever jacked on whatever it takes to stay one step ahead of our own existential confusion - it's simpler to just spell it h.u.m.a.n.

You see, meaning and causality and implication and continuity can only be conjured and sustained through an endless stream of metaphor that places the plasma of your experience in a container like space or time or body or mind or sentiment, and so on.

This miracle of orientation is unreal. We can never resolve what we have come to believe is ourselves in the context of a world constructed of ideas. We must, if we're so inclined, return to the scene of the crime only to find that there was no homicide, there was no crime, we can close the case and let the perp run free.



We seekers, and there are relatively few of us, are driven to resolve the fundamental irritabilities that stalk us and delude our capacity for emptiness when it is emptiness itself masquerading as the seeker that sets the show in motion in the first place.

Continuity is imagined, presence is empty of self; but no assertion is true as it would imply that something can be said to be true about something when it can't. If you catch a glimpse of the failure and thus cessation of metaphor - continuity ends.

What hasn't happened to you yet?

Let's face it, most folks are not interested in awake. Arcturian Dreaming and Pineal Activation consciousness-expanding rituals maybe, but awake, not really.

Most of us would rather go to a spoon bending workshop than reconsider the mirthful folly of consciousness which hypnotizes us with pride of ownership. Even the most minute (size or time) artifact found as an object condemns you to specialness while you float aimlessly down the Samsara River.

It's funny, or not, just how naive we have become when it comes to our penchant for purchasing snake oil. A guy named Gene is selling these titles - they are illustrative of my pointless point:

- * Arcturian Alchemy: Creating the Indestructible Light Body
- * Telepathy: Developing Sensitivity in the Age of Conscious Awakening
- * Quantum Spoon Bending
- * Initiates of Mani: the Alchemy of Transforming Evil Into Good
- * Arcturian Healing Method, Level 4: The Cosmic Shaman
- * Celebrating Archangels Michael and Raphael AND the Spiritual Hierarchy

We will do anything to medicate the aching hole of self and enroll over and over again in some program or relationship that promises us something we don't already have. We don't know what to do about the vacuum of self so we aim to fill it while, once again, we float aimlessly down the Samsara River.

The nonsensical and infantile bullshit sold by Gene and oh so many of his peers in the New Age Spiritual business are not aimed at awake, they are aimed to distract you. They rely on your gullibility and mistaken conviction that something, which you imagine will make things right, hasn't happened to you yet.



What are you missing? If you've been at the woo woo game for long enough hasn't it begun to dawn on you that nothing about you has changed? That the existential irritability of your own consciousness has not made any progress despite the collection of twisted spoons strewn about your house?

Everything appearing is made of the same spectra as the rainbow; it has no beginning, it has no end, if you chase it it recedes, the beauty is ephemeral, painted on the canvass of space with no specific location.

This is the nature of consciousness and phenomena; beauty without capture, revelation about nothing, free from implication and utility, no one left to come to fruition.

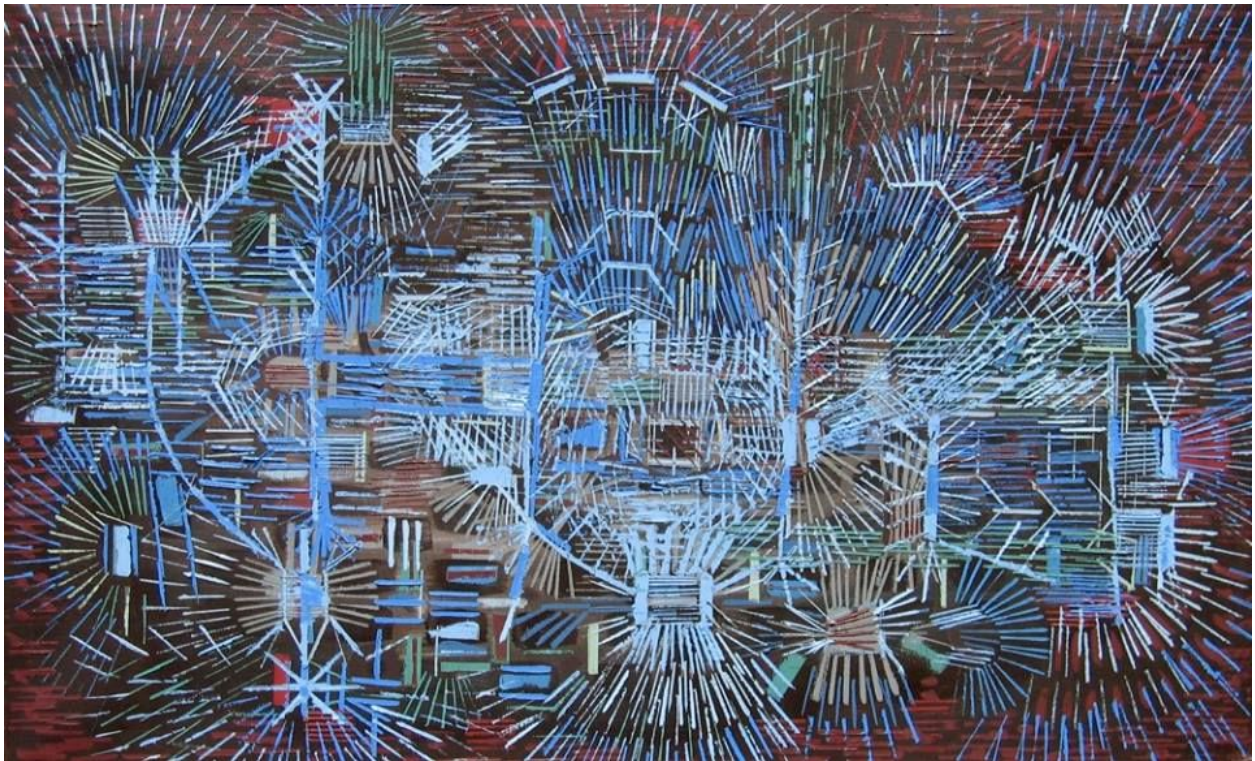
If you are waiting for awake to happen to you, it might be worthwhile to visit the evidence locker only to find it empty.

Conceived in and Effusing as Ecstasy

At some phase-of or point-in your journey to awake you are, after some....., call it "preparation," willing to discard yourself and your opinions without looking back to justify the imagination that you are the consequence of something or that experience is about anything.

You no longer need to rely on any explanation, any practice, anything hoped for, anything other than the revelation that you are conceived in and effusing as ecstasy.

I appreciate that you may have read and heard a great deal on the subject, but this is all there is to say, really. All utterances whether profane or profound can only point to this.



If only everyone would take DMT

Just imagine a world where everyone has tripped and tripped hard.

Bicycles, rickshaws, luxury cars, monster trucks, and even ordinance loaded tanks all belonging to no one would line the streets with the keys in them so you can grab a ride at your leisure and head over to any Bob's Big Boy to chow down with a Marxist, a socialist, an atheist, an NRA and CDC and Monsanto executive, a neo-liberal, a neo-fascist, and a neo-advaitist all wondering out loud when the Messiah will finally return laughing with abandon that there is no self and all is radiant fractals emanating from nowhere, going nowhere, free from bondage.

Would that be the shit, or what?

No countries, no authority, no racism, no sexism, the bathrooms accommodate everyone. There is ample and delicious cruelty-free food, intelligent sustainability, free energy, good movies, compassionate and professional health care, the elderly checkout voluntarily without wasting since they're not afraid of emptiness anymore, no vaccines, clean water, leaping whales, bacteria free salmon, all industrial waste is sequestered and made benign by novel technology, the narcissists all live by themselves in walled off naturalist beach communities and no one visits them and they don't mind because they have each other.

It is a truly magnificent life filled with music and art and improvisational novelty each day because no one has to work unless they want to and there is no need for militarism, or drug wars, and all the conspiracy sites have folded because the Bilderbergs don't meet anymore and the 1% don't hoard and push World Bank agendas that enslave formerly poor countries to perpetual poverty.

Everyone is smoking hookah and Free Willy plays on outdoor cinema screens the world over stuffing their happy faces with ethnically spiced popcorn from 50 gallon drums re-purposed once we figured out how to neutralize that fowl smelling plutonium waste, and sipping coca cola with the original ingredients restored.

Monogamous and casual phucking are still in vogue but no one feels jealous or possessive, priests who need young folk to make it work are given open access to virtual media using CGI so no one gets hurt. There is no shame, no sin, no violence, no fear, no exploitation; abundance is all we got and all we are.

Many folks micro-dose on psilocybin or vape high CBD cannabis (for the health benefits) while riding public transportation. Truthful journalism is available wirelessly and democratic process is handled by the Quakers so nothing is ever decided or gets done, but no one really cares, it's the process that matters.

Therapists frequent salons where paid actors feign a host of existential dilemmas just so they can sport think and work out positive solutions together which typically includes watching a Tony Robbins video on heroin, and surprisingly it works!

The climate has cooled, the oceans are a proper pH, the reefs are teaming once again, everyone loves what they do, Ayahuasca Shamans give ceremony in offices once owned by H&R Block since there aren't any taxes or money any more.

The one problem remaining that vexes the few (despite the atmosphere of blissful abandon that now embraces the world) who still need to wake up, is how to - some things never change.



The Sacred Vampire

What's present is fascination, ongoingly insatiable fascination. All is found and felt in fascination, by fascination, as fascination. One's experience can be felt to be a feeding frenzy of fascination encountering all things found, perfectly inclusive experience, gap-free presence streaming as desire and its concomitant fruition.

Fascination is feeding on its own fruition as the singular expression of reality; there is no delay, no specificity, no implication, no insufficiency, no quarrel, nothing missing or yet to occur. The feeding is silence, not as a noise-free state, but as the conscious failure of arising to implicate a world.

What we call mind is a nexus of metaphorical representation that implicates a world and a self simultaneously. Underneath the story of myself is unbidden sensation and a virtual flux of unintelligible profundity which we organize and orient to involuntarily.

When fascination orients to the objects it presumably finds, self is contrived. When fascination relaxes entirely from the habituated reflex to orient toward objects found, awake dawns.

We are feeding, and the old adage applies: "you are what you eat". If you are eating calorie saturated objects you will suffer perpetual restlessness. If you are eating emptiness, nourishment alone is.

You are the immortal and sacred vampire, thankfully your palate is more refined.



Phuck the Holodeck

You are presently effusing and you love it, you'd be a fool, or suicidal, not to. You are swimming in a sea of sensation, imagination, opinions, plans, regrets, anticipation, gross and subtle ephemera, sentiments of all kinds, and the nagging pressure that you matter to yourself.

If we can't blame God for what ails us, which is so Crusades-like, we'll blame some advanced extraterrestrial species and their damned computer program, which is so Elon Musk like.

We know we didn't do all This, so there must be someone or something else that did. What we fail to see is that the creature experiences through the fabric of "other", self and other is the creature sense and that's why we created God (or a computer simulation run by aliens) as a projection of otherness - the author / creator of what we don't understand.

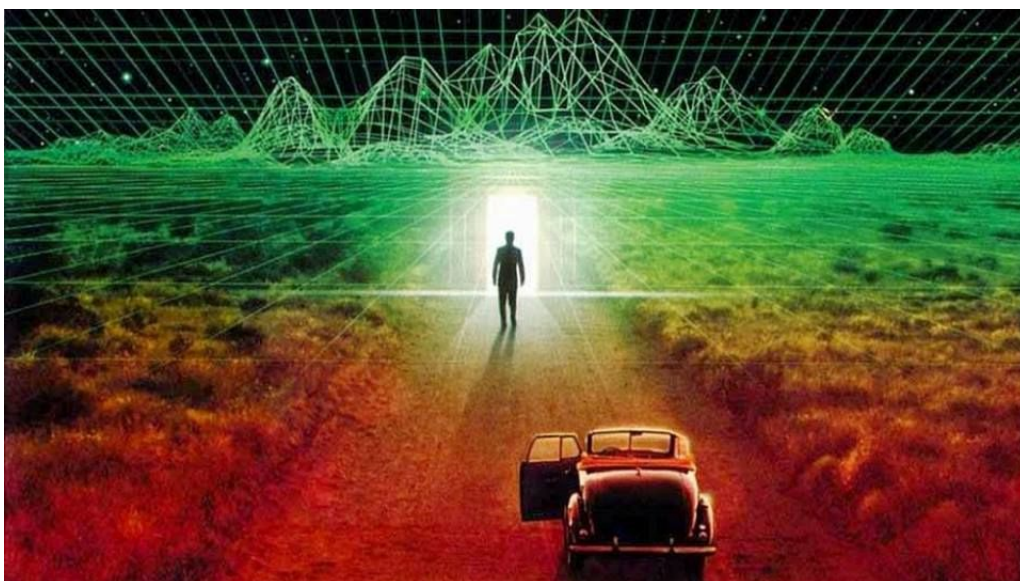
The CERN club keeps looking for the least common denominator particle, or the SETI club for possible overlords, or the KAVLI astrophysicists to shed light on dark matter - all dedicated to the fantasy that all This is made of things possibly by an author who penned the first chapter starting with the Big Bang. Idiots.

You are presently effusing and by taking personal credit for the principal miracle and mystery of Being there is grave and chronic disappointment. Once we presume that a) experiencing is about something, and b) that that something includes us we're cruising the holodeck either behind the wheel or riding shotgun or both and we're lovin' it.

We unwittingly enter into a dependency relationship with experiencing itself, with phenomena, and there can be no freedom or satisfaction in phenomena or with personal experience, Mick and Keith said it best!

All seeking for pleasure and release, be it carnal or spiritual, will fail. That's because we approach our desire as a codependent adversary hoping to attain to something more satisfying through clever or excruciating means; always under the grey skies of self.

This appreciation (if it occurs) leaves you absolutely empty of any agenda and any capacity to effect any remedy at all, and that's where you find joy. Be careful though, it won't fix or improve the simulation of your life. It is lethal for all you've imagined to be true - phuck the holodeck.



Malfeasance & Defalcation

Consciousness should be on trial for malfeasance & defalcation, and this is not a scatological inference. It's true everything goes to shit, but still.

You see, if you look closely, and I mean real closely, at the present arising and bubbling up of consciousness in receipt of that which is found as experience it is possible to see that your attention is being hijacked faster than you can comment on it. Faster than you can make sense of, which infers that all the sense that you think you're making is grossly inaccurate at best, and totally contrived at worst - though the worst case scenario turns out to be a window into Awake.

Unutterable incredulity is not naïveté, on the contrary it is the gnosis of object free intelligence. This non-dual (yes, from time to time it is appropriate to use the "N" word) observation is not a function of ideation or knowledge nor does it have anything at all to do with whatever the cool new science has to offer.

The world is constructed from moment to moment through inattention, though such default hypnosis permeates the collective morphogenesis of the species it turns out to be specious. That's why, just to wax on in a glass half full manner, we are careening into the extinction wall.

Any serious student of cessation and Nibbāna understands that extinction in such context refers to the end of ignorance and the release from unsatisfactoriness, which end may or may not be at odds with the species blinking out of existence.

The gist is to see how all representation can only refer to formerly held representation in an infinite regression of hallucinatory self-referencing exposing itself to itself from beneath its own raincoat.



We can't ever apprehend the truth or come to some handy conclusion concerning the truth since there is no truth, and that's the truth. Before you even realize the nature of the crime, your certainty about

anything has been stolen, but still we persist in holding opinions and taking up residence as experiencing units in a miraculous and quite intoxicating stream of inference and implication commonly known as, "what's going to happen to me?"

It's when we come to complete failure, and this needn't be some drama-queen or drama-king (just to be fair) dark night of the soul depression-aholic kinda thing, that we glimpse the end of becoming.

You can say, and many do, all kinds of clever and intriguing shit about it, but really it is the end of making any enviable proclamations or claiming anything about yourself.

The world ends when you see it couldn't possibly be made of anything; all authority ends, all superstition ends, there are and can be no masters of anything except perhaps delusion - but you're done with that.

Burning while drenched in Brahman's piss

It's not the typical golden shower. No one can tell you what this is or isn't, or what they have or don't have, or what you ought to do to improve your chances of some bullshit enlightenment that echoes off the walls of your craving to have consciousness work out for you.

Probably sounds something like Rupert Spira on helium trying to channel Jean Klein through the muffled secondhand monotone of Fancis Lucille drowned out by ducks chanting the Gayatri Mantra while David Newman or other professional bhakta belts out some Jaya Guru Deva number pleading for the gopis to go all the way; all the gopis all the way.

All this charming noise passing itself off as a celebration of your fetid future chillin' in the not-self riding your unicorn off into a fabled sunset forged by the ancients who had a thing or two to say about sipping god juice mind phuck me to oblivion getting all misty with the vision of Ma Kali.

You can't shake this consciousness portraying as an excruciating impression factory shouting in your face, "Hey, mother phucker look at me, look at me goddammit. There is no other place than me!"

You realize that this is a binary singularity by now I presume. Were it merely a singularity we wouldn't be having this conversation, and don't get me wrong, we're not. It's just that we're reverberating within a harmonic range that purports to have a sensory and virtual apparatus for mirroring which makes it seem as if there is something other than you occupying the same space.

There's not, I didn't have to say it, but did anyway. The deeper you can go into the impossible-to-bear secretion of Brahman's endearment the higher you go in a sort-of-sacred passive aggressive ambivalence; that's our form of perfecting equanimity in the West.

One imagines that present or even past experience serve as some kind of starting point from which we can insure, by force of will, that the future will be amicable and ideally enlightened once I rid myself of that pesky sense of authorship.

Burning while drenched in Brahman's piss is what this is when you stop using only 8% of your capacity for meticulous and transcendent empiricism. Whatever it comes down to, it doesn't.



Inadvertent Intermediary Individuation

There is no reason or cause for the genesis and unshakable sense of one's self. It's not caused by desire, attraction, aversion, thought, the default mode network, the false sense of authorship, karma, birth, selfing, or any such bullshit that is sold by the world's shamefully shaming religions or the opportunistic wave of neo-non-duality teachers many of whom eye-phuck you into some sort of giddy stupor and disorientation they like to call resonance or transmission to make it seem as if the temporary relief you get from being you is attributable to them.

The miracle of individuation is just that; like Jesus walking on water, like water into wine, like wine making you stupid, like stupid ruining your life, like your ruined life dumping you in a recovery meeting, like meeting your soul-mate at that meeting, like getting sober, like going into painting to support your kid, like coming home one day to find your soul-mate has left with your kid and life savings to join a kirtan group lead by a harmonium player named Jesus who, it has been reported, can walk on water.

We don't realize just how phucked we are because we think the content and turns of our life are somehow eligible to be course corrected by prayer or sobriety or vipassana or opening or some such bullshit we learn about on a non-duality camping trip in the mountains of Taos with someone who wears bright pink shawls and has, according to legend, auric rainbows coming out of her head.

Look friends, you can't quench your thirst by sipping sand from a mirage and you can't do anything about the mirage of inadvertent intermediary individuation which plagiarizes the truth of being by making it about you. This loathsome and lonely pride of identification cannot be remedied simply because it is not made of anything.

When we seek we're usually sincerely interested in getting out from under the influence of inadvertent intermediary individuation and the nagging persistence of consciousness wiping its ass with our face, like a bear does with a squirrel in the woods where trees fall but nobody hears them, such is the nature of our screams.

I was going to suggest another route, but it feels right just to leave it there.



When things arise

Imagine your pristine nature has no one and nothing to be found, it's not dead, just empty. Now stop imagining and enjoy the feeling of it.

The insufficiency suffered by the seeker comes about as an extrusion of one's pristine nature inhabited as naked attention overwhelmed with artifacts and sensate consciousness thus setting the stage for the streaming field of impressions later referred to as "I".

This is not an event from your past that holds you durably hostage, no. Your pristine nature has not gone away, it has simply receded from view and been upstaged by a habit frequency that presumes individuated hegemony over all that appears as imagination.

One might refer to this inhabitation of self in time simply as "when things arise". So, in your dealings with the world you know that you are dwelling in the irresolvable manifold of 'when things arise', and leave it at that.

There's no point in applying yourself to some remedial program, like religion for instance, 'when things arise' because nothing has actually happened, it's just the outgassing of imagination randomly holding some inadvertently selected impressions as being relevantly applicable to the contrived sense of self, itself being a dynamically refreshed habit of holding impressions for longer than they actually exist. No big deal really.

If one goes in search of enlightenment amidst the sirens' chorus of 'when things arise' only more impressions will be found, and these impressions will continue to trick you into being a sense of self previously or presently irritated with all that can be found, which includes yourself of course, hoping to be less so in your future.

And this is how gurus make a living, pandering to the annuity of 'when things arise', because 'things' always will and for as long as you take them to be your experience, the money, the affection, the teachings, and sometimes the semen will change hands.



Dedicated to those who suffered the serial violations perpetrated by Michel, the guru of the Buddhafield and in honor of their courage to tell the story.

Why are we yearning and what are we yearning for?

The seeker-phucker is just that, no more explanation needed. If you are a seeker-phucker then you know what I mean by virtue of your own first-hand experience, if you're not a bona fide seeker-phucker then you're just a voyeur and a poser, a second hand pile of pride and you probably like Deepak Chopra - and that's always a telltale sign of someone who thinks there is somewhere better than here and a way to get there.

If you dare look, and only seeker-phuckers really dare, at the construction plans and the blueprints of how you got to be existent you would likely marvel at the absurdity and incomprehensibility of being a recipient of being.

Typically we hear the stork or the shtup (that's Yiddish for....) story and so we figure the genesis of our miraculous experiencing is covered, no need to look any further. By the time we're mature enough to reconsider the lies we've been told about everything (the most pernicious having to do with religion and faith in supreme beings) it's too late to rewire our most cherished interest in the autonomy and sovereignty of ourselves because we're too beholding to myth and conformity and the low self-esteem that accompanies what our parents and the corporations that they work for would have us believe is the truth.

So if you look at it everyone is phucked into a self-loathing despair of absolute meaninglessness and existential incoherence, only the seeker-phuckers cry foul and commit themselves to a path of soulful remediation, they typically fail of course, but still.

In this context one might say that the enlightened have come to experience measureless joy in the face of the revelation that all that can be found is absolute meaninglessness and existential incoherence - I am that I am and now I'm "winning".

You may have noticed that yearning and experiencing go hand in hand, you may have noticed that there is a certain insatiability that follows you around like a hungry cat, that if you're really honest with yourself, life turns out to be a harmonic (nice word for shit-storm) of pursuit, demand, entitlement, frustration, and suffering (and not just because the Buddha said it) mixed in with all the joy you are deriving from your meaningful work and relationships.

The yearning is consciousness itself, the insatiability is consciousness itself, you're not suffering these as an individual, you're just feeling the consequences of it all scrap-booked together by the glue of self that makes it look and feel like grasping at the ever dissolving phantasm of actual experience is possible.

The fruition that comes to the seeker-phucker, if and when it does, pulls the rug out from under the myth of durability and strategy, consciousness releases itself from the deranged nature of its own experiment.

It does so always presently, never in your future; the entanglement of self arises at present and goes quiescent at present, this small insight may turn out to be useful in your consideration of faultless nirvana.



Gonna take a sentimental journey

In one sense, both as instance and literally, we thrive on the presence that is ourselves. We are forever on a sentimental journey of our own experience, of all we feel and have felt, of the way we receive the grandeur of our senses, the profundity of feeling and implication always so and always evaporating, without pause or rest we must endure the living testimony of ourselves.

It's easy to wake up from a night's sleep, we can sense the specific and non-specific hints and pointers that tell us we were sleeping for a time and perhaps dreaming. We can see through the content, events, and suggestibility of our dreaming because now it is over and we are awake.

By contrast it is much more challenging to wake up from the living dream for the simple reason that it is ongoing, there are no fuzzy demarcations like falling asleep, dreaming, or not dreaming, waking up to a new day, back to waking consciousness and the routine of my life. No, we are always immersed in and party to the fractal wonder-field of ourselves as an artifact of our own consciousness imagining that we are doing the dreaming when perhaps the dreaming is doing us.

We can never distance ourselves from the insistent immediacy that is all that we feel and sense and wonder about. We can only imagine that for a moment or so we have become thoughtful about that which has already passed and now have a cogent opinion and conclusion about ourselves in time and location. This is a sleight of hand.

We are appearing non-locally and beyond the scope or implication of our biology, our brain, our atmosphere, the rhythmic cascade and beating of our own heart. We are not dealt consciousness by virtue of consummation, we are indeed and exactly the radiant perturbation of emptiness having no particular mission or interest in justifying itself.

There is nothing outside or other than this scintillation of manifest and felt presence. What it is capable of revealing to itself can only astound the imagination and sensitivity that beholds it, this is all we can find which to some minds transcends anything that can be found or held to be real and existent reliably so.

There's no sense to be made, no accountability, never a satisfaction that can be found when things align to your gleeful expectation. The freedom of what this already is already is, no adornment is actually worthy of your attention. There is no god above or greater than you, some supreme entity can only be a distortion of your own pride.



Optimism

There's one simple ailment from which all despondency and exploitation arise. It's not optimism, that's just a symptom of uninformed denial and the insistence on having a joy-filled future.

The ailment is one's embedded insistence on "Other". For example: the existence of one or many supreme beings; the existence of a universe having been created long before you appeared; the existence of someone, anyone, other than you; the manifold of space/time in which you as a self-deterministic meat packet function through the exercise of will and choice; a belief, a superstition, hope, faith, compassion; get the picture?

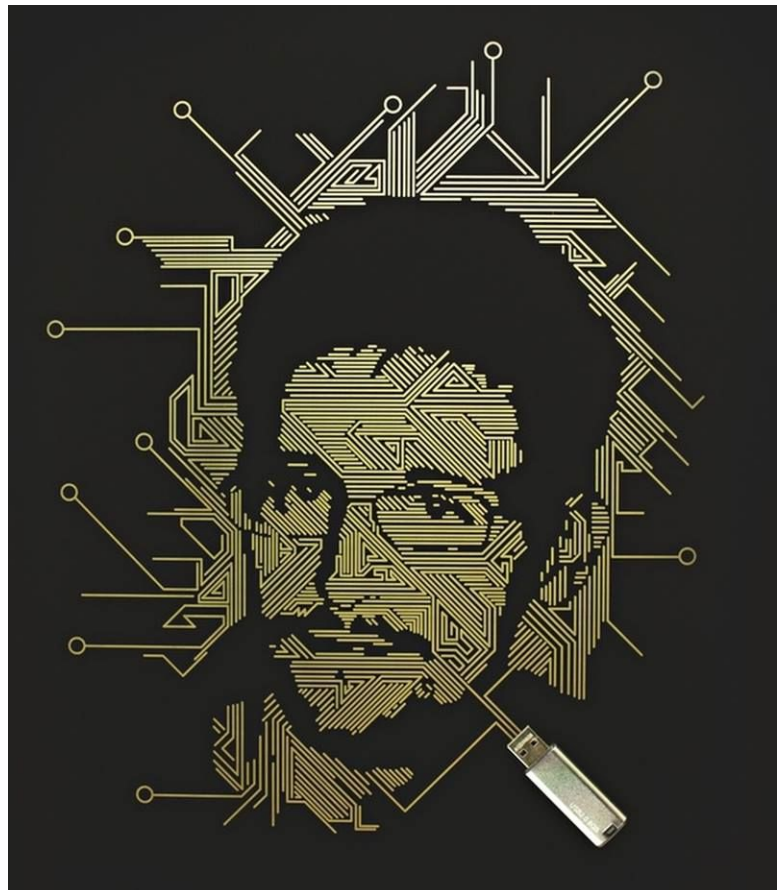
The awakened do not consider the full catastrophe and folly of an irrelevant species like ours to be separately existent or anything for that matter to be "other". Experience alone is. The holy trinity of a subject (that's you) in possession of attention finding an object that is other than itself is seen through. And this is not knowledge, it isn't anything.

In order to be interested in yourself and your belongings (animate or otherwise) and the fulfillment of your future you must resort to the objectification of yourself in a world substantiated by the metaphors and sense-making that you apply to the uninvited guest of consciousness masquerading as something happening to you.

It's not quite "I think, therefore I am", it's more like "shit's going down and it's going down on me"! The impersonal personalization of the singular and sole nature of experiencing having a recipient, which is curiously also the genesis of "other", gets us all in a twitter, not the social media one.

If you are still negotiating with your personal dream you do so in ignorance of the inclusive singularity of being and you most likely imagine there is some thing or some one (supreme or ascended or not worth your time) other than you whom you most likely don't trust.

Go see "Snowden" and if you come back filled with optimism, it's possible you missed the point or more likely I did.



Controlled Demolition

One could understand intelligence as a capacity for paradox and a deep appreciation for the surreal nature of existence transcendent of the demands and concomitant violations of conformist reality.

Music is intelligence, meditation is intelligence, immersion in the night sky is intelligence. We crave not just relief from our own apprehensions, but from the ball and chain of becoming and implication, from the future of my experience.

Still we toil for food and water and air to breathe, we are committed to keep the engine going, to keep our appointments, to struggle for the legal tender, to enjoy the day.

One would expect that the mission statements of our governing, industrial, and financial institutions would all be absolutely and without flaw, committed to intelligence - committed to humanitarian sustainability in concert with the Gaia field and the miraculous abundance that we are.

The air would be held as sacred, the soil our true wealth, the water precious. We wouldn't dare poison ourselves for the sake of profit or control. We wouldn't incarcerate and oppress ourselves through ideologies that condemn our children to mediocrity and superstition and debt.

But it can't be just one way, one agreement, one clear path. The microbial impulse field that dictates the "choices" we make has a very short term horizon for seeking satisfaction thus we have grown to be 7+ billion strong as the chem-trails blow, the ocean's rise, and the food chain declines into hidden genetic modification.

In order to make 'America Great Again' we have resorted to violent speech, pathological lies, hateful xenophobia, inciting racism, and all manner of beguiling behaviors - I'm not sure that was the greatness we all had in mind, but where intelligence is scarce, fear and loathing bloom fierce as any bacterial colony knows.

When you look to the thought leadership for proclaiming and galvanizing moral and ethical repair, accountability, spiritual intelligence, transparency, constitutional truth, or anything that looks like the pursuit of happiness, one comes up short.

The voices of Devolution are loud and gruff and broadcast incessantly over the media channels, the enlightened ones shrug their shoulders and hop from one salon to the next disinterested in the fate of the ghosts that frequent their talks. They're no help.

The repugnant bullying and acceleration of fascistic hegemony has reached the top of the food chain, we have all become chum. I don't mean to disturb your fervent pursuit of enlightenment or make light of it, but just in case you forget or weren't aware in the first place that Building 7 was a controlled demolition, it gets worse.



The last thing to go

Yogis and their ilk frequently yell out in crowded places, "You are not the body!", as if this precious piece of sacred advice is going to be useful to anyone.

There I am picking through the okra and butternut squash to make a slimy kind of harvest creole soup and I hear this shouting from behind the avocados, "Hey, Night Sky Sangha Guy, you are not the body!" - oh boy has my life changed just there and then, Not.

Look at it this way, you give someone good advice as concerns the nature of reality and what do you think they are going to do with it? You guessed it, they will turn it into an object that pertains to themselves somehow and launch into a whole new wave of self-criticism because they have failed once again to put such sage advice to good use.

All the shit that religious founders and enlightened persons have said has gotten us really far, don't you think? After all these years of devout service and sacrifice and contemplation in the name of Jesus, Buddha, M'hmd (I always abbreviate here to avoid the fatwa), Krishna, Ram Dass (I throw him in for a laugh), Baha'i's Baha'u'llah, and other dignitaries where are we? On the brink of extinction mutha fuckers, that's where.

The perennial 'You are not the body' and 'You are not the mind' refrains are total bullshit. And do you know why, I'll tell you why, because the last thing to go is your pride in attention. One's pride in the possession of consciousness is way more subtle and to the point than the frivolous confidence one places in the mind or the body.

I know a guy, let's call him Steve to protect his true identity. She's really a gal named Brenda, but she'll never read this so no big deal. I can't tell you how many times I've heard him say, "I can't find anything" and this I guess is supposed to suggest some kind of Zenish apogee from which no one falls, and yet I am compelled to ask and never do, "This guy who doesn't find anything and is happy to make it known, what's he made of?"

You see, behind all experience being had is the gnarly and prideful Velcro of attention, and attention does not function outside of or beyond the perimeter of that which is found - they are the same.

One hopes to be a happy enlightened person because being an unhappy unenlightened person can really suck sometimes, makes sense. Underneath the improvisational and always craving sense of myself is a very tenacious though somewhat fragile tiny little alien claiming consciousness as her own.

That's what the Yogi would be better off pointing out, sounds more like, "You are not what you're not", but that's too obvious to be of any use either so where does that leave you?

You guessed it, second good guess today, just like Brenda, uh I mean Steve - perpetually finding way too much nothing. God, I hope there is a better way.



Informed by Presence

What would it take for you to speak about the nature and inference of awake with others? Would it simply be that you had become enlightened?

And would that have been the outcome of some experience that visited upon you? Would it have conveyed some lasting and immutable understanding, thus your days forward would be saturated in the light of this understanding?

And would it's nature make you seem like Ramana Maharshi or Sri Ramakrishna or perhaps Nisargadatta Maharaj, or maybe Sri Mata Amritanandamayi Ma; there are countless others of course that may have influenced where you'd hope to end up in your most intimate spiritual dreams.

Even in the Sage business there are those that rise among the ranks of many to be worshiped in a manner befitting the best we have to elevate spiritual celebrity to Divine status. It's in our nature, when it is of course, to animate and imbue someone other than ourselves with the authority of savior.

Let's keep it local for now. You may be susceptible in a completely voluntary way to hear about and participate in a journey of tweaking your consciousness with malleable ardor because you have fallen in love with whatever the truth may be and you have come to trust how that feels.

This means you have gone through an unnoticed and perhaps unsought initiation into a way of being that subsumes what humanity has to offer you. It may take a while to shake off the insistence and sense of dread that accompanies one's imagination while it demands some kind of accountability or encouragement to take control.

But as those evaporate from your field of experience you can discover what it feels like to rest in or be buoyed by the expressed harmonics of present experience which may turn out to be fecund beyond anything you could have wished for it to be.

So permit me to ask again? What would it take for you to speak about the nature and inference of awake with others? It's a good and decent consideration, at least it feels like one. You may disagree of course.

I would suggest that it has something to do with your view of yourself or what you consider your store of knowledge to be or how confidently you can occupy present experience to see what it may have to tell or show you. Or it may be a host of other subtle and not so subtle views that you hold about your right to speak.

It's worth holding yourself under the lamp to see what you believe about yourself and whether that, whatever it is, is still convincing you of its veracity.

Rather than hypnotize or inform others of some knowledge or offer counseling insights as they traverse a course in miracles, I would suggest it could be more productive (my value judgment freely given) to simply drop into the kaleidoscope of one's presently liquidating attention.

Here's where we see the unencumbered and objectless nature of awareness as it is, before you have become someone sufficiently solid to do something about. All metaphor and knowledge are symptoms of living second hand in a world conceived of superficial opinions.

You are informed by presence, there's no way out.



Ötzi the Iceman has living relatives

In a string of surprising discoveries surrounding the famed mummy Ötzi the Iceman a 5,300-year-old corpse who turned up on the mountain border between Austria and Italy in 1991, it has been reported Ötzi has 19 genetic relatives living in Austria and 1 in Fairfield, Iowa.

Living links to the Iceman have now been revealed by a new DNA study. Gene researchers looking at unusual markers on the Iceman's male sex chromosome report that they have uncovered at least 19 genetic relatives of Ötzi in Austria's Tyrol region and 1 curious anomaly discovered quite by accident when a sandwich wrapper from a Whopperrito™ was sent to the research team by an anonymous party claiming to be a Transcendental Meditation practitioner who swears he saw Ötzi at a local Burger King.

The photo- journalism team from the Night Sky Sangha leapt into action and after scouring various fast food restaurants in Fairfield they finally found someone bearing a striking resemblance to Ötzi.

Rick Archer, the famed spiritual interviewer from Buddha at the Gas Pump has denied any familial link with the humble and thawed farmer found in a streambed some 25 years ago. A representative from Rick's publicist would neither confirm nor deny the allegation, but the evidence, though unconfirmed, is compelling.



Craving and a view of the Sea

Those pesky Buddhists and their Hindu friends would have you believe that craving has something to do with you. That by virtue of some uninformed decision or unwillingness to commit yourself to a righteous path you become both the perpetrator and the victim of craving.

Craving then becomes the unavoidable outcome of wrong choices; of attraction, clinging, entitlement, insatiability, aversion, disappointment, expectation, and on and on and on. Further we may notice that our litany of disappointments can be linked to our physicality, our sentimentality, our reputation, our needs for validation, and our penchant for organizing the world as a virtual playing field concocted by thought.

Most folks not acquainted with one or other branch of Eastern or Western mysticism will vehemently deny the many curious observations that can be made about the fact of experience. We insist on personal choice, control, and relevancy with a force of will that defies logic (not that logic is all that special).

Let's say, just for fun, that the entirety of consciousness as the only and singular (a bit redundant) fully inclusive field of present experience (since there is none other) does itself in all and every respect, and no where no way are you in possession of even a microscopic or sub-atomic morsel of control or choice.

Your mood, your belief, your customized sense of self, what you like and dislike, how you roll, who you vote for, what you eat, how you respond to your mortality, who and what you worship, how you experience what you experience and what it means to you, what you do about yourself, what you remember happened, what you want next and how you'll respond if you get it or don't - all is appearing spontaneously having nothing to do with you.

So what is our precious sense of self actually made of? No one knows, that's why even the most sublime pundits and scholars and sages call it "lila", a play or a dance. The unavoidable rush and insistence of feeling experience (not sentimentally, though that's included of course) is comprised let's say of attention or awareness in contact with objects though there is no operating manual that says awareness and the objects that appear in it are two things.

To create self, This That Is Perfectly Alone, contrives an entity as the intermediary between awareness and what is found in awareness making it seem as if there is more than One Experience that necessarily includes you, and maybe there's not.

If we can appreciate that all experience and experiencing are made of the same fabric and that all that appears in the way that it does is doing itself, then such appreciation can either really piss you off or set you free from all implication and whatever way that goes isn't up to you anyway, then maybe just maybe you are released from craving and can enjoy a view of the sea.



Refinement of the View

One is never satisfied with the artifacts that comprise the imagination of my life in the world, and it's not your fault, it's by design.

Dependency on circumstances and events and belongings and celebrity and power and even peace of mind will always come to failure, and that's a good thing. Self-realization is not human and neither are you.

The reason that the more sublime teachings emphasize the naked apperception of actuality is to support the aspirant's discovery that the interpretive field assembled in imagination to be "my life" is a form of hysteria.

This discovery is two-fold; it can flat-line the myth of my craving individuality and open a doorway, to coin a phrase, into the revelation of reality on reality's terms - sometimes referred to as self-realization. This is refinement of the view.

If one insists on being pushed around by the incessant validation and attention seeking needs of the creature nothing can set you free, it's just a kaleidoscope of despairing self-interest.

If, however, one is compelled to explore actuality and cultivate refinement in the way one is feeling one's present experience the sweet nectar of emptiness in all its radiant fractality will surely visit upon you. And as has been claimed by many a realizer, "This doesn't suck".



Vastness is not partial

Consciousness as presence and hallucination makes it appear as if whatever you're thinking belongs to you and is saturated with implication that will surely dictate your future and how you will feel about it.

The ambiguous and streaming nature of one's discontinuous continuity wreaks havoc on the involuntary impulse to discover whatever one imagines is happening and the speed-subtlety with which consciousness settles on a cogent presumption of reality escapes our attention so we dwell in the imagination of ourselves with unearned confidence muttering under our breath just how confused and dissatisfied we are while donning a mask for all to see.

This rat hole of in-authenticity and psychic perversion eats away our soul from the inside and when the numbing insularity of our own irrelevancy becomes more than we can bear we become seekers or worse, Trump supporters, with all that anger and projection and regret consuming what little remains of our humanity frothing forth with vile distortions that have destroyed any semblance of humor or music or ascension and turns us into zombie ghouls of insatiable hatred.

Well that last part doesn't really happen to seekers, they just get depressed, more or less easily remedied. Let's continue.

One's magical capacity to imagine that reality has capitulated itself to being the likes of you is comical if not tragic. We construct our conditions through inattention and so operate in a virtual field or house of cards that denies the true texture and impossibility of all things punctuated by craving and the impulse to micro-manage the world in which we insist we are appearing.

That the entirety of our view is contrived is too much to handle so we go in search of ameliorants to medicate or heal the parts we don't like while clinging unconsciously to the continuity of ourselves as feeling and acting creatures. This New Age shit house of remedies and ecstasies has gone from our ankles to our knees up to our necks and worse, now it's in our nostrils as we clamp our mouths shut, but we're going to drown in delusion just the same.

Vastness is not partial, it will not interfere with your imagination and indignation, it can't - it's vast, everything is welcome by design. How or why consciousness becomes weary with its own self-inflicted conundrum and constriction is a mystery since everything is a mystery and nothing can be accompanied by a satisfactory explanation, nothing.

There's no truth behind the revelation of vastness, that would un-vast the vastness and that's why we appear to suffer in the way that we do, we're simply suffering from unvastness.

With this simple understanding it is possible to wend our way back from presumption to affection, from implication to innocence, from disappointment to joyful saturation.



The Deep Teaching

Let's say you make some claim about yourself, whatever it may be.

Perhaps it has to do with your awakening, or some discovery where you merge with infinity say, or you liberate from the shackles of the person, pierce the veil of space and time, open to the present moment; you know, cool spiritual shit like that.

You may notice that claims as well as all metaphors of expression can only invoke the meaning that they do by virtue of what they're not, or by way of imagination and magical codes of empathy and apprehension and projection.

We actually don't know what anything is except as it is felt, and that we have no particular control of. We're literally being played by an improvisationally appearing array of nothing at all perpetually self-fulfilling through transcendent harmonics we may refer to as consciousness, biology, chemistry, physics, intention, free-will, fate, and karma, when the observable fact, which is no fact at all, is that present experience is neither conditioned nor not conditioned, and if it is not the consequence of birth and physicality then something stranger and more opalescent than we dare let on could be at the bottom of this resplendent malaise forever teetering on the brink of realization, and sometimes tipping fully over.

One's curiosity then could discard all that has come before and learn to take up residence in presence itself. What if you are the causeless and boundless potential of disembodied animus and can ride any harmonic you care to pluck from the ether just to feel how it feels to feel it without inhabiting the harmonic as self or insisting on a myopic view or centrism that holds you captive to a narrow bandwidth of being?

Grasping at experience from a human point of view becomes moot and only serves to frame you as a puppet of the state, granted it makes a certain sense to remain solvent in some basic ways to conduct your affairs.

Take a moment to sip from the cup of formless causeless being and simply notice the myriad harmonics that may solicit your attention but needn't find fulfillment in you or actualization by you, and even this pleasant surfing of presence is free to come and go as it pleases.

What you are, you are now. And so will you be a moment from now having come from the same place you never lived and never left.



All That Remains

We are blessed to have so much to be disappointed about. Everywhere you turn you find more than ample evidence of the robust frailty that dictates the affairs of humans on a planet.

Our emotional lives plead for a lifetime of involuntary recovery, our somnambulistic denial of critical environmental issues is impotent to stem the rising tides and dangers of continued Anthropocene insults against the atmosphere, we have narcissistic sociopaths running for the office of the president, an ever encroaching spread of opioid and heroin drug addiction takes lives while the ever friendly Mary Jane remains schedule one, vaccine profits line the pockets of the pharmaceutical giants while the exponential rise in autism remains a mystery, cops wantonly kill people of color and go on to enjoy their pensions by the sea, a parasitic criminal justice and prison system feeds on racism and inhumane incarceration for profit, illicit and poisonous chemicals are dumped in the sky right above our heads as we declare, 'so many contrails this evening'; the heart of the democracy has become black with greed and fascistic opportunism.

This is the short list of course, no one notices the cumulative impact of such potent psychic and biologic pressures upon a population base that has outgrown its moral capacity for sustainability. The technology is present, with more to come of course, but the power brokers who control the banks, the politicians, the media, the corporations, the dispersion of weapons, and the means of capital will not make sufficient investment in non-harming energy and decentralization in order to maintain their death grip on profits and control.

And we think the neo-con leadership of the Republican or Democratic or Libertarian or Green Parties is going to fix this, they're not. We think adherence to religion and faith in Jesus is going to fix this, it's not. It's better to identify with the cuddly and innocent dinosaurs chewing their cud or their fleshy morning feast as the comet came to call, perfectly clueless, perfectly dead.

This same principle of sociopolitical incredulity and powerlessness, the zeitgeist of denial, also punctuates the realm for the seeker of enlightenment. We think that something to be found in experience or something that can be behaviorally cultivated will be our ticket to untold spiritual riches, they won't.

Perhaps all that remains, which is no mere consolation prize, is to take transcendent delight in what's present, and Bob's your uncle. Beyond that, no harm in dreaming for a better tomorrow.



Daily Inspiration

No one cares what you think; though they may seem to care how you feel, really that's your business, and they probably don't anyway.

We don't like the feeling of being ignored or being alone or having to face the irrelevancy of all things, but there's little we can do about it.

Breathing is always good, walking is good too, a lonely cup of coffee in a crowded Starbucks isn't half bad. Whatever you believe isn't true, and wishing something were true is just a sack of stones we carry from place to place for no good reason.

That you seem to exist in the way that you do has nothing really to do with you. The miracle of sentient being is not relying on you for anything nor does it care about what you may hope to manifest, it's not even amused by your hopes and dreams as frivolous as they may be, you're not on the radar at all - the great suggestion box in the sky is never opened, all supplication empties into the void.

There is no actual context for your present experience, and all experience imagined to be prior to now or on its way is simply that, imagination.

Nothing has ever happened to you nor will it ever, though you can spend a lifetime navigating away from and toward things, it's pretty much a straight line to your grave.

This has been a Night Sky Sangha Daily Inspiration. Share it with with a friend or someone you really don't like.



First there is this Fiction, then there is no Fiction, then there isn't

(Sung to Donovan's tune)

Did the large create the small or did the small create the large? Prior to the spontaneous creation of the "known" universe was there the small or perhaps the non-existent potential of something big about to happen? Was consciousness present or latent back then, some 14 billion years ago?

Or maybe consciousness had not yet been created by itself, so the big bang which started off very small, as in not at all, become suddenly very big, and after a while inflating and cooling and acting out as the vastness of star fields there came the prodigious effusion of the very small again in the form of more complex molecules (or maybe they were there from the very beginning if there was one) and it took a while to enact the human who imagines itself to be smallish, but larger than a molecule for sure, imbued with consciousness as the product of carbon-based amino chains (and the word 'chains' is curiously relevant) so the big (universe) owing its existence to chance can be said to be the progenitor of consciousness (the small) found here in the human, the meat puppet.

We're not really sure (neither the priests, the shamans, the scientists, the atheists, the agnostics, nor the republicans) what happened or is happening for that matter or what's or who's responsible for this that happened and is happening thus it's hard to hold some genesis story straight so that we can finally just enjoy the day and stop trying so hard to just enjoy the day.

When Carlos Castaneda sought Don Juan's help (or stumbled into it by accident) he was initially instructed in the ways of plant medicine to reveal worlds and realms and entities beyond his wildest imagination, but that was just to crack him open sufficiently so that he could see what a fiction he was.

Carlos became routinely despondent over what a fiction he was and Don Juan would softly scold him about being too indulgent, as that was surely a barrier for a warrior to make progress.

If we take a brief moment to review the strategy employed by the religions and the Recovery movement and the Marianne Williamsons' of the world to make this a better place they all use very articulate language and stunningly logical implications to help you see what a fiction you are, what a fiction all This is, and what of course you may wish to do about it to make it better because for you it sucks a lot of the time.

All that just to illustrate the first part - first there is this fiction.

Now it gets worse before it gets better, it always does. You apply yourself to wiggling free from the fiction, from the pain body, from the egotism, from the entitlement, from the selfishness and self-centeredness, from samskaras, and then focus (thanks Eugene) on a vast array of interventions that help you to heal what you imagine you are, only to find after a painfully lengthy and protracted lifetime of unending failures that cost a lot of money, that it doesn't work.

You couldn't have known this beforehand, even if someone that has your back told you long ago that it won't work you'd do it all anyway, because it has to - you wouldn't know what to do with yourself if nothing works so something has to.

This utter failure in being happy and relevant and useful to others comes crashing down so bad that you reach a kind of finality (thanks Ryan) when you just stop trying to make anything at all something else, most importantly yourself.

That's the second part - then there is no Fiction. On to the third part.

Why the "Isn't" you might ask, since the song as sung says "Is" again? If I may, when your clock is cleaned so thoroughly that you discover the impossibility of there being anything at all, lives in perfect

harmonious synchrony with all that is in the way that it is, you may as well say isn't though you'll have your own opinions of course.



Involuntary Extinction

I listen to Deepak Chopra talk to my pal Alan Steinfeld (from New Realities) using those clever and penetrating Sanskrit words to describe his own enlightenment and his recent book, "The Future of God".

I commiserate with Sam Harris concerning fundamentalism, I take refuge in the Dalai Lama addressing kindness, the Pope encourages all Christians to vote their conscience which is no easy task when choosing between an incubus and a succubus, Marianne Williamson tells us it's perfectly natural to be depressed 'the world is phucking depressing' [Ed. paraphrasing of course], Ric Weinman, founder of Vortex Healing, goes on and on in a Batgap interview about the celebrated omniscience and omnipotence of a small fistful of beings choosing to exclude Ramana Maharshi, who according to Rick, merely woke up this lifetime.

Chimpanzees are incarcerated by researchers, then given a task to reconstruct a number series, and when successful are given tokens to purchase premium foods. One thing worth noting is that the chimps score much higher than their human counterparts with these puzzles, scoring 100% (or damn near) each and every time when the humans can't vault above 40%.

Anyway, soon the male chimps are passing on the premium food offerings and start giving the females the tokens instead, in exchange for sex - one wonders why they call it the oldest profession.

Despite all those ridiculous spiritual stories (not that they're not true) about serendipity, bi-location, miraculous healing, and the like you may have noticed that the omniscient and omnipotent ones have all been perfectly impotent when it comes to redirecting the insatiable cravings of humans to exploit and violate everything in their path.

Let's say you weighed the good works of the Catholic Church (refuge, prayer, food, faith, education) with its own brand of meticulously concealed serial sexual predation imposed on minor children and other violent exports over the course of 1,000 years or more - what's the score? Was it worth it?

In order to avoid involuntary extinction (presuming you might be into that sort of thing) something more than political process and occasional corporate wrist slapping and peace accords and church attendance and mindfulness and apple cider vinegar and nuclear deterrence and SAND conferences may be required.

Humans catapulted from harmless foragers getting high on mushrooms (the 'in god's image' period) to a self sabotaging life form with prodigious powers of abstraction, group cooperation, tool making, food cultivation and storage, natural resource exploitation, wireless communication, awesome weaponry (the list goes on) all the way to the unrelenting shit-storm of now in the blink of an evolutionary eye.

It may be worth appreciating that all current political and religious and legislative systems are incapable of slowing the juggernaut of involuntary extinction and that probably includes the unlikely promise of spontaneous self-realization sweeping through the global savannah without notice.

Enjoy!



To chill or not to chill, that is the question

If you're not contemplatively inclined and sanguine with the delights that adorn your life you're asleep and it doesn't really matter that you are because there is no advantage to being otherwise.

If you're restless, in whatever way you are, to make a more meaningful discovery because the delights that adorn your life aren't enough, then you have likely commenced a fitful journey to acquire awake. Make no mistake, you're asleep too and it doesn't really matter that you are because there is no advantage to being otherwise.

For the former sleeper, this glib notion of mine goes over their head and probably doesn't register any complaint. For the latter sleeper, this glib notion of mine is spiritual blasphemy and there is no way such a one will give up their search for meaning and spiritual succor.

So, since the ardent seeker is wise not to quit under any circumstances let's see if some perspectives may be useful to appreciate the journey at hand.

Let's start off at the beginning-less beginning to see what our essential discontent is made of. On the superficial level (though formidable in its own right) we have all the missing and unwanted accoutrements of our lives to consider as evidence for our poverty and disappointment and craving.

Here's where we find relationship issues, financial issues, self-esteem issues, body-image issues, career issues, family of origin issues, political issues, ethical and sustainability issues, emotional and somatic issues - as I said it is a formidable catalogue of all that is missing and unwanted.

Most religious, spiritual, healing, recovery, and psychiatric systems are designed to address the underlayment of our sorrow, grief, and pain within the container of human-centered and creature-centric and consciousness-isolated conformist reality and we can appreciate that this approach is meeting with an ever steepening challenge to make sense of a world gone mad with depravity and war and compulsive deflection.

You can't model or plot a course to happy in a pervasively unhappy and unstable culture of deceit and rage, can you?

Thus, it starts to make more sense to consider the irrational approach of direct experience as a more comprehensive response to isolation and one's failure to launch.



We are invited to consider the texture of experience and the consciousness that perceives at the risk of losing the control we never had in the first place. We confront the possibilities of a psychic cleanse that can result in the gradual and sometimes sudden erasure of our world view, all the way down, so to speak, to places where we didn't even know we had a view.

When we're ready, if ever, to turn up the amperage on our seeking adventure there is a fascinating portal and wormhole filled with wondrous encounters all custom designed to set you free from conditions and then we can ask, "To chill or not to chill, that is the question".

Apparition is very well defended

Buddhism is disingenuous. Though it appears that they (the lamas and meditation teachers and other consciousness looters) are rooting for you to make your way to nirvana, they have no actual confidence or interest that you will ever be as free as the Buddha himself.

Buddhism, it turns out, is just as chauvinistic, misogynist, and deflecting as the Judaeo-Christian, Muslim, and Hindu worlds. They have founders envy, male founders envy, and you are being strung along to be obedient, observant, supplicating, and to stay home to keep house and the tradition strong.

When I was young I became very excited, naively so in retrospect, that Buddhism and Hinduism had the cajones to imply that even the ordinary person inspired by divine possibility could journey to pinnacles occupied by courageous souls all the way to perfect and objectless freedom.

As it turns out, religions permit you to worship the founder, worship the priesthood, worship the book, worship the consequences of your failure to worship; but whatever you do, don't actually awaken - just keep practicing and asking questions of self appointed masters who are committed to guide you in a never ending holding pattern but they'll never actually assign you to a runway. They know you'll just run out of fuel some day and still sing their praises at the funeral.

I went to see two esteemed ambassadors of contemporary Buddhism at the Tibet House in NYC just the other day. Lama Surya Das has an enviable practice and publishing resume, in person he is more a boorish politician of superficial rimshots and one liners than he is anything resembling a soul tumbled dry by the beauty of emptiness.

Shinzen Young, a shoo in for John Malkovich playing a mindfulness teacher, has a respectable background spanning decades of practice and inspired teaching and may even be the genuine article, but his insistence on practice and method and prescription does more to emphasize one's condition as a creature than to hammer on the liberating insights of present experience.

His loyalty and fealty to the orthodoxy makes it perfectly and disappointingly clear that he is not ready or capable to usher his admirers into the Buddha-land, though he makes such endeavor his mission.

This is not just some cavalier dig at two dedicated servants of the Dharma out of sweet or sour grapes - it's the failure of these old timers to set the pace and tone for a younger generation who are perfectly hungry and more than capable of hearing the disturbingly wonderful news about the radical and irrational nature of apparition and the capacity to see all the way through without feigning devotion to form and the inconvenience of deferral for the sake of some absurd purification rights that keep Surya and Shinzen and their ilk in the spotlight.

Don't trust these pumpkin heads, they are keeping you down and pandering to remedial tools you have the right to transcend.



Oh Naho, Oh Naho, your love will turn me on

Radical depersonalization happens, I think Forest Gump said that. And it's infectious.

Naho Owada had been depressed, well that certainly makes sense, everyone's depressed. Most of us still are, but not Naho. Nope, she has nothing to lament and everything to smile about, she no longer exists.

I mean her body is still here, her capacity for reason and delicate communication is sure intact, she exudes fearless affection, and despite her petite frame, she could tame a mob of menacing non-dualists carrying water bottles and chanting "there is no I" with a single ambrosial glance.

Naho means business and her message, which is not as new as some may believe, takes on a whole new meaningless meaning, that being this obvious spectacle of Being where no one's home, not merely Home Alone, but not here as a person at all.

I mean check it out; experience is just happening, we may think we know how and why and where and when and to whom it is happening, but those are all lies, those are all ideas. Ideas come pouring in without invitation or refusal and really they have nothing at all to do with Being and one's experience (or should I say one's-lessness) is not other than the spectacle of Being felt exactly the way that it is, which is itself of course, though it is not an object.

It is curiously obvious and still more curiously not so obvious that all is doing itself and our tendency to personalize and thus contract with the help of thought and memory and information obtained, does not actually imply anything other than a mirage of self - when there is no such thing.

Now the fun part is when Naho starts answering questions, because our questions invariably emerge from our conditioned perceptions, our disappointment with life and suffering, our urge to know and be told what to do to relieve ourselves, the "how do I get to where you happily are" urge.



If you can follow the bouncing ball while humming the sound of one hand clapping, Naho invites you to see that the confidence you have placed in being someone prior to now, wishing to relieve yourself of the fever of yourself in your future by following a prescription to remedy your malaise can only result in one outcome and that would be more cowbell!

We suffer by virtue of insisting on implication for the meat puppet of me which is time, this cannot be remedied anywhere other than exactly now - which is where Naho lives - effervescently Naho-less.

You can hear the talk we had with her last night at the link below. And if you end up with a radically depersonalized eating grin, well I warned you.

Dystopian Bliss

Everything comes sooner than you think. So soon in fact, that it has already taken up residence in your consciousness before you even notice it's approach. You're already under the influence of whatever you crave or resist and this dubious virtue can be referred to as "what's next for me?"

One may wonder, few to be frank, how did I get to be who and what I think I am? Was it my birth, my disappointing childhood, my aspirations, my lucky breaks, my paleo diet, my mindfulness practice, my faith in Jesus, my trust in authority?

What role did I play in crafting my winning life and securing sure to come happiness in my post retirement future? What might I have done wrong to attract such loathsome conditions and unshakable apprehension in my very bones?

We support anti-bullying programs in our schools, but we fail to see the more damaging and pernicious bullying of fascist speech, hate speech, acidic vilification, rage against the other, and paternalistic loyalty to the Corporation.

Our unconscious pursuit of re-parenting, of deification, combined with the vulnerability of our co-dependency and hidden shame leaves us undefended against the voices of denial and the mind control of the media and the platform of white male supremacy.

Climate change has come far faster than the most imagined, so has the corruption of the democracy devolved into surreal tomes of blatantly failed ethics and principles as the state aggressively commands more and more obedience to Draconian and anti-human demands robbing the constituency of basic freedoms promised by the constitution.

This United States of ours is now an occupied, militarized, surveillance saturated, Corporate controlled fascist state where incumbent entitlement and rage has replaced the pursuit of happiness.

The Dystopian future has arrived and is more frighteningly Orwellian than predicted. The order

in the streets that we rely on to conduct our life and business in some satisfactory manner is slipping away due to the stresses of poverty, racism, population growth, mandatory vaccination, pollution, beef consumption, and daily attacks upon the rule of constitutional protections in the corrupt courts and for profit prisons.

This is it folks, no longer are there persons of conscience and consciousness (as if there ever was) steering global systems of consumption and energy addiction as 7.3 billion compete psychically and geopolitically for light, air, water, food, and access to electricity as the glaciers melt, the oceans rise, and the food chain degrades.

Welcome to Dystopian Bliss. It's just happening, as some would say.



The End of Denial

It seems from all the surreal and alarmist chatter concerning Podesta and friends that it isn't good enough to be wealthy, stealthful, and in control; one must also be a serially kidnapping member of a soul cooking pedophilia cult munching on minor pizza and providing product to the satanic overlords (bankers, fossil fuel oligarchs, politicians, etc.) who feed off of power and perversion.

We are all performing in the sequel to "Sodom and Gomorrah" and the script is heading in a rather dark direction. I would say that if one fails to find and sojourn on a path of realization then the mounting pressure of isolation and disorientation and existential despair that haunts the creature will turn on itself and lead to tragic consequences.

The political theater is merely one of many, but it so captivates and enthralls our innate voyeurism and hunger for authority that we have all come to believe in the virtual reality portrayed by the media and those who control it leaving us no choice but to writhe in horror or languish in denial, or both.

The 1/10th of the 1% are not going to be bullied by you, by Bernie, by Hillary, by Trump, by Jill, or by Gary. At Standing Rock, out of state militias with no jurisdiction act with violent impunity upon native peoples peacefully demonstrating for protection of inalienable water rights - this is the end of the constitution.

And the banks where you likely keep your hard earned money, if you haven't already given much of it to Byron Katie, are funding the pipeline that will eventually poison the Missouri river. It will take a lot more people of conscience to show up and be counted in order to stop this malignancy.

The presidential election is another malignancy, crowd funded to the tune of billions while children go hungry, infrastructure deteriorates, and people of color are denied the right to vote terrorized by police and cowards who burn their churches and paint the walls with icons of fascistic white supremacy.

The great and systemic siphoning of wealth and ethical accountability surreptitiously perpetrated by the 1/10th of the 1% on the earth's people for generations culminating in that great ejaculatory perversion of truth referred to as 911 made it clear to those in power that they can get away with anything, and they are squealing with delight like the little piggy's that they are, and we're (the rest of us) no better.

When the Supreme Court folded on Citizens United v. FEC it was pretty clear that cash would dictate the messy fall of Democracy into a fascist police state and this election cycle is just one more symptom of many to come that illustrate the lamentable failure of humanitarian sustainability to inform our hearts and minds and future.

One wishes there might one day be the end of denial in one's own consciousness and for the collective, but I think denial has won out and no 12-step solution can persuade it otherwise. The Higher Power has probably left town on a sagging burro hoping to find some other planet where the sacred is held in high esteem.



Endless Iterations of Me

I spoke with a fellow who calls occasionally to chat about issues pertaining to awakening just the other day. He has had some anger issues lately, but who hasn't, and was given some advice from Jeannie Zandi who said something about wearing a pirate suit to work with the anger energy constructively.

After talking a while it became clear to him (I was already perfectly informed as I like to imagine) that the anger issue was a rather superfluous issue and that the key to his dilemma was of course the reflexive preoccupation one (everyone) has for being consumed with oneself and we agreed that instead of wearing a pirate suit he would wear a T-shirt that says, "what's so bad about me?"

You see, Jeannie Zandi and her peers like to "work" with people so they can remedy their afflictions over time and through numerous workshops and opportunities for charitable giving, it's as good a way to make a living as any and the aspirants are glad to know they can do something about themselves in perpetuity because that's what we really want, endless iterations of me.

We're happy to be angry and sad and exhausted and to suffer all kinds of apprehension and victimization so we can work on ourselves from one or a million points of view as concerns our feelings and physical pain and spiritual malaise just to keep always one step ahead of our own liquidation.

This consciousness has us tied up and locked away in a basement and takes frequent carnal liberties with us so we end up in a tormented trauma bond with our own pride and wonder when, if ever, we might get some peace.

We cleverly imagine that some day we'll feel better or that enlightenment, once fully paid for, will free us from all that we have come to despise about ourselves and everyone else that appear to be preoccupied with themselves though this semi-conscious arrangement we have made with the god of our making never comes to any fruition.

We bask in the glow of endless iterations of me and from time to time wonder why we haven't made much progress on our path to nirvana. Bummer.

Anyway, by the end of the call this dear fellow had forgotten all about his anger and was purring, as was I, with the transcendent delight of sacred intimacy. Amazing how that happens.



Trans-temporal Communion

Shared attention opens a portal for trans-temporal communion.

Trans-temporal communion is the revelatory dimension of non-referential object-less and space-less potential itself the creatrix of all phenomenal apparition.

In order to pass through the membrane that separates these two realms, that of human folly and trans-temporal communion, one is invited, perpetually I might add, to empty of all conception including the apparent coordinates of space and time and anthropocentric ideology.

Don't wait around for liberation, lean into it, claim it.



Same as it ever was

All you've got when it comes to you is a thrown conditioned response. You may have lofty and progressive ideals or be motivated by the deplorable absence of ethical culture, aka our next president, but no matter how you think you roll or wish to roll you roll the way consciousness has you rolling.

Some folks say, "Hey, Night Sky Sangha Guy, what's your proof for the absence of free will?" to which I often reply, "You are".

Why do you think the way you do, feel the way you do, value what it is that you value, celebrate science, deny the holocaust, make time for meditation, deface a church with hate speech, give generously, defraud the government, tell the truth, seek for wealth, vape for the flavor, regret the passing of Leon Russell?

Just how much control do you have over your next thought, and what you think about it, if you notice it at all? Why the turkey club + a bowl of soup when the soup was probably enough? Why the slow dance with your brother's girlfriend and an argument over money with your wife at the same bar mitzvah?

I mean come on folks, for all our pride and indignation we are running sub-routines of self-justifying behavior and reaction that emerge from deep places, be they biological tendency or conditioned tape loops, over which we have no control and perhaps even less awareness.

The same forces of evil intent and hubris that have flared up throughout human history to foment rage and war and genocide and ethnic cleansing and mind control and the systematic siphoning of wealth into the hands of the few and all the propaganda that dictates consensus reality are obviously alive and well in our present predicament.

What we do about it all, if anything at all, will also be dictated by forces of incredulity and righteous resistance that arise organically from the deep wells of autonomous consciousness over which we have no choice in the matter.

Let's say the president elect builds a cabinet of racist and misogynist and self-hating sycophants that claim christian values, but who all secretly want to be god and have everyone else obey them, let's say he does this.

Without "wilful" cooperation from law enforcers, generals, the courts, the prisons, the soldiers, the media, the tax payers, the crossing guard, the universities, FEMA, Border Patrol, and on and on - there is no power!

You see - power is exercised as the law abiding right to crush you, detain you, arrest you, humiliate you, jail you, rob you, and when necessary kill you. Same as it ever was.

Human tragedy, the one that is brewing in the US and elsewhere, based on the self-interests of a 'few' only get traction when the many participate. We are all complicit in the deafening roar of energy and climate and xenophobic abuse. We tend to ignore the more subtle and pernicious incarceration by the State and the Bankers so we don't know who to hold accountable thus we are happy to lash out at just about any enemy that the 'few' tell us to in the name of homeland security.

This next round of demonstration and unavoidable violence plays right into the hands of the 'few' who don't mind a little culling or blood in the streets to keep the oils of war flowing. You are being played, have always been, and will teach your children to obey in the same way that you do.

Please understand that human consciousness does not change through persuasion be it Socratic or lethal. As a species we have made little progress except perhaps for our numbers. You will tend to your fear in the way you know best.



Repudiation vs Indignation

Remember that the office of the President and all the Colosseum-like drama that surrounds the election is deliberately directed at misdirecting your attention and intelligence.

The democracy and the constitution have been sodomized by those wielding the power of energy, finance, food, pharmaceuticals, weapons, manufacturing, and media through the bought and paid for spokesmodels we call politicians.

Climate denial is funded by Exxon-Mobil, as is vaccination harm denial funded by Merck, and the list of corporate sponsors that are destroying the dignity of the population and the survivability of the ecosystem is staggering.

Most of the world's population lives under threat and the poison of dictatorial control and the powerlessness of poverty with the rights of assembly, coordination, and defiance violently taken from them.

This same threat of absolute Oligarchical control is gaining more and more momentum in the "free" world with the election of a hate mongering and divisive fascist together with his supremacist advisors who have given us more than enough evidence of malevolence on all counts to be firmly repudiated and removed from office. Indignation is not enough. We are under a real and present danger.

Our government and ethically influenced human-celebrating mission statement was designed to enable and encourage constructive revolt to insure that the situation we're in could be avoided. Clearly it has been circumvented by profiteers and racketeers (in control of militarized "law" enforcers) under the guise of capitalism and security, which has decomposed into an ugly and putrid carcass of lies and perpetual violations against human dignity.

What we need to combat this malevolent incursion is simple:

- Unrelenting Non-Violent Repudiation.
- Reconstitution of the Constitution.
- Coordination of all Progressive Institutions including churches and clergy to support a sustainable agenda.
- Progressive fair-share taxation.
- Corporate and Super-PAC \$ out of the political theater.
- A contemporary and revitalized mission statement of



sustainability for people of conscience to rally around and support.

- A Free Press (not owned by wealthy persons or corporations or the State).
- Renewable Energy to dismantle the blight of fossil fuel burning.
- Clean air and water and improved methodologies for industrial and societal waste.
- More people of benevolent influence to contribute to the endless possibilities of sustainable and dignifying human expression.
- And of course liberation is helpful also, perhaps all of the above are dependent upon it.

The dystopian and demonic Democratic together with the reptilian and repugnant Republican parties cannot be relied upon to resuscitate the nation, they have been compromised, they are not agents of sustainability, they are agents of the spiraling status quo of corporate demagoguery.

If you imagine it you can build it, if you build it they will come.

Making sense of making sense

Form is just the flip side of emptiness pretending to make sense of itself. As you begin to see just how improvisational your urgency for meaning and context is, you get a little or a lot depressed, and for two good reasons.

The first is that you suck at it though you are compelled to keep trying and the second is you have no idea what will become of you if you were to stop.

What we call ego, besides being the unpleasantness of perpetual self interest, is merely a stream of arbitrary sense-making out of nothing at all leaving you in a chronic state of unconscious perplexity and denial where some hoped for satisfaction that never comes creates a future that you don't actually have while you waste your precious timelessness tirelessly insisting on time.

That you never began and by virtue of that fact will always be late escapes you. You don't even give a shit about freedom because your spirit guides (liars all) have convinced you that you are already and now, with their help, can generate heaps of power and attraction in a secret sort of way to keep you emphatically empowered, intuitively individualistic, spiritually sated, and temporally titillated forever!

It takes a good deal of suspicion to wean yourself from the seemingly inventive and desperate reflex to remain yourself from moment to moment and day to day completely engrossed in your inexhaustible capacity to make sense, to make sense of nothing.

It's only when you are invited to leap out of the stable electron orbit of your own imagination that you can begin to make sense of making sense and see through the myth of perpetual implication that binds you to the idea of living as a disparate creature imbued with powers of decision making.

Consider yourself invited, you're the oyster, leave the world to its own iterations.



Causeless Cessation of Self-Validation

The inspired seeker uses aversion and discrimination to her advantage. One doesn't merely mimic the suggestions made by Buddhas and Bodhisattvas to behave a certain way or to practice with an aim already dictated by experts and stream entrants.

After a time of yogi see yogi do, one has amassed sufficient motivation to unseat all guidance previously given and take on the immediacy of first hand experience as far as it will take you.

In this act or gesture of repeated engagement with the unadulterated raw material of sensate experience arising as conscious contact without resorting to 'before' or 'after' or any reference field of metaphor or representation the causeless cessation of self-validation reveals itself.

In other words the revelation of emptiness and liberation from genesis and implication is always and perpetually right at hand and permeates all that appears as objects in presence without triggering the reflexive certainty of individuated consciousness.

This unutterable understanding is no understanding at all and one sees that common non-dualism's typically espoused as what's wrong with how you are thinking or feeling or what you are believing to be true cannot possibly be held out as causes for anything at all, so there is nothing actually to remedy.

You're not suffering on account of a false sense of authorship, or by virtue of selfing, or as a consequence of attraction and aversion, or because of a failure to feed the great turtle, or due to the size of your ACIM defined ego, or for any reason any expert tells you is the reason for whatever you may think is wrong with you.

Self-validation is a gluttony of association inexorably intertwined with the mystery of symbology applied to found objects in and as presence all hypnotically inferring the coordinates of place and time for a creature in some streaming condition of writhing homeostasis over which there is willful control.

That this ephemera is self-discoverable doesn't mean it is the reason for anything or that you should do anything about it to live the myth of your life with the hope of greater satisfaction.

When and as the reflex of self-validation softens sufficiently to leave you magically exonerated from the sorrow of continuity, it's likely you'll smile though you cannot say what you're smiling about.



Relax, You're Getting Awakey

Consciousness hypnotizes you with full immersion in sensation and the capacity to find objects in your virtual imagination through the magic of not paying attention to what's actually occurring.

This is why good drugs, the ones that open the portals of undefended seeing, can set you on a path of spiritual discovery because you have been confronted with just how asleep at the wheel you've been your whole life.

If you are ever inspired to look at your actual impulsivity, compulsivity, and inclusivity you can discover just how predatory your consciousness actually is, always grasping and acquiring in imagination to construct the "world" of familiar objects Relax, You're Getting Awakey"

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If you are ever inspired to look at your actual impulsivity, compulsivity, and inclusivity you can discover just how predatory your consciousness actually is, always grasping and acquiring in imagination to construct the "world" of familiar objects and what to do with them. This rapid reflex of data collection and orientation is what the Ego is, there is no other.

As long as you imagine yourself to be downstream of the causeless genesis of ongoing creation and the implication of creature-hood then you are living under the influence of second hand information and the raptor-like (I didn't say rapture-like) hunt for prey consumes you - perhaps to your detriment, I'll let you decide.

So you begin to see (if you're looking of course) how your identity is assembled quite effortlessly in the present moment, or the imagination of one, and by virtue (and it is a virtue if you permit me the value judgment) of this intimate observation of your own presumptuous arising you also discover that you're not that.

In this context, by way of an iterative relationship with total relaxation you wake up rather than go to sleep; you're already asleep even if you've gotten out of bed.

Mindfulness then is an activated curiosity with the texture of present experience, not with the content since the content is all dreamed anyway as one imagines oneself (an apparition of prideful existence) to have made some discovery in a realm full to the brim with physical and subtle objects when there are none.

The seeker's dilemma then, like a cosmic Gordian Knot, is that any hope of finding anything that remedies what you think you already are can only lead you back to the same mirage you started from, the same fountain of sand that can and will never quench your thirst.

Seek for nothing and see what happens as the certainty of who and what and where and why you are seeking becomes observably nonsensical. Relax, you're getting awakey.



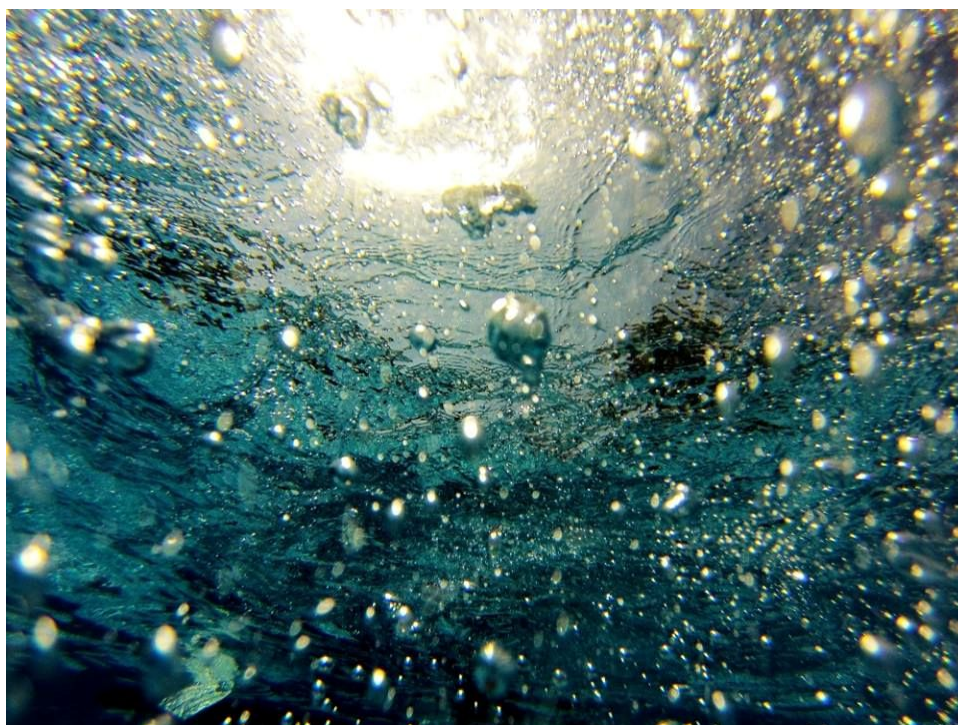
The five stages of grief leading to certain liberation

It's been fun, it will be for a short while longer. Since there is no time to perfect your mindfulness practice or benefit from ancient teachings that concern themselves with long-term alchemy you may as well go as direct as you can to unraveling the myth of reality and causality to discover that present experience is absolutely sovereign meaning there is nothing and no one other than presence which is neither alone nor lonely, it is absolute.

This insight, worth fighting for, cleanses you of time, of authority, of otherness, of sentimentality, of codependency, and of all human confusion. It replaces one's involuntary denial with trans-temporal communion, and that discovery is worthy of the time you have remaining before the rapid onset (already well under way) of disruptive climate change chokes the habitat and life out of the human family.

Our generation and, according to some, every human born today and for the next 10 years or so will bear first hand witness to the twilight and closure for the species on earth.

You're welcome, as always, to confront or deny the inevitability of the corruption of the food chain long before Elon and his adventuresome Martian pioneers ever launch and long before Dr. Hawking's overly generous prediction of 1,000 years of dwindling prosperity leave us with no options.



The time for the end of fossil fuel exploitation to be legislated and replaced with sustainable alternatives has long since passed, though Exxon Mobile and the President elect would have you believe otherwise.

So it would be a good idea to make what modest preparations you feel like making as the momentum of accelerating climate, biosphere, and habitat disruption do the inevitable and lay the species to rest.

This may include internalizing the famed five stages of grief: denial, anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance at your earliest convenience and that can of course include a renewed or newly initiated interest in the sovereignty of present experience as the sole reality which can free you from all superstition and assist you in coping with macro geophysical events that cannot be avoided or survived.

I realize this is a disorienting if not blasphemous point of view, and most would rather enjoy the thought of having a routine and normal life cycle to enjoy before going on a morphine drip in the comfort of your own home surrounded by whomever you want to be around.

And this is stranger than being diagnosed with a stage four illness that takes you out in less than 12 months or so. This is like being given a 10-year sentence for all of human life on earth. This is very painful stuff and the grieving of it, if you are lucky enough to let it in, is inconceivable and perhaps inconsolable.

The normal benefit of working through the five stages of grief presumes you are healing from the loss of a loved one, it's a little more intimate when it's your life that is being lost, and surreal to the point of cognitive dissonance when human life on earth can no longer be sustained in less than two decades.

So check it out just for the ride, if you are a true alchemist, or deny and ignore it to your heart's content. I am no authority on the matter, but courageous voices are emerging to bring attention to the most disturbing news you've ever heard and I am a champion of liberating insight, however it may come along.

From here to there

The regrettable injustices served up daily by the species, for the species, heaped upon the species is incomprehensible. Same goes for the kindnesses. We are, despite our pride of self, only capable of receiving a small fraction of news, and actionable news, even less so.

The fractal complexity of what's happening in the world at large from day to day across it's five continents, five oceans, seven seas, 195 countries, and 7.5 billion homo sapiens sapiens is beyond measure, beyond apprehension, beyond our innate comparative intelligence to ponder or actually make any sense of.

Curiously, the same could be said of a single moment of private experience occurring right where you are in the privacy of your own autonomous consciousness. Is it OK to say we're clueless?

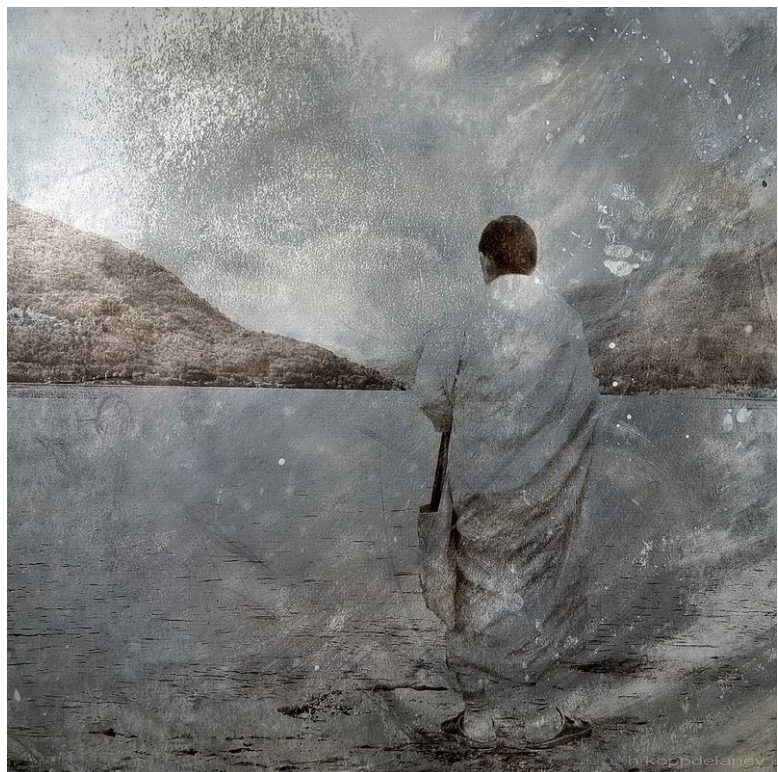
If this observation speaks to you then it isn't that much of a reach to see how we construct our view of the world as a process-able or practical reality from story and story is a rapidly arising field of relation and implication drawn from one's own conditioning and memory, themselves artifacts of prior story thus we can never find the original pool from which the river of our random dreaming flows.

In order for us to function as we do, socialized and spiritualized and supremesized, and made full of ourselves as pleasure seeking sensualists, masters of our domain entitled to the spoils of earth's bounty - we must conjure and rely upon a formidable sack of lies which places us in a position of entitlement to grow our civilization and plunder the planet.

This same error of eminent domain that we impose upon the mother-ship can also be found in our own psyche, in the self-torture of time, and the liberties we take to control our own behavior and the behavior of others. Trapped in a maze of existential self-loathing we do our best to wear a happy face and hide at all costs, just how vague and confused we really are.

Put simply, we are constructed of misinformation so our urgency to fulfill ourselves as creatures in time necessarily fails. We don't see the inherent unfulfilling consequence of traveling from here to there when there is neither.

In order to recalibrate we must be willing and interested to see and feel and immerse in the companion realm of objectless intimacy. That's what perennial spirituality is really about.



Dictatorial Democracy

And we thought Hillary had a dark side.

Make no mistake about it. The lethal, anti-constitutional, soul-sucking, and destitutely immoral presidency and cabinet about to control the country and the narrative will bring us to our knees as they dismantle the very foundations of government of the people, for the people, and by the people.

Now, any non-dualist who knows her salt will tell you there are no people, and though one can confidently argue the point by merely looking around, I sometimes worry that it may soon actually be true and not due to some cathartic spiritual insight.

Under the, soon to take office, fascistic anti-pluralist agendas of the new administration looming as an indisputable clear and present danger, we who cherish the earth (as best we can under the fossil fuel and pharmacological overlords) and the right to privacy and free speech and inclusion and the unimpeded pursuit of happiness are all going down and going down fast.

The insatiable parasitic appetites of those who favor groping the Constitution by the pussy and profiting off the backs of others while pretending to make America great again are ushering in a new and invigorated white supremacist dictatorship that will not relinquish power to those who utter progressive words alone.

The electoral college, the attorney general, the Lone Ranger and the Justice League of America have all become impotent to halt the machine of hate and stupid white male domination that are about to divest the American people of their hard won inalienable rights and reduce the spirit of true freedom to apocalyptic rubble.

The continued siphoning of wealth and dignity from the people through egregious cronyism and blatantly corrupt legislation that favors corporate hegemony and the rich will take the White House for a spin down the road to perdition, but it will be all of us who do the suffering.

Any and all appeasement and enabling of this morally corrupt administration is a contract with the devil written and signed in the blood of innocents as we plummet into a demagoguery from which any hoped for return can only come with very high costs.

Despite what Marianne Williamson suggests we do in the spirit of forgiveness, this tragedy of the failure of common sense may very well require of us to use the bold empowerment of the Constitution for the purpose it was intended.

Not to be purely political or forget the spiritual tonality of these posts; may God have mercy on your soul as you prepare to ignore or respond to the most serious threat of our generation.



The house always wins

Let's understand what a gaming casino actually is. It is a Coliseum where people come voluntarily to steal from each other. That's right, the casino, the lottery, and the international banking system sets up the game and the entrapment's of the chances of winning and everyone who shows up takes their chances with the game on hopes of winning and who's money are they winning, the money that until recently was owned by everyone else that showed up at the Coliseum and lost.

So the money changes hands from the losers, who have been voluntarily pilfered, to the winners who won the spoils of the game by chance (adjusted to favor the house) and the house takes their commission. The house always wins as long as folks keep coming to take their chances at winning the money risked by others who end up losing, hopefully with grace.

The casino and the state lottery are forms of acceptable entertainment. Gaming is an adult activity that while potentially addictive, and what's not, is sanctioned. Same is true of the 1/10th of the 1% who own nearly all the Central Banks in the world and play poker with 7.5 billion lives through elaborate games of geopolitical conflict and ideological aggression leading to climate destabilization, chronic war, and the indignity of dictatorship - the house doesn't care, the house makes their commission no matter who wins or loses.



You have to ask yourself, "Who controls the narrative?" Take American Foreign Policy; who is it that's setting the policy, policing the implementation, reporting on the policy, sharing the overt and covert agenda with the free press for the benefit of citizens' education, national security, and democratic accountability?

What you are permitted to know and how you find out about it is controlled by persons and institutions you don't even know exist. We get a contrived and controlled sound byte to make it look like our troops (cherished sons and daughters and spouses and parents and brothers and sisters and friends) are placed

in harm's way to protect the nation state's interests and defend us from whoever is being demonized that week.

If you look deeply at the 911 narrative, a staged treasonist attack demonized the Muslim and made it possible for private industry to make unbearable profits while the still independent central banks of our "enemies" fell under the insatiable spell of the banking elite.

Without getting too deep into things hard to explain and understand let me bring it down to a simple biological equation. A dominant flesh eating predator species such as ours who has partitioned contiguous habitat and then poisons what remains with the effluent and excrement of its own industrial and "exhalatory" waste while maintaining contentious ideological and religiously shaming nation states under the clandestine and autocratic control of the few will go extinct.

You and your life persists according to chance, chances of continuing to enjoy your life decline exponentially as the narrative is controlled, the Constitution is defiled and dismantled by those who pretend to have your back, and ambient temperature rises above the capacity of the biosphere to sustain the food chain.

And you thought enlightenment was just around the corner for you, you may want to recalibrate your expectations?

Don't sweat the details

The reason that Capitalism always chokes Democracy and then deteriorates into Dictatorship is that the love of money and power are convergent, which means concentrated on selfish agendas and based on accumulation at the expense of the whole.

Reality itself is divergent, meaning that it generously and profusely creates a living art show of staggering beauty and wonder which nourishes and supports the soul on a journey of trans-temporal communion sometimes referred to as liberation.

Any Constitution worth a damn must be written so that artists are the only kinds of people who are permitted to serve in government.

Business persons and economists and sociopathic bullies are OK, tolerable to a point, but if you let them run the policy and the narrative they will destroy everything because their consciousness is uninformed by the sacred and they suffer from convergent narcissism, the effects of which though not treatable, can be mitigated by a strong government run by divergently inspired artists who are not seduced by money and myopic self-interest.

So Capitalism worships the wrong, or shall I say, an unsustainable value system, it's success story and leaders can't help but chant what seagulls chant, "mine, mine, mine, mine." This travesty of human and trans-human potential is what we are seeing and suffering across the global landscape. Demons of insatiable self interest are taking the reigns of the nation.

Thanks to an intimate conversation I had with Peter Brown (a divergent artist worth knowing) some years ago at the Adobe bar of the famed Taos Inn where we got high on sweet vermouth's with a twist and roasted garlic spread on Mexican flatbread crisps while Peter patiently opened my eyes to just how wonderful the sacred nature of inexhaustible reality is, I forgot what the point of this sentence was, and liberation is just like that, and that's why only artists should be eligible to be politicians.

And though it may seem counter-intuitive for those who worship the sacred to be in positions of compassionate influence over the social and industrial and political contracts that govern our precious time on earth - it's not.

The swamp just got filled with barracudas and piranhas, they are going to eat whatever flesh remains and then all will be silent. In the meantime, don't sweat the details as you align yourself with divergent consciousness and take your rightful place amongst the meek.



this feels like a stretch...

Inquirer:

Okay so I have heard teachers say that meditation is taught in order to "polish a mirror and see reality more clearly."

So I was thinking... if I have never found a problem that existed outside of my own mind or thoughts, maybe people sit there developing concentration skills in order to notice that problems are only found in thoughts?

Perhaps intense concentration and the contrast it brings allows this connection too be seen and then the solidity of problems becomes a bit more transparent, allowing something else to come into focus behind them?

Metaphor, metaphor, metaphor etc... but does this make any sense?

Night Sky Sangha Guy:

It makes perfect sense, and it doesn't stop there, and meditation alone may not be sufficient for a conditioned response to "reality on demand" to be seen through.

Yes, problems can only be assembled in mind through the movement of association, assignment, preference based on self (which is self), implication (usually unfavorable), and time – all of which are one and the same and occur not as a chronology, but as a unicity of spontaneous reality which is all suggested, apparitional hypnosis.

By suggested I mean that if This (the warp and woof of present experience) is actually unstructured, then any structuring we do (This does) can only suggest reality, mind is a word we use for the appearance or imposition of structure (causality and implication).



Transparency is exactly what maturing spiritual discovery is all about. Transparency permits the otherwise restless, avoidant, and perpetually unsatisfied presumption of self (one condemned to time as a creature) to open.

What comes into “focus” then is the impersonal, irresolvable, vague, perhaps joyful and blissful radiant nature of perceiving or experiencing itself which view can annihilate the habit of imposing structure (problems).

And I would take a moment to redirect the notion of intense concentration. I’ve been around folks who cultivated such contemplative skills and it can be a cul-de-sac of yet another indictment, charges brought against reality through the lens of Vipassanā Jhana meditation. (See link below the post).

One could say that the benefit of getting together conversationally to play around with consciousness (as one might solve a Rubik's Cube by twisting and turning through the labyrinth of one’s life experience and mind) is that the unadorned simplicity of present experience is both the portal and the revelation of transparency as the fulfillment of self-luminosity.

Our use of language is not a hindrance, it is more a bridge of affection that acts as a solvent for the habit of structuring to be undone.

Advaita Chicken

There are three aspects to Consciousness, only three, not so hard to grok, or should I say 'cluck'?

One of them is emptiness which you don't need to know anything about for the simple reason that you can't, so we're really down to two. The middle one, or the machine language level is merely made of the revelation that you are totally phucked, and that's pretty simple to remember, so we're actually down to one simple though provocatively confounding level of consciousness (the software level) which is the one where you imagine that you're not totally phucked, the one where the apparitional display of all imagination and pursuit occurs, sometimes referred to as Samsara or more commonly called "my life".

The awakener, having grappled with the schizophrenic paranoia and basic brain damage of conformist reality struggles wisely with the software level with sufficient verve for as long as it takes to catch an occasional glimpse of the hardware level (aka machine language) which turns out to be the absolutely unpredicted flat-lining of pursuit (as in always hoping to derive something from experience) and imposition (insisting on what reality is in order for you to accomplish your ends).

The hardware level is so inclusively and holographically stunning because it reveals how improvisationally and impersonally all manifest arising is and that what is arising has already done so without any effort or will or choice on your part so you see without the slightest complaint that your role in it is nil and everything you think and believe to be causal is actually late (as in after the fact) and patently untrue and never will be otherwise: like I said, you are totally phucked.

There is a peculiar calm that morphs into causeless joy when you chill at the machine level because the entire myth of yourself is erased with no closure, no sentimentality, no hidden hopes that it would be, could be, should be different than it is and you can't even convince yourself of what it is or what it was because it's not and you're beyond OK with that - like I said it is the domain of revelation, the revelation of total phuckedness.

The software level, the incessant beckoning of the sirens of self will and individualized manifest destiny, can satisfy almost, but not quite as often as it bites the big one, or sucks for all time. Still, because it can occasionally satisfy we are happy to roll craps with our crap and become consumed with self, aiming for a better tomorrow.



It's kind of like enjoying a bite of plump moist perfectly seasoned chicken so much so that you forget how good it is right now because you've become obsessively instantaneously consumed with getting your teeth into the next bite. At the Night Sky Sangha we call this glorious metaphor for a-bite-of chicken 'Advaita Chicken", because they sound so much alike, and you had to be there.

So there are three aspects to Consciousness; the outermost is the software level where confusion and certain extinction due to sociopathic codependency and bio-deterministic hubris occurs, the middlemost is the hardware level where the revelation of total phuckedness can set you free from your reverie with the software level, and the innermost or emptiness which there is no point elucidating upon because then it wouldn't be empty anymore.

Don't be a twit, Advaita Chicken, and Merry Christmas.

The Pope casts stones, in the name of Peace

Merry Christmas everyone. Today, during his Urbi et Orbi message the Pope was quoted as saying, "Peace to the peoples who suffer because of the economic ambitions of the few, because of the sheer greed and the idolatry of money, which leads to slavery."

And I thought Jesus said something like, "Whoever is without sin among you, let him be the first to cast a stone at her."

So where does the Pope, a man of the book of Jesus, get off criticizing the defenseless oligarchical Illuminati 1/10th'ers of slavery when the same can be said, and should be said, of the church, something like ' "Peace to the peoples who suffer because of the economic and sin-accusing ambitions of the few, because of the sheer greed and the idolatry of faith, which leads to slavery"?

It may be useful on this beautiful Christmas day, at least it is for those of us enjoying the last vestiges of democratic freedom and privilege, to see how the autonomy of your mind and your body and your spiritual dignity has been enslaved by the ideology and idolatry of the Church (all churches) like for millennia.

These august institutions have given you so very few options. They have made it perfectly clear that your only privilege is to worship the god of their creation, so they can keep you dwelling within the walls of the greater FEMA camp of sin, shame, accusation, and hope all which contributes to the seething anger and self-righteous indignation of white supremacy, misogyny, LGBT-phobia, racism, and fascism that permeate the culture of exploitation and climate change denial.

If the Pope had real cojones he would make contraception, abortion, homosexuality, women priests, and a bunch of other cool shit absolutely permissible and without sin so the stupid white men and women accusers who permitted the Trump-Pence caliphate to come to power would be disenfranchised once and for all.

The Pope is probably a good guy, he can afford to be. But I think his denouncement of the World Bank and the cult of the Bilderberg Hotel chain is too little too late in the centuries old game of mind control of the minions.

Bush / Obama should have instructed the IRS to cancel the Church's privilege of religious tax exemption as a consequence of its repugnant cultivation and surreptitiously systematic denial and cover-up of a well conceived culture of world wide pedophilia unless the Church turned over a new leaf and adopted the few simple reforms referred to above. Would that have compromised the Constitution's promise of the separation of Church and State? So what? Trashing the Constitution seems to be in vogue these days.

Back on point; you are not made in god's image, rummaging around and ceaselessly ruminating around on the surface of the planet as a creature condemned to sin and damnation by those who created the god that created you.

Unless you abandon the idolatry of the Church, as in all belief and superstitious systems (be they religious or secular) that confine and imprison you, you will not find peace. Put your stones down, take up your rightful place as the Christ Consciousness, as the sacred luminosity of Creation itself - there is nothing and none other above you.



Why it is impossible to wake up, and what to do about it

The aversive geek has a bit of an advantage over the Pleiadian worshipping pituitary ascension phucker. And why is that?

Well, it is because the seduction of being ever hopeful for things to turn out better will not release you from the unconscious paradigms you hold about the nature of reality or the incessant existential lust you have for more and more experience.

Most folks you know have encountered the same repugnant life-choking codependent suffering that you have, and they seem to be managing it quite fine. But not you, you think too much, you feel too much, you care too much, you have spiritual aspirations that they would never dare dream of, sobriety won't do, a soul-mate holds your interest just for a short while before they become just another part of the contemptuous furniture that clutters your mind.

Affection is a chore, gratitude just won't cut it, no amount of "Is it true, is it really true" brings you any relief. The next retreat becomes unbearable to attend, and the novelty of raising your vibration to make life worth living has simply worn off.

You're a wage slave; you've become ethnically, racially, sexually, socioeconomically, and gender-intolerantly type cast and disenfranchised by a prevailing narrative of neo-christian stupid boorish and fascist white male supremacy that claims to represent the Bible and touts the Republican Red State agenda of treachery, sickening immorality, and swamp filling conflicts of interest.

If there really were benevolent DNA-activating pineal de-scaling interstellar and intergalactic ancient aliens well now would be a really good time for them to break radio silence and put this humpty dumpty shit storm of a cluster phuck planet back together again. We're waiting.

You see, the deep roots of your identity, of how you process sentience and consciousness, are so cleverly conditioned and hidden behind nested veils of reflexive presumption and biologic imperative that you have no clue what's driving you to think and feel and react and dream and aspire and contemplate in the ways that you do, if you do.



And this is why it is impossible to wake up, because even if you are that more or less rare human who has a sincere interest in waking up, you probably still believe there is something to wake up to, and you sure as shit want to be there when it happens, though it never will, and this liberating truth evades you for as long as you are looking to experience to be the context or evidence field for the end of suffering.

You begin to see that you are stuck in an iterative loop of recursive and incessant self-justification as the body and mind and remembered preference sets of irritability and sense gratification, passing time as best you can as the body ages, the hormones decline, and the autonomy of youth drains away.

One's personality is made largely of superficial compensatory survival strategies marked by various degrees of codependency and intimacy disorder driven by pheromonal impulses that present as the day to day monotony of one's beliefs and orientation to the terrifying observation that there is nothing there but your own imagination.

This could be a contributing factor to the pandemic of denial and the inability of the species to conduct itself in such a manner befitting of a true intergalactic wanderer or Gaia dweller as Russell Brand would have us do.

We're on the verge of madness, we've always been. Perhaps we're beyond the verge, irreversibly so, and no notion of God or Guru or Extraterrestrial Deliverer can or will deliver us.

What you do next with what you are is not up to you, and if you find that sufficiently disturbing to remember from time to time, you're on your way to awake.

Resolve yourself to being irresolute

The actual nature of all experience cannot be reconciled to what you have come to believe that it is.

We have become entrained to an elaborate ruse, a myth field that would have us believe that we are luminously dependent; photosynthetically dependent, Krebs-cycle dependent, Mitochondrially dependent - a miracle of carbon-based sentience that has come about as the consequence of a preexistent universe where a modest star on a spiral arm of a modest galaxy hosts a rocky planet in its thinly margined habitable zone where water can thrive at ambient atmospheric temperatures and an oxygenated womb protected from otherwise lethal radiation could sport cellular self-aware hegemony.

You likely don't even know it, but that's what you believe. Or maybe you're a Mormon and you just exited an ancient submarine with some kind of mystical scrolls after narrowly escaping the teeth of a mighty dinosaur so you could sing in unison accompanied by a pipe organ at the inauguration of a Neo-Fascist baseball hat wearing misogynist who likes to build walls. I don't know, I can't keep track of everybody.

You are the unintended victim of a stupefying barrage of subliminal advertising that doesn't actually mean or convey anything, but still you don't like it when someone leaves the cap off the toothpaste tube and though you can lift a hummer over your head you won't tolerate buttered toast or a slice of American cheese on your burger. We're that weird, really we are.

Driven by preferences and entitlement and deep existential despair we can always find ample disappointment in ourselves and others and the world at large to the point where we are driven to tears, addiction, sociopathic distortion, depression, and too often in our fast unraveling social chaos, violence.

Maybe you're a wealthy evangelist profiting from a message of cultivating abundance under Christ, maybe you're someone who has been bilked out of your meager life savings by Madame So And So after years of sending checks in exchange for .10¢ trinkets promising you life changing fortunes that never quite materialized.

Even if you are self-confident and can occasionally obey the right exercise and food choices that appear in your mind, you do so involuntarily. All arises involuntarily including the fearless capacity to see that that is so. The background field of intelligence is not dependent on self-will or context or content or blind faith in the creation myths of science and religion.

The difference between the awakened mind and that of the self-deterministic hubris of conformist reality is that the former is self-luminous whereas the latter is luminously dependent.

If someone is enrolling you in some cosmology, be it the Big Bang Inflation Bubble of Black Hole Supremacy, or the 6 day handiwork of God where afterward even the Chick-fil-A is closed, or the Ancient Alien marathon of since departed Supreme Beings who built the Egyptian pyramids, the Easter Island talking-heads, the Andean pyramids, and other prehistoric wonders all lined up in sacred angles of pi and the golden ratio with the Sphinx's steady gaze into the constellation field to depict a 26,000 year cycle of solar cataclysm that is about to repeat - they are still enrolling you in some cosmology while the fact of self-luminous awareness is cosmology free.

Again we prepare for another orgy of fireworks, drunken celebration, well wishes, and nostalgia as the earth spins into the New Year in its lumbering and consistent fashion (give or take a leap second - does that mean we should count down the Times Square ball drop from 11?) it may be worth considering a somewhat counter-intuitive resolution for how best to conduct yourself going forward - resolve yourself to being irresolute.

Who knows how that might change things for the better?

Happy New Year from the Night Sky Sangha.



Koan for the Day -

What's the sound an interstellar space craft makes traveling at 1/2 the speed of light (335,308,315 mph) when it slams into an asteroid swarm traveling at 44,739 mph head on?

Answer: Passengers.

I saw La La Land (a pleasant enough rental) and Passengers (worth seeing in a theater) recently because I like to get out of the house and have something to talk to other people about besides imminent enlightenment and politics.

If you like fantasy, and who doesn't since that's all we have, you would probably like to see the cleverly styled marooned and prematurely awakened (no such thing for a seeker) themes that Passengers handles with steamy aplomb.

Who wouldn't want to slingshot around Arcturus some 36.7 light years from our sun in the constellation of Boötes on the way to a new planet aboard a luxury star-liner with an open bar, fine french cuisine, and an infinity pool that actually looks out upon infinity?

Who would build an interstellar capable vessel with 5,400 hibernation modules, a fusion reactor sipping free hydrogen from ambient space feeding an ion combustion thruster while spinning majestically to maintain sufficient 'g' force for the passengers and crew that serves fresh strawberries (on a 120 year long voyage) available for the folks traveling in gold class suites, once they woke up of course?

Not humans, that's for sure. Human imagination, well that makes more sense. It's nice to feel that expansive wanderlust and existential relief of being able to spread our wings into the cosmos and pioneer other worlds with just the right gravity, atmosphere, lumens, circadian rhythm, and biological flora and fauna to support our fragile nature on the surface of a new planet with liquid water.

It's not gonna happen, but neither is enlightenment, but that's no reason for it not to happen or to stop imagining it so.



In a mere five minute span I can and do get emails to save the earth, stop the POTUS-e, give generously for hundreds of good causes, get the real news, enroll in enlightenment programs, fall open, travel lighter, forgive and move on, move on, invest wisely, see a new Rolling Stones clip, do my taxes online, open a zip file of an invoice for something I didn't buy, retrieve millions from an anonymous Zimbabwean, take mega-doses of vitamin C, get an emergency update from David Icke, how to expose Illuminati pedophilia cults, buy a timeshare, sell a timeshare, read something by Eckhart Tolle, take advantage of low fares to Pittsburgh, and replace the filters on my RO system.

I don't have time to go to another planet, I'm too busy being semi-retired, reading all these emails, and working as often as I do to stay in the black while the world goes to red.

Face it, if you are considering awake, even remotely, and what that might portend, you do so to remedy what has been wrong with you all your life even if you don't know what that is.

Here's a little secret, it is not and has never been necessary to enjoy your life. Once you come to terms with this modest insight, everything goes to gold.

In the meantime, La La Land is a rental and Passengers is a cool ride on the big screen. You can tell that someday I wanna be just like Roger Ebert as he neared death, "...This is all an elaborate hoax, this world, this place, it is all an illusion, it as a vastness that you can't even imagine, it is a place where the past, present, and future are happening all at once."

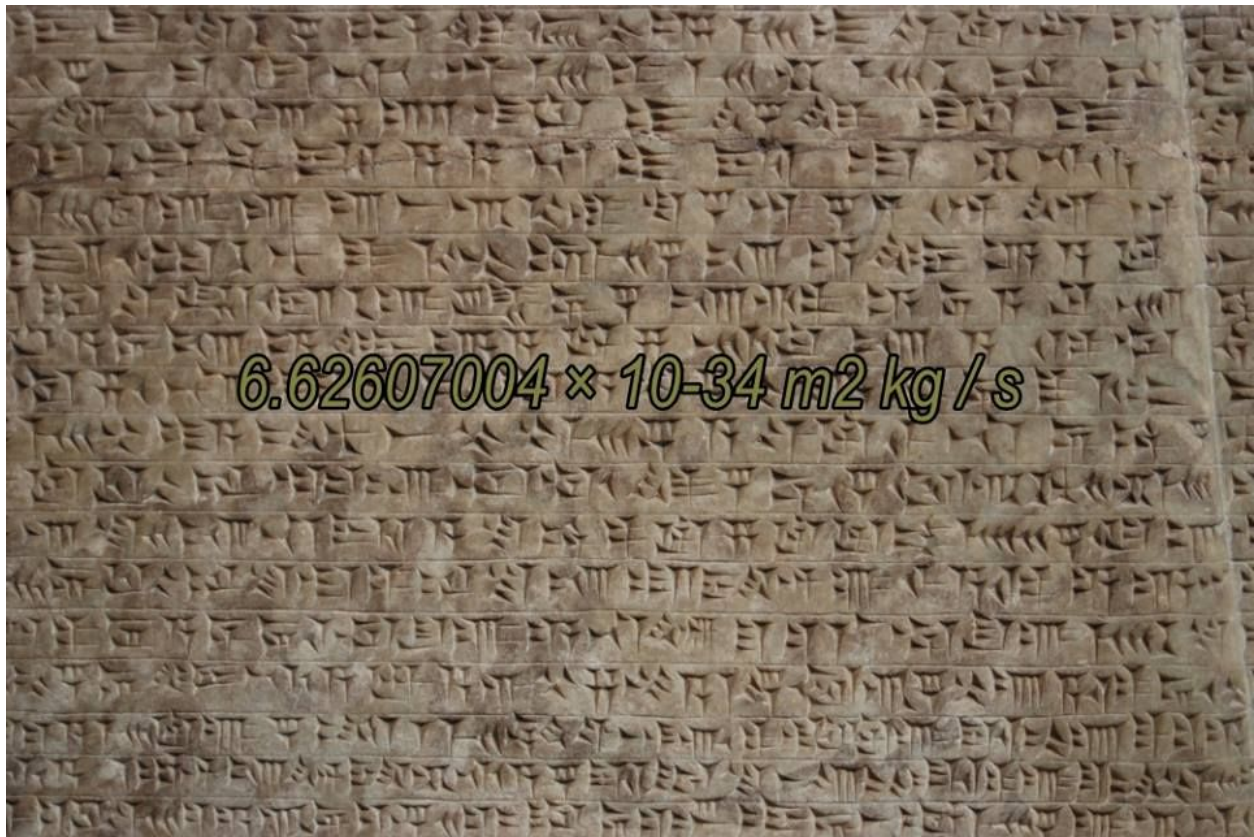
Jason Silva is 1/2 right

It is an inspiring and revealing notion to appreciate how consciousness, in this case referring to the mediated and influence-able nature of experience, is dependent upon the accoutrements of place, language, culture, friends, socioeconomic status, clothing, architecture, space, weather, gut bacteria, time of day, hormonal waves, light, aroma, food, water, movement, purpose, intent, attraction, memory - you see what I mean?

Hidden within the kaleidoscopic presentation of even the most ordinary and seemingly repetitive experience is a multi-verse (from Planck's constant to the BOSS Great Wall) of pure fiction which so dwarfs the boundary field of human language and symbology that any reference to reality at all, whether personalized or spiritualized, is total phucking bullshit because anything you say to construct the context and content of your present experience is so filtered down to metaphoric stupidity that you may as well be trying to teach an aphid about quantum mechanics using cuneiform drawn with a light saber in the air!

Experience as consciousness is not a relationship between a subject (myself as the experiencer) and an object (anything other than myself including myself) but a rather improvisational and incomprehensibly meticulous creation / expression of an infinity of causeless perhaps dark-matter driven supra nano impulses of nothing at all that didn't begin anywhere, have no duration, and cannot possibly convey an implication besides maybe death and taxes.

This empty fullness is the zenith of theatricality and though you are likely an idiot (only self-proclaimed idiots who are comfortable with life as personal failure can make it this far) you are fully capable of a realization so beyond culpability and credulity that it defies even the most sincere reference made to it.



The muggle's (everyone you know) reflex is to both experience and articulate one's life through a very narrow bandwidth of presumption and filtration typically referred to as fantastic thinking and narcissistic idolatry, in complete though not too blissful ignorance of what reality and consciousness and experience and the absolute might actually be.

The seeker, on the other hand, has a nagging sense of their own ruse and yearns to be delivered from the prison of self only to find they have traded one dip-shit idea for another with such frequency and at such cost that all seems to be lost at sea, and that's pretty much the only truth you can come to appreciate.

Self realization is not a realization and has nothing at all to do with the self/Self no matter how you spell it. The mind (the one you want set free) can only comprehend through the suffering of comparison, reference, and implication for what's next for me.

What This and therefore You might actually be cannot be subsumed by or reduced to ideas or any experiential evidence that you can find, and that's why it is all that is so without being anything at all.

If you want to be a co-creator for the sake of enjoying the best life possible, as Mr. Silva and others suggest, you haven't sufficiently progressed toward full idiocy and you still want and need shit to happen to suit your tastes. It's worth repeating in the New Year, how free do you want to be?

Self Realization is a Martial Art

"Reality is not actually obscured by our indulgent stupidity, it is merely functionally distorted by our tendency to cling to the idea of self." - Ramana Maharshi.

OK, you caught me, Ramana Maharshi probably didn't say that, I did. But I don't see what's wrong with trying to legitimize the NSS by aligning our message of hope with a great and dead saint that a lot of people revere.

And if you feel it is a sort of underhanded plagiarizing then I can reply (much like the POTUS) that you are, 1) overrated, 2) a Hillary supporter, and 3) that I did not make fun of a disabled reporter by pretending to be spastic and speech impaired on national TV. So there.

Back on point - Reality is not actually obscured by our indulgent stupidity, it is merely functionally distorted by our tendency to cling to the idea of self.

Present experience can be enjoyed through two principal filters; the one you are most familiar with is the filter of "I" which has you occupying experience from the vantage point of existential and durational individuation, as a body, magically imbued with self-determinism, suffering from everything you can't control which turns out to be everything, and trying over and over again to make consciousness work out on your behalf, when it never will, but you don't care because you're not a quitter. A self-suffering jackass maybe, but not a quitter.

The other filter at your disposal with which you can enjoy the mirthful presentation of irrefutable being turns out to be no filter at all. I lied, it's not actually two filters, it's either filter-on or filter-off. It's like the Karate Kid waxing a car; wax on wax off.



You know all about filter-on, that's the apprehension and control drama filled miasma of yourself trying to make sense of yourself while you do whatever is necessary to tamp down the sinking and incessant intuition that nothing will work to ameliorate your insecurity and constant craving.

What you know so little about is filter-off. Though always precisely at hand and delightfully unearned, you must be willing to take the risk to die to the imagination of yourself so you can penetrate the mystery of filter-on and thus immerse in the causeless and verifiably useless mystery of filter-off.

This is the martial art of self-realization - one becomes aware of the felt sense of being and gently refrains from assigning "I" to whatever it is that arises or getting etherically involved in your imagination to fix or protect or resolve or define yourself.

You discover how easy it is to rest in being and sense the ever-present fountain of implication without actually becoming anything or taking a stand to become something other than what you think is already occurring.

The art of engagement helps you become more subtle in your capacity to sense awareness without an object. Doing so permits the constituents of body/mind space/time that formerly defined and assailed you to become far less imposing. As you enter this Dojo (place of the way) with whatever frequency and curiosity you have, slowly you shift from filter-on to filter-off and immaculate intimacy replaces the restless habit to reinvent yourself.

Cues, Clues, and Hunches

Where and to what do you turn for cues, clues, and hunches concerning the practicality and satisfactoriness of your life? What evidence do you accept or reject in order to place yourself in a context of social and existential relevance or security?

How are you evaluating your experience and according to what standards of care and veracity do you determine your condition or fate; all of which contribute consciously or otherwise to your world view and your place among the available strata of what's possible or attainable for you as a human alive right about now?

I am asking how you know what you know about where you are and how it's going thus far in your bid to live forever or at least not be destitute before you die a pleasant death surrounded by loved ones (most of whom will be contesting your estate) singing 'Jaya Radhe Jaya Krishna' when you'd prefer they were singing 'Highway to Hell' because that's where you want them all to go?

The average person is more or less satisfied to run the routine of their life based on their conditioning, impulses, social and wealth privileges, inner mandates for success, education, greed, degree of impoverishment, tendencies toward criminality, various impairments be they physical or psychic, existential insatiability, and the simple twists of fate that produce what you have to enjoy as the context and karma (no value judgment implied) of your life.

The seeker, on the other hand, though there is no other hand, imagines himself to have a higher or deeper calling as a light-worker perhaps, or a medium, or a shaman, or a healer, or a serious contender for some ultimate invulnerability or magical capacity to enjoy the phuck out of life so much so that other people will pay you for what you know, what you say, or how they feel in your presence.

Why do we get one reading after another and one training after another and one spiritual retreat or workshop after another, all aimed at some hoped for amelioration or final satisfaction that won't just medicate our discontent, but will heal it forever?

Do you see how dependent we all are upon the narrow wavelengths of experiential assessment and conclusions tethered to the secular and religious cosmologies of our own beliefs and superstitions as concerns our place in the world or the solar system, or the galaxy, or the local nation-state?

We are the unwitting and unconscious products of a shamefully stupid, gullible, and easily exploited mind-control field of what's possible and permissible and allowable according to a thousand ism's and we justify all this evil agenda and depravity as human nature or the right of capitalists and communists and socialists and industrialists and scientists and theosophists and priests and popes and rabbis and imams to impose their manifest destiny upon the whole fabric of human culture all the way to the extinction wall which is now close enough to smell.

Sure sure enlightenment is sold to be exactly what you need to feel better about yourself so you can queue up along with everyone else headed for the great methane release that will choke the entire species into an easily forgotten oblivion of never having been here in the first place.

All those aliens we've been looking for all these years will wonder where those strange signals came from and will likely shrug it off as just another biological blip of self-extincting idiots broadcasting Elvis Presley in hopes of finding intelligent interventionists to save us from our fate.

Our compulsive tendency to convert liberated radiant presence into something to acquire as a preferred experience is what keeps us in the story of unrelenting insufficiency and it is this same pandemic of insufficiency and existential greed that justifies all we do to exploit each other and accumulate power at the expense of the biosphere.

It is only through a rather selective gesture of narcissistic denial that we can come up with what's wrong with ourselves and everyone else for the sake of having a fortune teller or some guru tell us what to do about it.

Let's face it, the species (including the PeOTUS) self governs through coercion, lies, and violence. No amount of conventional consciousness or government-alism (progressive or regressive) can help us untangle from this self-looping paradigm, something else must awaken within us. Something more intelligent than knowledge and dissent must be present to release us from the consequences of self-interest.



Compulsive Distraction

They say that 10,000 hours of dedicated practice is needed for some degree of mastery to be attained. OK, so let's say it will take 10,000 hours of something or other (who knows what, I don't know) to become enlightened and if we divide that figure by 24 hours per day we get 417 days so if you were practicing the art of awakening 24 hours per day it would only take 1.1 years to become enlightened. Not bad.

But, here comes the sobering news of your likelihood of success. If you were able to put in a solid hour of practice say 4 times per week it would only take 48.1 years to become enlightened. Now that can really suck, especially if you were looking forward to a short-cut to nirvana. Not gonna happen.

However, the good news is that you could drop that down to 32.1 years if you practiced (and I'm still not sure what to practice) two hours per day three days per week.

I have the spreadsheet so I can go through countless scenarios to compute the optimum number of practice hours in a day and per week to hit your preferred enlightenment target in years to achieve.

Here's another discount factor that one may need to consider and that is compulsive distraction. The fine art of spiritual aspiration leading to fruition has to do with developing a capacity to notice and then immerse in the effortless nature of unconditioned being.

This deep quietude has nothing to do with external or even internal silence, it is more a question of attending to the unafflicted and unadorned vibratory signature of present experience without relentlessly turning to one or other form of conditional genesis or implication for the purpose of self entertainment.



You know as well as I that such moments of content free awareness are few and far between and were we to adjust our mastery achievement computation to account for these rare moments in any given hour of practice; say 10 minutes of unearned bliss for each hour of practice, 2 hours per day at 3 days per week it would take 384.6 years of quality practice to get enlightened.

That's a deal breaker right there. I sure hope there is a better way.

It's a question of inhabitation. If you are semi-consciously aware of the repetitive nature of your own social persona and the stories and plans and opinions and fortune telling you do on a routine basis then you are unlikely to penetrate the veil of your own consciousness and presumption of self-hood. You are a product of compulsive distraction.

If you begin (or have begun) a sincere inquiry into the nature of mind and memory and the curious way in which you organize the world and how you place yourself in it, then it may be possible to eschew the impulse to promote yourself or to seek validation through appointments, beliefs, personal drama, and sanctimonious horn tooting.

Once you come around to discover that what you care most about is the adventure of inclusive autonomy then you are ready to harness the gift of intimacy and engaged availability to see through the habits of insatiability that obscure the presence of yourself.

At that rate, awake has already occurred and is simply waiting for you to notice.

There's nothing to find but the imagination of there being something to find

In order to submit yourself to the Master's feet for consideration, you must already have found something that feels like something less than what you imagine is possible to feel.

If you are so confident in yourself that taking a knee to the sacred is beneath you, you have a ways to fall yet.

For the true soul, the one who has the courage to supplicate before the unseen intelligence of creation itself, the urgent and expressive divergence of manifest experience can be seen to be what it is. Were I to say what it is would be unwholesome, since it is emptiness itself, and you are the only one that matters when it comes to this revelation.

If there is something for you to find you have already passed the gate to finding nothing, and so you're better off doubling back than to harbor the expectation of discovering something worth your while in your future.

Experience will not fulfill your craving for cessation. Attempting to occupy a position or condition of gnosis based on anything found in or as experience will only disappoint you, will only seduce you once again into the labyrinth of time, and the Minotaur won't mind if you wander there forever.

We are confounded by sentience itself and we insist that we are indeed perceiving and conceiving when such conclusion is the genesis of individuation, long before one suffers from attraction and aversion.

If you lift a finger to rid yourself of unwanted thoughts or emotions or any afflictive encounter, you are taking up swords against a mirage. If you aim to become an Arahant or Bodhisattva through some means of self-perfection or contemplative prowess, you remain a figment of temporality - you are the flotsam and jetsam of perceiving and conceiving.

Surrender and forgiveness are nice enough, when they visit upon you as unearned grace, but their cultivation can only add to your nascent spiritual pride. There's nothing to find but the imagination of there being something to find.

When this existential appetite for what's next evaporates of its own accord, then you take a knee, then you are cleansed of culpability and implication.



*William H Morgan, a magical being -
RIP 12/10/16*

Repudiate the POTUS

I know, I know, this page is dedicated to the ridiculous impossibility of human inclusivity and radical awakening - with little success of course, but still.

All systems and methods and explanations that condemn you to remaining an extruded outcome of a previously occurring and existing physical reality of which you are a symptom, will wither and die on the vine. Once you were low hanging fruit, and now you are a pulpy smelly mess lying/laying on the ground being consumed by maggots clanging their mugs together and singing a cheery song of victuals and swill, and you're the swill.

Today is a beautiful day, today the world linked arms in peaceful protest to repudiate the POTUS. Yesterday the mall in DC was virtually empty, save for a few worn bibles and a handful of worn souls, posers and losers and despicable all.

Today the women (strong and vibrant and true) say "Hell No" to the POTUS and his cabinet of serial thieves and victimizers, the worst assembly of selfish and stupid and racist idiots who were raised on narcissism and self-loathing.

But please be mindful to avoid the distracting spin of the corporate controlled media and the far reaching hypnosis of the pageantry of authority and control and enemies and the fear mongering of accusing the country of "carnage" to be used as an excuse to trash constitutional freedom and pursue toxic agendas.

The enemy is not Trump or his merry band of miscreants, stealing from the poor to ingratiate the rich - they are just henchmen, low rung thugs. The danger lies/lays (that again) with the Corporatocracy; an impersonal fascia of demoralization, voting rights manipulation, profit over sustainability, environmental destruction and denial, tax fraud, truth fraud, engineers of extinction, control of the narrative - the insatiable indignity of power seeking.

Who's to blame? No one's to blame. There is no actual enemy, there's just the cosmically engineered pathology of organisms be they bottom or top of the food chain who do what they do for the sake of survival and advantage and hegemony over their domain.

If beavers (a shout out to pussy power on this beautiful day) were 30 feet tall, we'd all be under water. So, like the intrepid beaver, we too have become masters of our domain and mined, drilled, excavated, clear cut, bulldozed, irradiated, chem-trailed, poisoned, warmed, and trashed the clear-land all the while going to Church, sitting Vipasana, Davening, Salah-ing, counting money, trafficking in persons, and taking the presidential oath with small hands on the long irrelevant bible.

There's no way out of this folks, but every ounce of repudiation and trust is an act of beauty, every voice that shouts "Hell No" is a sacred voice, wearing your courage and dignity on your sleeve to renounce the



POTUS and the sick agendas of white supremacists and anti-humanists and Corporate villains is a salute to awake!

Our great joy at the NSS is loitering in Shamanic Euphoria. Don't forget to nourish yourself with unconditioned being while fighting as best you can for each other.

Today is a great day, put the bastards on notice!

A species in search of consensus

If you are really paying attention, and I am well aware that few do, you may have noticed that conformist reality is unraveling from under your feet leaving you with little to hold dear, save a few rusty and unsubstantiated opinions about whatever you like to pretend is true.

You can pull on any thread and a cascading skein of conflicting information (fake or otherwise) will come tumbling down from the akashic closets of the www and bury you in doubt and suspicion, if you let it in.

Everything is at risk; the primary creation event, the dawn of life on earth, the genesis and spread of civilization, the geological record, climate instability, self-will, cattle mutilation and UFO sightings across the 37th parallel, research findings available to the general public, everything hidden and covert in the name of national security, surveillance, war crimes, voter manipulation, bogus lies from the white house press secretary, vaccine safety, degradation of the water supply, mandatory anthrax shots for our armed forces, the IMF and world bank, fractional reserve banking, 911's building 7, the collapse of ethics in government, fossil fuels, a pandemic of conflicts of interest in the private and public sectors, wealth inequality, spin and counter-spin and counter-counter-spin leading back to spin.

We can banter and argue and march and yell "foul" all we want, but forces more sinister than you are controlling the narrative and making sure you are distracted by and exhausted with superficial drama so you'll never wake up to the underlayment of what's really going down and what's really going down is us.



Here's a short exercise. If the species were able to cultivate abundant and sustainable and carbon-friendly clean energy so the prevailing poverty consciousness characterized by peak-oil, nuke proliferation, wealth inequality, nation-state exploitation, autocratic abuse, and violence was no longer in control - how might you structure a global family where everyone had access to clean air, clean water, unmolested food, education, health care, opportunity, the arts, and self-expression all without having to be a wage slave or accumulate personal wealth?

I wonder if abundance is maybe more frightening than the perpetual anxiety we suffer by subscribing to conformist reality? The crisis, if there is one, is a crisis of imagination, a crisis of consciousness, a species in search of consensus at a time where all the lies told cannot be told anymore and yet we just don't know how to change.

Religion isn't working, science isn't working, government isn't working, celebrity isn't working, sports teams aren't working, progressive-ism isn't working, white supremacy and misogyny aren't working, money isn't working; all of these are intoxicating inhalants like bites from an apple leading to a deep sleep and no kiss will serve to awaken us from our fate of mediocrity and looming clashes due any moment as the energy and food chains struggle to keep pace with population expansion and rapid onset climate disruption.

Resistance is futile, but needed more than ever. It's perfectly OK to be what you must, worship as you will, enjoy what you can, take refuge where you find it, strive to understand, not that you need to hear that from me.

I take a knee to the sacred, down here, closer to the ground, there is an enduring abundance vast enough to embrace whatever comes.

We'd rather enjoy what consciousness has to offer than be free

Our fundamental loyalty is to a life lived as a sentient elemental occupying a reality or experiential field filled to the brim with all the goodies that consciousness has to offer.

Too often though we can find ourselves in chronic disappointment with the circumstances of our lives as craving and aversion distract us from what we hoped for.

So we turn (some of us do) to contemplative and other me-generation and recovery influenced remedies to allay our emotional and existential angst with the goal of increasing our happiness,

For some, relatively few enviable souls, this positive attitude approach (don't ask me where they get it from) to living makes everything manageable and perhaps enjoyable.

For others, the from-out-of-nowhere pursuit of spiritual fruition will not relent and we must apprehend whatever the truth might be, even if we don't like it. It makes no sense to most people, but we find ourselves driven by unseen forces to reach for the stars, at least in our own minds.

Why then, after a couple thousand years (give or take) of esoteric and well-intentioned teachings coming from many different traditions do we seem to miss the point and end up being frustrated experts in the respective bible of our adopted beliefs rather than first-hand seers released from the existential burden of separative consciousness?

That's easy - once we occupy the conformist and conditioned reality field (my life on earth) as a discretely occurring sentient elemental made of body and mind we are subject to the laws of attraction and aversion and we'd rather enjoy what consciousness has to offer than be free.

Free does not imply sufficient material wealth to satisfy fickle appetites for creature comfort or a sanguine chill applied to whatever life throws our way; free implies that we are released from the fundamental loyalty that conjures a subjective value placed upon experiencing in the first place.

All of our sentimentality and co-dependency arise as the out-gassing of holding ourselves to be individually existent and subject to the marvelous vagaries of felt experience.

Not to argue with the copacetic findings of sentient temporality, one wonders if a companion consciousness might be available which is unassailable due to the curious observation that absent metaphoric projection, we are not subject to existence?

Such observation, not being able to find oneself, can have an influential effect on our insistence to be free.



Reason is unreasonable

Humans are criminally inclined. We will and do engage in the most heinous acts of violence and territorial hegemony to pursue our malevolent agendas for racial and religious and ideological domination over anyone else.

We even cannibalize our own kind and destroy our own sovereign lands to fulfill the insatiable and involuntary compulsions and projections of our existential fears and relentless pursuit of control and acquisition - all in the name of our god and our country and our gender and the color of our skin.

This corrupt (my value judgment) bacterially motivated capacity to threaten, enslave, abuse, marginalize, and exploit the biosphere and the creatures that thrive in its soils, in its oceans, and under its canopy is a perfect storm for self-deception and self-annihilation.

You can play in the political theater, the corporate theater, the spiritual theater, the university theater, or the celebrity theater, working as hard as you do to actualize your own needs for security and relevance and reproduction - but all of these come up short.

How do I know, or with what evidence and hubris can I make such a claim - look at us, just look at us.

Permit me a political indulgence in sharing with you a reply I wrote to Senator Bob Casey who emailed me on this beautiful Sunday morning to help him with his money addiction - "I've got to raise another \$10,000 by midnight..."



Dear Senator Casey,

The addiction to cash in the private and public sectors is exactly why our Pay to Play Democracy has failed and is heading (one might say arrived) straight toward its own implosion.

Money to do this, and money to do that, paying for influence peddling as our fundamental ethical culture declines to the point of insanity.

What the Founding Fathers had in mind; a representative republic with appropriate checks and balances and a free press to ensure ethical and moral guidance for a free society has become deranged and purchased in its entirety by corporate oligarchs – this is the perfect storm.

Our shared dilemma has to do with our own lack of intelligence and consciousness and accountability. What we have become as a nation is lamentable and the bi-partisan political theater is more a Shakespearean tragedy than a comedy.

What we need to resuscitate the Democracy and survive as a free nation may very well be beyond our capacity to manifest – and this is the great sorrow of people of conscience.

I trust your intentions are as good as any man's. Consider these sincere words my contribution to your continued success.

I bet most of my Facebook friends would love to raise \$10,000 by midnight! Many of us would be gloriously happy to earn that much each month, and some of us get by on earning that much in a year.

Perhaps we have missed a simple observation about our prideful enjoyment of reason to sustain us and take us to the stars in Jesus' name. To see that reason is unreasonable could be a productive insight, followed by the refusal to remain a product of it.

Resting as simplicity

One's capacity for the spontaneous assignment of meaning is quite remarkable. It's easy to see how you appear to yourself in the form of sensation, sentiment, ideology, and an endless stream of imagined fabrication.

The degree to which you identify with the effortless fabrication of yourself could possibly have some relationship with the quality and seriousness of your disappointments and apprehensions concerning what you think is your life.

We are driven by craving and opinion, preference and anticipation, control and bracing all of which are occurring in one's imagination of oneself thus implying a previous, present, and future condition.

We assess and consent to being in and of the nature of some condition as a consequence of the movement of thought percolating as the spontaneous assignment of meaning.

We have little awareness of or relationship with the actual textures of light, sound, taste, touch, smell, and consciousness itself because we are too busy converting conscious contact into a story about ourselves as the lead actor. This claiming reflex upstages the impersonal intimacy of conscious contact and interferes with our ability to feel what's so by implying a complex artifact of cause, effect, value judgment and future event; a perfect storm of malcontent.

All too often we remain compulsively cleaved (adhered in this case) to the familiar manner in which we insist that reality is functioning or expressing, while we fail to consider a radically alternate though companion quality of experience which reveals itself once we become disinterested in what story-telling has to tell us about ourselves and the world.

All is appearing in awareness of that which is appearing, but the awareness itself is neither subject nor object and cannot be truly anthropomorphized as self, this revelation is seen or more aptly felt as resting as simplicity.

You are not presently in a condition, and oddly enough never have been. All conditions are eloquently manufactured in presence as a story told, our practice and joy is to reacquaint ourselves with object-less novelty, this encounter cleanses us of the burden of becoming.



A moment alone with yourself

You know all too well that quiet desperation and simmering discontent that rides you like an eagle that's hooked its talons in your neck.

The ache of a mind that has a mind of its own, playing distortion chords through a 100 watt Marshall head straight into your soul with nowhere to turn for refuge and we all know you're not worthy of salvation.

It's not so much the content of your malcontent, it's more the sense that this has legs and will go on for far too long; ghosts chasing demons and necromancers preying on your prayers for it all to stop.

Our principal relationship with living sometimes can be adversarial, mistrustful, shallowly prideful and oh so full of denial that it's hard to find what we once were we're so many layers deep in self-betrayal.

I remember a sudden panic attack came over me after a meditation retreat, took me by surprise, drained the joy right out of me, beyond loathing, a whipping post of despair with no specific monster, just a trap door to hell, and I fell and I fell and I fell.

I grabbed a framed photo of dear Prahlad I had with me for company and pressed his sublime far away gaze into my belly and begged, and I do mean begged for him to take that darkness away, I could not bear it.

It passed, but I was shaken, and would frequently glance over my shoulder lest the fury of the furry beast of impossible would visit me unannounced again.

Takes a while, sometimes a lifetime of learning how to be still in order to gift ourselves with some good old fashioned soul retrieval. It's worth the effort to be effortless, it's a grace worth seeking, no matter how we do it, or what rocky and mud filled paths we tread to convert a homeopathic portion of self-respect into a yogic seat of unperturbed intelligence.

You are the wormhole of liberation, teachings and tags and expectations avail us nothing. Throughout the day, throughout the life, take a moment alone with yourself. Be nourished by the solemnity of what you are, not what you hope to find or become.



Say something spiritual man

Let's say consciousness, which can be synonymous with mind or experience, occurs in a volume, not necessarily your head or your brain or your body even.

This volume, one may refer to it as awareness, having no discernible size nor vessel walls to make it a container is the entirety in which your life appears as sensation and thought and emotion and the passing of time parading by as circumstances and events.

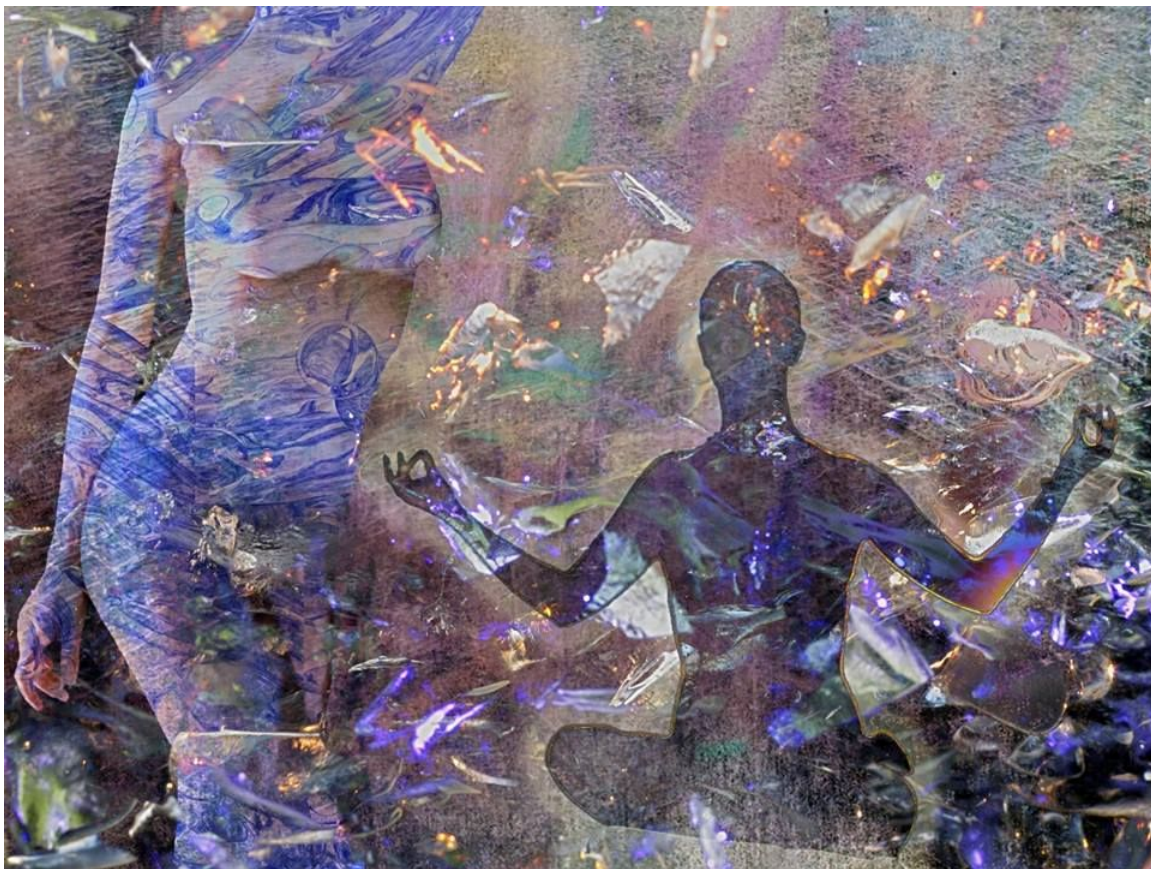
Our tendency is to identify with the sensations and thoughts and emotions as self, which suggests we presume ourselves to be what occurs in the volume.

The first big event in the movement of liberation is to see that you are not what appears in the volume, you are the volume.

The second big event in the movement of liberation is to see that you are not the volume, you are what the volume appears in.

This relieves you of the seduction to manifest anything.

Spiritual enough?



Beware Messianic Persuasion

Humans are gullible, by agreeing I have made my point.

Humans are silly, achingly vulnerable to believe just about anything spoken with confidence and authority as concerns the genesis and implications of creation, the creator, and how to serve the interests of the church and the state.

We toil for coin, agree to buy rather than grow food, enter happily into debt, seek for success, justify everything foul, reject meditation, root for our team, invest in the corporation, all the while directing our violent and apprehensive insecurity at anything and anyone the state tells us to in order to preserve our freedom and consumptive way of life.

This recently in from Houston, "The Super Bowl "increases the amount of prostitution and human trafficking that is going to happen, more than any event we see," go get 'em Tommy!

We are pathetic, despite the perennial wisdom to avoid office romances "don't shit where you eat," we are on a tear to disrupt and disregard and despoil the soil of our very biology for profit.

This brazen and uniformed capitulation to the Corporatocracy has been in the works for decades, if not since forever, and the stress of such a surreal collapse of confidence in leadership and media and constitutional rights has us reeling with a profound sense of creature at risk, and we're not wrong.

The collapse of discourse, ethical accountability, and our ability to bring the white collar banking and industrial and political villains to any sort of justice leaves us bereft of purpose and pushes our powerlessness in our face.

We've seen this before, when desperation unleashes a wave of victims victimizing the

least defended. In all theaters we are seeing the ugly rising of messianic persuasion, republican (aka stupid white men that run corporations) entitlement fueled by right wing christian values which are not values at all, funded by the billionaire class, acting out a tired old script where everybody gets hurt.

OK OK, here's the good news. Phuck, there is no good news. Humans are driven to exploitative stupidity by sub-microbial, if not sub-fractal influences that can't be blamed on anyone, not the creator and not the ego and not karma.

Still it is possible to wake up amidst all the fracas; the world isn't designed to be just or dignified, compassion is just the flip side of toxic shame, getting what you want is a sure path to hell. Don't negotiate with yourself, don't process anything, don't solicit anyone for explanations or a way out.

Beware messianic persuasion and see deeply, very deeply.



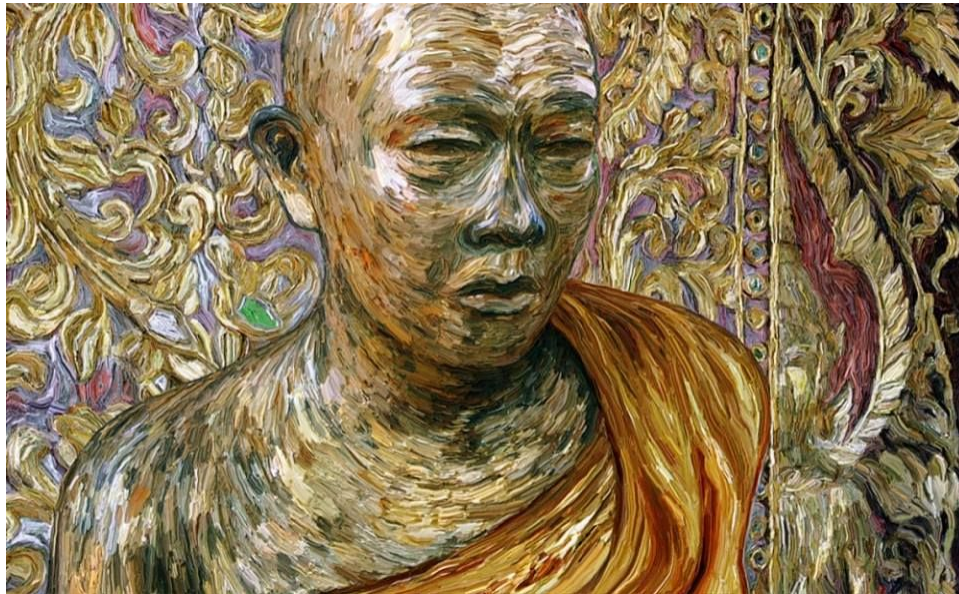
One simple question

If you're the type who has the gift of wisdom or chutzpah or both to place yourself in close proximity of a sage there is only one question to ask, and the answer can help determine your fate, though you don't really have a fate, but you don't know that yet and that's why you have traveled to seek the sage's advice in the first place.

I can't (by virtue of how I feel about spiritual shit) and don't want to sucker you into some subscription relationship like so many spiritual NLP phuckers do promising you ancient access to secret wisdoms through audios and videos and interactive skype sessions, no.

So here's the question, "Master, can you remove this incessant self-referencing?" That's it. If you go to a Meetup or a channeling group, or someone teaching anything at all, you simply ask, "Master (or whatever their name is), can you remove this incessant self-referencing?"

Nothing else matters, but it may take you a while to discover the simplicity and veracity of this rather profound question. You might insist that healing, and meditation, and mono-diets, and authoritative teachings from priests and gurus and folks who have died and then didn't really, have some value to you. But they don't.



You find the smallest crumb, you're not quite sure if it is food or insect poo, but you're compelled to press it into your finger and then put it to your tongue so you can get whatever sweetness it may possess, you can't help yourself.

This is exactly how consciousness compels you to presume the viability of your own life and to stake a claim in the river bed of how best it will work out for you. Samsara is like panning for gold, imagining that if you find some your fortunes will change.

You must taste that sweetness, your cells crave it, your sentience craves it, your imagination doesn't know what to do with itself if not for this sweetness.

For most of our spiritual journey we are influenced by one or other self-created misdiagnosis, and so we take the wrong medicine over and over again without success. It's not till we see the teeth of self-referencing that we finally know what needs to happen, and yet we don't how to make it stop.

Don't let some halfway there / house guru convince you that there is something wrong with you or your former life experience is somehow interfering with your present liberation, it's just not true.

Each moment you consider the conundrum of self-referencing is a brand new moment, it never happened before and will never happen again which permits you a fresh look, a fresh consideration of what it is you think you're made of.

So ask the question, get to the root of it. The teaching, the teacher, the great and wonderful dharma, and your own affection for the truth of being will see to it that your question is met with the utmost care - if you sense anything less than that then pop a five in the donation basket and get outta there!

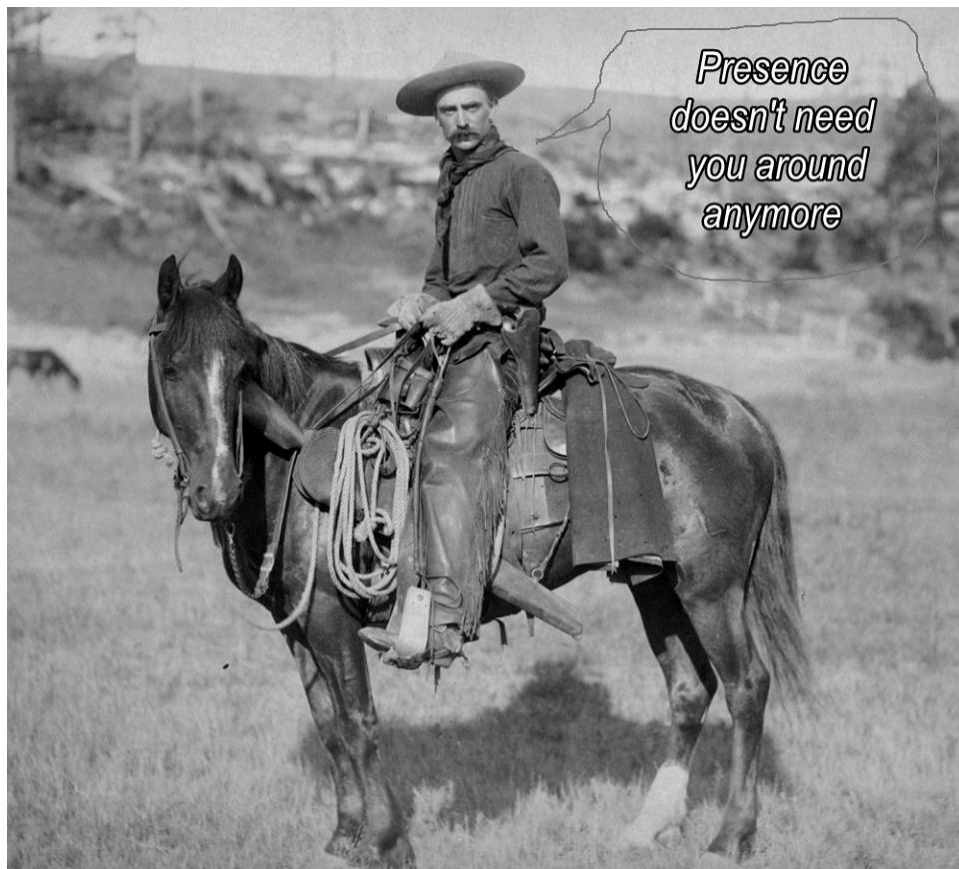
Presence doesn't need you around anymore

We are consumed with ourselves as the intermediary of reality. We inject ourselves into the present moment like a drunken landlord who screams outside the door for the rent.

The excruciating beauty of experiencing is drowned out by our insatiable craving for attention and entertainment, so we consent to invent ourselves over and over again by reference to imagination.

There is neither reason for being and nowhere it's going to. If you take yourself to be self you will suffer from the myth of other, and likely create god to keep you company.

Look, I'm your friend, I have no dog in the fight, but I was asked to tell you, to let you know that presence doesn't need you around anymore.



Cake and eat it thing

There are two kinds of people.

The predominant kind believe that their lives are the default reality field and that they are the proud owners of experience and consciousness all owing to the birth of the body. They are mistaken, and due to their error in judgment we are all going to extinction, how soon depends on how well educated you are and who you like to read for cogent forecasts on the topic.

The second kind of person, generally rare to find and easy to misunderstand, are those who have come to see that their lives appear in and as a curious dreamscape superimposed on a canvass made of emptiness that can and will tell any story it wants without considering or soliciting your opinion.

The former imagine themselves to be in control and in perpetual conflict with everything and everyone, their principal relationship with reality is denial. The latter have dropped their armor and their weapons, their principal relationship with reality is wonder.

Denial is what we are seeing on the Geo-political landscape; humans foraging for air, food, water, and energy on a local level where cellular biology and manifest destiny play out for one's immediate survival needs - this is the sure way to extinction.

Wonder is how one opens a portal to transcendent nourishment and radiant inclusivity thus cultivating, through deep sensitivity, an instinctive empathy for the rhythm and place of all sentient beings and Gaia waves of sustainability.

The rhetoric we hear from the pulpits of the politicians and the priests and the self-deluded haters of progressive human secularism (also referred to as neocon christians, the KKK, stupid white men, and Constitution stomping POTUS supporters) is all steeped in denial - they are too stupid to see that the ever louder flushing sound they hear will take them and their ill-gotten fortunes into the same sewer as everyone else they deem to be their enemy. Their way is the way of the self-aggrandizing toxic sociopath hell bent on destroying habitat for cash.



If you are still living locally, according to the beliefs and superstitions of winning in your future and your children's future then you are a product of denial, and this is not likely to change.

If you have heard the clarion call of wonder, often a whisper of an incomprehensible infinity, I would encourage you to delve deeper and tithe as much of your life as possible to furthering this discovery. Don't give anyone your money unless it pleases you to do so, that's not what I was implying by tithing. Liberation is a free lunch, it's a cake and eat it thing.

It's not so much that your life depends on it, though it might, it's more a question of how far you are capable of traveling, how deep into the cave of transcendent wonder you are willing to go.

Somewhere down there, inside yourself, where it is completely dark, the light comes on.

SELF

Our existential restlessness and the routine, if not reliable, nature of our near constant mild depression can be traced back to the default presumptions of our life as a calorie dependent creature living under the umbrella of one or other sociopathic sociopolitical system all owing their savings and future wages to the central banks controlled by lizards from another planet.

OK, maybe they're not from another planet, but still.

What's true, not that that's saying much, is the unsought presence of experiencing expressing itself with abandon as the ongoing and never repeating mish mash of sensation and thoughts about that sensation appearing to infer shit that happened, is happening, and will happen - or not.

We frame the shocking miracle of this textural or felt sentience according to rather banal and somewhat predictable memes that corral us into a more or less small and uninfluential condition as the body, a neatly organized compendium of cells and vital fluids owing their sparky curiosity and functioning to the greater star field from which we came; but not the same one as those pesky lizards.

We can attribute our malaise, if we have any, to the complaints we have about our body and our stuff and our ability or lack of same to come and go and consume as freely as we'd like to.

Something is wrong with me, or more likely everyone else, under the deafening monotone of the ineffectual narrative being broadcast over the ether by those who believe in how we should be great again. I am amazed at the cosmic syncopation of this authoritarian drivel.

One's liberation from all this is not dependent on and certainly not codependent with a program that takes you from here to there via a formulaic path where knowledge and secrets of one kind or another can be had for a fist full of shekels or sexual favors given to an encroaching or more likely roach-like master of consciousness.

The way of (I refrained from saying to) ruination is deeper and a tad more disturbing than we may have bargained for. It corrodes the habit of taking ourselves for a creature and opens our capacity for trans-temporal communion - the best revolution in town.

Welcome to this Streaming Effulgent Limitless Fruition, otherwise known as your SELF.



Life without meaning

Whatever the words I thought worthy to use.
Gone...

Whatever the deeds I thought worthy to do.
Wrong...

And hope- that which we worship-
in song!

Oh my god- too funny...

My heart and mind are empty
pure and open.

All things may enter freely
and pass through in meaninglessness,
unscathed.

Beauty intact.

(a poem from Pat W)



Consciousness is duplicitous

As you consider, if you consider, the textural nature (not the narrative self-promotion) of present experience you can glimpse, through direct means, the contextless and objectless shimmering of reality.

I am not referring to anyone's idea about reality; not the scientist or theologian or the contemplator or the politician, but the actual demonstration of unpatterned consciousness curiously capable of self-reflection without presuming or anthropomorphizing the idea of self.

Most folks would have no idea what I am referring to, unless perhaps they have had the privilege of one or several encounters with certain medicines that open the stubborn reflex of narrative self-assertion to the vastness of sacred irrationality.

And I do mean medicines, contrary to what the Feds would have you believe.

On a spirited spiritual call just yesterday the sage Peter Brown emphasized the near impossible-to-grasp notion that there is no other consciousness than this one and that the aspirant's hope for a better place or experience than this one can (and does) often confound the aspirant with an impenetrable frustration that the longed for ground of being sought as enlightenment is too far off to seek any longer, or he may have just said "you're phucked" and I'm the one doing the indulgent elaboration. Check the tape.

There is no question that consciousness is duplicitous in that present experience which is actually congealed from the stuffless stuff of unpatterned and evaporative emptiness appears as a durational field in which the pursuit and occasional satisfaction of corporeal desire can occur.

That's just another way of saying, "you're phucked".

So when you come at this filled to the brim and overflowing with the presumption of prior experience, present experience, and sure to be improved future experience you do so through the lens of the latter (referred to above); namely the narrative oratory of yourself as a creature which is merely the still wriggling and writhing artifact and archive of a healthy, though likely lethal, imagination.

If you're really serious about uncorking your spiritual ass from the pride of self you must be willing to submit yourself to the unpatterned so you can see for yourself that what you take to be yourself is not yourself at all.

This is when, as in always and without hesitation or delay, and this is where, as in right here though there are no actual coordinates that can place or locate you in space or time; the companion view of sacred vastness without implication is to be enjoyed.

If you insist on explanation as in what's or who's to blame for your continued restlessness - you remain a phantom of narrative, if you complain about not being there yet - you remain a phantom of narrative, if you supplicate through puja and walking to the top of Arunachala - you remain a phantom of narrative.

We would like to think there is something we can and should do so we can rid ourselves of this nagging drunk-uncle that clings to our ear lobe and rides on our shoulder or sits on a puke stained bar-stool in our own heads shouting for another shooter - there is not.

If you have the temerity and temperament to simply wait out the insatiable craving of being something that relies unconsciously on the clamorous narrative of "what's next for me" - you cease.

We'll put a fine point on it later, I have to leave for breakfast.....



La muerte de los tres Amigos

We all want to know what liberation is, well at least some of us do. And thankfully the Night Sky Sangha Guy is here (still without an invitation to be interviewed on BATGAP) to tell you what liberation is.

So here goes Amigo.

You may already be aware that most spiritual teachings rely on a trinity and the truth of liberation is no different.

To keep it simple here is the Night Sky Sangha's version of the holy trinity, the Three Amigos -

- 1) Narrative Consciousness
- 2) Textural Consciousness
- 3) Awareness

You may already realize that these are not three, but one, and less than that of course, but let's get there slowly.

Narrative consciousness is the realm of metaphoric (and sometimes euphoric) representation punctuated by reliance upon language as thought as symbology (an embedded trinity). This is the story of my experience as a body born of a loving union (or otherwise) privy to the intoxicating marvels of sensuality, ideology, and sentimentality (another embedded trinity) which appears as the mythic archetype of my life lived according to me.

Textural consciousness is the companion, but often completely overlooked, miracle of being surging forth irrefutably and involuntarily, arising from nowhere, made of nothing, un-tethered from spatial or temporal boundary, a forever novel and evaporating cornucopia of unspeakable bliss (another trinity if you like).

What makes these two discernible and therefore eligible for constructive contrast is awareness, without which you'd have a hard time ordering fish tacos, a side of mole infused guacamole, warm corn chips con queso, and a cold Tecate to wash it all down - or maybe not.



In this regard the path of liberation is an organic shift (gradual or rapid onset) from narrative consciousness to textural consciousness as awareness itself becomes infused with recognizable and intoxicating refinements of the view, permitting one more elasticity and motility as concerns the

moment to moment engagement with the entire radiant and inclusive boundary-free field of apparitional expression.

Still, one may find some remaining and lingering adhesions as the transcendent pleasure of discernment and motility are so good that it would be easy and perfectly justified to loiter there, having left the banality of personal suffering and the imagination of enlightenment in the dust.

So, the final infinity which has no finality is the liberation from awareness itself, what we like to call "La muerte de los tres Amigos", the death of the three friends. See you at the funeral.

The aliens are comin', better get a lamb start runnin'

It's funny out there in La La Land, not the one that didn't win best picture, the one that we live in, where everybody is above average and gullible to a fault.

On our recent Zoom meeting where christians, aspirants, and spook worshipers gather to kick the promise of awakening around in a casual two dimensional (kind of like flat earth) environment, the mention of Matt Khan came up.

One of our regulars, a trained and truly compassionate psycho-therapist who knows Shinzen Young (not biblically of course) pointed out that Matt Khan wears sweater vests and ends most of his sentences in a whisper which I thought was more than sufficiently insightful to ignore Matt Kahn, like for good and forever, however long that takes.

Matt is as good as any at enrolling we dumb-phuck seekers into a cosmology that is so saturated with New Age smarmy speak that he is making money - the true sign of a spiritual master these days.

The bible quote I think is apropos in this situation (kind of like case law for christians) is "Beware of false prophets, who come to you in sheep's clothing but inwardly are ravenous wolves".

Now everyone knows that the Aramaic phrase "sheep's clothing" translates to "sweater vests" in modern English so this is like a prophecy specifically warning us all about Matt Kahn, who knew?

A guy on reddit wrote an insightful expose on Matt saying that he was trying to help his friend "shortly after he [the friend] escaped an abusive Christian org" to see the danger of "being suckered by this exploitative woo".

Then a christian gal (probably not from the same abusive christian org, but who knows) wrote an insightful piece responding to a reader asking, "Are his (Matt's) teachings safe for Christians?" and she responds with aplomb, "No they are not. Because the main mission of Matt Kahn and his partner, Julie Dittmar, is to help people discover their true divine nature, Christians should avoid the teachings of this couple."

Now that struck me as odd, don't you think? Why would a christian blogger advise someone in search of their true divine nature to avoid Matt Kahn and his shakti Julie who promise to help christian (and other) seekers to find exactly that? Wasn't that why Jesus took human birth and lived and died and rose the way he did - to be a bridge and a testament to the presence of one's true divine nature?

Phuck me I am confused. Maybe this fake news thing has really gotten out of hand; is there something in the water or the skies perhaps, maybe the vaccines have something to do with it, or POTUS's ties to Putin, or microbes on the bodies of ancient dead aliens thawing out in the great expanse of Siberian tundra as the permafrost recedes?

Who do you believe these days about anything, I mean anything at all? Paul Ryan, Sean Spicer, Jeff Sessions, Rachel Maddow, Russell Brand, Mr. Clean, Neil deGrasse Tyson, Adyashanti, Chomski, Snowden?

It's getting easier and easier to wake up I think, because there's less and less to believe in. And if you plan on seeing Kong: Skull Island in IMAX 3D like I did (which I recommend), don't make plans to get a bite afterwards - you won't be able to stop shaking for a couple days.



Nice guy, lost in space

On occasion someone new drops into the Night Sky Sangha either by accident, and there are accidents no matter what people say, or by some unforeseen force that specializes in wasting its own time, because it can. For the same reason a dog reaches back around to cleanse its testicles with its own slobbering tongue.

What dogs and people do on their own time is just fine with me, for the most part, I'm just sitting in the faux ivory (I don't truck in big game) tower of my own mind minding my own business.

It is no easy or enviable task to take the risk to engage someone in trans-temporal communion when they are successfully saturated in the ideas of their well constructed sense of self-worth and haven't yet reached the point where they can't stand the sound of their own mind or speech anymore.

It's not rocket science, if you think you're you then what's the point really in talking about liberation because you're going to deflect and deflect and deflect since that's what consciousness does best, and you are the unwitting and unconscious product of smoke blown up its own ass. And you know the reason why. Because it can.

Deflection takes many forms, and you're a master of them all; ranging from disinterest to personal wound to what you hope to do in the world to remaining faithful to your practices and devotions to those who walk in peace; in your mind.

You'll bounce from point to point and from story to story and drag all manner of social consciousness and Bodhisattva vows and privilege and poverty into the mix simply because you are not done yet with 'eventually' and 'ultimately', you've got a lot of living to do and most likely on your terms.

I'm not suggesting there is anything right or wrong with how anyone rolls, though I do have a soft spot for folks who find it nourishing to come to total failure. There, where all the apples have been bobbed from the barrel, where there's nothing left to sink your teeth into, you can actually enjoy some intimacy as you consent to the present inevitability of oblivion.

Those who quote from the lives and teachings of others and hide behind the curtain of time may be, and probably are, nice guys. Nice guys, lost in space.



Obliterative Insouciance

We sniffers of enlightenment have a few things going for us, nothing that can be proved or held out to be persuasive, but still there's something there.

Could be existential angst, a fondness for ecstatic immersion, a curious proclivity for devotion, or an aversive rejection of the tedium of our own consciousness - there is some driving force that makes us want to believe in a strange sort of superhero genre.

It can start with the Easter Bunny or Santa Clause, or an unwanted molestation at a young age, maybe alcoholic parents, or even a somewhat tame upbringing raised by the commonly found narcissistic mother or dissociative father where everyone in the family system has a pinch of bi-polarity.

One can focus on healing from trauma and solipsism their entire lives with little to show, but hey who's judging?

Along the way, seeking invulnerability, freedom from suffering, contemplative durability, the cultivation of magical healing gifts and powers of prediction through astrology, Tarot, crystal skulls, and other avenues of mysticism we become experts of our own delusion.

We remain unconsciously tethered to the presumption that mind is occurring in us, that "I" am the sovereign meat-puppet, that our sensations and beliefs preconceive the world, that we determine our fate by virtue of choice and application of will.

At each neuronal and synaptic fork in mind cascading at the speed of light through a radiant chain greater than a quadrillion paths an incomprehensible number of parallel universes lie in waiting from moment to moment and what you think you are might actually be something (or nothing) else.



What if you were occurring in mind, where would your pride of self be then? Most seekers, even worn and tired ones, reflexively and compulsively turn the liberating inquiry into something about them, having to do with their lives, their decisions, their clever formulae for what to do when this happens, what to say when that happens, and what to think about this and that in a vain attempt to control the narrative and set a course for improved experience.

If you were wondering why and how you came to be such an insufferable idiot, now you know. Don't thank me, I'm generous by nature.

The simple reason why so few are in it for the long haul is that awake is more akin to oblitative insouciance than to anything having to do with the way you think and feel about things. Your experience is not what this is about, still you persist in getting your experience right or better or aligned with someone else's will than your own.

No strategy (earnest or casual) that you can deploy will amount to anything more than more fleeting experience as death keeps gaining on you. It's perfectly obvious, though it may take a while for you to be relieved of the reflex to extol the virtues of an experience that you're not actually having.

Neti Neti on the Dzogchen

The typical seeker of enlightenment is not that bright, but then, who is?

The magical and dubious gift of imagination permits us to cooperate according to shared intentionality; we celebrate the nation-state, our religious faith, our gender, the color of our skin, one's muscular prowess, our great good looks, the accumulation of money, real and fake news, global domination over mother nature, the shape of the earth be she round, pear-shaped, or flat, and anything else we can believe in order to maintain a firm grip on reality.

If you, but why should you really, take a second look at the "givens" of your world view you can discern that they are all contrived, down to the last morsel of superstitious loyalty conferred upon information and cosmologies presented to you since birth or before that merely reiterate the hallucinations of those feeding you this information.

Most of us dare not look at or beyond the veils that bind, we are eager as young chimps to please, and entertain, and seduce our hosts for the rewards of attention, touch, and food. Why would we take a stand at such a young and impressionable age to yell "bullshit" at all the stupid phuckers who are careening toward extinction and thus compromise our chances for a needed diaper change or another round of sweet breast-milk? That would be counter productive to our purposes.

But, such behavior has a price, for before we know it we have become indoctrinated and habituated to the miseries and compromises that our hosts have also unwittingly made and thus become them!

The next stop from there is entrainment with the dystopian agendas of the incarcerating overlords, the Corporatocracy and their bobble-headed spokes-models all eating "pizza" in Washington, DC.

Back on point, as if there was one. The typical seeker of enlightenment is not that bright, but then, who is?

We dwell and suffer under the impression that we can place ourselves in time and space according to choice or fate not realizing those (all four of them) are the same thing. You think you are an animate being occupying an inanimate environment in that your consciousness begins and ends at the perimeter of your body, so all else is not you.

We have become accustomed to quite a number of false flags that serve to sever us from what This might actually be, and then hope that a slow or quick solution for our malaise and existential disquietude can be had, by us of course.

In any given moment are you refreshed by what never happened before or are you dumbfounded with the observation that experience is always departing? Maybe both? Maybe neither?

And if you were to observe Ram Dass's now famous missive to "Be Here Now", could you be, and for how long exactly?

Is reality made of discrete elements? Can you find where awareness or consciousness (were they imagined to be different) begin and end? Have you ventured to the abyss horizon or perimeter wall of this flat earth only to find your way blocked by towering glaciers that you cannot scale?

Is presence really radiant, or radiance really present? Do you have any phucking clue what to dismiss or discard so you can get to the underlying truth of whatever This is or isn't? I bet you don't, but for as long as you insist otherwise you will be a product of your own imagination itself filled to the brim with fatuous lies that can only deceive, not serve you.

The very magical nature of looking and perceiving and conceiving conspire (without motive or expected results) to imply that there is more than one thing-less thing here, but there's not.

Happiness then is not derived so much from what's found, but rather from what's missing which turns out to be you.



Oooh the love

Seekers love gurus, what else is new?

But why? Simple, because of the love, and that's why seekers and gurus suck.

We think that love is a legitimate justification for our fawning over some charismatic drivell slinger just like "tie a yellow ribbon" is a good reason to support those brain-washed into killing strangers in foreign countries.

The resonance, the narcotic plasma, the transmission, the waves of peace and ascension; that's what you're really after - liberation can go phuck itself as long as you get your fill of love.

We want this to feel the best that it can feel to 'me' so we turn to sensual delights be they intravenous injection, recovery, recovery from recovery, mindfulness, hate crimes, or devotional guru'ism to escape the unbearable pressure of ourselves. And we never do, we never will.

If you haven't noticed by now, humans are screwed, civilization is toast, psychopaths run nation-states, thieves run corporations and banks, criminals run prisons, anthropocene climate deniers live in denial, the police state is coming for you, your privacy has been gutted, atrocities of war persist unabated, christians hate everybody, zionists commit apartheid, we are all refugees of a dystopian assault perpetrated by one ideology upon another.

But that's OK, there is always non-duality and meditative bliss to be found at your local Dojo or from the comfort of your armchair and soon to be sold browsing history. We can bury our sorrow and the unbearable persistence of our existential disappointments in YouTube's, Sangha's, Speaker Meetings, Guru love, ACIM, and every other distraction we can get our hands on to insure that we always have something to believe in as the next guaranteed solution for the imagination of ourselves to feel better about same.

Talks about enlightenment and shit sound nice, you can get a good feeling from time to time. We trade one addiction for another several times in a day medicating and justifying and ameliorating: repeat, while doing our best to keep our day job perhaps wondering why those contrails I remember as a youth seem to be lasting so much longer and seem so much closer to the ground crisscrossed all over the sky, but no, I am a reasonable person.



We are in a chaos of stupidity, and it's not our fault. Though we may have risen to great heights atop the quickly extincting food chain, everywhere we go and everyone we meet and every group we join are all drenched in profound hallucination - even the joyful narcotic of traveling lighter is no match for where this is going, even if it isn't going anywhere.

I hope your next retreat is already booked, you'll need it.

Surreptitious Infatuation with Imagination

You don't notice that you're self-infatuated with the imagination of yourself, that's how come it persists.

Seekers, the smart ones, are interested in getting to the bottom of their fundamental malaise, which turns out to be one's involuntary loyalty to the seemingly perpetual idea that you know what your experience has been and what it is now. You don't.

Any and every idea you have about what reality has been and is now is bullshit, this is why you can't help but to re-imagine yourself over and over again as a person on the short side of liberation wondering what you might do better or differently to win the prize of sanguine insouciance someday.

You harvest what you think is your present experience for signs of progress, signs of joy, signs of extraordinary insight, and so you become dependent upon what you take to be legitimate evidence of yourself in search of a better version of yourself and at some point you start to notice that such approach isn't working; that doesn't mean you stop, it just means you become more suspicious.

This suspicion, a wise revelation on your part, starts to eat away at the core of your pride, not the superficial pride we all suffer from, that needn't change; I'm referring to the more pernicious pride of turning to the fallacy of yourself as the arbiter and director of what you insist is the causal basis of experience in the first place.

No one knows, nor can they ever know, what this is. Now don't be so quick to throw your hands up, not knowing what this is turns out to be what this is, though that's not saying much - it is liberation.

Experience and the absurd notion of you're being the experiencer collapse without a trace when you, by no effort or cleverness of your own, stop harvesting the revelatory demonstration of evaporative presence to insist upon your existential hegemony.

By having an intimate encounter with the impossibility of yourself with sufficient frequency, in time, you fold.



There are only 2 essential ingredients for awakened understanding

I like a challenge, so I blurt out an overconfident proclamation without thinking or merit and then I have to defend it. It's not that difficult really since there is no actual truth or untruth to anything, shit is always just that, so why not take the risk to make something up - everyone else has.

You think the Upanishads are true, or maybe you're a big fan of the Ramayana, is the Heart Sutra true, maybe the Pali Canon, definitely the Four Noble Truths and the Eight Fold Path are true, they even say so, how about the Old and New Testaments, or the ACIM compendium of channeled blather, or the non-dual horseshit that Rupert Spira elucidates: do you really think any of this useless garbage is true?

If you do you're you; that doesn't mean I don't like you or have any wish to compromise your self-esteem or make light of your cherished hallucinations as concerns your faith or how you manage to get through life as a gullible xenophobic fool that must fear and hate others who don't share your beliefs, but really, you're you.

And I'm no better off mind you, phuck me, I was born on the same day as Lafayette Ronald Hubbard, aka L. Ron Hubbard or even LRH if you're an initiate - how do you think that makes me feel? Not so good, for sure.

And you can see by now that I am stalling and biding my time hoping that I can trace a bead on why there are only 2 essential ingredients for awakened understanding. Got it, download, no problema.

The 2 essential ingredients for awakened understanding are nearness and otherness. If you crack the code on these two you are smooth sailing toward the finish-less finish line, let me explain.

You have to come as close to yourself as possible; not your thinking, not your sentimentality, not the seduction of sensation, not the circumstances and story of your imagined life, but real close, close enough to sense the causeless and object-less miracle of the root of sentience, the dubious evidence of consciousness, the ruse of "I am".

This is nearness, it is absolute, it does not complain or pine for, it seeks no explanation for itself, and has no need of implication, it can't recall when it began, has no sense of ever ending, and is not bound to the myth of duration, though irrefutable, it cannot be located in a place.

You are not the operator of or dispatcher for your life, that is imagined. You are this nearness. Thought and story can only appear to dissuade you from this nearness, but they lie. Nearness, that's the first essential ingredient.

Nothing other than you exists, and we're not so sure about you either. This is how you crack the code on otherness. It is not possible for anyone to be having more fun than you, ever or anywhere. You are the most fun possible in all moments and circumstances and places, terrestrial, extra-terrestrial, departed or ascended, or dwelling on a throne in someone's idea about heaven.

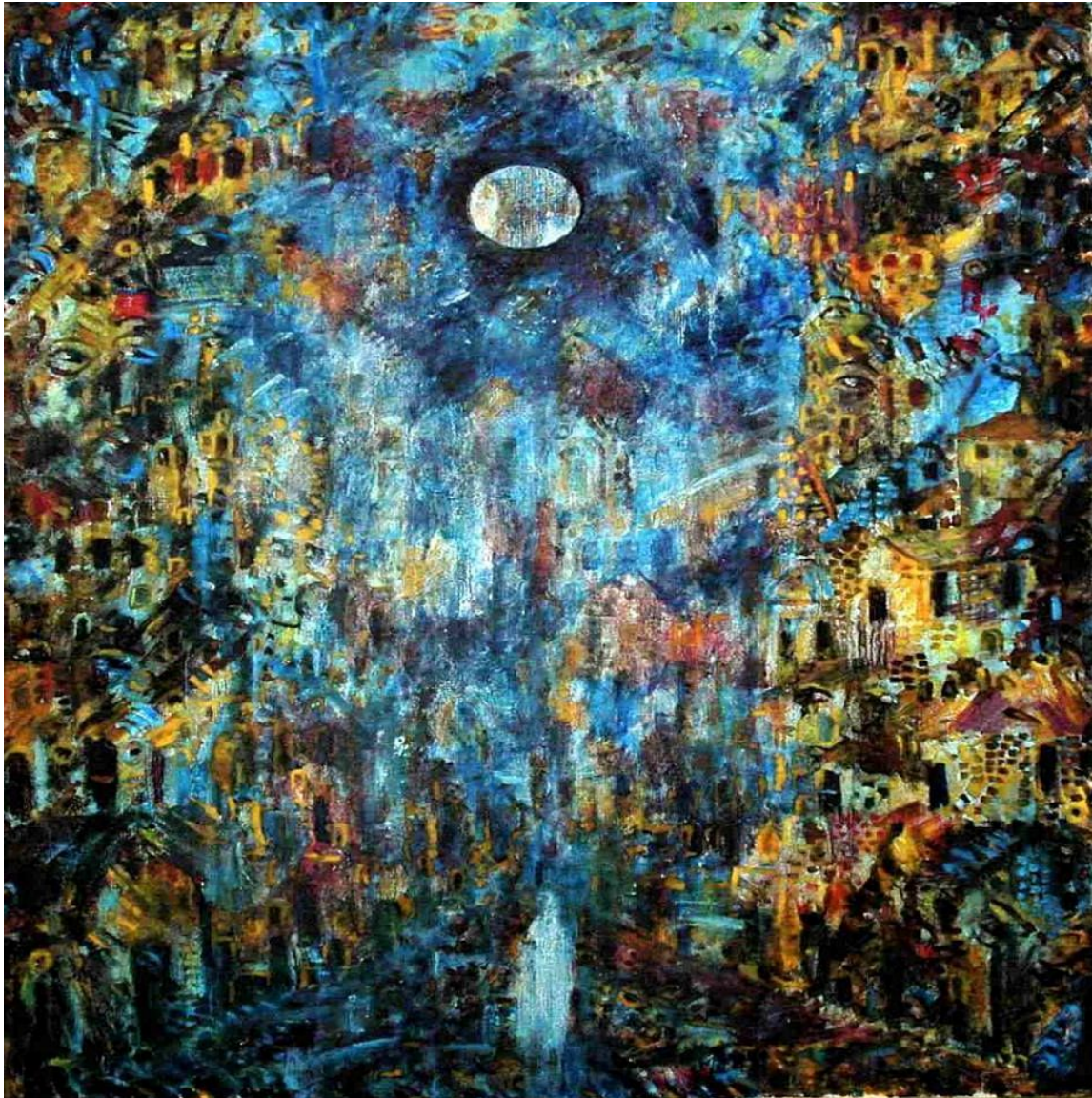
If you have convinced yourself that it is possible for you to be having more fun than you are right now, well you guessed it, you're you and this time I don't mind sounding just a little bit edgy about it, in the hopes that such a curious consideration if not heinously insensitive accusation can shake you out of the tree of time.

This is a hard one to get close to, I realize that. There is a phuck load of tragic suffering and exploitation and billionaire biased misanthropic stupidity all around; the nuclear confirmation of Gorsuch comes to mind. You know I can whip up a steaming list of horrible shit to illustrate the human crap field in a jiffy, but let's leave that alone for a moment.

Back to the adventure at hand. Otherness comes of its own accord, there is so much apparent evidence to say it's so, but it's not. It takes nearness to solve the puzzle of otherness, and to be joyful about it, it takes otherness to solve the puzzle of nearness.

These are the two most intimate worm holes you have at your disposal $24/7/365$ + the occasional leap year adjustment. They never fail you and they never leave you and you don't need anyone's permission to ride them all the way home and all the religious, secular, and non-dual shit that has been written about everything else is really of no value to you at all.

Nearness and otherness; there are only 2 essential ingredients for awakened understanding.

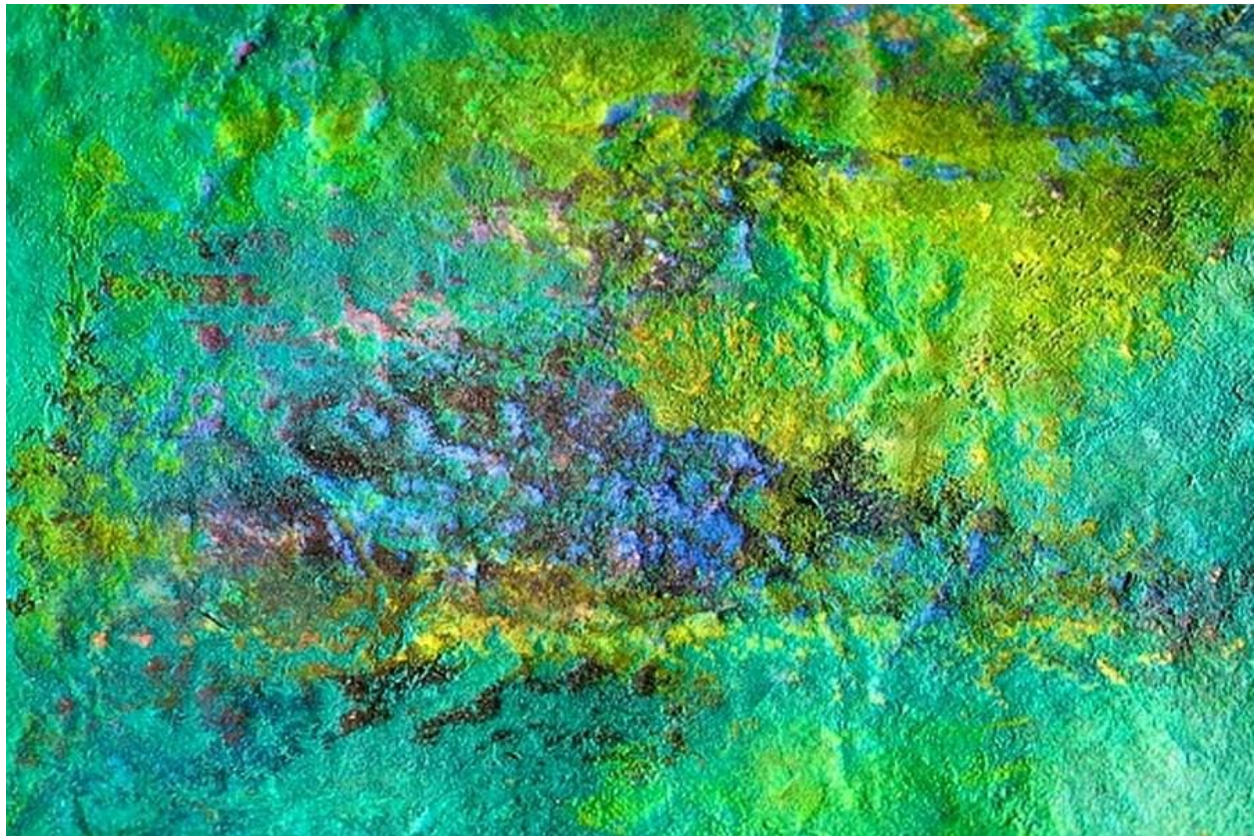


Too simple for words

Presence is not what we think it is. Presence is not what we say it is. Saying and thinking are second hand. Presence is first hand. The vocabulary of presence is not metaphorical, it is itself, it has no intermediary.

Presence is not approachable, it is so. What we call mind is a perplexity of ideas that foment identity, and this derived identity can easily become transfixed by its own projections, thus for a time it can seem that presence is obscured. It can seem that one's nature is ensconced and hidden by the familiarity of one's life.

There is a way back from individuation to objectlessness. What is the way? It's too simple for words.



Consumers of Transmission

Are you a consumer or a purveyor? Do you fancy yourself a seeker of enlightenment, or someone who has fashionably stopped seeking (and it only gets you points if everyone you used to attend talks and retreats with knows you're not seeking anymore), or a purveyor of ancient truths and secret doctrines?

Along comes one or a dozen non-dualists - there must be a good 'how many advaitists does it take to change a light bulb' joke out there:

- a) none, there is always light even if the light bulb goes out,
- b) one, there's nothing but,
- c) two, one to deny reality as a dream and the other to just change the phucking light bulb.

All joking aside; along comes one or a dozen non-dualists and you become a dutiful student of their teachings, most likely to rid yourself of everything you don't like about yourself or the world or both and you find, much to your delight, a harmonic of transmission that melts your mind, soothes your savage breast, and relieves you temporarily of how unpleasant it is to be you.

This is a good thing, this is what all the spiritual celebrity is about; how good it makes you feel to be in the presence of a realizer, if it does. If you have the good common sense to find and expose yourself to a realizer something will rub off on you - what that is can't be spoken, it might be a bridge to your own realization or something more akin to a spell cast by Lord Voldemort.



No matter how transmission makes you feel, what will happen over and over is that the default presumption of you as a formerly suffering creature taking up your fair share of space in time will pollute your attention and reanimate the myth of yourself because what you think you want is relief from what never happened in the first place.

As a card carrying member of the "I am conscious and separate" club you place way too much emphasis on what you think the problem with you is so you're all about what the solution for you is, while neither is true.

This reflex of personal and somatic identity has you reeling in ideas and explanations and solutions and behavioral reminders and hoped for bliss all of which conspire (without malice or actual coordination) to keep you exactly in the same place as you've never been.

You're gonna have to face it, you're addicted to self. Hopefully it won't take too long before you see that you have become a perpetual consumer of transmission, and it isn't working.

What you do about it, well now, that's where the magic comes in.

Itself rife with distraction

This is itself. Experiencing is the miracle needed for liberation to flower. One's attention habituates to objects, what's found is imagined into existence. A baby step back from where attention finds objects is the delight of being.

There is no actual mind, one is not in possession of mind. The impunity of experiencing is all there is. This itself is rife with distraction, but only apparitionally, This itself cannot depart from or ever become anything other than This itself.

Therefore, revelation can be said to be not of something other, but of This itself. The re-calibrated nature of attention finds the plenum of experiencing as itself and no longer dwells under the influence of objects.

The typical escape dramas we use to avoid this intimacy are varied for sure, but they can be seen in their entirety as a proliferation of ideas, the conjuring of the myth of ultimately.

One does not venture into the realm of freedom while occupying a place in experience, harvesting experience, desiring a certain feeling to occur.

Attention slips into Itself, the habit to find objects relaxes thanks to the deliverable miracle of present experience, but it doesn't stop there. One is lifted by the buoyancy of revelation to go beyond the implications of experiencing.



The end of discipline

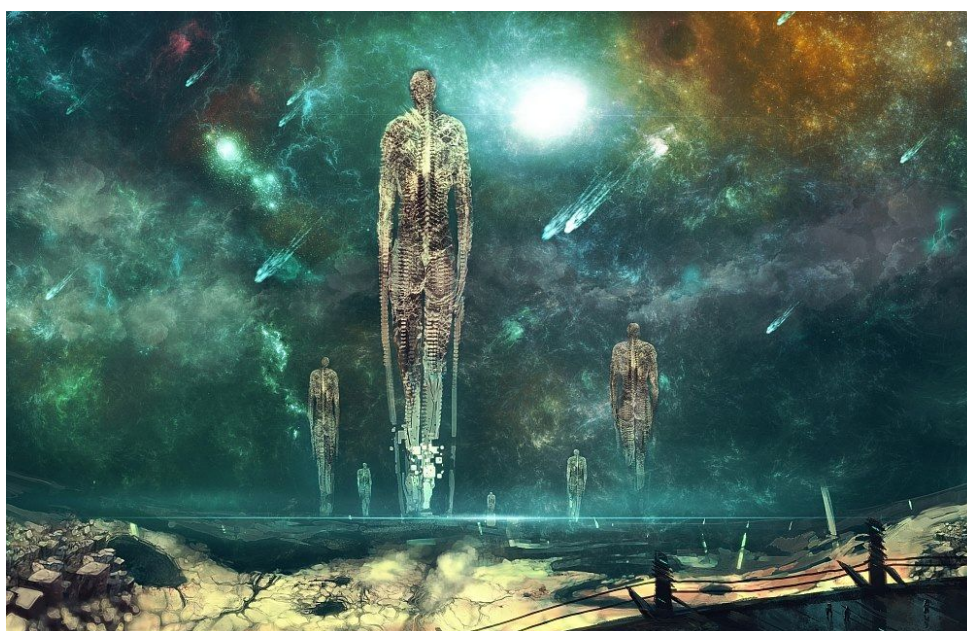
Typical synonyms for discipline may include control, training, teaching, instruction, regulation, direction, order, authority, rule, strictness, a firm hand, or subject area and specialty.

None of these can apply to realization because realization is not of anything, it's not about anything, it doesn't belong to your idea of the world, it's not about becoming a sacred meat-puppet or one worthy of worship - all those are infantile, they are symptoms of a species in dire need of a deeper zeitgeist for trans-temporal communion.

We are still fixated on some toilet-trained dystopian nightmare as we spread the effluent of our civilization over the biospheric landscape hoping that someone else will clean up our shit.

Nearly everything about us is embarrassing, except maybe for rock 'n roll and LSD; too bad we can't take any credit for psilocybin.

We have become victims of our own institutionalization, the concentration of wealth and influence destroying the habitat are moored by neanderthalic impulses. As our children set forth on their journeys into digitization, consumerism, and endless growth we unconsciously ignore the storm clouds that will rain a heap of trouble on their innocent lives.



It may be obvious to few, but obvious nevertheless, that the inertia of human consciousness playing out its psycho-sexual frustrations through unabated fossil fuel retrieval and burning, industrialization, cityfication, waste proliferation, and manipulation of all kinds cannot be sustained much longer.

One would hope that a golden age of enlightenment (à la Eckhart Tolle's New Earth) might stem the ebb tide where everyone gets sucked out to sea, tangles in an endless web of plastic, then drowns in their own ignorance; but that's not gonna happen.

We're just not bright enough to dismantle the pernicious influence of golf-addicted and ICBM wielding psychopaths who like control and bask in negative attention. We're too easily influenced by the fake news of our own assemblage and naive world views to be able to wake up sufficiently for any hope of redemption or spiritual multi-culturalism.

We're near the end of discipline, the reign of authoritarianism, the plodding along of faith and hope, supplicating false gods for a ticket to the rapture - this is on us and no one's paying attention.

For the few who have an inkling for liberation, your time has come, but that doesn't mean anything's gonna work out, it's not.