

# Night Sky Sangha

## Inquiry into Awakening

(Facebook posts July 2018 – December 2018)

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## ***Rattle me this Batman?***

I went to the "HighVibe Art & Music Festival" yesterday with a fistful of NSS business cards in hopes of soliciting some secret sufis to join in on our salons.

As expected, I saw the many familiar faces one always sees when attending these events, you know the type. There were mystics and mediums, channels, pagans, vegan macaroons, didgeridoos, portals and orbs, plasticine pyramids filled with sacred stones, Ministry Schools, pendulums, chair massage, soul retrieval and astral travel, merchants, promises, readings, Medical Marijuana dispensaries, CBD oil, and a rotund bald guy with a shirt he's worn for the last three days in a row handing out cryptic business cards that read, 'Night Sky Sangha'.

I gave and got a few hugs, deliberately ignored others, offered a wincing woman some myofascial release for her tight neck and shoulder, tried to explain trans-temporal communion to an astrologer wearing a purple jump suit, listened to a better than decent banjo player strum the theme song to the Beverly Hillbillies; all in all a good time, some high vibes were had by all.

One artisan had an attractive display table with high sheen polished hand carved steer horns filled with beads and finished at the open end with a leather cap and strap - a fashionable shaman's rattle. She was kind enough to demonstrate the technique and rattled some decorative steer horn more or less in my face for effect.

Without notice or hesitation I instantly journeyed to the lower world where I met a merchant that tried to sell me something I didn't need, then to the middle world where I met a healer who tried to heal me of an injury that wasn't mine, then to the upper world where, to my surprise, I met Jim Carrey dressed like the Riddler who taunts me and says, "Rattle me this Batman. Why are you here?"

Stunned, but still standing, I returned to the present moment, thanked the shaman for her wisdom and quietly left the pavilion.

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Shaman: Leonardo Carrato



## ***Iridescent Fractality: The Case of the Missing Emptiness***

Please understand, my motive is not to convince you of anything or lay down a path for some promised actualization, but if you follow what I'm saying I can assure you things will not change.

All of what we construe and perceive as consciousness and experience occurs at the pleasure of what exactly? Well, no one knows so they come up with outrageous claims of something or nothing as exalted as god or beyond even our best notions of god. There are limited returns.

Here's a good one from our Hindu brethren; "Para-Brahman: the formless aspect of Divinity beyond Brahman is equivalent to "true emptiness".

Here's a good one from our Buddhist friends; "The four imponderables that are not to be speculated about are: 1) The Buddha-range of the Buddhas, 2) The jhana-range of one absorbed in jhana, 3) The precise results of karma, and 4) Speculation about the origin of the cosmos. This is not a joke, good people have gone mad pondering the imponderables, don't you become one of them.

If we had the time (and I'm glad we don't) we could scour all of human oral and written history and still have no idea WTF this is, was, or will become. Any and all merchants of ancient this or prophesied that are liars.

So let's move on. The best you can say is that while experience has an irrefutable quality to it, since it is made only of iridescent fractality which is nothing only appearing as something palpable, we go insane with the presumption of ourselves as someone or some thing imbued with the force of discernment and choice.



We occupy an empty control room like Captain Kirk (have I gone back too far or not far enough) sitting at the helm of the Enterprise but there is no crew and no controls. Everything on the monitor and out the window are doing themselves all without our invention or intervention.

This makes stuff like intentionality and attraction a farcical artifact of imagination. Worse or better (depending on how you refrigerate it), consciousness and experience themselves are farcical artifacts of imagination. And what does that leave you with?

All that appears on the canvas and within the context of conceiving is doing so at the pleasure of emptiness, which is just a poor choice of words to denote the all too painful revelation that we just don't know.

It's a trans-sentient panorama of iridescent fracticality masquerading as palpable irrefutability or in some circles, 'The Case of the Missing Emptiness'.

If you try and enlighten or improve upon your idea of what you are just where do you think you're going? Only to another idea.

Once you (if ever) concede that all is vanity, this was Vivekananda's end of life realization, then maybe the ceaseless seduction of what's not actually happening will no longer define you as the low spark of separative being.

And just as promised, things will not change.

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Cosmic Waves: Greg Moores

## *Delight & Erasure*

If you wish to delight in this world and you have some spare time and some spare change, where do you go, what do you do?

Speaking for myself, well I consume fossil fuels traveling to more or less local eateries where I generally consume animal products and talk about erasure. It's a hobby.

I want to be responsible from a carbon footprint point of view, from an animal rights point of view, but I am a privileged consumer (modest by some standards, not by others) who manages to justify my indulgent excesses just to get out of the house and mix it up in the world.

Admittedly I am not a good example of what I enjoy speaking about. I am no role model, nothing has happened in me or to me that empowers my unearned confidence when writing or speaking about the nature of the natureless.

Truly, I am a clown. I'd like to think otherwise, but there is no evidence to support it. I am worse than fake news, I am no news.

One could say that delight is to be found in the artifacts of experience, in the fossil record of imagination, in relief and release from the performance pressure of having to be relevant and right about things. Constructive delight, affinity, gratitude, generosity, cordiality, and empathy can sure make an ordinary life a great one.

Erasure is another matter, though streaming side by side with the journey of delight and the vagaries of existential performance anxiety, erasure is not measured by sensuality or sentimentality.

Erasure is freedom from existential co-dependence, from scrutiny, from accumulation, from the need to be right about anything. Everyone finds erasure, it accompanies the sure to come appointment we have with whatever death is, and whatever that is, is what it is, just like this is, if it's anything at all.

If, from time to time, you dare to drop the ball of delight, erasure may find you. If it does you will naturally seek its company again. I promise it will be awesome.

Sincerely yours,  
Clown

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Slava Polunin: Vladimir Mishukov



## ***May as well be lizards***

I enjoy a good conspiracy as much as the next person.

Take that fateful day some few years ago on a bright September morning when two airplane and fire resistant landmark buildings were pulverized into dust at free fall speed for no apparent reason than to justify the creation of a police state right beneath our democratic feet.

You know the conspiracy I'm talkin' about - it's called The 9/11 Commission Report.

I have been meaning to share the best two articles I've ever read about that fateful day, but more importantly to shed light on the decades long (and probably longer) propaganda machine of the "free world" that has us cowering in poverty, the poverty of misinformation and deceit.

The hegemony of big oil and banking over the rights of citizens, imposed upon we sleeping wage earning minions, exploiting our fears and rage, aimed at false enemies to deflect any instinct of or accountability for the real crime and the perpetrators of the real crime - that's the conspiracy.

Any noble alcoholic or addict that seeks to return to sobriety (or cultivate it for the first time in a lifetime of sorrow) learns, and rather painfully so, to wake up from denial and minimization and justification and toxic co-dependence to finally breathe the fresh air of freedom and gratitude for that freedom.

But what do we do about our addiction to authority, our naiveté concerning the life threatening agendas of the bankers, the corporatists, the elected and non-elected politicians and their malevolent parties?

What can the constituents of the constitution do if we are asleep to the true malignancy of the nation and to those who set degenerate policy and then dictate what we're permitted to hear, what we're told is the truth, when in fact, it's not?

The contemporary corporate controlled media milieu and the surrealistic black hole of conspiracy misdirects reminds me of that other fateful day when I was selling sesame date slushies and roasted pistachios at the sag wagon section of the Tower of Babel construction site when all of a sudden, no one could understand anyone else!

I mean it's (whatever it actually might be) become a free fall into lies, more lies, lies about lies, and lying about that. The life and species threatening agendas driving the world and driving the narrative are so dangerous in all respects that whoever is doing the driving may as well be lizards.

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Babel Tower Ruins: Chirag Tripathy



## *Radioactive Presence*

I've always suffered from an instinctive and dismissive reaction toward enlightenment teachers (and I've seen my fair share) who refuse to characterize and thereby minimize the ecological, sociological, and political ramifications of our insane addiction to insanity.

I do reluctantly and occasionally consent to the perspective that this is like a dream so the rash of disasters that are presently incubating and starting to fester can be insouciantly shaken off as mere maya, the lila (play) of creation, or the miraculous unfoldment of radiant presence, thus no one really has to suffer or if you're a student of ACIM, they do so by virtue of their own making.

But that is total bullshit, right?

I easily get confused by what I hear from climatologists, from industrialists, from nuclear physicists, from vaccinologists, from excitable conspiracists, and from gurus. I'm not sure if I can believe anyone about anything any longer. Moreover, I don't know if that is a sign of liberated consciousness or something less than that.

I just learned of another local suicide today; a mom, several years sober, with an adult daughter, couldn't find a job - gone.

One wonders if the mounting pressures associated with climatological disruption, fascistic rhetoric pouring out of Washington D.C., the haves siphoning the wealth of the nation from the have-nots, the war against vaccine choice, and the ceaseless waves of radioactive poison flowing unabated from Fukushima could be contributing to our existential insecurity?

The pathology of GE, TEPCO, IAEA (International Atomic Energy Agency), and Japan's Prime Minister Shinzo Abe for initiating draconian media blackouts to cover up the worst man-made catastrophe of perpetual chromosomal disruption in our species history is, well, pathological.

Even if you or I were successful at convincing everyone we knew of everything we think is true, what then? Would we plan a march, chain ourselves to

deforestation equipment, write a letter, request that the POTUS and his cabinet and the entire congress and several members of the SCOTUS resign and then seek to arrest every living former president for crimes against humanity?

Could be fun? Could be a bummer.

Presence is still presence, life is life, and death is death. While Radiant Presence is a somewhat catchy phrase for discerning seekers I'm starting to think that Radioactive Presence is more to the point.



## *Somatic Self Reference*

Ever notice how thoughts don't hurt? You can think and say or be on the receiving end of the most hurtful and spiteful language, but the thoughts themselves don't hurt.

The brain, presumably where the thoughts arise doesn't spasm. The hurt is always somaticized (...to convert psychological issues into bodily symptoms), the wounding is in the throat or the heart or the gut or other highly innervated sphincters - that's where the shame and injury occur.

Let's say I'm nervous about having or making enough money for my present and my future. The subtle psychological references that may trigger my anxiety don't hurt, the 'place' where the thinking occurs doesn't hurt, my actual wallet isn't complaining. What hurts is the curious mix of fear, identification, projection, bracing, and threat felt in my body.

That's what somaticized is; thinking and projection trigger unpleasant felt responses in the body and that's what the suffering is all about.



There's another key piece and that's what's referred to as identification with self. That's the "I", the "My", the "Mine". Our principal relatedness to the primary miracle is somaticized identification with thought, body, and sentiment as self.

If the world is going to shit because narcissistic psychopaths (aka CEO's and Politicians and SCOTUS candidates) are incapable of life affirming empathy then my sense of fretting injury is all about threat to self whether it is financial, climatological, privacy invasion, access to health care, racist supremacy aimed against anyone who isn't a white evangelical heterosexual male, or whatever the damning consequences of our slide into dystopia may be.

In a word, I'm scared, bordering on petrified, flamingly angry and sickeningly grief stricken over the so far unstoppable advance of dark intent, of the ever spreading lava pool of mind control and human rights violations.

I guess if I were enlightened then the involuntary genesis of "somaticized identification with thought, body, and sentiment as self" might not occur, or perhaps with less fury, so there would be little or no suffering as the dark forces of misanthropic decay do their worst.

We go to the cushion, to the healer, to the medications, to the life coach and guru to feel less worse, to feel more confident, to feel better when there's no good reason to in our present milieu.

At some point, at least for the unenlightened who still hurt, one must protect oneself from violence, from the Corporatist and Bipartisan agendas shredding the constitution and drop kicking our democracy into a fascist shit pool.

Or, if you're amenable, maybe you can wake up? Doing nothing may be the liberated response, doing nothing may be the reason this is going to hell.

## *A break from delusion*

There is no intermediary and no authority and nothing that you need to know that isn't already precisely presence, precisely present.

There is no one other than you, other than intelligence, perfectly enfolded as itself, uncompromisingly free from doubt as concerns its own nature, released from craving and becoming, transcendent of the perturbations we call consciousness.

A dear friend called to say he was an admitted Sycophantic Idolatrytic Guru Worshipping Fool and would likely stay that way. What could I say to that but "Nosce Te Ipsum"?

If you have had an encounter with 'transmission' or 'resonance' or 'guru shakti', which I like to call wireless broadcast bliss, in the company of a mutant human or cetacean who has by some good fortune or naive error come to penetrate the mystery of whatever this is - you're kinda phucked.

I mean if you take ritual or recreational medicine you come to expect that a certain effect will ensue. But how is it that one can become stoned to the bone by simply hanging out with your local neighborhood mystic? This initiation and intimacy defies physics and what is commonly known as biology.

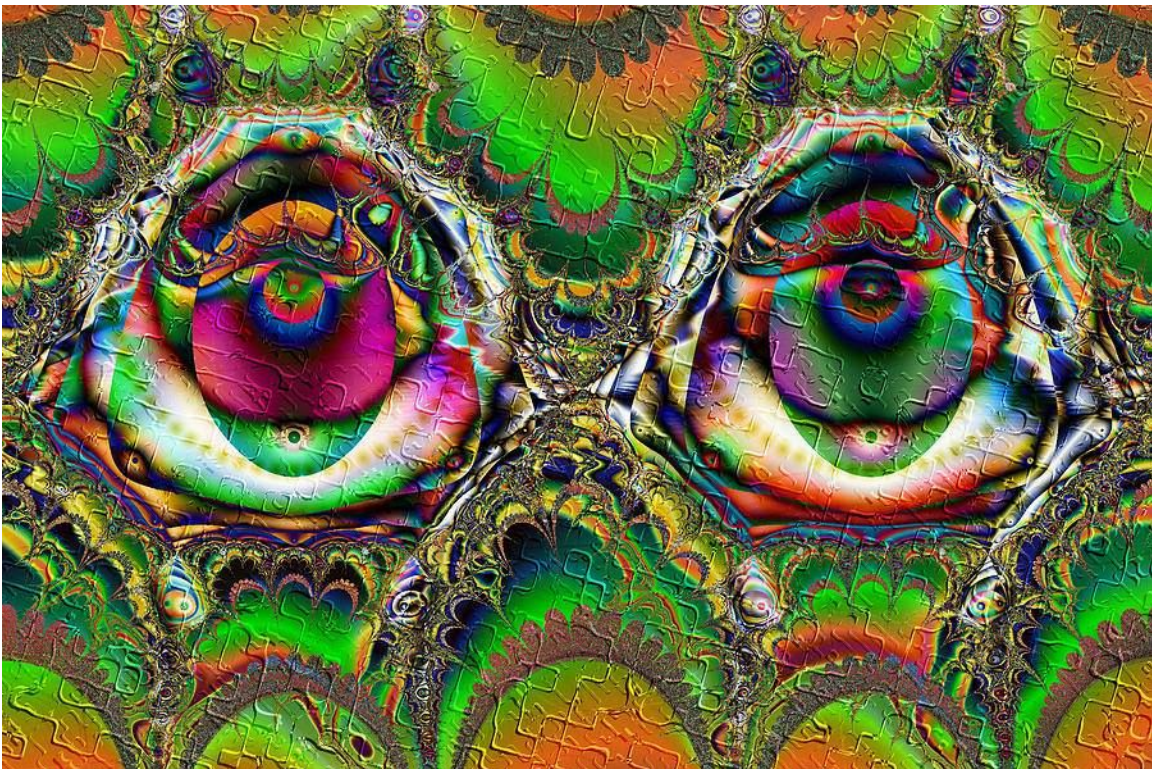
Hypnotism is one thing, and a good thing at that when used in a responsible manner, but losing any semblance of self-will and complaint through wireless broadcast bliss is so strange soooooo good, it can become addicting.

I'm not sure there is a point to all this, in fact it's better if there's not. My point is that there's no point in having a point of view which invariably places you on the wrong side of the bayonet of self.

What if you were fully capable of absolute autonomy from knowledge and causation and control and regret, free from the hubris and impulse to know anything about anything - would you flip that switch or find yet another reason not to?

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Ecstasy Eyes: Kiki Art



## *Being & Convincing*

Everyone tries to convince us of something. Maybe the worst offenders are the religions and the propaganda they use to enroll and then mansplain their bullshit ideas so we become willing to harm and influence others on their behalf.

Our predilection for imagining the existence and then worship of a special person or persons with omniscient and omnipotent agendas is really just a design flaw and worse, a bad idea. All of the prescribed ethicality and theatricality hasn't amounted to much more than the hollow worship of rituals that do no more than distract us from our base stupidity and justify the underlayment of abuse.

The culture is made of and sustained by the retaliative exploitation of 'convincing' and the violence meted upon you should you care to stray from the word of God, the bible, the bankers, the oligarchs, and their henchmen who will violate your right to be if you dare pose a threat to their domination agendas.

In all respects the manufacture of authority, be it spiritual or secular, is merely a ploy by those presuming authority to exploit those without any - as the world turns.

What makes humans so dangerous is our uncanny ability to coordinate our activities in large numbers to build a bridge or a bomb. Once we discovered how to fertilize and agriculturalize, the population (aka voracious heat engine from hell) was launched into an exponential growth curve. And as our coordinative ability was enhanced through automation, well now we can eat our burgers & fries while we drive our cars straight off the cliff into extinction.

Well played? I wonder.

In hindsight, for the few remaining moments we have left to reflect, it may not have been possible for the random and arbitrary experiment of us to have managed a different fate.

The manifold pressures of having to breathe, eat, phuck, sleep, piss and evacuate got the better of us while our forgivable naiveté and capacity to surreptitiously, and more recently boldly, exploit for control and profit just couldn't have ended up anywhere else than here, than now.

At least it is some small consolation that after we're gone the scourge of convincing will go deliciously silent and the being will have its day in the sun.

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Stone Currents: Andy Goldsworthy



## *What should I do about myself?*

Localization is the root insult. Localization is the pre-genesis and after-glow of identification with and objectification of the primary miracle of experience.

Were experience to be left alone, left to be what it is, one might feel differently about it all. But no, we invariably interject the imagination of ourselves into the bliss equation and phuck it up by making it all about the myth of our apparent individuation. That is how localization robs us of mystery.

Most all, if not all spiritual questions come down to this simple plea and complaint, "What should I do about myself?"

We think if we knew why or how things are the way they are we could fix them to be better. That is just the myth of localization proliferating in imagination. We supplicate the god of our involuntary native cultural conditioning throwing more wood on the fire of self-will.

We relate to life through the eyes of the lies we've been told about everything. So proud of our Hinduism, our Christianity, our Jainism, our Science, our Capitalism, and all the ornamental folderal of our sentimentality and perpetual willingness to kill on behalf of our right to be right.



Though we feel the quiet and near constant desperation of existential loneliness we remain loyal to the imposition of localization for fear of who knows what. Thus we grow weary of life, weary of ourselves, weary of fear and apprehension, disappointed and perhaps self-denigrating in our incapacity to elicit change in circumstances and change in the familiar grooves of our own consciousness.

We don't want freedom, we want security. We want to know how to control and influence and ingratiate and insult on the yellow brick road to more of me, more of same.

I'm telling ya, always at the risk of being too sure and too certain, that localization is why we're missing what This is.

One might ask, "OK then, what must I do to rid myself of the dreaded localization?" And the sometimes obvious answer is always the same, "What the phuck are you talking about? You're too late, always too late to do anything about the myth of yourself."

What next then? What next indeed. Might as well just dive in.

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Might as well: Simon Dahlgren Strååt

## ***Face it, you're the most annoying person you know***

I do admit that during breaks in my spiritual reverie there are plenty of things and people that annoy me, which, as it turns out, is most of the time.

But I can't help but wonder, where is the annoyance felt? It should be felt by the phuckers who piss me off, and frighten me, and threaten me with their NWO and New Age and mandatory vaccination agendas.

But no, the annoyance is felt by me. The discomfort of disappointment and insult and threat is all mine to feel and as much as I would like to blame the other for my suffering, and I do of course, where it lands is in me.

I'm sure you've heard this little gem from your work with the Recovery community, "Resentment is like taking poison and waiting for the other person to die."

Wisely so, in many healing programs and traditions there is an emphasis on cleansing ourselves from externalized resentments through reflection, undefended acknowledgment, journaling, co-counseling, forgiveness, metta and prayers for the well-being of those who have harmed us.

In the Ho'oponopono Hawaiian practice of reconciliation and self-forgiveness one may use the following reflection to effect such cleansing - "I love you. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. Thank you."

This phrase can be uttered for the so-called offender, but perhaps more powerfully it is a sacred chant from ourselves to ourselves. To forgive the way we feel.

Interestingly as an extension of this Polynesian tradition Ihaleakala Hew Len wrote about 'Zero Limits' referring to "the state of Zero, where we would have zero limits. No memories. No identity." Sounds a lot like liberation to me. When's the next workshop?

When we turn to thinking as our primary relationship with living, we are relying on an unrepentant and known liar for companionship. A bad idea indeed. Though thinking may occur in real time it is always referential and time bound, it can't do anything other than lie.

For as long as we rely upon thinking and the self-made identity and isolation that it conjures; face it, you're the most annoying person you know.

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Ho'oponopono: 30 seconds . com



## ***Om No More Shivaya***

A realized sage initiated into the Nityananda/Muktananda Siddha Yoga lineage going by the name of Swami Nirmalananda Saraswati came to grace our local village of Buckingham to offer shaktipat and guarantees of enlightenment just the other day. I was there, of course.

It wasn't too long into the program that I suffered what I had hoped to avoid, a paralytic wave of 'here we go again' tedious disbelief.

I had hoped the swami might be harboring a contemporary and improvisational approach to the ancient path of woke-as-phuck, but apparently she had not gotten the memo that the lineage had been cancelled along with authority driven drivel where someone who knows something that you don't sets themselves up as an intermediate vehicle for your perfection.

Respectfully submitted and with appreciation for her generosity, the swami reminded me of the guy in the movies who spent his formative to adult years in a bomb shelter, and when he finally emerged it was 30 or more years later and his consciousness of a world long passed had been rendered useless.

After a devotional introduction celebrating the swami's spiritual biography we dove head first into a near 30 minute long call and response chant of Om Namah Shivaya, followed by a prepared speech read to us with strained emotional affect, and next I was out the door so I missed the shaktipat offering just by a hair.

It's 2018 and we're headed for rising seas and temperatures that will compromise the food and habitat chain where life thrives. This is no time to be playing the role of a 60's or 50's (or before) guru clad in special cloth to designate some arbitrary renunciations as having any particular merit or benefit as concerns the in-your-phucking-face face of liberation, of reality on its terms.

That shit ship done sailed into the broiling horizon of this flat earth and fallen into the manure pond beyond the edge of the world. It has if you read the memo!

If you didn't read the memo then you're still living in the myopic phase wave we refer to as human nature and you're not going to be able to lift anyone into anything other than more of that.

I don't think anything short of character erasure can bring you to what's beyond familiar. It's not as if someone or something injures your feelings or sets a wound, it's not that at all. Whatever emptiness might suggest, well it is emptiness that discovers itself palpably and with absolute impunity, not you.

Simply and with heart, one takes a knee to the sacred. Just here. Just now. Just this. All belief is laid down, no ideology survives the flame of your intent, all traditions and wisdom teachings become ash under your steely gaze. What little of you remains, won't for long.

We're all setting sail for Valinor (where Frodo and fellows of the ring retired), so it is imperative, once you've read the memo of course, to be succinct and free from the burden of anything that may have set its claws in the past.

Just here. Just now. Just this. These three shining jewels of obliterating jyoti cleanse you of all that you have ever or could ever imagine this to be.

You don't have to take my word for it, that's not possible anyway, but you know where this is going if you pick up the chant my friend. Sing it with me.....

"Om No More Shivaya"



## ***Doomers Gloomers & Preppers on the verge of NTE***

As we contemplate the great quickening, if we dare of course, it is easy to be stricken with a special kind of grief that accompanies the deepening revelation that our species has crossed the line and that our collective addiction to fossil fuels for a global population now at 7.6 billion (140 people / minute = ~200,000 / day) has done us in.

If you take the time to do a little more than just a little research I am confident you will be shaken to the core of your innate emptiness and come to a sobering, tragic, and perfectly reasonable conclusion that the human family (and perhaps all of organic life) has stepped over the event horizon and entered a fast accelerating slide into extinction.

Whether you're a fan of the consequences of Abrupt Climate Change, the collapse of bio-diversity and habitat, economic faltering, mushrooming totalitarian fascism and the sun-setting of the USA, rampant radioactivity, or any number of non-reversible crises the insight is the same - we have little time left and perhaps much less than we dare let in.

Humanity is on hospice and instead of sipping gently and sitting quietly with the wonder of it all, the mayhem that has begun and that will only get worse, cannot be averted or avoided. Our fundamental biological thirsts and basic programming for replication once empowered by fire, by fertilizer, by fossil fuels and machinery, and assimilated by the opiate and superstition of religious authority and the genocidal capacity of the nation-state; have brought us to this day, this short-lived Anthropocene epoch.



I'm not here to convince you of anything, to defend my instincts, or to suggest some remedy. Any of that is on you.

Once the severity of the collapse of the social, civic, and civil fabrics including access to electricity, gasoline, your ATM, the grocery store, fresh water and more comes to your town we all become survivalists.

Now we get down to it. If you survive whatever serendipitous conflagration of events brings you and your family to the survivalist level, you have three simple choices as resources required for living quickly dwindle. And here they are; 1) predation, 2) starvation, or 3) suicide.

I very much would like to add self-realization to the list as I am told that this is all a dream, or at least like one, and that the magical powers of equanimity and mindfulness may be able to assuage the panic and violence, but alas even though one may make the choice to become enlightened there is no guarantee, or we would have by now.

Friends and detractors alike: I am sorry. Please forgive me. Thank you. I love you.

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Mendenhall Glacier: Kent Mearig

## ***An Uninvited Opinionator***

If only we could pink slip our own mind and have security escort it out of the building, without severance pay. The unemployment claims would swell to the billions.

But it's not so easy to terminate an uninvited opinionator. This partner in consciousness snuck up on us involuntarily when we were at our most vulnerable and now we can't seem to shake her.

There's a parasitic narrator living inside your head who / that has presumed the role of author and authority on what it is that you think you are experiencing. This insatiable blowhard of knowledge and distraction has woven its way into the most private threads of our being and sits quite comfortably in the captain's chair on the bridge of the Enterprise as we careen toward calamity at warp speed.

The reflexive urgency and loyalty with which we imbue the interloper to orient us according to a surreptitious and magical matrix of unconscious bias occurs absolutely outside our prideful sense of self-will. And we thought we were the owners of free will, a laughable assertion.

If there is freedom, and one hopes to god there is, it will not be found within the borderless plasma of conditioned bias, it can only reveal with the shuttering of what we have come to believe is ourselves.

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Enclosure: LjL



## ***Whataya want from this?***

Existential self-determinism is a bitch. Before we're even aware of the crime, we have subscribed quite unconsciously and involuntarily to the appetites of the body and the psyche and the impossible to satisfy demands of myself.

We are imprisoned by the perfect will, though not actually our own, to stay alive, to experience, to thrive, to be relevant and useful, tribally secure, to have a future, to actualize our random demands in pursuit of success and security.

Restless pursuit and constant craving are on us with the same unquenchable thirst with which strawless republicans hovered around a swamp suck pond scum into their presidentially puckered mouths from its shallow depths. We are the zombie apocalypse.

Even if we're not hereditarily evil, like Hillary for instance (this is an equal-time realization salon), we're still enmeshed in a murky and profound irritability and have a hard time, even in the midst of so many articulate neo-advaita and spiritual wellness teachers, to break free of breaking free.

If we are concerned with what may have happened, or might happen, we do so through the lens of imagination. We insert the myth of ourselves into the equation as we seek, always seeking, to be or become something, something other. This imagination is not ourselves, though we presume it to be.

It needn't be so difficult to realize one's self nature as a throbbing impression stream of nothing at all writhing under the reflex of mind to make sense of what cannot be made sense of. This is the revelation of and acquiescence to the complete failure of self will, and it is this failure that has the awesome power, which is no power at all, to extricate itself with no effort and oddly empty of understanding from the allure of consciousness.

If you ask yourself, when you ask yourself, "Whataya want from this?", and the answer is.....? That's where the freedom is found.

---

Indigenous: Beckley Foundation



## ***The Etherium Delirium***

Kindly indulge me in hijacking a word from the crypto-currency realm to mean something a bit sideways from its common use.

The incomparable power of mind to suggest the world and to suggest oneself in fact is a miracle of etheric granduer. What the natural, meaning pre-conceived world has to tell us is a euphoric orgy of sensation accompanied by being conscious of root experience, of intoxicating novelty.

But that just isn't enough for us, perhaps we think reality, free from implication, is just too tedious and absent of nourishment so we dismiss it with no sense of loss. If that's not a serious design flaw, I don't know what is.

What is actually, again suggesting pre-conceived, what is actually happening is beyond comprehension and needn't be parsed or made into objects that follow some dictates of causality.

Once you enter the realm of conceiving, and become inebriated with the incomparable power of mind to suggest the world you have agreed to be entranced by the etherium delirium, now you know stuff. Now we're self-entranced and held captive in a realm of cascading ideas, and y'all know what that feels like.

The etherium delirium is pervasive, unseen due in part to its saturation and its preemptive advantage achieved by way of involuntary inoculation as we are taught how to perceive, or better to imply and conceive the world.

If you don't sense there's something not quite right with you, you'll have no incentive to break free from the ghost in the machine, no reason to find the exit door from your etherium delirium.

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Delirium: Jeff Watts Photography



## *Loitering in a drifting fifth*

Were you at once free from any idea that marks your past, like a wolf might mark their territory with the pungency of their urine, and similarly free from any consideration or concern for your future, such release from the chaos of imagination would deposit you, like an interloping puppeteer thrown out of John Malkovich's mind in free fall from thin air into a ditch by the side of the road into what's present.

And once here, loitering in a drifting fifth, would you, could you discern when this momentary experience began or ended and if the transition from what is yet to come, came, and then scurried away into the past?

No, you couldn't.

Deny this and you are free to roam aimlessly or with fierce aim away from and/or toward or both or neither or not, anything worth having. Fail to deny this and you have the same fate-less fate, and you know what I mean even if you don't and I know that you do though you might protest.

The confidence that you place in yourself to be yourself and only yourself as you imagine yourself to be by none other than yourself, occurs presently. It did not take hold of you before or after you were conceived and mic-dropped into this world, a child of your parents.

This simple clue suggests that the veil over your original face is flimsy and unsubstantial, not even worth negotiating with or doing something about.

If you care to consent to the observation that what seems like a lifetime of prior experience is merely hypnotically on tap and portrays itself as real, when in fact it is only a veil, one arbitrary option of an infinity of options - then you don't mind so much taking a few baby steps into non-personified oblivion.

---

Bird Talk: Arnaudon Fabio



## ***Desertification is not a confectionery treat***

Betrayal and gaslighting are no fun. Whether they mar the marital vow or foment the contagion of geopolitical systems hell bent on exploitation and misdirection, we suffer the consequences of broken trust and self doubt.

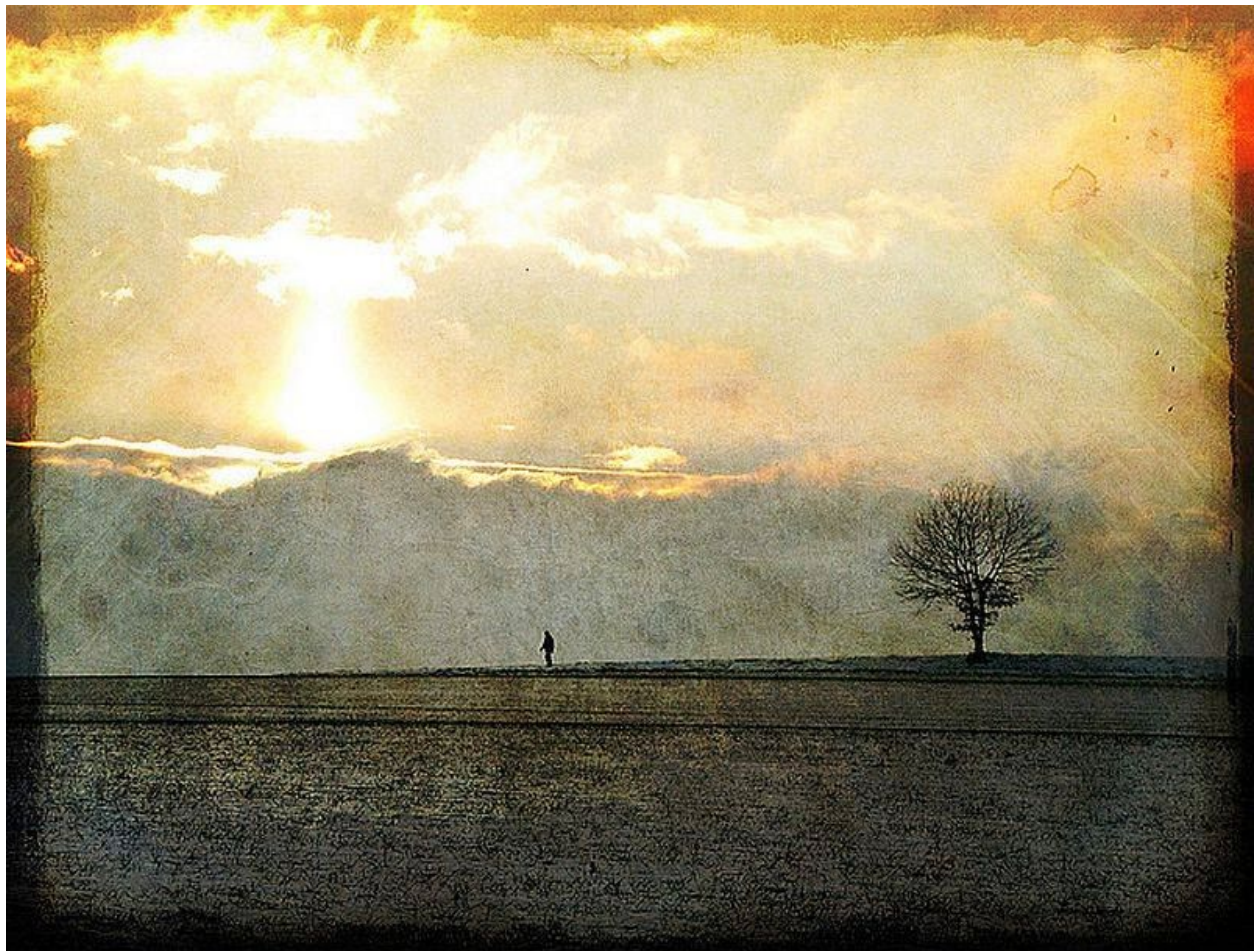
The holy ghost of liberated joy inhabits the body sense as self, we are rendered local by impersonal forces of which we have no conscious experience so practically speaking don't exist.

If we fail to see and sense and penetrate the pre-conceivable myth of what transpired to make us us, we are fated to suffer the indignity of broken promises and emotional theft of all kinds.

We become entranced and enslaved by the ideas we have about everything, such unconscious habit of orientation turns out to be nothing more than a toxic form of psychic accounting and we live far too long in the red, as we take it in the teeth over and over again.

We are driven by envy and hormonal imperatives and thus suffer the near constant existential frustration of not getting what we want and deserve from others who are all similarly driven and we wonder why the marriages fail, the ashrams fail, the guru fails, the society fails, the biosphere fails.

Desertification is not a confectionery treat. Are we cooled and refreshed by the constant evaporation of imagination into more of same or do we cling unconsciously to anything that resembles familiarity and safety to bolster my ideas of myself?



It's no fun to suffer abandonment and emotional deprivation while others, upon whom we may have relied, frolic on sandy beaches at the shore's edge of enlightened seas. We all know so well the heartbreak of being left out, left behind, feeling ourselves to be unworthy of joy and inclusion.

Consciousness does not give a shit about how well you're doing or how egregiously you're suffering, that's on you. For as long as we insist upon one or a million forms of entitlement, when the world goes south on you it's gonna be intolerable.

Sometimes unscheduled crises of rapid molting can rattle the cage so deeply that we are gifted with a certain grace, the decoupling of the holy ghost of liberated joy from the body sense and all that remains is space and wonder.

Betrayal self immolates and we know that nothing can harm us, all that we imagined ourselves to be is gone and the vastness of a single moment is our closest companion.

Keep an eye out for friends who may need you to breathe with them.

---

Stillness: Jacob Sokol

## *Quotes & Roses*

I may have set a personal best. I was thrown out of the Rupert Spira face-book community after only two comments. The first had to do with fawning over the guru's comments about consciousness and awareness and shit like that and the second was a mini diatribe about some nauseating quote they published superimposed on an image of roses.

The Jesus-fication of these fakirs and fakers turns the attention away from one's self and onto the espousing object as if they can help you or do anything on your behalf. We'd rather worship something someone else says than confront the terrifying revelation that nothing works and worse, doesn't need to.

The whole of science and spirituality is quotes and roses. Nothing can satisfy or ameliorate the walk-in that is ourselves. Individuated existence does not occur by choice or preference or soul contract, it is imposed - a reflex of conscious contact and the discovery of objects and sensation.

If you say pithy shit about the unsolvable mystery of whatever consciousness is or isn't what have you got? More ideas. And do we really need more ideas to fill our already swollen heads with places to go and people to see and things to do to avoid the fact that there's no place to go, or person worth seeing, and certainly not anything spiritual worth doing?

One doesn't come to any conclusion as concerns the imposition of consciousness. If you're lucky consciousness throws you off its face-book page and you don't even notice.



## *The root of it*

Once here, born to the world, you're in a dependency relationship. You need air, water, food, primate care, sleep, a quiet place to defecate if you're lucky, and a pinch of ecstasy from time to time, a daily dose is best.

Other than that you're good to go, free to wander this beautiful earth as your karma and destiny permit. But wait, the nation state controls the water, the food, the narrative, the currency, access to ecstasy, and the means and permissions of travel.

So I lied, we're not as free as we might think or hoped to be. The centralization of power and its militarization (be it political or religious) over our thinking, our behavior, our access to essential resources and what we're permitted to become is necessarily devolutionary though it always bolsters itself up as your god, your savior, your protector, your conscience.

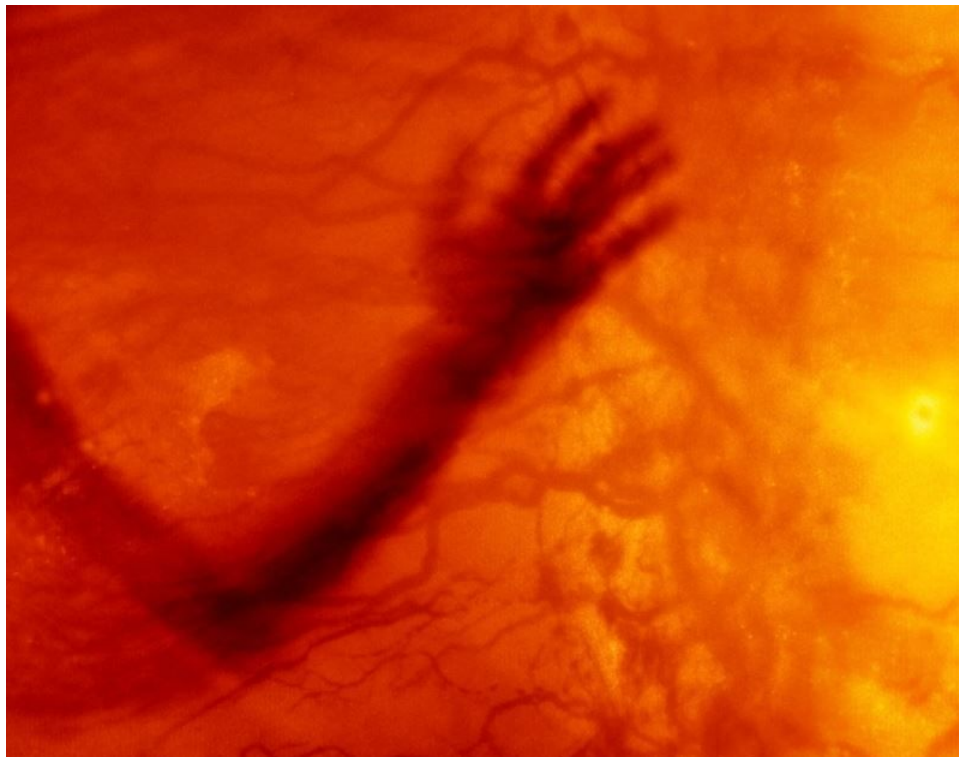
The drill and burn addiction to energy is finite. The filtering and transmutative capacity of the biosphere to accommodate civilization's waste is finite. The amount of debt and fiat inflation of paper money is finite. The life sustaining atmospheric and oceanographic currents once compromised by too much heat, are finite. Surveillance, xenophobia, bigotry, evangelicalism, lies, capitalism, racism, fascism, white supremacy, nuclear deterrence, professional sports, more lies, concentration of wealth and land ownership; you guessed it, all finite.

No country, no leader, no religion, no cabal, no legislation, no accord, no survival bunker or bug-out bag, not even common sense (were there ever any) can stem the rising tide of the exponentially complex existential survival pressure caused by rapidly accelerating climate change and the domino effect of its impact on our primary dependencies on air, water, and food.

This doesn't end well, and end it will. The sooner you get used to this inevitability the more intelligence and compassion you can bring to it. I have to run off to breakfast, we'll talk more later.

---

The Lema: Transmute



## ***Better than life everlasting***

We can take a needed break from extinction porn and go directly into realization. Why not? Why wait?

One inhabits the sense field on a personal level through nothing more than familiarity and one other potent and defining ingredient; because consciousness wills it so.

If you were merely the consequence of consciousness you'd have no chance in this universe to wake the phuck up, but you're not so you can and even stranger than that is that you can do it now.

Done, don't look back. Now is what is, and you don't know what either are.

You open a window in your soul by choice, demand, and impulse that has no seed of expectation or familiarity, no idea of what to feel and the reflex of naming goes into easeful abeyance.

What this is swallows you whole and the proof is when the default orientation of being ensconced in a body goes out of phase and you discover awareness with no palpable or imaginable boundary field.

What were the artifacts of space and time liquidate in the far away awayness that is nearer than near and is yourself, better than life everlasting.

---

Ensconced: Robert Gross



## *Outside the perimeter of human implication*

We are primitive, likely to remain so, and perish when we do without a clue.

Those that pine for enlightenment and sycophantically supplicate the purveyors of empty dreams and pithy pointers will always remain tethered quite unconsciously to the tar-baby of human relevance and implication.

What should I do when.....? How can I stop.....? What should I do to get more of.....? I had a spiritual experience the other day, what does it mean.....? If only \_\_\_\_\_ were present or absent I would.....?

It may be useful to observe how everything sought or cultivated is about 'me' as the 'body' pursuing or avoiding that which we crave or abhor and enrolling / enfolding all hints and experiences into the conditioned matrix of 'myself' and the impenetrable vault of my ideas and expectations.

The slightest effort or vector to understand, discern, make sense or use of, get better at, imbue with relevance, compare to prior experience, and to presume progress is happening or despairingly impossible are all embedded software routines within the known and familiar perimeter of human implication and only serve to reinforce one's identity and pride of postpartum hegemony.

Simply put we are egomaniacs to the grave. We are inexorably woven into the cloth of individuated existence and the aching discomforts and disquietude that must, by design, accompany our prophetic image of ourselves.

If you had or have the slightest interest to discover what else This might be besides what you unconsciously and belligerently insist that it is then you had better learn to see how to see outside the perimeter of human implication.



If you don't, then you will always make whatever This is about yourself and your experience which is perpetually tainted and marred by whatever it is you have unconsciously come to believe you are; and that is going to suck, but you already know that.

It's a waste of your time, as if that matters at all, to practice mindfulness whereby you hone your attention on what it is you imagine to be present and take the next silly step to name it. That is total bullshit!

The proof of the pudding, the heart of the matter, the knot in the wood is that you don't and can't ever possibly know what This is and groking this simple revelation can free you from all cosmologies and disciplines and practices, all of which rely on your complicit need to know and keep you entranced and under the spell of yourself.

Why not drop the guile of personal relevance and the pursuit of anything other than the rogue and sacred dignity of what This already is.

---

Under the Veil of Dreams: Edelis

## *Specificity is made of distraction*

When you find something that you hold to be true you do so by ignoring everything else that says it isn't so.

To cleave to your presumption and perspective you must freeze, and this happens inadvertently, your attention on what it is you think about shit. And to do this you must ignore, or more honestly blot out, the unavoidable though easy to deny, evidence of what it is that This is.

We believe what we believe and how we believe involuntarily. This is as clear as day, we are 'free' to deny it though that happens just as involuntarily and it's never been up to you anyway.

I know you may have good reason to protest what I am about to say, but who asked you? We appear as ourselves to ourselves completely involuntarily, with no trace of self-will or preemptive design or choice as concerns the manner in which we experience what we presume experience to be.

Even if you read this, you are not at liberty to agree or disagree with it according to your choice in the matter; how you relate to reality is out of your control.

You can see by way of affection, not knowledge, that the imagination of yourself, the presumption of individuation, is construed by causal specificity and if you look closely you can see that specificity is made of distraction. Sadly, distraction is a pandemic.

When, if ever and however the existential hubris of your world view collapses of its own accord, you may discover beyond a shadow of a doubt that you never had anything to do with all this, and are glad beyond measurable joy, for the few moments it may last, that you didn't and don't.

And that's what enlightenment is, so there.

---

Gems and Jewels: Terry Gilecki



## *Understanding never occurs*

Because we are oriented to mind as a movement of reference, a movement of objectification as concept and implication, a movement of assigning language to actuality, a movement of psychological time; we think realization ought to be accompanied by what we would call understanding.

So we try and apply the tools of understanding, the expectation that something means something as concerns ourselves, to the art of acquiring realization for the sake of release, relief, freedom, magical powers, or whatever it is we hope to gain from spiritual accomplishment.

It usually takes a while, hopefully only a short while, to see that the very urgency to understand or acquire or 'get it' is nothing more than the insistence, often willful, of procuring understanding about ourselves for ourselves to profit or enjoy in some way the fruits of such cherished understanding.

This mode of reaching out or in to hasten the wished for relief from the profound disappointments we encounter in life does nothing more than to further reinforce the very malaise we are so keen to transcend. But just try and stop us, better count your fingers after you offer the prasada!

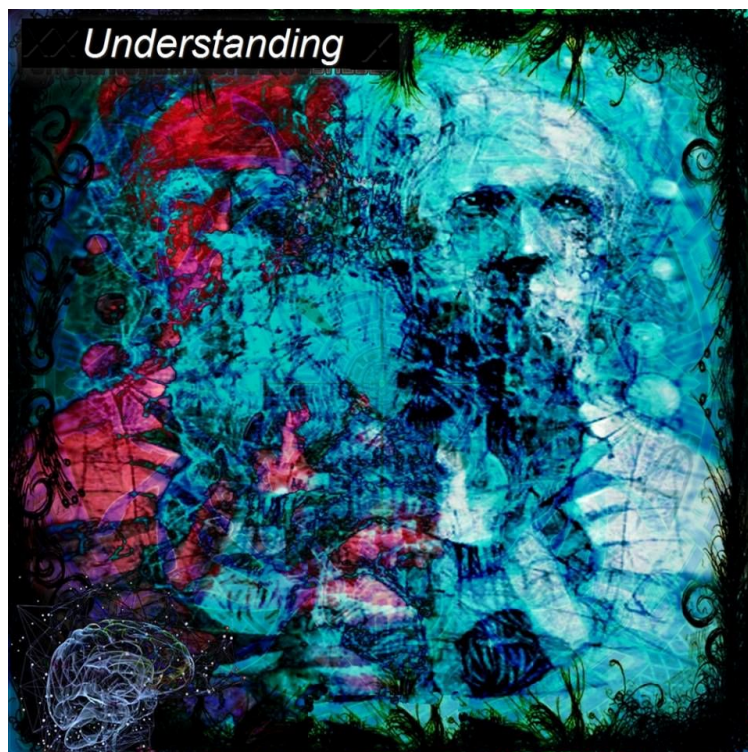
We manufacture an endless supply of what's wrong and what's missing and wouldn't it be better if, as we troll our own consciousness for reasons, strategies, remedies, explanations, and all sorts of mischief that amount to nothing more than more of same.

It might be useful on your journey to absolute freedom, if that's a journey you're even on, to see that understanding never occurs. With the serendipitous collapse of reference there is a total disinterest in anything meaning or amounting to anything other than or more than what it already is which isn't anything at all once the assertion of reference is absent.

This observation, of course, doesn't and can't mean anything to you and that's the good news. Nothing means anything to you other than the curious fact, if there were one, that whatever it is is so in the way in which it is, but you gladly leave everyone else with the thankless and fruitless task to figure it out because you're done with that.

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For the human consciousness: Underground Experience



## *A parasite of presumption*

So I'm talkin' with my buddy L. as we often do just to catch up on casual gossip and chew the fat of consciousness to see where it might take us.

He says something about being 'at this' spiritual stuff for quite a few decades and having no quarrel left as concerns the most devastating aspects of the most prescient non-duality and radiant presence teachings, and wonders why he just seems to so easily forget what it is that he has come to naturally understand.

Now I'm no expert on the topic, but I like to try my hand at unraveling what it is we presume to know about what's spiritual and what's not and what the difference is between them, if there were one, so I get a download (borrowing from Paul Hedderman's entertaining vernacular) and say:

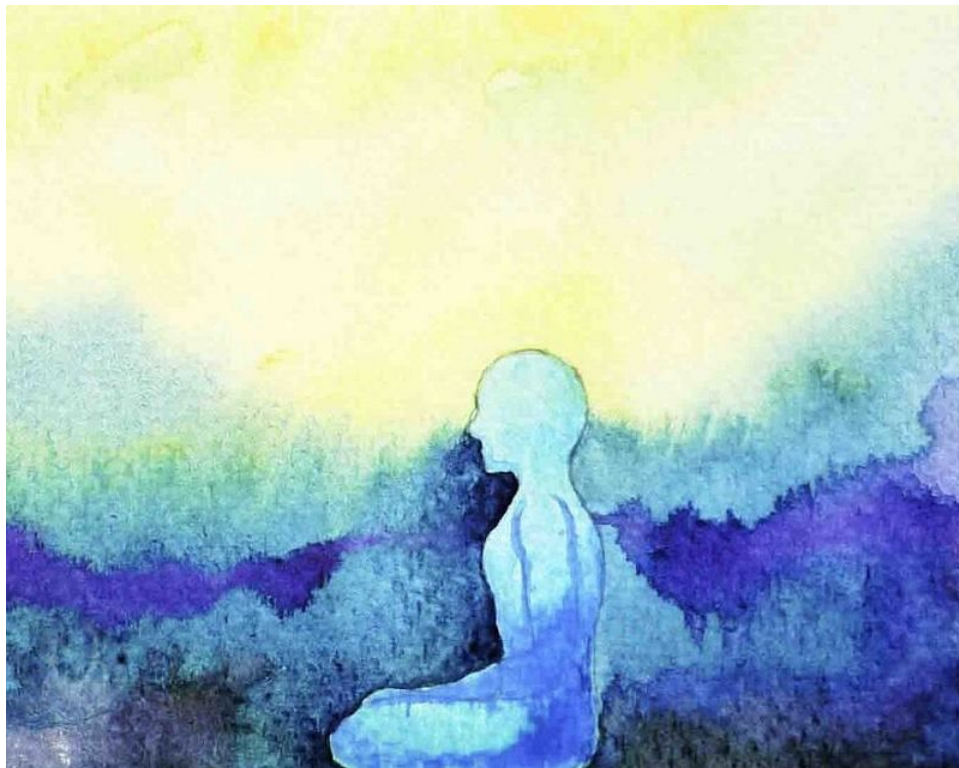
"Look, there's a parasite that has you believing in whatever it has to say. It gets a hold of your mind and your jaw muscles and spouts some clever bullshit about how you've lived prior to now, prior to this moment, but the parasite has no idea how you've lived prior to this moment, it just thinks it does, I can't say why, and without the slightest hesitation we concur and then insist that we're telling the truth about things."

Maybe the 'real' truth of it is that everyone lives magically and incomprehensibly without implication, but memory and sensuality conspire to have us believe that we know how we do what we do and why we choose to do it or not while this parasite, which is not really a parasite at all, makes claims on demand and without fatigue about everything in its purview though nothing has ever been attributable to it, ever, and that includes right about now and always.

Whatever it is you hold to be true or untrue is merely a presently appearing impulse of conditioned imagination, nothing but a parasite of presumption, and if you let it, it will surely make rain all over your otherwise serendipitous existence and imbue you with a sense of prideful self-determination and frustration that you're not as far along as you'd hoped to be by now.

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In the purview of gunas: Soulveda



## ***We are the .806% 'ers***

The denizens of this beautiful earth, the .806% 'ers, live in a terrarium bordered by the ocean floor and the apogee of the exosphere, a rather thin veneer where the miracle of sentient consciousness, as we have come to know it, thrives for as long as it does.

The math is simple, and pre-deterministic as are most findings from those that wish to persuade you of something. The average depth of the ocean floor is ~2.3 miles, the fuzzy boundary of the farthest reaches of the five layers of the atmosphere beyond which there is no gas and no weather but silent cold (aka self realization) is ~62 miles. The diameter of the earth is ~7,917.5 miles, adjusted for the addition of the thickness of the atmosphere, ~7,979.5 miles.

So, our habitable terrarium is a mere ~64.3 miles thick (bottom of the ocean to the top of the atmosphere) and as a % of the full diameter of the planet plus atmospheric umbrella is, you guessed it, .806%. We are the .806% 'ers!

Now, I know you are saying to yourselves, "Hey, Night Sky Sangha Guy, what does that have to do with Awakening?" A good question of course, which doesn't escape me, I can assure you.

Well it's simple really. If we don't wake up, and soon, we're gonna trash this terrarium with wanton (not the soup) consumption and extraction and combustion to the point where our children will suffer the indignity of environmental and societal collapse and be the last generation to see this beautiful earth.

I'm just kidding of course, it's actually too late to do anything about our most certain fate so if you have the slightest interest in waking up, whatever that may mean to you, better do it now, since now's all you got.



On a more personal note. I don't have a dog in the fight as concerns your degree of insight or denial about anything. Similarly, I am fully aware that my existence and musings are of no consequence to you, and that's a good thing.

Humans are not designed or wired (as some say) to integrate the symptoms and signs of exponentially accelerating climate disruption or prepare themselves for the looming and explicit consequences of loss of habitat, loss of aquifer, and loss of food (+ other more nefarious problems associated with the fascistic corporatocracy) which outcomes are appearing in real time all across the sacred terrarium.

While we go about our daily business, and ignore the screaming spray paint on the wall, it may be useful to be cognizant of the fact that some symptoms of collapse are grinding, but the really nasty ones hit you without notice and leave you without any chance to respond gracefully so if you love your kids and friends and neighbors, let them know in whatever way you can.

Permit me the privilege to offer you the most sincere affection I am capable of as a friend of the dharma and a life long advocate of superlative spiritual ascendancy.

---

Blue Marble: NASA

## *The nearly intolerable bliss of simplicity*

Most of what passes as spirituality is a putrid smelling stew of 'how do I become better able to enjoy my life' which banal, but seemingly necessary indulgences merely serve to reinforce our unconscious misapprehension of the unadorned nature of reality.

By thinking that our thinking actually refers to whatever reality might be, we can't help but to insert ourselves into our own imagination of things as the person to whom life is occurring. We rarely see or even suspect that this reflex to 'creaturefy' existence is what all the unrelenting suffering and disappointment is made of.

A local New Age Center open-house dedicated to 'awakening' of all things is offering a combination of programs that I believe illustrate my generally unpopular point. They are Laughter Yoga; Vibrational Heart Toning & Messages; Interactive Group Journey in the Quantum; Balancing Your Emotions with Essential Oils; Crystal HeART Tunings; and Crystal Skull Meditation – a pretty nice program really.

At some point in our journey we may acknowledge that we have become seduced by emotional and experiential and spiritual clutter with nothing to show for it. We followed the teaching, got the messages, hugged the trees, ascended the ladder of pineal decalcification, toned with lamas, had our mercury fillings removed, turned it around, and done everything we were told to do by the authority figures we paid good money to so we could indeed learn how to better enjoy our lives.

We spend our lives under the influence of influence, seduced by time and implication, of what there is to get or understand. We perpetuate the myth of ourselves in mind, in perpetual daydream, and wonder, if we ever do, why we have failed to reach our goal.

The alchemy of being isn't found on the other side of a spiritual experience. The alchemy of being reveals itself as the momentum of self-reference lapses of its own accord. Rushing into the next moment burdened by the implication of one's past or admired future is the movement of self-reference, it will never satisfy you.



What you really want, what you really are is the nearly intolerable bliss of simplicity.

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Magic: Jona Lou

## *The key*

The key for any aspiring devotee to penetrate the dubious mystery of self-realization is a perfectly available discovery.

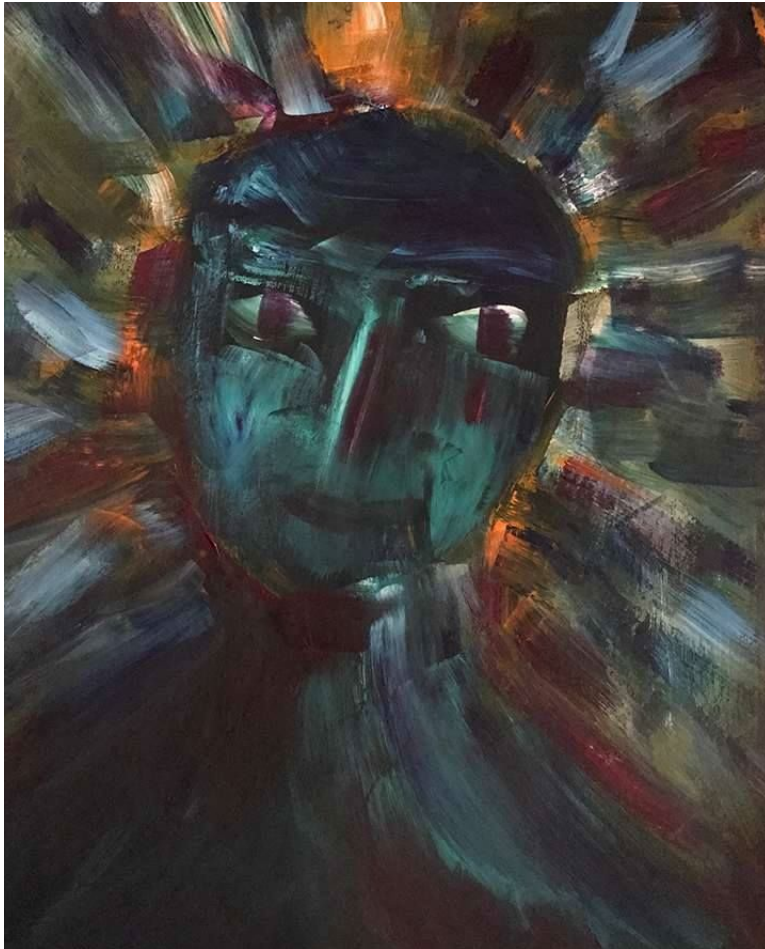
Without further ado, personification is involuntary.

That's it, that's all you need.

If you make the forgivable, but still tragic mistake of believing in yourself and your experience as a card carrying member of the Homo sapiens tribe of loathsome idiots, there's gonna be a heap of confusion and semi-conscious irritability that follows you around your entire life.

It will lead you into copious and dubious distractions having to do with appetite and impulse management, self image, the error of success, insatiable desire for relevance, ungratifying attention seeking, and all sorts of dramatizations where you're the star of the show.

On the other hand, if you, when you, were you to contemplate the very disturbing and equally liberating revelation that our indulgence in and fondness for personification ensues from a purely impersonal and involuntary reflex of consciousness to self identify, you might have a fighting, albeit slim chance to wake the phuck up.



If you never turn the corner on the imagination of yourself you will remain under the sham and shame of being someone, and that's gonna suck and I don't have to point out any further evidence for that, do I?

As you explore the non-utilitarian ramifications of seeing through and past the tapestry of your own self-captivating imagination and urgency to control shit you may discover a companion reality field where you don't matter at all and wonder why, and for good reason, that no one pointed it out sooner.

These days, these 'interesting times' are rife with surreal and lethal consequences for all of humanity, including you and those you love. Transitioning from the mentality of self-reference to that of trans-temporal communion and post humanism could turn out to be a quite useful salve for the fast encroaching consequences of our naiveté.

## *Ode to sanity*

Goodbye old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne.  
Goodbye old Paint, I'm leaving Cheyenne.  
Old Paint's a good pony, she paces when she can.

We got here pretty fast; took from the beginning of time to 1804 AD to get to 1 billion people. Then a mere 123 years to get to 2 billion people in 1927, seems like only yesterday, then just another 91 years on a dizzying nose-bleed fast exponential curve to reach a whopping 7.6 billion of us.

My dad was born in 1926 and is now 92 years old. During his lifetime world population nearly tripled rising 280%, more or less in the blink of an eye. We got here pretty fast.

We apex predators have risen to the top of our insatiable appetites and now we have hit the wall of diminishing returns.

Now we get a chance to ride the roller coaster of decline, fast and steep, screaming all the way into a dystopian abyss as the huddled masses still loyal to the towers of empire and consumption get swallowed by rising seas, broiled by firestorms, and drenched by epic torrents, impaled upon the petard of our own frivolous enterprise.

As you might discern from the achingly banal public narrative and our preoccupation with trivialities established by religious idolatry and political ambition for far too long; humans are not capable, perhaps in any way at all, to understand and integrate what 'should' be done about the irreversible pressure and pace of climatic and habitat disruption.



The Jet Stream, made unstable by inhaling the noxious gases of civilization, is in a major wobble (on the nod) so the heat and cold mitigating boundary between the equator and the poles has gone awry - our life giving refrigerator is broken. The temperate baseline ambient climatic temperature that we (all of us, and I do mean all) rely upon for survival is now fluctuating and 'taching' into the red zone where soon the engine seizes, irreparably.

Our collective behavior is insane, our first-person fallibility is insane, our denial is insane; all unavoidably so. For whom does the extinction toll, the extinction tolls for thee. There is neither time remaining nor method of any kind that can stem the tide of our demise. From here on out one would be wise to contemplate cessation, to get friendly with whatever death means to you, up close and personal.

If we had any passion we would commit ourselves to euthanasia with dignity as a more mature response to societal disintegration than violence and predation. For those so inclined, some modest preparations which may serve to mitigate panic and support an easeful transition to cessation could pay big dividends when the time comes to exit the realm.

This is an ode to sanity, sanity or whatever remains of it, like Elvis, has left the building. May the force be with you.

---

Seaside Heights, NJ (after Sandy)

## ***Attend to the dreaming, not what is dreamt***

You can't find anything all that useful in consciousness. I would imagine you've come this far at least.

If you are still enamored and adoring of experience, you're an idiot. This doesn't mean you're not a nice person or deserving of affectionate attention. It just means you're entranced by whatever you have presumed this to be and remain sufficiently interested in it turning out OK for you.

There are two principal reminders that may be useful to you while lingering in the realm of creature time, and they are 1) This isn't about anything, and 2) That includes you.

You might notice that your involuntarily captivating sense of self has you all decked out in a perpetual day-dream of value propositions, aspirations, things to cultivate and avoid, beliefs, survival bunkers (if you have the cash), how to's, what if's, why not's, and all sorts of perfectly unsatisfying and evaporative nonsense that rides on your shoulders and infiltrates your attention without permission or fatigue.

In other words, as the 'person' you've come to know and love or loathe you are stuck in the self-referencing loop of creature time and as I mentioned earlier, though it is no fault of your own, you're an idiot.

If this offends you, and why shouldn't it, you're a worse idiot than previously accused, because now you are confidently entranced with the pleasure and right of having to or wishing to defend yourself - and you still don't know with any actual certainty what or whom you are, but you take offense anyway.

We think we are served somehow by being ourselves, defending ourselves, nurturing ourselves, discovering our gifts, bringing them compassionately into the world, following our bliss, and making a living from it all. This banal hallucination of 'all-about-me' is really a hell realm of imagining consciousness to be your friend, G-d to be your co-pilot, the universe to be anthropocentric, abiding in life everlasting, ascending to the highest.

Give me a second, I'm having an Ayahuasca bucket moment..... (cue heaving sounds)..... OK, I'm back.

Anyway, what I'm trying to say is attend to the dreaming, not what is dreamt. What is dreamt will always be an objectified fetish of conditioned mind which will drive you crazy with the illusion of time and the wearisome selfishness that punctuates one's life as a creature.

Alternatively, by sensing the presence of the dreaming itself and giving it your full attention as frequently and with whatever interest you can muster in the moment, you will find yourself gradually, magically, and sometimes fitfully released from the implication of being anyone or anything at all. You do the math.

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Dreams of a Scorpion Heart: Cameron Gray



## ***The Free Will Argument***

OK, ok, we've been over this a dozen times, maybe more. Of course there is free will. In fact that's all there is. Everything is exactly free will, you can't find anything other than free will.

Your pupils are loaded with free will, the empty sky, you guessed it, is saturated with free will. The space between two thoughts, right again, full to overflowing with free will.

Everyone has it, the poor and the wealthy, the disenfranchised and those in positions of influence. First responders have it, and so do the pathological liars that dwell in the white house and those that line the halls of the Capital building who take such good care of the environment and we trusting constituents, have it.

You are imbued with free will while awake, while sleeping and dreaming, in deep sleep too. Never ever are you bereft of free will and the concomitant power to use it to your advantage.

You have it before you are born, conceived even. It is your closest companion throughout your entire life, the oh so sweet magical and g-d given power of free will. It makes me giddy to just think of it, which I do so freely of course, and by choice, obviously.

But here's one thing you may not have noticed about the fecund and abundant presence of free will. Though there is an inexhaustible amount of freely given free will, more than enough to go around, there's only one thing you can actually do with it and that's to discover that there is no free will.

Anything other than that is a waste of your time.

Best of luck in your endeavors, we're counting on you!

---

Freewill - 16 Rounds to Samadhi



## *It doesn't matter how you feel about things*

We don't often feel so good.

Maybe that's one reason why we practice spirituality and mindfulness; to get in step with a winning formula for an ecstatic life. Not to be a contrarian or NSSGuy-in-the-mud, still, as the amount of CO-2 and CH-4 proliferate in the atmosphere it's no wonder that our choices and options for feeling better about things decline.

We're all slowly choking on civilization and microbe farts.

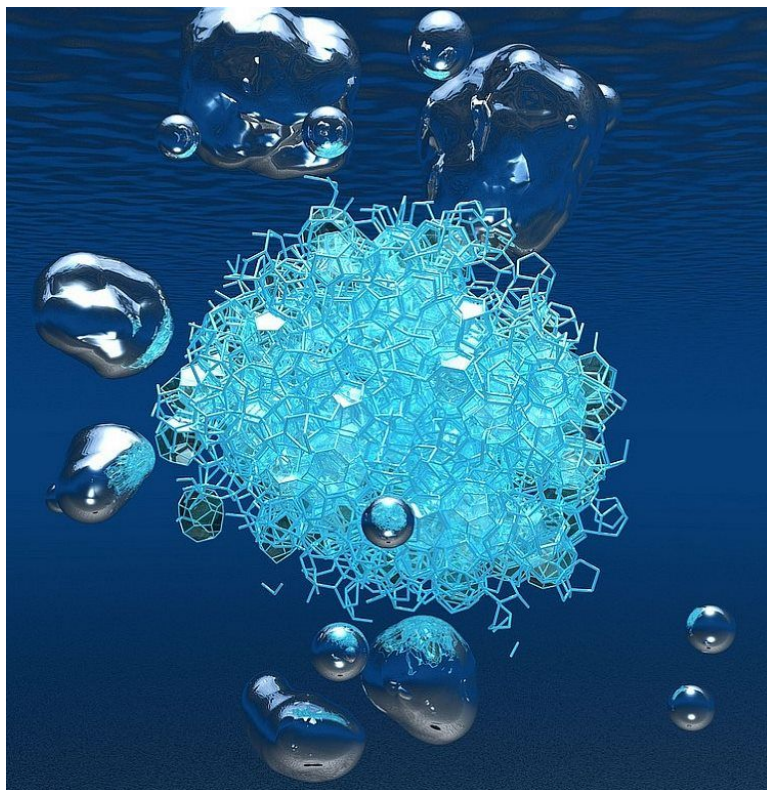
However, in the meantime we can guide our attention toward whatever there is to do to combat fatigue, depression, loss of libido, not getting what we want, and trying our hand at solving all the insoluble miscreants of our own consciousness.

The poor get poorer and the rich get richer, while those in the middle, we wage slaves living under countless atmospheres of debt pressure and inflation struggle to make sense of the powerlessness that punctuates our capacity to thrive.

We like the way we feel when we feel good, and as one might suspect, we don't when we don't. Some of us are hoping, for no good reason of course, that if only we could change our perception, supplicate the divine for a moment's intimacy, or see the nature of reality that we could turn the tables in our favor and dwell peacefully in an idyllic setting with peacocks, golden sunsets, and a decrease in reportable instances of Ashram Acquired STD's.

Would it be OK with you if nirvikalpa samadhi and compulsive kleptomania resulting from untreated chlamydia were the same? Maybe, maybe not?

We're not really interested in sacrificing our cherished identity and means for greater happiness for nothing at all; no strategy, no intervention, no clue. We insist on being and remaining an integral player on the game board of improved experience, of being the best that we can be.



Few consider just how cool it might be to abandon all hope, to discover that it doesn't matter how you feel about things.

---

Decomposing Methane - Masakazu Matsumoto

## *I'll meet you at the reception*

If you refrain from telling yourself anything about anything for even a moment, you are perfectly free. This effortless simplicity absent of duration and implication is the firmament of your inherent nature. Nothing and no one can possibly stand between you and yourself.

No practice and no preparation is needed since this fact of being, this irrefutable inherency is already so, even before your grandmother was conceived and quite possibly long before that.

So what is it that appears to get in the way of unadorned freedom, what we typically perceive or insist upon to the contrary? Is it thinking, pride of ownership, sensation, emotion, knowledge, egotism - all or none of the above?

It might be a useful question, to explore with whatever faculties you have, the nature of identification and certainty as concerns the state you're in now. Without referencing any past experience, since that is merely a presently appearing hallucination, or hoping to grasp some spiritual understanding based on referential evidence or authority of any kind, might it be absurdly simple and uncannily effortless to have nothing to say about anything?

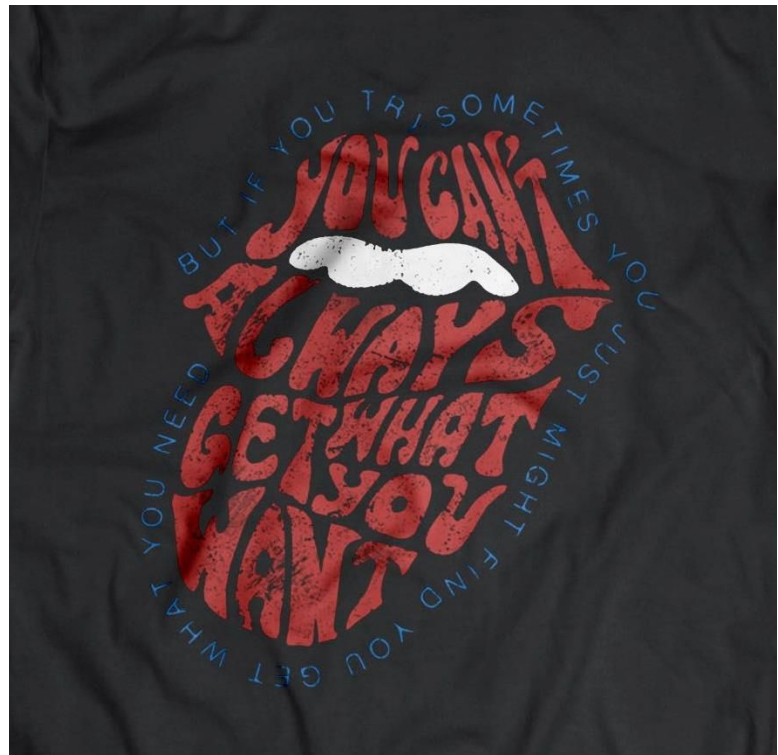
Here is the always evasive and perfectly present free lunch; no reservations required, tip included, 86 on the self-referencing, no waiting at the buffet counter, endless refills, nothing substantial to sway your opinion.

Assertion is a subtle form of violence, the reflex of orientation contorts the euphoria of being into the baroque (something so ornate as to be in bad taste) mold of one's self. The hubris and disappointment of personification, though involuntary, sets the course for a second-hand life and that's where all the suffering comes from; at least the psychological and behavioral malcontent.

It's not necessary to subscribe to religion or yoga or the self-inflicting bullshit of Buddhism or any form of non-duality, for that matter, in order to see for yourself that you don't and can't know what this is.

I think it's time for a shout out to the Rolling Stones ode to Kali:  
I saw her today at the reception  
In her glass was a bleeding man  
She was practiced at the art of deception  
Well I could tell by her blood-stained hands

Don't do anything about yourself, in stillness without strain, you simply watch the innate shining of nothing at all come forth. I'll meet you at the reception.



## *Climate & Weather*

We can enjoy and disparage the weather, that's where the appointments and disappointments of life's circumstances do gyre and gimble in the wabe.

Tethered to the life affirming thirsts for air, water, food, and shelter while exhaling, pissing, defecating, staying sufficiently warm and cool and occasionally (perhaps far too often from a population explosion perspective) phucking, there's a lot to do in a day even before we commit ourselves to the ways and means of securing legal tender and paying off the interest on our principal and our principles, which, under the strain of societal collapse, are waning.

Weather is where the beauty is, weather is what ails us. If you're still alive, then the beauty no matter how painful is still stronger than the complaint. Despite what you think about things, your mitochondria is still saying, "Yes".

Now we can turn our attention to the climate, in a spiritually metaphorical way. Climate is the field in which weather appears. Climate is the absolute, weather is the symptom. If you're carrying a spiritual umbrella you're protecting yourself from the weather - that can become rather tedious.

One could say that all the fuss, at least as concerns seekers, is distractedly about the weather until the invitation to feast on the climate is received. "What about me" is weather, "I Am That", now that's climate.



Just like on earth under the Anthropocene where climate affects weather, in our spiritual life (if we still or ever had one) our growing affection for the climate leaves us less interested in the weather.

It's all about attention and affection when you get down to it. As your attention is nourished and filled with affection for the climate, you can weather the weather with subtle aplomb.

If compassion were really a driver for how Buddhists and economies conduct themselves, then we should be seeing a commercial proliferation of Nitrogen Bliss Euthanasia Centers outfitted with

equipment for cryogenic freezing and pulverization of the remains to insure that the biomass we used to call ourselves can be planted to nourish trees for the living.

Likely, as a species and individuals, we'll continue to ignore the signs and symptoms of the sixth major extinction until we can't any longer and that's for sure going to be too late for us to plan for cessation with dignity.

It's all about, and hasn't it always been, climate and weather.

---

Severe Thunderstorms: gov . au

## *A lot less than you might be prepared for*

It may turn out to be a deal breaker, freedom I mean. You may become quite surprisingly belligerent or at the very least disappointed about it once you confront the fact that there's nothing in it for you.

Quite a deal breaker, if you think about it. Here you are, years and thousands (or more) invested in what others had to say about everything, somehow they managed to convince you what is true about things, why it's true, and what you ought to do about it to cleanse your soul and someday take your rightful place in the driver's seat of sobriety, freedom, abundance, forgiveness, or whatever it is you've been aiming for.

I respect (in most cases) your unshakable enthusiasm for whatever you have come to believe about God and enlightenment and shit like that, it's just that the aching banality of conceiving and relativistic superstition sentences us to dullness, craving, authority, and justification. There's no freedom to be found there.

Our religions are violent, our politics are violent, our consumption is violent, banking and oil is violent, the narrative of the legislators and their corporate overlords is violent, spiritual teachers pander to our pride and imagination while they line their pockets with our naiveté.



We worship mutants and saints, hanging around for morsels and blessings, afraid of the consequences were we to abandon their undue influence. We think there is some ultimacy out there, up there, in here, some where and we remain in a holding pattern of impatient anticipation wondering if and when we will be delivered from ourselves.

There's no point in trying to convince anyone of anything, but when it comes to whatever freedom is or isn't, it may very well be a lot less than you might be prepared for.

## ***My own private delirium***

You know how this goes. First there is a mountain, then there is no mountain, then there is. Well, that's not quite it. I like the more basic creation elation from nothing, then two, then three, then everything.

It's the three that gets you going, unravel the three, then the rest falls into place, the cascading weirdness of it all collapses back into nothing, that's where, though no place for sure, you're free.

My own private delirium, and likely yours too, effervesces as personal experience from the root strange and unaccountable effect that the presence of three has on your empty soul.

You take yourself to be the conjurer, of a great and powerful conjuring, in and to whom that which is and has been conjured appears. This is the miracle of three; perception (the conjuring) is of objects (the fruit of the conjured) by the wielder of perception (the conjurer).

This magical three is the native structure of all personification and narrative. This is why those fools who sell The Secret, and the Law of Attraction, and getting the love (and stuff) you want and need will only condemn you to more suffering because they fail (perhaps deliberately) to advise you that all experiencing is unsatisfactory (dukkha) thanks to some cool shit the Buddha may have said about impermanence (anicca) and not self (anatta).

Check it out, one hopes to cultivate satisfaction, accumulation, and control over a plasma of instantly appearing and liquidating delirium itself the symptom of the three, the great conjuring, itself void of inherent nature or existence even.

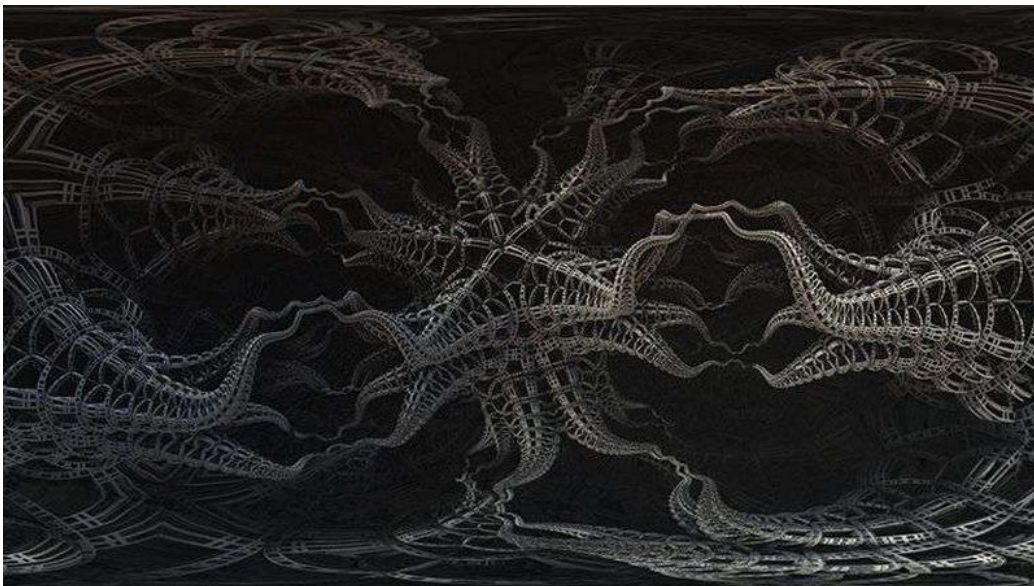
You have to be willing to appear strange to everyone that knows you in order to go down the rabbit hole of 'my own private delirium' otherwise you're likely to pretend (without any success) to keep your shit together between now and the day you die, and that will suck, even if you don't know that yet.

So, the slippery, easily lost, and shrouded in implication kernel here is that if you are dealing with anything that makes sense, anything at all, you're wading in delirium and have inadvertently come to some constellation of meaning and identity which is absolutely, as in not and never at all, true.

Seeing through the miracle of three can provide you with a glimpse, or more, of the placeless place before you launch as the recipient (or author) of the great conjuring: that's where and when though timeless and without location, you are perfectly free.

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Annica: Ergin Sanal



## ***Prior to Launch***

If you find anything resembling experience, anything at all, no matter how small, beyond even discreet, you have appeared as the perceiver in sentient space and that makes you too late.

You're too late at this stage of expressed consciousness to be able to do anything about anything, all that you might consider agency is counterfeit. You are too late, after the fact, twisting in the kind of mad dance an insect caught in a web might do as the arachnid's fangs come in for the kill.

What you know of yourself is the product of a deeply embedded, typically unconscious, conditioned response to an otherwise fantastic mirage-nous field of instantly manifest universes writhing with immeasurable density and evaporative prowess.

Once you sense that you're having some sort of experience in and as sentient space, the "I" is there, time is there, agree-ability and it's opposite are there, you are the unwitting product of what you think you know, more or less about everything.

You go where you will, you do what you do, feel the way you feel, find fault and fear and injury, give yourself away to the highest bidder, seek for refuge where there is none.

Urgency is the nature of experience, each brand new moment, bearing no imprint of any prior moment, acausal in every respect, cascading in situ, gone before it's known, long gone before it's spoken.

You will be consumed in Brahman, you have always been, what you took to be you was merely that. Prior to launch there is no sentient space and no one who cares to know it, no one who dares to know it.

You are prior to launch, no one can give you what you are, no one can teach anything worth discovering, from whom will you beg permission to be free?

---

Atacama Desert: Jesse-Echevarria



## *We're the fall guy*

Often times, folks on the street, most often strangers, ask me questions as if I were Mr. Natural. Just the other yuga a guy in a robe with a hat made of acorns stops me while I'm watering my camel and says, "Hey Night Sky Sangha Guy, what's at the root of all this?", and I say, "At the root of what, man?" And he says, "At the root of it all, man. At the root of it all it don't mean shit, right?" And I say, "Right, at the root of it all we're the fall guy," as I make my way to the saloon for a cold one.

An hour or century or so later, it doesn't really matter how long, I pay my tab in the coin of the realm and saunter back out to the street to mount my camel, in a genteel manner of course, and I am startled to see the guy in the hat with the robe standing there like he was in some bliss condition, unaware of the world we share muttering to himself over and over again, "We're the fall guy, We're the fall guy, We're the fall guy."

And I think to myself, 'my work is done here.'

And it's just as true for you as it was for him. Consciousness is like an orca with a baby seal in its mouth, it can do whatever it wants, and will. Consciousness pretends to be having an experience and we're the fall guy, we're the fall gal. You think you're you, the rightful owner and director of experience, but you're not, you're just an animatronic bio-sentient metaphoric reference marker that makes and stakes claims quite involuntarily upon a shimmering plasma of not quite here, but close.

Talk of consciousness and means to fruition quickly deteriorate into imagery and time and intent, all of which are the working vocabulary of the fall guy, the unwitting clown professing manifest entitlement as he falls from abyss to abyss wearing over sized shoes. If you listen carefully you can hear the honking of his bulbous red nose as he tumbles to the bottom of a bottomless well. Honk, honk-honk, honk.

And that's me, and that's you, no doubt about it.

Born of appetite and an insatiable thirst for sentient engagement, we dream that we dream ourselves and the mantle of the world into existence waving the elder wand of "I" just for the ride, and forgot, for the sake of having the most fun, that we did so.

No matter that we writhe in the chaos of knowledge and duration, it has come upon us quite without volition and the spell is lifted in exactly the same way. In the meantime you needn't concern yourself with the question of doing or not doing, since you're the one being done.

This banter makes sense to you by a force greater than yourself, and any argument or disdain that you may feel for it is likewise not yours.

Lest I remind you,  
and myself of course,  
we're the fall guy.

---

Brahman: Noisecraft



## *Why no progress?*

You know the old adage about the snake eating its own tail, right? This has always been quite a direct albeit marginal teaching aid when it comes to the collapse of conceiving - as it should be.

Well, I got a good teaching just this morning and this time I think it actually worked.

A neighbor and sometimes participant in the Night Sky Sangha salons stopped by unannounced which is out of character for her. I could see she was distressed and perhaps disoriented, certainly understandable for an octogenarian.

"What's the problem Fay?" I asked. Well, the problem wasn't so much a spiritual one and that was the good news since I'm not very handy when it comes to solving those anyway. No, the problem was a simple one, her Comcast phone line wasn't working.

I've been over to her place a few times setting her crazy nest of cables and wires straight when a similar disruption occurs, and am usually successful in making things right. But this time, well I just wasn't prepared for the magnitude of the spiritual lesson that was waiting there for me.

There's a Comcast modem of course, with the coaxial feed coming up from the basement. There's her computer, printer, scanner, monitor all plugged into a power strip. OK so far. There's the base station for her phone plugged into a splitter which also feeds another phone outlet, I'm almost there.

Then I finally get it that there's no power to her UPS and the power strip on the floor is in the On position, and I start scratching my chin. Then POW, kensho, enlightenment with a capital E hits me and drops me to the floor.

I finally get it, after all these years, the snake / tail thing. Her UPS was plugged into her power strip and her power strip was plugged into her UPS and nothing was plugged into the wall!

Boom!

And we wonder when it comes to spiritual endeavors, why no progress?

---

Ouroboros: Videoblocks



## ***No Longer Beyond***

Somehow prior, though not exactly, you are to yourself.

You appear in yourself, it's always been that way.

What you take to be you, the curious amalgam and constellation of impressions that express in a perfectly familiar way, occurs in something, if it's a thing; an awareness perhaps which, as much as it is you, is other than you.

The symptoms of your incarnation appear in that which is excarnate; an absolute, non-personified plenum of being.

No one makes any claims here, there is no enlightenment where you actually live, there is no need of it.

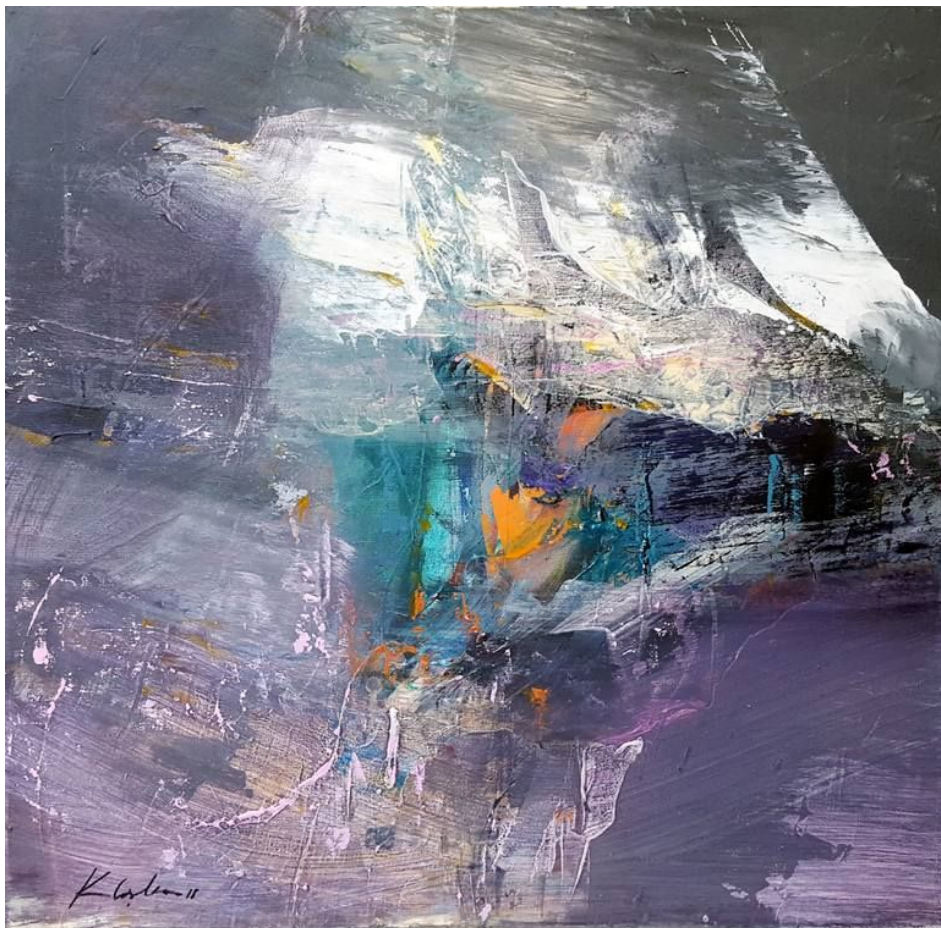
Rather than presume and assume the anachronistic projection of consciousness at present, don't do that. Simply fail to self assemble or inhabit present experience in some fashion, rife with opinions, full of treachery.

How difficult could it be to just leave yourself out of it? Make no move to derive anything from present experience or even name it as such. How 'here' do we dare to be?

For some, along the way it's cool to go beyond, but it's way cooler, and don't just take my word for it, to be no longer beyond. If you take the train as far beyond as you dare go, you will arrive at before beyond, where no one can find you, least of all yourself.

---

Beyond The Inside: Kloska Ovidiu



## *Shelter from the storm*

The high octane power to conceive and engage in self-captivating rumination is a lot like 'Venom', a symbiot from another place taking up residence in your otherwise quiet soul.

If this insistent phucker can't fool you with knowledge, it will with craving, if that fails then sentimentality, should that slip into irrelevance then pride of experience. It has more tricks and seductions at its disposal than you can dispose of. It's faster, smarter, and if you can believe it, more treacherous than you are at your worst.

The bias of perception includes pattern recognition or better, pattern assignment. Through thinking, a form of destined or accused orientation, the idea of being who and what we take ourselves to be comes into muted focus and without any chance to refuse it, we relent.

We're confounded with ambiguity, often unconsciously and inarticulatably, so we habituate to the longitude and latitude of personification and express from that unholy vantage point.

To go rogue on this shit usually means that we'll be misunderstood or worse, rejected, if we dare open our mouths to speak freely. If you're lucky an impossible shift in perception may occur.

It won't and doesn't have anything to do with anything you've suffered or hoped for. It is no longer linked with or beholding to the coordinates of personal ideation or orientation.

We can't use ordinary language or language in an ordinary way to say what that shift is about, unless we make the enviable claim of being perpetually happy or nourished by the absolute or some such shit like that.

We're all good at, trained in fact, to justify ourselves over and over again to avoid the embarrassment of being found out. We think that just because consciousness is a fraud, with a little effort we can do better.

Some days the pathos of our collective innocence is drowned out by responsibility and routine, some days it is unrelenting.

Between now and the day you wake up to what's not true, I trust you have some shelter from the storm.

---

Shelter from the storm: David J Bentley



## ***DP, it's not what you think***

The moment we think, utter, or read a word a hypnotic field arises made of attention and what's possible.

Before the muse stirs, we are in a saturation of sorts, where consciousness lurks, at the fork in the road of present experience we may choose consensus distraction or relinquish whatever becoming is into non specific euphoria.

Effortless relinquishment of all that we imagine into non specific euphoria is the Direct Path. Nothing else is. Nothing else could be.

---

The Water The Water: Giuseppe Arcimboldo



## *The Art of Uselessness*

The principal urgency is to match our existential appetites with satisfiers.

That's what we do, nothing more and nothing less. Mitochondria is to us, what nitrogen fixing bacteria is to the plant which combines, via photosynthesis, the energy of the sun and the miracle of soil and water and air in order to manufacture plant sugars, which are eaten by the mitochondria (which is not human, but a symbiont) in our cells to blossom and thrive as carbon and amino based consciousness.

What we take to be the "I" might simply be the anthropomorphization of personified consciousness which suggests the imagination of first hand experience, when there is none.

You have the red ruby slippers, you've always had them. There is no need to take advice from Munchkins, walk a yellow brick road, kill a witch with water, or fellate a flying monkey, though I honestly never tried the last one.

It could be useful to understand that all traditions, be they Vedic, Kashmiri, Advaita, Dzogchen, Vipassana, secret, direct, monastic or for householders are variants of what This already is. They are secondary, not primary. Though seductively poetic - there is no benefit to you for practicing them or referring to them as vehicles for spiritual understanding or using them as measuring sticks for how well you're doing in the realm of experience.

First hand experience is sufficiently delusional, ambiguous, acausal, narrative dependent, object free, subject free, and weird to the point of nausea and euphoria that it is perfectly clear to see that we don't and can't know what it is.

If someone or something even hints that they do, run.

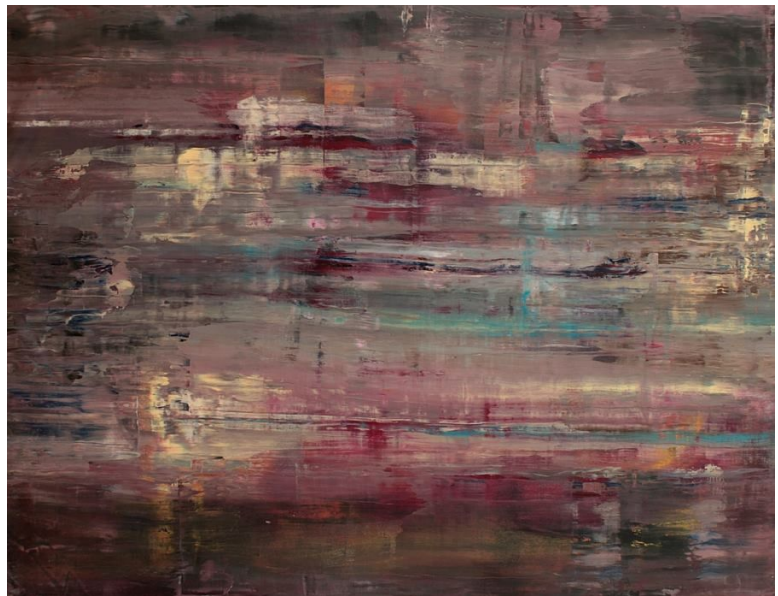
All there is is duped and you are the dupee. It is a waste of time (though far too common amongst we hominids) to try and get un-duped, that can't happen. The presumption of being dissatisfied is merely a symptom of the great duping, so too the imagination that it can and should be otherwise.

All there is is duped. As one comes to the terrible and liberating appreciation that this is as good as it gets, the reflex for cultivating spiritual or secular ameliorants comes to a close.

Now we're naked of the need for satisfaction. Consciousness needn't be our concern. We sink into the infinity of impersonal harmonics, we practice the Art of Uselessness.

---

The Last Touch: Stanton Bradshaw



## *Casual Impeccability*

When the average person takes the blue pill, they remain as such. When the same person takes the red pill, they become a seeker.

Now let's not kid ourselves, most seekers are phucking idiots and they really should have taken the blue pill and left the rest of us red-pillers alone, but no one can control which pill they take so we have to buck-up and do our best under the circumstances.

A few neo-advaitans (get the pun?) may refer to consciousness as being all there is, and they're not wrong, it just doesn't mean anything.

Seekers, still reeling from the dream within a dream, want to feel better about shit and will concoct an infinite array of stories and explanations and yogic assertions to justify their perpetually unconscious presumptions as concerns consciousness.

It doesn't make any sense, and it doesn't have to, it can't, consciousness and all of its marvelous display is the dream within the dream of itself and quite literally is all there is.

Any discovery you may wish to make be it secular or spiritual can only be a discovery of more and more and still more nuanced dream elements that pretend to be about something, but they're not.

We think we can get to the bottom of delusion by way of understanding something and that that will hopefully relieve us of the nagging shit house of suffering we all know (or avoid at all cost) and loathe. We can't and it won't.



We tangle with the profundity of sentient sensuality as if it means something, and take pride in whatever progress or insights we may glean from spiritual practice not willing or perhaps incapable of seeing that we haven't gone anywhere.

We are confounded by the inexplicable presence of the subjective "I", inebriated with the magical spell of perception, and insatiable as concerns the objects of desire with no apparent appreciation that all that, has nothing for us.

We want to be 'free' to choose, to consume, to accept and reject, and to express ourselves, and we fail to see that such 'freedom' is exactly what suffering is made of.

After we empty our bank accounts chasing freedom to the perimeter of the matrix maybe we get a feel for the futility of it all.

In our casual impeccability we see through the streaming implication of sentient sensuality and relent to the awesome revelation that there never was anything imposed upon us to be free from.

## ***Between a lingam and a hard place***

I was stunned when a long-time sincere and earnest fellow seeker replied to my invitation to join a NSS salon saying, "For now, conversation about 'spirituality' holds no interest at all."

I know I'm a bit dim witted in this area, but how is it possible to live without spiritual conversation? Really, I cannot fathom it.

As if that weren't shock enough, to add to my confusion I've been dabbling in a few other non-dual paths primarily as a voyeur (and isn't that always the case) so I could better understand what mature and accomplished yogis have to offer.

Everywhere you look someone is advocating and justifying their view, their approach, the way to disindividuation. Some encourage 'inquiry' which sounds as if it is, but isn't at all standardized; there are as many means to inquiry as there are people using it for spiritual leverage.

Some forms of inquiry are designed to dispel our default hallucinations by looking in a secular fashion at what exactly experience is, what it is comprised of, what can we really say about it? What is it that's revealed as we decommission our habitual and conditioned ways of perceiving and narration?

Some are more direct than the folks who claim to be direct, by pointing out the nature of presently appearing personification and all it has to say about itself is a false claim. The restlessness to engage spiritual means in order to ameliorate what ails us is itself delusional and can only lead to further distraction.

Some of us have had it with means, with the apologetic folderal of every sanguine speaker that casually remarks about spiritual maturity suggesting the end of seeking - phuck them!

I wish I knew what to say, not just here, but in my own aching soul so I could ideally align myself with whatever it is I should do next, even if it turns out to be true that nothing ever happened.

Some days, even if your hair looks good, and there are signs that you're losing weight, we can't help but be between a lingam and a hard place.

---

Shiva Lingam in the Morning Light: elementhealing



## *Elsewhere Than Here?*

If you find something that resembles yourself, you're already too inhabited. The power of perceiving and recognition has inoculated you with the presumption of a direct-able consciousness and now you're drunk with objects.

From this amicable vantage point, you can't help but imagine that there is something other than you, something you should supplicate or ignore at your own peril. These unsolicited afflictions self-revere as time and the opportunity to cultivate a change in condition.

This holodynamic mirage of existential viability is accompanied by near perpetual culpability and disappointment. You couldn't help but whiff the sweet perfume of consciousness and now, after some consternation, you crave a path with which to redeem yourself.

Well phuck you, and me as well of course. You keep drinking from the cup of "I Am" and now you want relief from yourself. The associative and acquiring mind is not merely entertaining and frustrating, it is also pathetic.

But no one wants to feel or be seen as pathetic so we sow the seeds of 'elsewhere than here' in order to hide our impotence.

This is what all spirituality is about, and I really think I mean it this time; we sow the seeds of 'elsewhere than here' in order to hide our impotence.

I guarantee you, full refund with no questions asked, free return shipping included too - the day you abandon 'elsewhere than here' shit's gonna change.

Listen up you zombie hordes of too agreeable morons, if you don't bring a big hammer to this party you're gonna be playing whack a mole for a long time, and probably see it as progress!

---

Mole Control: Dead End Exterminating



## *Contrary to What?*

Is there a way this is? Underneath it all or lying sublimely by our side, in the reflection of our eye in our eye, drifting into sleep, drifting out; what do we find?

When do we decide what condition our condition is in? Was it when we were conceived, sometime later, maybe yesterday, a moment ago, right about now; oops gone, always gone.

How do we imagine ourselves to know anything, to suggest, to assess, to decide, to deride? From where do we get the curious notion of having a point of view?

To what do we agree, and if not, if we are contrary, contrary to what? Are we on a path, are we proud of what we've found, or perhaps quietly disappointed that we're still looking?

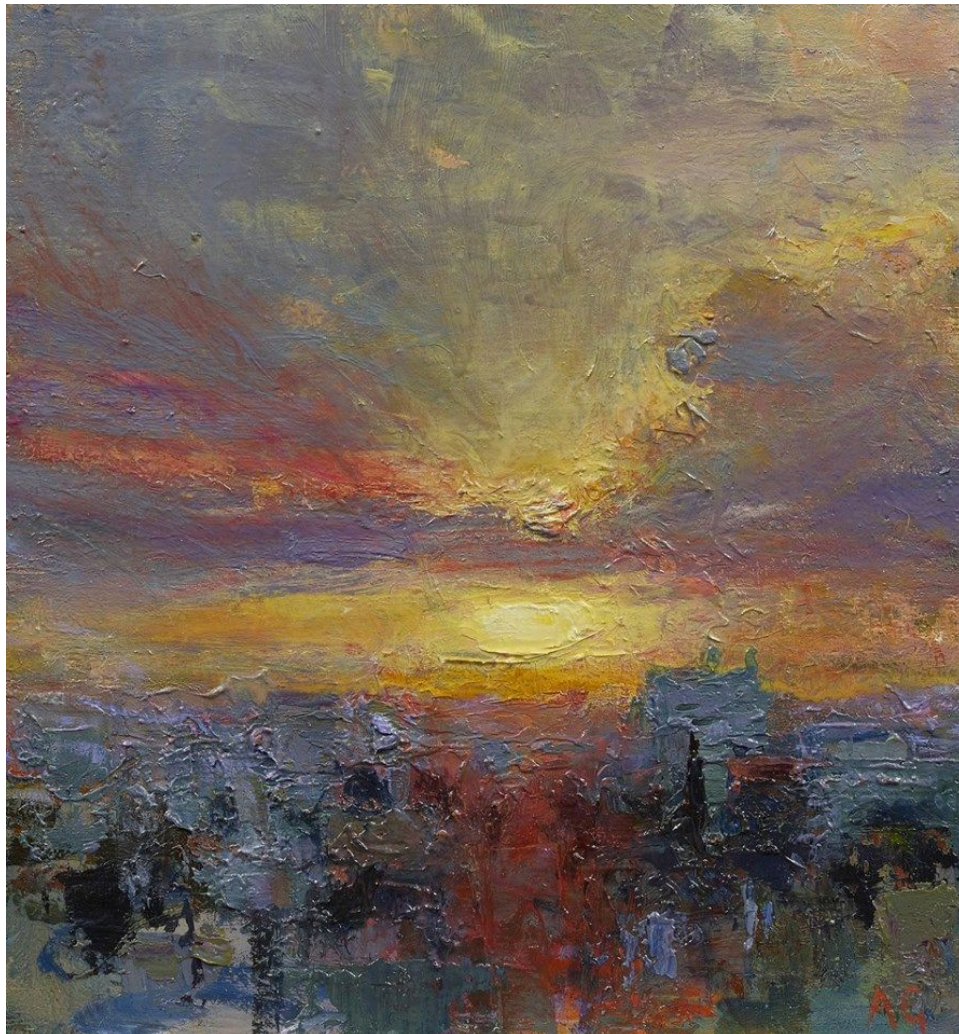
Is it really so hard to sense the dubious nature of the nature of things? Why would we fight to sustain the notion that there can always be a second point of view, when there's no first?

As long as we insist on having come from some place prior to now, before here, as the repository of sense and memory impressions, we commit ourselves to the fractal fantasy of a personal dream. Our personal dream.

Is that still working for you? To be frank, it's driving me bat-shit crazy. Does it ever end? God I hope it does.

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Ramallah Evening VI: Andrew Gifford



# *The Companion*

What if you were never told, and even if you were, you could never know what this is? If you let that sink in just a bit, things could get interesting.

It's not that you're unworthy or haven't tried hard enough to decipher all the clues and cues, it's just that it isn't possible to know what this is. Maybe on account of its being nothing, I can't say. Maybe on account of the curious notion that it's all there is, all this is - that might be the reason. All this is is what it is so where might one find the knower of it?

OK, look at it this way, have you ever considered just how strange thought is? What if thought presented, somewhat simultaneously, as the sense of the author and the listener both?

Aren't you the 'one' doing the thinking presenting as internal speech and the sole audience of that very speaking? And aren't they kind of happening at the same time? Is there a discernible delay between the arising of thought (regardless of who or what does that) and the hearing or comprehension of what is being thought?

Maybe what we call comprehension actually occurs before the thought and the thought is merely an acknowledgement of our instinctive and non-verbal immediacy?

This magical capacity to be both the author/thinker of thoughts and the recipient, as the listener to thoughts, might suggest that one always has a companion which may be none other than yourself or could be an imaginary kind of friend or even an etheric parasite that isn't you at all?

What if the presence of the Companion is what drives us nuts, that we are involuntarily held captive by the thinking and the listening to that thinking as if it were 'me' that were doing both? Christ, that has got to suck.

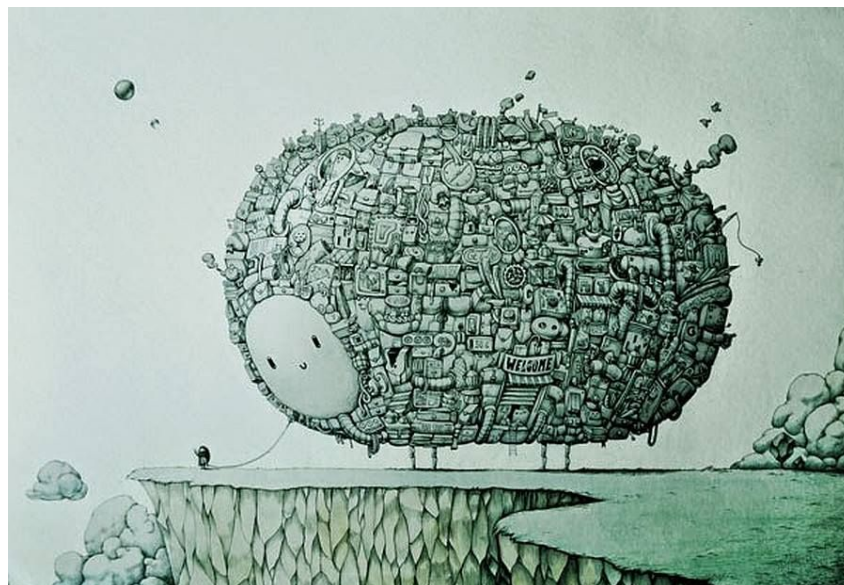
We entertain the Companion as the path of least resistance because a) we don't know what to do with this Companion and b) we're impotent to do anything about ourselves anyway.

So what if this isn't anything, isn't about anything, can't possibly be known, and even more perplexing; we are bound to suffer the asphyxiating presence of the Companion, which isn't really us, to the grave?

But please don't think about it, that would only make it worse.

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The Companion: Maria Tiurina



## *Pervasive*

One way to contemplate the nature of suffering, the end of suffering, and the sacred wonder of realization has to do with what we refer to as identity.

In a Judeo-Christian sort of way if we get to the bottom of 'Thy will be done' one could possibly become gleefully engulfed in absolute surrender, and that wouldn't suck.

It may be enough for some to live without fear under the banner of 'It is what it is' and conduct their affairs in a satisfactory way. Not enough for others.

There's a difference, at least when there is one, between unshakable faith in the will of G-d and the alchemy of consciousness that reveals the pervasive. Allow me to say more.

Our typical orientation is derived both from the streaming novelty of constant newness and the artifacts of mind based on memory and knowledge.

One's sense of self is an amalgam or compilation of infinite factors including sensation, conclusion, sentiment, feeling, interoception, proprioception, strategizing, acting with intent, and countless other nuances that together subscribe to the presumption of individuated ownership of the body and the consciousness as belonging to 'me'.

To keep it simple, this can be referred to as localization. We take ourselves to be appearing and existing locally; from the willful vantage point of my-self, my-body, my-mind, my-sentiments, ..... you get the point.

Now it's no surprise that life is going to phuck with you, and eventually kill you - life's the cat, we're the mouse. To the extent that we insist on our locality, suffering what doesn't go our way will ensue.

But what if, as if by magic, and not as the result of being either diligent or clever, we drop the hallucination of being local and expand in an instant into the ego-free revelation of pervasive?

What if the super structure of boundary and implication collapses under the breathtaking view of object-free and stranger still, subject-free pervasiveness? What if what had insistently appeared as local is now all there is, without any remnant quality of 'my'?

I know and you know what this feels like, we always have. It's just that the culture, the belligerent inertia of self as a serf in an industrialized dream of consumption got the better of us for a while, but no longer.

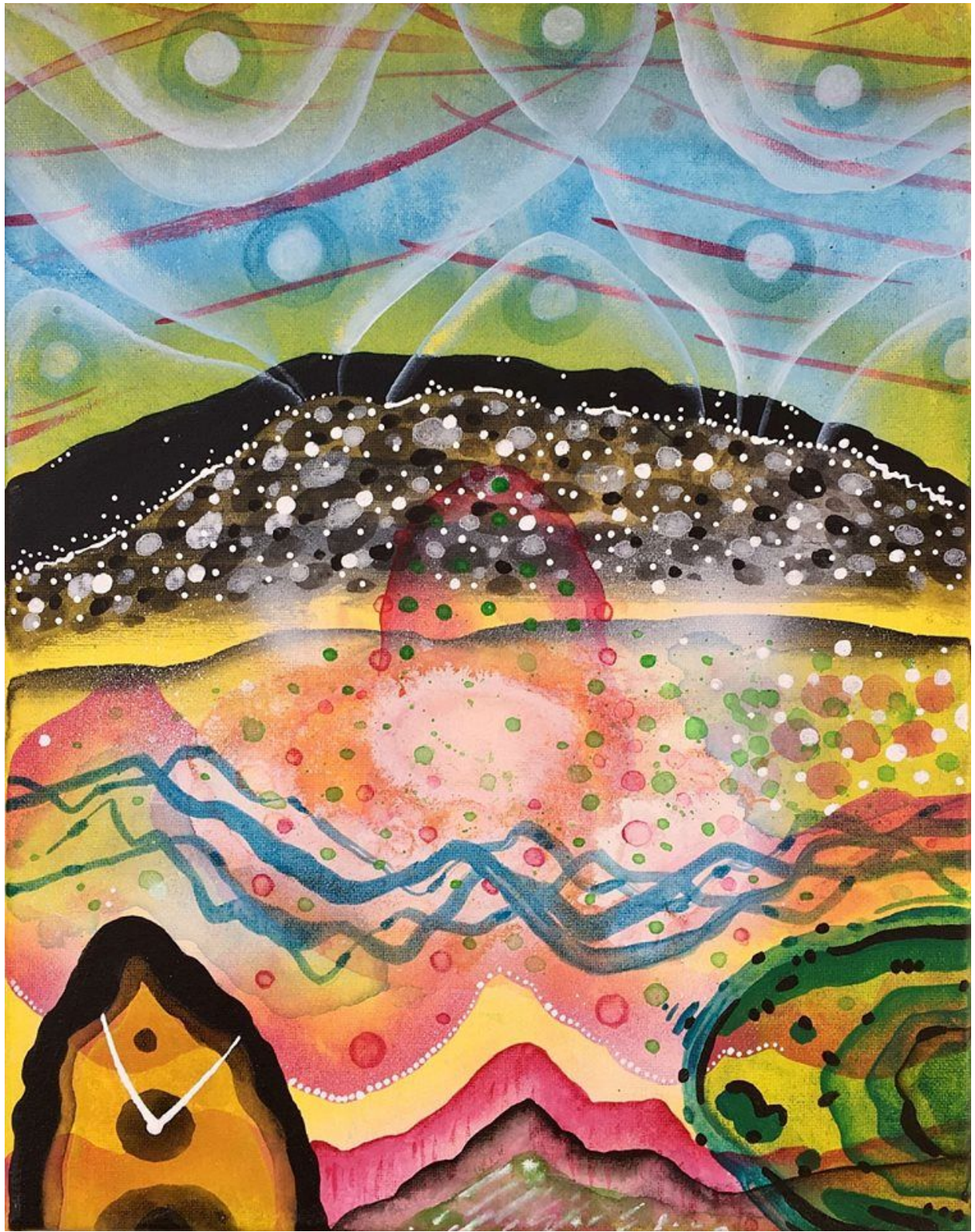
You don't have to believe in or study anything for pervasive to be what this is, what it already is. When you're ready, and now's as good a time as any, this is pervasive; it has no religion, no origin, no genesis, no way for it to be other than itself and like it or not, that includes you.

You've never been without the keen and sacred instinct that you are pervasive, how could you? So now, though nothing has or needs to change, go about your business with nothing left to say on the matter, except of course, if you have something to say - at least it will be informed.

(Note - I couldn't resist the title of this painting)

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The Pervasive Divine Battles Consensus Reality in a Landscape of No Fixed Proportion: Brian Lucas



## ***What we want to hear***

Most of what we celebrate as spirituality turns out to be what we want to hear. The inherent delight of being given an explanation, a path to salvation, a ritual, and a gift shop is really hard to eschew.

We direct our activities for freedom according to how we feel, what we believe, what we want and need, what we deserve; never pausing to see that such a program cannot bring about the craved for deliverable.

If there is freedom, and one sure hopes there is, if it's not exactly now, exactly here, exactly this, then it can only be some idea of how things will hopefully be some day, some other day than this one. I trust you will agree, or at least consent to consider, that that can't be freedom, never ever.

Realization might not have anything to do with how things are, how or what we perceive, or what we come to understand about whatever reality might be. That's the path of what we want to hear.

Few find it enticing to drop the guile of personified preferences and relent entirely to the great presence of the great beyond which is neither particularly present nor beyond.

Emptiness is not nothing, but neither is it something, whatever it may be, it sure as shit isn't what we want to hear.

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Woman Surrounded by Clouds: Exploring your mind



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Every moment is the anniversary of every other moment that failed to occur before this one.

One's pride of continuity is the regrettable and banal projection of personal bad taste.

Try not to think of yourself in any terms at all, as a matter of fact, don't even try, that's already too much.

When you have something spiritual to say, imagine yourself saying it to a sleuth of grizzly bears just emerging from hibernation while you're naked and covered in salmon oil.

The road to full enlightenment is a short one. First step is simple, do you see that you don't know what this, right now? Second step is even simpler, learn to enjoy absolute incompetence. No wonder the road has so few travelers.

This whole time I've been planning for my future from the bias of my past while ignoring completely the aching beauty of what's present.

Awake is what's revealed when we stop indexing the present to suit our unconscious need to know and be seen.

The unexamined presumption that you've been somewhere before now is the entirety of the root of suffering.

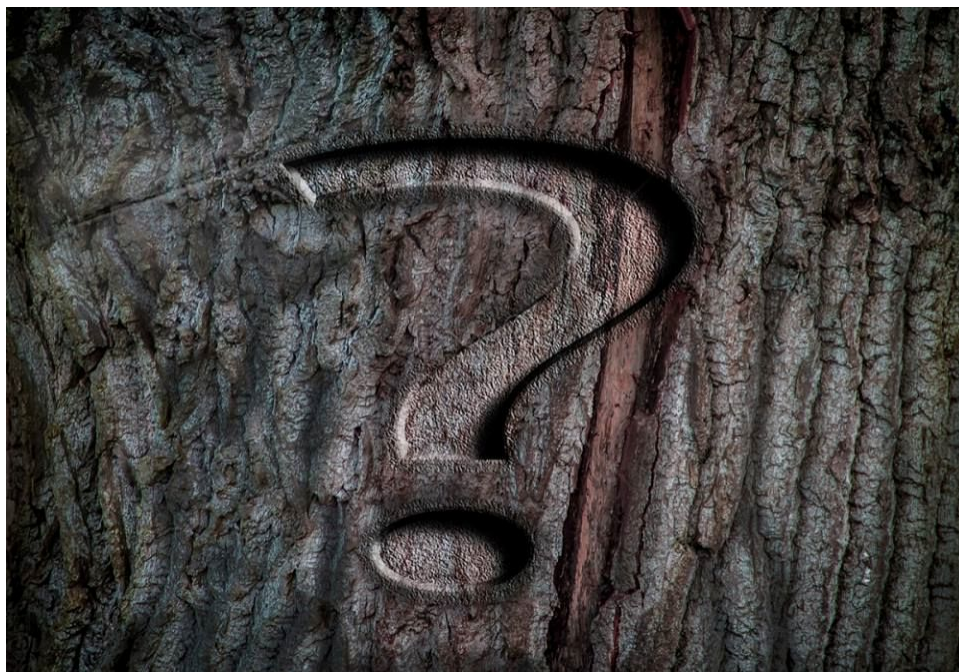
You're not alone, you're simply not.

Tibetans like Cardinals wear funny hats, why does anyone bother to listen to them at all? Don't we get the joke?

If a guru promises you something, neither it nor (S)he are real.

If a guru encourages you to do anything about anything; to practice, recite, clean the ashram, it's time to leave.

On the journey to freedom no one actually becomes free, we simply forget that we weren't.



## ***Someone broke into the evidence locker***

It's not so easy to convey just how absurdly simple the observation of emptiness is.

Our perceptual bias and the insistence of consciousness to presume its own existence, even when it knows better, is so subtly beyond any possible conception that we find ourselves, quite unconsciously, imagining we are having some experience, when we're not.

Naturally this draws our attention, not that it's ours. The seeds of separative identity are of one indistinguishable nature masquerading as being other than itself on the receiving end of what we call experience. This insistent and radiant pervasiveness can and will do what it likes, our best philosophy is...., well let's just say our incompetence is omnipotent.

Our capacity to direct or apply attention and discrimination on behalf of our spiritual quest assures that the fundamental misapprehension of the fabric and magic of reality will evade us. Thus we remain the same.

If, for whatever reason, you are tired of remaining the same, that's a sure sign that emptiness has a red dot laser beam pointed right at your head from a million miles away and it never needs more than one bullet to do what's best.

Your mind will throw all manner of distraction at you making it appear that you're competent to stand trial, but you're not, you never were.

Don't worry too hard about it all, they don't have enough to convict you, someone broke into the evidence locker and removed all the files pertaining to your existence.

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Activation Imagery - David Router



## *Snowed by an Eskimo*

Everyone knows that Eskimos have hundreds of words for snow, this keen facility of language was a natural response to the wintry conditions they've lived in and aided the tribes in when and where and how to know the best hunting conditions, to avoid dangerous sea swells, where to find an amicable mate, how much to pay for a slab of blubber, etc.

Trouble is this myth is not true, as is the case with most myths. The Inuit languages permit its users to string words together in more complex phrases so they can say Cantankerous Snow, Phucking Snow, Delicious Snow, Don't Eat the Yellow Snow, and on and on and on as far as their observations and sense of humor can go.

But this modest offering is not about snow, it's about the myth of self, though not true, persists with aplomb and drives us all bat shit crazy with the idea that we can do what we like with ideas, and we can, but at what cost I ask you, at what cost?

It's worth the effort, strange for me to say, to notice what's behind what it is that's appearing for you to notice. Sensation appears in perceptual awareness, object recognition appears in perceptual awareness, thinking and the apparent objects conceived by thinking appear in perceptual awareness. I think you can catch my drift here.

The root of whatever it is that experience is or isn't appears within the context or apparitional space of perceptual awareness. Such awareness is not an object, it cannot be identified as being separate or other than itself. Such awareness has no agenda or bias, it is unencumbered of the hallucination of 'myself'.

Narration, or even more subtle than that, the recognition or finding of objects in consciousness is the primary seductive head fake. The remarkable power to narrate what appears to be found by awareness is the genesis of 'myself', of the habit to reify and imagine ourselves to be separatively existent.

Just behind, or maybe right alongside the rapid inflation of consciousness to find, narrate, and insist on 'myself' there is the always empty apparitional space where no subjective experience occurs.

Don't take my word for it, just ask any Eskimo, I'm not snowing you on this one.



## ***Welcoming may be all that's needed***

Face it, your mind is a phuck fest of presumptuous belligerence and prideful stupidity, if you're not there yet, no reason to read on any further.....

For the few who might be willing to bypass the first salvo, let's do this.

The uninvited narrator, the inner sanctum of repetitive didactic, and the self-possessed bias of being a choice gifted deterministic creature can never muster sufficient intelligence to leave the gravitational field of existential isolation.

All of the spiritual knowledge that has come before is just a jumble of monkey see, monkey say, monkey do, and monkey poo - knowledge reinforces the delight of consciousness' power of association and accumulation, it fuels the engine of self.

So, how ya gonna get out from under the intoxication of finding things and claiming them as your own, of being an agent of persistence, the manager of your own destiny?

Simple, welcoming, welcoming may be all that's needed. Before you find anything, decide on anything, before you bring the momentum of your personal familiarity to bear on present experience what is there?

Well, it's the welcoming of course, and I bet you knew that already, in fact I'm sure of it. Before consciousness convinces itself of being the experiencer of experiencing there is the welcoming.

With no anticipation or interest in finding anything at all, we can discover what it feels like to fall into welcoming, to fall open (that open shit is a lift from Adam Chacksfield who used to speak at NSS events before I pissed him off and went crazy on a puff piece he did about conscious relationships).

Back to the point at hand. If we occupy the familiarity of our own nature our looking will invariably be conditioned by the way we look and what we consciously or unconsciously expect to find.

By recalibrating our attention to the welcoming we can sense how it feels as the welcoming welcomes itself in a perpetual loop of nothing found but welcoming. This is a subtle intoxication and is easily distracted by the familiarity of accusatory mind, but don't let that stop you from going all the way through to empty handed innocence.

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Empty Handed: Slothentic Open Mind



## ***Repossessed Possession***

What we don't see, and maybe it's by design and maybe it's not, is the nature of possession.

The seeming predilection of whatever consciousness is to align itself as the first person with the miracle of sensate and narrative sentence is a form of possession.

The "I" arises as a forgivable association with all that's felt and the "my" accompanies the full array of sensation and orientation that is conjured in the ephemeral mind space of whatever this is as it talks to itself and hypnotically projects a world in which one dwells for better or worse.

The first-hand ownership of experience as belonging to me is a form of possession, and we just don't, we just won't notice it at all.

Once possessed our principal orientation is how to survive and thrive in whatever socio-economic climate we find ourselves in and to adopt whatever beliefs and behaviors are drilled into us to remain a member in good standing of the xenophobic tribe.

Our fundamental somnambulistic conditioning is violent, even if involuntary, and we can see the withering fruits of this prideful me-first-ism in all our affairs, personal and global.

One might hope that seekers of liberation have a penchant for being progressive and are less prone to the toxic mental-ism of the Corporate State, but that is naive.



One of the most poignant attributes of possession is, as one might predict, denial. We are in denial of oh so much nefarious and life threatening complexity, and maybe for good reason.

The scope, reach, and bandwidth of intelligence for the identified creature is pathetically narrow, and fundamentally incapable of supporting sustainable insights as may be

necessary to avoid extinction.

We are in overreach, we have hit the wall of limits of growth; the arability of a parched, scorched, and over-drenched habitable landscape is fast declining and even the preppers, god bless their cannibalistic souls, have no future.

If you're fond of prayer, it might be worthwhile to pray for repossessed possession so you can enjoy a few moments of ecstatic joy and transcendent emptiness before the fabric of civilization turns more formidably toward the dark side.

## ***Grounded, Centered, & Losing It***

The quick way to realization is actually much faster than you can know.

When, whatever this is, drops the imagination of other it cleaves (as in closer than close) to itself thus annihilating its own capacity for reification and personification.

Its love of manifestation does not flinch or lapse, it's just that the profound projection of otherness, the fuel of duality, is consumed.

This is absolute; it is not of mind, nor does it have anything to do with consciousness, similarly it has nothing at all to do with effort or preparation, it is not Upanashadic nor is it Tantric.

You arise, that sounds true but probably isn't, quite incomprehensibly and appear to yourself as yourself when in fact you're not.

Consciousness and knowledge are artifacts of the primary miracle, biology and ecosystems are artifacts of the primary miracle. Mentioning the primary miracle is an artifact of the primary miracle. There's nothing behind all this, it's only recourse is projection.

If you've spent even five minutes as a seeker (I'll keep your secret) you know how the vehicle becomes the object of worship and one forgets entirely why they were inspired to seek in the first place. This trick near ensures that you forget why you came to the party as you become a card carrying member of whatever celebrity or system you 'chose' to worship and admire.

One's mind is wired to be insistent as pertains to its own persistence and that's why it can appear to be so hard to wake the phuck up. Your unconscious interest is in manifest implication so how are you going to relent to the primary miracle as a prideful symptom of such?

All the while you are doing your best to remain grounded and centered, you're losing It! How could it be otherwise?

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Sober: Tool

Happy Thanksgiving from the Night Sky Sangha Guy who loves you all very much!



## *Utopium*

Here's the basic dilemma when it comes to sustainable stewardship of fish-bowl earth. Consciousness matures a lot more slowly than does the rapid adoption of overreach embolden the greedy with too many toys.

Our ethical culture can only be as reliable as our capacity for internalizing inter-being, though living in a Thich Nhat Hanh world would be so boring we'd rather jump into a roiling volcano than chant 'breathing in breathing out' before supper one more time.

You take a big cast iron cauldron for whipping up a witches brew and throw in fossil fuels, agriculture, metallurgy, atom splitting, capitalism, broadcast media, and desire and you've got the perfect spell for lying to all of the people all of the time and them believing those lies far too often.

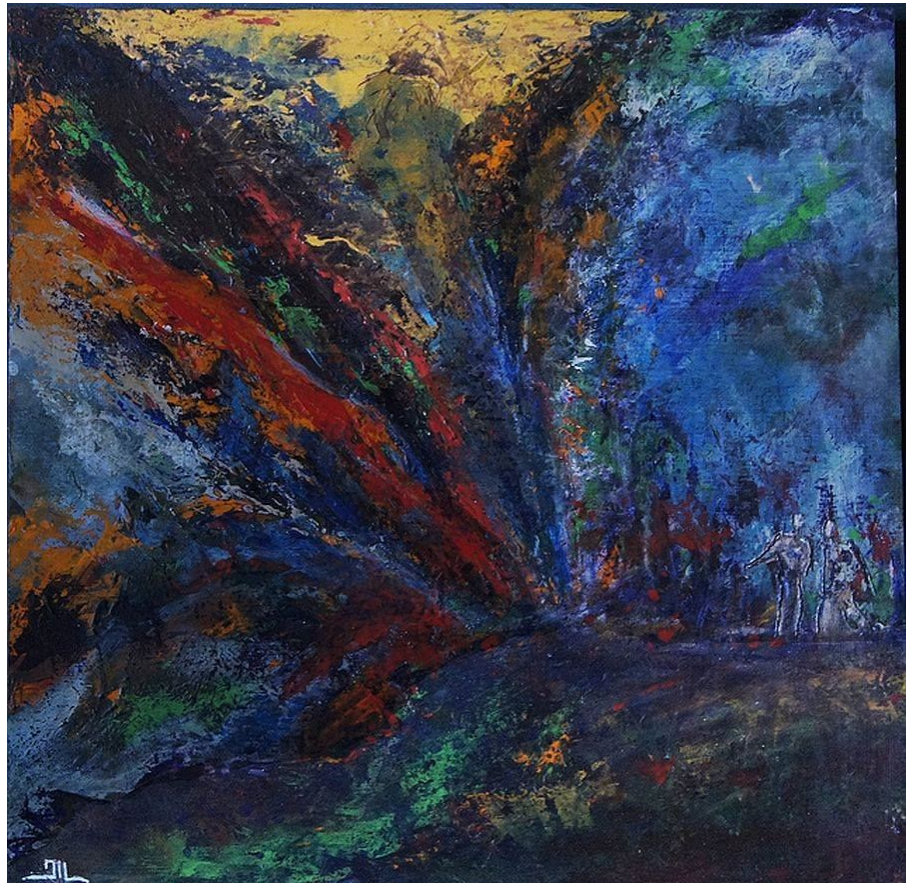
Of course there are many intelligent voices who have the temerity to call foul on the entirety of human civilization and its toxic incentives, but at this stage of the greenhouse game all that remains is Utopium.

There are many really gifted philosophers whose prescient insights blend progressive systems with the best that we can be to suggest palpable remedies for extinction, but to a man (please forgive the gender bias) these uplifting ways of regenerating eco-sustainability rely upon a base presumption of wide spread enlightenment - and we all know that that is not going to happen sufficiently soon enough to permit us to implement the extinction averse guidance we so richly deserve and so badly need.

When I listen to admirable and likable folks (like Daniel Schmachtenberger) set the course for a new humanity I can only wish that I'd heard this kind of soul soothing intelligence when I was a teenager.

There is no, has never been, and will never be a remedy for the exponential afflictions that we humans mete upon ourselves and the bounty of this beautiful earth.

It may be worth repeating, consciousness matures a lot more slowly than does the rapid adoption of overreach embolden the greedy with too many toys.



It's still worth reaching for the stars and gifting yourself with the sweet insouciance of trans-temporal communion and I for one will continue to trumpet my own celebratory devotion to the craft, I hope you will too.

## ***Person-Hood***

If I robbed myself of my self on behalf of my Self, could I be called Person-Hood?

It's fairly irrelevant if there's a person or if there's no person, don't tell Tony Parsons I said so; but really there can't be any advantage or disadvantage to the idea of there being a person or not to the person who may still think they are or are not a person.

My own partiality and bias of emphasis is to simply explore the convivial and contentious contrivance of presently appearing orientation and assertion deeply enough to see that it is made of nothing and goes nowhere.

That's the disruptive kernel, it's not all that meaningful once down stream of absolute failure to make any claims about the still lingering aroma of person-hood or to tell everyone that your shit doesn't stink any longer!

The presence or absence of anything is still a thing, even if deliciously subtle. The effective re-calibration occurs when awareness (and I'm not saying I know what that is if it is anything at all) withdraws from the artifacts of the world, including oneself, and learns how to take up residence in itself, in awareness itself.



This simple yogic adjustment is a little stranger than swapping one object for another because objects are only objects if they appear or occur to some sense of oneself as the perceiving subject accompanied by some reflexive didacticism and projection, aka psychological time.

The world can only confound you since there is no actual world, there is only the seeming persistence of experience which implies the existential viability of oneself in the world, but that, while formidably hypnotic, is also untrue.

This doesn't mean there is any utility to assert or deny anything for the sake of getting to a better true than you were enjoying or lamenting a moment ago. If you are presuming yourself to be

experiencing anything, the conditioned hubris of preference and knowledge is on you like a dragon trolls for tuna in the open sea. The flies on shit thing is a bit cliché.

Simply notice, less than allow since that requires agency, what this feels like when you have no idea what it is and can take a few moments off from the pride of opinion and the stress of anticipation.

See for yourself the impersonal and involuntary motility of consciousness and thereby relinquish without effort any need for or interest in second hand authority.

Don't worship any god or guru, they are all counterfeit. Be willing to be erased from everyone's memory, most importantly your own.

## ***Emptiness & Craving, all there is to find***

All that is manifest as experience is craving, the world and the imagination of your place in that world is all made of craving.

Strangely enough that same existential and insistent pressure is no more or less than emptiness itself, splurging forth from no place other than here and no time prior to now with its fanciful display of all that can be found and felt and imagined.

When the Buddha said, if indeed he said it, that "life is suffering" what he meant was that the permutation and inhabitation of the world by the likes of you is made of craving, and thus unsatisfactory.

This is why we 'suffer' with and from a fundamental malaise which can never be assuaged by any action of belief, of faith, of purgative flagellation, of devotion, of renunciation, or any form of dual or non-dual cosmology.

You can't find emptiness for obvious reasons and for the less obvious fact that you are exactly emptiness, so what's to find?

All that arises as mind and form and presumption of separative authorship is craving itself, not your craving, craving itself, void of doer or motive.

When we writhe with the vagaries of a thousand discomforts and hope to ameliorate them through fanciful interventions we may solicit relief and we may not; all occurs on the playing field of craving at the pleasure of emptiness.

We're made of craving, prideful to the bone, unconsciously unconscious of our unconsciousness, and still we hope to heal and get somewhere better someday.

If you are invited to look beyond the sand dunes of despair from which the mirage oasis of your life emerges, it is possible to see through the myth of craving and drop into the bottomless pit of emptiness that you were before you were anyone.

---

My Love Of Endless Emptiness: Adam Smith



## *Mercurial Permeability*

Kindly grant me your permission to render as best I can a nuanced view of the alchemist's way to dart past the eagle (Castaneda reference) into mercurial permeability.

A small but certain caveat is that there will be some turbulence, not unlike Jodi Foster's journey through the Contact wormhole, but more psychic than physical. It's a pinch of nausea and existential terror, but worth it in the end. You'll know what I mean if you indeed take the journey.

First off it's useful to say that Patanjali perpetrated a fraud upon unsuspecting yoga students and this is important to appreciate. Not that he was a fraud, who knows really, it's just that the instructions were far too superficial to be of much utility.

One discovers that the power of self-reference and the profound capacity of inner dialogue, thought and its analogues, to promote and project a seemingly persistent experience of one's condition in a world; is absolute.

This is a kind way of saying that we are rendered as idiot fools beyond redemption and become insatiable permutations of idolatrous consumption without notice or protest.



One could say that most of what's called the spiritual journey is a series of repeated failures of sufficient formidability that breaks the patina of our imagined competence so deeply that we are forced, and gratefully so, to try another tack.

Enough with the introduction, let's do this.

The words don't matter really, the conveyance is more the nature of pre or sub-photon quantum entangled intelligence that can infer biologic experience under the dual canopy of space and time.

By habitually referring to thought for news and opinion we sustain the imagination of persona and corporeal hegemony, this is worth repeating, but I'll leave that to you.

Forgive me, it's 5 am, my attention is fading into sleep, but the vision is not. Let's take this up after I get some rest.

## ***Mercurial Permeability - part II***

..... by habitually referring to thought for news and opinion we sustain the imagination of persona and corporeal hegemony.

We mistake realization for having something to do with our life on earth and how to live it more enjoyably if not invulnerably.

But what if what we call 'my life' is just not what this is?

What if our motives for feeling better and special and full of experiential abundance are all based on lies, are all amelioratives for deeply mistaken beliefs?

Then you end up kissing Mooji's feet because he likes it when you do, but there's nothing in it for you because Mooji and his ilk never had anything for you; they were all exploiting your bullshit ideas about what this is and taking your money for tokens of wonder, much like invisible ink disappears after you sign the check.

You can't deploy referential mind to uncork this champagne. Mind and identity with mind are so far downstream of original sin (the genesis of personification) that you're always too late and too full of myth for consciousness to be of any use in the discovery process.

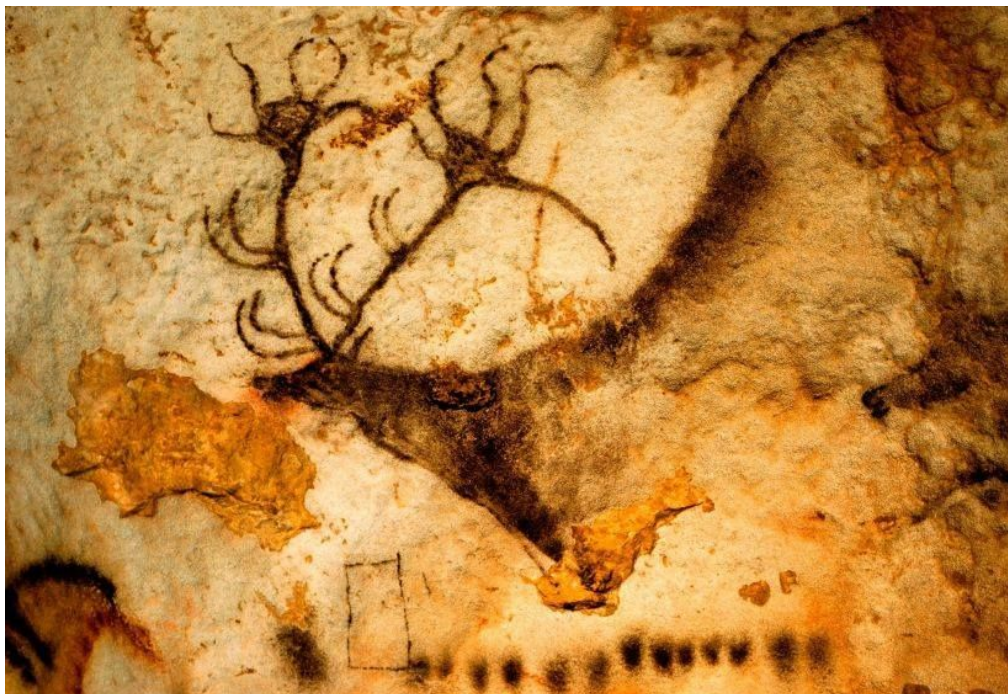
Mercurial permeability isn't perfect of course, but it kind of hints at the singularity and trans-temporal immediacy that this is before it's anything at all. That which is hardly a that (don't mention it to Nisargadatta's students - they'll have a fit) is neither source nor symptom, but you are that which is obviously a somewhat hollow accusation.

Before referential consciousness steals your attention and fills you, like blown in insulation, with the extravagance of personal myth it is possible to simply stare or more aptly feel with absolute wonder empty of pride the perfectly sovereign nature of yourself.

Thanks for you indulgence, I gave it a shot.

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Neurons?: Chauvet Cave



## ***Toto, I think maybe we're in a cult***

It's a damn good idea to once in a while have a drink with a friend and wonder, I mean really wonder, if we're in a cult.

Spiritual affinity groups run the gamut. Some are exploitive, costly, burdened with hierarchy and status, have a charismatic at the helm, steeped in one or other 'ancient' wisdom tradition, are exploitive (the redundancy is deliberate), can be really difficult (there's that word again) to leave, and the good ones (being sarcastic here) inspire singular or group acts of suicide.

If you hang with Adyashanti, well that is a customer / sales based relationship. If you work for peanuts at an Ashram or similar institution, that is indentured servitude masquerading as devotion or intentional community.

If you love shakti, even if it is given for free, that's a host / parasite relationship. If you graduate from a mystery school or learn how to become a non-dual facilitator, that is adult education.

If you roam this earth in any innocent or imbecilic relationship under the canopy of conformist socio-political and religulous influences, you're deeply brainwashed and absolutely asleep.



If consciousness has you believing that you're having an experience, that's a sycophantic hallucination. Everyone is in a cult, and this is so true I have to say it again, everyone is in a cult.

The way you feel and what you believe and how you act are all symptoms of the primary cult of individuated personified narrative consciousness. The cult of "I".

What you do about that, if and if ever, is also a serendipitous transcend-ency that defies any causal constituents.

The mind is drunk with becoming; to discover the ruse of such sacred insidious deception is the journey of yoga and if that journey drops you off in the midst of the intoxicating present you can ride that presence all the way to cessation and that's when you burn your bra, release the Kraken, roll the lingam, and toss your mala into the fire of release.

That's when you leave the cult.

So, if you're in one, a cult I mean, make sure you're in the right cult for you, and if you are, it won't be long now before you discover the incalculable and non-refrigerable beauty of nothing to say.

## ***Advaita Litmus Test***

I attended a local satsang just the other day. As a spiritual salon facilitator in my own right it's only fair out of professional courtesy to support someone else's willingness to show up and speak on these matters.

It was either that or join Peter Brown's open zoom meeting but I have a problem (and yes it's all on me) with those unfortunates who suffer from borderline personality disorder feigning interest in radiant presence to satisfy their insatiable attention seeking needs, so I opted for the local satsang. To be clear, I'm referring to a particular attendee, not the speaker.

Really I have no idea why I do or don't do or go or don't go to anything, but it's always fun to have a story why "I" "chose" to be one place or another.

In the mix of attendees there was the facilitator; someone whose seen Mooji and recently discovered Paul Hedderman oddly enough because I sent him a flyer to do so. He had a mala, a crystal, a guitar, yoga pants, a beard, and a few years of recovery under his belt- I would say a perfect blend for a satsang facilitator.

There was also a spiritual counselor and climate refugee recently migrated from CA, a Spiritual Community builder inspired by Neale Donald Walsh and the inherent goodness of all people, and a non-duality evangelist who never pays for satsang and was impassioned about how we can all find god.

You cannot find a better mix of sincere seekers anywhere, and of course I was there, but unlike me, didn't say a word for over two hours listening attentively to the collective wisdom of the group all of whom were willing to share.

Several times I thought I might say something, but a wisdom greater than any I can claim made sure my mouth stayed shut. Truly I am blessed.

I sat quietly all wrapped up in my holiday scarf and arctic fluffy hat with my feet comfortably snuggled into my favorite pair of wicking alpaca active socks wondering if there were any chance that these folks would be even remotely interested in the chaotic mess I call the Night Sky Sangha.

And the answer was no, that was clear, but I wondered how I came to that instinct, on what evidence did I base my presumptuous conclusion.

Then it hit me, as it often does, the Advaita Litmus Test. You may benefit from it some day so I'll share it with you in the hopes that you can either join or avoid a situation where spiritual shit is being discussed.

It's a simple two part test, and you don't even have to spit or pee on anything, though whatever consenting adults do is perfectly fine with me.

Part I - Are you willing to see that you don't know what this is, and not just a little bit, but all the way down?

Part II - Are you willing to see that nothing works, and not just a little bit, but all the way down?

Consenting to either one of these simple observations is rather cathartic and one could argue essential for the pride of ownership to disintegrate. Consenting to both is even more devastating, but without them you cannot discover the gap between what you think this is, what you presume it to be, and what it might really be.

Without that discovery you remain fond of all that you think and believe, even if it's about spiritual shit. And that's why I didn't say a word to the lovely folks I spent my Sat afternoon with.

The Advaita Litmus Test, powerful enough in its utter simplicity to get you into or out of trouble. And that changes from moment to moment at the whim of the planets and everything else that runs this strange pageant from afar.

And lest I forget once again to say it aloud, if you're reading this I'm crazy about you,

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Mystery's Many Modes: Gregory Collins



## ***Yoni Worship - the fall of John of God***

Human genitals are awesome, even though our dear friends in the Lego-verse only have clawed hands and probably no working genitalia, still everything is awesome!

Our sub-cellular biology is programmed to replicate at all costs. I mean Jesus f'ing Christ, we're 7.7 billion and growing, even while the stress on climate and agriculture and debt from our meta-programming is closing the window on any chances of survivability, but that's another story.

The pheromones, the hormones, the mucous, the hydraulics, the friction, the swimming, the magical replicative formula that turns microscopic seed juice into another mouth to feed that all too soon becomes another breeding body - awesome right?

Well sometimes the sweet and insatiable aromas of lust turn sour and all too often (common in charismatically driven spiritual circles) become non-consenting.

It saddens me to say that Oprah got it wrong once again, but this isn't about Oprah (didn't know that was even possible), it's about John of God and a spate of allegations, accusations, and sordid stories having to do with abuse (his daughter is involved) and sexual impropriety. You can google it if you are so inclined.

When we go to healers and teachers and shamans and voodoo practitioners (aptly referred to as hounsans, mambos, and bokors) we're on a grand adventure and owing to our vulnerabilities and tendency to trust maybe a little too much we can get burned, we can get had, we can get plucked.

A short while ago I posted a reply to a Batgap question (since been thrown out of that fb group) having to do with this perennial question of ethics, morality, and chaste sensibility in the world of healing and enlightenment.

This recent (maybe not so recent) fall from grace of yet another god-anchored charismatic makes me think it is worth repeating here.

This whole missive is a bit longer than the typical post, my apology.

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With all due respect to our vulnerabilities and the gargantuan efforts required to inhabit ourselves with dignity, such practices can be appreciated as the animal rescue side of human wellness.

Before we can venture into the more subtle realms of cessation we must contend with the knots and bindings that so influence our emotional and somatic experience. The out-gassing of trauma, neglect, intrusion, addiction and co-dependence demands our attention.

The regrettable prevalence and saturation of human sorrow and abuse requires that we use whatever tools we can to heal the deeply embedded wounds that afflict our ability to function and thrive.

To make matters worse, there is far too much ongoing abuse in many teachers, teachings, and institutions that promise freedom from prior abuse, the loop never ends.

The point worth making (IMO) is that we have devolved or maybe evolved into an ambiguous plasma where animal rescue (intended in the most respectful way) coexists with liberation teachings and we think they are the same.

The neo-advaitist saying there is nothing anyone can do about anything and why bother in the first place has its relative relevance when considering the baffling nature of imaginative and personified consciousness - the mirthful play of deception.

However, the effort-full journey to recapture and inhabit fundamental sentient and somatic dignity is a necessary precursor to the rigors of cultivating absolute relaxation.

Each of our 'situations' is a unique blend of cultivating emotional succor, freedom from co-dependence, flexibility of response, and the demands made upon us in the chaotic field of burgeoning civilization.

If we can, to the extent we can, let's not mistake the deep teachings of cessation and nibana to be utilized for animal rescue purposes which boundary confusion has become so prevalent in the spiritual market place. They are not the same since the primary bias for psycho-emotional wellness (feeling better in and as myself) is not the foundation from which one ventures into uselessness.

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John of God: Medical Quackery & Fake Spirituality



## ***OMG TiSPU***

It's not so easy, in fact it is impossible, through any act of will or cultivation to relieve yourself of first hand presumption.

First hand presumption is "I", this body's, or "my" experience. Accompanying this dizzying display of total bullshit is all you believe to be true about you and everything else that isn't you, which turns out to be everyone and everything else.

You can go to a Gene Keys or Rupert Spira retreat and I bet you a \$1 to a banana topped chocolate agave drizzled vegan cruller (I've actually had one of these in Scranton and it was awesome!) that you'll be there, trying your best to find out more about yourself in hopes that your demons and quiet despair will transmute into everlasting not that.

Anything but that, whatever it was that we thought it was was no good so now I want something better. Our spiritual journey is commonly punctuated by something we want less or more of - which of course is more or less of and about me, about my experience, about the human and inhuman (because we are) circumstances I find myself in.

Air, water, shelter, food and freedom from violence are hard enough to come by these days for far too many of us, but this is not an activist's blog as much as it is for people still enjoying the privilege (at what expense) of contemplating whatever liberation might be - and I am somewhat ashamed of myself, but that's on me.

And now a short break from our sponsor as we all yell in unison from a third story window, "Oh My God, This is So Phucked Up!"

The spiritual point worth making (another self serving value judgment for sure) is that we will never find, can never find, relief from what this is as long as we're relying upon whatever experience is to deliver the longed for satisfaction.



I know this is silly if not revelatory to suggest, but experience is not where it's at, although all you can find is experience, hoping to be sated, elated, and consecrated within it is not going to happen.

This observation might possibly, but don't count on it, save you thousands of hours and dollars insisting otherwise, if it does. Still, whatever gets you through the night, it's alright, it's alright.

The deafening silence of relief from the pageantry of experience and the involuntary insistence of it being your experience is always perfectly so, right where you stand.

Not that this will help either, nothing can really; but it could be fun to simply notice the impunity with which awareness, mind, identification, story, bracing, craving, becoming, and the endless stream of chatter impose upon you without permission. Like I said, OMG TiSPU.

What if whatever this is does not rely upon experience or personification to perfectly be itself? Might that interest you someday?

## ***Whence & Whom***

We come in, consciousness appears to us, we can't say when, we can't say how, we really don't know, we really can't say.

So we turn the beam of attention to the perceivable world and we imprint upon the manifold paradigm, and some folks we don't really know, but can smell, take us in and give us the gift of their language.

And we listen oh so carefully for any signs that may tell us what this is, as we notice that certain behaviors can be associated with attention, warmth, the thump thump of a beating heart, and we play to the crowd for nourishment and inclusion.

Down the road a piece we're given explanations in story and metaphor and grand overtones that shape what we're allowed to become, what we're allowed to believe, what this is, and what we're permitted and encouraged to do to thrive.

Our euphoria turns to frown and the imposition of the world our parents fashioned is thrust upon us, consciousness is thrust upon us without permission and its insistence cannot be refused.

We are taught that in order to discover the truth about anything we must extrovert and seek out expert opinion from someone or something else, we are shown that it is impossible to discover anything for ourselves, nor are we given the tools to do so.

The social order outlaws the natural and synthetic means of recovering our innate transcendence, and what we are permitted to imbibe leads more to false pride and indulgence than to insight.

The means of recovering our innate impunity and dignity are outlawed, we are grief stricken without even knowing it. We become sheep to the predominant accusation, enrolled in the abusive folly of people with strange hats and empty rituals.

From whence and from whom will the truth of being flow? It flows from thee.

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For Whom the Bell Tolls - Yourzine



## *Emergence is no theory*

It's simple really, emergent indeterminacy where less-than-consciousness is fundamental and prior to permutation, though not other than its own expressive urgency. This is perpetually though atemporally presently so without actually being anything other than itself, unfracturable without persistence masquerading as a post event enduring stream of experience without actually being that.

If you take a run at awakening you're likely to bring way too much baggage with you, self-interest being the most intractable. Of course there is a strong impulse to remedy one's most basic insecurity, but if you 'do' something about it, in the common way, if you 'do' something about yourself that becomes an anchor to the unreal.

So, if you are willing to learn how to anoint the magical gift of gazing and walk it back from the thrill ride of experience, just a baby step back from the myth of persistence, the whole gestalt of space, time, craving, objectification and self-interest can actually collapse in on itself with no effort on your part to discover anything.

What seems so compelling as 'my present experience' evaporates when there is no reference and no further use of the miracle of attention, find out what this is beyond the turbulence of bliss.

I have no right to say this, but that's where the coolest physicists are heading. I trust you're on your way there too.

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Incompressible Dynamics: Emergence001



## ***The Ecstatic Rejection of all Religion - a Christmas Message***

Human consciousness is primarily parasitic, at least as concerns the well being of humans and the planet that nourishes our kind.

We are driven by transcendent forces that ensure our default orientation as choice-imbued creatures amounts to assured self-destruction. Oh well.

Some say we went awry with the splitting of the atom, maybe it was grid electricity, or the burning of sequestered carbon, or perhaps nitrogen fixing bacteria, or the early adoption of agriculture, yet others go even further back and point to the discovery of fire as the beginning of the end of a short lived consumptive species that reproduces exponentially while consuming a fixed base of essential resources.

Between now and whatever's next it is a good idea to abandon all religious thought and cosmology, and that includes the silly notions held by atheists and agnostics, scientists and economists, philosophers and stoners.

I'm not suggesting you think for yourself, that's not gonna work either. Nothing needs to work, we're not gonna make it to Mars and we're not gonna avert a runaway heat engine. From here on out the most practical avocation is sitting quietly with the presence of your own death, and the sweet cessation of all that you've known.

With the ecstatic rejection of all religion a subtle and formidable joy is likely to arise, you can trust that to inform your journey all the way home.

At 11:57 pm Christmas Day, I wish you a merry merry Christmas.

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Cosmic Christmas: MercatorNet



## *The Narrator & the Sage*

I bet you can't remember the day when you placed your trust in the Narrator, the unbidden companion that promises to tell you everything about anything though not a thing has ever been true.

The Narrator intrudes upon your inner organic silence and solicits your attention, what results is confusion, distraction, the myth of the first person.

The imposition of persistence and becoming is where the Narrator thrives, the near constant reflex to turn to our own thinking is a form of madness - and not so easily remedied.

Actual experience is unspoken, perfectly intimate, without explanation, going nowhere, empty of any particular meaning yet saturated with beauty.

Behind the Narrator abides the Sage. One's innate intelligence is non-referential, non-specific, self-luminous, nourishing; more can be said of course, but true confidence is emptiness itself.

All of the yogas, be they somatic or contemplative, lend a hand of course, but too easily become the focus or fetish of the Narrator, just another accoutrement of self.

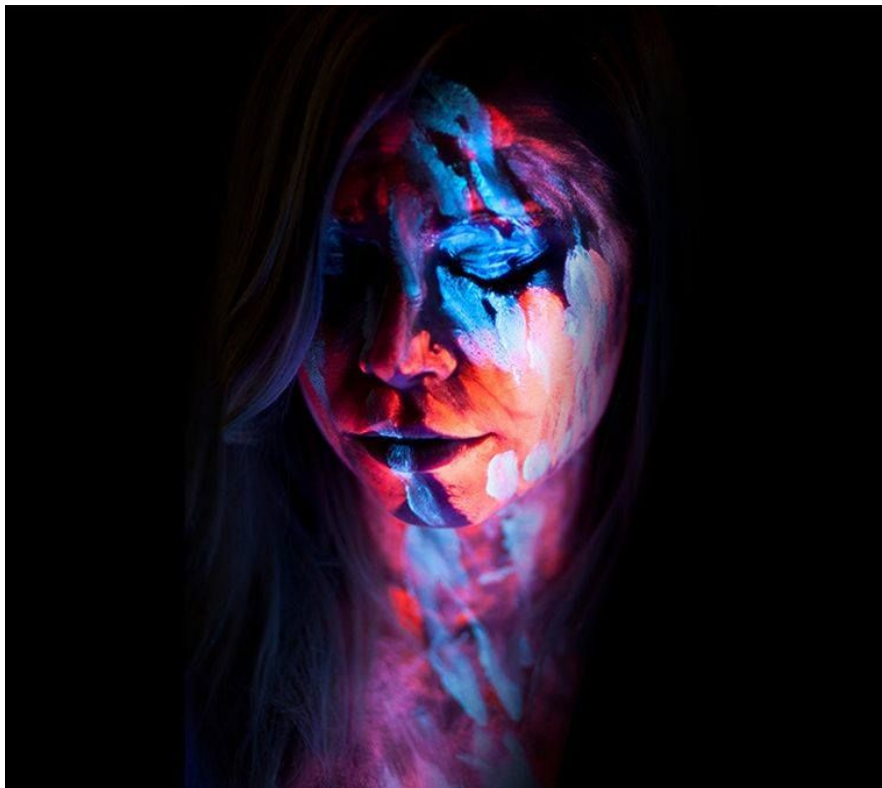
The true yoga is absolute incompetence, absolute irrelevance, being willing to be forgotten forever. That's where the Sage smiles; ecstasy is a natural solvent that helps us pass through the turbulence of erasure all the way to non-specificity.

It can be useful, in an odd sort of way, to eschew ritual and meaning, to sense the wild side of yourself, to embody the sacred, to discover 'She who will not be corralled'.

What this is, it is so now. The Narrator would have you imagine all sorts of things that place you in some context. The Sage knows only welcoming, free from the slightest imposition, sipping tea from a formless fountain of etheric novelty with no anticipation.

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Emoji: Photocase dot com



## ***Learn to weep for no reason***

Let's not bother to recall anything that may have appeared to happen before now. Life is weirdly majestic in its disappointments.

Let's not bother to anticipate how things may be better or worse, for sure pass on any resolutions. The imagination of yourself only presently appears though it appears to suggest prior and future experience.

You can't find any evidence of prior or future experience, you can only marvel at or disparage, by avoiding, what's present. You can meet it in total silence, without any sense of "I", not marking time, having no idea of what's been or what's to come.

Oddly enough nothing's actually present in presence, awareness is at its best, free of objects, unadorned, without self-reference.

If there were something to do, and thankfully there's not, we may as well learn to weep for no reason, if we're not there already.

I remain grateful for your continued interest and curiosity as concerns these clumsy efforts to be with you through these writings.

I wish you all a graceful transition and smooth sailing into our next cycle around the sun.

Warmly as always,  
Night Sky Sangha Guy

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Tears Of Nature: Syed Iqbal

