

# KHMAW

## Say I Am You

I am dust particles in sunlight

I am the round sun

to the bits of dust I say, Stay

to the sun, Keep moving

I am morning mist, and the breathing of evening

I am wind in the top of a grove, and surf on the cliff

mast, rudder, helmsman, and keel

I am also the coral reef they founder on

I am a tree with a trained parrot in its branches

silence, thought, and voice

the musical air coming through a flute

a spark of a stone, a flickering in metal

both candle and the moth crazy around it

rose, and the nightingale lost in the fragrance

I am all orders of being, the circling galaxy

the evolutionary intelligence

the lift

and the falling away

what is

and what isn't

You who know Jelaluddin,

You the one in all

say who I am

say I am You

*Rumi*

Ego obviously does everything to fight it off, but the realization that all is one isn't really a big deal. Nor is it in any way mysterious or hard to grasp. In fact, you don't even need to grasp it, grasping isn't realizing. All that is required to realize oneness is the absence of the false self. It only gets a bit complex because no such thing as a self truly exists. And how do you kill a ghost?

The Sufis teach ways to do it, so do true Zen or Qi Gong masters or the Course in Miracles. The teachers of the direct path often mentioned on this platform have other things in mind for you, yet realizing oneness is part of the ultimate journey as well. It's just not the final word there. But more of an inevitable effect of taking the ultimate medicine, a transition within consciousness that is required in order to go further.

Yet, this shift within consciousness remains with you as long as there is dreaming. As a new pair of eyes, if you will. Not the physical eyes of the dual mind, but the eyes of the heart, sensing eyes, eyes capable of seeing through the appearance right into the heart of unity. It's a loving gaze, no doubt about it.

Hence, it is ecstatic by nature, although that ecstasy can show up as a deep sadness since looking from that loving core of yours entails infinite compassion. If a stone felt pain, you'd feel the stone's

pain. The sadness of it all can be overwhelming, just like the ecstasy. Simply because the loving is overwhelming. Because it is infinite.

I find that somehow, by shifting the focus of attention, I become the very thing I look at, and experience the kind of consciousness it has; I become the inner witness of the thing. I call this capacity of entering other focal points of consciousness, love; you may give it any name you like. Love says "I am everything". Wisdom says "I am nothing". Between the two, my life flows. Since at any point of time and space I can be both the subject and the object of experience, I express it by saying that I am both, and neither, and beyond both.

*Nisagardatta*

## It All Begins With You

Why is the world such a dystopian nightmare? Because of you. Your unwillingness to wake up is behind all the drama. Your ego does it all, and it doesn't care whether you or the whole world suffers – as long as it works, as long as it strengthens the stronghold and keeps your chances of waking up or even only waking up to the possibility of waking up near zero.

That's what it's all about. There is no punishing god behind it and no revenge by mother nature and no mutating virus. What you are looking at is a species' incapability to overcome the forces of ego. You are looking at your own defeat in a spiritual war game – and all you are seeing out there are the consequences of that defeat.

Ego triumph inevitably looks ugly, because ego feeds on drama. For the whole deception to work, it must all feel very real. Mind programming is not enough – there needs to be emotional drama as well. Combine the two, and you inevitably get to the dystopian nightmare we have today. It is called "reality" by the species creating – while it is just a mirror of the inner dystopia of an enslaved collective. And it all begins with you.

# Learning To Trust

Our newest dog was brought here half a year ago from a home where she had obviously been abused. So much so that she had decided to end her life. She had stopped eating for nine days when she got here. She was very skinny. Very skinny and very scared. When I approached her, she would panic and start running along the fence like a wild horse. She ran away several times. But she always came back after some hours. Maybe she somehow knew that her fear was not related to this place.

It took a month for her to relax enough to start playing with the other dogs. And another month to wag her tail at me, and yet another one to approach me to get petted for the first time. She is a happy and normal dog now.

But when it is time for the pack to go on the long walks, she comes back alone after only five minutes. I think it is to make sure that her safe place is still there. She even checks out the house and the garden to see if everything is still the way it was five minutes ago before laying down by my side and calming down, waiting for the others to come back home.

It is quite moving to see that every day. And I often ask myself, how many humans actually have a safe place? I personally don't know any family that provides it. No marriage. No ashram even. I do not even see how living alone guarantees a safe place. On the contrary, it can make things even worse. You are now both the hunter and the hunted. The accused and the convicted. The guard and the prisoner. The abuse just moves inward.

You can oftentimes tell right away if a person is in an abusive relationship with himself – and almost all people are. It is hard to describe, but there is a kind of encapsulation, and the person is really within that capsule while the body is standing there and talking to you as if it was the person.

What really matters to that person is what is going on in that capsule. That slim girl at a party for example is busy feeling too fat and calculating the number of calories the cocktail in her hand might have the whole conversation through. And that guy there in the corner is really not just enjoying his beer at all, but scanning the environment for eyes that may be judging him. Even that extrovert stealing the show with his jokes all night long is not the happy puppy he seems to be, but has been depressed for all his life and is severely considering to end it all before he turns 50 next month.

None of them has a safe zone. They have an encapsulated shit conditioning driving their lives, and they cannot find the way out. How can it be done? Only by seeing through it all. By bringing light into every single torture chamber down there in mind's castle. Like a detective inspecting a crime scene. Thought has to be under 24-hour surveillance. The dungeon of the heart has to be guarded at all times. Ego has to be turned from victim to defendant and from defendant to crown witness.

You have to earn your own trust if you want to feel safe within yourself. The leaf has to become a rock, or rather, an onlooking eye, steadfast like a rock, not even blinking at the sight of the next shit that comes your way. The all-seeing eye, as the Illuminati assholes would call it. Their final judgement is that ego is to be a God.

Here, the final judgement is that ego is to be surrendered. That all Gods are to be surrendered. That the case is to be dismissed and the Justice Department to be turned into a museum. This is the birthright to claim. To finally be able to just enjoy the petting, the cocktail, the cigarette and your own jokes. It is much easier, almost effortless, to let go and fall into truth from here.

# Have You Ever Wondered

Have you ever wondered how billions go to church while the most profound spiritual teachings are hardly known by anyone. How a true spiritual teacher like Jed only had a few hundred students over the years with most of them not following through with the whole thing? It's a miracle. A miracle on top of the miracle called life.

The true spiritual teacher can be compared to the psychiatrist who is confronted with a patient with a paranoid psychosis who, upon confrontation with the fact that nobody is spying on him because nobody gives a shit about him and his life, develops a deep suspicion that the doctor himself is part of the conspiracy.

Now imagine being that psychiatrist not confronted with one paranoid patient, but surrounded by pure insanity. The patient's family members, the hospital staff and everyone you come across outside the clinic – they are all insane. Not only is it hard to fathom anyone believing you when you claim to be the only sane person in town. Society will do everything to put you in the patient's seat. And rightly so from its perspective.

This miracle is a symptom of Maya's triumph. It is miraculous because anyone and anything appearing within consciousness is magnetically attracted to and connected with truth. Simply because it's its nature beyond appearance. Yet for now, ego has won. The imagined voices are believed. You got the medicine in your pocket. But it is refused. And unlike the psychiatrist, you can't force it upon anyone.

# All You Can Eat

To share is obviously a natural desire owed to the fact that we only pretend to be separate. And it is a little sad that truth-related offers are usually rejected. Nisargadatta's master knew about humanity's resistance to truth and instructed him to keep up a daily routine of chanting and meditation sessions, because that is what draws the people to attend, not the truth talks. People are offended by the truth. They are averse to it. That is something you only come to realize after you have realized the truth.

To know that they will pay you to serve a hamburger or to deal some stupid cards but refuse to appreciate your deepest gift is a tough pill to swallow. Particularly because you know that you are not separate from them. It is as if your own finger wants nothing to do with you. Or worse, demands the rest of the body to submit to its megalomaniac self-centered ideas. The chanting may do the trick for a while, but at the end, the only thing left to do is to chop the thing off.

That is what happens inwardly when you stop serving your ego hamburgers and let it starve back into truth. Yet, the dream is still full of hamburgers. Ego is now dressed up as others. As a whole fucking species destroying its body, the world. Unless the world chops off this malign finger. That is how I would prefer the dream to end. That is what I do, too. I serve them no more fucking hamburgers. I chop off their heads if they come near me. And they know it and do not dare to come close.

What else is there to do? They do not approach me on friendly terms either. They come to degrade me, to demand my submission. I only act in self defense. So do they when they reject my gift. Only that we have different selves to defend. We both know that we cannot live under the same roof. One night, one will chop off the other's head. In this world, ego wins. But in the end, truth wins. Because it is what it is, head on or head off. Only the false can die. Only ego can starve to death.

# Or, Jump

Are you still suspicious, do you still want to know more about the home you are welcomed to? Okay, let me try to describe it once more. Imagine a circle. A slowly spinning circle. Pick two points on the curve and mark them. Now tell me, which of them do you like better? Which one do you prefer?

If you find it impossible and ridiculous, well, then you have seen through the whole circus of desire and fear. It will still go on in your life, this program of picking. Only you have left the scene. You are sitting there watching the circus.

Now take a closer look at the curve. Actually, it is not a line. It is made of tiny spots which make it look like a line. Spots of ever-changing forms. Look, now they appear as spots of different colors. Now they form numbers. Now letters. Now words. Ideas. Beings. Worlds. Now tell me, which color do you prefer? Which number? Which idea and world and being?

Come back and stand here, right on the curve. Now take a look into the circle. Nothing to see there, right? With nothing to see, how can you be sure that you are even looking? What would you identify it as? Emptiness? The void? Nothingness? The abyss? You are all wrong. Let me tell you what it is. It is you. Those spots on the curve, they are your mirror images. But now, for the first time, you are seeing yourself without a mirror.

Now jump into the center of the circle. Feel the fall. Fall and feel the fear of hitting the ground at one point. Now let go of the idea of a ground. Look back up for a moment. Can you see your body still standing there on the curve? When you jumped, you left it behind. No body can enter here. Only as nobody can you enter here.

Now feel the notion of falling away and make space for the feeling of flying. Now, let that notion fall away, too. Just feel yourself merging with the nameless.

Until you are one with it. This is you. The unborn you. Beyond the circle of one and all. Or rather, at its core. This is the birthplace of consciousness. This is the true nature of all that is and all that isn't. This is your home.

Now synchronize. Be the spectator in the stands watching the circus of the ever-changing forms appearing on the curve of the circle. Simultaneously, be the one circle and each and every form

and world appearing as its curve. Be all that while firmly standing on the only rock solid ground within the forever whirling of arising and drowning seas – the ground of nothingness. That is all, as Nisagardatta would say.

Finally, compare this to ego and its fantastic world of the free and the brave. Go back to the wondrous world of body mind, with its square meters and borderlines and border guards and endless desires and fears. Stay there if you want. Go to school, get a degree. Get married and say I love you. Buy a house. Invest in bitcoins. Get the Covid vaccine. Pay to be microchipped. But keep the mask on. It suits you. More than you know.

Or, jump.

Thanks for reading. Please, do not worry about the content of this writing. Do not worry about the content of anything. A childhood memory came up last night, of a dream I had for years and years, of falling out of my high sleeper, and then forever waiting to hit the ground, but I never hit it.

That is how this little exercise unfolded. It came out of the blue. Just like everything comes out of the blue. I just enjoy tipping on my new keyboard. Sharkoon. Soft touch. With illumination in red or rainbow. All is but blinking lights and playing fingers.

# The Relentless Bushman

All the daily news have to be digested, and that whole process keeps you in a reactive state of mind. And unless you are able to sum it all up as just more bullshit and falsehood, your reaction will include judgements which draw you away from the clarity of your own mind. When I check the news, I am usually only interested in terms of the intended effect on the masses, I like to know where the sheep are heading, what they are supposed to think and feel and do next and how that benefits those in charge.

But to be honest, I am no more interested in that than in the next prank video on youtube. It's kind of the same thing. Only that stuff like the bushman pranks is more fun to watch because the fear induction process is more direct, spontaneous, physical. So much so that the girls all scream with the same voice and tone. Like birds when they alarm each other about a cat they spot.



Mass indoctrination is mind play, so if you were to watch people's reaction on watching the news, it would be much less fun. Just the same old judgements and emotions arising – and devoid of the relieving laughter afterwards, without ever realizing that it was all a prank. Not only those 'news', but everything. Including the 'personal' life and 'physical' reality.

That's why almost all of the conspiracy theorists out there only strengthen the delusional state of mind, even if they correctly call out this or that particular lie. I wouldn't even be surprised if many of them were CIA agents or some other servants of controlled opposition. In any way, they are all Maya's agents – unless they have truly awakened.

The overall matrix of deception is so sophisticated that awakening to the laughter of absolute relief is almost impossible for almost everyone. Thus, the tension must keep rising, and the nuclear bomb must detonate out there instead of within.

Once again, this species is destined to experience the apocalypse without laughter, the exit without release and relief. Destined to repeat, destined to recreate the circle of insanity. The mind is relentless. It's the relentless bushman. The cosmic CIA. Maya's mafia making you pay and suffer again and again until the last moment, the moment of your return home into the Absolute.

## Trauma and Truth

Trauma is the common name of the human game. When men awaken, they tend to awaken in the mind. Existential pain deepens the thought process to a degree that man finally breaks through to the realization that it is all nothing. Nothing ever happened to anyone. Thus, the old wounds and traumas don't even need to be addressed anymore – and any new pain can be laughed away. A good example of this male freedom is Daniel Craig as James Bond bursting out laughing while being severely tortured.

This is where awakening meets psychopathy. Unless man dares to reenter the body and open the heart, unless he dares to feel something again. If he doesn't, he misses out on the heart of oneness. Not that living there is a walk in the park. It can be torturous to feel the depth of compassion for yourself and others, to feel the heartbreak this world has become and the overwhelming sadness about it, to feel into the life and love we never lived because we have

become too crippled by the darkness of this age, because a prison cell is not a playground, but a torture chamber for an open heart.

The female – especially the female with a matured heart – is less prone to both psychopathic tendencies and mind awakening. The mother's loving sacrifice, as seen in mother goddess, mother earth, human mother and animal mother is so impressive that one may come to the conclusion that this is the highest form of divinity, merely because it is the purest and strongest form of loving.

And it is true. But it's only part of the truth. That male principle is up there as well. If it was only the mother, the whole world would flourish and overgrow with happiness and love. Overgrow is the keyword here. Nobody and nothing would get sick and die. No son would ever leave home. No spirit would ever look up. No heart would ever feel existential pain. No man would seek freedom from this world.

The son isn't called to stay in his mother's protective womb. He feels that love is not the end of the road for him. He needs to find wisdom as well. He has to get out there and seek it. He, too, has to sacrifice himself, and it's a lonely road awaiting him. But it's inevitable. It's the son's calling to become the male god of all – nothingness. To attain the wisdom that is the ultimate freedom. So that love and wisdom can melt together and become one. I once wrote a poem about this, probably sucks in English, but let me try to translate it.

Becoming whole

the song of freedom was his life

the urge to exit space and time

into the detachment which gives wings

it pulls him into the eagle's spheres

heavenwards, towards freedom

she has found freedom in the heart

she has bound her heart to the earth

she has declared the world to be heaven

in love she hears the sound of heaven

to her, the human choir is the song of god

within her love will he find his freedom

to his depth will she bind the hearts.

# Ego Empire

There among the trash a flower grows. That's why we can't not expect the impossible, that's why there will always be people who wake up. Cruelty is part of nature – and it is an indispensable force when it comes to dreaming up the journey into self and back to Self.

Nisargadatta once said that Self can be very violent and cruel. That's a very interesting statement. Ego dreams its own suffering, but never without hope to turn the pain into pleasure. Until Self comes in and rips that hope apart and there is nothing left but raw pain and suffering. With hope, the fear is gone, and the journey back home can finally begin.

I always thought that after awakening I would become some sort of smiling Buddha. But that's not the case. If I had to wrap it up, I'd say I've become unrestricted and unpredictable. In every regard. I never know whether I hug the next person or punch them in the face.

Whatever it is, it's fine. There might still be some residuals of programming left, but the inner judge is gone, and so is the identification with whatever comes up. Even the most existential feelings have lost their weight.

Wanting to die, or wanting to live on, all fine. I could jump from a bridge today without any drama or conflict, or live on for another 50 years, equally free from drama and inner turmoil. I hear people call me poor, or lazy, or egoistic, or ruthless, or addicted or crazy, but I don't even know what any of that means. Not that concepts and judgements weren't something coming up in my mind as well – but they all arise and disappear within a bubble which reads "base- and meaningless".

Before realizing that this was the final judgement concerning all that appears to appear, I spent some years playing Byron Katie's game of turning any judgement and concept upside down. I guess it helps to loosen up the chains and get ready to break free. The only problem is that part of the ego identification is non-conceptual and totally unconscious.

You could probably spend thousands of years trying to bring it all to the surface and still wouldn't get to the last turtle. The ego matrix is too complex of an empire. Besides, being more free within the mind isn't breaking free from the mind. Your chances might increase, but getting stuck with this mind game ultimately only adds another turtle to the imagined bondage.

Life is so simple really. You can only ever imagine not to be utterly free. Until Self starts knocking on your door, you will continue cutting flowers off to adorn your imagined little self with them. But you can only do that because that cutting off from the source isn't real, it is always the source nourishing you, even if you take that nourishment to feed the unreal.

# The Torchbearers

What Nisa means when he says that the Self can be quite violent is not machine gun violence, but rigorously ripping your life apart, pulling the ground out from under your feet, betraying your trust, killing your hopes, turning your life to ruins. It's awful, but it's grace and has nothing to do with ego's and Maya's realm of karma and destiny. It's the ultimate destiny calling there, it's the pull out of karma and destiny, out of the Ego/Maya bondage, out of the self deception it is built upon.

I think this stuff is pretty rare. It only happens to those who have been around for very long – for too long in the eyes of the Self. For others whose time isn't up yet, there is still space for flirting with ideas, or for putting white clothes on to sit at the master's feet, or to even take on that very role and surround yourself with students. To us it's the Muppet Show, but they are having fun with that dual game.

But I still can't wrap my head around the fact that there have always only been very few who truly awakened. What's going on there? Isn't there supposed to be some balance between incoming and outgoing "particles"? Maybe it's due to the Kali Yuga. Maybe it's common to go to other "time periods" within this matrix when it's time for the ultimate step, a period of more overall sanity and less Maya domination.

I've always had the feeling that this was not the first time for me to awaken. Maybe we only came here as the torchbearers. The gate must probably be kept open even in the darkest times, so that beings can find help to cross over even if it's unlikely that anyone looks for that help, let alone uses that guidance the right way and truly breaks free.

In these times, we are the opening to the bridge nobody even dares to look at. That makes hanging out here even more awkward than it would be anyway. I only need to remind myself of how I found Jed to know that nothing is impossible. Unlikelihood isn't impossibility. That's how we hang out here as torchbearers.

# Kali Yuga

How the Kali Yuga always comes to its end: The destructive force eventually self-destructs and something new can emerge. But that self-destruction takes place without the involved beings anticipating what's really going on. The climate or a virus or Putin is blamed for the destruction, and the blame game prevents any true reflection. That's how it always is in dark times. Until the bitter end. Regression until death, devolution taken to the extreme. That's why we got all the zombie movies. They just mirror what's happening right before our eyes.

The Self has nothing to do with it. This is not awful grace. This is just awful. This is no wakeup call for the dreamt up beings, let alone for the collective. It's just insanity and its consequences, that's all. No deeper purpose, no intervention whatsoever. Just an ugly death. A regular Monday morning in a slaughterhouse. Those cows, those humans just get what you get in dark times. It's not personal, nor is it meaningful in any way. It's just a chain of horror. Like when soldiers gradually turn nuts during a war, eventually losing any moral compass, and sensibility, and integrity, so that killing kids and raping women becomes just another day at the office. Only that you don't have to be a soldier anymore to lose it all that way. Now the war is everywhere, but mostly invisible. Hence, regular people turn into zombies.

Be fruitful and multiply, and fill the earth, and subdue it; and rule over the fish of the sea and over the birds. Well, fuck me. That's the call for the zombie awakening right there. That's the rise of an ego species taking nature's cruelty to another level. Just awful, no grace. The terror matrix. The empire of the living dead. The dark dream of an amputated spirit. Until the bitter end. It's entertaining though. Quite thrilling. Awful, but thrilling.

# The Overwritten Code

When I had that uninterrupted flow of oneness meeting nothingness for the first time, the notion of pain had completely disappeared, pain just couldn't be distinguished from other sensations anymore. I tested this notion by eating very spicy food – and indeed, there wasn't a notion of anything hurting or burning or anything like that. I still go to that place every time there is physical pain. Not because I mind feeling pain, it happens automatically. The sensation of pain then turns into just another energetic appearance within awareness, not unlike hearing the sound of a barking dog, or seeing an ant walk by in front of you. In consequence the whole phenomenon usually just vanishes. Not only the sensation of pain, but the appearance itself.

If you see through pleasure and pain, you can't fear this and be attached to that anymore. And the whole dream scenario loses its charge. There are likes and dislikes left, that comes with the character, his conditioning and the body mind setup. But the good isn't really better than the worst anymore, and the right not more right than the wrong, and the significant not more significant than the insignificant. It all comes down to all appearances being one appearance in all forms and colors. And that one appearance being a mirage, a magic mirror creating something out of nothing.

So the learned code is basically overwritten. Not deleted. But subdued. Whereas the common perspective disregards everything but the tiny little program. So the content it produces is seen as the "real", as the valid content, since it is validated by those tiny eyes. That's how man came up with the megalomaniac idea that he was the center of the universe. It's that code. It denies him access to any other perspective, he can never even see any of the content the program doesn't enable him to see. Even the gods he may believe in are content designed by the code. And as who and what he sees himself – that is also by the program's design. That is how Jed said in one of the books that what we got here in this dream is not life, that he didn't know what it is, but that it isn't life.

## Cancel Culture

If the Buddha really defined and recommended the middle way the way they say he did, then he certainly wasn't self-realized. The true middle way has nothing to do with what you do or don't do. The true middle way is the true cancel culture. Just that you don't cancel anyone or anything else out – you cancel your self out.

Let's say you feel an urge to sell your house and pack a bag and leave for good to travel the world and live as a nomad. Yet, there is fear involved not only concerning the adventures ahead, but also with regard to leaving loved ones behind and losing your home and the job and the ground under your feet. On the other hand, there is this fear of missing out, of not living according to your inner calling – and the fear of having to live with that feeling of having failed yourself and life for the rest of your days.

So what's the middle way here? Subletting your house and planning a 6-months trip to Bolivia? Or applying for a job in Puerto Rico and starting to try to convince your mum to move abroad with you? Not at all. The middle way is to cancel your self out. And you do that by cancelling out the opposites, by extending both your awareness and the depth of your attention to such a degree that the conflict around the polarity disappears for good – while the polarity is seen for what it really is.

There is wanting behind fear. Likewise, wanting always comes along with fear. If you fear the unknown, it's because you want control. If you want to live, you fear to die. If you want to die, you fear to live. If you feel like you have control, you may feel safe – yet you might also feel a little dead and fear to miss out. This whole mess of wanting and fearing just seems endless – and it is. Unless you get to the root of the whole thing – so that the little self gets erased from the equation.

Nisa once said that after awakening your only task is to die to each and every now. This is true cancel culture. You are born as and with the now – and die to it. There may be wanting and fearing arising within the character and its body, but you are out of it. You are just watching it unfolding. Just like you watch the now arising. Not outwards, but within you. Love wants existence, so the now is born. Yet, truth is nothingness, so the dying to the now and returning home is born.

If you cancel out the wish to live, then you cancel out the heart, the love you are. Not only does this cancel out a good part of your true Self – but you fear what you suppress. If you cancel out the wish to die, then you cancel out the absolute, the nothingness you are as Self. And end up fearing non-existence.

But if you are both the wish to live and the wish to die, both life and death, both all and nothing at the same time – then you cancel out your self. That's the middle way.

# Beauty and the Beast

So here we find ourselves in the pillar of darkness, a field we didn't know existed, that death and despair would be the new normal. We used to think it was only for the deranged, the ones who could not see the beauty around them, the joy of a smile on a wrinkled face, the freshness of a new born puppy, the wagging tail, the happy licking. As far as the eye could see, fields of green grass, trees that bowed with fruits galore, rivers of sparkling water, a child amongst the daffodils, smiling, beaoning, laugh and dance with me. As if we've forgotten what love is, the surprise of magic behind that hill, that was here for an eternity, as if we couldn't stand the beauty, and took to it, with bulldozers, to tame our wild hearts. Beauty and the Beast.

Yet, we had been deluding ourselves all along. The beast was there before the bulldozers came. We had been romanticizing nature, we had been romanticizing life. Sitting on the beach at sunset, we forget about the cruel survival fight going on under water while we enjoy the serenity and calmness of the ocean. We can enjoy it, because we get to go home to our full fridges and comfy beds right after sunset, long before the winds get stronger and the air too cold and the stomach empty.

It is like Schopenhauer said. Looking at things, we get no true insight into the nature of things. We need to be a thing to know what it's really like. That's exactly what we are doing dressing up as humans – and we all get to realize that it ain't a walk in the park. No existence is. And that's because existence itself is both Beauty and the Beast.

As long as we romanticize existence – and be it only by loving of the scent of a rose or of the innocent laughter of a newborn without feeling the horror of being that flower or that baby – we inevitably fear death. And truth. And remain stuck with blaming the bulldozers. On the other hand, as long as we condemn our existence and run around with suicidal thoughts, we miss the beauty and miracle life is – and turn into bulldozers.

We enter the realm of true serenity once we become awake enough to be able to look at our own and all of existence just like we look at the horizon at sunset, embracing both life and death at once. Not with our human eyes, not as realities, but with spirit's eyes, as miraculous mirages we get to both experience and witness at the same time.



# The Inner Ego Facade

Living with self-deception turns out to be both inharmonious and dysfunctional. While ego tends to take both these conditions as incentives for self-blame – or for blaming others. But what's even funnier is how proud it is whenever it succeeds in controlling the unreal. By killing off what- and whoever threatens its narrative. And by devoting itself to the collective ego which best fits its own needs and desires and thereby helps to suppress all underlying feelings of doubt, fear and helplessness. Let alone the despair and loneliness. Most of the need to both control and belong stems from this threat of having to face those underlying issues if you ask me. Not only relationships and group identities, but the whole story line and identity ego builds up serves purposes you wouldn't suspect at first glance. It's almost endearing. If only it didn't turn out to be such a monster.

You can easily see people's facade among others, how dishonest it all is. But there is an inner facade as well. And keeping up that inner facade is the main purpose of ego's daily endeavors. You'd become a threat to ego if you faced your own despair. You must never even get to feeling hopeless, or helpless. Because Self might get involved if you do. True despair is a deep prayer, deep enough maybe to be compensated by the gods of the mind matrix who act as first responders. The deeper the quest, the further out your cry reaches, until you finally get in touch with your true nature and become curable.

Maturity, readiness for the cure, is a matter of depth. And depth shows up as intensity. Of suffering. Yearning. An existential quest. There is nothing moderate or half baked about it. It's all in, it's all or nothing. That's readiness for all and nothing. Half baked ain't possible because you wouldn't be able to bear the intensity of living from beyond the false. That's why ego and its gods will do everything to suppress that intensity in you. Emotional drama is okay, but once you start to move towards existential despair and the deeper quest, you must be stopped by all means.

## Ridiculous, But Epic

A good definition of living nonduality: mind being aligned with, the heart being home in Truth.

Everything “out there” is a facette of the one mind appearing within consciousness. There is but one witness to but one arising. Whatever facette you may be representing, whatever conditioning, whatever desires and fears, whatever state and stage of consciousness, it is all unconditionally appreciated. Judgements like right and wrong or good and bad have no place here. It is, so it is good. It isn't inevitable, there is this exit you could take and that would transform the whole setup and your role in it. But even that isn't seen as better than avoiding and resisting the exit and living out whatever facette one may represent.

The human mind doesn't like this final verdict at all. It wants problems to solve and questions to answer and wrongness to judge and battles to fight. Ego is the constant effort to overrule the final verdict. It's the drummer, and beliefs are his drums. Whatever it takes, however hard it has to hit the motherfuckers, it must succeed in drowning out the faggot violin sound in order to survive. You just can't go to war with loving eyes. You can't feel right if nothing's wrong. You can't succeed when there's nothing to gain. It's an epic battle, this. Ridiculous, but epic. Like any good story.

The territory of the mind common humans inhabit is therefore full of noise and conflict. After all, heavy metal isn't about melodies and harmonies and love and peace. Well, metal fans may disagree. And I agree with them. Even the noise is part of the greater harmony, even the drowning out of the last bit of common sense is a mirror of the infinite intelligence. Even hatred is love, and any sound is just a mirror image of its own silence. All consciousness is nothing.

## Awake Presence

There is a subtle interaction between witness and witnessed. Clearly Nisa is spot on when he says that the witness isn't neutral, but full of compassion and awe. The witness is one with the nondual heart, so its fountain is loving, no doubt about it. At the same time it's home in nothingness. And it is one with the infinite intelligence, it's very much curious in a playful way, curious to discover, to reveal, to explore.

But how is the witnessed influenced by that? If I see a sick puppy dying alone on the streets and I feel with that poor little thing, how does that influence the scenario? How is the dream content transformed by the witness, and in what way? I mean, there is the same witness watching from within the puppy, even if the puppy isn't aware of it. So me being aware of the witness seems to make all the difference. But what effect does it really have?

Here in nature I witness creatures dying all the time – and I obviously need to kill some here and there as well. And I always wonder what difference it makes that I'm not indifferent towards that dying and killing – while at the same time being fully aware that nothing is really happening. The whole of the dreamscape, the daily living scenario, the whole of the content of consciousness, how is it affected by awake presence, what's the interplay there?

Does the tree grow faster, or will its fruits be more sweet? Are the dogs more calm, do the geckos feel welcome? Do clouds tend to dissolve faster? And what about humans? Are they either repulsed or attracted depending on the ego conditioning? Is their state and behavior influenced in any way? Are some aware of the presence of the witness? Can they even be aware of it without being self-aware to the same degree?

The dynamics, of course, can be observed within as well. Witnessing your breath deepens the breathing. Witnessing contractions like physical pain or thought or emotional turmoil relaxes and ultimately dissolves the contraction. Clouds appear, yet the sky is cleared almost immediately and automatically. And since separation exists in the mind only, the whole of the dreamscape is affected in exactly the same way.

## Sadness

I'm just sad today. Nothing but sad. Maybe it's because I'm broke. Or maybe it's because if I wasn't broke, I still wouldn't know what to do with the money. Maybe I feel stuck here, with my 16 dogs, in the middle of nowhere in Cambo. Or maybe I feel stuck because if we weren't stuck here, I'd still be stuck. I wouldn't know where else to go. After all, it sucks everywhere these days. There is no way and nowhere to be free in this world.

Or maybe it's the relationship issues, the hard time I'm having with people in general and with "normal" people in particular. After all, they are all Maya territory, moving in repeating cycles of mental stress and emotional drama, cycles obviously conditioned from early childhood on, cycles making it impossible to not be stuck with a dysfunctional life, at the end of the day the inner drama always turns out to be too predominant to escape and evolve and move on.

I would say that 99% of people are like that. That's how not only all animals are neglected, but the kids as well. One may argue that this is all due to the daily struggle to survive – especially in poor

countries like Cambo. But that is incorrect. It's all ego's fight for survival. You could turn the outer circumstances 180 degrees around – and it would all end up in a similar mess as before, with drama and war and all that predominating, and with no escape from the insanity. Just look at the rich West, it's all the same.

Well, all I know is that anyone with some sanity left should think twice before engaging with the human collective, or permitting an ego into his private life. Overall it usually turns out to be a bad idea. A failed experiment. Although it can be done to turn things around at least on the individual level. After all, you never know.

But maybe it's not even that, maybe it's just the relentless rain and not having seen the sun for a month. Or it's my favorite dog, the oldest one, being seriously sick and in pain and maybe about to go. Or it's the hopelessness of this whole scenario, of this insane dream – and the absurdity of my own role in it, of being out of it while still appearing to be in it, surrounded by "others" who know nothing about where I am at and with whom I cannot share a single truth that really matters.

None of these feelings are new, but sometimes they get me. I mean, I love being alone. But I'd also like to be able to just take a nice walk outside, without incessantly being confronted with some form of cruelty, or insanity, or man made noise and ugliness. I'd like my neighbor to drop by to read his latest truth-related poem to me. I'd like someone to offer to help with the dogs, or to adopt one of them. I'd like another world. Or no world at all. But here I am. Forgiving myself for what I have done. For the insatiable desire to exist and fear to not exist, for the extremes I took this to, of not only creating nature, but even the next level cruelty of an intelligence named ego.

Sadness is fine. Only complaining is wrong. It's all my own shadow. And even that wording is just inappropriate. Light and dark are the same thing. Beauty may appear as ugliness, and love as hatred and cruelty, and intelligence as ignorance, and infinity as birth and death. It can get extreme, so it does get extreme. But nothing is what it appears to be. That's how whatever appears to be is not solid at all, but can turn into anything anytime. Because both the thing and time are appearances of what is apparent only to those who have gone beyond their own appearance. Well, fuck, not even sadness can survive the day anymore. Nothing can. Only nothingness can. What a bliss it is.

## Another Brick in the Wall

The sun is finally back, the dog has eaten a bit, what more can you ask for except for another world. A world in which boundaries aren't guarded walls, but frameworks of playgrounds, set up as invitations to play. Instead the assholes are obsessed with controlling everything, space, time, matter, mind, even the weather. And it feels even more terrible to see the whole setup once you know how unnecessary it all is and how ridiculous.

What's the message here? Don't share a dreamscape with too many retards. It won't be fun. Not only will love and truth be perverted – everything will be perverted. You aren't even free out on the oceans or up in the air here. Even the sea, even the air, everything here belongs to this made up entity or that made up organization. They tell you what time it is and what year, and they tell you what "country" you are from and what regulations and limitations and duties that implies.

You are a number here, a given number. The name is just a cover-up, just like your social identity: free citizen! I could laugh my ass off. A prisoner you are in a worldwide prison camp, a certain number you are and remain for all of your life within this heavily guarded matrix. Take a good look at it, because this is what you really are to the false self, to your ego, to maya. A slave of the loveless you are. A function in a loveless code. Another brick in the wall.

But people don't care, it's all they got, they think, and sure as hell it's all they know. The cement has dried up already. The walls are stable. The bricks are dead. And we live here, it's unbelievable.

## The Awakened Kids

Doing your real work in this life is all that really matters. I think Jed was spot on with his numbers when he stated that only 1 in 100.000 humans reaches the state he refers to as human adulthood – and that's not even full awakening yet. 1 in 100k. Unbelievable. Sleepwalking at its finest.

Hardly any minds and hearts ever touch, let alone remain connected with that which truly inspires – Truth and its being mirrored as Further, Deeper, Wider. It's just endless. And not dependent on any content appearing or not appearing within the sleepwalkers' dreamscape. And there is rest from that mirroring as well, whenever needed, whenever wanted – rest as nothingness. Billions are sleepwalking – while the true self is awake to and as all of life – while being dead and death at the same time.

Today I was contemplating imagining. Kids imagine stuff all the time, yet get judged, if not pathologized for it and at one point just accept and adapt to living without fantasy. But that's not natural. I think there's some real power in fantasy. Not only as a coping mechanism and immune system. But also because of its explorative nature. It plays with boundaries, mind and heart remain flexible and connected with spirit's natural tendency to move further, deeper, wider.

Nothing is impossible to imagine. Because in fact, nothing is impossible. Collective dreaming and the false self create impossibilities in the form of destiny. But even that can potentially be turned around. Simply because both the collective and ego are themselves fantasies.

The creative nature has to be amputated for the cement to be able to dry, so that the possible can appear unavoidable, so that the wall can appear as solid and any breaking through it as an impossibility. That what the ego prison comes down to, it's a matrix of beliefs in impossibilities and inevitabilities created by appearances of solidity. The kids know better. And that knowing has to be killed off. And ultimately forgotten.

The sleepwalkers argue that imagination is nonsense. They claim to have proof of it, they have studies and records and bills and houses and a whole world to show for. We kids got nothing. Absolutely nothing. We are even struggling to find words for what we find within. That's why the world out there assumes that we are just imagining things. They come up with a reality check as if imagination required that sort of validation.

But it's not imagination versus reality. Imagination is reality. Kids still have that. And so do those who have done the work that matters. We don't belong to the "adult" world of destiny anymore. You could call us the "awakened kids". Your assumptions can't harm us anymore because we know what we know. That's the difference to a sleepwalking kid. The sleepwalking kid will eventually fall for the reality check – or end up locked up in a mental institution. There is imagining, but without knowing. So "reality" sets in. Being connected with the truth isn't being the truth. The connection can and will be severed by "reality". Being the truth is a whole different animal. It cannot be touched by "reality" or "others". Because there is the realization that "reality", too, is only imagined.

Reality is so convincing because the imagining is done for you. The duality of perceiver and perceived is already set up. This is how the technocrats say that people will have nothing and be happy in the future. They want to take it to the next level and replace our reality with a virtual reality of our liking. They get to control this reality – while you are off into some virtual world almost 24/7. But it's by their design. You get to live in their imagination. Just like you live in an already existing imagination as the false self.

If you imagine a lake near your home, you imagine within an already existing imagination. That's all the false self can do, that's how it's only ever repetitive. It has seen the ocean and imagines living there one day. That's not the kind of imagining I am referring to. I am referring to the right out of nowhere stuff. The "I" appears out of nowhere as the "I AM". But it doesn't stop there, it goes on imagining "I AM THAT". That's what I am talking about as imagining. It's how you can appear to be born as a baby. And it's how you can have invisible friends as a kid.

# Deception Perfection

If you ask me, not only the egoic self sucks. Self sucks as well. At least the part that is consciousness. And it can only be forgiven because nothing is really happening. On this term alone can consciousness and its content be made peace with if you ask me. If this shit was real, I'd be at war with the All. I still hate life, but it's more balanced now, there is more appreciation now, impersonal amazement at it all, simply because I can look at it from outside. That's the only way you can look at it objectively, as your judgement isn't corrupted by desire and fear.

What amazes me most is that people still don't start to hate it all. I don't know what it is, but the market for cooking shows is growing. That's the most absurd part of the dream. I don't know how that works. But I once read that the Nazis had all kinds of entertainment facilities at Auschwitz, an orchestra, dancing nights, gambling, probably even hookers. Not only for the staff, but for the obedient inmates as well.

In Rome they had gladiators and stuff. Entertain the masses. Feed their egos. Overfeed them, so they get too sleepy to give a fuck about anything but their pillow. Why did they introduce American Football in the US? Because it's a war game. No beauty, no intelligence, no technique – it's all war aesthetics. Condition the masses to find war entertaining, so they love the military and support the nation's killer role on the world stage. While the elites play golf. And plan the next war. This is Maya's world, and they cooperate with her. My girlfriend now sells food at a local school, and the kids like and trust her. Turns out that one of the teachers likes to touch little girls. The elite's game on the level of the common man.

You just can't leave kids alone with any so-called adults in this world. But unfortunately, all kids have parents. And if they don't the state is in charge and things get even darker. You see, it doesn't even matter anymore if there's a war or a famine or some asteroid hitting earth. It is already

destroyed from within. Maya, ego won. It has been the last dance at Auschwitz for decades, centuries, millennia, who knows. It's been rotten for a long, long time. Even Self is disgusted by now. What's happening there in the dancing hall, it is so perverted and sick, even Self senses shivers sent down its spine, as Freddy the sick pervert would say.

This isn't life, and it hasn't been for eons. The doors have been almost impossible to open – but now they are closed for good. It's not only the vaccines and other physical and mental/emotional manipulation and electromagnetic control and the merging with virtual reality. It's the perfection of the deception. That's what it is. Genocide called vaccination, mass murderers like Obama getting Peace prizes, and the pervert down at the school becoming teacher of the year. The spiritual marketplace, of course, is part of this perfection. Everything is. If it wasn't everything, it wouldn't be perfect. Yet even this perfection, just like any perfection, must disappear for the sake of the illusion of change.

## Kill ya, Joe

I recently wrote a piece about the similarities between the state of the world today and the pre-awakening state of mind advanced students face. It has become much more intense in this dreamscape over the last years. More intense and accelerated. The end times feel just like the pre-awakening states. That Moby Dick scenario ain't pretty.

And it ain't pretty in this world anymore. Fucking hell. I'm glad that we will all be relieved sooner rather than later. Even if it's not the absolute, but just a relative relief for the sleepers and destined to continue. Any other dream scenario may be more suitable than this one when it comes to navigating the ship towards home. Or at least when it comes to sensing that there is a connection with something like home, so that at least some degree of protection against insanity remains.

There is no such protection for the sleepers here, the cruelty has no limits, and the malignant cancer of deception eats up whatever was left of the true self. You got raped as a baby and now rape and kill babies, or you turn the abuse into self-abuse and live on the streets as a heroin addict. Fentanyl it is these days. Welcome to Maya's kingdom. Nothing to see here. Just another day at the office. Dreaming at its finest.



Loving is both creating and destroying. Any "I love you" stuff tends to get on my nerves simply because I prefer the "I kill you" face of it. It's interesting. I can imagine that people are attracted by some spiritual teacher's loving face of loving – and then shy away once they realize that there will be blood and it's gonna be theirs. That destroying the false is a loving act. That destroying gives way to new creating. People just don't realize that the two faces are in fact one.

# Whatever

There is always a greater intelligence being transferred into the mind, and there is always teaching going on, whether you are aware of it or not. That's something the Course in Miracles teaches, and rightly so – everybody is a teacher. Everybody teaches who and what he takes himself to be. Everybody and everything.

If you were no longer part of this world, you wouldn't wish you had more to give to your kids, and you wouldn't get into trouble for their sake. I got the kids thing going with animals. I tend to get into trouble for protecting animals who become victims of man's cruelty, over here it's not hidden away, but part of the culture, cock fights and stuff. I wished the men involved killed each other instead. I wouldn't move a finger.

Expectations, that's a tricky one. Not only concerning forms you think should or shouldn't arise "out there" for you to be experienced – but also concerning the "inner" forms in terms of thoughts and feelings and states, and who and what "you" expect to be and act like the next moment. It's a big problem with almost all spiritual students – and teachers. Jed and Nisa remain the only teachers I came across who seemed honest in terms of being human and having flaws and who seemed to always be aware that the guru or teacher thing was just a role they played for the sake of those who still pretended to be students.

Nobody living in a human body mind can ever be free of expectations, period. Thirst creates the expectation of drinking water. At best a big glass with ice cubes in it and a slice of lemon on top. Turning on the music is driven by the expectation of a certain pleasant state of mind and heart. Even getting out of bed in the morning is a drive, a being driven, an interplay of curiosity and personal preferences and expectations.

Being aware of the character and its flaws and its expectations is freedom from it. Being aware of the mind is being out of the mind. That's all. Whatever arises, it means nothing, and it doesn't bind me. And that's all that matters.

# Suicide

I still contemplate suicide once in a while. Especially when there is a real threat that I won't be able to take care of my little zoo anymore. I am thinking of a massive explosion. After sedating the animals, of course. A quick and clean death for all of us. Nobody left behind to face the misery on his own. If it was just me, the whole topic would be more of a game, an impulse maybe to jump into the sea and swim further and further away from the shore, or to just stop feeding the body water and food, or to just cease moving, or to start walking and never halt again.

But this silly character took too many poor devils in, not anticipating that there are no decent souls around ready to adopt any of the animals, and no one even to be trusted to take an animal in since everyone is programmed to regularly run away from it all to feed that insane ego. That's how so many animals end up back in the shelters they came from, especially during holiday season. Ego is not to be trusted. It is too dysfunctional.

I have contemplated suicide a lot in this life, and I have found my own clarity regarding the subject. I am grateful that it is built into this dream as an exit option that is always available. At the same time, I will only take that exit if it's in harmony with the universe, so to say. If it's clear that this is what needs and wants to be done, if it is a piece of the bigger picture and in accordance with Self. I know it can be. Anything can. So I always keep an eye on that door.

Just like I keep an eye on the end of the world thing. And on the present moment presenting itself, and on the revelations and opportunities and possibilities arising with it. It's a rich and enjoyable play once "further" and "deeper" have become the main ingredients and nothingness has replaced the cooking pot. Death is sweeter if you ask me, but dreaming this living is enchanting as well.

So the urgency with which I used to contemplate suicide back in the days is long gone. It wouldn't be a drama anymore, it wouldn't be fueled by existential suffering, nor would it be accompanied by mental and emotional turmoil. I'd prepare and execute the whole thing like I cook a meal, only that it would be a meal for the most special day, for a once-in-a-lifetime festivity. And just like religious

folks like to thank their god for the meal before taking the first bite, I'd drink a last cold beer and smoke another cigarette thanking Self for this whole trip, for this amazing, insane dream before turning the lights off and moving on.

# Slavery

These days the most prevalent archetype – or global identity, as Jed would call it- among humans is the slave. No doubt that it's been this way for millennia. The visible chains have disappeared over time. Yet the archetype has spread far and wide. It comes with the territory. If you haven't woken up from this dream, you are Maya's slave. That's what the archetype comes down to.

You believe in a religion – you are a slave. You believe in science – you are a slave. You believe that the world is real – you are a slave. You believe that you exist – you are a slave. We all know that the sheep are enslaved. Yet the wolves are slaves as well. Those gods and kings and popes and presidents and billionaires, they are just as chained as the next dog.

Every single human institution is a pyramid. A pyramid of slaves. On top of each and every worldly hierarchy sits Maya. While the foundation of the matrix is the slave archetype unconsciously driving and binding each and every man. This is why true spiritual progress is only made when you begin to see yourself as the true cause of your own enslavement.

So how does the self-enslavement work? Just look at the slave's mind. There is always some false hope for a change in outer conditions. Religious folks hope for some heaven, the poor for money, the gods for more power, the believers in science for more knowledge granting more control, etc. Yet hope is fear's twin sister. The slave in heaven is still a slave. He'd not be free in heaven. He'd introduce his chains into it. He'd turn it into a prison – so he could once again blame it for his own enslavement.

Just like any human collective is formed as a hierarchy of slaves, there is an inner hierarchy of chains within man. The foundation of the pyramid is sensual perception which chains the mind to the false belief that duality is real. Not only does the delusional realm of fear and hope rise from there. Delusional self-identities arise. Delusional beliefs concerning "the world out there". And, of course, delusional beliefs about the nature of life and the nature of man.

Yet on top of the pyramid sits Maya. The strongest chain is built upon the prime illusion – the illusion to exist. The common slave never gets to feel, let alone see the prime chain. Simply because it is too subtle for him to grasp. And he wouldn't want to anyway. It would be too devastating. Because he could not deny anymore that he is in fact the sole cause of his bondage. Not only that – he is both the slave and the slave holder, he is both Maya and the ego dream, he built his own cage from top to bottom, he builds the chains himself, he wants the bondage, he loves the lie.

Getting the mind to see this is true spiritual progress. The slave does not free himself by removing this or that chain. His freedom lies in letting go of himself. Including any fear and hope and belief and identity. Including each and every now that presents itself. Because he slave is free once he realizes that he doesn't even exist – while each and every now presenting itself appears to be proving the contrary. So clinging to the now is clinging to self and vice versa. Letting it all go, dying to it all is called for if any slave wants to be free. All else isn't freedom, but an experience of freedom within the bondage of self-delusion.

# Homeless Ants

Let me tell ya, things are getting worse by the hour. And by things I mean people. It's unbelievable. There must have been a point of no return at some time, and now it's downhill all the way. It's hard to imagine a collective being further from the truth than humanity is right now. Amazing. Shocking. Terrifying.

The 80's and 90's didn't feel so bad. I was still a moron, but I think despite of all the insanity and boundaries, you could still breathe. 9/11 was the last lap bell, I think. Within a day, the hearts of billions closed the last curtains and settled for fear. A staged event far more impressive than any staged moon landing or atomic explosion. Because everyone imagined sitting in one of those planes or towers. And you saw those vids again and again. Repeat the traumatization to reach the breaking point. They know what they are doing.

We are long past that breaking point. What a sad dream it has become. So empty. So dead. So hopeless. I write more than ever and play with the website, mainly because I don't want to look at it all anymore. Just makes me feel miserable for nothing. I prefer focusing on the real stuff, and my

mind has no choice but to follow me. But whenever I take a break, I see that the dream has become even worse.

Many people sound depressed these days, the world in crisis, the wars, the suffering of nature and animals and humans, all that gets to them. I heard that private flights will become obsolete within five years. And what's with the planned food crisis, do they want civil wars everywhere? Are their islands that well hidden, are their bunkers that bulletproof? Well, who gives a fuck. I don't waste any more time thinking about the fuckers and the way things out there are heading. It interested me for a while. But it got old, I guess.

I haven't seen a car or a road for years. My girlfriend's son is 12, he lives next door with her, and since he has lost the fear of being alone, he doesn't go out anymore either. Plays with his cats or his phone all day long and gets his food delivered by his mother. Even my dogs mostly hang out with me all day now. The rich are developing all the land around here, so it's all fences now. Besides, millions of ants who had lived on those plots have lost their homes, so many ant families moved over here. The dogs hate it, I do, too, since it's hard to walk on the grass without being attacked these days, but what to do. More snakes now as well. And birds. Parrots, owls, all kinds of rare beauties.

This can't go on for much longer, or can it? Time can and does end – while it doesn't, since the time of times is endless. Just like lives end, but the number of lives is endless, and worlds end, but the number of worlds is endless – dreaming up living is infinite.

# Destiny

Done. The world is forgotten while showing up. The flow is turned around for good from outside in to inside out. Inside, that's not inside me. Inside is what inside me appears within. The source of all mirrors. The eternal frame. No thought, no feeling, no experience can get there. Nothing can be said about it. Yet it's here. And always has been. It's what I am, it's what I've always been.

Building the website feels a bit like writing my will. Administering my estate. Especially because I see myself integrating stuff I wrote 20 or more years ago. Sure, I wasn't awake yet. But I can see now how all of it was part of the journey. Aberrations are part of the path. Mistakes are part of the

path. Immaturities are part of the path. Resistance, struggle, doubt, loneliness, conflict, drama, it is all there for you.

It's a no-brainer to put it all out now, simply because that weird path I was destined to take led to the most unlikely destination – truth realization. Besides, there is nothing left of any form of identification with the traveller I was meant to be. Just the appreciation for the force behind his suffering and searching and yearning. Apart from that, it feels like a movie I once watched.

So the only relevance I see in any movie is the impact it has on the viewer in terms of awakening. While Truth realization is the final destination of all destiny, the impact is hardly noticeable when it comes to the common man. Truth is very patient.

I don't speak to the common man here. I speak to those who are not met with infinite patience anymore. Those who are severely hurt by the impact, those who aren't meant to survive it. Those who are destined to disappear. Those who are destined to put an end to the long path of destiny.

# Wrath

Recently a student came to visit me here in Cambo. A young guy. He reminded me of what I used to be like. Trapped might be the most proper description of the overall condition. Trapped within mental concepts. Trapped within social conditioning and egoic concerns. Trapped within the seeker mode. With no clue how to proceed – yet determined to break free.

If anyone asked me what I am most proud of in terms of life achievements apart from the spiritual quest, I'd reply that it's the development of the ability to feel and express wrath. I never felt, let alone expressed anger as a child. Never. I think my prime trauma and threat response was freezing. Besides, I was very mind-oriented, -operated and -driven. So I used to analyze experiences as if I wasn't there. I even looked at myself from outside all the time.

Later on, meditation helped me to move back into my own body, so to say. But I still had a hard time feeling wrath. I had to wait until I was 40. It took full truth realization for me to become real. I know most people consider wrath to be a negative or even hellish feeling. I don't. I am quite proud of myself for having learned to raise my voice and act like a madman. I may even be exaggerating my outbursts at times, simply because I enjoy them so much.

I feel like a newborn reacting spontaneously with every cell of his body. Being able to be like that, being able to break through character patterns and decades of conditioning and programming is groundbreaking if you ask me. And just like the newborn, I switch from one state of mind to the next within a minute, with no trace left of the former state. I think I'm a baby. I must be.

A baby with a big fat belly from drinking too much beer. I may even have to go back to drinking beer and milk only since my teeth have started falling out, so chewing has become pretty tricky. Or I find stuff to suck on. Soft bread with butter. Pesto pasta. Salty licorice. My baby soothers.

# The Trickster

I've come across quite a few tricksters recently. The archetype is quite common, even among spiritual seekers – and teachers. This is hardly surprising since we are all frauds living in a fraud world reigned by the prime trickster, Maya. So waking up from the dream inevitably requires facing the countless deceptive turtles the human experience is made up of.

You won't wake up if you don't become aware of your own trickster energy. I'm pretty positive that there were many more people waking up if it wasn't for this painful confrontation. After all, what is required is not just facing all the lies you have told and all the inauthenticity you have shown during your life for the sake of this achievement or that avoidance. It is much more shameful and humiliating than that.

Because you will have to confront the fact that even your authenticity is just another lie. Who you really believe to be at the core – not even that is you. Even that is a fraud. And those closest to you, those who you think know who you really are, those who you think you know from inside out – all of that is to be revealed as the big fat lie it is.

All relationships are fraud bonds between frauds. That is even true for your relationship with yourself. Be it based on self-love or self-devaluation or this or that valuation or judgement or feeling – it is a fraud bond between frauds. It can't be otherwise. You can't open your mouth without lying, you can't relate without lying. Not necessarily because you are a liar. But because you are a lie. It is as simple as that.

Becoming real is always ever based on knowing that you are a lie. What's the difference between the seeker and the guru? The seeker still resists the fact that all he can ever be is a lie. He still seeks

to get more “real”. While the guru knows that there is no getting real with the notion of I at hand. Anything real is beyond the notion of I. So as an I, you can only be real as a fraud.

The seeker doesn't see that yet, and he doesn't want to. Because in a very real way, the seeker is a trickster. Because seeking is avoiding to find. Seeking is active resistance to truth. It's the ultimate self-tricking. It's Maya's last refuge within you.

# Self-Hacking

Once upon a time, you come across somebody who seems to know you better than you know yourself. Somebody whose presence causes a certain discomfort within you. A certain triggering takes place. It's as if that sucker enjoyed pushing your buttons. Buttons you didn't even know existed.

This is what spiritual guidance is supposed to do. This is the spiritual teacher's role if any serious progress is to be made in terms of unconcealing and lifting the veil.

As a matter of fact, this is what it should feel like for your ego to be around you. This is supposed to be your role. To be the ever-revealing force countering the ever-concealing force. To be the button that makes Maya and ego stand naked, with no options left to conceal themselves, with no veil left to hide the fact that they are dreamt up forces in charge of a dreamt up world.

At the end of the day, self-hacking is Maya-hacking. Because the egoic self is Maya in individualized form. It is the same force, based on the same patterns, functioning in the same ways. That's why archetypes and identity patterns work globally, that's how all societies are based upon delusion, that's how humanity as a whole has become a force of deception.

So self-hacking is the way to go when it comes to lifting the veil and waking up from the dream. Brutal self-honesty is required. The closer you get to lifting the veil, the more intense the process becomes. Your increasing velocity is countered with innumerable attempts to slow you down or divert you from continuing to push. It's a dance. It's the ultimate dance with Maya as her slave.



# Being Whole

Here's the good news: Although you most likely appear to be a sick, messed up motherfucker, you have been whole all along. In a very real way, your wholeness has remained untouched by whatever has been thrown your way. So the only task at hand is how you can get in touch with your untouched core again.

Fucking Christmas is a great time to contemplate this question. Along with this one: How do you sabotage getting in touch with your untouched core again? It is usually futile to only look at what you want to get and how to get there without being aware of how much you don't want to get to what you want to get.

People usually don't realize that wanting something is oftentimes a desirable state in and of itself – at least if you ask the egoic self. And if you want to want, then you obviously want to not get what you want. So there may well be a part of you wanting to get what you want – while there's another part wanting to want.

Getting in touch with being whole is very much related to becoming aware of all inner contradictions. Because being whole means living with paradox. So if you avoid facing your inner contradictions, you work against the realization that you are in fact a living paradox.

If you want to get rid of the messed up motherfucker, that's fine. But that's not at all what being whole is about. In fact it's a way of sabotaging being whole. It's a way to prevent getting in touch with your core again. Getting in touch with your core, you'd realize that you actually don't really want to get rid of anything at all – while it's natural to want to want it while being dressed up as a human being. There's nothing to play for. It's all there to play with. In ever new ways.

# Money

Regarding the money game, I have always been a complete loser. This isn't surprising. Because for the intention to prove to be a strong and continuous winning formula beyond making ends meet, it must include at least two of the following four variables.

The first one. is obviously fear. You'll never save a dime if you are not driven by a deep sense of insecurity. You must feel unsafe to even have the thought of building up a safety net cross your mind.

Secondly, there is unworthiness. The pursuit of the American dream is destined to fail if you lack the desire to prove to others that you can do it. Yet in order to feel that desire, you must feel unworthy to begin with. If you didn't there would be nothing to prove.

Thirdly, there is powerlessness. Money can buy anything but love, they say. I disagree. Money can buy anything but safety, worthiness – and power. That is why it is never enough. That is how the drive keeps being strong. That which is missing is missing on a far deeper level than money can reach.

That is why the fourth variable has to be included in every consistent money making formula: delusion. Not only do you have to be living in a state of self-delusion to be identified as any of the above, you also need to be deluded enough to believe money to be a solution – while the belief obviously only deepens the delusion.

As always, the only true solution is dissolution. And dissolving is waking up. All else just keeps the variables alive, the formula intact and the wheel spinning.

# Solidity

New perspectives and realizations tend to not only change the present and future – the past suddenly looks different as well. Memory is but a storyteller, and no story is ever finished. Not only because the story continues, but also because the plot keeps changing. This is one way of determining whether or not you are making spiritual progress.

It's not that stories become true. But they are brought into the context of truth. Simply because you become true. And the more you become the truth, the more you carry the torch you are into any content you come across – including your own memory. Including anything considered over and done with.

If you didn't already know that nothing is, that nothing can ever be solid, this would be the moment for this realization to sink in. Not even happenings set in stone by time itself, not even

stories dressed up as a cemented past have any solidity whatsoever. And if the past isn't solid, how could the present or future be solid? It can't. It isn't.

Any appearance of solidity and stability is a symptom of your lack of truth realization. Because it is you who is responsible for your own perception of any appearance. It takes you mistaking yourself to be who and what you appear to be to perceive anything at all as solid and stable. Down to your own biography. Down to the history of mankind. Down to the beginnings of times.

# Mother Earth

There are obviously numberless ways to set up dual worlds. The one we came to be part of and thereby co-create is certainly a fascinating one. A bit like a schizophrenic mind is fascinating to watch. And that's by design. This world isn't like that by accident.

The potential for madness is certainly caused by the strong polarities you come across here. Polarities not only created by the elements, but also by beings of all kinds operating within the realm of certain elements and energetic patterns. And each species comes with its own set of perspectives and interests and possibilities.

Just look at Mother Earth itself. It's obviously overflowing with life-giving energy. If you decided to cement a whole nation and sanitize the air incessantly, you still couldn't prevent life from starting to grow there one way or the other, and eventually the cement would break, and nature would reclaim the land.

Any life-form is nurtured here. What do dolphins and ticks have in common? Elephants and mosquitoes? Bacteria and roses? They are all expressions of the will to live. Of life emerging from the lifeless, of something emerging out of nothing. Of the cement breaking. Of the miracle of creation occurring over and over again,

The force behind this force can only be the incessant flow of unconditional love of life. And unconditional it is. You might kill the tick sucking the blood out of your dog's veins. Mother Earth wouldn't do that. It's not biased. Life is life. Higher life forms are not preferred. Dark, parasitic entities are not disadvantaged. That's what unconditionality is. Nothing is considered more holy, or worthy or welcome than another.

That's what makes it so messy to live here. Messy and challenging. And incredibly rich. Rich in terms of variety of forms and happenings – and in terms of experiences. You can come across any type of energy, any type of being, any type of state and stage of consciousness, any kind of experience here.

Not only that, but you can become whatever you come across. It's not a human myth, you can literally turn into a vampire. You can become food for negative entities, you can become a slave of negative gods. You can even come across enlightened energy and start to focus on that energy, until you become what you have come across, until you experience the non-experience and finally see what life is – and what it isn't.

# Expertise

These days I spend quite some time exploring the beginner's mind. It's rarely found in a world that trusts in the expert's mind, so it's mainly self exploration. The way I see it is that living with a beginner's mind is the only way to live in alignment with consciousness and its incessant drive to move on and beyond. Experts may be seen on prime time TV shows, but they bore the fuck out of spirit.

People love them because they make them feel safe. All that knowledge, all that expertise, it certainly impresses as a very trustworthy way of being in control, of managing even the most threatening situations. This is why experts will always calm the hysteric masses down even if they discuss the end of the world. It's a bit like psychotherapy or satsang . Being held by the expert's strong hand, you regress. You feel safe in the mother's womb.

With the beginner's mind, it is the opposite. You relax into powerlessness. The need for safety disappears. So does the need for power. Control becomes an absurd concept from another world. Along with knowledge and expertise. You don't trust your mind or some expert, you trust the whole thing. But not in a way that saves you or puts you in charge. You trust that consciousness will do its thing anyway. That spirit will endlessly move you beyond whatever you are now, and that accordingly your world will forever appear new.

This is why safety and control become non-issues. The focus is on newness. There literally is nothing and no one to save. You cannot control newness. You can only control whether you see

newness. You can only turn away from the eternal birth taking place within consciousness, and create a tiny bubble in which you appear to be holding on to what is and who you are. A tiny bubble excluding spirit. But including experts holding your hand.

# The Ultimate Humiliation

The human mind never recovers from the ultimate humiliation it suffers once it comes to realize how small and limited and irrelevant it really is, It's like the bully being laughed at by the whole class for the first time. It's like The Emperor's New Clothes, only that the emperor himself gets to realize how stupid and ridiculous he really is. Spirit always has the last laugh.

And let me tell you, it's a laugh of great relief. After all, the dual mind does set up a prison world with no escape route. The perceived world just won't cease to appear real. Nor will the experiencer cease to be trapped within it. So as long as the reign of the dual mind remains unchallenged, spirituality can only ever revolve around efforts to either change the experiences or the experiencer. You can try to manifest a more pleasurable life – or change the way you react to it. That's all you can do as long as the throne is taken by the bully.

The throne isn't real, of course. And neither is the prison. Yet there is your suffering. The suffering is an inevitable consequence of the dual mind's tyranny. It is your spirit's wake up call. You have to wake up to get out of the illusion that you are trapped. You must stop to try to improve life as a prisoner, you must stop hoping to be rescued, you must stop running in circles looking for a hole in the unreal wall. You must undress the emperor, you must face the bully. You must go for the ultimate humiliation.

# Working With Maya

Depth makes me happy. This world doesn't. Maya is just too silly for my taste. As the infinite intelligence I am, I almost feel offended by her very dumbness. After all, complexity does not

replace depth. Repetition does not create wisdom. Distraction never produces true satisfaction. That is why Maya is entertaining and exciting only as long as you are a moron.

Waking up to being not such a moron, you come to face the challenge of still having to deal with the same old dumb Maya reigned duality called human life on planet Earth. You can't sit back and watch and be satisfied with that, it's too dumb for that. You can't be happy just sitting there watching a dumb movie, it's impossible. You have to turn your attention elsewhere.

The more awake you are, the more weaponry you have at your disposal and the more you make use of them automatically. Yet most of those weapons are available even to the dumbest moron. Breath, for example. Deep, conscious breathing is an excellent way to bring depth into the silliness of the ordinary perception we call waking state. Or witnessing. Imagining to be watching life on Earth and your own body from far away is a very easy way to practice being awareness and will eventually deepen the dreamstate.

The stream of thoughts can be deepened as well. To deepen left brain thinking, just make use of Byron Katie's "The Work". To get into right brain streams, read and write some poetry. Just intending to write a poem will build the bridge from left to right brain and thereby not only alter the stream of thoughts, but the waking state itself.

## Giving In

What's going on? Nothing. As always. As shocking as it may be at first, this is the part of truth I love most. It's just awesome that nothing ever happened if you ask me. I mean, just look at all the shit going on. It would really suck if any of that was real if you ask me. But that's just my perspective. Most call it negative, some call it wrong. I look for it in people. As a sign of readiness to wake up.

There are other signs, too, of course. One is unconditional honesty. It is rarely found in people. Yet it is crucial if you want to wake up. You just can't hold anything back. After all, what is dishonesty? An egoic effort to control. If that effort is not overcome, the egoic reality cannot be transcended. The effort to control will become part of the spiritual search. So the search will be conditional. And thus, futile.

The egoic effort to control has too many faces to write about here. It gets in the way of any true spiritual progress in a million different ways. That is why I like to look out for some kind of brokenness in people if I want to determine if they are in any way ready. An egoic brokenness. A burnout-like exhaustion caused by trying too hard. An exhaustion so deep that there is a door opening up. The door to completely giving in and up.

This, of course, is rarely the case. Ego is very resilient. Survival-oriented. So for it to give in, it must be willing to face the fact that it is the cause of the exhaustion. It must admit to its own failure. It must admit that, after all, it itself is in fact a pain in the ass not worth having. It must admit that it is not worth surviving. That's when ego is ready. That's when it's time to give in.

# Avatar

I just watched the new Avatar movie. Quite a disappointment. 10 years, yet zero evolution in terms of awakening. Not a single character waking up. Just Maya stuff, and billions of dollars of profit thanks to the combination of nice fairytales and emotionally triggering soundtracks. And no, water is not our home, let alone without beginning and end. Neither is Eywa. Please, don't be such morons.

Sure, we all love Pandora. There is unity consciousness written all over it, so it's a peaceful, joyful place. Yet all worlds are finite – while unity consciousness isn't. A perfect world is destined to fall. So it can only ever be your stage of consciousness that matters. Surrendering to Eywa won't wake you up. Eywa's paradise is not your final destination. Truth realization is.

The movie makes you hate humans and admire the avatars and their more evolved stage of consciousness. Yet it's the humans who got a decent shot at waking up, not the avatars. If you play the game of spiritual awakening, avatar lifetimes are but stages on the path to full awakening. And the closer to get to full truth realization, the more you will be drawn towards worlds which are as far from perfect as can be. A human life on planet Earth seems just perfect for that matter.

An avatar won't get beyond oneness. The step into nothingness requires another setup. At least from my point of view. Getting ready to go home is a matter of having experienced all states and stages of consciousness. Those embedded in unity consciousness – but also those dark, demonic places, the dungeons and prisons and hells Maya and ego create. Enjoying unity consciousness on

the other hand will only strengthen the desire to exist and thereby multiply the resistance to full truth realization.

# Paradise

Obviously, in this dreamscape only a few ever begin to seek depth and truth at all. Have you ever wondered what a world inhabited only by sincere seekers and fully truth-realized beings would look and feel like? A world full of eyes of the ultimate wisdom, a world inspired by minds of infinite intelligence and hearts of nondual love?

If people could only see for a second what duality could potentially be like, maybe maybe they would start to listen. Maybe they would start to develop a deep desire to break free from the prison of the dual mind. Maybe the whole focus would change, and people would actually stop running in circles and start to evolve.

A world like that would gradually turn into paradise. Because living duality is a state beyond heaven and hell. After all, infinite players know that boundaries aren't real. They know that neither the prisoner nor the prison truly exists. There is no place for fear, no point in greed and no time for war. Life is treated as the game it is, while nobody gets lost in it, nobody gets trapped, nobody loses sight of the true Self and infinite reality beyond the finite dream.

Such a world wouldn't last, of course. Once perfection is attained, it must be dissolved, for spirit likes to move on to new adventures. And the adventure is the imperfect world. A world of deception, a matrix inhabited by mind slaves, a prison planet – that is an adventure. Perfection can't be a lasting goal. Not when it comes to the content of consciousness. Not when it comes to finite beings and worlds.

# Gaming

For the last 72 hours, I have been addicted to online blitz games of chess. The gambler's obsession is quite an interesting one, and I finally get how my girlfriend's 13-year-old son even forgets to eat



and drink during his endless minecraft sessions. The gamer self-programs his mind into a rather hypnotic state of complete game-related focus and expectation. It is the exact opposite of the awakened state. In his state, awareness appears as attention. Timelessness appears as time. The infinite mind appears as the finite mind.

In a very real way, existence itself is a game, and humans are but players. Incarnation requires contraction, just like gaming requires focus. And just like the gamer forgets about his body and physical surroundings, the human being forgets about its true Self and infinite reality. The gamer is wide awake with regard to the game he is playing, but beyond the game it's all dark, it's all ignorance. Just like the human being is wide awake to his human existence, but unaware of anything beyond the human dream.

That is why our human nature draws us to gaming, not to awakening. The game of awakening only comes into play when an existing being becomes disinterested in all other games, including existence itself. Only then will all programming and self-programming end up in deprogramming. Only then will the true Self be revealed. Merely because ignorance won't be necessary anymore. There will be no reason left to pretend to be asleep.

# The Pyramid Of Delusion

There is a hidden hierarchy and a plan being played out, you can easily see that all governments are on board, and all religions, and science, and the worldwide media. The restrictions are so heavy and global now, you are even fucked as a homeless wanderer these days. Even the unravelling is planned and controlled. Fucking hell.

Truth realization on a large scale may indeed be the only way back to sanity. But that's not going to happen. The weather forecast predicts mass destruction of apocalyptic proportions, and then a restart and a new old dream of evolution back to where we are at right now. A flat circle, endlessly repeating itself.

The pull of ego is just too strong here. Every flower, every ant here is tricked into the conviction to exist in a world by its sense perception. And no one has ever managed to wake an ant up from its dream. With humans, it is even more difficult, because the human mind is much more complex, so

its perceptive capability creates a much more complex self identity and world. And this complexity creates a much stronger sense of relevance.

This dream is so complex, it takes so much to get to an appearance like this that humanity is not only convinced that the world it inhabits is real, but also that it is relevant. The center of the universe. God's creation. And not only that, the human body and mind is equally complex and wondrous, so there is the same collective conviction concerning humanity – that it is real, and that it is relevant. Religions mirror that collective conviction. And so does science. And new age spirituality, of course.

But also governments. They just mirror humanity's and every single human mind's craving for and delusion of relevance. I think it is the delusion and desire that is most difficult to let go of. For me personally, the utter irrelevance of it all was and in a way still is the most painful part of truth. As a seeker, I was still stuck with (enchanted by) the idea that my search was important, that life had a purpose, that this world was on a path to more goodness, beauty, truth, and that it was relevant with regard to an afterlife, and reincarnations, all.

And that is not all. Life is absolute. Death is absolute. And the irrelevance of the content of consciousness is absolute. Relationships, goodness, beauty, knowledge, goals, dreams, desires – everything turned out to be utterly irrelevant. The raft just sank. Realizing the absolute irrelevance of it all is, I think, the most traumatic part of awakening from the dream. And it is painful to this day for me. Because it is absolute. Nothing can ever really matter again. I can still make up meanings. But they are weightless now. Because I know that they mean nothing.

# The Psychopathic Age: The Final Curtain

I was interrupted when writing yesterday. Puppies were screaming as if they were tortured. When I ran over, I saw three of my neighbor's puppies trying to bite through the neck of their youngest brother. My neighbors were watching indifferently, so I yelled at them to fucking do something. It stopped the puppies' fight, but they just gave me a fake smile. They are full blown psychopaths. The grandparents survived the Khmer Rouge – without surviving them. We all know what it took to

survive back then – to torture prisoners, kill your siblings, rape your mother, that kind of stuff. To sell your heart and your soul, basically.

And they did, and it shows. Their children are the same, obviously, there is no kind word there, no tender touch, nothing of that kind. The grandchildren are gone, too. My girlfriend's son watched the 4-year-old girl strangle a puppy to death. I have seen her torture chickens multiple times. Nobody over there minds. They let their animals starve to death, too. But they do regard them as their property – and they love profit, so they don't mind us feeding them. They love money so much, I sometimes joke with my girlfriend, telling her to offer them huge amounts of money to kill themselves.

I always wondered how the elites could be such power and profit oriented fuckups. And I got my answer right in front of my eyes. Such are the people ruling this world. Not only that, but psychopathy is becoming the new normal. The masks are just the perfect symbol of the global degradation, of the utter eradication of heart and soul and the birth of a species of zombified monsters.

I have been confronted with psychopathic energy of all levels all my life – just like almost everybody else. And I can see that lifelong confrontation as a great learning experience and fruitful field of study. It has served its purpose, it has served me well. But I want to see it disappear now. If there's anything I want to manifest, it is that. I want my universe free from heartworms, ticks and psychopaths. Oh, and mosquitos. And fucking limitations imposed by others on my very own playing field.

## Friction and Evolution

I look at life as some kind of memory I live through. There is an infinite distance between me and my so-called life. It is like a movie with a part of me in it. And just like I draw conclusions while and after watching a movie, I tend to look at life with a certain verdict. It's mostly negative. It isn't a movie I would watch again. Or even remember for a long time. It's a one or two star rating. Out of ten.

And that's not because it's an insane asylum. I was hospitalized once two decades ago because I was suicidal – and I mostly enjoyed those two months. My psychiatrist was pretty open-minded,

and I had a pretty good time with the other patients. I even wrote about that time in one of my novels, simply because it was quite inspirational. People with mental and emotional issues tend to be more intelligent, sensitive, honest and deep than the common man. More individualized. More interesting.

Out here it is a different kind of insane asylum. It's for the dumbed down. It's like a schizophrenic on antipsychotics. He may not be hallucinating anymore, but that's only because he doesn't do anything anymore. He isn't even there anymore. All that is left is some conditioned movement and programmed behaviour. That's what it is like out here. The common man is gone. Or rather, he has never even been fully born.

Let's not forget – it's natural for consciousness to awaken. Simply because it's natural for forms to evolve. And the evolution of consciousness is built upon mental, emotional and existential drama. Pain is good. Friction is good. Painkillers and sedatives are your enemies. The programmed state is your enemy. Collective conditioning is your enemy. You are not here to adapt well. Nor are you here to get along. It's the friction you are here for. That's the nourishment to treasure.

# Immaturity and Awakening

I believe that everyone still shows signs of immaturity in one way or the other, no matter the level of awakening. I have seen it in every truth-realized being I have come across. It just comes with the human territory, I guess. The body stores every memory. Not only that, but as long as you are incarnated, you are equipped with your unique egoic pattern always ready to jump in and influence the way you are dealing with the world. And be it only a certain judgement that is made and that you let slip by unnoticed.

I even have bigger issues to deal with. I hate boundaries. And I hate powerlessness. I still smoke and drink, probably mainly because it gives me some control within the overall madness of human life. I won't be asking for my lover to hold my hand before I die. I will be asking for a cig. It's how we addicts roll. The deepest relationships in my life I have with the stimulants of my liking.

It is somewhat immature to be addicted. Yet as I said, the true inner motivation is hidden behind that relationship. It is a deep resistance to the powerlessness that comes with being incarnated, and to all the boundaries that come with it. It is a deep sense of being imprisoned, and a deep

yearning to break free. I did the best with it by committing to a spiritual path and realizing my true nature. The only alternative would have been to become a fulltime addict, to climb up the mountain of ever stronger stimulants – and to eventually overdose and fall into the abyss.

So if I was you, I wouldn't bother with the immaturity and personal shortcomings too much. Any effort to control your behavior is pointless. Being focused on doing something and being focused on not doing it are the same thing. It is much more fruitful to have a good look at what's driving the show. Because what's driving it most likely has the potential to help you awaken.

But let's talk about the power thing a little more. Nisagardatta once claimed that since he was truth-realized, he could command the universe. So why didn't he manifest any students who would actually awaken? And why not manifest a world that would actually begin to spiritually evolve? Or let's talk about Jed who even sold a course in manifesting online. Did he really want to die the way he did, and at that point in time? If not, what are we talking about here?

Jed once said that he was always happy and fulfilled because he always wanted whatever was and came to be. Now that is the fully matured attitude. It is beyond any human perspective, the whole game of power versus powerlessness has disappeared. Yet if you are talking from that place of utter transcendence, why talk about or even teach manifesting. It makes no sense whatsoever. If you always want what is, no question of manifesting or desire to change anything ever arises.

In my case, human reactions still arise. Human anger and reluctance rise up all the time. So do joy and acceptance. The ancient human game of love and hatred plays itself out within me, and that arising is part of what is. I am fine with screaming at the rain when it has been pissing for a week nonstop. I am fine with any immature reaction. I am not identified with what I appear to be or do. I am part of what is, yet I am not part of it. I'm here while I'm not here.

I guess I am pretty mature when it comes to the relationship with myself. The love/hate thingy is pretty much transcended when it comes to my partnership with myself. Both the narcissist and the self-critic are long gone. The games of worthiness versus unworthiness and self-approval versus self-unapproval don't even arise anymore. I leave myself alone. I wanted to awaken, and I did, and nothing else matters.

## Snares and Truth

A state, is called the coldest of all cold monsters. Coldly lieth it also; and this lie creepeth from its mouth: "I, the state, am the people."

It is a lie! Creators were they who created peoples, and hung a faith and a love over them: thus they served life.

Destroyers, are they who lay snares for many, and call it the state: they hang a sword and a hundred cravings over them.

Where there is still a people, there the state is not understood, but hated as the evil eye, and as sin against laws and customs.

***Friedrich Nietzsche, Thus Spoke Zarathustra***

Unfortunately, there is no people anymore, nowhere in the world. Too many have fallen for the sword – and for the cravings. And you can't blame the state for it. Nor can you blame it for its existence. After all, it is nothing but the collective representation of the egoic delusion. And facing that very delusion in all of its facets is the spiritual game we all came to play here.

All is part of the "I", even the state. If there were still a people, the state would be seen for what it is and hated, because where there is a people, the "I" is still connected to the true Self. There is still a connection with unity consciousness, there is still a connection with the heart of all. Love isn't lost yet. Truth isn't lost yet. And that very connection serves as some kind of immunity system against the threats of the snares. It's an integrity that isn't mind-made, but "Self-made". Therefore, it cannot be manipulated via the mind. It can't even be touched by thought and emotion.

Too many have lost that connection. They have sold their soul, one could say. They have sold it to the delusion. They have become part of the monster. The part of the "I" they have been sucked up by is utterly estranged from the true nature of the very "I" it is part of. This part of the "I" is lost. And it won't come back. It couldn't even want to. This is not only how individual beings are lost. This is how whole civilizations, whole worlds disappear without a trace.

And this is why nightmares like the one we are witnessing here first hand don't need to be integrated. Understood and seen for what they are, yes – but not integrated. It will all just be gone one day. It will all have been a bad dream, that's all. So, you might as well ignore it while it still appears to be there. Or look at it if you are curious, but not as some kind of reality, but as the insane delusion it is. An insane delusion deemed to simply disappear.

# The Fourth Perspective

Nisagardatta was very fond of pain. It keeps you awake, he said. While pleasure puts you to sleep. You have to be awake in the dream to be able to see it this way. If you are still asleep, you will not be able to. You are rendered a plaything, you are duality's punching bag, you are the Gods' running joke. You live under the illusion that something can be wrong. You live with the constant pressure to make things right.

You need to wake up from duality to be able to see it for what it is. Only then will you be able to appreciate its full spectrum. If things go to shit, for example – you don't compare it with things going well. You don't compare it with anything else in duality. You compare it with the absence of duality. Just like people compare life with death. In this context, existence within duality is life. And the absence of duality is death. So you appreciate the ability to feel and experience anything at all. This is how nightmares like this dreamscape come into place. The appreciation is unconditional. The full spectrum of infinite possibilities is equally welcome to become reality. Any dream is equally worth appearing. And any appearance is equally welcome to disappear. Even appearance and disappearance are equally welcome. Nothing is more holy or worthy than anything else. It is all one consciousness. One playful spirit.

If you are still asleep within duality, you are unable to do that. Simply because you haven't realized yet what you are beyond duality. Your comparison of life with death can only ever be conceptual. You have no true insight whatsoever of life. Or death. Let alone nothingness. You don't see consciousness behind life. You don't see infinity behind death. You don't see nothingness behind consciousness. Just like pure beingness, nothingness cannot be imagined. Both can only ever be realized as part of your true nature.

Yet being asleep within duality, you are not awake to your true nature. So you can only ever approach the underlying reality with your dual mind. Yet both your imagination and your understanding are worthless in terms of awakening, because all the dual mind can ever do is compare a part of duality with another part of duality. With the dual mind still in charge, you cannot realize any part of the truth. Nor can you be free from judging things as right and wrong.

## Grace and Grit

"Now what?" was the first thing I asked Jed when the search was finally over. And it's a good question. What do you do with your life once you have realized that it is just a dream, that there is nothing to strive for, that there is nothing to live and nothing to die for? "Go out and have fun", Jed replied. Fair enough.

Now, ten years later I still fail miserably in that regard. I keep trying, but I feel like a child trying to enjoy eating broccoli while watching a political debate on TV. I seem to lack the talent to have fun with it all. It's a pity because I really do see Jed's point. You might as well enjoy it while it's there. The last strawberry, the deep Zen joy. I might be too focused on the bitterness of the stalk I am chewing on.

It is what it is, we can't all be winners. I have been allergic to life since I can remember. I think it's a matter of center of gravity. I love humorous people, yet I am not one of them. I get the joke of it all, yet the last thing that comes to my mind when I engage with the world is a joke. I am not funny by nature. Nor am I blessed with a sunny attitude. I am the bitter stalk I get to chew on. I am a negative number. My home is quite dark.

There is an upside to everything. I don't know what it is, since I only see well on the dark side of the moon. And that may in fact be the upside. It doesn't make me fun to be around, not even for myself – but it does come in handy in a dreamworld that happens to do such an exquisite job at covering up its dark foundation. After all, monsters can become celebrities here, and those who have perfected the art of deception are the most likely to succeed. I don't think I would have woken up if I hadn't seen Maya's dark side. I even doubt that I would have wanted to.

So I do believe that my center of gravity was carefully crafted with the only true purpose of my existence in mind – awakening. And the knack for happiness was sacrificed along the way. I may still get better at it. But it doesn't come naturally, it's a muscle I have to build up intentionally. Just like those not destined to awaken may collect spiritual knowledge and follow the guidance of their gurus, but will never realize the truth.

## Preparing for Takeoff

The non-experience of truth realization happened to me when I was completely and utterly broken. Existentially broken and infinitely lost. Looking back, I'd say that I was ready not in spite of, but because of the desolate condition I was in. You see, true spirituality is all about you losing your



ground, so that you and your world can crumble and fall – and eventually fall away. It's hellish to go through that, there is no doubt about it. That's probably why true spiritual progress is so rare even among seekers.

You can compare the hell you have to go through to get ready for awakening with the first year of meditative practice. During that first year, the mind will come up with a thousand new reasons every day to not sit down and practice. And it will throw everything it got at you when you have crossed that hurdle and actually sat down with the intent of focusing on your breath. Instead of slowing down, it will speed up and constantly try to generate emotional turmoil just to get your attention. Not only that, but everything you have avoided to feel all life long will suddenly be felt once you sit down and open up. The body hurts, and new pain is felt in different body parts every single day.

Getting ready for awakening is similar to that first year of meditation. Only that you are not sitting down with your body, you are sitting down with your existence. The process is beyond the mental and the physical – it's existential. It's existential turmoil and existential pain. It's the existential hell before the existential revelation. That is why there is a direct path teachers like Nisargadatta recommend. Meditation won't do the trick because neither the mind nor the body is the true source of the resistance to truth. Both are effects of the very resistance.

Existence itself is the resistance. Awakening is but the reversal of the contraction existence is. Consciousness is freed from that contraction, awareness is freed from its appearance as attention. No thought or emotion or feeling has ever really been in the way. Existence itself was in the way. Existential brokenness is required. Holding on to your very existence is the ground that keeps you and your world from falling away.

## Bond's Birth

One of my favourite movie scenes is Daniel Craig as James Bond being tortured, and the more intolerable the procedure becomes, the more he laughs at the increasing pain. His screaming and laughing become one. It's an insane scene. Bond might have gone mad.

But what's wrong with going mad? Once you have reached your breaking point, you inevitably disintegrate. In my book that's a good thing. Any form of integrity is based upon a process of

disintegration. Any form of wisdom is born out of chaotic states of inner madness. Laughing at unbearable pain is the natural state beyond the breaking point.

The natural state before the breaking point is screaming. It's being tortured and resisting the experience with everything you are. It's being faced with this insane dream we call human life and drowning in it. Both the experiencer and the experience still appear to be solid and reliable. So any reaction remains predictable. There can't be laughter in pain. There can't be wholeness in breaking. Heaven and hell still appear to be separate worlds, and the sense of self is based on the reactive patterns associated with experiences within those worlds. That's all the self is at this point. It's all it can be.

Bond broke, that's how the appearance of separation fell apart. Suddenly, even pain and suffering are laughable. This whole dream is laughable. Not the reactive self has disintegrated, but the sense of being that self has disintegrated. Screaming turns into laughing turns into screaming turns into laughing. Chaos has become part of order, madness has become part of sanity, being torn has become part of being whole. By falling apart, James Bond has been born.

# Eyes Wide Open

It's just amazing how the rich have managed to build their own world into this nightmare, no matter the society and culture. They got their own neighborhoods with their own security, they got their own schools and clinics and restaurants, they even got their own airplanes and private islands and hidden bunkers. It's a whole world, and it's a closed circle.

And while they have managed to restrict access and insight into their own little circle. they happen to write the history of the rest of the world. Any crisis, any war, any revolution is planned here. And all its benefits and profits end up here as well. Even the globalization started here. Long gone are the days of the traditional, geographically identifiable elite circles. It's all blue now, it's all union. A united global closed circle.

Now what does this have to do with spirituality? Everything. You see, awakening is a spiritual thing. Yet everything is spirit. So, awakening encompasses everything. With eyes wide open, you don't need to investigate or study any matter. You see right through the matter. And this seeing right

through is quite shocking and painful when it comes to this world. Because it's so stupid and cruel and hopeless and dark.

Eyes wide open, that's the only true light there is and can be. There is a prize to pay, and the prize is not only you, and that includes everything you ever believed and imagined this world to be, and everything you ever hoped this world would become. So, opening the eyes is quite a crucifixion on many levels. Liberation is torture. And living with eyes wide open ain't easy either. Everything is pretty clear. And quite simple. But it ain't easy.

# Fighting with Water Pistols

Spirit considers this and any other world as an adventurous playground. Being awake as spirit, you want to play with the world at hand. Yet playing with this world turns out to be easier said than done. Because almost all the games played here turn out to be created and played by players who are not awake as spirit. And those players actually lack the characteristics of players, thus their games lack the characteristics of games. The playfulness is missing. The purposelessness. The planlessness.

Unawake players obviously play the game of life as if they were real and as if the world was real. So it's all serious, it's all aimed at something, and it's all supposed to mean something. So being awake as spirit, their games don't suit you. The last game you played with seriousness was the game of awakening. After awakening, you simply can't play serious games anymore. You can't even be attracted by them anymore. This is why you end up in a really weird spot if you wake up in this world. You end up wanting to play, yet lacking both games to play and players to play with.

This is both depressing and frustrating for you as a human being and for you as spirit. Even the process of awakening, as hard as it was, was more fun than this. Coming home was an adventurous journey. Yet being home and ready to bring in the harvest, you realize that those serious motherfuckers claim to own all the land, and that they cut all the trees, having turned the forest of possibilities into the desert they call reality. Equipped with water pistols, you end up on a battlefield with real soldiers. Ready to play, you are asked to fight.

My universe sucks as long as it doesn't provide me with some serious possibility to make the post-awakening journey in this world worthwhile. I don't care if all those motherfuckers wake up or not. I

don't care about burying their corpses or watering their deserts. But to be able to breathe properly, I need a minimum of spirit's oxygen. I don't know what it would be like to be provided with proper air, I just know what it's like to be wandering the suffocating wasteland of this uninspiring nightmare, wondering what a life worth living could possibly look like within a dual dreamscape that has grown to be completely immune against its own true nature.

There might be ways for spirit to play with this absurd scenario, yet I can't seem to find them. My cave is still the only place where I can breathe, diving within is still the only thing that keeps me alive. I keep looking, though. I keep in touch with the infinite sea of possibilities. It's the dark sea of the unborn, so it's challenging to dive there. With nothing to see, there is nothing to guide you. Nothing but pure spirit, nothing but true nature itself.

# Abandoning The Pack

**“Consider the Koran, for example; this wretched book was sufficient to start a world-religion, to satisfy the metaphysical needs of countless millions for twelve hundred years, to become the basis of their morality and of a remarkable contempt for death, and also to inspire them to bloody wars and the most extensive conquests. Much may be lost in translation, but I have not been able to discover in it one single idea of value.”**

***Arthur Schopenhauer***

I sometimes watch videos showing dog whisperer Cesar Milan at work. I find it really interesting how often his pack plays a major role in the rehabilitation of dogs. Unfortunately, we humans can't resort to the healing power of our human pack. Simply because the pack is utterly insane. It can do a lot of things to you, but it certainly can't rehabilitate or heal you.

The human animal is too estranged from nature to be healed by nature and its laws. That's why it couldn't even be rehabilitated by a pack of dogs. The mind programming can't be undone by nature, because it wasn't created by nature. Nature has nothing to do with the human mind. All other animals can be rehabilitated rather quickly. But not the human animal. Because the rehabilitation of the human animal requires a complete deprogramming of the programmed state. Humans are too self-aware to be rehabilitated as part of nature. They can only be rehabilitated by transcending nature. By realizing their true nature.

The inner guru is the human animal whisperer. The human pack is to be left behind for good, the gaze has to be turned inwards. It's tough because after all, we are a pack, and we want to heal among the pack. But it's impossible. Just like it's impossible to help the pack to heal beyond its current state. The pack is too far gone. Its insanity is all-encompassing. Its delusion is perfect. The inner guru isn't part of the program. The species can't be rehabilitated.

Schopenhauer would be really struggling to see one single idea of value emerge from today's human pack. The question of value itself is answered very differently if approached from a delusional state of mind. Just like he was back in the days, Arthur would be a victim of today's cancel culture. Nothing has really changed, let alone evolved. That is why if you want to evolve, you must let go of the need and belief to be part of the human pack. You aren't part of it. You never were.

The sense of abandonment is temporary. Or rather, it becomes background music once you realize that you are not alone here, but not here at all. No one is here, there is no here, there is no pack, there is no world, there is just this and that appearing to be. The world as will and representation – along with the self perceiving it. So fuck the pack before it fucks you. Awakening is the only true cancel culture anyway.

# On Human Adulthood

Jed McKenna distinguished between human adulthood and truth realization. Conceptually, this distinction is useless. It only gains value by becoming alive. As inner realization. Only then do you really understand what Meister Eckhart is talking about here. What heaven, what hell, what paradise, what truth really is.

As with most things, Jed was spot on with the distinction if you ask me. I would put it this way: The Truth is realized once the will to exist has disappeared. While adulthood/maturity is reached once the will to control the existence has vanished. The will to exist and the will to control the existence are very different animals. And so are the consequences of their dissolution.

I realized the truth 10 years ago. But up to this day, I am quite immature. At 49, I still depend on my family's financial support, and my current girlfriend calls me "baby" – and not in a "honey" kind of way, but in an "immature child" kind of way. And rightly so, I see it myself. I see how I hate my

lack of control and how I do everything to not have to feel my utter powerlessness. Before growing pubic hair, I did it by playing football and video games all day long. Now it's cigs and beer and the internet. Just the content changed, not the overall pattern.

I can't even really judge all those evil fuckers out there who keep waging war after war. After all, they are doing exactly what I am doing, trying to control their reality. They are easier to blame because their behavioral patterns happen to hurt and kill innocent victims – while mine happen to be centered on self-destruction. But it's the same thing. It's the same child lashing out, it's the same baby unable to surrender.

The disappearance of the animals is not up to you. You cannot willingly dissolve the will to exist, nor can you willingly dissolve the will to control your existence. What you can do is realize their presence. And by witnessing their aliveness within you, you can see for yourself how you create both heaven and hell. Jed used to say that he lived in paradise. That's what human adulthood feels like, I guess. I wouldn't know. But I understand why Jed always emphasized that aiming at human adulthood makes much more sense than going for truth. Because after all, truth realization has no impact whatsoever on the states and stages of heaven, hell and paradise you may or may not create for yourself.

# The Movie of the I

In times like these, even spiritually evolved human beings tend to regress to states and stages they seemed to have transcended. That is why the powers of delusion love times of war, crisis, conflict, drama. Both the attention and a strong "inner" reaction of the masses are guaranteed. The delusional state of mind is strengthened.

It is crucial to understand how this magic works: Extreme "outer" occurrences trigger extreme inner reactions which usually entail judgements and emotional reactions to those judgements. The more extreme the situation, the more extreme the judgement tends to be. If heartfelt compassion is involved, the tendency to judge is triggered even more – in favor of the victims you feel with, of course.

Yet the condemnation of the culprit that follows does nothing but put you to sleep. You may feel very much alive in your outrage, but the only one alive in this scenario is your dual mind. Feeling

alive while being divided against yourself and thereby completely narcotized is the state of perfected delusion. If you speak of profits from war, you must never underestimate the spiritual consequences of the regression of the masses any global crisis triggers.

In truth, of course, the events you are witnessing occur within you. You are watching the movie of the I, that's all. You are the doer of any evil you get to see. And evil's victim. So whatever your judgement of the situation is, it is always self-judgment. And since the Self, the I encompasses everyone and everything that is and that isn't, your judgement is inevitably wrong. The mind sees as fragmented what can't be fragmented – that is all judgement is. That is all it can be.

Let's not forget: The narcotized state has its benefits. Anesthetists would call them side effects of the narcotization. Righteousness is quite euphorizing. It does feel better to condemn the murderer than it does to know that you are him. Until it doesn't. Until the yearning to see the world through the eyes of the real Self surpasses the attachment to the perfect delusion. The war only appears to be out there. Just like the mind reacting to it appears to be yours. Yet whatever appears, it is all just the content of the movie of the I at any given moment, and you are the true Self creating and watching it.

One must always bear in mind that only the dual mind compares opposites and judges polarities. The true Self knows nothing of peace being good and war being wrong. It doesn't even compare war to peace. It compares war to nothing at all existing. The opposite to whatever it is that appears is nothing at all appearing. This is what unconditionality is all about. This is what true gratitude is all about. This is what true love is. It's the living reality of the true Self. It's the all- seeing, all- seeing-through eye of everything.

## Crazy Wisdom

***When we talk about compassion we talk in terms of being kind. But compassion is not so much being kind; it is being creative to wake a person up.***

***Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche***

Tibetan Buddhism got pretty creative if you ask me. Young boys are supposedly recognized as ancient masters – that's an awesome way not only to get kids into spirituality, but also to convince

them that they are actually destined to achieve enlightenment, since they have already achieved truth realization in a former lifetime. It may or may not be true, yet in any case, it is a very powerful conditioning, and it might prove to be quite effective. But there are downsides, too. One is that you can't tell every kid that he is the holder of this or that lineage – unless you start making up an infinite number of lineages. Another downside is that the magic is based on exceptionalism. And the delusion of specialness and entitlement is counterproductive when it comes to spiritual evolution.

Trungpa was the holder of two lineages of Tibetan Buddhism. He got creative after killing the Buddha. That's just how it goes, you just can't access your own creative potential without killing the Buddha first. Breaking free from any tradition and culture, from any programmed belief and behaviour, you fall into the abyss Trungpa calls "crazy wisdom": *"We go on deeper and deeper and deeper and deeper, until we reach the point where there is no answer. At that point we tend to give up hope of an answer, or of anything whatsoever, for that matter. This hopelessness is the essence of crazy wisdom. It is hopeless, utterly hopeless."*

I don't know much about Trungpa, the little I have read gives the impression that he wholeheartedly surrendered to the abyss. He died at the age of 48. According to Wikipedia, *"One of Trungpa's nursing attendants reported that he suffered in his last months from classic symptoms of terminal alcoholism and cirrhosis, yet continued drinking heavily. She added, "At the same time there was a power about him and an equanimity to his presence that was phenomenal, that I don't know how to explain."*

I think it's quite important to understand that you can't possibly know what you and your life are going to be and look like once you have jumped into the essence. Any knowing, belief and judgement is part of what you were before the jump. That's why anyone who dares to jump becomes a controversial figure. Not because they all become alcoholics. But because they all become threats to who and what you think you are before you jump. I remember very well how many judgments arose within my mind, how many inner conflicts I had to deal with during the years I worked with Jed McKenna. How eager I used to be to devalue anyone I came across who claimed to be truth-realized. It's a very natural reaction. It's a kind of self-defense. It's how you silence the inner voices that urge you to take the jump yourself.

I used to be tortured by doubts surrounding the alleged enlightenment of my teachers. That, too, is self-defense at play. After all, the mind can't possibly know. Only the part of you that is enlightened is able to recognize enlightenment. And that part is able to see it in anyone. Even if the clouds of delusion are still undissolved. Spiritual progress is all about penetrating those clouds.



And that penetration is a matter of both agonistic and antagonistic forces. That is why any antagonistic force can turn into an agonistic force and vice versa. That is why ultimately, everyone and everything is your guru.

I was ready for truth-realization when I had given up on it. When my hopelessness had become all-encompassing. That's when something inside me urged me to contact Jed once again, so I did, but without any hope or expectation whatsoever. That's when he helped me dissolve the last clouds, His presence and guidance at the right moment just accelerated the inevitable. This help to accelerate is the compassionate creativity Trungpa mentions. It is the transpersonal presented as a personal gift, it is crazy wisdom directed towards the awakening brother.

# Touch

I am glad that [theendoftwo.com](http://theendoftwo.com) is up and running again. It is hard to find inspiration out there these days. Of course, you can bring depth to anything thrown at you, but depth looks different in different people, so it's a true gift if someone with eyes wide open bothers to share how he or she sees this crazy world. I have always loved this human ability to feel into someone else's depth. To me, this is the most enriching aspect of relating to others. It might even be the deepest form of intimacy and connection possible between two people. It is the touch James P. Carse put so much emphasis on. It might be the only touch that can really change you.

But it takes two to dance. And while it is hard to find people out there who actually inspire by sharing their depth, it is equally rare that anyone actually aspires to receive that gift. People don't want to be touched, although it seems like it. For the simple reason that the outcome of being touched is always unknown. Being touched always has an impact. It may even induce a profound change. And you can't possibly know what that impact will look like and how it will change you and your life. This is why people tend to interact not to touch and be touched, but to avoid it at any cost. Social media for example could be really cool wasn't it misused by almost everyone for this very purpose.

Embracing touch and change is only ever possible once the fear to lose yourself is dissolved, and the dissolution of this existential fear is only ever possible if the the sense of identity, the sense to be someone, the sense of solidity is seen through as the delusion it is. Once this delusion is

dissolved, embracing touch becomes natural, because you know that change is all you can ever be and all you would ever want to be – while what you truly are, while what everything truly is remains forever unchanged. It is a pleasure to play the game of change, it is a privilege to play the game of touch. Through births and lives and deaths, I am the ever-new dance of the unknown with itself. And whatever appears to be and whatever appears not to be, is me.

And yet, I am also a particular awareness, with my own eyes, with my own perspectives, dancing my own dance with my own depth. Within the appearance of particularity, touch is only ever unhindered if two particular appearances have become self-aware to the degree that the veils have been lifted. Before they were hidden from view, but now the principle functions enabling the creation of content of consciousness are seen at work. And this includes the self, it includes any self and world. It is seen how the whole can appear as an ever-changing cosmos, it is seen how it can appear as a particular being in a particular body. The self has become aware of itself as the whole. And only now can it truly touch and be touched, only now can it truly be the continuous change it is meant to be.

The whole guru-student thingy is like a wheelchair you use as long as you are convinced to be disabled. It's the touch helping you lift the veil. It's the touch to make you touchable if you will. I am rereading Carse's book at the moment. He touches, let me tell you. I love his definition of evil: *"Evil is the termination of infinite play. It is infinite play coming to an end in unheard silence."* As an example, he mentions the treasury of cultures that got lost for good when the Europeans mass murdered the native population of North America. But since even those motherfuckers were convinced that they were actually eliminating evil by killing the Indians, Carse wisely concludes: *"Infinite players understand the inescapable likelihood of evil. They therefore do not attempt to eliminate evil in others, for to do so is the very impulse of evil itself, and therefore a contradiction. They only attempt paradoxically to recognize in themselves the evil that takes the form of attempting to eliminate evil elsewhere."*

I can definitely see this evil within myself, and it certainly shines through in some of my writings. It's mainly triggered by scenarios of cruelty against innocent victims. Paedophilia, for example, and cruelty against animals, trigger this evil impulse in me to eliminate those evil motherfuckers. This is a prime example of touch. It is not a matter of someone having travelled to a foreign land and sharing videos and experiences of that journey, and I imagine being him and taking on that very journey. It's an inner horizon someone shares, and the horizon he has discovered becomes alive within myself, it becomes part of my own inner landscape. It thereby dramatically changes my inner landscape, and I can't possibly know what consequences this change is going to have.

Just like Buddha supposedly said that *"those who earnestly search for truth will find it"*, Carse believes that we all choose what kind of player we are, whether we are aware of our choice or not. One could look at it this way: Once you choose to experience being separate from source, you embark on a long journey. You may start out as an atom appearing as water or air, then you are a cell, a seed, a flower, a tree, an ant, a rabbit and so forth, and at one point you appear as a human being, a being too self-aware to be part of nature, yet equipped with a physical body that is part of nature. This is the point in your journey when, for the first time, you have the choice to either continue living and experiencing with the self-veiling intact, or to return home and know yourself as source. You can keep living the story of being a finite player experiencing nothing but finite play, or you can begin a whole new chapter by returning to your wholeness and remembering that you never were the finite player you appear to be, that all play is part of one infinite game.

# Inevitability

**It is inevitable, that eventually the people will demand absolute security from the state...And absolute security is absolute slavery.**

***Taylor Caldwell***

And absolute slavery is absolute evil. The world is complex, but it isn't. It only appears to be complex as long as you haven't deciphered your own mind. Seeing through your own mind is all that is needed to see through the world. People aren't the victims of the states they live in, and they never have been. The state is a mirror of its people. Its tyranny is but a reflection of the tyranny of the individual mind. Its art of deception only mirrors the self-deception of the people.

Self-deception inevitably leads to evil. Especially when it is dressed up as something undoubtedly good. When people start to protect their nation, for example. Or their god. Or their gender. You must be utterly ignorant to defend any of those. You must be utterly ignorant to even believe that they truly exist. It's all you being tricked by your mind, that's all. The imprisonment is within, and any fight you fight out there is a fight with the reflected image of your inner imprisonment.

If you know that and still feel like fighting the fuckers out there, okay, why not. But if you don't know it and think that you are actually helping the world become a better place by fighting against the reflections of your own self-deception, then you just help to solidify the deceptive nature of

this world. It's all a bit ridiculous. People fight in the name of freedom while they have no clue whatsoever what freedom is. Being unaware of their self-imprisonment, they truly believe that the world has invented the chains.

In a way, once a human being completely is completely identified with the mind, it becomes the mind and ceases to be a human being. It's not really the people who demand security from the state. It's the people who have ceased to be people. The living being has been taken over by the mind. The mind demands security. Just like a motor demands gasoline. Anything that isn't its own source requires to be fed in order to be able to function. If people were still people, they would be their own source. And laugh at any delusion of security. And be deaf to any demand of obedience.

It is what it is, and you can't blame anyone. There is no need to take any of the theater seriously. But you can't be indifferent either. My source is yours, you know. If I look out for people, I look out for myself. This is what I call absolute security. You may have forgotten about your source. But your source has not forgotten about you.

# Urgency

"Sit as if your hair were on fire.", I remember a Zen-Buddhist saying. It's certainly true that a sense of urgency is required to make any spiritual progress at all. And to really break through, you must be on fire. And to stay awake, you must remain on fire.

Is this sense of urgency just weaker or non-existent in ordinary people? Or is it hidden away? Or is it translated into fear, or greed, or compulsion? I think it is all of the above. And the matter has to be seen in the light of the times we live in, too. There is a deep programming enabling the misdirection of any impulse to look within going on. Societies do not encourage, but urge you to avoid any form of introspection.

Have you watched Vinterberg's "The Celebration"? It's about a family's resistance to a son's attempt to reveal its dark secrets. And when he finally breaks through and the revelation is accepted and the father exposed as the culprit, the dynamic of resistance just takes on another form. Instead of the son, it is now the father who is being excluded. Nothing has changed but the direction of the misdirection of the urgent need to look within.

That's what human collectives do, they exclude the member representing the truth that the house is on fire. Obviously, exclusion is the opposite of integrity. Yet it is always masked as integrity. It is all just a show, it is all just a game of self-veiling meant to prevent the very self-veiling from being

exposed. Basically, this is the prime function of human collectives. They help you to pretend that your hair wasn't on fire. They help you to exclude, to silence the integral voice within yourself.

# Occurrence and Consequence

**How does a part of the world leave the world?**

**How does wetness leave water?**

**Don't try to put out fire by throwing on  
more fire! Don't wash a wound with blood.**

**No matter how fast you run, your shadow  
keeps up. Sometimes it's in front!**

**Only full overhead sun diminishes your shadow.  
But that shadow has been serving you.**

**What hurts you, blesses you. Darkness is  
your candle. Your boundaries are your quest.**

**I could explain this, but it will break the  
glass cover on your heart, and there's no  
fixing that.**

**You must have shadow and light source both.  
Listen, and lay your head under the tree of awe.**

**When from that tree feathers and wings sprout on you,  
be quieter than a dove. Don't even open your mouth for  
even a coo.**

***Rumi***

I frequently wake up in the morning with what I call intuitive realizations. This morning it was all about consequence. Known and unknown, visible and invisible, obvious and subtle consequence. Now, I know nothing about past lives. But it seems quite obvious to me that the world we see

depends on our state and stage of consciousness. And I don't see how physical death could have any major impact on the stage of consciousness. Only the state changes. But to see a totally different world, the stage would have to change. And that is not a matter of living in a body or not, it is a matter of awakening.

We see the same shitshow every day because humanity hasn't collectively evolved for thousands of years. The same stage of consciousness keeps showing up no matter the progress that appears to be made. Individual consciousness isn't any different. You see what you are. Or rather, you see with the eyes of the stage you are at. You are not living your life. Consciousness is living life. While you awaken as consciousness. The world worlds (Heidegger), the body bodies, the character characters, and the self awakens.

Anyway, I woke up this morning somehow realizing that I have been a very bad boy for a period of incarnations, and that consequently this time around I do not experience life as Mr. Sunshine. I don't know what I did, but I see the darkness it imposed. I see how making others suffer eventually made me suffer, and how that suffering eventually gave birth to the inner need and determination to wake up. Everything has consequences, but the same occurrence has very different consequences on the different stages of consciousness. And since it has very different consequences, it is not really the same occurrence at all.

This is even true for the most existential occurrences, like birth and death and rebirth. Life lives itself one way if you experience being a body in time and space. It lives itself very differently if you experience the experience of being a body in time and space as an appearance within you. Life lives itself differently, and death dies itself differently. Incarnation incarnates itself differently. Reincarnation seems to be an occurrence and consequence at a certain stage of consciousness. Beyond that stage, it is not the occurrence. Let alone a consequence.

Human incarnation is a program enabling experiencing being a body in time and space. In other words, we wake up in Plato's Cave with no clue whatsoever how we even got here. And since we are blindfolded, we see no way out. We are literally thrown into darkness stripped of our ability to see the light. With every second we spend here, the likelihood of experiencing evil grows exponentially. And along with it grows the likelihood of becoming evil ourselves. "If this is hell", Isabell May concludes in 1884, "we must be demons."

I must say that I never liked religion too much, because belief is a dead end and dogma is a dangerous end. I never saw how religion could serve as a vessel for radical transformation. But it can happen. Just look at movies like "Dead Man Walking" and "Walk the Line". Or look at Dojstojewski's work, see how religious ideas became alive within him in the form of the most

intense inner struggles and self-transforming insights and creative outbursts. But then, Dojstojewski could probably have read the diary of a 6-year-old and be deeply moved and transformed by it. And Susan Sarandon might have been the force of unconditional love and forgiveness she was even if she hadn't read about the son of God.

By being the light, she sees the light, even though she remains blindfolded. This is how she forgives Sean Penn. By being love, she sees love, even in the midst of hell. This is how she loves the world. She invites the murderer to open up his heart, to become vulnerable, to feel the suffering he caused, to repent and to eventually forgive himself. She invites him to die before he dies, just like she did. And he does. Sitting on the electric chair waiting to be executed, he is a new man. He isn't reborn. He is newly born. He is born beyond the stage of consciousness he was programmed to represent and experience.

I bet my ass that we have all been murderers at one point in time. I don't see how the radical transformation of the heart could even be possible without the impact of the darkest energies. As victims, we are immune to inner change, let alone true transformation. The mind's transformation is an equally dark endeavour. Only that it's the programmed and self-inflicted beliefs, judgements and dual perceptions which you turn against and murder. As long as you refuse to enter the battlefield, you remain the mind's victim.

Only when you wake up from the mind do you realize that the world worlds for the self to awaken, that you imagined to enter the dream to be able to imagine to wake up. While nothing really happened. Nobody ever murdered anyone, nor did anyone suffer and repent and awaken. You only dreamed of being stuck in a cave. You only dreamed of finding your way out. Any occurrence only appeared to be the occurrence it seemed to be, and so did every consequence – no matter the state and stage of consciousness. Because the states and stages of consciousness themselves are just appearances. The world worlds while there is no world. And while the self is eternally born, it only ever appears to exist.

# The New God In Town

*"It takes something more than intelligence to act intelligently."*

*Fyodor Dostoevsky*

You would think that if certain lines are crossed, there is no way back. But this assumption implies that you see lines as static and absolute. Which they are not. All lines are relative and fluent. You would think that if you kill someone, you end his life for good. But if the spirit lives on, whom have you killed?

Man puts a lot of effort into calculating consequences. Yet all his calculations around cause and effect are inevitably false. Since lines are relative and fluent, consequences can never be predicted. Not because the dance of cause and effect remains invisible or mysteriously hidden. But because it's fluent and therefore ever new. What you discovered a minute ago can't possibly be true now. Not only is it hubris to think otherwise. It is utterly ignorant. The God of Science will be remembered as a God of Ignorance. His temple will be remembered as the Temple of Vanity. Some religious Gods are arrogant pricks, too. Yet there tends to be some kind of humility on the human side at least. Some wholesome kneeling down. Some openness through prayer. Religious Gods, however abstruse they may appear, still somehow point to Source. In an indirect way, it is still Source that is worshipped when people pray to Krishna or the Holy Father or the God of the Sun. And here and there worship turned into realization, so that Rumi could tell his fellow Muslims and Meister Eckhart his fellow Christians how they lifted the veil of self-deceit and what they saw behind the curtain.

Science cut itself loose from Source. The mind is not turned towards Source, but towards appearance. It only ever sees and explains the appearance as an appearance, it can never see through to the Source of the appearance. It sees the world as if Source didn't exist. And it treats the world as if Source didn't exist. Anything goes. There is no self-restriction of any kind involved in its progression. Today we are experiencing and witnessing the consequences of that unrestricted progression in every field of life.

The most obvious consequence is that people are being unified. Not under the umbrella of Source, but under the umbrella of technology. The God of Science has given birth to the God of Technology, and the God of the Technology has become the unifying force *replacing* Source. Religion has lost the race; it has not become the unifying force. Technology has. And since it is science's kit, it progresses without any self-restriction whatsoever and in utter ignorance of the consequences of its own progression.

Let's take all the technology around genes, for example. Is a genetically manipulated being still the same being? Does it carry the same wholeness? People don't read books anymore. It's all about moving images on a screen these days. What's the consequence of that? Nobody knows. A very different kind of mind develops that's for sure. And consequently, a very different kind of being. Does it carry the same wholeness?

People don't write letters anymore. They chat. Not in handwriting, but digitally. It's not a big deal, but maybe it is a big deal. If you turn a novel into a movie script, most of its depth is gone. Now



people even start losing the ability to sit through a movie. TV-series with shorter episodes is the name of the game now. And shorts on YouTube. The attention span of a TicToc clip. Or compare walking or riding a bicycle to driving and flying. You may be covering the same distance, but do you really travel at all when you drive or fly? Isn't the journey more or less eliminated? Yet if the journey is eliminated, can the destination really be any different from the point of departure at all? Don't you eliminate the traveler by eliminating the journey? Don't you lose yourself by arriving as the exact same person you were when you departed?

My theory is that people don't become more stupid and heartless people, they become stupid and heartless by ceasing to be people. They become unified as machinery. They merge with technology. And thereby lose their natural wholeness. They were human protagonists in their own unique dramatic novels. Now they are robotic imitators appearing in completely interchangeable TicToc clips. Humanity is lost. This is its loss. This is the end. I think it's a great story. And like all great stories, it's heartbreaking. And incredible. It's a tale of Source versus The Ignorance Of Man. Of Truth versus Deception. Of Uniqueness versus Robotization. Of Wholeness versus Fragmentation. Of Nature versus Technology. Of Depth versus Appearance. It's the tale of awareness being turned into attention and of attention being gradually reduced to the span of a TicToc clip and to then disappear into pure functionality devoid of self-awareness. It's the tale of a journey that eliminates the traveler. And thereby ends as a journey.

Nobody has been killed, of course. Spirit has just left the stage. In order to move on.

*Then there is the walk through the avenues of the dead. He has begun to cry. Why now? he thinks, irritated with himself. Yet the tears are welcome in their way, a soft veil of blindness between himself and the world.*

*He thinks of mourners at a wake falling on the food and drink. A kind of exultation in it, a brag flung in the face of death: Us you do not have!*

*J.M. Coetzee*

# Escapist

Writing Ernst's Wonderland, I have Zeus working with Jed McKenna, so I went back to the forum to steal some dialogues. I can only recommend reading through everything, but Escapist's truth realization is my absolute favorite. He was only 20 at the time, yet the inner work he had already

done and the determination he had developed had already brought him to Jed. Not out of curiosity, but out of necessity. The existential suffering was already so intense that the breakthrough to pure consciousness and beyond was the only possible remedy. The amount of pressure built up enabled the necessary acceleration, the implosion into nothingness was the lasting relief.

He skipped the stage of human adulthood, just like me. I am 49 now and I'm still pretty immature. I still don't even really know that maturity is. I think it goes beyond forgiving everyone and everything and accepting what is. It must have something to do with the ability to blend in, to engage with others and actually enjoy it even if they are obviously insane. I asked Jed many times how he did it, how he could stand leading his double life. And if I understood correctly, he tried to make me realize that it is all a matter of perspective. It's a play with perspectives. It's living life as an infinite game including everyone and everything. It's a much, much bigger game than playing the guru for a couple of students. The guru role is quite constant, and your core, your truth, comes into play. But to be able to play with the dream itself, you have to constantly reinvent yourself to the core. It's a remarkable ability.

Shortly after enlightenment, Escapist was diagnosed with schizophrenia. Not only the doctors, his family pathologized him, too. So did the other forum members. Only Jed and Escapist himself knew that he had realized the full truth. Everyone else was – and probably still is – convinced that he is just a self-deluded kid. It's remarkable. But what's even more remarkable – this cruel and ignorant dreamscape is a world Jed has learned to love and play with. It's quite a stretch, you see. Me, I'm proud to say that, after years of strict hermitage, I have a bicycle now and ride to the beach every day to take a swim. Unless it's a public holiday.

The underwater current can be really strong, especially on windy days. It pulls you out into the ocean, and it's quite a struggle to make it back to the shore. If you panic, you drown, there is no doubt, you can't force your way back in a minute or two, it takes time and patience and proper breathing. If you are too relaxed and just swim the way you always do, you drown, too, as you will be drawn further and further out. There is always a moment when I feel the impulse to do just that. I struggle to struggle, you know. Only reluctantly do I give in to the body and try a little harder to beat the current. This is where I stand regarding this dream.

# Loosh

Eat and be eaten – that's the main principle of this universe. Only if you pretend that this isn't true do you still complain about this war or that atrocity. Life isn't good. Man isn't good. We are all vampires. We have to be, otherwise we can't survive. Each and every creature in this world is vampiric by nature. Not even asceticism defeats the law. You still consume oxygen, you still breathe to survive.

I have no idea how man even came up with the idea of a good god having created this unspeakable nightmare. Man must have been utterly brainwashed even back then. Jesus, the great magician, can't have done the trick all by himself. Humanity must have helped create and spread the lie. Out of a vampiric need: the need to sacrifice the blind will to live and thereby justify the never-ending bloobath.

Yet there is some truth to every lie. Love is the dreamer even of nightmares. All is good, even if it obviously can't get any worse. But that has nothing to do with any supreme being or heavenly sphere. It's just the true nature of everything. Even fucking paecophiles are holy, even fucking nightmares are perfect dreams.

The creative force of consciousness is vampiric by nature. Hell, consciousness itself is vampiric. After all, consciousness draws its energy from the Absolute. It is born and dies. And creation is born and dies within consciousness. So it draws its energy from pure consciousness or beingness. For content to appear, it must be a fucking bloodsucker. Eat and be eaten is not just the law of this world, of this universe. The very nature of all there ever appears to be is based on sacrifice. That is how all there ever appears to be can only ever appear to be what it isn't. And that is how you are inevitably insane if you do not realize the truth.

## The Waking State

The waking state is a bitch. You can fuck her, but you pay a price. And I am not talking about some STD or USD. The real price is the NOW. By touching the bitch, you enter the now, a contracted, finite mirror of the NOW. And you don't have to physically touch the bitch to enter the now. Looking at her is touching her. Thinking about her is touching her. Feeling something about her is

touching her. Upon touch, you enter an altered state. It's like being heavily intoxicated and therefore unsound, insane, incompetent. This is the true power of now.

Upon truth realization, one enters the fourth state. You are now aware of the little now as an appearance within the NOW. You can touch and even fuck the bitch without paying the price. The price you pay is that most of the thrill is gone. Irrelevance reigns. The now has lost its magic power. You know that there is nobody and nothing to be touched. You know that the contraction only appears to be happening. You no longer mistake the waking state for reality.

The bitch remains the same old bitch, though. And the madmen remain madmen. It's beyond absurd to see it all unfold. I think Jed McKenna once said that you become a zombie among vampires. It's preferable, no doubt. But even more challenging. Stranger than fiction. Utterly estranged and distanced, yet closer and more intimate than ever. Whole and ruined, healed and dead. An immaterial drop within an ocean of insanity, invisibly shaking the brother out of his sleep. In vain, it seems. He loves the bitch. He even loves to hate her.

## 5000 Years

Eat and be eaten – in a world like this, white magicians are either idolized or ridiculed. Either way, they end up on the cross. Feeling the pain of others plays a huge part in his crucifixion. The white magicians open heart literally ruins him. His own pain isn't the problem. The suffering of others is what tortures him. In a world of cruelty, this is a severe evolutionary disadvantage. This is why it's the black magicians who thrive here. Summing up the last 5000 years of human history, stopping at nothing wins. The black heart wins. Deceit wins.

You can check for yourself. Open your heart to the suffering of starving African children or to the tortured animals of this world. And then try to function properly – do the dishes, go to work, have a friendly chat with your neighbor, whatever. It's going to be tough. Those 5000 years have programmed you to not bear the unbearable: They have taught you black magic. This is just part of the magic, of course. The part necessary for humans to keep functioning properly. Without it, society would collapse in no time, since each and every of its members would be drowning in this very instant.

This drowning, this collapse is the spiritual path. Sun salutations just don't do the trick. Neither does proper breathing, some power of now or any new earth bullshit. Fuck the sun, fuck the lung and fuck the earth. Fuck the dishes and the neighbors, too. Fuck winning, embrace losing. Fuck protecting yourself, hammer the nails into your heart, let the ship sink, lose it all, and bleed to death. This is how you evolve. Any other way is a dead end.

Forever drowning, eternal birth, the rise and fall of consciousness. Out of 100 generations of mankind, the monster of today has risen. May you be its fall. Its falling away. May those 5000 years disappear within you.

# The Human Moron

Spirit's hunger for dreaming gives birth to the blind will to live, amnesia sustains it. From inside the dream, everything looks unprecedented and unique. This universe, this planet, this body. And it is. But not the way it appears to be. After all, how unique can a world be if the number of unique worlds is infinite? If beings looked through their infinite eyes, the will would no longer be blind, and the rise and fall of worlds and lives would be seen as the point- and meaningless adventure it really is.

Spirit's love of life is built into any finite being as the blind will to live. Amnesia ensures the attachment to this attachment. In other words, it ensures that the attachment built into the body becomes the center of gravity of the individual mind. This is the heaviness built into the blindness. If beings saw with their infinite eyes, they would be detached from the built-in attachment. They would therefore be free from a center of gravity. The infinite mind's center is empty. The individual infinite mind is free.

Everybody knows what the individual blind will to live looks like. But what does the individual infinite will look like? It's nothing but spirit's hunger for dreaming without any attachment whatsoever to the dreamt up content. The attached mind is exclusive, elusive and directive. The detached mind is directionless, inclusive and clear. But it's not the clarity of perfect explaining and understanding. It's the clarity of perfect disappearance. This is why attached minds repulse the infinite mind's presence. Its presence threatens the very center of gravity they fearfully protect.

And this is why the infinite mind's frustration with the human morons is always twofold. If it shuts up, its presence within the silence is simply ignored. If it uses speech, its words are just turned into smoke. Either way, the perfect fire has no impact at all. This is how heaven and hell are sustained. They survive as smoke. They are the amnesic smoke veiling their own perfect disappearance.

## Loosh II

Some say that loosh is harvested negative energy. And I agree. But that is not the whole truth if you ask me. Let's say a person loves the God of some so-called holy scripture, a tyrannical father figure demanding utter surrender, for example. Then this love is harvested, too. Some invisible being feeding off control is empowered by that very love. Or let's take a mother's prayer for the wellbeing of her children. If the prayer is motivated by fear, the whole energetic knot will be eaten up by negative entities. And if it is motivated by special love and regard – love and regard only for her own children – the knot will be eaten up as well. It feeds Maya, it feeds the dreamstate.

People tend to misunderstand magic. They neither understand what it is, nor what it does. If you read the Bhagavad Gita, you will see Arjuna struggle with the question of entering the battlefield or not. It's the struggle to determine right and wrong, good and bad, self- and Self-interest. From a human perspective, Jesus Christ undoubtedly practiced white magic when he healed the sick. From a higher perspective, everything depends on the magician's state and stage of consciousness. Is it the Self in action? Or is it the self in action? The Self in action is white magic. But it isn't all roses. The Self can be violent, murderous, destructive. Just like the self can be loving and kind – yet it still remains the black magician. Because after all, the self itself is an illusion created by black magic. So even if the self makes the blind see, it is still black magic.

Now, without Self-interest in it, the illusion of self wouldn't even arise. So in the ultimate sense, even black magic is white magic. This is how nightmares like this world appear to exist. This is why consciousness can never be trusted when it comes to the content of dreams. Things can always go south. Not man, not any negative entity is the sinner – consciousness is the sinner. Consciousness is the true tyrant. The Self knows this. The self doesn't. Because the self appears within consciousness – while consciousness appears within the Self. This is how the self can only ever hope for a safe place within consciousness, in some heaven maybe or some Shambala. Yet the only safe place is no-place. The only safe place is no-self. The only safe place is Self.

To the Self, loosh is the fabric of the dreamstate. Loosh is what all selves and their worlds are made of. And while they all feed on each other, they gain and lose nothing, because the fabric is

essentially empty. It is just an appearance of pure consciousness. So, while the self even dreams up pockets to fill. Its hands remain forever empty. Not only is there nothing in them. The hands themselves don't really exist. And whatever they appear to control, they only ever control nothing. The self, of course, can't know about the absurdity of the whole show. It can never see itself as the loosh it is. It can never not be blind and insane and forever desperate to fill up its dreamt up pockets with sown loosh. And be it spiritual knowledge and power it harvests. That, too, is loosh.

## Loosh III

While the delusion that the self is real disappears upon awakening, the self itself doesn't. It will only be gone once the physical body dies. Until then, it lives on, along with the body. In fact, it can't be separated from the body at all. The body-mind unit remains intact until the last breath. If this wasn't the case, life couldn't continue. It would be like living without physical skin. The self has the same natural function. It is equally necessary to survive.

If the self was completely gone, perceptions would be undistinguishable. Not only that, here and there would disappear along with now and then. All would be HERE NOW. At once. And since the Self encompasses everyone and everything, the infinite joy and love of all of life would be sucked in 24/7 – along with the infinite pain and suffering of all beings at all times. This constant and utter exposure simply isn't survivable.

This is how the black magician called self came into existence in the first place. You see, being able to overlook and not feel another being's pain and suffering is nothing but black magic. Yet the ability is a matter of survival. It is safe to say that the integrity of any particular body-mind is built upon black magic. Black magic is the shield against the overwhelming, disintegrating impact of the reality behind the dual appearance. It only protects an illusion, of course. Yet if there is to be any spacetime to appear for the illusion to appear and develop within, this protective shield is indispensable.

We couldn't even bear to feel the pain and suffering our own existence has caused and continues to inflict upon others. Imagine taking a walk through the woods and hurting with all the little creatures that are crushed under your feet. Imagine to feel the crushed will to live of every lifeform that ends up as food in your stomach. Imagine being the mother feeling overwhelmed by the tears of her own child crying the innumerable tears shed in innumerable worlds.

Realizing this might help to understand the principle of resistance a bit better. Resistance is part of the magic skin called self. Whenever what is threatens to become unbearable, resistance sets in to protect the integrity of the illusory body-mind unit. Hell is raised in order to prevent its disintegration and dissolution. It is black magic, no doubt. But it is of vital importance if acceptance would crush the unit's shell. This is the context within which humanity's deep resistance to truth must be seen. It's a natural thing. While the unveiling is unnatural. The letting go is unnatural. That is why they associate spiritual awakening with death. You are doing the most unnatural thing. You say yes to being crushed under truth's feet, you say yes to dying before you die.

Within some, the source of everything has revealed itself. Yet that doesn't mean that the trees in their gardens or their fellow men give a rat's ass about their revelations. While nature is just indifferent, humans are repulsed. Because they are the ones who rightfully feel threatened in their magic skin. Because that skin only is their destiny until it isn't. Ultimately, man is the part of nature destined to realize its true nature. His true story is not to be skinned alive, but to unveil the deeper truths underneath the skin. The fabric of loosh turns out to be a cosmic curtain. In front of the curtain, body-minds act out the magic show. Behind the curtain, the show is unheard of. There is no death to die, there is no self to disappear.

# Pretension

Both black and white magic are games of pretension. Hell, even spiritual awakening is only pretended. There never was anybody to wake up. Nor has there ever been a universe to magically touch. What is, isn't. You only ever pretend it to really be there. Then you accept it for the sake of peace. Or you reject it and thereby start a war. But those are magic acts. Neither the war nor the peace is real. They only appear to be there because you pretend to be here.

It's extremely hot in Cambodia these days. The body is constantly sweating, the mind is dreaming of buying an air conditioner. Yet there is no body, no mind, no heat, no experience and no experiencer of heat. It is all a magic show based on pretension. And the pretension is not based on the existence of a body-mind in a physical universe. It's the other way around. That is how even if the body dies, the game of pretension continues. The bardo to come is illusory, too. And so are the doors opening up for you within the bardo. That's because pretension is an infinite game. It's the infinite Self's infinite game.



Worlds, times, reincarnations only ever appear to be real as long as you keep pretending to be you. The opposite of pretension is dissolution. After awakening, you continue living in a dream. But it is a dissolved self's selfing in a dissolved worlding world. Here, the bodymind may declare war. There, it may raise white flags. It makes no difference. It is all but a magic show, and both the selfing self and the worlding world only ever appear to be real because you are faking. That's why at the end of the day, enlightenment is nothing but the utter unveiling of the great faking.

Meanwhile, humanity has other things in mind. Fake it till you make, that has always been the collective imperative. But what does it mean to make it? It means to immortalize the faking. This is what mind control is all about. It is all about the completion of the enslavement to the unreal. Humanity has always been a cult. A cult driven by each and every member's desire for self-deception. It's quite shocking. Just look how quickly the covid cult was shaped. And the transgender cult. And the transhuman cult. The likelihood of consciousness evolving decreases by the minute.

The whole thing is comparable to romantic relationships – before the great disillusionment. But not only the romantic ones, all special relationships are small cults driven by the shared desire for self-delusion. When the bond breaks, the cult is quickly recreated with another partner/group. The search for truth, on the other hand, is like marrying a psychopath who not only isolates you from your friends and family, but also estranges you from yourself. Sooner or later, your whole world revolves around him. Then it disappears, along with you. And you turn out to be him.

## Dear Fuckers

My new wannabe-novel 'Ernst im Wunderland' is about the hyperconscious realm many philosophers, writers and spiritually advanced human beings have been writing about throughout the ages. It's an interesting realm, an inner labyrinth of depth, and the only way out is awakening. Most get stuck – or climb back to the surface. At the surface, the collective welcomes you back with open arms. Yet the evolution of consciousness very much depends on this inner world. Through its madness, you step into mental sanity. Through its turmoil and confusion, you step into clarity.

Maya and her human slaves do everything to make your stay within the labyrinth as unbearable as possible. It's part of the game in this dream to make any type of true inner inquiry as unbearable as possible from the very first impulse to dive deeper. The punishment is pretty cruel, and it takes place on all layers, so the deeper you dive, the more physical, mental, emotional and spiritual challenges are to be expected. These challenges sum up your own resistance to truth and refusal to let it all go. The attachment to self-delusion and the fear of losing all control build up an intuitive aversion against voluntarily entering the unpredictable flames and unbearable heat of hyperconsciousness.

If you look around you, you realize that the appeal of depth is nonexistent in most human beings. This is the power of magic. This is how powerful the deceptive nature is. And this is why you become such an outcast once you dare to jump. Yet the aloneness and loneliness awaiting you isn't real. In reality, true touch only ever becomes possible once you have entered the hyperconscious realm. Any touch or belonging within the realm of self-delusion is simply delusory. The delusional boundaries of the delusional territorial personality make true touch impossible. So the hyperconscious outcast's loneliness is just a superficial appearance. Underneath the surface, aloneness doesn't even exist.

The rewards of letting the hyperconscious heat melt down the illusory boundaries created and guarded by self-delusion aren't visible to the common human being. Nor are the truths that are realized by the means of spiritual warfare within the hyperconscious realm. I probably just wrote 'Ernst im Wunderland' to hang out with some hyperconscious minds. To catch up with good friends like Dostojewski or Hedayat and to assure them that all is good because there is an exit, there is a way out of the labyrinth. If this wasn't the case, I certainly wouldn't be voting for jumping.

## The Sacred Feminine

I recently read some of Bukowski's novels. It seems that they mainly revolve around drinking whiskey and fucking. But that's just the appearance. Underneath the surface, they revolve around killing and dissolving. Most people are ready to embrace their creative nature. But only few are ready to acknowledge their killing nature. As humans, we are natural born killers. We must murder in order to survive. But the killing is everywhere. We kill by hating. We kill by judging. We kill by believing to know. Hell, we even kill by focussing our attention. Because focussing is nothing but excluding everything we don't attend to from the awareness.

Bukowski writes as the natural born killer he inevitably is as a human being. He drinks, fucks, thinks, writes, lives as a killer. But there is love, too. As lovers, we are natural born dissolvers. Loving to death is as real as it gets, but it is not a killing act. It is a dissolving act. Like forgiving is a dissolving act. I don't know anyone who has done it, but in theory it is possible to attain full truth realization by loving life to death. Because pure love would dissolve both the universe and the self experiencing it. Hating life to death is much more common, and if the hatred is used properly, it will lead to the same end. Using it properly means using it not as a killing, but as a dissolving force. It's a tricky path. It's the spiritual path.

To be or not to be: killing or dissolving. To be and not to be: killing and dissolving. As humans, we are natural born killers. As awake humans, we are natural born killers and automatic dissolvers. Just like the world appears within consciousness and attention within awareness, the killer appears within the dissolver. Killing seems like such a powerful act. But it isn't, not at all. Because killing dissolves nothing. And therefore, it resolves nothing. The ghosts of the past are all present. Murdering them hasn't had any true effect at all. All it has done was create the illusion that karma and destiny were real. The only true resolution can only ever be dissolution. This is why, at the end of the day, the only true, the only remaining story among the endless stories of your life and lives is your story of enlightenment.

There is a lot of individual and collective resistance to the acknowledgement of the obvious fact that we are all killers. Especially among women and feminized men. This is why women hardly ever attain truth-realization. And this is why the feminization of culture isn't a step of evolving consciousness, but an added layer of self-veiling. Just look at all the new age bullshit. That is all feminine resistance to truth. Letting men do the killing and then blaming and punishing them by cutting off their dicks just doesn't do the trick. The self-veiling power of Maya isn't feminine by accident. I could write books about it. Suffice to say that Adam ate the apple, and Eve ate Adam, and the snake ate Eve, and kneeling before cunts is a bad idea if you want to evolve or even awaken. But who knows, maybe I'm all wrong. Maybe the female heart is in fact about to become the loving-to-death force about to enlighten the world. It would be cool. Even I would kneel before cunts then. I'd still fuck them, though.

# The Sacred Masculine

Turning the murderous male energy into a force of dissolution is the most challenging journey a human being can embark upon. Lifting a veil is much harder than killing a truth. This is because the veil is backed up by the whole cosmos. While the truth is backed up by nothing. The truth is like a child picked by gangsters to prey upon because it is orphaned and homeless, because there is no need to worry about anyone showing up to protect and defend it. The true Self is that orphaned child within everybody. And the conditioned self is the gangster.

The conditioned masculine is an abuser of children, of women, of nature, of truth. It doesn't resolve, because it doesn't dissolve. It only rapes and kills. It goes to war for the sake of the apple. But the apple isn't real. This is how Adam is eaten by Eve. It's because he is a moron. He understands nothing. The patriarch is just as self-deluded as his victims. His reign is merely an illusion. While he believes to be eating, he is being swallowed. He may dominate and exterminate the whole world – and yet it is the world that has been eating him alive all along. And this being eaten alive includes both the living the evil and the living the evil of trying to kill off the evil. The war cannot be won. It can only be dissolved.

This is why evolving masculinity becomes suicidal. Killing to dissolve is a viable option. And it remains a viable option. Yet the more masculinity evolves, the less killing is required to dissolve. In other words, the growing capacity to dissolve undermines the urgency to destroy. This dissolving capacity is the sacred masculine. It's not Adam, it's the orphan.

## Yellow Lightning

1883 is a great mini-series. The scenery is beautiful, the music is epic, and the narration is pure poetry. And it got it all right: the coexistence of heaven and hell; the murderous nature of man; the veiling and self-veiling nature of civilization; The cruelty of nature, its indifference towards man; the loving capacity and unfathomable grief of the human heart – and the lightning nature of the spirit. Almost everyone dies in this series. And the survivors contemplate or actually commit suicide. And yet, one envies the rawness of it all, the nakedness of the experience of both the horror and the beauty of human life outside of the bubble of civilization.

In nature, man can discover his own source. Conquering nature is man's self-estrangement. creating artificial realms of technology just completes this process of alienation. Reversing this alienation, deprogramming this programming is exactly what inner spiritual work is about. Getting back to the rawness and nakedness of the human experience is getting ready to lift the veil of the experience. The narrator's poetry is the act of lifting the veil. It's spirit's lightning, enlightening nature at work. Not that this narrator has uncovered the whole truth. But he has started to see the source. Because he has started to see as the source.

It's always a breath of fresh air when you see that happening. It's just so rare. The self-estrangement has gone too far. Yet millions have watched the mini-series, and the rating is pretty high – so there must be some resonance left in people. Paradoxically, the overall bubble of 2024 not only facilitates humanity's fall into ever deeper delusion and distraction – but it also facilitates the access to tools of awakening and awakening and awakened voices. The mini series doesn't accurately reflect what occurred in 1883, it accurately reflects the stage of awakening of the writer. If it had been me, there would have been at least one fully truth-realized cowboy or Apache thrown in. But then humanity's resistance would have set in and the project would never have been financed. This is why coming across the deepest wisdom at all is highly unlikely. On paper, it's just as rare as winning the lottery.

In reality, it's inevitable, because it's magic of the highest order. I can honestly say that for many years I had no idea what I was doing – but I hardly ever went wrong when it came to seeking the right guidance and listening to the right voices among the billions. It's magic, it's the inner guru's magic, it's the invisible unfolding of any human being's only true destiny. And the speed of the unfolding has nothing to do with the number of flaws you have or with the amount of time at your disposal. It is only a matter of inner urgency. Because the urgency is the inner reflection of the inner guru's pull towards the final destiny. It has nothing to do with the character, the personality, the worldly circumstances. All of that is about to be exposed as dream material, and 1883 and 2024 and every other shitshow within time and space and you and me and spacetime itself will be erased by the lightning nature of the spirit.

## Non-Selective Dreaming

The morons in Western countries still believe to be living in free, democratic societies. This fact gives you a hint at how powerful self-deception truly is. The whole world revolves around it. And

almost every human being. Spiritual warfare is nothing but the battle against self-deception. This is why the spiritual path is so humiliating. Until the very last moment, until you finally realize that you only ever pretended to be asleep – and consequently only ever pretended to want to wake up.

The new fascism establishing itself globally is pretension perfection at play. It's not against the will of people, it is the command of the collective imperative. There is nothing mysterious about it. People don't want to be free, because to be free they would have to get rid of themselves. People don't want to live in a world of love, because love isn't selective, and people want to love and be loved selectively. People don't want to awaken, they want to be immortal in their self-deceit. Do you really think that any of the believers out there really gives a shit about god, let alone truth? Of course not. Belief is always self-service, no matter the belief. And self-service is always driven by the desire for self-deceit.

I see sheep, but no victims. Just like love and forgiveness and awakening and freedom, victimhood is deliberately misunderstood. Any being or thing appearing within consciousness is still the very consciousness within which it appears as a being or thing. If you only see it as the thing or being, you could call it a victim. But if you see that being as an appearance within pure consciousness, and pure consciousness as an appearance of awareness, you realize that you were fooled by your perception when you saw the victim. It's the nature of the human mind and the human heart to be misled. They are just appearances within consciousness. They can't possibly overlook that within which they appear.

Even humanity's main drive – the struggle for power over others – is a collective imperative powered by the profound desire for self-deceit. The whole shitshow around deities and men waging wars around the holy grail is utterly ridiculous, of course. But there is nothing wrong with it. Nothing can ever be wrong with anything. Once you awaken from consciousness, realize that consciousness has no agenda at all. Mirages are created for the sake of it. Anything created rests upon pure, unchanging beingness. For movement to appear, the peace has to be disturbed, the light has to be broken. So there is nothing wrong with imperfect worlds and ignorant beings and waging wars.

Pure beingness is pure love. The multiversal spacetime and all beings appearing within it are created by consciousness – out of pure love. But that doesn't mean that consciousness is opposed to wars. It started the war, it created the battlefield, the warriors, the weapons and the antagonistic energy fields. Love is non-selective: Any appearance is equally welcome. This is the decisive difference between truth-based and self-deceptive living. Truth-based living is living for the sake of

the journey. Self-deceptive living is living for the sake of the outcome. Which is silly, of course, because the outcome is the beginning: The destination of any content created by consciousness is contentless consciousness.

Pure consciousness walks away from itself NOW to start a war: the war of creation. But it doesn't really walk away. None of it is real. This is why we only ever pretend to be asleep, this is why we only ever pretend to be expecting something more. this is why we only ever pretend to start a war.



## Paris 2024 Olympics

Have you ever wondered why the American Indians for the most part never managed to become functional members of American society? For the same reason millions of Westerners and millions more in all parts of the world failed to properly adapt to today's world. They are every society's burden and waste. And while society likes to think of them as failures, it's usually society that failed them. And I am not talking about a bad childhood. I am not talking of the failure to adapt as a weakness or pathology, but as an inner strength. I am talking about overdosing on fentanyl at a young age instead of going to work and paying your taxes and your mortgage for 50 years as a strength of another kind. There is no shame in it, and there is nothing wrong with it.

It all comes down to two opposing forces within us, the Olympic coach and the inner guru. They are both relentless, but in very different ways. The Olympic coach pushes you towards self-control and self-improvement. The inner guru pushes you towards self-annihilation. Prioritizing the Olympic coach promises to put food on the worldly table – yet the prize to pay is that the spiritual table tends to remain empty. Trusting the inner guru to lead the way promises to deepen the human experience and to constantly extend the awareness – yet the prize to pay is that the worldly table tends to remain empty.

Few people realize that not only societies in general, but all religious and spiritual movements prioritize the Olympic coach. You obey the commandments, you perfect the sun salutation, you climb in the hierarchy, yet you certainly don't wake up. Simply because the Olympic coach is a false guru by design, and following his lead inevitably only deepens your sleep by putting a stop to all spiritual progress. Self-improvement has always been the trap people willingly fall into to avoid the truth. And any gain of control over so-called personal flaws only paths the way to the only true flaw – the spiritual standstill.

I am speaking of experience. I have always been an addict and started smoking when I was five. I wasted years fighting my flaws and remained confused about the Olympic coach versus inner guru thing until the very last day of my spiritual search. Working intensively with Jed McKenna during the days, I felt like I should stop spending the nights getting drunk with Thai bargirls and quit smoking. When I addressed the issue, Jed only said: 'Just forget about it.' He knew that it was the Olympic coach trying to get in the way. I didn't. This is why the guidance of an outer guru can be crucial when it comes to avoiding wasting time and getting to the bottom of it all.

Today, I am still a chain-smoker, and I still choose a cold beer over a glass of water any day. I would probably still not become a functional member of society if I ever left my hermitage. It's just not in the books for me. I feel with the American Indians. I feel like an American Indian. I don't fail the world. The world fails me. Yet there is no flaw in either of us and not even in failing. Not in my book. In my book, I pass, and no one and nothing is flawed, and any conflict is resolved. Because the Olympic coach has disappeared. Nevertheless, I am looking forward to the Olympic Games, though. Just like any other man of culture.

## Death and Taxes

The more progress I made spiritually, the more people lost their trust in me, so that by the time of truth realization my social life had already become history. This phenomenon isn't an exception, but the normal price to pay. People are repulsed by this thingy called truth. They are repulsed by



what they truly are. It's a challenging paradox any true seeker is going to be confronted with rather sooner than later: You are finally becoming trustworthy. While the eyes of the world look at your inner transformation with exponentially growing suspicion.

This dreamworld is best described as one overall movement away from truth. That is why the level of insanity keeps increasing. Any movement away from truth is rewarded. Any movement towards truth is punished. It's not wrong, nothing is right or wrong. It's just amazing. The collective imperative demands that you sacrifice what you truly are. It's the entrance fee. And it's the tax to pay moment by moment from birth till death. Having sacrificed the truth, you sacrifice your life for the movement away from truth. This self-sacrifice has a million faces. But they are all faces of the same will and force.

Jed McKenna once said that he didn't embark on the journey of enlightenment for his own sake. Maybe he just surrendered to the calling. If this was the case, he probably didn't even need any pain and suffering to help him overcome the egoic repulsion to sacrifice it all. As far as I know, the whole process went rather smoothly for Ramana Maharshi, too. It certainly wasn't for me. I guess there was more of me to surrender and dissolve. More suffering was necessary to overcome the unconscious programming to sacrifice the truth.

I would love to delete this website and never say another word. Do you think I want to speak as a guru and write all this shit? Certainly not. Not in this dreamworld. This stuff doesn't even belong here. It's the stuff people pay taxes to avoid. To keep going is my self-sacrifice. It's the self-sacrifice of the few faces. And they are all equally frustrated with the absurdity of the endeavour. Yet it doesn't matter. Frustration is just a fart in a windstorm. It certainly seems like the truth is on the losing end of the battle the lie is winning. Yet there is no war. The lie is winning because there is no opposing force battling it. Truth doesn't oppose the lie, it contains it. Not in a way of real content. But as masked nothingness.

This is what any exposure of any self and any world really is: Nothing but its nothingness is exposed. It's all there ever really is to expose. Needless to say that this writing is masked nothingness, too. Just like any repulsion or awakening it might evoke.

# The Wellness Spa

If you are sitting in a sauna and feeling the heat and the sweat pouring down your body, the enlightened essence is the part of you curiously watching the scenario without any bias, filter or intent. If you finally decide that it's enough and get up to leave the sauna only to realize that it is impossible to open the door from the inside, that you are trapped and destined to die from heat, your enlightened essence is still curiously watching the scenario without any bias, filter or intent. It isn't unaffected by the turn of events because it is unloving, but because it is love, and love is non-selective by nature. Unbiased awareness is you as love.

This essence of yours is not affected by birth and death, it is not affected by any appearance. It contains every appearance and disappearance. So your tragic sauna death isn't tragic at all. It sure feels dramatic. But in reality, it isn't. Nothing is. No drama is truly dramatic, because no appearance and disappearance is real. Knowing this doesn't mean that you won't scream for help and try everything to force the stuck door open. But it deeply affects your identification with the sweating human being's fight for survival. Because you see that very being as being contained within you. So its fight isn't even your fight, and its survival or death won't be yours either.

This is what all the talk about the cessation of suffering is about. Without identification, there is no suffering. Existence and compassion bring about all kinds of pain and all kinds of reactions to pain. But none of this is suffering. Suffering is only ever built around pain. Suffering appears when the pain and the reaction to pain is seen with bias, filters and intent. There is a story being built around the pain and the reaction to it, there is an identity emerging from it. This is you as selective attention, this is you as suffering, this is you as if you weren't love.

Let me give you an example. As a human being, I may be writing here to get attention or to make money or to help others wake up or, as my brother would say, simply because I am a narcissist. I may prefer getting attention over getting no attention and pleasure over pain and living over dying and whatnot. But this is all selective attention at play, this is all me as if I wasn't love. This is all associated with the dream of existence and the selective attention forced upon any incarnated being. The cow would starve to death if it spent the day watching the horizon instead of focussing on the grass. The enlightened essence has nothing to do with the particular selective attention built into me as this or that cow. It is what my selective attention was before I became a cow.

Living In a cruel and insane dreamworld like this feels like being trapped in a sauna and dying in extreme heat. The pain of compassion just breaks and takes off your skin, and there is no fixing there. Without the presence of the enlightened essence, shutting down is the only option if you want to prevent being broken down by your own suffering. Yet the deer's apparent death doesn't protect it from being eaten alive. Only using the thorn to remove the thorn, only paying attention to selective attention does. The cow must let go of the grass and turn the gaze towards the horizon until all attention is dissolved and nothing remains but the horizon of pure awareness.

## The Strength of Love

It never ceases to amaze me that all of life comes down to innumerable cycles of contraction and relaxation. The waking state is the contraction, sleep is the relaxation. Thought is the contraction, the still mind is the relaxation. Hunger, looking for food and eating are the contractions. Sitting back with a full stomach is the relaxation. Sexual desire and activity is the contraction, the orgasm is the relaxation. But with humans, things aren't that simple. Because the human mind creates attachments, aversions and identifications. So natural, acute circles of contraction and release turn into chronic circles with enduring contractions. Acute hunger turns into chronic hunger and obsessive eating, acute sexual desire turns into chronic obsession, passing thoughts turn into lasting beliefs, acute feelings turn into lasting emotions, acute pain turns into lasting suffering.

This is why the normal waking state of a regular human being tends to be full of tension, pressure and heaviness. The chronic states of contraction literally suck you dry because they use up all the energy. You are a motor permanently running at full speed. So becoming aware of the acute and especially the chronic contractions you are going through during the waking state is highly recommendable if you ever want to lift any of the unnecessary weight off your shoulders. It has nothing to do with effort, it's not about trying to change things. It's being curious about how the mind works, it's looking into the engine of life itself.

Any birth into existence is a contraction of the spirit. The inner guru is the releasing force. Without the tension built up by the various chronic contractions, there wouldn't be much to release. You might be familiar with this famous quote by Stefan Zweig:

*The strength of a love is always misjudged if we evaluate it by its immediate cause and not the stress that went before it, the dark and hollow space full of disappointment and loneliness that precedes all the great events in the heart's history.*

The same is true when it comes to the awakening of consciousness. This is why from a spiritual standpoint, you can be truly grateful for any addiction, obsession, neurosis, anxiety and suffering you may be dealing with – while any state of normalcy, compromise and trivial contentment seems rather dull and utterly unpromising. Your inner guru can do nothing with you if you are operating within inwardly or outwardly determined speed limits. You must be running close to the breaking point in order to be ready to break. And there is no release without breaking. Just like there is no breaking without maximal pressure.

Once the great release has occurred and the inner guru has replaced you as the driver, the chronic contractions are gone. Simply because the release is now automatized, so no contraction survives the day. Only the acute circles continue to appear and disappear. And that's fine, they are the juice of life. Just like the chronic circles are the fuel for spiritual liberation. Automatized release is the natural state of the true Self. Since the dreamstate itself is released, anything occurring within the dreamstate is already released. Including the former driver, the person born to experience the dreamstate. The inner guru is a very different kind of driver experiencing a very different kind of journey: an inner journey driven by the source. And he is the source. While the mind is the vehicle – the creator and the projector of the inner dreamscape onto the screen of space and time as physical existence in a physical world.

# Lucid Thinking

*"I am a cage, in search of a bird."*

— Franz Kafka

There is a huge difference between free thinking and lucid thinking. Some Buddhist schools and other Eastern traditions teach concrete ways to maximize the flexibility of the mind. You learn to play with boundaries instead of playing within boundaries, as James Carse would say. You imagine the 'impossible'. Anything goes. A mouse can eat an elephant, and your body can become a drop

of rain or the infinite universe. You as the thinker certainly lose your ground. Because everything becomes relative. You fall into the boundless, endless space of relativity.

Lucid thought is boundless and groundless, too. Only that you are not the thinker, you don't operate within the mind. You are the container of thought, the mind is contained within you. And this difference makes all the difference in the world. Because while you are still trapped within the mind, the relativity of everything can and does literally drive you nuts. This is why you are programmed and even program yourself to not think freely – losing the ground ain't fun. The flexibility of the mind endangers the integrity of the self you take yourself to be. And it exposes the absurdity of your existence. Your world can and will fall apart. And that's it. There is nothing whole to replace it. Any bigger picture, any new world, any new me to be seen is just as relative as the last one and therefore destined to fall apart as well.

This is why it is such a relief that the mind isn't all there is. That it is contained within consciousness, and that consciousness is contained within awareness. Lucid thinking is inseparable from lucid dreaming and lucid living: you are awake from the mind itself. And just like thoughts only arise within the mind, you and the world only appear to exist within the mind. It is all one big bubble of relativity, and none of it is real. Knowing this not only changes your relation to the content of consciousness. It also changes the content of consciousness. This is why lucid thinking is unlike free thinking. The stream of free thinking is contained within lucid thinking. But not vice versa. There is no lucid thinking within free thought.

That's why true freedom isn't what people think it is. In truth, there is no free mind, no free thought, no free self, no free world. There is only freedom from it all. The mind, the thought, the self, the world don't even know how they came to be. The mind minds, the thought thinks, the self selfs, and the world worlds by itself, there is no freedom in becoming. There is freedom from becoming. And that's what lucid thinking is about. That's the freedom of nondual living.

## The Wild Garden

This morning I woke up wondering what this world would look like if every human being looked at life through the eyes of his and her inner guru and lived his life accordingly. 'Chaos'. the mind says. 'Paradise', the spirit says. I think this sums it up quite well. It is chaotic now, too. But most of the

chaos we see today is created by ignorance. It is the chaotic order produced by fear and desire. The natural chaotic order of life is more like the growth of a wild garden. It's intriguing, inspiring, and surprising. It is revealing in a very different way. It does not reveal any sick motives and hidden agendas, it only reveals its loving source. The natural chaos of the wild garden is the pure expression of the source's innocent love of life.

Paradise isn't some heaven of eternal peace and divine stillness. Paradise is heaven coming to life, starting to sing, embracing to live and die. The end is built into the beginning, that's the pain of birth. Yet the screaming is singing, too, pain and pleasure have always been one. In paradise, live and death are loved as equals. Not as strangers, but as your own children, son and daughter, identical twins. This is because in paradise persons do not love as persons. They love as the source. They love as the gurus they are. They love as the love they are. And they fear nothing. Fear is born once the twins are seen as two, once love has become selective, once the source has become a stranger and death is misperceived as a danger.

In paradise, everyone is the wild garden. Pure drama, whole within itself, movement without goals, growth without time, enjoying the journey while not going anywhere. The impulse to tame the garden doesn't even arise, and any idea of building a protective wall around it seems utterly absurd. Any trace of the territorial personality has disappeared. The mind's resources aren't wasted on distinguishing twins anymore, the mind is now its own wild garden. whole and part of the whole, the source and its expression. It has returned home, it is reunited with its identical twin – the heart. As one, they see the world through the eyes of the inner guru.

The Zeitgeist of Woodstock resembles the wild garden of paradise. But it didn't originate within itself, it was a counterforce, it was reactive, it was started by a war. That's why it didn't last without the war. A truly paradisaical Zeitgeist would arise out of nowhere. Everywhere humans would have started to grow as wild gardens, and the old world order would have disappeared along with the collective fear. All authority would be internalized, all neediness would disappear, non-selective love would be the collective imperative, wisdom would blossom, people would shine as their own suns. 'Let the sunshine in' would now be 'Let the sunshine out', and the tamers, dazed by the brightness and shocked by the wildness, would crawl out of the garden and into the holes they dug for themselves, still mistaking hell for home.

# Vizekusen

If life was a river, victimhood would be a dam. One of the great gifts of spiritual awakening is that the victim disappears. Victimhood is just an appearance. Sacrifice is its reality. And it is a loving reality. There is a loving reality behind every apparent victimization. And that's not only true for the victimized. It's true for those victimizing as well. The more self-centered a being, the more it victimizes others. Yet just like all other forms of life and types of being, the self-centered being has come into existence by loving sacrifice.

Why is knowing this a gift? Because this apparent world is a nightmare of endless victimizations, and the open human heart is overwhelmed by compassion. Unless it knows its loving home underneath the apparent hell. Only then does it know an intimacy that is deeper than empathy and compassion. Only then is it able to transcend pain. Because pain, too, is but an appearance, a dam built into the river. An appearance of love, of loving sacrifice. The ignorant heart takes its own pain and the pain of others at face value. This is how it creates suffering. And war. So it just adds to the pain, but doesn't transcend or dissolve it. But this is just a matter of ignorance. Inevitably, the ignorant heart is both a victimized and a victimizing heart. But only in appearance. In reality, Only because it lacks the awareness that pain, too, is love.

Not only an altruistic life, but each and every being's existence is an expression of loving sacrifice. Existence is loving sacrifice. And death is the loving sacrifice of the loving sacrifice. The knowing heart doesn't create suffering because it understands creation, it sees how dreaming works. It doesn't take the content of the dreaming at face value, but it takes the workings of the dreaming at face value. Not in ways of universal laws, but in ways of dreaming up a universe. Not in ways of decoding the universe, but in ways of decoding the dreamt up individual. Awakening is sacrificing the delusion of individuality. The universe dissolves because self-delusion dissolves. The whole show of loving sacrifices, of life and death, of appearance and disappearance, is exposed as nothingness.

Yesterday Vizekusen became German Football Champions. As always, the interviewed players were in disbelief and said that it would take time to fully realize what they had accomplished. That full realization is never going to take place, not in a thousand years. Not because the accomplishment is too big to grasp. But because in truth, nothing has been accomplished. The only full realization to come to is that everything is nothing. There never was a championship to be won, there were no players, no fans, no games, there wasn't even a pitch. There is no universe. So any universal laws

you detect are laws of self-delusion, and any realizations you may have about yourself and your failures and accomplishments aren't realizations at all, but unconscious ways of disguising the simple fact that you do not exist.

Victimhood disguises the loving sacrifice. The loving sacrifice disguises that all is nothing. Love dreams up the mind, the mind dreams up existence. And you are the dreamer, playing pretend for no other purpose than to be playing pretend. Pain is part of playing pretense. Suffering is part of the pretension not to be playing pretense. This world of ignorance is built upon the pretension not to be playing pretense. This is why victimhood appears to be real. While the loving sacrifice remains hidden. And truth realization continues to be the absolute exception.

# Who are these people anyway?

"Every normal man must be tempted, at times, to spit on his hands, hoist the black flag, and begin slitting throats."

— **H.L. Mencken**

"All warfare is based on deception."

— **Sun tzu**

It is hard to believe that excellent articles like Who (and what) are these people anyway? can only be found on blacklisted websites. Yet that's how it is, that's the world we live in. Questioning alone makes you the enemy. But unlike the author of the article, I don't believe in the good old days. I am pretty sure that the rabbit hole runs much deeper than he likes to think. The nightmare is much worse than he can imagine. And it is much more hopeless. In fact, all is already lost. But in my book that's not bad news. After all, it's just a dream, and who doesn't enjoy a decent apocalyptic horror movie.

The author talks about banksters and the money system just like a priest would talk about demons and other forces of evil. And both are right from a dualistic standpoint. And they are not even wrong to be hoping for a better dream. The trap is the projection of the embetterment into the future. The illusion is that it requires the elimination of those forces. While in reality, those forces



don't even exist. Neither does time. It's just a dream, and not even the dreamer is real. So the elimination of those forces isn't a matter of identifying and fighting them. It is a matter of realizing that neither the dream nor the dreamer really exist.

If you don't realize that you are dealing with the content of a dream, you will empower the content one way or the other. And this is insane because you are literally sitting in a movie theatre, and while you may be determined to disempower the forces at play you dislike, you inevitably only strengthen them by perceiving the battle as real. Paradoxically, sitting back and enjoying the movie is the most empowered way of living. Always remaining aware that it is all just an illusion created by the mind is the only way to break the circle and disempower the old script.

That doesn't mean that you empower a new script. All scripts are disempowered now. The flat circle of linear time is eliminated. All stories are seen as fabrications of the mind. You are left with nothing, no time, no space, no self, no world. Nothing but pure awareness being aware of the dreamer sitting in a movie theatre watching the mind's movie. You are detached not only from the movie, not only from the mind, not only from the dreamer – you are detached from the awareness even. Repulsion has turned into appreciation, forced marriage has turned into a love affair. Nothing needs to change, nothing can really change. Change has ceased to matter. All bondage has disappeared.

That certainly doesn't mean that you stop lifting the veil off the dark side. It doesn't even necessarily mean that you stop fighting the evil fuckers. After all, you are still part of the projected movie. It just means that you are not identified with the character you are playing and not attached to the outcome of the dream. This utter detachment is the highest art of war. And it's absolutely necessary when it comes to the nightmare we are facing. 'These people' the author is talking about know your attachments better than you do. But they don't know you if you are detached. They can't deceive you if you have moved beyond belief, they can't enslave you if you have moved beyond desire and fear. 'These people' can only ever dominate within these realms, but these realms are all realms of self-deception. Only the self-deceived part of you can be subjugated. All warfare is based on deception, all nightmares are tales of self-deception.

# Bridges

I love depth just as much as regular people avoid it. The avoidance has become a collective

imperative. So much so that the bridge has been destroyed and depth has become a foreign land. Culture used to be that bridge. Today, there is only entertainment. The flat sea of entertainment. There is no depth to anyone or anything anymore. Maybe there never was. Maybe the bridge has never existed and anyone determined to escape has been forced to build it from scratch all along. It is the most likely scenario. Culture has always been the sum of individual battles against drowning in the sea of shallowness. And it has always been as hard as it is today.

Rational intelligence doesn't have any depth whatsoever. Neither does religious belief. Or patriotism. Or romantic love. All that nonsense doesn't constitute depth, but the flat sea. Your vows are vows to never build the bridge. Your heart is turned into a moat, and the mind is now a fortress. This is how humans, having started off as openings, end up as closed doors. It's not the opening itself they fear, it's the unfathomable depth of the opening, it's the unavoidable revelations it holds in store. The opening is threatening because it is the realm of the uncontrollable. Depth is endless, and once the door is opened, the bridge might as well build itself and the traveller be lost in a foreign land.

I once wasted two years having a psychoanalyst analyse the shit out of me. Focusing on psychosexual contexts is a prime example of the constant human effort not to drown in the infinity of depth, but to deepen the illusion of being in charge, and be it only by pretending to understand the self. But the rational self only ever projects its own limitations. It may prove to be a good skipper, but only of an illusory vessel within a self-designed swimming pool. It's not a big mystery, but totally obvious that your ordinary psychologists and priests haven't even begun to become the bridge. This is why they are still getting paid.

In reality, there are only three kinds of humans. Those who avoid all depth, those who have begun to become the bridge and those who have become the bridge. To me, this is the only discernment that really matters. The discernment is easy for me, but it is impossible for ordinary people. They see folks standing around some flag and singing some national anthem and they are convinced that there is true depth to the scenario. They don't know what true depth is. Simply because there is no way of knowing it without becoming the bridge. And if you don't know what true depth is, you will never know what the truth is. Because depth and truth aren't separate things. They belong together, just like the moat and the fortress.

I hate castles just as much as billions of others love them. People see majesty and beauty in them, I just see the sea of shallowness and the suffering of the slaves who had to build the fucking thing. What a waste. Far worse than having a psychoanalyst analyse the shit out of you. Far more primitive and dumb. Did you know that they always built the churches right next to the castles and

tunnels connecting the two? Churches and castles, too, have to be seen as one. One dark dungeon, one shallow grave for humanity's body, mind and soul. With his openness now buried, man himself has become the closed door. That's the waste I see. It's the bridge I miss.

# Monster Mind

The most easily observable and at the same time most consequential characteristic of humanity is that there is no collective spiritual quest whatsoever at play. The most important questions aren't even touched, they don't even arise. And anyone asking them can't help but feel like a weirdo. It can't be stressed enough how bizarre this is. How unnatural. And you can't blame society, you can't blame civilization. Society just mirrors the common human being. The lack originates in the individual hearts and minds.

Some say it's because people are busy surviving. But that's not true either. If the quest was there, it would show up at work, it would show up in your dreams, it would follow you everywhere. The real reason is far more obvious: This species has declared war on its own source. Filling the earth with his descendants, subjecting nature and establishing rule over animal and plant life, man has become the answer. And this is how the quest disappeared. This is how the truth behind the appearance was erased from his consciousness. Just look at the world religions, they are not expressions of a human quest. They are expressions of humans having become the answer. They are not openings, but closings. Establishing rule, not seeking freedom.

I like to watch crime reports on youtube. To understand normalcy, you have to take the extremes into account. If you want to investigate what it really means when two people tell each other that they love and care for each other, you have to look for an extremely challenging situation. People usually don't do that because they try to evade the truth, they try to ignore the fact that the extremes are an integral part of any normalcy. In other words: they try to subjugate the truth. This is the most consequential characteristic of humans I was talking about: It's the lying and deceiving and self-veiling for the sake of the illusion that everything is fine.

The most horrendous crimes are the sadistic tortures. Yesterday; i watched a documentary about two teens in Ireland torturing and murdering a teenage girl. Here in Cambodia, mob justice is still widespread, and I couldn't help but think that it would have been best if the girl's father had killed those boys. After all, what is to be expected from them in the future? But that's not the point here.

The point is that the lust for power is part of the answer humans have become. It's unnatural, sure, but so is subjugating nature, and subjugating each other is part of subjugating nature since we are part of nature. Your source and my source and nature's source are one. So by subjugating either part, you subjugate your own source. All lust for power is lust for self-alienation and self-deception. Enjoying to inflict pain upon others is just an extreme expression of the same collective imperative commanding the betrayal of the true Self.

Spiritual teachers like to talk about people's fear of the true Self which is no self. But they rarely talk about the desire to betray it, the lust for killing it off. At the end of the day, fear and desire are one. But if you look at humanity, it is unquestionable that the desire is predominant, while the fear remains unconscious. Normalcy can best be described as the obsession with the constant battle to establish and then abide by rule after rule. Not only collectively, but individually, too. People just love to subjugate their lives to their dominant minds, they lust for the illusion to have it all panned out. And it is this act of self-betrayal that is responsible for the elimination of the quest.

# Transcending Corruptibility

It has been so hot for the last two months that I am starting to believe that maybe the global warming myth has some truth to it after all. But that doesn't change the fact that you just can't trust any information intended for the public, simply because humans who aren't corrupt are extremely rare, and they most certainly won't be those whose voices are heard by the masses. The voices that are heard are voices of corrupted men intended to corrupt even the noblest of men. Knowing this either drives you nuts or inwards. Because disbelief alone isn't a healthy state of being. You need to turn to the incorruptible core of yourself to move beyond the energetic field of victimization and start to actively create your own narrative if you want to live a life worth living.

What is corruption? Corruption is selling out to the corruptible part of yourself. To your desires and hopes and fears, to your conditioning and to your wilful ignorance and self-veiling. Growing up, being corruptible is unavoidable, you can and will be corrupted by society and by your family and friends. Ramana Maharshi felt the urge to leave his home and walk to his beloved mountain when he was 16 – to be alone, to be able to get in touch with his incorruptible core. Breaking the spell isn't easy. Not only the world, the dualistic mind and the dualistic heart are in the way as well. The

corrupted and corrupting outer forces only mirror the inner state of corruption, the identification with dual perception and the conviction that the dream was real.

Corruptibility is an inherent part of the unawake state, and no nobility of the heart can change that. This is why so many good-hearted women fall for real assholes who turn their lives into living hells. They think their unhappy marriages are tragic love stories, but they are just being corrupted by corrupted men. Love isn't tragic, corruption is tragic. And it is tragic not because it is unhappy, but because there is an incorruptible core within waiting to be touched, waiting to be loved, waiting to be called home. As long as the heart is ignorant, its nobility can and will inevitably be used against its core by corruptive forces. That's the tragedy. That's the story of humanity.

Again, eventually seeing through her husband and divorcing him doesn't really free the woman. Because he was just a mirror. He was a servant, a gift sent from heaven: a wake-up call. But the call remains unheard as long as the blame game continues. Self-inquiry is called for. Lifting the veil off the corruptive forces within is called for. Breaking the spell, touching the core is called for. Yet this inner work is regularly being avoided, and so the self-veiling remains intact, and the corruptive inner forces win. The avoidance is mainly based on the unwillingness to die. After all, true inner work is a process of letting it all go, of dying in the deepest sense, and once you are completely dead, you are awake: You are alive in the deepest sense.

What I am trying to say is, don't just believe and disbelieve, start creating your own narrative. And while doing so, embrace dying. And transform every victim card into a gift card. After all, nothing is as it seems. And that includes you, too. The corrupted child wants to be free. The chains want to be turned into tools, and the eyes want to be open, open enough to play with and appreciate life as the transient dream and finite game it really is.

## Red Line Consciousness

Today they call it cancel culture, but there have always been red lines marking the boundaries of both collective and individual consciousness. Those boundaries are all made up, of course, yet no one knows this and no one wants to know it, so they become the cornerstones of the history of the world. It's a real challenge to cope with this both on the individual and on the collective level. Simply because it is so ridiculous. And so unnecessary. Yet you can't say that to people. They don't take it lightly, they fiercely protect their life stories and their identities. So you have to play along,

you have to respect those red lines and pretend that it wasn't insane to defend them with your life instead of doing everything to discard them for good.

If I saw two people fighting and asked them why and they told me that they just love a good fight and just do it for the sake of it, it would be fine. But they fight for those red lines, that's the absurdity. That's the insanity even on the personal level. Thinking and feeling and living according to red lines which are completely made up is dangerously insane, yet it's the norm. Those lines not only determine whom and what people love and whom and what they hate, they even determine whether they love or hate themselves and their own lives. So when you are hanging out with people, what you are really hanging out with are very limited expressions of a very particular form of consciousness: the red line consciousness.

And it's not fun to hang out with. There is no free thinking, no space for surprise, no time for creativity, and even the heart is imprisoned and bound to feel according to the red lines. And by consciously or unconsciously challenging a red line, you might give reason to start a war. So sharing a couple of beers and just having a good time is only ever a good idea if two very similar expressions of red line consciousness are sharing the space. Otherwise, you are sitting on a powder keg playing with fire. And you have to keep in mind that red line consciousness never forgives or forgets. After all, it is built upon memory. And one of its main mechanisms of self-protection is that no red line violation is ever forgotten – let alone forgiven.

I'm fine, I don't drink with people. In fact, I don't hang out with people at all. I find it arduous to be around red line consciousness. One has to be vigilant for all the wrong reasons. And it's a waste of time, it's time you could have spent playing with fire. And playing with fire is rewarding enough to eliminate all neediness. At the end of the day, coming to terms with this dreamworld requires that you really grasp what red line consciousness is and how it functions. Only then can you avoid being drawn in and build your life around your own core and deal adequately with red line consciousness. Needless to say that you need to deal with the red lines within and set yourself free first to be up for the challenge to keep away from powder kegs and focus on perfecting the art of cherry picking.

## Marianne Bachmeier

Here is [my favorite youtube video](#). It's not only that I share the sympathy she received at the time

and still receives (see the youtube comments) for killing the fucker who raped and killed her 7-year-old daughter. It's also that the overall energy and determination she embodies at that moment is very similar to the one required to awaken. Only that the spiritual seeker isn't up against part of the dream, but against all of it. And deep down he knows that a gun is not going to serve the purpose of getting out. Deep down he knows that not even killing himself is going to wake him up. But if it did, he would make use of the gun with the same clarity, determination and composure Marianne Bachmeier maintained.

It's interesting how people don't condemn her as a murderer but seem to feel that she had every right to do what she did as the mother of the murdered child. A similar notion is associated with the process of awakening. There is a strong sense that it is our birthright to break the chains of the delusive state, to break free from its tyranny, to wake up from the dream. You could call it the ultimate justice. And the final verdict. You serve yourself justice by breaking the chains. And the final verdict is that you are – and have always been – free.

Had Marianne exhibited the same degree of unconditional determination to break free from the dream, she probably would have succeeded. But it's much harder to build up, and it is much harder to maintain. And you can't just buy a gun, you have to diligently work on building the appropriate weapons yourself. Because after all, the enemy is invisible. And within you. So both the battlefield and the warfare are of a very different kind. Yet you are not alone in your struggle, even if it may seem like it. There are invisible forces supporting you in your invisible battle. And there are people who can help you navigate the field and sharpen the suitable knives and walk the suitable path as they have walked it themselves and overcome the force of delusion.

But while Marianne's deed is pretty uncommon, the deed of waking up from the dream state is a million times more uncommon. Don't ask me why, I don't know. People are focused on the content of the dream, and the question whether it's real or not never even arises, so the energy is solely directed towards changing the dream content. Both the doubt with regard to the reality of life and the impulse to break the chains of deception must come from elsewhere. From a place very far away, from a place very deep within. And as long as the attention is focused on the content of the dream, the voice of that doubt is unlikely to be heard and that impulse unlikely to be felt at all. Killing your daughter's murderer, or going against the judicial system, or blaming society, or accusing some God is fine, but none of it bursts the bonds. None of it reveals any kind of truth. No impact upon its content breaks the vessel of deceit. If any breaking through is to occur, the focus must be elsewhere. The vessel of illusions and lies is to be examined. Man must be determined to get to the bottom of it all and expose the matrix of deceit. Whatever the cost to oneself. Whatever the price to be paid. And this unconditionality of determination is probably only ever developed if the dreamt-up self is fed up with itself and surrenders itself and its life not as a gift it received, but

as a loss it suffered, as a cuss and blasphemy and morbid unwholesomeness that sucks out loud and deserves to be dismantled and needs to be dissolved.

# Arts and Odds

The more aware man becomes, the more he appreciates mortality and welcomes the day he will get to exit the density and heaviness of human life. Truth realization doesn't change this fact. It does smooth things over insofar as it is relieving to know that reality is but a dream and life only appears to be happening. But overall, the dream is still heavy and dense, it is still a nightmare. And it even seems duller than before. Much duller.

For the most part, worldly happiness and content are based on the art of self-deceit. You must be able to pretend that life is an ever-fascinating journey full of limitless options and overall freedom – while sitting in a prison cell serving a life sentence without the possibility of parole. The best way to master the art of pretension is to be young, dumb and broke. The second-best way is to be old, dumb and rich. Being young and broke, you can experience freedom just by perceiving your future as an open field of possibilities – completely ignoring the fact that what really awaits you is a flat circle of endless repetition until you grow old and sick and die. Being old and rich enables you to pretend that the present isn't the same old flat circle of repetition, but the very open field of possibility the youngster dreams up. You may travel to fancy places, or eat at fancy restaurants, or start a fancy new life with a fancy new partner, and it all serves the purpose to pretend that any of it was in any way new. But it isn't. The Caribbean Sea is just water, and the caviar is just food to digest, and the new woman is the old woman, and the new life is the same old flat circle of sleep, dream and waking state, each and every fucking day.

So, dumbness is key. The art of self-deceit depends on it. And the forces interested in sustaining this matrix depend on the dumbness of people. And those forces aren't the powerful people at the top of the pyramid, they are just old, rich men dumb and corrupt enough to serve those masters. But they are not the ones pulling the strings. The game is much greater, the rabbit hole is much deeper than that. This is why letting go of everything is a spiritual imperative. If you don't let go of everything, you must remain dumbed down. Because this whole dream must be seen as one, and holding on to whatever part of it means that you remain stuck with the dumbness the matrix is built upon.



Learning the art of letting go isn't as easy as learning the art of self-deceit. Not in this matrix and culture. The determination is hard enough to develop. The execution is even harder. Because almost all the mechanisms of holding on remain hidden under veils of self-deceit, and if they are not brought to the surface, they cannot be dealt with. So for the most part it is a very subtle process requiring an infinite amount of diligence, patience and intuition. Building up the muscle of intuition is an art in itself. And it is inevitable, since your own little mind is pretty useless when it comes to uncovering the deeper parts of the rabbit hole. The human mind just isn't equipped to lift all the veils of self-deceit, simply because it is built upon self-deceit. So it is inevitable to learn to trust and interact with the deeper part of yourself, your true source and its infinite intelligence. Just like you can't get enlightened, you can't guide your way home. So, surrendering all knowledge and control and trusting the unknown, that infinite intelligence and its invisible guidance, is a major part of the whole journey of letting go.

Most people won't even admit to being dumb. But some do feel called to walk towards the unknown. The compromise is the problem. Because there is no compromise in letting go, you can't hold on to the parts you like or deem necessary. You can't even hold on to surrendering and trusting. Just like you can't get enlightened as long as you hold on to the idea and possibility of enlightenment. Because holding on to that idea and hope is now what constitutes your self, and the self can't get enlightened. You need to let go of any expectation whatsoever. And ultimately, you need to let go of letting go even. Unsurprisingly, the uncompromising wholesomeness of the process turns out to be too much for most.

## Jed McKenna

I think it is fair to say that the Cambodian Jed McKenna may have been the most successful satguru in human history. Successful not in terms of the amount of followers he attracted, but in terms of students who actually got enlightened with his assistance. And I only know him via his forums, so I have no idea how many people he worked with in private. But the success via the forums was remarkable enough. And I'm not idolizing the man, I just find it fascinating. After all, guys like Ramana Maharshi and Nisargadatta came from the same spot and even had their ashrams, but when asked how many of their students actually got it, they both just mentioned a single one. And in Ramana's case it wasn't even a student, but his own mother.

I don't think that it makes sense for anybody to try to copy another one's approach when it comes to playing the guru. But it is interesting to look at those differences and their impact. I think that the most unique characteristic of Jed was his playfulness with and love of Maya. You could tell that he didn't mind at all if a student didn't get it. It just increased his admiration for Maya. Likewise, he didn't care if anyone actually got it, he didn't see it as some sort of triumph, not on his side and not on the student's side. And this indifference wasn't just a matter of detachment from the dream. It was also a matter of deep appreciation of the sleeping state, of the awareness of the price of awakening.

Not that he didn't think that enlightenment was worth its price. But he certainly regarded the state of delusion as worth its price, too. This is why he remained playful and humorous as a guru rather than goal-oriented and strict. Paradoxically, this approach turned out to open doors which otherwise would have remained closed. The love of Maya facilitated the battle to overcome her. The appreciation of the dream made it easier to overcome it. It's quite subtle. I remember how irritated I was by Jed's love of Maya. Not only before, but even after enlightenment. But looking back, I see it as the perfect space for awakening to occur within. At least for people like me who tend to see Maya as the powerful enemy and the dreamworld as hostile territory.

Not that this perspective is wrong. It's just incomplete. It lacks its opposite. After all, Maya is both the great inhibitor and the great enabler. Deceit is both costly and rewarding, there is both loss and gain in it. The same is true for awakening. Any dream is both worth dreaming and worth awakening from. There is an inevitability to it all, an invisible thread, and a movement along that thread into and out of it all simultaneously – while nothing is happening at all. And paradoxically, equally embracing both parts of the journey seems to smooth the way home.

## Up to Nobody

I once created a forum and played the guru for a couple of weeks. One woman signed up and talked about mental breakdowns and panic attacks she tends to have whenever she happens to witness people cutting down old trees with no regard or regret whatsoever, especially when there is no good reason to do it. At first glance, one would think that the breakdown is a matter of overwhelming compassion for the tree, but I think it's a bit more complicated than that. I am dealing with issues of that kind myself, only that I don't panic. I think the panic is just a defense mechanism setting in, the panic is a protection against the threat of something deeper coming to the surface. And that something is the sheer powerlessness all incarnated beings are dealing with.

Being a bit more aware than said woman, I can tell you that being powerless regarding what others do is just one aspect of the powerlessness we are all dealing with. Life in general turns out to be uncontrollable. Man plans, God laughs. And it doesn't end there either. Our internal world is out of control, too. We can't decide whether we fall asleep at night or lay awake for hours, we can't decide what we dream about after falling asleep. And the waking state isn't up to us either. We can't decide to take a day off from thinking if we feel like we need a break from it, we can't even determine what we want to be thinking in five minutes. We can't choose what we remember and what we forget. We can't choose how we feel. We can't choose whether our body gets sick or not, whether and when we die. We can't even choose what we want. Or that we want at all.

So there is every reason to panic in order to avoid facing the reality of human life. Others react differently, but it is always the same impulse to make the unbearable bearable. I am an addict, so I drink beer. Jed was a control freak, so he established his own world of law and order. Others strive to make tons of money to feel less powerless. Some build reliable relationships. Some create the belief in an all-powerful God to feel to be part of that power. Some try to achieve enlightenment to escape powerlessness, some create the belief to have achieved enlightenment, to have overcome the powerlessness for good. But none of it really changes the reality of incarnated life, Not even enlightenment. Enlightenment is not a superpower, it's an awakening. It's not more of something, it's the falling away of everything. It's the realization that you and your life aren't real.

Before yesterday, my girlfriend's depressed thirteen-year-old son told me that he regularly contemplates committing suicide and that he would kill God and destroy the universe if he could. That anger and hatred is another way of dealing with the sheer powerlessness we are dealing with. It is murderous, but it is totally understandable. He expressed his hope that there is nothing after death. I told him that he might want to consider the possibility of surviving death and being forced to reincarnate. I talked a bit about Buddha, as a Cambodian the boy must be familiar at least with some of his teachings. And after all, extending your awareness and deepening your understanding of what you are and what life is is the only remedy that works. Whether he is going to be wanted to want to take the medicine, nobody knows.

On a personal note, I still hate any form of powerlessness just as passionately as I did when I was a kid. I'm not very mature in that regard. I surrender, but not without screaming: 'Fuck surrender!' After all, why create a state of being that forces me into surrender in the first place? Dreaming up to be me living a life only to surrender being me and surrender my life doesn't seem like a brilliant idea after all. But it may have seemed like one once upon a time, I may have wanted to be wanted to be dreamed up just to later be wanted to be wanted to awaken. While consciousness eternally

creates content, it never forgets to later delete it and cover all tracks. That's the relieving aspect of all ideas, of any dreams. And this relief is the empowering aspect of awakening.

# Up to Nobody II

Yesterday a dog with rabies appeared out of nowhere in the garden and attacked everyone, trying to bite both me and my dogs. Fortunately, the cramping in the jaw made it impossible for him to open his mouth, and he eventually ran off with no harm done. It was the first time I have ever seen a dog with rabies. He was furious and fearless and clearly utterly insane. It was up to nobody that a virus entered this young fellow's brain and caused him to go mad and destined him to die within days. This is how powerless we are as dreamed up beings. And no vaccine can truly change that.

While your mind is constantly trying to convince you that you are or can be in control, you are never in a position of power as a dreamed up being. Surrendering to the powerlessness eases things up, but it does not wake you up. Awakening is a rebellion, it's a battle with everything on the line. It's an active process leading to utter defeat – while surrender is giving in without putting up a fight. Surrender weakens the egoic stronghold and gives way to greater forces up to the point of unity consciousness. But you remain stuck within the web of consciousness. You do not wake up from the dream.

Surrendering to the whole means that you stop acting like a cause and fully accept the whole as the true cause of everything, including you and your life. It also means that you can't be the cause of your own awakening. So you can't awaken. If you wanted to awaken, you would have to turn the ship around once again, you would have to turn back to resisting. This is the optimal scenario, because it is the smoothest transition possible. The already weakened ego, the self already driven by the whole putting up a last fight, ready for the ultimate defeat.

The whole just isn't the end of the equation. It's the ultimate cause, it's the power behind all powerlessness, but it's not all we are. It's what appears within us. Just like we appear within consciousness as dreamed up beings, consciousness appears within us as what we truly are. So while surrender transcends powerlessness and reinstates the true power, awakening transcends that true power and reinstates the full truth of what we are. And consciousness is only a part of that truth. And it's not even the main part, it's the transient part. It's like looking into a mirror and becoming aware of yourself either as unmovable stillness or as the movement out of that stillness, the becoming, creation, the manifested face of pure beingness.

It's the moving face in the mirror the mind imagines to control. No wonder – after all, it's the only part of you the mind is aware of. Meanwhile, that imagination, too, is up to nobody. It is caused by the whole, just like the mind itself is. One could say that part of the whole is one big mind subdivided into an infinite number of singular minds. And this one big mind is the moving face of consciousness. But the whole is more than that. Behind the big mind, there is the big heart, and the heart, too, is subdivided into an infinite number of singular hearts. But at the same time, it is the source of consciousness. Love is the source of both the unmoving and the moving face of consciousness. It's the home you enter upon complete surrender. The singular mind returns to the big mind. And from there, it jumps into nothingness. That's the ultimate battle, that's the ultimate defeat. That's becoming the nobody everything is up to.

# The Godfather

I have been an addict all my life, and I don't see any problem with it. Not even when it comes to spiritual awakening. During the decade of intense spiritual search, I spent the daytime pursuing the truth and drank my ass off after sunset. With consciousness gradually deepening and awareness more and more extending, the drunken state started changing, too, the distinctions between different states started blurring. More and more, the self felt like a lie and the waking state felt like a drunken dream while nightly dreams turned into sober revelations, with deep sleep as their still, clear source.

Being an addict certainly helped. An addict is less likely to abandon the spiritual path. Becoming addicted to the truth is the challenge. But that is the challenge for every human being. People don't realize how addictive the delusion is, how addicted they are to the sense of self, to the drunken dream, and how much they resist the sobriety of no-self, the clarity of truth. Existence is the ultimate addiction. And the sense of self, born out of self-centered perception, is the expression of the addiction to that addiction. So sobriety isn't what people think it is. And neither is addiction.

Or autism. I just watched 'The good Doctor', a series about an autistic boy eventually becoming a successful surgeon. Not by overcoming his autism, but by learning to use it as a strength. Now, this is a series written by and for ordinary people, so it is all about the drunken dream. But if it wasn't, this could be a story of a spiritual journey with autism proving to be useful in terms of microsurgically dissecting and exposing each and every layer of the dream and eventually waking up from it. Just like Oppenheimer could be about a guy building an inner nuclear device capable of

dissolving the delusion and finding the clarity of truth. Just like Spiderman could develop the superhuman power to unravel his own web of lies and expose the mystery of existence. People love The Godfather because they love the madness of their own drunken dreams. They may be paying off the mortgage instead of buying casinos and secretly hating their enemies instead of blatantly killing them, but it's the same drama, the same karma, the same cycle of insane destiny. It has never been about good and bad or right and wrong. It has always been about the attachment to the attachment, the unwillingness to let it all go. Surgeries, like movies, are about dissecting the dream not to expose it, but to save it from disintegration, to help it survive by further concealing it. This is how ordinary life works, this is how ordinary selfs function.

It's a pity if you ask me, because without a doubt, lucid dreaming is the preferable state. You can still drink your beer, save your patient, pay your mortgage or kill your brother. You just don't get drunk anymore, simply because the apocalypse, the nuclear war has occurred, and only the truth has survived. You are not here anymore, nor is the world, so the dream is no longer intoxicating. Perception is no longer built upon ignorance; existence is no longer built upon resistance. Having overcome the ultimate addiction, the Godfather has retired. Zipping his Chianti, he watches the sunset over the Sicilian Sea, knowing that his new life won't win him an Oscar. It's not a spectacular story, it's not a story for ordinary people, this inconspicuous tale of the solitude of sanity, this timeless digestion of the freeing fruit of letting go. Yet sitting under the tree of awe, he knows nothing about loneliness. He knows nothing of people. He knows nothing of waking and sleeping. Only clarity he knows. The blurring of all boundaries, the merging of all worlds, the revelation of all things as nothing. Attachment was a mirror image. Its true face is objectless, unconfined love.

# The Shadow

I think we can all agree that the most challenging aspect of the human experience is the confrontation with the dark side. Meanwhile, from a nondual perspective, no such thing even exists. There are only different degrees of distance to unity consciousness expressing themselves as different degrees of light. Incarnation is the creation of a certain distance. The psychological development of a particular sense of self adds to that distance. So does social conditioning and the rise of a collective identity. Last but not least, the development of beliefs of all kinds further increases the distance to oneness.

So, from the perspective of unity consciousness, the differentiation between good and bad and right and wrong in itself is a matter of ignorance. The viewpoint requires a certain distance to

oneness, a certain sense of self, a certain understanding of a world and a certain set of beliefs. And since one depends on the other and all depend on the distance to oneness, the whole movement can be seen as a birth, as an incarnation, as an embodiment of a particular degree of distance to the pure light of oneness – of a particular degree of darkness, if you will. This is why believing to be good, or believing to be fighting evil, are forms of evil.

‘You must have shadow and light source both’, Rumi says in his Tree of Awe. In a way, you incarnate as your own shadow. And you then learn to walk and speak and interact as your own shadow. And the people and the worlds you interact with are also only ever their own shadows. Bodies are the shadows of beings, and beings are the shadows of pure beingness. If you call pure beingness or oneness God, then the son of God is God’s shadow. With increased distance to its source, that shadow becomes more ‘evil’: it bears less light and depends more on stealing it. He becomes more and more vampiric. But the vampiric aspect is already in place upon incarnation, otherwise we wouldn’t have to eat. And that’s because as bodies, as beings, we only ever live as shadows of ourselves.

Even nature is a world of shadows. Don’t let the shining stars delude you. Don’t let your own body, your own sense of self delude you. It is just a simulation, all of it, you, your little world and the whole universe. It’s all shadows not worth saving. Not because shadows are bad. But because they are just shadows. ‘Only full, overhead sun diminishes your shadow’, Rumi says. He doesn’t say ‘eliminates’. Because if it was eliminated, you as a being would cease to exist. Even your existence after physical death is a matter of the survival of and as your shadow. In truth, all shadows are one, and no beings exist. This is why all the evil in the world is yours, while neither you nor evil really exist.

So, what’s the soul Rumi is talking about? It’s the pure son of God, it’s the first shadow. It’s Nisargadatta’s I AM THAT born out of the I AM, destined to explore distances and thereby create the worlds of dreams. It is inevitable. Even the unbearable is inevitable. Even the deepest hells, even shitholes like the human world are part of the tree of awe. This is why awakening from consciousness altogether, exposing it all as nothing and realizing that I AM NOT is such a relief.

# The Simulation

*Questioner: ‘My world is an evil world, full of tears, toil, and pain. To explain it away by*

*intellectualizing, by putting forth theories of evolution and karma is merely adding insult to injury. The God of an evil world is a cruel God.'*

*Maharaj : 'You are the god of your world and you are both stupid and cruel. Let God be a concept — your own creation. Find out who you are, how did you come to live, longing for truth, goodness, and beauty in a world full of evil? Of what use is your arguing for or against God when you just do not know who is God and what are you talking about? The God born of fear and hope, shaped by desire and imagination, cannot be the Power That is, the Mind and the Heart of the universe.'*

Nisargadatta Maharaj, I AM THAT

While everything in existence only ever exists as a shadow of itself, it is constantly drawn towards the light of what it truly is. Without this inherent magnetism, there would be no physical evolution and no evolution of consciousness. Yet man, stupid and cruel as he is, turns this inherent (and inherently good) impulse into the evil drive to dominate, just like he turns the Power That is into the all-powerful God of his imagination. Let's take technological progress, for example. It's a natural development when it comes to intelligent species. But it's not natural that it is turned into weaponry and means of control. Or let's take intelligence itself. It's natural that things are evermore thoroughly investigated and studied and understood. But it is not natural that the investigator, the I, is excluded from the investigation.

Spiritual awakening should be a natural aspect of human development. Yet it isn't because just like the imagined God is mistaken for the true source of everything, the imagined I is mistaken for the true own identity. Both the imagined God and the imagined I are projections within the dreamstate, they are creations of the mind, not of the Mind. They don't draw you towards awakening, but they draw the impulse to awaken into the imagination. The original impulse is perverted, the dissociation from the true nature deepened. Both big Mind and big Heart remain totally obscured.

So much so that the world that is hardly reflects the Power that is at all anymore. Humanity has successfully cancelled it out for the sake of a simulation based on its imaginations. The simulation isn't even worthwhile and doesn't produce much more than technological progress which only ignites stupid hopes around artificial intelligence and immortality, stupid power games, stupid consumerism, limitless cruelty and evermore insanity, ugliness and destruction. You can't make it



up. Yet obviously you can. It's tough to look at, and it would be insane to fight it. Stand by and watch, but don't blink. Let it run right through you and into the Mind and the Heart of the universe. See it disappear right there, right now – within you.

This motherfucking dreamworld has always been dissolved. While it appears to appear. As a shadow's shadow. As a collective dream of devolution dressed up as progress, as a state of sheer insanity calling itself reason. If all the sheep and their leaders only stood up one day and finally admitted how absolutely dumb they are, it could all still change for the better. But that's never going to happen. The cult has long closed those doors for good, and fewer and fewer manage to escape. They don't even want to. Nor do they know that they could.

So what do you think the questioner did after receiving Nisargadatta's answer? Did he stop arguing and focus on finding out who he is and how he came to live and long for truth, goodness and beauty? And if not, what did he ask for, what was his true agenda? If you are not awake yet, this is the question to ask yourself. Because it is your own attachment to the state of self-deceit you are about to uncover.

# Blobs

*Diane: Mirror, mirror on the wall. Every being blob has the same components, brains, bodies, sensations, from a (attraction) to z (zeal). How can we judge another, when we are all the same? We are all each other, whether the fly on the wall or the snake in the grass. And yet, we go to war, time after time. Who are we fighting, destroying to be the finest on the wall?*

Every being blob judges and kills out of love. Even the snake will poison you out of love for its own existence. Destroying to be the finest on the wall is just another branch of that very love, an extra branch only growing in blobs that grow the reflective self the Sufis call the Nafs. But the trunk is the same. And the root of the trunk is self-deceit. From the day they are born, blobs see everything upside down. That's why love expresses itself upside down, too. Unless the touch of truth starts turning things around. Gradually, the touch turns into a tornado, leaving the trunk with its leaves and branches and roots nakedly exposed as a mirror image appearing in a passing dream, until every sense of self is gone and the whole world has disappeared.

That disappearance is now part of any appearance. So while the blob is still there, it knows it isn't. The tree is well alive, it just grows differently now. The difference isn't even visible, it's all still there after all, the roots, the trunk, the branches and leaves, the judgements, the Nafs and even some killing. Only the self-deceit is gone. So while the blob is appreciated as an expression of love, love itself has returned home. Having realized that it is insane, the blob is no longer insane. It now embraces both life and death, both appearance and dissolution equally. Killing the snake and being killed by it are now equally welcome, and the cruelty of the dreamworld is understood to be an inevitable consequence of the ignorance of lovers. Meanwhile, all is known to happen in the mind only, and the mind is known to be nothing. While the heart is absolutely free.

## Grace and Death

*If "what we see is what we get" and there's nothing more to it, what else is there to know? And what does Grace have to offer by way of explanation that takes our understanding any further? What is it that so few realise that ends all questions and seeking?*

It's your complete and utter death right now. That's grace. You are relieved of yourself. Awakening is not a matter of understanding or coming to know, it's a matter of letting it all go. Whether or not there will be anything left after all is said and done, you don't know. This concern, too, has to be let go of.

What you see is what we get when you see and get as a separate entity facing a world. But having let go of that seer, who sees and who would get something? Now that you are dead, who is the doer?

The death of the separate self is usually an awful process. Trying to explain and understand things are understandable escape mechanisms, It's the self's effort to avoid the real thing in order to survive. After all, awakening doesn't even happen in the mind or to the mind. Nor is letting go a mind exercise. Letting go is a matter of the heart. And that's where the truth is realized, too. At one point, the mind will have totally exhausted itself, and the seeker's focus will be drawn towards the heart to die.

# The Exorcist

There is an interesting video called [The Source of Souls](#) of a woman who had a near death experience at the age of seven being interviewed by a guy who has been exposing important aspects of the history of mankind for many years. Especially the game of source versus anti-source she is talking about and the important role of the pharaohs within the game. While I agree with everything both of them say, I think there is one step missing. And that is the realization that the anti-source isn't only out there, it is also within. Being deceived and deceiving yourself is the same thing. If the source is your father, the anti-source is your mother. Having been Jed McKenna's student, I got used to calling it Maya. Without Maya, we wouldn't exist as human beings.

We are born without the inbuilt capacity to distinguish deception from truth or source from anti-source. So it is fair to say that we are designed to be insane. The lady with her tarot cards talks about a feeling, an intuition guiding her, yet she also admits that this means that at times she gets it all wrong. After all, the deceiving force can manipulate that feeling. So intuition isn't the guiding principle of choice. Awareness is. Increased awareness. Not only of the deceptive forces out there. But especially of the self-deceptive force within. Intuition is a connection to the source. And just like any other connection, it is unreliable by nature. Extending self-awareness ultimately leads to the self-recognition as the source. Intuition isn't necessary anymore; any illusory distance is overcome; and what is left is the clarity of the true Self which is one with the source.

The downside is that it's game over. Because it is now clear that it is not really a game of source against anti-source, but that the anti-source is born out of the source: that it is the source pretending to be its opposite. So it is all a game of pretension, made up and played for the sake of it. Becoming aware of that cannot be undone, so if you ever want to be part of the game again, you have to do what the source does, you have to pretend. But neither the game nor its outcome nor your role in the game or the consequences of playing that role can appear to be real ever again.

It seems that the interviewed woman has been made aware of the fact that it is all a spiritual game when she died at seven years old. While the interviewer isn't aware of it. He sees the war, not the game. The game of deceit, not the truth behind it. Like a priest pointing at the devil eager to cast him out, he is trapped within his own self-deception, and since he keeps looking outside, he comes no closer to lifting the veil. The devil he is so eager to cast out of the world keeps him trapped

within the realm of deceit. The devil, the pharaoh himself creates his self-importance. It's cool, I like this warrior, his anger, his self-sacrifice, and I like to watch his videos. It's just that exorcism doesn't work because it is a case of the blind leading the blind. So his role isn't to end the game, but to keep it going, strengthening the illusion by fighting it.

Meanwhile, the interviewed lady recommends just ignoring the evil theater and enjoy your life. The problem with this is that evil tends to get into your face – and into your bones, so that you might wake up one day and realize that you have married a psychopath, or that you yourself have sold out and lost the connection to source. But you may never know. After all, most people are programmed and driven by the anti-source and happy with it, utterly unaware of the fact that the gods they surrender to are deceptive forces running their lives. Meanwhile, the original source is alive and well, too, of course, especially in children. Many people unknowingly switch between both connections non only throughout their lives, but even throughout the day.

Raising awareness is never a one way street. You inevitably get to know both your parents – as you. By becoming the source, you inevitably become the anti-source, even though it is only an appearance created by the source for the sake of playing a game.

# Not Everest

It's been 20 years of writing with no readers. Yet the urge to write is as strong as ever. Maybe it's meant as some kind of warning sign for extraterrestrials who intend to incarnate in this hell for the sake of the experience or because a member of their group got lost here. Or maybe it's just meant as an informative piece showcasing what the path to awakening and the awakened state look like in a dual hell like this. After all, it's a rare occasion. Because this hell is created and controlled by the anti-source, so once you incarnate here, you can't help but be gradually stripped of anything about you that is real and true. Some call that process childhood. But here that's just a word for being programmed and conditioned to be a force of the anti-source.

That's why sooner or later humans sell out here. They sell their souls, so to say. Refusing to do so would mean to be forced to put up a fight. A lonely battle against an army of billions, a spiritual war that seems impossible to win. Understandably, hardly anyone will even begin to dare to try. The price to pay is too high, and there is no reward at all. You just end up living a life with on-one living it and writing for no readers. The equation is all wrong now, the x to the y is gone. So the y

to the x means nothing now. Nothing means anything anymore. Not only the names, but the things themselves have disappeared. There is no-one to point to. And nothing left to do.

I am pretty busy nonetheless. Life is busy living itself. Being in hell is not a big deal. I am just tired of seeing it. I regard the physical body as an artificial eye and incarnation as being forced to look through it. And it's this force that makes the minute a lifetime takes feel like a very long time. Being here is a matter of consciousness, you are everywhere, how could you not be. Being forced to focus on it is the heavy part. If it wasn't, we wouldn't dissociate, and we wouldn't seek relief in altered states. Seen by itself, human life is an unnatural contraction. Only the bigger picture reveals that the contraction is in fact part of a natural birth. Unless you sell out. If you sell out, you become part of the contraction as part of the force of the anti-source.

The natural birth of unity consciousness and subsequently of full truth realization can occur in numberless ways, and any dreamed up world comes with its own set of opportunities and obstacles turning the journey into a unique adventure. Incarnating is pretending not to be enlightened, and awakening is pretending to get enlightened. Our nightmare seems to be particularly effective when it comes to the first part and particularly challenging when it comes to the second. It takes professional climbers to get to the peak of this mountain, I'd say. Not only because the climb is so tough. But also because there are so many signs and ways pointing and steering you into the wrong direction. The main challenge you are facing is deceit. It has to be, the anti-source can't really threaten you, after all, it isn't even real. All it can do is lead you astray. That's why the mountain you climb is a mountain of lies.

And climbing a mountain of lies sucks. There is nothing sublime about it, it's not like you are climbing Everest, it's like going through a stinky waste dump until you get to the rotten bottom of it. And that rotten bottom is the peak.

## Selling Out

Imagine a being ending up in a world in a body in a mind without any idea how he got there, where he came from and who and what he really is. Now imagine this being childishly accepting the answers he is given by others instead of inquiring and investigating the weird state of affairs for himself. That's selling out.

Now, selling out is not a conscious or unconscious choice a being makes. There is no free will involved. A being being thrown into this world is as free as a drop of rain falling onto the ground, and the being's selling out is just the way it breaks upon impact. Not selling out isn't a choice either. Refusing the given answers and continuing to question everything is just as 'scripted' as selling out is. And what we call our lives are just the consequences of the choices we haven't made. This is how impersonal the personal is at its core.

If you sell out, you inevitably spend all your life as a blind child. But since almost everybody at this particular point in time in this particular dreamworld sells out, you are in good company. Utterly unaware of your own innermost self-betrayal, you learn to take the weird state of affairs as the most normal thing in the world and to live your life with no questions asked, completely identified with your body-mind and its connections with what you perceive as the outer world. Like the drop feels connected to the other drops and considers itself to be water, you call yourself human and consider your human family to be your home.

If you don't sell out, you inevitably grow into a singular animal, and only if you keep your mouth shut will the other drops consider you as water. But you are not, and you know it. The life as a drop lives itself while you are the eyes to it, the eyes wide open. And when you say what you see, the children feel betrayed by you. Being reminded of how weird their own state of affairs really is only hurts. But it doesn't change the script. This is why the masses avoid any reminders. Rightly so. The avoidance is scripted. Dying blindly is what's meant to be. Only the singular animal is out of place. And that, too, is how it's meant to be.

I remember how betrayed and repelled I felt when, after a decade with Zen and Sufism and archetypal work and the Course in Miracles and tons of inner healing, I came across Nisargadatta and Jed McKenna who told me that the world only existed in my mind and that who I thought I was was just a lie I told myself to avoid to realize that what I really was was nothing. I was almost healed, almost whole, almost enlightened – and then that! The child was ready to sell out to half-truths – while the true inquiry hadn't even begun. It was a terrible reminder. It was a total undermining of an already awful script, and I was back at square one.

And I have stayed at square one ever since. I had just made the usual mistake, I had mistaken the path towards wholeness as a matter of adding, not of shedding. And while the adding is a necessary step, it is not the last step. Getting ready for good riddance is what it is. The last step is being sold out. Good riddance, consequent disposal, utter clearance until you know yourself as what you were before you were born. Only then do you realize that you had to get back to square one because all that is left after the riddance is square one, that part of the gift of clarity is the

simplicity of it all. And there is beauty in this simplicity, there is a resolution to every mystery, and all is resolved in square one, the square that is closest to your birth, and closest to what you were before your birth and never ceased to be, the square of all squares, the I of all Is, your home as consciousness.

The awful script makes sense. Even the selling out does. It's part of the chapter called Adding. The blind child isn't meant to move closer to the truth. Not yet. It is meant to add squares, it is meant to complete the picture. Only then does the undermining begin. Premature riddance is uncalled for. Truth doesn't help unripe fruits grow; it washes away the whole tree. Because in truth, solution and dissolution are one. The ripening fruit is meant to protect itself, and self-betrayal is this protection. Selling out sounds awful, this world looks awful, living here feels awful. But if you look at it from the other side, you can't help but be in awe of the story as a whole. It doesn't add up at all when you hear the fairytale as a child. Only on your true deathbed, by means of your own dissolution, back on square one, does the bigger picture reveal itself. To no-one.

## Hitting Bottom

*Eckhart Tolle and Byron Katie both claim to have hit bottom and something snapped in them to become "awakened", yet others have crawled at the bottom and nothing happened, well maybe they just stayed stuck there or got up even energy to jump off the bridge, or, or, or. How does that work, that some get awakened and make zillions of dollars telling others how to awaken but that simply does not work for everyone. Despite the fact there is no one to awaken but they didn't know until it happened through them. Yet others who claim to be awake, still struggle with even having enough money to change a lightbulb and live like church mice, grateful for any scraps that come their way.*

A good rule of thumb is that if a spiritual teacher in this world makes zillions of dollars, it is not because he is awakened, but because he is not. If you had two ashrams side by side with Osho in one and Nisargadatta in the other, Osho's ashram would be packed with people, while only a few would be drawn towards Nisargadatta. And most of these few would be kicked rather sooner than later.

Osho had lots of spiritual powers. A deep connection with infinite intelligence, for example, and a deep sense of freedom and spiritual playfulness. And he displayed those powers in a very charismatic and entertaining way. Most spiritual teachers put on a show, and it is this show people

are impressed by. The degree of truth realization is secondary. If it matters at all. In this world, people want power, not truth. That's why Jed McKenna had to sell a Course in Manifesting to make money. If you promise a rather easy way to gain more power, people will buy it. And if that way implies lots of laughing and dancing and fucking, people will even finance your Rolls Royce fleet.

Some hit bottom and something snapped in them to become "awakened", yet others have crawled at the bottom and nothing happened, you say. I don't think that it makes much sense to generalize things this way, because everybody's journey home from separate consciousness is entirely unique, so any comparison falls short. And staying stuck there isn't necessarily a bad thing, I would say that the longer you stay stuck at the bottom, the greater the forthcoming awakening. Because awakening is a matter of velocity, and velocity is a matter of pressure.

I stayed at the bottom for years, incessantly contemplating to jump, and then felt the urge to contact Jed one last time to give it one last try. And I did so – without much hope. It only took some weeks from that point on, some minor adjustments, some minor inner work, deep breathing and the focus on the heart. His presence was crucial, I think. I thought that I was going insane. I didn't know that the mind was collapsing, how could I. Jed's (and Nisargadatta's) presence definitely encouraged me to not hesitate at that moment out of fear of going nuts, but to jump into sanity.

# Awakening in Hell

*Living in this world feels like living with an abusive partner, they just can't seem to stop hurling one abuse after another at people they pretend to represent. The G7 leaders are just such a sorry bunch.....the damage they have done is beyond comprehension. I wake up every morning, with more hatred and anger than ever. I know I am suffering, and yet, I can't seem to move through it. Tolle says, there is only one way to move through a situation where you have no control, 1. Remove yourself from the situation (sure, ok, where is there to go that is sane? 2. Surrender (how?) 3. Suffer (yep, that's where I'm at). It's not just the G7 er's, it's the masses of people who think they are doing a good job that disturbs me even more.*

I don't even know what's wrong with your increasing hatred and anger and pain. It's completely natural and humane to feel and think this way about this world. After all, things are very bad and only getting worse by the hour, and we all know it. Awakened or not, it sucks.



Suffering is a matter of trying to get rid of pain. Pain of any kind, Including the pain of powerlessness. But if you get rid of that pain, you get rid of compassion and more. Do you really want that? Why not dive deeper into the 'negative' feelings instead, there is something unexpected to discover down there.

# No Guru

I have to keep an eye on the co-writing. I crossed some lines, and it was a mistake. I don't work with spiritual students, I don't give instructions, I am not a spiritual teacher. And I don't like to talk about spiritual teachers, except those I have come to like. I don't even think that it makes sense to bring clarity into the whole business. Those who know, know. And those who don't know, have to find out for themselves. And they will if they really want to and are ready to work their way through the whole mess. But aspirants usually lack at least some degree of willingness and readiness. Consequently, they will settle with a teacher who adequately mirrors and represents that particular degree of lack. The same goes for teachers and the kind of students they attract. So, the constellation is always right.

If I wanted to be a teacher, I'd have to make some sacrifices and adjustments I don't care to make. Stop drinking, for example. Stop delving into rage. Develop infinite patience and always be respectful, loving and kind. Look through the student's eyes, not through yours, don't give away too much, only guide the student towards his own realizations. I'd have to totally reinvent myself to be and act that way. I enjoy my own flow too much to care about stagnant waters, I get frustrated and impatient with them. Besides, I am more of a boxer by nature, I like it bloody, I don't like Tai Chi. In other words, I suck as a teacher. Writing is fine, the fire can burn freely, any delving is welcome, all boundaries can be played with, and I can always expect to be surprised.

Humans don't realize that they are enlightened because they are enslaved by the force of delusion. Most spiritual teachers you come across have some degree of insight into and freedom from the delusional force and teach some method aimed at what Jed called waking up in the dream – not from the dream. The more you wake up in the dream, the more aware you become of a deeper layer of reality. Some call it God consciousness, or universal consciousness, or the eternal Now, or big Mind and big Heart. You can call it your home within consciousness. Yet it's not the full truth of who you are. Just to give you an impression of it, here is a summary of what full truth realization

feels like and what the dreamstate and the process of awakening look like from the truth-realized perspective:

- Just like the sense of self disappears into God consciousness, God consciousness disappears into the Absolute. So there is no self in the centre – and no God. Just like the separate self is born and dies within God consciousness, (God) consciousness itself is born and dies within the Absolute.
- Nothing means anything. Not even awakening is meaningful. You sometimes wished that something, anything at all, meant something – while you wouldn't ever want that at all.
- Pretending that anything meant something is neediness at play. Meanwhile, neediness is also pretended. It must be pretended for stillness to appear as motion.
- The core of all pretension is the pretension not to know the truth. And the core of the pretension not to know the truth is the pretension not to be the truth.
- Human relationships are by far the most absurd aspect of this dream. Taken seriously, they are regressions. Understood as paradoxical play, they are both started and ended with the same enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is love in motion. Its inevitable end is love returning home.
- Compassion is love in motion, too. As long as the pretension remains unchallenged, the motion feels like pain and suffering. Whenever the veil is lifted, the notion of pain disappears and love returns home.
- The inner guru's work is to uncover the different layers of pretension. Awakening is uncovering only. Pre-awakening, play is based on the exclusion of truth. Post-awakening, the exclusion of truth is revealed as just another form of play set up by truth.
- Since beings only ever pretend not to be enlightened, acting as a spiritual teacher is the most absurd relationship to initiate. After all, what is spiritual search? It is pretending not to be enlightened by pretending to want to get enlightened. To want to know the truth is now the way to avoid knowing to be the truth.
- Pretension is not a matter of free will. Every detail of the journey has to be exactly the way it is – while it is determined by nobody. The predetermined destination of every journey is lifting the veil and returning home.
- Each predestined journey and way back home is utterly unique. Methods meant to facilitate awakening can only ever cover the common ground of the entanglement in the delusion. This is why they tend to fall short. While both the pattern of pretension and its uniqueness are dream material, each unique pattern must be revealed in its own unique way. So while there is no within and without, the veil must be lifted from within.
- Once the veil is lifted, appearance and disappearance become one. Just like seeing and not seeing and knowing and not knowing become one. The center is the Absolute, beingness is

its expansion, and consciousness in motion mirrors beingness as infinite possibility.

- Since inward and outward don't really exist, pretending not to be the truth and being deluded into believing to be something other than truth are the same thing. Maya, the force of delusion, isn't your enemy, she is your daughter. Adopted maybe, but still. So humanity being enslaved by the adopted daughter isn't a process of victimization, but a process of enablement: You are giving yourself the opportunity to be deluded, to appear to be enslaved.
- The Christian idea that both you and your adopted daughter are sinful creatures of this enslavement/enablement at play. It's an insane belief locking you up in a dungeon to torture you endlessly if you believe it. Yet without the belief, you wouldn't be able to dream up a trip through landscapes of guilt and hope of redemption. Your adopted daughter turns out to be the psychedelic substance within you enabling the hallucinated trip. And they are not all horror trips. Look at the fans in the stadiums at the Euro 2024, they are having a blast on LSD.
- Awakening is the relieving realization that at home, all is fine, no matter the current trip. Any mess is just a temporary appearance of a dreamstate destined to dissolve on its own, so it's not even worth bothering to find the culprits of the mess, let alone to clean it up. Ultimately, there isn't even anything wrong with things – or you – being a mess, it's just another psychedelic trip intriguing enough to be worth taking. Just like war. People think they want peace because they pretend not to be peace. If they realized that they are peace and will always be peace no matter what, playing war here and there just for the sake of it wouldn't seem like a bad idea anymore.
- Neediness is the trip of all trips, shared by everything in existence. In fact, existence is neediness. While creation is love. So as God you are fine, but as a created being you are screwed by design. This is why life is suffering as long as you are identified with the body and believe the world to be real, Neediness is the trip of all trips because the need within and without is infinite. And it can never be fulfilled, because if it was fulfilled, the universe would stop moving, and everything would disappear. This is what happens if you awaken, it is this disappearance of the universe. It disappears along with the self believing to be in existence.
- A major need intelligent sentient beings develop is the need for the world to reflect their own inner values. Which it hardly does. Any cry for justice, for equality, for basic humanity fades away without an echo, and the malign cancer of abuse and neglect and destruction keeps metastasizing uninhibitedly. Any decent man is utterly disgusted with his own species, and reason for hope no longer exists. So the need for hope, keeping many alive for far too long, isn't met either, our adopted daughter is clearly turning her back on us and thereby forcing us to finally realize that we were screwed all along.
- Being part of an uninhibitedly metastasizing cancer is a nightmare you wouldn't wish on your worst enemy. Yet it's the horrortrip we are hallucinating. Sugarcoating it only strengthens the

bondage by weakening the urge to break free. The toxicity of hope is something we have to enlighten ourselves about, after all, Maya is our dealer, not our doctor. Awareness is the doctor. And awakening is the remedy.

# For your own Sake

First of all, forgive as a human being. Forgive yourself everything that you have and haven't done, and forgive everyone and everything beyond you, including God and the universe and whatever has arisen and does and will arise.

Then, forgive as God. After all, you are the one who created this nightmare. Be the all-seeing eye overlooking the mess and admit that it might not have been the best of ideas to create it and repent by forgiving yourself.

Learn, you can. Undo. you can't. You can't even change the outcome. There won't be a savior, there can't be. The idea arises, creation takes place, and evolution occurs on its own. Worlds have to evolve or die. Because life is movement, and the evolutionary pull ensures that movement continues. If the pull ever ceased, life would instantly end. Even the human moron evolves, just look at modern weapons like AI. Only his consciousness hasn't evolved. That's how the zombie we see today was born. And the apocalyptic human world we see is the mirror of this inner death. Ask yourself as God: Did I really want *that*? The answer is certainly no. So, God isn't all-knowing. God is all-seeing. And all-learning. God is a moron, too. Only that God doesn't turn into a zombie. Only dreamt up beings can turn into zombies. But God isn't a being, God is the dreamer of all dreams, God is all there is, God is consciousness in motion, God is the force of evolution itself. You may have turned into a zombie in human form, but your true Self keeps learning even through that.

Not that it mattered. After all, the spirit is not out to perfect itself, but to mirror its perfect stillness as motion. A perfect world would instantly end. For life to continue, imperfection is absolutely necessary. So learning occurs for its own sake, just like motion occurs for the sake of movement, so that life can occur for the sake of life. Only to dreamt up beings can motions appear to be right or wrong, can life appear to be good or bad. Only to dreamt up beings can learning appear to matter. And it matters most when you appear to learn that truth exists and you and the universe do not. Because this is the apparent motion that closes the circle, so that you appear to wake up from it. Forgiveness opens the door to this closing because it dissolves apparent boundaries. After all, forgiving is giving, it's giving away. Nisargadatta asked his students to donate the universe in order

to wake up as pure, motionless consciousness, and to then donate consciousness itself to realize that they are the Absolute. But the human moron is having none of that. He is still busy doing other stuff. I don't know what the hell he's doing, maybe he is still trying to conquer the universe. or to develop superpowers like physical immortality, motions he would have transcended at the age of 8 or 9 if God wasn't a moron, too, and hadn't messed things up in unfathomable fashion. So, even if you are already used to see things through your robotic zombie eyes, please consider taking a billion steps back to look at it all and see what you've done and, for your own fucking sake, forgive yourself.

## For your own Sake II

For your own sake, you forgive, or donate, or let go of yourself and the universe you made up, putting an end to time and space. Once this is accomplished, you jump out of consciousness itself. Only now do you see why truth created the delusion in the first place. Merely for the sake of play, only so that nothingness can appear as something and no-one as somebody witnessing and experiencing living a life in a world.

You were unconscious and unaware of what was really going on, and now you are conscious and aware of it. You saw a whole world revolve around you and thought that life was serious and really mattered. Convinced that free choice existed, you had no doubt that you were the one behind the wheel. Consequently you were full of fear and hope, believing you could succeed or fail. Relationships not only did the trick to convince you that you were not alone, but also reflected the worthiness and unworthiness you thought you saw in yourself and others. That reflection soon meant more to you than your very life, because you were sure that you would die one day, and all that would live on of you would be that very reflection, that very memory in people's hearts and minds.

All this bullshit is gone once you see the dream for what it is. Both you as the captain of the ship you like to call your life have disappeared along with God as the captain of the cosmic fleet, and nothingness reveals itself as the uncaused cause of all there is. And one stands in awe wondering how it is possible for something at all to come out of nothing. And the awe deepens when one looks at what that something is dreaming to become. Not only time and space is being dreamed up with galaxies and planets, but even sentient beings dreaming to be living on these planets,

looking at the stars, wondering what it all means. Well, it means absolutely nothing. But that's good news. Unless you can't bear zero gravity.

And it's understandable if you can't. Only a few can ever want to spend all their money in a shop that sells absolutely nothing, but only turns the buyer himself into an empty shelf. Zero gravity can only ever be desired if the world has become too much of the burden. In other words, if the self has grown tired of itself and is ready to close its dreamed up eyes to fall out of this universe, and to then close its Godly eyes to fall out of consciousness.

# Appendicitis

"No, the serpent did not  
Seduce Eve to the apple.  
All that's simply  
Corruption of the facts.  
Adam ate the apple.  
Eve ate Adam.  
The serpent ate Eve.  
This is the dark intestine.  
The serpent, meanwhile,  
Sleeps his meal off in Paradise –  
Smiling to hear  
God's querulous calling."

Ted Hughes

Adam, meanwhile, finally realizes that they are trapped in the serpent's dark intestine and urges Eve to burn down the house they have built for themselves in the appendix and leave the valley behind to try to break free. Eve is having none of it, but only weeps silently, reminding him with every drop that she is expecting their first baby and the bank the next payment and the roof fixing before winter. Happy to see him apologize, yet still a bit worried, the serpent manipulates the loan officer to give Adam an immediate threatening call, while God makes it rain through the roof. Hanging up the phone and seeing Eve's tears and the rain drop onto the kitchen tiles, Adam, suddenly realizing the power of the forces he is up against, sinks to his knees, while Eve gets labor pains.

The baby is born, the inmates are happy, and God lets the sun shine a full day long. The bill of the Maya Clinic still in his hand, Adam drives home. Once again, the prisoner's despair sets in and with the yearning to leave the appendix dark clouds arise, and the sky darkens, and it rains cats and dogs, and Adam loses his way and ends up off-road in the middle of the desert where the car runs out of fuel while the rain stops and the cold of the night sets in. Adam knows that this, too, is punishment for daring to dream to be free. He prepares to die. He knows he is utterly defeated. 'Defeat is good', the yearning whispers, 'let it all go.'

A year and a half after Adam's disappearance, Eve marries the loan officer. Her daughter Mary calls him daddy. The roof is fixed, and life is good when the phone rings. It's Adam. 'I made it', he says. 'I'm out.' But Eve knows better, she knows exactly where he is, she even handled his insurance issues and almost visited him once in the locked psychiatric ward at Maya Clinic. She gently declines his offer to help her escape, excuses herself and hangs up. But Adam didn't call from the clinic, he called from an abandoned gas station out in the desert where he had found shelter. Having learned to talk and act by the book and even begun to talk to lawyers, he had forced his discharge against medical advice. He hasn't seen people in months and doesn't miss them. He is at home within himself, as the truth of what he really is. The hierarchy is upside down now, the power is his, and the serpent and God are its force. He is free, and they are not. He is now pals with them. Not good pals, but pals. When it comes to good pals, the truth is more than enough. What else could one ask for but ultimate freedom, he wonders while making a fire to heat up a can of expired ravioli, while Eve is still on hold with her phone company, eagerly waiting to bring forth the request for a new, secret number.

Adam, meanwhile, sleeps his meal off in paradise – smiling to hear the birds sing. The intestine is pretty dark and full of shit, that's true. And the appendix is obviously a dead end. Yet it is love at play, there are birds and flowers and sunsets and cold beers, and there are doors to light and keys to them hidden everywhere, even within the darkest layers of the appendix. You have to go to some stinky shit, that's true, but you don't have to go anal to break free.

## Appendicitis II

The next morning, Adam discovers a ripe pumpkin in the dried out soil behind the gas station. That's God providing for me, he smiles. But he is wrong, like we all are almost all the time. It's God poisoning him with cucurbitacin, and Adam spends the night out in the cold shitting blood. The universe doesn't care about us. And how could it, it's not even real. And neither are we. In this dreamworld, loving isn't caring. It's not caring at all.

By midday, the cramps weaken, and the fever sinks, but Adam doesn't even notice. He seems gone. Maybe it's because he hasn't bothered staying hydrated. The mind is stuck on one idea. We lovingly don't give a shit about one another and about ourselves, because we ain't this, he keeps whispering. But the breaks in between these words become longer and longer, and by sunset, all thoughts have disappeared. Not knowing where or who he is, Adam is at peace. Poison isn't poison, after all, Adam was wrong once again. The universe does care. If it didn't, we'd all be immortal. Yet there is loving grace. There is death.

By midnight, it's too late to survive. Not only has the mind long exited the body. But the soul has exited the mind by now. The delirium is over, and all that's left of it is clarity. Adam watches his body he once believed to be his. The heart is still beating, but hardly. There is still life, but it's lifeless by now. It's the loving memory of an old dream. Adam notices the thought. So I can still think, he thinks. The soul has a mind after all, he thinks. The heartbeat slows down, the pauses between breaths become longer and longer. Then, all movement ceases.

It's all light now, and even his father looks like an angel. Everyone welcomes him in heaven, and doormen make way to all kinds of promising spheres. But Adam knows that there is no heaven. This is the appendix for the dead, this is part of the intestine. Adam kindly refuses to enter through any of the doors. Awareness is his shield, the truth is his authority, consciousness has eventually grown into free will, and since his will is to leave the dark heaven for good, both God and the snake must obey. And the dark intestine disappears, and the infinite cosmos of all times and all spaces opens up, and Adam is greeted by a group of free beings who treat him as family. They, too, have been through the intestine, and they look at it fondly, almost nostalgically, like you look at the vivid memory of a beloved dream.