

# **BECOMING ONESELF**

**Beyond the Pale of  
Sherwood Road**

**By Gnostic Nick**

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*“Sickness is the means by which an organism frees itself of foreign matter; so one must just help it to be sick, to have its whole sickness and break out with it, for that is its progress.”*

- Rainer Maria Rilke, from *Letters to a Young Poet*





Looking up from within a redwood copse



The redwood deck hand-built by my father



Where I sunnily seek and sustain myself



The redwood cabin and its primeval vista



The grandest of Holy Mother's guardians



How may one become oneself, and ever really know what it means to be oneself, in a society that prizes identity and possession above all else, and so pushes every person towards reductive self-definition and the accumulations of egotistic class?

What am I but what Mother Nature bequeathed to me, in league with what the One Spirit wills Itself to be through Her, the Holy Mother? What can we truly know of ourselves if such 'knowledge' is but what society compels us to believe through what it dictates is of value, purposefully discarding all that which may distract us from our conditioned purpose of production and consumption? What matters, and what is identity, if mattering is but being stuffed into prefabricated, ready-for-market boxes sold for the enrichment of the few putting most on the menu, and whom we hope may drop some sustaining morsels from their feast?

This same feast swallows up the truth of ourselves, the remaining self-knowledge little but pretense, the affected, false face of the self-salesman compelled to sell oneself for the comforts of climbing the ego class ladder, the seeming upwards climb taking us further from the deeper, undefinable truth and infinite potential of selfhood that may be forever re-created as an endlessly varied version of The One. What's most true of you and me is what may grow from within to be, sprouting from the one shared seed of heart, the climb and bend towards the warm, sunny start, the Source of eternal Self-springing.

As I've written elsewhere: *Only the silent stillness possesses perfect potentiality*. For me, this is a prime, and primeval, principle that runs in parallel with God Itself, that which may be anything and everything only because It's near nothing. The same is true of the essential in you.

Consider that for a moment. As soon as you sense something, you're restricted in your ability to sense everything else. As soon as something moves in any one direction, it must move away from every other possible direction. As soon as you apply any defining labels to yourself or anyone or anything else, you're removing the ability for that someone or something else to be anything that contradicts that label, which, when that label is thought to be absolute, is *everything else*. So it is that Oscar Wilde's "to define is to limit" may well be the most perfectly terse expression of the fundamental-most truth ever uttered, for it applies to *everything*, including you, and encompasses Spirit. Please don't be confused by my liberal use of terminology. To me, Spirit is but a synonym for God. As the *Tao Te Ching* opens: "That which can be named is not the nameless thing." Be not caught by the label or the illusion of fixed form, for the

essence of everything is energy, and energy is essentially unfixed and, through Consciousness, forever evolving through everything else. And so the most common mistake of every mind and its pretense of 'possessing truth' is to possess any false truth which contradicts this one essential truth, the truth of God, The One. God is the Self from which all self springs. And nowhere has this one of the few absolute truths of existence sprung more earnestly from my heart than whilst beyond the pale at the perimeter of this wild place.

And so *here*, after Sherwood Road runs out of asphalt, following the hairpin turn banking downhill onto the rocky decline they call Company Ranch Road, dropping down to the Noyo River, and across the metal bridge into logging land, where the trees tower high enough to give me the space between misty canopy and fern-sprawling earth to breathe and immerse

myself in the sacred silence, that which whispers to you what you are in the unspoken tongue older than time, Nick of the Hood seeks the ceaseless Source Self.

There was a shining light upon me this morning, an auspicious sign of the One Consciousness piercing the gossamer veil set between my Source Self and me, Its manifested self. The sparks of light started with a recent commune with the Golden Teacher. These white spots are like stars spotting my vision, akin to frequent flashes penetrating my perception when I pinpoint some truth in my mind, like signs of having punctured the plane between myself and my Self, cleansing the conduit between Source and Its individualization. They wish for me to know that the truest me is always free, regardless of how false forms of freedom seek to engage us all. These flashes remind me of having recently read the overlapping lesson from

electrical theory that states, quite simply, that the best conductors are those with the least resistance, nothing inhibiting their conduction. As it is with Siddhartha's river, so it is with The Way, so it is with the conducting of every current, and the relative reception of every emancipating, self-discovering type of truth: *no stony self-conception blocks the conducting current*. It happens here far more than in most places, where the great Thing at the center of myself breaks out, calling upon me to become myself; the self nearest the Self that possesses no limiting need to know and define himself, but only to be the only me that can ever be free, this singular version of Spirit.

Akin to the simple joy of receiving sunrays and listening to the coastal winds sweep up the river canyon through the soaring redwoods, it's the need of nothing that, so freed, must thereby be the truth

indeed. What may any of us know of *true* freedom when we but conflate the concept with being free to follow every whim and compulsion that comes into a mind conditioned to be thus compelled, discouraged by the perfectly-pervasive, ever-prevailing forces of profiteering *not* to seek the means to free ourselves from such bloating, debilitating dependency?

The only free customer is the customer so slim he buys nothing that he doesn't need, starting with buying the definitions and training and conservative values concocted by the conquerors writing not just the history books, but most every book set upon the shelf of most every institution conserving the status quo. And yet we, in this and most every other 'advanced nation,' believe freedom to be the opposite: the freedom of the obese customer consumed with a conditioned constancy of need, with the permanent,

desperate urgency to add more to our possessions and our emptily-expanding, egoistic self-definitions, deprived of every protection and emancipating truth that may slim us towards the Universal Self that's so near to nothing It may become anything. We're free to follow the lead of the largest overlording leeches that we've so learned to lionize that we pass our presidencies to tyrannical parasites and their plundering, pandering parades of cronies. This is so true that very few can see through the propaganda to the truth.

Truth is true relative to being forever unforced and unconditioned, and this is as true of the nature of the Tao as it is of every truth through which It flows and settles into every particular form of Itself. For people may be conquered by force, and caged in mind by sufficiently clever propaganda and indoctrination when naïvely absorbent as youths and as the

insufficiently fortified and narrowly educated, but, given sufficient pressure, all subjugating force shall invariably mount into an equal and opposite force of liberation, bending back upon itself and breaking every bounding bar. So it is that every consuming, imploding blackhole builds an equally potent star swelling through the least resistant space, seeking freeing, self-expanding explosion. And when these star-bursting flashes find their way through to *my* vision, it's as if a subsuming tsunami of unstoppable truth consumes my shoreline, and I must only remove myself from the beach, and let every egoistic sandcastle be swept away.

Whether I step outside myself or fall further into myself in such moments I cannot say, for it's as if both are true, like a rubber band being pulled in both directions, stretching to wrap around a greater sense of myself. It feels as though

I'm straddling the great current of *Now*, setting one foot upon each bank of the River of One, and sense that balance is truth is being planted upon both planes at once, inner and outer, past and present, their distinction the illusion of passing time never to be known by the current.

I write this in my meticulous penmanship in the margins of Rilke's *Letters to a Young Poet*. And so I think of his subtly gorgeous sentiments here, and the wisdom of his admonishing his correspondent not to be overeager to purge himself of his pains, for the pains of the past and the present are as intertwining threads of a single string wrapped around and drawing in the future, everything forever in the process of pulling itself into becoming itself. "The past is never dead," Faulkner said, "it's not even the past." The eternal flame carried within the breast of every being bellows with the crafting of all seemingly

separate destiny of collectively-crafted Being. And that destiny may only be *because* it passes through suffering, like being so continually crushed by all the overlording lies that learning truth is the same as *unlearning*. Pain is like a sharply cutting stone slicing at the heel of those whose legs hang over the side of their raft as they careen their way down the River of One on its return to the Sea of Source, or cutting those crossing the river to reach their next 'grass is greener' patch of earth. In the same way is every slicing stone itself polished by the perpetual pounding of bounding along the banks and cascading through its tumultuously-testing seasons. Callouses gained in every crossing become the toughness by which we may continue to cross, just as the stones are made symmetrical *not* by sitting upon the bank, but by the floods and ebbs that once seemed accursed in their relentlessness, yet ultimately reveal

themselves to be the formative forces of every fate, the tough love delivered by Nature Herself. Her adoration of all Her creation is best known by those creations only when the miseries of their makings mount into the enduring epiphanies eliciting every ecstasy. In our vulnerability, in our soft-footed ignorance, we believe that we want *only* the ecstasy, and, to our own disservice, we become too fond of the comfort that keeps us too tender to cross the river, blithely unaware that we cannot cross to know the ecstasy without the craftsman called misery, such that the wise shall come to heed the hammering.

And just as Rilke recommends, we must often seek solitude to allow the lessons that've been hammered into us by softly-enslaving, insidiously-sickening society to fully sink in, and come to reveal themselves by contrast. No call do I hear more consistently back 'in the world' than

the call to purify myself; to release myself into the wild sanctuary wherein all truth and healing are rooted. For what may you know of your mind if you cannot hear yourself think? What clarity of sight may you have if most of what you see is artificial, crafted solely to sell you the unnecessary? What can you know of your undefinable identity if everywhere you look everything and everyone is being defined? If every tree I see is but the definition of a tree, not a single tree do I truly see. Which is why, as Alan Watts reminds us, Lao Tzu spoke of knowing tones being akin to knowing deafness, and seeing in five colors being near to blindness. What 'knowing' you project upon the world is reflected back to you as myopia. The same is true of everything that you believe yourself to be, don't you see? For whatever you think that you are, I assure you, you are *so much more*, and *so much less*. Deep within you is the

*slimmest* of customers, for nearest to nothing lies everything, and *this* is God, and this is *you*, thou that likely cannot see that your 'self' is a leaf on your own tree. What foolishness to believe that the tree belongs to but one branch, and that the roots were uprooted by only one digger!

How can such a boundless tree truly be, when wired-in by propriety? What of its branching shall it never know, when hacked and hemmed for a proper show? If you allow anyone or anything else to tell you who you are, to deceptively, reductively define you, to dictate to you what's of value in life, you shall never know who you are, nor the truest life which every heart hankers for, that which forever dwells in the wild wonder lying beyond the pale of all definition, as emanating from the deepest immanence.

If it feels natural, if it's innately impelled and entirely unforced, *it's right*. Damn

propriety, expectation, financial compensation and social convention! Judge nothing by the trainable mind, only by the untrainable heart, for, now that I've moved on to reading *The Little Prince*: "It is only with the heart that one can see rightly. What's essential is invisible to the eye... The thing that is important is the thing that is not seen." What's essential is beyond the businessman's accounting, cares nothing for conceit, has no need to reign over any subjects, is compelled by more than rote work, and belongs but to the child buried in every heart, heaped upon with every 'grown-up' thing that conceals it. It's the well in the desert; the single rose that tames us; that which the mind cannot reach without the aid of the heart that it secretly serves. What irony that the heights of the mind exist so as to climb towards a mindless magnificence, like soaring into the sky after mounting

the scaffold and scaling the ivory tower,  
only to thoughtlessly leap from its ledge!

The sought seeks its revelation, found in  
the unforced head heeding the heart, in  
the release of every force restricting pure  
inspiration and its divine revelation. To  
*not* think, to let the wordless pass into  
word unwrought, *this* is the sacred self-  
reductive discipline of both the writer and  
the sage. Not to find by *looking*, but  
finding what one doesn't know they're  
looking for by *it finding them when they  
lose the need to look*. To sit still, to listen  
without labeling what's heard, to watch  
without defining what passes into one's  
perception, to observe with such  
unobtrusive purity that the materialist  
bounds of inner and outer, of mind and  
matter, of sense and knowing, of self and  
Nature collapse into one another in  
mutual recognition and the dissolution of  
division. Is this not the sacred-most art of

all revelation, the ever indefinite finding of anything most true and most real that one may seek, including one's true self?

The simplest pleasures are the most pleasing *because of their simplicity*; owing to, in contrast with the eroding edifices of egotism and material amassment that grow in girth and height commensurate with the concealing of Spirit, instead owe their worth to their *necessity*; to their nearness to an imperishable essence that eternally remains the heart of all that we seek, including the truth of ourselves. Thus do fools forever build up and over the permanent buried beneath their basement, desperately trying to trump the edifices of every other empty egotist, all to falsely cement their superiority. Yet all true self-love is Self-revelation is emancipation from devoid identification. One may come to believe that they love their identity, but that identity is but a

forever removable mask set in place as though fixed, adorned by a self that secretly knows that it's wearing an affect. The demon Ego must be unmasked before anyone may glimpse themselves *through* the looking glass, Alice, the one of pure creativity and non-rigidity, the ageless child effortlessly reflecting the truth of every fairytale, the un-primped, painfully-polished and endlessly-evolving.

*Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*, two of my reads here, throw things upon their head and defy all dry teaching and constrictive training in the attempt to strip us of our artifice, so that we may remember the wonderous, immature truth lost to every 'mature' way of thinking. Maturity is forever being a kid at play!, both Carroll and the sages say. It's as though Carroll, like Exupery, like Lao Tzu, calls for us to heed the wisdom that one who's trained how to hear has

never heard. The better trained we are the more we're wearing plastic garments forever adhering to a stiff outer shell calcified by our conditioning. We're stultified by any learning that lies about anything being locked in place, known for certain, as though set permanently upon the shore, unaware that everything shall ultimately be swept away except that part of ourselves that's inseparable from everything, and only to *this* should we cling. And yet we need not cling to It, because It eternally clings to us, *as us*. And so Spirit cries out in Carroll's own cautions: *Strip yourself bare of all that you think that you are, and walk nakedly through your kinship with all Creation, each creature a teacher with a secret truth to tell!* Those teachings are never forced, for like the truth all is revealed when we want it not, heeding only the true, causal needing, just as time is best spent only when we feel no time at all.

Place not too prideful a profit upon awareness, for only when aware of nothing for certain is one capable of finding absolutely anything. What we most need to find finds us when we're blissfully unaware that we're seeking it. For who is happy but one so engrossed in the doing that they've lost the awareness that they're doing anything at all? Thus the perfect Zen paradox of enigmatic education: *To truly know a thing one must arrive at the knowing without knowing that they're there.* It's funny that we employ the term 'simple-minded' pejoratively, for such is what the sage seeks: to see as one did as a child, and hopes to again, without analysis, adornment or qualification, but only with the pure unassuming wonder of *Alice in Wonderland*. For it's easy to complicate, difficult to simplify. Thus have I always asserted that the best philosophy reduces towards universal application, rather than

adding and specifying. Philosophy is *distillation*, not amassment; the alchemy of adding only what's necessary in order to bring the cauldron to fruition. Brilliance is in the *pith*, not the sap, which is why Oscar Wilde is peerless. "If only I'd had more time, I would've written a shorter letter," someone once insightfully said.

So as much as my social self, the pack animal in me, bids me to seek social sustenance whenever I go too long without feeding upon friendship, or at least the semblance thereof, and as much as my heart melds with the visionary power of my mind in the seeing of lost lovers and, especially, of the lovers that never came to be, and especially *she*, I know in the moments of flashing starlight bursting through my brain, in these clean, clear, effortless moments of pure, unobstructed inspiration, that Rilke is right: *The truest creation is the truest you*,

*and requires no force to make itself true.*  
This, too, is the Tao, you see, the unforced current that moves through the path of least resistance. Rilke continuously, softly hammers home the theme of solitude for this very reason: *no other self sits in the current, so it courses freely through us.* Solitude not only in place, but in mind, the art of subtracting all that may come to crowd our consciousness, displacing the essential. I recently read that ‘meditation,’ in the original Sanskrit, means ‘being unmeasured.’ Only the immeasurable truth is truest. Only the undefined self nears the Self within all.

So it is that by keeping this cabin my father has bestowed upon me the richest of gifts: *the space for my every inchoate becoming to become itself, including me.* What greater gift of necessity may one bestow upon the pure creator in anyone? Is it not the same innate wisdom that

Thoreau cultivated upon the shores of Walden Pond? Did he not bid that everyone seek the true life lost to the fabrication of conditioned lives consumed with a constancy of material, financial and egoistic covetousness? What may one know of such true, lost life when always inundated with its opposite, secretly whispering the tragic truth that human beings can become used to most anything, including lost life and false self? Is the fact that Thoreau's masterpiece resonates with more imploring clarity the noisier conventional society becomes, as do books such as *Into the Wild*, not plainly express the fact held by every heart that the sacred-most has been forsaken, and that it calls for its recovery? Only in the sacred silent stillness may the easiest, happiest happenings, the simplest, purest sentiments form into their naturally boundless formations.

And yet, I cannot but long for a future lover, envisioning her with fiery red hair, as a tarot reading foretold; she whom may mirror my mind and fire the bellows of parallel passions, but for whom I shan't be required to bend too far from myself in the process. For are not our best partners in life those with whom we most naturally find a harmonizing resonance, our innate waveforms merging to mount in might? And so I hope for her, I ready myself for her, recently interpreting the Law of Attraction to mean the unforced future attracted by the vacuum of negative space that sucks it in when we create the requisite space within ourselves for it to fit, to invisibly seed and grow into itself, just as all metaphysically comes to be. I must make myself ready, make myself worthy of her, as a god preparing an immanent temple for his goddess. In recent thoughts of mine mirroring Rilke's own writing, it's as though I'm preparing

my home to receive a most honored guest, and that, in the process, I must find the will to refuse, by any constriction of fear, identity and conventional social conditioning, to restrict myself to but one trapped corner of one room of my home. How may I know it, and know how she'll come to fit within, if so restricted? I must sweep it out, and keep firing the hearth, for she shan't enter but when it's open, warm and illuminated, fit for a goddess.

The last lover I had was preparation for the goddess, just as I hope that I helped prepare the goddess in her to receive her own god. Janessa was an astounding lover, the best of my life, bar none. Never have I been consumed in such a way, as if we both somehow knew that the song that we replayed countless times during our mutual feasting, *Hot Blooded* by *New Constellations*, was our theme song, "just a little bit more, just a little bit more..." It

was prophetic, in fact: *this can't last*. For even as it was like being borne by her into a bottomless bounty that would never end, there was too much heat to maintain, firing an unsustainable act of mutual consumption and relational annihilation. For even as the bounty seemed to be beyond measure, its end could well be measured by her need to measure it. I swear that I speak true when I say that I only knew her as my genuine lover whilst she mirrored the mentality naturally befalling one while in a place such as this, when she was effortless and natural, when expectation and conformity were nowhere to be found, disappearing into the fog encasing everything that thereafter can only identify with its innate indistinction with everything else; where there are no single trees, only the forest; when and where everything flowed of its own volition, and our courses naturally coursed into one converging current. She

prepared me for what's to come, both by proving to me that I'm worthy of what's coming, and by reinforcing the fact that the stresses of conventional society are innately unnatural, and so mercilessly, persistently pressed upon her with their manufactured force that our shared course caught a snag, and we diverged.

The disheartening hells delivered upon her as a social worker in a society in which the parasitic president pulls the funding from every publicly-funded program that might douse the inferno, the connected dependency upon a slew of rotating narcotics to blunt the pain, the pressure to 'make something of the relationship,' as if it need be anything but what it wills itself to be, to not just be with one another and naturally express affection, as in those five nights together and ten days of teasing, loving texts loaded with laurels effortlessly bestowed

upon me, everything being 'the best,' instead grating and unnaturally scraping a path *out* of these woods, as it were, then artificially paving over that path with the road of comfortable expectations leading to a 'committed relationship' such that, when I hesitated to drive it, she switched from goddess to monster in attitude and expression, suddenly treating me as a villain and conceding to the common egoistic need in such a switch to tear me down so as to make herself seem larger. The ego, you see, is the maker of such monstrosity, for it brews within the rot of the readily-rancid psyche, their pairing birthing something sickening and sinister, thence hatched from her in the need to strike me down, turning 'we'll always be friends at the least' to 'no friend so foul.' And so Yoni's Temple, wherein we'd ravenously consumed ambrosia and one another those five ethereal nights of time-suspended lust, suddenly collapsed,

Nature capitulating to the unnatural monstrosity, leaving the burdened beast to claw through the rubble seeking any remains to sustain its self-regard, like a vile vulture picking at the carcass of a once captivating creature, looking for any means to smear its self-conceptions onto its looking glass. But before that, before her body became beleaguered by toxins and a lack of rest that she refused to acknowledge, before Spirit had no choice but to surrender to sickened psyche, before truth was engulfed by ego, she was exactly what I needed. I hope I was the same for her: a stepping stone down into a grander, deeper internal temple, having burrowed beneath the monsters.

*Here* the monsters are kept at bay, set in the 'civilized land' near ten miles away, where the currently trickling Noyo River indeed meets the bays of mercilessly wind-carved Mendocino County. *This* is

the land of *natural* beings, beings whom, when one quiets one's mind and opens one's third eye, one may communicate with on a level we're trained *not* to see or hear. For animal signs are everywhere here, with no materialism to mar it. And by 'materialism' I now refer less to the associated accumulation of matter as the testament to the false worth of every person, and more to the philosophy of mechanism and accident, the prevailing system of belief amongst the 'educated' that dictates that everything came to be by sheer stupid stumble, consciousness being a matter of a strictly accidentally-arisen mechanism, evolution itself being but the meaningless mutations that take hold because they confer an advantage.

This is the premiere branching of the philosophical tree, you see (in case you're unaware): that either consciousness and existence are an accident of a coldly

uncaring universe (materialism), else Consciousness is the Source of all things, and every consciousness conducts It, and everything is endowed with existence for the innate meaning of existing (non-dual idealism). The purpose of the existential construct made from the One Source of energy and Being 'big-banging' into the *relative* separations of spacetime and matter was so that the purely energetic, formless One may endlessly experience Itself from/through infinite perspectives and Self-exploring forms. Which is why I call my imprint *Infinite of One Publishing*.

And so, freed from the mental chains of 'everything is accidental and meaningless,' from the egotism of absolute separation and identity, one may recall the awareness of ancient ancestors: that animals offer communications from the One Source whenever and however such communication doesn't conflict with

their will to survive. The priests of the past knew this innately, as I do when in my purest, mystic mindset, as was, in a bow to *The Secret History of the World*, a common capacity in the days before science and materialism narrowed knowing into what could be measured and reduced into the classifications belying the fact that all such classification is the reduction into identity of the multiplicity of the energy of One Being. Booth, the author of *The Secret History*, asserts that it's all *spiritualism*, distinct from true *spirituality*, in my estimation, in its declaration that *individual spirits* pervade the world, unseen but by those trained in the knowledge contained in the clandestine teachings of secret societies (a good book sales scheme, to be sure), those independent beings being all-powerful, and thus the authors of every fate. I say he's wrong there, and makes the same mistake of enforcing a false

divisibility of the One ironically made by the same prevailing history and belief that he counters in said book, proffering the belief in divisible 'souls' and 'afterlives,' egotism thus forcibly delivered upon a true non-dualist spirituality that knows no such separation. *The Base of Being is eternally undivided*, I say. Yet Booth's book is well worth reading for this one revelation alone (and for all connected 'food for thought'): before the falsely-enforced separations from God and all the hierarchy and absolutely distinct identities and possession of individual, damnable 'souls' codified as *religion*, before the conditioned need to confer with their phony priests pretending to guard the 'Pearly Gates' so as to frighten the constituents of Empire into obedience (for it's Empire that turns the pure spirituality of sages into religion for the sake of control, you see), humanity had nothing inhibiting its innate knowledge of

the divinity extant *everywhere*, and could read the resultant, all-surrounding signs.

I worked in mental health for four years (see *I Fell in Love in a Mental Institution*), and often reflect upon that time as core to my growth as an idealist philosopher and spiritual-but-not-religious theologian, for it taught me, among a great deal many connected lessons, that much 'delusion' is falsely labeled as such. The definition of delusion that I recall from my mental health training is: "A fixed and false belief." The massive *Webster's New World Dictionary* that we keep at this property, to compensate for the priceless lack of internet and cell coverage preventing our access to *Google* and *dictionary.com*, expands upon this definition a bit, defining 'delusion' as: "A fixed and false belief not substantiated by sensory or objective evidence." I find this to be a perfect inroad into the insights of Alice

and her companion, *The Little Prince*: 'Fixed' implies that the 'delusional person,' or 'mentally ill individual,' refuses to relinquish the belief, despite, I assure you, *immense* pressure and implicit threat. And that belief being proven 'false' by a lack of 'sensory or objective evidence' would certainly elicit the laugh that the crashed pilot so adored from his *Little Prince*, and would have some creature deep within the rabbit hole producing some pun about objectivity and sensation, like: 'Here the object *is* the subject, for only the subject is substantial when subjected to having one's toe stubbed on the object, and the sensation proves that this is so.' The fact that the mental health world clings to materialism, keeping the Prince from jumping planets before burying his saving well beneath the dry sands of 'objectivity' isn't hard to understand, of course, for must we not murder all childhood fancy if

the adult is to survive and 'thrive' in a society that teaches us to dismiss Alice's world as nonsense, the pilot as doomed?

If all the operable knowledge compelled by the profitability of the mental institution and the psychiatrist, in their repugnant partnership with Big Pharma and their interrelated need to diagnostically-define so as to properly 'treat,' is based upon the materialist paradigm, then all other paradigms *must* be 'unreal' relative to such boxing-in definitions and identifications, and the proponents of such conflicting 'false realities,' those whom experience a deeper, conventionally-conflicting, uncooperative, non-conforming reality on a daily basis, like yours truly, must be 'delusional.' And should our delusions persist, and become too great an obstacle between ourselves and the commonly-accepted materialist 'reality,' and should

we thence fail to find productive work and not fit into the boxes of conventional society, and thereby be deemed 'unfit' for that society (which is actually a *compliment*, because only insecure people need force themselves into an unnatural, boxed 'fit'), then our institutionalization approaches. Are not all the superlative people, those having the greatest influence on society, who challenge and provoke by their very nature, those *least* fitting of said society? For every moral champion compelled by their conviction, by their heart-mind allegiance, *not* fitting is the same as compelling progress, which is the same as being naturally provocative, which, these days, is much the same as refusing to kowtow to all the self-righteous political correctness and 'woke' people asleep at the wheel as an autopilot drives decency.

Don't get me wrong, *many* people require treatment, to be sure, and places such as where I worked in Central Oregon *do* provide a valuable service, and pharmacology *is* often necessary, yet it shouldn't be the only line of defense, and not all 'delusion' is truly delusional. Yet these *businesses* too readily conflate aberrant mentality with disease simply because it's profitable and confirming of their invested bias, and so they eagerly reach for the dumbing-down chemical collars which leash their patrons to a lifetime of debilitating dependency, all on the word of the diagnosing psychiatrist, and all with the pharmaceutical salesman lurking in the shadowy hallways of these often shady institutions, whispering in the ears of passing patients: *Ask your doctor.*

The ubiquity and recurrence of pharmaceutical commercials, and the *disgusting* profitability of Big Pharma,

conventional healthcare and institutions such as the one for which I worked, and the related, appalling ignorance of most people to fail to employ the *only* true means of healing chronic conditions, Mother Nature's endless cornucopia of natural medicine, especially as food in a bow to Hippocrates' well-known but poorly applied aphorism "food is medicine," and 'conventional medicine's' failure to teach such healing means because it costs them their ability to parasitically suck profits from the patrons thus disserved, tells the few morally-developed members of the public all we need to know. I, myself, was almost collared to a chemical leash in my late twenties, after a night of survivalist terror unleashed its own PTSD-induced mania, only to narrowly escape this lifetime leash when I refused to sign a waiver allowing the diagnosing psychiatrist to chain me to his will, and his pocketbook. But I'll leave

those curious about this episode to read *I Fell in Love in a Mental Institution*, and here return to the forest in which I find myself, trying to forget the artificial existence I'm escaping to become myself.

For, back in the high-and-dry desert of Bend, Oregon, the near ecological opposite of this coastal redwood retreat, I think of how my young, clever, 'realist,' hardworking hustler of a housemate would laugh at my reading animal signs. I don't blame him, really, for he came from poverty, and, like the only woman that I've ever loved, having desperately fallen for her at the aforementioned institution, what choice does he have but to follow the confluence of our American indoctrination and the indelible psychological imprint of early deprivation towards the bootstrapping conclusion that he must fight for a better life than he's ever had the privilege to know? With

every conversation we have he bids me to betray myself, thinking that he's helping me whilst confirming his worldview and defending the insecurity that I'm so good at provoking in proposing an opposing, counter-cultural, idealist perspective. It's *this* that he deigns to dismiss when he attempts to paint my doubt as 'cynicism,' when he fails to see that someone being negative about things they *know* to be negative is the same as being positive, for, by the mathematical law, a negative of a negative is a positive. And it's *this* law that I follow towards every thought, belief, action and book that I write which advocates for the fact that *hating what hurts people is the same as loving them*.

But he'll hear none of it. He can't allow himself to even *consider* the value of conviction, something as rare as integrity, much less its now mythical big brother, *honor*, in a world in which class is climbed

upon the backs of every underprivileged person and unprotected place on the planet. To him, and to most Americans that I meet, frankly, especially those identifying as conservatives, of course (for they're unwittingly *conserving* the status quo per their insidiously-indoctrinated soft enslavement), doubt and criticism are *necessarily* negative. Either people don't have time for them, and have no energy left after working all day to survive, else they lack the minds to connect the dots, else, even if they were to understand the arguments, the resultant conclusions would stand in the way of their success. My housemate sees himself as a type of moderate (for he's too smart to be conservative, but too invested to be liberal), and continually, vainly tries to convince me that I'm 'too political,' for good business, and climbing the ladder, means *having no conviction*. For, as someone who works to strike deals,

conviction stands between those whom it's in his financial interests to connect *through him*, and so having any strong beliefs that might block the bridge of business is the same as sacrificing his future. His masters have him by the balls!

Thinking of him, and of Janessa, and of Jen, the wonderful young woman I fell in love with at the mental institution, she whom haunts my dreams like a loving phantom of fathomless loss, and thinking especially of the words of Rilke, I'm compelled to reword his advice to the young poet here: *Take up your pains, they are the shovel digging for buried treasure!* Every pain that we survive, at least every pain that doesn't cause irreparable damage, is a *growing pain*. Even when we *don't* survive it, a faithful understanding of total causal necessity dictates that such a death catalyzes growth *through* our sacrifice, being subsumed by the unseen

evolution of existence. Even as I've read very little of Nietzsche, I've heard that it was his understanding of this principle that made him so fond of the Latin expression 'Amor Fati,' or 'Love Thy Fate.'

A pervasive peace is offered by a total embrace of such a faith, even without placing that faith into a divine paradigm, for such an embrace engenders what all the sages encourage: *radical acceptance*. No, this acceptance doesn't necessitate never reacting to pain or wrongdoing, and never suffering indignation, nor does it require sitting back and doing nothing when seeming misfortune befalls us, it simply means that you don't expend mental and emotional energy fighting what you now know is inevitable, because it was *meant to happen*, for everything is an unfolding of the original cause ad infinitum, and it's hubris to believe that anyone escapes the effects of necessity.

Our pains are paramount to our transformations, to our torturous transcendence, like a searing shedding of constricting skin that regrows whenever the deepest, eternal aspect of ourselves senses the coming of the next becoming.

And it's *here* that I best harness my pain, taking up my shovel to dig down into the resolutely-resistant clay soil to dig the ponds and inground garden beds that my father buries as soon as he visits, for we can't have visitors breaking their ankles. Yet he tolerates my overwhelming desire to cultivate this ground, the incomplete apple orchard at the bottom of the hill, adjacent to the now defunct premiere dwelling on the property, built by the Fins that were the first non-natives here, clearing the old-growth whose charred remains spot the now grassland once overshadowed by the burned behemoths, so that their cattle could feed. Am I not

digging for the well that *The Little Prince* led his pilot to, as though physically enacting the figurative act of seeking that most important of things hidden within? I sometimes see myself as a romantic rebel, for I sense that the romantic is he or she best able to dig down into the essence of all whilst simultaneously honoring every adored embodiment. We the few true surviving romantics, in a world in which we seem to be in the process of being selectively bred *out* of humanity (like pulled 'weeds' that would respond "is a weed not but a plant that you undervalue and derisively label with such a mendacious moniker?!"), possess the magical power of perceiving that the bottomless bounty of Mother Earth is so replete with wonder and beauty that Her gorgeous outgrowth is simultaneously ubiquitous and unique. For is not the best thing about beauty the fact that it's both universal *and* special? That it's

everywhere, in everyone and everything, yet in no two places twice? Thus may we romantics, we remnants of humanism and nature worship, adoringly obsess over every part of every incredible incarnation, every possible endowment eliciting adoration, and thereby cultivate the most fruitful of monogamous relations with any one person or place in life, whilst knowing, or at least sensing, that no one form may ever monopolize the formless aspect from which every scintillating form springs. Might *this* be the Eternal Spring then, beauty itself?

For, like Spirit, like the love that's the essence of its Star-Warring Force, beauty springs eternal, and never may the devotion to any one goddess, to any one outgrowth in place or person of the Great Mother whom ever-regrows the eternal, sacred seed of Source, grant any god the whole of the eternal, forever-refabricated

kingdom. I often think to myself, and only with my tongue pressed *partway* into my cheek, that I fall in love with every alluring woman that I meet. Every such encounter lustily-lingers long after her departure, which is almost always permanent, pressing upon me the sense that this is both an invaluable and tragic element of the existence of the romantic, and is inseparable from the pain of my pleasure. Are not each of them as petals upon *The Little Prince's* forever-unfurling flower, every flower to be protected by glass encasement, to tame and conquer us, else to be loved absently, as the Prince looks up and longs for the unseen shine? And how, despite the remonstrations of false virtue, do you know that pollination is not my greatest purpose, the flitting from one temple to another, the procreation of far more than biological offspring, but of a soaring source of love that impudently deigns to love *flowers*

more than flower, taking no heed of crosses, preachers and moralizing teachers? I am Dionysus, reborn! Or so my defined delusion says. I am Shiva, the destroyer of all boundaries between myself and every burgeoning love lost to custom, refusing to be bereft of itself! These things I know by heart before mind.

Dare I share my own secret, a very simple secret that's as emancipating as it's likely disturbing to the modern materialist tribe? *You can't be taught anything that you need to know, because you already know it.* Know you not the one true teacher forever residing in every heart? How happily he, and she, sits upon the throne of universal pronoun, whispering wordlessly to us relative to our circumstantial needs! Everything taught to you by every exterior force, form or function is always at a remove from the Holy Kingdom within, the prophet forever

dwelling within every heart, every step away from The One a step nearer to the dictator of all commensurately false truth.

As objectionable as this may sound to those so long steeped in conflicting indoctrination that its insidiousness is invisible to them, any theology that denies The One within every heart holds the scepter of the dictator, he who wears the false robes of righteousness and is committed to the grand displays whose purpose is to misdirect the gullible from seeing what it is that his robes conceal. For what could be more removed from the prophet within every heart, and what greater offense to the truth of God than proclaiming prophets to be limited to personage? And so never do anything but by *inward* bidding, else be led astray.

Never create for some outward reward, for therein lies only artifice and disappointment. No person can ever tell

you the true worth of your creation, that which is always worthy relative to the mirrors made for their self-reflection. Even praise falls flat, like glossing over the mirror, never shining back to you with the force of felt truth. As with all truth, none but the heart can tell you how true, and thus how good, any creation truly is, for that goodness is always relative to the unforced feeling following its inspiration, and none but the force of inspiration itself may reveal such an immanent truth. The best creation, like, dare I say, *this book*, comes near to creating itself, unfolding as though from inevitability, when the creator is sufficiently removed so as to allow the eternal force of creation to flow through the cleanest, least-resistant conduit of Spirit always seeking the best outlet for Its eternal re-creation. Thus is creation inseparable from spiritual practice: *Get out of your own way, so that the one universal way,*

*the Tao, may divine Itself through you, as both of you most wish.* Is succeeding in doing so not the sweetest form of success? The success of loving service to the enhanced existence of those growing *through* your creation? And so I say, in lieu of seeking credit, seek to serve life by cleaning every grimy mirror that you may. Such is the practice of spirituality always akin to cleaning and peering into the mirror reflecting identity, or the lack thereof. For if you clean the mirror well enough, and perceive yourself as clearly as possible, uninvested, un-invented, you may well begin to see *through* the looking glass, and gaze upon the greatest truth of all, the One Truth reflected in everything:

*There is no self. The self is an illusion. There are only embodiments of the Self, which Itself is beyond identity, conception and definition. Most human suffering is based upon the self, the illusion that holds*

*everything it thinks about itself in and fights to keep everything it thinks is a threat out. And all of that self-defense and all the suffering it creates lives inside the delusion of you being an independent being. This is the heart of all evil and suffering: the creating and clutching onto the conceived self that forever thereafter must bear the mass and maintenance of those illusions, causing the ego wars at the heart of every conflict, starting with the conflicts within oneself. The more you slim, reduce and refuse to build ideas of the self, and simply allow what you are to be, led by pure spiritual awareness and instinct, guided by the innermost Way, the less of an absolutely distinct self you'll believe is being reflected in the looking glass, the less you'll suffer, and the more you'll be led by the One Self. For the less that a self stands between what you think you are and the essential Self that's all there is, the more you'll Become Oneself.*



## **Afterword: The One Truth**

### **It's the Third Eye that Sees Through the Looking Glass**

Self-awareness, or 'sentience,' is a double-edged sword, and the evolution of the human race is based upon our ability to wield it. While we think of ourselves as the most advanced form of life on the planet, and in the ways of one edge of the sword *we are*, the other edge is equally sharp, and divisively cuts us, the planet and life into painfully-separated slices. These bloody divisions not only prevent our evolution and impede upon our best abilities to use the other edge of the sword, but undermine the ability of Mother Earth to support us in the first place, imperiling humanity, life and the planet in ways that no other organism can. At the same time it's only through

evil that goodness is understood, and only through the ego that egolessness may be grasped. And so cutting oneself with one side of the sword is how we learn to wield it. So it is that humanity is now set upon an imperiling precipice in its evolution, possessing both the means to construct a great, glorious future for ourselves and the planet whilst possessing unparalleled capacities to destroy ourselves and all of that which life depends upon. And that destruction is based upon an awareness of the illusorily-independent individual, or 'self,' that's only *relatively* separated and individualized; a divine *individualization*.

Please allow me to explain. Sentience arose from a more advanced mind than anything this planet, and maybe the whole of the universe, has ever seen; a mind that's capable of doing things no other organism can. That's obvious. But no less obvious is the fact that what

becomes self-aware is thereafter afflicted with the need to know and define and make that perceived 'self' better, especially in relationship to everyone and everything else. That is, the ego, or self-conception, is hatched by sentience, or self-awareness, and, as it grows in this unsettled, ignorantly-susceptible sense of absolute separation, is perpetually afflicted with false needs related to that narrowly-defined self-conception. When there's a 'self' that perceives itself as standalone, as separate from everyone and everything else, it's necessarily the case that this isolation of perceived being creates a vulnerability that thereafter must be fortified, grown and defended, in order to prevent its own demise. One may see this as a type of egoistic survivalism, and, after physical survival, there's no more dominant drive than this egoistic survivalism: survival of the 'self.' This is the basis of all human evil and

conflict, including greed and every form of nationalism, tribalism, religiosity and every other of the near innumerable labels and categorizations that we enforce upon the world, life and one another, all of which act to artificially-broaden the gap between ourselves and any of those 'others' on the other side of those endless illusory lines, every such line being like a bloody slice from the divisive side of the sword of sentience. For each of these illusory definitions belie the spiritual, non-dualist foundation of life and all existence revealing that everything is a form of the One Thing, the One Source of all there is, the undefinable, irreducible, universal conscious energy at the Base of Being. So it is that every egoist definition enforces a division that need not exist, and which thereafter necessarily promotes every possible conflict with anyone and anything that *isn't* on the included side of that confining, excluding,

unnatural, non-spiritually-aware line. For this is what it is to near 'enlightenment:' *to know that everything and everyone is a finite, mortal form of the everlasting God.*

This One Truth is concealed with every self-definition we conceive of and apply. Every label we adhere to ourselves that never perfectly sticks, every box that we force ourselves into in which we never perfectly fit, every boundary that we build between ourselves and everything and everyone else that we deceive ourselves into believing is absolute, and made of towering steel, all of which can only ever be relative and minor compared to the underlying inseparability, all such obstacles actually made of mud that The One Truth bounds over or washes away as though they were never there, because they *weren't*... All of these egoistic exercises are inherently self-deceiving, blinding and divisive, and all of them

create a type of toxic territoriality that's at the crux of not only all human conflict, and which motivate all greed and evil action of 'mine versus yours,' but which act to conceal The One Truth forever held in heart from reaching the mind and leading our thoughts and actions. Instead, living every form of the egoist lie projects a falsely defined, limited and labeled 'reality' onto an existence that's lived entirely *within* The One, as forms of the One, whatever term you apply to It. This supreme, divine reality recognizes no definitions, labels or forms of 'realism' which deny that all things are One Thing.

When all are known to be what they are, a unique mortal manifestation of the immortal One, evolved through Mother Nature and Her holy incarnations of the One, then the crux of all conflict and spiritual blindness dissolves, and the third eyesight, spiritual sight, opens wide, and

the sight of loving light reigns. This is the driving force of our evolution: to possess the mental capacity that makes it possible to do all the amazing things we do *while* knowing and constantly practicing the truest faith of innate spiritual oneness and the denial of the conflicting ego that's at the heart of all self-centered evil, and which threatens to destroy the Holy Mother, for egoism is inherent to the greedy extraction that's endangering Her.

So it is that enlightenment exists relative to the subject having reduced their self-conception to the point where they live by and perpetually practice the sacred art of oneness at the Base of Being: We're all unique, *relatively* distinct forms of the perfectly pervasive, indistinct One. It's to *this* eternal metaphysical foundation that everything and everyone returns, and is forever remade, the holy union of Father Energy and Mother Matter, the phallus

and the womb, the meeting of the two triangles. We're untouchable and entirely invulnerable there, in the true Holy Land, the everlasting Heaven sung of by every heart. This is the answer to all conflict and all egoistic delusion and its concealment of The One Truth. Only by the holy revelations of this non-dual basis of reality, and especially by this practiced spiritual awareness and denying of all divisive ego identity, can love overgrow every division of evil built between us. And this is *not* a communist ideal. Don't let them fool you. In fact, it's about the metaphysical construct being *chosen* by God *because* it permits a limitless variety of and perspective upon the One Being. So it is that we must celebrate what the duality of One into Infinite of One means: an endlessness of perfectly unique experience for the One Being, God, experienced as infinite forms of Itself.