Spirituality for Thinkers

A Journal for the Unification of Faith

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"As far as the laws of mathematics refer to reality, they are not certain; and as far as they are certain, they do not refer to reality."

- Albert Einstein

Faith is the Foundation

Truth Existed Before Religion

Faith is the gradual lifting of fear and doubt. Finding faith is the piercing of the veil of otherness, revealing The Truth that's been in front of your face the entire time, concealed. It's a letting go of the belief that you're isolated and separated from anything else, and that the making of the world as our heart wishes is up to us alone. For 'alone' is illusion, and faith is our partnership with the primal.

I've had this fascinating series of thoughts recently, more like senses and intuitions, related to always thinking and searching for answers and reacting to my fears and worrying, and feeling like I have to have the right thoughts in my head in order to move my life in the direction that I wish for it to go. I find that these intuitions are connected to the Islamic 'submission' command. "Let go. Give into God. Let God move through you, without fighting you, such that you become one force," it seems to say. I have this image in my head of this angry, fearful, self-defending beast fighting against faith, love and divine providence, at war with God for control over the world, believing that its own will and powers are paramount. Puffed up with the pride of fearful anger, it rages against the world, trying to force its way through perceived boundaries and fight-off perceived threats. And through this mental imagery something from a film sneaks its way in. Something pertaining to pacification.

Then I realize the scene from the film that's metaphorically coloring this mental imagery: *Crocodile Dundee*. It's that scene where he holds out his hand with the thumb and pinkie extended and gets the water buffalo to submit to him; to give up its fight and resistance and go down to its knees, through a type of hypnosis. I think that I'm the water buffalo, and God is Crocodile Dundee. I think that I'm gradually giving up my fighting self-will and sinking into the quiet center of myself, where I'm guided by forces of being other than myself, my self-will, and my ability to 'figure things out.'

I realize that this surrendering and sinking into myself is the gradual finding of faith. It means knowing that you're never alone, and never the sole force behind anything that you or anyone or anything else does. Rather, you and God, The Force, are partners by your inseparable nature, and what you do you do because God is doing it through you. Reality is your convergence with God. The more that faith is possessed, the more than fear is lost, the more open of a channel that you become for God to flow through you and everything that you do. Spiritual practice strongly overlaps with electrical theory: you're just trying to clear your conductor of separating insulations so The Force flows freely through you, charging everything that you do with It.

And it should go without saying, especially if you know my writing already, and noticed the subtitle of this journal, but I'll say it anyway: When I speak of faith I speak not of religion, but of pre-religion; of what religion built itself upon, and which man erroneously specified. Religion didn't

create faith, but picked up on it. And, through the history of Empire to which religion is bound, those controlling religious institutions began dictating what it is and what it isn't, with everything specific about its powers and benefits always being a misleading illusion relative to how specific, and thus prejudicial, it is. It belongs to no one and nothing, and it animates and empowers everyone and everything. This is the difference between religion and spirituality, and between the lie and the truth. Whatever term you use to refer to the same thing, and I use countless terms, that force is with everyone always, regardless of their belief, for it's their nature, even when they're oblivious to it. Don't trip on terminology! Let go of the specific labels! Tripping on terminology is exactly what I'm talking about, because every theology uses different terms and symbols to refer to the exact same Source of everything, including every form of the truth. And the greatest peace and power may well come from surrendering our own will to that truth, allowing Its will to effortlessly move through us.

As I've written elsewhere, this sense of surrendering is one of the places where you can clearly see that every religion is building upon the same essential truth. It's the submission of Islam, the effortless action and natural divinity of Taoism, the not gripping to everything that may cause suffering of Buddhism, the surrendering to the will of God of Christianity. No doubt some version of this insight can be found in every religion and their theological texts, as it's of the foundation upon which all theology is inspired into thought. And the revelations of faith are particularly fascinating, satisfying, and even comical in the face of everything that the modern world teaches us to put our faith in: our illusions of independence and separation and the non-existence of God and the supremacy of science, for example. There's great irony in the fact that harnessing The Force isn't trying to define, corral and control it, to supplant God and become the greatest power, but from simply being in line with it, letting go of our own force of will and allowing that which always has been and always will be to course through us, we Its conductor.

Over and over again do I laugh at myself for being this serious-minded philosopher that's always digging for truth by my nature, ultimately coming to the conclusion that every thought, every conception, is a form of peering into what was always there all along, just like science, discovering some guiding phenomenon that wasn't a part of its calculations until that insight. We can gaze upon the truth, and we can harness that truth, but we can never take over that truth, or obliterate that truth, for it's the eternal within everyone and everything. What stupendous irony in the notion that the act of letting go, and opening up to everything that is, is what gives us our greatest power, and our greatest peace, and opens us up to the most love.

This flies in the face of what we're taught by the dominant paradigms of the world, the delusional ways of 'knowing' that tell us that everything is disconnected from everything else, that it's all random, that everything in existence is cold and meaningless except to the extent that we apply our own illusive meaning. These are, ironically, actually the fantasies that conceal the underlying spiritual reality of everything in existence. And we never have complete control over that spiritual reality, but we may be in league with It by letting go of our own will, allowing Its will to course freely through us, and thereby be empowered beyond anything we could ever do 'on our own,' as if we're ever alone or doing anything without being connected to the full causality at play in the world all the time, wiring it together in its endless butterflying effects. And it's no coincidence that when we let

go, when we release ourselves into the full force of ever-present faith, that's when we tend to be our most open, and loving, and grateful for everything that we receive through The One.

In conjunction with these truths, consider the fact that the term 'pagan' means being aware that divinity and nature are one, that the energy is Father, the natural matter made of energy is Mother, the primordial partnership between the phallus and the womb (the meaning of The Star of David), and that we are the offspring of their Holy Union. Consider the fact that the term 'witchcraft' was made to scare people away from everlasting truths such as this, to make the adherents of false faiths conditioned to be afraid of and target anyone whom channels The Force free of religion, usually in league with nature. Consider the fact that the term 'heresy' simply means the ability to perceive these innate truths, thereby contradicting the fabricated authority that the church and the priest pretend to have over the Divine Dominion that's everywhere and everything all the time.

If you can't worship the freest form of God, the pure white, holy light that's the unfixed essence of everything that we perceive as fixed, then you're worshipping a false notion of God, and denying every truth that the church denies you in order to make you believe that there's a divide between you, God, and your holy brethren. As with the whole history of man, these false divides were implemented to deny you the power of the purest revelation and holy union, for the sole purpose of being able to control, exploit and profit off of you. This is the very real, inconvertible truth to the movement known as 'spiritual but not religious:' that what God is will never fit into any box that any manmade authority attempts to force it into. The seams of every such box will always burst when everything that seems to make them true dissolves in the purifying truth of God's oneness.

And perhaps the greatest truth of all is that, regardless of your ability to grasp the truths of which I speak, to understand them, *they* understand *you*. And we oppose or align with them in our thoughts and actions all the time, regardless of the existence of any worded truth within our minds. That is, you don't need to always be hanging onto some thought or idea of God in order to be channeling God. In fact, as ironic as this is for a writer to say, the channeling of God is actually *reduced* in efficacy when our minds possess some limiting notion of what we're channeling. What we feel, the undefinable sense of the truths within everything, are far closer to the truth than anything that's ever spoken or written (even this!). Divine empowerment isn't a matter of education; at least, not *directly*.

Every truth in my mind has served to point me towards the primal power within me. The thoughts are never that power itself, but are, again, like designating signposts that help my mind access and, depending upon memory and how well my wording aligns with my mind at the time of revisiting that thought, to endlessly regain access to it. And never does my wording of it perfectly capture it, but it assists me in honing my mind's ability to sense, channel and partner with it, the same as you. It's a critical lesson: it's never about the words or definitions, but about what those words and definitions guide us to, and help us remember: something undefinable, unlimited by language.

This is, in fact, why so many people that are of the so-called rationalist, realist and/or scientific mindset immediately reject anything pertaining to words like 'God' and 'faith:' because those terms are so intertwined with religion in the common mind of man that he can scarcely conceive of the possibility that God and faith and the love that's inseparable from them existed long before there

was man; before there was *anything*. Anything is built *from* The Everything. Believing in God and finding faith have thus been muddled by religiosity; by forms of theology that enforce divides that don't actually exist, and that put themselves at odds with science and reason. God and faith don't do this. The artificial constructs of men do this. For clearly any truth that exists cannot be contradictory of any discipline, to the extent that such a discipline has developed sufficient capacity to reflect it.

And the inability to disentangle such things as science and God is the reason that most of those of the aforementioned mindset balk at phrases like 'finding faith,' because they conflate it with the religions that confuse and conceal faith, truth and God. So it is that our evolution will eventually grant us a perspective from which to see that the artifice and the underlying reality upon which that artificial truth and reality is pasted are not the same thing. We must unlearn what we've learned, or at least relearn it in a way where truth is known to open up possibility rather than close it in and condense it into anything limited or specific. Dominion comes to man when he releases himself of the delusion that dominion belongs to him; that he may define it or corral it in one form of faith; in one perspective upon God, The Everything. Faith comes to you when you cease from stalking it. And it takes you by the hand to a Truth that isn't coldly disengaging, but passionately enveloping.

The Snake Charmer

Label Me Fearful

Fear is autoimmunity, the protector turned into the oppressor.

What is fear, exactly? The driving force of every existence. I dare you to look closely at your life and find any aspect of it that isn't driven by some form of fear. Just because we get good at lying to ourselves, and pretending that fear doesn't exist, that fearlessness comes from forsaking fear, doesn't mean that it isn't there, dictating our thoughts and actions. For it may well be the truth that the forsaking of fear and what it's telling us means forsaking ourselves. Jung's famous line on the drives of the subconscious is actually about the fear that forever dwells within the psyche and the ego, operating with or without our awareness: "Until you make the unconscious conscious, it will direct your life and you will call it fate." Without facing fear, every life becomes a reaction to it, gradually turning that life into illusion and defeat. Of course, the defeated don't call it defeat, but define it as something else, like 'reality,' in order to accept it. Thus the illusion.

In fact, taken to its furthest extent, one can make the argument that most *thought* is driven by fear. What don't I know? What do I need to figure out? What do I need to have in order to feel complete? We're like flies forever caught in webs of thought pertaining to the need to feel safe, secure, and in a position to thrive and pursue purpose and happiness. In this context, *not* thinking, what one may call meditation, becomes a courageous act. For it takes courage to refuse to be driven by fearful thought, in which we loosen our gripping fears and seek the faith that we'll be guided by The Way, by God, through Nature, intuition, and what can be called providence. And yet, the modern world sells us a constancy of fear in order that the unsustainable profits that it depends upon may continue. So it is that any propensity for fear that's innate to us is constantly exacerbated by endless marketing: Fear not having this thing!

I've known people who are so fearful, and so afraid of facing that fear and the truth to which it may lead, that they spend their entire lives pretending that it doesn't exist, such that the buried fear just keeps compounding until it becomes the predator, and they its prey. Consciously deciding that fear is the reality that they'll never escape, or subconsciously acquiescing to its constancy, they create a self-reducing fortification against it: the maladaptation of victimization. When the victimization defense against fear embeds itself deeply enough into our psyche and ego, into our trauma and self-conception, it becomes our projection point, as with any self-conception, and it's reflected back as our reality. This is, of course, the same as confirmation bias, and in this case, it's sickening. Because when a person comes to depend upon perpetuating the identity of the victim, interpreting everything that they experience through that limiting lens, *that's* when they become the victim. Every time I have thoughts of being a victim, my heart screams: NO! That self-defense is a lie!

At its best, psychology is about facing your fear as directly as possible, so as to gain enough perspective upon it to separate yourself from it; for you to see, with as much clarity as possible, that you and it are not the same; to disentangle yourself from it so as to save yourself from the victimization of constantly acting upon fear without even knowing it, pretending it's not there. This is why, as I've written elsewhere, the best psychologist is The Golden Teacher. Cubensis is far better than any human psychologist, because it produces no dependency, requires no patronage, and yet, by spurring the consciousness to vibrate at a higher frequency, every false, fixed idea we have about ourselves and the world becomes jarred loose, unable to cling to that frequency. Because of this, we gain unparalleled insight into our psyche and our egos and every falsely fixed and finite definition that we enforce upon the world and ourselves. This is the perspective, the disintegration and separation between ourselves and everything we've come to believe, that grants us the ability to distinguish between what we most essentially are and everything that the ego, psyche, and society at large has conditioned us to believe that we are.

At its worst, psychology is about hiding from fear, and pretending like you need the services and concealing and numbing agents of the psychiatrist in order to keep fear at bay, where it belongs. But it doesn't belong at bay; for you sail upon it whether you know it or not, and pretending like it's at bay is like being imperiled by storms you can't see. For every fear is an opportunity; a lesson in disguise. And the lesson that every fear has in common is that liberation from fear comes not by running from it and pretending that it doesn't exist, not by keeping it out there, at bay, but by harnessing its imperiling force, turning it into an equal and opposite empowerment.

While attempting to possess perfect control over fear, true fearlessness, is a fool's errand, gaining perspective upon it, understanding why it exists and what it means and what it's telling you, and thereby turning it into a motivation rather than something to run from, is the truth it offers. Burying your head in the sand doesn't stop the tide from coming in. Watching the tide doesn't stop it either, but it grants you clues as to the forces that cause it, and how to harness them. Without this, you can live your entire life being slammed by waves you never saw coming. For I find that most people's lives are dominated by fear, and usually without them knowing it, and certainly without their embracing it. Most people's lives are *reactionary*, rather than proactive. Everything becomes an endless, interconnected string of defenses, insulations and false assurances that the fear is out at sea; that walls have been erected that will prevent any erosion of their impenetrable fortification. Take your head out of the sand and watch the tide, however, and you may well find a way to turn the destructive power of the sea into an ally. And it starts with one act: *acknowledgement*.

Let me tell you a secret about fear, and about what and whom we fear: when you acknowledge it and show it the love and respect that it deserves, it can't help but acknowledge and love and respect you in turn. This is how the illusive enemy is revealed to be the secret ally, whether fear itself or those whom, and that which, become enemies because of fear. I suspect it's a lot like becoming a snake charmer: turning terror into power. Most run, and would prefer to believe that the serpent isn't there in the first place. I've known many such serpents, and they all comfortably slip in and out of any skin that they can hide behind, then shed it, changing skins when caught, so as to pretend to have been something else all along. But you only learn the art of the serpent by facing and learning from

them. Running from them, or simply condemning them, only empowers them, and disempowers you in turn. But when you stand your ground and face the snake, the power you'd given the snake through your fear becomes *your* power. Where once its venom was its weapon, now the antivenom is your weapon. I suspect that this is the secret of Dionysus: Knowing the serpent turns their killing capacity into your saving capacity.

I've heard every form of denial when it comes to fear. Every tough guy that I've ever known feigns fearlessness constantly, buttressing themselves against it by telling their egos lies, and by refusing to listen to their psyches. Hey tough guys, you still think this is a secret? You still think anyone is fooled by the show of being tough? You think we don't know that acting cool and tough all the time is a reaction to the fear that you're *not* cool, and are vulnerable, just like everyone else? Do you not know that the show is an equal and opposite effect of the substance, or lack thereof? That the truth doesn't need to dress up or put on a show to compensate for what it knows that it isn't? Putting on the unceasing show of being what you're afraid you aren't is as obvious as just being what you are.

Only the naive and foolish are tricked, homie. And, ironically, the coolest, toughest guys are those whom, like you, know that they're vulnerable, but, *unlike* you, don't bury that knowledge deep down and spend their lives hiding from it and compensating for it with the politricks of the show, but have the strength, the *toughness*, to admit it. Tough guys are like perpetually terrified children telling themselves how cool they are all of the time just to avoid the fear that they may, in fact, be as vulnerable as everyone else. For ignoring the psyche and lying to the ego is like building a tower that can only topple, for all of it, no matter how soaring or grand, is built upon the unsustainable lie.

For what's psyche but the mind's rooting into the vulnerable body? The psyche is the storehouse and slave to all trauma, the defender of everything imperiling the body. And the roots of psyche are intertwined with the ego. For what's ego but the mind's awareness of itself? That is, the mind creates ideas of itself in order to defend itself from the risks, from the fears, of every form of uncertainty. Ego is the storehouse and slave to every vulnerable idea we have about ourselves. And so ego and psyche are twin elements of the self-defense born from living with ongoing risk. Unfortunately, as with autoimmunity, that defense *itself* becomes the risk, when it's overpowered from feeding on fear.

We all just want to feel safe, loved and accepted for who and what we are, without needing to lie about who and what we are, or, in my case, without needing to buy into the false realities sold by society in order to be accepted by that society and live safely within it, as myself. When I look honestly at my life, refusing to lie, with a humble gaze, I realize that I've always been ruled by fear.

I fear never being read. I fear never being loved. I fear never having my purpose recognized by anyone or anything, *other* than my heart, the only sanction I really need... I fear that my mother and father will never understand or accept me. I fear that they and the rest of my family will forever see my writing as some pathetic convergence of a naïve pipe dream, a negative attitude and the inability to accept and integrate with 'reality.' I fear that I'll never escape the tragic feeling that I don't deserve my life, because I can't afford it. I fear that I'll always be poor and unsupported in the purpose that God has whispered through my heart for as long as I can remember, since my twenties.

I fear that I'll forever be under the duress of being forced to choose between living in a society built by lies that few can see, and fitting into a position and organization in which I not only don't fit, but which will require that I pretend to fit and not see the lies for the sake of profits, or else that I continue to retreat from the false reality we're taught is the only reality, and spend my life here, in the redwoods, where I write these lines, unloved, poor, alone, yet triumphant. For what can be more triumphant than not giving into the walls slowly closing in around me, imperiling me with every fear, and yet *still* refusing to live up to some fake form of myself?

In contemplating my fear, and everything to which those fears are tied, I find an undeniable overlap exists between what we falsely separate between psychological healing and spiritual practice (every separation thought to be absolute, rather than relative, is ultimately a lie, itself based upon fear… I'm coming to that). Both of these overlapping practices pertain to the painful deconstruction that comes before every reconstruction. They're about letting go of what we think that we know about the world and ourselves; everything we white-knuckle cling to for dear, fearful life. At least I know THAT about myself, we tell ourselves. At least I know what I am, and what the world is.

And so we live lives of illusion. We are, all of us, in Plato's cave, projecting what we believe that we know onto the perceivable surface of our realities, and what's reflected back to us (from what we ourselves project) we call 'the truth.' Projectors, reflections, mirrors, through the looking glass… These images and their metaphorical implications keep revisiting me, telling me they're not done with me. They whisper to me that holiness is learning how to unlabel everything. They say that truth is about *not* projecting anything, thus seeing what's essentially there, uninvented, undefinable.

Risking over-repetition, I'll repeat a truth that many a sage has sat on, reverberating in their minds:

If you label something, you can't truly know it. When you label, you see only the label, not the thing itself. The label, the narrowing, reducing language, the definition capturing the pretense of truth, is the invisible lie that you wrap around everything you apply it to, concealing its truth. There's no truth in the label, except one as thin as the label itself. Everything returns to perhaps my favorite line ever uttered, by one of my favorite authors, Oscar Wilde: "To define is to limit." And this truth runs through another of my favorite lines, repeated throughout my writing just like Wilde's, because it hits near the uncomfortable home that 'civilization' is ruled by illusion: "All of science is a reduction of multiplicity into identity." One Source of energy, condensing into embodied matter, taking endless forms, accumulating, growing outwards from that Source, called 'cell division,' and yet, secretly, never being divided from that Source, always being of it.

That last quote is from Huxley, who borrowed it from someone else. Taken together, these two lines perfectly allude to the incalculable cost of forming beliefs around the limits of language, all in order to assuage our fears. For that's ultimately what definition is: an effect of fear. And an injustice. For consider the fact that definitions always do an injustice to those and that whom, and to which, they're applied. Because defining anyone and anything always denies them the truth and justice of being anything that contradicts that definition. Labels fix a false truth in the mind, which are then projected onto the truth, which are reflected back as the sham of truth.

Why is labeling based upon fear? Because, when we're honest with ourselves, we find that the reason that we're compelled to label, define and pretend to possess the truth about anyone or anything is because we fear it, or them. By labeling everything 'out there,' including every possible threat and competitor, we deceive ourselves into believing that they actually *are* that reduced thing; we deceive ourselves into believing that they're so small and harmless as to fit into a box. And by believing we've boxed them in, we believe we have more control over them, thus assuaging our fears, even though, ironically, the only thing we've boxed in is our own mind.

If we can capture and control something with words, we can tell ourselves it's no longer a threat. And we're all committing this injustice against everyone constantly, including ourselves. And the more separate, different and 'other' that something or someone seems to be from us, the more desperate this defining, labeling and boxing becomes. This is the building of the boundary, the walling ourselves off from every perceived threat. Again, this is the driving force of most existences, of every existence that hasn't faced and acknowledged its fears; a constancy of both conscious and subconscious self-protective, self-fulfilling prophecy. And anything and anyone violating our controlling definitions, anyone denying our illusion of knowledge and control, is immediately perceived by the at-risk psyche and ego as a threat to be torn down. Over and over again does this phenomenon rear its ugly head. It is, in fact, the cause of every wrong that every person commits against every other person: the attacking of perceived threat.

So it is that we build ourselves into our lies and constantly stay vigilant to every threat that comes knocking at our drawbridges, all in order to feel safe, and all in reaction to unfaced fears. In so doing, we never really know anyone or anything except for those we let our drawbridges down for, so to speak, and we tend only to do that when we feel like they aren't a threat, even when those people and things that challenge us the most are what we *should* be letting in. For the key to all growth and healing is to face that which frightens us, spurring growth, ultimately forcing us to relinquish the sense that we're absolutely other than anyone, leading us to the shared truth within everyone and everything. For nothing and no one may be seen in its purest, truest state whilst kept outside of our boundaries, boxed into false definitions, limited by language. And, tragically, the greater the fear, the greater the tendency to keep raising the walls.

Only with the walls down, with bridges crossing every moat, so to speak, may the truth win out. For the truth, the realest Reality, is spiritual in nature. Before we fix it with narrowing, reducing definitions, everything and everyone is a unique amalgamation of the same Source of all energy. This is an allusion to the secret teaching of the double-slit experiment: only by observing light as something, as being a fixed thing, does the light reduce itself into being a particle. Belief is the boundary, the collapsing of all possibility into a 'reality' that we turn into our guard against fear. In so doing we deny who and what they are and what we are, having erected a lie between us.

This secret metaphysical truth, that all things are forms of one thing, and that this is God, is a unifying truth so powerful that, when it finally takes over from fear, the world will remake itself. And this one core spiritual truth of universally-shared identity, the non-identity of ultimate indistinction, is impossible to see through all the walls and labels that fear erects and adheres. And

there's no aspect of human existence that isn't overruled and reduced by this causal chain: fear: definition: self-deception: dividing walls: hiding underlying truth: denying the truth as love. What greater compliment may be paid a person than to love them? None. For love is only truly evoked when the purest essence of who and what we love is truly known. This is our holy unity.

As a preceding paragraph attests, I'm as guilty of being governed by fear's causal chain as most. Alas, my awareness of its existence grants me some power over it, the first step in my liberation. When the oversized truck goes rumbling by me with the American Flag pridefully flown behind it and Trump stickers glued to its back bumper, I sense anger arise, for, to me, the truck represents the lies by which we're oppressively ruled: the lie of there being but one form of patriotism, the careless fealty to whomever currently controls government, concealing the greater form of patriotism as fealty to the best interests of the people as a whole; the lie of American supremacy taught to us from our first Pledge of Allegiance concealing the truth that there's no such thing as the best country, for every country and culture has inestimable value to offer us; the lie that a person's worth is based upon money, possession and extraction rather than how much value they add to life; the lie of freedom being a one-way street concealing the fact that positive freedom means being protected from evil. I fear the continuation of such overlording lies, that the egomaniacal, wanna-be emperors of the world will maintain their demagogic dominance, and this makes me angry, the fear thence turning the truck driver into a threat, which is how the tyrants rule me: *keeping him outside my fence*.

Thus, even as my defensive reflex is to contemptuously define the truck driver as 'conservative,' with other disparaging pejoratives often added, of course, I remind myself that it's my fear that drives the definition that drives the self-deception, and the unjust reduction of what he is by stuffing him into that definition, denying his right to be everything that doesn't fit inside that constraining box. And I'm aware that it's *his* fear that causes his conservatism, for conservatism is, largely like the religion with which it tends to overlap, based upon enhancing and exploiting fear. Conservatism means conserving the means and modes by which the wealthy and powerful retain and grow their wealth and power, the traditional modes of popular control passed from aristocracy to aristocracy all over the world. And fomenting fear is foremost in that playbook, of course, because fear of 'the other' is what keeps them outside the fence, thinking and acting small and tribal, and a population divided against itself can't mount the popular power to overthrow the emperor. But the truck driver being a victim of having his fears of 'the other' manipulated isn't the whole of who he is. And attacking him for his self-defenses only makes those defenses stronger, empowering every Trump.

Defining him as a conservative conceals the fuller truth of him, including the fact that his heart and my heart are one, and that our commonality transcends our divide. For whatever is in a person's mind, that's their illusion of truth that's being projected onto Reality, reflected back as their reality. And I'm doing the same applying the label 'conservative,' a judgment that, however true, yet conceals the greater truth of those to whom it's applied, denies them the potential to be more than such a definition, and, perhaps most importantly, denies our underlying brotherhood. For there's a critical distinction to be made here, without which human relations can only progress so far:

There's a difference between what a person has in their minds and what the person is. Spiritually, there's an underlying holy unity that can never be threatened by any falsely-dividing identity or belief, no matter how deeply embedded it is; no matter how long it's been hammered into the ego and psyche. So it is that the guiding light shines through the exercise of facing my fears, when I find maxims like:

Refraining from definition is the courage required to keep The Truth from collapsing into The Lie.

What horror, what a paltry state of being would ensue if, indeed, we *could* reduce the truth of anyone or anything to words. Not even those most certain of their definitions would want that. Can you imagine such a world, a world in which the constantly unfixed energy, the holy heart of all Being coursing through and enlivening every relatively independent being, were voided with words? Can you imagine if you could actually capture and control anything with a label? Yes, fear presses us to define and to limit so that we may limit the extent to which that fear may assail us. And yet, for anything to collapse into the reduced form of knowledge contained in our definition of it would be to make it the unreal reality that we concoct and enforce with words.

Ironically, *that's* the fantasy: the definitions and classifications. The fantasy isn't the 'idealistic' seeing of the pure potential in anyone or anything. The fantasy isn't in the knowledge that anyone can become what their hearts and minds lead them into becoming, and that what we are is undefinable, immensely complex and ever-changing. That's the innate truth of everything which the so-called realists and rationalists and scientists dictate to be the fantasy when, in truth, what *they're* peddling is the true fantasy: selling the illusion that anything may be perfectly defined; that anything may be placed into a box of words that contains anything other than the illusive approximation of the thing. It's like saying that there's no difference between the name of a person and the person themselves, or between the person and their profession, or some diagnosis of a person and that person, or any other label that may be applied. Every label that we stick to anyone conceals our true sight of them.

I'll never forget the first lesson of working in mental health: never make the unjust mistake of reducing the patients to their diagnosis, as if such a stigmatizing term is the totality of that exceedingly complex person. It's never: he's a schizophrenic, it's: he suffers from schizophrenia. And yet, the science of mental health always reduces the truth of the person to a diagnosis. Yes, this is arguably necessary for treatment, just as all language is necessary for its ability to cite something specific. But that's exactly the problem: we then act like we've made an absolute ID.

The dominant modern paradigms that sell themselves as the answers to everything are, in fact, like snapshots of surface-level perceptions; the denial of everything that isn't immediately, readily perceivable, as if the world and the myriad interconnections constituting its interbeing is but a set of lifeless objects disconnected from one another, evolving entirely by random accident, when, in fact, 'random' is an illusion that simply means: I don't understand the causality, so I'm going to pretend like there isn't one. Science and rationalism and realism and all their definitions and classifications and labels are essentially reductions of the irreducible.

Science seems to have forgotten what it actually is: the gradual revelation of interconnection so intertwined that separation is an illusion, and that what science is actually doing is gradually

disproving its own self-defended predicates of absolute definition, classification and control. Ironically, science has become truth only in the sense that it measures the data that it can about something and condenses that something into the truth, conflating the observable with the totality of the thing. This is like losing its own instruments, and what they revealed. It's like forgetting that the telescope leads to the expansion of the universe and the microscope leads to the expansion of the inner-verse, not because they created new realities of endless expansion and multiplicity of the energy Source, but because they revealed that it was there the entire time, driving everything, and that everything within it is an inseparable aspect of it, and that to label anything as though it isn't of The Everything is to craft a clever lie for the sake of the sense of control, all out of the fear of not possessing control. The cat's only in the box in belief, for the truth is always that which sheds any limitations of its labeling, forever flying free of every cage.

Maybe the pursuit of truth, and the justice to which it leads, is the Jesus on the cross quality common to every life. Maybe that's because the truth is undefinable and uncontrollable, and yet every profit comes from falsely defining and pretending to control it. Maybe the pursuit of truth requires a fearless refusal to buy into every false form of truth, which itself entails immense sacrifice. I know this sacrifice as well as anyone; well, as well as anyone whom has yet to surrender their final breath to it, at least. Long has my life been about resistance; about refusing to give into an endless string of demands made upon me, every one of which involves buying into some false form of the truth so that I can sell it, and sell myself out through it.

Everything that everyone that I know bids me to do that's against my nature and the truth that I'm constantly sensing and yet shall never be fool enough to believe that I've perfectly defined, every belief and action and profession and joining and giving into that which I know to be untrue… for all of it do I constantly pay the price. And that's why the lies win, of course: because the cost of refusing to call them the truth is too great in a society that profits from the lie. Yea, sure, this is the land of the free, so you're free to deny all the lies until you get ground into dust by refusing to participate in the deception. So the fear that the lies represent continue, for the simple reason that we continue to be commanded by them, and all those whom sell them, because we fear the cost of facing them. So it is that we've sold ourselves, and God, in order to feel safe. And yet, only by hanging on the cross and refusing to renounce the God that lives in all of us, binding everything into One, refusing to be absolutely divided, may we eventually prevail. So, is truth love or fear? *Both.*

"I don't think love is driven by any form of fear," a friend of mine says. "We can either react out of fear or choose to act out of love. I think that if we truly love something or someone, we won't fear losing them, because our love can't be taken away. Only the object of our love can be taken away."

"That's true," I concur. "Love is always there. It never leaves. It's God, ever present. Yet those people and things that portal us into its depths *can* be lost. So we can never lose love, but we *can* lose access to it. We must never forget that what those portals deliver us to is the essence of us and can't be lost. The people, places and things that we love are the access points to the everlasting within us. So while we can't help but fear losing what we love, we shouldn't confuse this with losing love itself. Despair and depression come from believing that love belongs to something in particular."

Divine Feminine Incarnate

The Priestess & The Prostitute

What greater proof of the evil of capitalism than the fact that it's reduced the holiness of human life, every god and goddess, to the prostitution of Jerry McGuire's line: "Show me the money!"

How is it that modern man has permitted the dishonor of referring to the divine feminine incarnate as mere woman, as though Source is separate from Its manifestations? How have we not only lost the honor of chivalrous service to the Giver of Life, the priestesses of The Temple, but whored them out to a system in which they're compelled to compete with one another for every possible advantage that they can in order to survive, much less thrive? Society is the quest for survival and status boiled down to the buying and selling of goods, services and the contracted fealty of people, *including* through marriage. If everything is for sale, it's a causal inevitability that sheer greed, enacted by the egomaniacal, must become the driving force of man, and that those with more of it shall enslave those with less of it through their advantages, thereby continually accruing a necessarily ever-growing disparity in the quality of human life as a whole. That's the inevitable bottom line of modern man, including his core quest for the divine feminine, reduced to a commodity to acquire.

Born and raised in such a society, goddesses tend towards duplicity in their youth. At least, that's my general experience of them. Having been miseducated out of every intuition of their innate divinity, mercilessness maneuvering becomes the name of the game. Her divinity buried beneath the lies of materialism and realism, she's kind and conciliatory to the face of her 'friends' and competitors, eager for them to turn their backs so that she might search for the softest chink in their armor in which to insert her blade. And the prettier that she is, the more that contemporary capitalist, classist culture tells her that she's entitled; that the best social positions, the best mates, and the best jobs (assuming she needs one) are hers by right, because of society's demand for her alluring aesthetics. This, in turn, encourages her demonic duplicitousness, making her a more cutthroat competitor.

What horror of contemporary culture carries more shame than such a diminishment of the divine feminine, caught in the capitalist net of secret, soft monetary enslavement tethered to forced productivity and unsustainable, Great-Mother-imperiling extraction and consumption? To reduce 'nobility' and 'class' to monetary accumulation is to reduce divinity to deviousness, and to hide the fact that honor and truth are as forgotten as God. For the enrichment of all those whom exclude us from owning our production are we systemically bound to serve. It should come as no surprise that any civilization compelled by greed and egotism above all else would reduce the priestesses to sex objects bought by 'the great men.' Nor should it surprise anyone that a man's greatness is actually what's *disproven* through every such dishonorable act of reducing the priestess to a possession.

What greater proof that a civilization denies God and wallows in corruption than the fact that we lionize and kowtow to the desecrators of The Temple and the defilers of the priestesses? What but a sick society would reward such monstrosity? Only the heart may sanctify, whilst, on the other end, being subject to sacrilege degrades the priestess, transforming her into a mere toy of pleasure and position by the same transaction that denies her natural sanctification. To treat the body as though it's without Spirit is to lie, cheat and steal with every act. The shunning of Spirit is the diminishment of man. For our nature's are one with Spirit, vessel of Life and Life's eternal flame held within it.

What's happened to innately knowing that the greater the god, the closer they are to the core of the divine masculine incarnate, the greater the power possessed by his divine feminine counterpart, she to whom he bends the knee? How have we forgotten that the ego, the small, childish self, seeks to conquer, in his insecure need to feel bigger than those around him, whereas the god has achieved the self-security, the self-knowledge, needed to know that he wants to be conquered? Being overcome by love is the sharpest doubled-edged sword there is.

How have we forgotten that love is both greatest strength and greatest weakness, being one of the two-way streets that every truth traverses? Have we forgotten that the power that love invokes is the unparalleled propeller of both personal and popular progress of the purist, most potent variety, the protecting sword and saving shield of every champion of God? How have we so egregiously devalued these most priceless of endowments, taught to trade the invaluable, purest prosperity for the fools' gold of financial wealth and the hot, inflationary air of the ego?

How do so few know that the romantic is the one that sees and serves the divine, as the lover, the creator, the artist? How do so few know that the truest progress, what's best for humanity and planet, gods, goddesses and The Holy Mother as a whole, parallels the romantic course? Called by many names, including humanism, romanticism is the reverence of the divine in everything, endlessly expressed. Why do so few act with the conviction that honoring the divine within all creation is to honor the Source of creation? To treat any incarnation of the Source as less than divine is to dishonor oneself. But when life is an act of worship, into God's grace are we led.

So it is that the great men of the future will be known not for any need to conquer and claim The Holy Mountain, deludedly envisioning their flags permanently perched at the highest peak. Rather, the great men of the future will be known for their ability to be inspired to scale the Mountain's most precipitous peaks whilst helping as many others as possible up their own overlapping paths. We'll do this with the faith that, at the peak, a priestess holds a flame for us, and shall usher us into The Temple. Further along the long-bending arc of the moral universe, the future belongs to such mutualistic worshippers, regardless of how many fools fly their flags and false leaders attempt to trump the compensating heights of one another's towers, their size proportionate to their pretense.

Beast and God are one in man, strengthened relative to the feeding. Do you hunt prey, or beseech oracles? Do you build trophy rooms and comfortable cages to pridefully stack those trophies in, or do you seek The Temple that's in the perpetual keeping of the priestess, she whom fools claim, and beasts defile?

Lord of Light

The Illumination of The Golden Teacher

Consciousness is a lens that we're constantly crafting, regardless of our awareness of this fact. We conduct Consciousness through our consciousness, The Holy Light shining through our lens. We project The Light, and that which is reflected back to us we call truth, or 'reality.' What, then, is the essence of Truth? Truth is the purest perception, when nothing is pasted over our projection. When we shine with the pure, unobscured Source of Truth, then nothing but the Truth is reflected back, such that not projecting is the same as perceiving Truth. And so it is that seeing Truth requires peeling every preconception from our lens, else continuing to project every shadowy pretense of truth. Reality is always what's reflected back to us, what we call 'truth,' even when The Light is obscured by labels.

When you realize that God is everything, it dawns upon you that the divine communique can come from anywhere, at any time. More than this, actually: you realize that the divine communique is communicated all the time, from everywhere and everything. Always is God speaking to us, through far, far more than what's reducible to words, such that wisdom is largely learning how to listen. As Lao Tzu and Alan Watts and countless other seekers have attested: words are the least of it. Thus the deafness of listening for tones; the blindness of seeing colors; the deceit of definition. Labeling anything is like affixing that label to perception, such that you limit everything to its label. Definitions are necessary because distinctions are required in order for communication to be specific. However, 'the rub' is that, by perpetually employing language in thought and communication we gradually deceive ourselves into believing that distinction is everything, when, in fact, reality is ultimately an indistinct unfolding of the same energy source.

As Emerson noted: the corruption of humanity leads to the corruption of language. He may well have added that language itself is a kind of corruption, as it reduces the irreducible into specificity. If a writer can admit this, that means something, as I find continual irony in the fact that after spending so much time and energy translating contemplation into language I can only come to the conclusion that we can only scale the peaks of Truth by ceasing from reducing them into words. And the underlying irreducibility is best told by the teachings of The Golden Teacher, Psilocybe cubensis.

Look to psychology and its wrestling with the 'magic mushroom' for clues as to how language limits truth. In the 40's and 50's, before conservatism vilified the sacred medicine (in its need to curtail the threat of community and its revelation of the underlying oneness of ultimate identity), the psychologists called the effect of P cubensis 'psycho-mimicry;' that which mimicked psychosis. The theory was that the unholy mushroom affected an imitation of insanity, with the benefit being that

the courageous psychologist could consume it and thereby better know the mindset of his or her patients. For certainly such perception could only belong to the insanity of non-reality.

Leading to *The Doors of Perception*, it required the sagacity of Huxley, in collaboration with an open-minded psychologist pen pal, to conceive of the term 'psychedelic,' or 'mind manifesting.' This is the opening of the mind, and the dropping of the guard; for only a mind opening to the pure potential of reality can admit the seeming psychological and scientific defeat that such limitless potential includes the possibility that a mind's perception and conception isn't insane just because the psychologist and 'the rational scientist' can't measure, label, confine or confirm it as 'the truth.'

Perhaps, as Huxley suggests, the survival of any isolated material body requires that the totality of perceivable perception be reduced to that which constitutes survivalist threat and opportunity. Perhaps we perceive but a fraction of reality because to perceive more than that would endanger us to setting aside the perceptions that must be prioritized for the sake of our physical continuity. This is Huxley's reducing valve of consciousness theory (borrowed from another thinker). The idea is that the reducing valve narrows the perceptions of the mind for the sake of the body.

But that's not the end of the terminological clues and their circling of the truth. For, from psycho-mimicry to psychedelics we ultimately arrive at what I believe to be the definition that comes the nearest to what The Golden Teacher actually is: an *entheogen*. It's a broadening of the divine channel; the *opening* of the reducing valve, letting in more of the field of total perception. The third eye opens to The Sight: divine revelation. Ironically, this revelation comes with the same messages spoken by countless native cultures and their medicine men and women, their pre-religious priests and oracles, across time, long before The Church could condemn such 'uncivilized, savagely heathenish pagans.'

What's a pagan but a spiritual practitioner unsanctioned by The Church? 'Pagan' = condemnation. And only threats are condemned. Why, you should thus be compelled to ask, would a manmade authority pretending to be a divine authority condemn a natural authority? *Because Nature is divine*. Natives of Mexico called Psilocybe cubensis The Flesh of the Gods before the conquering Catholics banned such terminology. For, again, what greater threat to the pretense of divine authority than to have God speak through something grown out of Mother, patrons permitted to bypass the priest?

And so the attempt to define what The Golden Teacher is becomes a type of atavistic reversion to the pre-history, pre-religious state of innate, intuitive knowing of nativism and mysticism. I find continuous irony in what modern man calls 'advancement,' as so much of what I see as progress is inextricably tied to the simple phrase: *return to nature*. We've buried Her truths long enough. To call it an 'accident,' and to call psilocybin an adaptation by which the mushroom accidentally produced a defense mechanism to discourage its consumption, is to be a fool, blinded by Darwinism, the what confused for the why. If form follows function, what did function follow? No matter how many times a science-killed-God type tells me it followed nothing, I cry: wrong!

Thus is The Golden Teacher finally coming into the light in which it belongs. Yes, scientists will continue to deny every unmeasurable truth. What's the line I once read? Science confirms only what has an affinity for its measurements. And conservatives will continue to condemn any truth that

brings people together and causes them to question the premise that there's but one reality, and one perception of it, and it can only be what The Church and State dictates it to be. We can't have people dropping out of their patriotic duty to produce, consume and kill 'the other!' Psychologists, and conventional medicine, and the psychiatrists who can only practice their profession if they're prescribing lab-concocted concealers, and the Big Pharma parasites so embedded in the body of humanity that we obediently refill prescriptions that only hide our sickness… of course they're threatened by the true medicines and counselors of Mother Nature.

We're coming full circle, you see, from our ancient progenitors knowing that The Golden Teacher teaches the divine truth extant throughout The Holy Mother, to decrying this tutelage as an imitation of insanity, to courageously considering the possibility that the mind may indeed create its reality, causing us to question insanity itself, finally returning to the entheogenic truth. For the truth is that reality is a partnership with God. That's what magic really is: partnering with the divinity innate to The Holy Mother. And so, 'magic mushroom' fits. But there's more.

There's something about Einstein's Theory of General Relativity, and the double-slit experiment of measuring and observing light, and even Schrödinger's Cat, that keeps coming back to me. It's like they're all saying the same thing, and they're trying to communicate that truth to me. And during my recent holy communion with The Golden Teacher, I felt like that truth was starting to shine through. I don't pretend to be anywhere near an expert on the implications of Einstein, but e=mc^2 keeps paying me visits. There's something about the elegant simplicity of it; a simplicity that almost seems to mirror the magic mushroom itself, the wavelength of consciousness exponentially enhanced in frequency, opening the field of perceivable reality. The more telling form of the equation may be: E = cmc, two lights meeting in the material middle.

What if e is Energy is God, and matter is made from the convergence of the particle and the wave? I once wrote: "Just because reality is a trick of light doesn't mean that it isn't real." Such memorable, intuitive insights, and the insistence of many a veteran psychonaut and spiritual seeker that reality is an illusion, keep coming back to me, whispering of a shared revelation. When we observe the light, it fixes itself into a particle. When we don't, it remains the infinite potential of the wave. What if reality is, itself, the collapsing of pure potential into a settled form of itself *through* perception? What if we need reality to be the particle in order to survive, even as the essence of everything is actually the wave? What if essence is the constant change, the permanence of impermanence of the Lightwave, and the inessential is the unchanging, fixed formation of that permanence? Wave into particle. The cat is alive *and* dead until we lift the lid of the box, at which point reality collapses into its fixed form.

What if this is why I feel so good when conferring with The Golden Teacher, and tend to feel sickened when settling back into self? That's the cycle. I go up and out of myself, into the light, liberated from bodily and psychological burden, feeling the force of Love so profoundly that it seems that I may wield it in remaking reality, as a god, only to sink back into sickened self. Why? Why does both revelation and the sense of healing feel commensurate with the jubilantly unloading release of myself, the feather floating upon the ceaseless wind, the ray of light freely reflecting off of the set surface of it all, every point of perception constantly pointing in every direction, merging

into, and reemerging from, everything perceived and thought, paired with a mind so sweeping that it sometimes seems I'll be overwhelmed by the pure, unrestricted potency of the tsunami that's *always* there, but that we can only ever see that tiny fraction of which survival and belief allows us to see?

Why do so many psychonauts actually see and learn from waves in their visions, as I myself have? Why is my sense of sickness, of seemingly always being under siege from some perceived threat, of needing to prove something, to possess what I think that I need and to defend what I think that I am, the constant anxiety of existence… Why is it all bound up with the binding? It's as if The Truth is The Light, the freeing, weightless revelation of the unfixed and formless, Love constantly coursing through every channel of my consciousness in endless presentation of the limitless Truth from which all Love eternally springs. Whereas the body is the illusion, the self made of matter, fixed and formed, trapped inside, enslaved to every impulse, dogged by every dependency; by every illusive need of psyche and ego to define and defend, to claim and hold a territory where it can safely exists as itself. Why else do I find myself in the forest but for such safety? What irony in the fact that we have to lose what we think we are in order to be found!

It's like you have to jettison the psyche's perpetual vigilance, to not watch yourself, in order that you may be seen by God, and be reborn by The Light, thus revealing what you've always been. Somehow, relativity is the answer to it all. Absolutism, the absolute other, is the sickness, is the ego, is the definition and label, is the evil of The Emperor. Truth is the wave, illusion is the particle. You perceive it as fixed and then it forms. You project your truth, and Truth collapses.

Only particulate accumulation into material being can be a burden; only the fixed and finite self of body and ego can be corrupted; whereas the wave is always in motion, and so nothing can cling to it. I walk the shore here, in the land of my birth, and with such thoughts rolling through my mind I think: God is the wave constantly crashing into and remaking the shore, not the shore itself. These sand dunes are forever remade by The Force coursing through wind, water, wave, Reality into reality. That the dunes forever change through the changeless doesn't change The Truth. That I might survey any dune, measuring its mass and dimensions, and return the next day, the very next moment, and find that some incremental change has occurred can only be a threat to having reduced the dune to a single isolated gathering of particulates in the first place. Sickness is the fixation, isolation and defining language; the weight of the mass, rigidly set. Healing is the release, pervasion and undefinable sensation; the weightlessness of the energy, freely unset.

The Secret: Reality isn't one way or the other, but *both at the same time*. The duality is the painting upon the canvas of non-duality. The cat is dead and alive. Reality only sets itself through our perceptions. I'm both the wave and the particle, the impermanent self swimming through The Sea of Self. I am The Light. I am the warmth of the Sun conducted through the refracting firmament. Mother is the condensation into matter and water, effortlessly rising and falling, expanding and condensing, guided by The Light glinting through the air, spilling across Its holy embodiments.

So, however much we may fixate our focus through the slit and find the particle, as soon as we unfix our focus the particle is freed of the force of fixation, and becomes the wave once more. When we're not there to set The Source, It can do not but return to its renewing waveform. We, each of

us, are the same way. However much we may fix what we are in body and mind, we're ultimately forever tied to the perpetuating process of coming from and returning to the unfixed, the ubiquitous, white holy light. Truth is the perfect release of The Buddha, the healing of weightlessness, the place where no judgment can fix itself to anything. Illusion is the grasping grip, the appearance of possession, the weight of every burden. That which is everywhere and everything can only be sickened by believing itself as being but one thing, in one place and time.

And that's why we see The Light when we die: because we're going Home; to Origin; to Source; to what we most truly, everlastingly are, awakening from the pretense of the particle.

The Holy One

All Faith Sprouts From a Single Seed

The body is not one member, but many. Now are they many, but of one body.

- Corinthians

Christian scripture alludes to the truths openly spoken by Christ, since turned into secrets. By hiding his truths behind a veil, they became riddles, turning Christianity into a mystery religion. Only by following the clues sprinkled throughout the Bible may its hidden lessons come to light.

Christ is the awakening of God within Man. Slumbering within every heart, where the endless reemergence of God's Life is summoned, The Prophet whispers to us all. Though largely silenced by every modern miseducation, still The Prophet murmurs whilst dreaming. Only when we die to the lies of separate self, of being wholly and entirely a single vessel adrift upon a cold, careless sea, may that vessel be swept up by The Way, and thereby be carried to The Truth. This is the enlightenment, the waking of The Prophet from the dream of being a separated self. For only by dying to self is the mortal life resurrected into its everlasting Life. To believe that The Prophet is always something separate is to be separated from our innate divinity within our own minds, where *all* illusion lives.

To believe that the essence of you is separate from the essential-most Essence is to be separated from the saving Truth that you ARE God, the immortal in unique mortal form. To believe that otherness is reality is to be blinded to the divine reality of the Everything enveloping everyone, and to perpetuate the sense of estrangement that every Emperor uses to divide and control us.

So manacled in mind, we cannot hold out our hand to receive The Truth. For it shall always be that The Truth shall set you free, through The Prophet, the breaker of chains. And so it is that our salvation is being absorbed by the perfectly brilliant, white holy light, the capture of all color, The Origin of universal inclusion, The One Love. This is our healing, for the false separation is the root of humanity's sickness. Love heals because Love is the returning to Source; the return to our most natural, free state of providence, as ones of The One. Let us come home to the hearth. Let us gather around the blaze of universal belonging, and celebrate the diversity of The Holy One.

The Truth is everlasting, no matter how many times we're told that it isn't real. No matter how many realists attempt to employ the small pictures of science in measuring what they thereafter categorize as separate beings and forces, still did all of life sprout from a single seed. Ironically, it's the so-called 'real world' that's illusory. The prevailing modern reality is a veil draped over the face of humanity, blinding us to the everlasting Reality. The Real is the divinity of Nature and Consciousness, born into body, transmitted through mind. What we're told is reality is the inside of

Plato's Cave. That pretense of reality is the shadow play cast against the inner walls of the cave, to keep us distracted. The cave represents any society that's forgotten its innate divinity.

Whilst inspired by The Holy Communion of The Golden Teacher, I wrote The Trinity Mantra:

I am not my body.

I am not my mind.

I am both these things, but they are not me.

All truth is of a paradoxical nature, because all truth possesses both its Yin and its Yang. To believe that it's one or the other is to misunderstand the equal and opposite balance of everything in creation. Take The Trinity Mantra. How, some might ask, can I be both my body and not my body? How can I be my mind but not my mind? How can a truth also be untrue?

Because the duality exists WITHIN the singularity. *I and I*, say the Rastafarians. God playing Man.

The everlasting energetic Consciousness birthed into spacetime and matter is the energy condensed into the body, transceived as mind. That same everlasting energetic Consciousness is everything, in fact, which is why I sometimes use the term 'Everything' for God. God is the Universal Pronoun. Every mortal form, every mind and body, exist within and as God. That's enlightenment: the revelation to the individualized consciousness of the everlasting oneness innate to its being. The Being is being infinite beings. So the Self, God, is the being, but It's also total Being. This is why the terms are capitalized, because non-dualism collapses the notion that the pronoun is limited to any part of the irreducible Thing that everything ultimately is: *Being as infinite beings; selves being The Self.*

So, if we're all from and of and existing within The Self as selves, if our individualized minds, our transception of Consciousness as consciousness, both exist, then we're both mortal and immortal. This is monism. This is non-duality. This is also pantheism, when we realize that Being is not only being hominids, not only mammals, but is innate to Mother. That's the divine design:

God gave Itself endlessly adaptative evolutions of Its energy for the infinite unique perceptions of and perspectives upon Being. The purpose of life is God's everlasting present to Itself: Life.

And so we have The Holy Trinity: Energy – Matter – Mind. Or: God – Mother – Son. The Source of everything, specially formed into the vessels holding the eternal flame, perceived through those vessels. The fact that the vessel degrades and can't forever hold the flame is the greatest of gifts, because, through the duality, the Singular Self bequeathed Itself the invaluable ending.

Think of the vampire, and his longing for death. Such was the original state, before the Big Bang. It's a law of both physics, and metaphysics, and philosophy that nothing is created or destroyed, only endlessly rearranged. Thus the eternal cycle: deconstruction into reconstruction. This, like

everything else, started with God. God deconstructed Its Singularity, Its pure, perfectly equal energetic ubiquity, into the spacetime and matter building blocks for endless endings of Itself.

"I hope not," my father responded, when I spoke to him of such revelations. It took me a while to understand his fear, and his resistance to my revelation: he fears a type of communist killing of individuality. The notion that such could constitute the Base of Being terrifies him. It's as though the very idea of it threatens to alienate him from himself. But The Truth need not be perceived this way. For, again, we *are* individualized; perfectly unique, relatively separated from every other individualization in body, mind and will. This is true at the same time as it's true that this individuality exists *within* the universal commonality. Relativity exists *within* the one absolute: God.

God gave Itself a cake while eating it too, you see. Matter and mind constitute endless incarnations of everything that gives life joy and meaning, of every unique experience and sense of purpose evoking the unity of Love, the feeling of God, such that there shall be an infinity of unrepeatable experiences of the 'individual' even as all individuals are essentially One Being. That is, we're essentially One whilst concurrently being infinitely many, immortality as mortality. And in our mortal state we're bequeathed the free will to choose for our self, and for our Self.

So it is that there's an individual will, what we call free will, and a divine will, what we call destiny. It's simply a matter of perspective. Within time, as individualizations of The One, there's choice. Outside of time, as the unification of The One, every choice has already been made. And so it's not that God has stolen your free will from you, but that God knows what you will will, and knows what will come of your will, and so gently, lovingly guides you towards your destiny.

Reality always runs relative to perspective. Reality is an eternally-reconceived construct of collective perception, the act of everlasting re-creation that's the heart of God. While ultimately divine, so trained are we not to see this Ultimate Reality that we've become mostly blind to it. In its stead we project the misleading paradigms of the materialist and realist upon the merging bodies of Father and Mother, the 'educated and rational' insisting that only THIS constitutes reality. Pair that pretense with the projected paradigms of 'free market economics' and our sham of a 'democracy' and our defining of 'worth' and 'class,' and is it any wonder that we so struggle to perceive our divinity, being so obscured behind the reflections of projected falsity?

But here's the secret that underlies the individual will: surrendering self is being empowered by Self, is having faith that God, The One, knows what's best for us, and for all of Itself. We need only learn how to listen. And that secret lies at the root of every religion. It's The Way of Taoism: find the current and let go, having the radical acceptance, the faith, that the current will carry us to where we're most needed, both in service of the whole, and in the rewards of love that such serving brings. This is also the faith of the Christian, the same as Islam's submission to Allah.

Every religion sprouted from the same seed: Spirit. But any religion that believes that it IS the seed makes the mistake of absolutism, when there's only ONE absolute Truth: Unity. Love; the sense of underlying, entirely inseparable identity from which every individualist identity sprouts.

So my dad need not fear Truth, the oneness innate to existence. The Truth takes nothing away from us, rather, it grants us the greatest of gifts, the singularity experiencing duality. For he is an individual within the universal. He can, and does, choose for himself, even as God knows what's best for him and everything else of which He is, if we can but summon the courage to surrender.

Finally, let us consider what the word HONOR truly means: the convergence of The Holy Trinity: heart, mind and action; the entering into the oneness where the lines between what we are, what we think and what we do dissolve; where the will of anyone becomes The One Will. This moral imperative is the equivalent of serving God, which is the same as serving the One Source that sired every religion. We must be all religion and no religion. Only then are we serving God. Read between the lines of every religion, and there find The Truth, where all lines fold into One.

Let go of your ancient wounds, for the unifying Truth of which you are is FAR more ancient. Whatever disagreements you have as to the interpretations of Source are slim and ephemeral compared to the everlasting substance of God, that which *everyone* interprets. Indeed, the very existence of the lifeform within the Life of All Form is an ongoing interpretation. The life of every individualization of The One is a discourse with divinity, the meaning of Gnosticism. And so, no prophet is true whom believes that their representation of The One makes them The One's sole representative. For, as with the relativity in the absolute, the duality in the singularity, the mortal in the immortal, the words that we use to represent the oneness are ones of the Infinite of One.

Yes, there's the Will of One, The Way, but that doesn't mean that there's only one way to ride it. People spend their entire lives trying to carve their own rivers, only to ultimately be enveloped. This is the dual Truth, the paradoxical principle, through which The One is infinitely expressed. That there can be infinite ways to express and worship The Truth is the spirituality at the root of every religion. Religiosity is the attempt to pull God up by the root and claim the Tree of Life for one's tribe. That there can be infinite forms of One Truth flies in the face of modern science and religion, the 'civilized lives' consumed by measuring, defining, controlling and claiming, but that doesn't change the fact that their fabricated realities are built upon The Ground upon which *all* of us stand.

So, let's read from *every* holy text, yet have the wisdom to declare that *none* may ever be correctly called 'most holy.' For the holy is what the prophets and their books *evoke*, not the personalities or penned pages themselves. Idolatry is the mistake of confusing the representative for what he/she represents. Don't confuse and conflate the signs set upon The Way, or those whom write and hold those signs, for The Way itself. Words are a compass. The best of writing, of everything my heart aspires to, orients the reader toward their inroad. And, indeed, what's more unholy than to declare that anyone or anything is more holy than anyone or anything else? This can only represent the division that dishonors everyone's divinity.

Listen only to those leaders that build bridges, not the ones that burn them down, isolating everyone into one tribe or 'the other.' This is how false leaders always rule: through otherness.

The legitimacy of leadership is determined by its relative representation of The One in everyone.

The Secret Sermon

Unseen Shackles Cannot Be Broken

I am all religion.

I am no religion.

What's true is eternally true. Truth is timeless Source, reborn as endless forms of Itself. Spacetime is the body of God granting the room for everyone of The One to grow into Truth's eternal rediscovery, forever awaiting within. Matter is the flesh of God, forever adaptively reborn through Gaia, the holy union of Father and Mother.

And yet, it's of the nature of power that The Emperor commands that you believe that you're separate from God. He does this so that you may forget your own divinity. For anyone that knows that they're from, of, and within God, that they're the impermanence of God's permanence, lives in the liberating Light of the Lord. And none so liberated may be ruled over any fabricated truth made to conceal The Truth.

This is the eternal Truth, the key to The Temple. Without it, The Temple is reduced to being but a temple, a place where what stands for the truth is believed as a means of the mental enslavement of the masses. Without living in the liberating Light, one is ruled by lies, divided from their holy brothers and sisters, the ones of The One. Division is the Great Lie told by the Devil, the dividing deceiver. If you hear a priest say that God is any less than you, or outside of you, or in any way separate from you, that priest unwittingly serves Satan, and loses his/her representation of the holy.

And from the hill upon which the false temples are built does every form of The Great Lie trickle down to infect the holy Body of Being, absorbed as the misleading belief that thereby renders those whom believe it as 'mere mortals' in mind, their unifying immortality concealed, sold as a controlling 'afterlife.' If you're but body, you may be ruled. If you are but mind, you may be deceived. For chains and duties and fears and needs corral and command the body, and beliefs corral the mind, but God is the essence of both the body and the mind, and cannot be corralled. And the greatest liberation that any mind may know is that it isn't only itself, or the body it's in, but the Everything.

And yet, to be 'civilized' means to believe and be ruled by The Great Lie of divisive, covetous ego. It's the ego that Satan sells every self, tricking the self into believing that they're *only* themselves. This is how Satan wars with God: convincing the bodies and minds containing God that they're *not* God, and, in the extreme case, that they may overpower God, the height of the ego lie, the unholy crown every tyrant wears. This is the secret war at the heart of existence. God and Satan are eternal twins in perpetual, competing play, the gameboard balanced between them, we its pieces. "Let's make me into matter and mind," Yin says to his brother Yang, Completion competing with Incompletion,

"and you try to convince them that they *aren't* me, and I'll keep whispering that they *are* me, and let's see who wins." Thus was spacetime and matter made.

Satan is currently winning. The Great Lie trickles down from false temples, pooling as pestilence. It infects The Holy Mother, those whom say She's for the taking, the raping, the claiming and extraction. She's of no consciousness, the liars say, and thus is deserving of no consideration. Yet, the eternal Truth includes the fact that the ultimate, universal energy of God *became* Nature through Mother Matter, and that She sprung from His Universal Consciousness. To treat Her with any less than Her due reverence is to do Her a dishonor that the doers reciprocally do to *themselves*.

None can own the Spirit that seeded The Holy Mother, He whom seeds every heart with His lifeforce, born through Mother Matter. We belong to them as forms of them. Claims to possess and control them are like the flies buzzing the cow claiming that the cow belongs to them. The egotisms of Science and Religion are the deluded decrees that all is separated and isolated and belongs only to itself, and that you have a separate soul that's either delivered into everlasting torment or ecstasy, or climbing some spiritual ladder. Science is the measurement and manipulation of energy and matter, not the sole arbiter of reason, nor then, the arbiter of Truth. Every philosopher worthy of the title knows this: *Reason doesn't stop at Science*. It cannot be perfectly worded or measured, or separated from the universal multiplicity of the One into the Infinite. These are the revelations of the sage.

Free yourself of the lie of separation, holy brothers and sisters, ones of The One! Your soul is the Soul is the Spirit, God, in which you are an inseparable aspect of His everlasting Life through the gift of unique, ending mortality, the dissolution of your matter, the return to Source that's everywhere, all the time. The application of the name and the label is the reduction of the irreducible. Such may only the relative truths be claimed, believed as absolute in the concealment of the One Great Truth.

You are not less than. You are not beneath. There is no above, nor below. Every self moves through Self. You cannot be owned by anything but God. And you cannot truly own anything begotten by The Holy Union of Mother and Father, you can only possess the right to exclusively make use of any realm of Nature in service of The Everlasting Life, serving The One by serving Its Infinite.

And so does the Great Deceiver, embodied in The Emperor, conceal the freeing Truth. This is called 'Hiding The Light.' It's the Machiavellian work of the propagandist. It's the dark art of mental enslavement. It's the same dark art that dictates that some people possess absolute ownership, and the places of commerce, and the seats of government, and that you must pay them for the right to claim anything; to claim your own land, naturally bequeathed by Mother; to claim your own Spirit, that which was bequeathed to everyone and everything equally, as inseparable aspects of Himself (I hope I don't need to say this, but God needs no genitalia to reproduce 'His' energy; saying 'He' or 'His' is *symbolic*); to claim your own endeavors, through which you're reduced to employees with no claim whatsoever to the equity from which you're excluded, in your secret, soft enslavement.

And all of it is routed through money in the modern world, such that the whole of humanity has been reduced to the whoredom of "Show me the money!" Money is the paying of the forces of evil

for the right to live, a right given to life at birth. At its best, money breaks the very chains which it represents, setting the previously enslaved free from the very monetary shackles into which they were born, such that the highest use of money is the negating of its own necessity, life granted the freedom from it. Alas, this is a freedom found by very few, as even those whom acquire its potential tend to lack the revelation of Truth required to fully realize this freedom. Instead, the wealthy tend to deepen their own enslavement, becoming psychologically and egoistically bound to their money as if it's themselves, and using it to perpetuate the monetary system of enslavement, rather than setting themselves and others free of it by acquiring the means to live free from financial shackles.

This enslavement is completed when the secretly enslaved call themselves free. For what is a slave that sees his or her shackles but a rebel awaiting sufficient strength, courage and unity to rebel? And yet, we live in 'The Land of Freedom,' so deeply imbedded is The Great Lie in everything we do, think and say. When you cannot see your shackles, and willingly wrap your chains around yourself, the ideal slave you become, for you serve The Emperor without resistance, lionizing slaveholders.

All of existence consists of the relationship between The One, the indivisible, and His infinite, the relatively separated. Our bodies are of His energy, existing within his Body. Our minds are conductors of His Mind. Thus does the duality exist within the singularity. Relativity is the duality, the singularity is The Universal Absolute: God. The Truth. We are the mortality of His immortality. We are the finite forms of His infinite formlessness. We are the beings of the great interbeing grown up, through Mother, from the Base of Being. From the root grown from the Seed of Source, Being, up into being and back to Being, such is the eternal cycle of the fruitful Tree of Life.

The Secret of Christ is the rebirth born in the purest perception of The Truth: the sons and daughters become Christs when they fully know that they're in the Body of God, one with The One. This is the living of the holy life: perfect non-separation; the resurrection of the immortal Self within the mortal self that finally realizes what he or she or it is: The immortal One, as a one. That's the awakening of The Christ Consciousness that's the secret root of every religion, even as, having been coopted by The Emperor, most religion acts to conceal this freeing Truth. For a people that know and live this Truth become more than people, and cannot be ruled but by themselves.

So, take heart! For The Truth is always there, within your innermost immanence, awaiting its eternal rediscovery, and, thus, your own salvation! You're one with God, a one of The One, a strand in the inseparable spool of the Infinite of One. The same may be said of all of life. All are keepers of the eternal flame, regardless of how well they may conceal this truth with the lies they're taught. As Yoda says: "You must unlearn what you've learned!" Consider why it was taught in the first place:

Because those whom write the books have the most to lose from the revelation and liberation forever freely given to those whom come knocking at the doorway to the Innermost Temple.

I've heard several lines recently converging upon the same truth, the double-edged sword that's of everything, *including* education. "Our kids are blank pages for us to write upon," from an early Denzel film, "Teachers, leave them kids alone!," from Pink Floyd, of course, and from Malcolm Forbes: "The purpose of an education is to replace an empty mind with an open one." The central

point to me is this: education *isn't* inherently good. We can learn mistruth as readily as truth. Education can limit and close minds as much as it can expand and open them. And just because a page is thought of as blank doesn't mean that we need to write anything upon it. Because it's not really blank, and because truth is inversely proportionate to how specific and definite it seems to be. But because we're compelled to control our lives and be as powerful and wealthy as possible in the process, we're compelled to define and limit truth and reality, so as to pretend it's in our command. What, then, of the deeper truths that don't fit? "The words of the prophet are written on the subway walls," *The Sound of Silence* reminds us. This is the same as saying that possessing a truth that's inconvenient to the status quo is often called insanity, and that the 'sane' are those that've been programmed to see truth through a pinhole. *Thus do truth and liberation depend upon mass deprogramming.*

Caesar & The Sage

Divide & Conquer vs. Unite & Empower

Science and spirituality ultimately can't be in conflict, because their subject is the same: the nature of existence. The Singularity will occur when science proves spirituality, the smallest scope of distinction and identity yielding to the largest scope of indistinct non-identity, the small picture realizing that it's of the big picture, the seemingly separated disciplines yielding to their own part and parcel of Truth.

People speak of the body and the mind as though they're separate, distinct entities. But the mind is *of* the body. The mind is no more distinct from the body than the leaves are distinct from the tree from which they sprouted. If the whole of the tree may be likened to the body, the leaves may be likened to thoughts, and the fruit, or *produce*, what the tree produces and offers Nature's kingdom in the exchanges of its innate, mutualistic mandate, may be likened to our creations. And when you trace the full causality, separation ceases, and it becomes clear that The Root manifests Its own fruit.

The root is as the spiritual Source, the basis of what's conducted from the Base of Being up into the tree. Pagans were condemned by the Church for knowing the sanctity of Nature, as had been known for millennia. Paganism was decreed as evil for the same reason that natural healers were declared to be witches: for knowing that the roots of all of life penetrate into Mother Matter, the Earth, and receive their energy from Father Energy, the Sun. We're all forms of the foundational forces bequeathing being. Father and Mother are the symbols of the literal Holy Union that transmutes energy into matter; the unified accumulation and condensing of matter, or being, within the spacetime Body of Being, or God. This is how One became Infinite of One.

Today, the people are blinded by the infinite, having lost sight of and denying The One from which infinity was derived, half the world's population asserting that the Source doesn't exist at all. We've forgotten our roots, our grounded Base of Being, wandering lost through the desert, misled by every belief system dividing us from the Truth. Egotism, the absolute, separated, standalone identity, is the work of the Devil, the reigning symbol of D-for-Division feeding the Ego, the reigning symbol of E-for-Evil. And everything that stems from this diseased tree overshadows and hides our divine nature. The false divide between body and mind is but one of the cuts which, when believed, is paid for with life, our greatest potential bleeding from every wound.

Not only is it near to impossible to separate good health from good thoughts, and good thoughts from good outcomes, but no separation occurs ANYWHERE. All absolute separation is an illusion. The saving Truth includes the fact that we're all within God, as exponents of God. So why do we think this way, in terms of separating body from mind, and in terms of enforcing separations in general? TRAINING. Armies aren't the only ones training obedient soldiers. *Society* sets that trap.

That is, we're trained by the prevailing scientific and 'realist' paradigms of narrow 'knowing' to think in terms of differentiation and identity; in terms of isolation and classification; in terms of effects instead of causes; in terms of the appearance of independence rather than the truth of interdependence. Part of everyone's awakening is the philosophical fact, the gnosis, that these falsely absolute separations are only ever relative. For, again, absolute separations is the root of evil. The false divide is the symbolic 'work of the Devil.' As with the false divides between God, the life-giving Energy, and being, the endlessly-evolving embodiments of that Energy. As I often write, the true Original Sin was convincing humanity that it's divided from God.

That's what the snake was really whispering about in The Garden: the mentally-corrupting, slanderous lie that Adam and Eve stood apart from God. Once that false, disempowering 'truth' wasn't just tasted, but began being gobbled-down with relish, the original divide from The One was set in our collective minds. We've been victims ever since. For what the snake was hissing about was the snake oil of EGO. All division branches from that Original Sin, as does all subsequent illusion.

In truth, what leaving The Garden of Eden really means is losing the purest state of gnosis, the pure being of knowing you're undivided from God, instead, with the lie of separation and otherness setting in, being open to believing that humanity and *any* form of life can be 'other than' divine. Leaving Eden means losing the Christ Consciousness to which humanity must return, having wandered away from The Garden and gotten lost in the vainglorious quests of ego, meandering past every mirage of idolatry. Some even worship themselves as though they're the Source, all 'other lives' being entirely other, and meant to serve their vainglory. Returning to The Garden is the reawakening; the enlightenment offered to every being who remembers what they most truly are, in the innermost cloisters of the sanctum buried within the Base of Being, shared by all.

Ironically, our evolution as a race depends, in effect, upon going *backward*. It depends upon returning, in mind, to what our hearts have always known, and what we knew before we were trained *not* to know it. For, through religion and every prevailing modern means of thinking, knowing, labeling and dividing, we've gone in mind from what we most truly, essentially are, ones of the One, to accidents; to products of random mutations (if you believe the scientists), or to being divided from God and 'born into sin,' destined to go to heaven or hell (if you believe the Christians). Science sells classification and the manipulation of Nature, controlling through false divides. Control of science means control of the world, means supplanting the God said not to exist, whilst religion convinces you of a sickness so that they can sell you a cure, controlling you by tricking you into believing that they're the only ones who control that cure. But the saving truth is that the sickness *is* religion, for no cure is needed, because the sickness was *invented*. Because you don't have a separate soul, you're of and from and forever inseparable from the Single Soul, God. Your essence IS God.

You're a unique expression of eternal energy, Being into being. You're only as separated from God as any form of flora is separate from its roots. The false 'truths' conflicting with such saving Truth is, again, representative of the Original Sin seeded by Caesars, beginning the process of dividing humanity from its roots. From there the illusion of absolute separation itself took root, displacing the pagan, non-dualist Root in the now-seemingly-separated minds that, in reality, conduct Mind.

The list of false divides producing evil effect are almost too numerable to count, and include the false boundary that the so-called ‘rationalists’ erected between what's condescended to as 'feeling' or 'sensing' and 'thinking' or 'knowing.' The implicit, and sometimes explicit, false truth sold by so many amongst ‘the educated’ is that consciousness is limited to the brain, and, as a consequence, that all direct intuiting knowledge, all mystical and theosophical insights, all 'knowing without knowing how I know' is nonsense, and somehow kept perfectly apart from the way in which anything may be 'known.' So it was that the Age of Religion was supposedly supplanted by the Age of Enlightenment, even as, ironically, the truest enlightenment belongs to those who best channel and most directly experience the spiritual truths that are the secret Root of religion, before spirituality was corrupted by Empire. This is why evolution is regression; coming back to the beginning that never began, to the Base of Being obscured by every ‘development’ built atop it.

The number of times that I've been rebuked, censored and even condemned by so-called sharp-minded rationalists working within the constraining realms of popularly-accepted 'truth' and their limiting definitions, or for seeing God beyond the myopic lens of religion, is beyond counting; and all for knowing the inviolable Root Truth: all things are unique forms of the universal One thing. The stones have been ruthlessly, self-righteously cast at me both by the 'religious right,' for saying that we're all divine embodiments of God and thereby denying their falsely separating division from the divine and all the religious hierarchies that are actually antithetical to spiritual truth, and by the 'scientific left' for seeing the same Root Truth buried beneath Huxley's assertion that "all science is a reduction of multiplicity into identity." For, you see, both religion and science are based upon control, upon power, and the basis of control has been essentially the same since the days of Caesar:

DIVIDE AND CONQUER.

If you believe that you're a separate being below God (religion) or independent of spirituality altogether, and that everything of the Spirit is a myth (the scientific atheist), and that you exist in a cold, careless universe of evolution-by-accident (materialism), you’ve bought into your own mental enslavement. Divide and Conquer is the foremost strategy for exploiting and oppressing all human weakness, especially the weakening effect of convincing us that absolute otherness, all tribalism, is reality. Successfully sown into the social fabric by a long line of emperors, aristocrats, oligarchs and their ilk, the aim of D&C is to deny the poor the united strength to fight against the princely parasites at the top of the financial food chain. The strategy of the systemic evil of D&C, from Caesar to Trump, is propagandist design. It’s simply for the sake of facilitating ever-amassing greed and ego, the one, hidden aim at the heart of conservatism, guaranteed by conserving the status quo stratagem of keeping us as divided, perpetually-warring tribes. It’s like the bundle of sticks analogy: separated, the sticks are easy to crack into pieces, but bundle them together and they won’t break.

Your narrow identity is a design to keep you in a weakened state of conflict with your holy brothers and sisters, you see, all so that you, WE, lack the strength to overthrow the emperor, who became the landed aristocracy, then the incorporated oligarchy of today. And, frankly, the purpose of the rare people like me who've divined the underlying truths buried in the Base of Being is to deprogram you from your brainwashed state, thereby offering you the means to liberate yourself. And that

liberation shall reach its heights as more and more people come together in this shared enlightenment. For a human race unified in underlying identity and its impassioned community and solidarity CANNOT BE CONQUERED.

This, then, is the battlefield involving every belief: the war against otherness.

And if you think that 'individualism' became a core guiding principle of America by accident, or because it's morally correct, you're missing my point: the foremost means that power is relinquished by the people is through their inability to recognize the power that they already possess, especially when they come together. Nor is it an accident that true community is so rare in America as to be practically non-existent; that we're all walled-off behind our private little family fences and enclosed within classist enclaves, in cookie-cutter suburbs and rural properties plastered with "keep out" signs. This one aspect of American Life alone accounts for so much of our sense of 'otherness,' of alienation and isolation and social division and innumerable connected stresses and the incidence of all physical and mental health ills. Whereas any naturally-led society is BUILT around community and its mutual support, symbiotic endeavor and sustaining solidarity. That's the crux of naturally-evolved native communities, in fact: it's all one big family, with all of the connection and love and mutual concern and activity built in. Even the substances that encourage feelings of unity, like marijuana and the entheogens prized by the medicine men of native communities (now experiencing a global revival), are villainized and criminalized in our initiation into becoming patriotic Americans.

Anything to keep you from coming together with others and eradicating the sense of otherness, for *that's* what the dividers and conquerors truly fear, and that's why the civil rights movement and the beatniks, hippies and all counter-cultural communities and movements are targeted for attack, and why communes are immediately associated with cults in the conditioned conservative mind. *Unity is emancipation.* All of which is to suggest that American Life epitomizes Divide and Conquer. Surely this is why such a blatant demagogue, such an obvious magnifier of prejudice and tribalism, such a fracturing false leader attained the presidency. He's like the clown at the carnival that distracts everyone whilst the corporate-funded carnival operators, the oligarchs and tycoons, steal from passing patrons at will. If you're an individual, or part of a tribe, or a zealot for a particular religion, or a 'patriot' of a single nation, or in any of the countless other ways identify with the part over the whole, you're a part of the popular disempowerment, you see. You're participating in a parade that was built to swaddle you in false comforts whilst keeping you divided from every vilified 'other,' dependent upon narrow identities, conditioned to idolize those taking from people and planet.

Watch any conservative channel and its programming and you're sure to see that its basis is fomenting anger at the liberals and progressives that are actually trying to support the people and planet, including the conservatives preyed upon by those they're duped into voting for, but whom the frenzied faction of conservative viewers have been conditioned to equate with the enemy, even as the true enemy of most conservatives, especially impoverished conservatives, are those financing the propaganda on the screens keeping them locked into their false reality, their enmity misdirected. Not that liberal shows are kind to the conservative viewpoint, but it's quite clear that far more money is invested in misdirecting misinformation and stoked hatred for 'the other' on the right, and

you know what they say: if you want to understand something, if you want to understand the motive behind any action, simply follow the money. Clearly there's more misunderstanding 'on the right' if such funds are considered viable investments. Yes, you can argue that I, myself, am reinforcing the divisive line between 'right and left' with these words, but I'm attempting to draw attention to it in a manner wherein it needn't remain so defiantly absolute, so common ground is found in the crossing.

In direct connection to this primary principle, any movement that doesn't make as much room for the inclusion of 'the enemy' as for 'the friend' is itself the enemy of God and progress. I understand the rage of a Malcolm X, the pure, indignant fury of it, but that's the *catalyst*, not the cause. If it becomes the cause, that cause is cursed. For the philosophy and understanding and strategy of MLK far exceeds the former in its capacity for progress for every afore-alluded-to reason: it's holistic. It invites shared identity rather than perpetuating the lie of absolute distinction and thereby empowering the dividers and conquerors whom feed off of our weakness. Yes, you're a unique individual entitled to self-determination and the pursuit of your own passions and loves, but that uniqueness doesn't negate God, it is God: endless forms of the formless for the sake of the uniqueness of Itself. This is why I use the term 'individualization' instead of 'individual,' because it reflects the greater, deeper truth of what any incarnation of God actually is: one of The One.

Of course, in my painful quest to assist in the liberation of minds, it's become imperative for me to realize why people cling so tightly to such narrow self-perceptions and their narrational definitions: FEAR. For it is, of course, fear that keeps people divided and conquered. And, again, the root fear stems from the aforementioned Original Sin: the perception of being standalone; of being a body and mind and a distinct 'self.' When you believe you're essentially isolated, you're vulnerable and afraid, regardless of your relative ability to admit this fact to yourself and others. And so you reach for any certainty of self and belonging that you can, as a means of mitigating and securing yourself against that fear. And anger stems from fear; from fear of 'the other,' of what we don't understand, of every type of threat, including everything perceived to be a threat to both life and ego identity.

But here's The Good News (the meaning of the word 'gospel'), where the liberation offered by the most sagacious writers and speakers and entheogenic medicines and their direct experience of the divinity extant in all people, places and moments comes into play: when you know you're an impermanent form formed around your own permanent formlessness, that you're a leaf blowing on your own tree... when you don't just think this but *know it* through long-walking the Path of Gnosis, when the most illuminating of experiences and gateways into pure knowing are paired with the following of the guiding signposts left by sages such as Huxley, Thoreau, Emerson, Rumi, Plato and, dare I say it, Gnostic Nick, illuminating the path leading you into your centermost self, *then* you can release, or at least ease off of, your divided and conquered, caging identities and definitions and lose the fearful self-defenses. And it all starts with how well unified we are within, in the Trinity of Self.

Healing division is the heart of spiritual practice in general, starting with the internal divides, or self-conflictions, that pull us out of self-alignment, making us imbalanced and invariably leading to the internal distress inviting disease. In my first book, Infinite of One, I posit that there's actually a Trinity of Self, not a singular self, not a simple 'I,' and that this Trinity is comprised of: (1) the heart

(the gateway to Spirit), (2) the body (the vessel of Spirit) and (3) the mind (the translator of, or bridge between, the Spirit and Its vessel). Of course, one can make further divides if one wishes, such as between the psyche, ego, intellect and creator, all existing within the mind. But the point is that balance and imbalance are between the wills of the relatively-differentiated components of the composite 'self.' And when the heart wants something other than the head that fails to heed it, and the body wants something else entirely, imbalance and internal warfare eventually manifest physical disease through the path of least resistance. In its fashion of classification science names it a distinct disease and says that it's in one isolated area of the body, but it's all a form of: *imbalance invites disease.*

The examples that this imbalance-is-self-division-is-disease, balance-is-self-alignment-is-healing paradigm of being are almost endless. Any addict whose head recognizes that their addiction isn't in their best interest (which they all do instinctively, even when they deny it) and constantly thinks of quitting, and whose heart wants them to quit, but whose body and/or psyche is so dependent upon what they're addicted to that it convinces their mind to capitulate, is obviously imbalanced (self-divided). Most people are addicted to some sort of physically-comforting habit that costs them more than it's worth, and know this is true deep inside (in heart), but, again, are overpowered by the physical sense of need. Examples are near endless, applying to everything from the most common, carbohydrate, caffeine and nicotine dependencies and being dependent upon over-eating and comfort feeding in general, to sex addiction, to hard drugs... to, in essence, any inability to follow our hearts. For only when heart (Spirit) is aligned with body (vessel) and the head (mind) agrees are we truly balanced, i.e. self-unified, and, thus, our happiest, most capable selves best able to use our innate gifts to serve the totality of life (God) in return for the spiritual reward we call LOVE.

And so I beseech you: Step out of the mental cages that the Caesars have always built and reinforced, remedy your internal self-divides, and the path will reveal itself. Look for the light and follow it out of Plato's Cave, and bask in the splendor of saving Truth.

The Taproot

Beneath the Perceivable Surface

I have this recurring imagery in my mind, the subject of several rough sketches in my notebook, pertaining to the relatively distinct aspects of what we call 'the self.' In the most common of these sketches the metaphorical flower or fruit-bearing tree is employed, and I go about imperfectly labeling its outgrowth and environment.

The soil I liken to 'health,' a word that's highly underrated in western society. Philosophically, health is nothing less that one's state of being; the point from which every moment of life is lived. It's our capacity relative to ourselves, our ability to serve others and do anything and everything else relative to our innate gifts. Spiritually, health is the vessel holding Spirit; the lantern containing the eternal flame; the pure energy of Being born into material being. In the sketch, I sometimes label the soil with things like "the environment of growth."

Into this environment the seed is planted. I label this seed 'Mother,' where the phallus meets the womb, energy given birth into material life (tellingly, 'mother' and 'matter' share etymological root systems). Where this seed sprouts and first pokes its head above the soil into the plane of material being, showing the first signs of being a seemingly separable 'self,' I label one sketch with the word 'psyche.' This is where mind manifests from matter, and where threats to the body and its brain, to health, are stored and reacted to; the base of the self-defense mechanism requiring no sentience, belonging to 'beast' as much as man.

In some sketches I label the first leaves, the cotyledons, with things like 'logos' and 'delos,' or 'order' and 'creation,' those foundational impulses of the self to control one's environment and to reshape it according to its will. Above these first sprouts the flower eventually emerges, what I simply label 'reality' in one sketch, the being coming into itself and its collective perceptions. The sun I liken to 'Father,' which, relative to terrestrial being, is the source of all being; Spirit as the energetic life-giver, that which primes Mother with the primordial purpose of birthing biological being.

And of particular interest to the spiritual practice, this one sketch I'm examining as I write this takes on something that I read in Osho's *Tantra: The Supreme Understanding*. That is, the truest you, the permanent within the impermanent, is as the sky itself, whilst the weather, that which blows through on the winds of change and is always in motion, I label 'ego.' In said book Osho refers to another thinker who says: "All that's required is not to identify with that which comes and goes." You are the sky, not the clouds; you are the energy, not the matter. The sky, the energy, it's everywhere whilst going nowhere. That's the true, non-dualist 'you,' the grandest possible We, aka 'God.'

But what of the concept of 'enlightenment,' that which I sense so readily when communing with The Golden Teacher? For as long as I can remember I've equated the spiritual practice with the reduction, and even obliteration, of the ego; the purging of the self-reducing self-definitions we cling

to and desperately defend against any and all possible threats, considering it, in the common delusion, the same as 'the self.' But there's a point beneath the ego, beneath the psyche, right where the seed forms its taproot and first touches the soil, the physical body of being. In this same sketch I call this premiere point of emergence "the a-priori enlightened self."

It's the purified person, the spiritual agent, the perfectly unique embodiment of God, The One. It exists before it's ever hit with perception, hence 'a priori.' It requires no self-definitions to defend and cling to, and yet it possesses particular aptitudes and attributes, not as elements of identity per the ego, but as qualities unique to its being. Those particular qualities point to its passions and purpose, how it, how I but not I, was gifted; how we're called to serve The One within the infinite.

It's here where the spiritual practice delivers us, and offers us deliverance. No self in mind, no self of thoughts and ideas and labels and definitions, but the purified person; the holy embodiment unstained by any ideas of itself, cleansed of self-perception, projecting no narrowing, prejudicial 'truths' upon the world that it's observing, thus suffering no illusions that the reflections are 'reality.'

Be the taproot! Be the light! Reach for the sky! Worship sun and seed whilst tending to your soil!

Nativity Scene

Your Point of Origin is The Source

Kinship isn't born by blood, but by love. Love is the sense of the essential sameness within every difference. With enough love, kinship and life itself become the same, revealing that what's essential to all of life is universal to life, and that this is love: the secret that the difference conceals the sameness.

What's commonly called 'nativity' is, in the history of not just humanity, but the whole history of being, the short term, myopic view. What are *you* native to? You're certainly not native to the nation with which you likely identify, nor to your bloodline; your tribe and genealogical heritage. I tell you now that those narrow, short-sighted identities are traps built to control you, and that it's both the ego and the archetypical emperor whom builds and maintains those mental traps. For what's the emperor but the epitome of the ego in biological form, he whom mercilessly swings the divisive sword so as to cut the people into narrow, manageable identities, too weak, too ensnared in the wars between those narrow identities to question and resist his evils?

When I'm asked "What nationality are you?," it's clear that the other American isn't looking for a reference to the country in which we both reside, but to the genes in me that are, in the traditional sense, sourced to some geographic 'point of origin.' But even *this* is highly misleading, as my own DNA search revealed. Before undergoing that quest I thought of myself as 'Greek and English,' in conflation of my Father and Mother's 'genealogical background.' Alas, I was misled, for, even as my Dad's family *came* from Greece, their composition is anything *but* restricted to Greece. Perhaps you see where I'm going with this, and sense that terms like 'origin' and 'nativity' are (outside of this article – wink, wink) almost *always* misleading, and narrowing, and carry with them inestimable baggage occluding the truest sight of ourselves.

It turns out that my 'Greek side' is more like the whole of the Mediterranean, with influences spanning from Italy, across Greece, into Eastern Europe. In my youthful pride I remember regularly thinking things like: "The Italians stole our culture after conquering us when we were in a weakened, infighting state, then the Roman Empire handed that culture to the rest of Europe, whom gave it to America. You're welcome world!" That was *before* the aforementioned DNA search revealed that I have 'Italian blood' in me, thus the beginning of the blurring lines of my own identity, and the coinciding realization of the extent of the former foolishness of thinking things like 'the Italians stole *my* culture!' For I'm both 'the thief' and 'the victim' there! My Mother's side is no less diasporic, touching into the Nordic regions and tiptoeing across Northern Europe. And so what foolishness, what egotistic pride, to think of myself, in my twenties, as a composite of the Greek philosopher and 'founders of Western Civilization' and the English Empire! Even in the relatively historical short term I'm a European mutt. But what of the *long term*?

In the cliché but true terminology 'we all came from Africa.' Those whom we label the 'natives' of any region aren't truly native to that one, isolated region. 'Native Americans' crossed the land bridge from Asia ten thousand years ago, during the last ice age. Truer still is that life likely began in the bottom of the sea, as single-celled organisms huddled around the proverbial fire; the deep sea vents exuding heat from inside the Earth. Eventually that life, becoming an ever more complex composite of that initial funneling of heat energy into enlivened biological matter, crawled onto the seashore. So here the universal philosophical precept rears its undeniable head once more: *All truth is relative*. In this context: *Nativity is relative to the spacetime scale*.

To thumb my nose at the blindly politically correct, it's not just that the best of the West is, my ego tells me, an 'appropriation' of 'my culture,' but that *we're all appropriators of life's forever expanding complexity*. Every human being appropriated everything that came before us, both biologically and culturally. Appropriation is simply the side effect of the relative source of something expanding outwards and becoming ever more an amalgamation of what it passes through and absorbs as it goes. Only when we *dishonor* that appropriation should it be considered unjust. I'm not an American, not Greek nor English, but, at the very least, I'm a *citizen of the world*, a master of appropriation. But, as you surely sense, not even *this* is accurate.

So let us trace this twine of thread further back, into the spooled Source from which every thread of Itself is pulled outwards and tied to every other, and turn to one of my heroes, Huxley, whom, citing another thinker, said: "All science is a reduction of multiplicity into identity." *Think about that for a minute*. Or, allow me: Science is the branching tree. 'Realists' look at the tree, forgetting the buried roots. For, in the beginning… *there was no beginning, but that Source of pure conscious energy which always has been and always will be*. Traditionally, that Source is known colloquially as 'God.' God 'big-banged' into the spacetime and matter that permit endless composition and decomposition of Its energy into matter and back. We are, *all of us*, unique forms of that formlessness unfolding Itself through spacetime; everyone and everything is an embodiment of God's energy, through Mother Matter, forever evolving to 'best fit' our environments by inborn, intelligent design. We are all, returning to Huxley, *multiplicities of Source*. We're all unique incarnations of the Source of all of existence.

So why identify with your bloodline? I'll take it a step further. Why identify *at all*? Why identify, in the common delusion, as one, distinct being, the basis of the ego and its misleading, divisive lies? And consider the *fact* that the crux of the dark art of propaganda through which every demagogue has divided and conquered humanity is precisely *that*, the propensity to put ourself into comforting, conflating boxes. In the process we append to our egoistic self-conception an endlessness of girth, of weighty, burdening self-definition, each appendage making us heavier and forcing us to defend it, everything that we add to our idea of ourselves making us simultaneously more massive and constricted in potential. For, if you *are* a thing, you can no longer be what contradicts that thing. The more you narrow your identity, the more you blind yourself, and all those whom believe that identity, to the deeper, metaphysical truth, and the more you artificially separate yourself from them, perpetuating otherness, the more that you feed the fires of all division and conflict, and the more that you empower the tyrants whom have *always* fed off of our division, and whom blind us to the one, true identity: *You're an incarnation of the Source; a unique, irreplaceable one within the Infinite of One.*

The Sapling

Swaying in the Wind, Unfixed

Time is such that it sets things. Things become more and more rigid, unpliable and inflexible as both *their* perceptions *and* the way in which they're perceived becomes more defined, finite and absolute in the minds of everyone and everything involved in the act of mutual perception. Might this be the formative basis of what we consider 'reality?'

When we're young the world is a wonder, purely perceived. Even at the collegiate age the world brims with boundless unset energy and untold opportunity, an entire unfixed future joyously unfolding before us. It's for this reason above all that I *love* to walk university campuses: *the open, unrestricted, inquisitive energy*. But the more and more we define the world and its inhabiting forms and phenomena, the more we attempt to define and control 'what is' and 'what isn't,' what we are and what's possible for us and in the world at large, the more the open, fluid, dynamic potential of our existence leaks away in commensurate consequence.

Lao Tzu speaks of the supple, youthful, growing strength of the sapling in contrast to the rigidly set and drying tree tilting towards decay and death. Flexibility is the youthful, vibrant possibility, whereas conceptual and perceptive rigidity is the aging inviting its demise, cracking rather than flexing in the winds of change, calling for the release and renewal of its energy, what we call 'death.' And I wonder at this phenomenon on a metaphysical level.

Without a specific, individualist identity, as all things and all possible perceivers, as pure perception itself, God is as perfectly possible, ageless youth; the child perpetually perceiving the wonder of infinite possibility within *everything*. But the more The One manifests Itself into finite forms, and the more that those fixing forms perceive themselves as definite, distinct selves, and the more those selves project their fixating perceptions upon existence, the closer every self within the Universal Self comes to the rigidity of death, whereupon they dissolve back into the divine, pure possibility.

Perhaps things are only things in relation to the perception of 'other things.' Perhaps we are as aging perceivers of narrowing egoistic perception, our myopia and path of dissolution back into the whole accelerating in its progression relative to how certain we are of what, exactly, we're perceiving. Perhaps God is as forever youthful, unset perception, never settled, all potential preserved in 'His' egoless un-self; the *unfixed* within every finitely fixed perception.

Perhaps we are more of God when we *don't* define, and perceive without projecting fixed language and definitions as 'knowledge of how the world is' onto the world, calcifying it with falsely fixed 'understanding.' Perhaps we can only see truly when we see as the undefinable, endlessly re-moldable Proteus of perfectly purified perception, of perfect denial of selfdom, of eternal subtlety and suppleness, the totality of existence forever dynamically evolving, nothing fixed and finite, *including ourselves*.

Perhaps it's only the perception of being a 'self' and seeing set things that's the fixing force by which self and 'thinghood' is set in the first place. Perhaps *this* is how matter was made, forming and rigidly setting energy into atom and molecule and ever-weightier accretion in the process of certain self-perception that necessarily ends in the self-dissolution back into the whole that we call 'death,' but which, in underlying truth, is *never* an end, but an opening back up to the infinitude of being.

There's great irony in the fact that the more that we proclaim to 'know,' the more blind we become to all the truths and possibilities that don't fit that narrow conception of 'knowing,' the more static and unyielding becomes our being. Unable to flex in the winds of constant change, of constant emergence and reinvention, we must wither, crack and crumble, giving our energy back to the Source of eternal re-creation.

About the Author

My name is Nick Jameson, and I write under the pen name **Gnostic Nick**. But don't get caught up in the name. The Tao Te Ching, maybe my favorite metaphysical treatise, starts with that, in fact:

The Tao that can be told is not the eternal Tao.
The name that can be named is not the eternal Name.
The unnamable is the eternally real.
Naming is the origin of all particular things.

So it's no accident that a spiritual thinker would struggle against ego, and find a way to enlist persona without buying into it as some absolute truth about himself. 'Gnostic Nick' is a moniker that I play with, the toying with names itself being a practice paralleling the Tao Te Ching's revelations. This is also why I replaced the conventional author bio on the back of my books, going with this instead:

Via Gnostic Nick, aka Nick Jameson, aka Nikos Alexander Mentzelopoulos, aka Beatnick, aka The Redwooded Recluse, aka Numinick, aka another scholar and scribe afflicted with the happy hubris of believing that he may divine divinity; he whom hopes to cleanse his lens, purify his perceptions and lose the limits of his learned definitions.

This is, in fact, at the heart of spiritual revelation: *the label is the lie.* And anything that we create is created through The Force, the innate generative energy of being; we conduct It into our creations, we aren't the source of those creations. Hence saying *Via* Gnostic Nick. Needing to take credit for everything worked *through* us is, itself, an egoistic concealing of God. My work is about freeing you from such narrow traps by which the people are ensnared and divided from God, which is the same as dividing them from one another, for God is the greatest possible, unified WE. The fact that you're reading this means you've already pulled at least one leg from the snare. Both 'Infinite of One' and 'Gnostic Nick' hint at the eternal truth threatening the artificial authority of all orthodoxy:

The early Gnostic Christians were condemned and sometimes burned at the stake for knowing and disseminating truths shared by Christ and concealed by the Church, including the fact that God is unnaturally corralled by the official New Testament that was edited and rubber-stamped by Empire. The Gnostics knew that *everyone's relationship with God, and their path of revelation and liberation, is unique.*

Because every person is a special, material incarnation of the One Source of all-pervasive energy, or 'God,' so too is every unique embodiment granted their own unique ascending path to the saving truth of God. For you are one of the Infinite One, the holy energy (Father) uniquely born into ever-evolving matter (Mother), the phallus and the womb, the meeting of the two triangles. Thus is your path perfectly unique to you, unfolded *by* God, with whom you have an ongoing relationship, and with whom you constantly communicate as the essential, everlasting part of yourself, even if you don't believe it and are unaware of this constant communion. You're corresponding regardless.

God chose spacetime and matter for the sake of infinite variety of and perspective upon existence, Being into endlessly reincarnated being. Let me offer a salvation straightaway: *You don't have an individual 'soul' slated for everlasting damnation or ecstasy*. You don't 'go' anywhere when you die, because you're already HERE; within God; inside the everlasting present. The truest you is untouchable. This is a truth that religion was made to conceal, for religion is the doomed attempt to control and specify what constitutes the Everything; by imperial decree, you see, for division is fear is control.

A definition of **Gnosticism**: The deep, intuitive, mystical insight into divine reality that offers a DIRECT knowing of one's true, holy nature that's essential to both liberation and the transcendence of every misleading source of suffering. As Michael Pollan states in the highly recommended work *How to Change Your Mind*: "You render the priesthood superfluous if you can talk to God on your own." In fact, direct communication with the divine, absent the falsifying filter of the Church and its imperial priests, is the 'paganism' of knowing that there's no distinction between man and God, or between God and the holy births of Mother Nature. Enlightenment is God waking within.

I think of my writing like crafting compasses guiding readers to what they already know in the depths of their hearts, the gateway of everlasting energy into impermanently formed matter. It's time for us to break down the mistruths and their boundaries, and to return humanity to its essential, inseparable, unifying nature as divine incarnations of the One! We all hold the same eternal flame!

I've been aware that I'm communication with The Source since my twenties, when I came upon 'His' truths through an unfolding of my own spiritual path emanating outward from my heart, combined with my philosophical nature. I realized that what my mind was translating from my heart wasn't mere 'feeling,' a sense that's commonly misunderstood and derided in the modern, 'realist' world, but were actually messages from the Source Self. The unearthing and recording of many a universal truth buried at the Base of Being followed, and has led to a series of books written across genres, all of which have a holy teaching at their heart. My purpose is to help liberate the people from their invisible binds and lead them to the Holy Land, the everlasting Life within every life.