

# BECOMING ONESELF

BEYOND THE PALE  
OF SHERWOOD ROAD



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

Rainer Maria Rilke

*Letters to a Young Poet*



# RELATED READING

*Walden*

*Siddhartha*

*The Little Prince*

*Alice in Wonderland*

*Another Naïve Idealist*

*Letters to a Young Poet*

*Through the Looking Glass*

*The Secret History of the World*

*I Fell in Love in a Mental Institution*





Looking up from within a redwood copse



The redwood deck hand-built by my father



Where I sunnily seek and renature myself



Looking down into the Noyo River Canyon



The grandest of The Life Giver's guardians



# Part 1

August 2025

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

What am I but what Mother Nature made me, in league with what the One Spirit wills Itself to be through Her, The Life Giver? What can we truly know of ourselves if such 'knowledge' is but what society compels us to believe that we are through what it dictates is of value, purposefully discarding all that which may distract us from our unnaturally conditioned purpose of production and consumption? What matters, and what is identity, if mattering is but being stuffed into easily identifiable,

ready-for-market boxes sold for the enrichment of the few while putting the planet on the menu, and whom we hope may drop us some sustaining morsels? All so that we, too, may become fat with every non-necessity concealing our essential self.

For this same insatiable feast that we're coerced to serve swallows up the truth of ourselves, allowing little but the pretense of such self-awareness to remain, the affected, false face of the self-salesman compelled to sell himself for the comforts of climbing the ego class ladder. And all the while that seeming upwards climb takes us further from the deeper, undefinable truth and infinite potential of what we truly are, in our protean core: a forever re-created and endlessly evolving emergence of The One. What's most true of you and me is what may grow from within to be, sprouting from the one shared seed of heart, the climb and bend towards the warm, sunny start, the eternally-springing Source of all.

As I've written elsewhere: *Only the silent stillness possesses perfect potentiality*. For me, this is a prime, and primeval, principle that runs in parallel with God Itself, that which may be anything and everything because It's nearest to nothing; never fixed in form and forever recreated in response to its ever-changing environment. The same is true of the essential in you. Consider that for a moment. Consider the void of perfect possibility and how it mirrors your divinity.

As soon as you sense something, you're restricted in your ability to sense everything else. As soon as something moves in any one direction, it must move away from every other possible direction. As soon as you believe it to be any one thing for certain, you negate everything else that it is. As soon as you apply any defining labels to yourself or anyone or anything else, you're removing the ability for that someone or something else to be anything that contradicts that label, which, when that label is thought to be absolute, is *everything*

*else*. So it is that Oscar Wilde's "to define is to limit" may well be the most perfectly terse expression of the fundamental-most truth ever uttered, for it applies to *everything*, including you, and encompasses Spirit.

And please don't be confused by my liberal use of terminology. To me, Spirit is but a synonym for God. As the *Tao Te Ching* opens: "That which can be named is not the nameless thing." Be not caught by the label or the illusion of fixed form, for the essence of everything is the purest possible, irreducible energy, and that eternal energy is always unfixed and, through Consciousness, forever evolving through everything else. And so the most common mistake of every mind and its pretense of 'possessing truth' is to possess any 'truth' which contradicts this one essential truth, the truth of God, The One. God is the Self from which all self springs. And nowhere does this one of the few absolute truths of existence spring more readily from my heart and come to

fruit in my mind than after passing through the pale at the perimeter of this wild place.

And so *here*, after Sherwood Road runs out of asphalt, following the hairpin turn banking downhill onto the rocky decline they call Company Ranch Road, dropping down to the Noyo River, and across the metal bridge into logging land, where the trees tower high enough to give me the space between misty canopy and fern-sprawling earth to breathe and immerse myself in the sacred silence, that which whispers to us what we are in the unspoken tongue older than time, I seek the ceaseless Self sitting upon The Immanent Throne.

There was a shining light upon me this morning, an auspicious sign of the One Consciousness piercing the gossamer veil set between the Self and me, one of Its infinitely-manifested forms. The sparks of light started with a recent commune with the Golden Teacher; white spots like stars spotting my vision, akin to frequent flashes penetrating my perception when I pinpoint

some truth in my mind; signs of having punctured the plane between myself and my Self, cleansing the conduit between Source and Its individualization. Their flash carries the message that the truest me is always free, regardless of how traditional, one-way forms of 'freedom' seek to encage us all. These flashes remind me of having recently read the overlapping lesson from electrical theory that states, quite simply, that the best conductors are those with the least resistance. Nothing inhibits their conduction. As it is with Siddhartha's river, so it is with The Way, so it is with the conducting of every current, and the relative reception of every emancipating, empowering type of truth: *there's no stony self-conception blocking the conducting current*. It happens here far more than in most places, where the great Thing at the center of myself breaks out, calling upon me to become myself; to embrace the self nearest the Self that possesses no limiting need to know and define himself, but only to be the

only me that can ever be free, this singular version of The One, never to replicated.

Akin to the simple joy of absorbing sunrays and listening to the coastal winds sweep up the river canyon through the soaring redwoods, it's the need of nothing that, so freed, must thereby be the truth indeed. For that's the nature of truth and the freedom that it bequeaths: it's eternally extant, effortlessly bestowed, always unearthed and never created or destroyed. What may any of us know of *true* freedom when we but conflate the concept with being free to follow every whim and compulsion that comes into a mind conditioned to be thus compelled, encouraged by the perfectly-pervasive, prevailing forces of profiteering *not* to seek the means to free ourselves from such bloating, debilitating dependency? Are you blind to the fact that the 'land of freedom' is actually the land of endlessly-stoked artificial need, and that need always exists in inverse proportion to freedom?

The only free customer is the customer so slim he buys nothing that he doesn't need, starting with buying the definitions and training and conservative values concocted by the conquerors writing not just the history books, but most every book set within every nook of every institution conserving the status quo. And yet we, in this and most every other 'advanced nation,' believe freedom to be the opposite: the freedom of the obese customer consumed with a conditioned constancy of need, with the permanent, desperate urgency to add more to his possessions and his emptily-expanding, egoistic self-definition, deprived of every protection and emancipating truth that may slim him towards the Universal Self at the irreducible center of everyone. We're free to follow the lead of the largest overlording leeches that we're so well-trained to lionize that we pass our presidencies to tyrannical clowns and their plundering, pandering parades of parasitic kleptocrats. This is such a tragically ubiquitous, blinding reality of the common

contemporary consciousness that few can see through the propagandist smokescreen.

All truth is true relative to being forever unforced and unconditioned, and this is as true of the nature of the Tao as it is of every truth through which It flows and settles into every particular form of Itself. For people may be conquered by force, and caged in mind by sufficiently clever propaganda and indoctrination when naïvely absorbent as youths and as the insufficiently fortified and narrowly educated, but, given sufficient pressure, all subjugating force shall invariably mount into an equal and opposite force of liberation, bending back upon itself and breaking every bounding bar. So it is that every consuming, imploding blackhole builds an equally potent star swelling through the least resistant space, seeking freeing, self-expanding explosion. And when these star-bursting flashes find their way into *my* vision, it's as if a subsuming tsunami of unstoppable truth consumes my

shoreline, and I must only remove myself from the beach, and let every sandcastle of self-conception be swept away by the tide.

Whether I step outside myself or fall further into myself in such moments I cannot say, for it's as if both are true, like a rubber band being pulled in both directions, stretching to wrap around a greater sense of myself. It feels as though I'm straddling the great current of *Now*, setting one foot upon each bank of the River of One, and sense that balance is truth is being planted upon both planes at once, inner and outer, past and present, their distinction the illusion of passing time never known by the current.

I write this in my meticulous penmanship in the margins of Rilke's *Letters to a Young Poet*. And so I think of his subtly gorgeous sentiments whilst writing, and the wisdom of his admonishing his correspondent not to be overeager to purge himself of his pains, for the pains of the past and the present are as intertwining threads of a single string wrapped around and drawing

in the future, everything forever in the process of pulling itself into becoming itself. “The past is never dead,” Faulkner said, “it’s not even the past.” The eternal flame carried within the breast of every being bellows with the crafting of all seemingly separate destiny of collectively-crafted Being. And that destiny may only be *because* it’s painfully pounded into its most elemental form, like being so continually crushed by all the overlording lies that learning truth is akin to being beaten down into the Base of Being, wherein nothing can be further reduced. Pain is like a sharply cutting stone slicing at the heel of those whose legs hang over the side of their raft as they careen their way down the River of One on its return to the Sea of Source, each slice painfully instructing them to stay in the current, or cutting those crossing the river to reach their next ‘grass is greener’ patch of earth, reminding them to seek the evergreen space within, rather than without.

In the same way is every such slicing stone itself polished into its smoothest form by the perpetual pounding of bounding along the banks and cascading through all of the tumultuously-testing seasons. Callouses gained by every crossing become the toughness by which we may continue to cross, just as the stones are made symmetrical *not* by sitting upon the bank, but by the floods and ebbs that once seemed accursed in their relentlessness, yet ultimately reveal themselves to be the formative forces of every fate, the tough love delivered by Nature Herself. Her adoration of all Her creation can only be known by those creations through the pains pursuant of their relative progress. In our vulnerability, in our soft-footed ignorance, we believe that we want *only* pleasure, and, to our own disservice, we become too fond of the comfort that keeps us too tender to cross the river, blithely unaware that we cannot cross to know ecstasy without the craftsman called suffering, such that the wise shall come to heed the hammering.

And just as Rilke recommends, we must often seek solitude to allow the lessons that've been hammered into us by softly-enslaving, insidiously-sickening society to fully sink in, and come to reveal themselves by contrast with Nature's silent stillness and effortless effusions. No call do I hear more consistently back 'in the world' than the call to purify myself; to release myself into the wild sanctuary wherein all truth and healing are rooted. For what may you know of your mind if you cannot hear yourself think? What clarity of sight may you have if most of what you see is artificial, crafted solely to sell you the unnecessary? What can you know of your undefinable identity if everywhere you look everything and everyone is being defined? If every tree I see is but the definition of a tree, not a single tree do I truly see. Which is why, as Alan Watts reminds us, Lao Tzu spoke of knowing tones being akin to knowing deafness, and seeing in five colors being near to blindness. We're all projectors, the world and one another serving as mirrors.

What ‘knowing’ you project upon the world is reflected back to you as myopia. The same is true of everything that you believe yourself to be, don’t you see? For whatever you think that you are, I assure you, you are *so* much more, and so much *less*. Deep within you is the *slimmest* of customers, for nearest to nothing lies everything, and *this* is God, and this is *you*, thou that likely cannot see that your ‘self’ is a leaf on your own tree. What foolishness to believe that the tree belongs to but one branch, and that the roots can only be unearthed by one digger!

How can such a boundless tree truly be, when wired-in by propriety? What of its branching shall it never know, when hacked and hemmed for a proper show? If you allow anyone or anything else to tell you who you are, to deceptively, reductively define you, to dictate to you what’s of value in life, you shall never know who you are, nor the truest life which every heart hungers for, that which forever dwells in

the wild wonder lying beyond the pale of all definition, springing from indwelling Being.

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

mindless magnificence, like soaring into the sky after mounting the scaffold and scaling the ivory tower, only to leap from its ledge!

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

anything most true and most real that one may seek, including one's true self?

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

The demon Ego must be unmasked before anyone may glimpse themselves *through* the looking glass, Alice, the one of perfect non-self-projection, flexibility and creativity, the ageless youth effortlessly reflecting the truth of every fairytale, the un-primped, painfully-polished and endlessly-evolving self of Self.

*Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass*, two of my reads here, throw things upon their head and defy all dry teaching and constrictive training in the attempt to strip us of our artifice, so that we may remember the wonderful, immature truth lost to every ‘mature’ way of thinking. Maturity is forever being a kid at play, both Carroll and the sages say. It’s as though Carroll, like Exupery, like Lao Tzu, calls for us to heed the wisdom that one who’s trained how to hear has never heard. The better trained we are the more we’re wearing plastic garments forever adhering to a stiff outer shell calcified by our conditioning. We’re stultified by any learning that lies about anything being

locked in place, known for certain, as though set permanently upon the shore, unaware that everything shall ultimately be swept away except that part of ourselves that's inseparable from everything, and only to *this* should we cling. And yet we need not cling to It, because It eternally clings to us, *as us*. And so Spirit cries out in Carroll's own cautions: *Strip yourself bare of all that you think that you are, and walk nakedly through your kinship with all Creation, each creature a teacher with a secret truth to tell!* Those teachings are never forced, for like the truth all is revealed when we want it not, receiving only what the current carries us to, just as time is best spent only when it's forgotten.

Place not too prideful a profit upon awareness, ye fellow seekers, for only when aware of nothing for certain is one capable of finding absolutely anything. What we most need to find finds us when we're blissfully unaware that we're seeking it. For who is happy but one so engrossed in the doing that they've lost the awareness that

they're doing anything at all? Thus the perfect Zen paradox of enigmatic education: *To truly know a thing one must arrive at the knowing without knowing that they're there.* It's funny that we employ the term 'simple-minded' pejoratively, for such is what the sage seeks: to see as one did as a child, and hopes to again, without analysis, adornment or qualification, but only with the pure unassuming wonder of *Alice in Wonderland*. For it's easy to complicate, difficult to simplify. Thus have I always asserted that the best philosophy reduces towards universal application, rather than adding and specifying. So much of what stands for modern philosophy is the unnecessary complication of what constitutes truth; pretense chasing its own tail. Even in Thoreau's day he had cause to comment: "There are nowadays professors of philosophy, but no philosophers." Philosophy is *distillation*, not amassment; the alchemy of adding only what's necessary in order to bring the cauldron to its fullest fruition. Brilliance is in the *pith*, not the sap,

making Oscar Wilde peerless. “If only I’d had more time, I would’ve written a shorter letter,” someone once insightfully said.

So as much as my social self, the pack animal in me, bids me to seek social sustenance whenever I go too long without feeding upon friendship, or at least the semblance thereof, and as much as my heart melds with the visionary power of my mind in the seeing of lost lovers and, especially, of the lovers that never came to be, and especially *she*, I know in the moments of flashing starlight bursting through my brain, in these clean, clear, effortless moments of pure, unobstructed inspiration, that Rilke is right: *The truest creation reflects the truest you, and requires no force to make itself true.* This, too, is the Tao, you see, the unforced current that moves through the path of least resistance. Rilke continuously, softly hammers home the theme of solitude for this very reason: *no other self sits in the current, so it courses freely through us.* Solitude not only in place, but in

mind; isolated from the source of all of our modern contagion and confusion; the art of subtracting all that may come to crowd our consciousness, clouding the essence. I recently read that *meditation*, in the original Sanskrit, means “being unmeasured.” Only the immeasurable truth is truest. Only the undefined self nears the Self within us all.

So it is that by keeping this cabin my father has bestowed upon me the richest of gifts: *the space for my every inchoate becoming to become itself, including me.* What greater gift of necessity may one bestow upon the pure creator in anyone? Is it not the same innate wisdom that Thoreau cultivated upon the shores of Walden Pond? Did he not bid that everyone seek the true life lost to the fabrication of conditioned lives consumed with a constancy of material, financial and egoistic covetousness? What may one know of such true, lost life when always inundated with its opposite, secretly whispering the tragic truth that human beings can become used to most anything,

including lost life and false self? Is the fact that Thoreau's masterpiece resonates with more imploring clarity the noisier conventional society becomes, as do books such as *Into the Wild* and films such as *Captain Fantastic*, not plainly express the fact held by every heart that the sacred-most has been forsaken, and that it calls for its recovery? Only in the sacred silent stillness may the easiest, happiest happenings, the simplest, purest sentiments coalesce into their naturally boundless formations.

And yet, despite the divine deliverance granted to the solitary thinker, I cannot but long for a future lover, envisioning her with fiery red hair, as a tarot reading foretold; she whom may mirror my mind and fire the bellows of parallel passions, but for whom I shan't be required to bend too far from myself in the process. For are not our best partners in life those with whom we most naturally find a harmonizing resonance, our innate waveforms merging to mount in might? And so I hope for her, I ready

myself for her, recently interpreting The Law of Attraction to mean the unforced future attracted by the vacuum of negative space that sucks it in when we create the requisite space within ourselves for it to fit, to invisibly seed and grow into itself, just as all metaphysically comes to be. I must make myself ready, make myself worthy of her, as a god preparing an immanent temple for his goddess. In recent thoughts of mine mirroring Rilke's own writing, it's as though I'm preparing my home to receive a most honored guest, and that, in the process, I must find the will to refuse, by any narrowing of fear, identity and conventional social conditioning, to restrict myself to but one trapped corner of one room of my home. How may I know it, and know how she'll come to fit within it, if so restricted? I must sweep it out, and keep firing the hearth, for she shan't enter but when it's open, warm and illuminated, fit for a queen. The last lover I had was preparation for the goddess, just as I hope that I helped

prepare the goddess in her to receive her own god. Jessica was an astounding lover, the best of my life, bar none. Never have I been consumed in such a way, as if we both somehow knew that the song that we replayed countless times during our mutual feasting, *Hot Blooded* by *New Constellations*, was our theme song, “just a little bit more, just a little bit more...” It was prophetic, in fact: *this can't last*. For even as it was like being borne by her into a bottomless bounty that we would forever feast upon, there was too much heat to maintain, firing an unsustainable act of mutual consumption and relational annihilation. For even as the bounty seemed to be beyond measure, its end could well be measured by her need to measure it. I swear that I speak true when I say that I only knew her as my genuine lover whilst she mirrored the mentality naturally befalling one while in a place such as this, when she was effortless and natural, when expectation and conformity were nowhere to be found, disappearing into the fog

encasing everything that thereafter can only identify with its innate indistinction with everything else; where there are no single trees, only the forest; when and where everything flowed of its own volition, and our courses naturally coursed into one converging current. She prepared me for what's to come, both by proving to me that I'm worthy of what's coming, and by reinforcing the lesson that the stresses of conventional society are innately unnatural, and so savagely, persistently pressed upon her with their artificial force that our shared course caught a snag, and we diverged.

The disheartening hells delivered upon her as a social worker in a society in which the parasitic president pulls the funding from every publicly-funded program that might douse the inferno, her related dependency upon a rotating slew of narcotics to blunt the pain, the pressure to 'make something of the relationship,' as if it need be anything but what it wills itself to be, to not just be with one another and naturally express

affection, as in those ten nights together and all the warm July days of teasing, loving texts loaded with laurels so effortlessly bestowed upon me, everything that I did being “the best.” Alas, pressure ultimately prevailed, as it usually does in the lives of the insufficiently fortified, compelling her to grate a path *out* of these woods, as it were, before artificially paving over that path with the road of comfortable conformity leading to a ‘committed relationship’ such that, when I hesitated to drive it, she switched from goddess to monster in attitude and expression, suddenly treating me as a villain and conceding to the common egoistic need in such a switch to tear me down so as to make herself seem larger. If I’m not an ally, I must be an enemy, or so identity tells us.

The ego, you see, is the maker of such monstrosity, for it brews within the rot of the readily-rancid psyche, their pairing birthing something sickening and sinister, thence hatched from her in the need to

strike me down, turning ‘we’ll always be friends at the least’ to ‘no friend so foul.’ And so Yoni’s Temple, wherein we’d ravenously consumed ambrosia and one another during those ten ethereal nights of time-suspended lust, suddenly collapsed, Nature capitulating to the unnatural monstrosity, leaving the burdened beast to claw through the rubble seeking any remains to sustain its self-regard, like a vile vulture picking at the carcass of a once captivating creature, looking for any means to smear its self-conceptions onto its looking glass. But before that, before her body became beleaguered by toxins and a lack of recuperation that she refused to acknowledge, before Spirit had no choice but to surrender to her sickened psyche, before truth was engulfed by ego, she was exactly what I needed. I hope I was the same for her: a stepping stone down into a grander, deeper internal temple, having burrowed beneath the monster’s den.

*Here* the monsters are kept at bay, set in the ‘civilized land’ some ten miles away, where the currently trickling Noyo River indeed meets the mercilessly wind-carved coast of Mendocino County. *This* is the land of *natural* beings, beings whom, when one quiets one’s mind and opens one’s third eye, one may communicate with on a level we’re trained *not* to know. For animal signs are everywhere here, with no materialism to mar it. And I don’t just mean tracking their foot tracks, but the tracks they lead me to within. And by ‘materialism’ I now refer less to the associated accumulation of material possessions testifying to the false worth of every person, and more to the philosophy of mechanism and accident; the prevailing paradigm amongst the ‘educated’ that dictates that everything came to be by sheer stupid stumble, consciousness being a matter of a strictly accidentally-arisen mechanism, evolution itself being but the meaningless mutations that take hold because they confer an advantage. Ready for a related philosophical truth here? Sure

you are, right? Words like ‘accident’ and ‘random’ and ‘meaningless’ really mean: *we don’t understand the cause, so it’s in our prideful interest to pretend as though a cause doesn’t exist.*

In case you’re unaware, this is the first branching of the philosophical tree, you see: that either consciousness and existence are an accident of a coldly uncaring universe (materialism), else Consciousness is the Source of all things, and every individualized consciousness conducts It, and everything is endowed with existence for the innate meaning of existing (non-dual idealism). The purpose of the existential construct made from the Source of Being ‘big-banging’ into the *relative* separations of spacetime and matter was so that the purely energetic, formless One may endlessly experience Itself from/through infinite perspectives and Self-exploring forms. Hence my label: *Infinite of One Publishing.*

And so, freed from the mental chains of ‘everything is accidental and meaningless,’ from the rational error and egotism of

absolute separation and identity, one may recall the awareness of ancient ancestors: that animals offer communications from the One Source whenever and however such communication doesn't conflict with their will to survive. The priests of the past knew this innately, as I do when in my purest, mystic mindset, as was, in a bow to *The Secret History of the World*, a common capacity in the days before science and materialism narrowed knowing into what could be measured and reduced into the classifications belying the fact that all such classification is the reduction into identity of the multiplicity of the energy of One Being. Booth, the author of *The Secret History*, asserts that it's all *spiritualism*, distinct from true *spirituality*, in my estimation, in its declaration that *individual spirits* pervade the world, unseen but by those trained in the knowledge contained in the clandestine teachings of secret societies. A good book sales scheme, most certainly.

Booth asserts those independent beings to be all-powerful, and thus the authors of every fate. I say he's wrong there, and makes the same mistake of enforcing a false divisibility of the One ironically made by the same prevailing history and belief that he counters in said book, proffering the belief in divisible 'souls' and 'afterlives,' egotism thus forcibly delivered upon a true non-dualist spirituality that knows no such separation. *The Base of Being is eternally undivided*, I say. Any 'independent spirits' are impermanent forms of The Formless One, granted form and spiritual agency when necessity summons them. Yet Booth's book is well worth reading for that one aforementioned revelation alone, and for all connected 'food for thought': before the falsely-enforced separations from God and all the hierarchy and absolutely distinct identities and possession of individual, damnable 'souls' codified as *religion*, before the conditioned need to confer with their phony priests pretending to guard the 'Pearly Gates' so as to frighten the

constituents of Empire into obedience (for it's Empire that turns the pure spirituality of sages into religion for the sake of control, you see), humanity had nothing inhibiting its innate knowledge of the divinity extant *everywhere all the time*, and could thus read the resultant, all-surrounding signs and signals.



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

and *dictionary.com*, expands upon this definition a bit, defining *delusion* as: “A fixed and false belief not substantiated by sensory or objective evidence.” I find this to be a perfect inroad into the insights of Alice and her companion, *The Little Prince*: ‘Fixed’ implies that the ‘delusional person,’ or ‘mentally ill individual,’ refuses to relinquish the belief, despite, I assure you, *immense* pressure and implicit threat. Most of those reading these words will have little idea of how immense a price such sufferers pay *not* to ‘unfix’ such beliefs. And those beliefs being proven ‘false’ by a lack of ‘sensory or objective evidence’ would certainly elicit the peal of laughter that the crashed pilot so adored from his *Little Prince*, and would have some creature deep within the rabbit hole producing some pun about objectivity and sensation, like: ‘Here the object *is* the subject, for only the subject is substantial when subjected to stubbing one’s toe upon its object, and the sensation proves this.’ The fact that the mental health world clings to materialism, keeping the Prince from

jumping planets before burying his saving well beneath the dry sands of ‘objectivity,’ isn’t hard to understand, of course, for must we not murder all childhood fancy if the adult is to survive and ‘thrive’ in a society that teaches us to dismiss Alice’s world as nonsense, the pilot as doomed? It reminds me of a meme that I recently read: “Don’t grow up, it’s a trap!” It also reminds me of a former friend’s favorite advice to dispense: “Always listen to the kid in you.”

If all the operable knowledge compelled by the profitability of the mental institution and the psychiatrist, in their repugnant partnership with Big Pharma and their interrelated need to diagnostically-define so as to properly ‘treat,’ is based upon the materialist paradigm, then all other paradigms *must* be ‘unreal’ relative to such boxing-in definitions and identifications, and the proponents of such conflicting ‘false realities,’ including those whom experience a deeper, conventionally-conflicting, uncooperative, non-conforming

reality on a daily basis, like yours truly, must be ‘delusional.’ And should our delusions persist, and become too great an obstacle between ourselves and the commonly-accepted materialist ‘reality,’ and should we thence fail to find productive work and not fit into the boxes of conventional society, and thereby be deemed ‘unfit’ for that society (which is actually a *compliment*, because only insecure people need force themselves into an unnatural, boxed ‘fit’), then our institutionalization approaches. Are not all the superlative people, those having the greatest influence on society, who challenge and provoke by their very nature, those *least* fitting of said society? For every moral champion compelled by their conviction, by their heart-mind allegiance, *not* fitting is the same as compelling progress, which is the same as being naturally provocative, which, these days, is much the same as refusing to kowtow to all the self-righteous political correctness and ‘woke’ people asleep at the wheel as a pre-programmed autopilot drives their decency.

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

The ubiquity and recurrence of pharmaceutical commercials, and the *disgusting* profitability of Big Pharma, conventional healthcare and institutions such as the one for which I worked, and the

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

I'm escaping in order to dig down into the Base of Being, becoming what I most am.

For, back in the high-and-dry desert of Bend, Oregon, the near ecological opposite of this coastal redwood retreat, I think of how my young, clever, 'realist,' hardworking hustler of a housemate would laugh at my reading animal signs. I don't blame him, really, for he came from poverty, and, like the only woman that I've ever loved, having desperately fallen for her at the aforementioned institution, what choice does he have but to follow the confluence of our American indoctrination and the indelible psychological imprint of early deprivation towards the bootstrapping conclusion that he must fight for a better life than he's ever had the privilege to know? With every conversation we have he bids me to betray myself, thinking that he's helping me whilst confirming his worldview and defending the insecurity that I'm so good at provoking in proposing an opposing, counter-cultural, idealist

perspective. It's *this* that he deigns to dismiss when he attempts to paint my doubt as 'cynicism,' when he fails to see that someone being negative about things they *know* to be negative is the same as being positive, for, by the mathematical law, a negative of a negative is a positive. And it's *this* law that I follow towards every thought, belief, action and book that I write which advocates for the fact that *hating what hurts people is the same as lovingly serving them.*

But he'll hear none of it. He can't allow himself to even *consider* the value of conviction, something as rare as integrity, much less its now mythical big brother, *honor*, in a world in which class is climbed upon the backs of every underprivileged person and unprotected place on the planet. To him, and to most Americans that I meet, frankly, especially those identifying as conservatives, of course (for they're unwittingly *conserving* the status quo per their insidiously-indoctrinated soft enslavement), doubt and criticism are *necessarily* negative.

Either people don't have time for them, and have no energy left after working all day to survive, else they lack the minds to connect the dots, else, even if they were to understand the arguments, the resultant conclusions would stand in the way of their success. My housemate sees himself as a type of moderate (for he's too smart to be conservative, but too invested to be liberal), and continually, vainly tries to convince me that I'm 'too political,' for good business, and climbing the ladder, means *having no conviction*. For, as someone who works to strike deals, conviction stands between those whom it's in his financial interests to connect *through* him, and so having any strong beliefs that might block the bridge of business is the same as sacrificing his future. His masters have him by the balls! And so it is with the vast majority of 'civilized humanity,' brought to heel in order to serve an unsustainable, false reality.

Thinking of him, and of Jessica, and of Jen, the wonderful young woman I fell in love

with at the mental institution, she whom haunts my dreams like a loving phantom of fathomless loss, and thinking especially of the words of Rilke, I'm compelled to retool his advice to the young poet here: *Take up your pains, they're the shovel digging for buried treasure!* Every pain that we survive, at least every pain that doesn't cause irreparable damage, is a *growing pain*. Even when we *don't* survive it, a faithful understanding of causal necessity dictates that such a death catalyzes growth *through* our sacrifice, being subsumed by the evolution of existence. Even as I've read very little of Nietzsche, I've heard that it was his grasp of this principle that made him fond of the Latin expression 'Amor Fati,' or 'Love Thy Fate.'

A pervasive peace is offered by a total embrace of such a faith, even without placing that faith into a divine paradigm, for such an embrace engenders what all the sages encourage: *radical acceptance*. No, this acceptance doesn't necessitate never reacting to pain or wrongdoing, and never

suffering indignation, nor does it require sitting back and doing nothing when seeming misfortune befalls us, it simply means that you don't expend mental and emotional energy fighting what you now know is inevitable, because it was *meant to happen*, for everything is an unfolding of the original cause ad infinitum, and it's hubris to believe that anyone escapes the effects of necessity. Our pains are paramount to our transformations, to our torturous transcendence, like a searing shedding of constricting skin that's sloughed-off and regrows whenever the deepest aspect of ourselves senses the next becoming coming.

And it's *here*, in the redwoods, that I best harness my pain, taking up my shovel to dig down into the resolutely-resistant clay soil to dig the ponds and inground garden beds that my father buries as soon as he visits, for we can't have visitors breaking their ankles. Yet he tolerates my overwhelming desire to cultivate this ground, including the incomplete apple orchard at the bottom of

the hill, adjacent to the now defunct premiere dwelling on the property, built by the Fins that were the first non-natives here, using fire to clear the old-growth whose charred remains spot the now grassland once overshadowed by the burned behemoths, so that their cattle could feed. Am I not digging for the well that *The Little Prince* led his pilot to, as though physically enacting the figurative act of seeking that most important of things hidden beneath the surface? I sometimes see myself as a romantic rebel, for I sense that the romantic is he or she best able to dig down into the essence of all whilst simultaneously honoring every adored embodiment. We the few true surviving romantics, in a world in which we seem to be in the process of being selectively bred *out* of humanity (like pulled ‘weeds’ that would respond “is a weed not but a plant that you undervalue and derisively label with such a mendacious moniker?!”), possess the magical power of perceiving that the bottomless bounty of Mother

Earth is so replete with wonder and beauty that Her gorgeous outgrowth is simultaneously ubiquitous and unique. For is not the best thing about beauty the fact that it's both universal *and* special? That it's everywhere, in everyone and everything, yet in no two places twice? Thus may we romantics, we remnants of humanism and nature worship, adoringly obsess over every part of every inimitable incarnation, every possible endowment eliciting reverence, and thereby cultivate the most fruitful of monogamous relations with any one person or place in life, all whilst knowing, or at least sensing, that no one form may ever monopolize the formlessness from which every scintillating form springs. Might *this* be the Eternal Spring then, beauty itself?

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

of Source, grant any god the whole of the eternal, forever-reformulating kingdom. I often think to myself, and only with my tongue pressed *partway* into my cheek, that I fall in love with every alluring woman that I meet. Every such encounter lustily-lingers long after her departure, which is almost always permanent, pressing upon me the sense that this is both an invaluable and tragic element of the existence of the romantic, and is inseparable from the pain of my pleasure. Are not each of them as petals upon *The Little Prince's* forever-unfurling flower, every flower to be protected by glass encasement, to tame and conquer us, else to be loved absently, as the Prince looks up and longs for the unseen shine? And how, despite the remonstrations of false virtue, despite religion conditioning us to be ashamed of our 'base sexuality' so that its officials remain the only ones with the authority to sanction our unions, do you know that pollination *isn't* my greatest purpose, the flitting from one temple to another, the procreation of far more than

biological offspring, following the timeless scent of a soaring source of love that impudently deigns to love *flowers* more than flower, taking no heed of crosses, preachers and moralizing teachers? I am Dionysus, reborn! Or so my defined delusion says. I'm Shiva, the destroyer of boundaries between myself and every burgeoning love lost to propriety, refusing to be bereft of itself! These things I know by heart before mind.

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

from The One a step nearer to the dictator of all commensurately false forms of ‘truth.’

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

Never create for some outward reward, for therein lies only artifice and disappointment. No person can ever tell you the true worth of your creation, that which is always worthy relative possessing no narrowing projection, only expansive emanation. Even praise falls flat, like

glossing over the mirror, never shining back to you with the pure force of felt truth. As with all truth, none but the heart can tell you how true, and thus how good, any creation truly is, for that goodness is always relative to the unforced feeling following its inspiration, and none but the Source of inspiration Itself may reveal such boundless bounties. The best creation, like, dare I say, *this book*, comes near to creating itself, unfolding as though from inevitability, when the creator is sufficiently removed from the conduit, allowing the eternal force of creation to flow through the cleanest, least-resistant channel of Spirit always seeking the best outlet for Its eternal re-creation. Thus is creation inseparable from spiritual practice: *Get out of your own way, so that the one universal way, the Tao, may divine Itself through you, as both of you truly wish.*

Is succeeding in doing so not the sweetest form of success? The success of loving service to the enhanced existence of those growing *through* your creation? And so I say,

in lieu of seeking credit, seek to serve life by cleaning every grimy mirror that you may. Such is the practice of spirituality always akin to scrubbing and peering into the mirror reflecting identity, or the lack thereof. For if you cleanse the mirror well enough, and perceive yourself as clearly as possible, uninvested, un-invented, you may begin to see *through* the looking glass, and gaze upon The One Truth in everything:

*There is no self. The self is an illusion. There are only embodiments of the Self, which Itself is beyond identity, conception and definition. Most human suffering is based upon the self, the illusion that holds everything it thinks about itself in and fights to keep everything it thinks is a threat out. And all of that self-defense and all the suffering it creates lives inside the delusion of you being an independent being. This is the heart of all evil and suffering: the creating and clutching onto the conceived self that forever thereafter must bear the mass and maintenance of those illusions, causing the ego wars at the heart of every conflict, starting with the conflicts within oneself. The more you slim, reduce*

*and refuse to build ideas of the self, and simply allow what you are to be, led by pure spiritual awareness and instinct, guided by the innermost Way, the less of an absolutely distinct self you'll believe is being reflected in the looking glass, the less unnecessary suffering you'll endure, and the more you'll be led by the One Self. For the less that a self stands between what you think you are and the essential Self, the more you'll Become Oneself.*



# Part 2

June 2026

6.10.26

I'm reminded that the rest period between medicinal mushroom journeys is critical for the mental and physical health of the patient/seeker. At higher doses *Psilocybe cubensis* places considerable demand upon the body and mind, so even as this is a non-toxic, advantageous, developmental, *healing* type of demand, a demand it yet remains. Thus is recovery critical to the healthy continuation of the mind-expanding, ego-slimming, Spirit-centering practice. Without this discipline the body and brain put up a fight in self-defense, and ever less medicinal benefit is derived from ever more medicine. When it comes to The Golden Teacher, the strain of P cub that I prefer, and a fitting description of the transcendent teachings of

the medicine itself, anything above a half gram dose should include a full three days off, and more at the higher doses, such that once a week is fitting. Perhaps on God's days, Sundays. I say that only *halfway* in jest. For in the utmost sincerity and complete conviction I say that The Golden Teacher is the true holy sacrament, permitting us a purer communion with The Holy One of which each of us is an embodiment. Which is why, in *Another Naïve Idealist*, I imagine a type of pagan preacher passing out the dried tops of this fungus early in worship, such that the worship itself becomes holier.

The efficacy of all medicine is relative to dosage and frequency. The holiest of medicines, the flesh of the gods, as native Mexicans said, is no exception. Its greatest benefits are imparted to those whom have the patience, wisdom and discipline to discover and enforce a dosage and frequency which maximizes its powers whilst not overtaxing its practitioner. Not only will it tend to become less and less

effective, but it can be poisonous and induce a deleterious bodily rejection at too high a dosage and/or frequency. This is why I've written before that the difference between medicine and poison is often dosage, as I'm sure others have said. If it's pressed past a certain point, any medicine becomes debilitating dependency. That's why the practice of medicine is based upon the 'find the sweet spot' relationship you build with any and every medicine in your apothecary. This should be established *before* you start mixing them. This is why the study of herbalism precedes and precipitates good alchemy, because you muddle the outcome when you don't know the particular properties of the constituents.

6.11.26

After another insult delivered via text by my housemate back in Bend, who tells me that I'm on a "life vacation," and knowing that I'm not, for the lack of market value produced by my lifetime body of work isn't

equal to the innate value of that work, even if you were to so deliberately disregard everything else that I do beyond putting pen to page in the pursuit of universal principles which might rescue humanity from what it seems so unwilling or unable to perceive, I wonder what exactly it is that I might tell someone that I'm "doing here." For we must always justify our existence, and so I need a prepared defense of the fact that said existence isn't dictated by what other people tell me is necessary, right?

You're not a slave to business owners and money lenders and product producers and 'make America great' for the hundredth time that the political puppets of plutocrats have used a slogan just like that, without ever changing *anything*, including the truest requisites of 'greatness?' How dare you, sir! How can you call yourself a man?! I can only defend myself by asking the opposite question: How can any man call himself a man that doesn't know who he is without someone else telling him who he is, and

what manhood might be better measured by? Maybe the foundation of our lives should be firmly, concretely set *before* we begin building those lives, else eventually succumb to the rot beneath our feet, and crumble towards the later life epiphanies requiring reconstruction. I've known so many people and their tales of lives lived for others, for social standards and family members, only to discover *decades later* that what was being built upon was unsound. *This* is the cause of most 'mid-life crises:' the discovery that 'living' is a relative term.

For the truth is that I'm doing something here that's as important as what anyone is doing anywhere: *I'm studying the necessities of life*. I'm inquiring as to the means of healing, liberating and elevating humanity above and beyond laboring for the ownership of others, and fighting for the God-given right to live somewhere wherein someone else can't evict them if and when they fail to make a good host for financial parasitism, and the drive to define oneself by monetary

wealth and possession like the ‘important people’ that can’t find anything more important to do but compete with the egos of others of ‘importance.’ What am I doing? I’m peeling back every artificial layer of paint between myself and The Holy One pervading everything, and, in relation, I’m delving into the details of what it means to be *truly* well, and the best means by which to become so. For I’m not so sure I *ever* come into contact with *anyone* who’s truly well. Chronic mental and physical sickness accepted as the normality constitutes the contemporary commonality, with happiness being the rarity, including amongst all the aforementioned ‘people of importance.’ I’ve known more than a few people with every financial and material means by which ‘having it all’ may be measured, and whom have little more than misery and a vast and ever-aching hole in the center of themselves that they just can’t fill. I can’t help but think them poor compared to the financially impoverished living lives immersed in Nature’s bounty, like all of the ‘uncivilized’

lives fully lived. For what is a life if lived whilst continually unwhole and unwell? And how prosperous is any nation of people who point to their wealth and possessions of proof of thriving when they're always looking for something else?

How many are so worn down, so physically sick and mentally diminished, so hollowed out by pain and slowly eroding from persistent unnatural pressures that calling what they live a *life* is an exaggeration? I see the emotional, psychological and spiritual results of this sickening artificial reality painted upon the faces of ninety-nine percent of the 'working people' I come into melancholy contact with, like they're all one trauma or petty little professional conflict away from 'going postal.' And *no*, that's not 'simply the price of existence,' I assure you. It's the price of the *false* existence. It's the price of making one percent of people's lives overly indulgent, wasteful and precipitating of planetary ruin at the price of rendering ninety-nine percent of people's

lives unhappy. Reflecting upon my housemate's judgment of my life, and his daily 'self-medicating' making him a functioning alcoholic, he who sits alone in his room all day drinking beer on his rare days off, using music and its heavenly capacity to lift him above the dread of his burdened being, and who constantly laments his life, seeking the terms to describe it as I'm attempting to do here, I think: No pleasure is long pleasing when it's used to conceal constant misery. No plaster over the rot eliminates the rot. Only through nature is our nature renewed.

Nature is reality, and reality always offers healing, for it forever hosts The Living Spirit residing in the inner temple. And that temple bids you to pass through its outer threshold, so that you may commune with the great equalizer within. This is both the source of our sickness and the promise of our wellness. For society is artificiality, the paving over and concealing of the saving reality. This deprives modern humanity of

both Nature and the living divinity that She births. And there's no way to be separated from that which renews without sickening stagnation. Fortunately there's a simple treatment: we need but follow the prophet residing in every heart to find our way back to our partnership with The Holy Mother, and, through Her and Her hosting of Spirit, to our inborn belonging to one another.

I'm certain that strength, wellness, peace and the higher truths are found not by the fear of missing out and the constant, restless seeking to satiate this or that drive or hunger, the phantom appetites stoked to feed the insatiably unsustainable beast that we all secretly serve, but by immersing ourselves in our most natural station in life. A constant whisper is emitted by my innermost Self that I need only come into myself; to sink into the holy here and now. *This* is the greatest requirement of self-knowledge and wellness, and yet few achieve it; few even come to *pursue* it. Tragically, its pursuit is considered a luxury

of ‘irresponsible,’ counter-cultural people like me, and everyone not so inclined, and ill-equipped for such a luxurious pursuit, is, of course, shamed and peer-pressured into regarding such a pursuit as some sort of naïve waste of time that could be spent ‘making something of their lives.’ In truth, studying healing and wellness is the same as studying necessity, what Thoreau calls “economy.” The less necessary that something is, the more likely it is to not only be an unnatural source of sickness, that which aggregates unseen, gradually denaturing the subject being, but the more likely it is to confuse and distract the subject’s search for the truth of themselves.

Of course, the common man’s tendency is to respond to any such concerns with prideful dismissal, believing, per his perfect and constant conditioning, that necessity is first a *financial* calculation, before becoming anything less necessary thereafter, such that everything that’s actually more necessary than this manmade construct, everything

bestowed by Nature unto the totality of Her birthed beings, remains alien to him, and he therefore remains alienated from *It*. This is by capitalist design, the training that tells man to need every form of need he needs not, but which the system and its leeches need him to *think* that he needs in order to sustain itself through his labor and delusion.

Such false need feeds a false sense of self in turn, our identities inextricably bound to every unworthy thing society repeatedly tells us is of worth, and so are we blinded by the buildup of needs we need not have, they being stacked around us like all the possessions that add less and less value to our lives as they accumulate, unable to see through and past them to the permanence pervading every unexplored corner of our unnatural existences. For to pursue *It* as *It* truly is, that of utmost consequence, would be to renounce sickening society and cast off the invisible chains of the conquerors that every mother and father dutifully wraps their children in from the moment they

draw their first breath. To *not* wear the chains is akin to insanity in the modern mind, and, indeed, many an asylum is filled with those who have the audacity to see and cast off and refuse to reclad themselves in just such chains, for they no longer ‘fit’ Darwinism as applied to our ‘civilization.’ We’re free to fit their schemes of extraction, else *they’re* free to crush us into capitulation through monetary pressure and the propaganda pervading society. Free! Ha! If you truly think you’re free, cast off your chains and see how much freedom you’re permitted. Answer: only as much as they need give you to keep you from revolting.

The reaction of my housemates to me and my ‘lifestyle,’ and the disturbing dynamic that’s developed between the three of us, is a testament to these truths of the common mental illness innate to anyone who buys into conventional contemporary values. One of them, the aforementioned soft alcoholic, works six days a week, earning little more than minimum wage despite a

long track record at the two businesses for which he toils, before giving most of his money to the life-oppressing landlord just to avoid the homelessness pervading Bend, like most modern cities. As recently alluded to, when I sent him a text from here, where *true* freedom exists, in this natural condition, while I was in a state of near perfect inner equilibrium, and asked him politely if he wouldn't mind watering my plants on the balcony back in Bend, his reaction was so small, so ugly, bitter and angry, that I experienced a similar cognitive dissonance while reading it as I suffered when Trump was elected President of the United States, *the first time*: that can't be real!

I get goose bumps reading parts of *Walden* that could've been written here, including: "My nearest neighbor is a mile distant, and no house is visible from any place but the hilltops within half a mile of my own," *in these woods*, where "the black kernel of the night was never profaned by any human neighborhood." So entirely removed from

the sickness am I whilst here, in the redwoods, no neighbors for at least a mile, exploring creativity and contemplation entirely undissected by every bloodily bisecting line of judgment, that its imparted wholeness contrasts perfectly with most every element of my housemates' reality.

When I glanced at my phone to read his heinous assault, it was like ingesting poison. This is so true that, when I'm compelled to communicate with the sick via phone, which is to say, with anyone living unnaturally, or I have to go into town to get supplies, and observe the state of most men, I'm always shocked by the difference. It's like jumping into an icy, polluted pond after having been sitting in the warm sun. It's this closed off, poisoned pond, with its one unnatural inlet and insufficient natural outlet, that this housemate steps in on a daily basis. He's so acclimated to its cesspool, to its filth and cold indifference to his existence, that he's caught a deathly

cold, and yet doesn't know it, so well  
inebriated is he against it, and numb to it.

Thankfully, there's a silver lining to his  
splashing me with the poisoned pond water  
in which he swims: the reminder that *truth is  
contrast*. Warmth is known through the cold,  
the sun known by darkness. The greatest  
tragedy of modern man is that he's become  
so used to the societal sickness, he swims in  
it with such constancy and has such a  
capacity for adaptation to his environment,  
that the sickness becomes indistinguishable  
from normality. If you're always swimming,  
can you ever feel wet? The only way to  
really see the sickness for what it is is to  
remove yourself from it *completely*; to isolate  
yourself from the poisoned pond. And few  
people achieve this perspective, because it  
requires more than the temporary weekend  
treatment. It requires, per *Walden*, purposely  
constructing a life *in* that natural reality, else  
continue to stew in the unnaturality unseen.

The fact that we can become used to almost  
anything, our supreme capacity for

adaptability, is not the absolute good that we believe that it is. I'm convinced that if a person wears manacles for long enough, and is long enough told that they belong there, and if everyone around them does the same and pressures everyone to keep them on for acceptance, they'll eventually be convinced they're wearing bracelets. Adaptability to sickness is the same as its invisibility, is lacking the motivation to heal. The illness and the cure are threatened by one another, as they're mutually-destructive.

So of course this housemate regards me with vast jealousy and bitterness, he that received almost no education, and is ground down by a world that takes advantage of any and every disadvantage of unprotected people and places *as a rule*, so void of honor is it. How could someone that found a way to avoid serving such overlording masters of false necessity, whose life flies in the face of the misery that he's resigned to call the one and only reality, be regarded by him as anything *but* being on a vacation for life?

Careful becoming too cognizant of how much of human life is wasted playing cogs! It doesn't exactly elicit gobs of goodwill!

My other housemate, who I wrote about in the first part herein, is more clever, and has long filled the head of the aforementioned with mutual affirmations that *they're* the well ones, and that *I'm* the sick one. Their sin of making me feel unwelcome in my own home is borderline unforgivable, especially considering the manner in which they do it. The unscrupulous one enlists the support of the other in dishonest, duplicitous ways against me, always in a manner that can be denied. Then, of course, they pretend like nothing happened, going so far as to repeat the expression to me: *you need help*. What a special evil this is! And how ironic considering how aware I am of the overlap between insanity and the common sanity, and that the latter must comfort itself with the belief that the former is wholly 'other.'

Countless times has this craftier, more conniving housemate insinuated that my

refusal to live and work the way he does makes me unstable. For, again, the disease of the disease is the cure. What an egregious sin to gaslight someone towards the very instability you're pretending that they possess! This housemate suffers from the amorality, *Tik Tok* attention span and noise inundation that curses his generation. I don't think he's ever had a quiet moment.

*Morality? Are you kidding me?*, his actions rhetorically posit. *The only moral is more money buys everything anyone could ever want to possess or become.* I had a similar mindset in my twenties, before I began heeding the spiritual whisper of my heart, eventually realizing that this mindset is a widespread trap, softly enslaving the people and raping the planet. He once told me that having a family and security is what drives him. Who can argue with that? Especially considering that he, like so many a modern man, never had a stable family unit growing up, and so believes that it and only it must be garnered at any price, never suspecting that the

security he seeks is stultifying, that the tension of our modern, expectation-laden relationships tend to trigger the traps, and that being securely in something is so often the initial comfort that becomes the curse.

My reproach of my housemates isn't a suggestion that, like all men, they aren't 'good guys' when sufficiently relieved of their pressures and identities to be such, for everyone holds a divinely-dialoguing heart. What I *am* suggesting is that the undue stress and ego compelling their actions is so pressing that proving anything threatening their self-belief to be untrue and 'delusional' is a primary concern, and that they display a complete lack of integrity in this quest of egoist survivalism befitting of our ignoble ethos; an ego-based ethos which, I'm compelled to add, rewards the individual whilst dividing the group. And, both being staunchly set in the mindset of the 'working class man,' their conventional values and self-definitions have always been offended by my refusal to be dominated by the same.

I'd venture to say that all of us fight for the survival of our self-definitions relative to how self-secure we are, and to how well our identity fits the modes of living in which we find ourselves. And *this*, of course, is my problem: the more aware I am of the sickness and its sources, the greater a threat I am to those who invest in their continuity.

6.12.25

I know the Real buried beneath the real, the permanent concealed by the plaster, and I refuse to pretend as though that knowledge doesn't exist, and isn't what will liberate us. That I should so readily turn my housemates against me for demonstrating liberation is perfect proof of the prevalence of the dark art of propaganda, that, through its peer-pressuring apparatus of coerced conformity, turns slave against liberator.

Cladding us in manacles once sufficed. Now that's politically incorrect. But that doesn't mean that slavery is dead, just

remodeled to look like something else; like a catalog pushing gleaming goods of total unimportance as though they're necessities; as though buying them frees you from not having them, when true freedom is not only not needing them, but never thinking to want them. The salesman is the slavedriver driving himself and anyone foolish enough to fall for his show towards sacrificial lives.

Physical chains are now frowned upon, so now you have to convince us that our manacles are our golden bracelets, so that anyone who comes to break them threatens to take something invaluable from us, and we'll defend our enslavement as though it's our freedom. For, long has it been foretold that, after he escapes from the mental institution, today's Christians will crucify The Second Coming. How ironic that true sanity is the apparent insanity of renouncing the common sanity! The path of liberation lies at a perpendicular angle to the path of propriety. The Reality is the Sun and the Earth, Energy and Its Condensation, Our

Father who art remade by our Mother, the eternal forever recycling and remembering Itself through Its limitless incarnations, looking back at Itself with infinite eyes. Knowing this saves you from its pretense, awakening you to the fact that the holy is where life and love is richest, and requires no human sanctification to make it such. We need God, but we need religion not.

The study of necessity is critical to saving oneself from purchasing its illusion, paying for it with a half-life beholden to delusions. And I believe the seeking after God to be necessary to the most natural, fulfilling life. In *Walden*, Thoreau hits upon four points of necessity; four pillars upon which the necessary life may be built: Food, Shelter, Clothing and Fuel. From my own study of what's required to achieve the rarity of true wellness, I have my own four pillars of necessity to construct the natural life upon:

- (1) **Consumption** – expanding upon Thoreau’s “Food” category, this leading means of attaining wellbeing includes everything that falls under the overlapping headings of ‘food is medicine’ & ‘natural medicine,’ the ongoing remaking of physical being
- (2) **Environment** – we constantly absorb the relatively natural-to-unnatural energies in which we’re immersed, and the effect is always relatively naturalizing-to-denaturing
- (3) **Community** – humanity is social by nature, and our separation from one another, our divided existences, mutual alienation and lack of belonging *despite* being crowded, is core to the contemporary sickness
- (4) **Creation** – just as we’re social beings, when relieved of the need to fight for our survival we’re artists, cultivators and spiritual seekers, and humanity cannot thrive without our existence being an act of creative expression and overlapping worship

On a related note, I cannot overemphasize the extent to which I'm fascinated by the natural decomposition process and its connection to soil health, mycology and spiritual principles and practices. The constant remaking of the world beneath the surface of perception, death feeding life, entire legions of miniature beings whose purpose is turning what was into what will be, such that what one thing was the other thing also is. The mycelium of some special mushrooms carry this very message in the flesh of their fruiting bodies, putting the mind of their consumer on the underlying level whereby everything is connected to, supporting, and synergistically interwoven with everything else. The Golden Teacher teaches me that 'medicine' means perfect ecological immersion, means removing the illusive vulnerability of the standalone body, the treatment of the illness of believing that you're so individualized as to be separate from the ubiquitous Base of Being into which all life reduces and rebirths itself.

### 6.13.26

Paraphrasing Thoreau, modern man spends the majority of his life earning the right to live, then lives it when the majority of his vital force has been consumed in the endeavor of justifying his existence economically, whereas ancient man's wisdom is far superior, for he got right down to the living, bestowed as a birthright. Native man remains anciently wise in this way, in the few places where Empire and industry and their proselytizers have let him be, his life a communion with Spirit in Nature. Are we, in contrast, so certain that the possession of ever more that knows nothing of need, and that adds but little to the quality of our existences, but stands as a poor, interceding substitute to our holy communion with Father and Mother, distracting and removing us from *this*, the uncountable wealth of the natural unity buried at our feet, is worth such a cost? Obviously by the structure of that sentence you can see that my own reasoning and

logic scream the response: NO! How many grand, gleaming, painfully glaring idols of wealth and ego must we erect and worship before we see that whatever awe and inspiration we receive from them is nothing compared to the awe and inspiration that may be had in the holy places from which the material makings of idols are extracted?

Is it not near to common knowledge amongst the wise and discerning that nothing that man makes of Nature's makings can compare to the magnificence of those Source Materials, no matter how grand our constructions, and no matter the size and splendid show of the identities whom commission those constructs? And what of so many of the lives consumed in that construction, many of them mired in misery and deprivation, with not one day spent inside the godless glories that they're obliged to make of other men's vainglories?

“As for the Pyramids, there is nothing to wonder at in them so much as the fact that so many men could be found degraded

enough to spend their lives constructing a tomb for some ambitious booby, whom it would have been wiser and manlier to have drowned in the Nile, and then given his body to the dogs.” – *Walden*

Those whom worship the material makings derived from Nature, and the power and possession which the world of man offers to those whom successfully economically encumber their fellow holy brethren, demonstrate an ignorance of the *living wealth* which is cut down in order to permit this, as well as a disregard of the fact that the denizens of the poorhouse are the spiritual equals of the denizens of the penthouse, no matter how high the latter stands above the former, and how much an ego pretends that the altitude of the body is the height of self-worth. This is to say nothing of the obvious socioeconomic injustices that pay for this, such that the penthouse prince reduces his truest worth with every penny he scrooges.

I cannot overstate the extent to which living a truly free, creatively-exercised, spiritually-

grounded existence here, in the little cabin built by my father as an extension of the original construction in which he was aided by my two departed grandfathers, is worth more than any idol or ego ever worshipped, and every monument ever raised and praised, and at such a slight fraction of the cost that any true comparative appraisal of the quality of life utility value of this place and the grandest dwellings in the land puts all prevailing modern ambitions to shame.

It's only from having forgotten what our ancient ancestors knew, the incalculable wealth of The Living God in whom they daily steeped, that we could so miscalculate concepts like 'wealth' and 'worth' today. Remove the 'wealthy' for whom I dog and housesit back in Bend, back 'in reality,' from their gated, privately partitioned plane of superiority, and plunk them down here, where equanimity reigns supreme, and perhaps they'll see how delusional their sense of superiority actually is. Perhaps they'll see how equal they are to everyone

and everything they act as though their lives supersede. And, as an epiphany reserved for but the few of them able to so subdue their egos, perhaps a few shall see how much wealthier their lives would be if they traded their investment in fools' gold for *this* gold.

This is, of course, before any hypothetical, subsequent conclusions they might reach, such as how much the liquidation of their 'second homes' thence reinvested in such healing sanctuaries as this might do for those whom they overlord. A fifth home they never see, gathering dust and disgrace, is the same as inestimable increase in the quality of human life, forsaken. How is it, I ask you with fissures in my heart, that *not a single* Musk, Zuckerberg or Bezos has ever produced any such project as the countless that I've envisioned, that could do more to relieve the unnecessary suffering of life than can be calculated, were they to invest any considerable portion of what they could never use to further enhance the quality of their lives into the natural environments

and communal structures that could return humanity to its divine roots, and give it the space to heal and recall what it's forgotten?

How much human life is wasted on the egos of the few lives who're so lost and confused as to worth that they'd rather build another tower than countless tiny homes for 'the huddled masses' living in abject poverty and deprivation, the population that shall always be the secret, concealed shame of those whom have the power to remake it, yet choose otherwise? And how many more of our impressionable youths will face the inevitable later life conclusion that, by being raised to believe in the supremacy of these moral and spiritual failures whom they've spent their lives emulating, they've wasted those lives becoming something *less* than they were at birth, before being misled into ego glory?

Rather would I be a pagan pauper perpetually steeping in the loving wealth of Spirit than be such an embarrassment to humanity; embarrassment so immense that

it doesn't even feel embarrassed about it. This shall always be true, no matter how well our civilization compensates the fools who say and do otherwise. The Forbes Five Hundred is heralded as some sort of list of glory, when it's clearly a list of the most shameful men and women failing humanity.

How many men and women and their poor unfortunate offspring fighting for food and rent have to live shadows of lives, or remain mired in senseless miseries, so that the little Elons of the world can feel like big boys? How many gradually eroding existences like my housemates' must be endured, with little love or belonging or ability to explore and dig deep down into The Living Truth of Being in which they may unearth the truth of themselves, all so that the Bezos' of the world can erect something as tall as they are small, raising their inglorious vainglory, and climb another rung on Mammon's Ladder?

I used to be annoyed by the expression 'it is what it is,' thinking: *of course it is what it is; everything is; that's the same as saying nothing.*

That was before I realized how wise it is to do essentially that, *add nothing*, and that the greater truth this expression alludes to is that what's true is always what's real, is always what's most necessary, is always the everlasting beneath the transitory, is always what we don't perceive when we're adding anything unnecessary to what is, and when we're anywhere other than where we are, doing what we're doing, and that *this* is all we should want: *What Is*. It's the same as 'amor fati,' love thy fate, the full faith of trusting that what exists does so for a very good, inescapable causal reason, even absent a metaphysical framework in which causality is lodged within theology. Thus, making more or less of something than what it truly is equals concealing and disregarding and failing to appreciate the innate wisdom and teaching of the essence of the thing. We must surrender to the here and now rather than trying to control it, for this attempted control conceals the current, and it's always the current that carries truth.

And if it can be said that the greatest wisdom, and the men and women who follow it, is not to make any more or less of anything than it actually is, I'd argue that it's the *less* of it part that humanity struggles with the most. Yes, most people worry too much by making more of things than they truly are and need to be, and I'm by no means the exception there, but even more than this we make inestimably *less* of the holy life offered to us by Nature's priceless sacraments spread across the whole of Her Living Kingdom, left largely unearthed. Might this be the best possible demonstration of the wisdom that less is more, and that the best is made less by adding more to it? It reveals the fact that adding to what's most valuable *reduces* that value. *This* is the heart of Thoreau's transcendentalism, to which I hope to contribute: We transcend not by finding the divine in the firmament of our soaring ambition, but by unearthing it within Father and Mother's providence. It's in the mycelium buried beneath our feet, bursting forth with its blessed, fruiting

communion across the whole of the holy dominion hosting the everlasting renewal. Most people never even reach for a shovel.

So while I appreciate that the ‘celebration of life’ is supplanting the mournful funeral procession, I can’t help but think the phrase all too commonly and ironically applied to Thoreau’s “mass of men leading lives of quiet desperation;” those whom, in their soft, silent servitude to various overlords and misleading values, fail to celebrate the innate divinity dwelling in their hearts and growing beneath their feet, and anywhere that their gaze falls upon the unadulterated, untrammelled truth of this living holy life.

Gratitude spills out of me here, gushing out of things so simple that most don’t even know they’re there. I build my sacred rituals around them. My gnostic worship. They are the sacraments of the pagan priest. From this worship, a great flowering joy springs out from within, overgrowing my boundaries, threatening to engulf the entire world, like primeval forest reclaiming

realms it can no longer be restrained from. And that joy grows with ritualization. Take my morning watering routine: I carry water up to the cairn at the top of the hill. I saw the bear visit it yesterday, and lip at the abalone shells I'd put in the little cobalt bird bath the day before, and circle and inspect the Buddha statue perched atop the stump.

The concrete for the cairn was left over from when my dad recently deconstructed the old outer edge of the cabin so as to add the redwood deck that both literally and figuratively frames the whole sacred experience. I saw the piles of concrete strewn about, and some innate God-whispered wisdom passed through me, and inspired me to gather it all up and stack it into the cairn, and place my little Hindu statuette upon it, and wedge my gathered bird feathers into its peak, and then circle it all with more concrete and logs, and then gradually add soil-amendments to this inner circle, planted with one rhododendron in the corner, the focus of my meditations. I

swear to you that it's a holy place, that little swath of divine intentionality that I daily visit. Sometimes the sun strikes it in such a way that it seems to shine in sacred silence.

Similarly, I've been gathering and stacking the immense limbs that fall from the redwoods, as my father trained me to stack them and burn them between rains in order to give less fuel to a hypothetical fire roaring through during the dry season. He was a chief at the *California Department of Forestry and Fire Protection*. Of course, neither he nor I could foresee this practice leading to the same type of natural ritual as erected the cairn, when I was suddenly inspired to employ these limbs and other wood scraps left over from my dad's previous builds in constructing a shelter in the closest copse of redwoods to the cabin's front door, all of it leaning against one of the burned-out mother trees left over from the old growth.

These blackened remains of the once overruling behemoths are well-suited to all sorts of naturalistic creations. Those that

have hollow centers make fine containers for compost and mushroom grows. But this particular copse is the site of my discovery of redwood needles' hearty resistance to decomposition. I'd stacked them up there years ago, along with other compostable materials, only to find that, rather than decomposing, the surrounding trees end up rooting through them, so that they become a type of plaster. My imagination has me stacking these needle mounds up and into the limbs laid up and across one another, the redwood roots seeking new sources of nutrients growing up and through it all. Soon I shall seed the temple with morning glory, such that its tanzanite blooms may sing the praises of pagan priesthood! What splendid sanctums may be thus built! What ingenious inquiries into living architecture!

I thought that I was building something that might eventually be inhabited by visiting friends, once I threw a tarp up and over it and rainproofed it, perhaps. Now, however, it hosts a mycological experiment

transplanted from the high desert of Central Oregon, a tiny temple of fallen redwood ringing an earthen pot of decomposing produce scraps and pinto beans mixed with the mycelium of The Golden Teacher, He whom bequeaths the most valuable medicine that ever will be.

Can you believe that modern science is dumb and presumptuous enough to classify psilocin as an *insecticide*? To classify it in the first place, really? How exactly does one classify something whose conveyed message is that truth and divinity defy classification, shedding light on Huxley's line that "all science is a reduction of multiplicity into identity?" I can't tell you how great my intrigue and appreciation is in simply visiting, observing and cultivating these little numinous nooks tucked into these woods like secret acts of revelation, *especially* whilst communing with The Golden Teacher. I find myself filled with wonder at the intricacy of Nature's interplay with all of Her inseparable, surrounding

agents, including the look of Ra's rays shining through the canopy in every angle of directness and indirectness, in dapple and twilight, in dawning and dusk, and I know that *this* is my worship, the intentional praise of the everlasting within everything.

*This*, you see, is what Thoreau means. *This* is what we've lost. And for what? For everything that lies about who and what we are and what the world is, and what God is, and what human nature is (*community*, not divide and conquer individualism), and what worth and wealth are really made of! And how ashamed should I be to choose to bathe in *this*, rather than in the common contagion in which most swim, slowly sickening from swallowing invisible toxins? How might I avoid the indoctrinated guilt that I feel at not having monetarily earned my existence, and not having justified myself to the world, to my parents, to every housemate that sees my life as 'a vacation?' Is it irresponsible to feel responsibility to *this* far more than to anything I'm

constantly told is important? If anything my responsibility is to rescue the downtrodden such as my housemate, likely by inviting him out here, and building him a tiny home.

Society tends to isolate the sick, which only perpetuates the sickness, for the root of the social illness is that we're alienated from one another, even when we're crowded. To separate the sick from the supposedly well is as spiritually blind and morally repugnant as it is ineffective. How much of human wellness is based upon *integration*, the seamless interweaving of everyone's life into and through everyone else's, such that socialization and work and belonging and meaning and friendship and sex and worship and everything else are confluent waves in the same cohesive harmony? How much of our wellbeing is the resonance chamber, every wavelength finding its harmonizing happy place with every other? I remember, during my time working in mental health, reading about how some progressive European nations were

experimenting with incorporating the treatment of ‘the insane’ into community life, having them lodge with families in the community. No surprise here: *they got better*.

The answer isn’t to denigrate and outcast those pushed towards the edge, but to put something solid and welcoming beneath their feet, so they don’t fall in the first place: *humanity itself*. That’s part of Nature, you see: community. And that community must, itself, be lodged in a naturalizing environment, for the first step in healing is a reverse type of isolationism as what creates sickness: *isolating those suffering from the sources of their sickness*. It’s quite simple, really: Nature naturalizes, unnaturality denatures. And so, isolate them from every denaturing chemical ‘medicine’ and processed ‘food’ and all the unnatural sounds and stresses that slowly caused my housemates’ sickness, everything requiring them to be producers, consumers and saleable personalities. Only then may they approach wellness, and unearth the supreme irony that the ‘life

vacation' they're criticizing me for taking is the same as taking a vacation from illness. May we find a way to make it permanent.

#### 6.14.26

What traps have *you* built yourself into for the sake of propriety? What enclosures of expectation, or profitability, or class consciousness, or prudence or practicality have you shut yourself inside, because 'it's what people do?' Thoreau reminds me of the multitude of types of modern traps, and how all but the freest thinkers fall into them. He compares them to snares we get caught in and then drag along through life. Only the irresponsible few tear the tether off. I'd guess that most men experience the dawning realization of their entrapment so late in life, when they're so fully ensnared in financial and relational circumstance, that, per Thoreau's analogy, they'd have to chew their leg off in order to crawl away mangled to recover whatever manhood may remain.

What of us has survived the domestication process? What remains of our ancient, innate drive to roam, hunt and discover, traded for a chain locked to one fenced-in patch of earth and the comfy cage set atop it? Might not the illusion of abundance called 'ownership' and 'possession' be obscuring a vastly more immense and superior abundance seeping out of every wild place? Might not abundance be the wolf more than the dog, the relinquishing of our sclerotic recline and the return to the boundless fortune lying beyond the pale?

Let the wolves in us trade the deluding dream of dressed up cages for pack living where Nature and community are the same. Let's not allow the wolf roaming the heart to be left to whimper and wane, gazing between the bars at the moon and feeling the howl die in his breast before it's loosed.

What splendid irony that death and true life have this in common: the more you release, the less you're tied to, the closer you come.

6.15.26

I do believe that a modern-day Thoreau could do far worse than my own ‘if I were homeless tomorrow’ strategy. My Subaru Crosstrek is the *crossover* from sedan to SUV, you see, and so has *just* enough room in the back, with the backseats all the way down and front seats pushed forward, to serve as my bedroom. One custom-cut mattress at forty-eight-by-sixty inches, plus some pillows and blankets, of course, and I’ve come near to a sleek little RV. Six feet tall, I can lay comfortably corner to corner in the back upon as comfortable a mattress as anyone, as if the back of the Crosstrek was made for just this purpose. Parked at a campground, or upon BLM land, or most any natural place that I can legally park and defend it, and I have a mini mobile home fit for a roving philosopher, or itinerant priest. I have access to every wonder, to The Trail of Ten Falls at Silver Falls State Park, to The Metolius, to the sopping-with-life Olympic Peninsula, at a quality-of-life-to-

cost ratio that so exceeds my housesitting patrons that they should be embarrassed.

Step out of their three-thousand-plus-square-foot, multimillion-dollar property to a tiny little sandy yard glued to a ‘great golf course’ with neighbors all around them, and nothing but scrub brush beyond. Only a lack of imagination and awareness of the spiritual wealth that *is* biodiversity would lead to setting one's life upon a subdivided lot in a desert ‘gated community’ in a house designed and lived in by others and subject to an HOA rather than custom-designing a humbler dwelling set amidst the fecund forest whose interbeing takes the ownership association to an entirely different level.

How many such acres of natural divinity could they trade this ranch for? I might add that they're generous patrons of the philosophical and literary arts, as they've always been good to me, and their kitties and canines are lovely creatures. I just can't get over all the wasted quality of life utility value wrapped up in their mountains of

daily *Amazon* packages and unused space that could comfortably house, clothe and feed a dozen times this one retired couple.

Meanwhile, step out of *this* one-hundred-and-twenty-square feet of mobile space to *no* fences, *ever*, and a lazy susan of assorted amazement that, as cliché as it sounds, exceeds any price tag. And when it comes to strategy, why pitch a tent? That's not laziness, I assure you. It's wu-wei, effortless action, vagabond living. Compared to a tent, my car is better insulated, perfectly waterproof, has adjustable windows for idealizing the airflow-to-temperature balance, and requires no setup whilst adding zero encumbrances to my campsite. As I think Thoreau would agree, hauling anything else simply isn't worth the weight or spatial constriction, or its protection and maintenance, or my awareness of having it. It seems especially silly to haul more considering how nice and well-equipped most modern campground bathrooms are.

We should consider the literal and figurative weight of what we carry, else be burdened.

That's the key question Thoreau's posing, the same question that inevitably occurs to anyone who comes anywhere near grasping the value of minimalism: What are the invisible costs of being bound to what belongs to us? Who belongs to what, then? *Fight Club* may well take such asceticism too far, for we need not harm and put ourselves at risk unnecessarily. But the film quite clearly helped reintroduce humanity to the beatnik, *Walden* wisdom to which they bid us to return: The jettisoning of dead weight that burdens every step of every life that carries it, or that closes itself in with it, in the competition of the domestication of the comfiest cages that everyone is so obsessed with winning. So insecure their egos seem to be, in order to believe: *I am this house*.

*Captain Fantastic* concludes that we must remove ourselves from as much of the contemporary cage as possible *without* being impractically and irresponsibly escapist, for

we still need community, and cultural access, at least until we pull enough of the people back into nature, cultivating a culture that's indistinct from community.

6.16.26

Back in Bend, and I'm already under duress. The most important lessons cost the most. And the mark of maturity may well be the refusal to forsake or apologize for one's nature, regardless of the social, emotional and financial cost. Truth is worth whatever price in pain that's required of its purchase.

And I've learned from heartbreakingly regular recent experience, including within my own family, that I'm at least somewhat unsuitable for the company of more than the slightest fraction of my fellow human beings, at least not without having to conceal or betray some sacred, inborn part of myself. It's likely that this slight fraction constituting my natural kin are the same who can call themselves 'literate' with a

straight face, referring to more than the capacity to read a meme on their intellect-stunting 'smartphones.' It's as though the 'huddled masses of men' cry out: "Heaven forbid that I should remove my dog-to-heel digital leash for long enough to read a book! What sheer insanity that I should consider removing my watch as well, and thereafter wander by only the aim of my heart, until I should forget to be controlled by clocks altogether! What a suspiciously simple idea of freedom you possess, sir!" In *Walden*, a book that carries as much under-appraised, unearthed value as anything written and buried in the human bibliography, Thoreau says: "The heroic books, even if printed in the character of our mother tongue, will always be in a language dead to degenerate times." Despite the passing of centuries since, this truth persists unabated, for we inhabit just such a degenerate age indeed.

We live in 'The New Middle Ages of Meta, wherein the once ennobling art of language has been reduced to reflexive responses to

ongoing territorial squabbles, tribe and ego standing for truth and meaning; where a tyrannical toddler takes the degraded stump and makes grand shows of self-importance and national supremacy to conceal his intellectual, moral and spiritual poverty, the same defects of character he encourages amongst the constituency whom are thereby done a gross disservice. Tweeting endless ignorance and prejudice, the clown at the fair distracts the patrons from the fact that the owners of the fair are robbing them blind, humanity so lost as to confuse such juvenile jingoism with leadership. It's for this reason as much as any other that social media is, as a whole, unsuitable to me, at least as anything more than an outlet, as is most of what modern man prioritizes.

How many more posts can a thinker make when the most common reaction to his sharing of his non-dual, divine revelation is that he's 'The Great Deceiver'? All because he knows better than the absurdities Empire made of the most famous thinker's

teachings. Idolatry, wrath, exclusion, fear-mongering, guilting, peer-pressuring. These are the leading values of the so-called 'chosen people.' What demonstrations of evil misunderstandings of he who offered universal truth and belonging, turning his teachings on their head as if nothing has happened! There's your Great Deceiver, right there! As a corollary, how many more times can I proffer considerate answers to the evils of capitalism, to its endless parade of empty consumerism, classism and stoked division, its endemic dissatisfaction and sickening denaturing of humanity, when the common reaction is that I'm advocating for Stalinism? As if socialism may be reduced to the tyranny that it's historically drifted into when abused, and as if this is inherently better than a plutocracy that long ago sold true democracy to the highest bidder? How much better can modern man demonstrate how blinded and well-trained he is by the oppressors whom feed off of his division and weakness than that he

immediately condemns any attempted salvation as threatening his 'freedom?'

Were humanity to value what saints and philosophers value, rather than what's valued by the basest businessmen and the most petty and popular of 'influencers,' *I* would have the means to travel the world and produce natural healing sanctuaries across the globe for my fellow overworked, under-loved and horrendously uneducated and denatured human beings, and *Trump* would be the unknown pauper. The fact that it's the other way around is rather perfect proof that all of our supposed 'advancement' belies the disintegration of the ground beneath our feet. There lies the holiest of holies, unearthed! Am I to suffer the same fate as my hero here, Thoreau, dead and unknown at 44, my mother's prophecy confirmed? "You won't be read until you're dead," she said, complementing and condemning me in one breath. Even *that* seems far-fetched at this point. For who are these posthumous readers?

None that I've met. And if that savors strongly of bitterness to you, you're right, but hopefully not to the extent where it overwhelms the constructive complexity.

We should raise the ankle-level bar, and consider redefining 'literacy' in terms of the edifying, ennobling, empowering *quality* of the books that are read, not the quantity or speed of reading. Reading should provoke and challenge you, not coddle you and confirm your prejudices. And don't believe *Goodwill Hunting* here: speed reading is delusional reading. For I'm certain that the wisest in the land could spend hours contemplating a single sentence in *Walden*, and, were that sentence completely considered, demonstrate a greater understanding and appreciation of the value of the work than most anyone else who claims to have read the book in order to bolster his/her self-regard in the face of even low-bar 'learned' friends. A friend of my own (I have one or two) teases me that I'm a slow reader, unaware of how immense

the gap tends to be between someone who says "I've read that book" and a true understanding of that book. As I observed in *I Fell in Love in a Mental Institution*, most people treat literature like an egoistic accoutrement, their proudly-displayed books gathering dust on shelves, akin to falsely-facing trophies of truths they claim to grasp but never actually laid a finger on.

What inestimable good would come from the growth of pen-pals and their handwritten letters to one another, of expanding reading clubs and discussion groups, and the regular hosting of friendly debates, and a coinciding increase in the number and style of roundtables made for the purpose of bringing people together in honoring the greatest aspect of liberalism: learning for the innate value of learning, of exercising the intellect and the moral and spiritual character currently slumbering in man, atrophying from disuse? Instead, most of the truths that I'm compelled to express are met with not just resistance but a

desperately insecure hostility by most. For I have immense conviction, and good reason for it. Better than good reason, in fact.

So when people crap all over truths that I've arrived at and confirmed countless times through innumerable means, typically because it threatens some false truth they've invested some part of their lives and identities in, and when they dismiss those truths with profane ignorance and irrationality and the demeaning insinuations that allow them to pretend that they're in the right, *yes*, I have a problem with that. Sorry, ladies and gents, I can only take so much! And so it is that many a bridge has been burned, for the sake of *both* sides, in order to keep the fire from spreading. For if a thinker isn't permitted to safely express his thoughts to those around him without facing some punishment, without enduring some wrath of self-defensive pride at every expressed principle that doesn't conform to commonality, he's in the wrong company.

How much of yourself and your truth are *you* willing to sacrifice in order to be accepted by those around you? The less and less of one's truth and nature one finds oneself willing to disavow the less and less company he tends to keep. Hence, the forest keeps calling, for this and countless other related reasons. For long have I sensed how much of my dis-ease in the presence of others boils down to the fact that I know that I can't speak my mind around them without triggering some negative, typically insecure, ignorant and irrational response that stresses everyone out, especially me. How can I remain in such company, unnaturally restrained, without feeling the denaturing effect that always results from going against nature?

So it is that I hope to need only the company of Nature Herself, and of those few free, open, imaginative minds probing the boundaries of consciousness and creation, and who are self-secure enough not to feel threatened by the inevitably

unconventional results of my own explorations of the same. And so it is that while I'm called upon to aid in the popular liberation, I must do it at a remove from most of those whom I may wish to aid, for the preservation of *everyone's* mental and emotional wellbeing, not just my own.

6.17.26

"Insanity is the only sane reaction to an insane society." - Thomas Szasz

The cause of most mental illness is exposure to unnatural environments that denature the mind and body of the organism. Thus is the incidence of every form of psychosis relative to the time spent within modern society. The fact that mental illness is so prevalent as to be near ubiquitous is the greatest proof that the contemporary social condition has failed.

As a direct effect, it's not a coincidence that every time I return to Bend my mental health immediately takes a nosedive. I put

this not as a pox upon Bend itself, per say, but upon its ability to play microcosm to the prevailing societal macrocosm. After this most recent return, and fights with two family members related to my reflections upon my experiences in the redwoods, malaise fast overtook me, and it occurred to me that I was an organism that was actively rejecting his environment. I'd gone from a natural, fecund, healing environment to an unnatural, denaturing environment, from nothing between me and a temperate forest to pockets of dry desert between sprawls of nature-concealing concrete, everything white-washed with billboards and uninterrupted advertising and crowds and their enclosures. And the contrast was so stark, the drop down so steep, that my body soon fell ill, with depression fast falling on its heels. It's true: the body keeps the score.

Yes, I know, I'm just being negative. I'm surrounded by natural beauty, both within and just outside of Bend, and I just need to get out more. *You're right.* The Cascade

Lakes, the Deschutes River, the Metolius and, two hours away, Silver Falls Herself. Jewels in the crown of our Holy Mother. Alas, I'm arguing for incorporation of the 'get out' *into* life, for the turning of human existence inside-out, so to speak, the 'get out' getting *in*, such that the manufactured membrane between us and the underlying reality that *is* Mother Nature may be wiped away, The Living Truth becoming our healing home. And renaturalization isn't just about the natural environment, but the nature of humanity itself, which includes satisfying our social and creative and spiritual natures, those parts of ourselves undernourished else outright concealed and dominated by the 'free society' in which we live. We need to tear down the walls and build our community *out there*, in the heart of the divine Mother Herself, rather than keep trading that entirely irreplaceable healing truth for every tribal and individual identity. Let us return to The Holy Land: *every part of Life belonging to and serving every other part of Life, until otherness ceases to be.*

*Walking with San Pedro*

*Woe that we should be  
torn from our own tree  
and thereupon made to be  
anything but born free  
  
a most sorrowful lot  
being what they're not  
everything that they sought  
left to wither and rot  
  
instead, they're fenced inside  
where they can comfortably hide  
and in their heavy hearts confide  
on every joy they've been denied*

# AFTERWORD

## The One Truth

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

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

Please allow me to explain. Self-awareness arose from a more advanced mind than anything this planet, and maybe the whole of the universe, has ever seen; a mind that's capable of doing things no other organism can. That's obvious. But no less obvious is the fact that what becomes self-aware is thereafter afflicted with the need to know and define and make that perceived 'self' seem to be better, especially in relationship to everyone and everything else. That is, the

ego, or self-conception, is hatched by self-awareness, and, as it grows in this unsettled, ignorantly-susceptible sense of absolute separation, it's perpetually afflicted with phantom needs based upon its narrowly-defined and ever-defended self-conception.

When there's a self that perceives itself as standalone, as separate from everyone and everything else, it's necessarily the case that this isolation of perceived being creates a vulnerability that thereafter must be fortified, grown and defended, in order to prevent its own demise. One may see this as a type of egoistic survivalism, and, after physical survival, there's no more dominant drive than this egoistic survivalism: survival of the 'self.' This is the basis of all human evil and conflict, including greed and every form of nationalism, tribalism, religiosity and every other of the near innumerable labels and categorizations that we enforce upon the world, life and one another, all of which act to artificially-broaden the gap between ourselves and any of those 'others'

on the other side of those endless illusory lines, every such line being like a bloody slice from the divisive side of The Sword of Self. For each of these illusory definitions belie the spiritual, non-dualist foundation of life and all existence, the revelation that every 'thing' is a form of the One Thing, the One Source of all there is, the undefinable, irreducible, ubiquitous conscious energy at the Base of Being. So it is that every egoist definition enforces a division that need not exist, and which thereafter necessarily promotes every possible conflict with anyone and anything that isn't on the included side of that confining, excluding, unnatural, spiritually-unaware line. For this is what it is to near 'enlightenment:' knowing that everything is a finite form of the one everlasting God.

This One Truth is concealed with every self-definition we conceive of and apply. Every label we adhere to ourselves that never perfectly sticks, every box that we force ourselves into in which we never

perfectly fit, every boundary that we build between ourselves and everything and everyone else that we deceive ourselves into believing is absolute, and made of towering steel, all of which can only ever be relative and minor compared to the underlying inseparability, all such obstacles actually made of mud that The One Truth bounds over or washes away as though they were never there, because they weren't... All of these egoistic exercises are inherently self-deceiving, blinding and divisive, and all of them create a type of toxic territoriality that's at the crux of not only all human conflict, and which motivate all greed and evil action of 'mine versus yours,' but which act to conceal The One Truth forever held in heart from reaching the mind and leading our thoughts and actions. Instead, living every form of the egoist lie projects a falsely-defined, limited and labeled 'reality' onto an existence that's lived entirely within The One, as forms of the One, whatever term you apply. This supreme, divine reality

recognizes no definitions, labels or 'realism' that denies that all things are One Thing.

When all are known to be what they are, a unique mortal manifestation of the immortal One, evolved through Mother Nature and Her holy incarnations of the One, then the crux of all conflict and spiritual blindness dissolves, and the third eyesight, spiritual sight, opens wide, and the sight of loving light reigns. This is the driving force of our evolution: to possess the mental capacity that makes it possible to do all the amazing things we do while knowing and constantly practicing the truest faith of innate spiritual oneness and the denial of the conflicting ego that's at the heart of all self-centered evil, and which threatens to destroy the Holy Mother, for egoism is inherent to the greedy extraction that's endangering Her and sickening us.

So it is that enlightenment exists relative to the subject having reduced their self-conception to the point where they live by and perpetually practice the sacred art of

oneness at the Base of Being: We're all unique, relatively distinct forms of the perfectly pervasive, indistinct One. It's to this eternal metaphysical foundation that everything and everyone returns, and is forever remade, the holy union of Father Energy and Mother Matter, the phallus and the womb, the meeting of the two triangles. We're untouchable and entirely invulnerable there, in the true Holy Land, the everlasting Heaven sung of by every heart. This is the answer to all conflict and all egoistic delusion and its concealment of The One Truth. Only by the holy revelations of this non-dual basis of reality, and especially by this practiced spiritual awareness and denying of all divisive ego identity, can love overgrow every division of evil built between us. And this is not a communist ideal. Don't let them fool you. In fact, it's about the metaphysical construct being chosen by God because it permits a limitless variety of and perspective upon the One Being. So it is that we must celebrate what the duality of One into Infinite of

One means: an endlessness of perfectly unique experience for the One Being, God, experienced as infinite forms of Itself.

**PLEASE READ MORE BY**

**GNOSTIC NICK**

**@**

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# CONSCIOUSNESS COFFEE



CARTON(S) COCONUT MILK

FAVORITE COFFEE

CACAO POWDER

ASHWAGANDHA ROOT

MACA ROOT

CINNAMON BARK

PSILOCYBE CUBENSIS

RAW LOCAL HONEY

Bring carton(s) of coconut milk to a boil. Immediately lower heat to lowest setting. Stir in all the dried, processed ingredients; everything but the honey. Cover. Steep on lowest heat for at least 3hrs 33 min., stirring occasionally. Stir in honey after the steep. Let it sit and slowly meld overnight. Filter out solids in morning. Reheat or refrigerate.

