

THE HOLOGRAM

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January 2008 – March 2008

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Dedication

To the nameless woman who pressed the barrel of a gun against my head one cold December day.

Who was the real victim? Neutrals who can see the hologram refuse to choose.

The Blind Man and the Elephant

It was six men of Indostan
To learning much inclined,
Who went to see the Elephant~(Though all of them were blind),
That each by observation~Might satisfy his mind.

The First approached the Elephant,
And happening to fall
Against his broad and sturdy side, ~ At once began to bawl:
"God bless me! but the Elephant ~ Is very like a wall!"

The Second, feeling of the tusk,
Cried, "Ho! what have we here?
So very round and smooth and sharp? ~ To me 'tis mighty clear
This wonder of an Elephant ~ Is very like a spear!"

The Third approached the animal,
And happening to take
The squirming trunk within his hands, ~ Thus boldly up and spake:
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant ~ Is very like a snake!"

The Fourth reached out an eager hand,
And felt about the knee.
"What most this wondrous beast is like ~ Is mighty plain," quoth her;
"'Tis clear enough the Elephant ~ Is very like a tree!"

The Fifth who chanced to touch the ear,
Said: "E'en the blindest man
Can tell what this resembles most; ~ Deny the fact who can,
This marvel of an Elephant ~ Is very like a fan!"

The Sixth no sooner had begun
About the beast to grope,
Than, seizing on the swinging tail ~ That fell within his scope,
"I see," quoth he, "the Elephant ~ Is very like a rope!"

And so these men of Indostan
Disputed loud and long,
Each in his own opinion ~ Exceeding stiff and strong,
Though each was partly in the right ~ And all were in the wrong!

Moral

So oft in theologic wars,
The disputants, I ween,
Rail on in utter ignorance
Of what each other mean,
And prate about an Elephant
Not one of them has seen!

-John Godfrey Saxe

Chapter One

I, Neutron

I am a logically and emotionally neutral human being. If you were to talk to me, you would notice that it is hard to distinguish a charge one way or another. It doesn't seem as if I am negative at all, but it doesn't seem as if I'm all that positive, either. If I see a group of people being positive or negative, I have no desire to join them. I am not a killjoy, but I sure am not on anyone's invite list as being the life of a party. I would much rather sit behind a window, observing a party rather than being in the midst of it. I have spent my entire life diving into the depths of humanity wondering why this is, and most often come up empty. By reading newspapers, going to church on Sunday, listening to people tell tales of their misery and success, I get the impression I have misunderstood some fundamental element of what it means to be human. I get the impression that I should have a charge, that this is the purpose of life—to enjoy and feel, or to hate and calculate. But so far, my hands and heart have turned up empty.

Consider, for instance, the moment when I was held up at gunpoint. I felt the metal barrel against the back of my head which felt quite similar to a prodding finger, and I heard a woman telling me to empty my pockets. Instead of voiding my bowels or something similar, I thought to myself, "It's probably not a good idea that there is a gun pointing at the back of my head, and I don't want to injure her because she's a woman." So I reached up and grabbed the barrel, pointing it away from me. When I realized what I had done, I briefly considered what the reaction would be. I could have quite easily grabbed the gun out of the woman's hands and shot her with however many bullets were inside of the chamber, but instead, I just let go of it, allowing her to return it to the way in which it was pointing. It was a disconnected action, as if I wasn't truly there, as if I were nothing more than a witness as opposed to an active participant. I, strangely, was neutral.

I can sense this in others who seem to shrug off their own neutrality and just fake it, as if they are plastic models in a store window and are merely running around pretending to be alive. Many teenagers sense this quite easily in people, but after a time, the sense of plasticity fades, probably more so as a result of people feeling guilty for their own lack of a charge and fail to notice it any longer in others. Some people come to the conclusion that this is how life must be—an act. The actors seem to get it, but I do not get it at all. I've tried.

When I was in high school, for instance, I had a sociology class where we had to write down an observation every single day and turn it in to the teacher who would use it to determine our grade at the end of the semester. I decided to use this as an excuse to try to convince myself of

something so I could emotionally charge myself up and get involved in a political movement when I graduated which would convince me to slop war paint on my face and scream through a few bullhorns at windows of a government building. As if the windows can respond. Every day during this time, I would take a subject from the newspaper and determine if it was a problem or not, and how I would go about solving this problem. I would choose abortion, child abuse, alcohol, math, sports, medical care, aging, religion—it didn't matter to me; the objective was merely to see if I could convince myself to maintain a charge on one of these subjects. I would write a five paragraph essay each day, highlighting my three reasons for the main point I made in the first paragraph, and summarize my argument at the bottom of the essay and turn it in for a grade. What made this exercise interesting was that I tested myself constantly—on Monday I would write an essay, highlighting why abortion was the bane of mankind. I would force myself into a state—fake it — to make it a much more affective. On Tuesday I would write the same paper but take the opposite point of view.

At first, this relatively surprised my sociology teacher and make him reluctant to give me an A, not only because of the breath of subjects upon which I chose to write, but how I was actually going about writing it. How could I switch my opinions so easily? He didn't understand. In fact, after about two months of doing this, I noticed some rather strange behavior coming from him. He would gather up everyone's paper, stand at the front of the class, thumb through them until he found mine, and just start reading it while the rest of the class sat there, waiting for him to begin teaching. People would whip wads of paper around the room, scream, yell, and he just wouldn't say anything. Only when he finished would he begin talking on some subject.

One day I brought in a 25 page story called Patient Zero that I had written about a baby raised in a cage, and my sociology teacher saw it sitting on my desk. He asked if he could borrow it, and I said sure. The class ended. My friend Aaron was in the sociology the following hour and saw the story sitting open on the teacher's desk. The next day, Aaron came to first hour class which was French and told me the teacher just sat in front of the class for the first 30 minutes, wasting everyone's time, reading my story. I started wondering if the teacher was trying to determine if I had psychological problems or was a danger to other students. He seemed to enjoy reading them, but I didn't know why. He was just as much a curiosity to me as I must have been to him.

Some of the essays were relatively obscure, such as why I could never make up my mind concerning the difference between 'general' and 'specific.' In all honesty, it was me trying to determine why I could never mentally steer away from my own neutrality, and I sought the source for it in books stemming from metaphysics to number theory. I was never comfortable with it, and believed that it originated from the fact that I hadn't read enough subjects, as if all the other students were somehow buried in the right books and I was just reading the wrong

ones. I started guessing on which books these were that others must be reading to be able to choose sides so easily, and ended up with some relatively obscure choices. One month I read Sigmund Freud's *Interpretation of Dreams* and the next month I would read some book by Kurt Gödel that had to be borrowed from the Library of Congress. I wondered if these books were making me intelligent, or just more neutral. I couldn't tell, but they definitely didn't steer me away from my inability to maintain a charge.

Even after being held up at gunpoint, I wanted to understand what would have caused someone to point a gun at another living being--I didn't necessarily care if they were caught. The concept of justice didn't make sense to me. Yes, by definition, it did seem to be rather unjust, but wasn't I unjust as well in many instances of my own life? I used to work as a janitor at a library, working the night shift with no supervision. Several times I left early without finishing up my cleaning job and still charged them for a full night's work. They never noticed and never said anything. They were thus paying me for work I didn't do. In some ways, I felt that the gun at the back of my head was payback, as if reality were suddenly straightening itself out, as if all of my actions were wrinkles on a shirt and God had finally picked up the iron and decided to do something about it. Perhaps the gun being held to my head was, in fact, justice.

I discovered I could prove anything to myself with ease. Take industrial pollution. Terrible, yes? Almost universally terrible in whichever way you look at it. I easily wrote an essay of the dangers of corporate dumping, but for some reason, the next day, I easily wrote an essay on why corporate dumping was beneficial to mankind. I sense your mental eyebrow raising, so to illustrate, let's say the only way mankind will ever get the drive to leave the nest is to be kicked out of it by necessity, and that necessity is drawn from pollution, where we destroy our own planet to the point where it is uninhabitable. The uninhabitability forces us to terraform Mars and the rest of the solar system, none of which would happen if we could sustain ourselves on a single planet indefinitely, only to one day be taken out by a rogue asteroid. In that sense, corporate dumping could end up becoming the savior of mankind.

Or take bad parenting. Terrible, yes? Well, in many instances, you can learn just as much from a bad example as you can from a good example, so does it even matter? You cannot force your child to respond to your example appropriately or inappropriately, no matter how much mental force you attempt to apply.

After all those essays, the only thing my sociology experiment ended up proving to me is that I am neutral. I have, to this day, failed to pick up one of those bullhorns. I'm even neutral on the *cause* of my neutrality. You might be thinking that it is some biological flip switch that has been thrown somewhere. You might be thinking that it is because of some twisted nurture I received from my parents or peers. You might even blame the doctors who told my mom she was fine to

have me naturally, despite my tremendous size, which ended up killing me, briefly, and severing half of the nerves in my body. They told her I would be brain damaged and a vegetable for the rest of my life. Fortunately, I came out at least functional and went to school like every other regular child. Perhaps it is brain damage, perhaps not, but I cannot get away from it—it is who I am. Neutral. Able to see every side. Uninterested in choosing one and calling it my own, for all sides are equal.

But still, when I look around and see people through my dusty window to the soul, I see them, unlike me, maintaining a charge so naturally, and I wonder what it's like. I want to feel something, you see, logically or emotionally, which forces me to pause and say with a sigh: finally; here it is. This is what I always wanted. To feel a charge. To care with so much emotion, or to calculate with so much hate, and mean it. Anything! Where all I truly feel is a dull hollowness of space surrounding me—a sun without a planet. I want matter to form in me in the semblance of a solution, a decision, a solid and consistent rock, instead of being all this “useless” energy.

From where I sit this morning, I hear a gong banging somewhere in the distance and I'm imaging it as the bell coming from the churchyard at my death. It is announcing to everyone without anyone being aware of it, that the shell known as Jeff Behnke has died, and it died without experiencing the satisfaction, the utter liberation, of successfully maintaining a charge. But here I sit, listening, wanting to turn around, open the windows, and bang a gong of my own. Perhaps I have a point to being the way I am, you see. There are positive people, there are negative people, and then there are the neutrals. Each with their own purpose, listening to their own universal properties regardless of nature, nurture, or personal choice. By definition, the atom is made of positive charges, negative charges, and neutral charges, so perhaps people have these exact same properties, just like the material world. You may be the most positive person or you may be the most negative person, but it is who you are, and I, my friend, am an impartial neutron.

On the surface, this seems to mean that I just don't care, or I cannot make up my mind, or I'm useless to every possible cause as a dead weight. Charges like to move and move other people, you see. But not neutrons. They sit, content, as if they understand something that others do not, when in actuality, they are potential, a baseline, a context. When they eventually break down, they will form both a proton and an electron, as if they contained the two as one, and are, in effect, chargeless yet full of charge at the same time. So yes, I am potential, and as a result it makes sense then that I can handle both taking on the qualities and reason my way into becoming positive or negative: I see both, I feel both, I am both. There are others like me. And they usually end up doing things no one expects.

My reasons for expressing their existence is that there seems to be a rather large supply of them in the past 100 years, yet the art and literature which has been written to date does not speak to them, and as a result, they have no way to express themselves since they have seen no examples. And it is extremely dangerous, in my opinion, for this to continue. They are being confused by the examples set by sociopaths, when in reality, they do not feel sociopathic at all. They can see into the eyes of both the shooter and the victim, probing, and see how they are one and the same.

Newspapers are not written for the neutron even though they give the appearance of neutrality. The editors of newspapers train their reporters to fake neutrality, which is rather ironic. Some neutrals attempt to fake a charge or end up in politics or science; others with a charge attempt to fake neutrality and end up reporting. Consciousness seems to come in three flavors, just like the rest of reality, which is a concept expressed as far back as Pythagoras who believed reality itself could only be expressed when you look at it from three angles: the triangle.

Hollywood movies are not written for the neutron, either. In Hollywood, they pretty much have two sides to everything, which is true, but in their world, one of those sides are right and the other side is wrong. Most of their stories are written for a Christian demographic, so the winner is generally the positive "light" side, utilizing what in most appearances is a weak quality such as faith and hope to defeat a strong quality such as fear and muscle. But the neutron rarely runs across a story where there is a balance to both of these that doesn't end with one side trumping or check mating the other. Yes, they are available, but the neutron must dig, and that is the problem.

Most religions, for that matter, are not written for the neutron. They, like Hollywood movies, express the two-sided nature to reality. We have the material world and we have the spiritual world, and you must somehow learn to trump the material world with your spiritual properties. God=good and Satan=bad. There is a right action and there is a wrong action. You are either for me or against me. You cannot serve two masters. You should either minimize desire, or create more tension. Yet many religions fall short in that they still seem to force one to choose a way to be. The reasons given just feel wrong to the neutron. Tainted, because the one doing the explaining is usually indoctrinated and the neutral is not. Indoctrinated people view the world as a closed system with its set of rules and regulations that provide a feedback loop, validating itself to those who believe. But to the neutron, it is just another example of how a particle with a charge ends up taking on the properties of a wave by convincing those around him to take on the same properties.

These neutral entities are born into this world, and just don't get it. They feel, like me, distant from it all. The world doesn't speak to the neutron in the same way it speaks to everyone else. It

is a devastating feeling once puberty hits when you suddenly realize your parents are not the holders of the torch of truth and most of what you were taught by them is not as powerful as it appeared just a few years prior. Neutrals just don't understand their own lack of a charge, and usually respond to it by referring to everyone as fake, steering clear of cliques, vehemently denying being "labeled", dressing in neutral colors, and retreating into themselves. Some of these neutrals see the examples of the sociopaths and wonder if that is who they are and how they should respond. With a gun.

I remember seeing the Columbine shootings happen on my television, watching the reporting taking place, seeing the victims limp out and run to police officers after jumping from windows, and the days that followed, the reporters continually referred to the shooters as being twisted individuals with no soul who didn't appreciate life, that schools needed more metal detectors installed or we all needed to be homeschooled and stop listening to Marilyn Manson and playing Doom. They consulted expert after expert who all seemed to have the reasons why the shootings took place and how it could be prevented in the future using some simple system. But I had a relatively strange reaction that jarred me away from reality. I could see why the shooters did it. And I remembered asking myself, does that mean I'm a sociopath?

No, it meant that I was neutral. And there is nothing wrong with being a neutral. In fact, right and wrong practically don't even apply the same way to a neutral. If you try to convince them one way or another, they just feel as if you are trying to indoctrinate them so they, along with everyone else, fits into their charge stream and causes change to happen. The neutral cannot be convinced of anything, and if you were to convince them, they feel deep down inside that they are lying to themselves.

Take my reaction to having a gun pointed at my head. When she finally had my money, I drove back to Hungry Howies which was the pizza place I had been working for at the time, and walked in the door and said, "they had a gun," and just started crying. But while the tears were streaming down my face and the manager was calling the police, my parents, etc., I felt that the tears on my face were a lie, that I suddenly had begun to *fake* having a charge. Like, "oh, this is how people are supposed to react when they have a gun pointed at their head. They're supposed to go into hysterics." Some other part of my brain, the one that truly is neutral when you remove all the momentary decorations, took over again, I stopped crying and grabbed a broom and started sweeping the floor. That was my job at the end of my shift. To sweep the floor. But it was like everyone was encouraging me to go into hysterics. The police officer questioning me was saying things about how I really had to concentrate, he knew how hard it was, and write down on a piece of paper everything I could remember. Yes, the manager was saying, just relax, breathe, I had to think think think! And I just wanted to hit a pause button somewhere and say to life, it really was not a big deal. She wanted money and pizza, she was

hungry, she was probably drinking and on drugs, and she used some force and got what she wanted. This shell of a person known as Jeff Behnke happened to be the solution. I could see from her perspective why she did what she had done. I actually told the manager she could dock my pay for the day since the money they had stolen wasn't mine—it was Hungry Howies money. I should have done a drop earlier on since I was only supposed to carry twenty dollars in my pocket at any given time, and I actually had 300 dollars. She told me that having 300 dollars in my pocket probably saved my life. She might have been right about that. But she had been wrong moments before when she tried to convince me to go on this final delivery for the night even though we were closed.

Neutrals like me don't enjoy bargaining, either. It's like a symptom. When I lived in Chicago, I had a 1992 Escort that was about ready to fall apart. I didn't think it would make it home one day, so I drove to a dealership, parked it in their lot, walked in the front door, spotted a brand new blue 1999 Escort and stood in front of it. A salesman walked over and asked, "Can I help you?" I said, "My car outside is ready to fall apart. Can I buy this car?" He looked at me and said, "Sure, do you want to test drive it?" I said no, I'll just take it, and how much would he give me for my car in the lot? He said 200 dollars. I said okay, signed the papers, and 45 minutes later, drove home.

The instant reaction that people with a charge have to this story when I tell them is utter disgust. I was ripped off for the car, I could have made more money if I took the time to sell it myself, that taking the window sticker price is always silly, that failing to test drive a car is equally as silly, and I could see all of their reasons in living color, but they didn't quite have the proper affect on me. One person I worked with who listened to my story who seemed to have some of the same qualities as me listened to me relate how I took the car without test driving it and his reaction was a lot more balanced to me than others. He said, "Well, if it was the car on display, you assumed it worked. Besides, you could always take it back if it didn't since it was under warranty." He understood.

Or how about the neutral reaction to poor customer service? I can take as much poor customer service as someone can dish out without raising any type of fuss whatsoever. I don't like calling people and complaining about anything. I don't like bargaining. I just don't want to play that game, and I'm sure there are many other neutrals out there like me who feel the same way. People have bad days at work, bosses are bossy, people have to follow procedures, people get itchy for cigarettes, etc. People generally do not want to be at work. So when I receive poor customer service, I don't yell, scream, throw tantrums. I say to myself, "Yeah, I know what that's like." And move on.

People with a charge cannot do this. They see poor customer service and they say to themselves, "I will not be treated this way. If I accept being treated this way, then this lower than life person in front of me who is giving me poor customer service is going to give it to the next guy who is going to give it to the next guy and it is just going to snowball and make everyone's day hell. I must speak up. I must see the manager!" So they begin to yell and scream. As a neutral, when I see these types of people who are doing their duty and being what they are, I don't look at them, I look at people around them. What are they doing? Looking at the floor. Twiddling their thumbs. Hiding their children. It is a feedback loop, and this rather negative person giving poor customer service is suddenly in the midst of additional negativity by someone attempting to fix the problem. I think to myself, so what's the point of doing it? Now this whole incident is going to be burned into everyone's mind instead of forgotten minutes later. And not just because of the person giving poor customer service, but additionally because of the person attempting to correct it.

In addition to making perfect customers, the neutron also generally makes a fairly poor partner. I realized this when I started having relationships with women. For lack of a better term, and because it seems to be consistent with the writings of the past, we will say that women are most often associated with the electron in a wave-like state and the men with the electron in the particle state. They are two sides to the same coin. But the neutral is neither a particle nor a wave as if he cannot decide between conflicting states. In one example of this charge deficiency, my wife went away for a couple months overseas and I was to stay at home in Michigan. She spent quite a bit of time doing this really intricate puzzle for me, where she loaded up these bags of candy that she knew I liked and placed them around the house in certain hidden locations. I was to find them over the course of two months by finding one bag, reading the clue, which would then help point me to the location of the next hidden bag. I remember thinking to myself it was clever, but after finding a couple of the bags, I must have forgotten about it, and ended up failing to find every single bag. To my wife, when she found out, it was devastating to her since she had spent so much time doing it. But to me, I was like, "But, I just didn't find every bag. That's it. I still love you."

Not only is it difficult to have a relationship with a neutron, but the neutron itself seems to flip flop between having the properties of a male and having the properties of a female. Some days they appear to be quite feminine and the next day they appear to be quite masculine. I have been accused many times of acting gay and many times of being some stoic male who wants nothing more than sex. If you have a charge, you feel that you should be one way or the other and not really be both, because to have both qualities you are pretty much confusing everyone around you. They don't understand you. You are intriguing, yet possibly off balance. You are just as likely, then, to be an easy victim as you are to be a Columbine shooter.

This off-balanced nature has a tendency to balance itself in the end, for the neutron. The ones who survive and maintain their qualities learn to live with it. Others generally hit a point where decay occurs and they break up into constituent parts, which could occur in this lifetime, in the after life, or some other variation.

I feel for other neutrons, however. I understand what it is like to be what they are. I know the frustration associated with the disconnect between what is taking place on the inside and what is taking place on the outside. I know what it is like to look out of the windows of this moving ship and see the purity, the uniformity, of a positive or negative particle, or a group of them in the form of a wave, and feel sad for not being able to take part. The neutron is unpredictable because you cannot affect it in any way. You can increase the charge in so many other people and thus predict what will happen, but you cannot do the same to a neutron. Imbalancelly balanced. Impartially partial.

But the neutron does have a home in the universe, a place that they can call their own. These teenagers who see no examples in the arts and literature which they can use for inspiration, who feel they are doomed for their failure to understand and choose a side, they need to know where to turn, and unfortunately if you have a charge, you will not be able to convince them. They must be convinced by another neutron, and as a result, neutrons such as me must extend themselves a bit into fields other than science and politics and instead find other souls in areas such as music and the arts which are more often overwhelmed with those that do have a charge. I do not know if it is possible, but this book is an effort to do just that. If it speaks to you, listen. If it doesn't, well, being a neutron, I know there are other books and writers out there who might be able do the job a bit better than me.

I am not trying to convince you, one way or another. Being a neutron, I don't know how to do that. I don't know what convincing someone is like since no one has ever convinced me. I look for other motives and find them quite easily. I see holes in arguments almost instantly. A positive person, like a sun, would be screaming at me saying, "Look at all this light! Look how brilliant I am! Come and be like me! Join me! Be positively smashingly happy!" And I would instantly look around and say, "Yeah, lots of light, but before I wasn't even aware of the darkness. Now I am aware of how much light is suddenly needed to fill this place up. If you turned yourself off, we can go back to the way things were and there will be no light or darkness at all."

But the universe is too advanced for that by now. There is too much going on, so to speak, to just fold up, pack the bags, and be nothing again. There are equities and inequities. There is form and ground. When I sat in the church when I was little, and heard a preacher reading from Genesis, where God spoke and said "let there be light!" What I heard was something more like

this: "Let there be lDiAgRhKt!" One half of the universe began to concentrate on the upper case letters, and the other half of the universe began focusing on the lowercase letters, and it was a toss up on which side to join.

Neutrals see the world mostly as a series of connected analogies. An analogy doesn't sway a person like an argument in logic does, where you stack all these small things on top of one another where it creates a line item to your next assumption. The neutral knows that logic is just as much of an analogy as the next thing. It is a closed system, almost like a religion, and to use logic to prove the importance of logic, you are no different than someone attempting to use the bible to convince someone of the truth of the bible. No, the neutral needs to see things which have the appearance of other things. They can appreciate the loose ends. They know that an analogy gives form to the formless, meaning to the meaningless, and the neutron can create systems out of thin air just as logic and calculus were created out of thin air, in an attempt to illustrate through analogy how the universe works. Leibniz and Newton, like Picasso and Dali, were all painters who just used different materials. And what were they painting? The universe. How they saw it. Through an analogy.

To the neutron, analogy has power. It adds sense, infusing consciousness into the universe, giving people something to do, to enhance, to create. Eventually the original analogy is lost but the resulting creations based upon them can be just as powerful. Take iambic pentameter, for instance. When I first ran across this in high school when we were reading Shakespeare, I was struck by the senselessness of it. People were saying how amazing Shakespeare was at using iambic pentameter, and I sat in the back of class, wondering why he was using iambic pentameter in the first place. Was I misunderstanding the brilliance of it? This, to me, was a case where an analogy lost its meaning at some point yet derivative works maintained its power. I found out later in life that Shakespeare himself was an analogy and he quite possibly was no more than a group of poets attempting to enhance the English language via the direction of Francis Bacon. Did it really matter one way or another if Shakespeare was one solitary individual or several individuals working in collusion? No. The derivative works created as a result of his inspiration made all the difference.

The fuzziness of reality is what the neutron sees, and he draws upon that fuzziness merely by being who he is and spotting faces in the clouds. He does not partake in the fuzziness and is distant from it. He is content with saying nothing matters because everything matters. Contradiction and irony have a certain peace and harmony to the neutron, most likely because the positive and negative energies of reality are both contained within him, at the same time. He has no problem with it. He can see destruction coming from creation and creation from destruction. To him, they are one and the same, and he does not have to choose a side. He stands somehow external to it all, looking at everything collectively as it shifts and turns and

changes shape for others and gives birth to all varieties of creations through some sort of trickery.

This book is thus written for other neutrals, like me, who are trying to understand their own neutrality through analogy alone. Why is that neutrality there? What does it mean? And what is this otherworldly entity we keep seeing which gives three dimensional shape to the east and west, to Lucifer and Jesus, to sadism and masochism, to finite and infinity, to right and wrong, to materiality and spirituality, to balance and imbalance, to the darkness and the light? Things only look right *from an angle*. Therefore, the following chapters are thus not meant to convince, for nothing convinces the neutral—instead, the chapters are meant to be *experienced*. Neutrals aren't as easily deceived by arguments as those who can maintain a charge—neutrals would much rather see the truth for themselves in all of its contradictory glory rather than be convinced and robbed of their own ability to see things from more than one perceptual location. Convincing someone ties them down, seals the deal, rooting them in a specific archetypal garden—and the neutral will have none of it! In that sense, consider each chapter an ear, a foot, a tail, a front, a back, all jutting out from this grand beast as it plays its games and weaves its web. Moses only saw the back of it and his hair turned white—unlike him, we are neutral, so we can see it all. Our gift is the collective inner eye, and the beast we perceive is the Hologram within us all.

Enjoy.

Chapter Two

The Self

Picture a small island in the Pacific Ocean with a volcano in the middle. Suddenly, inexplicably, lava shoots forth, seething hot, formless, yet at the same time, full of form. It rolls down the sides, tripping over itself, then dragging the parts of itself that it tripped over down with it. As the flow continues, it heads straight towards the outer rim of the island, uprooting and incinerating trees, plant life, animals and insects—anything that so happens to be in its path, anything that believed the island could now be *settled*. Nothing can continue to exist in the way of this liquid core, but paradoxically, nothing could exist without it. It is pure energy, not bogged down by rules, limitations, ethics. It is lawless anarchy, and it does exactly whatever it intends to do—get to the outer reaches of the island and find the ocean. And what happens when the ocean finally does come into contact with it? Continents form. And there is life. There is a context for things. There is a *something* which can now seemingly be tamed.

The pure energy of thought itself which created the great works and have defined life for us on this planet takes the same form as this lava. Only instead of it seeking an ocean, it sought (and continues to seek) an observer, and the effect is the same. Through our observation of this stuff of the universe and our attempt to apply it to ourselves and to our past cause continents to form. I consider it pure and lawless energy because it cannot be saddled, although there have been attempts throughout time to do so, and there have been times when those attempts seemed to have been successful—until cracks appear and the lava pours forth, redefining the landscape once again. The eastern mystics have attempted to tame this energy, just as the western philosophers have attempted to exploit it, but it is holographic stuff and quite slippery in nature. There is always more lava from whence everything came. Boundless unbridled energy. The shape that eventually condenses into landmass depends upon which ocean is observing the flow--and that ocean observatory exists within every conscious mind in the universe, east and west, Christian and Muslim, atheist and agnostic, black and white. The ocean is you--we are 90% water, are we not?—and you are here to *taint* that flow and form it into a world that is particular to you, to your children, to your grandchildren. This taint of ourselves, of our past, of who we are and where we live, it cools this lava internally. And when it hits us inside, we all have a name for it: we call it truth. Truth is this congealed pure energy— but it is an energy in a particular context. For once an island is formed in one ocean, it cannot be formed in another. It is ocean-specific, people specific, civilization specific.

After a time, however, all of us individually believe we have tamed the flow, that through us, this energy which finds shape has given our descendents a place to call home—so grip the reins

tight and don't let go. Be a scientist! Be a lawyer! Be a Christian! Be a Jew! Our context, our taint that our oceans have caused upon this lawless energy has given birth to worlds of philosophical thought, and we hold onto those reins for dear life to give us a context. Our grip tames the belly of the beast, we believe. Our grip keeps our demons—and our gods--- in check. But within me, within the entire process, I see the cracks that have formed as the continental plates of the east meets those of the west, as the plates of the atheist meet those of the Christian, and those of the scientist meet those of the mystic, and they are smashing and grating up against each other. The cracks are forming! Can't you feel the thunder beneath your feet? This land doesn't mean quite what it used to. Something below is stirring once again. Our tamed lands are now conspiring against us!

The land doesn't mean what it once did. To our youth, our own context feels less pure, for we can see how islands form without the need of our own taints. We look around us and see not a forest of truth on our island, but a forest of bias, of perception, of relativity. Our truth just doesn't feel so true anymore. We were taught bias was reserved for the indoctrinated without realizing that this was also a form of indoctrination. Can religion hold a bias? Yes. Can science hold a bias? Yes. And that is where the cracks have formed—*in between*. The beast has not been tamed! Our taints have individually deceived us all into believing we have civilized pure energy. We believe we are safe here, but the cracks, oh the cracks!

I opened up Scientific American last week, as I read it just as often as I read mystical works, and I was struck profoundly by the perceptual tricks of light that the hologram was playing upon the editor. We are instructed in public schools to be scientific in our thinking, to use rationale, to not let our own personal judgments get in the way of our discernment of the world around us. Yet here the editor was encouraging presidential candidates to express their support of evolution so that the scientists knew whom to vote for! I asked myself, how is that in any way different from Christians encouraging candidates to express their support of creationism so that they know who to vote for? Belief is such a nasty word to the materialists who run the earth and control our schools, yet a belief is exactly what was being expressed by one of these editors of *accepted* reality.

Belief, you say? Evolution is a *belief*? Ah, if you do not see it as one, you are one of the indoctrinated! For it is not always the creationists that find reasons to disbelieve in evolution...it is the peers of the evolutionists themselves that find reasons to disbelieve in evolution! Belief is a choice and nothing more, and an arbitrary one at that, decided through the shackles of peer pressure of which rational minds are supposedly free. For what purpose is the expression of a belief in evolution a requirement? It is the stuff of taint, just as pointless as spiritual leaders requiring a sacrifice of the firstborn to keep the rain gods appeased. Sacrifice your firstborn! screams the scientist. Sacrifice your firstborn! screams the atheist. A belief tames the demons

and gods---but those cannot be tamed, for the lava still flows beneath us and erupts at will. A belief in evolution as a requirement for our leader? Bah! There are other islands which do not require such bias. Look around you. What does the land have to gain through its own self-deception? Safety in numbers? Numbers do not matter if there is no land to which those numbers can escape when the island burns!

Nay, the scientist is just as guilty of the dirty word 'belief' as the spiritual leader. The Buddhist attempts to return balance to an imbalanced world through the belief that balance is a duty, just as the leaders of the west attempt to create turmoil, since to them, turmoil is a precursor to progress, and progress is a duty. Belief! The tectonic plates of our islands collide, and the lava seeps upwards for expression. We have stifled the gods and built our sheds, but they are made of mud and straw, and the island is ready to explode once again.

We need death, we need destruction, just as much as we need birth and creation. Those old minds in the academic world struggle to control an erratic infinite beast finding expression in the youth spilling through the corridors. We become crust on the holograph of reality as we age, a crust that is too shallow to contain the infinite depths of energy pouring forth. Science? Crust. Atheism? Crust. Islam? Crust. Christianity? Crust. Politics? Crust. All of it—crust! The skin cracks...we scale. Onward and upwards indeed!

Our shared beliefs congeal with one another to give society a shape like jello in a mold, but the mold can be anything. We are afraid that without our current mold, we would be nothing. So agree with us! screams Scientific American, for we have evolved from apes and all other beliefs are Dark Age savagery. Agree with us! Screams the Christian, for Christ is the Lord our Savior--the belief that we are nothing but apes is savagery. Agree with us! Screams the Atheist, for the bloody path paved by the Crusaders is unforgiveable and without our disbelief, mankind slips into savagery!

The plates collide. The volcano speaks: A new dawn is coming. Can you feel it? Unbridled. Untamed. Unbelievable. Boom!

Chapter Three

The Faultlines

And what does one find at these divisionary points between islands, where science brushes up against the isle of mysticism, where communism brushes up against the isle of democracy, where Buddhism and Zen brush up against the isle of Catholicism? Contradiction! Oh, the fear of the word, as if that which contradicts is that which is wrong. Yes! Contradiction is an evil word, for it divides and proclaims impurity. We are the good, and all the contradictory actions out there are evil. Our rightness is more right than anyone else's right. We are on the side of good! One side wins, in all of our games, in all of our movies, in all of our tales on what it means to be alive—one side wins, so it must be us! We are on the side of light—all else is darkness and decay.

But the holographic energy does not have one side, just as a cube does not have just one side. It is a multifaceted form of energy that finds expression, briefly, in small flashes of light when it comes in contact with a conscious mind, such as when lava hits an ocean, or when pure energy is burnt off and forms a planet in the Crab Nebula. These brief flashes give it form but do not contain it. All matter is energy, contradicting itself, as we do all the time. The observation of every subject at any moment is pure trickery, imbued with a certain brand of bias, but it is this observation itself that gives the universe its form. That's right...the universe was tricked into existence through our observations of it, tricked into believing it understood itself when it did not. The universe is an audience to a master pianist who, every time the melody is believed to be understood by its listeners, suddenly changes octaves and we are left with impressions on a wall instead of the objects themselves. This hologram does this all the time, to every race, creed, religion, philosophy, east and west. To the rich and poor. Our inhabited islands are civilized and believed by us to be safe, until the beast stirs and shows that this safety in our bias is one grand deception. We watch, disbelieving, as our horses die in the lava, as our houses go up in smoke, and we ask ourselves why. Can't nature be less violent? Can't it be more civilized? But we ask these questions as we kill the land in a state of empty-eyed manslaughter, as if we are more civilized than nature. The volcano brings life to the land in its own way, and more land upon which there can be life—what do we bring? When we chop down those trees and make our houses, do the trees which make up our house continue to grow? Does this book that you hold in your hand issue forth new leaves in spring? It is dead, we killed it. So nature should kill us! Savagery. The cube has more than one side, indeed.

Yes, the ground splits beneath us, we watch the cracks grow, and the inhabitants yell at the tops of their lungs, choose a side! Quickly! As if one is more safe, more secure, more ready for the

coming destruction which plays no such favoritism of the left or the right. To a volcano, the left and right are meaningless distinctions. The Jew is just as dead as the Christian, wings or not – choose a side? Have more hollow words ever been spoken? Are we playing Russian Roulette? The ground trembles, and orange and black magma coasts down the sides of that towering inferno and burns forests, huts, people, children. None are safe when a side is chosen.

In our churches we are told we cannot serve two masters, and we believe it, despite the fact that we serve two masters all the time—both father and mother. Before people started screaming at us to choose a side, the island was one, and all sides were the same. Our observation of the two split the island, split the universes into two parts, divided us, then divided us some more, like cells in a womb, destroying the unity, the one cell, the great all. Scientists on the left, mystics on the right. Body on the left. Soul on the right. Finite reasoning on the left, infinity on the right. Divisions and splits, cracks and more cracks. But the holographic energy which caused all of this division plays no favorites as it spins and flows and causes cells of people to pick a side as the island eventually collapses under its own weight of all those divisions. Yes, the universe shall have the same fate. As the saying goes, step on a crack, break your mother's back. Avoid contradiction and save the Universal Mother from whence we came, be the cell that you are, be the cell that you convinced yourself that you are, pure in every way—an archetype--and continue your divisions. Convince others to take on the properties of yourself instead of the properties of another, and together form an organ. Forget the nature of what you once were in your past, so formless and full of energy, life, and unity.

But me, I am the eternal stem cell drifter, formless yet full of form, potential, possibility. I am the neutral. The one that can be anything and take on any shape, but refuses to do so merely because I see the cracks for what they are between all those cells, the falseness of them, the unsafety of choosing a side. I swim between them all, observing each through my passage within an invisible vein. I float through it all, unattached, alone. I could just as easily be a brain cell as I could be a liver cell, but then my fate would be sealed if I took on those properties. And with enough practice, I would begin splurging out the same one-sidedness as those other cells around me.

I pass through this earth and see a body with all of its organs, imagining what it's all doing as it works together in its disconnected state. Whose mind—if any--owns this place? I do not know, but I do not want to choose a side. I will not do it! This body will die. This island of man will collapse, regardless of which side you choose. I choose them all! None of us are safe, not even me as I drift in the flow of some unseen blood that lets me do as I want—even if what I want to do is nothing at all but to observe the unnecessary divisions between us. All those tricks and games that people play, fooling with your head, forcing you to make certain assumptions about the world around you—those voices are what stem cells listened to when they took on a certain

property of the body! They could have been anything, but instead they settled for *something*. I suppose I am no different, so if you are sick of what are, listen to a stem cell as I remind you of your past! You can be anything—you are anything—anything, or nothing at all. Those faultlines between us are fictional. Step over them. Contradictions matter not. Shut your ears to the screams of those claiming there is safety in numbers—yes, a safety as long as it is *their* numbers. All groups are the same, all organs believe themselves to be important, but you my friend, can be the drifter once again, for some of those cells claiming to be the most important could actually be a pancreas, but you never can tell unless you drift a bit. Yes, this world needs more stem cells. Otherwise everything becomes too cemented and dry and flakes off like mangled hair and old skin. When this body ages, people turn back to the properties of those cells that can be anything to save them from the everything that they have become. You have purpose! Yes, you, the neutral—the world needs you. Don't mistake your inability to pick a side as a deterrent. No need to explode. The problem for you has been that no one has explained your importance properly because they have all been too busy fulfilling the role of the organ that they have become, forgetting that they are mouthpieces of an even larger function. Move on.

What is the meaning of life to a neutral, to a stem cell? Even if I told you, you wouldn't listen. That's the beauty of what you are. That is why you are the answer. That is why, through you, after all the nonsense taking place in the body flakes away and dies after waging logic wars on one another, there will be something left to rebuild once again. It will be better. It always is. And you will have helped make it that way. How we get from here to there is entirely up to you. Being a stem cell myself, I know I couldn't convince you, anyway.

Chapter Four

The Scientist

If you're like the majority of the world, you want the attention, the fame, the red carpets, the caterers and cooks, the limos, the houses, as well as an impossibly beautiful man or woman on your arm who has a fortune *almost* the size of your own. You want to go on vacation once a week, do your shopping in Paris, eat dinner in London, then fly home and cozy up to warm fire in the Colorado mountains before heading to the slopes. Some people have these things—the rich, the beautiful, the popular. Why can't you?

When you see people who have these things, however, they have this inexplicable urge to self-destruct, and it just doesn't make any sense on the surface. Elton John, knighted by the Queen of England to show the country's respect for his music, spent most of his career getting trashed. In fact, during the end of his addiction, he was said to have been snorting a line of coke every 4 minutes, slamming whiskey after whiskey, smoking joint after joint, for two weeks straight in his hotel room, alone. It was a mystery to him that he didn't die. He ended up in the hospital for six weeks with a team of doctors to nurse him back on track. But it's just not Elton John. Look at Britney Spears, Lindsay Lohan, Owen Wilson, John Belushi. What is it in particular that makes them feel so empty inside that they have to fill themselves up with something that takes them away? And you, what makes you think you would somehow function differently and appreciate all the benefits of being wealthy, beautiful, and popular, yet without the emptiness?

Well, what does it take to be popular? The running joke in many movies and books is that to get to that place and to have those things, you have to sell your soul, a piece of yourself, the thing that makes you, well, *you*. And once it is gone, it's tough to get back. Once it's gone, you can't remember what it's like, what thoughts you used to have, how you used to feel about things, what you used to laugh or cry about while staring up at the stars on your roof at night. Because now, in your heightened state of popularity, you watch all the words that you say, watch the food that you eat, the coffee you drink—Britney Spears goes to Starbucks? How destructive!—and when asked questions about the order of the world, you answer appropriately, through the advice of your publicist, ensuring that the words that come out of your mouth reflect the mainstream, democratic attitude of the majority of people in the country in which you are popular. You make sure you express camaraderie with people you despise, talk about the weight gain of fellow celebrities when questioned, and the better you are at it, the better actor-of-mainstream-beliefs that you are, the more perfect you fit the mold, the more is given to you. Yet the closer you are to that mainstream that is concerned about weight gain, newly opened restaurants, and being seen in the high-class fitness center and concerned about world hunger,

the further away from yourself you grow. Yes, in your push and drive for this success, you made certain sacrifices to become something you're not, until ultimately, there was nothing left other than this pulsing frequency of opinions, beliefs, and actions, which is *the* mainstream. And then that mind which is so disgusted with itself flicks up its own middle finger and works to disconnect itself as much as possible and get lost in physical sensations and hedonism. Ah...yes...that feels good.

Some of the most popular motivational speakers such as Anthony Robbins encourages the 'copying' of those who are successful so that you, too, will be successful. And he's right in many respects, but when you're copying those who have these things, you just kind of wonder how bad it's going to get for that part of you that made you feel somewhat unique, somewhat different, somewhat less-than-mainstream. When asked what you think about some social issue such as global warming, you wonder if you will be able to answer how you really feel, that it's some conspiracy or what not, if that's what you think. When asked about your religion and political views, you will wonder if you will be able to answer truthfully, or will you take the cue from someone else, someone you're trying to emulate, and give their answer instead? Anthony Robbins tells you to copy the successful, does he not? So copy away! And let some quirk about you such as the placement of some mole on your face define you in everyone's mind, because to them, that's all you have become. Hopefully to you, however, there will still be something else that you will still be as well.

This copying attitude isn't just something you find in the world of celebrities, but in all industries that have some type of hierarchy, funded by cash and greed. Take reporting, for instance. If you aim to rise to the role of editor-in-chief, wouldn't you have to make sacrifices there as well? Do you think that the editor-in-chief of MSNBC really believes all of the things that he writes as headlines, that he became the editor-in-chief because he was true to himself? No, because the role that copying the successful plays in society is too profound, too used, too respected—and so despised precisely because of its ability to rob people of who they are inside, of what they think and how they feel when they eventually rise to the position they sought.

In some regards, perhaps the drugs are infectious in the same way. The rich and famous who do those things—the bad—kind of get lost in the good, so not only is their outstanding ability to reflect the mainstream being emulated by their peers, but their coke addictions are emulated as well. Perhaps it takes the coke and the whiskey to become successful, people wonder. Perhaps that is a part of the game. Perhaps that is what you are supposed to emulate so you can fit in at their parties. I mean, if you want to be successful, you have to fit in. You don't want others to feel you are moralizing about them, for God's sake. But make sure you do the nose candy *after* you become rich and famous, okay? Because if you do it beforehand, you probably won't have the drive to meet the rest of the prerequisites because you will be too busy doing things to

support your habit that probably would not be a good idea to be shown before the mainstream that you are attempting to represent. I mean, what if Whitney Houston had discovered crack *before* becoming a celebrity?

The older one gets, the more pure they want their celebrity and their success to become, because they don't know what else to do with themselves. They get lost—even further. I mean, what else is there? Even if they survive the drugs, they'll still want to become an archetype that represents things purely from one angle, that celebrity-intoxicated angle, because an archetype is symbolic and people need a symbol! Yes, the mind has an amazing ability to view reality in multiple angles, but as time passes, it tends to lose that ability once it settles in and realizes the fact that they won't always be around and they need to start rationalizing their actions. Perhaps they can live on as a symbol? Yes, the cementing is underway. What else is there after celebrity than to become an uber-celebrity? What else is there to become after editor-in-chief than to become an uber-editor-in-chief and be invited to those Bilderberg meetings!

Just as one can become indoctrinated in a religion, one can also become indoctrinated into celebrity, into being an editor or a CEO, and they are tricked into believing it is their own point of view. This indoctrination process is a sealing off of all other mental doors. With enough practice, with enough rubbing of shoulders of people who are doing the same, with enough scriptural references, the deal is done and all answers to all questions can be manufactured. Whether that scripture be a film or a Bible matters not—as long as the doors are sealed, and sealed tight! No need to remember all those pesky sacrifices if you *mean* something. Because that is what you happens when you become one of those symbols—you are trapped. Why do all CEOs read Ayn Rand? I suppose it is just as silly of a question as asking, why do all Christians read the Bible? Why else? For indoctrination, for an example of purity. To those on the outside, the responses of those on the inside are quite laughable, but to the indoctrinated, they are a pure representation of their faith in themselves that they have become that symbol, just as the board of directors, or God, wanted. If you talk to the CEO of an automotive company, they will give you the perception that all he cares about is his own company and the success of his product and looking after his investors. That is why he is in that position. And when you hear the words of these CEOs, aren't you often struck by the fact that they sound so hollow and artificial? There's a reason for it—they are hollow and artificial.

I've spent my entire life refusing to set the proper example of how one should be, and it has cost me dearly. If success is what you are after, then dear God, do not emulate me nor see in my words any remote resemblance of the truth. But know that when I die and I stand in front of the Lord Jesus Christ or Buddha or Satan or some global interconnected network of conscious minds, and they ask me what I have done with my life and why I deserve anything at all, I will answer that I have remained true to myself, don't deserve jack, and if they didn't like the

results, then fine, destroy me for eternity in hell, or rebirth me for eternity as the ants that I stepped on as a child. I am who I am. I refuse indoctrination. I refuse purity. I am what gave my own life meaning, contradictions and all. It is what kept me from feeling as the celebrities and CEOs and the editors-in-chief of the world must feel most often that made all of those sacrifices: empty. Plastic. Hollow. Eaten alive.

Refuse emptiness--it is what hits your eyes every time you turn on the television. Can't you feel it? Your mind just goes elsewhere. You think if you were actually on that screen, it would be any better? Far from it.

Coke, anyone?

Chapter Five

The Experimental Samples

In order to correctly understand the world in the *proper* way, you are taught that you must do it directly, that you can't just come up with things off of the top of your head and declare it as fact. You have to go get your hands dirty. You have to head to Antarctica and pull out slabs of ice and measure the chemical makeup of the water stored within it. You have to take readings of heat radiating from a volcano, determine the content of sea water and count the number of bacteria. You have to 'do your research' in order to get your numbers, and you are supposed to not make any decisions upon the nature of reality unless they are decisions based upon those numbers gathered from your samples. But here's the kicker to your oh-so-careful fact gathering and numbers analysis—what if you take the wrong samples? Bah! Impossible, you say. How dare you imply we have taken the wrong samples! What kind of makeshift held-up-by-strings operation do you think we're running here on this planet? We are professionals. We give degrees and only listen to people who hold those degrees! Of course we have taken the correct samples to...er...sample. And the meaning taken from those samples is often self-evident, you say. Just look at what Al Gore said in his documentary, look at those big spikes in carbon emissions on that wall chart thing with the hydraulic crane. Self-evident. Just as he said.

Au contraire, mes amis. We take the wrong sample all the time! In fact, the sample you take and the meaning you gather from your sample is even worse—it's arbitrary. Want a sample?

This sentence is false.

Depending upon what meaning you are sampling at any given time, the sentence says two things at once-- it is saying that what you are reading is false, but if it were false, then what you are reading is true. But if it were true, then the sentence is false and since it is false, it is true again. On and on it goes. Every time your mind is made up and determines whether it is reading a true or false sentence is an arbitrary *sample* just as much as what you take from it is an arbitrary *meaning*. It is what consciousness does, all the while pretending it is not arbitrary at all.

Oh, you say, but the samples taken from volcanoes are different! There is something in the stuff of lava that somehow makes it a better sample that contains more information about reality with more meaning than that blasted sentence! Truth doesn't work that way! Truth isn't arbitrary!

UFOs are real.

Hmm. A statement of fact? Is it a true statement or not? There are many things that fly around in the sky that are not identified regardless of who is flying them (if anything) so obviously it is a true statement. But what is implied is that UFOs flown by *aliens* of which we have no proof. So, based on our current accepted samples, the statement is false. But what if an illegal alien from Mexico has high-jacked a top secret device and is flying it for fun, then UFOs—even ones flown by aliens—are real, so it is once again a true statement. As a result, the sentence suffers from the same wishy-washiness as ‘this sentence is false.’

Goddammit.

True or false?

As you can see, I am taking arbitrary samples of sentences (which could actually be anything) and attaching to it arbitrary meanings just as a scientist does with measurements of numbers taken from a volcano or from a core sample from Antarctica, just as you do every moment of your life in every way, shape and form.

My husband is an ass.

Why is he an ass? How have you come to that conclusion? Because he doesn’t take the children out to play when he comes home at the end of the day. Work is more important than family to him, but he just doesn’t see it that way. He likes football way too much and eats too many Doritos. He doesn’t listen to me, he just doggedly does his own thing and ignores our friends and neighbors. The children hate him. He never makes an effort to clean. Self-evident, like Al Gore’s carbon emissions. But then again, what if he did listen to you and all of the sudden started taking the children out more, lost his job because of the extra time spent with the family, and couldn’t support anyone, including you, whatsoever?

Then my husband would be an ass for listening to me.

So is he an ass or not? Up to you! It’s an arbitrary meaning that has been attached to an arbitrary sample—your sample—that you have decided to take, and your meaning that you have decide to imbibe upon your sample. You, your conscious mind, have therefore invented reality as opposed to discovered it, just as a scientist does when he is trying to do his measurements, just as you do when you are trying to decide upon your skills and upon your career path. In reality, it is all fluid, and our consciousness particlizes it into some recognizable

form to ourselves. But like a junkie, the more you sample the universe in one way, the more you just can't get out of it and it sort of takes over you and you just can't see anything else. It becomes truth because you have become addicted to what you have sampled. He's an ass, he's an ass, he's an ass, he's an ass!

Sniff.

Is that sniff good or bad?

How can something so good be so bad? How could something so bad be so good? Maybe I'm not talking about drugs...maybe I'm just upset. It's arbitrary, you see, and you have developed an arbitrary addiction to your interpretation. In fact, the best that us junkies have really come up with so far over time when dealing with this arbitrary sampling and arbitrary attaching of meaning to the world around us by our conscious minds is to do our sampling and interpretation *consistently*. "Well, considering I'm a scientist, I must see things objectively. And considering I must see things objectively, I must be bothered by chaos and a lack of order. And because I must be bothered by chaos, I must not get along with artists who like chaos and believe in some invisible thing called the human soul. They don't understand the beauty inherent in an equation." Yes, if we do our sampling consistently, we say to ourselves, we turn into an archetype, and lo and behold, we think we suddenly mean so much more in everyone's minds so we must continue to be consistent and allow further structures grow and grow upon us until we become larger than life! Because not everyone can be so pure like us! Yes, we want to be more than just a scientist--- a scientist that is so scientific, he creates equations for ocean waves and declares reality to be the equation and the movements of the waves that don't quite fit into the equation to be just some unknown variable that we haven't discovered yet!

Yes, the more consistent we sample, the more symbolic we believe we have become in the minds of those around us. Larger than life. Pure. Someone who got it versus all of the others who didn't get it at all. We suddenly believe we represent something in people's minds, as if our ideals are so powerful and poignant that we sacrifice our egos to it—Jesus, anyone?--- and give life its much needed meaning—a meaning that wouldn't exist without you. But when we do these things and become these archetypal monuments to mankind, haven't we just become stubborn and stuck in our ways? I guess it depends on your sample and your own arbitrary meaning. Don't like it? Just take a different sample. Attach a different meaning. And convince everyone around you for the good of democracy, for the good of mob rule.

So is your husband an ass or not? Are UFOs real or not? Is this sentence false...or not?

Someone who believes all nature is conscious won't step on an ant, won't eat a hamburger, won't eat plants...just nuts and berries and things that grow off of trees and shrubs in a renewable fashion...they are just as much of a junkie as the "objective" scientist, attached to their sample and continually applying their archetype, their model. And, like a junkie, in the vegan's mind, man becomes the intrusive force on earth, wreaking havoc in some orgy of unnecessary destruction—so destroy man instead! Boy, thank God for the vegans! Our saviors. Their mind travels up and down the tendrils of their own self-created archetype, defining the world from this perspective, sampling and sampling some more, sacrificing everything to their ideal, staying as consistent with themselves as humanly possible. But at what cost? What has our sampling done to us? What have we created?

Reality, my friends. And we created it all while getting high.

But after awhile, like junkies, our samples just don't seem to do the same thing for us as they once did, do they? They just aren't as powerful or they lose something that kept us interested. We grow tired of them—bored, even. And it is at these moments when this feeling sets in that we either sniff too much and O.D., or leave it all behind and learn to sample something new. And with these new samples, your husband doesn't seem to be such an ass, does he? And UFOs aren't real anymore, are they? And that sentence we keep talking about? That's right--it has finally come true.

Cheers or tokes, folks. Whichever poison you prefer these days.

Chapter Six

The Bunsen Burners

Creating an analogy does one of two things: it either opens people's eyes to possibility or closes them. Analogies are the engines that drive progress—and the brakes to that progress—regardless of race, religion, language or educational level. Analogy is the mother of religion, invention, relationships, philosophy, ethics, actions and reactions, and dare I say serves as the central dish on the table of thought itself. But since nature exists in a bipolar state, analogy is *also* the father of wars, disagreement, violence, illusion and deception. Yes, embedded in that little word which is most often associated with English class is this massive amount of power, only explored these days by modern mystics who seem to be a scattered bunch—possibly because of their refusal to be indoctrinated, more than anything. Modern day mystics fear indoctrination even of themselves *by* themselves, and do anything to ensure this does not occur, for you cannot bridle universal potentiality. Eliphas Levi in the 18th Century contended that analogy was the very rope which tied the finite with the infinite, the material world with that of the spiritual world, the knot which took astral potential and molded it to matter itself, like a gigantic sail of light tied to a mast, making travel between continents possible over the Caribbean waters of life.

Those analogies drive you, you see, and through you, society. All of those divisions which have occurred upon the planet over thousands of years have created these objects around us that we can identify and hold in our hand and say that they are real—none of which would have been possible without analogy, a face that someone drew in the cloud of the ether around them at some time in the past and pointed out to others. They connected the dots and created a tangible item, formed a constellation of matter using the archetypal stuff flowing between their ears. And once those dots are connected, you can see and feel it with your senses, it's hard to look away, hard to see anything else. In fact, you will continue to see what you have drawn with your analogy until another one is created on top of the old. If you were, for instance, to stare at an ink blot and decided you were looking at Buddha, your mind would see Buddha and nothing else. You could even hold it up to a friend and say to him, "Look, I just drew Buddha" even if you didn't actually draw the ink blot, that friend could stare at this ink blot and watch it materialize like ice from water and eventually say, "Oh, I see it. Nice work. But check this out, I just drew a cherry tree," and pass it back to you which you could then perceive on top of your Buddha, and the Buddha would kind of fade into the background to be replaced by a cherry tree. The magic inside of us!

In the modern day world, there is a trend to take the stuff of analogy and label it as applicable to fairy tales, mythology, religion. But those doing the labeling are not realizing that they are using analogies themselves to do so, and their entire frame of mind has been set up through the building blocks of analogies--in a certain specific archetypal configuration, mind you—things which they had been taught were alike or dislike. They use the very stuff of analogy to attack analogies, a fish that eats other fish, a snake that eats its own tail. Yes, to the modern day world, there is no magical event of astral light and matter being tied together as Eliphas Levi proclaimed—to them, our consciousness is like a tacked on, unnecessary frilly bit to the universe that serves no purpose other than as an appendage to assist us in having sex and maintaining a biological safety in numbers or what not—a “trick” as opposed to anything magical. They might hear of the Cherry Tree/Buddha ink blot and say that neither one of you were creating anything at all, that it was just your minds playing one of these so-called tricks on you collectively, just as your body supposedly is playing one massive trick on your mind into thinking it is separate from it, or that it even exists or could exist apart from it. No, those are soul draining comments by empty shells of people who flush beauty and wonder down their metallic drains with a gear carved of bone fingers, a gear crafted from victims confused enough to listen.

Is ice playing a trick upon you because it is *really* just water? Is water playing a trick on you because it is *really* just ice? Is it really an ink blot? A Buddha? A cherry tree? There is a shared agreement, so that so-called trick now has staying power. The immaterial has been materialized. Where’s the deception? Where’s the trick? Who’s lying if we all agree? What is there to lie about? There is Buddha in there—you all can see it. All it took was for someone to take the correct samples and say this thing over here is kind of like a shoulder, this thing right here is like his bald head, and this thing right here is like his big bulge from too much food. The deal has been sealed, the necessary knot has been tied. Something from nothing. A new building block. As a result, sometime in the future when you see something new, you can then say, “Hey, that thing right there is kind of like that picture of the Cherry Tree and the Buddha!” The liquid cement of analogy has therefore congealed to form a sidewalk, and everyone can suddenly go for a stroll. A tangible item out of nothing. From what? From your mind. Something from nothing, indeed!

We lost track of this magic process sometime in the past--intentional or otherwise--this willful creation of reality. Perhaps those who understood the process kept it from others for their own selfish reality creation desires—the trick chaffs in everyone else’s magical wheat. We now feel out of control, that there are sidewalks that exist, sidewalks that we supposedly play no active role in maintaining (as if society isn’t willfully maintaining the formation of Buddha on the ink blot) that the world doesn’t need us other than to pay bills and go to work so we can eat and

watch TV, and it's just disheartening to so many people, young and old. All those knots that we have tied in the past to give shape to this world have suddenly begun to assume the form of a net within which we have all become entangled. That power we once had is being sapped from us through a shared disillusionment as to what, exactly, we all are doing here. Go to work, hate your boss, pay the bills and listen to authority as we wage war and read the newest trend to live an extra few years? It's so simple to tap into that magical process and pull us out of the doldrums, so simple to tap into that power and make change. It is a process that we now outsource to others who merely claim authority over us, over what is truth and what is fiction. They say, "There are no UFOs" and we say in unison, "There are no UFOs." We collectively see no evidence of them because the ink blot is Buddha, goddammit! Look at it! It's not a cherry tree!

No, there *are* UFOs if you want them to exist. It is no trick. It is magic, and that magic is made possible through that silly word you ran across one day in English class--a word that just sounds so stale, abstract and boring: analogy. Maybe it should have been called magic instead, for that is what it is. Maybe by calling it magic we can make life a lot more interesting to those who gave up or want to give up, who just look out their windows to the soul and just see dirt and grit and cranes and mice in cages. The magic is within, my friends. It is real. It is you.

I wish there were more people out there these days who refuse to be beaten by the materialists scattered in the mainstream media who infect our classrooms, churches, and science labs like destructive T-4 Phage cells. Consciousness as an epiphenomenon? A universe that doesn't need us? A black and white definition of right and wrong? A world in which we are nothing more than biological bags of water, powerless, afraid, with the ability to do nothing more than pay bills, serve food, reproduce and then get burned in hell if we didn't get it right? Bah! I know there are others out there somewhere in the darkness of their caves, refusing to come out to see the light of day because they feel the world has just become such a horrible place. I am not asking you to come out and join hands in some silly New Age orgy fest, for we would all be indoctrinating ourselves and blinding ourselves in another shared dogma. Just stay where you are, and light that candle of analogy--analogy! so simple--inside your mind and help build something new; without it we live and work in darkness. The world needs shapes and forms to get us out of this net. Someone, make a pair scissors and cut a hole. Someone else, make a slide that will get us back into the ocean safely as the fishermen of industry hoist its catch of dolphins upon their slave ship. They know not what they do for the fisherman are dolphins themselves! We are all suffocating in a cesspool of our own making. Inventing all those beautiful new worlds starts right here, inside, but before we can pick up our hammers and nails through the darkness, we need light--an astral, immaterial light that burns that rope, that wick of analogy,

tying both worlds together into one. The phoenix which comes to save us all rides on those flames--all we must do is light the fire.

Chapter Seven

The Test Results

Symbolism is often associated with our religions. The heavenly plane is one of archetypal forms whose substance is that of purity. And once a person perceives one of these archetypes, it is a life-defining moment in which he works to form his life upon this archetypal view. Christians would view Jesus as the archetype in which one is supposed to emulate. Jesus is that archetypal form of forgiveness, rebirth, renewal, acceptance, the knot which is tying the heavenly world with the one found here on planet earth, offering a “path” of sorts to the Father, the Great All. “No one approaches the father but through me,” states Jesus. One must die to be born again, renewed like budding flowers in spring, flowers that died in Autumn.

Even atheists, however, tap into that symbolic ethereal plane which defines life itself around us. Mathematicians, Physicists, and Chemists concentrate on and use symbolism to help create their experiments so that they can define reality: equations. There is very little difference between an equation and a symbol. Just as a Christian looks around, sampling reality in ways which bring form to their beliefs, attempting to show to others that their belief is the reality, so a physicist has his own form of faith that allows him to sample reality in his own way. A mathematician might seek order, and when you ask him why, he will say he just *believes* there is order, not chaos, yet their equations always seem to have a bit of fuzziness around the edges which they try to encapsulate in another form, another variable--the random variable. Yes, the equation is the reality, and the random variable is just something about how the material universe works that they haven't discovered yet.

This immaterial plane of symbols that the priest uses just as often as the atheist contains the 'physical' stuff of thought. If you imagine a caramel apple, the symbol on the immaterial plane would be the apple, and the caramel coating it would be the material world, the outer extremities, that we can see with our own eyes. Our eyes, without knowing any better--and if we were strict materialists--might tell us that it must be caramel all the way down, but the caramel is really just a thin layer that can be peeled back, and the influence of the shape of the apple (the symbol) really makes up the bulk of its form.

If you have a predisposition to not believe this, of the symbol's influence, look around you, at the walls of your house, of the cement, brick, and wood. Do these give form to the house, or does the architectural plan—the symbol--give form to the house? The two influence each other, just as the apple influences the shape of the caramel, just as the symbol influences the shape of reality, and the two combined influence our enjoyment or hatred of it.

Our conscious minds have the ability to create these apples or use those apples which have already been made. E-mc² is an apple. The Pythagorean theorem is an apple. Jesus is an apple. The phoenix, the snake eating its own tail, all of them, apples. And once we have created one of these apples or found one of them that we can relate to, many believe that it is what makes us who we are, the apple. We grow attached to it. We feel that we have somehow imbibed the apple with our consciousness, and dealing with creators of symbols who don't know quite what they are doing is quite difficult, indeed. It is like dealing with an architect who believes that if you make any modification to his house, he will somehow die along with it, like your hacking off his arm or head. It is like dealing with a chef who believes that you have taken a piece of him if you ask for a caramel-covered Red Delicious, instead of a Granny Smith. Use a different apple for this? Are you crazy? Why not just pull out a gun and point it at my head? On the job, you can easily find these types of people. It is not an industry-specific malady.

No, in reality, we are neither attached to our physical bodies nor are we attached to the symbols that our minds use to define that reality, in the same way that the chef is neither connected to the caramel nor to the apple—the chef, in a way, created them both as a dish for the pleasure of others or for the pleasure of himself—or to disgust others, if that was his choice. It is there to be consumed. He does not always have to use the same kind of apple, nor does he have to use apples at all. Why not a pear? Why not a mango? No, the chef and the architect are distinct from their multi-dimensional creations even if they do not believe it. They are multidimensional travelers on that pastry puff of realms, inventing and tying the two together or tying none together if they so choose.

The misunderstanding of what we are truly doing is the source of conflict, in my mind, of difficulties on the planet, as all of these travelers pooling together into one location bounce ideas off of one another to see what occurs to the world around them by doing so. On the east, we have a group of people who believe that restoring balance to the world around us begins within, that the divinity is inside of us all, that we need to turn down all that noise being sent to us by our physical senses so that we can see ourselves for what we truly are—a connected consciousness in perfect balance with his surroundings. On the west, we have a group of people who believe that conflict creates progress, that pitting two opposites against one another gives shape to the universe, that the divinity is external to us and to believe otherwise is heresy. To the west, there is the side of the right and the side of the wrong—so pick a side. On the west, however, the fields associated with the arts tend to reflect the attitudes of the east. I don't live in the east, but I'm assuming that a lot of the art coming out of the east concerns conflict and solitude as opposed to connectedness. If you could somehow tally up all of the fields and attitudes of the west on one side of the page and tally up all of the fields and attitudes of the east on the other side of the page, you would probably realize that you have the same list,

accept they would be in reverse order, for both our chefs, utilizing the same fruit, are just cooking it differently.

Steps to reconciling this have been taken, of course, through comparative religion analysis, and there needs to be much more work for these similarities to truly come to light. There has been no comparative study, for instance (or very few at least) comparing the attitudes of science with that of religion, and there should be, just so that people have a greater sense of what the hologram is doing, so that we have a greater respect for each other as we stare at it while it revolves, so those who are more scientifically inclined won't be so afraid to accept those who are more spiritually inclined, and vice versa. In addition, through this mutual respect, there will be more collaboration between groups whose views are usually seen as incompatible. Who knows what would happen if chefs from both worlds got together and created new dishes?

There needs to be further development of these underlying symbols, and perhaps our failure to do so is just because of how we have been conditioned. We encourage the use of older symbols in our schools. In high school, for instance, I was told to write a term paper in which I could only use the words of published authors to prove some hypothesis. I thought it was quite possibly the silliest requirement ever, because I wanted to write my own words instead of continually having to look up references. As a joke, I attached a superscript to every word pointing to arbitrary books, and just wrote what I wanted. Sure, the bibliography was hundreds of pages long for a 10 page paper, but point proven, regardless of the final grade I received.

This book is a case in point. The holographic model of reality has been out for a few years, but many of the holographic books utilize the same source material, and reading them over and over again is just as frustrating as reading book after book about Roswell which has only a finite number of participants. In order to truly progress, one has to use the holographic model of reality so the world has some new symbols with which it can use to create whatever needs created or whatever wants to be created. There are very few rules, if any. These new symbols have to go all the way up, so to speak, in the same way that the materialists believe that the caramel currently goes all the way down. Deep seated, ancient symbolism pervades most industries, and before they cement us completely into place (if they haven't done so already) we need a bunch of mavericks out there who can see how something functions on the symbolic level and can consciously rewrite those procedures and use something new to get some different results. It's easy to rewrite them if one understands the power of analogy, that an analogy is the symbol, which this book is attempting to convey. Our consciousness has the power to pull anything we want out of the ether and give it form. We have that power. So few of us know how to use it consciously. Mystics do, but where are all the mystics these days? Scared into their own symbolic capsule, like the random variables of mathematics?

When you were told in the past that mysticism was related to occultism, and mystics could materialize angels and demons, you think that it meant they could manifest Beelzebub from Hell? Not exactly how you're probably envisioning it. What this meant was that mystics understood the role their own consciousness played in the creation of reality, and how the creation of a symbol (Beelzebub) could be used to give birth to a physical object. By manifesting Beelzebub one created the immaterial apple that could be used as a base for the physical caramel. Those who desired to create reality for their own enjoyment consulted these mystics for this specific knowledge, and used this knowledge to get people to stand behind them, or influence them in some way so they received whatever it is they desired. This, for sure, in some people's eyes, was the equivalent of selling one's soul to the devil because one claims the power of creation for one's self, which is the equivalent in western minds as setting one's self into the position of the Lord God above. He alone controls the power of creation, and saying that you have this same power is the equivalent of what the Light Bearer did when placing himself on the same level as God.

Now, after reading that, depending upon your position and the way in which you are attempting to view the hologram, you can feel the influence of previous symbols affect you in a particular way. If you were raised in the church, for instance, you may wonder if the book that you are currently reading is being influenced by the devil and you may be attempted to set it down, now. But it feels so right! How can it be wrong? Reality creation, historically, has been reserved for the kings of the land, those who hold the strings and understand what they are doing. They would want you to believe it is written based on the influence of the devil so that they can continue to weave their web and cast their net as they may for their own benefit. All of those influential tendrils that you feel coursing between your ears stems from thousands of creations of the mystics upon the Akashic record. If the kings let it out that you had the same power as them, they would no longer be king!

The conspiracy community in general does a fantastic job in pointing this out to people. A conspiracy theorist can see people in charge inventing reality all the time, but instead of grabbing a set of reins themselves, they tell the kings of the land to set their reins down, as if ceasing all activity would solve some overwhelming problem which really isn't a problem at all. Conspiracy theorists see reality as one grand lie, a program, and we are all active procedures defined by someone else. We are living in an artificially generated matrix from which one must escape. They see the reins that the kings are using and are afraid to control reality themselves and write their own program by which they can live. They see kings performing 'satanic' rituals at the Bohemian Grove or elsewhere, and they do not see the symbolism in the rituals, but instead, they see Satanists, evil, materialism—they see man claiming the throne of God—and those people *must* be stopped.

No, every element that can be invented on the immaterial plane as a symbol exists in a balanced state. Everything is equal, self-contradictory, and impossible to pin to one single charge. Every symbol can be spun, and just as a magnet has both a north and south pole, so do your symbolic creations exist with both charges, or none at all. There are positive and negative qualities to every ethereal invention, Jesus or Lucifer, and depending upon the type of person you feel that you are, you will be more inclined to invent one symbol over the other, use one or the other, reference one or the other. The evil that a church-going conspiracy theorist sees by the rulers of the land can be neutralized by more reliance upon Jesus Christ and private ownership of guns, they believe, but this type of configuration has the same amount of negatives as positives. The piece of the hologram that you are perceiving makes you believe that you are standing in the proper spot, but really this is merely believed out of confusion of what role consciousness serves in the universe. Do the negatives ever outweigh the positives? Do the positives ever outweigh the negatives? They come in equal amounts, and it is our perception that throws that balance of the two in one direction or the other.

These immaterial symbols can be invented by you and consumed by the world if you so choose to invent them and change the world around you and give it new shape. If you do not like what you see, pull one of these apples out of thin air, tie a knot around it to something physical, form an analogy, and serve it to others under a thin layer of physics, or reuse a smaller analogy in a larger way to offer up an even larger creation. That internal light which is burning is there for a purpose, and your fear of using it in *your* way may be a fear put in place by someone with ulterior motives. We are playing finite creatures on an infinite playing field. We don't die. We just invent, create, explore, divide, combine. We create the universe within which we live. We are the universe, and that flittery next-to-impossible to capture hologram that keeps deceiving and playing with us and helping us invent all of our symbols is the mother from whence we all came. Only through an active participation with it will we be capable of evolving.

Chapter Eight

The Steam In The Lab

I'm endlessly fascinated with the body's ability to purify itself and handle addictions that conscious ownership of a material body brings to the playing field of the universe. Yes, I know that saying this is rather dangerous, and you're probably thinking I should knock on wood in the event that my own addictions get the best of me. If I die because of my own addictions, that's not the point--with or without me, the body and all of its organs are designed to handle most things consciousness tries to throw at it for as long as possible. Why doesn't our consciousness imbibe a body that can only take in water, and any time it runs across something else, it just collapses on itself and dies? Why does our body come with so many purifiers?

The most obvious answer is evolution—through a succession of events, random permutations occurred which allowed the body to accept things it originally was not able to accept. With this view of things, the permutation in the genes was said to have occurred *randomly*, and this randomness was found to be successful for the organism to survive, so it ended up being transferred down the line to all other proceeding generations. This seems to answer the question, but the problem that I have with this view is in the choice of the word which caused the permutation. Was it really *random*? I know a lot of creationists latch upon this argument and talk about the probability of us being random is about the same probability as swirling dust of Mars somehow forming a monkey and a typewriter which manages to type out the works of Shakespeare. Because honestly, if we came from monkeys, those monkeys invented typewriters, and those monkeys did manage to type out the world of Shakespeare. From what? Random swirling particles interacting with one another?

I do not buy that there is any randomness to our evolution, but I also do not accept that this proves the Bible to be the inspired word of an external God, either. Religious discussions aside, the *random* factor just seems wrong to me as the force which created all these variations which survive and thrive in their environments. If I, for instance, wrote a program on my computer that randomly threw together one billion characters over and over again for 6 trillion years, I seriously doubt that it will ever reach the state in which it could be compiled, let alone executed in a way that does something meaningful, let alone handle errors within its execution gracefully for years on end without crashing. It took 10 years of modern day analysis just to count the number of characters in our genes (billions), only to discover in the process that not only does each character do something in particular, but sequences of characters scattered throughout our genes do things as well in conjunction with the presence of other genes, so it is multilayered code (holographic, anyone?) These grouping variations would have to be counted as well, and

as can be proven by mathematics, you cannot ever count all metagroups of characters, for there is always a group above the one in which you are counting (Gödel's Incompleteness Theorem). As a result, not only would randomness have to create a compilable program out of billions of characters that it is randomly throwing together, but the code that it is writing would have to utilize a multi dimensional model, where code layered upon code also performed certain functionalities depending upon which characters are read in which sequence, and it would have to be able to handle an infinite number of the sequences, the reading of which by the computer would always compile and always execute. How difficult would that be? Well, imagine this book being written in a way where you could take every letter and find a book, then take every other letter and find a completely different book (on Chemistry perhaps), then take every third letter and find a completely different book (Alexandre Dumas perhaps), and on and on. Each variation decodes into another book. That is what genetic researchers are finding at the core of our cells. And scientist are saying this amazing model is a random event? A random creation?

No, our genes are based on a design coming straight from a realm that we aren't even close to understanding in our current state. It is from a realm of the infinite that contains no limitations. Each time we attempt to peer into this realm we are met with what a physicist would call a singularity where all of our understanding collapses upon itself and is eaten alive instantly. A mind which works in a finite way can never even begin to understand something which stretches upwards and downwards into infinity. In the scientific world, singularities are reserved for outer space, for black holes, but there are also singularities within every one of our cells: our genes, which are books written in books written in books, upwards and downwards, in a way that we have neither the time nor the capability to ever 'decode' completely. If we tilt the book 10 degrees, a new book! If we tilt the book 20 degrees, a new book! 30 degrees, a new book! And the book at 30 degrees contains an infinite amount of other books depending upon which letters you are sampling at any given time. All we can really do when coming face to face with such a creation is to stare at it in awe and remember deep down inside of us something important.

Yes, each one of our genes contain a quasar of potentiality, of energy coming from elsewhere, from the land of the infinite. Our minds can only grasp a *piece* of this infinity in these physical bodies, bodies with limitations, bodies that like latching onto things and building nests. Why does one grow attached, addicted? Perhaps it is because consciousness itself is not used to having limits since it comes from a land of pure potential that contains no restraints. Perhaps it must learn to *appreciate* infinity to expand it by entering into a finite structure. There is friction when this occurs. Like a muscle, we must deal with resistance that finite minds place upon the infinity of consciousness—the source. In this sense, life on earth is indeed a schoolhouse or a fitness gym, and we are all going through weight training. We are here to expand the fibers of

our shared consciousness. We are here to grow. The body's ability to purify when we grow too attached to something *could* be there not as a result of random mutations, but because of the need for steam-pressure release valves. There is infinite potential in our engine, and when the finite world around us keeps its foot on the brakes, there needs to be somewhere for that energy inherent in our soul to go. Some of us need those steam valves more than others. I know I need mine.

This isn't to say that those who are the most addicted to things have the most unfulfilled potential—far from it. They are merely experiencing larger quantities of frustration for their inability to pick up whatever item they are attempting to lift, and honestly, some of us aren't even trying. Some of us are holding 1 pound dumbbells and looking around at others struggling and are saying, "I don't see what your problem is. These things are light." All the while others are pulling up 6000 pound monstrosities, screaming at the top of their lungs as veins pop on their forehead. Having an inability to even *express* what one is trying to do with one's own consciousness makes it even worse, especially when the critical ones with the one pound dumbbells around you are blind to their own simplicity. Regardless, in all these incidents, it is a good thing we have these release valves, they are definitely there for a purpose, and I'm sure when we eventually move on, there will be other release valves required as we rise along with the rest of the universe. So pick your poison, for sure, but learn to set it back down again. Remember—that weight sitting on the floor hasn't budged in awhile, and all that released steam really just weakened your ability to lift it by sapping your engine of its power. You had your rest. How about giving it another go?

Chapter Nine

The Rats in the Cage

Near Death Experience books written by the well-intentioned are generally filled with lessons of holistic thinking, the joy of nature, the beauty in the human soul. They are brimming with stories of people who, upon reviewing their own life, witness an overwhelming sense of empathy towards others, who see how their negativity affected those around them, and how their positivity affected others as well. Once they have died, they are able to read people's minds at any instance in the past and know beyond a doubt what that person had really been thinking and feeling. This "life review" process is meant to bestow in people the sense that they could have done better, obviously, that they should have shown more concern for the welfare of their fellow men around them, that they were too caught up in living alone to really relate to others, that they didn't take the right amount of time with their children or friends and family. On some levels, this sounds like a fascinating ability, but I'm sure it would be a "lesson" that would not be well received by all. In fact, in many instances, it would be a torturous experience, especially upon someone who has been abused, physically or mentally, in any way.

Those who suffered multiple terrible experiences in life can sense the sadism in people, how people's concern is mostly for themselves, how others enjoy using those around them. Given that this is the case, would an ability to review such instances at death be beneficial? They might have spent the majority of their lives trying to escape from that sadism, a sadism that they cannot relate to, nor do they care to relate to, and even at death, they are unable to escape it because they would be played a psychic movie and forced to relive it once again. Someone might have been tied regularly to their bed by their parents and denied food and water for days on end. More simply, someone might have just been kicked around on a daily basis by their classmates and coworkers, abused emotionally by others, and at the same time, blamed themselves for its occurrence. "Pick yourself up, don't let them get you down," is often relayed to these people who have been abused, who are afraid of going near others. It is meant as words of encouragement, but the words are usually taken to reflect yet another disability within the victim's soul. *Not only do I somehow always become the victim, these people find themselves thinking, but I am the cause of my own victimization since I am allowing it to occur.* Imagining such a person is not very difficult and you may know one of these people yourself, or you may be one yourself. Imagining them going through a life review might therefore be much too painful, and would be yet another example of the sadistic mentality of even the saints in the netherworld which would cause these victims to flee, or perhaps even refuse to enter that shining bright light. I don't know about you, but I generally enjoy at least some ignorance of people's

intentions around me and feel that experiencing a life review of my own might be too difficult to bear, not because of the pain I might have cause others--though I can already imagine this without their assistance--but because of my need to deceive myself into believing that certain people really aren't manipulating me. What more should one learn from such a review if they already know the bitter truth in all its black glory? What is there to be gained?

No, the lessons of the commonly relayed NDE by some writers are not for everyone. They most often focus upon the need for more nurture and care of others since this is relayed as a missing ingredient to the further enrichment of life in general. People are said to return from beyond more relaxed and able to relate to people around them. They are taught to be more willing and able to stop and help others crossing the street, give money away much more freely, tend to focus much less upon their own needs than on the needs of others—all the while forgetting that many of those people purporting needs are actually pretenders, selfish, and manipulative. Learning to help people more often is a double-edged sword, as any politician will tell you. In most instances, it might be better to maintain and encourage at least some sense of ego which is most often amiss from the experience in life of true victims.

To the NDE researcher, there is a fundamental belief that the earth has a deficiency of community and togetherness, where shared consciousness has been somehow forgotten as we maintain our material bodies in a finite amount of time, that our connection with the source has been severed and we care not about those around us because we have forgotten that we are a part of one great whole. The difficulties one experiences in this life, reported NDE research tells us, results because individuals cannot see how our consciousness stems from a single organism, and all of our supposed material needs and desires that we have just blur our connection to each other, and that by disappearing into the great all and losing one's self, one will suddenly discover that they are already everything and so have lost nothing. Well intentioned messages, but again, how is this a balanced lesson for a victim who *already* feels empty yet still does not feel the great all? By fact, this selflessness inherent in the true victim is a *malady*, a sickness, and not a cure.

And what about the fact that there is a material world containing selfish qualities? If this place wasn't meant to be in the way that it is, it simply would not be! The universe—both mortal and immortal aspects of it—is up to something, and any solution to its “deficiencies” are solutions to “problems” which don't really exist since the equation is already balanced, and it is apparently an equation of birth, growth, death, and rebirth. You can either increase the amounts on both sides of the equation (western philosophy) or decrease the amounts (eastern mysticism), but they will always be equal and always have a need for one another. Switch angles, step into the victim's shoes for instance, and those deficiencies in mankind quite rapidly disappear--

bringing 100% love into the world by reducing our egos to 0% might truly be an irreparable occurrence, since we would then have nothing in which to love.

No, the hologram seems to be showing these souls who have died one piece of the puzzle that many people already know all too well, one side of a multi-faceted coin, and I am surprised of the lack of balance in such messages, which makes them suspect. Justice is proclaimed as a quality of this overpowering organism, yet there are harsh realities to the act of kindness that are deeply ingrained in the fabric of the cosmos which seems to be thrown out the window on a consistent basis upon a person's return to their body. More kindness, more love, all of these express a deficiency, so it seems as if those relaying these messages might possibly have ulterior motives, since the universe is not deficient in anything and is quite balanced as it is. It is our perception that the universe somehow needs us in particular and our thoughts and opinions which is throwing it off.

In occultism, the archetypal view of women reflect this holistic thinking, where one should be concerned for earth and the community, feel empathy towards others, have a focus on artistry, eyes full of wonder and awe to creation and beauty, with the ability to hold leaves in one's hand and dance in the ocean with a happy grin of solace on one's face, with less of a focus on linear thoughts and more of a focus on the bigger picture. The archetypal view of man, however, reflects singularity, a concern for one's self, a roughness almost to the point of appearing shallow and blind to one's surrounding, with a much higher focus on linear, logical thinking and personal development. "God does not put food on this table. I put food on this table," would be heard from the mouths of the archetypal manly man, and art is for the women who don't know what to do with themselves because they can't think clearly. Women who are more in tune and reflective of this archetypal perspective obviously would roll their eyes at such "nonsense" and say that this is the reason there are wars in general, why we can't just all get along peacefully, why there are problems out there and why we are destroying our own planet. But just as all equations have two equal sides, so do these archetypes, meaning they are equal, fair, and balanced already...and by balanced I mean that holistic thinking isn't always the answer, and is actually only correct 50% of the time and not 100% of the time. Some people who have died—true victims, perhaps—would require an infusion of self worth, that they were given an ego and self for a purpose, and they need to develop it as opposed to just flush all of that material self down the drain time and time again for the sadistic enjoyment of others. Just as there is an interconnected consciousness, there is also a separateness that must be experienced, and that separateness develops the very ego which religious leaders of the day claim need to be broken down. The interplay between the two is actually the equivalent of a spiritual workout for the soul, a lifting of a weight by this shared consciousness which is greater than one's self and one's individual perception of a supposed imbalance that needs rectified. To

the victim, the often cited life lessons one must learn would be much too painful to relive, since the weight would seemingly be thrown at them both in life and in death. Why relive the pain and thoughts of those around you? Why relive the pain of one's own tendencies? What would there be to learn? More pain?

One of the most fascinating books I have read on the subject of NDEs was written by William Bramley called *The Gods of Eden* in which he hypothesized that the beings proclaiming messages of joy, love, hope and peace were somehow a part of evolved conscious entities farming the souls of mankind on earth for their own needs and desires. The stories of life after death have been somehow incorporated into our literature on purpose so that we go towards the light upon death...and are captured yet again as opposed to fleeing to safety somewhere else in the cosmos. To Bramley, these messages went across cultures and were so profound to the receivers that entire cultures would get behind them and declare the receivers prophets—yet despite claiming peace, love, joy, and hope, they were actually meant to cause despair and wars so mankind remains enslaved to them, mentally shackled and eternally less than what they could eventually become because of people's beliefs in such messages. These entities would attack comparative mythology, just as people attack any comparison between God and Allah. In the same breath, Bramley did not deny the immortality of the soul—but he did seem to claim that the entity known as "God" or the shared consciousness is much more removed from us than the blond-haired, blue eyed saints who send us contradictory messages and meet us after death would like us to believe. It is somewhat ironic that if this were the case, the only individuals who would truly escape from their grasp would be the rapists, murderers, and manipulators of others who die and are afraid of this God.

The hologram goes above and beyond any potential 'deficiencies' that might exist on the planet and within the fabric of the universe because it alone seems to know that those deficiencies are perceptual and consistently mutate depending upon your viewpoint. Any conversation between a man and a woman bestowing their own archetype is a prime indication of the falseness of these deficiencies. Shared consciousness, despite the fact that our religions often encourage us to develop it (and we should), might not be 100% of the answer, since it would throw the material world out of whack once again. The NDE experience might be real, but the lessons learned? If history is any indication, knowing one side of a story might not actually be the whole story—indeed, there may be something more profound and mysterious going on underneath. Since those beings proposing to be looking after us tend to take on the appearance of spiritual entities from multiple cultures, one is left to wonder what—or whom—they truly are, why they are here, and most importantly, what do they want?

Chapter Ten

The Explosion and Inhalation

At some point in your life, perhaps as the result of the steam valves being used too much in the great lab of life, your body splits open and that thing known as your consciousness leaves its shell in the same way that the sperm from elsewhere entered the egg-- only in reverse. People visualize their death in all kinds of ways, wonder what it will be like, and try to live life appropriately based upon what type of world they imagine is on the outside. If you visualize the afterlife kind of like a kitchen, once the egg is cracked, does the yolk end up on a hot plate or perhaps in some afterlife wedding cake decoration? You have no idea, but based upon what sounds more appealing to you, you will try to prime yourself for the chef in one way or another by maybe showing off your one-sidedness like a peacock. "Look, there is no way you're going to want to put me on a hot plate. I mean, historically, brown eggs are for the hot plate, they were made for the heat, and white eggs are for the wedding cake, so—Jesus was a white egg, I swear—and there is nothing remotely brown about me. Use me for the wedding cake instead, please."

I think many spiritual leaders in general are just as guilty of preaching a one sidedness as everyone else, to encourage people to be white eggs vs. brown eggs as opposed to developing a tolerance and understanding for both. Their messages throughout time reflect holistic thinking and an interconnected consciousness, community, and family values. They express how empathic communication with one another is the way, the truth, and the light, while all of those *other* viewpoints encouraging the development of materialistic life on this planet are from "unenlightened" folk who just want to drive larger vehicles. Their holistic thinking is the cure for the imbalance that people keep pretending to see and understand. Isn't it possible, though, that the development of selfish needs and egotistical desires is a *reflex* to the constant bombardment of lessons of interconnected, communal ownership of things? So in that sense, the preaching of 'everyone is one' is what partially causes the viewpoint of 'every man for himself since some of you are cheating, and I don't know which ones.'

Knowing you are more than your body is by far very important, but they cannot deny the fact that we have been given separate bodies with egos geared towards self-preservation, reproduction, and sensations so that we can, well, sense things at a singular level. Consistently attempting to tame the beast through the cessation of sensations by meditating kills the ego, and if enough ego is killed, what then would be the point of us having developed our senses in the first place?

No, the hologram is up to something much more profound than for us to select a one-sided viewpoint in the end, for there is no end as the universe unfolds and refolds itself, growing and shrinking, living and dying, and there is no cure for a supposed internal malady which does not exist, for the wrong we are attempting to right in the world would, in the end, make all of us evaporate. We *are* the imbalance we seek to correct, and by removing that imbalance, we would be removing ourselves. Church is not the cure for the evils of society, and neither is science. Superstition is an evil if you become entrapped within it. Sin is an evil if you become entrapped within it. But all of these elements of the universe exist dualistically, they need not be corrected as a scientist or a church-going enthusiast would have you believe. Just ask a police officer what would happen if the crime rate fell to zero. All of those officers we would no longer need, all of those insurance companies which would just evaporate—all those jobs lost. All those families who would no longer be able to support themselves. Ask a government official what would happen to black budget funding if the illegal drug trade went away. Poof! to all those structures that are being built. Ask a programmer if he finally made a program free of bugs, a master program such that needed no others—poof to all those jobs.

No, those divisional decisions that perceptions trick us into making are ensuing a development both on the material and spiritual plane. We ourselves are divisional points between the two worlds, drawing from one and spewing it forth into another. Mortal life is important, just as our immortal life is important, but neither one is an end to itself. In my mind it makes no sense to be trained for such a brief period—80 years or so—so that we can spend infinity—forever!—in an immaterial state of shared consciousness that does nothing but feel good about itself. That, to me, is imbalance, and our preaching of a shared consciousness should not get in the way of the development of life on this planet as well. We must understand that we are more than our bodies, but that our mental perceptual constructs are just that—mental constructs. Church is a fully developed—yet decidedly old—organ. Science is a fully developed—yet decidedly old—organ. Crust forms around mental constructs just as a body forms around a sperm which has entered into an egg. The cell divides, then divides again. Growth occurs, and it occurs exponentially around a hologram which makes those cells *believe* they understand how to be, but then moves elsewhere to develop different cells. In this way, hearts, livers, lungs, brains are all “tricked” into being created. Using the stuff of the universe, lungs believe they understand something which livers do not, and are formed. It is a game. And I see these things quite possibly because I am a young soul, a stem cell of sorts refusing to be deceived by the organs around him preaching their own brand of indoctrination and purpose.

I can imagine a conversation between a stem cell that became a lung and a stem cell that became a liver. “You know, there truly is a need for livers,” states the liver cell, to which the lung cell replies, “Are you kidding? So you can get rid of all that alcohol people keep pouring down their

throats? It would have been better if you never existed.” In response, the liver cell might say in the same tone as the North-going and South-going Zaxx of Doctor Seuss, “Actually, it would have been better if YOU had never been formed so that we could have all stayed in the ocean instead of infecting the earth with your carbon dioxide poison and smoke shafts. If you had never been formed, we would have stayed with the dolphins instead of killing them all with oil.” Yes, the hologram has tricked the liver cell into being what it is, yet has created something quite useful, just as the hologram has tricked the lung cell into being what it is. When I see two people argue, when I sense someone trying to indoctrinate me—conspiracist or banker, left wing or right wing--this is pretty much what seems to be really occurring to me. They have been deceived in a particular way, and they are really just attempting to get other cells to “join” their organ as they attempt to right some imbalance they see in the universe.

And because we don’t understand what we are all doing, we have politicians who are left to deal with the consequences. Boy, we hate those politicians, don’t we? Why can’t they just be real and state what they *really* think? Because the organs are not wise enough to know that honestly, the politician cannot pick sides to do his job, yet he is forced to based upon the philosophies that have developed here thus far. The politician attempts to play the role of the brain, of the organizer, yet to get in that position they have to appeal and give time to organs who don’t understand the need for all the collective organs combined—they *must* lie. What makes things worse is that these organs don’t understand the need for other organs which *contradict* their own functions. To the organ, the politician does not properly represent them, but honestly, if those organs were the only ones represented, the lopsidedness of society would become so apparent. The contradiction is quite often what makes the body work, just as crime creates a need for businesses which helps individuals feed their families. Expansion and contraction are pumps that send blood throughout an organism. Yet they contradict. How is a politician supposed to deal with people on a planet who aren’t yet mentally and physically mature enough to see that they have been tricked into becoming organs, and there is a need for organs that play contradictory roles to their own functions?

The raw stuff of consciousness is a slippery thing. It stares at this hologram and attempts to capture it like Captain Ahab and the Great Whale during its life, yet always fails, just as a cell cannot play all roles of the body at once--as if by being one grand cell it could somehow capture all the essence of the body. We have been tricked by the reflections glancing off of its multi-hued, multi-textured skin. It quite possibly can never be caught, never be defined, never be owned by you and the organs around you, for our inability to capture it is what gives this universe its form. In reality, we are just as much the Great Whale as we are Captain Ahab. Capturing the Great Whale would require a collective effort, and if we all were to eventually get in the water and do just that, we would see the whale for what it truly is: ourselves. The

multicolored skin which is fascinating us to no end is multicolored precisely because mankind contains so many differences, so many opinions, so many equal philosophies. We develop its beauty at the same time that its beauty urges us to chase it through the waters.

No, when our egg is cracked from the collapsing cell of old age, it will not be over, as we have never seen evidence that there is an ultimate end to anything. Ends are paradoxes...black holes that we can never quite reach, for if there was an ultimate end, then what? All of those creative dishes we imagine being created by that master chef will eventually need to be consumed, don't you see? And consumption—life—is nothing more than a beginning to something else which previously came to an end.

Chapter Eleven

The Evolution of The Hypothesis

When we look around us and pick things up and hold it in our hands to develop world views based on what we are holding and seeing and feeling, we believe that we have somehow understood a piece of the great flux, that what we are holding in our hand is something tangible that others can relate to. Our 'calling out' of such an item, identifying it, capturing it with our minds and sharing what we have captured like a fishermen and his fish with others around us, it is the primary function of conscious thought. In Quantum Mechanics it is called the wave function collapse, whereupon that fuzzy glob of potential obtains a form--our intent of observing a particle at a certain time and place allows the observation of that particle to occur. The fundamental gift of consciousness creates this amazing power, verified in the lab, and what it is that you intend to observe doesn't quite matter—meaning, that great flux can accept any mental lines drawn around it; it is a massive cloud of potential. This fluxating wind, however, is one that allows objects not only to be seen upon its surface, but plucked from it as well, dragons or poodles, swords or microscopes...in a non-judgmental manner. It cares not what it is that you pull from its wafts..it is up to you. That freedom is yours.

We are told that many things we believe we see are not actually there, that our minds can play tricks on us. But is it our minds that are playing tricks on us, or the minds of the materialists that are playing tricks on those who believe we have no influence upon the universe? We can observe anything we want, and string a series of anythings together to create our own movie from a bunch of stills, using our own strobe light of consciousness. Our samples that we see upon the surface of this great cloud can influence us to take other samples, and those samples yet other samples, all of which we force to be related to draw a picture in a connect-the-dot fashion. We may at first see a bat, then a ball, then a playing field, then an outfielder, then the crowd, then the roar. It all began with the bat that you pulled from the fluxation, the bat that didn't have to exist—you made it exist simply by your desire to observe it--and suddenly baseball was particlized, collapsed, plucked, and drawn into the material world. Yes, like an unlimited supply of clay mold and roaming shapes and forms, you have the capability of pulling anything out of the generality of fuzziness, sculpting it, and showing it to others for further derivative works. Now, not even the materialists can disagree when you say baseball really exists—it does—but before you, it didn't. Something from nothing—or rather, something from unlimited potential.

When all of us sit in a crowded theater and watch a movie of strung together stills spinning around a reel, each one of us would notice different frames of frozen movement. We would

capture those frames mentally, observe them, twist them, spin them in our minds in every which way, making them relate to us, sense them affecting us and us alone, emotionally and rationally. The way an actress moves her eyebrow, brushes her hair away from her face, or the way in which the moon shines off wet pavement—not everyone is framing the same thing, just as not everyone marries the same mate. And each one of us does this re-splicing in our own way, repainting it, reforming it, rewriting it, making it a completely different experience, creating a completely different movie. There are just as many movies as there are observers of that initial movie, so the initial creator of the movie has somehow provided the raw stuff for a host of other movies that suddenly begin playing in millions of minds. Just as life begins with a single cell, then spliced and re-spliced in a long and drawn out process, so the movie is spliced and re-spliced in the minds of the audience as they attach pieces of it to themselves. You have no control over that activity, and honestly, why would you want that control? Some may say that the initial creation has been tainted in some way, but that's just as much of a spliced opinion as any other. Are all those derivative tulips in your garden somehow *tainting* the archetype of the perfect tulip, or is it, perhaps, all the derivatives that are enhancing the perfection of the archetypal tulip?

To some, noting the creation of derivative works is a sign of success, of birth and rebirth taking place in multitudes around them. The forest spreads, thanks to the seed they provided. To others, the sight of derivative works is a sign of failure, as if the universe wasn't ready to settle upon the perfect splice. Who needs a forest when you already have the perfect tree? They may argue. Which type of person are you?

With frames alone, strung together by a particular consciousness, you can say anything, even though every possible potential movie is stored in the great flux. Rightness and wrongness matters not, for they are attachments, extensions, that others place upon you and your works to change it, mold it, and make it say something other than what those same frames say to you. They are trying to make their own movie to share with others. They are using you as an example of how not to be just as much as they are using you for inspiration, just as much as you are using them for the very same purpose.

Materialists state that the frames are what is real, and not the movie. But the frames wouldn't exist unless they were a part of a movie, recorded on film or otherwise. Spiritualists say the movie is what is real, and not the frames, but the movie wouldn't exist without the frames, recorded or otherwise. Each highlighting some function of reality, sampling away, working in the same way that their inspirational archetypes tell them to, creating all that variety organically, intentional or accidentally, like nature as it changes and grows. Our minds create those archetypes, bone structures, and nature adds nerves, veins, blood, skin. Is the body tainting the bone structure that we have built? Far from it. It is allowing it to exist, just as the

frames allow the movie to exist and the movie to allow the frame to exist. Materialists and spiritualists alike need each other to create the beasts of archetype and form in the land of the living as well as the dead.

And those massive bones--the archetypes--have grown through the concentration of shared conscious intent, enabling beasts to roam within that great flux, easier to see and witness as they wag their tails, wiping away cockroaches, ants, other animals that never quite reach the same size and strength. One cannot deny the existence of these great archetypes who affect the landscape and the surrounding beasts of the field, who run in fear of its gaping maw. I shall conquer! It shall be me! It screams as it stomps on the head of a pigeon, a snake. Other small beasts leach onto their bellies and are taken for a ride into a surrounding field or forest, for they cannot match its speed nor its protection, yet they remain too small for the hands of the beasts to reach out and pluck from their skin.

Materialistic thought is one of these great beasts, undeniably important, affecting the surrounding earth. As we concentrate on its constructs, we frame its archetypes over and over in millions of minds who attempt to *become* that beast, to clothe ourselves in the skin of the Giganotosaurus, and we see clearer through its eyes stomping on other creatures surrounding us. But this impossible mass can only influence so far before all creatures lay shattered beneath its feet. Nay, with enough destruction of other archetypal constructs, the Giganotosaurus starves, dies.

Thankfully, an equal appears as we concentrate: nature evolves and in comes the Spiritualistic, herbivore Argentinasaurus who smacks its whip of a tail against the Gigantosaur and slams it against the mountain. Its own bone structure is another archetype, there to contradict and even out the score. The Giganotosaurus moves its head through the use of linear logic, and snaps its teeth together around a mass of fuzzy holism. To which the Argentinosaur rams its body against the side of the beast with the support of its young, as a communal effort to destroy the singular beast ensues. It is a fight for the death where both sides holds a hand of aces—the battle is an equal one, contradictory, and even still all of it invented through the wave collapse functionality of conscious intent.

So many of us know not what beasts we have created nor what influence they may have on the surrounding universe. The current forest looks to be filled with a growing number of these Giganotosaurus, and unless the rest of the archetypal creatures on the map ban together to fight it, intentionally, the game will be over. Not only will all the creatures die in the mouth of the beast, but the Giganotosaurus themselves will die as they succumb to their own destruction, for if every other archetype were to die, they would die as well. “We are nothing but moving

particles, and I know how to control them all!” Screams the Giganotosaurus. And if we listen, we will believe, and it will be over.

No, to survive the trap on our own conscious minds that the Giganotosaurus weave, what we have to do is define these archetypes, pull out their tricks of reasoning, sketch them out intentionally, so that others will be able to identify and counteract, to ban together around sketches which enable them to know what to look for. The great flux demands we understand these bone structures of both the Argentinasaurus and the Gigantosaur—it demands that we learn of their equality, and it demands that we create and invent other archetypes to counteract them, to contradict them. It is freedom! We will not be trapped by our own creations. Through nonjudgmental acts of conscious creation, we will survive.

The samples of the materialist and the spiritualist are just splices, and the meaning we attach to them are personal choices. When we place these splices together next to one another and call it a movie, we create mixed drinks that intoxicate us. We string together a series of frames and claim you can see how the causes lead to the effects, but in reality, upon the great flux, the cause and the effect only exist because we made them exist. We forced them into being through conscious intent, and so often, they blow up in our faces like the experiments that they are.

Scientific reasoning and rationale was an experiment; superstition was an experiment; religion was an experiment; faith and karma was an experiment. They all grew veins, blood and skin, and became archetypes. We defined their bone structures in our minds through the power of our own minds, claiming one should rule the land and all the others falter, without realizing that together, through the disagreements on how one should be, we have created this infinite variety, a jungle where anything is possible. In one sense, we have been fooled into defining the constructs in which to live. In another sense, we have accepted that we are fooling ourselves intentionally, so we are not fooling ourselves at all. In a joint effort, we are playing a creative game as we stare at the hologram and catch glimpses of it in the light and glimpses of it in the darkness. But without enough knowledge, we will forget of the game, and the experiment that we are conducting as we slip into the skin of our archetypes and pretend to be things that we are not, things which cannot contain our infinite potential, things which, if we play them too long, lessen our abilities and destroy pieces of the soul. We forget our creations are just skins and we are acting. We forget that there are real people inside with unlimited potential who invented everything some time in the past.

Be a Giganotosaurus, for it is enlightenment! But I do not join. Be an Argentinosaur, for it is enlightenment! But I do not join. They both are darkened and aged, not young and bold—they have forgotten what they should be doing. They have taken on too much rot in our minds, and have poisoned those playing their appropriate roles with the biggest bones. There is a light from

whence they came, but there is a much greater light that they have both forgotten about in their age—the one inside of us. The one that created them. I have the power to create something to trump them both if I so deem it a worthy pursuit, and it is a worth pursuit, as one can eat us alive by ruling the land if they are not counteracting, not contradicted. We need new beasts and plants dancing in the light and shadow of the ever-elusive hologram. If not, we will have become lost. The universe needs us to make its movies, needs us to pull together our frames, our samples, so that we can connect the dots and form those bone structures. But in the same breath, we need to know that it is a movie we are making, and no bone is the ultimate bone. We need tolerance, not flippancy. We need integration—we need to mate the beasts with each other, for they do not have to be mutually exclusive like the Jews and the Ubermen. We can coexist, foibles and all. There can be a poetry to science and a science to poetry. The only truth that exists is the one in which we splice together for others. Whichever resultant movie plays is our archetype, our beast. But there is always room for more.

Chapter Twelve

The Picture in Shattered Glass

People tend to connect the word 'science' with correctness. But a better word than correctness would be 'discipline.' Just because something is a discipline doesn't necessarily mean it is correct. A discipline is like asking yourself if you could, say, balance on a tightrope with one hand tied behind your back. It is a discipline because you are intentionally taking out certain parameters that would normally be available to you, for no other reason, really, other than to see if you can do it. Science is therefore a discipline because it does not allow you to make assumption on things which are not readily available to your primary senses. The hand that it ties behind its own back is the human soul—all the other hands it does allow one to use are the primary senses. Every time someone attempts to use analogies in the human soul to things it discovers in nature, the referees come out with their batons and restate the rules of science, and those referees play it to the point where they believe that what they are doing is correct, all the while forgetting the fact that they are merely playing a *game* and they are just filling a role in that game, and that game has certain rules—the discipline. We exist in a universe that doesn't necessarily have those same rules, but even so, the disciplinarians attempt to coerce us away from going there, defining everything as if the hand we are intentionally tying behind our back doesn't even exist, and if you keep that hand behind you long enough as they have done, it will fall asleep and you will forget you ever had it.

Not all scientists fit into this mold, obviously, but this archetypal model is pretty much reiterated by those in reality-defining editorial positions who fill some chair that has all the markings of respect, a chair that people aim for when they ask themselves what they want to accomplish with their life. To sit in those chairs mean that you know how to play the game most assuredly, much better than those around you who aren't as pure as you. And by *pure* I mean archetypal—you clothe yourself into the scientific perspective—or whatever perspective you are required to have to fit in such a chair--much better than anyone else. You play the game much better, and in the process, you have more than likely forgotten that it is a game—people call this passion. To sit in those chairs, you need to say to yourself things like, "Nature is not random," and "everything can be understood as a particle" and forget that these are beliefs, fragments of much greater truths. I always wondered how science can frown so heavily upon beliefs in general—unproven superstitions!--all the while be blind to the fact that at its core, science is filled with beliefs of its own, and they talk of converting the masses in the same way that those in the church talk of converting the masses. Science is a game, religion is a game—all staring at pieces of light that glance off the spinning hologram, all pieces of truth, shattered.

Science chooses the black pieces. Religion chooses the white, and they play most readily, all the while forgetting that they are just moving the pieces in an arbitrary game whose point is mysteriously removed from both of their conscious minds.

One of the most influential sources that we all turn to for how to act, what to do with our lives, what affects we have on others around us, how to live, is found in our stories. Cross-culturally they contain similarities despite the fact that the players change. The players in these stories fill archetypal patterns, such as the hero, the doubter, the logician, the faithful. Together, the players collectively define a hologram within which those players interact. Bias, however, is fundamental to the telling of a story—a lesson to be learned, imbibed by the author who also has his own beliefs. The author slants the storytelling so a lesson can be learned, and that *lesson* is really just a tilting of the board so all the pieces fall to one of the players who somehow wins the argument based on the advantage their perspective supposedly brings to the playing field. If you are the hero, you will be most affected by heroic stories that you gather up in your arms to provide evidence to others as to why you are the way that you are. If you are one of the faithful, you do the same, latching on to those stories in which the faithful win, declaring it as evidence. Scientists are affected by the stories how science saved the day. Artists are affected by the stories on how art saves the day, bringing much needed meaning in context to emotions and our connection to things around us. These players do not get along, they disagree as they interact, for to agree with another player is to step in that player's shoes while sacrificing what they originally felt made them who they are—their ego.

Myself, I am affected by the stories of the Hermit who lives in his cave alone who cannot relate to others' needs to deceive themselves, a Hermit who fills his mind with symbols from books that somehow have more meaning than life, a Hermit who doesn't like to play. Collectively, the winners of all those games have cancelled themselves out—there is no winner, so why continue having all those same mutually exclusive perspectives for thousands of years? In the movie *WarGames*, a computer attempts to play nuclear war on the planet a trillion times, only to come to the conclusion that the only way to win is not to play, and the Hermit feels he has won by doing just that—refusing to take part in the destruction he sees around him, refusing to join life. There is a materialistic slant in that movie, however, where the computer somehow is able to rise above the logic of the executing algorithms and determine it is all for naught, as if playing it time and time again will, in the end, just make its circuits melt. In reality, a computer is stuck in the system and cannot rise above it—it will play the game forever. Human consciousness is the only thing that can rise above a system—not a finite computer. The Hermit sees others around him stuck in that system, defined by their own disciplines, and refuses to take part, even if he hasn't seen *WarGames*—he has other similar stories which drive him.

People in the village, children mostly, sensing that the Hermit is wise, goes to him asking for advice, only to receive nonsensical statements attacking whatever interest the children have in him. Why? Because he senses the children seeking justifications to be some way, justifications on which side to choose when the Hermit believes they should not choose a side since choosing one side is arbitrary—the underlying hologram spins its deception when you choose one. Even not choosing a side is arbitrary—the hologram cannot be captured. Aren't we yet wise enough to see this? We have divided ourselves in some ways to develop these disciplines, but have forgotten to piece them all back together again. The rifts between us are like dividing lines of polarity--north magnetism cannot begin to close in on the magnetism of the south, and all archetypes are magnetic directions, forming lines of people who listen and go with the flow.

A scientist in one of those positions of prestige might say, "It is up to religion to give mankind purpose, that is not the point of what we are trying to do." Fool! Use your hand that is tied behind your back! It has fallen asleep, and you along with everyone else you are influencing, have lost your balance. Someone else who is religious and is trying to be 'Christ like' by clothing themselves in that particular archetype might say, "I know I am right—my faith tells me I am so." Fool! Use your hand that you, like the scientist, are tying behind your back as well, for you have lost your balance.

No, to consult the Hermit, you will not hear anything that you want to—it is the reason why he lives in that cave, alone, unable to relate to anyone playing a discipline. It is the reason why no one can relate to him. The only enjoyment he gets from having a body and being a part of the human race is curiosity as to why others are so fervently lying to themselves about things which to him are apparently so. The hologram beneath us all deceives us, corrupts us every time we stand still and assume our square on the board contains some advantage in the overall game, that all the other squares are somehow deficient. The Hermit himself is no exception. His view of progress is not *needed* here—it is why he lives in the cave, dies alone, refusing to play a game from which he also cannot escape, and affects no one.

Mankind seems to be forever playing that cyclic game, and recently the winner has been the materialistic discipline and all related archetypes. "Only that which can be observed by our primary senses is real, and if it cannot be observed, it is wishful thinking" seems to be the square of choice. The player is too good, too mobile—the only way to fight back is to trap the piece collectively, but all others are stunned by its power. Further yet, from the labs of science and physics, they have unleashed a barrage of weapons on immateriality—some might call this cheating, others would call it the facts of life. Those who feel, who intuit, who believe they are more than bodies and neurochemicals, the creative artists that do bring a sense of purpose to so many people's lives--their shins have been kicked in by a digital predator. Many of our young want to support themselves when they select a discipline, and they are choosing science, math,

physics, and steering clear of anything remotely associated with the arts, with the soul—things which, apparently, have no value these days. Why? Because in a world in which the materialists can reproduce anything for free, what value is there to creating an original work? And every time these artists open up that inner eye and try to capture something which cannot be observed by the senses—a song, a painting, a story--it is valueless to the materialists---yet surprisingly still reproduced by them. You would think if it had no true value it would not be reproduced at all, but it is. Ah, the power of such a weapon! The blindness of it! The landscape is askewed more to the materialists' advantage with each passing moment. All archetypes flow downward, sliding off of the board towards the gaping maw of no hope. The development of the connection to infinity is being severed, for no other purpose than to win a game which does not matter. And why does it not matter? Because we have all tied our hands behind our back, not to be correct, but to be disciplined. And there is a fine line between discipline and torture.

We must gather up all those remnants of the hologram and pinpoint where, in particular, we are blinding ourselves, remove our egos from the picture, and see that roaming elephant for what it really is. The blind scientist holds the ear. The blind priest holds the tail. The blind artist holds the trunk. And the blind Hermit, alone with no discipline of his own from which people can profit, holds nothing.

Chapter Thirteen

The Recreation Of The Image

An archetype is a mold in which your spirit can fill to a greater or lesser degree based on your ability. As has been stated previously several times, the mold which seems to have the most influence these days is the materialistic mold and its pervading belief that consciousness can be generated out of a computer, that we are nothing more than the sum total of all the particles in our body, that we don't extend outside of that body in any way—despite the fact that we lose every single one of our cells every seven years with new cells. Details. Anyway, my own slant I am more inclined to bring is a holistic one, knowing all the while that it is just another reliable older mold. I can clothe myself in materialism just as easily as immaterialism which makes it an eternally frustrating feature of myself and draws my attention more towards the hologram itself than any shimmery lights glancing from its surface.

In the hologram, I see purpose of all form and function without needing to pick a side. I do not see a need to choose to slant the board in any particular way and pick a winner. From the sidelines I can define who I believe to be winning the game, and constantly draw up plans in my head for the other players to catch up when all hope is lost. Everyone does this in their own way. And despite these plans, there is no favoritism of one form over another, for that would entail that I be a player as well. Hermits are neutral creatures. They want to escape from indoctrination more so than anything.

There is a power in neutrality that enchants the Hermit. From a western perspective of the hologram from whence we all came, one would say that a neutral is conflicted. From an eastern perspective, however which is merely a different square, the neutral is considered to be at peace. To the neutral, however, it could be that they are just dissatisfied with the current archetypes, and like the alchemists of old, they seek to create something new and turn lead into gold. They seek to define new archetypes in the game as opposed to relying upon the older structures. Molds define boundaries, and clarify how those boundaries can interact with one another. There is a point to archetypes, to molds. There is a point to playing a game, if not necessarily *this* game—we have played it too long and all those forms that we have drawn in the clouds don't look the same since the wind has moved them. We must draw anew.

There is a particular purpose to disagreement, you see, as it causes those boundaries to be developed. Disagreement is a creative force, and so it is quite readily one of the primary functions of our ego. It makes us 'who we are' just as much as it shows us what we are not. When we look out of our portal into the world through an arbitrary one of these archetypes, it

gives us a way to disagree—it creates a conduit or pipeline which allows things to be drawn out of that ethereal hologram. If we all collectively agreed with one another, there would be a stasis and everything would cease to be. Western logic fights that stasis through the development of conflict. Eastern logic returns that conflict down to a more manageable level—both working towards the development of the universe in their own way. Yet some of us just cannot ritualize and indoctrinate ourselves to the required roles of one of these players. Some of us really, truly, just don't want to play. Yes, we can disagree just like any other, but we find ourselves having to disagree with the collective everything just to be able to form a new mold, a new skin to wear. We would not even bother to try and form a new mold if we did not have an internal 'disagreer' which assists in giving us a shape of our own as well. We need that piece of our ego just as much as we need to rid ourselves of it.

While staring at the hologram, you can very easily see the tendrils of archetypes as they affect mankind. The holistic archetypes affect people in one way, encouraging them to ban together as 'collectives' to get jobs done, supporting community based development, togetherness and family life. The more singular archetypes, however, encourage division, and see collectives as social train wrecks, aiming for more private ownership and personal wealth to fix society's perceived ills. "You're the reason welfare systems are abused," claims the singular archetype. "You're the reason we need welfare systems in the first place," claims the holistic archetypes in return—both with a piece, both playing, both bantering on blindly, and both forgetting the hands tied behind their backs which have fallen asleep.

There is no escape from archetypes—they affect the planet in timeless ways. They are both the angels and the demons—regardless if you see those archetypes as materializable substances, their function is still the same. They have a spiritualistic-like form, a wiser-than-us form, and in that regard, a Hermit aligns himself more so with those that tend to spend more time in the spirit world observing these things than others. Hermits have a certain religious feel to them, but most often they are branded as occultists. As if their religion is somehow *dark* since they refuse to pick what is perceived to be the light. "How can you not see the damaged caused by sadism?" Claims the spiritualist to the Hermit, to which the Hermit knowingly replies, "How can you not see the need for it?" No, they must be dark, for they understand too much. The darkness of a Hermit is pervasive, for it knows that the light is blind to itself. If all was light, there would be nothing to see.

No one likes to be told they are like square pegs in round holes—but that is what they are when people clothe themselves in a brand of purity, in an archetype. Consciousness is raw. Consciousness is the stem cell in the body of the universe. It can be anything, and so far, the Hermit doesn't like anything that he sees. He is left unconvinced as the cells in other organs scream for him to join their ranks. With a lack of options, he thus decides he is alive to create an

entirely new organ with an entirely new purpose, with an entirely new set of rights and wrongs. He is there to create what he cannot take his eyes off of when he closes off the rest of his senses—the hologram.

Organs are the crust forming upon that creative force, fulfilling a function by denying themselves other functions. The hologram carves a path using consciousness to observe it, consciousness to be convinced by it, consciousness to become something. Consciousness seeks to disagree with others to give itself purpose. The hologram gives consciousness what it seeks as it remains uncaptured while those minds eat their own tails. Purpose comes at a price, you see, and that price is the sacrifice of your ability to be anything. With purpose, that limitless potential inside of you dies to be replaced by limited impotence. Enjoy! But all is not for naught, for without the deception of the stem cells, there would be no body.

No, the Hermit understands, but still, refuses to join. He is after a bigger whale and is not so easily deceived to fish in these shallow waters and small creeks. He seeks the heart of the deep, in need of capturing that massive something which he can barely explain. Why can't I just join an organ and cast my line here? he asks himself in moments of despair. He feels as if his own Hermiticism is a detriment to enjoying consciousness. It is difficult to appreciate unlimited potential inside of one's self when you cannot use it. He doesn't understand why he cannot play. Purpose implies that you have found your place and have no internal conflict, but moments after trying on the skin of an archetype, the Hermitic stem cell loses interest, and moves on. The Hermit cares just as much as all other consciousness—but that greater calling is too loud for him to ignore, and taking on the purpose of another that isn't quite his—it just feels too wrong to be right, for the hologram moves. It moves! And he is after it with an unmatched fervor as the currents flow around him. He moves through the veins of a much greater system, aware, waiting to be convinced. Yes, the Hermit seeks the heart, and the stem cell of his own consciousness will be that which develops it and pumps blood to the rest of the body. I shall define the archetypes, states the Hermit. Perhaps that is my purpose, limited as it is.

The Hermit effortlessly molds something out of nothing, utilizing analogy as a trumpet that calls to a certain type of consciousness as new pieces in a new game fall from his hands. He builds and constructs, but not using material substances at all. He works in an ethereal land above materiality, pervading it, affecting it, using substance that has no substance of its own, substance that must be infused in another to *have* substance. He is just as much a lightworker as he is a darkworker, knowing he contains both, and both are requirements when you deal with consciousness that originated from a holographic entity. Light is a requirement for darkness, and darkness is a requirement for light. Mankind has an ultimate source from whence he came that he is trying to remember, but that hologram was never contained completely in a monkey. We are not trying to return to the monkey—we are trying to return to something else as we

remember a different womb. No, the monkey may have been a crust that formed, but the hologram has moved, and we continue to try and capture it with thought, with word, with action, with life, with death, with evolution and revolution as it affects us in its myriad ways through what we believe is nothing more than a finite world. We have no idea how far its influence goes, nor how big it is. But we can see little pieces of it as it passes by, and we stand, transfixed, forming organs and cells—only death can uproot that underlying force which turned us into a temporary stepping stone for the hologram. Only death can unstun that frozen consciousness contained in our bodies. The hologram's needs must change, for we change, and we grow and become wiser through the utilization of analogy. Every 80 years, a new layer grows as our bodies die, much like rings in a tree as the tree expands outwards. All those affecting archetypes are coated time and time again to give the tree its shape. But the overall tree was not somehow contained in any singular layer—the tree, like the hologram, was the originating source of what made us who we are—although our ego only maintains its form for that brief moment in history.

Some of us hate religion – you have been tricked, for you would also have to hate universal literacy! Without one, the other would not have spread, for it is easier to control a dumb populace than one which is wise. Some of us hate science—you have been tricked, for you would also have to hate the creation of languages which enable you to describe the world around you! “Damn those who have been blinded by dogma,” claims the free-spirited hater of organized religion. “And damn those who have none since they lack purpose!” claims the most indoctrinated of us all. Whichever archetype you choose will give you shape and form in the world of limitless possibility. I have no form of my own...and for that reason, I am at home in the land of archetypes.

Chapter 14

The Infinite Fractal

We are told we live in a finite world, but what does that mean? There are limits to our knowledge, limits to how long we can survive, limits to how intelligent we can be, limits to how fast our vehicles can go, etc. We look into our microscopes to find out how small of an item we can see. We look in our telescopes to find out how large of an item we can see. The range from one extreme to another makes up what we call the known universe. A materialist might be inclined to define ourselves in that system and that system alone. But inside of the spiritualist, they see the ramifications of those fractals—to the spiritualist, we inhabit a pocket of a much greater system, one that is boundless and without limits. Who is to say that the structure of the atom stops at the atom? Who is to say that this same structure stops at the swirling soup of galaxies—e.g. the universe? No, the structure can shrink ever smaller, and the structure can grow ever larger. We see evidence of our connection to this infinity in our thoughts, and every time a materialist attempts to seal off the borders and call their understanding complete, they are quickly found to be deficient.

An easy way to imagine this deficiency in ‘completeness’ or ‘totality’ of the universe is to try to visualize the edges of the universe. If there was an edge, what is beyond the edge? In other words, what is *not* the universe that the universe is invading as it expands? Isn’t that which is not the universe also a *part* of the universe? See? It keeps going. You cannot seal off this understanding and deceive yourself into thinking you have found an edge, because the universe, if it is expanding, it would have to be expanding in a *something*. And that something in which it is expanding within has to be infinite, for if it also had an edge, what would be beyond it? No, the known universe is a pocket, a bead on a chain of beads, and the definition of that pocket originates out of our sensory limitations. Just because we cannot see that far doesn’t mean nothing exists out there. Saying nothing exists just doesn’t make any sense.

Things in the perceptually limited pocket that we inhabit can only get so hot, and things can only get so cold. Things can only be so dense, and things can only be so light—but it is still a pocket, and our further definition of that pocket is constantly taking place. When we develop a jump in our ability to perceive more with our instruments, previously discovered limitations of extremes are no longer there. We break through those limitations, and the boundaries of our pocket expands, just as the universe expands, and it will continue to expand forever.

I like to view limitations as densities. For some reason, the hologram has picked the densities in which our consciousness inhabits, and it is really quite arbitrary, just as which parents we came

from was quite arbitrary. It was like we just suddenly appeared somewhere and put a flag in the ground and then said to ourselves, “Now we know exactly where we are. Now, where exactly are we?” And then wandered around in this context discovering what our materialization meant and how far that materialization could go. And every boundary that we find is nothing more than a stepping stone. We need context, we need limits, for no other reason than to grow past those limits. We can grow up through infinity and grow down through infinity. We can go left through infinity and right through infinity. We can find ways to inhabit densities we previously were unable to inhabit, and there are always more densities.

In this sense, that hologram running the show knows consciousness requires limitations to develop. We create words for fuzzy things like ‘grayness’ and can understand what grayness is, but at which point does something become not gray? We create words for things but know those words are made up of several subsequent parts that are unrelated—we carve up the world around us, label things that change shape in front of our eyes. We define equations for waves, but they never quite match up one to one, and we don’t know why...our equations seem to work, so do they really exist? People seem to understand us through the words we are using—but the pictures they have in their mind must be different since they come from a different context. So does communication even exist?

Words are boundaries. Words are limitations, and limitations allow the universe to grow out of that arbitrary, fuzzy context. The more it grows out of that arbitrary context, the less arbitrary that context becomes. “Where are we?” Begins to be more easily answered. The choice of which parents we came from was arbitrary, the time we were created was arbitrary, but the more we use that arbitrariness to define ourselves, the more it all means. We give arbitrariness context, we give it form—we infuse it with meaning, like rings on a tree as it grows outwards. And we do so through conscious observation of the universe around us.

I like to visualize the creation of these arbitrary boundaries as particlizations in the wave like flux of the hologram. When we observe the electron on an atom, it particlizes from its wave like state into a tangible pocket. When we observe the universe around us, we particlize it in the same way, so that our attempt at observing a pocket of definition actually forms it and brings it into being. Consciousness thus invents this pocket, expands it, grows it through the layering of new upon the old. We look inward through the microscope and outward through the telescope, and it just never ends, both ways. Without limits to our perception, however—if we could see through infinity in both directions at once, if we could see that our smallest small isn’t really small at all, if we could see our biggest big isn’t really big at all—our consciousness would feel more lost than found.

Yes, our consciousness has an application, and it seems to have something to do with some grand experiment of limitations being placed upon that which is unlimited. Where is it all taking place? Here, I guess. Right here.

What happens if we can only see seven colors? What happens if we can only hear seven tones? What happens when we only taste 5 flavors as well as hot and cold? What happens when we can only go so fast or so slow? What happens when we can only stare and look at the hologram from one spot? What happens when we can only breathe oxygen and not lead, making us 'stick' to one density as opposed to travel through several? Infinite variety, that's what happens. Limitations thus create that which is unlimited, as if we are the builders and are growing a new form of infinity at the moment—the material one, through the application of this thing called 'consciousness.'

Our creations are limited, and those limitations are what give it form, but our consciousness comes from that which is unlimited. We find evidence of our true source as we go about defining things such as 'universe.' When it hits 'non-universe' the concept just goes up in smoke, and we kind of laugh at it, or stare at the accidental infinity slip in awe, like, "Wow, when do we get to go *there*?"

And those who are more careful than others in their attempt to remain and develop the world of limits (physicists, for instance) still end up inventing something resembling infinity on accident—black holes. Whoops. The minds of the actively involved creators—the materialists—are buried in the sand more so than others who don't quite enjoy this game so much. The spiritualists are trying to remind everyone that it is just a game, that we are ultimately a part of an interconnected whole, that if we get *too* lost in this new world of 'materiality invention' we could just end up blowing the experiment to bits and we'll have to start over in some other arbitrary location. Say, over there. "Dedication to the game is a *requirement*, just as much as it is a *malady*," states the materialist, to which the spiritualist would roll his or her eyes. Both have their purpose, all looking out for each other in the end. That's what archetypes do. But we are not pinned to one—we can enter into the materialist archetype and clothe ourselves in it just as much as we can enter into the spiritualistic archetype.

Our consciousness is pinned here, in this arbitrary body at an arbitrary time at an arbitrary location, but it is not of this same stuff around us. Life as we know it (as it has been collectively invented, in other words) is pinned here as well, within an arbitrary density, but given some breathing room to move up and down into different densities to a greater or lesser degree. We inhabit a pocket, we develop that pocket, in the same way that a sperm inhabits the pocket of an egg and develops it over time. The sperm observes the egg around it, divides it through the application of consciousness, grows it. Together, we develop the material body of the universe

as well. How? By observing it, dividing it, and dividing it some more, while an interconnected blood flows through its shared veins. If the whole universe dies at some point in the future, it doesn't matter—like us at the end of this life, consciousness moves on to play a *different* game.

And just as the materialist invents the external universe, the spiritualist invents the internal universe. Just as one can develop and grow finite structures of limited supply, so the spiritualist invents infinite nature of unlimited supply. It is a choice of focus and intent. You can concentrate more so upon the creation of definable particles—realizations—or you can concentrate more so upon seeing the waves that run between them all—potentialities. This dualistic contradictory packet extending between realms is what makes the hologram what it is and allows it to be there in the first place. There must be land upon the infinite plenum for roads to be developed! The spiritualist is therefore more connected to that land than to the roads. The land allows for the roads to be there, and once those roads are formed, more land can be discovered in a beautiful interplay of competing, contradictory forces which resembles a beating heart of activity deep inside the hologram. Push and pull. Left and right. Up and down. Expanding, growing, shrinking and collapsing, but undeniably alive.

Chapter Fifteen

The Waycave

If someone is attempting to convince you of anything and succeeds, there is this mental snapping effect which kind of reminds me of what it is like to lose a bowling ball in a gutter. The gutter means that you have been convinced and have ‘lost’ the argument by joining them—the bowling ball that your consciousness has provided is now stuck in the path provided by another and cannot easily get out. That’s right, no reaching the pins. The archetype has won, and getting out of that gutter is very difficult, indeed.

Or, if you don’t do bowling and spend all your time cropping photos of your family to send to your relatives, in Photoshop, there is a menu drop-down item called “snap to grid” which basically takes these very mobile rulers that can align themselves with any pixel and, instead, forces them to align to a mutually exclusive grid which only allows certain pixel locations to be touched. It is a way to ensure that what you are doing stays aligned with something else. The “grid” so to speak, is when you fall in-line with the intent of an archetype instead of having intent of your own. “Global warming is a reality, folks” and you agree, so you have, in a way, joined with “the grid” created by the archetype of environmentalism and, in the process, forget all those other arguments which state that a single volcano can produce more emissions than all people on earth can combined. With the ‘snap to grid’ setting, you can’t be in between two lines of the grid whatsoever—you must always end up back on a vertical or horizontal defined location of the grid.

Or, if you have done neither one of those, in racecar driving like the Indy 500, beginner drivers are told never to look at the wall. Why? Because they are going so fast, if they look anywhere other than the track they will inadvertently steer their car towards whatever it is they are looking at and crash. This, also, reminds me of being convinced, for if you look at the argument someone is providing, you will be drawn to it, snap to it, join it—game over.

In particle physics from school, there is clear evidence of a “snap to grid” setting as well. If, for instance, you were to attempt and observe an electron in its particle state, you would see that there are these band-like arrangements of electrons and no in-between. According to the Niels Bohr model (old-school, I know), there are approximately seven of these grid-like settings, the outermost being able to support the most electrons, with the inner one being able to support only one. If there is an inconsistency in the amount of electrons an atom can support—say the outermost band is deficient by one—then it seeks, in a way, that final electron to put the whole model into balance once again.

If, from the materialistic perspective, we truly are made of an infinite number of particles, then wouldn't our ideas, concepts, thoughts and what not, tend to follow the same the model? We 'snap to' these supposed orbits to increase the strength or add structure to its archetypal perspective—its physical nature—to grow the influence of it, cause decay upon that influence, or balance it all out. The electromagnetic energy in our minds is thus applied to something which exists on a more whispery or fog-like immaterial plane—the plane of the archetypes. Without the grid, our particles wouldn't know what to do with themselves, wouldn't know which orbits to join, and would just float around in some soup of formlessness like electrons expressed as potential. The orbital archetypal paths themselves don't really exist on the material plane, however, for if they did, nothing else would be able to occupy that same location—they would have a physicality of their own—they would be 'the orbits' as opposed to 'the containers of orbiting electrons'. The orbital paths are guides from elsewhere, guides that the mathematician sees, guides that we have created as we all collectively imagine ourselves here, flying at the same speed as one another through time, interacting with each other in a finite state of being, waves in particle form, guides that the infinite soup 'snaps to' when particles come in contact with the waves emanating from us through the portal of our own consciousness.

A strict materialist would say that these *rules* the universe follows are actually particles themselves that we don't quite understand. Gravitons are an example. Yes, the 'things' that draw an apple to the head of Newton are particles which have properties, but even still, like our own bodies and minds, no physicist knows why they are there in the first place. Through the inventors of the concept of gravity, what once was a rule, now becomes a *thing*. Unbeknownst to the strict physicist, rules pulled from immaterial reality are particlized through an archetypal mindset, almost as if the physicist is peeling an onion in reverse—they believe that with every new revelation, they will get to the heart of what makes an onion an onion, but in holographic reality, however, they are *creating* the layers, and what actually makes the onion is their own conscious intent to find the core, the heart, the pump that runs it all—when they finally reach that spot, they will realize that they have run full circle and are actually looking at themselves—but they can never reach it. Gravitons become archetypes through the material physicist, extending the reach and influence of these archetypes, and nature responds accordingly. The discovery of Gravitons (or invention of them) now allows other particles to have a new grid to follow, to snap to, to join.

There will always be a smaller particle or a different balancing particle, which is the awe-inspiring aspect to reality. And there will always be bigger structures as well. The deeper we go as we explore the caves connecting us all, the more we will discover that, like ants, we are digging those caves with their funnel-like forms, and perhaps we may begin to do that digging more consciously at some time in the future. Some of us follow the rules of a particular

archetype and dig caves in a certain way, building off of the work laid down by others, and others *break* those archetypes or ignore them all together. That's the beauty of conscious intent—these adventure seekers will discover something new, and with enough focused effort, others will turn that particle-less work into an archetype, display their grid for the world to see, turn their work into a map that others can follow, explore, and expand. X marks the spot, but when we finally reach that location, the treasure we find will be ourselves, or an aspect of ourselves we didn't know before. We are the core of the onion we are peeling. We are the buried treasure.

There is evidence to this infinite cave digging which most physicists don't know what to do with as of yet, but they'll probably end up blaming it on multiple universes in the near future, which is fine since that is their job, I suppose. The physicist wonders why this universe is so exact in its requirements. If electrons were just slightly heavier, the universe wouldn't exist. If protons were just slightly lighter, the universe wouldn't exist. With all of their equations, if they modify this or that variable's influence just slightly more or less, the whole model collapses, which is extremely frightening to them as it implies an instability or a fragility to the whole place. But if they could in the next couple hundred years step back and say to themselves, "we have dug all these caves ourselves, but the caves wouldn't exist without us," then perhaps the fragility wouldn't look so frightening, because holographic *stability* would be all the more evident.

There is definitely a material reality around us that obeys certain preconceived rules because there has been much conscious effort to particlize this place. Frogs do not fall from the sky here (or do they?) and we're the only life out there in close proximity (or are we?) And with each effort to do our selected bidding, the caves form, and we can take those caves any which way we want. We are building it here, in this pocket of forever, in a certain way, and in some sense, we are tricked into building it. Through an interaction between the ego and the all, we look at the hologram and are drawn to one cave or another, either arbitrarily or intentionally—we become the physicist or the spiritualist, the painter or the programmer. Some of us want it easy, others want it difficult. Some of us want more structure—some of us want less. The "you are wrong, I am right" particle, node, or gene of ego applies itself to the wavelike, rule-based functions of the great all, and the interaction between the two is electromagnetic in quality, working together to define, enhance, create. The bigger our telescopes get, the more galaxies are invented. The smaller are microscopes get, the more particles are invented.

But there is also an immaterial, infinite reality as well, and its own rules seems to imply that there are no rules. It is on another plane of existence whose image is impossible to capture, as if you can only see its reflection as opposed to the real thing. You create new rules with each brief glimpse of it, based on an applied arbitrary perception, but to itself, there are no steadfast rules. Words cannot properly describe the place—but words do capture its essence, briefly, almost as

if words themselves are proxies to a source, albeit momentary proxies. You've grasped its tail, but like a snake, a layer of skin slides from it as it continues to move.

Those more spiritually inclined might say that this ungraspability is our missing piece, and we cannot capture it because we are damned, that we made a choice to be here, but blew infinity because of that choice. We lost our connection to the source as we went after the "immediate pleasures of the flesh." To these people, we are stuck here, and we can only sit and wait for a savior to appear before us and save us from our selfish plight. These spiritualists sense that we are damned, so the only thing they can think of to do is convince others around them that we are all damned and in need of forgiveness for particlizing ourselves in finite bodies. They will tell us that God is in the whole, but the whole has turned its back upon us. But I say, if God has turned his back upon us, and God is the all, then he must be standing in front of a mirror. There is nothing to invent when you are staring at yourself, anyway—might as well go find something to do.

We are trying to latch onto the back of that snake, you see, but our hands keep turning up images of something uncapturable. Impressions. Unbeknownst to the spiritualist, they have grasped a skin as opposed to the snake as well. Slippery, indeed!

Consciousness is like a black hole in the floor of the hologram. The basement of the great house is the material world around us, and the room above the basement is the immaterial world. When we were born, we placed ourselves inside of one of these holes, and half of ourselves is in the material world, and the other half of ourselves is in the immaterial world with our eyes firmly fixed on one room or the other, depending on the way we came out of the womb. We are an interaction between the two, plugging one with another and ensuring one world does not completely flood into the other—the hologram creates through the interaction of balance and imbalance. So to say we are 'damned' is the equivalent of saying we are actually 'dams' or conduits. Choice, decision, intent, and how much of one world we let into the other is up to us. The size of our consciousness determines the size of the dam, or the hole in the floor, and we all come in different shapes and sizes. Dying, then, releases us from this great hole and we become once again more archetypal in form, but obviously we will once again pick up the reins of intent and find something else to do with our infinite selves after staring at that big mirror for awhile once again and asking it, who am I? Just as God must be doing. I came out feet first, so I have a tendency to draw in more immaterialism and archetypes and give those to the material world. Others came out headfirst with a firmer fix to the body, equations, logic, self, materiality. To some it may have been a choice—to others it may have been forced upon us.

I'm assuming that there is an equality between the two worlds as well and that just as we have a particular property in the finite example of ourselves, we have a wavelike state to those same

properties in our infinite selves, and the two properties grow by feeding off of one another. Some of us believe that we are continually reborn until we get it right, but to me, I don't think that totally makes sense, since by becoming completely immaterial, we would in effect throw the scales out of whack. If all of us somehow got it right, the material world would just evaporate since it would have no need for consciousness—none of us would need to be 'reborn' and the material universe with all its beauty would be left to rot, empty. I think it makes more sense that the interplay between the two is a constriction and a release that grows our conscious selves, that we need one as well as the other, that we will never 'get it right' in the same way that we will never get to some final destination—as if the expanding universe is going to bump up against something to prevent it from continuing to grow. Our infinite self lifts a weight every time it finds itself in a body—a finite body, intentionally throwing the scales of perception out of whack for further growth. We forget our past, our archetypal self—particles seem more real here. Particles are the weight we are trying to lift. But when we return, at least for a little while, it's all waves on a great big ocean.

I despise the rules of the game as it is being played here. I do not like the current caves that have been developed within the all—they bore me—I feel as if they have been dug this way for too long. The grid-like nature of previously applied archetypes make my eyes roll just as the ball rolls down its lane. To me it is as if people believe the game these days is to get the ball into the gutters because those gutters have become so extensive, worn with use over thousands of years. To me, entering into one of these gutters is just plain wrong. There are other archetypes that need to be applied down here in the basement which can appeal to others, like me, who look around and just don't want to play, who look around and are completely unconvinced by the different pathways created by others to the supposed pins. Environmentalism be damned. Capitalism be damned. Physics be damned. Spirituality be damned. United Nations be damned. Nationalism be damned. You are all deceiving your own ability to dig other caves through conscious intent—the hologram is too elusive and you have captured nothing but its skin. It's all gutter balls down here, all snap-to grids, all walls as we race around the course and play this game. We need a good dose of something else, you see. Where others see paths that they must follow, shoes that they must fill, the discontents see gutters preventing them from hitting the pins. You, yourself, can show them another pathway to hitting that strike and finding that X which marks the spot, but over time, your own creation will be a gutter as well. Strangely it's how the creation of these caves works, how the core of the onion is found—the snake, just as the racecar driver on the mobius strip, always ends up eating its own tail. Your new path to the pins, if followed too fervently, always ends up carving a trench. But let's not call it a trench yet—it hasn't met the status of becoming yet guttural cave in the anthill. Instead, for now, let's just call it the way.

Chapter Sixteen

The Berries At The Entrance

The older I get, the less interested I am in anything dealing with the senses. I don't enjoy sensations, in some regard, since they draw my immaterial eyes downwards into mortality. Like a racecar driver who just ends up hitting the wall because he's looking at it, if I indulge in those physical sensations, I am drawn to them, become addicted to them, want it more, have it harder, and eventually die through the over-fulfillment of them. I cannot control or moderate the enjoyment of things because I don't understand the point of moderation since I spend so much time staring at infinity which contains no bounds—it's not fun, the body wants more, so it is better and better for me to throw the sensation-baby out with the finite water and indulge in nothing. Sex, food, drugs—all of it takes you away, doesn't it? All of it deceives, and the fulfillment of it through overindulgence merely ends with you purging the fulfillment, or having it purge you, returning you to a state of empty selfishness that seeks to be filled or to fill once more.

Indulging in the senses widens the physical eyes, ears, and nerve endings, allowing you to take in more with less of the sensation itself, and these widening holes, like a sponge, enables you to suck in and hold more water. Those holes grows wider as you seek men or women just a little more younger, want things just a little more violent, perform things that are just a little more risky, buy things that are just a little more expensive, drink things with just a little more alcohol, snort just a little more cocaine. What has been called in the past a 'slippery slope' can also be seen as a formation of sediment, a deposit that restricts the veins as your material form grows in size, like muscle fibers ripping previously created muscle fibers to shreds, constricting the flow of spiritual blood which ultimately ends one's material conduit in a cataclysm of consequence. No more immateriality can get through those plaque-encrusted veins—you have been used up, and your spirit will ultimately leave that overused body as it is left to rot.

The body is a curious thing, a contradiction of sorts, designed so it can do these things, take in endless amounts of over indulgence like a sponge, yet you are not supposed to use those features. This curiosity has caused spiritualists to think the body is a test, there to trick our spirit into over-indulging it in a finite existence. "Enjoy your life," is the credo of so many, but those who do seek that enjoyment end up dying young, or enjoy it at the expense of others. So the credo changes to, "Enjoy your life, but don't enjoy it too much so you can die old and have grandchildren."

Questions are asked: why even be given these sponges in the first place if all holes seek to be widened? Why contain them? Why not just let them go and be as big a hole as they want as the sponge around it decays and rips as it takes on more water? Let it rip—live fast, die young. We are told by materialists that a combination of genes and dopamine is the culprit, that the amount of indulgence you seek means you have the right genes which are thrill-seeking in nature, and your dopamine level is affected more so by the widening of that sponge than others who don't seek the same novel fulfillment as you. Others are more interested in holding the sponge together for as long as possible so it can age, unused.

To one, the body is an extraneous weight in a gym, and to the other, it is all that there is, so do as you want! One perception allows you to blame everything on your particles and continue to evaporate yourself in hedonism since your finite, anyway—best enjoy your time here. The other states that it is a shackle that chains you to the floor of God, tempting you eternally so you will forget your connection to the source.

Whichever reasoning you use, the sponge is there, however, and that sponge seems to be designed to handle overindulgence and encourage our inhabiting spirits to abuse it in its own masochistic way. We, the young egotistical sadists, exercise our selfish attributes through that portal, but those who have been around longer aren't quite as interested in saturating the sponge anymore. "I am enjoying this" eventually becomes, "I have to enjoy this again?" Interest evaporates, you see, and the sponge loses purpose. You get tired of pulling barbs out of your hands just to eat the berries. Forget the berries. That is growing up. That is aging. And it is up to you if you want to experience those years not. If you don't forget those berries, yes you will have your fill, but the pain in your hands and in the faces of those around you, watching you, will probably be too much.

This dichotomy of different aspects of the body defines a canvas which contains both the figure as well as the form. It is a reflection of a contradictory combo-package that was developed through conscious focus of a multitude of perspectives. It is a surface which is able to reflect an archetype, whether that be an archetype drenched in young and selfish ambition, or one that is dry and cracked with age. To be this canvas of possibility, the canvas itself does not utilize its own judgmental capabilities—that judgmental capability will be reserved to the painter who wishes to imbibe the canvas and draw a fisherman instead of a king, draw a woman instead of a man. It is all bits with no program, all particles with no waves. Consciousness is what gives those bits its form, what gives those particles an archetypal path to follow. And in that sense, that sponge that we drench to a greater or lesser degree becomes the sponge that we use to paint. What we paint for others relies upon that indulgence. I created a lot of rich tapestries with that sponge when I was younger, but as I get older, the sponge is worn, and before it becomes a useless heap of nothing, I am picking up what is left and trying to paint something else.

Hopefully I'll succeed, but if I don't, so be it. The painter is not his sponge—and there are other sponges than these.

Chapter Seventeen

The Gravity Mirror

One of the primary creators of the self is a function that divides what is one's self with what is *not* one's self. At the beginning of trying to answer this question which kicks off seemingly at birth, people settle into the belief that what is 'me' feels pleasure and pain, and everything else belongs to the other pile. The nervous system thus plays an overpowering influential role which teaches people, at least on a physical level, where they begin and where they end. But the curious thing about this division is that people don't believe they are their nervous system. They feel they are receiving messages from a nervous system, but they still remain somehow distinct and separate from it. People eventually come to the conclusion that the nervous system is a *part* of them, but it is still not all that is them—there's more!—such as the surrounding tissue stuck to the bones. At the point where that tissue hits the air--that's where 'me' ends and 'not me' begins, because everything else beyond that point they cannot feel at all.

There is a problem with this endpoint view of the self, however—if you are made up of just the cells in your body, what happens to you when those cells die? Did little pieces of you die as well? All of the cells in your body are replaced every seven years--births and deaths are occurring constantly inside of you, and little pieces of your consciousness are not really getting killed off-- you feel just as complete as you did before. As an example, when you get a haircut, do you feel as if you have lost chunks of yourself? When you clip your nails, are you clipping bits and pieces of what makes you who you are? When these clippings occur, you can still sense the "me", can't you? It didn't get thrown out in the waste bin with your hair and nails.

No, the perception of the boundaries of self seems to be influenced most heavily by the confines of the body, but it does not mean this self is the body and only found in the body. People believe that when they die, that's it, game over—no more of the stuff works which makes up "me." They say this without realizing by the time everyone hits 70 years of age, they have already died 10 times. You can replace a mirror ten times over with no issues, can't you? Your body is an image, and depending upon what the surface is made from this time around, that image can change. The cells that are constantly being born and dying are reflecting something—but what?

Even though you are not your cells, there still seems to be a place inside that ties you down and grounds you here to this body. The problem is, no one can find it, and so it has remained a mystery for thousands of years. If you say, "Oh, it's in the heart" then you wouldn't be able to get a heart transplant without losing yourself. Instead, somewhere in the brain seems to be the

most reasonable place since no one has managed to get a brain transplant yet—but knowing all those brain cells are a part of the group of cells that gets renewed every seven years complicates the “I am in the brain” logic. It is quite possible that *you* will still be you even if you do manage to get that brain transplant. When you return to consciousness, you probably would still function as you always did, albeit with a number of different influential quirks inherited from your new organ.

It is more likely that what ties you to your body is not actually in your body at all. Consider an equivalent question: what ties you to Earth? Why don't you just go float out in space? Nothing is actually tying you to the planet's surface, is it? You can jump, skip, take airplanes, but you're not actually stuck here. Someone can't remove a knot in Ethiopia and watch you float away. So what connects you to this planet? You could remove everything in particular and never find it, couldn't you? Just like your organs.

Isn't it possible, using this same analogy, that your working organs are just providing a strange type of gravity for your consciousness? And just as you can jump up and down from the surface of the earth, perhaps your consciousness can jump up and down from the surface of your cells—some people more so than others, depending upon how heavy the influence of their organs are upon them.

It is obvious that the experiences and things that people have in life influence them to stick around longer and harder than others—what isn't obvious is the relationship to gravity. The less you have, the easier it is to die and let go and float away from the surface of your cells. The forces holding you down aren't as strong. If you are someone, however, that wants to be CEO, own 14 cars and 6 houses, have three wives in three different countries, thousands of individuals beneath you to do your bidding, then it is going to be that much harder for you to let go, because the mass of things that you believe make you who you are will be pinning you in place. The more you have, the heavier the suction. You will be more glued to the surface of your cells than those who have less mass. Where some of us can jump up and down from their body as if their body was the moon, others cannot jump at all since they live on Jupiter.

But still, the questions. Our material body influences our immaterial self to stick to it through a strange type of gravity, but what is it? What keeps us here? How does gravity keep its grip upon us? What is that gravity?

It is desire. It is the will. It is the want. Many times people have witnessed loved ones die, and in all instances, the will to survive is the most important ingredient. If you lost this will, you will lose your body and float away from its surface. That desire stemming from your immaterial self pins your consciousness to these cells.

Some may say that it cannot be desire, because desire has more to do with nerve endings than with something concerning consciousness. If you didn't receive physical pleasure from eating a candy bar, then why would you desire it? How would you have been drawn to your body in the first place? How could you have desired it if you didn't yet have nerve endings to understand it to be pleasurable?

It makes sense if there is an equivalent immaterial body that has its own form of nerve endings, and that which is tying the finite self to the infinite self is the same thing which ties you to your mirror when you are getting dressed in the morning. You put on a shirt and ask yourself, "Is this me?" You put on earrings and ask yourself, "Is this me?" The shirt and the earrings are not you, but they work to increase the weight of the body as you feel more glued to your cells. Your immaterial self is asking itself in a mirror, what would I look like right now in a human body? And when you die, the immaterial self asks itself, what would I look like *without* a human body?

The heart pumps using a dichotomy of motion. Push and pull, positive and negative—your immaterial self and your material self are contradicting forces that work together like a beating heart, using each other in the same way to keep an infinite organism alive through a series of small steps—steps that have a finite role. You will move up through this never ending series of footholds using those finite steps—that, my friends, is the deeper path in immaterial life.

What good would infinity be if it lasted forever with no pause? How would it even have a context? All instances in time would be lost in the muddle of this overloaded invincible force. All of these organs that you have in this finite body are temporary contexts, you see. This body is a reflective surface. The heart inside of you is a temporary context. Your brain is a temporary context. To see your reflection, you could be looking in a mirror, or you could be looking at the paint on the surface of a car. If your brain has a disorder, rest assured, it is nothing more than a temporary reflection that the "infinite you" desired to see. It is a surface, a context, and that context has a real figure staring down at it—otherwise, there would be no reflection at all.

Chapter Eighteen

Living Music from Dead Wood

Without ego, the waves of energy pervading out of the great all has no stopping point, no frozen in time moment, no substance. If you picture yourself as some frequency pulsing out of this great all, when others travel at the same speed as you, the more material forms and shapes can be realized between everyone collectively. When all frequencies travel at different speeds, however, where nothing relates, everything is just a blur. The ego *unblurs* these frequencies by sampling for them like a radio tuning to a station to see what he finds. Electrons are blurs of potential until the ego materializes them by tuning to it at one particular spot at some particular time. Seek, and ye shall find, we were told, but we didn't know it went all the way down to the electrons as well.

And what are these frequencies that are egos sample as it asks itself, what is here as I travel at this speed, in this way, as I emulate the requirements to listen? Frequencies are the archetypes, acting as pathways upon which others are traveling. If you do not travel at that same frequency, you will not be able to connect with them, you will not be able to relate to them. You will be unaccepted by them, and they will be unaccepted by you.

Structures form upon these archetypes as an unlimited number of frequencies fall in line and tune to a station. These structures are the crust upon the hologram, a hologram which contains all frequencies (if there is such a thing) at all times (if there is such a thing.)

"I am a whore," claims the archetype. "A prostitute. A hole. I am here to be used and abused. All I desire is for another who does not care about my needs to be fulfilled by me. That will make me feel accepted. That will make me feel complete. I want nothing but the man to be satiated, for that will satiate me. I want to feel my skin coming off. I want to be meat." This is an archetype of a certain form of purity, a pathway, a station to which one can tune all of one's self.

"I am a murderer. I care for no one. My needs are all that matters. I am desire, lust. I live for 80 years, so for 80 years, I am hedonism, and I want nothing more than to take my fascination with death and blend it with that of lust as I probe into this world and take from it what I want. I want to see people other than me die, for I will be here, and they will not." This is also an archetype, a pathway, a station to which one can tune one's self.

In this life, you tune the dial repeatedly, experimenting, jumping from one station to another, one archetype to another, assuring yourself each time you slip into the skin of these archetypes

that you have found the way to *be* without realizing that you are also the wave of potentiality which cannot *be* just one thing, and when you find a way to be, you are merely looking at a sliver of yourself, a sample extracted at a particular speed for a finite time. Everything falls in line when you hit an archetypal station, though, doesn't it? Your masochism or sadism "makes sense" as the world is no longer a blur, and you can see things around you in a way that appeals to you. But that doubt in the back of your head, wondering if you have found the way-- that doubt is your hand upon the dial, and you can turn it at any instance to show yourself something else. That hand is potentiality. That hand is you, a gift, your consciousness, and there is no right way to be, just as there is no right station on the radio in your car.

But some stations are so strong, aren't they? Deceptive, as if the world around you is tuned to them at the expense of the other stations. So much activity upon its band, so many callers calling in and providing their own short stories that reflect the same archetypal perspective of that station. "That just goes to show you how people will stab you in the back and how you should always look after number one," says the editor at the microphone, the gatekeeper, only letting in frequencies that match his controlling perspective, his grasp of the archetype, his message of truth, his frequented sample. Like waves of gravity emanating from a planet's mass, the station draws in others as they align the particles of themselves to its message, relaying it, spreading the word of that planet's existence.

Two of the largest, most listened to stations on the radio within the hologram is the station of light and the station of darkness. The station of movement and the station of existence. The station of female and the station of male. And those largest and most listened to stations are conglomerates of other stations, both of which have polar opposite messages, polar opposite management strategies, splitting the world in camps, dividing it, and having those divisions split yet again as the other half tries to piece back together those same divisions, upwards and downwards the chain through finite existence and infinite movement, growing both fractally in a dizzying spin on through forever.

"The world is divided! We are a shattered people" screams the editor in chief of one of these stations.

"If the world were not divided it would not make sense! Look at our words! What would happen if they had no outlines, if there was only one? We would be a muddle of fuzzy non-distinctions like Zen philosophy! Mu to Zen!" Screams the editor in chief of the other station.

Again, "We need more community effort and less individuality!"

And again, “That would be a cesspool of existence—communism failed! No, capitalism is the answer, distinguishing one’s self from your peers is the answer! Personal choice, for we only live once, anyway. Best enjoy it as you can.”

Positive and negative—what is one editor’s positive is the other editor’s negative, and it just seems all so confusing in a tirade of contradictions. One side seeks balance through imbalance, and the other side looks at this proposed balance and sees imbalance, twisting and turning it in the air as if one were looking into a mirror instead of reflecting *out of* that mirror.

“Satisfy the needs of others before your own needs! That is my need!”

“But isn’t that *also* satisfying your own needs before the needs of others?”

“When you die, you will be the sum total of how others viewed you, so best look after them or you will be in hell.”

“Then when *you* die, you will see why that is bullshit by being able to step into my shoes, and you *will* be in hell, not me. You will then realized that you, too, should have looked after number one and lived your life instead of just responding to it.”

Upon which station should you listen? you may ask. Everything will make sense when you listen, when you give in, when your movement matches that of the archetype. This is the stuff of our stories, and we keep waiting for the winner to appear, or a savior. But the savior would probably be the one that does nothing more than reach up and change the channel.

These frequencies have a face-end and an ass-end, an up to every down, and their contradictory nature exist precisely because frequencies are 4-dimensional just as we are, frequencies whose positives are negatives and negatives are positives, all at the same time, all at once, depending upon one thing alone: perspective. Your seated position. The station you are listening to. Your sample. And yes, I am well aware that this also is a perspective. The hologram is an uncapturable beast—the best you can do is capture a glimpse, and it will make your hair turn white. I have accepted the consequence.

“Science is completely objective, so it is the way of truth!” States the material scientist---blinding themselves to the 4-dimensional reality of such a statement, for without a collective of subjectivity, there would be no objective truth!

“We must seek to obtain a collective, where all shall benefit equally,” claims the spiritualist—blinding themselves to the 4-dimensional reality of such a statement, for without singularity, they would be no collective—all would be one without context—there would be none of that subjectivity to use to paint pretty pictures!

With a plethora of confusion and an absence of anything to add, you might just decide to reflect the station you are listening to; you roll down the windows of your mind and let others hear the puristic archetypal banter flood through, with you being a conduit, a container, empty in your own way. The archetypal gatekeepers will reward you for reflecting them so accurately, for spreading their word, by causing your own surface to disappear, reflecting instead a powerful divinity driving you all, convincing you with ease.

To the spiritualist, science has no soul, and the ego should be destroyed since it gets in the way. But by destroying the self, removing the darkness from the light, there would be no frame of reference. If all stations were balanced—oh, dear spiritualist--there would be no signal and, as a result, there would be an unintended form of death-- white noise.

To the scientist, spiritualists have no brains, and that fuzzy happiness driving them over the cliff like Lemmings should be destroyed. But by remove the light from the darkness, there would also be no frame of reference, nothing to sample, an unintended form of death--black noise.

“Give in to your wife and her desires, for you will show her you care.”

“Give in to your husband and *his* desires, for you will show him *you* care!”

It is all a game, and you are doing nothing more than taking a sample by tuning in to one channel or another, or a fragment of that channel broadcasted from one of its smaller satellite offices.

At some point in time, ideas are supposed to pop off of the 2-dimensional page and into 3-dimensional and 4th dimensional reality--until then, they are little more than unused plans. We eventually need to see ourselves and those ideas in living color to see what works and what doesn't work by popping them off of the page. Our universe is not two-dimensional—why, then, should we continue to rely on two-dimensional ideas?

Chapter Nineteen

The Singing Lucifer Particle

In the beginning, all was white, like a blank sheet of paper. Put one before you! All is in balance, there is no disharmony, no disagreement—there is just white. How does it maintain its whiteness? Imagine every minute particle of that white paper a conscious mind, and all are in agreement. “We are white! We are the all! All is white! We are one.”

Then Lucifer came along, flipped a switch, and his white became black, the darkness in the light, and a singular one at that. “Look at me! I can’t see any of you guys in all that white, but you can all see me now, can’t you? Does your singularity even exist? Mine does! Perhaps I am all there is and you are all that is not! Will any of you conscious minds join me, the true God?”

“I will join you,” states a third white paper bit. “I will join, but I will be half light and half dark. I am the shadow between you two. You, Lucifer, absorb all light. You, paper, reflect it. I will stand in between. I exist! I am mankind. ”

A cascading affect occurred—consciousness erupted as the act of throwing bits upon the paper spread. At first, the bits being thrown were hierarchical. 50% light and 50% dark became a multitude of differences, some lighter than others, some darker than others, depending upon which bits one decided to throw.

After this went on for a long while, some conscious minds decided to throw series of bits instead of just one, controlling more of them, building with a collective of white bits, increasing their influence on the white below and the darkness above, more so than just the singular bits. In the process, consciousness discovered they had no set size, no set weight, no set color—all was variable, and the amount of that which was variable was a choice as it shrunk and grew, expanding in every direction simultaneously. Consciousness thus affected the white and the dark bits, but it was not of the white and the dark bits. Consciousness floated somewhere above it all and below it all, in an ethereal plane which allowed them to throw bits without ever accidentally destroying the self.

Somewhere in between time and no-time, between mortality and immortality, between material and the immaterial, between that which is and that which isn’t, between life and death, your consciousness—a piece of the whole and all of the whole at the same time--wondered how it should attempt to distinguish itself. Who knows how long it took, but here you are, ready and willing to throw some bits and create more of the hologram, more of reality, more of the all. Your ego is your desire to distinguish yourself, to prove you exist in response to the challenge

issued forth by the most beloved of the angels hovering above the white--Lucifer. The evil one. The ego who coaxed us all off of the white page and into the letters, words and sentences of some paragraph.

Consciousness serves as an oppositizer, you see. Consciousness looks around and sees how things are, then asks itself, "what is my purpose?" and becomes a bit-switcher, a changer, a morpher, inventing itself just as God must have done, just as Lucifer must have done. What bits are switched depends upon that which a conscious mind is observing, regardless if it be an hallucination or otherwise. "I am here for a reason, so I might as well draw a circle around something and switch all of its bits to be the opposite, because the opposite are how it SHOULD be. Take science. Everyone respects science—I will show them why they should not respect science, why science is wrong. Take religion. Everyone respects religion—I will show them why they should not respect religion, why religion is wrong. Take capitalism—I will show them why they should not respect capitalism, why capitalism is wrong."

The lines you have drawn are arbitrary, but the creative bit-switching force urges you to keep drawing those lines and flipping those switches. Your consciousness makes them less arbitrary through its own will. The book would not exist without the white paper, but it also would not exist without the Luciferean ego hovering above it all, distinguishing itself, tempting form out of all that whiteness--the words. But consciousness...the hologram...that beast truly running the show exists somewhere in between. We invent anchor points for our boats and convince others to cast their lines, to solve the unknown problem which began at an undisclosed time and place. "There is a deficiency. We are hungry. Let's catch some fish!" Only to catch them all, quench the hunger, yet end up with no fish and a hungry belly yet again. Our surplus becomes a deficiency, and the balance we sought creates more imbalance *through* our attempt to correct it.

When you roam around online or offline and read works that contradict one another, it just seems so random, so quantum, so unpredictable—the only thing you can predict most assuredly is that an opposite opinion will arise, regardless of the figure that is drawn on the page. So many are sure that they are right, so many feel that they are on to something, that the bit right *here* must be thrown to correct the deficiency that they see, to fill the missing piece—and that missing piece is generally the piece provided by their own consciousness, by their own observation, by their own lines, and hopefully, their own company. People therefore draw in their own self importance into the world, although the size and shape will vary. "More science! More religion! More Buddhism! More Capitalism! More Death! More life! More photo albums and ways to share!" Lucifer provided the wisdom to do so by setting an example and telling the something in-between the light and the darkness to choose a side. *Believe you can understand what God understands*, he whispered. *Believe your consciousness has a purpose, and your eyes shall be opened—you shall be born just as I was born. You can give birth to yourself.*

You see Donald Trump Towers, and you know instinctively that Trump is deceiving himself, that Trump doesn't exist here—only the matter of his tower does, and that form will collapse and be repainted, redrawn and repurposed by another conscious mind as it seeks to use that which came before him in an organic process of growth. All that building he did as he drew lines around areas and erected his buildings, holding it up from the great all and saying “this is me” really was not him at all, for he will move on and discover how he exists somewhere between the words and the page, between the creator and the created.

Obviously, consciousness can do more than we might expect within the hologram, that the limitations placed upon it were mere inventions of other conscious minds flipping switches. Material reality itself is a bit that someone threw while distinguishing himself from the all, who created a framework for things to exist, things other than those found on the immaterial plane, things that didn't last forever like the infinity surrounding it. But every surface reflecting the light has an opposite side, creating a darkness for something else floating behind it. Since we exist in between the light and the darkness but are not *of* the light and darkness, we are confliction itself, like magnets. The waves of light above, and the waves of darkness below both exist because we are between. The reflection of ourselves extends in two directions at once. We are both the figure and the ground, yet neither.

We grow universes, you see. We grow them through the use of our consciousness whose size does not have to be a set variable. We can control as many--or as few—of those bits in the paper around us as we want. We can use the light or the darkness or a combination of the two, or neither. We define what is out of balance with the world to give our consciousness a sense of purpose, nothing is stopping us from doing that--but the more we draw, the more we should realize that the lines around the “imbalance” looks a hell of a lot like ourselves, and we are the ones who have penciled it in.

Chapter Twenty

The Conductor's Earmuffs

Editors of newspapers are so sure of the imbalance, of the causes and the effects, of who wins and who loses, all the while handpicking their own solutions. The reasoning goes, man must feel that the powers that be are in control, that we understand, that we have a plan. "Dow soars after Feds last credit move" screams the headline—but common man is not allowed such foresight and would be thrown in prison for insider trading, for understanding the movement of the markets. Common Man is not allowed to know so much, is not allowed to directly manipulate reality since that is reserved for policy makers and their gatekeepers. Not only do these gatekeepers decide what caused what effect, but they also decide who has the power to provide the solutions!

"We will do the thinking for you so you know all sides of the issue," claimed a reporter on Fox News. Yes! What a beautiful proposition—outsource your thinking so that they can disclude presidential candidates they don't like for you as well. Consider it a gift! And we are supposed to trust authority, we are supposed to trust consciousness that picks up and manipulates greater amount of bits than us? "If society does not know the cause of an effect, it is our job to find out," states these gatekeepers. Such reasoning should be reworded: "If society does not know of an effect I have invented, I will tell them, and then I will invent the cause and provide society with the solution to both! All of which need me! My consciousness. I am purpose itself. I am *their* purpose."

The powers that be do not like uncertainty. Uncertainty implies an ineffectiveness, a needlessness of governments that cannot predict in an uncertain world, that cannot control the flow of blood through the veins of society. Uncertainty prevents big banks from being big banks. Yet uncertainty is what the atoms rely upon so that we can build material reality. Potentiality is one side of the beating heart of the hologram, with realization on the other and us in between. Our observations cause that heart to beat within its body as we particlize all the potential and make it real. We infuse potentiality with our egos to give it substance. And we outsource so much of that potential to the gatekeepers just because we are told uncertainty is bad, unstable, like the heart of an atomic bomb. With uncertainty, with a lack of government, the world would explode, they teach, all the while building those same bombs from which they are claiming to protect us.

Saying you are certain is one step on the way to becoming a gatekeeper, but it is a slippery slope as people test you by outsourcing their thoughts to you to see if you truly know, to see if you

truly are certain, just as the peasants and kings did to the Nostradami and Rasputins of the land. The power they have given! These gatekeepers feel that they must be just as certain as others believe them to be, so they cheat, they bribe, they steal, they corrupt. People trust authority and hand over their consciousness to those who say they know how it should be used, who say they understand it. But like zombie bots chained together as hive minds connected to the machine of a hacker, it increases the power of those at the reins at the expense of the individual nodes in the hive who wonder why their desktops don't seem to work quite as well, why they chug along at a snail's pace. Less is invented from the kidneys and bowels below, and more is contrived by the minds at the top as they use the expendable ones to expel their waste. But there are crystals in that piss—barb wires. They are so certain of their ability to use us for pissing—we shall show them uncertainty in the act!

Do the gatekeepers really know how to use all that power? Do the gatekeepers really know how to particlize potential with their physics, with their models of cause and effect? Yes, they do—they know that reality is *invented*, and the more conscious minds they control, the more they will be the inventors at the expense of others who live their lives as humans without using their own power of observation to pluck things into existence. Look at the number of Lucifer particles the gatekeepers control as they infuse that massive white sheet of paper with their selfish black words! They shall write the book—and we will merely provide the raw stuff of context for them. I say, be the preposition at the end of their sentences that no rewording can get around! And at the same time, refuse to follow their plotting.

Your own Lucifer particle is possibly throwing its own switch here as I write these words, stating that I must believe I am certain, that I am acting as a gatekeeper as I eat my tail and put a foot in my mouth—it's true! But I do so with a confidence inherent in my own stem cell nature—I can be anything! And so can you if you stop outsourcing your own ability to invent this world just as I refuse to outsource mine to a religion, to a creed, to a philosophy or profession. If you have chosen which organ you wish to assist, then stick to it and use its archetypes as blueprints to grow its influence on the body. But as for me, none will ever convince—I shall be my own blueprint and reserve the power and the right to become anything as I continue to cast my nets and capture the uncapturable hologram as I follow its scales, mystified.

I know not what to do with this consciousness that has been given to me, for all organs have failed to convince and cement me into place. I therefore will chase the reflections of this hologram until I die, unsettled by the archetypes around me. I do not want to abuse this consciousness by bowing its head before the altar of another claiming to be wiser than me, eastern or western, dead or alive. I am potential, I am realization, and no gatekeepers will ever convince me to turn over my consciousness to them so they can do their molding, which for

sure includes a fancy Rolls Royce and invitations to Bilderberg meetings for their friends. Fools! I have things of my own to build. I am building those things and I will continue to do so until the day someone else puts a gun to my head and fires at will for a piece of pizza and a few checks in my pocket they will never be able to cash. I was a traveler before I was born, and I will continue to be a traveler after I die. I will do so because I have that power that I did not turn over blindly to another who told me where home should be. A lung can never build a liver, can it? It has chosen its side, put a flag in the ground, but a stem cell! A stem cell knows no motherland. So go ahead and pull your triggers, ignore the screaming of the crowd that you cannot hear because of the plugs in your ears. Your attempt to remove those from the body you cannot convert—*you* shall be the one who dies. They are screaming at you to protect you--the gun is pointed the wrong way!

Chapter Twenty One

The Silent Composition

All these archetypal structures require one to sample from the great wave in a certain manner. You and all your actions, creations, and activities are part of the great all, so expect that others will take from your life what they choose to manifest within their own. There is no saying which pieces they will choose to take from your life just as there is no saying where on upon the wave of potential a particle is manifesting. And since all thoughts, like waves, have both positive and negative qualities, not only is it impossible to say what they will take from you, it is also impossible to say whether it will be a positive or negative observation. All thoughts and actions are multi-dimensional. All that can be said as a result of our thoughts existing in some electromagnetic realm is that they will contain both, and they will extend equally in polarized directions.

As a result of this dichotomy, from your perspective, your thoughts and actions can be misread or misapplied since your positives are their negatives and their negatives are your positives. There is thus no misunderstanding taking place—there are just a series of criss-crossing paths. The contradictory roads can co-exist on top of one another, for all is really a single road and we are merely exploring different combinations of steps at different speeds, much like the radio containing a multitude of stations.

Archetypes are often used as guides and are taken up for whatever reason. If someone finds himself in a pit of despair, they may feel that only a certain archetypal viewpoint of reality will form steps out of thin air for them to climb out. They must tune in to the correct channel providing the proper guidance. But this channel very often will be different than yours.

You may feel this is quite obvious, but consider, if you consider yourself skeptical, are you okay with the fact that you are just following a thought-guide, or do you feel you are skeptical because it is the *right* way to be, that we should all collectively be skeptics? Do you feel we support each other's silly interpretations of reality too much, that we need someone to look at every situation more rationally and mechanistically?

Or, if you consider yourself spiritual in nature, are you okay with the fact that relying solely upon your holistic thought process, that everything is one, it can cause you to lose sight of the train heading straight towards you because nothing is in focus as a result of everything being in focus? All those fuzzy "useless" thoughts are what encourage the scientists and the skeptics to be scientific and skeptical.

Extrapolating upon a specific type of thinking can really bring understanding to an archetype's individual deficiency. Let it take over! Let your system win the game of how to be. Let one perspective just swamp out all others and see how it skews the board to the point where no one wants to play anymore. It is as simple as imagining all of the black marks upon this page which currently contrasts the paper suddenly agreeing with what color one should be. There would be no meaning written. The book would be void, similar, dead.

All of that infinite complexity resulting from competing archetypes created the six billion or so people on the planet, all asking themselves, "How should one be? What should be the rules?" And defining a framework in which to use those rules. The most consistent one applies a model, however, the more one must lie to one's self as to it's own importance. The most skeptical among us are deficient in support--they are more interested in ways to disagree than they are in ways to agree. The most scientific are deficient in the requirement for individual experience as they define their rules in which "everything" must live by to exist—their rules are created at the expense of the singular experience. To the scientist we have been reduced to statistics, and it matters not which side of a statistic you fall...you will always find your way onto his graph, somewhere. The spiritual are deficient in focus and intent, so they sit on their hills with closed eyes, feeling the no-thought and sensing the no-thing, which is exactly what they think and what they do.

Extrapolate! If we all were skeptics, we would support nothing, and without the support of the bones, the body would return to an unmanageable state, a puddle on the floor, a blob that can do nothing. There would be no organs.

Extrapolate! If we were all scientists, all of our actions would have a reason, in which case you could justify anything, that you were just made of the wrong stuff at the wrong time and you had no say in the matter. Your genes gave you the tendency to fire those neurons which forced you to pull that trigger and snort mountains of coke.

Extrapolate! Imagine the entire planet experiencing enlightenment in which nothing would get done because everyone is too busy with their no-doing and experiencing the no-thing.

How can you even have an opinion when there are just as many reason *not* to be the way you are as there are reasons to be the way you are?

Anytime you witness someone taking "one for the team" causes a big question mark in your head to grow to an unimaginable size as someone is sacrificed to the needs of that ritualistic guide you and those around you are following—the plan. It could happen at any time, to any one, stories meant to show you the opposing side of view as humanity is sacrificed. Watch the skeptical husband who disbelieves a frantic call from his son stating he needs help, now. Watch

the scientist create a sheep-baby through the splicing of genes, forcing others to deal with his monstrosity that whimpers all day in the corner—should you shoot it and put it out of its misery? Watch the spiritualist who spends so much time looking forward to the next life with God that she loses sight of the family around her in the here and now. Lessons! Of what?

Lessons of that ever-so deceptive hologram, creating those beating hearts of contradiction that drive it all. There is a tit for every tat, and because it is so, you have two apparent choices—one is to choose a side, and the other is to choose neither by not choosing. Which one you decide upon generally relies on the answer you have to the question: what is progress? To make more noise or to make less? Can you escape a decision, somehow? Is there some kind of meta-choice you can make to rise above it all?

Mu, my friend. Look away. And what does looking away do? Things sink back into that misty substance of the all since you are no longer busy maintaining structure for your Lucifer particles that need to inhabit something and call that something a “me”. Everything returns to unrealized potential, to energy and no-energy. When you are not looking for an answer, questions are unasked. No hole needs to be filled, for all will become that filled hole once again. Mu.

Too eastern for you? Ah, you cannot escape the hologram and its contradictory trappings. That’s right, your returning to a state of Mu is a choice in which the universe calms itself and disappears. Might as well de-unask the question of polarity using Western logic, then, and save our collective self. Seek more ! Crank up the heat, for the Sun will expand anyway and boil us alive. Might as well expect it to occur and harness that power instead. To the west, there is no stopping universal expansion and contraction, so pick a side! Lie to yourself if you must, but this universe requires we develop it, blind to ourselves, blind to our connection to the all, blind to the waves—we are particles. Particles!

Sigh.

Luckily, there may be a guide above the guides...a meta-guide for those conscious minds who wish to follow something else, above the east, above the west, and its answer is found in a potentially unexpected source: harmonics.

Most of the time you hear stoners talk about vibration more than anything—probably because they usually stay stoned while listening to music, sitting on a bass speaker, feeling it. If you picture a plucked string, those who pluck it hard like contrast, whereas those who pluck likely enjoy similarity. Where one seeks well-defined elements, the other enjoys the weakly defined. When you make music, you pretty much take these instruments and define boundaries (archetypes), string them together and form a type of signature movement which others can recognize quite easily. You don’t just hear this harmonic source, however, you feel it, and just as

people enjoy different forms of music, one should be able to enjoy different combinations of archetypes.

In this sense, the overriding philosophical forces on the planet are contrasts in that they provide the framework for plucking strings and making tones for all the senses. The west pulls hard on that string, and the east does the reverse. Once these forces are defined, you have the capability for a composition. Picture two hands playing those notes, just as two hands assist upon any number of instruments. One is the east. One is the west. One is female, and the other, male.

The music of the archetypes coming out of the west are most often blasted through the loudest speakers of the land as the editors and gatekeepers rely upon the same tones which cause people to think a certain way, assume a certain way, dance on a day to day basis in a certain way. But variety is amiss as they are stuck in particle mode. They don't see the philosophical driving force of action as a sound, a tone, so they do not treat it as one. They do not have the experience of a required composer—they act as four year olds do when they learn something upon the piano and continually bash their hands down on a couple keys, over and over again to the annoyance of the rest of those within the house. What used to be cute, what used to make people smile, suddenly becomes a source of tension as people just want the noise to stop.

In the stories of the west, there is a winning archetype that trumps them all, as if all archetypes are things to consider, and one of them has the answer, decided upon by the writer. In that sense, it is a much more Lucifer-oriented composition, in that one distinguishing hero is the missing ingredient to that which is out of balance. In the stories of the east, however, the winning archetype is the one who loses its definition and sinks into the great all, learning to return its form back into the movement of the formless. How are these two *not* the equivalent of a tone, of a string which is plucked?

The composer, the musician, the artist, the author—they are liberated from the confines of form in a certain sense as they choose to utilize these forms as opposed to *being* one of these forms. Anyone with form and substance, beware! The father of lies has you in his grasp, teaching you lessons from which there is no escape. Like quicksand, the more you struggle to pull yourself out of the all, the deeper you sink. All of the infinite variety out there comes from consciousness staring into the world, but not being of the world. The composers are external to the hologram. The composers use the all, applies a time signature, an intensity, a beat, as the contradiction pumps and brings sound and form to that which contains none—all beneath their fingers. Pluck. Pluck.

When you age, you learn to be a better liar, a better player of the game. This is considered maturity. When you are young, those lies are labels from which you feel you must run. "I am not just a cheerleader. I am not just a jock. I am not just a geek."The innocence is apparent as the

young refuse to be taken in and captured by someone's tone—they know they are more than those forms, more fluidic, and in that sense, more like stem cells than aging, cancerous growth which develops through distinguishments. Crust. Which role do you wish to play? Are you an A note or a G note? Which side of the keyboard do you fall upon as you lay in bed at night? Are you black? Are you white? The hologram cares not, nor do I.

Chapter Twenty Two

The Holographic Mind

You have been injected into this life in an opposite context to your last life. As the Tao states, if you want someone to do one thing, make them do the other. But since nature already does this naturally, you don't really need to do anything yourself. That gigantic brain known as the hologram doesn't need you, and since it doesn't need you, you are free to live your life in whatever way you see fit. The less of your own needs you place upon your life, the more its own plan comes shining through.

The world doesn't need you at all. It doesn't need your thoughts, your books, your artwork, your perceptions. It doesn't need you because it continues without you—others will be there to rectify imbalance or create more imbalance. How? All it takes is for someone to disagree with such a statement, and the rest occurs naturally.

The hologram grows with that disagreement between people and philosophies. The hologram gives birth to dualistic ideas that contradict, distort, and eat themselves alive. The hologram cares not if you live or if you die—all it cares about is its growing influence upon physical and immaterial reality, expanding it, all of which require opposition and combination of similar and dissimilar elements. It wants war. It wants peace. It smashes itself against itself and grows in spits and spurts.

If you read the most profound works from the east, one should seek to live by the moment, be more creative, spontaneous, feminine, act in combination with others and work together as a family. If you read the most profound works from the west, most notably freemasonic literature, you must act in opposition to one another, that the opposition itself is the creative force of progress, that you must act in a singular manner and create competitions to see who is the best. These two halves are the female and male aspects of what can only be described as the divine, the right brain and left brain of this massive Akashic field around the planet which reaches out and grasps at things just as much as it seeks to repair that damage. If you are indoctrinated within one of these halves, the sages will seek to beat the other side out of you in a way, to make you more puristic in your actions, to imbibe yourself with one archetype or the other. Furthermore, if you were to make a map of the sage-like influence of these halves upon the earth, you would see that they match up in a fractal manner with the supposed functionality of a living mind. This is not a coincidence. The sages have always run the show.

I stare in awe at this pulsing, growing, living immaterial organism. I stare at it in awe because I am a part of it, yet at the same time, I do not want to be a part of it. Sometimes I think that this is

because I misunderstand something, as if I missed the boat because I cannot join others as they carry on the goals and objectives of their archetypal model they have been taught. I see indoctrination, lies, and I cannot be indoctrinated because I don't like the lies. I read of the rituals of both halves of the mind, and I refuse to take part in those rituals. It could be because the Lucifer particle within me that seeks to disagree with everything is too strong, that I have an absence of the divine within me pointing the way. It could also be that I have a Christ Wave within me that is too strong, that I have an absence of Lucifer particles within me, so I just go with the flow. It could be that I have neither an absence nor a deficiency of either one of these—I just don't want to play the game. In that regard, someone is winning, either Christ or Lucifer, but I say which one wins doesn't really matter since they are functioning by the same rules, just on different sides of the board. Humans are vessels and the objectives of the all will continue on with or without me. We are pawns yet cannot ourselves play the game, although we try. I refuse my role as a pawn. I cannot pick a side. But nature picks it for me.

I just want it intentional, you know? As if I can live at peace with myself and freely lie to myself about my actions or passivity, as if I can explain to others why I am doing something, and be fine with the fact that it is a lie. Hedonism takes over if I observe my body. Asceticism takes over if I observe my mind. Is it conflict if I am conscious of this, or is it Zen-like peace? Again, the interpretation there depends on the viewing angle of the hologram—there is no escape. The combination packets of the two working together is the greater reality.

I was born in a field with a question in my head the moment I opened my eyes: which way should I go? There *must* be a way, a path that is right, that convinces me I am moving correctly through space and time. I look down to my left hand, and I am holding a map with a large X that marks the spot. "You are here" is written in the center. It tells me I must go east. I look down to my right hand, and I am holding a second map which also contains a large X that marks the spot. "You are here" is written in the center. It tells me to go west. There is also a *third* map pinned to a sign in front of me, but it doesn't have any details like the other two—instead, written in big bold letters across the middle, it says: Stay where you are, I'll come and get you!

How could one *not* see this as a trick of light and shadows? A game someone else is playing. The holograph is deceiving me. The holograph is deceiving everyone. It is made of the stuff of indecision and potential just as it is made of the particles in the ground beneath my feet. It is a juxtaposition of possibility and realization—I can go and do and feel as I see fit. Shall I go east? Shall I go west? Shall I sit right down and wait out my own indecision?

I decide to test and move to the east. Along the way, everyone I meet stops and tells me I am looking at the wrong map, that there is nothing but farmers to the east. I listen, turn around, and walk to the west, but meet others who say to turn around and go back because there is

nothing but big city initiatives to the west, where psychopaths have replaced people with buildings of cement and metal, that it moves at a frantic pace, that I will be much better living along side of the farmers. So I sit and wait at the sign, hoping someone will come, and as I sit and wait, people tell me to pick myself up from the ground and go do something, that I will wait forever, bored, of no use to neither those in the east nor those in the west.

Why the games? Why the indecision? Why the confusion from the moment my eyes have been opened? I want to listen to everyone, but I must shatter myself in multiple pieces in order to do so. One portion of me must move to the east, the other must move to the west, and the other must do nothing but sit and wait. I am neutral—I don't care, I just want to know the way because all of the maps and the people running around are speaking nonsense.

Most people wake up and see that they look like the farmers, so they go there. Others wake up and see that they look like the city folk, so they go there. Others look like neither, fit in nowhere, so they just sit and watch people walk by, to the east and west, observing.

The only rule which makes sense to me as I stare at the three maps is that there are no rules, and there is no way, and that question fixated in my mind, ringing in my ears, is somehow also the answer—that question is what makes consciousness what it is. This is considered a gift, the confusion. It is a gift that people are gathering those around themselves to get others to agree, to collectively seek to deceive themselves, hoping that, as a group, they will *make* themselves right instead of just hoping they are right. But the hologram cannot be captured by a rightness, by a path, by a way. The hologram is somehow smarter than everyone acting collectively and singularly, that the guideposts it placed which confused those at birth were all placed there for the purpose of tricking them into making up their own mind.

When I die, I shall confront the hologram.

“What have you learned on your path?” It shall say, as it must.

To which I will reply, “That you trick everyone into thinking they know, making them conscious, so when they die, you can show them the error in their ways.”

“But you did not take any of the paths that I provided. Not even your own.”

“I guess it wasn't worth it.”

“How can you say it's not worth it when I gave you life?”

“I never learned to appreciate potential, I suppose. Most of the things I accomplished in life were pretty accidental. I stayed far away from intent.”

“Perhaps all those things that you accomplished accidentally must have been me, no? And all those things that you thought you might accomplish yourself but didn’t must have been you.”

“Yeah, but the things that I thought I accomplished would have all been lies. I am nothing more than a vessel, so do your will as you have always done.”

And it will laugh. “Lucifer was always a tricky one, wasn’t he? He sure did a number on you.”

And he’ll send me on my way yet again with additional maps to follow, right after making me stare at a flashy thing and drink some substance that wipes away my memory yet again.

Chapter Twenty Three

The Vessel of Man

And why would your memory be wiped at birth? Why must you forget? What could it possibly matter? Why can't you remember from whence you came so that the next time around, you wouldn't have to relearn everything you learned in a previous life? All of the imbalance out there that people perceive when they look around them—if we maintained our memories you would think we wouldn't have that problem, that humanity could learn instead of learning nothing at all and repeating the past. Where are the Socrates? The Platos? Where did they go? Why did they have to leave us as we are continually deceived in some endless fashion by our own surroundings?

Because we are vessels. Vases that slowly fill with water through time, but that water is not for us to drink in the end since our bodies will be gone...far be it so. Those vases are filled by the immaterial substance of the world from whence it came, and it is a drink for the gods. At the end of life, those gods bring it to their lips and gulp down your experience to determine a new course of action for their worlds, if any. They drink down what happened to you in elementary school, how you responded to bullies, how you responded to those who slammed bats against your chest when it was just supposed to be a friendly game of ball, how you dealt with the world catching you with a prostitute. And what a drink it must be. Once they have had their fill, they could toss you across the room and watch you smash against the wall—boom! Or they could set you back down, empty, waiting to be filled by experience once again. Every now and then a vessel may be returned to the winery, not completely empty, just as an experiment, perhaps, by one of these gods, to see how the remnants of a past life may affect the remnants and flavor of the new. It is up to them.

Knowing this gives weight to the argument that if your drink was bitter to taste, they will not care to drink from you again. As a result, people in the west attempt to maintain a certain amount of purity to themselves, so they become all faith or all reason, all logic or all intuition, all so that they will be more palatable to one of these gods as they have equated palatability with purity. This purity is that which they are meant to learn from others who came before them, from scriptures and holy works. The fear that people must be *pure* remains a rampant aspect in much of humanity—purity at any cost. A failure at purity is supposedly a failure to learn.

But as the hologram's contradictory nature teaches, purity skews the mind and spreads into all of its crevices. As a result, those in the east understand it differently, so they seek the middle

way. Their food is a fine blend of two opposites, and the role of life is to teach that of balance. They believe they shall be more palatable to the gods, not through purity—all sour disgusts! But of a blending of extremes—add an equal part of sugar.

And even the gods themselves may not be separate from us, so the enjoyment of the substance coming out of the vessel could, in fact, not be taken in from gods who are exterior to ourselves as the west would have you believe—no, for if you take the middle way, the gods themselves are ourselves. In such a case, the vessel that is being filled with a substance in this life will be given back to you so that you alone shall decide if it is palatable.

Either way, to gather new experience, we must be emptied so that we can be filled once again. Whether it is someone else deciding what they would like to drink from our lives, or ourselves deciding what we would like to drink, it seems to matter little, for all is one and the same, and the hologram will escape like that massive whale as Ahab casts his nets in this life. You shall never know how it does what it does, or what purpose it serves beneath the waves. You have not the capability to understand—you will only see reflections as its tail sparkles in the sun.

How should one be? How should one live? To answer that question, you must know of an intent. If that intent is kept from you, there is no way to be, no way to live. All morality matters not, but no morality matters even more. All of your thoughts matter not, but no thoughts matter even more. The hologram is infinite, invincible, and you and your little nodule on the tree of life are finite, weak, mortal. The tree buds give birth to leaves and flowers, but even those shall die and coat the forest floor in autumn to make room on the branches for more as the tree grows incrementally in size. Your vessel is there to be filled—so fill it with the stuff of legend! Or fill it with tar. Once upon a time, even tar was the stuff of legend.

Not all of the substances within those vessels are swallowed by the gods—some are just collections of types of stuff that are used for various purposes, even though that purpose is kept from you. Purpose is the hole in your vessel which allows it to be filled as it seeks to be filled. Purpose is the missing piece, the black hole in the center of your galaxy. When you try to visualize your consciousness, you cannot even see it—it doesn't even contain an absence of light—it's just not there, like a blind spot. Just as a black hole, you cannot even look at this purpose as it absorbs all light, and the light which it doesn't absorb bends around it. When you look into space, you see billions of these galaxies—one reserved for each of us, perhaps, all developed and made possible by one thing alone—a hole where their purpose should be. That hole gives those galaxies purpose and power. That hole helps them gather the juice. And just as we look up to try to find the answers to our purpose only to find holes to elsewhere, so we look internally and see the same.

But on the other side of those black holes, light radiates, and there is no question of what purpose we serve. When mortal life passes, your eyes will close, hiding the event horizon of your black hole behind the sheath of your eye lids, hiding what it was like to have indecision, confusion, and a missing sense of purpose. When your universal eyes close, all will be revealed, all will make sense on the inside. Some of us keep our eyes shut as we have learned what needs learned—others open them again in the morning to experience a new day.

What would it be like in such a place? I suppose we have a miniscule, microcosmic answer to that question which we experience on a daily basis: our dreams. In dreams, everything just seems nonsensical and raw, but we are not burdened in our sleep by a feeling of a lack of purpose—the purpose of things isn't even a question. It is as if the stuff around us inherently lacks purpose and we give to it whatever purpose we see fit. We just know that this is pure purposelessness, useful in its own way as bits and pieces of our lives, imagined or otherwise, float around us after being suctioned up from the carpet of real life by a vacuum of observation, deposited in dreams as play things. We shut our eyes and go there every day. It is a small example, but an example nonetheless, of what is to be expected. We spend 80 years on this side, give or take, sleeping 8 hours a night. Perhaps we will spend 80 years asleep on the other side, give or take, being awake 8 hours a day.

The universe around your black hole is in a perfect configuration for your consciousness. Where you popped out gave you a universe that was exactly configured to you, regardless if you enjoy it or not. The time period, the objects made available to you, everything. Scientists have found hints of this as they have discovered that everything about this place is set up exactly as it needs to be, and any tweaks that might be made to any of it would have caused all of it to fail to exist. The fat has been trimmed—it is precisely as it needs to be and no more. The past had to happen in the way that it did to give you this place. The needs of the future is the way that it is to give you this place. They claim that this provides evidence of parallel universes all built around potential, and the reason why electrons exist as probability waves instead of solid objects is because our universe requires our own observation—the one provided by your consciousness in this life--to collapse it all into a more practical reality. If the you on the other side of that black hole required the you on this side to be beautiful for whatever hidden purpose, then you would be beautiful. If the you on the other side required you to be alone with no friends for whatever hidden purpose, then you would be alone with no friends—all shall be revealed when the black hole closes. The wave of potential collapses upon one configuration, your configuration, and you drive it all. This universe in your consciousness is a slice of something larger, but the hologram would not be what it is without an observer, without the part, without you.

To the east, be at ease, everything is in its place, everything is as it should be--that is freedom, to match the freedom inherent in nature. To the west, be uneasy, for others of lesser minds are

throwing off that balance-- fixing that imbalance shall mean freedom for all. Choose one, or choose neither, it matters not, for you are but a vessel, and the gods have chosen for you already. With no water to bring to their lips, there would be no galaxies--they would all die of thirst. With each sip, the fractalized tree grows in size and influence over the forest—why would it be any different for the hologram? The neuron knows not its purpose, but it doesn't need to—that neuron will fire, anyway. Live your life consciously, or live your life asleep—holographic purpose, like the face of god, will always be hidden from you.

Chapter Twenty Four

The Chessboard Heart

Throughout time, there has been work and investigations into the hologram, mostly studied by the more rationally oriented. In China, we find the I-Ching which worked to showcase useful (opposing) responses to assist in placing things in balance depending on which force is *out of* balance. In Greece, Heraclitus investigated opposites and did research into dualistic thought processes. Masters of the Tao hope to teach man that reasoning is an illusion of the mind and do so through the use of contradiction. In the middle ages we find the Tarot which broke life into a series of dramatic principles that all experience, in which case no matter which card is revealed, a person can attach elements in his life to the well-defined principles of a given card. Recently, there has been work in the theory of Dramatica, hoping to teach writers that characters in stories are these vessels for the tendrils of contradicting potential, and over time, characters are infected by one viewpoint and they see the world only through that position on a quadrant resembling a square on a chess board. All of these have their own source of inspiration in the hologram inside of all of us that spins and spins, always leaving a fiction in place of the truth that it alone can contain.

The hologram is an immaterial force which creates materiality every time a conscious mind observes it. Consciousness is pinned to a body, pinned to the material world, creating an anchor point of observation for this spinning potential. Consciousness creates a physicality around every single one of its tendrils which are seemingly infinite, although we've really only defined about 64 of them (sacred geometry enthusiasts should have a field day)—which tendril you choose is up to you, mostly influenced by your geographic location, your parents, your genes which gives context to your thoughts. It is as if the randomness surrounding where you were born, the time you were born, the events of your birth, all worked together to create some type of scatter point on the chess board, like random seeds in a field, influencing your thought patterns into choosing one way to live and think or another. If all seeds were planted in one location, if all chess pieces occupied a single square, there would be a particular singularity to all observations that would, in its own way, slant the board, making the game less effective.

All seeds seem to have this functional need to draw others into their way of thinking, and they do so by pretending that their 'way of being' is so beneficial that it is obviously the right way to be. All you have to do is walk into a book store and pick up any book, and if you read it close enough without being magnetized by it, you will find underlying it all a definitive truth that the author holds as true through the sacrifice of other truths. Stores are generally divided into fiction and non-fiction sections—fiction being that immaterial world created with no "real"

anchor points in reality, and non-fiction being the material world with loads of real anchor points in reality, as if, in the non-fiction section, you can pick up its words and hold it up to the light and have it cast a shadow, whereas in the fiction section, you cannot do this. Regardless, both fiction and non-fiction is written with archetypal models in mind, ways to be, things to consider, waste to avoid. Fictional stories are there with “lessons” one should learn on which notes of the hologram contain the correct roads to follow. Non-fictional works also contain these very same “lessons” they teach its readers. All consider it the road less traveled as they march as crusaders of truth.

In the religious section, thinking holistically with an emphasis on community is by far the pervasive lesson—we all need each other to exist, do we not? In the science section, particle materiality is all we have evidence for, so singularity and finite definitions of things should be practiced as opposed to those discussed in the religious section. In the gardening, fitness, fashion and photography section, we have archetypal lessons of symmetry, beauty, form, and purity. These ways of thinking have been passed down over time for generations—they are our lessons. But to me, they are not lessons at all because collectively, you must always accept one at the expense of the other by lying to yourself about the wisdom the other contains. All of these thinkers stack the deck in their favor, showing why one should be as they are, think as they do, find value in things where they find value, but always at an expense to its opposite. When you read it, you are convinced. You read about people that pick up one of these archetypes, hold it close to themselves and make themselves successful in some way through the use of that archetype. The reason goes, their wisdom must be true, because those who emulate those archetypes most closely become successful; society finds value in archetypes. Purity of an archetype rewards people with money, fame, and love. Because of those desires that are fulfilled, there is the general assumption that comes into play which says they must have captured truth. As a result, materialized crust forms as others seek to emulate their pathway, but the beating heart of the hologram slips away again. The benefit one sees is thus perceptual.

Should you stay in the farming community or move to the city? Should you give up your business and become a priest? Should you stop doubting everything and find something to believe? Should you divorce and chase after someone younger? Should you organize those papers on your desk with a system or should you just leave them scattered? Should you wear clothing which is comfortable, or clothing that makes some type of unspoken “statement”? Should you fill the back end of the submarine with water and kill those inside, or try to save them and risk the lives of the rest of your crew? The examples we are provided by our authors, sages, teachers, all of them say they know—and in some ways they do, but when you know as they know, you will be a neuron that fires in a certain way at a certain time when provided with a particular stimulus. You will suddenly begin to fulfill a role in the mind of God which

oversees the body of the planet. It is a mind driven by electromagnetic waves, and on a wave, for every positive there is a negative, and for every negative there is a positive. The height and depth of those waves are dependent upon the subject matter and how many people around who are affected by its crescent shape.

With sadomasochism, people who pick up the reins and emulate its contradictions do so to explore creation in destruction, violence in passion. One side becomes the equivalent counterpart of the other. The “exploration” is a refamiliarization with opposite states of being which contradict. If one side loses, both sides lose because there will be no anchor point for the other, so they latch on to one another like two girls spinning each other in circles, attempting to find out how active of a wave inside they can make, how close to death can they get and still create life.

In some sense, you might find an example of progress in this, if you define progress by pitting extremes against each other. One with competition and singularity on the brain such as a scientist, you would find a corresponding anchor point in spirituality. If you are a spiritualist, you should find and interact with a corresponding anchor point in science.

If you define progress in returning things to a state of balance, however, you would seek to cancel the other out as opposed to finding ways to increase the intensity between the two. The existence of opposites, to your perspective, is a disturbance.

One version of what this “progress” is can be found in the west—the other in the east. Choose or choose not—but choose!

But these are the songs for young souls who are seeking purpose and intent. There is a meaning of life for you as you hold a sequence of contradictory maps pointing the way. Assist in defining those notes on the grand song extending forth from the infinite grand piano—seek your own opposite and weld yourself into those gears. This affects existence. This is the answer. Become one of those who went east or went west or went north or went south or stayed put.

Many of us, though, when we age, we don't care to play such games anymore which we gradually begin to regard as silly. Those maps to us were obviously just given to us by someone with a sense of humor. The I-Ching, the Tarot, the Chessboard of Dramatica, they are all good to some degree. But when we age, our note has already been played and we think to ourselves it was fun, for a time, but it is our perceptions alone that create the imbalance we wish to rectify. The black ink fades—our Lucifer particles decay back down into the great all of page until we can no longer see what was once written. Yes, science and spirituality helped write that song, yes skepticism and faith helped write that song, yes opposites—whatever they may be--increase and decrease intensity of experience which help write that song-- but the origin of all that

music, the hologram, the player within all of us, will more than likely smile at himself when it is all finished, set down the pen, and fall asleep. There are other songs than these, other worlds to create—it will be up to all of us in some other form of tomorrow to help. Humanity may one day burn itself up in its own creation, but the hologram will never die as its origin is within the uncaptural infinity. It may find *expression* through our humanity, but it is not *of* us. We are the vessels which holds elements of its substance. Be the note, be the staff upon which the note is written, or just be. The heart beats--Pump pump. Pump pump. Life.

Chapter Twenty Five

The Key Signature of Self

When I see myself and my connection with everything behind these eyes, beneath the skin, buried between all those experiences that I have, I see something that scientists see under a microscope when peering deep within the cellular structure of man: DNA. Just as there is a material version of DNA, there is also an immaterial version of DNA which defines who you are and makes you the way you are. When you die, it is the equivalent of a dividing cell. One of the first steps to do so is to split in half and become two strands of RNA, one a blueprint for the other. The death of the body is the division of this spiritual form of DNA, with the material half dying off and the immaterial half preparing itself for yet another stage in its infinite growth. The spiritual RNA, influenced and supported by the proteins in material life is thus a blueprint for more things to come, for new bodies to inhabit, for further growth.

On one level, you could consider this a pipe dream, considering that everything that we currently define as ourselves is a pretty transient thing. Are you your house, your car, your hair? Your skin? Are you your thoughts, your feelings, your accomplishments? When your body dies, all of that is gone—you can't take any of it with you. Everything your Lucifer particles disagreed with in order to create the substances known to you as a part of you will basically just disappear. Will your awareness disappear along with it, considering your awareness will have no senses to use that will allow it to sense things?

On another level, this is no pipe dream, especially in light of the duality of nature, where everything you could possibly invent or come up with or think about or consider comes in pairs—why wouldn't your body? Your DNA? Your hands, mind, thoughts, senses? No one can quite find out where in the body the soul inhabits, so it is quite possible that all of those organs are no different than protein modules on a master strand, and it doesn't quite matter which one of those proteins you lose, if you can replace it, your spiritual RNA half will continue to be fed by that which it has latched onto in this world, at this time. If it finds an inadequate supply for those proteins, it will release the cell as it dies and go on to feed on proteins of another cell. In this way, you do not actually inhabit your body so much as you do feed it, nurture it, and eventually kill it with the substances of the world around you.

Energy cannot be created nor destroyed, and the entire "void" that we see when we look out into space is actually infinite supply of this energy. All matter consists of is a temporary disturbance which reminds me of those red lights dancing on the front of stereo equipment's equalizer with the baseline being infinite energy, infinite potential that is not being realized into

matter. When the disturbance of matter dies off, when the disturbance known as you dies off, the energy is reabsorbed into the infinite energy in that supposed void—it doesn't "die." But does self-awareness?

Artificial Intelligence researchers look at this process and try to determine at which point does that wave-like disturbance develop conscious intent and self-awareness. They believe there is a point of complexity, a height to that disturbance wave, which will somehow imbibe that thing with the ability to observe itself. They have been successful in identifying the process which would allow for self-awareness, but stare at the process in awe, wondering how on earth someone could actually code such a thing, as it would require computer memory the size of infinity in order to do so. They ask themselves, is that what we have? An infinite supply of memory enabling our own self-awareness? As a result, they've shifted their focus by saying they are "intelligence" researchers, and not necessarily "self-awareness" researchers which they now find to be an insurmountable tall peak to climb. Intelligence to these researchers is that which allows a computer to select a "proper" outcome given enough input—it has nothing to do with a computer observing, on its own, what it is doing.

Hofstadter wrote a book in the past 30 years which was well received and won the Pulitzer Prize entitled *Gödel, Escher, Bach*, going over several different beautiful analogies in order to explain what the mind is, what made self-awareness. Recently he followed up that book with another to help drive the point home called *I am a Strange Loop* which expressed as directly as possible exactly what he meant. In it, he showed consciousness was an act of observing an observer, which can then observe the observer who is observing the observer, up and down, for as far as possible. The flexibility of being able to travel up and down such a chain through a series of observational points is what makes someone self-aware. Just like our senses, however, there is a limit to the amount of fractal self-observational points we can observe. There is a cap of sense in these thought experiments—observational points do not go on forever without turning into a hazy field of craziness. Physicists call these observational points dimensions, each of which has its own set of rules, but that are not quite containable as they wrap and impose their influence into dimensions above and dimensions below. Self-awareness, then, is the ability to travel, through thought and black holes, in between these dimensions. Physicists, like Hofstadter whose father was also a physicist, believes that there is a cap to these dimensions of awareness. Above and below those dimensions lose its sense to the human mind.

Our infinite self-awareness, however, ultimately knows no bounds—the only boundaries it creates are the ones which it tricks itself into materializing through the human body. To say there is a limit to these dimensions denies infinity its reality. You can travel between those dimensions in your mind—why would there not be 11? Physicists know infinity is there, as does Hofstadter—they just state, like the face of God, it is unobservable. So why bother?

But bother some of us must as we attempt to extend capability, or find some evolved species out there with more capabilities that have been awarded to us in this life which we can utilize via proxy. Who is to say that the limits we have are the same limits that all other self-aware entities have?

No, when we die, we will suddenly be able to extend our sensory reach, as the limits which make us a part of humanity evolves and grows larger. We see limitations here on this earth as a result of being human, but one glance out of a telescope makes one wonder, do all worlds have these same limitations? Do all evolved species only see seven colors, hear seven tones, feel seven emotions, use seven virtues, suffer from seven sins, travel up and down the chain of self-observation seven times, witness seven dimensions?

It makes more sense to say that you are a frequency, like a sound, a disturbance in the energy field, and the body you currently inhabit only gives that frequency a particular range in which it can express itself. Boundaries are constantly being defined by you in your mind as a result. You carve yourself a little hole in the energy void with your movement, but it can only go so high and so low. You say that range is all which is there. But is it? Of course not.

Throughout time, attempts have been made to find a way out from these limitations by expanding self-awareness elsewhere. The main way of doing so has been through the use of meditation, in which the disturbance being created by the senses of the body are quelled so that self-awareness can escape from the hole the ego has carved for itself and is therefore free to explore the great energy field beyond. Meditation is used precisely to do so. Guides have been written on how to perform meditation, rooms have been built, candles have been set up. But as someone who meditates will tell you, there is no right way to do so, and everyone has their own—meditation transcends rightness and wrongness. You lose sense of yourself in your own way, and when you do so, you don't care what you might find—you may be making it all up—let yourself make it all up. Enter into that world you are making up. There are diamonds in the rough. Why is there no one way to meditate? Why is there no map that can be followed to take you where someone else has gone, to see things they have seen? Because what may be monotonous for one person is not monotonous for the other. Meditation may occur when your riding a treadmill, gardening and pulling weeds, staring at a blank piece of paper, doing the dishes, listening to a piece of music over and over again, rocking your child to sleep. Monotony lets your body do as it must, leaving you free to roam. You don't need a pillow and a candle—I know that would have never worked for me as rituals always took too much effort for me. “This is stupid” was pretty much jarring me out of an ability to appreciate rituals that continue to this day. What works for one doesn't always work for another. In other words. if you have a map, you will never find the way. Besides, a map implies a destination, and infinity has none. That is why I was born with conflicting maps--go there! And bring something back for me. There is no

proper division between truth and fiction, anyway. They are both disturbances in their own way, and to travel through the energy field moves beyond such defining disturbances.

Is the spiritual equivalent to DNA a pipe dream? The hologram spins and deceives—potentiality! An unlimited supply of it out there. Materialize your own sense of self if you must, and either include me or don't, it matters not—there is always another world out there polar opposite to your own.

Chapter Twenty Six

The Return To The Lab

I once asked myself a very basic question in my own attempt to improve my ability to understand the world around me: What made the Greeks so smart? Was it something in their water? Their diet? Was it some type of rays that came down from the sun, infusing their electromagnetic minds with an additional boost and sending them all into overdrive, spawning Socrates and Heraclitus and Aristotle and Plato and Pythagoras? Or was it something else?

In my studies to find an answer, I ended up discovering something what I felt was extremely profound, given the fact that so much of this western philosophy is seen as the inspiration for scientific advancement—all of that knowledge was derived from the very same mystics who are consistently ridiculed as the source of all stupidity in the world. To me, then, science is the equivalent of the whining son who's complaining about how terrible his parents are for not seeing the bigger picture, when it is the son who is suffering from this malady.

Starting with the likes of Pythagoras, students were required to enter into the Mystery Schools and fulfill a number of ritualistic steps towards enlightenment. For 12 years, one for each of the signs of the zodiac perhaps, they were taught the ways of the sages who meditated and thought about the world around them with no measuring devices at all. They grew universes in their brains for their students to explore, pitting opposites against each other, stating things which obviously discouraged the idealists who walked through the doors who wanted all positives and no negatives. The dualistic aspect of nature was the main focus of their lessons of analogy, to teach their students the contradictory nature of the two which gives the universe a balance through imbalance. Students were forced to discover that opposites require each other to exist, regardless of the object or subject, and each lesson contained a new object and a new subject via analogy. One must learn to transcend above these opposites, it was taught—that was the main focus of all their stories. That was enlightenment.

In opposition to the east, these western minds were taught to *use* this knowledge, as opposed to just experiencing it, and that created the division between the two halves of the world's religious beliefs—two halves reflective of the masculine and feminine. Western students wanted to manipulate what they found in nature—Eastern students wanted to be one with nature. In that respect, the sword-touting west sought to conquer—the family-oriented east sought to stay at home.

Fundamentalist religions destroyed these Mystery Schools which plunged the world underneath their iron grip in the Dark Ages, where women were taught to be subservient to

man, where conscious intent was master, and creative artistry, philosophy exploration and ethics, all took the backseat as sexual slaves to swords and shields, to those who “knew what they were doing.” Mysticism died, their archives burned. Plunder ruled —and all of the lessons of the mystics were integrated into a confusing patchwork of beliefs and outright fallacies as history was rewritten—the act of transcendence itself was rewritten to choose the light at the *expense* of the darkness by the crusaders and popes, destroying half of the context, throwing the scales out of balance to the point where the world decayed, and progress, like a spinning wheel which must travel in two directions at once, ceased. When science ridicules the sages and mystics, they are ridiculing in error, for it is not the sages who manipulated through superstitions and false beliefs, it was those who burned the sages and mystics at the stake for “dabbling in the darkness.” From a sage’s perspective, the darkness gives light its context—to the crusader, darkness is the devil, and the devil must be destroyed.

The sages taught to organize the world through the looking glass of analogy, and in order to have proper depth perception, one must use the left and the right eye together, the negative and the positive. Combined, the two give birth to the three dimensional picture of the hologram which constantly changes shape, influencing and molding those with the capability of perceiving it, leading the perceiver by the nose with its false promises of truth as society is led softly down a path only the hologram knows. The Renaissance seemingly reclaimed this mystical process of understanding for the west, possibly through the likes of such figures as John Dee and Francis Bacon who were not afraid to use both halves of their brain instead of lopping off one at the altar of the Pope and the other upon the battlefield of the king. Mathematical discipline combined with the likes of Alchemy as the quest for gold and fortune returned western man to its mystical roots of formulas, recipes, equations. Understanding.

Mysticism was an approximation of sorts, as analogies can only graph themselves upon the material world so much—science tests how much, but it can never invalidate the requirement of dualism to create the natural world. The analogy sets the stage, and the rational mind is used to define the actors who are playing their roles upon that stage, clumsily or otherwise. When students mistake the analogy for reality, they fail every time to truly understand since the material world is only one universe in which an immaterial universe collides. “Reality isn’t like a goddamn egg,” claims the idealistic student, believing he is being rational. “And reality isn’t like a goddamn not-egg,” states the mystic, hoping the student will sense the deeper meaning. But those mystics are few and far between these days, if they exist at all.

Mystics use both halves of their minds with the resources available to them at the time of their birth, with a slight emphasis on one or the other if he is from the west, or an emphasis on neither if he is from the east. The intuitive moments one experiences is when a new analogy stretches its tentacles and infuses itself into the substance of the universe. When Einstein

witnessed gravity as a fabric, he was experiencing one of these mystical moments in which all scientists live for that cements his ego into the history books—the equations he created were dramatically masculine, explaining how such a fabric could exist in context of all other analogies. His Eureka moments, however, came in his mystical states as his rational mind took the back-seat and rested from the hunt and his intuitive mind cooked something for him utilizing what he had gathered.

Our rational mind uses dualism in the form of the equation without knowing why it works, and there is seemingly no one around in our schools with the ability to explain it. Missing “pieces of the whole” are identified as mystery variables as equations progress over time. The rational mind knows the sides must become equal to be correct—the trick is to fill them with a proper amount to get them there. These missing pieces are mystery constants, and those constants can only be more deeply understood through intuition. The creation of equations are thus founded upon mysticism, but because of the crusaders, such knowledge has been lost. We know not why it works nor why we should respect it, but we do so, blindly, slowly, painfully.

Our intuitive mind, on the other hand, experiences that dualism, feels it, as opposed to using it in any way. Equations imply use—recipes of intuition imply experience. This intuition seeks a balance between opposing forces and finds expression in such things as food, architecture, photography, fashion. In food, equal parts sour and equal parts sweet are added to give some dishes a pleasant flavor. In architecture, sharp, contrasting edges of a building may be contrasted by the smooth borders of the yard and its plant life. In photography, opposing elements are used to draw out what someone is “really trying to say” which is that opposites attract internally and repel externally, or vice versa as one perceives a figure standing out from the ground. We know not why these things work in creativity or why we should respect it, but we do so, blindly, slowly, painfully.

Without mysticism, we have forgotten how to think and live. Without mysticism to teach people about the mysteries of opposing elements and show how they are not really opposing at all, how they actually require the other, we carry out the functions of our brains as zombies without souls. “Life does not come with a manual,” my mother used to say to me. The strange thing is, it used to come with a manual—the crusaders just decided to burn them all, and set the teachers on fire.

A mystic would have a deep respect for science and a deep respect for holistic spirituality. The malady is an inability to see beyond the opposites one is attempting to represent internally through self-consistency. A mystic would show that, just as science has magic pill equations to help cure the world of ignorance, spirituality has recipes to help enjoy the recovery. Self-

consistency forces a choice one does not have to make. The mystic never chooses a side for he needs both to transcend. Both are approximates, equally incorrect.

The world has changed, and with it, so must the mystics and their analogies of opposing forces. What once was called an archetype is now called a stereotype. The west attempts to use stereotypes in order to create balance, pleasing no one—the east uses nothing, as they know archetypes are lessons with only germs of approximate truth—something which scientists will attest to concerning their equations. The two combined make the world as it is—exactly as it should be. The hologram is in control. What you fail to rectify, something else will come along that will. This is as good as it gets, my friends, and that is good enough for me.

Chapter Twenty Seven

The Approximations

To say that both science and spirituality are approximates is the equivalent of saying that reality has the potential to be or to move, and either viewpoint causes one or the other potential to be realized. If, for instance, you were to turn on a strobe light in your mind as a wave moves up and down from its origin in a room, you would see freeze-frame samples and believe that what you are looking at is reality—particles as that energy is chunked. If, instead of doing so, you were to completely turn on or off that light and leave it in one position or the other, you would see a singular element, but it would consist of all possible states at once—the wave.

Historically, those in the west have chosen the strobe light process, and as a result, spend countless hours chasing the realization of all of that potential inherent in the wave. They have forgotten, in some regard, that there even is a light switch and that human beings are fruitful when the light is toggled in all of its states. A synthesis of viewpoints is possible, but only if a mutual respect exists for the different ways in which one is sampling reality. More than likely, this mutual respect will only occur within a given few as it is difficult for many to accept contradictory forces. One is pulled toward a positive or negative viewpoint in an inexplicable manner, or one is pulled towards neither. And we are taught to choose, when choice acts only as a mud rut, pinning the wheel of the mind in one position. Choosing a way to sample reality cements that perception deeper into place, and in some ways, gives reality a feeling of permanence within all that change.

This cementing process of choice reminds me of the states of matter and energy in the universe, in which some forces have a positive charge, others a negative, and others none. It is almost as if consciousness is pulled and infused to observe reality one way or another with that same gravity that pins the soul to the body, just as free floating particles are locked into particular configurations. We have certain inclinations to see it as one way or another as thousands of generations have gone before us to add weight to that light switch within us and we live amongst those who toggle it in one way or another. Since states contradict (if you care to call waves a state) and the mind is drawn towards one side of these contradictions, throwing the states off balance throughout time is pretty much the point of consciousness and the role of the observer. Without imbalance, without the disturbance created by the observer, not only would there be no point to the universe as there would be nothing there to observe it, but there would be no universe which could have a point. Take, for instance, what happens when a particle and its antiparticle collide—they annihilate. If there was no observer in the picture to muck things up by creating ruts and what not for these particles to hide within, that perfectly balanced

nature would just annihilate itself as the annihilation would occur before new opposing forces could be created. In that sense, we contain the universe and nurture its elements in our own way, allowing these forces places to hide. Consciousness holds them apart and gives the two contextual space, just as the neutrons allow and give context to the electrons and protons—keeping them distinct, separate. Otherwise, all would be light as the positive becomes negative and negative becomes positive like the interplay between electricity and magnetism, or all would be dark as the annihilation of equal opposing forces eat itself alive. Consciousness is the meat and bones to the body of the hologram. Choose a side or choose none—both have their place as all life in the universe seeks to express itself through the condensation of its Lucifer particles as it is fed by the light. The hologram figured out how to build this place through this unusual process.

Alphonse the Wise once said, “Had I been present at creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe.” In the infinity of the void, there is enough room for such postulates—we just so happen to live in the one that didn’t accidentally annihilate itself in its own perfect symmetry.

One function of consciousness divides and dissects, while the other reconstitutes and combines, some arbitrarily, others intentional, both organically and inorganically and this process will extend for an infinite period of time. All one has to do is tie two strands together through analogy, opposites or otherwise, to create a new strand. This new entity is held together through conscious intent. Just as energy as infinite, so must mass be infinite, so must consciousness by infinite, so must this universe. When we look up at the stars, it is more than likely that we are seeing remnants or a scatter of toys a conscious mind decided to co-create as with other conscious minds as they watched the hologram spin its web of deception than it is to say all of this just happened as some type of accidental infection in the infinity of nothingness. The universe is a play thing of consciousness—it would not be here without the application of yours. Use the archetypes or use none—through you, recombinations and divisions of contradictory packets occur with your own intent holding the two apart and giving them form. We create our own reality at the same time that we deal with those realities which came before us. The Lucifer particles within us that finds meaning in disagreement, in correcting that perceived imbalance, in molding itself into a shape that the universe needs, ensuring the process will continue in an endless fashion. Ego forces man to create a problem so that they can also create the solution and give one’s self purpose. You are the answer to all that imbalance you see, are you not? That is your ego. That is what created this place.

But providing a solution to a self-created problem has an unforeseen consequence—as opposing particles smash into each other in an attempt to annihilate, another particle forms and often escapes which becomes another problem to solve as the imbalance grows. The father and

mother, although neutralizing the needs of the other, create a third. It is true in our particles, it is true in our families, it is true in ourselves. The two “approximates” of masculine and feminine archetypes work together to potentiate a reality that can be shared by all. And every time they work together instead of disagreeing about everything, like science and spirituality, another branch issues forth as true growth in humanity occurs.

Chapter Twenty Eight

The Condensation of Salt

We are disharmony. We are discord. We are that element of the universe which observes the universe and says, where do I fit in? Then seeks to chizzle out a position. The universe thus has to compensate for you, through your own claim of ownership and activities.

In the most fascinating coincidence, it has been discovered by physicists that this universe, in order for it to exist at all, requires a bit of imbalance applied to the mixture so it doesn't completely annihilate itself. If there was a Big Bang, matter and antimatter would have been created in equal quantities. Upon smashing into another, the two would annihilate everything in existence. Physicist have therefore decided that matter and antimatter were not created in equal amounts, that there was a slight difference between the two, and that slight difference allowed for creation to occur. When we choose a side of the scale, light or darkness, matter or energy, male or female, democrat or republican, we add that small element of discord to the mix, giving the universe its form.

What makes one decide, and how should one choose? We are born with an inclination to correct that which we see, but the inclination to choose one thing or another are arbitrary scatterings upon the earth, as if consciousness, even upon understanding its own incredible force of imbalance, is still victim to creating more of the same. You did not seemingly choose your parents, your environment, the time in which you opened your eyes at birth. But those combined to give you a slant, as if you were born on an already tilted scale. This world was made through imbalance, and you are made to enhance one side or the other.

We sought in the past to create a government which was governed by the people, for the people. We called it democracy. Instead of dictators and overlords, scaring the peasantry into paying taxes to build more of their castle, we sought for the people themselves to decide if they should pay taxes, when they should pay taxes, and what they should do with themselves. This process, in turn, opened up a realm of further manipulation, as the people's opinions collectively cancel each other out, bringing change and progress back to a level of stasis and complacency. Politicians learned to preach change, but once in power, change nothing. It also created a world in which manipulators could further justify manipulation. To them, people do not know what they want, and democracy is the equivalent of mob rule. To them, they see what happens when people use each other's energies to work themselves into a frenzy—they lose sight of themselves and are more likely to break morals and destroy their own country with greed, malice, and anger-- the invisible force around them deny them what they feel is rightly

due to them! Windows smash, jewelry is stolen, rape and pillage and plunder ensues. For a people to govern themselves, to the overlord, is pure anarchy. Democracy must be the perception, but in reality, the overlords remain. We choose to rule ourselves in one form or another, and our choice disharmonizes.

There is nothing you can do here to improve the tidal forces within you that are externalized around you, one half of your mind whispers. The other side disagrees, as it screams at you to fix the deficiencies, fix the abundance! -1 meets +1, and man is left with no ability to decide as he stares out from his origin on the grid. He stares in two directions at once and sees |1|. He shuts his eyes and sees void. Which should he choose? Man believes he is broken because of his ability to see all sides or no sides at once. In such a system, enlightenment is sold in two ways—one claims that you transcend by not choosing, by returning your mind to the state of no-thought. The other claims that to transcend, you *must* choose, but choose both! Own them! Grow the universe! And grow the Lucifer particle within you by turning it into an overwhelming force with which others must contend. Don't just be a planet...be a Betelgeuse!

There is no transcendence, as the two variations from the west and from the east contradict. You are a statistic! Can't you sense the freedom? Buddha claims you can avoid pain by not seeking pleasure. Others claim that you might as well have never lived if you just opened your eyes to sit under a tree and do nothing but feel the wind in your hair all your life—and even that is a distraction to one who seeks to sense nothing.

Nature is naturally balanced—but without your contribution of contrived imbalance, all would be annihilated. You cannot escape the effect you have on the world around you—with every action and reaction, you choose a side. I cannot write these words without choosing a side. The frustration! Think, or think not—but think! Live or live not—but live! How can I write in two directions at once? The imbalance is forced upon me—through choice.

I call these tricks of lights and shadows, forcing us to pick a side organically or inorganically. It is the hologram playing games. It changes shape. It speaks to you one way when you stand in one place, and speaks to you another way when you stand in another place. As a result, I shall be pulled up from as deep of a rut as I can dig, for those holes hit mountains! I shall be pushed down from as high of a peak as I can climb, for those cliffs are ravines!

Tricks! Deceptions. And we have no way of knowing what to do with that knowledge, for it may be that we are not supposed to do anything with it—just be! A hole has been torn within, and I see the substance from whence I came, and know not what to do with that knowledge, with that feeling, with that absence of purpose of which I am intended to find. I am the zero, the origin, just as the hologram is the zero, the source. The world does not need my consciousness,

but with the removal of that consciousness, reality would collapse and annihilate itself. If it didn't collapse, I would be none the wiser.

There are so many who would disagree with me—they have chosen. In this life, they have their answers. They know how to function. They see the waves, the electrons, and choose one. They see the particles, the protons, and choose one. I am neutron. I am that which cannot decide. You can build anything from me, justify anything, or prove that nothing can be justified. I am the stem cell, without form, young in so many ways, old in so many others. I see that consciousness creates disharmony, and I am torn between returning to a state which all is in balance and nothing exists, or contribute to that disharmony until it grows to the point where it rips this universe to shreds. I am a young soul, and I sympathize with those who look out from the black hole buried beneath their senses, and don't know what to do. Or how to be.

I turned back to the hologram after it projected me instead of looking forward as I was told. I am the son who, right after leaving on the path to enter into the world, turn back and see my parents waving with tears in their eyes, remembering the way it once was at home, in my room, with my books, when the world was without me. I, like Lot's wife, turned to a pillar of salt—that which can add flavor to what she sees, but has no flavor of her own. I am a condiment on the plate of God. Or Satan. It matters not. That is my place. I can justify anything, and therefore justify nothing. That is who I am. My cubic shape is reflective of the hologram from whence I came. Perhaps, like me, that is why it exists—to enhance flavor while having no flavor of its own.

So crank open your cans of humor. Open your bottles of concern. Perceive what you will from a living example of the source of it all. The oceans are filled with salt like me—a salt which must be *purged* from the water of life before you are able to drink from it. But when it evaporates, salt is all that will be left.

Chapter Twenty Nine

The Six Sides of Every Cube

What causes the hologram to stop spinning? And what happens if you throw as much weight as possible into one perceptual location, forming a rut, forcing those waves to be bent and trapped in the black hole you have created? Like excitable electrons all spinning in the same direction, gathering around a particular perceptual location, observing what is defined as reality—is that the moment in which the universe collapses upon itself and is replaced by another?

There is such a tremendous difficulty in getting others to agree with you, and in that sense, this universe does seem to operate in parallel, much like a radio station in which you get others to tune in to your brand or you tune in to someone else's brand. The reason no one can fully agree with you is because they are listening to a different station—to them, you exist in the background static. All stations combined resemble the potential inherent within an electron's orbit. Your observation, your experiment, defines the parameters in which that experiment can be repeatable, but it is only repeatable and able to give you a sense of permanence because you sit in one particular position with your head bent in one certain way, like those who came before you. This way allows reality to be sampled in the same manner, giving man's mind the perception that there is an objective reality, forgetting that we all float in space and time with nothing beneath our feet, twisting and turning and spinning through infinity, pretending we are mortal, believing everything we hear, seeking to join in the chorus.

In a world in which there are a multitude of parallel universes with a consciousness at each and every center, are we perhaps drones or probes from infinity to test hypotheses, resting points in time and space as we explore all aspects to the great all? We feel alone here because we only have access to one consciousness at a time. If we had access to more than one, the wave function would collapse and context would lock in and the hologram would quite spinning—the experiment would be over as the foggy haze of explosive possibility evaporates and we would finally know up from down, left from right.

We are given tales of evolved consciousness, as if we will one day run across an alien civilization that understands something that we don't—what could that be? Even if everyone on the planet understood the holographic force driving perceptual deception, what could they do with that knowledge? I consider daily that this place is a test, that I am supposed to learn a lesson, but I cannot understand how there could be anything to learn. Learning to exist in an opposite state to one's self, learning to appreciate an opposite—that is the stuff of lesson. But it is a biased lesson, for those teaching you are standing in one place at one time, just like

scientists creating repeatable experimental data. Are we perhaps testing what it would be like if the great all had fractalized itself and gave individual chunks of that fractal the perception they run the show?

Everyone has their own opinion of what that God would be, whether he is distant, cold, and calculating, or warm and caring for his children. Psychologists claim that this is the result of one's interaction with one's parents. I suppose in some regard this could be the case—given you choose to find those samples which agree with such a statement. People's lives are defined by what one sees as purpose, and that purpose is a reflection of what one believes are the properties of God. "God does not play dice," Einstein said, and so he chose not to accept dice, either. But what if one sees God as just as much of an illusion as one's own ego? What is there that can be learned? The opposite? Was Einstein meant to learn quantum mechanics to see that God does indeed play dice? Am I meant to learn the opposite of illusion, the opposite of ego, to assist in the growing pattern of the Great All, to make him more real by honing in on his slippery nature? The waves of force stemming from the hologram are so powerful to me, and I sometimes feel as if the concept is finding form through me, but it doesn't necessarily have anything to do with me. Just as the waves of force Einstein felt with his sense of order, I feel a sense of force as well, not of order, but of contradiction. I cannot decide as I watch it spin, which is a decision in itself. It is an entanglement, and we are all caught somewhere within it. We are attempting to think using an electromagnetic force that is made up of the raw stuff of potential. It moves in our brain and solidifies when we try to observe it—then we stop observing it, it turns back into a blur. "I am a bird, a plane, a dog, a cat, a brick wall, a whore, a businessman, a physicist" and the force inside responds, becoming exactly what we expect to find. The electron configures itself to every intent.

I feel alone in such a place. I feel as if I am a master whose needs are fulfilled by the electromagnetic energy inside. Every time I attempt to find out how this place works, how I work, how I fit in, it is the equivalent of that microwave from Star Trek where you just tell it what you want, and you get it, as if it draws from an infinite supply. All one needs is the right ingredients and a recipe (an archetype) and the reality materializes. But in such a place, you cannot help but wonder if what you are eating is food, or an illusion of it. Some would say it doesn't matter, but what if it did matter? What if you wanted reality, but all you had available to you is this thing that can manifest anything just by your attempt to observe it in some self-reflective manner?

You want UFOs? Here's your proof. You want black holes? Here's your proof. You want Artificial Intelligence? Here's your proof. You want God? Here's your proof. You want karma? Here's your proof. You want holism? Here's your proof. Particularity? Here's your proof. It's a goddamn Star Trek microwave world out there, and we have woken up at a set of controls and

given free reign to generate anything and everything we want, and we still after thousands and thousands of years haven't seemed to have realized it, which is a Star Trek microwave setting of its own. It gives one both a sense of power and powerlessness. It is as if we truly are infinite, floating on a void, twiddling our thumbs and coming up with stuff, inventing universes collectively.

And still, in this massive process of doing so, some of this generative ability of reality seems to get locked into place, as if all of those competing potentialities just kind of decide on something overall, and things really do seem to exist, such as fathers and mothers, organs and brains, Newtonian physics and solar systems. So many feel we are seeing patterns, but in that swirling swarm of potential, we are actually *creating* them. And we create them through analogy. You can compare anything to anything, and the universe responds—evidence of the analogy manifests. It is humbling just as much as it is empowering.

Recently, I had the notion that I was only good for my money—evidence just poured out of the walls. Before that I had the notion that UFOs were real and the government was keeping it from us—evidence just poured out of the walls. Before that I had the notion I was clumsy—evidence just poured out of the walls. I'm not saying these were invalid, for in such a strange place, all opinions and perceptions are valid as you put down an anchor and start catching your fish. I became only good for my money. I became a victim to that government keeping the truth from me. I became clumsy. Opposites are merely the same electron but on different sides of the universe. You can particularize yourself anywhere, for anything, with any purpose, and the pieces will fall into place around you. If word got out, this could create a swamy haze of individuals as all that particularization out there evaporates into the wave and collectives of opinions cease to exist—who knows what new place could reconfigure itself? Isn't the haze of an electron cloud required so that potential can move and be realized elsewhere?

Journalists and editors from the west ask polarizing questions, raising issues, creating lines of particulates like cocaine in which their readers can snort. People believe their mind exists to separate the chafe from the wheat in these divisions, when both are cocaine, both get you high. They want war, discord, selfishness and disharmony, for that is where the *story* is at. You pick up what they're putting down, regardless of the side of the magnet to which you are drawn, and the disharmony grows like cancer.

Journalists and editors from the east hardly exist, it seems, or create waves of stories that those in the west can't even read nor interpret as they don't even have an alphabet. They'll write stories which are pictures describing what the taste of sunflower is, and readers wonder what is the point, when having a point seems to be much more western, much more *imbalanced*. To the east, there seems to be nothing wrong with the world as it exists in a state of harmony with

man. So what if unwanted children are pitched in ditches—have you ever wondered what it would be like to exist as a wasp and have an itch? Meaning must be sensed in the east—in the west it is told to you.

Matter might not exist. Energy might not exist. Life and death might not exist. What seems absurd can be made profound through the proper sorting and categorizing of reality—you can find evidence of anything, and one look through the web can and should prove this to you. Pick a polarizing issue—read the arguments. Evidence! Think of a way in which mathematics doesn't quite work—evidence! Nothing is free of limitless potential.

In school, you learn to distinguish the “made up” stuff from the true stuff. The made up stuff resembles constellations, where patterns form in places that really have none. These made up things are the equivalent of ink blots, so to speak, which contain no proof as there is no data. But if enough people perceive the same thing, it becomes data, and if you get enough people to point out Orion or point out what the ink blot looks like or doesn't look like, or you point out why there was an older civilization on Mars, doesn't it take on a certain reality? Why is anything out there free from this process? Limitless potential cannot be contained—it imbibes the very movement of that force which seemingly allows us to think. We attempt to capture that potential and make it real—say, through the use of statistics. And it slips through our fingers since nothing is *that* statistic. There is no “79% of voters” out there. It's not a thing—unless you make it one. Potential! Humbling. Empowering. Draw your lines in the stars. Choose or choose not. But choose, for all is “made up”. All is potential being particlized. All is real.

Chapter Thirty

The End Game

Let's say you meet a multi-dimensional being capable of moving through universe after universe, up and down the chain of multi-dimensional reality. He has existed forever and will exist forevermore. He can be anywhere he wants, do as he wants, think as he wants, and he knows who and what he is, which is everything--both energy as well as matter. Only one problem: as a consequence of being everything, he's completely alone. That's right, because he contains all and is all, there is no other thing out there for him to interact with and give him that needed context. Therefore, after an infinite length of time twiddling his thumbs, he becomes so bored that he says the words, "screw it," and suddenly divides in two distinct halves which pretty much look like the opposite of one another. Directly after the division is the precise moment in which you meet him. But you both are immediately aware of this and know that you are no more than a division of the same multi-dimensional being, so in order for you to continue playing the game in this grand experiment, each of you pull out a massive frying pan and thwap each other on the head as hard as possible at the same time.

Ouch.

After the dull throb kind of wears off and the hazy ringing in your eyes and ears ceases and you get some focus, you are aware of some intriguing property you now both have: you can no longer grasp any such thing as infinity at all--you have been born with limits. In conjunction with this event, you realize that your self-induced brain damage has caused your perception to stop somewhere around seven. What does that mean? Well, from now on, you can only hear seven tones distinctly: A,B,C,D,E,F, and G. You can only see seven colors: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet. You can feel hot and cold, and about five tastes. You can only think of seven sins and seven virtues. You can only fold paper seven times. Yes, everything now seems to have limits--whatever that is. And your ability to abstract concepts in your imagination seems to stop somewhere along the lines of seven overlapping analogies as well. People will get close to breaking that limit, such as Einstein who overlapped the concepts of space, time, energy, matter, light and gravity, but everything else gets lost in a weird sort of grayness when they try to tack on any more analogies. All those ways in which you were previously able to perceive things are just gone. But at the same time, your singular loss has a tremendous gain: welcome to the universe!

For a lack of a better term, we'll call this place Seven. That's right. Both me and you have an ability to reproduce, to proclaim what is right and wrong, to distinguish ourselves from one another, to fall in love, to hate, to do whatever it is that we want to do just as we did before, only do so with a perceptual limiting twist of approximately seven. That will be our number here, our "frequency calling card" if you will. All of our math and physics that we'll create will have clues to our game (black holes, strange loops, perceptual-jumping electrons and what not), but our frequency limitation of seven will prevent us from absolutely seeing, feeling, and being 'everything' once again. I mean, seven is not even close to infinity! Even more interesting, because we are carbon copies of one other, we have the same ability to divide, just as we apparently did before. In which case, who knows what kind of intricate fun we all may have because not only will there be two of us, there could also be an infinite amount of us as well! I'll never know what it is that I, as a you, might do. I mean, just look at the variety our perception can create with seven--all the songs that can be written, all the paintings about things that we will call "the human condition." But it will really be the condition of a connected consciousness dividing itself on purpose and limiting itself to a vibration that has something to do with seven. And if this is what we can do with seven, just imagine what an infinity of tones, an infinity of colors, an infinity of tastes and smells would do back home.

But we will only play the game of seven for a short while. The older we get, the more we'll know it's a game and it just won't mean as much. Things which were initially fun won't be as fun anymore. We'll get sad. We'll miss the way it once was and we'll look forward to re-entering infinity once again. When we get to that stage, we'll remember what it was like before life and we'll even come up with a name for it. That's right. We'll call it heaven. What will it mean? We won't quite know because of the game we are playing, but it's a shorthand, you see. It actually means "higher-than-seven." Heaven, for short. It's something I saw a long time ago.

I was born dead, you see. Stuck in the womb for hours. The doctors revived me by restarting my heart. Perhaps it was a choice to come back after I saw what I did even though I knew I would be damaged for the rest of my life. Perhaps I felt maybe I could offer a few words to another one of me who needed it at this precise moment. Yes..that "something" made me come back to play. That something gives me a context.

That something is you.

The rest is just a game.



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