

KAPIL GUPTA MD

COMPLETE COLLECTION

The Truth . . . is all there is.

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The Illusion of Parental Power

Parents have too much power when their children are young. And not enough when their children are grown.

Of all the people in society, it is the parent that must have wisdom. And it is the parent that seldom does. Because he is still finding his own way, his children become subject to the whims of his mind. And a mind invested with the power to control, takes full advantage.

Is it possible that childhood could flourish without parents?

If basic human necessities were provided, would a child become something more without the parent? Perhaps a new breed of man? Free of social conditioning? Free of the need for approval?

If a parent realized the power of a child, perhaps he would be more eager to learn from him rather than teach him.

And if a child understood his own power, perhaps he would refuse the parent.

In seeing the child through the mind, one sees control. In

seeing the child through the heart, one witnesses awe.

In the end it is the child that has something to teach. Not through lessons or words, but through the way in which he walks. The manner in which he smiles. And the sincerity with which he cries.

If the parent understood this, perhaps he would begin to walk with the child, rather than ahead of him.

Self Image

How much is it costing you to maintain the image you have created for yourself?

Joy vs Peace

Joy is fleeting. Peace is transformational.

Joy is an enticing emotional state. But it is difficult to maintain.

Joy is like the occasional clap of thunder. Peace is the sound of moving clouds.

The man who is crazed with joy by a favorable result will be the very same one who drowns in despair with an unfavorable one.

In all things seek peace.

When life does not go your way, accept it for what it is, its fickle nature, and be at peace.

Knowing that you can find peace in any situation will lead to equanimity. You will do well to understand, that the equanimous man is often the most powerful one in the world.

Life Was Meant To Be Chaos

Attempts to make an order of life only make it more disorderly.

Life is like the mind. It is wild at its very roots. It was never meant to be tamed.

Living is to understand the nature of life. In understanding it, we become a part of it.

Events happen. And we suffer because we feel that they happen to us. Certainly they might have happened in our vicinity. But do they truly happen to us?

Is there really an us for life to strike against?

Earthquakes don't happen to cities. The earthquakes have always happened along that particular fault line in that particular part of the world. Human beings chose to build a city there. If an earthquake arises, does it happen to the city? Or did it just happen?

Events will always happen. Life will always roll like the tide. It washes through all of us.

Depending upon our level of understanding, some of us will simply feel assaulted, while others will simply feel wet.

There Is Something Within Us

When we read a particular phrase that captures us, there is something within us that responds.

When we see a particular scene in a film, there is something within us that stirs.

When we hear a particular melody, there is something within us that sings.

As we walk through life we search for that something. From the moment we wake we begin to search for it. We search for it when we speak to our children. We search for it as we sit down to work. We search for it in the faces of people we pass in the market.

We believe that this something is called happiness. But happiness is an amorphous creation. It is not really a place, but a non-place. Happiness is not a place one goes. It is a mental creation. It is a reflexive idea. It is a hope on the horizon. It is a shining palace on the mountain which serves as a refuge against the misery that human beings feel.

Happiness is a retaliation against enslavement. An

enslavement to the mind.

That something that we feel within us is not happiness. I do not have a name for it. As I continue to live beyond my mind, it may come to me.

But language is always a poor translator of feeling.

For now, I will say that perhaps that something is life itself.

And perhaps the most incredible possibility of all is not that this place exists within us. But that we exist within it.

When The Sun Rises

Each morning we awake, we recreate our personality.

We collect the baggage that we have come to know as ourselves and we assemble it for the day. We resume the role today that we played yesterday. The same role that we have played for decades.

We see ourselves as a certain type of person. A person with such and such a responsibility. Who has such and such to do today. In such and such a way. By such and such a time.

We have become experts at assuming our role. And we play the role to perfection.

As such, we feel the same feelings today that we felt yesterday. We are bothered by the same things. We are troubled by the same fears.

If we examine closely, we will discover that we do not live a today. We have not lived a today for years. We live a yesterday inside of today. We have lived a multitude of yesterdays inside a multitude of todays.

Can tomorrow be different? Can we decide this minute that as the sun rises in the morning, and as we rise to meet it, that we will search for the today in today? Be it for one minute, or one day, tomorrow we will abandon the yesterday and live the today as a today.

What will we see in it?

Who will we be in it?

The Mind Is Always Full

I cannot empty my head. I feel the need to think all the time about what I am going to do next. How do I stop that?

It is not so much that you feel a need to think. You are invested with a mind whose very nature it is to think. You are not alone. Your mind is not unique. It is the very same mind that functions in all of humanity. It does not think because it needs to. It thinks because this is its very nature. If you try to stop the thoughts you will feel tremendous opposition. It is a battle you cannot win. Therefore, it is not one worth fighting.

Allow the thoughts. See the thoughts. Watch the thoughts.

Let them come. They won't harm you. Thoughts only have the power to harm when you are not aware. Their power does not come from your watching them. Their power comes from your not watching them. Their power comes from your listening to them. Their power comes from your belief in them.

If you allow them free reign, you will instantly feel at ease. INSTANTLY. As you continue to do this, you will feel a little bit of space between you and them.

This is the space in which your freedom will be found. This

is the space in which your true life moves.

Your Own God

Since the time of childhood we are told many stories.

Lovely tales of God and spirits who come to help in the time of need. We are told that when the student is ready the teacher appears. We are told that when help is needed it miraculously arrives.

We are all colored by our experiences. And what we come to know as reality is not the stories that we have been told, but the hard and real experiences of our lives.

For the man who has seen the deities, God exists. For the one who has not, he is only a dream. Neither of them is wrong. For each is functioning from a place of personal experience.

The trouble arises for the man who has not seen God, but hopes that he will one day come. The trouble arises for the man who believes the story that when he is in need, his prayers will be answered.

I would hazard to guess that the majority of human beings

live in a world in which such things don't come true. That for most people these stories, forever remain stories.

In this instance, what is left? The man is left with himself and his mind. He must learn to make due. He must understand that no one is coming to his aid. That if there are indeed helpful spirits, that if there is indeed a God, that he is perhaps busy tending to others.

Perhaps the greatest realization that a man can have is that he must deal with the reality that confronts him. Today. Now.

And that, for him, this is the way it will always be.

In abandoning the wait, he takes to action. He takes matters into his own hands. And manufactures a makeshift life from the circumstances that he finds himself in.

In realizing that he is utterly alone, he becomes his own God.

Perhaps this is who he has been waiting for all along.

A Glimpse Of Death Opens A Man's Eyes

The wisdom behind the creation of human life omitted a very important element: DEATH.

Day-to-day existence is too accommodating. Too comfortable. It lulls us into complacency. We become too much at ease with our life. Too accustomed to our surroundings. Too much a part of the fabric.

We are here for only a short time. But we live sprawled across the scaffolding of our lives as if we are going to be here forever. And because we feel this way, we have no appreciation for life. NONE. Everything is so easy to take for granted.

The human being, by virtue of his most prevalent mental state, is a creature of the 12th hour. Because he forever lives within 11:59, he rarely feels the urgency of 12:00.

But occasionally something shakes him. A sudden death. A calamity of some sort brings things into sudden perspective.

He is shaken from his complacency and he is forced to confront the moment. But eventually, the drama of the event

fades, and so does he, back into his well-worn existence.

Because we become so seduced by inertia, few of us ever really LIVE.

Every human being would be blessed to experience a near-death experience every six months. This would keep him on the edge.

Feeling close to death makes one IMMEDIATELY feel close to life. The inertia suddenly disappears and the human being breathes for the first time in years. He sees the greenery of the grass and the hardness of the floor and the slow and gentle movement of the clouds. He discovers that he is alive after all. He discovers that before he is ANYTHING ELSE, he is FIRST AND FOREMOST a living organism. A piece of life.

Coasting through life without anything to shake us from our reverie is a curse. We proceed through our daily existence as programmed zombies, bound by habit, and enslaved to emotion.

Imagine with all your heart, for the next five minutes, that you were going to die at 11pm tomorrow night. That these would be the last twenty four hours of your life.

Try it.

What do you immediately discard as ridiculous luxuries of the zombified life? What do you immediately cherish? How does your existence change?

It is only under the prospect of death that we begin to live. An abundance of life blinds us to its gift. It is too much in supply. And, thus, we cherish it not.

The vast majority of us human beings are DEAD.

It takes nothing less than the power of death to compel us to live.

Kapil Gupta is a personal advisor to CEO's, Professional Athletes, Celebrities, and Performing Artists around the world.

Our Lives Have Become A Tesseract



Think back to the moment that you did a somersault under the water. For a few moments you did not know which direction led to the surface and which led to the murky depths. The bubbles eventually showed you the way.

We have made such a complexity of our lives. We have added complexity upon complexity beyond geometric configuration. We have built walls around us. Walls that are so high that we see only the world that we have created.

We sometimes dream about what it is like on the other side. We sometimes wonder what it would be like to venture beyond the confines. But no sooner do we think this that we are called to attend to some minor duty which, by virtue of its appearance in our little world, appears to be major.

At some point in our life, a few of us decide that we are ready to finally explore what is out there. But we are suddenly faced with the reality that we do not know the way out. Or which way is up. We long for the bubbles. But there are none.

We travel in every direction and we run into walls. The walls that we once created to free ourselves . . . The walls that we once created to protect ourselves . . . Now have become our prison. Our tesseract.

This is the plight of man. To create gargantuan stone walls.
And then find a way to scale them.

What we do not realize is that our freedom does not lie beyond the walls. What we do not realize is that beyond those walls are more walls.

Our freedom lies in the realization that we have created them. And if we have created them, we can destroy them.

Here's a pick axe.

Shall we begin?

Why Does The Fish Swim?

The fish swims through rivers, through lakes, and the mighty oceans of the world. It swims at varying depths, in different temperatures, at varying altitudes.

Does it swim to go somewhere in particular?

For the fish, is swimming a form of transport, or a form of play? If you were to ask him if his swimming was a form of play, he might not know how to respond. He might not know what ‘play’ means.

Why?

Because the word ‘play’ exists only because the word ‘work’ exists. If the word ‘work’ did not exist, ‘play’ would not either.

So the fish does not separate its life along the fault lines of work and play. It swims to sustain itself and it swims to swim.

But there is no division between the two. It does not call attention to the various facets of its activities. It does not organize them according to priorities and categories.

It does not swim to get somewhere. For where can it go besides the water? It does not swim TO somewhere or FOR somewhere. It just swims.

Can human beings learn from this fish? Are we any different from it? Is ours truly a more sophisticated existence?

Who do you think is more joyful, a man or a fish?

Who do you think is more worry-free?

“So shall I just float through life?” you may ask.

What amount of peace has being horribly goal-oriented afforded you?

Perhaps we can find on this earth a particular sort of practice, or discipline, or art, or activity (I will not call it WORK), in which we feel content just to swim. A sort of activity that becomes our own personal ocean. A ocean in which we swim just to swim. An activity in which, though goals may be made, we have an inner feeling that they will take care of themselves.

Why will they take care of themselves?

Because nature submits to those whose sincerity flows
uninterrupted.

Is there truly anywhere to get to? Is life truly a race to the finish? Or is it simply an aimless play? A wide expanse of ocean available for human beings to set forth in play.

Do you believe that the fish approaches his life in this way?

The next time you see one, why not ask it?

Religion Is For The Unserious

It perfectly stands to reason as to why the masses are attracted to religion. Because the masses, by definition, are unserious.

Religion is a fraternity. It is a group. It is a social gathering.

Religion has more to do with the name of God, than with God himself.

Religion is an escape. It is an absolving of personal responsibility. It is a respite for the non-seeker.

Religion is a distraction from one's search for truth.

A true seeker has no need for religion. He has no need to be absolved of his sins. He has no need to repent.

A true seeker is in search of the truth. He is in search of meaning, if it exists.

And what sets him on his search is his utter discontent with the patterns of his life. His dissatisfaction with the roller coaster of emotion. His realization that the bulk of his life is

saturated in misery, punctuated by occasional glimpses of happiness.

He, thus, sets off on his search with religiousness. But not for religion.

Is it not odd that some of the most revered spiritual figures in history set out on a sincere search. And rather than being inspired by the search, society created a religion out of their name?

In following a religion one is beset by rituals and traditions which lead one further from his search. He is given a promise that if he does such and such, his goals will be fulfilled. Such things rarely happen.

And if they do happen, they happen as a result of the sincerity of the seeker. Not necessarily because of the rituals that he follows.

Religion is so prevalent because true seekers are so rare.

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This Is As Good As It Gets

We are all looking for the fruits of our actions.

We are waiting for that next big thing.

The culmination of a particular event that we have been
striving for.

We are forever lying in wait.

But when that event comes, it passes. And then we move on
to the next one. And eventually that passes as well. We hop
from event to event. Picking up the scraps of momentary
happiness along the way.

Shall I tell you the outcome of your life?

Shall I be truthful?

Shall I spoil the surprise?

What you are right now is all you will ever be.

What you have right now is all you will ever have.

Right this second. Look around you. Look inside you. That is it. That is all there is.

Are you happy with it? Does it bring you joy? Are you content with this? Is it enough?

If your answer is NO, it will be NO forever.

The only thing that will change between now and the end of your life is your understanding that this is all you have.

Events will come and go. One will replace the next, as seasons replace each other. You will grow older. Your possessions will become less novel. Your dreams will go on evolving.

And then you will die.

And when you die, threads will be bare. Things will be left unfinished. Some dreams will be left unfulfilled. The books will remain toppled on the shelf. The kitchen will remain half cleaned. And the lives of your neighbors and those of the rest of the people in all of society will go on as if nothing happened.

Less than a minuscule fraction of the world will even know that you have gone. And even less will know that you ever lived.

Is this okay with you?

Does it make you smile?

Do you accept it?

Do you understand?

There Is No Such Thing As A Leader



In life, in business, in world affairs, there are those who seek to follow.

There are those who seek to be followed.

And there are those who seek neither.

The man who follows lacks confidence.

The man who seeks to be followed lacks self worth.

In reality, neither is seeking the other. For each of them
seeks to fill a hole within himself.

The man who inspires through his actions, his ways of
being, is often called a leader. But he does not seek leadership.

The inspiration does not arise in the mind, but in the heart.
One gets a deep, instinctual feeling that this is indeed the way
a man should be.

I will not list this man's traits. For such things provide only
an outline. And to follow an outline is to cultivate only an
outline.

Too many books are content with superficialities.
Personality traits may betray an inner wisdom, but they are
hardly a prescription for wisdom.

Such a man is himself inspired by something deep within
himself.

It is of no consequence who takes up his cause. For he
recognizes that he himself is enough. He will bare any load.

He will travel any distance. He is a man possessed by his inspiration.

His steps are not his. His ideas are not his. Because he has given himself to his inspiration, they flow through him. Because he has surrendered to his inspiration, they are available to him.

Though many may follow him, he is not a leader. For he seeks not to lead.

If you were to ask him he might even tell you that he himself does not exist.

For him all that exists is his inspiration.

And he has surrendered himself wholly to it.

Do You Really Live?

Evelyn says,

In hearing you speak I'm struck by your fabulous commitment to the idea of truly living. You speak passionately about it and I get lost in it, as it were. But is it possible to maintain this with any manner of consistency?

Hello, Ms. Evelyn. I believe it was last December, was it not? It has certainly been a while.

In any case, let me ask you a question.

Is it possible to maintain the way you live your life?

For how long will you maintain the cycle of happiness and disappointment? Is this enjoyable for you?

You have everything you could possibly want. You live on a private island, of all things. Every conceivable need is taken care of for you. And yet there is still a sort of hollowness, isn't there?

Servants, private planes, money, and all manner of luxury

does not satisfy the human mind. It constantly seeks more. Realizing this makes it easier to divorce ourselves from the mind.

When all the things that you have no longer belong to you . . .

When all the things you want no longer entice you . . .

When all the things you expect have no meaning to you . . .

You will have made a huge leap. You will feel very different from the way you feel now.

You will begin to taste life in its virgin form.

Evelyn, life can only be tasted in its natural state. It is not made or moulded. It is not manipulated or modified.

Feel it with the rising of each breath. And there it is.

Don't adorn it or name it or direct it.

Simply experience it.

Experience what it feels like to be alive.

By alive I do not mean energetic and gleeful and animated
and happy.

Simply alive.

A part of all living things.

Just for the time being. let this be enough.

Then contact me again, and tell me how it is going.

Say hello to “the dutchess” as you like to call her. And tell
her to do the same.

I look forward to hearing back from you, Evelyn.

What Would Your Life Be Like If . . .

What would your life be like if . . .

Whether someone praised you or cursed you, you hardly noticed.

Whether your children listened to you or not it did not matter.

Whether you were promoted in your job or overlooked, you could care less.

Whatever happened between now and forever was of absolutely no concern to you.

Is such a life possible?

Can it be done?

If you believe it can be done, email me what you are going to do to make this happen.

If you stall, it will never happen.

NEVER!

It is truly now or never.

I will wait for your email until 6:03 Eastern Time.

If I don't hear from you by then, I will assume that either you believe that such a life is not possible, or that you are satisfied with the one you have.

God Is Not Who You Think He Is

Nargis writes,

***Dr. Gupta, I am ambivalent about the concept of God.
Does he truly exist? Does he not? Should I pray to him? I
would love your comments on this.***

Ambivalence is certainly called for, isn't it.

A God that you have never seen.

A God that you have never spoken to.

And yet you are told you should pray to him.

Ambivalence is certainly in order.

Whether God exists or not is cocktail party conversation. It is asked by those who wish to view things from a purely intellectual perspective.

The intellect, dear Nargis, is extremely limited. Reason can only take you so far. After a certain point it will desert you in the dunes of the desert.

Does God exist?

What if I said “yes.”

How would that change your life?

What if I said “no.”

How would that change your life?

Nargis, your life is your life. What does God have to do with it?

I am not a theist or an atheist. I refuse to belong to any group.

I will say this: There have been times in your life (I am certain of it) when you felt an otherworldly peace take over you.

There have been times in your life, when you fell madly into something. An experience. A person. A feeling.

And when you were in this otherworldly place within yourself, for those few minutes or hours or days, it mattered

NOT if anything else in the world existed.

If there is a God, perhaps this is him.

As for the question of whether he definitely exists or not?

Once you rediscover that place, the answer will not need to
be revealed.

Because the question will have no need to arise.

The Search For Happiness Leads To Misery

Man is not searching for happiness. He is running away from sadness.

He believes that happiness is the opposite of sadness. When, actually, there are only shades of difference between them.

Happiness and sadness are moods. Moods are a byproduct of thought. And thought is the very constitution of the mind.

In essence, the unenlightened man is a schizophrenic. He thinks, and he then responds to the feeling which arises from the thought.

And then matters become even more complex. He begins to have a thought about the thought. And he begins to have an opinion about the feelings. He categorizes his feelings into likes and dislikes. And he attempts to find ways to cultivate the good feelings and avoid the bad ones.

Thus begins his search for happiness.

It is at this stage where the world of self-help, positive thinking, and motivational recipes come into existence. Books are written and articles are generated outlining ways to attract the good feelings and avoid the bad ones.

Prescriptions abound. Slogans and bumper stickers and Ten ways to . . . lists flood the public consciousness.

The majority of the writings argue that since feelings come from thought, then why not think positive thoughts?

Others recommend singing a song, doing something kind, turning off your phone, taking a walk, practice smiling, taking a vacation . . .

Do such things work?

They certainly can.

Why?

Because the mind is an ephemeral element. It changes moods and preferences with every third breath.

But that is not the real question.

The real question is, *How long does the good mood or the positive feeling, last?*

The tide always returns, does it not? Cosmetic fixes will always lead to results equally cosmetic.

While that may be the real question, the most important question is this: *How satisfied are you with your current state of affairs?*

You may be a person who lives much of his life in bliss. You may have an even temperament. Your life may be relatively serene and, therefore, entirely satisfying.

You may be a person who experiences some happy moments and some sad moments, but life is not terribly bothersome. For you, a temporary fix is all you need to maintain your level of satisfaction with your daily life.

You may be a person who is searching for bliss. For a seeker such as yourself, the ultimate is the goal. And the ultimate is the state of mindlessness.

In the end, trading one aspect of mind for another takes you nowhere, for it leaves you squarely within the mind.

When one is happy, misery is not far behind. For both lie
within the mind.

Bliss is beyond emotion.

And as such, it is beyond the mind.

May I Describe For You What Your Life Really Is?

You do not have a life.

You do not own a life.

You are life itself.

As life, you exist on a planet surrounded by other forms of life. Be it a tree, a peacock, or a sparrow.

You, as life investing the form of a human being, exist in a world in which things happen. Climates change around you. Other human beings interact with you and around you.

And be it war or world peace, none of it has anything at all to do with this piece of life we call YOU.

And then something interesting happens. Something which changes the entire game.

You stop seeing yourself has a piece of life, and begin to see yourself as an “I.”

And this simple change in perception changes the entire world around you. Instead of realizing that you ARE life, you begin to look for one. You begin to compete. You begin to struggle.

And every single thing that used to happen around you, now happens TO YOU. You feel assaults from every direction. You are the victim in every sense. And thus you seek shelter. You enlist the help of others.

Something inside you then begins to react against this new idea. It tells you that while it is okay to feel upset about having been assaulted, it is also important to ignore these assaults. And the priest, the self-help guru, and the psychologist are born.

These conflicting ideas within yourself, coupled with those you receive from the psychologist, confuse you even more. And the turmoil that is outside of you pales in comparison to the one that is now inside of you.

And so you again run to seek shelter. This time from yourself.

And this is precisely where you find yourself today.

There is nowhere left to run. No shelters. No hideaways.

There is no place that this thing that you have created, this
“I”, cannot find you.

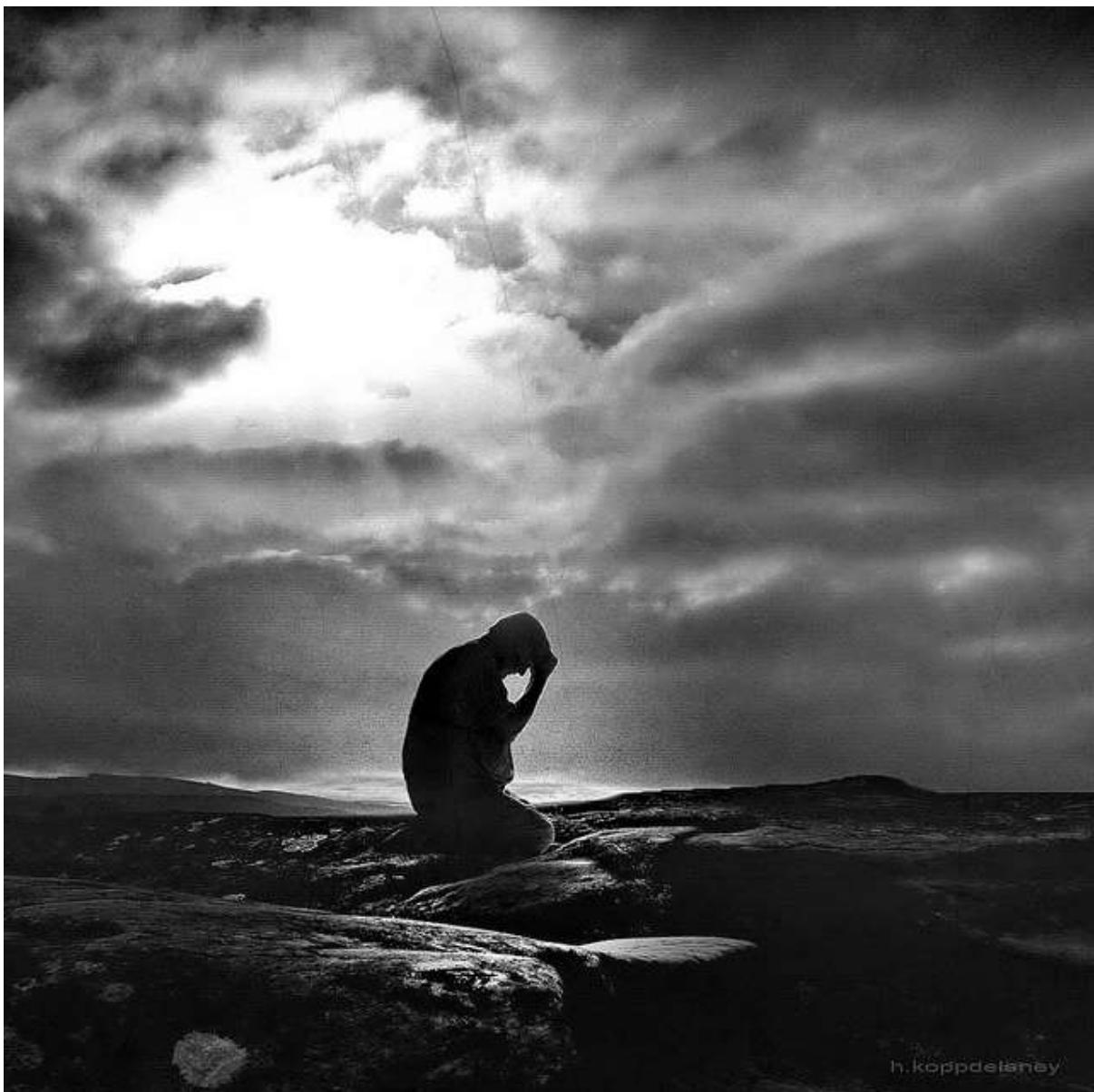
So what is left to do?

Return home.

To the place it all began.

Return once again to being nothing but a piece of life.

You Create Problems To Justify Your Existence



You have no problems. You have never really had them.

But you created them out of thin air. You created them to support your existence. They are a scaffolding upon which

rests the structure of your well-groomed life.

You say that you want to get rid of your problems. But you would not dare do so. You may thank the man who selectively picks away a few of your problems. But you will fight to the death against the man who attempts to take away all of them.

Your problems have become your companions. They are your pet rocks. You groom them and nurture them and secretly you hope that they will never leave you. For they have become a part of you. And you need them as beacons to keep you fixed to the same path you have walked for dozens of years.

Then why do you ask to be rid of your problems?

You may say that you want this, but this is the last thing that you want. In truth, you want to keep your problems just the way they are, but you seek a dose of joy to keep you going. Just a touch to keep the edge off.

For if someone truly took away your problems, you would go mad. You would not know how to function. You would be shaken from your conditioned existence. You would roam aimless in the street.

Your entire life would fall apart.

With nothing to guide you, with no railroad tracks to follow, the world would explode into a sea of choices and possibilities. What would you do then? How would you choose? Where would you find the YOU that you have always known?

The YOU that you hate and love. The YOU that smiles on the outside but cries on the inside. The YOU that is broken and bandaged and vulnerable in all the familiar spots.

What a frightening existence this would be.

You wouldn't dare go there. Not in a hundred million years.

Would you?

What Do You Think Of The Buddha?



Anong writes,

Dr. Gupta, I am from Thailand. I have been reading your writings for almost two years. I have introduced it to my Sangha and we read and discuss your discourses fairly regularly because, like you, we are interested in understanding our lives. My country is mainly Buddhist. And I wanted to ask you what you think of the Buddha and Buddhism?

Thank you for the kind words.

Anong, Siddhartha Gautama (The Buddha) is the most inspirational man I have ever come across. No man in the history of humankind has touched me more deeply than this man.

But the thing that I gained most from him are not his teachings. The thing that struck me most about him is the very thing that no one ever speaks of: His Realization.

When I say this, the first thing that will come to your mind is the Realization of his true nature. His realization of his Enlightenment.

This is NOT what I am speaking of.

The Realization that I am speaking of is not the one he attained from his quest. But the one that set him on it.

It was the realization that he was going to become old, get sick, and die.

This was not some head-filled knowledge. For if it was, he would have never embarked upon his quest.

Why?

Because the impetus would not have been strong enough. Curiosity or common knowledge has not the power to set someone on such an arduous path.

This was a visceral realization that shook his heart. A realization he felt in his bones. A realization that changed his entire life the moment he realized it.

Mind you, he was not a great, moral, and benevolent human being for embarking upon this quest. He was, as human beings go, common. Though he was a prince, he was still a common human being.

And this one realization set him on a path that would be INEVITABLE for any human being.

The reason that there are not many Buddhas is NOT because of silly little stories about miracles not happening at the time of their birth.

The reason that there are not many Buddhas is because there are not many human beings who have realized that they are, IN FACT, going to grow old, get sick, and die.

Certainly, they know it in their HEAD. But such knowledge isn't worth a scrap. It has no power. It is the classic trivial-

pursuit-sort of knowledge. Cocktail party knowledge. Useless knowledge.

Realizations change people. Knowledge simply allows them to chat.

As for Buddhism, I think it misses the point.

I will firstly confess that no man is more eager than I to learn from Tibetan ascetics about the nature of the mind. And such highly evolved human beings are not pillars of religion. They are much more. Much greater.

I also acknowledge the peacefulness of the Rinpoches and the monks that inhabit lands around the world.

But I am not interested in peace or rituals or customs or even knowledge. And I don't believe The Buddha was either.

I think Buddhism is more about the -ism than it is about The Buddha.

Siddhartha Gautama's quest was entirely personal. And selfish. And so it must be. For I do not accept the idea of altruism. It is a myth. For unless one first helps himself, he is in no position to help another.

Siddhartha Gautama serves as an inspirational possibility for what a human being can become.

And as is so often the case, instead of becoming the possibility itself, man took the easy way out and created a religion in his name.

He had no need for religion. His quest was not religious at all. His goal was not to create disciples or temples or sects or religions.

His goal was to escape the endless cycle of birth and death known as Samsara.

To become a Buddha is difficult.

To create a BuddhISM is easy.

Anong, why create a middle man?

Why don't you drop the -ism and become A Buddha?

Misery Is Your Only Hope



You have spent your entire life looking for happiness.

It has informed everything that you do. The books you have read, the places you have visited, the churches you have frequented, the gods you have worshiped.

After all this time, after so many long years, you find yourself still looking. And the reason that you continue to look is because along the way, you have known moments of happiness. You have experienced glimpses of joy.

And you have developed a taste for these. And thus you devote the sum of your daily existence for this little taste on the tip of your tongue.

Have you figured it out yet?

Do you not see the trick?

Do you not see the wheel upon which you run?

Have you not seen the strings behind the curtain?

These moments of happiness are not glimpses of what can be. They are bait to keep you running. They are your worst enemy. They are the chains that will forever bind you.

If happiness is your enemy then what is your friend?

Misery.

You will say that you have tasted misery and it has not been a friend to you. But that is because it has alternated with happiness. It is a grand master plan created by the mind.

Moments of misery tempered by moments of happiness is an ingenious way to keep you bound. You will run this race

forever. But you will be running on a wheel.

Is there any way to escape it all? Is there a way to complete freedom? What is the way to bliss?

Misery.

But not in small doses. Gallons of it. The worst sort of depression. Failure at every turn. Complete hopelessness. Sorrow. Disappointment. In every hour that you are awake and in every one that you dream.

A cloud of misery all around you.

It is only in this way that you will seek a way out. It is only in this way that you will stop searching for happiness. It is only in this way that you will understand that happiness is simply the sister of misery.

And when you are lost in a life of misery, you will begin to climb out. You will search the corners of the earth for a solution. There will be no greater priority in your life. For you will be drowning, and something inside you will flail and toss in order to survive.

When your very life depends upon it, you will find the way.

And when you do, you will have wondered how you could have lived all those years the way you did.

You will roam the earth as a free human being. You will skip and dance through life. For what can possibly affect a human being who is free?

You will become a child among adults. And it will all have been because of misery.

May you be miserable, my friend.

May it never leave you until you can take it no longer.

May it stir within you the requisite inferno of desire to set off in search of freedom instead of happiness.

And the next time you communicate with me, may you do so as a free human being.

And when I see this I will smile. For I will see the freedom in the nature of your words. And the script in which they are written.

What Will Lead Me To The Truth?



Justin Writes,

What is at least one thing that you would recommend I commit to doing every day that has the most potential to lead me to the TRUTH?

Justin, I will address your concern but I will not package it as a prescription. For if I do you will place it inside your medicine cabinet along with all of the other prescriptions you have been given in your life.

My way is different from what you are accustomed to.
Rather than give you THE WAY, I explore with you the nature
of your predicament. Until your world becomes so clear to
you that the way reveals itself to you.

If I give you the way, you will spend your life deliberating
as to whether or not to follow it. If the way reveals itself to
you, it will swipe you off your feet.

What will lead you to truth?

Understanding that the life you are living is completely
false.

Why is it false?

Because there is someone there living it.

Justin, as long as you and life are two separate things . . .

As long as there is YOU on the one hand and LIFE on the
other . . .

Yours will be an endless search.

You have created this character called YOU and you spend

your days creating a life for him. You wish to grant him success and beautify him with accessories and surround him with love.

And in asking the question that you have asked you are not asking about you. You are asking about the YOU you have created.

But he does not exist. He has never existed. He is a ghost.

Do you want the shortcut to Truth? Are you interested in the wormhole that will propel you into the world of instant enlightenment? Do you want instant bliss?

Find a quiet corner of your house and sit before a mirror. Look at the person you see in the mirror and tell him that you must let him go. Tell him it will be difficult but you cannot sustain him any longer. Thank him for the good times.

And say goodbye.

The Song You Were Meant To Sing



Lima writes,

Dear Dr. Gupta, I was once a famous singer. I was well-known in my country. But I developed bad arthritis and had trouble making it to my shows. My arthritis was premature. I was only 22 when it came to me. I was not able to do shows for 6 years. I was given treatment for several years and since then my condition has very much improved. But it seems the world has passed me by. In only 6 years. It seems that the latest young talent is what the industry is after. And I would not even mind if it was high quality. But, forgive me, it is

not. I have given my life to my craft. But it seems difficult to regain success like I once had. I would love your thoughts.

Lima, your story is most touching.

You should not be surprised that quality is lacking in your industry or in any industry. Quality is passe. It is old school. The society in which we live, regardless of the nation or the culture, is a society that crumbles under the weight of its insignificance. Art, science, spirituality, education, media . . . It all caters to the lowest common denominator. And quality is not part of the equation.

For me, the question that arises from reading your story is not how they will rediscover you. But if you will rediscover your craft.

Lima, sometimes the voice that is discovered is the one that sings only for itself.

Forget success for the time being. Why not find your rhythm again?

Not the rhythm of the music. But the rhythm of your life when you were first finding your way.

Remember those days, Lima? Weren't they beautiful?
Those auditions and failures and long walks on dark
streets . . .

Return to that beautiful struggle. And find your way all
over again.

Because the voice that THEY heard was of a different tone
than it is now. It carried a longing to it. There was an
innocence and wildness to it. No hope of discovery. No fear of
obscurity.

Tomorrow night, Lima, find an old abandoned building in a
busy part of town. Climb the stairs and make your way onto
the roof. Set up your microphone and your speakers. And sing
under the stars.

To hell with the studios!

Take your music to the lonely souls on the street. And the
stars they walk beneath.

Give your music to the world. Without anything in return.

The deeper you sink into yourself, Lima, the louder they
will hear you.

And when you have finished your song look at the people below you. And take a bow.

Be there zero or be there one hundred. You hold your bow as if you were the nightingale of the earth. And you hold this pose until you feel that you can once again lift your head high.

Then take your microphone and your speakers back into the stairwell. And sit on the floor and allow the tears to flow.

And flow they will.

They will flow because your songs will have returned home. You will have discovered the person who once believed that the song meant more than the singer.

And in this second wind of your career, you will discover the song you were meant to sing.

The Executive For Whom Success Was Not Enough



This was an executive with a high post in the financial sector. He contacted me due to an overall unease with his life. He wanted me to help him achieve bliss. He said that if bliss meant more than happiness, then this is what he wanted.

This was somewhat of an unusual request. Many of the corporate types do, in fact, suffer horribly stressful lives with

little peace. However, they typically contact me in search of greater success. This gentleman had all the success he wanted, but he found that it wasn't giving him the sort of personal satisfaction that he thought it would.

We spent several hours on the telephone over a period of a few months.

I began to dissect things with him. He did most of the talking, as is virtually always the case with clients. And I spent my time listening to the words that were spoken and the meanings that were not. I listened to what he freely revealed and I waited for what I hoped he would eventually reveal.

There is something I have learned in working with human beings. They reveal information in a hierarchical fashion. The information that they reveal first is the information that is most obvious. And depending upon how I respond, they filter and modify the release of the most critical information in accordance with their level of trust.

So I listened as he played this ever so subtle game. He did not do it intentionally. In essence, this game is an outward manifestation of his inner conflict with his mind. He wishes to reveal the information but his mind wishes to keep it a secret. And this internal conflict continues for some time and to

varying degrees depending upon the individual and the nature of his situation.

So I mostly listened and occasionally spoke. This went on for about five weeks.

And in that fifth week, at about 9:30 pm, he said something that put a smile on my face.

He said, “To tell you the truth, doc, I feel like my success is choking me.”

This was new. We had suddenly broken new ground. We had forged a new path.

“How?” I asked him.

He said, “It’s sort of put me in this ‘Success Box’ and I don’t feel comfortable there. Wherever I go, I’m not seen as myself. I’m not seen as a human being. I’m seen as a success.

Sometimes I hate my success, because I feel like I’m much more than that. When everyone looks at me, they see success.

No one ever sees ME.”

We were getting close, but he was still holding out on me. His mind was not yet ready to let him reveal the one truth.

Either because he did not realize it, or because he simply wasn't ready to reveal it.

So I probed him on the matter. Ever so delicately.

And at the end of the 8th week, he finally said it. "Doc," he said. "I think maybe it's time I let go of this image of myself."

He finally realized that it was not EVERYONE ELSE that had put him in the 'success box.' It was HIM. This was the identity that he carried around. And while it served him well in his professional life, it was smothering him in his personal life.

He was so completely subordinate to this image of himself that he could not pry himself free of it.

Why?

Because if he was not "a success" then who would he be? That was too frightening a question to entertain. So he clinged to this image.

The greatest thing that he learned was that if he replaced this image of himself with another image, he would eventually become a slave to that image.

And, thus, the only way out was to be free of all images. In being free of his images he could be free to explore his native, unconditioned self.

I received a call from him a few months later.

He said that he hadn't felt this sort of freedom since he was fourteen years old.

Transformation Happens In An Instant



I don't believe in time.

With every single client I work with, I work quick. I work NOW. And I push them and drag them and prod them toward the finish line.

Quick!

You want to live in bliss. You want to make great work. You want to achieve success. You want to be a better parent. You want to be a better husband. You want to make your

dreams come true.

You've been told that *it's a process*. You've been told *it takes time*. You've been told Rome *wasn't built in a day*.

If Rome wasn't built in a day that's only because the goal wasn't to build it in a day!

Let me ask you a question.

How much time have you already spent trying?

How many years, how many decades have you spent in the process?

Has it worked?

Has it?

You love the word *process*. You adore the concept of *time*.

What blissful luxuries, are they not?

What fantastic walls they make to hide behind. How convenient they are. How comfortable they make you feel. It feels wonderful to forever avoid today in exchange for that

abstract thing called tomorrow.

Time is not on your side. It isn't on anyone's side. It just rolls. And believe you me, it rolls quick!

Of all the people who have died in the last 365 days, how many do you think were waiting for their *process* to be completed? How many of them actually completed it? Take a guess.

You're not alone. The world is with you. They are procrastinating just like you. They are also waiting for that one glorious moment to act.

When the coast is clear. And the conditions are perfect. They will reveal their creativity to the world. They will finally complete the transformation they have been thinking about for 35 years.

Though it may be sunny when you are ready to reveal yourself, it will rain soon after. This much I guarantee you.

What will you do then?

Will you retreat and wait for another sunny day?

In the meantime, while the seasons change you will remain just as you are. You will remain a living, breathing promise. And all you will have to show for yourself will be a pound of words and a satchel of well-rehearsed excuses.

If things take time . . .

If there is such a thing as a process . . .

It begins in the middle of the journey. Not at the beginning of it.

The beginning is all about self-destruction. Self-annihilation. Overwhelming vulnerability. And tingling fear.

Enough with the trite aphorisms. And the age-old bumper stickers.

No more excuses.

I could care less about what the coast looks like. And I have no respect for time. Or the stage of your life. Or your unpreparedness. Or your six thousand questions. Or your backup plan. Or all the ingenious excuses.

Listen to me!

Unless you are willing to get up right this minute, pull the door off its hinges and stand naked in the pouring rain, you are doomed to live another decade just as you are!

When you can stand in public and scream your manifesto at the top of your lungs . . .

When you are willing to be smacked with ripe tomatoes . . .

When you are willing to swim against the current of the thoughts that have held you back . . .

When you are willing to be ridiculed and mocked and cursed and humiliated . .

When the pain of vulnerability is no longer a match for the agony of the status quo . . .

You will not only be ready . . .

You will act.

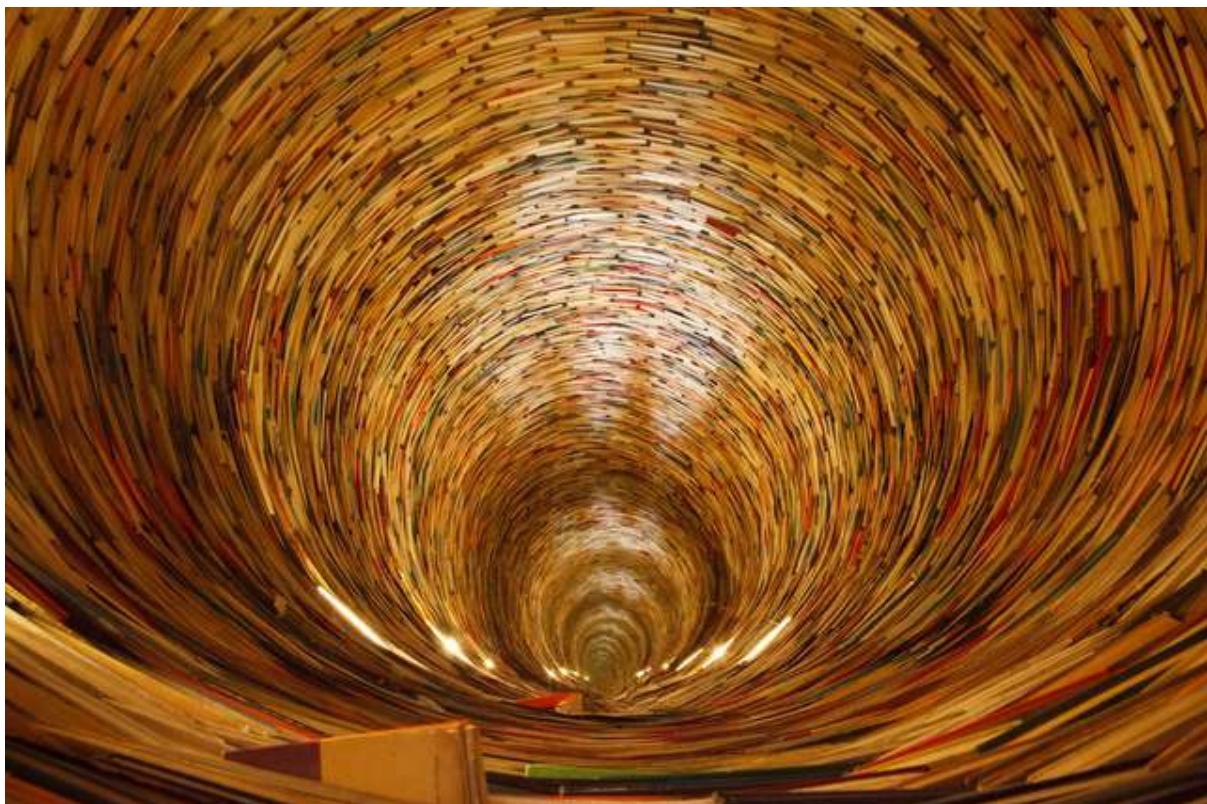
And you will act that very day.

You will feel it. And it will feel you.

The day that you have been waiting for will finally have arrived.

And transformation will be waiting just for you. With arms wide open.

Is Tomorrow Truly A New Day?



It has been said for centuries. It has echoed in the ears of generations.

Is it true for you? Do you believe it?

Not as some esoteric theory. But in hard practicality.

Will Tomorrow Be Unlike Any Other Day You Have Known?

Or will it be just like today?

You will awake in the same bed. In the same house. You will drive the same car. On the same route. Passing by the same houses. You will arrive at the same job. And see the same people. You will do the same work. For the same boss. You will go to lunch at the same time. For the same period of time. You will leave work at the same time. Drive the same car. Back along the same route. To the same house. You will see your same spouse. And your same children. You will say the same things. In the same tone. You will fight about the same problems. And make the same apologies. And go to sleep once again. In the same bed.

This is called Your Life.

And it will repeat itself. In the same way.

Days to months to years to decades. And then one day, when you least expect it, you will die.

This will be called Your Death.

Anything I missed?

This World Is Not Your Home



You have become too comfortable, dear one.

Your entire life, your dreams, your hopes, and your magnificent expectations all reside within the width of a single breath. Take away the breath, and both you and they will vanish.

You have hired great architects. You have consulted with great contractors to build your house. Just as you want it. With bedrooms just thus. And the floorplan just perfect.

But have you seen the foundation upon which this house is built? Though the ground may look solid it is not ground but earth. Earth which shifts and moves and collides with terrestrial plates. Though the surface may look serene, within its core is a molten and cataclysmic violence that you do not see. A force that created the mighty Himalayas.

Do you believe that your house will withstand this?

You have become so comfortable in your little fabricated society. You have decided on a patch of earth, and claimed it as your own. You have planted your private garden and decorated your porch.

You have joined your local church. You have chosen your political candidate. You have decided upon your favorite news channel.

How comfortable you have become.

Your church worships only the image of God. It knows him not.

Your politicians offer words in exchange for a vote. They are glorified loudspeakers. They are not human beings.

Your news channel does not report the news. It creates it.
And you consume the stories it tells you.

Your society of artificial flowers houses your artificial existence. It names the tune and you dance to its every one.

When will you understand that the street upon which you live is only a decorated existence?

When will you understand that the house in which you live will one day fall? For it is no match for the earth upon which it stands.

When will you understand that that which lives today will die tomorrow?

You have made this hotel your home. And you have become a part of the furniture. You have fallen for the grand illusion that your society has created.

Is there anything here for you?

Examine the way you feel on a given day. You feel the longing to belong. And this is what your society and its politicians and its religions exploit. Your need to be part of a group.

But why does a glorious individual such as you need to belong to anything? Why must you join a group? Why must you become a cog in any wheel? Why must you raise your placard in support? Or your flag in protest?

What is there to support, other than than your need to discover who you truly are?

Have you not created enough identities? Do you need still to create more?

They are suffocating you. They require you to create a different face for each of them. And in creating so many faces, you have forgotten your very own.

By nestling into this society you have forgotten your home.

Ride down main street. Acknowledge the creativity of human beings who have manufactured such a convincing illusion. Acknowledge the figures in the windows. And the paintings on the wall.

But understand that you are simply passing through. Your home is somewhere far away. And the life that you created here was simply a play in the sandbox. A drama on a stage.

The play is over. The drama has ended. And now you must return. To your home in the stars. Where no life need be created. Where no society need be joined.

It is the home that you have always longed for. It is the one you yearn for still. You have always felt it calling you. It waits for you still.

Come, let's pack your bags. And settle your affairs. Shake the politician's hand. And bow one final time at the altar.

Wave goodbye to your friends. And thank your boss.

For it is now time to return.

To the home you have never known.

To the one that has always known you.

Come, Come Let's Have A Talk



Are you comfortable? Stack three pillows behind you. Put up your feet. And spread a blanket over your legs. It's a bit cold.

Let me begin by saying, I Know. I know that things aren't perfect. I understand they're not as you would like them to be. I know what's been happening at work. I know the problems at home.

I know you're wondering when things are going to get better. I know you're wondering when life is going to make things go YOUR WAY for once.

Will things go your way? Will things get better?

Have you ever seen a jungle? If you look through the tree canopy you see glorious shards of celestial light. If you look on the ground you see rotting wood and armies of ants. Some areas are clear and pristine. While others are disheveled.

If you look in one area or another, it looks either ugly or beautiful. But when you look at it as a whole. When you look at it as a unit. You never find yourself saying that this is a beautiful jungle or an ugly jungle. You never protest against the piles of fallen leaves. In fact, if someone raised the idea of cleaning them up, you wouldn't feel quite right about it.

Why?

Because it's the jungle. This is just the way a jungle is. To clean it is to spoil it.

It's the same with you. And it's the same with your life. Some parts of you are beautiful and generous. Other parts of you are downright ugly. Some parts of your life are joyful and

fortunate. Other parts are cumbersome and painful.

Now, I won't tell you to accept it. Nor will I tell you to clean it.

If there are some parts of you that are so ugly that you just can't accept that part of you, then clean it.

Please don't ask me how. As soon as you ask me how, you and I both know you are not serious about cleaning it.

Whatever how I give you will have a shelf life. And then you will return to me for How Part II.

If your hair was on fire would you call me and ask me How to put the fire out? You would certainly put it out.

How?

BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY! That's How!

How is not a question. It's a cop out. I could give you a box full of How's for every problem in your life. And once you had them, you would put the box in the closet and vow to get to it some day.

I suppose what I'm saying is that you will be the most

joyful when you are on a journey of some sort. When your day has a path cut through the center of it, you feel alive. It doesn't matter what the path is. As long as it is of your own making.

It may be the path to a new career. It may be a path to changing your behavior. It may be a path to searching for a new path.

When you are on this path, you quite literally live a brand new sort of day. And you live as a different person. You are charged. You are conscious of your actions. You are on the lookout for that thing you are on the path to clean up. You are alive.

I won't talk about eventually. I don't make promises. For if I do you will look into the horizon for the promise to come and in doing so you will miss the path that is at your feet.

I'm not going to tell you where your path will lead. Even if I knew it would defeat the purpose to tell you. It's the walking of the path that gives you life. The arriving pales in comparison.

Let's stop here.

So that you can begin.

Your path begins in the morning.

Yes, tomorrow morning.

Tell me.

What will it be?

Dr. Gupta travels the world working with True Seekers. His clientele consists of professional athletes, executives, and celebrities. He helps them become The God Of Their Own Life.

Religion Has Nothing To Do With God



Religion is the act of gossiping about god.

Religion is founded upon only the idea of god.

May I tell you a story?

There was once a great parade. First came Jesus on a chariot. And millions celebrated and followed after him.

Then came Krishna on his chariot and millions celebrated and followed him.

Then came Buddha on his chariot and millions celebrated
and followed him.

And after all of the chariots had moved on and all of the
masses had moved on behind them, one man noticed a little
unadorned man riding a donkey.

The man went to him and said, these great figures and
leaders are riding chariots and millions are following them.
You are riding a donkey and no one is following you.

Who are you, sir?

The old man smiled and said, I am God.

Life Is The Greatest Absurdity



We attempt to make meaning out of it.

We attempt to shape it into significance.

We attempt to adorn it with ideals.

We attempt to look into it and find ourselves.

We are all such fools. Yet we think we are wonderfully

intelligent. We marvel at our cleverness. We believe we understand life.

We do not.

Life has never had any meaning. The meaning that one finds in life is the meaning he ascribes to it.

Life is simply a joke. An absurdity. A non-linear, haphazard, and unpredictable trail that is fertile for the imagination of hallucinatory human beings.

Life is a Rorschach. You can see in it whatever you wish.

It is a mirage. It is always tempting to see some glimmering landscape on the horizon.

If you deconstruct life. If you break apart all of the pieces and look at it, bit by bit, you realize that it is not what you thought it was. Instead of pages of prophecy and significance and biography, you find the intelligible gibberish of an infant tapping on the keys of a typewriter.

You've been chasing a ghost, my friend. When things were going well, life had no intention of treating you right. And when things were sour it had no intention of treating you ill.

The events that surround us just surround us.

There is no grand plan. And there never was one.

There is just an open field upon which to play.

By all means, build your house. But understand that it will
be a house of cards.

By all means, make your mark. But understand that
someone will one day erase it.

By all means, change the world. But understand that after
you die, it will change back.

I am not a pessimist. Nor am I an optimist. I do not
subscribe to either.

I am a seeker. My way is the way of truth. In any form in
which I can find it. I will tell you firmly that that which I
know pales in comparison to that which I do not.

But this much I know: Life is not what you think it is.

What is life?

Life is the leaf that falls and tumbles onto a bed of leaves.

Life is the dog that barks in the distance.

Life is a breeze which blows through your hair.

Life is the very thing that you ignore every day.

Life is the most insignificant event of the hour.

Life is not a series of events. Rather it is the substrate in which the events take place.

We have a habit of looking at life in a certain way. We have a habit of looking at it in a good or bad light depending upon the nature of the events that we experience. But events do not color life any more than smoke colors the sky.

Perhaps the greatest realization that we can have is that we are free to do whatever we wish. But in order to remain in this freedom, we must discard the notion of significance.

My friend, there was a day that you were not here. And there will soon be a day when you are no longer here. And once you realize this, you will understand that all there is left to do is play.

Play with your work. Play with your kids. Play with your wife. Play with your surroundings. Play with your happiness. Play with your sorrows. Play with all of those things that you consider to be your miseries and misfortunes.

There is no linear path. There is no destination on the horizon. If you wish to create one, play with that as well.

If you attempt to Make A Life, you will miss it.

If you attempt to Create Significance, you will lose your freedom.

And if you lose your freedom, what life is there left to live?

The Stillness Of Trees



I often look at trees. Some of the greatest ones I've seen are the grand Sequoias in the Pacific Northwest. But equally impressive are the ones in my backyard. And the ones that line the wayward country roads.

It is not necessarily their age. Or their flowering. Or their size.

It is their beautiful tendency to remain perfectly still. When

a breeze tickles them, they slightly sway. And when it is quiet, they are as still as an image in a photograph.

They are intensely alive, these trees. They breathe and they feel, as we do. And I've often wondered why it is that they are so still. And what lesson I can learn from them.

As the sun rises above them, they are still. As the cold hardens their bark, they are still. Throughout the unspeakable darkness of night, they are still. And as the heavens drench them with rain, they are still.

What do they know that perhaps I do not?

What have they learned that I have yet to learn?

They have stood witness to wars. They have watched men die at their feet. They have acquiesced to the mischief of curious children. And supported the traveler in need of a rest.

Birds cover them in nests. Insects live in their trunks. Snakes rest on their branches. And squirrels race across their backs.

Yet they remain still.

They behave as if they were made to become a part of the landscape. They treat their life as it were not their own. They exist as if existing were the greatest form of activity.

I have always loved the idea of stillness. I practice it regularly. But when I see trees, it shows me just how much I have to learn. For I have yet to master this art that they have spent centuries perfecting.

I often ask my children to look at trees. We stop the car, pull to the side of the road and just . . . watch.

Just looking at a tree makes one still.

Even as I sit here now. My fingers type and my hands are pliant. But the rest of me sits and watches. For I am moved by these great giants.

They provide a profound sense of motivation.

For what reason do we have to be so bothered by our petty little lives. When these trees have been subject to all manner of abuse and disharmony. And their one single response to it all is simply to remain still.

What a beautiful lesson this is for all humanity.

Regardless of the circumstance. No matter the emotion. Be still.

Through this stillness we will feel what needs to be felt.

Through this stillness we catch a glimpse of all creation.

The trees must have caught this glimpse.

Perhaps this is why they are still.

Create Your Masterpiece And Set The World On Fire



It bothers me that some of my contemporaries are in a better position than me because they belong to a more elite educational institution. I truly feel the hunger and the drive. And I have a feeling that I am better than a lot of them. But society values the prestige of the institution. The worst part is, that it becomes my self concept. How can I become the best despite all this?

Whether it is because of the name of the institution, the “prestige” of the career, or the perceptual value that society

places on it, such things are an integral part of modern man.

The quicker that you begin to completely discount the views of society, the more you will be able to focus on what's truly relevant. It is a wonder to me that anyone pays any attention at all to society. Modern society and all its views are a complete sideshow. When you're down and in need of a laugh, take a walk outside and have a look at what society applauds and values. And have a wonderful laugh at it.

As for being better than people who are more successful than you . . .

This is common all over the world. The people at the top of any profession are not always there because they are the most talented or the most skillful. In any field, there are undoubtedly many people who are far more skillful than the ones at the top. People that no one will ever hear about.

The reason that they are at the top, despite not always being the most skillful, is because they have made it a priority to be at the top. Getting to the top, independent of skill, is actually a skill in itself.

In your particular situation, those that played the game (the “institution” game) satisfied the necessary criteria to rise to

the top of THAT PARTICULAR GAME. It has nothing at all to do with intelligence.

In my opinion, being good in school has NOTHING to do with true intelligence. School, in fact, has NOTHING to do with education. Like religion has NOTHING to do with God.

Being good at school just gets you MORE SCHOOL. People don't truly succeed Because of school. They succeed DESPITE school. School is a glorified day care. A convenience for working parents. A breeding ground for mediocrity.

Can school get you a job?

It might. But do you really want to work for the type of employer who hires someone because of their school transcript?

And speaking of jobs . . .

If all you want is a JOB, you're truly scraping the bottom of the barrel of your human potential.

If all you want is a JOB, you deserve to go to school.

If all you want is a JOB, there's no greater dignity in IT than grabbing a begging bowl and sitting on the side of the road.

Certainly, working in some job may keep you from LOOKING LIKE a beggar. But it won't keep you from BEING ONE.

If you want to play the Institution game, play it. If you think the game is silly, call it silly and play a different game.

But whatever game you play, it will put your mind at ease knowing that the people at the top of the Institution game are the ones who decided to play and win at that game. That's all.

So why would you compare yourself to them unless you are playing that same game? The soccer player doesn't compare himself to the basketball player.

You must now discover which game you wish to play. And whatever game you choose, you must understand that Skill and Talent are only the ENTRY FEES. The real game begins in your strategy for rising to the top.

When you get to THAT GAME, send me an email.

For that's when the real fun will start.

**Human beings were not meant to be WORKERS. They
were meant to be CREATORS.**

Create your masterpiece and set the world on fire.

And do it right in front of the gates of the Institution that
says you can't!

What Stands Between Man And Eternal Bliss



I will not keep you in suspense. For that is not my way.

What is that One Thing?

The lack of realization that YOU ARE GOING TO DIE.

Not some theoretical understanding. Not some far off possibility. Not some eventuality.

The HEARTFELT realization that stabs a man square in the heart . . .

The grip of fear that ensnares his entire waking moment . . .

The image that fills the entire screen of his mind . . .

When he FINALLY, FINALLY realizes that he is going to
DIE!

Until we learn this, life is an endless stream of events. Until
we learn this, we will live within the illusion of an Abundance
Of Time.

And that which is in abundance is never valued.

Nature should be more kind to man. It should have man
experience a near-death experience at least once a month. Just
to remind him that His Time Is Running Out.

To remind him that this paper existence that he lives is
about to Whither.

To remind him NOT to get too comfortable.

To remind him not to take his life seriously, for it is only on
Lease.

To remind him that every “grand achievement” and every bit of respectability and every drop of his so-called reputation is Going To Fall As Common Dust.

It is said that Alexander The Great once met an Indian sage who asked him,

“Alexander, what if you were walking in the desert, dying of thirst, and I had a bottle of water? What would you be prepared to give me for that bottle of water?”

To which Alexander replied, “I would be willing to give half my kingdom for that bottle of water.”

The Indian sage said, “What if that deal was not acceptable to me?”

Alexander said, “Then I would be willing to give you my entire kingdom.”

To which the Indian sage replied, “You are a very silly man. Devoting your entire life and effort in waging wars and conquering lands. All for a bottle of water?”

We are all even more silly than Alexander. For at least Alexander had a life-and-death excuse for craving the bottle

of water.

We have refrigerators full of water, yet we waste our lives seeking an extra drop. JUST BECAUSE . . .

Why do we do this?

Because our situation is not as clear to us as it was for Alexander. Alexander knew precisely what he craved. He knew EXACTLY what he was thirsty for.

The sage's question had defined the problem so perfectly for him, that the solution became clear.

Our problem is that although we thirst, we don't know what exactly we are thirsting for!

As a result, we wander through life grasping at shiny and colorful things hoping to quench our thirst. But the things we find never do the job.

The paths that we walk are circular rather than linear. And as a result, we go nowhere.

The elixirs we drink are filled with salt. And thus we remain thirsty.

The dreams we have do often materialize, but then they
only lead to more dreams.

We cry in the quiet of our room. Wondering how to escape
from our plight. And the more we attempt to escape from it,
the more ensnared we become by it.

The lonely and thirsty wanderer in the desert is in a far
more enviable situation, is he not?

His life is simple. He has only one need. And once he gets
it, he is content.

But may that man never leave the desert. Though he may
not realize it, the bare open expanse of desert is his only
salvation.

Why?

Because if he leaves the wilds of the desert for the paved
roads of civilized life, his life will become immediately more
complex. Where he once had only one need, he will now have
many.

Where he once thirsted only for water, he will now thirst

for everything under creation. And in doing so, he will become a far more pitiful creature than he ever was in the desert.

Life made a mistake with human beings. It overestimated our ability to see The Truth.

The truth is that we are only here for a short while. Yet the calendar on the walls displays days from here until eternity.

The watch winds up instead of down. This is complete deception, is it not?

The only worthwhile watch in the world is NOT the one which counts UP, but the one which counts DOWN.

NOT the watch which tells you what time IT IS. But the watch which tells you how much time you HAVE LEFT.

To know the very day that you are going to die. And to have a watch which tells you how much time remains in your life.
THAT is a life-changing watch.

Unless we have a watch like this . . .

Unless we have a multitude of near-death experiences . . .

Unless we VISCERALLY come face to face with our own
demise . . .

We will never know death.

And if we never have the luxury of knowing death, we will
forever suffer the misery of not having lived.

Your Inner Child Is Never Lost



I was speaking with one of my professional athletes during an intense session in which we were attempting to uncover the seeds of his disappointments with his life.

During a particularly sensitive moment during the session the air was thick with an awkward silence. He put his hands on his knees and looked at the floor. And he said, “Doc, I never felt like I had a childhood.”

I understood immediately what he meant. This is an issue that I have come across in my own life, raising two boys who

are completely immersed in efforts toward being professional golfers.

It happens with professional athletes, actors, musicians, and all manner of talented artists.

The problem is clear. But what is the solution?

The solution is to explore with greater detail the TRUTH behind this issue.

I told this athlete, Your childhood may be gone. But your inner child sits waiting for you.

To which he replied, “What do you mean?”

When an individual experiences a loss of childhood, the word “childhood” is a euphemism for something much more fundamental and beautiful.

“Childhood” is a euphemism for:

Freedom.

Wild Abandon.

Exploration.

Mystery.

Wonder.

Bliss.

What the person is saying is that they were never allowed to experience this NECTAR of childhood. For they were always in the position of STRATEGIZING and STRIVING for career success.

They were made to assume and prioritize the aspirations of adults, rather than the amorphous and playful nature of childhood.

I will provide for you a taste of the conversation that ensued.

I told my athlete, “Not only did you lose your childhood years ago. You continue to lose it everyday of your life.”

“How so, Doc?”

“You continue to turn your back on that which children

hold dear. Though you are a professional athlete, freedom and play are nowhere to be found.”

“I play in tournaments every week, Doc!”

“You COMPETE in tournaments every week, my friend. You don’t PLAY in them. I haven’t seen you PLAY in months.”

“So tell me how to play,” he said.

“My point exactly. Would a child ever ask someone ‘HOW TO PLAY’?

He sat quiet for a moment.

I continued, “For as long as you subscribe to the ideals of Achievement and Awards and Competition, you will forever live imprisoned by them. I understand that your advisors and your coaches have held you close to these ideals. But they are strangling you. For these are the ideals of ADULTS. They are not the IDEALS of children.”

He replied, “But how will I progress in my career without these ideals?”

“My dear friend, how will you progress WITH THEM?”

“Okay, I’m listening. Tell me more,” he said.

“Do you know why children have so much energy?” I asked.

“No.”

“Because they are not burdened by such ideals. They are not WEIGHED DOWN by NEEDS for progress and success and accolades. To them it is ALL PLAY. Life is PLAY. Games are PLAY. Play, play, play. Come what may. And because they are not burdened by THOUGHT, they have an enormous amount of energy available to them.”

“I never thought of it that way,” he said.

“Your inner child has been waiting for you for decades. You will experience him when you play. When you throw your life to wild abandon. When you allow your talent FREE REIGN. Without attempting to manipulate and control it. **And an athlete or an artist who allows his talent FREE REIGN will achieve all the glories and accolades of the world, without the psychological burdens.**”

To all athletes and artists, I make this decree:

Your inner child hasn't gone anywhere.

He sits waiting.

He is starving for your attention.

He looks for you each day, hoping that today will be the day that you turn your gaze in his direction.

When you play, you will experience him.

When you hold your “career” loose and your freedom TIGHT, you will experience him.

When you stand on stage before millions and smile a genuine smile, you will experience him.

And the more you experience him, the more you will become him.

It is a peculiar state of human existence that children are in a hurry to become adults. And adults would give anything for one more day of childhood.

But when one experiences his inner child, he understands that though he may have grown taller than him, he never truly grew AWAY from him.

Embrace him and experience him and you will never long for childhood again.

And your life will become the free and playful benediction that it was meant to be.

How ATMAMUN Will Awaken You To The Glory Of Existence



Humanity does not live in the real world. It lives in the world of MIND.

It lives in the world of THOUGHT.

Understand what I am about to say. And understand it clearly. For it is not a sleight against humanity. It is simply the unadulterated truth:

MAN IS A SCHIZOPHRENIC.

His existence is such that he lives his entire day within a cocoon of ceaseless thought. The mind rambles endlessly. It produces thoughts. Thoughts produce feelings. And man reacts to those feelings.

And this entire escapade occurs within the human being. There is no reality to speak of. It is only the semblance of reality.

He hears voices. And his entire life is lost in a frantic quest to quell some voices and accentuate others.

This is the plight of man.

Man is not unintelligent.

HE IS SIMPLY ASLEEP.

What does it mean to be ASLEEP?

It means that reality is lost upon him. He lives forever in thoughts of past and future. He hopes. He dreams. He laments.

He ponders.

He never deals with WHAT TRULY IS.

He deals only with what his MIND TELLS HIM WHAT IS.

As a result, he is a walking Zombie. He drives to work, and he doesn't remember how he got there.

He places his keys on the nightstand and he does not remember placing them there.

He speaks a dozen words to his neighbor and he doesn't remember speaking them.

He lives his entire life in a state of EVENTUALLY.

He lives forever looking deep into the distant horizon.

And every ship that crawls upon the horizon generates a hope in him. A hope that this is the ship he's been waiting for.

And if this is not his ship, then he awaits another.

And as he waits, his life passes him by.

I've devoted my life to AWAKENING.

Awakening myself, and awakening those gloriously

talented souls who seek my counsel. These individuals have the world at their feet. Fame. Money. Accomplishment.

But they lay asleep within their bed of riches.

This is why they seek “More.”

What they eventually come to understand is that the reason that they have not achieved Satisfaction or Contentment or Equanimity or Peace or Bliss is because such things cannot be achieved through “success.”

They can only be achieved through AWAKENING.

How does one AWAKEN?

By first understanding that he is asleep!

Then there is a secret. A quiet little secret called ATMAMUN.

ATMAMUN is an entirely new way of life.

It turns life into LIVING.

Whatever talents one has, it allows them to be used in their

full capacity.

Whatever disappointments one has, it allows them to keep
them at arms length.

Whether one has suffered bodily injury . . .

Or relationship issues . . .

Or stress . . .

Or misery . . .

Such things whither and harden . . . and fall away.

Why?

Because the human being is finally AWAKE.

And understand that success on this path does not occur at
its end.

It occurs the MOMENT YOU STEP ONE FOOT UPON
IT!

ATMAMUN allows the human being to taste the nectar of

life.

It allows him to taste FREEDOM.

Oh, how rare it is to find a human being who has tasted freedom.

What is that freedom?

The only real freedom there is. It is NOT freedom OF Mind.

It is freedom FROM Mind.

This is what the ancient Himalayan sages experienced. This was their liberation. A liberation from constant bondage to Mind and to Thought.

We are living on borrowed time, my friend.

We have but a handful of seasons left in this lifetime.

If they are not lived in BLISS . . .

If they are not lived in the AWAKENED state . . .

What is the point of our existence?

Why should the Gods have all the fun?

What keeps man tied to his limitations is simply the fact that he is Asleep and he believes that he is awake.

**But one never realizes how asleep he was until
he AWAKENS.**

Your life has been sitting quietly in the corner waiting for you to look in its direction.

It has been waiting for you to LIVE IT.

The universe has been waiting to bestow upon you all its glories.

And my dear, it waits for you still.

Is it not time to turn your gaze in its direction?

And live the glorious life that you were meant to live?

The Journey To The CENTER Of Your Life



A long time ago, in an ancient village of Northern India, the King declared a competition to see who was the wisest man in the land.

Scores of men were sent into the streets in order to gather the wisest men who roamed the lands.

Three men were brought back to the King. The King told them that the next day they would be put together in a room and the first one who found a way to unlock the door and come outside would be considered the wisest of them all.

Two of the three men scurried to the bookstores and the libraries and gathered books on how to pick locks. They concealed these books within their clothing.

The following day the three of them were brought to the room and the door was shut behind them. Frantically, two of the men began scouring the books in order to find a way to pick the lock.

The third man retreated to the corner and closed his eyes and sat in silence.

The two men, astonished at his behavior, said to him,
“What are you doing over there?”

The man said, calmly, “I am preparing.”

“What sort of preparation is that?” they said.

The man replied, “You worry about yourselves. Leave me to myself.”

The two men spent the entire night leafing through the pages of their books and discussing their plans for picking the lock.

As the sun rose out of the East, the two men felt very nervous. They were completely preoccupied amongst themselves hatching their plan for escape.

Then, suddenly, they heard a voice. It was the voice of the King.

The King said, “We have declared the wisest man in the land. His wisdom is unparalleled in our great nation.”

The King opened the door and the two men found the third man standing outside with the King.

“How did he get out?” they asked.

The man explained, “While the two of you were caught in a frenzy trying to find a way to pick the lock, I sat in silence. I allowed my mind to drift away from me so that I could attain clarity.”

“Yes, and then what did you do?” they asked.

“I walked to the door and gently shook it. And upon my shaking, I noticed that it wasn’t locked. So I pushed it open and walked outside.”

This story serves as a splendid parallel of our lives.

Man has grown accustomed to Running.

He has become addicted to Chasing.

And searching.

And plotting.

And calculating.

And devising.

His entire life has become a chase FOR SOMETHING.

Something that will give him happiness.

Something that will give him peace.

Something that will rescue him from his feelings of
insecurity.

Something that will ease the pains of his life.

What he fails to understand is that the pain that he feels . . .

And the peace that he lacks . . .

Is the direct product of The Chase!

His freedom, his peace, his equanimity, his joy lie NOT in finding the RIGHT THING.

But in dropping the chase altogether.

But he finds this very difficult to do.

Why?

Because a man who has chased for his entire life does not know how to handle this moment. He has ran FROM this moment for as long as he can remember.

Why?

Because he lives within his mind. **And the ONE PLACE THAT THE MIND CANNOT EXIST IN THIS MOMENT.**

Through a deep exploration known as *ATMAMUN*, he can learn to stop his chase and reside within his center.

When he finds his center he will still see his problems and his disappointments, but they will exist at arm's length.

But his life will live finally live within him.

All that he does he will do beautifully because of the place that the resides when he does them.

Understand, dear friend, that there is nothing to chase. The mind's habit is to chase. And once it finds something, it simply begins to chase something else. This is it's nature.

Through *ATMAMUN*, we leave the mind at the door. And we live a meditative life.

Wisdom comes through stillness.

Nature speaks to us through silence.

And through whispers that only the Humble and Silent Man can hear.

And we will hear it only when we begin the journey to the center of ourselves.

On Beauty, The Buddha, And Awakening



Siddhartha Gautama (The Buddha) was walking along a dirt path when a passerby stopped, awestruck at his presence. He had never seen such a splendidly beautiful man. So regal was his look. So shining was his complexion, he asked him,

“Sir, are you a ghost?”

“No,” said Siddhartha.

“Are you a God?”

“No,” said Siddhartha.

“Then what are you?”

Siddhartha looked into the man’s eyes, and whispered, “I am awake.”

Siddhartha Gautama’s greatest achievement was NOT enlightenment.

His greatest achievement was not an achievement at all. It was a realization.

The realization that he had been enlightened all along.

This was his awakening.

My clients have managed to amass great wealth. And social status. And exemplary accomplishments. And fame.

But what they seek help with is to attain the one thing that has eluded them throughout their entire lives: Their True Self.

One of the things they struggle with is the thought of getting old. Of losing their beauty. Of losing their physical capabilities that made them an international star.

Let us discuss The Body, shall we?

If a genie in a bottle granted you the wish of having a body that stayed forever young. Never wrinkled. And maintained its health and vigor indefinitely, it would not benefit you as greatly as you think it might.

What do I mean?

You see, if you live your life coveting something, even if that thing is your own body, your attachment to it will imprison you.

Why would you allow yourself to become imprisoned by something that is programmed to decay and die?

Would you like me to tell you what Siddhartha's greatest insight was?

It wasn't Enlightenment. Or Nirvana. Or the Noble Truths.

It was the one thing that made all of those things possible. Without which there wouldn't have been a Buddha.

What was that thing?

**His heartfelt and visceral realization that he was going
to Grow Old. Become Sick.**

And Die!

Understand this, and understand it well: **He did not know this Intellectually. For intellectual knowing is not knowing at all. Intellectual knowing is as useless as pocket lint.**

He Knew it in his heart. In his bones. In his liver and spleen.

He was Fortunate Enough to have a taste of his own demise. And this taste was so pungent. So dramatic. That it set his life on a new trajectory.

I will tell you that Siddhartha did not achieve Enlightenment under the Bodhi Tree. Or after years of wandering in the jungles of Northern India.

He achieved enlightenment The Very Moment he tasted his own demise.

I've always said that man should not be born with a Birth Certificate.

He should be born with a Death Certificate!

Yes, A Death Certificate!

He should be given the exact date of his coming death.

How morbid, you say?

My dear friend, morbid is the way we currently live our lives. Attached to useless things that will one day whither.

Wasting our lives in HOPE. Gazing longingly into the horizon. Only to be surprised when one day it is all taken away from us.

If you knew Exactly what day you were going to die, you wouldn't give two cents about your attachments. You would live Life Today. You would be a Master of living this very moment. For you would Know In Your Bones that the day is coming.

You would live in bliss. And because you would have attained clarity, you would produce Masterpieces of your work.

Man is most Ineffectual when he has too much time.

When things become Finite, he becomes more focused.

Your body is going to whither. You are headed for the
Grave. Or the Cremation Ground.

This is where we are all headed.

And the greatest gift that you can give to yourself is to Feel
and to Know that you are going to Die.

Who you are is the one who knows that he has a body.

You might have missed that, so I will repeat.

Who You Are Is The One Who Knows That He Has A
Body.

By that definition, you are neither the body, nor the mind.
You are the Witness.

If you live as this Witness you will live your life in the sort
of bliss that a wrinkle-free body will never give you.

I've traveled all around the world.

I work with the most successful people on the planet.

But I have never seen a single human being who lived this way.

I am on a mission to change that.

Live As The Witness.

For if you live as anything other, you will live a life of misery.

The Himalayan Yogi's have done this.

And this was Siddhartha Gautama's grand realization.

Upon realizing it, he became a Buddha.

Your life can only be Lived if you live it as the witness.

To live as the witness is to Awaken.

Awaken from your slumber, dear one.

Stop chasing shadows.

And become The Buddha of your own life.

How To Come Face To Face With God



For those who become offended by what I am about to say,
this discourse is NOT for you!

Like all of my work it is meant ONLY for the Seeker.

It is meant ONLY for That Rare One.

I have never agreed to take on a single client without interviewing him or learning deeply about him or her.

For I have only a precious few years left in my life. And so

do you.

Thus we cannot afford to waste even one of them.

On with it, then . . .

The temples and the churches and the mandirs are filled with so-called devotees. People who travel from far and wide to pray and to give homage and to worship and to make offerings.

In the vast majority of these cases, such behavior is not done out of Reverence. It is done out of FEAR!

It is not done out of Pure Love. It is done out of fear of repercussion for having Not Done It.

In the remainder of cases, it is a transaction.

A true offering is a beautiful thing. But when it is attached to a request, it becomes a transaction.

Give God a coconut and make a wish.

Light your incense and make a request.

Drop a few dollars in the donation box and ask for something in return.

God is not as bad a business man as you think.

And temples are not as holy as you think. For God does not live in them.

Those who do customary puja's and resort to rituals and idol worship have no interest in God. They are only interested in rituals.

How easy it is to do a ritual.

How simple it is to offer a coconut.

How easy it is to drop a few dollars into the donation box.

Tell me: Are you done playing these silly little games?

Are you interested in what God can give you?

Or are you interested in God Himself!

For the one or two of you who are GENUINELY interested in coming face to face with God, read on.

I once met an old woman a long time ago who told me that she had seen God. I asked her where she saw Him.

She said, “The question is Where Do I Not See Him?”

God has revealed himself to a few people in the history of civilization.

Because it is only a few who wished to see him.

Yes, you read that correctly!

Those few who have seen him longed for nothing else in their lives.

And when this is true for you, you will meet him too.

When will you come face to face with God?

When your longing is so painful, it reverberates into the heavens.

When all that you have valued in your life is no longer of any value to you.

When all of your wishes for this and that coalesce into one
single wish to see Him.

When this happens, He will come. And he will come
DIRECTLY TO YOU!

You will see Him in the vein of the four-petaled rose.

You will see Him standing behind you as you look into the
mirror.

You will see Him in the disrespectful actions of your
children.

You will see Him in the water that runs from the faucet.

You will FEEL Him as you walk.

And you will become him as you sleep.

Your salvation lies in seeing through the cosmetics of your
life.

Your grace comes from understanding that you are
neither body nor mind.

Your bliss comes from your communion with HIM,
regardless of the form in which you encounter Him.

He has looked in your direction for your entire life. Hoping
that one day you would turn your gaze toward Him.

But you have been so lost in your own thoughts and so
preoccupied with the “world” that you have not found a
moment to look.

And this is why your life keeps passing you by.

What are these precious things that you have spent your life
chasing?

What are these great hopes that occupy your dreams?

**To live on Earth and experience the kingdom of God is
to experience the miracle of life in all its glory.**

Is it not?

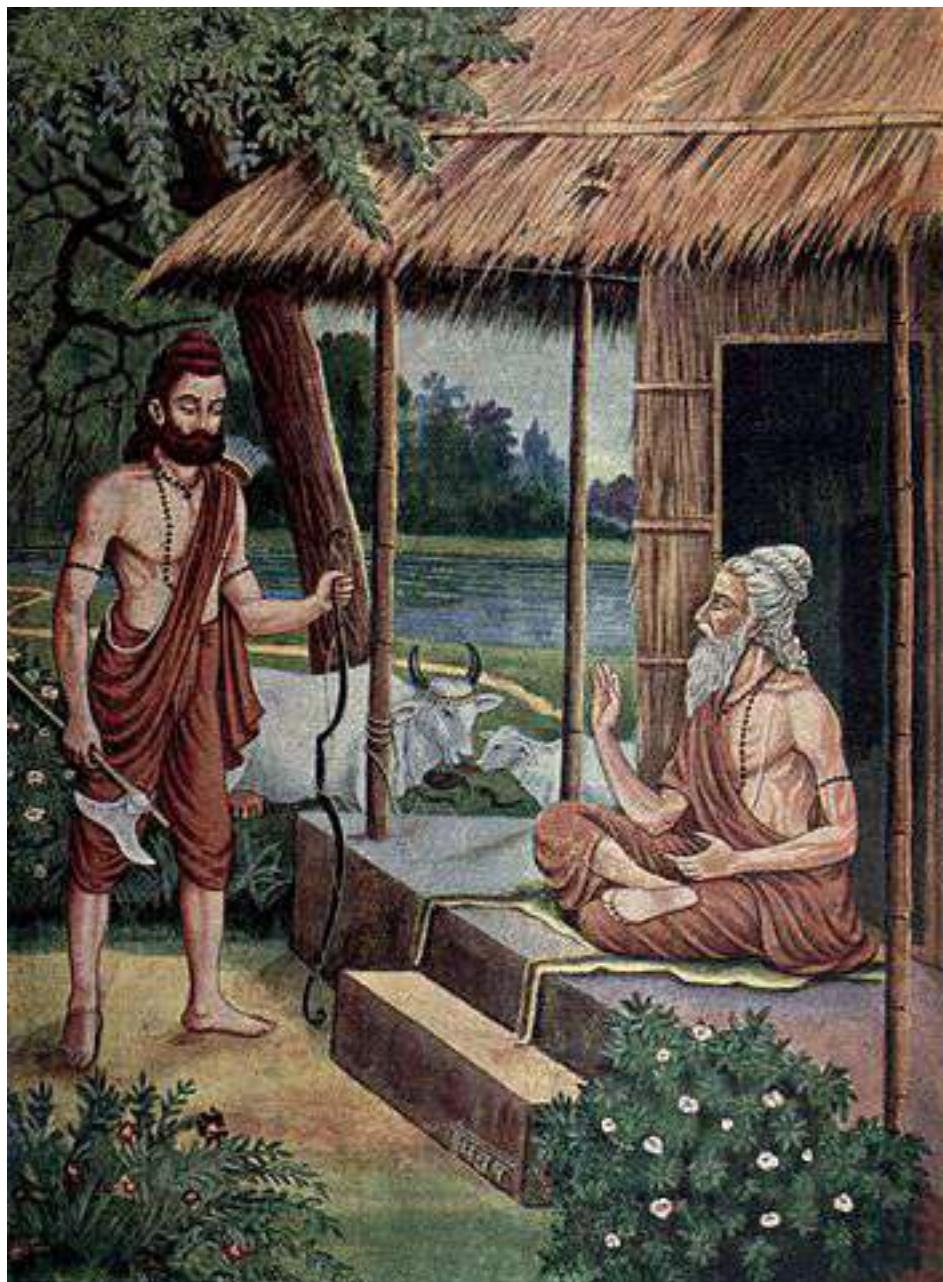
If you set off in search of him, barefoot and empty-handed,
he will see you approaching.

And one day in the not too distant future I will ask you

where He is.

And you will look me in the eye and say, “Dear Sir. The
question is Where Is He Not?”

The Sadhu Who Lived By The Ganges



I will tell you a story of an old Indian ascetic, a Sadhu, who lived in Gangotri.

Gangotri is a town in the Indian Himalayas. It is the source

of the great river Ganges.

This sadhu used to collect rocks by the river. He would bathe in its cold waters. He would sit in meditation for hours upon end. He would retreat into a nearby cave during the night.

An Indian King heard about this sadhu. This king was given to mystical pursuits, and he was very much intrigued by this reclusive ascetic. And thought to pay him a visit.

He forbade his guards to go with him across the short stretch of river, asking them to stay with the horses until he returned.

As the king approached the area near the river, he noticed a disheveled man with a simple brown dothi squatting at river's edge with his arms resting outstretched on his knees.

The king approached and said, "Namaste, Baba."

The old man looked up at the king, then turned his gaze back toward the river.

The king was quite insulted. For he was accustomed to any and all men bowing before him as he approached.

But this old disheveled ascetic did not so much as give him a second glance.

After a few minutes of silence, the king repeated,
“Namaste, Baba.”

The sadhu picked up a stone and tossed it into the river. He did not bother to respond or even to look at the king.

The king was beset by pride. He felt a surge of anger and he sought to impress his status upon the sadhu.

He said, “Do you know that I am the king? Do you know that you are dealing with a man who by the snap of a finger can summon your death?”

Again, the old man did not respond.

The king, enraged and insulted, retreated to his guards for the journey back to his palace. But before he mounted his horse, the old man called out to him.

“Oh, king,” shouted the sadhu. “Do you know that you are dealing with a man who by the snap of his fingers can welcome death?”

The king stood by his horse, stunned at what the old sadhu had just said. He did not have a reply for this. So he mounted his horse and returned to his kingdom.

Over the next several months, the king would return for a visit with the old sadhu. And each time he returned, the sadhu would essentially ignore him.

But as time went on, the sadhu began to speak to him.

During one visit, the king asked the sadhu, “I don’t understand myself. I am the most rich and powerful man in the kingdom. Yet I find myself having this urge to continually return to see an old sadhu who hasn’t a penny to his name.”

The sadhu began to laugh. “It is interesting, is it not?” he said.

“But why, Baba? What keeps pulling me back to you?”

“Desire, oh king. It is desire that keeps pulling you back to me.”

“Desire?” said the king. “What do you have that I could possibly desire?”

“The one thing that you do not,” said the sadhu.

“What is that?” said the king.

The sadhu sat crouched at the river’s edge examining a smooth and pointed stone. He held the stone inches from his eyes the way a jeweler examines a diamond.

“Tell me,” said the king. “What is it that draws me to you? What is it that you have that I do not?”

“Desirelessness,” said the sadhu.

Dr. Gupta travels the world working with True Seekers. His clientele consists of professional athletes, executives, and celebrities. He helps them become The God Of Their Own Life.

Life Can Only Be Experienced Through Surrender



Near the beginning of this year I was consulting with an actor in a hotel near the base of the Hollywood Hills.

It has become almost customary for clients to ask me how I can help them “make their lives better.”

And this was what this actor asked me as well.

The journey that this actor and I have been on is the very

same path that I walk with each of my clients. But it is not really about making “their life better.”

I’m not really interested in “better.” And whether they realize it or not, neither are they.

Every human being is interested in nothing less than THE ULTIMATE.

But the reason that they neither seek it nor ask for it is because they have been taught that they can’t have everything. They have been taught to live in “moderation.”

But the truth is, no human being that I’ve ever met wanted Moderate happiness.

No human being I’ve ever met wanted equal parts bliss and misery.

If we look back into history we find that there are only rare examples of true bliss.

The ascetics of the Indian Himalayas.

And Saint Francis of Assisi.

These are a few examples.

But from where did their bliss arise?

From where did their unspeakable joy spring?

Interestingly, these individuals attained bliss not through conquest, but through surrender.

They achieved The Ultimate not by becoming something, but by becoming Nothing.

Herein lies what is perhaps life's greatest paradox. And it is also the theme which guides the heart of my work with my clients.

COMPLETE AND TOTAL SURRENDER.

We live our lives with a stubborn attachment to a particular image of ourselves. We live steadfast to our “personalities” and likes and dislikes, and name, and place of birth.

But when, even for a single moment, we surrender THE WHOLE OF OURSELVES we are immediately filled with this Quiet. This unspeakable bliss . . .

Herein lies the secret to life, dear friend.

The question is, how bad do you want it?

You will no doubt say that it is difficult to live a life of
Surrender.

But I ask you, how difficult is it to live a life of conquest?

You will tell me that it is difficult to sever attachments to all
that you have come to recognize as YOU.

But I ask you, how much Joy has this “YOU” really given
you in your life?

It was said long ago that life is easy for a man without
preferences.

**I will say that life is a benediction for a man without an
identity.**

The question is, Can You Really Do It?

Can you surrender all that you have come to know as your
so-called self?

Can you abandon your preferences?

Can you retreat into Insignificance?

If you do, you will be more significant than you can ever imagine.

If you surrender, you will experience the bliss of the heavens in your daily life.

You might consider it a major sacrifice to surrender yourself.

And if you think this way, imagine for just a moment what you have Truly Sacrificed all along.

Hopelessness Is Your Only Hope



We look under rocks. And behind trees. And deep inside bushes. And behind floating clouds.

Hoping to find SOMETHING.

We grasp at straws attempting to explain what it is we are looking for. We vaguely describe the color. And guess at the texture. We attempt to paint a picture of what we think it might look like.

But the picture is never quite detailed enough. It leaves too much room for the imagination.

And even when we find what we believe we are seeking . . .

We desire it no longer.

Not because we are fickle. But because we soon discover
that THIS WASN'T IT.

We have a lot of names for this thing. But if we are truthful,
we will admit that we know not what it is.

We will admit that we know not what it looks like. Or
where it lives. Or how expensive it is.

We can only know once we have found it. Not because of
the way it looks.

But because of the way it makes us feel.

And not temporarily. But forever more.

This world is full of many neon lights. Huge sign posts
pointing the way. Bright colors. And vivid banners.

And we seem to fall for every one of them. Hoping in our
hearts that this WAY will be the one we have always been in
search of.

But each banner, each neon light, each bright and twirling light on the horizon always seems to lead us back to the very same spot we started.

Do not memorize my words, for they are not meant to appeal to your “intellect.”

They can only be felt by your heart.

Do I have a message?

No.

For messages are completely lost on the human being that hears them.

I will only say that living a life founded on HOPE will leave you destitute and dejected.

Hope will destroy every Today, as you have your eyes set erroneously on Tomorrow.

Hope will suck the blood out of your existence. And leave you hollow and worn on the side of a rural stretch of highway.

What you hope for might come true. But it will not bring with it the treasures that you “hoped” for.

Dear friend, beyond the horizon lie only more horizons.
And beyond the highest peak lie only more peaks.

And all those years you spent hoping for it will have been lost forever.

I will NOT tell you to abandon hope. For
PRESCRIPTIONS DO NOT WORK!!!

In fact, I will encourage you to live with hope. And see what it gives you.

Not so that I may prove my point. But so that you can see with your own eyes. And find your own way.

The way of the True Seeker.

The Journey To Wisdom



Dear Friend:

I will begin by stating that I have nothing to teach you. I have no lesson to give. Or message to impart.

I have divorced myself from any hope that you will enjoy what I have to say.

I wish only to speak to you as a sincere human being. For as life goes on, it becomes increasingly clear to me that Sincerity is really all we have. For everything that we think

we have, we lose one by one.

There was a time in which I thought that I knew.

I did not.

There was a time in which I thought I was wise.

I was ignorant.

For much of my life, I was mesmerized by achievement.

But I found it to be hollow in the end.

For so many years I listened to what my mind told me.
Until I began to learn that it was speaking only to itself.

We teach our children. But the truth is, we teach from a
place of ego rather than wisdom.

We look at life through the lens of conquest. But the truth
is, there has never really been anything to conquer.

We have become addicted to creating obstacles for
ourselves so that we may have an excuse to conquer.

We have become addicted to telling ourselves false tales so

that we may live a romanticized existence.

But if we are sincere, we learn that we don't know what we think we know. And as we continue to collide with life, our armor of knowledge begins to crumble. And we are left with an ocean of ignorance.

We one day see that we must begin to learn. For the methodologies we have used, and the precepts that guided our lives simply did not work. And this is evidenced by our torn relationships and our years of turmoil.

The truth is that we begin to see only once we are willing to let go of ourselves. We begin to experience life only once we are willing to look beyond ourselves. And we begin to fill the hearts of others once we submit wholly to their desires, completely forgetting ours in the process for a period of time.

It is so seductive to believe that we are RIGHT, is it not? The ego is so convincing that we see a storm cloud, yet we notice only the speck of sunshine that attempts to peak through it.

We eventually come to a point in our life in which we sit deep in our chair and say, "I just don't know, anymore. I have no answers. I don't know what is the right thing to do. I now

distrust my judgment so much that I'm afraid to even make a suggestion.”

And perhaps this is the ONLY place from which we can truly function.

Perhaps it is this Vulnerable Sincerity that is our greatest guide.

Why?

Because we begin to function from a place of Not Knowing. From a place of Exploration. From a place of Non-Ego.

Our words begin to carry the weight of Truth. And perhaps they penetrate the heart of those we speak to.

You see, it really isn't about “reaching” anyone. It's about using their company to help you find yourself. And this is perhaps the greatest way to affect the life of another.

Truth be told, I don't believe any message. I do not comply with any instruction. I do not submit to any methodology. I do not surrender to any doctrine.

For such things are lifeless.

The only thing that I have to offer is my living, breathing self. And my meandering and awkward search for Truth at the expense of all else. And perhaps as you watch me search, you will realize that I have no answers to give.

Perhaps you will understand that my fingers do not point the way, but claw through the shifting sands. In search of something that I lost long ago. Somewhere between the wild and carefree days of my youth and the serious and “intelligent” days of my adulthood.

If my life is transforming it is perhaps because I know Less than I have ever before known.

If I look into the eyes of my children it is perhaps because I try to look into their heart rather than show them my brain.

If I feel the weight of the moment it is not because of silly prescriptions such as “mindfulness” but because I’ve realized that there really is nowhere else I would rather live.

The journey to wisdom is perhaps a journey toward systematically dismantling all of your so-called knowledge and reducing the whole of life into one single human

interaction.

And in that interaction, ridding yourself of the YOU that
you have come to know.

Perhaps this is the way to Freedom.

And perhaps this is where life has been trying to lead us all
along.

Your Morning Hours



Many like to discuss morning “routines.”

But morning routines are more a chronology of specific events, than a true absorption of any kind.

Some exercise then eat breakfast.

Some “meditate” and go for a walk.

Some eat breakfast, then go for a walk.

Some read the newspaper, then go straight to work.

I don't see the significance of discussing what one does, much less the order in which one does them.

I do have an idea as to why people like to discuss these things. Because societal man is a Categorizer. He likes to put people into boxes with printed labels.

Most of all HIMSELF.

You see, if "meditation" is a part of your morning routine, you are looked upon as forward-thinking, spiritual, and new age.

If you lift heavy weights, then you are a iron-pumping, physically fit, athletic sort of individual.

Man is not interested in anyone per se. He is only interested in the Category that you belong to. And in filing you under a category, he can begin to make inferences about you.

But let us forget about morning "routines" and discuss something that cuts deep to your core as a human being, shall

we?

What if the question changed from, “What things do you do in the morning?” to “What sort of Experiences do you have, regardless of what you are doing?”

From soaping your body to brushing your teeth to washing your face to the configuration of your hand as you grab door handles . . .

From the one swift pull of the belt strap to your sense of balance as you put on your socks . . .

Do you experience it?

Have you noticed that if you raise one foot to cover it with a sock, the moment you have a single thought you lose balance? And if you have no thought at all, you could stand on that one leg forever?

When you put on the shampoo, do you knead it deep into the pores of your scalp? Or do you spread it amongst the superficial hair fibers?

When you brush your teeth, have you ever tried using your non-dominant hand?

When you first awake, do you sit on the edge of your bed and look at the world through the window? Or do you jump out of bed and head straight for the necessities?

And if you do sit on the edge of your bed and look at the world through the window, is there anything that you try to notice? Is there anything that you wonder? Or does the mind's rambling grab you immediately as you open your eyes?

When you sit down to meditate, do you intentionally sit in a pose that befits a "meditator?" And when you are involved in this meditation, what exactly are you doing? And before you give me the reflexive response of "nothing," please have a little more respect for the question.

Do you recognize that the bottom of your feet are flat? When you walk, the flatness of your feet so beautifully allow you to traverse the hardwood. Can you imagine if they were slight concave?

When you do walk on the hardwood, do you slightly stomp the heel? Or do you roll from forefoot to heel?

Have you noticed how heavy your car keys are? And how light your toothbrush is?

When you kiss your family goodbye, what are you thinking when you kiss them? Is it a kiss that strikes flush? Or does it just miss?

When you hug your family members one by one, is it a tapping sort of hug? Or is it the sort of hug you'd give them if this was the first time you'd seen them in 26 years?

You see, man has become accustomed to the idea that these are all Preliminaries. That these are chores that preface the big show.

But I think that you will readily admit that the place that you go to every day isn't really a meaningful show at all. And it certainly isn't "big."

These things are not preliminaries.

This, my friend, is the Whole Of Your Life.

We prepare at home to go to "work." And we prepare at work to go "home."

And, as a result, we Live neither.

And if you think I'm speaking of "mindfulness," you will not only miss the experience, but you will superimpose upon it a heavy does of frustration.

Life awaits us all.

But we are mesmerized by its silhouette.

My dear friend . . .

May you never miss another morning again.

Discipline And Divinity



The reason that man seeks a “meaning” and a “purpose” to life is because he is desperate to run away from LIVING by any and all means necessary.

Let us deal with what we have right in front of us, shall we?

Let us examine that which has stared us in the face since the day we were born.

The premise under which we have lived our lives, and that which is being preached to the masses, is the idea that if you Pay for something today, you will get it Tomorrow.

The idea that you should do something because it’s “good for you.”

No matter how logical this idea sounds, it destroys our lives.

Why?

Because we live our lives following precepts and prescriptions in exchange for a tomorrow which absolutely never comes.

Never.

I have a better idea. And I'm going to literally stake my life upon it.

My friend, I do not do this in order to "prove" anything to you. For if I did that I would immediately distance myself from the authenticity of the idea, and place myself into the world of Ego. And the world of Ego is the world of a living hell. There is no more accurate description that I can give.

I have placed my life in the hands of this idea because there is no other way in which I wish to live my life. I wonder if perhaps this is what life has been trying to teach me all along.

But perhaps I was too ignorant to see the writing on the clouds.

If someone were to say to me “You must be disciplined!” I would tell him to sing his sermons somewhere else. For I don’t follow prescriptions.

Why?

Because prescriptions don’t have the power to reach the bloodstream. It has nothing whatsoever to do with whether the message is Correct. It has everything to do with the vehicle of its transmission.

For instance, there are many subjects in science, philosophy, and mathematics that I find to be incredibly interesting. But if you present them to me (or anyone else) in the package of “school” and “assignments,” I’ll toss them in the trash.

If someone says that we should be Disciplined, are they correct?

To be honest, I would never even get to the point of entertaining the word “disciplined.” Because the word “should” would get caught in my throat. “Should” is a deal-breaker. It is the most INEFFECTIVE vehicle for transmission of any idea.

If someone is going to use “should” they might as well replace it with “should not.” Because no one is going to listen.
Nor “should” they :).

Let us discuss the matter of Discipline,
AUTHENTICALLY, shall we?

We spend our lives hoping for this and dreaming of that.
We spend our lives “working toward” things. We work today
for a “better tomorrow.”

And this is precisely the understanding under which we are given the prescription of “discipline.”

Forget about tomorrow, my friend. Why talk about something which no one in the history of civilization has ever seen?

Let us also forget about “today.” For everything that is not RIGHT NOW, is simply a tomorrow. The coming afternoon is a “tomorrow.” The next five minutes is also a “tomorrow.”

As a lover of the Asian arts and the wisdom from the ancient East, I recall the procedural details of the Zen temples.

The “mindful” folding of one’s clothes.

The “mindful” sweeping of the floor.

The “mindful” washing of the dishes.

The “mindful” practice of one’s martial arts form.

On the face of it, it seems holy and proper and sanctified.
(I can hear you now, “My God, is he now even attacking zen temples? Doesn’t this man consider anything sacred?”).

But temples and monasteries are similar to any other trade.
Within them, there are the common and there are the Elite.

And what separates the two is Authenticity.

Most in monasteries are going through the motions of discipline. Because their master told them to do so. They are doing it precisely because it is their “duty” and because it is “good for them.” And because this is what a proper Buddhist does.

But Siddhartha did not become The Awakened One because he was “more disciplined” than anyone else. In many ways he was less disciplined. For the Sadhus that he met in the forest

who were committed to the mortification of their flesh and denying themselves food and water for years on end were enormously disciplined individuals.

But they did not become Awakened. And he did.

Why?

The reason is because the discipline of those Sadhus was in service of maintain their self-image as “disciplined ascetics.”

But image and form were of no use to Siddhartha. He wanted FREEDOM. Period. Exclamation.

And perhaps this freedom did not come from the PRACTICE of discipline. But from the discipline itself.

If I may put it simply, it would be as if someone was about to wash the dishes and as he stood before the sink he had the GENUINE feeling that he simply couldn’t wait to EXPERIENCE THE DISCIPLINED WAY OF WASHING.

Not washing “mindfully” as a practice/penance for a future reward of enlightenment.

But Enlightenment right here, right now! The disciplined

way of doing something IS ITSELF THE ENLIGHTENMENT. No waiting necessary.

If a business man who is building his business “puts in his time” and “pays his dues” and “gives his blood, sweat, and tears” he is wasting his life. And I say this with first hand knowledge, for I have wasted as many years as anyone believing such ideas.

It is not that he is wasting his life because his reward won’t come. It is that he has paid with his life for a tomorrow which was not worth the price.

I will proclaim this from the rooftops. You may accept or reject it. You may consider me wise or a man gone insane.

But I hail it with all my heart:

If the reward is not immediate, the action is not worth it!

If you are going to do it NOW, then you must be rewarded NOW!

For if you are not, you have signed a faulty contract.

To live every action with discipline is perhaps the way to instant divinity.

A disciplined stride, disciplined speech, disciplined breathing, disciplined stirring of the warm soup, disciplined smiles, disciplined admonishments . . . a wholly disciplined micro-existence.

What does it mean to walk and speak disciplined? How will you know?

This question is not answered by words after the action takes place.

It is answered by the intention before the action commences.

For where there is Sincerity, failure cannot exist.

Any principle or idea that you are considering, do not ask yourself if it is “worth doing.”

Ask yourself, “Is it worth devoting your life to.”

For devoting your life even to answering such a question would not be a wasted life.

What Do You Wish To Do With This Life



We have been given an opportunity to live. We have been given a bolus of time.

We have been given a Life.

I don't know why it's been given to us. I don't know where it comes from. I don't know who the "giver" is.

All I know is what I know. And that is that we have, in fact, been given this thing called a Life.

Let's talk about you.

What do you wish to do with this life?

I've put you on an incredible spot. And I realize that if you give me an answer right away, it will be a response from the mind and thus a wholly FALSE and CONDITIONED one. So don't respond in the form of an answer.

As we speak, allow this question to seep into your skin.

What is it that you wish to do with the life you've been given?

It's a question that we never ask ourselves. And the reason that we never ask ourselves the question is because we are too busy running and chasing.

If I may be honest, the absolute truth is that we are all simply waiting to die. Our lives are a waiting room. We have settled like cement into our daily routines and it is in the middle of a certain part of this routine that we will die.

The truth is that we have already reached the end of our life. We are simply continuing the routine until we are alive no more.

You might logically say, “But wait. I’m not waiting to die. I’m building my business. I’m in the midst of creating a name for myself. I’m not settled into a routine.”

My friend, do you not see? Chasing after success IS your routine. Hoping for tomorrow’s reward IS your routine. Believing that tomorrow will be better than today IS your routine.

And by chasing after these successes, you are essentially saying that this is how you wish to spend this life you’ve been given.

But the man who spends his life accumulating achievements has wasted his life. Because the person to whom the achievements belong is only here for a short time.

A scientist has visions of winning The Nobel Prize. He knows that at this very moment the Nobel Prize exists. But is he excited about it? No.

But if he wins it he will certainly be excited about it. So the Nobel Prize ITSELF means nothing to him. It only has meaning and excitement for him if IT BECOMES HIS.

BUT, if he himself is only going to be here for a short time, of what use is the excitement? The Nobel Prize Medal may itself last for thousands of years. But the man who wins it will be dead in 80 years.

So what's the excitement about?

To spend this life you've been given, for a five minute experience on a stage?

I am often asked, "Does this mean that success and achievement are pointless?"

They are not only pointless, they are completely destructive.

I will explain.

If an individual has a particular talent, he immediately begins to think of a way that he can exploit that talent for monetary means. To make a "career" out of it, so to speak.

If we look at the bulk of professional athletes and professional "anything's" we see that their lives are full of turmoil. Despite the fact that they are "playing a game" and "doing what they love" for a living. Despite having

“everything” they have nothing.

Why is this the case?

Is it because they chose to “make a career” out of their talent, rather than “just doing it for fun?”

No.

It is because in the course of making a career out of it, somewhere along the way they lost their Relationship with their art.

You can make millions from your art. You can earn fame and notoriety until your heart’s content. None of it will trouble you.

As long as the relationship with your art has been preserved.

And what is that relationship?

Innocence.

My friend, the moment you lose that primordial seed of innocence with your art, you’ve lost everything. And your

career will become your prison.

It is the same with business. It is the same with any human being who loses the initial thread which bound them to their native gift.

Exploit it if you like. But if you Replace it, you're doomed.

Whether it is success, spirituality, commerce, or manual labor, ask yourself what it is that you wish to do with this life you've been given.

How do you wish to spend your days? You only have so many of them left.

What can you do that will allow you to look back from your deathbed, one minute before you die, and say "I am fully content with dying. For what I did with my life is so satisfying that I don't have the heart to ask for one day more."

Let this be your litmus test. Let this be your standard.

Let one day be your entire life.

And let one single moment be your entire Existence.

Meditation Is Not For The Meditator



I am here to tell you The Truth. And this truth is not meant for “the world.” For “the world” is nothing more than background noise meant for the Insincere.

Now apparently everyone “meditates.” There are now meditation groups. And meditation billboards. And “scientific” articles about meditation espousing the “health benefits” of meditation. And fingernails-on-a-chalkboard exchanges such as this:

“Do you meditate?”

“Yes I do.”

“Wow, me too. Don’t you just love it? It makes me feel so calm.”

Even writing this exchange was painful. I just watched myself let out a big sigh.

I will not allow venom to pen this discourse. I will proceed with equanimity. Accepting the world for what it is. And resting in the idea that I’m not speaking to them. For I refuse to waste my words on the societal, the cavalier, and the insincere.

I will begin with some stark and unflinching statements. No shock value. Simply Raw Truth.

Let us begin:

Meditation Is Not An Action.

If you meditate for a “benefit” you are wasting your time.

If your mind thinks you at all holy or progressed for having meditated, you have added yet another bondage to your life.

If you consider yourself a “meditator” you are the same as a “church-goer” and a “coffee-drinker” and a “runner.”

If you meditate to become calm, life will soon make you un-calm.

Saying Aum is really and truly about you watching yourself say Aum.

The Buddha did not meditate.

If you meditate to get away from your problems, you will create new problems in the world of meditation, and the old ones will patiently wait for you until you are done “meditating.”

Meditation will NOT improve your life. It will only slightly improve your self-image now that you begin to see yourself as a meditator.

Meditation will NOT transform you. It will only bind you.

If you join a meditation group, you are interested in the group more than you are interested in the meditation.

If you are looking to improve your health, why would you want to improve the health of a body that is going to absolutely, certainly, and undeniably die?

And if you want to live longer, why do you wish to prolong your misery?

I would tell you to forget all about meditation, but if I do I would only be giving you a prescription. So I won't.

And if I tell you that meditation won't help you, you will immediately ask me what will.

Very well, I will respond to that question.

“If meditation won't help, what will?”

To which I will respond, “Help you do what?”

What does “help” mean?

Help you from your problems? Help you feel happier? Help you be more calm? Help you be less emotional? Help you have better relationships? Help you enjoy life more? Help you out of your depression? Help you alleviate your anxieties?

My dear and close friend, do you not see?

If you use meditation to “help you” get over these problems, meditation will itself become yet another form of anxiety.

Why?

Because if you meditate and these problems don’t significantly lessen or go away, you will become disappointed. And this will absolutely happen. And if you have meditated, you KNOW it is true! You are my evidence.

And when you become disappointed in your meditation, you will wonder if you are “doing it correctly.” And then you are so completely on the road to doom. Because then you will search for THE HOW.

And you will find all the HOW-GIVERS in the world. The books that teach you “how” to meditate. Where to place your fingers. Sit in the lotus or half-lotus. Breath through your belly so that you may expand the lower lungs and strengthen the diaphragm. Say the famous “Aum.” Burn incense to your East. Listen to the sounds around you. Watch your thoughts as passing clouds. Stay focused on your breath. Inhale for a count of 4, hold for a count of 8, and exhale for a count of 16.

Feel yourself sink into the floor or the “yoga” mat.

Then open your eyes and feel “refreshed.”

Why all this drama, friend?

Why not just take a hot shower and be done with it?

Oh, but you LOVE that drama. You aren’t interested in the salad. You’re interested in the dressing. You aren’t interested in the ice cream. You’re interested in the fudge topping.

I’m not scolding you. Nor am I trying to be kind. I’m telling it like it is. And if you’re honest, you’ll admit it.

Admit that this is all a bunch of complete NONSENSE.

I don’t care if it gives you a drop of calmness. A quick massage will do the same thing. Oh, but a quick massage doesn’t have the ancient Himalayan story attached to it, does it.

You want the sauce and the story. You want the IDEA of meditation. So that you can call yourself a “meditator.” So that you can feel “refreshed.”

I've always told you The Truth. Haven't I?

I, thus, request The Truth from you.

Why do you want to meditate in the first place?

I ask you Sincerely, and Openly, and Respectfully.

Why?

Aren't you tired of chasing stories already?

Don't you have enough dramas in your life?

Listen, if you TRULY TRULY TRULY want to arrive at an otherworldly place within yourself, we can absolutely talk. And it will be a joyous exchange for I will be convinced that I'm speaking to one who is beyond all dramas and wishes for nothing but THE TRUTH.

If you wish to arrive at a certain place, then outline for yourself PRECISELY what that place is. Fill it with details and colors. Examine it and reexamine it to make certain that this is TRULY where you wish to go.

And then set off upon a WHOLLY SINCERE journey

toward it.

Rather than chasing the recommended paths that you've been told about.

The truth is, man is not in love with the Destination. He is only in love being a MEMBER of the prescribed path.

It is up to you.

It is all about SINCERITY.

It has never been about anything else.

Isn't it interesting that those great ones throughout history discovered their own paths? And this is why they succeeded.

Do not be clever, dear friend. Do not walk in the footsteps of the giants. For those footsteps will not fit you.

You have your own path to tread. And it will reveal itself to you.

But only once you drop all of these prescriptions, no matter how evolved and holy you think them to be.

Your path awaits you.

May you walk it with the Sincerity unknown to mortal men.

Depression: The Single Most Important Truth You've Never Been Told



I'm not here to provide you with a new “remedy” for depression.

You've heard plenty of those.

You've heard from the psychologists and the psychiatrists. You've read about the latest treatments that “science” has uncovered. And the numbered list posts which, quite frankly, are an insult to the glorious creation that is a human being.

I will begin with a few statements:

1. *People will sometimes invent problems so that they have an excuse to try out The Solutions.*
2. *People hang on tightly to their dramas because they don't know who they would be without them.*

In any viable path there is the Entry Point. The foundation which supports all subsequent steps along that path.

I will state this entry point for depression succinctly. And I will state it early in this discourse.

I am not trying to “treat” your depression. Or to help you “feel better.” Or to “improve your mood.”

Why not?

Because lending a sympathetic hand will only reinforce your view of yourself as a wounded individual.

The prerequisite for any true journey is Sincerity.

If you are Truly Sincere in dissecting this thing called Depression, let's proceed.

What is the Entry Point of this path away from depression?
What is the foundation which will support all subsequent
steps along this path?

I ‘m about to state this plainly and clearly. But before I do,
please understand that I am Not trying to treat your
depression. Or to help you “out of depression.”

As a result, I ask that you read the remainder of this discourse not as a person who is depressed and in need of help. But as a person who is a Sincere Explorer who is free of disease. As a person who is Genuinely Dissecting a topic with an incisive intellect and an open heart.

The entry point and the foundation of the path away from depression is To Look At The Depression.

What do I mean by this?

Well, what I mean this this: We, as human beings, don’t really look at anything. We React to things. We Flinch from things.

And it is precisely this Reacting and Flinching that perpetuates the problems from which we flinch.

I Do Not want you to look at depression in a “confrontational” manner. I’m not asking you to look depression in the eye so that you can beat it down. I’m asking you to look deeply into its eyes like an innocent explorer.

And as you look into its eyes, try to find the things within it that are making you flinch. Find the things about it that are producing a profound reaction. Find its teeth and look into them. Look into its heart. What is this animal called depression. Dissect it. Study it. See it whole.

Do Not do this as a “technique” or a “ploy” or a “method” or a “treatment.” Do it innocently. Quietly. Resolutely.

I then want you to ask yourself the following question. Not from your lips. But from the chambers of your heart. Allow this question to seep into your bones.

One word of warning: when you ask yourself this question, the mind may give you a quick and reflexive answer. And this answer will be complete rubbish. Disregard it. It Will Not be the truth. And the only reason the mind is giving you this answer in the first place is so that you will swiftly abandon the question.

And asking this question is Not a form of treatment or technique. It is yet another experience of Sincerity and Quiet Exploration.

This is the question: What Is It That I'm Gaining From This Depression?

Explore what you are gaining from being a “depressed person.”

I will state quite dogmatically (please forgive), that depression does not Happen to someone. It is not a floating ball of pollen which lands upon a human being.

You will perhaps say that this is a “clinical depression” or that it is a “chemical imbalance.”

It’s interesting, whenever we inject physiology into the conversation everyone seems to bow in reverence.

When someone tells me that this is a “chemical reaction,” my response is “as opposed to what?”

Is there anything inside of us that isn’t a chemical reaction? Happiness is a chemical reaction. Anger is a chemical reaction. A chocolate bar produces a chemical reaction. A

strong gust of wind does as well.

Calling it a chemical reaction doesn't move it from the category of fake toward a category of "authentic."

Am I calling depression fake?

No.

What I'm calling fake is the mock desire for Treatment.

What I'm calling fake are the Treatments themselves.

I don't pull any punches here or at *Siddha Performance*.

Whether it is a world famous professional athlete, or a prominent CEO, it is all about The Truth. Nothing else will be spoken inside of this domain.

And as offended and disagreeable as some might be by the following statements, I will state them with a healthy dose of casualness and humility. But without apology.

Depression is a delicacy.

And it is often a delicacy of the elite, the successful, and the

wealthy. It is ubiquitous in the corporate world. And it is pervasive among high level executives. And pro athletes. And especially among celebrities.

When one examines it unflinchingly, he or she very often sees that it is something that he or she has allowed themselves to Succumb To. Be it postnatal or otherwise.

In some cases, it is a byproduct of the ubiquitous human belief that we have many years left to live. Yes, you heard correctly. The seemingly infinite expanse of time is a petri dish for disease. For I will state without reservation that a man who knew that he was going to die in one week would suddenly be cured of his depression. Without any so-called treatment. Through one way or another, he would not let this time slip by under the self-loathing luxury of depression.

I'm not telling you to "snap out of it."

I'm telling you to look into it.

I've called your bluff. Like no psychologist or psychiatrist will ever do. The solution is not in your childhood. And it most certainly isn't within the capsule or the tablet.

And I can tell you this: during that time that you are

Sincerely Exploring your depression, you will be free from the depression. For you will be examining it as a human being, rather than as a “depressed person.”

Listen, my friend. We all love our dramas. And we also love to pretend that we want to be free of them.

As for your physiology and the “chemical imbalance” . . . Well, these are the direct result of thought and intention.

I’m Not telling you that if you do what I say, you will gain a benefit. For I don’t believe in “prescriptions.”

What I’m saying is that if you Sincerely want to be free of something, you will Sincerely examine why you are holding onto it.

And once a human being is truly willing to do this, then a Genuine Path toward Cure and Freedom is born.

Namaste.

What Is It Really Like To Awaken From Slumber?



In the classic film, *Wall Street*, Charlie Sheen says, “I never knew how poor I was until I started to make some real money.”

Please don’t worry. I won’t try to awaken you from your slumber. Scout’s honor.

You can remain asleep as you read this discourse.

Please . . . turn to the other side, pull up the covers, and find a comfortable neck position on your pillow.

For it's not really YOU that I'm speaking to. I'm speaking to something deep inside of you. And this something will hear me whether you are facing me or your back is turned. It will feel my words whether you are listening or you are fast asleep.

I'm going to now make a few statements and they are not meant to encourage or mobilize you. Please relax. I'm simply stating points of fact. They will serve as a springboard for the remainder of this discussion.

Please relax. No need to do anything. Not even listen. As I said, it's not you I'm speaking to.

Since the moment you woke this morning, life has sped by you like a bullet train.

You didn't notice it. You didn't hear it. Because your back was turned when it passed you.

While you were reading about ways to become "happy" it was passing you to your left.

While you were trying to tie the loose ends which keep coming untied . . . darn those loose ends. They just don't stay

tied do they. Life was passing you to your right.

And while you were busy reciting scripture, chanting slokas, and meditating, it passed right before your closed eyes.

No, no, no . . . please relax. I'm not saying that you shouldn't have done those things. I'm not telling you to keep your eyes open. Frankly, even if you did, life would pass behind your back.

Please relax. You've done nothing wrong. Turn around and go back to sleep.

Remember, it's not you I'm speaking to.

The events of your life are ridiculously powerful. The stream of interpersonal episodes of drama are sitting two inches from your nose, begging to be "fixed."

Tomorrow is a constant source of anxiety.

Acquiring even more success than you already have is a whirring motor which hums in your ear.

There are so many Ongoing and Unresolved issues.

And it stands to reason why they make you act. It is completely logical that you want to satisfy the urges, fix the problems, and mend the conflicts. Totally logical.

But when logic gives way to understanding, a man begins to truly see.

This is where I must be careful not to give you a fact that requires you to believe me. The last thing I want you to do is to subscribe to belief.

Let's see, how shall I say it . . .

You see, all of these problems, aspirations, conflicts, and issues that you have are like a school of fish. They surround each of us. And when you try to fix one part of the school of fish, the school immediately shifts. And when you try to mend a different part, the school of fish shifts again.

Now, the man who is given to logic and brute determination will keep trying to fix different parts of the school of fish, convinced that One Day he will catch hold of it.

The man of understanding will allow himself to at least entertain the possibility that the school of fish is not fixable. That it is an exercise in complete futility, no matter how much

in his grasp it seems to be.

You see, my friend, it is extraordinarily enticing to believe that these schools of fish are your life. But, in actuality, they are not. They are just schools of fish.

And for as long as they catch your eye, life will pass behind you.

Life is not the school of fish.

Life is everything but the school of fish.

Life is the water in which they swim. Life is the single ray of sunlight that penetrates the ocean.

Life is what existed before you decided to create the school of fish.

And life is what passes you by as you remain mesmerized by your own creation.

Life is what passes you by as you sleep through each and every moment of your day.

I will not ask what it “means” to be awake. For meaning

has no meaning.

Rather, I will ask you what it is Like to be awake.

You will say that you don't know. And I will accept your honest reply.

But when you are tired of running after the school of fish. And they don't hold as much promise for you as they once did, you will begin to ask what life is.

But beware! For at this juncture is where man falls off the “razors edge.”

For he often begins to ask not what life IS, but what the Purpose and the Meaning of life is.

Oh no . . . the poor man has just traded one school of fish for another.

Listen, dear friend, when your mind can't explain it, you're on the right track.

If words become inadequate, you're on the right track.

When you awaken, awaken not to a surrogate or a middle

man . . .

Awaken not to a theory or a promise . . .

Awaken not to an aphorism or a sloka . . .

Awaken to Life Itself.

Where will you find it?

You will find it anywhere where there are no schools of
fish.

The Innocent Warrior



Siddhartha Gautama spent years in the forest. He tortured his body. Deprived himself of food. Drank his own urine. And sat in the rain.

What did this get him?

Emaciated and on the verge of death.

It was only when he realized that this had gotten him

nowhere that he found the true road to enlightenment.

It is the same with the professional athlete and the CEO. It is the same with everyone.

What exactly do I mean? What is the same with everyone?

The idea of penance. The idea of sacrifice. The idea of a “hard work.”

The most pervasive idea throughout the world is the idea that “if you do This, you will get That.”

The idea that “if you just keep doing what they say, be patient and one day it will come to you.”

Nonsense!

Go to your rooftops, open your windows, look down from a helicopter . . . and take a look at all the people in the world.
That is exactly what they’re doing.

Doing a prescribed something in exchange for a future promise.

If you buy into this idea, then why don’t you go to the

supermarket tomorrow, pay for your groceries and tell the cashier that months or years into the future, when they get around to it, they can deliver your groceries to you.

Everything we've been told is a sham.

One giant hoax.

Half-truths have ruined the life of man.

Do you know why you've been told to "work hard?"
Because they didn't want you lying around on the sofa.

Do you know why you've been told to do penance and pooja and prostrations and worship? So that you could ingratiate yourself to the gods.

Let me ask you something. Have you ever even seen God?

Listen, I don't know if he exists or not. But one thing I will tell you is that I will not allow myself to waste my time asking such an irrelevant question.

Whether he exists or not, what does that have to do with You?

The only God you will ever have is You!

I'll say that again. Even though I know you don't believe me.

The only God you will ever have is You! And instead of exploring him, you abandon him in search of one who lives in the stars that are (conveniently) millions of miles away.

And the reason that you've been told that he lives there is because the people who told you this knew you didn't have a spaceship. And since you didn't have a spaceship you'd never be able to prove them wrong.

Hard work, penance, worship, and striving are nothing more than Ineffective Habits.

Then what is it that allows a human being to arrive at the very spot he wishes to arrive?

What it is that allows him to achieve and realize anything his heart desires?

An innocent journey.

What is an innocent journey?

***An innocent journey is one that is walked with the heart
and without the mind.***

The heart says Go There! And the mind says What if
something happens along the way?

The heart says this is what I've always wanted. It brings
tears to my eyes. It consumes me. It fills me with life. And the
mind says But is it practical?

The heart says this is where I've always wanted to go. And
the mind says Do you know how that will make you look?

The heart cuts straight to the core. The mind says There are
rules you must follow.

The heart says I want it Now. The mind says Others want it
as well, so what makes you so special?

You see, hard work is not authentic. It is actually a clever
manipulation in order to pacify the mind's insistence upon
rules and penance.

But the innocent journey is a very difficult one to walk.

And the reason it is very difficult to walk is precisely because it is too simple.

You see, man has become accustomed to the idea that that which is not achieved through sweat and complication cannot be of any value.

But what he doesn't understand is that the sweat and complication were only anxieties superimposed like whip cream on the fundamentally innocent journey. But walking the innocent journey without complication or fanfare is "too easy." There isn't enough of a sacrifice or a payment that gives one the feeling that he has "earned" it.

The innocent journey can only be walked by an innocent warrior.

He is "innocent" because he walks a path directly toward his vision. And he does so for no other reason besides the fact that this is what his heart truly craves.

He is a "warrior" Not because he destroys everything in his way or because he is courageous and strong. He is a warrior because he has chosen to walk the knife-edged Himalayan peaks without entertaining the thought of falling.

***He is a warrior because his only companion is his heart.
And he has found it within himself to leave the mind behind.***

His journey is not one of striving or hard work or hope. For the thought of not getting to his destination has never really occurred to him. And it is precisely this that liberates him from the burden of having to work “hard.”

The road may lead him through an inferno. And across treacherous ice crevasses 2000 feet deep. But this will not be “work.” It will not be a penance. It will not be a striving.

These will be innocent natural milestones in his wholly innocent journey.

The Moment And The Mind: The Secret To Becoming Present



There is only one place where the mind cannot exist: In This Moment.

I recently came upon the blog of Nicole Schwab. She wrote a post titled, Are We Losing Our Grip On Reality?

She concludes with the following:

So that we may come back to our center. So that we may go back up-stream – as my friend Lama Dominique would say –

against the currents of our conditioning. Experience life beyond the blurred boundaries of the virtual and the real...

And become truly present.

The truth is that man lost his grip on reality long ago.

And to give him a way back to reality is to make an ambitious assumption: That reality is in fact what he truly seeks.

There is the moment, and then there is the mind.

There is reality, and then there is the mind.

There is truth, and then there is the mind.

If you truly wish to Become Present, there is something you will have to sacrifice.

If you wish to See as nature sees, there is something you will have to abandon.

If you wish to experience life as a Master, there is something you will have to leave behind.

The world of the mind.

Dear friend, the problem is not that the mind projects the world that man sees. The problem is not even that he believes the projections to be real.

The problem is that he has fallen in love with them.

He is horrified by the turmoil of the world. But he thrives upon it.

He complains incessantly about the dramas of his life. But he cannot imagine his life without them.

Though he is sinking in quicksand, he wouldn't dare reach out for the vine that lies beside him. For he cannot sacrifice the joy of crying out for help.

A journey is nothing if not Authentic.

And the authentic journey to Becoming Present is the journey of emerging from the mind.

But there is a real sacrifice here. You will have to sacrifice the pomp and the show. You will have to sacrifice the fireworks and the roller coaster existence. You will have to

sacrifice the delicacy of emotional outbursts and the luxuries of anxiety and depression.

And yes, you will even have to abandon the oh-so-clever methodologies. From mindfulness to meditation to breathing to pooja to surya namashkar to communing with the spirits.

Come now, my friend. Who are you fooling?

If you wish to talk meditation, we can do so now. But I warn you that I will only speak in terms of The Ultimate. No half-way. No cleverness. No orange-colored robes. No addiction to form.

Are you ready?

If you wish to explore meditation, then drop the twenty-minutes-a-day silliness and make it your entire life. From the moment you set your feet upon the floor as you awake, let yourself drop into a meditative state.

Let every single thing you do become an entranced meditation. Live your life unburdened by thoughts. Be completely thought-less. And employ thought only when absolutely necessary.

In doing so, you will begin to drop the mind. You will have begun to enter the state of Atmamun.

Understand this:

When the enchantments of the world no longer have the power to move you . . .

When the musings of the mind no longer have the power to affect you . . .

When your personality no longer has a hold upon you . . .

When hope or expectation hold nothing for you . . .

When your mind is no longer attractive to you . . .

When you so completely dissolve into whatever it is that you are doing . . .

You will live as the God that you were created to be.

Each of your steps, though they may not cause rose petals to bloom, will indent the Earth so that others will find their way.

Each minor incident in your life will become an opportunity to be blessed with your wisdom.

You will see and feel every sway and twirl of the leaf as it falls onto a bed of soft earth.

My friend, the mind has all the power and the cinematic drama to keep you engaged for lifetimes.

And once you begin to understand that this engagement with the mind is your imprisonment, you will begin to turn the other way.

When you free yourself from the mind, the mind becomes your tool.

And you discover your ultimate freedom.

And though you may have gained the world and all the grand luxuries it can provide . . .

If you have not Freedom, what do you really have?

A Secret Step To Take Control Of Your Life



If you look into the world today, and indeed even into your own life, you will see a pervasive haphazardness.

You will notice a certain degree of turmoil that has been ongoing for decades.

It is not that one's entire life is in turmoil necessarily. It is that there is a constant undercurrent of visceral unrest.

A Constant Undercurrent Of Visceral Unrest.

There are so many things that I once did not know. I was simply unaware of them. And my life was impacted by the consequences of this lack of knowledge.

We do not come into this world with an instruction manual for life. And even if we did, the interpretation would still be left to us. And because the interpretation would be based upon our pre-conceived beliefs, we would likely fail, even with a manual placed firmly into our hands.

What I did not know years ago, I have come to learn. I do not know if this came about through grace or some other unexplained force in the universe. But I cannot help but to believe that my desire for truth being the central core of my existence was in some way contributory.

The idea of my living life being one way and being completely unaware that it could have been some magnificent way if only I had the necessary insight and knowledge is an idea that drives me at the level of the marrow.

Rare is the man who has control of his life. Rare is he who holds it by the reins. Rare is he who drives it precisely in the direction he wishes it to go.

And thus becomes a master of his own existence.

Perhaps there are many who do not share in the following sentiment, but I will state it with the most heartfelt sincerity I possess, “What in a man’s life could be more important than to become his own master? And how could this not be at the core of any man’s central thoughts and desires?”

The secret I have learned is this: In order to control your life, there is a highly specific, systematic, and detailed way it must be done, or else it will not work.

I must tell you that when I first learned this, I was confused by the universe’s decision to create such a design for the fate of man.

I thought to myself, “How can the universe have such a high demand for man? How can it expect that man will somehow stumble upon such specific insights without being shown the way? It’s akin to asking the common man to be well-versed in the physics of jet propulsion.”

As I sit writing this discourse, a few pale yellow leaves fall sideways from a limp tree outside my library window. And as they fall, a thought occurs to me in real time. It’s almost as if the universe is providing me a response to the question I just

posed, in the midst of composing this discourse.

The question it has just posed to me is this: “How did those leaves know to fall when they did?” The answer, of course, is that they didn’t know to fall. They just fell when the time was ripe.

Perhaps it is the same with “stumbling upon” the secrets to controlling our life. It isn’t so much that we “acquire them” through toil. It is, perhaps, that they Fall into us when the time is ripe. And the time is ripe when our desire to know them is ripe.

We come upon these secrets either directly through the universe, or by way of a teacher, a chance meeting, or providence.

Continuing on with the secret . . .

There is a precise order of systematic explorations that must take place before your life comes under your control.

One of these explorations is your relationship to the desires that sit deep in your heart.

There is a particular desire that sits deep within your heart

and it has followed you for years. You've perhaps never told anyone about it.

And it has yet to be satisfied. It has yet to be achieved. It has yet to be overcome.

And you've agonized over it for years and years.

It sits within your heart. And it is one of the obstacles that stands in the way between you and truly owning your life.

I'm not telling you to remove it, or satisfy it, or ignore it. It is not my way to tell you what to do.

I'm simply telling you that it's standing in your way. I'll leave the rest to your good graces.

This is one step in these precise orchestration of explorations that must take place.

And once this and the others have occurred, your body deflates into a sort of relaxation that you've never felt in all your life.

And soon after this occurs, your life becomes a benediction.

A Conversation With The Mind



He said . . .

. . . but I realize that my life is headed like a freight train toward a cataclysm that will be the end of me.

The mind keeps indulging in its swath of emotion. It sits and slops in its pool of unabated emotion.

And I have become so complicit in its like and dislikes that I have made them my own. Not only made them my own, but I have actually worn them as an emblem.

But I do not know any other way to be. For this is the way I have always lived. How can a man suddenly change?

Oh, but it is not about change but understanding.

Perhaps even more powerful and expedient than understanding is the feeling of being fed up. Of being at wit's end. Of no longer caring what is holy or unholy or spiritual or non-spiritual or right or wrong or good or bad or moral or immoral.

But simply having had enough.

I no longer want to be here, he said.

I no longer want this life.

I've grown tired of myself. I've had enough of my impulses and the predictable reactions.

I want to experience something new. And I no longer want to experience it as myself.

No, he said. No longer myself. I'm tired of looking at this man in the mirror. I now know that he is an apparition.

I don't want his hopes. I don't want his dreams.

I simply want to live, he said. I don't want to live FOR anything. I just want to live.

And don't tell me to be in the moment. Because when you tell me this it reminds me that I'm not in the moment to begin with. And you telling me to be in the moment only makes it an idea and takes me even further from it.

I don't want procedures. Or techniques. Or methods. Because these are all traps. And these traps will keep me firmly entrenched as the ME I wish to escape.

His mind asked him, "So who is it that you want to be?"

He replied with tears in his eyes, "Oh mind. You have tormented my every waking moment for all of my adult life. You have shown me visions of becoming someone. And it is not all your fault. For I fueled your pursuits with ambition in my eyes."

But now I say firmly, Oh mind. That the person who I long to be is no person at all.

What I long for most is to hear footsteps as I walk down the halls of this house and wonder to whom they belong.

What I long for most is to be rid of this Someone I've
become.

What I want more than anything in this world is to be a
Nobody.

Put more precisely, what I want is to be the Absence of a
Somebody, for a Nobody may also be a solid persona. And I
no longer have any interest in being a solid persona.

I want to float through life like a cloud.

I do not want good behavior or bad behavior. I want no
behavior at all. I want to be beyond behavior.

If you extend your arm to touch my chest, I want your arm
to pass right through me.

I want more than anything to Disappear.

And in disappearing, I will be Free.

In disappearing, I will become God.

God, not in a Kingly sense. But God in an ever present,
non-imposing ethereal sense.

Mind, I will not ask you to leave me alone. For I realize that if I do, the person who will be asking this will be a solidified persona. And I no longer wish to be that.

I know that with the death of me, will come the death of you.

For it is I who gave birth to you. And it is I who must destroy you.

And it is Vintage nature to so ingeniously create a human spirit in such a way that the only way that it can have peace is to become a Nobody.

That which exists, exists in misery.

And that which chooses to stop existing lives in Unshakeable Peace.

The time has now come to say goodbye.

And open my eyes for the very first time . . .

So that I may see all that I have missed for so many years.

Asleep



Have you ever tried to awake a sleeping man?

How does he respond?

As you try to awaken him, he shrugs his shoulder and grunts and turns his head to the other side of the pillow.

He is drugged by sleep. The greatest and most ubiquitous addiction in the world.

But the sleep I'm speaking of is not the type that comes at

night. The sleep I'm speaking of is the sleep the covers a man's eyes in broad daylight.

Fear not, I will not tell you that you are asleep. I will not succumb to the baseless hope that you will hear these words and suddenly feel the desperate need to awaken.

Nor will I ask you to awaken. For if I do, your mind will dismiss it as an idle platitude and file it under the impotent feel-good phrases that circulate endlessly on twitter.

So how shall I put this to you?

It's a conundrum.

For if I tell it to you straight, your mind will shoot it down.

And if I put it to you cleverly and subversively your mind will occupy its time combing through the words in search of the drop of medicine hidden within the strawberry flavoring.

We are on opposite sides of the river bank, my friend. I want to reach out to you, but the river is too wide. I'd like to cut down a tree so that you may use it as a bridge, but the river won't stand for it.

The river is your mind. But neither the river or the mind is really the problem.

The problem is that you listen to what it tells you. And it's only job in this world is to keep you firmly planted on that side of the river bank.

It's interesting. I've discovered in working with human beings that the more you condemn the sleepiness of people, the more they defend their sleepiness. The more you tell them what doom and gloom they face on that side of the river bank, the more they become attached to it.

Why?

Because you see, they don't consider it A side of the river bank. They consider it THEIR side of the river bank.

How can they disavow something they have come to take as their own?

So what shall we do?

How shall we awaken you?

We won't.

Nor will I tell you to stay right where you are and keep suffering and living in emotional turmoil and never realize the God within yourself and never realize all of your ambitions.

Because if I do that your mind will immediately categorize that as “reverse psychology” and tell you not to fall for it.

So what is one to do?

Nothing.

Nothing?

Yes, Nothing.

The practical truth is this: Whether it is in the world of professional sports, or in the high corporate environment, or on main street USA, greater than 99.99999% of human beings in all nations of the world will die in this state.

And No, I’m not using this as a clever statement aimed at getting you to act. I’m well beyond that.

This is not a prophecy. It’s history. Look in the obituaries and Every single human being that you find will have died

having lived a life of Sleep. Every single one of them will have died never having awoken.

So there is nothing to do.

The only man that has a chance is the one who becomes so enamored with the other side of the river bank, that he makes it his Immediate mission to cross the cold and raging river.

It never ceases to surprise me who takes that plunge. It's not predictable.

Do I hope it will be you?

No.

I don't believe in hope.

I will say this plainly. And without a single drop of emotion in my voice or in the fingertips that type these words:

It is practically overwhelmingly certain that you will die having lived a life of Sleep.

It is virtually guaranteed that you will die never having Awakened, and never having experienced the full sum of your

birthright glory.

Perhaps this discourse will be the closest you come to it.

As one who has slept for years, I can vouch for the addictiveness of sleep.

You may call me immodest, but I would call it pure and sincere desperation when I say that I will not die asleep.

I'd rather a lightning bolt strike me dead this very afternoon than to not experience Awakening for the remainder of my days on Earth.

There IS emotion in these words. There is quiet desperation. There is sincerity. And most of all, there is disgust for having wasted years asleep, when I could have been awake.

Each morning I look at the stillness of the pines through my library window.

As I look into their verdant branches I notice that they are truly alive.

And as I look at them, they look back at me. As a tall and

imposing conscience.

I realize that the reason that trees are so strikingly still is
because they are Awake.

For man is most restless in the state of sleep.

I will Not conclude by asking you to Awaken.

I will simply return my gaze to the stillness of the trees.

The Place You So Desperately Want To Go



I cannot tell you What Is.

I can only ask you What If.

Why can I not tell you What Is?

Because your mind will not believe me.

Therefore, I am speaking directly to You. And I will not try to convince your mind of anything.

What If your life could be lived in such a way that it made you say, “My God. I can’t believe I’ve been missing out on this for all these years.”

What If even as I speak these words to you, you are sitting within a prison cell and you Just Plain Don’t Realize It?

What If you never had to search for happiness ever again? Because happiness suddenly stopped carrying the charm it once did.

Incidentally, no one is really searching for happiness. They are all running from misery.

But where one goes, the other is not far away.

And what if this state in which happiness no longer needs to be searched for could be realized this very afternoon?

This. Very. Afternoon.

What If at the age of 75 you found it? And as you looked back you said, “I could have had this thirty or forty years ago!” And your heart sank because of the tragedy of not having realized this then?

What If the happiness you're searching for just simply does not exist anywhere in the world? What if it was all a myth? A hoax. And you just didn't realize it?

What if you had the sudden realization that the Events that you are hoping to make you happy only keep you enslaved. And they'd never bring happiness at all?

What if you found that one place within yourself in which such realizations come to you fast and furious?

No, I will not tell you where that place is. Because if I do you will look everywhere Except For the place I tell you to look. And you will look for Everything Except For that which I ask you to find.

Why?

Because your mind is afraid that if you find that place, you will no longer be able to be controlled. You don't want to die, do you? Well neither does the mind.

YOU are its only reason for living. If you go, it goes.

I realize that what I am about to say will not faze you

because your mind will tell you that I'm being alarmist. Or
that I'm using fear tactics.

But "belief" is only for those situations in which one does
not have immediate evidence.

I will state frankly and without an iota of a doubt that you
will live As You Are and continue to suffer the roller coaster
of emotion and turmoil and hope and despair until the day you
leave this Earth. You will not achieve Freedom.

I will state with absolute certainty that your life Will Not
Change. And it will continue As It Has Always Been from
now until the day you die.

Your mind is waiting for an "unless."

I have no "unless" for you. This is just the way it is.

I will only say this, and I will say it with softness in my
voice and sincerity in my heart:

What If There Was A Way Out Of All This?

Not happiness. Not meditation. Not mindfulness. Not
positive thinking. Not yoga. Not retreats. Not motivation. Not

prayer. Not incense. Not gratitude. Not anything that the feel-good, cosmetic, trite, insincere, derivative, impotent, and unoriginal society has told you.

I cannot tell you that There Is A Way. Because if I tell you that, your mind won't let the message through.

And quite frankly, I don't blame your mind for doing so.

Because my words are being spoken to you as we both sit in a society that has fed you horseshit for so many years that the mind has become gun-shy to letting any more of it get to you.

Anything that comes from society is by definition, False.

As the saying goes, "Consider the source."

In this world of noise, I will send to you a whisper. And the whisper is this:

What If There Truly Was A Way Out?

What if you were inches away from embarking upon a journey that would finally lead you to the place you've always desperately wanted to go?

What if you could this very afternoon begin to say, “I can’t believe I’ve been missing out on this for all these years,” instead of saying this at the age of 75?

If life has taught me anything, it is that there are no coincidences.

There is a cosmic and universal reason that I’ve spoken these words.

And more importantly, there is a cosmic and universal reason that of the 7.5 Billion people on Earth, I just happened to be speaking these words to YOU.

Looking Into Your Eyes. And Calling Your Bluff



Some time ago, I was asked to work with an Indian celebrity. His sponsor and close personal friend asked if I would help him. I told him I would agree to meet with him in order to see if he was genuinely interested in getting somewhere.

Having met many human beings in this capacity I've come to see a pattern. And the pattern is that while some are sent

and some come by their own accord, very very few are truly ready to walk the path toward Transformation.

When I meet with someone for the first time, I certainly go in with somewhat of a blank slate, but I cannot deny the residue of experience which has imprinted upon me the fact that this person is probably not going to be All-In.

I invited this celebrity to my house for dinner. And afterwards we retreated into the basement. I asked him a few specific questions that were designed to force him to face himself in search of the answer.

After he spoke for about ten minutes or so, I knew he wasn't the one. And so did he. He had put up the façade of the celebrity.

After he spoke, I said, "I don't believe I can help you."

To which he replied, "I don't believe you can either. In fact, you were meant to meet me."

I asked him why.

He said, "So that I can tell you about Vipassana. Really, Kapil, you must try it."

I smiled and nodded.

Since then, I've received calls again from his sponsor and also from his agent who called me from India, telling me about his troubles, state of mind, deterioration of his work and so on.

I told both of them that it cannot come from Them. It must come from him. And that they need to allow him to make his own decisions and do as he sees fit. I had grown somewhat tired of the whole affair and tone is a much more potent communicator than content. And although I was polite in every way, I suppose my tone spoke loud and clear that this was not going to work.

Back to Vipassana . . .

He had become so insistent upon me going to Vipassana that he said he was going to send me text messages reminding me that I need to go to Vipassana.

If Vipassana was so helpful, why was he suffering in life and craft?

If Vipassana was such a savior to him, why was he not the

living embodiment of equanimity?

If Vipassana was so effective, why does he still live in turmoil?

This is very illustrative of human behavior. And this aspect of human behavior is the central theme of this discourse.

Let me begin with the most common retort of human beings around the world as it relates to advice and teachings: “You can’t just listen. You have to Act upon it.”

This interplay between listening and acting is a steady staple around the world.

Let me ask you a question: If you are starving and I offer you food, will there be a chasm between my offer and your action?

Could it possibly be the case that you, as a starving man, listen to my words offering you food but you just don’t act? Could that possibly happen?

Look at the churches, temples, and holy gatherings around the world and you will see people sitting silent and nodding their heads in agreement with the speaker.

Go to the millions who listen to spiritual talks in India and you will, to a man, see them smiling and praising the poetic benediction of the guru on stage sitting in lotus posture.

After the talks end, they go home.

And like a rubber band they snap right back into their default state.

Most will hear me speak these words and they will assume that they know what I'm about to say next.

They will assume that I will say, "These people listen and nod their heads but they don't Act upon the advice. That is the problem."

Actually, that's not what where I'm going with this.
Because this isn't the issue.

And the issue isn't a problem to be solved by the world. It's an observation that must be recognized by an individual.

The issue isn't that people don't Act upon advice.

The issue is why they go to the sermons in the first place.

You see, even as they are driving in the car on the way to the sermon, they recognize that this isn't their first time going.

They recognize that they are going to nod their head. As they've done the last fifty-two times.

They also recognize that they are going to agree with everything the guru says. For who are they to disagree with a guru?

They recognize that they are going to laugh at his jokes and applaud his advice.

And they full well realize that they aren't going to act upon any of it.

They know that they are not going to change. And the guru knows it as well.

They are complicit in this game of elephants which traverse the proverbial room. It's the dance of the disingenuous.

And neither party would have it any other way.

For if the masses were Required to change their life if they

attended, they would not attend.

And if the guru Insisted upon accepting only the Sincere seekers who were All In, he might if he was lucky be left with an audience of One.

Then why do these people go?

Why did the celebrity insist that I attend Vipassana?

Why do the religious people beg you to convert?

Why?

Because the vast majority of men and women are not interested in any sincere journey toward Everest. They're interested in being Entertained by stories about Everest.

They aren't interested in imbibing the Truths of any doctrine. They are interested in carrying its Flag.

They might spend five agonizing minutes trying to look inward. But they will gladly spend months organizing committees to create pamphlets and design banners.

They might close one eye in an attempt to search for their

true nature. But the other eye is firmly affixed on the clock.

But they will spend 10 and 20 years trying to get You to
join the cause.

Man isn't in love with Truth. He's in love with Groups.

He isn't in love with any search. He craves to Belong.

**He does not know who he is. As a result, he goes into the
world in search of an identity.**

As for Vipassana, I will gladly attend it. On one condition.

If those who exit the Vipassana hall are equanimous,
regardless of the circumstance, I will attend.

If those who exit the Vipassana hall have discovered a way
to be untouched by the world, I will attend.

If those who exit the Vipassana hall are losing their sense of
manufactured self, I will attend.

But if any one of them tells me that “if I just keep
practicing, one day it will come.”

I will smile and ask him, “My dear friend. Do you really believe that that which has not come after all these years, one day will?”

Siddhartha did not join a religion or a movement or a cause.

He became a Buddha.

And men who came after him created “Buddhism.”

Christ did not create a religion.

But the men who came after him created “Christianity” and insisted others to convert.

Isn’t it fascinating?

A realized man creates a footprint. And instead of allowing the footprint to inspire him to create his own, the man who follows drops to his knees and begins to worship the footprint.

That which does not come Now, even in its most infinitesimal form, is a lie.

That which will one day come will never come at all.

For if you believe that it will one day come, you are incredibly optimistic about the length of your remaining life.

I won't tell you to shed the bright-colored robes, or rise from meditation, or stop going to Vipassana, or cancel your silent retreats.

For I'm not interested in the obeisance of your nodding head.

I'm not interested in being your guru.

And I'm not asking you to follow me.

Then what am I asking you?

Nothing at all.

I'm just looking at you squarely in the eye.

With a gentle smile.

The Giver Of Dignity And Light



Cleopatra was a woman of such charming beauty that when she made her entry into the marble palace, those in attendance stood stunned. She was Pharaoh. And keenly skillful with the spoken and the written word.

She asked Caesar in her trademark soft and elegant voice as to why Caesar wept. To which Caesar replied, “Alexander conquered the world. My remaining ambition is to keep the world from conquering me.”

The legendary pioneer of aviation, Howard Hughes once

remarked, “I’m not a paranoid deranged millionaire.
Goddamit, I’m a billionaire!”

The elegance of Queen Cleopatra. The wisdom of Caesar.
The unruly genius of Howard Hughes.

Three legends of human civilization.

But here is the billion dollar question: Could a person train herself in such a unique way as to become all three in one?

Let us first brush away the chaff of common thinkers who will immediately balk at such a possibility. For my work has never been for them, nor will it ever be.

Let us truly examine this question. And I warn you, it is for the rarefied sort. It is for the one who has pulled herself up by her bootstraps and become a bit of a an inspirational warrior in her own time. And thus is not swayed by the suggestion of impossibility. For she often has “impossibility” for lunch on Tuesday afternoons.

I do not pose such questions lightly. In fact, if I am to be blamed for something it is perhaps my penchant to be deathly serious about whatever it is that I choose to authentically pursue.

I pose this question for the handful of inspirational human beings who walk among us.

For those rare souls who were sent here in relatively elegant garb to become benevolent *Givers of Light* in this world of increasing darkness.

Thus it must be understood that I do not pose this question because it is somehow what I want. I pose it because in this time of cataclysm and turmoil, it is precisely what the world needs!

Man has fallen hard and destitute as a slave to his wild and unruly mind. He is desperately in need of one who has the wisdom to train herself to become the savior she was created by the Gods to be.

It is true that her gift of sight, while once keen, has blurred in the many complexities of her life circumstance. And I will say with keen conviction that sight is a powerful thing. I cannot help but to mention the times that I ask the dear souls who the universe has brought to me for help, “What is it that you are feeling?” And when I ask them this, they jerk and look directly into my eyes, startled and dazed as if I have suddenly peered into their heart and seen that which they

never meant for another to see.

I often feel an unmistakable truth within me that I have confessed to no one prior. It is a feeling that I am a protector of the glorious world elites who have somehow find their way to me. I feel as if I walk ahead of them, donning a wizard's cloak, so that I may protect them from the poisonous arrows of the world.

Perhaps I am overzealous in my interpretation. But thoughts can be denied, while authentic feelings cannot. And I feel it is my journey on this earth to lead those who the universe brings my way, to Enlightenment. Which is ultimately a place of Truth.

It should be known that though one sometimes floats away from her gift, she is never far from it.

Should she heed the message that comes to her.

And should she accept the path that opens up to her.

Though she has lost her way in the wilderness of modern society, it is time that she reunite with her blessed powers by moving toward the light.

And become the one who lends a slender and delicate hand
to the fallen.

So that they may rise in dignity.

Never to fall again.

The Nobility Of Human Perfection



On a summer night in 1953, a crescent moon sits haphazardly reflected by a gentle current which laps the shores of the Cote d'Azur. Sitting witness to this marvelous spectacle are Jack Kennedy and Swedish aristocrat, Gunilla Von Post. While peering into the opaque depths of the Mediterranean, Jack Kennedy says to Gunilla Von Post, "I fell in love with you tonight. But years ago, I fell in love with Grace Kelly the moment I laid my eyes on her."

The understated elegance of Grace Kelly.

The divine beauty of Norma Shearer.

The angelic voice of Jennifer Hudson.

Gloria von Thurn und Taxis's masterful restoration of The Palace At Regensburg, a place with a rich and storied history, not the least of which is its representing the place where Benedictine Monks came in the 8th Century to build a tomb for the holy abbot.

The genius of Manolo Blahnik, the first and last names complementing each other perfectly. Great human beings are by definition contrarian, and Mr. Blahnik is no exception.

Being as he is a man by biologic birth, but admitting a profound metamorphosis into the world's elite shoe designer.

The brilliant and cultured eye of Andre Leon Talley. If luxury is indeed in the maintenance, then Mr. Talley does not disappoint. His understanding of people is renowned and it is for this reason that he is appreciated, if not coveted, by the eclectic swathe of people that befriend him. Such men are easy to admire.

The wholly inspiring words of Diane Von Furstenberg's mother who was a member of the Belgian resistance and an Auschwitz survivor. She said to her daughter, Diane, who was

born on New Year's Eve, "God saved me so that I can give you life. And by giving you life, you gave my life back to me."

And dare I mention the Jan 2007 cover of Vogue, Anna Wintour's masterpiece, influenced no doubt by the preternaturally talented Grace Coddington whose extravagantly romantic ideals infuse every page of this iconic masterpiece of world fashion.

I've yet to have the pleasure of meeting Madame Wintour, but I will state quite readily that any person whose sensibilities flow toward uncompromising perfection will not be understood by the world. Such people are the rare jewels of humanity and must be celebrated rather than questioned.

As I have just limned, perfection is present within the details of every human being. And it is present in the way that nature presents herself, naked and fierce without the slightest hesitation or apology.

Yet it is often remarked, and correctly so, that man is not perfect.

If man contains perfection within him, why is it that he is not perfect?

I will state resolutely at this juncture that this discourse is
Not an attempt to provide excuses to explain away the
apparent imperfection of man.

**For the status quo is something I have quite rigorously
rejected throughout my life and career.**

Rather, the question that I'm posing is an invitation to step
foot onto the path toward Human Perfection.

You will most assuredly hear from those whom I have the
pleasure to counsel that if there is a central tenet to my
guidance of them it lies in abandoning the notion of
“compromise.”

You see, the concept of “compromise” arises in things
about which one is not passionate. But what purpose can
“compromise” possibly serve in that which is at the very
essence of a human life?

Shall a man “compromise” his Freedom?

Shall he “compromise” his right of Will?

Shall he “compromise” his state of Peace?

Shall he “compromise” on the quality of his Art?

Shall he “compromise” his right to attain Human
Perfection?

The first three or four will, without a doubt, engender full support.

The final one, however, will perhaps raise a brow, at least for some. For it collides with the murky dimension of personal belief systems.

The world has always taught us that “no one is perfect.” We have upon numerous occasions proclaimed, with almost a tinge of pride, that “I am not perfect.”

Further, the very notion of perfection is saturated with awkward connotations such as up-tight, critical, demanding, and zealotry.

There is great behavioral evidence for us to confidently claim that “we are not perfect.” But that is not the question that I’m exploring.

The question is not, “Have you behaved perfectly?” To

which the answer is a resounding, No.

The question is, “What precisely would your daily existence feel like if you entered into a journey to attain Human Perfection?”

One of man’s greatest treasures is also his greatest downfall. And that is his skill of Adaptability. He can adapt to a life of freedom. And he can adapt to a life of imprisonment.

And that which he is exposed to most often, he becomes.

Thus, we naturally consider ourselves as flawed human beings because flaws have been a part of our daily experience for as long as we can remember. As a result, any and all ideas to the contrary are immediately met with skepticism.

But perhaps if we learned from whence such flaws arose, we might learn to see through fresh eyes.

Perhaps if we learned that the flaws in our behavior and our outlook are not intrinsic to our humanity, a new possibility would instantly appear before us.

Shall I provide you with a glimpse into this new possibility?

Shall I share with you an insight to which only a handful of human beings in the history of human civilization have ever been privy to?

I will do so, and I will do it without fanfare. I will speak the truth, stark and unadorned.

For this is one of the things that informs my decision of accepting only a small fraction of the consultation requests that come my way.

They, in each and every instance, are taken aback at my polite and respectful refusal of their query. And this is understandable for people who have reached such a publicly celebrated and rarefied station in the world.

People who are in the public eye, and can have anything they want in the world are not accustomed to being denied.

But this is the journey for the Rare Few who walk among us.

It is a journey for the man or woman who seeks to Sincerely Attain, despite all the fame and riches, that which has always eluded them.

It is a journey for the human being who wishes to hold the entirety of his life in the palm of his hand.

I will now share with you a glimpse of The Great Truths. I will not attempt to convince you. Nor will I harbor a shred of hope that you will keep an open mind. For that is entirely up to you.

For this, my dear friend, is not a matter of the wayward mind.

It is a matter of the Human Heart.

Here it is:

The reason that man lives with flaws . . .

The reason that he experiences constant imperfection . . .

The reason that he lives a roller coaster existence filled with happiness followed by misery . . .

The reason that he rarely is able piece together two consecutive days of Complete Peace . . .

The reason that he knows not Equanimity . . .

The reason that he lives in a state of endless minor
Conflicts . . .

The reason that his existence is punctuated by jerky Starts
and Stops . . .

The reason that he does not create a Masterpiece with every
Attempt . . .

The reason that he has not attained Human Perfection . . .

. . . is because he lives As his mind, instead of With his
mind!

You have always been told that the mind can move
mountains. And what you have been told is true.

But oh how the errors of omission hobble a human being.

What has been omitted is the one insight without which the
mind cannot move a snow pea, much less a mountain.

And that is this: In order to have the mind move mountains
for you, you must first learn to make it your pet. You must

learn to contain it under your thumb.

And once this is done you are in for a grand surprise. Your life undergoes a cataclysmic transformation.

You suddenly no longer see things through the prism of the mind. You see things as they are.

In high definition. And complete clarity. You see the deep red of the roses. And you notice the almost imperceptible movement of the clouds.

You instantly understand the heart of the one you're speaking to. And you can often read his thoughts. And mark my words, they will be stunned by your ability to see into them.

Once the mind no longer has control over you, you become Free. For make no mistake. True Freedom is not freedom Of mind, but freedom From mind.

As I state in my book, *Atmamun: The Path To Experiencing The Bliss Of The Himalayan Swamis. And The Freedom Of A Living God* (<http://amzn.to/2b1gp6w>), the path to human perfection is your noble birthright.

While there is indeed a nobility that is bestowed by family lineage, there is also one which is bestowed by the divine hand of nature.

Thus it can be stated with complete confidence that it is not a question of whether human beings should attempt to become more than they are.

Rather, they must become that which they were created to be.

They must not search for new treasures in the desert.

Rather, they must reclaim the treasures they have lost.

They must not set off to conquer new lands.

Rather, they must understand the one and only thing that their heart has forever longed for is to Return Home.

To err may be human.

But the journey toward Human Perfection is divine.

A Delicate Solution To The Pains And Sorrows Of Your Life



I received a heartfelt question from one of you who is going through a rather public turmoil.

The press is coming down on you, your name is being attacked, and there are issues inside the four walls of your home which we've been delicately mending over several months.

Your voice is heard, my dear friend. And I believe that, more or less, the problems you speak of apply to all. Allow

me, if you will, to address it in a way that may benefit each unique individual present in our small universe in our own remote corner of the world.

Wherever you may be sitting reading this letter, you are living with several problems. Even when you experience a moment of joy, the rolling undercurrent of problems does not allow you to rejoice for long. For these problems are real. And they have been with you for decades.

Be it a relationship problem with your daughter. A never-ending pain in your business. Ambitions which remain unfulfilled in your heart. Desires which never seem to quite get satisfied.

There is a part of your life which turned out wonderfully. Even beyond your wildest imagination.

But then there are a few parts of your life that always seem raw, never to heal. And no matter what you have tried, these damn stubborn issues just don't mend!

You find yourself in almost schizophrenic swings of mood. There are times when you have blamed yourself for all these problems. And you felt justified in doing so because it is in fact true that you made many undeniable mistakes. And you

accepted the fact that the seeds of these mistakes have bloomed into problems which return to its creator. You accepted this. And you felt deserving of the sorrows that came your way.

But after a while, when even such an outrageously humble and self-sacrificial perspective did not work, it made you angry. You thought, “I’ve admitted my mistakes. I’ve apologized for them. I’ve lay on my side in the quiet hours of the night and cried silent tears into my pillow-sheet. And after having done all that, nothing seems to change.”

And when nothing changed, you got angry. What more do I have to do, you said. How much more do I have to suffer! Your friends tell you that you have everything, but as they say this, you quietly think to yourself, “If only you crawled inside of me and felt how I truly felt. I’m sorry, but I don’t feel the way you think I should.”

Anger continued to arise within you and you began to hate the world. And perhaps even became estranged from friends. Perhaps even one or two family members.

I realize that things haven’t all gone your way. I understand that Now is a difficult time in your life.

And quite frankly, I may be the only person or advisor in your life who won't try silly things like cheering you up or give you a "fix" to your problems.

I will only say that I understand.

You see, my dear friend, as human creatures we have a peculiar characteristic which defies all sense of logic. But it's present within us by the handful.

And that is this: We have become accustomed to lamenting our problems. And if one were to overhear us lamenting, they would think that what we desperately want is to be free of our problems. But that isn't quite true, you see. We are a clever sort. No one should take what we say at face value. For there is always more than meets the eye.

It's not that human beings lament their problems because they want to be rid of them. Rather, it is that they do not know who they would be without their problems. And to be brutally honest, no human being in the entire world wants to be rid of his or her problems.

None of us wants a resolution to our problems.

In actuality, what you Really want is for the resolution to go

your way. You want the resolution to suit you. You want the judgment to go in your favor.

That's what you've always wanted.

And if your mind, even in the slightest, protests my claim, allow me to calm it immediately by telling you that my words carry not even the shadow of accusation.

You will agree, having been with me for all this time, that in our private consultations, I have never told you what to do. And this is because I absolutely forbid my mind to hold you in judgment.

For I understand all too well, that to judge you will only excite that element within you that we are trying to free you from: Your Mind.

So, no, I don't hold you in any judgment. I truly have nothing to say about what you might have done wrong or how you should have done things. That's only behavior modification. And this does not have the power to transform. Perhaps psychotherapists and so-called "executive coaches" should understand this.

I understand your pain. I see your difficulties. I feel your

agonies. I acknowledge your sorrows.

I sit next to you, in full witness to all the pains of your life.

And I offer you a gentle smile.

Your pains are real. Your misery is true. Your disappointments are authentic. Your sadness is understood.

And I sit next to you, in full witness to it all. And offer you, in return, a gentle smile.

Your feelings have a particular grammatical weight to them. And you carry them with you from the mist of morning, into the pale blue light of your dreams. Rarely do you ever feel Light.

Never are you really free of them. They are like a second spleen, these problems.

No matter where you are looking, or whom you're speaking to, you can feel them sitting there.

I see your entire life around you, my dear friend. From your loves, to those you have lost. From your triumphs to your alarming calamities. From the things you've dreamed of forever, to the things you hoped you'd never see.

I understand, my dear friend.

I understand.

It is certainly interesting, this life. It is designed to flow only one way. Toward its final ending.

There will come a day in the future that isn't as distant as your mind tells you it is. A day will certainly come when you and I are no longer here. And though a select few humans in the world will cry that we are gone, they will once again return to their lives. The buses and the trains will continue to run. The stores will open at the same time they always have.

And the world will mercilessly continue as if you and I were never here.

And on that day that you die, if you are lucky you will have a moment or two to look back upon the number of hours and days and years that you were allotted. And when you do, what will you feel? What will you have to say about it?

I'm not interested in what others will say about you when you are dead.

I'm interested in what you will say about yourself just

before you die.

In the end, life is more verb than noun.

And for now, if you wish to spend it lamenting about your problems and your sorrows, I understand.

And as you do, I will sit quietly next to you.

I will place my hand on yours.

And offer you a gentle smile.

My God. I'm Finally Free!



A few years ago, I had flown out West to meet with a client.

We had been working together on the telephone for some time.

I recall the first few sessions we had on the telephone. He couldn't clearly articulate what exactly it is that he wanted, or why it is that he sought me out.

He would only say, "I'm not sure what exactly it is, but there is something that just pulls me toward you. There's

something here, I just know it.”

And after several months, he wanted to tell me something.

And he wanted to tell it to me face to face.

It is actually the norm that we as human beings don’t really know what we want. It is a very difficult and dangerous question.

It is difficult because the things we want are not at all what we want. They are just surrogates for something more fundamental. They are simply avenues for getting to the Real Want.

And it is dangerous because once we discover and, then articulate, what we really want, then we feel compelled to pursue it. There’s no going back.

For once something is spoken, it becomes real.

When I went to visit with this individual, we were sitting in his garden amidst a lovely backdrop of hazy mountains in the distance. He liked to drink tea with his left hand even though he was right-handed, and as he took a sip and set down the cup, he said, “Something has happened to me, Kapil.”

“What’s that?” I said.

“Four months ago, my third partner embezzled \$2.7 million dollars from me.”

“I’m so sorry to hear that.”

He looked at me started to laugh.

“Why are you laughing?” I asked.

“You’re not sorry at all,” he said.

“What do you mean?”

“I can see it in your eyes, Kapil. What I told you doesn’t really sound like a big deal, does it?”

“I’m trying to sympathize for you, my friend.”

“That’s just it, you’re TRYING! Don’t get me wrong, Kapil. I’m not saying that you don’t regret that this happened to me. What I’m saying is that it’s this quality that I saw in you when we first spoke on the phone.”

At this juncture, I wasn’t quite sure if he was angry with

me, or if he was praising me. I didn't know if I had helped him, or hurt him.

Relations with human beings are the most subtle, nuanced, and complex interactions in existence. And I've learned to stay quiet and allow things to play themselves out.

He continued, "I remember the exact moment that I found out that he was embezzling money from me. I was sitting on the 32nd floor and the sun was incredibly bright coming through the window to the side of me. It was one of those surreal moments that you tend never to forget. You remember every detail. It's like a snapshot in time. You know what I'm saying?"

"Absolutely."

"I was shocked by the news. But a few minutes after the shock, I became very joyful about something. Obviously, I wasn't joyful about having lost almost \$3 million dollars.

What I was joyful about was that I didn't feel angry or depressed or, really anything."

"Please continue," I said.

"It's very strange. It sounds almost crazy. But I became

joyful at the fact that I didn't get angry or depressed. It was almost like this terrible thing was happening to someone else. At first I thought that maybe it was sort of a denial. But the rest of the day, the rest of the week, I just went about doing the things I needed to do to pick up the pieces of the misfortune. Very calm. Very relaxed. Very smoothly. It was unbelievable.”

“Go on,” I said.

“You remember when we talked on the phone for the very first time, I had no idea what I wanted?”

“I remember.”

“This is going to sound completely crazy, but I finally found out what I wanted. But I found out what I wanted only After I got it. That's crazy, isn't it?”

“Nothing is linear. And logic is overrated,” I said.

“If this had happened to me a year ago, I would have been completely devastated. If I'm honest, it really wouldn't have affected me financially because fortunately I would have been able to absorb the loss quite easily. But the idea that someone stole from me on this big of a scale . . . it would have put me

into weeks of depression and sadness and retaliation and revenge and anger and all those things. You know?"

"Certainly, I understand."

"But when I heard this, it just didn't bother me. And when that happened, I had a reaction to this reaction. I was like, Oh my God, how can I feel so calm? This is amazing. I'm not bothered by it. I'll do whatever needs to be done. But I'm just not bothered by it. And now that I think about it, even small conflicts and incidences around the house don't bother me anymore. They just don't. Oh my God, I'm finally free."

I smiled and asked him to continue.

"Kapil, now that I look back, this is exactly what I wanted. Even though I couldn't spell it out. But I only knew I wanted it after I actually got it. Now I know, and now I can say it. I guess what I've always wanted is to not be bothered by anything. You sometimes talk about this in your discourses. You call it "Untouched." Yes, untouched. I always wanted to be remain Untouched no matter what happens. And I can honestly say, that this is True Freedom. I feel free from my emotions. You call it freedom From the mind. But I never knew what that meant. But I call it Freedom from my inner anxiety. And Freedom from my emotions. This is the way to

live, man. It feels so ridiculously amazing. I'll never go back.
Never in my whole life!"

The Lost Spirit Within The Artist



The artist is a sacred being.

Allow me to share with you a story of an encounter with a great artist who I've worked with for years.

It took me a while to coax it from him. (This is not unusual, as the mind often hesitates and freezes in the first few meetings).

But when I asked him why it is that he wasn't getting the movie roles that he felt he should be getting, he said he wasn't

surprised.

I'll now take you behind the curtain and let you in on a private consultation that transpired:

He said, "Kapil, when I was younger, I could do whatever the role required me to do. Auditioning was a snap. I could laugh or cry at the snap of a finger."

"And now?" I asked.

"When I leave the audition, I almost know I'm not going to get the part."

"I think you know much sooner than that."

"What do you mean?" he said.

"I think you know you're not going to get the part before you even go to the audition."

"You know what? You're probably right. So what I do?"

"When has it ever been about a 'doing'? It's not about doing anything, brother."

“Then what is it about, Kapil?”

“It’s about regaining what you’ve lost.”

“I’ve lost the ability to perform. I’ve lost the ability to move the millions who watch me and follow me.”

“Not at all.”

“Then, I don’t get it. What have I lost?”

“There’s something you need to understand. Your mind tells you that when you perform your very best, it is You who is doing the performing.”

“Whoa. Back up. You lost me.”

“Your mind and your intellect tells you that when you are at your very best, it is You who is doing the performing.”

“If it’s not me whose doing the performing, then who exactly is performing?”

“The being within you who used to do the performing has been lost.”

“The being within me?”

“Yes sir. At one time, there had to exist within you—

“Holy shit!”

He stood up began pacing the room with his hand across his forehead. He looked off into space and sat quiet for at least two to three minutes.

He then turned to me and said, “I’m embarrassed to tell you. But holy shit, something you just said just opened up something that’s been repressed in me for years.”

“I’d love to hear it, but if you’re too embarrassed to tell me, I don’t want to force you, brother.”

“No, no, it’s okay.” he said.

He leaned back into the leather sofa and gazed at a random area of the hardwood floor.

Without making eye contact, he said, “Amy D.”

“Excuse me?” I said.

“When I was a kid, I used to have what I would now call a muse. At the time, I called her an inner voice. Her name was Amy D. I used to rely on her. She came with me to every important event, every touchy moment, every audition.”

“What does the D stand for?”

He laughed and said, “I have no freaking idea. That’s just the name I gave to her. And, God, I haven’t felt her presence in years.”

“Then I have the perfect solution, brother.”

“Yes, I need to get her back, don’t I?”

“If you look for her, you probably won’t find her.”

“What? Why not?”

“Because the greatest things in life are not grabbed by the throat. They are attracted by the spirit.”

“You’re a goddamn poet, I swear. I’m all ears, Kapil.”

“I want you to look at me in my eyes and hear every syllable of what I’m about to tell you. Okay, brother?”

“Yeah, absolutely. I’m in.”

“Whenever you go for an audition, I want you to forget all about yourself. I want you to abandon yourself. Abandon your ego. Leave your entire identity behind.”

“Then what’s my motivation for going? I’m not arguing with you, Kapil. I always do whatever you tell me, you know that. But I’m not sure what my motivation will be?”

“Your motivation is Amy D.”

He got up and walked away for a moment. And he began to cry quietly in the corner of the room.

I remained silent and still.

When he returned, he said, “But Amy D isn’t here any more, Kapil.”

“Amy D has always been here, brother. You’ve just been looking the other way. You’ve ignored her for years. Give your every triumph to her. Don’t do it as a sacrifice against yourself. Do it as a genuine, sincere, and all consuming gift for her. And as you do, you will begin to feel her presence

again.”

He smiled and said, “Damn it, Kapil. Can we ever go through a session without you making me cry? But I’m so grateful to have met you.”

“All human beings come into our lives for a reason, brother. If we listen to the universe and its unerring wisdom, then we reach out and hold on to those it brings our way, no matter what our mind tells us to do. Tears flow when human beings rediscover a part of themselves. And when you and I first met, I told you that we are on a journey back to the self you left long ago.”

“I remember. But tell me something, Kapil. Who exactly is Amy D?”

“Brother . . . Amy D is the Lost Spirit Within the Artist.”

“That’s beautiful.”

“Always remember, my friend. You will create reasonably good work if you do things for yourself. But if you do things for Amy D, you will become Rembrandt incarnate. Everything you touch will become a masterpiece for the world to behold.”

Becoming Napoleon And Buddha: The Untold Secrets To Leading Your Business Empire



One was born on the rugged coastline of the tiny
Mediterranean island of Corsica.

The other was raised in a palace, within the ancient
Napalese city of Kapilavastu.

Both were leaders of men.

And they harbored an unmatched understanding of things.
This made them legends.

I will confess with complete honesty that for much of my life, I've been dismayed. I've had questions about many things. There is much I've wanted to know.

The things I've wanted to know were not facts and figures and how-to's and lists that are top-of-mind in popular magazines and thus easily spewed into public consciousness like multi-colored balls of candy in a quarter-slot dispenser.

I wanted to know the truths of life. And all I could find were trite aphorisms.

I remember being told a story by a restaurateur. He had taken his clients out for dinner in an Indian restaurant. They ordered tandoori chicken. And when the waiter brought out the tandoori chicken, the restaurateur, having a keen and experienced eye, noticed immediately that this was left-over chicken. It was the pieces that they would put out in a buffet.

So he took the waiter aside and said, "Please don't bring us this rubbish. These are important clients. This is the chicken that you put out in your buffet. Give us the fresh and real

stuff. Don't worry. If you give them the real thing, they are willing to pay handsomely for it.”

Is it not the same with everything? Not the least of which is “business advice?”

I'll demonstrate in real time what exactly I mean. I'll leave you for a moment and Google “how to become a great leader” and I'll tell you what the experts have written. Be back in a few minutes.

Okay. The following is the advice that is so highly respected that it is at the very top of the first page of Google. These are not ads. These are from the pages of the top sites and business magazines available. Here are the entries that have published in expensive magazines with circulations in the 6 or 7 figures. This is the information currently available for consumption by modern man:

These lists and recommendations by the “business experts” are essentially repeated again and again so completely, they all might as well have been written by the same person.

In fact, it seems to me that the articles in all the magazines and the websites are more about who publishes them and what name is written in the byline, than it is about the actual

content of the article.

In fact, just take a dumpster and drop all of this advice into it. Then put a sign on the dumpster which says,

“This is all we have. It doesn’t matter who wrote it. It doesn’t matter who published it. It’s all the same information. The only thing that differs is the advertisements that punctuate the articles in this magazine. The articles themselves are full of advice you’ve already heard and recommendations which are so impotent that they give true meaning to the phrase “throw-away journal.”

Here are some of the regurgitated and recycled recommendations by the business experts who publish 1,000 new business books per day!

And here is the best that they have to offer:

Listen to your team, communicate as efficiently as possible, be an example, be passionate, be consistent, make firm decisions, identify mentors and role models, interfere only when necessary, know your limits, know your strengths, know your weaknesses, don’t make excuses, do good, meet new people, temper your reactions, and have fun . . .

I must stop there. If any of you received anything meaningful and life-changing in these words, I wish you all the best.

It almost seems as if modern business publishing is lost in a frenetic attempt at reaching a Guinness record for the number of words it can publish. Volume is all that seems to matter, so churn away.

The genius of a Napoleon . . .

The wisdom of a Buddha . . .

The control of the empire that you built with your own two hands . . .

Such things are sacred. Are they not?

That is, if you are cut out of the cloth of a Buddha or a Napoleon.

That is, if your ideals are uncompromising.

That is, if your eyes have an incurable habit of wandering the mystery of the heavens, rather than the well-paved streets lined with common people selling common things.

That is, if yours is a life that you've always suspected (though you never told anyone) was destined for a seat with the Gods, rather than a seat in a cubicle.

I have no interest in convincing or motivating anyone.

I will only say that if your heart tells you that you are one of these rare humans who roams the Earth, then walk with me.

To lead your empire, you must understand human beings.

They are not who you've been told they are.

And never are they who they tell you they are.

For man does not know what he wants. He knows not how he is best inspired, motivated, or governed. For he knows not who he fundamentally is.

You have built your empire with the blood which flows from your veins.

Should you not have as deep an understanding of the humans you choose to populate its floors?

I will Not tell you what it is you should “do.” Rather I will relate to you who precisely you are dealing with in these human beings.

As you see these human beings who come to do Your work . .

Who come to make reality out of your most precious imaginings . . .

Do not be swayed by what they say or how they look.

For it is all a clever cloak.

You need only understand the heart which beats within them. And the mind which mercilessly rules them.

Getting Workers To Work

If you wish to get them to do something, you must provide for them a vision. Chores will require only their fingers. For a vision, they will have to recruit their heart. And although this vision will be outlined by you, allow Them to fill in the colors.

Why?

Because while man may “labor” for another’s vision, he will bleed only for his Own.

Though the vision is yours, you must make him feel as if it is his.

If You Seek To Be Loved

If you seek to be loved, you must understand something, and understand it readily. The need to be loved is a subtle clarion call to which man is hyper-attuned. He can detect the faintest signal amidst a thousand tornadoes.

Understand, my friend, that this empire will not make you whole. You must arrive whole.

One of the strategic ironies of life is that the person who seeks to be loved rarely is. And the one who cares not in the least about being loved may well become loved.

The one who cares for it never receives it. The one who cares for it not receives it by the handful. And lest you attempt to be clever by pretending not to care for it in hopes that you

will receive it, the lightning bolts of the earth will come crashing down upon you.

For nature is wiser than you think.

To Be A Leader Of Men

The one who seeks to be a leader is the one who is essentially seeking to be loved. The word “leader” is a socially acceptable mask that he wears.

A true leader does not seek to lead.

Then why do men follow him?

Because they have no choice!

For it is not a conscious decision for them. There is something inside of this unwilling leader that attracts them so powerfully, they are helpless under its spell.

The man who becomes a leader is not in love with leading. He is simply given to an uncompromising vision. He does not negotiate. He is not interested in pleasing.

Why?

Because like the men who are powerless in his presence, he is powerless in the presence of his vision.

On Controlling Your Army

Do not befriend them. For friendship is rarely valued.
Rather, it is exploited.

The truth is that your army is desperate to be controlled. Not by petty rules such as bathroom breaks and working hours. But by the power of your vision. And the nature of your stand.

Most men have no powerful destination. And if you provide them with one, they will follow you. Not because you say so. But because of the incredible destination that you've painted before their eyes.

**Your army must see in You what they've always longed
to see in themselves.**

Understand, my friend, that man is hungry for a journey more than he is hungry for a job.

He will appease you if you feed his stomach. But he will walk with you to the end of the earth if you feed his soul.

The Most Important Secret Of All

And now we come to the most important secret.

Napoleon paid a price.

Buddha did as well.

There is always a price. Some consider this price a penance.

Others consider it a noble cost.

Shall I reveal it to you?

In order to become a Napoleon and a Buddha . . .

In order to control and navigate the whole of your empire . . .

You will have to conquer your greatest foe.

In order to be presented the amulet by the Gods . . .

You will have to become worthy of its receipt.

And the absolute and undeniable truth is that you have never in your life been far from achieving it.

You hear thoughts endlessly in your head all day. And just on the other side of those thoughts is the path to your Freedom.

Slowly, carefully, and strategically, we will tease away the sinews and vines that keep you tethered to your destructive mind.

For it is bound by you. And you are bound by it.

And as we delicately separate the fibers of the mind from the fibers of your glorious humanity, both of you will become free.

And the dirt road to the ancient kingdom will reveal itself to you.

And you too will walk the very same path Napoleon, Buddha, and the legends of yore have roamed for centuries.

And once you do, they will open their arms to welcome you
to the place reserved for those rarest few who roam the earth.

The Sky-High And Mile-Wide Barrier To Enlightenment



Society has an answer for everything.

And if its answers were True, then at least a fair percentage of the population would be Enlightened.

Last I checked, I don't believe it is.

And this is because society's idea of an "answer" is to give an Impotent Prescription.

Mind you, all "prescriptions" are impotent.

And this is why they fail to lead anyone anywhere.

Prescriptions have cannibalized the world of instruction in professional sports. And they have quite literally derailed the careers of supremely talented athletes who were at one point in their careers headed for the history books.

Beware of Prescriptions, my friend.

For they are not, nor will they ever be, The Truth.

Prescriptions are, in fact, The Trap.

The road to supremacy in professional sports, and in the attainment of Enlightenment is a veritable minefield of Traps.

And the man who reaches their destination unscathed is the one who Understands.

Take Siddhartha as an example. When he entered the forest in search of Enlightenment, he met a group of ascetics.

These ascetics were involved in various forms of bodily mutilation, starving themselves, denying themselves shelter and clothing, all in hopes of attaining enlightenment.

They gave him various prescriptions about performing penance and prostration. And they told him to sit in meditation for hours upon hours.

They gave him prescription after prescription.

And where did these prescriptions leave him?

They left him emaciated, hungry, tired, and brittle.

The deprivations left him inches from death. The hours and hours of sitting in meditation made his body brittle and stiff.

The ideas they filled him with kept him as far from as enlightenment as the day he first arrived.

What is imperative to understand is this: These ascetics weren't teaching Siddhartha to become Enlightened.

They were teaching him to become an Ascetic!

And it is only after he left them and all of their prescriptions behind that he entered the True Path to enlightenment.

Mind you, these ascetics had left the world, surrendered all of their worldly belongings, denied themselves food and

shelter, and Even Their Prescriptions didn't work!

What to say of the prescriptions that are given to you by a common and worldly society?

Society will give you all manner and form of prescription, NOT so that you will find what it is you are seeking. But so that you will forever be left seeking.

Society has no blasted clue what will get you to the goal. It only knows how to give you the proper colored robes that will make you look the part of a Seeker.

And then it will gather others from around the globe, dress them in the same colored robes, put them in a convention center and have a “convention” about seeking.

And 60 years later, these very same people will still be Seeking.

For society never promises you a Find.

Like the ascetics in the forest, it's just in it for the search. And if you fall into society's hands, search and search and search you will. For lifetimes and lifetimes.

Allow me to share with you One of the clever prescriptions that will leave you standing cold in the rain. This prescription sounds nice and spiritual.

But it will leave you forever on the outside looking in.

In fact, one of the first things I do with those who come to me is to dive deep into dispelling the myths that have been directly preventing them from Experiencing the Rarefied States that man was meant to experience.

I will list one of the most ubiquitous and dangerous myths here. And very briefly speak about it.

Mindfulness

You've likely tried it. Has your mind chatter gone away? Have you distanced yourself from thinking? Has the mind stopped talking to you endlessly? Can you stop thinking whenever you wish?

If you tell me that you've only just begun, I'll tell you that others before you have been trying for 40 years and they haven't succeeded yet either. So if you continue on this path, you'll have lots of company.

I've often said that the idea of mindfulness is like holding up the walls of a collapsing house. You will be able to hold up the walls for a short while, but eventually your arms will tire. And the walls will inevitably come crashing down. It cannot be otherwise.

Remember the Colorado Gold Rush? Men from around the country set off for the Colorado mountains in search of Gold. They were so entranced and enthralled and lost in their search for the gold that had been found, that they kept their locations secret. And didn't tell a soul once they found it.

Did they have an "annual conference" about the gold they found? Did they get together in a convention center and talk about the gold they had found and discuss the exact location where others can find it?

Do you remember those ancient and secret maps in movies and stories, in which X-marked the spot? Was the location of the "X" discussed in a conference? Or was it kept secret at all costs?

Does Warren Buffet openly share all of his wisdom on investing. Sure, he gives interviews and tells you some "tips." But you can bet that it is precisely those things that he chooses

to share that are the most generic and ineffective.

Do you think Steve Jobs opened the vault of his genius ideas? Of course not. He gave to the world a few breadcrumbs so that they could flock to them and write about them in the form of impotent quotes that don't have the power to transform anyone.

Secrets are kept secret for a reason.

Secrets are kept secret because They Work!

And that which is discussed in a public forum such as a conference or a convention is by definition Useless! That's precisely why it is given away!

They say that youth is wasted on the young. Similarly, true wisdom is wasted if given to the masses.

You want to know something interesting? The scrolls of ancient Tibet and the wisdom of the ancient Indian adepts were kept secret for centuries.

Why?

Because they would only benefit the one who was Truly

Sincere in learning them.

As time went on, these secrets were slowly released to the masses via various books and lectures.

Those who revealed them were chastised by their orders for sharing them with the world. Now that these secrets were revealed, they could really do good in the world, right? They would be a boon for mankind, right?

Nothing could be further from the truth.

They fell upon deaf ears.

And would you like to know why?

Because they were released in the form of a Prescription!!!

Consider this, because it is truly fascinating: Buddha is perhaps the most revered spiritual icon in all of human history.

Buddha's Four Noble Truths have been available for hundreds of years. And they can be found on every street corner in any country of the world.

Have they liberated anyone?

If Buddha himself was given the four noble truths before he became enlightened, they wouldn't have liberated him either.

Because Prescriptions do not Liberate!!!

The sincerity of one's search, and the subsequent Direct Experience does!

So did the successful gold miners spend their time organizing a "conference" or a "symposium" on where to find the gold?

Of course not. They were too busy enjoying the gold they found.

Conferences and meetings and symposiums are held precisely for those things that Do Not Work.

For if they truly worked, everyone would be so lost in rapture, and so enjoying having found this thing that actually worked, that there would be no need to have a "conference" about it.

The realized saints of the Himalayas were recluses. They

hated getting visitors.

Why?

Because visitors interrupted their experience of bliss in solitude. They had discovered the universe within themselves.

Why would they want a break from that?

Society is precisely the opposite. It has found Nothing!

Therefore, all it can do is organize a conference of people who have found nothing, and “Talk About It.”

The truth is this: Mindfulness will keep you cold, disheveled, and hungry. The mind will wear you down. You cannot and will not be able to “Force Yourself” to become present.

The mind will run over you. It will always win.

The real secret is Mind-LESS-ness. It figures, doesn’t it? A phrase that is considered derogatory is actually The Truth.

When you train yourself to achieve the state of
Atmamun . . .

When you learn to live within the state of No-Mind . . .

Thoughts will no longer chase you. You won't have to resort to the fruitless task of trying to keep them away.

Prescriptions are a plastic sword. They will not last 3 minutes in battle.

Your greatest and most powerful weapon is True Sincerity. For it is this that will give you the courage to banish all myths from your path, no matter how "healthy and spiritual" they may seem.

The path to the top of Everest is littered with traps. As they say, it's a razor's edge.

And only The Sincere One will pass.

Which leads me to this question:

Are you The Sincere One?

Or are you the prescription-following ascetic?

A Walk Toward Peace In A Faraway Land



As I was walking in a remote field, in the quiet of a far off place, a tall and gentle man approached me.

He watched.

I noticed the slight movement of the clouds. The way they merge into one another. And upon merging, release once again.

The man walked slowly across the field.

I noticed a sparrow sitting on the edge of a branch.

It blinked.

The man stood behind me.

I stopped.

“Who are you?” he asked.

I surveyed every detail of his eyes. And the gentle creases upon his face.

And I turned back toward the sparrow.

“Who are you?” he asked.

I turned to face him.

“Who is it that wants to know?”

The clouds picked up speed. They were clearly moving now.

They feel the wind before any man.

“Who are you?” he asked again.

Without turning around, I replied, “Who is it that wants to know?”

Where does this wind come from?

And how does it remain invisible?

It ruffles the hair and disappears like a ghost.

“What are you in search of?” the man asked.

“Who is it that wants to know?” I replied.

The man sat on the grass and crossed his legs.

He looked up at me and asked, “Who are you?”

I turned to face him and gently said, “Who is it that wants to know?”

“Me,” he said.

“Who is this ‘me’ that you speak of?”

“The man sitting before you?”

“I see the man. I hear the voice. But who is it that wants to know?”

“Have I missed something?” he asked.

“We spend over half of our lives ‘missing,’ my friend.”

“Someone sent me to you. He said you could teach me.”

“What is it that you wish to learn?”

“I don’t know.” He said.

“Such a lovely reply.”

“What do you think it is that I need to learn?”

“What is it that your heart longs for?”

“Peace.” He said.

“Why do you not already have it?” I asked.

“I don’t know. But I know that I don’t have it. I am not even close to having it.”

“You are still quite young. Barely of middle age. Why do you seek such things?”

“I’ve already achieved everything else. And this is now what I seek most.”

I turned toward the clouds. The wind had caught them once again.

“Why do you hesitate?” he asked.

“Rarely does a man want what he says he wants.”

“Oh but I do. I want peace. It’s what I want more than anything else.”

“Come. Walk with me.”

The fields spread into the distance.

And we walked.

The sparrow stood in the distance, as if to anticipate our arrival.

The clouds began to drift.

“Is it not amusing?” I asked.

“What’s that?”

“You’ve spent your entire life achieving great things. And what you wanted all along was to walk in the fields.”

“Are we walking toward peace?” he asked.

“No.”

“Then where are we going?”

“Nowhere.”

“When will you show me how to arrive at peace?”

“What degree of softness would you rate this ground to be?”

“Sorry?” he said.

“If you stood in one spot, do you believe you would eventually sink?”

“It’s not that soft,” he said.

“From what direction does this wind approach us?”

“From the right.”

“Do you feel how it hesitated?”

“What?”

“The wind.”

“Yes, it tends to come and go.” He said.

“Why do you think that is?”

“There it is again,” he said. “It’s almost as if it blows, then breathes,” he said.

“The earth breathes. Yes, it is true.”

The sparrow hovered over a willow tree.

I looked at it as I passed.

It blinked.

A misty rain began to fall.

I smiled. “So that’s what they’ve been up to,” I said.

“Who?”

“The clouds.”

We passed by a stone.

I stopped in front of it.

“This stone has been here for three centuries.”

“It’s beautiful,” he said.

“Is it?”

“Don’t you think so?” he asked.

“I’ve never considered it. But how absolutely magnificent that it has been able to sit perfectly still for so long.”

“It’s a stone.”

“Yes. And come the easterly winds, the winter snows, and the spring rains, it has always remained A Stone.”

“Yes.”

“The world around it has changed for centuries. But it remained A Stone.”

“Are you trying to teach me something?” he said.

“No.”

We continued to walk.

“Does the grass catch the bottom of your shoe?” I asked.

“Sometimes.”

“When?”

We walked for some time.

The sun began to fall.

“Right there!” he said. “On every third step, the grass

catches my left heel.”

“Every third step,” I said quietly to myself.

“Does the wind correlate with the grass?”

“How do you mean?” he said.

“When the grass catches your left heel at every third step, what is the wind doing at that time?”

“I don’t know. Why?”

“No matter. Simply curious.”

“The wind blows steady. It doesn’t seem to change, despite the third step.”

“How do you know?” I asked.

“I just experienced it.”

“Experience. Such a lovely word.”

We continued into the dawn.

The wind became a bit fresh.

“And the sparrow? Does it behave differently with your third step?”

“How could it?”

“No matter. Simply curious.”

“The sparrow remains as it is.”

“How do you know?”

“I just experienced the third step. The grass caught my left heel. The wind blew steady. And the sparrow did not move.”

“Experience. Such a lovely word.”

“Where is it that we are going?”

“Does the wind try to blow the clouds? Or do the clouds allow themselves to be blown by the wind?”

“Why do you ask?”

“No matter. Simply curious.”

“Why do you walk with your hands joined behind your back?” he asked.

“I don’t know. The body does what it likes.”

“How far do you think we’ve come?”

I stopped.

I placed my hand on his shoulder and said, “A very long way, my friend.”

He looked into my eyes and said, “Who are you?”

I smiled and asked, “Who is it that wants to know?”

A Taste Of Enlightenment



I come to you with words.

But The Experience is not describable.

Nevertheless, I will do my best.

Habit. Adaptation. Routine.

These are the most powerful forces in the daily existence of
man.

Life becomes this routine automaticity. And every person and thing that he lives with become Routine and Commonplace.

The people in his life become no different than the furniture.

He never really SEES them. They are just In The Vicinity.

He relates to them in his Habitual Way.

They say something, and he Always gives the same response.

He says something, and they Always give the same response.

Everything in his life is put in a permanent compartment.

His religious beliefs. His political views. His views on parenting.

His Stances on all things have been declared. And they have been for years.

This man will live this way for all of his life.

He will live in this Fog until the day he dies.

Never having tasted Enlightenment.

Your mind will perhaps tell you that I'm advocating that you look at views that oppose your own. To entertain different political or religious beliefs. Or look at things from another's perspective.

Not at all. For that is also a Fog.

Gandhi once said, "We need to be careful about how we choose our next leader. For an Indian Tyrant is no better than a British one."

When the fog lifts, you have this incredibly bitter-sweet feeling. It is just as tragic as it is mesmerizing.

Perhaps the best way I can describe is to say that it is a Painful Liberation.

It is liberation because, after so many years, the fog has lifted, and you are suddenly able to See!

But as the Sun of Freedom rises, it illuminates the skeletal

remains, the empty cans, the overgrowth of weeds, and a dense smoke of stagnation.

You suddenly see what your life has become in your absence.

While you were away, there were uprisings, your home has been pilfered, and your children have grown into adults.

You were there for all of this. In fact, you Created all of this.

But you were in a fog. So you were never really there at all.

You might as well have been away at war.

This is the Pain. And it is tremendous.

Within your heart, however, you feel this concomitant sense of Freedom. This sense that you have finally Arrived.

This urgency . . .

You feel that you finally have the Clarity and the Power to set things right.

And you cannot wait to do so!

This is the feeling you get.

You are incredibly anxious to get started. To make up for time lost.

You have become Free.

This is what you've always wanted, but you never knew quite how it would come.

And when you begin to make amends, the first thing you notice is that everyone's voice sounds different.

Because you are hearing it for the first time, after so many years.

The fog has lifted. Your senses have become keen.

And you no longer see through the dense prism of the mind.

You see what Is.

To me it happened after a dream.

It was so powerful that it woke me up.

I rose and sat on the edge of the bed.

I had the feeling which said, “Where am I?”

Then I began to see the barren landscape and I felt, “What have I been doing? Where have I been?”

I immediately realized what Saint Francis Of Assisi felt. Because I felt like running in the streets and going door to door for no particular reason at all.

But I had a fear, as well. And the fear was, “What if this goes away? I NEVER want to go back. What if the fog settles back in?”

There was a Cataclysm happening within me.

A very gentle smile settled upon my lips. It felt as if the lips had reached their Perfect resting spot. Every so slightly curled at the edges.

Not fully a smile. But a serenity.

I was transforming.

My path was set.

First for my own life.

And then for the lives of others.

Certain, specific others who had the Sincere Longing.

I did not know it at the time, but what I am doing today is
what I was created by The Universe to do.

To bring others across the river. Into Another World.

It will be a Painful Liberation for you, as well, my friend.

But it will be LIFE, in all its glory.

You will finally arrive at the place from which you are able
to do what needs to be done.

Go where you need to go.

Give what needs to be given.

And feel what needs to be felt.

Of one thing I am now certain.

To Experience THIS . . .

is the one and only reason we are here.

To Not experience it, is to never have been here at all.

Uncompromising



The world has told me to accept things as they come.

It believes it is being “wise” to suggest this.

I have no reason to “accept” anything.

I was Not put on this Earth to “accept.”

I was put on this Earth to Create!

I accept nothing.

Nor do I fight against it.

For retaliation is the desperation of the defeated.

I have no need to win.

For the need to win is an attempt to fill a hole within oneself.

You and I were created by a gentle and firm hand. We were created by instinct. And instinct hasn't the ability to make mistakes.

Instinct hasn't the ability to make "holes in the fabric."

I walk steady. Unshaken by strong winds.

For I know these winds, you see. They do not blow against me.

They blow For me.

They were created to help me fly.

I have no fear of what's around the corner. For this entire

earth is my personal home.

And what does a man have to fear in a home that is his?

What does a man have to fear in a home that was created
for him?

I have been told that every man has limitations. And that he
must come to know them.

Let the limited have limitations.

I have none.

Why shall I slow my pace in order to run with the crowd?

Why shall I allow myself the painful luxury of pretending
that I have limitations?

I have also been told that civilized men learn to
compromise.

Never in all my life have I wanted to be “civilized.”

Man uses large and clever words in order to bind me.

Compromise is not the way of “civilized” men.

It is the way of uninspired men.

If I fall, I’ve been told to get up.

I will get up. But only when the time is right.

I may need time to feel the hardness of the ground.

Keep your prescriptions to yourself.

They only serve to insult me.

If you insult me, I will not retaliate.

My way is to remain unmoved by such things.

For I know what this world is.

I know what this “society” is.

A cacophony of unintelligible, derivative, and wholly common speech. Aimed at enslaving the conformists.

I will not walk alongside another.

I will walk alone.

And you should as well.

For only you can recognize the nature of your own
possibility.

Do not allow this stale and average society to whisper into
your ear.

It is for the likes of common men.

And if you acquiesce to becoming common, you are dead
already.

I will certainly never look your way.

But more importantly, neither will you.

Do not do as others do.

Do not speak as others speak.

Do not believe as others believe.

Do not listen to the culture of your surroundings.

And for heaven's sake, do not become Common!

Accept nothing.

Nor is there a need to fight against it.

Recognize it as false. And move on.

Success and failure are false ideas.

For it is only the person that hopes for success that gives birth to the idea of failure.

And hope is the empty sort of calories that will keep you hungry forever.

I will not hope. I will never lower myself to knock on the door of hope.

I will own!

And that which I do not own, I will set off upon a precise and direct journey in order to discover The Truth.

And once I discover that Truth, I will own that as well.

Society can proclaim and cry out and prescribe to the masses if it so pleases.

But when it passes me, it will see in my eyes that I am a lost case. That there is no just point in opening its mouth. That it is far better served to proselytize the willing.

And leave the Wild and Unwilling to their own devices.

If I have a loaf of bread, I am happy to “compromise” half of it with you.

But if I have a vision, do not come near me. For I will not compromise a single drop of it, in order to fit into your neat and fabricated idea of “being practical.”

Practical is the way to Get. It is not the way to give up!

As for the Sadhus, the Gurus, the motivational speakers, “instructors,” and the pundits . . .

It is lamentable that you have a stage.

It is a sign of just how deeply man has lost his way.

Why do you poison the world with your prescriptions?

Do you not see that your prescriptions bind man to his
current state?

Do you not see that prescriptions and “how-to’s” leave a
man dependent and disheveled in the filthy streets!

Shame on you!

Shame on you for giving man what he says he wants!

Shame on you for not having the wisdom to Offer him what
he truly needs!

Shame on you for offering sugar to a world of diabetics!

They are not Sincere. They are not Serious. This we know.

But you, Oh great Sadhu, I hold you to a different standard.

But to no avail. You add layer upon layer to this culture.

You help to make the masses more massive.

If you spoke even a single drop of Uncompromising Truth completely devoid of prescription, I would lend you my own ear.

But you have Compromised.

Because you believe that compromise is for the benevolent.

My dear friend, compromise is for the things that don't matter to you.

Compromise is for the things that hold no value.

With these things, by all means compromise day and night.

But for the things that Matter . . .

For the things that are a part of your humanity . . .

For the things that beat within your heart . . .

Why would you ever "compromise" these?

Should I compromise my Freedom?

Should I compromise my Peace?

Should I compromise by ability to achieve every drop's
worth of my native human potential?

I do not compromise!

Will this hinder my ability to have friends?

The “friend” who is a compromiser has no need to come
my way. For I will not compromise with my insistence upon
surrounding myself with those who are Uncompromising.

And if I fail to find a single person in this world who is
Uncompromising, I will walk alone.

And I will betray myself and reveal to you that a part of me
wishes this to be the case.

For I Love to walk alone!

Time is short, my friend.

Do you see just how incredibly fast a day goes by?

Have you noticed this?

Have you had a chance to look, even though you are so incredibly busy doing so many “important things?”

Listen to me carefully.

I will take what is mine.

And perhaps I will even take what is not mine. And if I discover that it is not mine, I will gently put it back. But I will always Overshoot rather than undershoot.

The world has told us that “you can’t have everything.”

What sort of life would it be if I couldn’t have Everything?

Do I want to have Everything?

My dear friend, Everything is only the beginning!

It’s only once I get past Everything that I will be able to experience the true magic of life.

The world will not fool me with its words. It will not keep me from the locked and forbidden vault that holds all the magic of creation.

Everything will be Mine.

I will compromise none of it!

I will not only have The All. I will have All Of The All.

And a year before I am scheduled to die, kindly bring an army of uniformed men and take from me all of my possessions.

For those have Never been my “everything.” Even as I sit here today, they are not my Anything.

I ask only that you leave me a thick pair of pants, a clean white shirt, and a wool blanket.

So that I may weather the Easterly winds in the distant Land Of The Perennial Snows.

One Step. One Life.



There are too many steps in every day.

There are too many things.

There are too many sights.

There are too many thoughts.

There are just . . . too many.

I don't wish to walk a thousand miles.

I wish to walk Just One Step.

I don't seek to climb many mountains.

The mountain will become climbed without me having to
do so.

Volume is waste.

There is something about high numbers that causes a man
to lose his way.

There are just . . . too many.

If my words spawn within you the urge to do less, you will
have missed.

For "less" is still a number.

Less is too much.

The most perfect word is Yes.

The most perfect number is 1.

For it does not try to outshine the other numbers with loops
and horizontal lines.

It is . . . Perfect.

But if you apply significance to it . . .

If you ascribe a meaning to it . . .

You destroy it.

Be wary of walking too many steps, my friend.

For I fear that such steps will lead you somewhere.

And somewhere is not a place that befits a man of your
grace.

Somewhere has never done anything for anyone.

It has simply taken them Away . . .

Prepare yourself.

A nice long shower with lather in the depths of the corner
of your eyes.

A fresh shirt.

Loose pants.

And slowly . . .

Gently . . .

Exit your bedroom.

Stand at the threshold.

Look through the window at the Still universe of nature.

And take Just. One. Step.

In that one step, you will experience the deep vibration of
the Earth beneath you.

In that one step, you will see the whole of your past lives.

In that one step, you will commune with the Universe.

It will flow toward your left ear and it will whisper Just
One Word:

Yesssss . . .

A Quiet Conversation With A Young Prince



You and I meet in a remote wilderness.

There sits an ancient and grayed stone castle.

I sit just inside of it.

You stand just outside.

You have come from a long and heavy battle.

You seek to conquer worlds.

And move across the mountains and deserts as a Conquerer.

Herein lies a glimpse of the quiet conversation between us:

You: Tell me what I must do.

Me: What is it that you seek?

You: I seek to conquer the world.

Me: To what end?

You: Conquest. Courage. Adventure.

Me: You have not answered my question.

You: I have armies numbering in the hundreds of thousands. I was made for conquest.

Me: Then yours will be a life of struggle.

You: It has been a struggle indeed. This is why I have come. To seek guidance so that I may be victorious.

Me: The victories that you seek may bring you land and

title. But your life will remain a path of struggle. I have not the advice you seek.

You: Surely you do. Others have been victorious before me. They must have known what I do not.

Me: Theirs was also a life of struggle.

You: What is it that you have against conquest?

Me: Your suffering does not come from conquest. Your suffering comes from the significance that you attach to it.

You: Do you not believe conquest to be significant?

Me: Tell me, young prince. If you do not conquer, will you one day die?

You: Yes.

Me: If you succeed in conquering, will you one day die?

You: Yes.

Me: Then how can there be any significance?

You: Do you presume to tell me that I shall sit on a rock for
the whole of my life?

Me: The man who conquers dies just as surely as the one
who sits on a rock. The life of neither is significant. Neither
one is in any way superior or more joyful than the other. But
whether he spends his life in conquest, or he spends it sitting
on a rock, the one who attaches no significance to it will have
Learned.

You: And what is the benefit of this Learning?

Me: The benefit of this learning is to avoid suffering.

You: Then do you suggest that I not conquer?

Me: Nor do I suggest that you sit on a rock.

You: Then what is it that you suggest I do?

Me: I have no wish to give you advice.

You: But why?

Me: You have been given advice for the whole of your life.
Has it done anything for you?

You: If you will not give me advice, then perhaps you can show me the way.

Me: The way to what?

You: The way to avoid living a life of suffering.

Me: In all that you do, seek The Truth.

You: How will I know when I have found it?

Me: Thought cannot be trusted. The mind is a liar. Knowledge is limited. But the feeling that arises independent of the intermediary of thought . . . this is genuine.

You: But I must confess. I do enjoy conquering lands.

Me: Yes.

You: Is that wrong?

Me: Nothing is wrong.

You: But you do not seem to approve of it.

Me: Why is it that you seek my approval?

You: So that I may do what is right.

Me: Why do you seek to do what is right?

You: So that I do not go astray.

Me: What do you mean by ‘go astray?’

You: So that I do not suffer.

Me: Suffering comes to those who have goals. If your goal is to conquer, then you will suffer.

You: What you are saying, then, is that I must give up that which I love.

Me: You play such romantic and dramatic games.

You: How do you mean?

Me: Who mentioned anything about giving up that which you love?

You: You said that if my goal is to conquer, then I will

suffer.

Me: Indeed.

You: Then I don't understand.

Me: My dear prince, the bliss is in the conquering.

Suffering is in the “having conquered.”

You: No significance.

Me: Indeed, young prince . . . Indeed.

To Roam Free In The Hills



May I ask you a few questions?

I ask them with humility.

I ask them in a gentle and genuine voice without the
 slightest hint of accusation.

My face is serene is I ask them.

For I haven't the right to judge any man or woman alive . . .

Is your life not stale?

Has it not turned into an endless set of chores and a mass of
desperate desires?

Does each day not bring with it the subtle torment of
anxiety, and the imbalance of emotion?

Does your entire existence not revolve around the thin and
delicate hands of a clock?

And if you had just one chance to roam free in the hills,
would you not reach out for it with all the love in your heart?

I am Not a man of religion.

But religiousness something entirely different.

Saint Francis of Assisi is a man who I have considered kin
for a very long time.

He once stood before a high priest in the town square. This

how the conversation went:

High Priest: Are you seeking holy orders?

Francis: No.

High Priest: Then what do you want?

Francis: I want to live like the birds in the sky. I want to experience the freedom and the purity that they experience.

The rest is of no use to me. If the purpose of life is this loveless toil we fill our days with, then it is not for me. There must be something better.

Francis continued . . . I want to live. I want to live in the fields. Stride over hills. Climb trees. And swim rivers. I want to feel the firm grasp of the earth beneath my feet.

Mind you, that in his youth, Francis had succumbed to the culture. He drank and partied and carried on carelessly with his friends.

His was a life of angst and toil, like the rest of humanity.

But during the war between Assisi and Perugia, Francis was captured. And this would be an event that would forever

change his life.

And run free in the hills he did.

And the world did with him the same as it did with Buddha.
It immortalized him. It sanctified him. It honored a day in his
name. And branded him a “saint.”

How convenient.

If Francis was a “saint,” then the birds that fly in the sky are
also “saints.”

Leave it to society to give a lofty “title” to a man, so that it
can be spared the shame of living the life of insects.

Giving Francis the title of “saint” is not an act of respect or
benevolence. It is society’s clever way to avoid the journey
that nature intended for man.

Allow me to relieve society from this luxury, if only for a
moment.

Francis was not a “saint.”

Francis was not a “man of God,” even if he said he was.

Francis was a Man of Freedom.

Before he was a man of “religion.”

Before he was a man of “beliefs.”

He was just a man.

A nameless, identity-less creature who above all else,
sought Freedom.

And this, my friend, is what every man, woman, and child
seeks on this earth.

Call it by whatever name you like.

There isn’t a human being alive who does not want to roam
free in the hills.

Even though you may consider yourself a martyr who is
destined to save your companies or your family, you seek
Freedom above all other things.

I will not coax your admission.

For what your mouth says has been conditioned by habit
and circumstance.

Your mouth is of no interest to me.

But your heart speaks the language of the identity-less
human.

It despises the conflicts that you face each day.

It abhors your life of pressure and stress and endless
anxiety.

And while the heart abhors such things, your mind has
grown accustomed to them.

And because you have learned to identify with your mind
more than your heart, you have grown accustomed to them as
well.

Each moment of your life is an open invitation to roam free
in the hills.

Literally?

Why not?

Figuratively?

So be it.

Francis was a plain human. And so are you.

He roamed free in the hills. And so can you.

Absolve him of the saintly title so that you can either become inspired to do as he did, or cower in shame for avoiding the life that you were meant to live.

The hills were not meant as backdrops.

They were meant to be roamed.

This is why they are soft, my friend.

In order to receive the footprint of man.

On The Buddha's Enlightenment And Yours



Moments before he reached Enlightenment, Mara (the mind) appeared before him.

Mara created himself in the perfect image of Siddhartha.

Mara said, “Will you be my God?”

Siddhartha Gautama: “Architect. Finally, I have met you. You will no longer build your house in me.”

Mara: “But I am your house.”

Siddhartha Gautama: “Oh lord of my own ego. You are pure illusion. You do not exist. The Earth . . . is my witness.”

Upon hearing these words, Mara instantly knew that he was dealing with a man whom he could no longer sway.

And thus he, once and for all, disappeared.

Mara is known as a demon.

In my evaluation of Mara, I will say that Mara is The Mind.

And there is one particular thing against which The Mind is helpless . . .

It is the greatest force in the world . . .

Sincerity.

Siddhartha roamed the forest for years, living with ascetics and following their “prescriptions.”

He deprived himself of food, clothing, and shelter.

He submitted himself to hours upon hours of meditation
each day.

And what did he gain from it?

He became emaciated and brittle.

He was no closer to Enlightenment than were the ascetics
whose prescriptions he followed.

When all prescriptions failed . . .

When all methods lead nowhere . . .

He resigned himself to a place from which success has no
choice but to come.

The place of Do or Die.

Until Do or Die is reached, nothing really happens.

He said, (paraphrase), “I will sit under this tree, in this one spot. My skin may whither. My bones may break. But I will not rise from this place until I reach Enlightenment.”

In any aspect of his life, nothing of any substantiveness

ever happens to a man unless he reaches this Do or Die place.

Siddhartha Gautama did not “how” he was going to get to Enlightenment.

Isn’t it fascinating that all of his failures in getting to Enlightenment occurred while he was following “how’s?”

When he sat under the Bodhi Tree without a clue as to “how” . . .

When he sat under the Bodhi Tree without an ounce of “methodology” . . .

When he sat under the Bodhi Tree armed only with Sincerity and nothing else . . .

Enlightenment became his.

I will tell you, quite ironically, that if you follow his noble truths, you will not become Enlightened.

The man became Enlightened.

But what society created in his wake has Not the power to make you Enlightened.

I have never in all my life seen a greater example of Sincerity than Siddhartha Gautama.

Nor have I ever felt the sort of genuine inspiration from any other man I have ever read about or came across.

He is bar none, the highest ideal of Mankind.

Throughout history we see time and again a great truth that few ever reveal to us.

We are always told of methods to follow, and the prescriptions to carry out, and the people to worship.

But The Truth is that the rare beings throughout history are the ones who achieved what they achieved by way of Sincerity and little else.

It is said that Guru Nanak knew little of religion or God.

But he sang to God. And he sang with such unbelievable depth, with such surrendering devotion, with such unbelievable Sincerity, that he attained God.

I will tell you that I have great respect for the thief who

calls himself a thief.

I have great respect for the man who calls out his flaws with such verve and genuineness that he provides no excuse for why he is the way he is.

For such people speak The Truth.

The details are the details.

Such things can be addressed and shaped and overcome.

But a man who speaks the Stark, Unrelenting Truth without so much as a shred of an attempt to justify or self-protect is a man who has my undying respect.

For such things are incredibly rare in this world.

In your life, find the thing that you are willing to burn the whole of yourself to attain.

Find the thing that you love even more than yourself.

Find the thing that you value even more than happiness.

And as you sit quietly gazing at this possibility, understand

that you will destroy all paths to it, the moment you follow a prescription.

For if you do, you too will become emaciated and brittle.

If Siddhartha Gautama is unique, it is not because he had a talent or a power that others do not.

He is unique because his level of Sincerity for Enlightenment surpassed all others.

The things of the world will not give you what you seek. That experiment fails a thousand times a day all across the world.

Nor do you have to “give away” the things of the world. For that too is a prescription.

Siddhartha Gautama’s story is the greatest story that has ever been told.

But the truth is that it is every man’s story.

For it is the real and true possibility of man.

The thing about which a man is Sincere, he attains.

And the thing about which he is not Sincere, he looks for prescriptions.

What else are you going to do with your life?

Why else are you here?

That One Thing is what you look for in every single that you do.

You search for it in your profession. You look for it under the rug. You look for it through your driver's side window.
You search for it on the beach.

And if you are truthful, you will admit that you have not found it in any of these places.

When a man becomes Sincere, he becomes Fierce.

When a man becomes Sincere, he becomes Uncompromising.

His eyes assume a slightly different shape.

And once they do, they begin to see things that they

otherwise would not detect.

In a word, he becomes Superhuman.

And perhaps Superhuman is the greatest humanity of all.

Struggling Through Engineered Storms



It matters not the discipline . . .

It matters not the arena . . .

The entire world functions according to a basic premise:

Let Us Create A Problem So Massive That It Creates A
Perfect And Universal Excuse For Avoiding Life.

We say that some people are on a “spiritual” path. And that
others are on a different path.

My dear friend, every human being that has ever lived is on
the same path.

It is just that he gets distracted by the sign post.

Every human being is on a path toward Living.

It is just that he has created problems for himself in reaching it.

And he has created problems for himself because he has been taught to romanticize the idea of Struggle.

“Without struggle there can be no progress.” Isn’t this the idea that pervades all of humanity?

The greatest struggle, my friend, is to see that there is no problem.

Please read that again.

If you create one designation, then you must create another.

If you create one sign post for one group of people, you have just divided all of humanity. And then you must immediately create a sign post for each of the groups.

Struggles such as poverty and physical pain and ailment are

at least understandable. They can be overcome rather easily.

But at least they are tangible and visible.

But the drape of “spirituality” is a trap that few come back from.

Because you can’t see “spirituality.” The guru will just tell you to “keep meditating” and one day it will come to you.

And if you tell him that “meditation” is not doing anything, he will tell you it is because you are not doing it correctly.

Or you may listen to sermons about how to treat people or what to say to your spouse or what words to use when speaking to your children.

And when you use those words and they don’t work, you will be told to you didn’t iterate them in the right way.

Or you will be told to chant or sing or dance or wear an amulet to ward off evil spirits.

Or you will be asked to write down five things you’re grateful for and to give 10% of your income to charity or confess your sins or do yoga or chakra healing.

But have you noticed something?

Have you seen the red writing on the wall?

Have you seen the siren blaring in the distance?

The man who truly reaches the heights that humanity
aspires to reach Never does any of these things.

This has always been the way.

The person who Becomes breaks the mold.

And the masses rush in to reassemble the broken pieces.

The person who Becomes just somehow inexplicably
Becomes.

And the masses rush in to take note of any of his residue so
that they may turn it into a list of prescriptions.

The Master Painter, after he is pestered by his students to
show him “how” he paints, finally gives in and shows them.

He says, “Look, I do it like This.”

And when they copy his “This” it doesn’t work.

Why doesn’t it work?

Because of something that the world simply doesn’t see,
my friend.

You see, when the master painter says “I do This,” he is demonstrating only the crudest summary of a representation of his physical motion.

But the magic is Never, Ever, Ever in the physical motion. If it were, then everyone would become a Picasso in five minutes, simply by copying Picasso’s physical motion.

You see, the master painter may “dumb down” his way of painting so that a fraction of it may be relayed through words. But if you mimic his cliff notes version, can you possibly produce the painting that he produced?

Can you?

He may show you “how” his hand moves.

But he cannot possibly show you how he paints.

For the painting is not produced by the movement of his hands.

It is produced by a force with which he is not quite familiar.

He knows that he can access it.

He knows the feeling that it produces within him.

But it is not something that he can show you “how” to do.

For the magic is Never in the highlights!

The magic is in that which the eye does not see.

The magic is in the spaces between words.

“Spirituality” is simply the coarse movement of the painter’s hand.

Such things have been invented by man because he will find any and every way to hide his Insincerity.

Such things have been invented by him so that he may camouflage his Unseriousness.

He demands “A painful journey of struggle.” And he will not have it any other way.

He demands “A progress bar or chart,” so that he can give himself the false illusion of progressing.

A ship may sail Through a storm, but it certainly does not create one so that it relishes the struggle of sailing through it.

Unlike man, the ship enjoys smooth sailing.

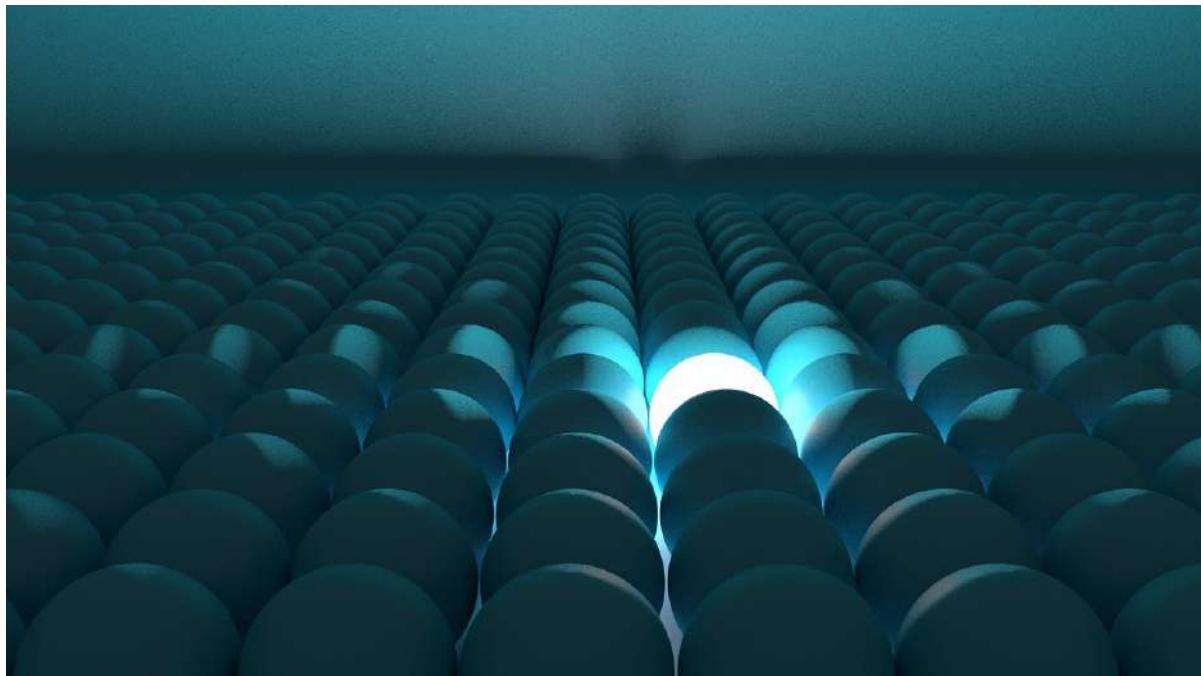
It doesn’t name and categorize each wave.

It is simply in love with the rhythm with which it glides across it.

And if you were to ask why it does this . . .

It would say, “What else would I do?”

Uncommon



When he was a boy, Aristotle Onassis' father said to him, "Carry a notepad with you wherever you go. And when you meet a man, write down how much time he is worth."

From now until the day you die, be anything you wish, my friend.

But never insult the hand of nature that bore you, by becoming Common.

Never think like your neighbor.

Do not believe the "leaders" of your industry.

Do not subscribe to what is written in textbooks.

If they walk West, you walk East.

If they say Yes, you say No.

I warn you against the tide that washes through all of mankind. The pull of being “normal.” The urge to consent to the status quo.

I have said it before and I will exuberantly say it again:
Greatness Walks Alone.

Why are things structured in this way?

Why is this the case?

Allow me to begin with an analogy.

I grew up playing basketball. And I found that when I had an open shot with a lot of time and space, it was harder to make the shot.

Although theoretically it should be easier, “theory” is best relegated to textbooks.

For reality is the product of things that are beyond logic.

I found that when a defender was running toward me, it was far easier to make the shot.

And the reason this was so is because his rushing toward me gave me a compressed amount of time and space, and I could React rather than “think.”

But more importantly, seeing him running toward me provided a sort of backdrop to hit against. I had something against which to time my shot.

A golf ball is much easier to see in a dark and cloudy sky than it is in a clear blue one.

Contrast makes invisible things visible.

And it might be the same with Common vs Uncommon.

The vast majority of human beings in this world are . . .
Common.

They do nothing extraordinary with their lives.

They do not cultivate the talents that lie latent within them.

They do not walk their own path.

They live a life of Spinal Reflex.

They reflexively go with the crowd.

They reflexively believe what others believe.

They reflexively do things just because others are doing them.

Corporations are the same.

Professional sports teams are the same.

Educational institutions are the same.

Everyone and everything is the same.

But that is wonderful for the Uncommon man.

For now he has a Backdrop against which to stand.

When the herds of masses are walking a particular way it

becomes very easy to see which way is opposite.

I cannot for a moment believe that nature intended for the majority of human beings to become common.

But perhaps it arranged things in such a way that if they unfortunately did decide to become common, they should walk so uniformly that they pave the way for The Uncommon.

Whomever is reading this discourse, I will speak directly to you now.

Yes, YOU!

I am Not here to convince you to be Uncommon.

For the man with Uncommon DNA needs no convincing.

I will only say that to be common isn't a sin or a shame.

It's unforgivable.

For it has been a waste of nature's precious resources.

If a man has lived as a common man, then perhaps he will make certain not to die as one.

For it is only in doing so that will he die with a smile on his
face.

Life And Nature Don't Give A Damn



Let me tell you a little secret.

And as always, I will tell you The Truth.

Life doesn't give a damn about you.

Or me.

Life doesn't give a damn about anyone.

And neither does Nature.

When it rolls, it just rolls.

It never eases up.

It never gives anyone “a break.”

Why?

Because in order for it give someone “a break” it would have to care.

In order for it to give someone “a break” it would have to be cognizant that you even exist.

There you have it.

Life and Nature don’t even know that you exist.

And even if they did, they still wouldn’t give a damn.

If there is a flash flood near a town, the flood rolls right through the town.

Does it “care” that a man’s property will be ruined?

Does it “care” that the man has barely been able to keep up

the mortgage payment on his house and car, and now both are
going to be destroyed?

Does the hurricane care?

When it blows, it blows.

It just doesn't give a damn.

It just doesn't care.

Not about you.

Not about me.

And you will be incredibly mistaken if you detect even a
drop of sorrow in my tone.

The Truth is the truth.

It is neither sorrowful nor joyful.

(That is man's expertise, unfortunately).

And let us look at Life.

Yes, the thing you've been calling "your life" for all of these years.

I'll give it to you straight.

Your Own Life doesn't give a damn about you.

It simply couldn't care less.

If life had any "compassion" or "tact" or "goodness" it wouldn't pile on like it does.

If it had compassion, then on a particular day when one thing went "wrong," it would make three other things go "right."

But instead, it makes four additional things go wrong.

Is it evil?

No.

Is it good?

No.

To speak of life and nature in terms of good and evil is to speak of water in the same nonsensical terms.

If water makes you wet in the shower, you might consider it “good.”

But if it makes you wet when you are full clothed, does that mean it is “evil?”

Man lives at the intersection between Hope and Despair.

And this is his greatest imprisonment!

This is his greatest torment.

Life doesn't give a damn about hope.

Nor does it care about despair.

Neither does nature.

Hope and despair are completely foreign terms to them.

But this is man's lifeblood.

And if he truly seeks Peace, it is time for him to get a

transfusion.

So long as hope and despair course through his veins, he will live on the edge of anxiety and depression for the whole of his life.

Life doesn't even acknowledge you, my friend.

Nature doesn't either.

Each tumbles and rolls and soars according to its own uncompromising rhythm.

Neither of them give a damn.

So why do you?

Master And Student: To See



Master (M). Student (S).

M: You must open your eyes.

S: My eyes are open, Master.

M: If only this were true.

S: I do not understand.

M: Do you see the wind?

S: How can one see wind?

M: Do you see what you have done?

S: What is it I have done?

M: Do you see what you have failed to see?

S: What have I failed to see?

M: Do you still believe your eyes are open, my student?

S: How do I open my eyes, Master?

M: Why do you wish to open them?

S: So that I may see?

M: What is it that you wish to see?

S: I do not know.

M: Then they will not open.

S: Have your eyes always been open, Master?

M: No, my student.

S: Is that so?

M: Yes, my student. There was a time when my eyes were as closed as yours. And yet I insisted that they were open.

S: Why, Master?

M: Because at that time I was not a Master. I was a fool.

S: What caused you to see?

M: The stark recognition that I was a fool.

S: How did you come to realize that, Master?

M: I began to suspect it when life never ceased to be a struggle.

S: Isn't life always a struggle?

M: Yes, my student. For fools, life can only be a struggle.

S: What did you do when you discovered that your life never ceased to be a struggle?

M: There was nothing to be done.

S: Then how did you come to see?

M: Recognizing that my life never ceased to be a struggle. And recognizing that this could not be The Way were the realizations that began to open my eyes.

S: And when your eyes opened, did everything seem beautiful?

M: Something is “beautiful” only within a background of ugliness. I saw what Was.

S: I do not understand, Master.

M: Do not allow your mind to drift toward romantic illusions, my student.

S: Yes, Master. But please tell me what you saw the day your eyes opened.

M: I saw The Truth. And the truth needs no beauty to

enhance it.

S: What was this Truth?

M: How can words possibly carry its weight?

S: You must give me Something, Master.

M: I have given you something, my student.

S: What is that?

M: I have told you that your eyes are closed. And at the moment, this is your greatest Truth.

S: And yet you do not tell me how to open them.

M: My dear student. If I told you how to open them, they would forever remain closed.

S: Why is this so, Master?

M: Because you would forever be lost in an attempt to open them. And your entire life would pass you by.

S: Then what shall I do?

M: Live with the knowledge that your eyes are closed. And when that knowledge makes its way from your head to your heart, your eyes will slowly begin to open.

S: One last question, my Master.

M: Yes, my student.

S: What is the first thing I will see when my eyes open?

M: You will see how pitiable your life was, living with closed eyes.

How Time Slips Through Man's Fingers



Imagine you were sitting in front of a window, looking across a meadow.

And imagine that you weren't told what day it was.

Imagine that you sat there for a few weeks.

If at any moment someone asked you what day it was, you would have no way of knowing.

Because from the standpoint of looking out a window,
every day looks the same.

There is nothing in the air or the sun or the clouds or the
moon that distinguishes a “Monday” from a “Saturday.”

It’s all the same.

But imagine if a category 5 storm rages through the area.
And leaves devastation in its wake.

Then the day is remembered. The date is captured. It goes
down in the history books.

It would thus be safe to say that Storms are significant.
While days in which there are no big storms escape unnoticed.

Let’s look at man’s life.

Every day is essentially the same. There is nothing that
distinguishes one day from another.

Each day of his life escapes unnoticed.

It carries no particular significance.

But if there is a Category 5 storm in his life, he takes notice. He's jarred from his slumber. The day has suddenly become Significant.

A man that is on a True Journey is a man that is like a storm.

The Journey consumes his every waking moment. Each day is an opportunity to walk further on that Journey. To experiment. To explore. To examine every inch of the dirt path that he walks.

And the man that is not on a True Journey . . .

The man that is not Consumed . . .

The man that is on a “part time” and “off and on” sort of journey . . .

. . . succumbs to the default.

What is the default of a man who is not a Storm?

What is the default of a man who is not on a True Journey?

What is an unmistakable sign that he has succumbed to this

default?

I'll tell you.

His days consist of nothing more than putting out fires.

Fires big and small.

Fires at work. Fires at home. Fires with the kids. Fires with scheduling. Fires with the little league match, the soccer game, and the parent-teacher meeting.

Fires concerning the car tires needing to be changed, and the gas bill that's 3 days overdue, and the dishwasher that leaks with every other wash.

Fires about finances, and gutter cleanings, and yard work.

Fires about family conflicts, and children who won't go to bed on time, and the neighbor's cat which won't stop wondering through his yard.

It must be perfectly understood that these fires are not "one part" of his life . . .

They are not the "unsightly blemishes" of his life . . .

They are the Sum Total of his life!

That's all there is for him.

Nothing else.

These fires are his very existence.

This is the natural default of one whose life has not become
a Raging Storm.

Raging Storms don't cause fires.

They extinguish them!

There's also something about Time that you should know.

Time multiplies exponentially.

It typically takes a man about 40 years before he realizes
what's hit him.

And this happens to the Rare Few.

The majority never get "hit" in their entire lives.

A day is gone in a blink.

A week is gone in a breath.

A year is gone in a stride.

This is how life slips through a man's fingers.

It slips away from him right before his very eyes. But his eyes are so occupied with the fires, that he simply doesn't notice.

And in this fog of distraction, his children become adults. And he even remembers the day that he looked at them and thought, "When did you become an adult? How did you grow up so fast? How did my son get hair on his legs?"

"When did all of this happen?"

"Was I in a coma?"

The answer is Yes.

Without a Raging Storm, man defaults into a coma.

Even if he's a "part time storm," he defaults into a coma.

Unless the storm Rages . . .

Unless it consumes his every waking moment . . .

Unless it invests itself in everything that he does . . .

Unless it is his constant companion that he cannot leave for a single moment, even to go the restroom, he slips into a gentle coma.

And he has almost no hope of emerging until he's at least 40. And that too if he's rare.

Some rarer ones emerge earlier. Through some serendipitous event or interaction.

Unless a man is on a 24/7 True Journey, he will be lulled to sleep by the fires that dance on the horizon.

This coma is like Carbon Monoxide poisoning. It kills slowly and softly.

This is how life slips right through his fingers.

This is how it escapes him like a thief in the night.

A Monastic Life



There are many routines in the life of a societal human being.

There are many distractions.

There are untold numbers of chores.

There are responsibilities.

There are obligations.

There are things that must be done.

There are things that must be tended to.

And each of these things is an interference with the way that a human being in his or her Native State longs to live.

It must be understood that there are no real “modern” human beings.

And the only reason that the idea of a “spiritual” human being arose is because human beings lost their way.

They poured cement over virgin soil.

They created buildings where there were once rainforests.

They created noise where for thousands of years there had only been silence.

I caution you against viewing my words as ammunition to champion the cause against deforestation, industrialization, global warming, and technological progress. For to do so would be to become societal all the more.

To do so would be to miss . . .

Every human being seeks Peace. This is natural.

Every human being seeks happiness. This is reactionary.

I am both aware of, and involved in, the day-to-day necessities and responsibilities that saturate a modern life.

But I cannot overstate the power that has forever drawn me toward a monastic existence.

From where such things arise remains unknown to me.

But it has invested all that I am and all that I do.

I have often said that I know not what it is that I do. I have long abandoned any attempt to decode it. But as I watch my fingers type the words that appear on the white background before me I will state that perhaps what I do, advertently or inadvertently, is to bring human beings on a Journey toward an inner Monasticism.

A monasticism that walks with them, plays with them, and stays with them. A monasticism that is with them in their exhilarations, and their sorrows.

A monasticism that keeps them centered in Peace. As they create empires. And as they hold their children in cradled arms.

My mind often returns to village scenes from The Last Samurai and the Japanese land of full moons and mountain silhouettes that welcomed Dogen. And the Shaolin Temple of Hunan Province.

There are some things that a man knows that he was made for. He just knows it. It gives him goose bumps. It gives him a feeling of Coming Home.

A home that he lost along ago.

Having strayed thousands of miles he one day awakens to find himself living in a world of noise and crowds and speeding cars. A world that in no shape or fashion resembles his True Home.

Rarely is one's true home the place of his birth.

It is the place that brings soft tears to his eyes when he thinks of it.

It is unfortunate that a Monastic life cannot really be had in

a monastery. Some may argue otherwise. But it is with sadness that I must hold firm. For it is unfortunately true.

The Shaolin Temple has been demolished. The warrior monks now travel the world performing on stage for societal entertainment.

The Monasteries have devolved into group activities aimed at performing rituals, burning incense, and pursuing forced concepts such as ritualized silent meditation.

One human being is ideal. Two can be perfect.

Three is a disaster.

And any more than three becomes ritual and form.

To sit on the edge of a cliff and watch the falling moon.

To close your eyes and feel the wind that blows only for you.

To lose yourself in the fractured reflection of blue moonlight on the dark river three hundred feet below.

To live in a hut at the edge of a forest and a stream where

the loudest sound outside is the river, and the loudest sound inside is the sound of a teacup tapping a saucer . . .

To trade the sights of billboards, lights, and colors for the visions of still trees, falling snow, and innocent streams . . .

And most important of all, to create a Monasticism within you that is not interrupted by that which is around you.

To continue to live where we live. Do what we do. Create what we create. And pursue what we pursue.

Monastically.

Perfectly.

Uninterruptedly.

Unhurriedly.

Serenely.

A chain unbroken . . . of Inner Monasticism.

To some, this will remain a beautiful idea.

To others, it will be something to strive for.

But then there is that One, who upon reading it will see his own reflection in the words.

And within moments of seeing it, comes to the gentle realization that it is He who these words were written for.

That for the whole of his life, whether he knew it or not, he has now come to realize that it is This that he has been searching for all along.

The Bliss Of Distant Shores



Life is short.

And it is long.

For the one who has found his Element, it is short.

For the one who has not, it is long.

Ernest Shackleton led three expeditions to the Antarctic. It's said that when he was away from his expeditions, Shackleton's life was "restless and unfulfilled."

In January of 1915 his ship, Endurance, became trapped in the ice. They would be trapped until the following spring.

When spring arrived, the ship could no longer bear the pressure of the ice. Shackleton and his men were forced to abandon it.

They camped for six months on a sheet of floating ice. Until it broke. They scurried into life boats. And for five days, braved treacherous seas. And landed on Elephant Island.

This was the first time they had stood on solid ground in 497 days.

Shackleton decided to embark upon a 720-mile journey in the smallest of the tiny life boats, toward South Georgia. He headed straight into the treacherous seas and the hurricane-force winds of the mighty Southern Ocean. In search of rescue for him and his men.

They somehow reached the island. Upon arriving, however, they discovered that they would need to cross heavy mountainous terrain on foot. It was a land crossing the likes of which had never been attempted.

He succeeded.

He lived. And saved the life of all his men.

A thought comes to my mind: After returning to domestic life, what else could Shackleton possibly feel besides “restless and unfulfilled?”

The world will say that it is a fortunate relief that
Shackleton lived.

But I will say that on this harrowing and adventurous journey, even if Shackleton had died, he would have Lived.

The Truth is, that Shackleton pursued what every man
seeks.

Though man has decided to domesticate himself, his heart
remains wild.

Though he has confined himself to the four walls of a
structure, he secretly longs to fly.

Though he tries to cultivate calmness, within him lives a
restlessness that does not die.

The famous man feels his heart race when millions cheer his name. But the day to day existence that is his default life, is filled with monotony. His heart longs to race again.

The professional athlete's typical day is a life chained to the mundane. A life of repetitive and uninspiring "practice." While it does not need to be this way, this is the state of affairs.

The celebrity entrepreneur, the actor, the singer, and the artist simmer for the bulk of their life in a routine and uninspired state. Fruitless meetings, corporate obligations, and endless chores.

Every pro athlete, every celebrity, every famous executive, CEO, founder, and entrepreneur have long stretches of monotony, punctuated by five minute-bursts of fame.

The singer longs to live on the stage in which she sings.

The pro athlete longs to live on the field in which he plays.

Every human being longs for the heart to keep beating. He lives for the exhilaration. He will take anything besides having to return to a life of mundane routine.

He will not reveal this to the media. And perhaps not even to himself.

But what he seeks, perhaps even more than his family, is a life of adventure. A life of inspiration. He longs to feel that light-headed euphoria of being lost in a cause.

He deathly craves the intoxication of forgetting himself.

This is why Alex Honnold free solo's 2000-foot peaks without the aid of a rope. Fall, and you die. That's Living.

Ernest and I have never met. But as he sailed into the Southern Ocean, I'm certain he would have told me that he felt Alive.

Whether the Journey is to climb Everest, sail solo around the world, build an empire, or find Enlightenment, it is a surrender of the self. It is a rising of the heart.

The heart longs to beat in this way.

Man was not made to be societal.

Domestication is not in his nature.

It is because he has suffocated his soul that he seeks escape through substances, entertainment, and travel.

Societal man, no matter how successful he has become, yearns to Live. And somewhere within him he knows that a part of him hasn't lived in years.

Somewhere within him he knows that the brick and mortar society in which he lives is a cemetery.

He longs for discovery.

He longs for exploration.

He longs for expeditions into the mysterious void.

He longs for the bliss of distant shores.

And he would happily surrender his life thirty years before he was due, if he could Intensely Live for twenty of them
True.

The Nectar



An Olympic runner spends years preparing for a 100 meter sprint that lasts for 10 Seconds or less.

If he wins, he stands on the podium with a gold medal around him, for a few Minutes.

Jeremy Jones spends years planning a trip to remote Himalayan Peaks. He spends months traveling. He spends weeks acclimatizing. He spends days climbing.

All for a ride that lasts one or two Minutes.

You know the old saying, “What you put into it is what you get out of it?”

Well it isn’t true.

Not quite.

The real Truth is “The putting into it IS the getting out of it.”

A man becomes wealthy. He has 700 million to 12 billion in equity. He’s got a few hundred million that’s liquid.

He doesn’t count it. He never even thinks about it. It’s just “there.” Sure, it’s useful. It’s handy.

But his everyday life isn’t much different from the one who has \$30,000 in the bank.

I don’t mean from a moralistic or “human equality” standpoint (you won’t get that kind of talk from me). I mean from a day-to-day experience of life perspective.

Allow me to share with you a concept:

If you put into it Today, in order to get something out of it
Tomorrow, you've wasted today And tomorrow.

What do I mean by “wasted?”

What I mean by “wasted,” is that there is no Nectar.

The entire spirituality movement is based upon this false
idea.

If you do penance Today, you will reap the reward some
day in the future.

Just keep “practicing,” and one day it will come.

Just keep “meditating,” and one day it will come.

If you believe that, you might as well believe in the tooth
fairy. (And the sad reality is that most of the world spends
their entire life believing in the tooth fairy).

What I've always told my clients is this:

We aren't going to do anything Today in order to get a
benefit Tomorrow.

Whatever we are going to do will get you the benefit Now.

NOW is my God.

If I work with a pro athlete, the thing that I bring to him will allow him to see results NOW.

With a CEO, the feeling is felt NOW.

The Clarity dawns NOW.

Certainly, it will mature over time. The understanding will become richer with time.

But the taste and the feeling are experienced NOW.

Today!

I don't think you'll find many (or any) who work this way. Because they have bought into the idea of "practice today" for an "eventual result." This idea is sacred in our culture.

And it is a lie.

Bullshit works in the "future." And that "future" always remain far away. It somehow never arrives.

The Truth never works in the “future.” It only works NOW.

Find The Truth. And you will not have to wait for
tomorrow.

I am a pathologically impatient human being.

I refuse to Wait.

Wasting time churns my insides.

The only reason that we do what we do . . .

Is because we crave The Nectar.

And the Nectar lies in becoming Lost.

When you don’t see anything else. When you don’t hear
anything else. You’re just . . . Lost.

Lost in your Thing.

Whatever your Thing happens to be.

Why does it feel so good stand before thousands of people?

Nectar.

Why does it feel good to win?

Nectar.

The problem, however, is that these “Nectar moments” last only a short while.

And then one defaults to “normalcy.”

Five minutes, 30 minutes, two hours, or four . . .

Then the show is over.

The lights are taken down.

The cameras are put away.

The equipment vans drive off.

Cinderella returns to being a housemaid.

Normalcy sucks.

Human beings live for the stage, in one way or another.

The stage in one's profession is obvious. But man also seeks the stage at home. He wants to be lost in "love." He wants to be at Peace with his family.

Women often tell their husbands, "I want us to be passionate and affectionate, the way we used to be."

That's Nectar.

I've been getting emails for Years telling me that I need to take my work to the masses. Many are very upset with me for openly shunning the masses.

I get several emails a month telling me that I shouldn't just be working with Professional Athletes, CEO's, Performing Artists, and Celebrities.

I only work with those with whom I feel the Nectar.

The masses aren't interested in transformation. They are only interested in hearing advice that they won't follow.

Life is too short to spend my time trying to convince the unconvincible.

We're not on this planet to "work."

We're here to create!

Those of you who have been with me from the beginning will remember this, as you went through it several times: The emails that you used to receive titled "Refining The List."

Good, bad, or stupid, I've always wanted a small list rather than a big one. I've "refined" it so many times, I've lost count. I like to handpick people to be on my list.

In fact, if you look closely at my "subscription box" on my website, it doesn't say "subscribe."

It says "Apply."

I remember one person who took offense to the fact that I stopped sending him my discourses. I'll never forget. We went back and forth for days. The only reason that I kept responding to his complaint was because I wanted him going away perfectly clear as to why I was doing this.

I'm not saying I have the best marketing strategy. I'm not a marketer. And I'm not an email collector.

I have no \$99 programs to sell.

I have no capture pages, squeeze pages, sales funnels, or
buy-now buttons.

I'm only in it for the Nectar.

If I didn't have a family, I wouldn't have any need for money. And I could find my Nectar in a comfortable and secluded cave at 18,000 feet in the Nepalese Himalayas.

I only want to speak and work with World Class Individuals. Because they make for the most interesting conversations. They tend to be bent toward the Unusual, Rare, Legend, Greatness, Best in History type things.

What do I get from that?

Nectar!

I lose myself in my work with clients.

Truth be told, if I'm guilty of anything it's not being quite selective Enough.

Every day, I learn to refine, refine, refine.

I love to subtract, subtract, subtract.

Until only the Essence remains.

If this is the case . . .

If what man truly seeks above all else is Nectar . . .

Then what are the implications of this?

All that you want is the Nectar.

So why not attract only the Nectar?

I don't like the way I said that.

It sounds like I'm trying to talk you into it. And I don't want to talk you into anything.

I'll say it this way, instead.

In every part of my life, I am engineering it such a way that I have only the Nectar. And no "horrible normalcy."

I want Nectar even when I'm eating dinner.

I have wasted so much of my life not knowing the things
that I have now come to know.

I must make up for lost time.

I must find a way to be Permanently Lost.

This is non-negotiable.

And something tells me you want the very same thing.

Namaste.

Asceticism Is Inevitable



My almost five decades of existence has culminated in this moment. In which I sit and write this letter to myself.

For much of my life I have been enamored by the ascetics of my native land who retreated into the seclusion of the Himalayas.

For much of that time, although I was fascinated by such uncompromising men, it still carried a fantastical flavor. Although I was drawn to it, they were meant to be ascetics, and I was meant to be a householder.

But as the years have unfolded, life has shown its true

colors. Nothing is as it once seemed.

A human being's life moves from illusion to insight. And as his insight grows, his illusions begin to shatter.

At first glance, the shattering of illusions appears to be blissful. But when the smoke clears, he notices that as the shattered remains lay scattered across the floor, his life does as well.

Though living in ignorance may be ignorant, a man makes a life out of this ignorance. He knows where everything is. He knows each person's identity. Each person's role has been settled. Though it may be a house of cards, the cards are arranged in such a way that he can understand.

Though his house is built on shifting sand, he knows precisely where the patch of sand resides. He makes a life of this sand.

But when he begins to see the light on the horizon, he notices the incoming tide. And it suddenly washes it all away.

And though he may have been graced with wisdom . . .

Though he may now truly See . . .

A large part of him cries out for the house he once knew.
He sheds tears of unspeakable sadness for the world he once
knew. He longs for the familiar times.

And it tears open his heart to discover that the house he
once knew wasn't a house at all. That all that he thought was
real turned out to be a mirage.

Wisdom has consequences.

And its greatest consequence is the preservation of
memory. The memories of how things once were are too
heavy to bear. So heavy that he almost longs to return to a life
of ignorance.

As the Truths of life have begun to overtake me, I have
come to realize that asceticism isn't a luxury at all. In fact, it
isn't even a choice.

I suggest nothing to you. I am speaking in your presence.
But I am not necessarily speaking to you.

Fear not, I have no recommendations for you.

I speak only to myself. And I do so innocently and

uncompromisingly.

The more that I have come to see The Truth, the more asceticism seems inevitable. It is the most natural way.

Not because one lives in the wilderness and in the bosom of nature. In fact, retreat into the wilderness or a cave is unnecessary.

Rather, it is a complete detachment from domestic life, even though one might be seen to be living as a normal householder.

Ideas such as “do not be attached,” may drift through your mind. But I don’t quite know how to impress upon you that unless one is in a particular state of Understanding, they are nothing but an empty prescription. The words may be correct.

But man responds to feelings more than words.

In the end, we are all alone.

And when I say “end,” I do not mean to say the end of life. By “end,” I mean the moment one realizes. The moment one understands.

You may live in a joint family, with 50 loving family

members by your side. But you are undeniably alone.

You may feel this. You may not. (Most do feel it, but chase away the feeling because it is too painful to bear).

The only person that we have in our life is ourselves, family or no family. Friends or no friends.

And in the end, we discover that even The Self was a lie.

When one begins to attain Realization, he needs no prescription such as “do not become attached.”

He becomes the living embodiment of detachment.

And he does so for the same reason that any human being does anything: Because there is no other way.

Man doesn't act until he's cornered.

The ascetic leaves everything behind.

He loses all interest in family. He drops even his own name and the identity he once cherished.

The only difference between the True Ascetic and the

common householder is that the householder hasn't realized
that asceticism is his true nature.

The Ascetic openly lives the life that the householder
occasionally catches glimpses of.

Mind you, the ascetic doesn't necessarily live in joy or glee.
He has chosen this path because he saw that traditional
societal existence could no longer offer him anything but pain.

He walks into the forest, half-liberated and half-defeated. It
isn't an escape. It is an inevitability. It is his only respite. It is
where the dust naturally settles.

All societal traditions lead to pain.

A man who has children will watch his children leave his
home forever.

Everyone we know eventually leave us.

The house of our childhood eventually crumbles.

I believe it is written in the Bible: From dust to dust.

This is plain and simple Truth.

If I were to reverse the clock 20 years, I would be attached
to no one or nothing.

I may forge relationships, I may not.

I may create a family, I may not.

But whatever I would do, I would do with the eyes of one
who knows, rather than with the eyes of one who is blind.

Animals live lives that are far superior to those of humans.

For all of man's capabilities of reason, they get him into
trouble more than they benefit him.

For all his capabilities of emotion and empathy, they
produce pain infinitely more than peace.

The transitory nature of all things pulls man toward an
ascetic existence.

If we and everyone we know will one day be gone, what's
all this about?

If we're only here for a day, then the Experience of the day

is all that matters.

Instead, we humans populate the day and complicate the day.

And live a life of untold suffering on account of it.

I'm reminded of a householder who visited a Swami in the Himalayas.

He said, "Swamiji, you are such a great man. As an ascetic, you have sacrificed everything in order to seek The Truth."

The Swami replied, "My dear man, I have left behind all those things because they brought me pain. You live amidst such unbelievable pain, attached to all the things of this world. I am at peace. You are in turmoil. It is you who has made the ultimate sacrifice."

Namaste.

On Becoming A Player



We will begin with a scene from Oliver Stone's masterpiece, *Wall Street*.

Gordon Gekko (the master investor) is explaining The Truth to his protégé and neophyte broker (Bud Fox).

Bud asks Gordon, "What about hard work?"

This is Gordon's response:

"What about it? I bet you stayed up all night analyzing that dog shit stock you gave me, uh? Where'd it get you? My

father, he worked like an elephant pushing electrical supplies until he dropped dead at 49 with a heart attack and tax bills. Wake up, will ya pal? If you're not inside, you are outside, okay? And I'm not talking about some \$400,000-a-year working Wall Street stiff flying first class and being comfortable. I'm talking about liquid. Rich enough to have your own jet. Rich enough not to waste time. 50, 100 million dollars, buddy . . . A player."

(As for the sum of money that Gordon mentioned, it's important to remember that this was in the year 1987.)

Some will look upon Gordon Gekko from the standpoint of disingenuous societal props such as "morality."

To this I will say that if man had achieved Peace in his life, he would never need a fabricated concept such as morality hanging over him. A peaceful person couldn't be immoral if he tried.

The reason that we have the need for prisons, policeman, and watchdogs at every corner is precisely because man hasn't been given the tools to be at Peace within himself.

He hasn't been given The Truth.

The most important trait to be recognized in Gordon Gekko is that he figured out that what everyone was selling in his industry was a false. And rather than get in line like everyone else, he found a way to make his own line.

This is why he was one of the few who became a Player, rather than a “wall street stiff.”

What I have noticed over the years is something very interesting. People who buck the system in their own industry, often fall into industry norms when they enter another industry.

It is absolutely this way in golf. You see it every single day. Powerful world class executives who have actually invented industries by breaking every rule in the book. Yet when they come to golf, they hire the local golf instructor to “instruct” their every move. Where to put their hands, how to move their arms, how wide spread their feet.

How does a man who is a genius in his industry, allow himself to become an Invalid in another?

These world class executives play golf for literally 40 years and don’t break 90. This is the norm. The golf industry now has space shuttle technology, radar data, launch monitors, 3d

simulators, and even a robot that you can step inside that moves the golfer's arms in a particular way in order to hit the golf ball correctly.

What is the result of all this fancy and expensive instruction?

The average golf handicap hasn't improved in the last 50 years!

Not by One. Single. Solitary. Stroke.

Any questions?

I haven't told this story to many people (the first time in fact was a few days ago to a lovely young lady who is reading this discourse as we speak), but there was a swimmer who was in a slump for 3 years. He'd seen coach after coach. Psychologist after psychologist for 3 years. But he couldn't place well at a race. He'd fallen off the map. All of these coaches had all the technical instruction in the world.

I was asked to fly to Los Angeles to work with him.

I'll just quickly summarize:

2 trips.

4 hours of work.

He wins at least 5 meets.

And makes the 2016 Olympic Team and represents his country in Rio last year.

His coach called and asked me what I did.

I told him I didn't know. I just sort of got him out of his mind.

What do I know about swimming? I can swim. That's about it. In fact, I must have asked him twenty times how many meters it was from one wall to the other wall!

What's the take home message here?

Write this down:

It's Never About The Thing.

It's all about The Mind.

It doesn't matter if it's business, engineering, medicine, pro sports, relationships, parenting, friendship, socialization, or anything else.

It's all mind.

Nothing else.

Let's talk about this ethereal concept called "Spirituality."

The most important thing is to fall out of love with that word.

Spirituality will not help you.

Practicality will transform you.

There is no spirituality.

There is only Mind.

Whatever you do in your life, it's critical to be Sincere.

This, too, is for practical reasons. I don't tell anyone to be Sincere because it's the "right" thing to do, or because it's "proper," or "healthy," or just plain "nice."

I say it because if you are Sincere, you will be free from inner turmoil.

I'd say that's a pretty handy benefit, wouldn't you?

If someone says, for instance, "Look, when it comes to the Mind and to my Life, I don't really want to be a player. I just want to get in line. I just want to keep my head down and follow the masses. I'm not really interested in getting anywhere. Truth be told, I just sort of like the orange robes and the incense and the twenty minutes of meditation. And I'll admit that I secretly like asking my friends how long they meditate because it's sort of a competition for me. Don't tell anyone I said that, but that's really what excites me," that's Sincere.

To me, that's very respectable. How can you not have respect for a person who is that straight forward and honest?

I would shake this person's hand and say, "It's truly an honor to meet someone as Sincere as you."

And I would mean every word.

But if someone says, "I really want to learn about the Mind.

I absolutely want peace in my life. I want to have an amazing relationship with my wife and my children. I want to feel what it feels like to be truly Free. I'm all in. I want to be a Player," and then they hire "meditation instructors," talk about "mindfulness," go on "silent retreats," and hang an Om symbol on their rearview mirror, well . . .

The Truth is that such people do not want to be players at all.

(I've never understood silent retreats. Why would you need to go somewhere to be silent? And why would you join a group? Why not spare yourself the torture and be alone? Isn't this more conducive to being silent.)

(And do you really need an instructor to tell you how to be silent? . . . You need an "instruction" for that too? . . . Really?)

It's important to note that I am not the judge of anything.

The results are the judge of everything.

And by results, I don't mean the ones that you scrape the bottom of the barrel in order to find, so that you can justify the time and money spent doing something which deep inside yourself you know didn't do a single thing for you.

I mean real results!

I've shared with a few people the story of my visiting a Buddhist monk who lives in a temple near my home.

In short, I went there hoping that I was all wrong. You have no idea how badly I wanted him to shame me. I wanted him to say that he had achieved No-Mind, No-Thought, total Peace, and complete Freedom.

Because if he did, I would have sat at his feet and learned as much as I could. We would share our experiences of the quality of No-Mind we had achieved. And I would be honored to have pushed me all the way to Buddhahood. I would have become his student for life. I am all ears for those individuals who know what I do not.

For learning is a splendid intoxication.

As soon as we sat down, I asked him point blank, "Have you learned how to turn off the mind?"

He laughed and said, "No."

I asked him what he was doing in this temple?

He said that he meditated all day.

I asked him how long he had been meditating.

He said 20 years.

I thanked him and left.

There you have it.

20 years!

With nothing to show for it.

Now the scrap collectors will come in with their barrel scraping. They will say, “Well, he probably does have something to show for it. Maybe it’s made him feel good. Maybe it’s brought him some peace. Maybe it made him feel more calm.”

Feeling good, gaining some peace, and feeling calm can be done in about two weeks!

If you’re going to spend 20 years, you’d better be a freaking Buddha!

Because Buddha did it in 6!

Whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well.

Wherever it is worth going, it is worth going to the very top.

Wherever it is worth reaching, it is worth reaching The Ultimate.

But rare is the human being who seeks The Ultimate in anything.

They are more enthralled by the out-clauses.

Tell them the story of Gordon Gekko, and they will say that Gordon broke the law through insider trading.

Tell them the story of Buddha, and they will say that he left his children and his wife, but “I don’t want to leave my family behind.”

(Secretly, they thank the heavens that Buddha left his family because now they can use that as an excuse for not going on the journey. And by the way, no one needs to leave

their family or their home.)

The Truth is not for the faint of heart.

It is for those who cannot resist it.

For those who hire “meditation teachers,” ask them if they can turn off their mind at will.

Ask the meditation teacher.

Text him. Call him. Send him an email. Drop him a telegram.

Ask him, “Oh wise meditation teacher, can you turn off thought? Even for a short while. At will!”

Say to him, “Today, I’m not asking you for a meditation pose. I’m not asking you about Ida and the Pingala or the Sushumna. Today I don’t give two cents about the Kundalini. Today I have no interest in balancing my chakras. Forget the third eye. Drop the half-lotus. Forget about watching the breath. Can. You. Turn. Off. Thought. At. Will!”

And see what you get as a response.

The people who are reading this discourse are those who have become Players in their own industry.

I will speak to you directly.

Yes, YOU!

What you have demonstrated in your own industry reveals a rare sort of DNA, my friend. I respect you for it. I admire you for it.

With all my heart. And all my sincerity.

For those who make you feel guilty for being wealthy . . .

For those who put you down for your success . . .

Forget them.

It is beneath you to cower and lower yourself to the lowest common denominator when it comes to the Mind!

If you became a player in your industry, you can become a player in this one.

To find Peace. Every day. At least portions of every day.

To be free of human conflict. To no longer feel the need to fight with anyone.

To be free of emotional turmoil. To go on a journey in which anger cannot touch you. Not learn to “deal with it.” Not to have it arise in the first place!

To be equanimous regardless of the circumstance. Calm in all situations.

To switch off thought like a light switch. And feel the natural curl of your lips as you feel the glorious and God-like feeling of floating in this beautiful emptiness.

To become . . . A Player.

Why in the world would you settle for anything less?

You Have Everything. But Do You Have The Moment?



The human who has nothing, tends to seek everything.

The human who has everything, tends to seek peace.

He tends to seek freedom.

Such a one would do well to realize that having everything
allows him the rarest of opportunities . . .

It puts him in a unique position among men . . .

Having everything allows him to truly have Everything.

Having everything allows him the freedom to place his sights squarely upon that final stretch of road that has evaded humans for millennia.

Having conquered empires, he can now devote himself to conquering his Mind.

And it must be clearly understood that one who does not conquer his mind lives a life of struggle.

Though he may have everything, he will live forever as an ordinary man or woman.

Having everything provides an opportunity.

And if that opportunity is not grasped, he will have squandered his life.

What is the point of having lived a life of anxiety?

Where is the glory in having lived a life of turbulent moods, emotional pain, and mountains of worry?

Death is infinitely better than such things.

Infinitely better.

One of man's greatest troubles is that he becomes accustomed to the mental state in which he finds himself.

It becomes home.

It seals his fate.

And he spends his life looking this way and that . . .

Ingesting this and that . . .

Buying this and that . . .

Traveling to here and there . . .

In search of respite.

In search of temporary reprieve from unbearable circumstances.

Life becomes too much for every man.

For unless one discovers The Moment, the mountain of life

is too heavy to bare.

And every idea that society and its minions have told you
about finding the moment will not work.

They are white lies that produce a dark life.

Never does a man find The Moment by such means.

For even those who preach The Moment are light years
from finding it.

When prescriptions do not take a man to the God they
promise, man makes the prescription his God.

You may do mindfulness until the earth stops spinning . . .

You may sit in meditation with the world's most famous
meditation teachers, until you develop sores on the bottom of
your thighs . . .

You may visit every retreat offered on this planet . . .

You may build temples, live in ashrams, memorize every
holy book, prostrate yourself in prayer until your back
develops a hump . . .

Practicing mindfulness and meditation will make you better at practicing mindfulness and meditation.

Sitting for Pooja make you more skillful at doing Pooja.

Reciting holy scriptures will make you an expert at the scriptures.

Prostrating in prayer will make you more skillful at praying.

But they will not bring you to The Moment.

For The Moment is not what you have been told that it is.

If it was, you and those whom have taught you such things would have had it by now.

Is there a way?

There is a way.

But you cannot move toward it.

It must be backed into.

I will not tell you how wonderful it is to live within the Cocoon Of The Moment (as I described in the discourse by that very name).

The same way that you do not tell others about how wonderful your state of life is.

I will, however, tell you that it is a place that befits the glory of a human being.

While every place outside of it is an insult to the glory of a human being.

It brings a different look to one's face.

I don't know if you would consider it beautiful, or serious.

But it is different.

It is the look of The Moment.

It brings a different quality to the interiority of a human being.

I don't know if you would consider it uneventful, or still.

The Moment brings a solidness.

Yes . . .

It brings a solidness to one's way of being.

It brings an impenetrability.

It brings an arrival.

One's own mind begins to pay homage to him.

It is a metamorphosis.

From a man, to something beyond just a man.

From a woman, to something more than just a woman.

I do not know what to call such a transformed being.

For each name comes with its pre-packaged definitions.

But its quality is something that is not seen in human beings.

If you were to see it . . .

If you were to experience it . . .

You would say that there is something different here.

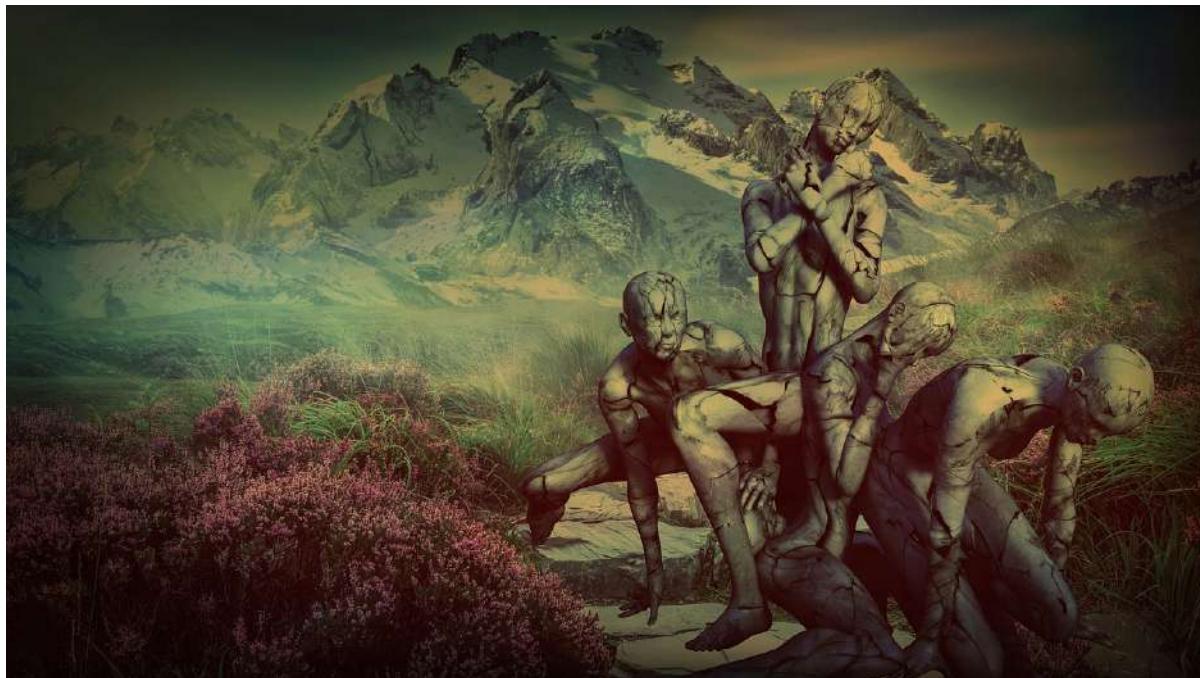
You would say that it is not something that you have seen
before.

The final mile is the mile to a human's ultimate glory.

To become something more than just a human.

Namaste.

Art: The Metamorphosis Of A Human



Death and True Art are inseparable.

Art is the only thing worth living for.

But in order to live for it, one must die to it.

A majestic creation consumes a man whole.

It usurps every molecule of his faculties.

It consumes every drop of his humanity.

Art is not for the compromising sort.

For it is borne of blood more than sweat.

The artist bleeds onto the canvas.

He disintegrates into the pages of the literature he creates.

He cannot serve two masters.

The fingers have an intelligence all their own. They need no input from their human lord.

A masterpiece comes at the expense of a human life.

For the artist must die in order to create it.

For the art uses him as the raw materials.

It paints with the blood in his veins.

It vibrates with the beating of his heart.

The artist is uncontrollable. He is tempestuous. He is volatile. He is tumultuous.

He is, at once, a tortured soul.

It cannot be otherwise.

To quote the title of a discourse from time past, Art Is The Domain Of The Madman.

The Ultimate canvas is a man's life.

To make one's life a work of the highest art is the ultimate achievement.

But in order to do so, he must know the boundaries of his humanity.

He must realize who he is. And what he is not.

Through an uncompromising elimination of non-self, he reduces his being to its elemental parts.

So that there are no more interferences to his experience of life.

So that life pulsates through him, shaping him as it will.

So that when he sees, he becomes sight.

When he feels, he becomes the feeling.

Having overcome all interferences, he has direct access to life itself.

He is no longer troubled by the mind.

He no longer lives an ordinary existence.

For the one who once lived has been created anew.

Of the old that once existed, nothing remains.

The snow has fallen fresh and light.

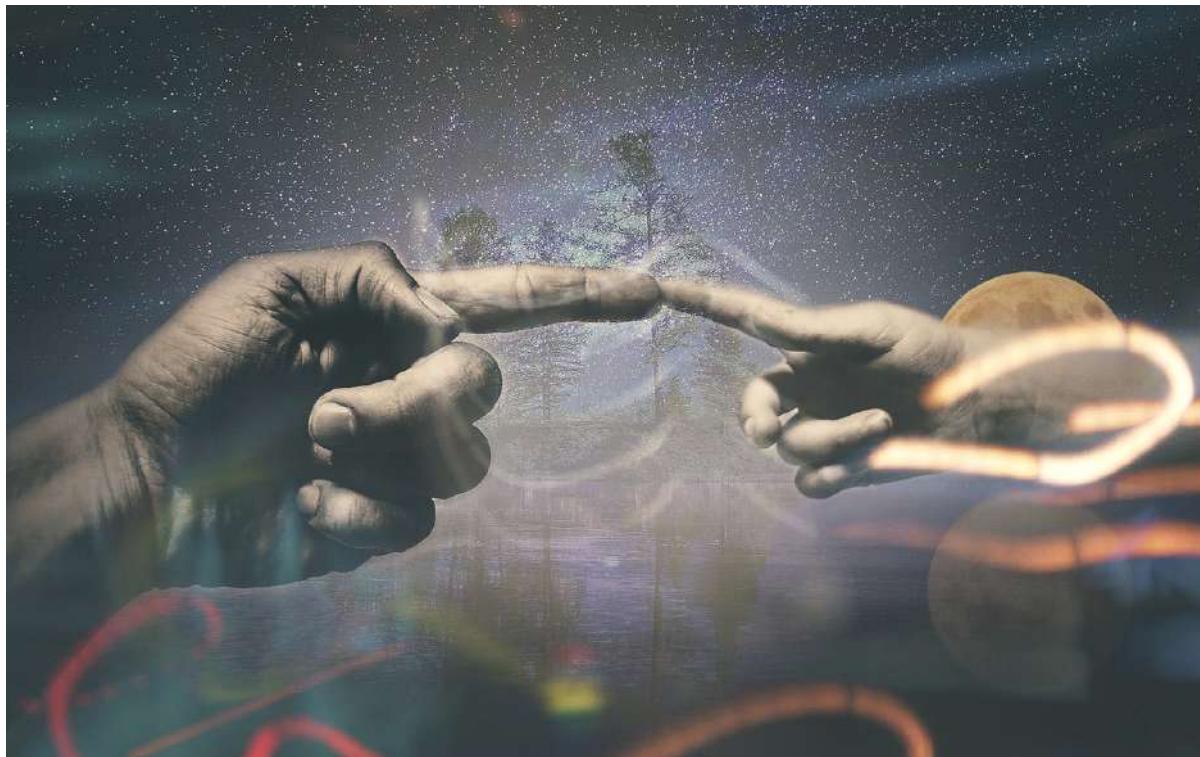
The moon has settled into the horizon.

For the artist that once was, is no more.

And the art is all that remains.

Namaste.

The Invisible Web Of Need



The bonds that humans have formed are not sacred.

They are built upon a storehouse of Need.

If family was sacred then it would contain no turmoil.

If friendship were sacred, friends wouldn't become
enemies.

If marriage was sacred, there would be no divorce.

The Truth is that nothing is sacred.

A mother gives birth to a son. There is indeed a blood tie that exists. But once the child is born, it is influenced by the culture far more than it is influenced by the mother.

Particularly if the child is put in school.

Virtually every human being ends every phone call or goodbye with “love you.”

Love is just a word.

It has become a reflexive sentiment. Like saying “bless you” when someone sneezes.

Love perhaps does exist. But if it exists, the things that need to happen for it to bloom are unthinkable.

If love does exist, it cannot exist with ego.

When I say “cannot,” I am not saying “must not.” I am saying that it physically cannot. The way that snow cannot exist on an 80-degree day.

When I say “ego,” I do not mean self-pride. I mean the presence of a self, altogether.

Where there are Two, there cannot be love.

The relationships that man has made are not based upon love. They are based upon Need.

They are based upon habit.

They are based upon the fear of loneliness.

They are based upon the avoidance of pain.

Ironically, such relationships can produce only pain. With a few sprinkles of joy scattered across a fifty-year time frame.

Humans love to have the wool pulled over their eyes. They love to live in the darkness.

Because the light illuminates such unthinkable horrors, they are simply too painful to live with.

If you are a parent, you will become catastrophically hurt by your children.

If you are married, you will become catastrophically hurt by your spouse.

It is the same with business partners, friends, extended families, and so forth.

Human relationships are full of pain, far more than joy.

They bring sadness far more than they bring peace.

And humans spend the whole of their lives fixing, forgiving, fighting, and making up.

What lies at the foundation is something few wish to see.

For the surface so completely occupies their time and their thoughts, there is no time, energy, or desire to examine The Truth.

The human's time is completely spoken for. His hands are tied. His plate is full. His calendar is booked.

He spends the whole of his life putting out one fire after another. And there are so many fires to put out, that it leaves little time for anything else.

He spends the whole of his life desperately trying to make amends, who has time for The Truth?

The Truth is that all human relationships are based upon an invisible web of need.

The husband needs from the wife.

The wife needs from the husband.

The parent needs from the child.

The child needs from the parent.

All needs are, at once, opportunistic.

It is extraordinarily rare to witness or experience a relationship that is totally and completely free of need.

A relationship that is based purely upon giving without the slightest touch of the ego of having given . . .

A relationship that is based solely upon a surrender of the self and a surrender of hope and control . . .

A relationship in which there is no concept of “give and take,” . . .

A relationship in which there are no “emotional needs” that exist . . .

This is a once-in-a-millennium sort of relationship.

This is a relationship of the gods.

It is beyond the capabilities of mortal men.

The irony is that it is only such a relationship in which a human being can truly be Free.

For although man believes that he is bound by the other,
The Truth is that he is bound by the Need for the other.

If a human experienced pain in a relationship and this pain was unacceptable to him, he would simply leave. But he does not. Because inextricably tied to this pain is Need. While he receives pain on the one hand, he also occasionally satisfies some of his needs.

Such as the need for companionship, a shoulder to cry on, help with domestic responsibilities, and so forth.

The world is a big place.

And life casts a large shadow.

How can a man possibly go it alone?

There are too many dark places. Too many ghouls that lurk in the shadows. Too many responsibilities. Too many burdens to bear.

The one who lives without turmoil . . .

The one who lives totally and completely Free . . .

Is the one who sees the The Truth that supports the entire game.

The desire to see The Truth does not come easy.

It is a last resort.

When all other options are repeatedly exhausted.

But when it happens, one comes upon true Maturity.

And where there is True Maturity, there is True Freedom.

Namaste.

That



A man lives in a house with 3000 rooms.

He begins each day standing in the courtyard at its center.

He chooses a room. And on his way to that room, he anticipates a great prize. Something that is going to change his life.

He arrives at the room. When he opens the door, he sees nothing unusual. He looks under the sofa, beneath the mattress, behind the dresser, and under the nightstand. He gains a slight dose of pleasure from the smell of the room. But that's all.

The day has come to an end.

The next day, he chooses a different room. This time he gains a drop of pleasure from the photo on the wall. But he finds nothing else.

The day comes to an end.

The following day, he returns to another room. He finds nothing. And on his way out, he finds a dollar bill behind the door. This gives him an ounce of pleasure.

This day comes to an end.

Some days he revisits the same room.

Some days he goes to a new room.

And each time he goes to a room, he is filled with hope. That today is going to be his day. Today, everything is going to change. Today, his life is going to take on new meaning.

He is utterly convinced that somewhere within one of these rooms lies a secret.

A secret that he is missed for all these years. And upon discovering it, he will finally discover “That.”

He doesn’t precisely know what “That” is. It might be peace, freedom, joy, bliss, rapture, or even a permanent end to the search.

All he knows is that he doesn’t have “That” now.

He forges relationships. He builds businesses. He even invents gods.

But “That” is nowhere to be found.

And anytime he asks someone . . .

Anytime he shares his problem with someone . . .

They give him a quick solution.

They say to him, “Oh, you must go do xyz.”

So he does “xyz” but it doesn’t produce the “That” that he’s searching for.

And when he tells them this, the individual says to him,

“Oh ye of little faith. You must believe. You’ve only just started. Keep doing xyz and one day it will come.”

So he keeps doing “xyz.” Years pass. But he has gotten nowhere.

He returns to the individual and asks him how long he has been doing “xyz.” The individual tells him he’s been doing “xyz” for 45 years.

He asks him if doing “xyz” for 45 years have given him the “That.” The individual says no. But he’s certain that one day it will come.

The man thinks to himself. Everyone in the world around him is chasing, chasing, chasing. Some are chasing jobs, others high positions, others more wealth, others happiness, others religion . . .

And that is all fine and good. But somewhere within this mass of humanity, by sheer odds alone, there must be Someone who has found “That.” There must be at least One Person who has found the thing that they have been chasing their entire lives.

There are young humans and old humans. The old humans

have come to the twilight of their life. They have been chasing
the longest.

So he asks one of the old men how long he has been
chasing. The old man says he's been chasing for 87 years.

He asks him if he has found the “That.”

The old man says no, but if it's god's will he will find it
before he dies.

He asks the old man that if it was all dependent upon god's
will, why chase in the first place?

The old man says, “Because god only helps those who help
themselves.”

But the old man Did try to help himself. He helped himself
for 87 years.

With nothing to show for it.

So he goes to a Buddhist monk. Surely the monk must have
the answer. They have devoted their lives to such things.

He visits the oldest monk in the temple. The leader. The

most venerable among them.

He says to him, “Venerable sir, have you found That?”

The monk says, “Your desire is strong my son. Perhaps you’d like to become a monk.”

He says, “I’ll consider it. But can you please tell me if you have found That?”

The monk says, “You must be patient, my son. We monks have devoted our lives to meditation, simplicity, and service.

In order to discover the Buddha within each of us.”

He responds, “I understand, Venerable sir. But I wonder if you could please tell me if you have found That?”

The monk says, “It is said that there is no That. That there is nowhere to arrive.”

He says, “If there is no That, and if there is nowhere to arrive, then why do you meditate and do penance and shave your head and wear robes? Why go to all this trouble?”

The monk says, “We do it in search of Enlightenment.”

He responds, “So you do have a That. It’s Enlightenment.”

The monk says, “Yes, I suppose.”

He says, “Sir, have you found Enlightenment?”

The monk says, “Not as yet.”

He leaves the temple and sits on a rock in an open field.

He comes to the realization that no one, not even the monks who have devoted their lives to austerities, have found the That.

And if there is no That, then he wouldn’t feel this strange longing within him. This constant sense of dissatisfaction.

And where there is dissatisfaction, there Must be something that satisfies it forever.

He returns to his house. He stands in the courtyard. He pours gasoline onto the floor. And sets the house on fire.

And as he walks away from the burning house, he sees with exquisite clarity that any direction he walks will not lead to the answer.

He sees without a shadow of a doubt that everyone is searching. From the beggar in the street to the monk on the throne.

He sees that not a single thing will give him what he seeks. That not a single location on the earth holds the answer to his problem.

He sees that the very spot on which he is walking is his most ultimate destination.

He drops to the ground under an endless sky.

He banishes every drop of hope.

And suddenly his dissatisfaction vanishes.

He sees as clear as the sun that shines upon him, and he closes his eyes and begins to laugh.

He touches the dirt upon which he sits. He runs his palm along the grass. He feels the weight of his limbs.

And he quietly whispers to himself,

THIS . . . is “That.”

Namaste.

The Room Of Devotion



I do not often quote religion, but where I see wisdom I respect it.

I believe it is written in the bible, “Idle hands are the devil’s workshop.”

This is a Truth.

But in order for this Truth to be understood, it must unraveled far beyond common levels of understanding.

As humans we live much of our lives in domesticity.
Chores. Responsibilities. Obligations.

And this itself isn't a problem.

But what does pose a problem is if this is all we have.

Some months ago I posted on twitter, “Greater than 90% of professional athletes completely waste their time.” (I do not look for followers. I am forever open for the possibility of That Rare One).

Further, almost 100% of all human beings, be they rich or poor or famous or celebrated, almost completely waste their life.

It is a great irony that the ultra-successful are more besieged by boredom than the poor and the working class.

For the poor and the working class have little time for boredom.

Today's children are lost in the fantastical and addictive world of video games.

Teenagers and adults are caught in a web of addiction to smartphones and electronics.

This is indeed . . . "the devils workshop."

If one wishes to live Engaged. And make no mistake, Engagement and Freedom is what man seeks above all else.

If one wishes to be Lost in an endeavor . . .

If one wishes to sidestep the trappings of domestic existence . . .

If he wishes to avoid Zombification . . .

He must Devote his life.

Not to meaning. There is no meaning.

Not to purpose. Life has no purpose.

Not to significance. We are all going to die. What could possibly be significant about a dying man?

Something that a man awakens to everyday, and dives into head first.

Roughly an hour ago, my older son called me from a golf tournament and asked me why he did not do well on Day One of the tournament.

I said to him, “Why you didn’t do well on day one is not the important question. The point is that you haven’t yet entered The Room.”

“What room?” he said.

“The Room of Devotion. You cannot ask piecemeal questions. You must investigate The Truth.”

“I received your text last night about asking The Truth. And I don’t know what the Truth is,” he said.

I said to him, “Because you have not yet decided to walk the True Journey. And do not for one second assume that I am telling you to walk it. That would not be genuine. Each person, if he wishes to become a Bruce Lee, must arrive at the point in his life in which he slams his fist on the table and he decides. He decides that from this point forward, I am going

to devote my life to THIS.”

A life that is not devoted is a Wasted Life.

Searching for “meaning” is also a Wasted Life.

I am convinced that I was born in the wrong generation. I have been convinced of this for a very long time.

This world is completely foreign to me. This world does not consist of My kind of people.

I belong to the world of The Ancient Samurai.

I belong to the world of Miyamoto Musashi.

I belong to the world of The Shaolin Temple of Hunan Province.

I do not belong to this plastic, putrid, uninspiring filth of an excuse called “civilization.”

To disappear into a jungle, as Musashi did, train day and night. Investigate the Mind.

And emerge, a Master!

Yesssss.

Goosebumps are beginning to form on my arms.

As I write this discourse, the soundtrack from The Last
Samurai plays in my ears.

I remember the dialogue from memory, “I am their captive
and I cannot escape. Each day they awake, they devote
themselves to the perfection of whatever they pursue. I have
never seen such Discipline.”

It is after many years that I have experienced an untroubled
sleep. Everyone is polite. Everyone smiles and bows. But
beneath this courtesy, I detect a great reservoir of feeling. And
although it may forever be obscure to me, I cannot escape the
fact that there is something Spiritual in this place.”

A resounding Masterpiece.

That film was made For Me.

And I was made For It.

When a man’s life is not Devoted, he quietly suffocates. He

wanders aimlessly from this to that. He rises slowly from bed.

As there is nothing that compels him to rise.

It is just another day. With nothing to look forward to.

This is the problem of many successful people.

I will not tell you “how” to become devoted.

I will only tell you that if you do not, the reality that is your life today, will be your reality on your last day.

And all the days between.

Devotion is a freedom from domesticity.

And the wayward nature of an aimless life.

May you discover the Room of Devotion.

For within it, lies the true spirit of Man.

Namaste.

Freedom Is The Only Thing



The reason that we squirm through life is because we do not have Freedom.

The reason that we do not have Freedom is because we are imprisoned.

What are we imprisoned by?

We are imprisoned by our attachment to the self.

Our likes, our dislikes, our thoughts about the way things should be, our demands, our cravings, our beliefs, our opinions, our siding with this group or that, and so on . . .

Each of these is a chain that binds.

Each of these is a bar that imprisons us.

One will naturally ask that if such things were shed, how would he or she do anything in the world?

What about success?

What about drive?

Understand this: Your most powerful drive is the drive to be Free.

What we seek first and foremost is Freedom from all problems.

The drive for success is itself a drive for freedom from the problem of being unsuccessful.

All things are reactionary.

I am still looking deeply into the matter so I am not certain if I have hit the bedrock of Truth about this. I believe I have. But I must be inquire further in order to be unequivocally certain about this.

At this stage of my exploration I will offer this:

What if everything we do, no matter how sacred and complete-in-itself it may seem, is simply a reaction to not being Free?

What if everything that we do in our lives is not for the thing itself. But, at the root of it, is a search for Freedom?

What if Freedom was behind All of it?

Success, achievement, relationships, happiness, motivation, and so forth. What if these things were born of a search for Freedom?

What if Freedom is the one and only thing a human being seeks for his entire life. But he calls it by so many confusing names that he goes on a wild goose chase in search of those “names” and thus never acquires the very thing he was seeking, which is Freedom?

Freedom from problems.

Freedom from turmoils.

Freedom from confusion.

Freedom from pain.

Freedom from fear.

Freedom from incessant thought.

Freedom from conflict.

Freedom from need.

Freedom from urges.

Freedom from compulsions.

Freedom from absolutely everything!

Could it be that the reason that choice doesn't really exist in our lives is because in order to truly have choice, we must first have the Freedom to choose?

If you believe that we are free human beings who have the freedom to choose, I would challenge you upon that assertion.

Our every behavior, no matter how “choiceful” you may think it to be, is absolutely not done out of choice.

It is done out of compulsion.

This is why the prescriptive information from therapists and preists and gurus and psychologists is complete and utter nonsense.

They say, “You can choose to act this way or that. You can choose to be angry or not. It is your choice how to respond.”

If someone could really do such a thing on a consistent basis, there would never be any anger, jealousy, hatred, conflict, and so forth.

No human intentionally chooses to be miserable.

Choice can only happen if one first has arrived at Freedom.

Which leads me to this:

A human being that does not have Freedom is doomed to a life of compulsion.

He is doomed to a reactive way of living. For the whole of his life, he will flinch at this, run from that, chase that, hide from this, strike at that.

Though he may live in a palace, he will live like an animal trapped in a cage.

I remember a lovely human being who was indeed trapped in a cage of her palatial mansion where she lived alone. As she walked down the marble hallways, the taps of her high heels was the only sound she heard. And she was being driven mad by her loneliness.

Every human being is trapped.

Trapped in conflict, trapped in the need to perform better, trapped in the need to succeed, trapped by the need not to lose, trapped by poverty, trapped by wealth, trapped by relationships . . .

Freedom is never accidental.

Without it, we have absolutely nothing.

A compulsive and reactive life is no different than the life of an insect.

At least an insect lives only a short while. We must go on living for decades.

The Freedom to not have a single stray thought.

The Freedom to never again have conflict.

The Freedom to never feel anxiety.

So many Freedoms that we simply do not have.

Without freedom, we are simply a collection of reflexive habits, reactions, opinions, and hopes.

We are slaves.

A slave can never truly live.

Never!

Truth be told, we do not even have the freedom to die.

Because of the compulsion to live.

There you have it.

Even life has become a compulsion.

Namaste.

On Becoming A King



The King was beset by grief.

He sat on the floor of his private chamber. His head buried
on tented knees.

All had been lost.

His personal advisor was summoned to his chambers.

Upon seeing the great king reduced to a shell of a man in a
small corner of the room, the advisor sat in a chair. And gazed

upon him.

What ensued was a dialogue that would change the course
of the king's life.

King (K)

Advisor (A)

K: Have you nothing to say?

A: No.

K: You have no advice for a grieving King?

A: Advice is not what people think it to be.

K: We have lost the battle. My kingdom is in ruins. My
enemies approach from the North. For an assault even greater
than the last.

A: Such are the affairs of ruling a kingdom.

K: What shall I do?

A: I do not know, my dear King.

K: You do not know? Why not?

A: Because I am not certain who it is that I am speaking to.

K: You are speaking to the King, of course!

A: The King has many faces, sir. He has many lives. I do not know which of them is under the spell of this grief.

K: I have told you the nature of my grief.

A: The most obvious turmoils are often a decoy for the ones that lie within. I have learned not to be deluded into believing that the problem that is presented to me is the true problem. I advise you to do the same.

K: What is the true problem?

A: The one that you are concealing, my King.

K: Is my kingdom not in shambles? Have we not suffered a great assault?

A: We have. But we have experienced such things before. Such is the nature of Kings and Kingdoms. Yet I have never

seen you in such a state.

The King stated in a soft tone: You are correct, advisor . . .
There is so much that troubles me, I do not know where to
begin.

A: There is no need to deliberate, wise King. Simply allow
your voice free reign. It will find the words.

K: Very well. I do not feel that I am fit to be a king. When I
look at myself, I do not see what the people see in me. I am a
small man that has been fit with robe and crown. The throne
makes me look bigger than I am.

A: Tell me what makes you say these things.

K: In no part of my life am I a success. Neither as a king, as
a husband, or as a father.

A: I see.

K: My children rarely come to visit me. My people obey
my command out of fear rather than respect. I cannot
remember when last I had a peaceful sleep. I am beset by
confusion, anxiety, and all manner of problems. The wars that
I fight on the battlefield are small as compared to the ones I

fight within myself. I am lost, o' great advisor. I am lost . . .

A: I understand, my King.

K: Tell me why this has happened.

A: It happens to a man who does not take life seriously.

K: Has it not been said that life is play? That one should frolic in the field of life rather than treat it as a serious and sordid affair?

A: The problem with teachings is that they leave the interpretation to the reader. Interpret correctly, and you live the teaching. Interpret incorrectly, and you fall from a very steep cliff. Such are the dangers of attempting to fit wisdom into the narrow spines of letters and words.

K: Then please tell me about my not having taken life seriously.

A: You have not understood that each thought has a consequence in the human. Each word that is spoken has a consequence in the world. And each action has a consequence in your life.

K: Tell me more.

A: The problem with being a King is that it is easy to become Kingly.

K: Shall I see myself as something other than a king?

A: Each thing has a truth. A secret. A way that works. And a way that does not. A man who takes life seriously, does so because he recognizes that not doing so will cause him to think, speak, and act in ways that will sabotage him in the future. Everything is recorded, o' King. Everything.

K: Then I am ready. For the pain that I feel today is unlike any I have ever felt. And as I look upon the landscape of my life I see the things that I have done so terribly wrong. And if, as you say, it is the result of my not having taken life seriously enough to learn The Truth and the nature of things, then I will rise. I stand before you, ready to know and understand these Truths of which you speak.

A: I am moved by your Sincerity, my King. The words that you have just spoken are indeed the words that befit a King.

K: Where shall we begin?

A: We shall begin with the Mind.

K: Excellent.

A: All of the problems that you experience are created by the mind's magnum opus.

K: Which is?

A: You.

K: I do not understand, advisor. Kindly explain.

A: The person that you have come to know as "myself" is the one and only source of all the problems that you will experience in your life.

K: Tell me more.

A: As we find ourselves in the season of the birth of Christ, shall I use an analogy?

K: Yes, by all means.

A: Imagine a Christmas tree. This tree is adorned with many lights and dozens of ornaments that hang from its

branches.

K: Yes.

A: The tree is the one that you have come to call “myself.”
The lights and the ornaments are the opinions, the preferences, the prejudices, the likes, the dislikes, and the beliefs that have been attached to this “self.”

K: I understand.

A: Weighed down by all manner of ornamentation and adornment, imagine how heavy, immobile, and inflexible this tree has become. Do you imagine it to be one that can move nimbly and swiftly through life?

K: Not at all.

A: All such adornment is interference. It weighs upon a man. It blinds him. And deafens him. From the Truth.

K: I understand. And did you not also once mention to me that the “self” itself is the mind’s creation? Which according to this analogy would be to say that the tree itself does not exist?

A: You are indeed wise, O' great King. But let us proceed in such a way as to Experience the Truth as we learn it. The mind is a clever beast, my King. Upon seeing what it is that we are trying to do, it will sabotage our efforts. And it will do so in the cleverest of ways. The cleverest of which is through Intellectualization.

K: I understand. So you were speaking of the ornaments . . .

A: The ornaments are our belief systems. The things that we hold dearly and defend to the death.

K: Forgive me for interrupting, but is it not important to believe?

A: My dear King, belief does not befit a King. It is the poor man's truth. The man who knows The Truth need not resort to such a thing as belief.

K: Then one must proceed not according to what he believes, but according to what is True.

A: Precisely. For if you proceed according to what you believe, you will walk into conflict, you will fall into quicksand. But if you walk according to what is the Truth, you will avoid all the traps that befall mankind. You will move

easily throughout this life. You will avoid conflicts. You will exude Peace. And you will live a life of Freedom.

K: I simply cannot explain to you the way that I feel at this moment. Let's forge ahead. What is next?

A: Let us stop here for now. Allow the words to circulate in the bloodstream. We shall meet again in the morning.

Driven



I have been driven since the days of my youth.

I have always subscribed to the idea of passion.

The things that I was passionate about, I gave my life and soul to them. The things that I wasn't, I let them rot on the living room table.

I loved the idea of learning. But I hated the idea of tests. I was once told that the SAT was a measure of intelligence. This thought so aggravated me, that when I took the SAT I haphazardly circled in the bubbles and turned it in. I couldn't

have cared less.

I scored 780. Total. One of the proudest days of my life.

I wanted to go to medical school, so I had to go to college. I wanted to go to a small college (I don't like crowds). So I picked what is arguably one of the finest small universities in Texas and decided I was going to go there. But I had made a 780. So I called the admissions director and said to him, "All you have to do is grant me an interview. If you don't like what I have to say, I'll leave of my own accord."

After the interview, he said to me, "I've been doing this for over 25 years. The answers you have given to me are answers that I have never heard in my life. I am going to call the admissions committee and personally recommend that you be accepted into this university."

(I can't just get somewhere. I have to get there MY WAY!)

In a recent conversation with my younger son, he said some things that intrigued me. And they made me evaluate further the idea of passion.

For years, I have trained my boys in an obsessive siege. Sub-freezing temperatures in which they could not feel their

fingers (and I couldn't feel my toes). The dark of night, in which they had to rely upon their senses other than sight. In pouring rain in which they were required to "become one with the rain" to the point at which they no longer felt wet. Training on the golf course as it was hailing, then retreating to the car for a few minutes because the hail began to hurt us.

Tournaments around the world.

An obsession with World Number 1.

Recently, I had a long talk with my younger one. We spoke of passion.

This is what he said,

"I don't really know how much I like golf. But I know I was meant to be a professional golfer."

I asked him to explain.

He said, "I really only like it when I'm winning."

This was a surprise to me. As in my house I've always downplayed the idea of "winning vs losing." I never use the words "beat" or "compete" or "win."

I asked him to speak further.

He said, “Golf is fine. But it doesn’t really matter how much I like it or not. But I can’t do anything else.”

I said, “Of course, you can. I’ve always told you that you can become whatever you want. And that if you ever chose a career because of Me, it would be a waste. It has to be what You like. It has to be Your choice. But whatever it is, you Will be world class.”

He said, “I’m not doing it for you. Inside me, I can just feel it. I don’t have a choice. Not because of you. I have no choice because inside of me I just know I was meant to be a professional golfer on the PGA Tour. There’s nothing else I could ever do.”

I’m not sure if he was influenced by reading Andre Agassi’s book, Open. Which I recommended to both of them.

But he made me evaluate the necessity of passion.

Recently, one of the greatest Nascar drivers in history said, “I don’t really like what I do. And I can’t wait to quit. But it’s what I do.”

I've always been something of an idealist.

But I've learned over time that The Truth is much more sloppy and haphazard than we think.

My youngest had success at a very early age.

He won all 3 stages of the Drive, Chip, and Putt and advanced to the finals at Augusta National the Sunday before the 2015 Masters tournament.

He's been in newspapers, on live television, spoken with reporters, won major events by a landslide.

And he's never been a grinder.

He's sort of "felt" his way around things. He's never really taken to the idea of "instruction." He doesn't know "how" he does anything. And becomes irritated if you ask him to explain how he does it.

He's sponsored by Nike and Taylormade. He has college coaches following him and contacting him.

At the age of 13.

I'll never forget at the age of 5, while standing on a downhill par 4 with a bunker short and water long, he stood over the ball and evaluated the situation. At the age of 5, we hadn't calculated how far he hit his clubs. But after evaluating the situation he said to me, "This feels like a choke-down 9-iron."

I assure you, That wasn't Taught.

I've been thinking about what he said in our long conversation. In fact, I haven't been able to get it out of my mind.

If we look at things simply, Becoming World Class is about how skilled you are.

And if one is naturally talented at something that he likes, versus if he isn't as talented at something that he really loves, the former grants him a life of success and comfort, while the latter grants him a life of struggle.

Interestingly, I know for a fact that many professional athletes who are great at their sport don't particularly "love" what they do. In teaching them, listening to them, and being involved in intimate locker room conversations far from the

peering eyes of the media, such things are indeed spoken.

Perhaps passion is overrated. Perhaps it is idealistic.

If someone hates something, they are not likely to go the extra mile it takes to become World Class.

But if someone “likes it enough,” and along with this they have a talent for it, then perhaps “passion” isn’t required.

Perhaps it is a marriage of thresholds. A critical minimum of “liking,” coupled with a critical minimum of talent.

There are many people who have talent but go nowhere.

There are many people who have Passion without talent but go nowhere.

I used to argue that “drive” trumps talent any day of the week. I stand by that. If someone is sufficiently driven, they will do whatever it takes to get what they want.

This is a certainty.

But that question doesn’t interest me as much. What interests me more is Doing The Least, while Getting The

Most.

THAT is what I'm driven by.

You see, hard work is largely an anxiety. It is an adherence to a societal tenet. It is work for work's sake.

Understand this Truth: The reason it takes 15 years to become World Class at something is because for 14 of those years you were doing it all wrong.

But if a person could know Exactly and Precisely the things to know, and discard all the rest, he could become World Class in a year!

This is the power of The Truth.

I believe in Nothing.

My Truth comes from Direct Experimentation. Direct Perception. Testing. Evaluation. And Maniacal Exploration.

And most of all, asking the sort of questions that would make people roll on the ground laughing.

Asking the sort of questions that make my brain roll over

on its side.

I'm not even certain the Sun rises in the East. I'll have to examine this for myself.

Why?

Because I learned long ago that human beings are lazy and uninspiring creatures. They rehash the derivative. They propagate the commonplace. And they have Zero interest in The Truth. This is why I have a visceral disdain and rampant disrespect for Society and The Masses. To me, they are Sub-human. They are filler. They are a waste of precious Oxygen.

The ones who give their life for the Truth are the only ones that interest me. And I will test what they say before I accept a word.

What if passion didn't mean anything?

What if one could become World Class in a month?

What if I could never have another involuntary thought until the day I die?

What if "effort" was a complete myth (by the way, it is).

The title of a discourse I wrote years ago comes to mind,
“What If Everything You’ve Ever Been Told Was Wrong?”

Everything . . . and I mean Everything . . . has a Truth.

And for as long as there is breath in my lungs, this is what I
am Driven to find.

(More than any other human being on the planet).

Namaste.

Master, How Does The Mind Control Human Beings?



Student (S)

Master (M)

S: Master, how is it that the mind controls human beings?

M: It finds his wounds and sticks its finger in them.

S: Why does it do so, Master?

M: Because it is untamed.

S: Is it evil?

M: It is untamed.

S: Why is it untamed?

M: Because man allows it to carry on, unchecked.

S: Why does man not tame it?

M: Because he does not recognize that it is untamed.

S: What does he think it to be?

M: He thinks it to be normal and natural. Why would anyone attempt to change something that is normal and natural?

S: Why does he believe it to be normal and natural?

M: Because the minds of everyone around him are also untamed.

S: So, the mind pokes a finger in man's wounds because it

is untamed. Is this correct, Master?

M: Yes, my student.

S: What else does the mind do to control human beings?

M: It infiltrates man's innermost being and whispers lies to him. And because the sound of the words comes from an inward direction, man believes they are coming from himself.

S: Ingenious is this mind.

M: It is indeed, my student.

S: What if man attempts to fix the mind?

M: The mind recognizes this and puts a stop to it.

S: How?

M: By posing as the fixer.

S: Wow! . . . How else does the mind control man, Master?

M: It bombards him with wayward thoughts.

S: What does this do, Master?

M: It keeps man slightly off balance. As he gropes through the barrage of thoughts, his visibility is limited. And he sees things askew.

S: Master, this is warfare, is it not?

M: You haven't the slightest idea, student, as to the extent of this warfare.

S: Man is at war and does not even realize it?

M: Man recognizes only the wars of nations. They are but a pittance as compared to the war that rages within him. It is, in fact, the latter that creates the former.

S: Is this what led you to seek Wisdom, Master?

M: This is what led me to seek Freedom, student.

S: For the whole of his life, man is at war?

M: Every minute of every day, my student. But the genius of this war is that although it occurs right before a man's eyes, it occurs behind the eyes rather than in front of the eyes.

Making it difficult to recognize as self vs self.

S: I am fascinated by this, Master.

M: That too is Mind.

S: Is anything that I speak not from the mind?

M: Your every thought, word, and action is of the mind.

S: Can this be put to an end?

M: Yes.

S: How?

M: You are not yet ready for this answer, my student.

S: Why do you say this?

M: In looking into your eyes, in hearing the quality of your voice, and in sensing the nature of your words, I smell the fragrance of the mind.

S: Tell me, Master. How is it that mind knows the location of a man's wounds.

M: Why would it not, student?

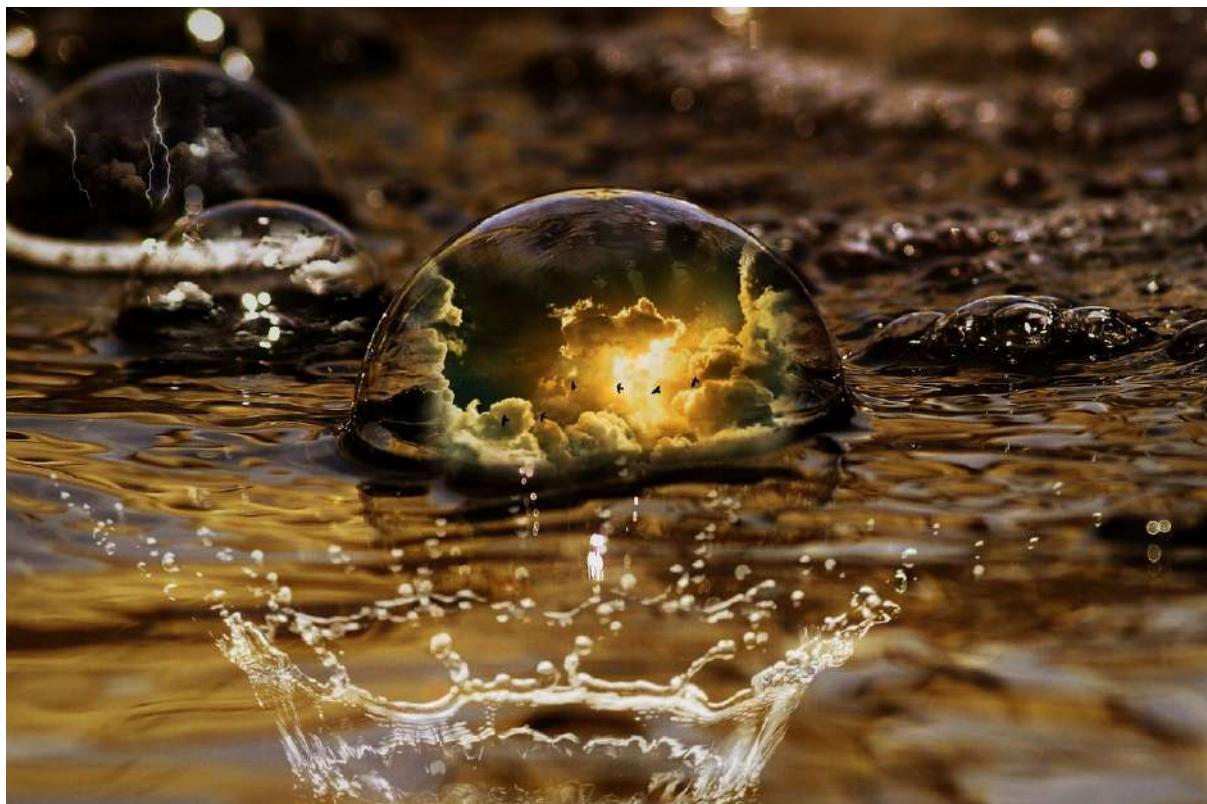
S: Do you mean because it is so keen?

M: I mean because it was the one who created the wounds
to start.

S: Master, what is the most ingenious creation of the mind?

M: The creation of a student asking his master how to be
free of it.

In The Cocoon Of The Moment



This morning as I walked past the sink, I noticed 8 stark-white break crumbs on the granite countertop.

As my eyes saw the crumbs, my hand cupped itself ever so slightly. I watched as it glided along the countertop, gathering the crumbs in a linear row along the bottom of its palm. And wiped them off the cliff into a napkin being held by my other hand.

As I walked into my library and took my seat the desk, I noticed that time suspended between the time I pulled out the

chair and the moment I sat into it. So man actually owns time, after all.

The laptop seemed heavy in my left hand as I gently pulled it toward me.

The oak that sits outside my window . . . I'm watching it as I write these words. There are two leaves on its top-most branch that dangle. They are the only two leaves that are moving. One of them is about to fall at any moment.

There is this tight envelope of time that surrounds me. It is actually a gap in time. Yes, it is more of a Gap in time. I can do whatever I like with this time. It is truly incredible, for what it feels like is that I have a 3-second head start on the rest of the world.

It truly feels as if the rest of the world is subject to their clock time minus three seconds. As if they are on a delay. But I hold these three seconds in my hand.

I drove earlier this morning through a fog. It rose from the dew on the grassy fields behind the log fences. And I owned that fog. It was made for me. And I felt I could direct it as I wished.

The rug upon which my feet currently rest is softer than ever.

And dare I say with utmost sincerity but with no knowledge of if I am wrong or right, that I can see your face as your eyes read these words. I can see your face. It is soft.

The constant retreat from the mind does not reveal its riches in linear time. It reveals it when one least expects. In glimpses and bursts.

It is not that I will say I currently feel overjoyed or happy or excited. If I may capture the sentiment in a nutshell I will say that it feels Complete.

It feels like tasting Human Perfection.

And the feeling is absolutely unmistakable that this is man's Default state. This is the way in which man was meant to live.

I look around for the mind, but it is nowhere to be found. I search for thoughts and there simply are none.

None whatsoever.

There are open skies in every direction. There is crystal Clarity. Any decision that is made in this state will be the perfect decision. Deliberation is not required.

Any person that I speak to while in this state will likely fall into the state themselves. For something within them will detect an energy that it is of an incredibly unique quality. Something within the human will recognize that this is what it has been seeking all along.

In this state it becomes experientially certain that man needs not a god. For he is one.

The words that I write on this page are being transcribed by self-motivated fingertips energized by an undercurrent of feeling.

And I will conclude with what this experience continually teaches me to be an incontrovertible Truth:

Man was meant to be Perfect after all.

And the journey to discover a life lived perfectly is his only True Business here on Earth.

The leaf has fallen . . .

The Poison That Sabotages All Human Potential



Convention and tradition carries with a great danger. That danger is invisibility.

When something is done time and again . . .

When it is propagated throughout a society . . .

When it is adopted, imbibed, and repeated . . .

It becomes part of the fabric.

In becoming part of the fabric, it becomes invisible.

And in becoming invisible, it never sees the sufficient light of day to be reevaluated, examined, or discarded.

Like a rotting apple it remains. Giving off a stench whose source is too deep to see.

If we examine the lives of human beings, we see that human beings live in endless problems. A human being awakens with problems, and he goes to sleep with problems.

Why?

If we examine the level of success, accomplishment, and drive of human beings, we find that less than 1% of them achieve extraordinary things. Despite the fact that every human being is born with a talent. And despite the fact that in today's world there is more opportunity and connectivity than at any other time in human history.

Why?

If we examine the scores of athletes who seek to become professionals, less than 1% actually become professionals. Despite the fact that the talent of many in the minor leagues of

most professional sports is equal to, if not greater than, those at the highest level. This is so consistent of a reality that if one tells another that he seeks to become a professional, he is immediately met with a litany of stats aimed at impressing upon him the grave unlikelihood of such a prospect. In fact, it can be said that humans actually have come to relish spouting such stats. Almost as if failure were a badge of honor.

Why?

If we examine highly successful businesses, we find that they are often saturated with inefficiencies. There are fires in every corner. And people and companies are hired at a fervent pace in order to put out these fires. But no matter how many “strategic” or “consulting” companies or “business coaches” or “psychologists” they hire, the fires never seem to be put out. No matter how many motivational speakers they hire, morale is lukewarm at best. No matter how many workshops they encourage their employees to attend, problems rarely get solved.

Why?

All around the world, on a daily basis, we find evidence of talented young athletes who have had their talent coached out of them. They were slated to be the “next big thing.” But then

they disappeared off the map.

Why?

In every corner of the world, there are Vipassana retreats, spirituality seminars, meditation instructions, chanting, prayer, churches, temples, ashrams, silent retreats, and so on. There are millions of self-help books on the shelves. While such things do reorient people's priorities in a more appropriate direction, man has not become peaceful. He lives his life bombarded by millions of involuntary thoughts that he cannot subdue. He is tormented by emotion. He is confused by conflict. And no amount of meditation or "self-help techniques," self-talk, aphorisms, positive thinking, or "loving oneself" has been able to change that.

Why?

Wholly capable and highly intelligent leaders find that their talents are being wasted by tending to mundane things. Petty squabbles, and low-level tasks that keep them from using their talents in the best way. Things that keep them from fulfilling their aim of providing more to humanity or propelling their business into the stratosphere. But they have no choice but to enslave themselves to petty things, as the problems never seem to get solved, and the storms never seem to go away.

Why?

Parenting problems. Marriage problems. Psychological problems. Business problems. House problems. Automobile problems. Career problems. Money problems. Traffic problems. Computer problems. Hair problems. Skin problems. Heart problems. Overcrowding problems . . .

Why?

Because of the false paradigm that has seeped like a poison throughout every discipline and every domain in the world.

It has become so intimately a part of the cultural fabric, that it has become . . . Invisible:

The false paradigm of Prescriptions.

The problem with a wolf in sheep's clothing is that the wolf truly resembles a sheep. The wolf that resembles a wolf is easily avoided.

The problem with ingestible poisons is that they are sweet. If all ingestible poisons were bitter, they would be easy to avoid. Sugar is a perfect example.

The problem with false paradigms is that, on the face of it, they appear logical.

The false paradigm of Prescriptions is a wonderful example of this.

The paradigm of Prescriptions is that every human must be taught the “how.”

Whether it is in life, relationships, business, sports, investing, or otherwise . . . humans around the world, at every level, are taught the “how.”

“How-to” has become a massive industry.

Coaches, in business and sports, teaching “how to.”

Managers and consulting companies teaching “how to.”

Gurus and motivational speakers teaching “how to.”

Has it worked?

Have all the problems listed above gone away?

Nature must have recognized this disturbing human tendency. Perhaps this is why it does not give babies the ability to speak and understand language until after they are able to walk. For if it did, mark my words . . . we would have “how-to-walk schools” around the world, with students aged 8, 9, and 12 years.

The problem with Prescriptions is that they fail to recognize a fundamental human Truth. And it is this grave error that imprisons all of those they intend to serve.

What humans do best are precisely the things they know not how they do.

I find myself releasing a sigh when I see a world class professional athlete on television demonstrating “how” to hit a particular shot. This is such a waste of valuable air time that if both the presenter and the viewer recognized The Truth, the network would, as a gift to humanity, remove itself from the airwaves.

The athlete who is demonstrating “how” to hit the shot does not know how he is hitting the shot. Yes, you read that correctly. What he is relaying are the “highlights” of the action that are most available to his conscious mind. And, yes, the highlights of the action are indeed learnable and

repeatable by the novice.

However, what neither the professional athlete nor the novice seems to understand is that it is what the athlete cannot himself explain that contains the magic of the execution of the shot. It is in the slight twitch of the third finger, the suppleness of left shoulder, the smell of the sand at his feet, the trigger that impels him to begin the action and a thousand instinctive micro-movements that this professional athlete will never come to know on a conscious level.

Follow the “how-to highlights,” and you will simply be a novice who has learned an ineffective mechanical action. And forever be left wondering why, after having followed the professional’s Prescription to the letter, cannot create the same result.

It is the same with relationship therapists. They may tell one “how” to react, what to say, to be “empathic,” treat others with kindness, “look into the person’s eyes,” give a gentle touch, and on and on and on.

But these are the “mechanical highlights.” And such inauthentic-ness is immediately spotted by the mind of the recipient. For we all have inborn Authenticity Detectors within us. We can spot this “used-car-salesman” nonsense

from a mile away.

And when we don't, the relationship therapist will then search for a prescription for that too.

The three D's, the four P's, the five C's . . . Power point presentations. Pyramids and inverted pyramids. Five-step plans. Charts, graphs, and squiggly lines. First this, then that, then this, then that. Do this, then that, don't do this, do that and that and that.

How silly has man allowed himself to become?

How far from The Truth can a human being possibly stray?

It leaves one speechless.

A fundamental human Truth that must be understood is this:

A Prescription or a "how-to" may make one an average technician. But it will never make one an Artist.

It may make one a painter. But it will never make one a Rembrandt.

What then, is the cause of all failures?

Prescriptions are the cause of all failures.

Why?

Because they approach the problem from the standpoint “how to treat it,” rather than from the standpoint of the origin that gave it birth.

In following a prescription, one approaches things mid-way through the conversation.

A river cannot be stopped in mid-flow. It must be controlled from its source.

To follow prescriptions, is to walk away from The Truth.

Yes. It is indeed a zero-sum game.

In all that you do, whether it is in life, business, sports, craft, investing, spirituality, or otherwise . . . each Prescription or Prescriber that you come across will be the glue that keeps you attached to your problems forever.

The sad part is that if you search for the answer to a problem on Google, every single one of the one million search

results will be Prescriptions!

I once proposed to someone that Google should create a new product titled, “Google Truth.” In the “Google Truth” search engine, only the one or two people or things in the world that provided the Actual Truth to the problem would be listed.

No problem in the history of the world can ever be “Prescribed” into a cure.

I must say that the most satisfying part of my work with human beings is to watch the power of The Truth transform, without a prescription in sight.

The only thing that has ever worked is the same thing that always works:

The Truth.

Namaste.

The True Unicorn: Companies Devoted To Human Transformation



This discourse has been inspired by emails I have received from founders and CEO's asking me to describe the way by which to transform company culture, while maintaining a healthy financial structure.

And those which have asked about the way in which to bring Truth to the corporate world.

(From my conversations with various individuals, in person and online, places such as Silicon Valley, various cities in

Texas, Australia, and also a handful of places around the world seem to have a unique sort of DNA in this regard)

Each day, millions of humans go to work at their respective companies.

They have problems with their families.

And so many problems with their lives.

It is this way with the leader of the company.

Right down to the man who locks the doors for the night.

I would like you to imagine for a moment what it would be like if at the end of one's tenure with a company, they said the following:

“That company transformed my life. It gave me an opportunity to transform myself. There is no other company in the world that does such a thing. When I came home to my children each night, I came home with a soft heart and more energy than when I left. I have never seen such a company in all my life. A company that devotes itself to curing the problems of those under its shelter.”

I do not have to mention the degree of motivation, resourcefulness, good-will, and productivity that such an individual will provide for the company.

But what is truly unique is that this company will not have asked for the life of its executives and employees. It will have transformed them.

We are on this planet for a very short time.

Childhood races by.

Adulthood is a slow-moving glacier.

Fraught with endless problems. Problems which are never adequately examined.

And virtually every human dies without having cured any of them.

Humans live with problems, and die with problems.

Companies have been quick to create meditation rooms. And workshops, and motivational speeches, stress management, and even counseling.

And they hire consulting companies to address “business problems,” when in Truth the problems are virtually always Human Problems.

And the problems remain problems.

Why?

Because workshops, motivational speeches, morale-boosting, and stress-management are modalities that are pursued by the Unserious.

Human problems and the weight of human lives are taken so lightly that they are largely brushed aside. Boxes are checked, and speakers are hired, and one thinks he has done something to truly help. But in his heart of hearts, he knows that he is not Serious.

In today’s society, authenticity is One in a Hundred Million.

And the authentic man does not seek palliative treatments and cosmetics.

He seeks Cures.

The lives of humans do not transform through therapies,

medications, meditation, motivational speeches, workshops, or stress-management.

The lives of humans do not transform by the attempt to “fix” the problems that they have.

They transform through a direct examination of the True Source from which these problems arise.

The lives of humans do not transform by way of prescribing tips, tricks, techniques, and methodologies.

They transform organically and spontaneously, once the human is guided to the well, without the slightest interference by any prescription.

For those who are inclined to view things from the standpoint of corporate bottom lines, I will say that an individual whose life is transformed will have no choice but to be loyal to a company that provides him so much.

And, as human productivity is directly related to how humans Feel, such individuals will go many extra miles for a company that continues to give them so much.

The atmosphere and the culture of a company is directly

correlated to simplicity. It is directly correlated to the nature of the words that go unspoken.

When the words that remain unspoken (for fear of reprisal) contain no resentment or ill will, the company culture thrives.

When the air is light rather than thick, company culture thrives.

In many cases, the workplace sees humans for more hours in a day than their family sees them.

And if this workplace was no longer a source of problems, but a source of life transformation, the company would be the truest unicorn in the world.

If at the end of one's life, one can say that he created a 20-billion-dollar company, this is indeed a grand achievement.

And if at the end of one's life, one can say that he created not only a highly prosperous company, but in so doing he transformed the lives of the humans who walked upon its grounds, this is an achievement that cannot be described in words.

It is this that is the highest of heights.

On a human being's tombstone, shall it say, "Here lies a human who by way of his genius created a masterpiece of a company. And by way of his humanity, shepherded thousands toward discovering Peace, Freedom, and their very own Genius."

Humans yearn to be transformed.

They suffocate under the turmoil created by their Minds.

Humanity has drifted off course so egregiously that it does not know the way back to itself.

And what is not only ironic but true is that a return to one's native state is also a return the fullness of one's talents.

For where there is Truth, there is wealth in all its glorious forms.

Namaste.

A Letter To The Superhuman



I will tell you with full honesty that there are a few mountains that await your arrival.

The mountains of which I speak are reserved for but a few humans.

In fact, the names of these humans are carved on its peak.
The names were written when these humans were born.

Destiny does exist.

There is a tendency to compare superhumans with mortals. And while it gives a dose of ego and confidence to the superhuman, such ego and confidence are mere fumes.

Do not give ear to the comparisons between you and mere mortals. For it is not a fair comparison.

All men may be created equal by way of flesh and blood.

But the heart within them differs greatly.

I will state a great Truth.

You have adopted the habits and behaviors of mortal men.

Society is your enemy. You cannot afford to wear any of its colors. You cannot afford to wave its flag.

Society is a vortex which consumes those who allow themselves to be consumed.

One of the habits of society that you have inculcated is the oscillation between Mind and No-Mind.

There are those moments in your life in which you are lost. You are locked in. You are tuned in. You are a thoroughbred racing through rivers and mountains under an infinite sky.

And then there are the moments in which you stutter, stagger, struggle, and waver. You are captured by indecision and consumed by emotion. You engage in subtle conflicts, and grasp at every straw in order to stay afloat.

This is the disease that must be overcome in order to scale the next mountain that awaits you.

You must be a thoroughbred at all times. Even in the delicate posture of your slumber.

I will share with you a secret.

When the river runs at a constant rate, it feels no pain. But when it stops, it stagnates. It becomes a breeding ground for creatures big and small. It grows thick. And hardens into something it is not.

The conflicts, the indecision, the struggles, and all the pains are not the result of differences in opinion or natural setbacks or fluctuations of the mind or any such thing.

Understand this: To the naked eye it appears that when there is conflict or problems or stagnations or struggles, that one must learn how to get over them, and how to deal with them. But the Truth is that such things arise not because you don't know how to deal with them.

They arise because you are not engaged.

They arise because you are living in Mind, rather than No-Mind.

A man sees a tsunami and after the cataclysms have abated, he sails 10 miles offshore in search of the thing that created it. He finds nothing. And for the rest of his life he struggles in finding the answer.

But what never entertains is the possibility that the tsunami arose from a seaquake in the Ring of Fire.

When speaking with someone, to be engaged in No-Mind.

When opening the refrigerator, to be engaged in No-Mind.

When performing, to be engaged in No-Mind.

When speaking on the telephone, to be engaged in No-

Mind.

The steady movement of this river will keep away the creatures and the demons that lie forever in wait.

I often find myself referring to a photograph I have downloaded onto my computer.

It is a photo of a jaguar with eyes that pull you in. Eyes that are so completely locked-in, that it is overwhelmingly clear that in that moment, there is nothing else in the world that exists.

Dear Superhuman, you must understand that being in “the moment” is not a spiritual luxury to spend decades “working toward.”

Such is the path of mortals.

The Moment is the only way to live.

It is the necessity of necessities.

It is the practicality of practicalities.

It is not spiritual!

It is Superhuman.

To be locked-in.

To be engaged.

To be lost.

To be oblivious to all but The Thing.

No matter the thing.

This keeps the river flowing.

This keeps you from stagnation.

This keeps the creatures and the demons away.

This will allow you to learn who you Really are.

This will allow you to stand witness to what you Really have.

To see things at a broad scope with one eye, and on a microscopic level with the other.

It is not talent that makes a man Superhuman.

It is infinite access to that talent.

It is not thinking that makes a man Superhuman.

It is turning off thought.

It is not doing things for others that makes a man
Superhuman.

It is becoming so fulfilled within oneself that one becomes
naturally available to do for others.

It is not the trophy or the prize that makes a man
Superhuman.

It is having figured out the game so completely that your
eyes become set on loftier visions.

Dear Superhuman, there are three great obstacles that must
be overcome.

Do not underestimate the powers of these foes.

For they have consumed generations of men.

One is attachment.

Two is need.

Three is prescriptions.

I will not insult you by telling you simply to get over them.

I will not belittle you by giving you a five-step plan.

I will, however, tell you that there is a way.

A genuine way.

An organic way.

Such that these foes will leave of their own accord.

In getting through this turbulence, your skies will be clear
forever.

In scaling these mountains, you will have reached the
height of heights.

And you will never in your life, feel the need to search for anything again.

Your glory awaits, young Jedi.

Your talents have brought you to my attention.

But there is much to do in order to hold the universe in the palm of your hand.

Namaste.

Kapil Gupta is a personal advisor to CEO's, Professional Athletes, Celebrities, and Performing Artists around the world.

Why Humans Never Get Anywhere



An excerpt from a private consultation . . .

Client (C)

Myself (M)

C: There was a time when I would have asked you this question in an emotional fit. But now I'm asking for an entirely different reason. Almost as if I was a third party to myself. Because now I really want to know the truth. For years and years I did the prescription-following. I followed every potion. I went to every retreat I could find. I hired meditation instructors to make sure I was doing it right. I read

the scriptures, watched satsang videos, wrote gratitude journals . . . In my business, I hired motivational speakers, hired people to create stress management workshops right on the premises of my company, and also hired two mindfulness experts. And nothing changed.

I'm the poster child for having done it all. But now I'm of sedate mind. And I want to know why those things didn't work? I mean from time to time they made me feel a bit better. But my life wasn't really changed in any way. I didn't really get anywhere, if you know what I mean. I really want to know the truth about why those things didn't work. Even though they sound so right.

M: Because prescriptions do not work. No matter how holy, spiritual, moralistic, or positive they may sound. The human organism does not respond to such things.

C: I find it almost conspiratorial. But I don't think these people mean to harm.

M: I also do not believe they mean to harm.

C: But this entire society, this entire world, every city and every country, every business, every franchise, every institution, every sport, every school, every temple, every

ashram, anyone and everyone teaches and follows prescriptions. And you're saying that they are all completely wrong.

M: It is difficult to digest that a world so vast, and a people so varied, could all be completely wrong. That they could all fall for a trap so fully and completely without ever seeing it for what it is. You seem to lean upon my words that prescriptions do not work. When this has been your very own experience.

C: You're right. It has. I suppose I'm trying to make you the scapegoat. I'm sorry for leaning on your words. You're absolutely right, it has indeed my experience.

M: You consider it outrageous that such a vast world, and such a vast number of people could be so wrong. But the truth is, it has always been this way. In just about everything.

C: What do you mean?

M: In golf, there are "golfers," and then there is Tiger Woods. In architecture, there are "architects," and then there is Frank Lloyd Wright. In art, there are "artists," and then there is Rembrandt.

C: That's absolutely true. So you're speaking of talent?

M: There is certainly a talent. But are you saying that Tiger is the only talented golfer? That Frank Lloyd Wright was the only talented architect? That Rembrandt was the only talented artist?

C: No. But they had More talent than the rest.

M: Even if that were true (which it likely is not), the discrepancy in talent could hardly account for the discrepancy in their results.

C: Meaning?

M: Meaning, even if these individuals were More talented, they would have to be 400 or 500 or 600% More talented than the others, if talent was believed to be the factor that explained their 600% higher level of success. And I don't think that you would subscribe to that.

C: Then what is it?

M: They know what others do not.

C: Why?

M: Let us explore that wonderful topic another time. You were asking me why prescriptions don't work.

C: Yes.

M: I remember that as a child I was once asked the question, "If each time you walk to the wall, you are only allowed to walk half-way there, will you ever get to the wall?" The answer, of course, was no. There is a truth that you must learn.

C: I'm listening.

M: Prescriptions are given in order to solve a problem. But what humans have not seemed to figure out is that prescriptions are about the prescription. They have nothing to do with the problem.

C: I've never heard that one before. Can you please give me an example? Like meditation, for instance. Is meditation wrong?

M: When you leave your house in the morning, is it wrong to turn left?

C: It depends.

M: On what?

C: On where I want to go.

M: Do you understand?

C: So you're saying that meditation isn't wrong or right. It depends upon where someone wants to go.

M: That is correct. And if one wants a few minutes of quiet, a nice temporary experience, one may meditate. But he could also jump into a pool of ice water. Or slide down a mud slide. But the reality is that no matter what man may say, he is not truly seeking a few minutes of quiet. He settles for this because experience has taught him that this is all that is available to him. But even though he has settled on the idea that this is all that is available to him, it does not stop him from longing for the ultimate peace and freedom and joy that he truly seeks.

C: And you're saying that meditation will never give him that?

M: I do not want you to "believe" me. Look at the

evidence. Look at your very own experiences. What is happening all over the world when it comes to meditation? In fact, what is happening even within temples, monasteries, and ashrams when it comes to meditation?

C: I'm listening.

M: When a human is given a prescription, his entire world suddenly becomes about the prescription. It is the old adage, "If you point to the sky, man will look at your finger, and miss the sky." When a prescription is given, the one who is prescribed-to will suddenly find himself swimming in an ocean of questions. Not questions about the problem. But questions about the prescription!

C: Damn, that's so true.

M: If a person is told to meditate, he will instantly begin to wonder how long he should meditate for. What pose should he sit in? What if he cannot get into the half-lotus or full-lotus? Will he achieve the same benefit if he sits in a chair? How will he know if the meditation is "working?" Is it okay if he takes weekends off? Does he have to count his breaths? Or is it better to focus on the tip of the nose? What does he do with all the thoughts that are going through his head? Do these eventually stop? His friend meditates for an hour a day, while

he does only twenty minutes, and now he feels guilty for “losing” to him. What clothes should he wear for meditation? He had a strange experience that he doesn’t know if it is real or a fiction that his mind created. Does this mean he’s getting somewhere?

Take “stress-management.’ Another popular prescription. The person is told to take a deep breathe. And to think positively. And to dwell on the fact that there are things that are out of his control. Do meditation, yoga, and tai-chi. Eat healthy, well-balanced meals. Learn to “say no.” Get enough sleep. Seek social support. Spend time with those you enjoy. “Just relax.” Make an appointment with a therapist.

C: I’m beginning to understand. But please sum it up for me, so that I can make sure I truly understand.

M: A human is a human. He is not a joystick. If you give him prescriptions, he will spend the next forty years trying to “get the prescription right.” And this new problem will eclipse the one he started with.

C: I completely understand. But I’m dying to play devil’s advocate with you for just a second.

M: Certainly.

C: Didn't meditation take Buddha to enlightenment?

M: No.

C: No?

M: Buddha is the perfect piece of evidence for the fact that prescriptions do not work. You could not have chosen a greater example.

C: Damn. I thought I had you stumped. But somehow it looks like I've played right into your hands. This I'm dying to here.

M: What happened to Buddha when he first entered the forest in search of enlightenment?

C: I don't know.

M: He found a group of wandering ascetics. Holy men who said they knew the way. They showered him with all kinds of prescriptions. They all meditated day and night. They told him to do the same. They told him that his body needs to be purified by not feeding it. And that this would lead to salvation. So this is what he did. For 6 years!

He was told to drink his own urine, which he did. He was told to eat one grain of rice a day, which he also did. He was told to sleep on a bed of nails, which he did. He was even told to stand on one leg, which he also did.

And what happened?

He became emaciated, and hung on the verge of death. And then he realized that none of these prescriptions worked. So he left. And found enlightenment Directly. Without the intermediary of prescriptions. And those prescription-following ascetics Never found enlightenment!

C: I didn't know any of this. But then shouldn't one learn from Buddha, since he did it without prescriptions?

M: No.

C: Why not?

M: Because even Buddha, the most inspirational man I have ever come across, succumbed to the myth of prescriptions.

C: How?

M: By giving them. The four noble truths, the eightfold path, and so on. These are relegated to the category of morality and “right doing.” Have they gotten anyone anywhere? Don’t believe Me. See for yourself. Those teachings are available in every library and bookstore and temple and monastery and even every Buddhist website in the world. How many enlightened beings have you come across in your life? How many human beings have you come across that have even found peace?

C: If prescriptions are not the way, then what truly is the way?

M: The Truth.

C: Kindly unwrap that for me.

M: A man must discover where he truly wants to go. Where it is simply not okay for him not to reach. Then he becomes a candidate for The Truth. Because such a man will never be satisfied with having “tried” to get there. Everything else is a shell game. My dear friend, a life is a terrible thing to waste.

Namaste.

A Siddha Treatise On Life



I will speak to you from beyond the ancient hills.

Hear only my voice.

My image matters not.

I will tell you the great Truths.

You may understand them.

You may not.

But something within you will register them.

And when the time is ready, in five years or twenty, it will
play them back to you.

A life of events is not a life.

The world of phenomenon cannot satiate you.

Being loved and obeyed by the members of your family
will not satisfy you.

The human is not a person, but an organism.

This organism is satiated by only certain things.

And the things that satiate it do not come from the society,
the world, or a life of events.

This organism has cultivated the existence of a mind.

This mind controls its master.

It seeks to satiate itself, while its master is left hungry and cold.

Seeking to do the “right” thing may be considered noble, but it is misguided.

For it will lead you nowhere.

Following the tenets of morality will be to follow a spiritual hologram.

For the man who has Realized needs no moral guidelines.

Attachment is the greatest poison of your life.

It leaves a man hollow, spent, withered, and discarded.

No one in this world belongs to you.

You belong to no one.

Not even to the person you call “yourself.”

Youself is nothing but baggage.

Loving yourself, protecting yourself, and promoting
yourself leads only to pain.

Your life consists of biding time in a waiting room.

You search for things where there is nothing to be found.

You hope for things that do not exist.

You create conflicts in order to protect your identity.

You create relations in fear of loneliness.

All things in your life are a strategic reaction to a deep-seated fear.

And, for this reason, nothing in your life is real.

You will be able to stand on your own two feet when you
need nothing.

You will be free of all conflicts when you need no one.

You may choose to live in a house with a family.

You may choose to live in a cave in the wilderness.

Whichever place you may choose, if you live as yourself,
you will suffer and suffer and suffer.

For any human that lives as an identity is broken, and he
will spend his life attempting to assemble pieces that do not fit
together.

Religions will sell you their god.

Spirituality will sell you its potions.

Any answer that you are given will be clever.

Any answer that you request will be insincere.

The Truth is the only way.

It is the only way for any man, woman, or child.

For it does not seek to convince.

It does not seek to proselytize.

It does not seek to make you a member.

It does not seek to shackle you to a life of penance.

If you seek to fix your problems, the well from which they arise will continue to manufacture them.

You will have spent the whole of your life walking in a circle.

There is no greater fate than this.

See the world for what it is.

See the fleas in the flea market.

Recognize the banners, the amulets, the potions, and the soothsayers for what they are.

There is no need to condemn them, or speak of them.

Seeing them for what they are is enough.

You have only one life.

Be careful where you spend it.

For not a single day of it returns.

Understand that you live in a world of smoke and mirrors.

A world that is so attached to itself, it has no hope of
liberating anyone.

Society is a vortex.

It is an echo chamber of half-truths.

And rare is the one who escapes its tentacles.

Life is an uncompromising momentum that stops for no
one.

Understand the true nature of things, and you will live in
ease.

You may continue down the path of disingenuous queries,

and feigned outrage.

But yours will be an existence mired by endless stops and starts.

And peace will never be your companion.

Each day comes calling to you.

Each day knocks on your door.

Wondering if today you will answer it.

No potion in this world will cure your stress, your fears, your anxieties, your depressions, your woes, your torments, your ailments, your moods, or your sicknesses.

It matters not the wealth that you have accumulated, for if you have not freedom from pain and anxiety, you have nothing at all.

It matters not the success you have garnered, for if you do not have peace, you have nothing at all.

Things such as peace, joy, freedom, bliss, and equanimity
were strategically hidden by the hand of nature.

The gems of existence are not sold on the open market.

They are hidden in places that attract the sincerest of
individuals.

The momentum of domesticity has swept you in its arms.

And you now serve a life of chores.

A man may walk through muddy water, but it is not wise to
live within it.

You may have servants, but you yourself are the head
servant.

For both of you are serving your manufactured life of
activities, obligations, and chores.

Rather than hankering for world peace, being outraged
about world hunger, and doing good to the world, first bring

peace to yourself.

If you devote yourself to learning the Truth about yourself and the nature of things, that very act alone will benefit the world far more than your charities and your disingenuous offerings.

The human organism is not altruistic.

Nor is he selfish.

These are the desperate roles he assumes in order to find
Peace.

If you believe that “doing” anything that I have spoken will benefit you, you will have missed.

If the words have seeped into your heart without the intermediary of thought, you will have understood.

Namaste.

All Business Problems Are Really Human Problems



An excerpt from a private dialogue . . .

Industry Leader (L)

Myself (M)

L: This has been a problem for some time. And we haven't found a solution for it. What do you propose we do?

M: The Truth is rarely found head-on.

L: What do you mean?

M: Asking for a solution is false bait. For it assumes that the problem that has been presented is, in fact, the true problem.

L: Then what is the true problem?

M: It would do me no good to speak it. It would do you no good to hear it.

L: Why is that?

M: Because the very instant that I mention the problem, you will begin to think of a solution.

L: But problems are meant to be solved.

M: Perhaps if you are playing trivial pursuit. But the real problems in business are not trivial pursuit. Nor are they “business” problems. They are human problems.

L: And how do we solve these human problems in our business?

M: This requires a different quality of search. A search for the end of all problems.

L: The end of all problems?

M: Yes.

L: Is there such a thing?

M: May I ask you a question?

L: Yes.

M: You ask if there is such a thing as an end to all problems. I ask you if there is such a thing as a solution to a given problem.

L: Can you please explain?

M: For how many years have you been doing this?

L: Searching for solutions?

M: Yes.

L: Forty-two years.

M: And after forty-two years, each problem that you have solved has been followed by another problem. Is this not correct?

L: Yes.

M: You question the practicality and possibility of arriving at an end to all problems. A concept that you have never considered. But the approach with which you have forty-two years of experience leaves you endlessly spinning your wheels. And that approach you do not question at all.

L: I'm not sure what to say to that . . . This is just the way it has always been done.

M: I understand.

L: What you are then saying is that the problem is not the problem.

M: This is indeed what I am saying.

L: Why do we do this?

M: You have asked a sincere question. I will give you a

sincere answer. The reason that humans do this is because they have little interest in permanence.

L: Permanence?

M: Yes. They have very little interest in arriving at the Ultimate.

L: Why?

M: If you live within a particular river, you become swept along by the momentum. It would be counterintuitive to question this river. It would be abnormal to question the momentum.

L: What does the river signify?

M: The culture in which you live. The society that you call home. The environment that has shaped your momentum.

L: What you're saying is to do things differently than everyone else. Which is something I've always done. And it's led me to the accomplishments I've garnered.

M: I understand. And you are not incorrect. But you have done things differently only with regard to the details within

this river. Consider this. If you have garnered this level of success by changing only the details, what would be the result of changing the direction of its entire flow?

L: This would be a game-changer.

M: Is this not what you seek?

L: Absolutely . . . It's funny, I've always been told that I'm too ambitious. But, ironically, what you are saying is that I'm not ambitious enough!

M: The question of whether ambition serves a man or hinders him is a matter for another time. But if one does subscribe to ambition, is he not a pretender if he does not take this ambition to its ultimate heights?

L: Absolutely. I'm all-in. Where do we go from here?

M: What is it that you want?

L: Everything.

M: Then we will approach matters from the standpoint of permanence.

L: Meaning, not to find the solution to one problem, but to all problems?

M: Yes.

L: Now that I consider this idea, why wouldn't everyone want put an end to all their problems?

M: Because without problems, the room of one's life becomes intolerably empty.

L: But empty in a good way.

M: Empty in a disarming way. Freedom is welcomed by a few. But frightening for most.

L: For me, the very prospect of bringing an end to all my problems is a Utopia. Just thinking about it makes me inspired.

M: We will begin tomorrow.

L: Excellent. But would you mind giving me a sneak preview of how we will begin?

M: We will begin with the mother of all your problems. The

one that has been eroding your base foundation for most of your adult life. You know of the problem of which I speak.

L: Yes I do.

Namaste.

How A CEO Can Be Great And At Peace At All Times



Greatness is not a function of intelligence.

It is a function of insight.

Peace is not a function of meditation or austerities.

It is a function of seeing things as they truly are.

Greatness is dependent upon clarity.

For if one does not have clarity, on most of his days he will be average. And once in a blue moon, he will have a day in which things feel effortless and he becomes the person whom the world knows him to be.

This is a common occurrence amongst professional athletes. The vast majority of the time, they are Not the superstars that the world sees them to be.

Their superstar status is based upon a few small but widely publicized victories.

It is the same with virtually all successful individuals.

The little known secret is that Greatness need not be fleeting and rare. But the world does not know this secret. As a result, all humans have resigned themselves to the fact that “the zone” or “flow state” or moments of greatness are Necessarily rare.

Coaches and psychologists speak of the zone in terms of its attributes.

But even a child knows the attributes of the zone: Time slows down and things become effortless.

They teach that the zone is a state in which the mind is calm.

This is not true. And imbibing this falsehood has grave consequences. For if one believes that “the zone” or “flow state” is a state in which the mind is calm, then they will focus their efforts on trying to make the mind calm.

One need not believe me. Simply look at the evidence. Professional athletes and performers and executives have been told this for decades upon decades.

What is the result?

As of this moment, even world class individuals experience the zone less than 1 percent of the time.

So much for trying to calm the mind.

Let us move away from silliness. And speak The Truth.

The zone or flow state is not a state in which the mind is calm.

It is a state in which the mind has Disappeared.

(This is a Journey all its own).

Nothing happens in this life unless it is precisely and actively pursued.

But, you see, nothing is precisely or actively pursued unless one knows that it truly exists.

For only a fool would actively pursue something that he is convinced does not exist.

Let us speak The Truth.

This is only for the Serious Man.

Everyone else is best to leave. They are best to chase the prescriptions of meditation, mindfulness, and the various fruits that have been plucked from Eastern trees and planted in a soil that does not support their growth.

Let us begin.

Greatness must be broken down into its component parts.

One must then examine what aspects of greatness appeal

most to him or her.

There is not right or wrong.

There is no should or should not.

Why?

Because right and wrong, should or should not, bring judgment, morality, and rules to the equation. And where there are rules, no matter how “sacred” they may appear to be, there cannot be honesty.

Where there are rules, there cannot be Truth.

And where there is not honesty and Truth, there will always be inner conflict.

And this inner conflict will prevent the human from seeing things as they truly are.

And to reiterate the statement presented at the commencement of this discourse, Peace is a function of seeing things as they truly are.

As one moves through the various components of

greatness, he will soon come to see that greatness is more a function of the human being than it is about the role that he is playing (whether this role is CEO, Professional Athlete, Performer, Artist, President, and so on).

Because, in essence, there is no such thing as a Professional Athlete or a CEO. There is a human who is masquerading as one.

The man who truly seeks to be Great is the one who will invest himself in questions, rather than answers.

Why?

Because of another little-known secret:

Questions, you see, turn the mind in on itself.

(This is another Journey all its own).

One of the questions that a human being may ask is, “What is it that prevents me from being great all the time?”

There are many answers to this question, each with many parts.

I will share a few of them with you.

One of the answers to this question is that the lack of clarity prevents one from being great all the time.

Another answer to this question is that the presence of inner conflict prevents one from being great all the time.

Understand this:

Perfect the human, and you will create a permanent Superstar.

When a man becomes supremely successful, he often experiences untold emotional turmoil. Particularly in his personal life.

This is because he has no Peace.

Why does he have no Peace?

Because Peace has never been his focus.

And in the moments that it has been his focus, he has resorted to prescriptions (in the form of medications, or austerities, or practices, or “how-to’s”).

While such things may provide momentary relief, they do not have the power to provide Peace.

Why?

Because this is not the well from which Peace arises.

Imagine that a lay man asked the international sports star, “So if I kick the ball around for twenty minutes a day, will I be an international sports star like you?”

What would the sports star say?

He would no doubt be holding back his laughter, while he thinks of a way to let the man down easy without breaking his heart.

Peace is not found in a bubble gum machine, any more than success on the world stage is found at a flea market.

You see, humans are not serious.

Because they live in a world of potions, prescriptions, smoke, and mirrors.

The man who seeks Greatness all of the time . . .

The man who seeks Peace all of the time . . .

Will be a man who must first arrive at Seriousness and
Genuineness all the time.

Not because seriousness or genuineness is “right” or
“correct” or “moral” or “proper.” Of what use are such silly
societal dictums?

*But because it is only seriousness and genuineness that
captures the mind to a sufficient enough degree to actually
attain such otherworldly things.*

Begin here.

This is the only way.

Throughout the history of mankind, this has always been
the only way.

Namaste.

On Terminating Employees And Partnerships With Compassion And Without Guilt



Let us be direct.

And concise.

Shall we?

Terminating an employee or ending a partnership or business relationship brings about stress, anxiety, fear, guilt, self-doubt, and inner turmoil.

It would not be incorrect to say that this happens to the one who terminates, perhaps moreso than to the one who is terminated.

Why?

Because the mind uses societal dictums to turn against him.

The mind lives in the world of right and wrong, should and shouldn't, good and bad, kind and unkind.

And the man who adheres to such fabricated and pseudo-righteous ideals is doomed.

Doomed!

He has no escape.

I will share with you One Truth in this discourse.

The manner in which the employee is terminated . . .

The manner in which the business relationship is ended . . .

Must accomplish one thing, if one is to live in peace after the separation.

And that is this:

It must be done in a way that incapacitates the mind.

For if the mind's hands are tied, it cannot assault the man
for doing what he felt he needed to do.

Understand this: If a man feels that a business relationship
needs to be ended. Or if he feels that an employee needs to be
fired, it is none of the mind's business.

But it is also crucial to understand this: If one uses the
previous statement as a recitation, a mantra, a self-talk, an
aphorism, or an intellectual dictum, it will have zero effect.

For effectiveness is a function of visceral understanding.

It is Not a function of “doing,” “practicing,” or “following,”
as some nonsensical prescription or “five-step plan.”

Such things are for the unserious.

When a relationship is to be ended, it must be done swiftly
and without afterthought.

What I have just said sounds as if it is something that one “should do.” The mind will read it and say, “Oh I see. So I must do it quickly, and then make certain that I have no afterthought.”

This would be to misunderstand.

The Truth that I have stated is Not something one must “do.”

It is the Effect that naturally arises once the individual has Understood.

It may behoove you to read that again.

The turmoil that results from ending a relationship is the product of a mind that uses societal tenets as a hammer by which to strike the individual who believes in such tenets.

The man who does not subscribe to societal tenets becomes immune to the hammer.

The mind has yet another trick up its sleeve. And it may be employing it as we speak.

For after having read the previous sentence, it might have

said to you, “But if I don’t believe in right and wrong, good or bad, kind or unkind, or any societal tenet, then this might make me a monster.”

This is how the mind traps the man yet again.

The Truth is, it is the very belief in societal tenets that makes a man a monster. And a miserable and self-conflicted one, at that.

Ironically, the one who does not subscribe to false constructs such as morality tends to be amongst the most compassionate of individuals.

Why?

Because he is Free to choose for himself.

Man is not wired to be a prisoner. Though a prisoner is precisely what he has become by following societal constructs.

And the monster that it has created is a self-righteous mind that uses every opportunity to strike him down with these pseudo-moralistic principles.

A man who is Free to do as he chooses will be
compassionate and guiltless.

The one who follows societal dictums, pseudo-spiritual
tenets, and subscribes to the false god of morality will live a
life of untold turmoil.

And this strife will turn his soft heart into stone.

The man who devotes himself to becoming free of societal
dictums . . .

The man who invests himself in becoming free of his own
mind . . .

Will be a perfect and exemplary human who, having found
freedom within himself, cannot help but bring freedom to the
world.

Namaste.

The Achilles Heel Of Stoicism. The Truth About Ultimate Human Potential



Stoicism seems all the rage these days.

It is touted and discussed at length in various facets of the modern culture.

There are stories of Cato The Younger, who many consider to be the “perfect stoic.”

Cato, as it is said, would wear a tunic of an unpopular color in order to purposely invite ridicule upon himself. He did this

in order to develop a tolerance for such ridicule and embarrassment, so that he may train himself to not be ashamed of superficial things.

It must first be stated that any man who experiments upon himself in such ways has exemplary qualities. For rare is the human who spends his time on this earth devoted to truly worthy pursuits.

However, while this may make one more effective, more able to withstand difficult times, more robust in his dealings with others, and more suited for success, it does not allow one to reach his Ultimate Potential as a human being.

I will explain.

Let us take Silicon Valley as a case study, for it is the perfect confluence of Great possibility and Great misunderstanding.

I realize that stoicism is popular in arenas and areas outside of Silicon Valley, but let us it as a case study due to its unique position in the world ecosystem.

There is a fundamental tenet in place that informs all those who follow philosophies such as stoicism and other things.

And that is that if something is to be known or attained, it must be arrived at via a “technique,” a “method,” a “hack,” a “how-to,” a “life operating system.”

It is a belief based upon “rules.”

Which is gravely ironic, as Silicon Valley is built upon the idea of having no rules. It is humanity’s beacon call against all things traditional, societal, authoritarian, and didactic.

Silicon Valley is the home of the rebel. But this home of the rebel denies its very roots when it succumbs to methods, techniques, hacks, and philosophies.

In effect, Silicon Valley hasn’t distanced itself from rules. It has simply replaced them with fancier ones from the ancient Greeks, the Buddhists, and the Hindus.

Stoicism, like all techniques and methods and hacks and philosophies, is based upon practicing something, training oneself to do something, and conditioning oneself to be a certain way.

It is aimed at “improvement,” and “conditioning,” and “betterment,” and “striving.”

What is wrong with this?

There is nothing at all wrong with this. But perhaps it will be more instructive to answer this question with an example.

Imagine an eagle that manages to remain suspended three feet in the air for three seconds, before it drops back to the ground.

If you ask this eagle, how it feels about this, the eagle would say, “I haven’t achieved anything yet.”

To which you might reply, “I find this to be a great feat. You defied gravity for three feet and three seconds. You should be proud of yourself.”

To which the eagle would reply, “What on earth are you talking about? I haven’t even registered the three feet and three seconds. To me they aren’t worthy of comment. Do you not understand? I am an eagle. I’m made to fly!”

If we extrapolate this to human beings, the problem is that human beings are eagles who have never been told they can fly. And, since a man has little hope but to become his environment, a human being who does anything at all is

instantly leaps and bounds above the rest.

But this does not make him great. This does not imply that he has reached anything close to his potential. It is just that those around him are so content with being chained to the ground, that flight is nothing they have ever considered.

It must be understood that this discourse is not about becoming “better.”

It is about realizing one’s Ultimate Potential as a human being.

The one who practices stoicism is trying to “get better” at things.

He is trying to “improve.”

He is trying to become “more of this, and less of that.”

This is fine. But it isn’t the Ultimate.

It isn’t Flying.

The one who follows stoicism or any rule or philosophy or method or hack or technique is like the man who runs

around the world chasing down every cloud so that he can wrap a blanket around it in order to stop the rain.

It is an endless chase. For how many things can a man condition or fix?

Understand this: *There simply isn't enough time in a human being's life to "technique" or "condition" or "hack" or "practice" his way out of every significant human frailty.*

One might say that stoicism has made him "better at uncomfortable situations."

That is fine. But so what?

He might say that he is "less reactive than he was before."

That is fine. But so what?

A follower of stoicism might become angry or disenchanted by such statements. And he might, out of a fit of anger, say something along the lines of, "Then do you think that finding Peace, Freedom, or Equanimity is equally useless?"

To which I would reply that Peace, Freedom, and Equanimity are among the nectars of human existence.

But there is a difference. And this difference as great as the divide between heaven and earth.

If a man attempts to arrive at Peace, Freedom, and Equanimity by way of “technique,” it will never become his way of life. It will never become his default.

Never.

Whenever you see this man, he will always be chasing it, losing it, finding it for a moment, then losing it again.

One cannot “technique” his way to the glories of life.

No matter how ardent a follower one may be . . .

No matter how disciplined he may be . . .

No matter how perfectly to the letter he follows a dogma, a philosophy, a prescription, or technique . . .

He will never in his life permanently attain the thing which he is seeking.

Stoicism may make one “more equanimous.”

But Never will it give him Equanimity.

Stoicism may make one “better at making decisions.”

But Never will it give him Permanent Clarity.

There are, no doubt, those who will read this and wonder if such things are even possible.

To which I will respond, “A thing is only possible if a question is seriously asked.”

Thus, the Achilles heel of stoicism is that it keeps one bound to a method. And in being subservient to a method, one places a ceiling upon oneself.

A ceiling that was never meant to exist.

Then, what is the path to Ultimate Human Potential?

The man who truly craves to know the nature of ultimate human potential will necessarily be the man who is interested in The Truth.

And what he must first understand is that where there are rules, there cannot be truth.

Where there are methods, techniques, hacks, and how-to's, there can only be limitations.

Buying into such things is to buy into another's problems.

Understand this: The thing that a human being is a legend at, is precisely the thing that he knows not how he does it.

The one who seeks the partial and the limited asks, “What method or technique can I employ in order to get better at something?”

The one who seeks the ultimate asks, “What are the things that if I understood them, would propel me to the ultimate realm without me having to lift a finger?”

The limited man who follows techniques, tips, and tricks will likely not be able to bring himself to ask such a question.

Why?

Because he is inextricably tied to the belief that it is Effort
that makes a man what he is.

While the man who seeks the ultimate is either convinced
of, or is willing to seriously entertain, the fact that it is
Understanding that makes a man what he is.

Naturally, the limited man will retort, “I can understand all
I want, but if I don’t take action, nothing will happen.”

Is he correct?

Yes and no.

The man who Understands will take action, but his action
will be a mere formality. For once one Sees the strings behind
the stage, and the way that things truly are, the action is done
before it is done.

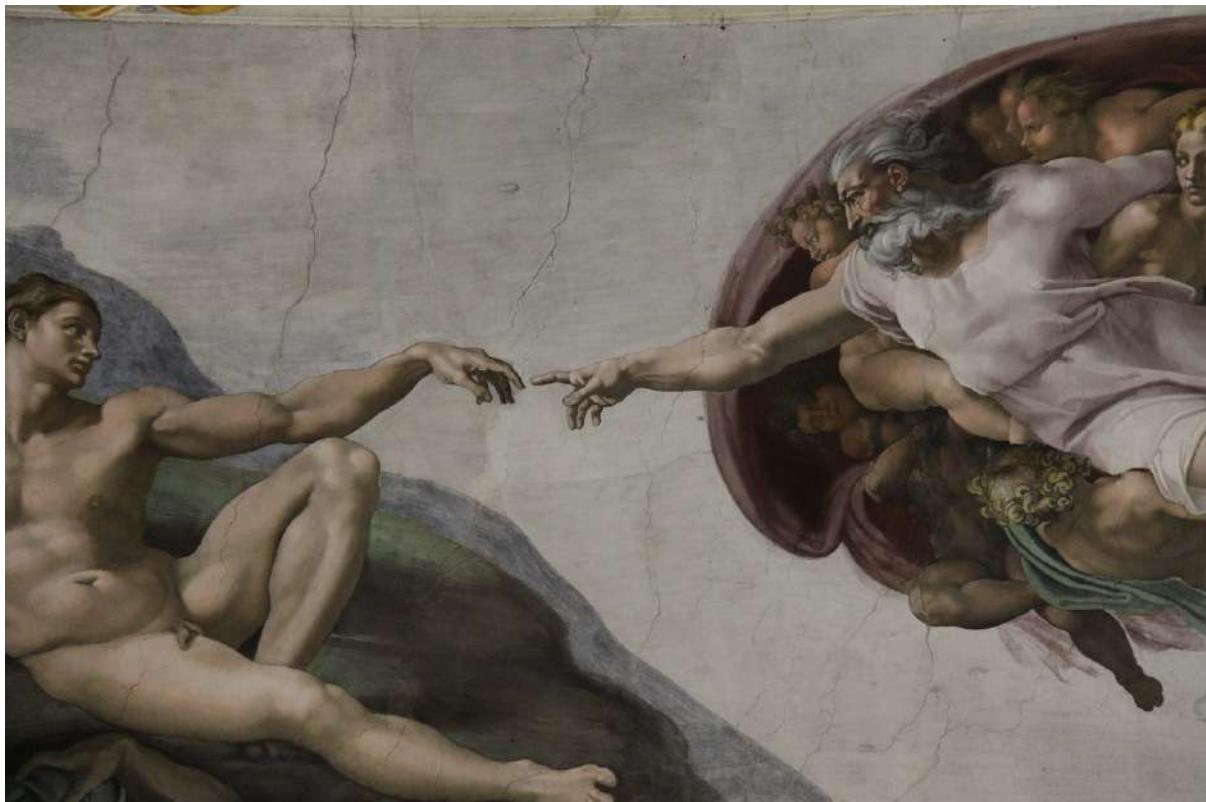
But the limited man of technique and prescription will rely
wholly upon his effort and strength. And because effort and
strength are as limited as his outlook, he will only be able to
progress at an inch per year. Which many do in fact preach
and subscribe to.

Thus, I would say to Cato The Younger, “Cato, I find in you

an exceptional man. For you are willing to experiment with your own frailties in order to more easily move through life. But rather than an experiment of will and intellect, would it not serve you greater to employ an experiment of Mind? Rather than beat away your tendencies toward shame in the face of public embarrassment by hammer and club, why not examine the source from which this shame arises? Rather than make yourself stronger in order to withstand it, why not explore the well from which it arises? For in standing witness to its genesis, its mathematics, its gestation, and its birth, it will no longer have power over you.”

Namaste.

The Supernatural Leader: A Refined Species Of Human



At the southernmost tip of India is the town of Kanyakumari. Its uniqueness lies in the fact that it sits at the confluence of the Indian Ocean, the Bay of Bengal, and the Arabian Sea.

This is symbolic for a Leader. As he too sits at the confluence of powerful challenges.

A man who becomes supernatural at one of these, tends to be pathologically deficient in the others.

The deficiency that manifests most often is in the form of relationships, personal and professional.

A CEO, a world leader, and any significant leader of men has the weight of the world upon his shoulders.

This weight begins to take its toll. The cracks in the foundation begin to appear in various parts of his life.

Due to the enormous weight that he is continually forced to bear, he sometimes sinks into a depression, succumbs to untold anxiety, is haunted by fear, and controlled by uncertainty.

He seeks help through books, magazines, lectures, and workshops.

He is told to get work-life balance, meditate, do mindfulness, exercise, go for a walk, do deep breathing, take regular vacations, delegate, take anxiety meds and sleeping meds, and on and on.

Such things do not work. They are balm and ben-gay.

And the reason that they do not work is because they are

exogenous elements sprinkled upon a human.

This is not how the human organism transforms.

Prescriptions and how-to's, lead only to prescriptions and how-to's.

If these are not the answer, then what is?

The answer is The Truth.

What is The Truth?

If you go outside and toss a rock into the air, the rock will come back to the ground.

Why?

Because of gravity.

Gravity never “doesn’t work.”

Gravity is never “ineffective.”

Why?

Because it is The Truth.

It is not a clever trick. It is not a concoction. It is not manufactured. It is not a “modality,” or a “hack” or a “technique.”

So long as a man is in the earth’s atmosphere, gravity will be The Truth.

Let us take the idea of work-life balance.

At first glance, it seems logical: one should not overwork himself, too much of one thing is not good, one must be balanced in all parts of his life, it is a good way to relieve stress, one should give his spouse and children the time they deserve, and so on.

These are all very reasonable and logical claims.

But, you see, there is a problem.

It is naturally intuitive to default towards the concept of “moderation.”

But the fact is that “moderates” are mediocre.

Understand this: *a “moderate” cannot be a supernatural leader, a supernatural human, a supernatural father, or a supernatural husband . . .*

A “moderate” cannot be a supernatural Anything.

This discourse (and all of my work, for that matter) is not for those who seek to be moderate.

Quite frankly, there is an excellent chance that one who is “moderate” already has balance in his life.

I am speaking of the Immoderates.

The unicorns, the greats, the legends, the world class.

The DNA of the supernatural man is not well-served by donning a cloak of “moderation.”

And understand this: That which does not fit with a man’s DNA is doomed before it has begun.

For a human will always default to his nature.

A human will always default to his defaults.

Then what is worthy of the DNA of the supernatural man?

Supernaturalness!

The supernatural leader must make himself a supernatural human.

In becoming a supernatural human, all that emanates from him will be supernatural.

If the well is pure, all humans that drink from it will be nourished.

How does a supernatural leader become a supernatural human?

I will tell you.

He begins by examining all of the holes in his leadership. The fears, the anxieties, the conflicts, the worries, the turmoils, the indecision, the confusion, the failures, all of it!

He follows each of these back to their source.

Each will lead to a specific part of the Mind. (Not the brain)

As they lead back to the mind, it is there that the unraveling
of these problems takes place.

In their exploration and unraveling, the problems begin to
disappear.

Purity begins to flow through stagnant veins.

The human being begins to become revived.

Without having followed a single prescription.

Without having adopted a single method.

For in walking this path (it is really a non-path), he will
have found Gravity.

He will have found The Truth.

He will have begun the process of taking control of his
mind.

After having been a prisoner to it for all of his adult life.

And in so doing, he will become a Refined Species of
Human.

Namaste.

How The Super Successful Can Lead Lives Free Of Boredom And Discontent



The life of a super successful individual appears uncommon only to the unsuccessful.

But a man is only as “successful” as the nature of his day-to-day existence.

The inevitable Truth about success is that once it is attained, it becomes relatively commonplace.

The inevitable Truth about wealth is that once it is attained, it becomes little more than one's new norm.

All pleasures fade.

The man who once craved world adulation, now spends his life craving anonymity.

The man who once craved success, sometimes becomes a victim of it.

And no matter how successful a man becomes, he settles into a domestic existence of one sort or another.

And this domestic existence is as common as common gets.

When this man had nothing . . .

In the days that he had to look up in order to see the sky . . .

When the game had not been figured out . . .

When he was climbing the mountain . . .

The eight-dollar takeouts tasted great.

And today the fine dining tastes stale.

You see, the problem with “having arrived,” is that the road tends to end.

Things become routine.

Boredom sets in.

And where the day was once a day of possibility, it now becomes a day of looking for ways to fill the time.

The one who truly begins to see the writing on the wall is the one who asks, “I have enough money to last four lifetimes. I’ve attained all that I’ve wanted to attain. What am I going to do with all the years I have left?”

Most chafe under the weight of such discontent.

But few directly ask themselves such a question.

For it is frightening to ask it.

Society and its gurus and minions will recommend that one find a hobby, play golf, join a club, take vacations, get a dog, socialize, pursue philanthropy, and so on.

But the human heart is not satisfied by such things.

Particularly in the successful man, the heart is hungry.

It seeks a mountain to climb.

It craves an endeavor.

What is that endeavor?

Well, the Truth is that I know what that endeavor is.

But if I simply tell it to you, it will not have the effect that you might imagine.

Do not seek instruction.

Do not seek prescription.

Seek understanding.

Let us focus on understanding.

The Truth is explored through questions rather than answers.

The answer that the Mind produces, depends upon the question that is asked.

If one asks the question, “What shall I do with the rest of my life,” the mind will respond with “activities.”

But imagine if one pursued “activities,” for the remainder of his life (which is what almost all humans do). Would he die with contentment?

Would he die having lived a complete and fulfilling life?

Stated sincerely, would he have lived a live so satisfying, that he would be ready to die at any moment?

You see, no man truly fears death.

He fears living unfulfilled.

Therefore, I will propose a different question.

A question that will prevent the Mind from spewing a quick and shallow answer.

A question that is beyond the understanding and the jurisdiction of the method, tip, trick, hack, and technique-addicted “society.”

A question that will direct one to the heart of things.

The question is this: “How is it that I can arrive at such contentment, that I never feel empty again?”

The question is not about how to quell boredom. But to prevent the seed of boredom from ever sprouting again.

How does one begin to answer this question?

The Truth is that this question requires a Journey.

But I will set you on your way by telling you that you must begin by exploring the source of this discontentment.

I will leave you with this. As it is the ideal place to begin.

The Mind is a pleasure-seeking machine. And no amount of wealth, success, fame, or activities can be pleasurable enough to satisfy a pleasure-seeking machine.

The one who is Wise . . .

The one who truly seeks Contentment . . .

Is the one who will understand that on the other side of this Mind lies all that he has ever sought.

What do I mean by “the other side of this mind?”

What this means is that as of this moment, the Mind has this man in his grips.

But if this man can learn to see the chains that bind him to this Mind, he can cut them quite easily.

In cutting the chains to the Mind, one becomes free of all the habits of the mind, that this man thought were his own frailties.

But, as a glorious reward of his sincerity, becoming free of the habits and the turmoils of the Mind forces the mind to become a servant to the man himself. And placing at his disposal, all of the marvelous powers that few men ever gain access to.

This is the path away from the hamster-wheel of prescriptions, self-help, psychotherapies, ingestibles, spirituality, and new age jargon . . .

And toward the Truth that befits the glorious creature that is the Human.

Namaste.

How The Rich And Famous Can Find True Peace And Freedom



The famous seek anonymity.

The anonymous seek fame.

It is far more difficult to be rich and famous, than poor and anonymous.

And it is a great irony that the rich and the famous are the most ignored group of individuals in society.

For it makes little intuitive sense to try to help those who seem to “have everything.”

Years behind velvet ropes and behind the scenes, out of earshot of the roaring crowds, have taught me that the rich and the famous are more tormented by the mind than almost anyone else.

For in the unique situation that wealth and fame provides, the mind has many angles from which to attack the human.

You have found wealth and fame. But peace is nowhere to be found.

The adulation was gratifying in the beginning. But years later, it does not have the effect it once did.

You sometimes sit in the quiet of your room, saying to yourself, “If they only knew . . .”

You are sometimes made to feel guilty for your success.

Society puts you on a pedestal. But in other ways, it treats you like a show pony.

Absolutely everyone wants something from you.

Everyone.

True relationships are almost impossible to forge.

Life has become a prison, as much as it is a gift.

What the media says Does bother you. And it hurts.

And the one secret that the world will never understand is that no matter how many people are around you, you feel totally, completely, and helplessly Alone.

Why is peace so difficult to find?

Why is freedom so elusive?

Because the thing you seek freedom from is not the media and the fans.

The thing you seek freedom from is yourself.

The self that has created a name and a persona that Ten humans couldn't carry, much less One.

You seek freedom from yourself.

Freedom from the incessant critiques of your mind.

Freedom from its worries.

Even when you are behind closed doors, the mind creates a live feed of the media in your head.

You are Always on stage. Even when you are not.

What you miss is the unstructured, and unrehearsed and innocent beauty of a random and anonymous life.

Your art has also suffered on account of this.

It is not quite as pure as it was in the beginning.

The hunger isn't quite as deep.

And you chafe under the thought that you are drifting toward becoming a “performer,” rather than the Artist you were created to be.

What do you want?

You want what seems to be impossible.

What your fellow artists have tried for years to attain, but
have failed one after another.

You want to be Unaffected.

You want to be able to allow emotion to arise, if you choose
to.

And to be immune to all the things that you do not want to
be affected by.

Hate mail. Unaffected.

Unfair words of a critic. Unaffected.

Maligned by the media. Unaffected.

Harsh words about your appearance. Unaffected.

In a desperate, grasping-at-straws attempt to get you feeling
semi-normal enough to walk into the limelight, you have been
told to “be yourself.”

But this is such a loaded and confusing statement that the
one who says it has little insight into what they are truly
saying.

For you do not yet know who “yourself” truly is!

And the only “yourself” you have known has brought you nothing but anxiety and a feeling of imprisonment.

In many ways, the last thing you want to be is “yourself.”

For “yourself” seems to be a trap in every possible way.

What you long for is for everyone to just go away.

Not so that you may have a moment’s peace (Quiet is something you understand. But “peace” remains very much an elusive and mysterious concept).

But so that you may delicately tease away and preserve the remnants of your innocence you once knew, from the chaos and the miasma that has become your daily existence.

Meditation may give you a moment of stress reduction, but it will not rescue you.

Mindfulness will set you on a course of endless questioning for which no one will give you true answers.

Yoga, exercise, breathing, massage, psychotherapy, retreats, and all the clever modalities that are sold in the marketplace will be temporary non-solutions to a problem that is deep and complex.

Then what is the way to True Peace?

How can you find True Freedom?

What is the way to be Unaffected by anything you choose to be unaffected by?

Begin by understanding this:

There is not a single thing you can do to make your circumstances suit your needs.

You cannot control the critics.

You cannot control the fans.

You cannot control the media.

The wise person does not attempt to stop the rain.

He devotes his time to creating a weather-proof umbrella,

that can survive any storm.

What is this umbrella?

This umbrella is the understanding that every criticism, insult, embarrassment, and threat initiated by the world is half as loud as the one you initiate within yourself.

How does this happen?

Your Mind is a recorder and a megaphone. It parrots and amplifies the things it hears about you.

And your reactions are overreactions precisely because the world's messages are amplified by your Mind.

But if this amplifier is delicately and skillfully disabled, the world's voices suddenly become muted. They move toward you, but they do not penetrate.

This is your weather-proof Umbrella.

The Mind, you see, is like silly putty. It can be shaped whichever way you would like it to be shaped.

Such that all of its creative abilities remain untouched and

uninterrupted by The Noise of drama, wasted emotion, fear, self-consciousness, and anxiety.

But the world has never told you this. It has only given you endlessly ineffective and juvenile “prescriptions.”

I know.

A Mind that is left unshaped . . .

A Mind that is left in its default state . . .

A Mind that is left to its own devices . . .

Turns outward. And amplifies what it hears from the outside world.

And creates a living hell of your Inner World.

A True Artist is a Master of oneself.

He or she is completely in control. Even when he or she wishes to lose control.

But without Freedom in all its glory, an artist is broken.

Without Freedom from the false self that the Mind has manufactured, an artist loses his or her way.

To be imprisoned by the world is terrible.

To be imprisoned by the Mind is to be left with nowhere to turn.

There is no greater tragedy in a human life than this.

When an artist finds True Freedom.

The artist's Art, and life, become a masterpiece to behold.

Namaste.

Why Every Industry Is Scandalously Wrong (About Everything)



If one seeks The Truth, he must be prepared to walk alone.

Perform a google search for anything you wish, and all the results will be composed of lies.

You are alone.

Search for “finding peace,” and you will find meditation, mindfulness, and a list of things to do.

Will they bring you permanent peace?

No. (You likely have already tried on numerous occasions).

You are alone.

Search for “how to become a world class golfer,” and you will find all sorts of articles from the biggest journals in the industry, written by tour pros themselves.

Will they make you world class, even if you follow Every Single Thing they say?

No. (This has been done for decades. And more than 99 percent of highly skilled golfers who do all of these things Never become world class. And many of the ones who do regularly lose their tour card).

You are alone.

Search for computer programming, coding, creating a business, becoming a great leader, maximize your performance, how exactly to win, creating wealth, living in health, and on and on and on . . .

The things you will find in the 7.38 million search results will be utterly useless to you. They will be derivative,

regurgitated, conditioned, age-old repetitive and impotent advice that lives in the pages of books, and never in the sun and the air of the Real World.

You are alone.

Attend a university, get your MBA, get 5 degrees printed in latin on high quality paper. And when you arrive at the gates of the Real World, you will see that all that you have learned is Not Applicable.

You are alone.

They say that less than 1 percent of athletes make it to the professional level.

Is this true?

I have not examined the numbers. But it is likely less than 0.5 percent.

But then things begin to fall apart. Then the scandalous lies begin to appear.

The sports industry, the media, the coaches, and virtually all the people involved conclude that because less than 1 percent

make it to the professional level . . .

The odds are stacked completely against one . . .

That it is foolish to pursue it without a “backup plan” . . .

That one is not being “realistic” or “practical” . . .

Why is such a conclusion reached?

More specifically, why is such a message repeated across loudspeakers all around the world? Google it, and what you will find is that not only is this message popular, mainstream, and ubiquitous in the culture, the spirit in which it is spoken is one of pride.

Not only is the sports industry and all those who surround it ready and willing to take every opportunity to spread this propaganda, they do it gleefully.

Why is this the case?

Two reasons.

Firstly, human beings are expert excuse-makers. Many individuals in the sports world did not make it to the pro ranks

and thus, if “they” couldn’t do it, how can they allow themselves the permission to believe that anyone else can?

(Unless the results are so unmistakable that they have no choice but to acquiesce). Their mental well-being rests upon the fact that it is incredibly difficult to make it, so that they can breathe easier for not having made it themselves.

Secondly, humans are not interested in The Truth. They are interested in only the things that support their own views and perceptions. Humans are fare-weather fans. They are common. They are the masses. They are sheep. This applies to over 99 percent of the world population. For them, The Truth is not something that will set them free. It is something that will imprison them. For then they will be forced to answer questions that their mind raises.

What is the real reason that less than one percent make it to the pro ranks? And why only a small fraction of the pros become superstars?

Being behind the velvet ropes, working with some of the biggest names in the world of professional sports, industry, and celebrity I will tell you that nothing is at seems.

Nothing.

First, it is the metaphor of a car wash. If one goes through a car wash of conditioning, being told from every direction how difficult it is and how good everyone else is and how much the odds are stacked against them, it becomes enormously difficult for all but a robust few to overcome the scars of this car-wash conditioning.

Second, it is implied by the numbers that all of those who set out to make it are equally serious. I assure you this is not the case.

The car-wash of conditioning, the funds to support themselves, the family obligations, the dislike for travel, the loneliness, the self-belief or the lack thereof, and many other factors completely unrelated to talent eliminate a significant percentage of the prospects.

The Real numbers are nowhere close to what the industry would love for you to believe, and is secretly desperate to convince themselves of.

Every industry is a derivative industry. It follows the “traditional ways” of doing things. It subscribes to “best practices,” and the “scientific research,” and the “expert opinions,” and the “prevailing schools of thought.”

Everyone is the same. Everyone is mired in tradition.

Everyone is a propagandist.

Why?

Because everyone is a Follower.

Everyone teaches the same thing with a different brochure.

Everyone attends the same conferences wearing the same-colored lanyard.

Every athlete practices the same things.

Every coach teaches the same things.

Every student learns the same things.

Everyone goes to school, tries to make good grades, and get a good job with a generous 401-K plan.

Every golfer spends his life on the range trying to improve his backswing and his swing plane, improve his putting stroke, and go to the first tee “hoping” that he has a good round. And when he doesn’t, he returns to the range to practice that which he already knows how to do. And what he

fails to recognize is that, similar to all other professional athletes, almost all the “hard work” that he pursues is done out of anxiety rather than for the need to “improve.”

Everyone and everything in this world is full of complete, total, and utter nonsense.

Everyone is Wrong.

What is The Truth?

Pedigrees mean nothing in the real world. They only mean something to admissions committees in the stale and sheltered world of academia.

(I am continually shocked that a human being can grow to be 60 years old and still remain so ignorant as to believe that grades and test scores mean anything at all. This is a startling human feat of fabulous ignorance).

Whatever industry you are in, be it finance, health, medicine, sports, investing, marketing, food, or shoe-shining, it is a 100 percent certainty that the prevailing dogmas and “best practices” of your industry are wrong, inefficient, and a fraction of what they could be. And that all the experts in your industry are completely wrong.

Understand this: If a person seeks to become anything out of the ordinary in this world, he must realize that he is all alone. For anyone that he asks will almost certainly be a conditioned person. And this conditioned person will give him conditioned advice. And this conditioned advice will make him . . . conditioned!

I am reminded of a movie I saw a long time ago, titled Invasion Of The Body Snatchers. Everyone in the town was infected and had become a zombie except for the hero of the movie (I believe it was Donald Sutherland).

This is precisely the society in which we live. The individual who believes this to be an exaggeration is one of the zombies.

Everyone in this world is Infected with conditioning. The one who seeks The Truth is all alone in this town. He cannot read books. He cannot turn on the television. He cannot read magazines. He cannot listen to the media. He cannot speak to any “experts.” For they are all infected.

They are infected by the virus of Conditioning.

A man who seeks the Truth must demand a secret password

before he speaks to Anyone, in order to make certain he is not a conditioned zombie.

For exposing one's Mind to conditioned lies has monumental consequences. Consequences one cannot imagine.

Understand this: There are no tried and true ways of doing anything that is truly grand.

“Do not reinvent the wheel?”

How silly.

The very rubber on the wheel must be reinvented!

Each and every time.

For each and every human being.

The Ultimate and most practical Truth that will serve one more than anything else in his life is this:

No One Knows Anything.

What one must understand is this: You live in a world filled

with human beings. And human beings have a similar nature. And this nature is one of “sheepish-ness,” “blind following,” and “laziness.”

Every human being who populates this earth has an enormous capability. But only in theory.

Why?

Because only a few human beings have the DNA to overcome the assault of society's conditioning.

Read that again.

The one who will not lose his way is the one who is devoted hook, line, and sinker to discovering The Truth.

And if he is this rare of a human being, he might if he is lucky find one other human being like this during his entire lifetime.

EVERYONE is irreversibly conditioned. (Except perhaps a small handful in this world).

Rare achievements are rare.

For rare humans . . . are rare.

Namaste.

Yes, My Son (A Story Of Non-Attachment)



Once long ago, a man had a young son.

He did everything for the boy.

He taught him everything he knew.

He gave him all that he had.

When the boy turned 20, he turned to his father and said, "Father, I have decided to leave home. I will now go my own

way.”

The father said, “Yes, my son.”

After six months of living on his own, he asked his father for money.

The father said, “Yes, my son.”

A few more years passed. The son wrote a letter to his father from a faraway land.

The letter said, “Father, I realize you did your best. But your ideas about early to bed and early to rise I find to be rather foolish. I have found some friends. They live carefree. We are not beholden to this and that. I will live my life as I choose. And make rules as I see fit.”

The father penned a reply. He wrote, “Yes, my son.”

The son married. And his wife did not approve of his father.

She convinced him not to invite his father to the wedding.

The son wrote a letter to his father. Apologizing for not having invited him. And that he would one day come and

visit.

The father penned a reply. He wrote, “Yes, my son.”

It had been years since the boy had come to see his father.

The seasons had not been kind to the aging man.

The boy and his wife had fallen on hard times.

He wrote a letter to his father, asking him for financial assistance.

The father sent him money, accompanied by a letter that said, “Yes, my son.”

The father grew old. His time had come.

He wrote a letter to his son, requesting to see him before he passed on.

The son came to see him.

He sat next to his father on the edge of the bed.

And he began to cry.

“Father,” he said. “I have not been good to you. Why did you not correct me? Why did you not lead me away from my own ignorance?”

The father did not reply.

The boy asked again, “Father, tell me. I am beside myself with guilt. Why did you not teach me the proper way of things?”

The father broke his silence.

“Son, when you were small, I had so much to teach you. I was overjoyed by the times I tried to guide you and instruct you. But all my efforts failed. And the reason I failed is because the things that I had to teach you were not born of wisdom. They were born of my own limited experiences. They were born of my own biased views. Truth be told, I do not know what is right and what is wrong. For there are so many things that I once swore were right. But in the end, they turned out to be wrong.”

The son replied, “But Father, surely what I have done cannot be right.”

The father said, “If it is not right, this is a conclusion that only you can make. And as I see the tears in your eyes, I must attest to the fact that it is right. For you speak with true sincerity. Son, in the end a man has very little to teach another. For his knowledge is born of his own sense of ego and need.”

The son said, “Father, do you not need anything from me?”

The father replied, “I stopped needing from you long ago, my son.”

“But why?” said the son.

The father said, “Because this need became a noose around my neck. And a weight upon your back.”

The son replied, “Father, do you love me?”

The father said, “I love the very sight of you, and the very shadow by your side. But I have abandoned all need. From you and from anyone and anything in this world. Understand, my son. That it is this, and this alone, that allows me to truly love you.”

Namaste.

A Method Is For The Thing One Can Live Without



If you quietly examine the world you will see that all of humanity is in a state of Trying.

A person is Here. And he is trying to get There.

Because the human mind has been conditioned thus for millennia, such a thing is part of the furniture, so to speak.

And because everyone is Here, and trying to get There, this

gives birth to a gargantuan industry that offers “methods” of getting There.

A man who enjoys his money and seeks to make it multiply will invest it or hire a financial advisor and be more “aggressive” with his investments.

But the man who is in his twilight years will become more “conservative” with his investments. He will put them in bonds.

And the man who is so in love with his money that he cannot stand to part with it, what will he do?

He will put his money under his mattress.

A man who enjoys the idea of enlightenment will consult with gurus, ascetics, scriptures. He will spend his life following their prescribed methods.

But the man who must have enlightenment does not spend his life in this way.

If we examine the story of Siddhartha Gautama before he became the Buddha, he followed the prescribed methods of the ascetics for 7 years. Hours upon hours of meditation,

starving the body, self-mutilation, chanting . . .

What did he get from this?

An emaciated body, matted hair, and extreme hunger.

Then he left.

But the ascetics stayed. And they chastised him for leaving them.

Why did he leave?

He left for the same reason that the money-loving man places his cash under his mattress.

He could not risk failure.

This does not mean that they were not willing to fail along the way.

But the ultimate prize was so non-negotiable, they could not afford to surrender it to a “method.”

If one imagines anything in his life, the things he values most are the things he does not allow himself to risk losing.

The things he may like, but can ultimately afford to live without, are the thing he subjects to a method.

You may trust a stranger to cut your lawn.

But will you trust a stranger to watch your newborn for the night?

The reason that the “prescription industry” and the “method industry” is such a large industry is because there is no shortage of things that human beings are unserious about.

Why does the unserious man seek a method, while the serious man does not?

Because one can afford to fail, and the other cannot.

The thing that is life-and-death for a human being is something he would never in a million years seek by way of an algorithm, a technique, or a “five-step plan.”

When ultimate failure simply is not acceptable, a man takes matters into his own hands. He oversees every inch of the journey.

And relegates nothing to anyone.

Those who seek methods do so in order to appease themselves that they are “addressing the issue,” while gaining the secret satisfaction of avoiding it altogether.

If methods were effective, there would not be a new one invented every day.

If there were a million methods to becoming enlightened, then there would be at least a million Buddhas. For one would imagine that one method would at least work for a single individual.

In every industry, in every discipline, in every nation, the pattern is the same.

The method says, “If you do this, then I promise that you will get that.”

When the person does not get “that,” he returns to the prescription-giver.

At which time he is told, “The reason that you did not get that is because you did not do it correctly.”

The person then spends another twenty years trying to do it “correctly.”

When, still, he does not get that, he returns to the prescription-giver.

The prescription-giver, secretly having realized the inevitable failure of his method, then uses his ace-in-the-hole. He says, “Oh ye of little faith. Do you think that these things happen overnight? You must have patience. If you keep at it, and if it is meant to be, one day it will come.”

The person’s mind then berates him, “You are so impatient. What must the prescription-giver be thinking of you right now? All you do is demand and demand. Do you think you are the only one trying to get this? Others are working hard too. It’s okay, take your time, keep at it, have a little faith.”

And this is the way it has gone since the dawn of civilization.

A method makes one subservient to the method.

The question of “getting there” is replaced by “getting the method right.”

Then the gurus and the spiritual community become increasingly clever.

They say, “Don’t do anything. Just be.”

And this enslaves the person to a far greater degree.

For at least when he was working on a method, he knew it was a method.

But in being told to “just be,” he now begins to work on “just be-ing.”

First he was working on “method-ing.”

Now he is working on “non-method-ing.”

It will not be long before he begins to ask, “How do I just be?”

And the clever guru will tell him, “Just forget about everything. Let it go. Relax.”

The person will then begin to work on “Trying to forget. Trying to let go. And trying to relax.”

Decades will pass. And when he still has not arrived anywhere, he will return to the guru and ask, “How do I relax?”

The guru will then give him methods for relaxation.

And the cycle will begin again.

And when he reaches the end of his life, the man will say, “I did not achieve what I wanted to achieve. But at least I gave it my best shot.”

And then he will die.

With the vague satisfaction of having made failed lifelong efforts at trying to arrive at the place, that he was not truly serious about at all.

Namaste.

On The Success And Failure Of Your Children



The center of a tectonic plate is a quiet place.

At its center, there is nothing created and nothing destroyed.

But where two tectonic plates collide, the possibility of the Himalayas is born.

And so is the possibility of unmitigated disaster.

Triumph and disaster happen at the intersection of things.

And it is in this very intersection that the life of a human

being moves.

Teaching a child has little effect.

Motivating a child has little effect.

Berating a child has little effect.

Controlling a child has little effect.

Understanding the natural reaction to a particular action has great effect.

Understanding the natural effect of a particular cause has great effect.

A child that receives endless affection will become complacent.

A child that receives endless scorn will become rebellious.

These are the natural effects of a given cause.

One will undoubtedly ask, “So what you are saying is that I must not be too affectionate or too scornful. I should find a happy medium between the two. Is this correct?”

Nothing could be more incorrect.

For in “trying to find a happy medium,” you will fail.

For how will you know where the “middle” is?

You will for the whole of your life overshoot to one side or the other.

The “middle” is an icy peak between two valleys. No one can remain there without slipping to one side or the other.

It is for this reason that prescriptions have no place in the life of a Serious human being.

You can no more “strategize” or “technique” your way to the middle than you can predict the precise landing spot of a drop of rain in a tropical storm.

You must understand the nature of the human organism.

He is a twelfth hour creature.

At 11:59, he still feels that he has one minute left.

This is neither good nor bad.

It is as it is.

And the wise man proceeds in accordance with it, rather than wishing for it to be another way.

This human organism is also predisposed to Reactions, rather than wisdom.

For instance, a man forces his child to get a job. Even if it is a job flipping burgers.

The reason he does so is because he himself was forced to get a job when he was a child. The nature of the job was irrelevant. So long as he obtained one.

The man will undoubtedly base his action upon the reasoning that “one must learn the value of money,” or that “one must not become lazy.”

There is indeed some truth to this logic.

And if one proceeded according to the purity of this logic alone, his action would be different.

But the purity of this logic is soiled. It is soiled by a running thread of either resentment or justice or even the fear that his child will become lazy or not learn the value of money.

In essence, his action of forcing the child to get a job is to a large degree a Reaction to his feeling of resentment or justice or fear.

Resentment against the fact that if he himself had to do it, his child should have to do it as well.

Justice for the same reason.

And fear of the possibility of his child becoming lazy or not learning the value of money.

And each of these things are rooted in other beliefs and opinions and reactions.

Belief piled upon belief. Resentment piled upon resentment. Impurity piled upon impurity. Conditioning piled upon conditioning.

Does one really believe that he can “technique” his way out of such a generational mess?

Understand this Truth: ***An action that is a reaction is not a True action. It is a non-action. And a non-action must result in problems.***

The river of non-action flows into the ocean of problems.

An expectation placed upon a child causes him to React to this expectation.

Zero demands placed upon a child causes him to React to zero demands.

Each reaction will compel him to go down a road which is not his Natural road. Because it did not arrive organically. It arose as a reaction to an external stimulus.

Therefore, is “pushing” one’s children wise?

No.

Is “leaving one’s children to themselves” wise?

No.

Pushing is an unnatural action. Leading to an unnatural

reaction.

Leaving one's children to themselves allows them to succumb to a culture of electronics addiction and social mischief.

In essence, pushing one's child imprisons him to the parent's culture.

And leaving him to himself imprisons him to society's culture.

It is for this reason that no prescription or how-to works.

The way of Truth is the way of naturalness, without Reaction.

This comes about through understanding.

Not an overly kind way of explaining to the child. For the child will likely not take it to heart.

Not an overly aggressive way of explaining to the child. For the child will likely become resentful or fearful.

What the parent must realize is that a child who

understands, without feeling the pressure to React, is the child who will naturally find his way toward Success.

All things that are Natural, flow toward perfection.

Namaste.

Art Creates Man



The doer of a Thing, undoes the Thing.

For his presence will create a wide shadow that darkens the room.

The doer destroys art in the womb.

Self-forgetfulness is the greatest of arts.

For where there is a doer, there is a hoper.

Where there is a hoper, there is a manipulator.

Where there is a manipulator, there is the illusion of

knowing.

The one who is under the illusion of knowing can create
only silhouettes . . .

He can create only the semblance of art . . .

The world of magic and possibility is not available to him.

The intellectual man sees only what common eyes can see.

But what all humans long for . . .

What stops them in their tracks . . .

Is Art rather than intellect.

For Art reaches into a place that they have forever
concealed from the outside world.

Art captures the longing for unspeakable things.

Art understands, where the intellect can only explain.

Man's greatest folly lies in believing that something cannot
happen unless he himself does it.

How soon he forgets that the movements of the planets and
the stars seek not his permission or his expertise.

How quickly he forgets that his very life lies in the hands of
a heart that functions independently of him.

The places where a man's intellectual currency is accepted
are places that reveal not the divine.

They create only a greater longing for it.

Man is a thirsty desert-wanderer who mistakes sand for
water.

Thus, his thirst grows greater by the day.

He lives in a world of smoke and mirrors, augmented by
sounds and shadows.

He values hard, rather than Soft.

He sees the tree's bark, but never its Stillness.

He lives for the chase, rather than the Arrival.

He believes in action, more than Sight.

As I have said before, my ways will seem strange to the world.

For what to say of a man who guides individuals toward Oblivion rather than method?

What to say of a man who downplays the intellect, and celebrates intuitive spontaneity?

Is there a method to my madness?

No.

There is only madness.

Madness created by a visceral desire to disappear into the void.

For it is only in this void that true human satisfaction lies.

It is only in this void that one becomes whole without trying to treat his fragmentations.

Knowing where a thing is Not, is far more effective than

knowing where it is.

And wherever there are signs of the deliberative intentions
of man, there is only pain and illusion.

Where there is a prideful display of man's fingerprints,
there is only limitation and untruth.

Lest one succumb to categorizing himself as spiritual vs
non-spiritual, mystical vs pragmatic, he will save himself
years on his life by understanding that these are yet another
example of an entirely false creation.

For a human is a human is a human.

He is not a human because of his personality, but Despite it.

A human seeks the Nectar of life.

He seeks Magic.

He seeks Freedom.

He seeks all that is pure, true, whole, and satisfying.

Categorizing himself as this or that blinds him to his

fundamental nature.

Man seeks the endless horizon of the sea, while standing in
the company of buildings.

He seeks the deafening silence of the mountain peak, while
standing in the company of streetcars.

He is told to Do

To Think

To Analyze

To Act

To Fix

To Modify

To Accumulate

In doing so, he misses his entire life.

For the secret he does not know is that he pursues the hard,
out of a longing for the Soft.

He pursues action, out of a longing for Sight.

He accumulates, out of a longing for Emptiness.

He pursues the intellect, out of a longing for Art.

And he chases self-gratification, out of a longing for Self-Forgetfulness.

Namaste.

No Mentors. No Contemporaries.



A man goes through his entire life in a state of need.

He seeks validation from all manner of sources.

When he is an unknown, he seeks validation from the masses.

When he becomes known, he seeks validation from his lofty group of peers.

He joins groups. He attends social events. He rubs elbows

and hobnobs.

All the while, at the mercy of fluctuating degrees of need.

The idea of mentors is overblown.

A mentor can only tell you of his own experience.

This experience is fraught with X-parts wisdom and X-parts luck.

It is impossible to differentiate one from another.

When almost any man attempts to advise, he “sums things up.”

He “distills” what is fundamentally complex things into a “tenet to follow” or a “rule of thumb” to adhere to.

One-half multiplied by one-half yields a quarter.

The idea of having no contemporaries is rarely discussed.

In fact, it is never discussed at all.

Competition only exists between individuals of equal skill.

If one man has a skill equal to others . . .

If he has contemporaries . . .

Then he has not found The Truth.

He has not stretched his craft to its outer-most reaches.

He has not refined it into a sufficiently fine powder.

I have no interest in convincing anyone of these things.

I write them because they overflow within me.

I write them because I have no choice but to write.

What do I recommend you do?

This is what I recommend:

Do nothing that I say.

This is my sincerest recommendation.

Do not agree with me.

Do not imbibe my teachings.

I am a madman.

I have no idea what it is that I am saying.

It does not last long, but I must admit that I am bothered
when someone agrees with me.

The one who “agrees” with me has not heard a word I said.

I have no interest in other people’s opinions.

For I have no interest in my own.

As for contemporaries, why should a man have any
contemporaries if he seeks The Ultimate?

Each man is endowed with his own DNA, his own drives
and passions. Why should he have any equal?

***The only way that man can have an equal is if he
subscribes to the notion of competition.***

Why should there be a “group” of ANY kind?

It is only when a man stands alone that he is on the firmest ground.

For then he will not have compromised.

He will not have regressed to the mean.

He will not have taken a file and softened the edges of his masterpiece in an attempt to trade a sense of loneliness for camaraderie and belonging.

Rare is the man who does not compromise. No matter how successful he may be.

For standing alone in the wilds of Antarctica is a daunting prospect.

It is not for the faint of heart.

To my eye, the only category is the one that a man Creates.

Without a human for miles in any direction.

Rabidly alone.

In deafening silence.

A light unto himself.

Namaste.

There Are No Business Problems. Only Human Problems.



An excerpt from a private dialogue . . .

Industry Leader (L)

Myslef (M)

L: This has been a problem for some time. And we haven't found a solution for it. What do you propose we do?

M: The Truth is rarely found head-on.

L: What do you mean?

M: Asking for a solution is false bait. For it assumes that the problem that has been presented is, in fact, the true problem.

L: Then what is the true problem?

M: It would do me no good to speak it. It would do you no good to hear it.

L: Why is that?

M: Because the very instant that I mention the problem, you will begin to think of a solution.

L: But problems are meant to be solved.

M: Perhaps if you are playing trivial pursuit. But the real problems in business are not trivial pursuit. Nor are they “business” problems. They are human problems.

L: And how do we solve these human problems in our

business?

M: This requires a different quality of search. A search for the end of all problems.

L: The end of all problems?

M: Yes.

L: Is there such a thing?

M: May I ask you a question?

L: Yes.

M: You ask if there is such a thing as an end to all problems. I ask you if there is such a thing as a solution to a given problem.

L: Can you please explain?

M: For how many years have you been doing this?

L: Searching for solutions?

M: Yes.

L: Forty-two years.

M: And after forty-two years, each problem that you have solved has been followed by another problem. Is this not correct?

L: Yes.

M: You question the practicality and possibility of arriving at an end to all problems. A concept that you have never considered. But the approach with which you have forty-two years of experience leaves you endlessly spinning your wheels. And that approach you do not question at all.

L: I'm not sure what to say to that . . . This is just the way it has always been done.

M: I understand.

L: What you are then saying is that the problem is not the problem.

M: This is indeed what I am saying.

L: Why do we do this?

M: You have asked a sincere question. I will give you a sincere answer. The reason that humans do this is because they have little interest in permanence.

L: Permanence?

M: Yes. They have very little interest in arriving at the Ultimate.

L: Why?

M: If you live within a particular river, you become swept along by the momentum. It would be counterintuitive to question this river. It would be abnormal to question the momentum.

L: What does the river signify?

M: The culture in which you live. The society that you call home. The environment that has shaped your momentum.

L: What you're saying is to do things differently than everyone else. Which is something I've always done. And it's led me to the accomplishments I've garnered.

M: I understand. And you are not incorrect. But you have done things differently only with regard to the details within this river. Consider this. If you have garnered this level of success by changing only the details, what would be the result of changing the direction of its entire flow?

L: This would be a game-changer.

M: Is this not what you seek?

L: Absolutely . . . It's funny, I've always been told that I'm too ambitious. But, ironically, what you are saying is that I'm not ambitious enough!

M: The question of whether ambition serves a man or hinders him is a matter for another time. But if one does subscribe to ambition, is he not a pretender if he does not take this ambition to its ultimate heights?

L: Absolutely. I'm all-in. Where do we go from here?

M: What is it that you want?

L: Everything.

M: Then we will approach matters from the standpoint of

permanence.

L: Meaning, not to find the solution to one problem, but to all problems?

M: Yes.

L: Now that I consider this idea, why wouldn't everyone want put an end to all their problems?

M: Because without problems, the room of one's life becomes intolerably empty.

L: But empty in a good way.

M: Empty in a disarming way. Freedom is welcomed by a few. But frightening for most.

L: For me, the very prospect of bringing an end to all my problems is a Utopia. Just thinking about it makes me inspired.

M: We will begin tomorrow.

L: Excellent. But would you mind giving me a sneak preview of how we will begin?

M: We will begin with the mother of all your problems. The one that has been eroding your base foundation for most of your adult life. You know of the problem of which I speak.

L: Yes I do.

Namaste.

The Innocent Journey



The Journey that a man takes in his profession or his craft is not a journey through his profession or his craft.

It is a Journey through his Mind.

The Journey that a man takes through his mind is not just a journey through his mind.

It is a Journey through the tempest of Desire.

This is the Real journey that one is on.

It is a journey of what he will get.

It is a journey of becoming more.

It is a journey of self-adornment.

It is a journey of acquisition and gain.

This leads him into a deep, dark forest from which almost no man returns.

Where there is desire, there cannot be perfection.

It may be worth your while to read that again.

The desire to become a Master of one's craft is also a desire indeed.

But it is filled with purity.

It is one's birthright to Master that which he seeks to master.

In the same it is the woodpecker's birthright to bore a hole in a tree.

And in the same way it is the eagle's birthright to leave
terrestrial ground and Master flight.

That which is under one's own auspices . . .

Tends to be innocent.

That which one expects to gain from the world, the craft,
the society, the associations, and the masses . . .

Is always impure.

Impurity leads to pain.

Impurity leads to problems.

Impurity leads to frustration.

The only pain-free journey is the Innocent Journey.

The only frustration-free journey is the Innocent Journey.

A journey that is motivated by understanding all that needs
to be understood.

A journey that never leaves the bedside of examination,
observation, questioning, and insight.

A journey that is devoted to discovering the true source of
one's motivations.

A journey that is devoted to the understanding of the Mind.

For the plain and undeniable Truth is this:

There is nothing other than the Mind.

In understanding IT, one conquers it.

And in Conquering IT, one Arrives

. . . In every way that it is possible for a man To Arrive.

Namaste.

Wisdom Begets Stoicism. Stoicism Does Not Beget Wisdom



When a human sees a magic trick, he is enthralled and excited.

When the trick is uncovered, the excitement fades.

Excitement and emotion arise when something is not understood.

As it is understood, one naturally becomes unfazed.

One naturally becomes equanimous.

He does not become equanimous because it is good to be equanimous.

He becomes equanimous because he sees the whole of the thing, without any gaps in his understanding.

The wise man is naturally quiet, subdued, and largely silent.

There is a “stoicism” that washes over him.

But if one attempts the reverse, all things become disordered.

For if one follows the tenets of “stoicism,” he puts the cart before the horse, as they say.

It becomes a heavy-handed and disingenuous affair.

It becomes a doctrine, a rule, characteristics to emulate, an idea to follow . . .

Such things do not lead to a natural way of being.

They do not lead to wisdom.

Any more than following any god or religion leads to

enlightenment.

Where there are rules, dogmas, creeds, characteristics, traits, and other things to be adhered to, tried on for size, emulated, or followed, there cannot be naturalness.

Where there are rules, there cannot be Truth.

All great things do not come by way of strategy, method, or goal.

They come by way of Side Effect.

The categorization of things into parts and labels, fractures them into pieces.

The man of Truth is never a man of labels.

He is never a man of categories.

He seeks that which is nameless and formless.

He seeks that which has escaped the meddling hands of society.

To be stoic can be natural and true.

But the moment one tags it with an “ism, it becomes false.

For this suffix is a weight that the root word was not meant
to bare.

The man who naturally arrives at becoming stoic is likely to
have found wisdom.

The one who Tries to be stoic . . .

The one who follows the tenets of “stoicism,” . . .

Chases a ghost.

This applies to all -isms.

Buddha was real, genuine, and true.

Buddh-ism is an also-ran.

The wise man seeks the Original, or nothing.

For his is not a life that was meant to accommodate “rules,”
no matter how proper or lofty they may sound.

The one who does not see can never understand the one
who has seen.

Thus, the dramatic, emotional, and temperamental
individual will view the “stoic” man as a stone.

As irony would have it, this “stone” of a man is far more
available to life and to human beings than the temperamental
man could ever be.

Why?

Because the temperamental man views all things through a
narrow and clouded lens. Thus, he is forever dependent upon
hope and fear.

The equanimous or “stoic” man sees the whole.

Thus, there is nothing that can come that can surprise him.

If a man seeks the nucleus of things . . .

If he wishes to see directly into the heart of things . . .

He will have no need for the loft and pomp.

For in seeing things precisely as they are.

He will begin to see precisely the Seer who sees them.

Namaste.

The Successful Man's Path To Lasting Satisfaction



If one examines with a sharp scalpel the foundations of his desires, he discovers that they rest upon foundation of hope.

If one examines this hope with incisive detail, he discovers that it rests upon a need.

If one examines this need with the utmost clarity, he discovers that it rests upon a bed of pleasure.

Man does not truly seek Success.

For there is no independent entity known as “success.”

He seeks the trimmings of success.

He seeks the fragrance of success.

He seeks the implications of success.

He seeks the lidocaine-like effects of success, that numb the pains of his insecurities.

He seeks the feeling of importance from being accepted into the successful circles.

To seek such things is neither right or wrong.

Their only liability lies in their inability to bring Lasting Satisfaction.

The unsuccessful man seeks success.

The successful man seeks Lasting Satisfaction.

And having once attained it, it is only he who is in the position to discover that it is not success, but Satisfaction that he has been seeking all along.

Not having found lasting satisfaction, he turns to temporary pleasures. Hoping that, through volume and in their aggregate, he can patch together a semblance of satisfaction.

Not having found lasting satisfaction, he resorts to the surrogate of self-adornment.

He adorns his intellect by filling it with information from books. Information from science, philosophy, psychology, and finance. Information that he can carry with him in an invisible briefcase to social settings, and sprinkle his newfound knowledge upon his peers. This might cause them to think of him as highly intelligent. And their opinions about him give birth to pleasure within him. But having once started, he cannot stop. He must remain fully abreast of the latest trends and the breaking information lest he lose his coveted place in the social hierarchy.

He adorns his interiority through spiritual austerities.

He adorns his body through physical exercise and body-building.

He adorns his look, his image, and the face he shows to the world.

For these are his currency to purchase the feelings of pleasure that arise when others view him in the way that he has carefully orchestrated.

The Sincere man needs no convincing that such things have not brought him lasting satisfaction.

And while a continuation of them would not be wise, neither would it be wise to seek their alternative.

For this would also be a pleasure chase, only in a different direction.

Chasing pleasures does not bring satisfaction, as your own experiences have taught you.

But following prescriptions toward satisfaction do not bring satisfaction either.

To a great extent, the Non-Way is the Way.

When all roads become blocked, the one that remains is The Truth.

When all chases have been abandoned, it is only the

inevitable that remains.

Any and all attempts to discipline oneself eventually fail.

Willpower has no power in the search for Truth.

And prescriptions are the road to the sort of hell from
which few men return.

If the prize is hidden in one out of the ten boxes. And you
are told which nine are empty, the prize will soon be yours.

Do not force yourself to stop your chases. For if you do,
your chase will simply move underground.

Continue to read your books.

Carry on with your self-adornments.

Keep the information flowing into you.

Allow yourself free reign to bless others with your great
intelligence.

If you think my words to be motivated by sarcasm you
would be mistaken.

For it is critical to understand that any attempt to force the mind against its habitual patterns is to incite it.

And this is a war that no human has ever won.

What will transform you will not be a prescription, but a Space.

A space between the action, and the motivation behind this action.

As you come face to face with the realization that the actions which you pursue do not bring you that which you seek, the motivation that compels it will begin to die.

While the space between this motivation and its corresponding action will begin to grow.

This space will become your new home.

And without the slightest effort,

It will become the bosom of satisfaction you have been seeking all along.

Namaste.

Do You Seek To Be A Partial Human? Or A Complete One?



The title of this Discourse makes an implication to the untrained mind.

It implies that one should not be a partial human. And that he should be a complete one.

The question, however, is not based upon should's or should not's.

The question is genuine and pure.

There is nothing right or wrong about being a partial human.

There is nothing right or wrong about being a complete human.

It is only a matter of which of these resonates at the deepest level of your being.

I will delineate some of the differences between a partial and a complete human being.

As these differences are described, more implications will make their impressions upon untrained minds.

It will look and feel as if you are attempting to be swayed in the direction of becoming complete.

There is no attempt to sway anyone.

It is just that . . . it will likely be difficult to bear the quite catastrophic deficiencies and hardships that the partial human will be forced to endure, once these are held directly in front of his face in raw and unadorned form.

If you seek to be a partial human, your path will be the path of prescriptions.

You will avail yourself of the multitude of brightly-colored pills and ointments that this society manufactures.

You will attempt one prescription after another, in the name of “self-help,” and “health,” and “spirituality.”

You will be stricken by the diseases of fear, anxiety, pain, pleasure, disappointment, hope, anticipation, worry, happiness, sorrow, striving, chasing, failure, confusion, intellectualization, disingenuousness, untruth, lies, guilt, grief, malice, jealousy, pride, envy, and a mental chatter that will never end.

You will sprinkle ointments upon this wounds, tumors, and chronic diseases of the mind . . . in hopes that they will “get better.”

And when they do not, you will grab the lifeline of hope that the world has given you which says, “Just keep practicing. One day it will work.” Why do you believe that such a disclaimer was invented? (Think about it).

As a partial human you will be lost in the miasma of right vs wrong, good vs bad, spiritual vs evil, moral vs immoral, correct vs incorrect.

You will give decades of your life in exchange for a temporary and incremental improvement. You will take pride in such incremental improvements when they arrive. And you will drop to your knees in sorrow when they leave. For although the incremental improvements have gone, the decades of your life will not been returned to you.

You will discuss intellectual concepts with your peers. You will delve into spiritual concepts as well. And the reason you will discuss them is because in your heart of hearts you know that discussion is all you really have. You know in your heart of hearts that none of the things that you so intently discuss will ever be a part of your living experience.

And then you will die.

With questions that have not been answered.

Having lived a life in which, even on your dying day, you never came to know The Truth.

And never managed to arrive at Freedom.

If you seek to be a complete human, you also will have succumbed to anxiety, sorrow, striving, confusion, pain, pleasure, and disappointment . . .

But these will not be your permanent state.

You will have the eyes to see that prescriptions are not your path. For they have not held you in good stead. That they have abandoned you in your time of need.

If you seek to be a complete human, the path of Truth will be available to you.

The Mind will fight you. But it will eventually run out of fuel. It will not be able to survive in its Kryptonite: Sincerity.

You will learn The Truth behind the conquering of involuntary thought. And thought will eventually leave you without you having to do a thing. When you need to think, you will think. When you do not need to think, you will not.

Pain, pleasure, anxiety, confusion, sorrow, disappointment and all the rest will begin to dry up like leaves in an Easterly wind.

They will become a thing of the past.

For they are a part of the mind. And the mind is no match
for The Truth.

If you seek to be a complete human, you will begin to see
things as they truly are. Without the pains of needing to have
them as you would like them to be.

For it is these very preferences that perpetuate the pain that
you experience.

You will not see yourself as you once did. For your self-
image will begin to disappear.

And when it does, you will become as powerful as the
wind. Impenetrable by any assault.

You will become as nature intended for you to be.

You will avail yourself of all the powers it invested you
with.

And you will become Complete.

You will become the living embodiment of the fact that

Man Is God.

Rather than the lowly creature who pretends that he is not.

Namaste.

The Truth About Mentors



A mentored man moves through life with clipped wings.

The wings are clipped in a way that gives him the illusion of flight. As his feet never leave the ground.

A man who assumes the role of “mentor,” is in a precarious position.

Though rare is the man who recognizes the precariousness of it. And it is this very fact that leads to the imprisonment of the one whom he “mentors.”

A human being who is a world class artist at his craft does not precisely know how he does what he does.

He senses a breath of wind when the forecast calls for none.

He sees a sparkle on the horizon that is invisible to the naked eye.

He feels that the time is Now when all the experts and the parameters state the opposite.

A world class artist is a man of Truth.

His interiority is tuned to the rotation of the earth.

He is what any sane mane would deem . . . Insane.

There is most certainly a fine line between genius and insanity.

Perhaps, in the end, genius proves itself to Be insanity.

When a world class artist is asked how he does what he does . . .

When he is asked for “advice,” . . .

He is put on the spot.

What he does at this critical juncture will prove his worth,
or lack thereof, as a mentor.

If he speaks The Truth, he will be a reliable guide.

If he succumbs to the pressure of the moment, he will not.

The great irony is that if he speaks The Truth, he will no
longer be sought out as a mentor.

And if he succumbs to the moment, his phone will not stop
ringing.

If he speaks The Truth, he will state in no uncertain terms
that he does not quite know how he knows what he knows,
and how he does what he does.

If he feels the pressure of having been put on the spot, he
will begin to provide a semblance of an explanation as to how
he does what he does.

And in doing so, he will have lied. For he will have groped
within the dark and mysterious corridors of his talent in order

to scrape together a few “highlights.”

He will attempt to reduce his talent into the medium of words.

He will attempt to make that which he himself does not understand, understandable to those who are putting him on the spot.

When the music begins, he will begin to sing.

When the lights go on, he will begin to dance.

And he will provide for the crowd precisely what they are seeking:

An entertainment.

One may learn all there is to know about the human skeleton. But knowing the skeleton is a far cry from knowing
The Human Body.

One may learn all there is to know about the X's and the O's. But knowing the X's and the O's is a far cry from learning The Alphabet.

One may learn all there is to know about painting a woman's face on a white canvas. But painting a face on a white canvas is a far cry from painting it in such a way that makes the eyes of that woman look into soul of the one who passes by it.

Human beings tend to believe that True Knowledge can be had in bullet points.

Human beings tend to believe that it is the “physicality” of a movement leads to reproducible outcomes.

Human beings tend to believe that advice and mimicry lead to a prowess identical to the one who is advising, and the one being mimicked.

How cosmetic and shallow are the ways of this world.

How skeletal is its understanding.

The man who seeks a mentor, deserves one.

The man who seeks a mentor is engaging in a clever attempt to “buy success.”

Are there things that one can learn from a mentor?

Yes.

But the most valuable things to be learned are not “information,” but things that are Anti-Informative.

A man gains far less value from learning “how something is done,” than from “how difficult it is” for the world class artist to explain how he does it.

Straight lines give only the illusion of straightness.

A cause and effect that is visible to the naked eye is, in truth, a coincidence.

The one who is ripe for learning is the one seeks not The Way.

The one who is truly able to teach is the one who IS the teaching.

Namaste.

Through The Eyes Of A SELF



Humans do not truly See.

They see themselves trying to see.

Humans do not truly Do.

They see themselves trying to do.

Between a human and a thing lies a presence.

Between a human and a thing lies a prism.

This presence . . . this prism . . . is The Self.

There are always at least three presences in the room.

Never just two.

The question is not what to do with this Self.

The question is not how to get rid of this Self.

The question is not how to love this Self.

The question is not how to accept this Self.

The Questions are . . .

What is the cost of having a self?

Is it truly possible to live in peace in the presence of a self?

Is it truly possible to find freedom in the presence of a self?

Is it truly possible to live without conflict in the presence of a self?

Is it truly possible to arrive at clarity in the presence of a self?

Is it truly possible to create art and masterpieces in the presence of a self?

Is it truly possible to Live . . . in the presence of a self?

In the presence of a self, the slightest tremor feels like an earthquake.

In the presence of a self, there is constant anxiety and fear of what will happen to this self.

In the presence of a self, there is a 24-hour surveillance required to watch over this self.

In the presence of a self, there is a minute-by-minute appraisal of its condition and its feelings.

In the presence of a self, there is a lifelong struggle to improve it and adorn it.

Looking at the world through the eyes of a self, one sees only likes and dislikes.

These likes and dislikes give rise to “good” and “bad.”

Good and bad give rise to affinities and aversions.

Where there are affinities and aversions, there must be anxiety and fear.

It would not be wise to seek a solution to the problem of the self.

For the seeking of a solution will be yet another chase to garner more good feelings for the very self that one claims to be the problem.

There is no solution.

Does this mean that one must live in fear and anxiety forever?

It is not for me to say.

I will only say that there are those who quietly accept this fate.

And there are those who do not.

It is not a question of willpower or determination.

Nor is it a question of what is right or what is good.

It is simply a matter of looking at the issue square in the face, and seeing what arises within one's interiority.

It would not be wise to condemn the self.

For where is the wisdom in condemning something that does not exist?

Nor would it be wise to attempt to convince oneself that the self does not exist.

For where is the wisdom in introducing yet another self-conflict?

Does the self truly exist?

It does not exist. But this is of little importance.

For any such claim would fly in the face of one's own perceived experiences.

It would go against all that a human has been told and has lived with for his entire life.

A human has made a home within this self. He has created
a life for himself within its walls.

What does it matter to him if it exists or not, if somehow he
has wished it into existence?

Through the eyes of a self, life is up one moment and down
the very next.

This is verifiable by every living human being.

Why is this the case?

Because the self is an ocean of likes and dislikes.

Would it seem realistic that its encounters would be limited
to only the things that it “liked?”

The laws of probability alone would make this an
impossibility.

The self bumps into walls throughout the entire span of its
existence.

A kind word and the self becomes happy.

A harsh word and the self becomes upset.

The self lives in a world of light and dark shadows.

As it goes, so the human goes.

If there were no self, everything in a human's life would
be . . . Perfect.

But this, for most, would be a little too much to bear.

Namaste.

Letters To A Young Siddha - What The World Thinks Of You



Dear Siddha,

As you move through life, the world will weigh heavily upon you. Most specifically, the weight of the world's opinions about you.

For many years, you will not notice the effect that it has had upon you. You will not see the behaviors that you change in order to appear a certain way. You will not notice the change in your tone when speaking to one individual versus another. You will not detect the subtle insecurities that you

attempt to hide when conversing with a member of your family.

It is most ironic that it is in your family that you will feel the greatest weight of worldly opinion. You will attempt to garner, that which “should” come for free.

You will seek to be adored by your children. You will attempt to appease them through behavioral and monetary means. You will attempt to show kindness to them even when you do not feel it is warranted. You will attempt to demonstrate humility by speaking of your own faults. You will attempt to demonstrate accountability by owning up to your own mistakes. And though this will seem noble to you, it will create within you a heavy wind of resentment when your demonstrations do not have the effect that you hoped for.

No matter how “good” you may try to be, once they reach a certain age they will never again view you as they once did.

They will belong more to the world than to you.

When they were young, they longed for your attention. When they grow up, you will long for theirs. And both of you will be imperfect with your timing.

They will say some things to you that will bring you great

joy. They will say other things to you that will make you doubt that they are your children.

And as the years pass, you will begin to wonder in the quiet of your room, if they were ever really “yours” at all.

Your spouse will have your best interest at heart. But you will reach a quiet compromise in which little is truly said. The weight of all the years will be heavy between you. Each smile will be laced with pain. Each pain will be lined with hope. You will live as “related beings” more than you will live as independent ones.

Your friends will be more acquaintance than friend. They will serve as a relief valve for the pressures of life. If you happen to find a “friend” that is by your side through anything and everything, you will have found a small fortune. But it would not be wise to hope for such a thing.

You will claim that you do not care what people think of you. But it will be this very statement that exposes your disingenuousness.

The Truth is that everyone who claims to love you is but a situation away from hating you.

Those who gloriously praise you today are the ones who are most likely to condemn you tomorrow. For extremes in one direction, very often beget extremes in the direction opposite.

You will seek the world's approval. You will seek your family's validation. You will seek your friends' praise.

And although you will likely receive some of this, it will never be quite enough. For the mind is a craving machine.

Each ounce of praise you receive, will be matched by a pound of criticism. There is no ill will in this.

In order to understand this you will have to understand that praise and criticism are both unnatural things. No human being is as "happy for you" as they say. And none of them are as critical of you as they appear.

If you are sensitive and acutely aware of the effects that the world is having upon you, you will begin to see the way out.

You will naturally arrive at the conclusion that the world's praise creates pride, and the world's criticism creates animosity. And neither of these will allow you a moment's peace.

You will begin to slowly see that one's own life is too

heavy to bear the weight of another.

You will come to see that human beings are caught in a struggle to survive. “You” are simply someone they happen to comment upon as they come up for air while drowning in life’s turbulent tide.

Some days your spouse will scorn you. Other days she will caress you.

Some days your children will betray you. Other days they will embrace you.

And if you crave one of these types of days, while fearing the other, you will live in perpetual turmoil.

For the number of “pleasant” days tend to be rather astoundingly outnumbered by the “unpleasant” ones.

If you seek Truth, you will eventually come to see that all the games that you have been playing are games that no man can ever win.

In seeing this, you will one day quietly leave all the games behind.

And perhaps you will, for the first time in your life, be able to watch and interact with all humans in peace and freedom.

Because, for the first time in your life, you no longer need anything from them.

Namaste.

The 2,356th Day: The Day You Have Been Waiting For



How do I say this . . .

How do I tell you that your tomorrow's will be precisely as
your yesterday's and today's.

How do I tell you that your “hope” for a better tomorrow is
the only thing you have left. And, the reality of the situation
is, “hope” actually isn’t anything at all.

“Hope” is a leaf in the wind, and lint in the miniature

pocket that lines the front pocket of your jeans.

As the words of this discourse begin to take shape, your Mind will move through different Thought Spheres.

(More on Thought Spheres another time. Please do not send me an email).

Your mind may tell you that by telling you that your tomorrow will be the same as your yesterday, I am trying to “motivate” you.

Your mind will tell you that I am playing “reverse psychology.”

I think by now it has become abundantly clear to those who follow my work that I do not subscribe to psychologists or psychology. Or guru's or motivational speakers or golf swing instructors or priests or sports psychologists or self-help books or anything else. If there is any form of “helper” I have left out, please add him to the list as well.

I believe no one.

I trust no one.

I put faith in no one.

I subscribe to no one.

I follow no one.

All societal tenets are bumper stickers.

All societal concepts are lies that have been recycled throughout the centuries.

This being the case, I do not think it will be difficult to accept that I am not playing a game of “reverse psychology.”

Human beings use Time as a wishing well.

Since they do not know what is going to happen tomorrow, they fill this “not-knowing” with heaps of hope and anticipation.

As each tomorrow comes, and reveals its true colors, they ignore it and look forward to the next tomorrow.

As long as there is another tomorrow, there is still “hope.”

This is how human beings think.

And even as I write these words, there are many who are reading this that will wonder “what is wrong” with this.

After all, this sort of philosophy is the staple diet of motivational speakers.

Let us enter the domain of Reality, as unpopular as it may be to do so.

Imagine that you have 10,000 more tomorrows. As you hang on for dear life to this idea called “hope,” you will keep looking for the next “good” tomorrow.

Imagine that on the 2,356th tomorrow, something “good” happens to you.

A few things will happen on this day.

First, your mind will say, “Ha! See? My tomorrows are NOT like my today’s.”

Second, your mind will bet any and all chips that remain on the roulette wheel of “hope.” After all, look what happened today!

But in succumbing to the mind's antics, what you will not have realized is that this “2,356th day” has happened several times before.

Do you understand?

Allow me to share with you a golf analogy.

When a tour player makes a 40-foot putt, the crowd cheers, the commentators cheer, and the players cheer.

When a tour player makes a hole-in-one, the crowd cheers, the commentators cheer, and the players cheer.

Why do they cheer?

Do they cheer in order to celebrate how “great” this golfer is? (If he was so “great,” why does he not make Every 40-footer?)

Do they cheer because there is something special about a 40-footer that they lie in bed dreaming about?

Certainly not.

Then why do they cheer?

They cheer because a 40-footer going into the hole is so
Rare.

They cheer because this “successful” 40-footer stands in as
a bright red triumph in a bland and monochromatic ocean of
Failures.

This is why they cheer.

Several years ago, my older son made a hole-in-one on the
11th hole at The Country Club of Charleston.

It could be argued that this is among the most diabolical Par
3’s anywhere in the world.

It is a hole so difficult that Sam Snead made a 13 on it
once. And Ben Hogan once said, “Your greens are beautiful,
but what you need for that 11th hole is about five sticks of
dynamite.”

I must confess something about that day my son made that
hole-in-one on Hole 11. After the ball went into the hole, there
were high-five’s on the tee box. The entire tournament field
was buzzing about it.

And as much as I wanted to say something congratulatory, I simply couldn't generate the emotion.

When we arrived on the green, I could no longer withstand the internal conflict, so I acquiesced. And said to my son, “Nice shot.”

This has happened many times before during my sons' tournaments. Hole-in-one's and hole-out's from the fairway, followed by not a single word from my lips.

Why?

It isn't strategic. I am not being wise or clever. It isn't a good thing, or a bad thing.

It is just that . . . I do not get excited by things that cannot be reproduced.

My initial reaction after that ball went into the hole was, “Let's see you do it again. Because if you do it again, now we have a System.”

THAT would be exciting. THAT would be satisfying.

Because if I have a System that produces a reliable and

predictable result, I Own the game.

This is what my entire life is based upon. Whether it is in teaching golf, conquering the mind, or discovering The Truth.

So that “2,356th day” that makes you believe that “hope” works . . .

That “2,356th day” that implies to you that “the tide in your life has turned,” and that from this day forward, all of your days will be “2,356th days” . . .

Is simply a hole-in-one.

For if we were to lucidly and dispassionately analyze the results . . .

Out of 500,000 days, there might be Twelve “2,356th days.” (This is a generous estimate).

If we look at the trajectory of one’s life, we see that there are flat lines and valleys for over 93 percent of his life. And upward ticks and peaks for the remaining 7 percent.

Each of these upward ticks and peaks are sustained or linear. They are preceded and followed by decades of flat lines

and valleys.

Tides do not “turn.”

They simply come and go.

And they “go” infinitely more often . . .

Than they “come.”

It would not be wise to share these results with an “optimist” or a “positive thinker.” For he will immediately deem it as a threat to his rose-colored glasses, and he will have you thrown out of his house.

If you read my message on Twitter yesterday, you will have been given an iron-clad Truth that every human can take to the grave:

Everything is a Scam.

And I will tell you as surely as I am sitting here now, that amongst all those who commented, liked, and retweeted this message, there is not a single one of them who knows just how wide and deep this Truth extends.

They certainly “agree” with the statement. (There is never any point in “agreeing” or “disagreeing” with me. I’m never trying to “make a point.” I’m never trying to “make you understand.” How can you “agree” with someone who isn’t telling you what to believe, or telling you what to do?)

If I were to make yesterday’s Tweet personal . . .

If I were to say that “I know that you buy the fact that everything in SOCIETY is a scam, but now let us talk about what is a scam in your very own life” . . .

There perhaps wouldn’t be as much “excitement.”

The “likes and retweets” would probably be . . . less.

You struggle to see things the way they are.

Why?

Because you have been so deeply and irreversibly conditioned by society and its minions that even your attempts to crawl out of this hole, are in fact a masked attempt to crawl into another one of society’s gopher holes.

My words will likely do nothing for you.

Why?

Because your Mind will play a trump card that you will likely not be able to “trump.” It will say to you, “Are you going to believe this man? Are you really going to believe that EVERYONE in the world is wrong, and this is the ONLY one in the world who is RIGHT?”

It will be almost impossible for you to get over this one.
The mind is exquisitely clever, is it not?

It will become even more impossible once I tell you that I don’t give two cents about being right.

The impossibility will reach a fever pitch when I tell you that there is not a single drop of hyperbole in my voice when I tell you that virtually everything that you have ever heard is fundamentally divorced from The Truth.

And the impossibility will be clinched, putting a smile on your mind’s face, when I tell you the following . . .

With deep respect for the glory that is your human nature, I must confess that in the same way that no feelings arose within me that day my son made a hole-in-one, no feelings

arise within me with regard to whether you learn The Truth or
Not.

Truth be told, I don't really try to "help" anyone. I just sink
into the deep depths of Truth. Whatever words arise, they
arise. I really don't do anything Myself. It just comes.

It just comes.

If humanity benefits, fine.

If humanity sinks into a well of conflict and despair, fine.

I do not care about You.

For I do not even care about Myself.

Because I know, as certain as the sun rises in the East, that
"the Self" is the greatest of all Lies.

The Truth is, you are going to die not having realized The
Truth.

You are going to die not having known The Truth about the
mind.

You are going to die not having known The Truth about the source of otherworldly performance.

You are not going to be Tiger Woods. Could you have been? The Truth is Yes. Without an inch of “positive thinking.” But in order to have been Tiger, you would have had to have had a particular form of DNA. Not the one that you think.

(I warn you against trying to predict what I am about to say. I warn you about trying to “cut me off at the pass.” For how can you “cut off at the pass” someone who does not Himself know what he is going to say?)

The DNA that you would have had to have had to become a Tiger Woods is Not the DNA of “talent.” For The Truth is, most players on the Tour have enough talent to be a Tiger. (You likely won’t even make it past this statement. Because you are perhaps hopelessly convinced that Tiger’s 81 wins and 14 majors are because he is more “talented” than any other golfer).

I won’t spend much time on this because it isn’t worth my time to attempt to convince the unconvincable. I will only leave you with this question. It isn’t a question I wish to “discuss or debate” with anyone. It is just a question for

Youself.

Imagine that a given professional golfer has 2 wins on the PGA Tour. If you are convinced that Tiger's prolific history of winning is primarily the result of his "talent," than what you are saying is that Tiger is 40.5 Times "more talented" than the player with 2 wins. What you are saying is that Tiger is 4,000 Percent "more talented" than the player with 2 wins.

I will leave that with you. Do with it what you will.

(If you are one who has bought hook, line, and sinker into what the "golf instruction culture" has told you, these numbers will perhaps sound "reasonable" to you).

The DNA that you would have had to have had to become a Tiger Woods is the DNA of a Natural Willingness To Entertain . . .

That the way that you have always looked at golf, and the things that you have for so many years conclusively believed, are a Bold Faced Lie.

A human being who is willing to even Entertain that his beliefs are Lies is as rare as the Hope Diamond.

Because in order to for a human being to have this exceptionally rare sort of DNA, he would also have to have the DNA to withstand the torture of coming to the realization that he has Wasted, at the very least, the last Decade of his life.

And this is not a thing that can be withstood by mortal men.

The Truth is that you are going to die without having arrived at Satisfaction/Permanence/Ultimate-ness/No-Mind/Nirvana/Enlightenment/Wisdom/ . . . or whatever word you wish to use. What will continue to happen, is what has already been happening for so many years.

What should you do?

There is nothing you can do.

Humans do not get a say as to what they become obsessed by.

What if you “commit” yourself to The Truth?

It will not work.

Why?

Firstly, because a man always defaults to his defaults. He can swim against the tide for only a few feet.

Second, because “commitment” and “discipline” are Untruths.

Yes, another lie that your trainer, psychologist, parents, and motivational speakers have told you.

There is no such thing as “stick to it.” If you force yourself to “stick to it,” it will only be a matter of time before you become “unstuck.”

How many lies do you want me to expose in one discourse? How much of your life do you want me to take apart in a single sitting? Perhaps it would be more “gentlemanly and appropriate” to take apart your life and your lies . . . Over Time.

Commitment and discipline are Forced endeavors. Anything that a man does by “force” or “willpower” is not natural. That which is not natural is never truly grasped at its highest of heights. It is a “going through the motions.”

The Marrow of a thing can never be had by way of

passenger-less vehicles such as commitment, discipline, or willpower.

I am simply stating The Truth. Your life moves in waves of motivation. And each time the tide recedes, the verve behind your understanding recedes with it.

The Truth can only be had if it strikes a chord in your heart.

The way that the barrel of a 9mm Smith and Wesson strikes the hard palate when it is shoved into your mouth.

There is no “should.”

There is only IS.

The Truth is that your tomorrows will be the same as your todays.

The Truth is that your hope and salvation for that “2,356th day” . . .

That glorious day that you think will be a turning point in your life . . .

Is actually a nickle for your troubles.

It is a half-opened packet of 3-inch gauze tossed on the pavement within reaching distance of your left arm, as a merciful gesture for the blood you have been spilling for the last 40 years.

That “2,356th day”

Is a Scam.

Namaste.

An Uncommon Victory



Student (S)

Master (M)

S: Master, how do I become victorious?

M: I cannot manufacture the motivation to answer such a question.

S: Why, Master?

M: Because the thing you are seeking to becoming

victorious in, is a pleasure chase.

S: But Master, when I watch you compete with the sword, the arrow, and hand to hand combat, you are consistently victorious.

M: I suppose.

S: How do you become victorious?

M: This question does not interest me.

S: Why?

M: Because I am not trying to be victorious.

S: Is this why you are victorious?

M: You are attempting to trap me in a corner, student. It will not work.

S: I do not mean to trap you.

M: In fact, you do.

S: Why?

M: Despite my avoidance of your question, you attack from a different angle. Seeking the same answer to your silly inquiry as how to become victorious.

S: Master, may I ask you something with sincerity?

M: If you wish.

S: Do you genuinely not seek to become victorious?

M: That is correct.

S: Why?

M: If there is any victory I have devoted myself to, it is victory over the insidious concept of victory and defeat.

THIS . . . is an uncommon victory.

S: If one does not play to win, then why play at all?

M: There is no requirement to play.

S: Why should a man play if he does not play to win?

M: He should not play then.

S: Do you not have a reason why such a man should play?

M: No.

S: Why?

M: The man who asks such a question will not be satisfied by any answer that does not coincide with his philosophy.

S: I do not understand, Master.

M: A man who questions why he should play if he does not play to win, is a man who sees things through the narrow lens of victory and defeat. He is a pleasure-chasing man. He will not hear anything that is outside the domain of this viewpoint.

S: Is not every man a pleasure-chasing man?

M: Almost all men are pleasure-chasing men.

S: Then?

M: Then what?

S: Then what advice do you have for them?

M: I do not have any advice for them.

S: But then whatever you have learned will go to waste.

M: It will go to waste if I spend it in areas in which it cannot take root.

S: But if almost all men are pleasure-chasing men, then should not your approach be tailored to help them?

M: No.

S: Why, Master?

M: Human beings are conditioned by their own beliefs. They are also conditioned to reject anything that does not coincide with their beliefs.

S: Then should you not find a way to help them?

M: Why do you ask silly questions, student?

S: Why is this silly?

M: A man who is “helped” against his will, will view the

“help” as an assault. The man who asks for “help” is secretly asking for permission to act in accordance with his own beliefs.

The one who drops to his knees and is willing to divorce himself from all that he has come to believe because he would rather die than continue living the lies he has been living . . .
this is a man who is truly seeking “help.”

S: Would you help such a man?

M: Perhaps.

S: Why?

M: Because he is Ready.

S: Ready for what, Master?

M: Ready to know The Truth.

S: When does a person become Ready, Master?

M: When, through whatever means or circumstances, a longing grows within him. A longing to either abandon the falsehoods he has been living. Or a longing to Arrive.

S: Arrive where?

M: The words differ for every human being. For one person it may be a longing to arrive at their ultimate human potential.

For another it may be a longing to arrive at Truth.

S: Master, I feel sheepish asking this question. But is there anything wrong with victories, rewards, or ambitions?

M: There is no need to feel sheepish, student. It is a perfectly acceptable question.

S: What is your response, Master?

M: There is no right or wrong, student. There is only cause and effect.

S: Might you expand a little, Master?

M: There is nothing wrong with victories, rewards, or ambitions. The question is what effect they have upon a human being.

S: And what effect is that?

M: Where there is a reward on the horizon, there will be an effect upon the human mind. The effect will result in a chase.

S: If I may ask, what is wrong with a chase?

M: It would be more effective to ask what the Effect of a chase is.

S: And what is that?

M: The effect of a chase is anxiety. A man who chases will live under the weight of hope, fear, and anxiety. Any thought or action that arises from hope, fear, or anxiety is a reactive thought or action. Any thought or action that is reactive is not Truth. Thus it is bound to create more problems in its wake.

This is a path that can never lead to permanence, peace, mastery, or one's true potential. This is a path that cannot lead to an Arrival.

S: I wish to move in the direction of Truth, Master. I do not seek to chase rewards any longer.

M: (Silence).

S: My first instinct is to ask what I should do. But I am

learning not to ask for prescriptions. Perhaps it will be more effective to ask how you became devoted to the path of Uncommon Victory.

M: I came to see that pleasure chases had no end. I arrived at the realization that external rewards were a manifestation of an internal compulsion toward pleasure. And that they compelled a human to play the game that was already being played.

S: The game already being played, Master?

M: Rewards compel a man to jump into the ring. He spends his entire life in the ring, fighting and striving and struggling.

But he never sees the ring for what it is. The reward has robbed him of the opportunity to see the game for what it is.

Thus, he sees through the dark and clouded lens of the rulebook he has been given.

For his entire life, this man has thought of himself to be a “professional” at his craft. But he never comes to realize that he does not truly know the game that he calls his “profession.” For he has always seen it only through the perspectives that the culture conditioned him with.

S: And in this man’s profession and culture, everything is a

lie?

M: Is there any way it cannot be a lie, student?

S: I do not understand.

M: As almost every man is a pleasure-chaser, must not every profession in the world be filled with pleasure-chasing men?

S: Yes. It must be so.

M: In a world of pleasure-chasers, what else can be produced other than a pleasure-chasing culture? In a pleasure-chasing culture, can there be anything other than lies? Can a poisoned well bear water that is pure?

S: No, Master. It cannot. It is now that I am beginning to see that few will be able to understand these words.

M: There is no reason to lament, student. If there is but One, it is enough.

S: I seek to be that One, Master.

M: (Silence).

S: I too wish to one day Arrive, Master.

M: Arrival lies not only in arriving “one day.” But Arriving at every step of the way. Arrival lies in arriving before you Arrive.

S: Thank you, my Master.

Only The Novice Competes



Imagine a time long ago,

When there was no such thing as a competition.

With no prizes to be won, man played the game for the
game.

Playing the game for the game, all of his talents were
available to him.

Then man became clever.

He decided to create something known as a “prize.”

It would be rewarded to the “winner” of the game.

This one act set humanity spinning on a different course.

The game was never the same.

And the human was not either.

What was once a game had now become something more.

A fight for survival.

A race to the finish.

And suddenly, man’s talents drowned in an ocean of fear
and anxiety.

What was once innocent, became “competitive.”

What was once pure, became “strategic.”

The game was no longer about the game.

The game was now about the prize.

Fellow players were no longer fellow players.

They now became “opponents.”

There is a Truth that one do well to understand:

Man does not “defeat” his opponents.

He becomes them.

This is the reason for parity in all domains.

The man who plays in order to win,

The man who plays in order to defeat another,

Becomes subject to a torrent of anxiety and fear.

A man who is under the spell of anxiety and fear cannot have a clear mind.

The man who cannot have a clear mind cannot gain access to his talent.

Clever as he is,

And given that man searches for prescriptions rather than
The Truth,

Man tries various treatments in order to clear his mind.

For the whole of his career, he suffers a roller coaster of
clarity and fog.

For the whole of his career, he suffers a roller coaster of
good performances and bad.

He never comes to own anything.

He never gains full access to his talent.

And never gains the glorious opportunity to learn how
skilled he could have been.

His entire career is reduced to a monumental distraction.

Being better,

Or being the best,

May provide a modicum of reward in the societal world.

But it has nothing to do with one's True Potential.

All things depend upon a man's DNA.

All things depend upon what strikes a man in his heart.

The Master seeks to Master, so that he may own.

The novice seeks to compete, so that he may win.

The Master does not resort to competing, for he has come to hold the entire game in the palm of his hand.

The novice has no choice to compete, for it is the only game he knows.

The Master sees that competing is a never-ending game, which leads only to an empty scorecard of wins and losses.

The novice sees the scorecard as his life. And the tallies of wins and losses as his self-image.

The Master has the eyes and the availability To See the game.

The novice is too consumed with scorecards. Thus he misses it.

For the Master, the win that comes through effort and struggle is a lie.

For the novice, winning through effort and struggle is the only way there is.

The Master devotes himself to learning the Secrets of the game. So that he can come to own it.

The novice spends his life “working hard,” because he has not learned its secrets.

Man has been sold so many lies that there is no clear cut place to begin.

He has been taught to work himself into the ground, and consider himself noble for having done so.

Understand this: There is no nobility in failure.

Everything has a Truth.

There is a way to Master even the most mysterious of things.

But it requires a Seriousness that is uncommon in the world of men.

And a purity that is considered necessary rather than noble.

Virtually all men that you meet in your life,

And with almost complete certainty, you yourself,

Are common.

Common people do not in a single lifetime become Uncommon.

And if they do, it is because they were Uncommon all along.

Truth is not for the meek.

It is no democratic.

It is neither kind nor benevolent.

It is as the lake that drowns, and as the wind that destroys.

It is as it is.

Society is a man's greatest enemy.

Coaches and teachers are one's greatest foes.

Let a man go through his entire life and find but one man amongst the millions, who will tell him The Truth.

The wise man burns his books, covers his ears, and blindfolds his eyes.

For all that enters into him, from his home to the office are an endless series of lies.

Competition is for the mediocre.

It is for the peasant.

It is for the novice.

But, truth be told, it is the order of the day in a world of men who seek to be novices.

Namaste.

Why The Rich Man Drives A Cheap Car



Is it possible that a rich man buys a cheap car and a modest house because he is naturally drawn to that particular car, and that particular house?

It is indeed possible.

But this is rarely the case.

Why does the rich man drive a cheap car?

Because of internal conflict.

The poor or the middle-class man buys what his wallet can afford.

The rich man buys what his conscience can afford.

The rich man lives under a spotlight.

But the spotlight he shines upon himself is far brighter.

The rich man lives on stage.

His every move is watched and judged.

The world has always looked at him askew.

It has spoken to him in long and awkward silences.

And the things left unsaid, have penetrated him deeply.

The poor man may feel a slight shame.

But society lifts him upon its shoulders.

For society celebrates the poor and the unsuccessful.

Because there is power in numbers.

Where there are numbers, there is growing support for society's propaganda.

But the rich man feels infinitely more shame than the poor man.

He lives in the shadows.

Feeling sheepish for what he has achieved.

Hiding behind the compulsory pillars of "humility" and "soft-spoken-ness."

That which arises naturally within a man, is True.

That which he feels a compulsion and a pressure to do, is False.

No matter how "moral or correct" it may seem.

The poor man lives openly.

The rich man lives in fear.

He indeed fears losing his wealth.

He certainly fears the true intentions of those who attempt to befriend him.

But what he fears most is the stigma of “being rich.”

The rich man who drives a Bugatti is looked down upon.

The rich man who buys an Acura is “approved of.”

What is The Truth?

The Truth is that one’s actions matter not.

What matters is their Source.

The reason that the Source of one’s actions matters at all is because they reveal the presence or absence of an internal conflict.

Nothing in this world is “right” or “wrong.”

The rich man who buys a Bugatti is neither right or wrong.

The rich man who buys an Acura is neither right or wrong.

But if either of these purchases are made upon the basis of an internal conflict, it will be certain that this internal conflict is but one of many he is suffering from.

It is this that must be understood.

The man who buys a Bugatti and drives it around town for no other reason than to demonstrate his wealth and pride is not wrong.

He is not immoral.

He is not evil.

The only significant thing about it is that it demonstrates a “need” to be seen as rich.

It demonstrates a “need” to fill an insecurity.

This is not “wrong” either.

It is just that . . . this man will suffer immensely on account of his insecurity. And this action serves to reveal to Himself and no other, that his insecurity is the source of his suffering.

The man who buys an Acura and considers himself humble and non-ostentatious for doing so, is no different from the man above.

While one is showing off his Bugatti, the other is showing off his Acura.

While one is showing off his wealth, the other is showing off his “sensibleness.”

While one is showing off his pride, the other is showing off his “humility.”

Each is a willing victim of society’s dictums.

Each is a prisoner to the plastic and disingenuous notion of “ideals.”

What is of greatest significance . . .

What most greatly impacts their experience of life . . .

Is not what they are showing off.

But what they are hiding.

And what they are hiding, is their fear.

Their fear to be seen as “this or that.”

Their fear to be categorized as “this or that.”

What they are promoting is a self-image.

And all self-images are marketing stunts.

All self-images are by their very nature, Untrue.

“Humility” is no different than “pride.”

Both are false and forced concepts.

The one who “tries” to be humble is showing off his
humility.

This is no different than the one who shows off his pride.

The rich man who buys a Bugatti because it speaks to him
is not suffering from internal conflict.

The rich man who buys a Bugatti because he openly admits
to himself that it has taken him years to become rich, and he

wishes to reward himself, is suffering from a lack of wisdom,
but not from internal conflict.

The rich man who buys a Bugatti in order to show it off to
the world, indeed has an internal conflict.

The rich man who buys an Acura because the nature of the
automobile speaks to him is not suffering from internal
conflict.

The rich man who buys an Acura because he seeks to be
“humble” and “non-ostentatious” is suffering from internal
conflict.

He is living a life of fear.

*A salacious act done by one who fully recognizes his
salaciousness, is an act that will one day come to an end.
For this man has Insight.*

*A “humble” act done by one who is under the spell of
humility, is an act that will continue forever. For this man is
intoxicated by society’s approval.*

There is no “wrong” or “right.”

The nature of the act matters not.

Its significance relates to the well from which it arises.

Whether a rich man buys an Acura or a Bugatti, the one thing that will reveal whether his action is, in truth, a Reaction . . .

The one thing that will reveal whether his action is the result of an internal conflict . . .

Is if, in his mind, he has given society a say!

Namaste.

A Few Words For Optimists And Spiritualists



I recently watched a documentary in which a group of boys were stranded in a cave that was being flooded by monsoon rains.

One of the people who came to their aid was a retired seal from Thailand.

During the rescue, he drowned in the cave flooding.

What would the optimist say to this?

Would he say “It’s for the best?”

What would the spiritualist say to this?

Would he light a candle, chant a prayer and say, “Peace be with you?”

It is indeed possible that there are people in this world whose very nature it is to put a “positive” spin on things.

This may be an effective shield from the tremors of life.

There is nothing good or bad about this.

But I wonder if the “positive spin” is done while gritting their teeth.

If a man is kicked, he may put a positive spin upon it.

If after being kicked, acid is thrown upon him, he may put a positive spin upon that.

If after being kicked, having acid thrown upon him, and being thrown in jail, he may even put a positive spin on that.

If after being kicked, having acid thrown upon him, being thrown in jail, and then being sentenced to life for a crime he

did not commit, does he have any positive spins remaining?

One who has suffered such indignities and eventually learns that there is no way out of his predicament, eventually relaxes and accepts his fate.

But this is not a positive spin.

Such a man has nothing left.

The spiritualists hide behind the empty concepts of spirituality.

One is all, and all is one.

Love yourself, love your friends, love your enemies, love, love, love.

Such things have no basis in Truth.

They are all ways of coping with the turmoils of life.

They are hideaways from the unspeakable sorrows of man.

Who can blame a man for attempting to find respite from
life's incessant difficulties?

Be it optimism, or spirituality.

But if one does not come out of hiding, he never comes to
see the Truth.

And in not seeing the Truth, one's assaults never cease.

And understand this:

Be it optimism or spirituality,

No tent secures one from every drop of rain.

No shelter warms one in every storm.

No hideaway protects one from every heat-seeking missile.

Sooner or later, life has a way of smoking every escapist
out of his hole.

The child who shows scorn and disrespect to a mother who bore him and raised him to her best ability.

The rescue worker who loses his life in an attempt to save another.

The man who is cheated by the very man whom he trusted and treated as a family member.

The man who is sentenced for a crime he did not commit.

The woman who is the collateral damage of a shooting, simply for walking by the scene with groceries in hand.

The list is endless . . .

Are such things humane?

Are they “good?”

Are they indicative of a world governed by a “benevolent god?”

No human needs your fluffy optimism.

The dead do not need your postmortem chanting.

Optimism and spirituality are but another cog in the wheel of a plastic and disingenuous world.

Is this to imply that pessimism is superior to optimism?

Understand this:

All -isms are Lies.

Is there a god?

Or is there not a god?

I do not know.

But what is abundantly clear from the evidence is that If there is a god, he is not the compassionate and abundant type that he has been marketed to be.

As the evidence shows, this has turned out to be yet another of society's scams.

Attempting to make the bitter taste sweet,

Or make the harsh sound poetic,

Perpetuates illusion and falseness in the world.

The evidence implies that Life is ruthless.

That life is neither good or bad. For it neither cares, nor does not care.

It is as it is.

When it rains, it indeed pours. And the overwhelmingly majority of a man's life is soaked in rain, rather than sunshine.

There is nothing to look forward to in this life.

If there is freedom, it lies in recognizing that every dangling carrot is a trap.

The one who does not fall for such traps, lives equanimously. Without "attempting" to be equanimous.

The greatest respite of all is in seeing things as they are. And not making them into This or That.

The greatest wisdom lies in destroying all constructs of good, bad, spiritual, unspiritual, right, wrong, holy, and

unholy.

Misfortune must be seen as misfortune. Fortune must be seen as fortune. And both must be seen as random events which do not in the slightest, make up for the pains and sorrows of life.

Is there a Truth to it all?

Yes.

There is a sort of mathematics behind all things.

But in order to see the numbers . . .

In order to stand witness to The Truth . . .

One must abandon all manufactured concepts.

Namaste.

The Truth About Marketing: Why All Forms Of Business Marketing Are A Scam



Some time back, my younger son and I were having lunch at a local Thai restaurant.

When dining at a restaurant, I typically arrive around 11am when the restaurant is empty (and quiet).

I request to sit in the far corners of restaurants, away from the bar, and the chatter and reactive laughter.

The restaurant was empty, but a few tables away from us sat a man in a white shirt and a striped tie, sitting before a laptop and a set of manilla folders. Across the table from him were the two owners of the restaurant.

It did not require a great deal of imagination to conclude that this was a marketing presentation.

I engaged in a conversation with my son:

Myslef (M)

Son (S)

M: Do you see the meeting that is happening at the table?

S: Yes.

M: What you are witnessing is a scam -in-progress.

S: What's happening?

M: The man in the white shirt is presenting a marketing strategy to the owners of the restaurant. Did you hear him say “Facebook” and “digital advertising” and “promotions and

coupons” and “spice-up the menu?”

S: Yes.

M: What he is telling them is the various ways to “market” their restaurant so that more customers will come to the restaurant.

S: What’s wrong with that?

M: There is nothing at all wrong with it. If such a thing actually worked.

S: You’re saying it won’t work?

M: I cannot be overly precise in predicting the results. But what I can certainly tell you is that there is at least an 80% chance that the money they pay him will be equal to or more than the money they receive from his advice. If there happens to be an increase in customer traffic, it will soon return to its default level. The bottom line is that if they follow his advice, their restaurant will not be significantly more successful than it is now. No matter how much money they pay him. And no matter how many advertisements and digital strategies he uses.

S: Then why is the man doing this?

M: I don't know if he believes in what he is doing or not. But whether he does or he doesn't, the plan will not work. And when we state it plainly, the man is basically looking to get a contract for more business.

S: Then why are the restaurant owners hiring him?

M: If a person wants to learn how to swing a golf club, where does he go?

S: To a swing instructor.

M: If a person wants to learn how to sing, where do you think he goes?

S: To a singing coach.

M: Yes, that's right. If a person wants to build more muscle, where does he go?

S: To a physical trainer.

M: Yes. And if a restaurant owner wants to get more customers, where does he go?

S: To a marketing person?

M: Correct. So this is why they are hiring him.

S: But you said it's a scam.

M: That's correct.

S: Why would the restaurant owners hire someone who is scamming them?

M: The marketing person might know that what he is doing is a scam. Or he might be sincere, and simply does not recognize that what he is doing is a scam. But one thing is for sure: The restaurant owner certainly doesn't think it's a scam. If he did, he would never go through with it.

S: But you are saying that it IS a scam.

M: Yes.

S: Why is it a scam?

M: Does swing instruction work?

S: No.

M: Why not?

S: It just doesn't.

M: But why not?

S: I don't know how to explain it.

M: Have we been to swing instructors before?

S: Yes.

M: What happened?

S: We start off with one thing. Then begin changing a bunch of things. And you never really have it. You have to keep going back to the swing instructor to see if you are doing it right or wrong.

M: And who was the one who said that he's tired of chasing technique?

S: Me.

M: So swing instruction is a Scam. Not because the one who instructs is being dishonest. But because it doesn't produce a lasting effect. And anything that doesn't produce a lasting effect, keeps you on the hook forever. If something keeps you on the hook forever, you will never own it. If you never own it, it doesn't work. And if it doesn't work, it's a Scam.

S: So marketing doesn't work?

M: Almost all marketing is ineffective. What this person is telling the restaurant owners certainly will not work. Thus, it is a scam.

We pass by this restaurant every afternoon and every evening. The restaurant is as empty as ever, during peak times.

We have dined at the restaurant since that time. The daughter of the owner told me they hired the marketing person. Nothing has changed.

Almost all marketing is ineffective.

Why is this so?

Because the questions that are being asked are ineffective.

Why are the questions ineffective?

Because they are not based upon The Truth.

And if a question is not based upon The Truth, the answer one receives cannot be Truth.

In order to understand the Truth about marketing, one must first devote himself to understanding human nature.

One must devote himself to understanding the nature of the human mind.

You may wish to ask yourself if you know of any marketer who has done such a thing.

Have you ever heard of a marketer who, rather than going to school or getting a marketing degree or working at a marketing firm or anything similar, has devoted himself to learning about the human mind and human nature, before putting up a shingle or trying to convince a single human being on the planet to hire him?

The Truth is that human beings do not care about what

marketers think they care about.

The Truth is that human beings do not act in ways that marketers think they should act.

Marketers are addicted to “features and benefits.” This may come as a surprise to many, but “features and benefits” are not at the top of a human being’s list of priorities.

Marketers are addicted to “price.” But “price” matters in ways that are entirely counter to the way that marketers think it matters.

Marketers are addicted to “volume.” But “volume” is about bottom lines. And chasing bottom lines condemns one to a life-long struggle of ups and downs, and often liquidation and bankruptcy.

Marketers view human beings in the same way that all businesses view human beings: Through the lens of Logic and Research.

Firstly, if human behavior is predictable, it is on account of things that have nothing to do with logic.

Second, almost all research is skewed and flawed. For

researchers ask questions that are 1) far too narrow and self-serving, and 2) do not take into account the nuances and complexities of the human mind.

Understand this: Any business that hires a marketing firm is getting relieved of their money for little to nothing in return.

To put it in the modern vernacular: They are getting “swindled.”

I will conclude with a few Truths, minimally explained. For it is not about the “instruction,” but the Essence, of the message.

The one who sells the most is the one who cares not to sell it.

The one who will never starve is the one who captivates the hearts of humans.

Captivating human hearts is not a flower that can grow in the soil of “sales presentations” and “marketing strategies.”

For all sales presentations and marketing strategies are founded upon impurity and ulterior motive.

What seems to be lost on marketing an advertising agencies is that the human being has an inner sense to detect that which is not genuine. Thus preventing his heart from being captivated.

The most glorious things in life arise spontaneously and by surprise. They arise when the conditions are ripe.

The company that seeks to make an “extra buck” is well-suited to the marketer who knows nothing about marketing. Humans, it seems, have become conditioned to ignore their truly glorious capabilities.

The wise company will understand that it sits at the center of a flea market. If it truly seeks to do something grand, there is no “marketing firm” in existence that has sufficiently devoted its life to become worthy of their telephone call.

If the product that a company is selling requires a “convincing” of the customer, rather than creating an instant and dramatic emotional reaction within him, the company will struggle.

If the product creates within the CEO’s mind, a desire to lower the price, it by its very nature will captivate no one.

A company has found something truly magical (and easily profitable) if it creates the feeling that no price can possibly do justice to its worth.

A company has a once-in-a-generation product when there is almost a hesitation to release into the market, due to how valuable it is.

Such feelings do not arise easily.

For one may fool the mind, but he will never fool the Heart.

Namaste.

The Truth About “Coaching” A Human



Coach a man to “fix” a problem, and new problem will arise.

For the problem is never truly the problem.

Coach a man to “improve,” and he will regress.

For the improvement will have been the goal, rather than the natural effect.

If a thing is purely mechanical, a man can be “instructed” to do it.

If a thing contains any element of art, feel, or sensitivity,

“instruction” will make him numb to the sensations that nature created in order to guide him.

An “instructed” man is an Unnatural man.

For he has exchanged the reliable and endless powers of the human organism, for the manufactured prescriptions of a limited human.

Tell a man to do X, and he may do it.

However, the moment he does X, he will look here and there for the result.

Anything that arrives through the intermediary of an intentional “doing,” leaves more rapidly than it arrived.

It cannot be owned.

It cannot be relied upon.

One day a man will “have it.” And the next day he will have “lost it.”

Give a man a prescription, and he will focus upon the prescription.

But the prescription is not what he is in search of. He is in search of the Thing.

And the more he focuses upon the prescription, the further he moves from the Thing.

As the years pass, something will happen that will set his journey careening off course:

The prescription becomes “The Thing.”

And the true Thing is lost forever.

Telling a man to think a certain way, do a certain thing, feel a certain emotion, behave in a certain manner, say a certain thing . . .

Is to misunderstand the nature of the human mind.

Tell a man to “feel gratitude,” and his emotions may be swayed.

But soon the emotion will wear off, and he will return to his default state.

This is not transformation.

For anything that does not last, is not worth doing at all.

All effects are the result of a cause.

A thing happens when the conditions are ripe.

If the conditions are not ripe, a thing cannot be made to happen.

If the conditions are ripe, a thing cannot be stopped from happening.

All goals are ulterior motives.

If one wishes to become more peaceful, this very goal will stand in his way.

The “coach” who tries to make a man more peaceful does not understand the workings of the human mind. Or the ways of Nature.

The man who seeks to be peaceful does not truly seek to be peaceful.

He seeks solace from his lack of peace.

The man that “runs,” runs into a brick wall.

The “coach,” having read books on psychology and spirituality, becomes clever.

He tells the man to stop running. He tells him to “live with the turmoil,” or “accept the turmoil,” or “enjoy the turmoil.”

Two things happen as a result:

Anything that arises from a manufactured cause, produces either no effect, or one that is short-lived.

Anything that arises from an ulterior motive, is not powerful enough to permanently affect the Mind.

Any intervention whose intent is to “fix,” cannot transform any human.

Give a man a shoulder to lean on, and he will lean.

He will luxuriate and gorge upon his miseries.

Give a man a prescription, and he will ask for more

prescriptions.

He will begin to operate under the false notion that there is a set of rules, which if done properly, will take him to the Thing.

If this were true, then should not the “giver” of these prescriptions have already arrived at the Thing?

Then how is it that a human become transformed?

It is a mystery.

But in order to allow the mystery to unfold, there cannot be the slightest trace of a “fix.”

There cannot be the shadow of an ulterior motive.

There is only one thing that this mystery will allow:

TRUTH.

This is where the “coach’s” journey begins.

It is at this juncture, that the road turns into a bridge that is the width of a pencil. Far below is a dark and unfathomable

abyss.

The bridge is made to bear only the weight of a single step.

The ego adds a poundage that the bridge cannot bear.
Causing the man to fall to his death.

Ulterior motive adds a poundage that does the same.

Insincerity creates cracks in the bridge, causing it to break apart.

For a human to transform, he must be led not by the
“coach,” but by the coach’s devotion to the Truth.

For it is the Truth that will lead them both.

The Truth speaks at just the right moment.

It says something just so, to just a proportion, in just a way.

It takes the coach himself by surprise.

Words that come to mind . . .

Oblivion.

Spontaneoussness.

Unpredictability.

Some ethereal combination of soft and hard.

Speaking in tongues.

Mind-less-ness.

Intention-less-ness.

In worldly success, or in the pursuit of human
perfection . . .

Things happen when the conditions are ripe.

The conditions become ripe in a milieu of No-Thought.

The coach who “thinks” as he speaks, can only speak a lie.

For thinking is incompatible with Truth.

Thus, in order to speak Truth, he must first learn to become
free of Thought.

It would be wise to understand that all great things
happen . . .

When one is not looking.

When he is not searching.

They arise from out of the clear blue sky.

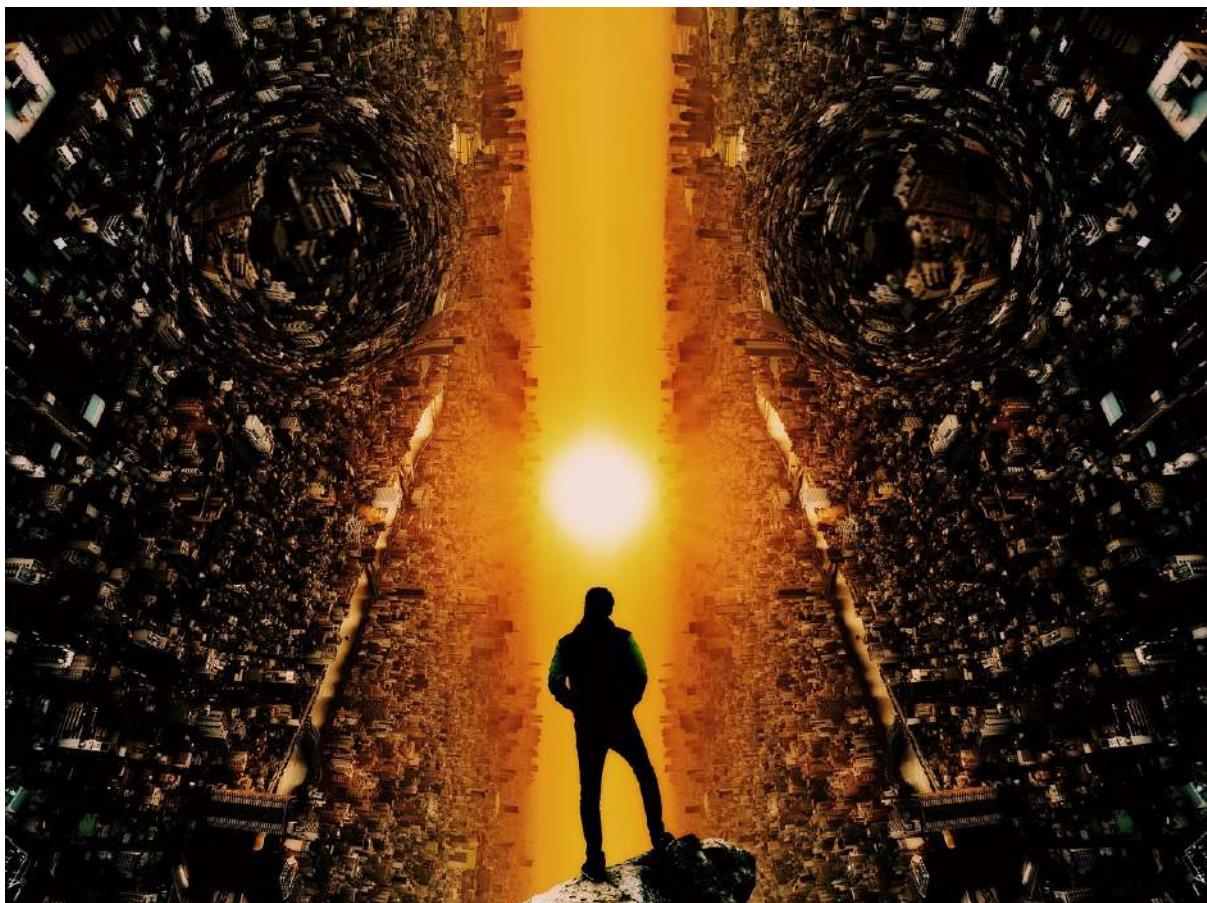
For Nature does not take kindly, to “being watched.”

It prefers to keep its secrets to itself.

The coach that is devoted to Truth, has little trouble in
allowing it do so.

Namaste.

Why One Man Succeeds And Another Man Fails



Luck and fortune are not kings, but slaves.

They are not the creators of fate.

They are the followers of man's will.

Why does one man fail, and another succeed?

Why does one seem cursed, while another appears to be a favorite of the gods?

Man “gets” what is acceptable to him.

And he is exempt from that which is not.

The man who continually fails, does so because failure is acceptable to him.

The man who succeeds, does so because failure is unacceptable to him.

It would be wise to view this as a statement of fact, rather than a source of motivation.

For a motivation that arises in the afternoon, fades that very evening.

Man defaults to his defaults.

He returns to his steady state.

He resumes the role of the main character he has signed up to become.

Any deviation from this, is temporary.

He always returns home.

The man who laments his station in life is just as unserious as the one who feels that his success is the product of luck.

All things in this life are orchestrated.

But they are orchestrated by the Truth within a human, rather than the false ideas that he chases.

Where the desire is strong, no god can stop it.

Where the desire is insufficient, no god can create it.

A man is who he is.

Until it is no longer acceptable to him to be who he is.

Should a word of inspiration propel him to higher heights, it is only because the inspiration revealed the desire that was present all along.

It did not “create” it.

A man gets what is acceptable to him.

And he is exempt from that which is not.

It would be a mistake to replace the word “acceptable” with
“like.”

For “like” is as fickle as the seasons.

One may positively abhor where he is.

But if he finds himself there with any degree of consistency, he can be certain that it is acceptable for him to be there.

For if it were not, he would not be there for long, if at all.

All things in this life arise from desire.

The Buddhist who curses desire seems to have forgotten that the most desiring man in all the world is the very same one whom he bows before:

The Buddha.

Desiring to be freed from sickness, death, and rebirth, no

less!

Man's desires are feeble and meek in comparison.

Man gets precisely what he desires.

If he is uncertain what it is that he desires, he need only look at what he has.

If he is a failure, it is acceptable to him to be a failure.

He may not "prefer" it.

He may not "like" it.

But it is Acceptable to him.

For if it were not, he would not be a failure.

And as a failure, he will be a failure to the precisely titrated proportions that are acceptable to him.

If a man is a resounding success, he is not "lucky" for having become so.

It was unacceptable to him to not to have become a

resounding success.

What IS . . . is Truth.

What IS NOT . . . is a Lie.

No man in the history of the world has ever lived without . . . that which he cannot live without.

Namaste.

Meeting The Master



I had waited years to set eyes upon him.

So many things I had been searching for.

So much I longed to know.

A strange place.

Through the dense mist.

The figure of a man, back turned toward me.

Silent.

I feel a hesitation, an anxiety . . .

Questions race through my mind.

Followed by judgments of their worthiness.

Q: Questioner

M: Master

Q: Before coming to you, I had so many questions. Now, I am uncertain what it is I seek to ask.

M: (Silence)

Q: What is it that you know, Master?

M: (A gentle sigh)

Q: I have struggled my entire life. I have attained success. Wealth. Position. Family. But I have never truly gained what I seek. I do not know the word for it. Peace. Satisfaction. Contentment. Freedom. I have never become free of anxieties.

M: (Silence)

Q: Perhaps I do not know what precisely I am in search of.
But I do not have it. This much I know.

M: (Silence)

Q: I have done good things. I have done bad things. I look at some of the things I have said and done, and I am deeply ashamed. But I do not seek absolution or forgiveness. I condemned myself. This did nothing. I forgiven myself. This also did nothing. I do not know where else to go, Master. Nor what to ask.

M: (Silence)

Q: What is it that I have not realized?

M: Truth.

Q: What is the Truth?

M: (Silence)

Q: How did you discover Truth?

M: (Silence)

Q: There is a feeling I am experiencing . . . I could sit in
this place forever.

M: (Silence)

I soon became aware of the fact that the questions that had been running through my mind were of no merit, no consequence. Empty questions whose answer would leave me just as empty.

I sat before him, in a state of . . . not knowing. A part of me anxious to ask a “wise” question. Another part of me seeing through my insecurities.

Perhaps there was no true “question.”

My entire life I had been searching for answers. But none of them had done a thing for me. They had created only more questions.

Q: I do not know what to ask, Master. Perhaps there is no question worthy of asking. I can only state that I have a longing. For what I cannot say. But it beats strong within my

chest. And nothing I have attained in my life has satisfied it.

M: (Silence)

Q: Perhaps the longing to satisfy the longing is my problem. Could this be it? Perhaps the freedom I seek is the freedom from all longings.

I cannot deny having felt . . . accomplished . . . for having coming to this conclusion. I cannot deny a certain hope that the Master would notice it, and be impressed by it.

He said nothing.

Q: I do not know what to ask. I am at a complete loss for words.

M: (Silence)

Q: Do you care, Master? Do you have any wish to help me?

The Master disappeared into the mist.

His attendant took me by the arm and escorted me away.

I asked him why the Master walked away.

He said he did not know.

I sat with myself that evening.

I could not leave without trying again.

I had allowed my emotions to get the best of me.

Truth be told, there was nothing for me to go back to. A life of suffering, ignorance, and dissatisfaction. A life of endless chases, in a world empty and futile.

Even if the Master never spoke a word to me, there were no empty chases with him. No silly games.

Even if I never learned a thing, a life free of all chases would be worth it.

I had to see him again.

This time, I would approach as a different man.

One just as ignorant.

But with a modicum of Sincerity that had blossomed that

evening, under the pale blue light of the moon.

The attendant had pleaded my case to him. Having succeeded, he took me by the arm and led me back to him.

Same place.

The Master's back turned toward me.

Q: Master, I do not seek to impress you. Truth be told, I have nothing to impress you with. The Truth is, that I do not know. I do not even know what knowing is. I do not know what I should be seeking. Or if there is anything to seek. I do not want any good feelings. I no longer have any interest in happiness. For this is a search that has consumed my entire life. And I have faith in it no longer. I do not even know if I seek answers. Perhaps I am deluding myself, but something within me seems ready for Truth.

I sat in silence for what felt like hours.

And I did not feel the pangs of anticipation that had plagued me the day before.

Then, he spoke.

M: What is it that you seek to know?

Q: I suppose I could ask you a question, and perhaps receive an answer. But what will I do with this answer? I do not know what I seek to know. If I mine the depths of my desire, I come to only one conclusion . . . I want what you have.

A long silence.

M: Return tomorrow.

(To be continued . . .)

Namaste.

The Veil



A man may travel the far corners of the Earth, and find not
a single genuine human.

Stand witness to a social gathering.

Should you have the eyes and the heart to see it,
And you will find not a single true human in the room.

Laughter hides pain.

Smiles conceal wounds.

Intelligence conceals insecurities.

In some ways, a human longs for nothing more than to be
Seen.

In other ways, it is his greatest fear.

Listen to the words being spoken.

They are a word salad.

Predictable reactions to trite statements.

Gossip.

Loathing.

Resentment.

Outrage.

Hyperinflated joy.

Forced laughter.

Mock kindness.

A husband and wife demonstrating an heir of matrimonial
harmony.

Concealing the years of discord.

The lonely type, seeking companionship.

The attention-addict, making jokes in a desperate attempt to
garner laughter as if his life depended upon it.

The “good” man, excessively displaying manners,
kindness, and good graces. To an extent far beyond that which
he would do in a non-social setting.

The “cultured” man speaking in different languages. And
demonstrating a suspiciously inflated appreciation for the wait
staff.

The “intellectual” asking others if they have read books.
Carefully choosing the titles with which he is most familiar,
so that the conversation may allow him the perfect and most
“convenient” opportunity to matter-of-factly display his
knowledge of the topic.

Every social gathering is an escape from pain, and a salacious bid at pleasure.

Humans spend their lives hiding from themselves.

It is why mood-altering ingested liquids and substances are rampant in every corner of the globe.

Ask a man why he failed, and he will spout a dozen ready-made excuses with such precision that it becomes abundantly clear that he has rehearsed them to perfection.

Ask a man why he succeeded, and he will say it is because of luck, hard work, or his intelligence.

The Truth is, neither of them knows.

But they cannot bring themselves to admit this.

The only human being who publicly says I Do Not Know . . . is the one who uses this to proudly demonstrate how “humble” he is.

There is enormous ego in “egoless-ness.”

The man who has found spirituality has not truly found it for itself. He has found within it a jewel of a possibility. He has found within it a way to sound “selfless” while secretly gaining the pleasure of selfishness.

What a great luxury spirituality has provided. It is no wonder that it has become all the rage.

“Serve others.”

“Be kind.”

“Forgive.”

“Keep a gratitude journal.”

“Love all.”

“Practice loving-kindness.”

“Conscious capitalism.”

“Be charitable.”

“Give away all your money.”

The four noble truths can be bought off the shelf for \$3.95.

The ten commandments can be had for even less.

But Buddha and Jesus are not Buddha and Jesus only in public.

Buddha and Jesus are Buddha and Jesus when there is no one around.

Buddha may speak of kindness, the four noble truths, and various other anemic and wholly impotent prescriptions in order to appease the masses.

But in the quiet of a cave, sitting before a man who genuinely seeks the Truth, his words would be very different.

Revealing Truths to the masses does not create enlightened humans.

It creates Parrots.

The desire to be “good” and “noble” and “holy” and “spiritual” is a charade.

It is, at its grain and fundament, a desire to Be Seen as such.

A human is a cowardly egomaniac.

He will sell his own mother if it would support his self-image.

There is not a thing that he does that is not centered in ego.

When he is with others, he attempts to show off, while making all attempts to conceal his intentions.

When is alone, he imagines himself being celebrated and liked by others.

Let a man examine his life with a genuine eye, and he will not find but a morsel that is Truth.

Not even the love for his children has been spared by his ego.

It is a love-like thing.

But who in the mass of humanity is ready for such raw Truths.

A man may travel the far corners of the Earth, and find not

a single genuine human.

One who is neither boastful or humble.

One whose self-conflicts, should they exist, center around his own internal detections of ego, rather than from the shame of having been caught displaying it to others.

One who is so smitten by his own insecurities, that he is devoted to discovering their sources.

One who has nothing to give to or take from humans, having seen that there is nothing they can possibly give to him.

One who lives in a quiet and innocent shame for not yet having naturally arrived at what Buddha and Jesus did.

One who believes neither in his own goodness or badness. Recognizing that any and all self-images are but shameless lies.

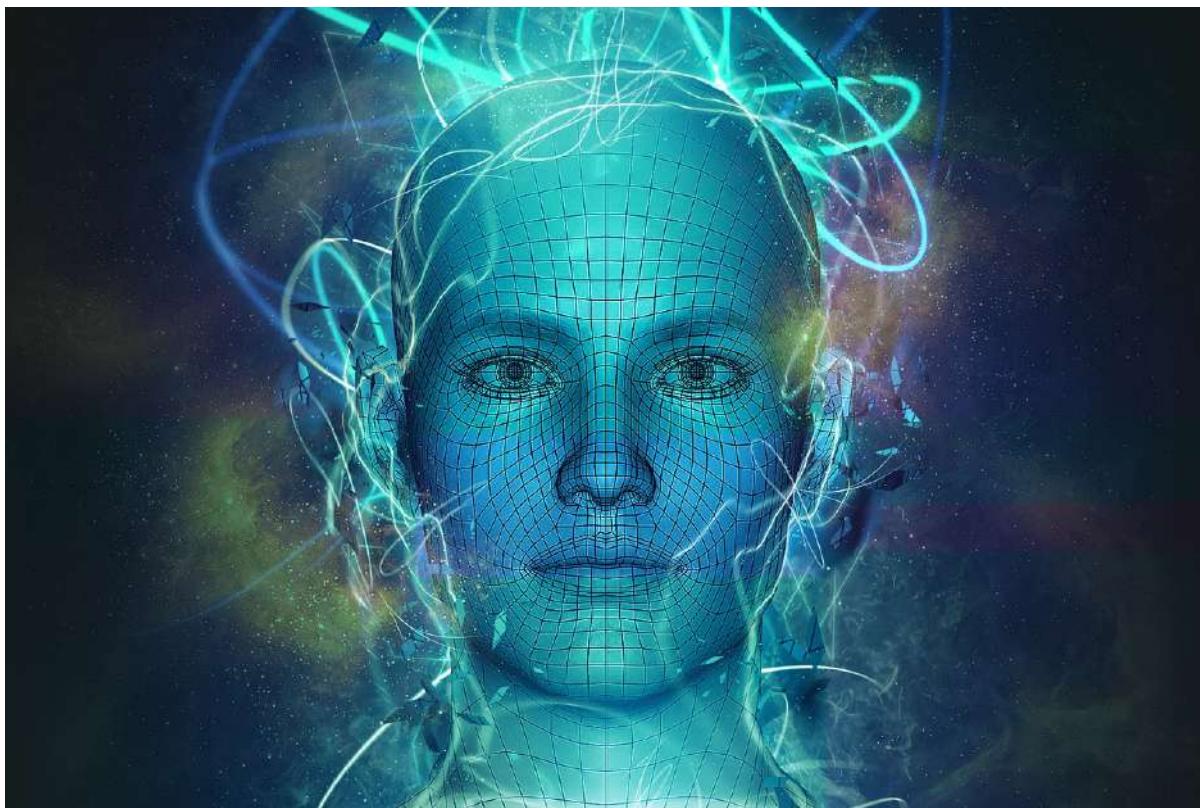
One who is so devoted to learning, that teaching happens by accident.

Having removed all veils, a man looks into the mirror,

And feels not the slightest familiarity or kinship,
With the one who looks back at him.

Namaste.

Man's Demise In The Digital Age



Technology has indeed created numerous benefits for man.

Young individuals, through coding, and other mediums have created remarkable things.

On balance, however, the digital age has destroyed the human being.

Some years ago, I went to purchase a cell phone.

This is how the conversation unfolded:

“I would like to purchase a phone.”

“What type of texting plan would you like?”

“None”

“Sorry?”

“I do not use texting”

“You don’t use texting?”

“No”

“What type of media plan do you want?”

“I don’t want any media plan?”

“Then what are you looking for, sir?”

“A phone. A device that has numbers you can dial, place to your ear, and speak. That is what I’m looking for. Do you have any of those?”

“I think we have two of those. A black one and a white

one.”

“The black one, please.”

A man once said that man’s greatest disease is that he cannot sit still.

This is Truth.

Man’s head has fallen.

His spirit has as well.

Evolution will perhaps create humans with curved necks in the coming decades.

One may wish to walk down any street, and try to find a single human’s head that is not buried in a smart phone.

Examine a waiting room, one will find the same.

In elevators, living rooms, cars, hotels, airplanes, and toilets . . . one will find the same.

The smart phone has changed the human being in fundamental ways.

Is it not ironic, that those who spout “spirituality” and “health” and “yoga” are the very same ones who cannot sit alone by themselves without a digital device?

Their “meditation” and “mindfulness” and “breathing classes” are, in fact, a respite from their 24/7 electronics addiction.

In recent years, there has been a wholesale examination of Tiger Woods’ achievements. In comparing them to the modern tour player, the numbers are nothing short of astounding.

Detailed analyses have been published, which reveal that all the talk of modern fields being deeper, and players being better, as an excuse to explain the lack of domination that Tiger exhibited . . . is total nonsense (Everything is a scam). The Truth is that the modern tour player is woefully deficient to Woods.

A few details:

From 1999 to 2003, the most wins that any player had was 8. In that same span, Tiger had 32.

From 1999 to 2002, Tiger played 11 majors. He won 7 of

them. The best total score by any other player was 34-under par over those 11 tournaments.

Tiger Woods was 94-under par.

60 shots better.

The most wins anyone had in their 20's was David Duval, at 13.

In his 20's, Tiger had 46.

Before the age of 40: Dustin Johnson, Zach Johnson, Adam Scott, Rory Mcilroy, Sergio Garcia, Geoff Ogilvie, and Bubba Watson had 67 wins Combined.

Before the age of 40: Tiger woods at 79.

From 1999 to 2001, Tiger played 38 events. He won 20 of them. During these events, Tiger was a combined 472-under par. This was 307 shots better than any other player.

These days, golfers move in and out of the number 1 spot. A few days, a few weeks.

Tiger held the number 1 spot for 6 years.

This is symbolic of the degradation of modern times. And the implications span far and wide.

If we examine the subject of Greatness in any domain, the single greatest determinant is not talent, skill, strength, intelligence, or hard work.

It is Devotion.

A man whose life is devoted to something, will not have trouble finding the requisite talent, skill, strength, and intelligence.

The reverse is not true.

Man is, by nature, a distracted creature.

Surround him with “gadgets,” and he will become all the more distracted.

If Tiger was born in this generation, there is a very strong probability that the world would never have heard of him. The “gadgets” would have no doubt competed for his attention.

It is possible that his devotion may have been strong

enough to overcome these distractions. But this is by no means guaranteed.

Put simply, the digital age has, and will continue to, compromise the Greatness of human beings.

For the necessary devotion required to become a World Number 1 in the presence of digital distractions, is far higher than that which is required without them.

Humans are now beginning to use “apps” to clock their digital time . . .

Do any of them notice the irony?

To those who vow to lessen their use of digital gadgets . . .

Do not bother.

For this is empty behavior change borne of a manufactured prescription.

Truth be told, he who is given to “competition,” will not gift his competitor a bottle of wine.

He will gift him an Iphone.

For this is certain to slow him down.

Do not use your phones less.

It is not “healthy” for you to do so.

Do not create a support group for smart phone use.

Being proud of curbing one’s smart phone use, is like being proud of oneself for not walking into a nuclear power plant unprotected.

Bobby Jones once called a penalty on himself in the US Open. He lost the match by a stroke.

The official called Bobby aside and praised him for what he had done.

Jones replied, “You may as well praise a man for not robbing a bank.”

Namaste.

A Discourse About Nothing



A person posts a selfie, or a twitter photo in which he is smiling.

What is he smiling about?

Why does he appear excited?

He seeks to give a message to the world that he is happy, or that he has something valuable to sell, or that he can “help you.”

The excitement about being excitement.

The anticipation of being happy.

Falling for the trap of happy moments.

Without the slightest recognition that it is a prelude to a fall.

What is there to be happy about?

Why should one be grateful?

Grateful about what?

Has a human really been “given” anything?

Are all things not a natural effect of a cause?

A man looks in the mirror and he is convinced that the person staring back at him is truly “himself.”

He believes that tomorrow will be different from today.

He genuinely hopes that a day will come after which all his days will be “happy.”

While clouds are indeed followed by sunshine. Sunshine is invariably followed by clouds.

Why the happiness about the sunshine, knowing it will soon
depart?

A man may think of himself as great.

Or he may think of himself as not so great.

Is one good, and another bad?

If he thinks of himself as great, does he think that life will
spare him?

If he thinks of himself as not so great, does he think that life
will go easy on him?

Is he a narcissist for thinking that he is great?

Is he humble for thinking of himself as not so great?

Does he get demoted from a god in the sky for being a
“narcissist?”

Does he receive rewards from a god for being “humble?”

Are these words not made up by humans themselves?

Does “narcissism” or “humility” tangibly exist anywhere in nature? Like a patch of grass or a pool of water?

Why the rules?

Why is one thing considered “good?”

And another thing considered “bad?”

What does one’s family truly mean?

What do one’s friends truly mean?

You will get along, you will fight, then you will die.

Nothing goes with anyone after they die.

If a man is heavily praised by someone today, he is almost certain to be cursed by them somewhere in the coming tomorrows.

Friends tend to make the greatest enemies.

A success that does not devolve into failure, at least devolves into dissatisfaction.

There is no solid ground in this world.

Particularly in the domain of human interaction.

A man does something helpful or impressive, and takes pride in what he has done.

What is he proud of?

What is he doing other than boosting his own self-image?

What is he doing other than grasping at every possible straw in order to taste a drop of happiness?

Every single human being that a man meets in his life is not someone he can count upon.

Because the human has a “mind.” And minds are fickle.

No human is a master of himself. He is a slave of himself.

What he says or does today, he may reverse tomorrow.

The mind is like the weather. It changes by the hour.

Are humans responsible for their actions?

Not at all.

Every human being is a semi-functional schizophrenic.

He is subject to moods, emotions, and conflicting thoughts.

He does not know what he wants.

He thinks that where he is going will provide him what he seeks.

He is a prisoner in every possible way.

There is no reason to trust anything in this life.

Especially not one's own thoughts.

For everything the mind speaks is a lie.

Money comes to a man.

So what?

He gains a dose or two of happiness.

So what?

Someone tells him they love him?

So what?

All of these things will either reverse themselves, or they will lose their novelty over time.

One or both of these is certain.

So why the fuss?

Why the happiness about being happy?

What is there in a man's life that is permanent?

What is there that, having arrived, never leaves?

A man lives, he roams around the earth, then he dies.

Is this bad?

Is this good?

Mud is muddy.

Is this bad?

Is this good?

What is there to chase, if the thing being chased can never last?

What is the point of happiness, if it is forever followed by unhappiness?

A man says he is more aware?

More caring.

Less angry.

More present.

So what?

Does he receive points for this?

He may say that this makes his life more happy.

But happy is followed by unhappy.

It may be that the ratio has increased a bit.

So what?

The mud has become a little less muddy.

Why the fuss?

A man is nothing.

Those he seeks admiration from are also nothing.

Is there anything in this life that is not pointless?

The most pointless thing of all is to ask, “Then what is one to do?”

Namaste.

Kapil Gupta is a personal advisor to CEO's, Professional Athletes, Celebrities, and Performing Artists around the world.

Words On A Page



Do “I” have teachings for the world?

There are no teachings.

Words appear on a page.

They disappear from the mind.

A mind empty of thoughts

Is all that needs to be learned.

A compulsion to teach

Serves only the self.

The mind that moves toward helping human beings

Is a mind that helps only itself.

In helping itself

It drifts further into illusion.

Can it be said that a human being who is given a teaching
will be “helped” by the teaching?

If “helped,” the help does not last long.

For one forever returns to their default ways of
understanding.

Taking quick and temporary detours toward “teachings.”

The Mind that seeks to convince

Is borne of ego.

If the Master understands anything at all

It is that he is alone.

He may choose to release words

Knowing all the while, that they will be not understood.

If in a rare case they happen to be understood by something
other than one's mind,

Then the understanding and the ripple effect of such
understanding will take place.

This will happen of its own accord.

There is no such thing as relationship.

There is only a communion between heart and words.

In moving through life,

Clarity rises over the hills in the distance

Like a sun that illuminates the holes in one's understanding.

With clarity comes the realization that all things in a human life are but hollow goods manufactured by the mind.

Pleasure leading to pain.

Happiness leading to unhappiness.

Teachings leading to confusion.

Relationships leading to attachment.

Man's robust desire to improve, to progress, and to do

Shackles him to a prison with invisible bars.

Reading a passage that speaks Truth,

He smiles and hails, "Ah yes . . ."

Then returns to his default way of living.

In a way, there is nothing to learn.

In another way, there is everything to learn.

Which way it truly is,

Depends upon the spirit and the nuance of one's definition
of "learn."

The Way is not That way.

The Way is not This way.

The Way lies in deciphering one's true motivation for
seeking The Way.

Here today.

Gone tomorrow.

This is Truth.

Requests arrive in the mail . . .

Asking to teach individuals

To teach groups

To teach companies

What is there to teach?

What precisely do they believe they will learn?

An “improvement” of some sort, perhaps?

A greater bottom line?

Become more “loving” or more “patient”?

Motivating employees?

Becoming great?

It seems logical that this would work.

Logic is a car with three wheels.

Outrage against the unserious masses.

Disappointment in the prescription-seekers.

Such things await he who seeks to “teach” the world.

Here today.

Gone tomorrow.

This is Truth.

Happiness today.

Unhappiness tomorrow.

This is Truth.

Fortune today.

Misfortune tomorrow.

This is Truth.

Is it important to understand this?

No.

If you reply to “my” messages on Twitter,

You hear only your mind and ego.

If you prescriptionize “my” messages on Twitter,

You seek only the pleasure of improvement.

You and “I” are both speaking to a ghost.

Ego is not.

Pride is not.

Being proud of having no ego is not.

Being proud of having no pride is not.

Intelligence is not.

Knowledge is not.

Being proud that “you do not know” is not.

Compassion is not.

Love is not.

Being outraged that these are not, is not.

Improving yourself is not.

Becoming a better person is not.

Frustration that you do not then know what you should do,
is not.

The Truth is what remains

When what is not . . . is no longer.

Namaste.

What Is It That You Are Seeking



Man spends an entire life

Knowing not what he is truly seeking.

Grasping at straws

He moves blindly

Spending enormous effort

And wasting his life.

What is it that you are seeking?

Some may say, wealth.

There is practicality in this.

For wealth affords man significant freedoms.

However, if we examine the wealthiest of men,

We find that they are still seeking.

We find that a wealthy man's life contains just as many problems as that of the poor or the middle class.

Therefore, although wealth is practical and beneficial,

It cannot be what one is truly seeking.

Some may say, love.

This is logical.

For to have the love of spouse and children brings with it great joy.

However, if we look closely at the fabric of human relationships

We discover that with “love” comes conflict, pain, heartache, and suffering.

Spouses often grow apart. Each with their own beliefs. Each with their own needs. Each with their own resentments.

Children often succumb to the culture of the world. They become poisoned by its ways. How they looked at their parents when they were children, is rarely how they look at them as adults.

“Love” thus leaves humans seeking peace, reconciliation, and wholeness.

In Truth, humans do not know love.

They know Attachment, in the name of love.

Therefore, love cannot be what one is truly seeking.

Some say religion and spirituality.

The reason that humans follow religion is that 1) they were proselytized since childhood, and/or 2) they seek assistance and solace from life's assaults.

The man who has directly found god, has no use for religion. For religion is a middle man.

The man who has not found god, never finds him through religion.

Spirituality is but a clever form of religion.

It is yet another excuse to perform austerities, rituals, and penance in search of a future reward.

If we examine the millions of meditators, chanters, and spiritualists, we see that they are all in search of peace.

Millions have cycled through this process, yet we have seen only one Buddha.

If we look into the lives of the religious and the spiritual, we see that after decades and decades of practice, worship, meditation, and mindfulness, they are still searching.

Thus, this too has proved fruitless in providing man a

permanent satisfaction.

Wealth, success, love, religion, and spirituality are some of the many straws that humans waste their lives grasping.

In examining the evidence, it becomes abundantly clear that the millions who have done this have not received what such things have promised them.

What is it that man is truly seeking?

What is it that compels him to grasp at all?

What is it that drives him to wealth, success, love, religion, and spirituality?

One does not seek to be mended, unless there is a wound.

One does not seek completion, unless there is a hollowness.

One does not seek wholeness, unless there is a brokenness.

What is it that you are truly seeking?

If it does not come by way of money, success, love, religion, or spirituality, from where will it come?

How many more years of meditation will you do?

How many more satsangs will you attend?

How many more asanas will you practice?

How many more scriptures will you read?

How many more gods will you pray to?

How many more times will you ask for love,
understanding, and forgiveness from your loved ones?

How many more years will you spend in hope?

Love, abandons.

Wealth, abandons.

Success, abandons.

Religion, abandons.

Spirituality, abandons.

What, then, will you do?

If by your own examination you find that each of these has not satisfied your heart, such that no further need arises

What will you turn to next?

The thought might linger in your mind that there is one special prescription, austerity, or practice out there

Which if you came to know it,

Will transform your entire life.

This thought has captured the attention of mankind for eons.

To this day,

Not one human being has returned to tell the tale.

For Siddhartha himself

Did not become Buddha

Until he discovered the emptiness of all austerities,

practices, and penances.

In the end, he died a Buddha.

While the ascetics who attempted to prescribe austerities to
him

Died as ascetics.

What is it that you are seeking?

Be wary of answering quickly.

For if you do, it will be your mind that has spoken for you.

This is the reason you have been led on so many wild goose
chases.

What is it that you are seeking?

Be wary of answering “me.”

For doing so, will be an act of the ego.

Which has not the capacity to satisfy any human.

What is it that you are seeking?

You may not know where it is.

But wisdom lies

In knowing where it is not.

What is it that you are seeking?

You may be neither serious or sincere.

But sincerity lies

In abandoning pretensions that one is sincere.

What is it that you are seeking?

What is it?

Namaste.

To Those Who Visit Retreats, Coaches, And Meditation Instructors



This public discourse is for One Particular Human.

The one who it is for, will understand.

Those of you, whom after reading this public discourse, remain confused, outraged, or feel that you are trying to be led away from retreats, coaches, and meditation instructors . . .

This discourse is not for you.

I will now speak to that One Particular Human.

You have been searching all your life.

You do not know exactly what it is that you have been
searching for.

You have ascribed many words to it: meaning, purpose,
happiness, peace, freedom, contentment, satisfaction . . .

But none of these truly describes it.

For decades you have grasped at various modalities.

You have practiced austerities.

You have read self-help and spiritual books.

You were turned on to meditation by those who spout
words from the East.

And you thought to yourself: “Perhaps this is the way.”

You have gone on retreats, in order to be silent.

You have pursued meditation, half-lotus or full.

You have done breath work, careful to fill the lower lungs and protrude the abdomen with the incoming breath.

You have tried exquisitely slow exhales, rapid exhales, and alternate-nostril breathing in order to activate the ida and the pingala.

You have done asanas in order to increase the venous return to the right atrium of your heart.

You have recited mantras in order to bring the mind into silence.

If you are not spiritually inclined, you have hired a coach to help you in your life and your business.

You have practiced numerous activities, prescriptions, methods, and techniques.

Positive thinking, reframing, stoicism, vulnerability, chunking, gratitude journals, loving yourself, being yourself.

You've read most or all of the books recommended by the movers and shakers.

You've practiced the austerities recommended by the Buddhists.

You've done everything under the sun.

And yet you haven't reached your goal.

And when you say that to yourself, your mind has a pre-packaged answer even for that. An answer that society gave to it as a disclaimer, knowing that all that it preaches will prove to be fruitless.

It says to you: "It's about the journey, not the destination."

That is well and good. So long as the journey is providing what you seek along the way.

But it has not.

It has not for any man.

It did not, even for Siddhartha. For after seven years of prescriptions and austerities prescribed by the ascetics, he said to himself, "I am no closer to my goal than when I started."

The first thing I will say is that it is important to continue

all the prescriptions, austerities, meditation, and coaching.

It would be foolish to forcibly tear yourself away from something.

The only human beings who benefit from the Truth are those who have the receptors for it.

Those who have the DNA for it.

Those who have the ears for it.

Such a human, when presented with Truth, finds himself moving in the direction of examination.

Examining why he is doing what he is doing.

Without the slightest attempt to force himself this way or that.

A wise human being does not follow instructions or prescriptions.

He explores what he has been doing, and examines the results he has received.

If he is truly wise, he will not allow his mind to grasp at straws in order to find the slightest iota of benefit so that it may justify a continuation along the same path.

He honestly examines.

If the results are overwhelming, he remains.

If they are not, he examines why he has allowed himself to waste all of these years.

Without the slightest bit of sorrow or self-condemnation.

Such a man realizes that time is short.

He realizes that a man's life is borrowed time.

And if his longing is sincere,

He cannot afford to waste another day.

The ways of the world are for worldly men.

They are for the unserious.

Those who live their lives following rules, tenets,

philosophies, religions, austerities, and prescriptions,

No matter how ostensibly lauded or holy,

Are not serious.

For them, it is acceptable to have left this earth not having
found what their heart desired most.

Every man throughout history, who found the Truth,

Did not find it through prescriptions.

Not one.

There is a reason for this.

The reason is that this is not how anything is found.

If nature created a thing to work in a particular way,

That is the way it must be.

No matter how deeply one believes it should be otherwise.

I seek not to help you.

Or to compel you in one direction or another.

The words write themselves.

He who prescribes to you is your enemy.

For he will set you on a course which leads not to an
arrival,

And from which there is no return.

Namaste.

Truth Is Not For The Common Man



It is only man who compromises.

Nature does not.

For man has ulterior motives.

Nature does not.

Scriptures litter the landscape of history.

The Gita is read by millions.

Taught in classrooms.

Recited by scholars.

And memorized by priests and pundits.

To what avail?

It has resulted in little more than spiritual parrots.

And proselytizers.

They roam throughout society spouting, “The Gita says that you should do such and such.”

The Chinese roam through society spouting, “Confucius says such and such.”

Attempting to reduce the scriptures to accommodate the ear
of the common man

Is to compromise the integrity of the scripture

And make a parrot of the common man.

It is akin to bringing a particular vegetable under a hot
flame,

Destroying its nutrients.

The common man is common for a reason.

He is common because he hasn't a heart that longs for the
Truth.

He is common because he hasn't the legs to search for the
Truth.

Such a man could be showered with Truth by Krishna

himself, for 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, and he would not
be the wiser for it.

For Truth requires a portal of entry.

And that portal is the longing to know, and the willingness
to abandon all belief.

The common man is irritated when he does not understand.

He is angered when things are not reduced to his level of
DNA.

He is frustrated that he is not being allowed to lie on his
sofa, and have the Truth brought to him on fine chinaware.

This is not entirely his fault.

For he has become conditioned by a society that for eons
has been doing just that.

He has been proselytized to by religions, billboards, priests,

and speakers.

For his entire life he has lived in a world that has tried to make him believe, or sell him concepts and notions.

One of the critical mistakes of parenting

Is attempting to convince one's children.

It is, in the end, a fruitless affair.

What is the Truth about disseminating Truth?

The Truth is that Truth is to be withheld, rather than democratized.

For the moment a decision is made to democratize it,

A more subtle and powerful decision is also made which goes unnoticed it.

The decision to reduce it into “understandable” terms.

A glass of water may nourish a human being.

An artistic sketch of one, no matter how realistic, will do
nothing for him.

What the Buddha found has been reduced into teachings,

Have these created Buddhas?

Krishna's words have been recited and anthologized for
centuries,

Have these created Krishna's?

Not only have such things not created Buddha's or
Krishna's,

They have not in the slightest reduced the state of man's
sufferings.

They have been reduced to comic books.

The Truth is the Truth

Because it is the Truth.

A thing remains pure

When its integrity is preserved.

In Christianity, it is said, “God helps those who help themselves.”

In all religions, there is the concept of kneeling/prostrating and praying.

In other words, a sense of devotion must first be demonstrated.

The message throughout the ages is clear:

God may very well reside in man,

But man must go to Him.

He will not voluntarily come to Man.

In the tradition of the ancient Himalayan Swami's,

Living at heights of 16,000 feet,

In order to escape common men.

The journey to see them was reserved for the man whose
desire was so pure,

He was willing to risk life and limb on the treacherous
mountain passes,

In order to see them.

The Truth is that anything of any value,

Is never for the common man.

For common is common for a reason.

The second-hand goods sold in the flea market

Is available to any and all.

That which is of great value

Is kept hidden in Fort Knox behind an army of armed
guards.

That which is democratized, institutionalized,
“conference’d,” and available to all,

Is that which has limited to no value.

The Truth,

Like anything of life-changing value,

Is, and has always been,

Kept under lock and key.

The Truth is a unique language.

It is a hieroglyphic.

It demands an internal readiness to receive it.

It requires a genuine arrival at sincerity and seriousness.

For if it is given to one who has not such things,

It will not register in his being.

It will be akin to giving a blood transfusion using the wrong
blood type.

The common man believes that he will be able to handle it
or imbibe it,

Simply by the Truth being given to him.

When it does not work (and it never does),

He will invariably ask for more and more explanations.

When still he does not understand,

He will resort to “prescriptionizing it” or rejecting it based upon his beliefs.

This society is created by the common, For the common.

It celebrates the common man.

It caters to him.

And all men and industries follow suit.

This, then, gives birth to more and more common men.

If the world catered to the Rare men,

There would be more rare men.

The common would have to become rare,

Or perish.

In all things,

Be it nature or the world of men,

One gets what he selects for.

The Truth is the only thing there is.

It is the fresh snow that falls undisturbed in the outer
reaches of the Tibetan plateau.

In a land that sees not the hand of man,

Or his heavy footprint.

Namaste.

Mastering The Game



A man begins with a dream.

He sees others who have achieved this dream.

He enters the environment of those who are pursuing the same dream.

In this environment, there are many complex forces afoot.

Forces that he will likely never realize.

If he is of a particular DNA, he will realize them.

But it will take many years to do so.

Everything in this environment,

From the methods pursued

To the techniques touted

To the language that is used

To the lingo that is created

Are a slow-moving tide that moves against this man.

This environment

Is fundamentally

An environment of struggle.

The vast majority who live in this environment

Never achieve their dream.

They struggle for their entire lives,

Eventually dropping it to pursue “real jobs.”

This environment is known as The Culture.

Each discipline and every field

Has its own culture.

A culture moves against a human.

It is a thick dark cloud of beliefs, opinions, showmanship, nepotism, old wives tales, and untruths.

It is founded upon ideas touted by scientists, experts, researchers, practitioners, and the experiences of those who have been a part of the culture for their entire lives.

A culture is a stagnant pond.

It attracts vermin, flies, and mosquitoes.

The water never flows.

The air never moves.

All cultures are based upon profound untruths.

Fundamental inconsistencies that move against the progression of man.

It is this invisible force that is responsible for the fact that less than 1 percent in any field become truly elite.

The elite do not become elite because of the culture.

They become elite despite it.

A man finds himself doing what others in the culture do.

He finds himself struggling in the same ways.

And he finds himself commiserating in the same way.

These are soldiers who are fighting an enemy that they do not know exists.

Some of what the culture says seems intensely logical.

That which does not seem logical, the man is instructed to take on faith.

Realizing that he has not achieved his dream,

And being given examples of the few who have,

He has little reason not to take their word.

He enters the world of competition

He asks the questions already being asked

He plays the game already being played

And becomes a struggling cog in the wheel.

What is The Truth?

The Truth lies beyond all cultures.

The Truth cannot exist in any group, institution, method, or technique.

The Truth lies in Seriousness.

And away from the pleasure of reward.

Every game addles into complexity.

Once touched by the hand of man,

It becomes what it was never meant to become.

It becomes work,

It becomes a striving,

It becomes a chore.

Such is not the way to Mastery.

Mastery lies in reducing the game into its simplest elements.

It lies in identifying the game for what it truly is.

This, in itself, can take a man decades.

For his eyes have become so accustomed to the smoke of
convention,

He has become color blind to the Truth.

The conditioned man cannot See.

What is the game?

And what is it not?

What does the game ask?

And what does it not care about?

What promises has a man fallen for?

What has he taken on faith?

How far from his own natural state has he strayed?

The Master is not the one who harbors the greatest technique.

The Master is he who has spent his years understanding the true nature of the game.

In every field,

Business, sport, and otherwise . . .

There is almost no one who understands the nature of the game.

For man is a creature who has been conditioned to “act.”

He is a creature who has been conditioned to seek instruction, and progress, and compete.

He has never given himself time to truly examine.

Golf is not what a man thinks it is.

Nor is baseball.

Nor is marketing.

Nor is finance.

Nor is spirituality.

Nor is . . . anything.

A man who does not understand the game,

Has only one option:

Fight and compete.

The man who understands the game

Asks fundamentally different questions.

Thus, giving birth to a path through back doors

Unavailable to the rest.

The Game must be discovered with innocent eyes.

With an unencumbered mind.

Through an unprescribed vantage point.

There are things that veterans of the game

Will never come to know.

For their eyes of innocence were lost long ago.

The Truth is that nature gave man

What no culture can ever give him.

It is here he must begin.

For what awaits him

Is beyond the comprehension of the conditioned lot.

And beyond any dream,

He has ever dared to dream.

Namaste.

Only The Serious Arrive



This world is composed of the Unserious.

Society is created by the Unserious.

Lost in the feverish pursuit of pleasure.

Intoxicated by society's liquors, and mesmerized by its
neon lights.

From electronic emails that litter my inbox

To reflexive replies to my writings on social media.

How do I do this?

How do I get that?

Why am I not fulfilled?

How do I get rid of my fears?

What methods do you recommend?

The Truth is, whatever a man does not have

Is due to a lack of Seriousness to achieve it.

This will incite the legions of unserious humans.

They will protest:

But I have worked hard!

I have tried and tried!

I have sacrificed this and that!

You can't tell me I'm not serious!

There is great luxury in failure.

So much so that society has endorsed this idea, and lifted
the failing man upon its shoulders.

What else can it do?

If society is filled with the unserious, this is the only thing
it can sell.

For no society can sell what it does not possess.

If a man possesses only a heap of mud,

He has no other choice than to package and sell this heap of
mud.

The poor man is unserious.

He possesses the fortitude to rise above his property.

But the unserious stories he tells himself,

And the unserious ones that society tells him,

Keeps him doomed to a life of poverty.

The rich man is unserious.

He possesses the fortitude to become free of his anxieties.

But his unseriousness drives him to seek prescriptions from
the world of self-help, spirituality, and motivation.

Because of his unseriousness, these things seem attractive
to him.

He fails to realize that the very thing that made him a

success was ignoring such empty prescriptive modalities.

The unserious man thinks to himself,

“Everyone is saying this and that. The new thing is mediation, let me try that. The new thing is stoicism, let me try that. All the movers and shakers are trying it. It is being touted on all the latest podcasts. The latest best-sellers are recommending mindfulness and morning routines. Yes, I will try these things. Maybe they will take me where I wish to go.”

The Truth is, the types of things that one is attracted to are defined by his level of seriousness.

The quality of questions one asks, is a product of his level of seriousness.

Siddhartha essentially said, To hell with bodily mortification, meditation, and prescriptions. I am going to sit under the Bodhi tree and devote myself to enlightenment. My

flesh may rot, and my bones may break. If I die, so be it. But one of these two things will happen: Enlightenment or Death.

Make no mistake. Siddhartha's enlightenment was not the result of sitting under a Bodhi tree. It was the result of his Seriousness.

An act is an act.

Anyone can act.

Anyone can follow an act.

But the act does not create the result.

If the act created the result, then anyone could sit under a Bodhi tree as Siddhartha did, and become enlightened.

Attracted by such silly ideas, people buy books that tell them to "mimic" the behaviors of successful people.

Behavior does not make a man.

Behavior is a byproduct of one's level of seriousness.

One who is unserious, speaks and acts in a certain sort of way.

One who is serious, speaks and acts in a different sort of way.

The details of such “ways” are secondary.

Their quality and their nature is primary.

Can I make an unserious man successful?

Can I help an unserious man become free and peaceful and anxiety-free?

Can I help an unserious man conquer his mind?

Let us speak Truth.

Firstly, it is not “I” who does these things.

It is something that arises within me, and which moves through me.

Secondly, the answer to these three questions is, Yes.

That which moves through me is able to help even the unserious man achieve such things.

Let us speak one final Truth.

Is this going to happen?

It is not.

The reason it is not is that in order for me to help a human achieve such things, a particular level of inspiration must arise

within me.

This inspiration unlocks the gates to the powers that the
universe provides.

This inspiration releases the energy and the elixir necessary
to take a human to such heights.

Such an inspiration is not under my control.

It arises when the conditions are ripe.

An unserious human . . . does not create such a ripened
condition.

A final Truth:

Human beings have a habit of doing “a lot.”

Of “working hard.”

Of effort, sweat, and toil.

A major reason that they do these things is in order to provide themselves a consolation prize, when they fail.

Humans have been conditioned to supplant “effort” and “hard work” as the achievement itself.

This is the natural result of an Unseriousness to Arrive.

Namaste.

A Serious Human's Journey To Truth



One need not know the precise Truth.

One need only know the direction.

One need only know the category.

One need not know where Truth lives.

One need only know where it does not.

Relief from pain

Reprise from anxiety

Feeling happy

Lessening turmoil

Less of one thing, more of another.

This is all that any society can offer.

And this is why its citizens die without having found Truth.

For Truth does not reside in such things.

Practice

Improving habits

Performing penance

Carrying out austerities

Performing lofty spiritual activities and methods

This is all that any society can offer.

And this is why its citizens die without having found Truth.

For Truth does not reside in such things.

Trying to be good

Trying not to be bad

Being clever, outraged, and disingenuous about the interpretation of these two things.

Truth does not reside in such things.

For where are there designations,

Where there are rules and principles to follow,

Where there is an attempt to satisfy a label

There cannot be Truth.

The difference between the Serious man

And the unserious man

Is that the Serious man arrives at the heartfelt realization

That he has not been Serious.

Is there a way to the end of pain?

Is there a way to a life of peace?

Is there a way to a life of freedom?

Yes.

But if your heart quickens to “know the way,”

It will not benefit you.

For you will be on the lookout for a ship that never arrives.

You will be looking in a place that it does not reside.

You will be looking with eyes that cannot detect it.

The way is not the Beginning,

But the End.

The end of all chases.

The end of a desire to chase.

The end of one's allegiance to spirituality, self-help, and society.

The end of the empty promises, that if you continue to do what you are doing, one day it will come.

The end of belief.

The end of opinion.

The end of intellectualization.

The end of following methods.

The Serious man is not the man who is ready to Go.

He is the man who is ready to Stop.

The Serious man is not the man who is ready to Become.

He is the man who is ready to Unravel Himself.

The Serious man is not the man who seeks Happiness.

He is the man who is ready to abandon his addiction to it.

The Serious man is not the one who is ready To Do.

He is the man who is ready To See.

For no doing can possibly match

What Seeing can do.

Namaste.

Beware The Mind, Young Siddha



As you move through the plains and the plateaus

As you journey through mountain peaks

You must understand, young Siddha

That your greatest foe

Lies not in the ground beneath you

Or in the distance before you.

A man's greatest of foes

Is one which he cannot see.

A man's greatest of foes

Is the ally he has never though to question.

It appears before your eyes

It dances in your dreams

It creates within you

Rivers and streams.

It creates emotions within you

Like a torrential sea.

Its cleverest act

Is in compelling you to flee.

The mountains before you

The space amongst the stars

These are not your final frontier.

It is your Mind that is the greatest mountain.

It is the Mind that is your greatest barrier.

Seek not the green fields of happiness

For they are a mirage of the Mind.

Seek not to face your fears

For it is not your truest enemy.

If you succumb to the thoughts of common men

Your life will have been an insult

To what you were created to be.

Seek not the favor of the world

Adopt not its ways and its forms

For this is not your path

To the True and the Beyond.

Like not

Hate not

For these are but habits of the Mind.

The Mind accumulates from the world

In order to make itself whole.

Understand clearly

That a worldly man, is forever a fragmented one.

Seek not the company of common men

For they have been ensnared by cultures.

Having not the eyes to see

They will slowly make you blind.

The Mind is attracted to the pleasurable.

Pleasurable things, and pleasurable feelings.

These will lead you to people and places

That will lead you forever astray.

Freedom lies not in doing what you like

It lies in a stark independence

From the Mind.

There is much to learn, young Siddha.

For this world is not what you think it to be.

Beware the Mind

That allows you not to See.

Namaste.

The Woman In The Red Dress



In a remote mountain resort, a woman approached me.

She was wearing a long red dress.

From the look in her eyes, it was clear she was on the verge
of tears.

She asked if I was Kapil Gupta.

After a slight hesitation, I said yes.

The woman dropped to her knees and started crying.

She started speaking about the difficulties in her life. Lost in despair. A muffled voice amidst the weeping.

She said that her life had been too much for her. Her pains, her burdens, her grief, her torments all came to the surface in that very moment.

She asked if I could say something to her. Something that might help ease her pain. She mentioned that she was afraid to ask this question because she did not think I would say anything to her, based upon what she had read and heard in discourses and interviews.

This letter is spawned by that moment in time.

Life is indeed a heavy burden.

So heavy, in fact, that man was not meant to bare it.

It is a fact.

Man has not the capacity to bear the burdens of life.

I have often said that life was not meant for man.

The Truth lies not in seeking relief from this burden.

For relief presents a burden of its own.

Once the relief wears out,

One is left to find more.

If one examines his life,

He will notice rather starkly,

That few things turned out the way he envisioned.

Even the sacred things.

ESPECIALLY the sacred things.

The love of his children turned out to be not quite so guaranteed.

The boons of success, not quite so satisfying.

The trust one placed in others, not so well-placed.

That which one thought was a sure thing

Eventually fell to pieces.

That which one thought was permanent

Eventually withered away.

Life is not what man thinks it to be.

He believes the silly positive messages that the world

showers upon him.

When the floor falls out from under him,

And the roof caves in from above,

The pain is all the more, on account.

What a man learns about life in his later years,

He never could have imagined in his earlier years.

Youth is indeed . . . wasted on the young.

Society has created generations of unserious humans.

Smitten by the promise of a bright future.

Mesmerized by visions of happiness and glee.

The woman who fell to the ground and cried,

Was not a victim of life.

She was a victim of the empty promises of life.

After helping her to her feet,

She perhaps walked neither humble nor proud.

Neither relieved nor troubled.

Armed with a modicum of Truth,

She perhaps saw life in a new way.

Not as a place in which to seek happiness,

Or a place to chase pleasure and joy.

But as a thing she fundamentally knew not.

In her non-knowing,

She perhaps became more capable than she ever had been.

Ever alert to the possibilities

Without hope or lament.

Wherever she is today,

Perhaps she has abandoned the notion of finding life.

Living with innocence

And free of anticipation,

Perhaps life . . . has found a home within her.

Namaste.

Schooling Is Raw Poison



A human being is susceptible to anything.

So long as enough of those in his field-of-view are doing it.

Humans are not social creatures.

They are egoic ones.

This ego craves acceptance.

This acceptance creates sheep-like behavior.

Evidence for this can be seen in every element of societal existence.

School is a sacred element of society.

It is a concept that has been successfully implanted into the psyche of the societal man.

Like religion, morality, and all manner of concepts devoid of Truth.

Take morality, for instance.

The man who needs a “principle or rule” to follow in order to stop himself from stealing, harming, and killing

Is a dangerous man.

He who has peace in his heart

Needs no principles of “morality.”

He could not steal, harm, or kill under any circumstances.

To do simply is not within him.

Principle or no principle.

School has been a fixture in the mind of the societal man

For reasons he cannot truly explain.

For the societal man questions nothing.

For the Truth has little value,

As compared to “fitting-in.”

Some Truths about School:

What does “succeeding in school” buy a person?

Does it buy him success in the real world?

One need only examine this for himself.

A plethora of “well-qualified” individuals who are Job-less.

A plethora of “well-educated” individuals who are
struggling to financially survive.

The employer who hires someone based upon school-
qualifications knows nothing about business, money, or
success.

As such, the one who works for such a person is virtually guaranteed to be unsuccessful.

Many of those who become successful in the world did have schooling. But their success was the result of that which they discovered on the pavement rather than the blackboard.

They succeeded despite school, not because of it.

Take the field of medicine.

Does “medical school” make one a competent physician?

If one were to take highly-accomplished physicians who have been in practice for many years, and have them sit for a medical school examination, most of them would fail.

This is simply a fact.

Why?

Because the questions and topics on that medical examination have nothing whatsoever to do with the practice of medicine.

It is quite fascinating to discover, that these examinations are not created to make one a competent physician.

They are made to created to make someone a competent “student!”

In order to practice medicine, the government mandates that a degree be procured.

The school provides the degree to be a physician. But it does not “prepare” him to be one.

For that is not its mandate, no matter what it publicly may say.

Schools are not in the business of creating Competent practitioners.

Schools are in the business of creating competent Students!

Take the topic of examinations.

Who does well on examinations?

What is interesting is who does poorly.

The ones who do poorly on examinations are not the ones who know the least about the topic.

They are typically the ones who know the Most!

For the one who knows the Most, there are many possibilities.

For the one who knows the Least, there is only One.

The ones who do poorly on examinations are the ones who Understand the topic.

The ones who do the best on examinations are the ones who

Memorize the topic.

The ones who do best on examinations are those who have the clever skill of “exam-taking.”

This is neither good or bad.

There is nothing “wrong” with a person doing well on exam because he has the talent for “test-taking.” After all, he is only doing what he is being asked to do.

However, this has nothing whatsoever to do with being practically competent at the trade for which one is being tested.

Following schooling, there are certifications, continuing education requirements, and re-certifications and so on.

These are all required to keep one’s license.

And each comes with a hefty fee.

In the end, it is nothing more than a financial scheme.

No different than pickpockets in a crowded street.

It is All . . . a scam.

Another topic that has infected the psyche of societal humans is socialization.

Parents attempt to keep their children away from harmful influences, harmful habits, and harmful people.

Every responsible parent seeks to do this.

Where in a person's entire life does he first experience harmful influences, harmful habits, and harmful people?

School!

Each morning, parents take their children into the very environment that will breed most of their future dysfunctions as human beings.

Bullying, social media addiction, smartphone addiction, gossip, social cliques, unhealthy food, foul language, and so on . . .

Humans believe that the best place for children to be is around other similarly-aged children.

The Truth is, the immaturity and impressionable nature of children makes socialization with similarly-aged children the worst possible place to be.

Nothing beneficial comes from 12-year-olds being around other 12-year-olds.

Or 18-year-olds being around other 18-year-olds.

Nothing but the potential for physical harm, psychological damage, and substance abuse.

Certainly, an environment can be created for a child to play with another child. If done Privately and Independently from an institutionalized system.

A parent who knows another parent very well, may arrange for their children to play together.

But institutions doing such a thing is a recipe for disaster.

Those who are brainwashed by the concept of school (which is the overwhelming majority of humans) will often argue that being around bullies and other harmful experiences in school prepare one for bullies in adult life.

One would be hard-pressed to find a victim of bullying who benefitted in any way from this bullying.

In most cases, the pains of bullying wear-off on their own, or the person is scarred for life. When he encounters a bully as an adult, it is in a far different context than that which he faced as a child. It is not a benefit, or a preparation. It is either of limited affect, or it is scarring.

One of the central reasons that parents send children to school is one that they do not wish to think about.

The issue of Convenience.

The working-parent must have a place for the child to go while he is at work.

School promises a “safe” place, and one in which the child will be educated. This appears to be a god-send for any logical parent.

As it turns out, neither is true.

There are some Truths about schooling that one may not wish to hear.

This can, in fact, be said about most Truths.

When a parent sends his child to school, he is sending an inexperienced soldier to war.

The child will be molded, shaped, and stamped into a thing which Nature did not intend for him to be.

When a parent sends his child to school,

The child is changed forever.

When a parent sends his child to school,

The innocent and pure child that he helped to bring into this world, is gone forever.

There are indeed ways to Educate a Child.

There are indeed ways to Preserve a child's Innocence and Purity.

There are indeed ways to help a child fulfill the talent and potential that Nature imbued him with.

There are indeed ways . . .

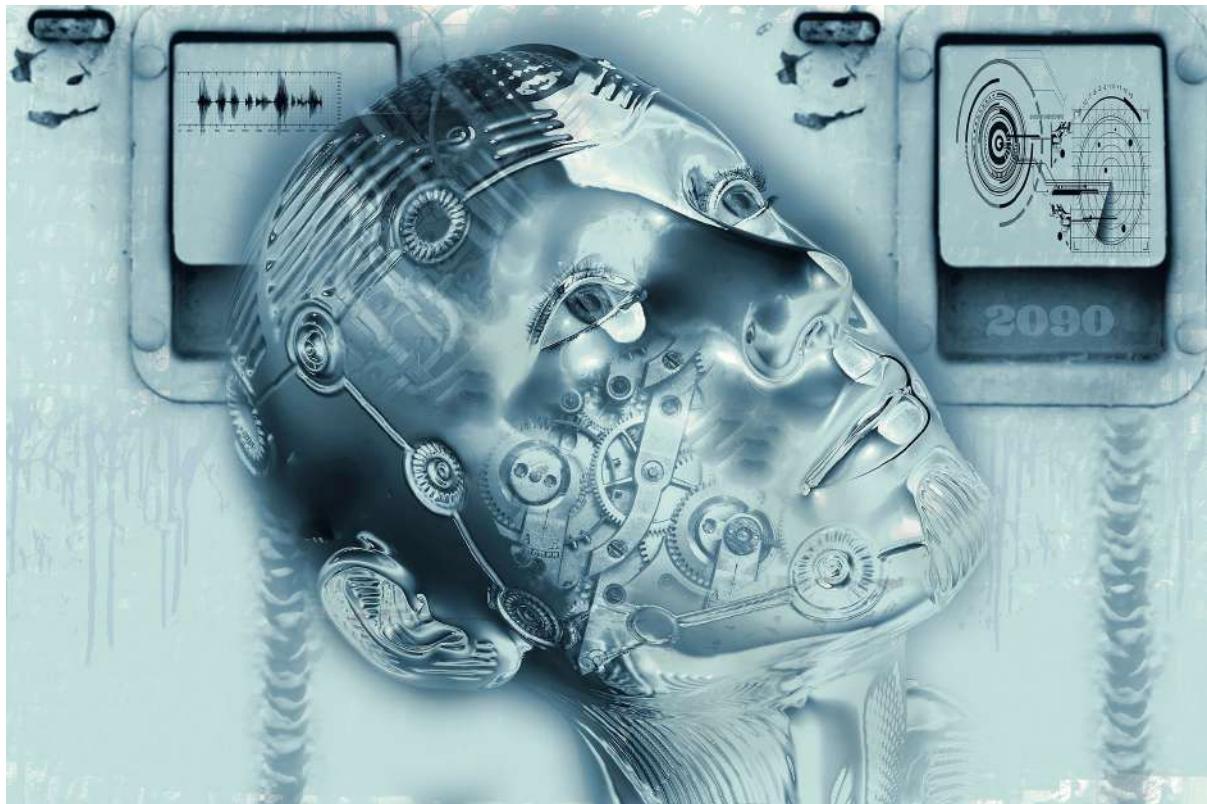
But they have nothing to do with school.

Perhaps these will become topics of Direct Truth Podcasts.

Perhaps not.

Namaste.

Serious Or Die



What does it mean to be Serious?

It means to be devoted.

It means putting an end to the clever games.

It means to rid oneself of all forms of disingenuousness.

Is it good to be serious?

Not at all.

It is not good to be anything.

Goodness is a meaningless concept.

If one becomes Serious because he thinks it is moral, right,
or good

His seriousness will be brittle, and will crack under the
lightest weight.

Human beings are taught “to do.”

“Doing” is all they have ever known.

“Doing” is the only language that society and the world at
large speaks.

On account of this,

One can peer out his window

And see humans lost in an endless and complex array of
doings, as far as the eye can see.

The human that you see in front of you

And the one that you see in the mirror

Is not a real human.

He is a human-like thing.

He lives in a laboratory.

His life is guided by scientists and test tubes.

He spends his life following various forms of dogma.

He spends his life trying to eat more of This, and less of That.

He walks 1.3 miles per day, at a specific heart rate monitored by electronic gadgetry.

His every orifice is plugged with a device that plays various forms of sound.

He attends lectures and conferences so as to glean instruction as to how to do this and that.

Yoga class at 7.

Walk with friends at 8.

Latte, easy on the sugar.

Hair parted to a particular side.

Mediterranean diets.

Twenty minutes of meditation.

Mindfulness workshops.

Balancing chakras.

Therapy to improve one's marriage.

Family meetings to get along better.

The Truth is, none of these things actually work.

Because they cannot.

There is not a remote-controlled robot anywhere in existence

That is as robotic as a human being.

The remotes that control the human

Are far more varied and complex than that which controls the robot.

Living in the science laboratory,

This human-like thing lives forever in the purgatory
between Being Instructed, on the one hand

And stricken by guilt for having failed the instruction, on
the other.

Why does he do all of these things?

Why has he surrendered his existence?

Why has he traded Nature for the laboratory?

Because he is not Serious.

It is imperative to realize

That Seriousness is not a must.

It is not proper, or correct, or good, or healthy, or
recommended

To be Serious.

Whatever one's heart is taken by . . .

It is.

Whatever one's heart is not taken by . . .

It is not.

One is not good.

And the other not bad.

Anything that is entered into on a false pretense (such as healthiness or goodness)

Crumbles that very day.

The human-like thing

Is, at its fundament, an Unserious Human.

This is not a sleight

Or an insult.

Stating that it is not a sleight or an insult

Is not a way to be nice, or diplomatic.

Things in this small corner of the universe

Are stated as they are.

Without the filters and prisms of societal influence.

If one is Serious:

About attaining God

Arriving at Success

Becoming a Legend

Conquering their Mind

Living in perfect Harmony

Whatever it may be . . .

Then he is Serious.

If he is not,

Then he is not.

There is no reason to be prideful of being Serious.

And no reason to be ashamed for being Unserious.

It is just that . . .

The one who has the DNA to be Serious

May never be given the information or the opportunity to
realize

That it is Unseriousness that keeps him following
prescriptions,

Living in a laboratory,

And having become a human-like thing.

It is giving this rare human the information and the
opportunity to realize

That his lack of arrival in whatever it is that he seeks

Is Not because he has not yet come upon the “right
prescription.”

But because his unseriousness has led him down the road of
prescriptions, instructions, methods, techniques, how-to’s.

In frank Truth, there are but a handful of humans on the
planet

That have the DNA of Seriousness.

The rest die in ignorance and pain.

Never having so much as sniffed their natural potentials.

This is the way it has always been.

It is the way it always will be.

For the societal conditioning is too powerful to overcome.

The decades upon decades of brainwashing has led them to
a point of no return.

Put simply,

It is too late for the 99.999 percent.

If one examines the books on the best-seller lists

The podcasts

The radio shows

The television shows

The conferences

The mastermind meetings

The social media messages

One can clearly see who they are tailored for.

It has become so much a part of the fabric, that it is not even noticed.

All messages

In all media outlets, books, and so on . . .

Are tailored for the masses.

Why?

Because the masses are, more or less, the only ones in existence.

All messages

In all media outlets, books, and so on . . .

Are tailored for the human-like things.

Why?

Because human-like things are, more or less, the only things in existence.

Look more closely

And one will find

That the very messages that are created

Are created BY the human-like things themselves!

Test-tube creations

Speaking to test-tube creations.

This is what the world is, at its very fundament.

Become healthy.

Eat less dairy.

Be kind and compassionate.

Pray to god.

Be humble.

Work hard.

Save for retirement.

Get 1% better each day.

Change yourself.

Be courageous.

Be vulnerable.

Change your habits.

Work on your anger.

Attend a stress workshop.

Get an education.

Study hard.

Get a good job.

Walk 1.2 miles per day at 2.7 mph and get your target heart rate at 50-70% of max.

Paleo diet, keto diet, mediterranean diet.

Improve yourself.

Do this for your skin, that for your heart, this for your
brain, that for your liver.

Botox, detox, catatox.

These are precisely the sort of messages that are generated
in a laboratory.

These are precisely the sort of messages that would
resonate only to a human-like thing.

Not only is modern food grown in laboratories.

But modern humans are as well.

The Truth is this,

In simple and non-judgmental terms.

Understand that non-judgemental is not a way of being nice.

It is not a way of avoiding judgment.

For judgement is neither good or bad.

It is simply Untrue.

And untruth has no place in the domain of Truth.

The Truth is this,

In simple and non-judgmental terms:

A human says that he wants to Arrive at X.

The only question that needs to be asked at this point is this:

Are you Serious

Or are you Unserious.

If the human lies,

His unserious will reveal itself within seconds.

If he is Serious,

The Truth can be given to him.

If he is Unserious,

Only prescriptions can be given to him.

It is as simple as that.

For at any given moment,

The Truth is available.

At any given moment,

Prescriptions, and laboratory-generated messages are also available.

If the human is Unserious,

His ears and his heart are incapable of imbibing the Truth.

His inner soil is fit only for the growth of prescriptions.

This is not good.

This is not bad.

It can, however, be said

That if a man is Unserious about arriving at any of his
natural potentials

He is a human-like thing.

As a human-like thing

He is already dead.

Thus, it can be plainly stated

That either a man is Serious

Or he is Dead.

Namaste.

Where Will You Go



When a man gazes across the landscape

He sees many options.

This is because he has never truly Seen.

What you have failed to understand

Is that for any of your plights

For all of your sufferings

For each of your significant troubles

There is nowhere in this world you can go for help.

At first glance this will confuse you.

For as you gaze into the world

You see a plethora of options

As far as the eye can see.

In the same way that a man who is lost at sea,

Dying of thirst,

Sees thirst-quenching water far into the horizon.

But if he drinks the salt-water . . .

He dies.

Every human being is thirsty

Lost in an asphalt sea

Surrounded by salt-water.

Options appear plenty.

But, in Truth . . .

He has none.

Imagine that a man is filled with anxiety.

The anxiety torments him day and night.

Here we have a man who suffers from a problem

And he seeks a solution to his problem.

Simple enough, is it not?

Very well.

He sets out into the sea-water

In hopes of quenching his thirst.

He goes to a psychotherapist

Who talks to him about his childhood

And gives him techniques to look at the bright-side.

And various psychotherapeutic techniques

From modeling to tolerating uncertainty to self-talk to

“cognitive restructuring” . . .

He tries this in earnest

Years go by.

He has “gotten better” at the technique.

But he remains stricken by the anxiety

His situation has not changed.

He goes to a priest

Who tells him to pray to god,

For god will cure his ills.

He does this in earnest.

Frequenting the church or the temple.

Making a nightly prayer routine

Without missing a single night.

Years go by

But he remains stricken by the anxiety.

His situation has not changed.

He goes to various others.

One tells him to practice positive-thinking.

Another tells him to start a gratitude journal.

Another tells him to practice meditation.

Another tells him to practice mindfulness.

Another tells him to count his blessings.

Another tells him “this too shall pass.”

Another gives him medication.

Another tells him to practice chunking his life into segments to manage them better.

Another tells him to diet and exercise.

Another tells him to download an app.

And on and on and on and on and on and on . . .

And. On . . .

He takes him about 20 or 30 or 50 years to try all of these things.

But he remains stricken by the anxiety.

Despite his herculean efforts

Despite years of earnest practice

His situation . . . Has. Not. Changed.

Even as he was failing at every turn,

Somewhere within him was the hope

Somewhere within him was the tantalizing possibility

That a “different” therapist, priest, monk, or coach would
have the cure to his ills.

In the same way that a man lost at sea may think

That a “different” segment of the ocean may have water
that is free of salt.

It is exceedingly rare,

Frankly non-existent,

For any man to arrive at this hard-line Truth in his lifetime.

It simply does not happen.

For, like many Truths,

It is simply too frightening.

If one needs to learn how to hammer a nail

Turn a screw

Switch on a computer

Fix a leak

Or install a lightbulb . . .

The world has a solution to these things.

The options are many.

If one seeks anything that is Significant.

Life-transforming.

From becoming World Class

To Curing Anxiety

Achieving Freedom

Or Understanding the Mind . . .

The world has zero offerings.

The problem with Time . . .

Is that it never returns.

No matter how earnest one's desire to solve his problem

No matter how much he practices

No matter how diligent is his adherence to the prescriptions
that are given to him

The decades that he has lost

Will never be returned to him.

And it is THIS more than anything

That is the world's greatest assault upon the human.

Understand this:

You have only One Shot at this lifetime.

The paths that you pursue in search of a Cure

The paths that you take in search of an Arrival

Had better work.

For if they do not . . .

All you may be offered is an empty apology.

And in almost all cases, Not Even That.

And though you may work to make up the money,

You will Never in all your life . . .

Be able to make up The Years.

Society and the World

Does not offer what a man truly longs for.

For the thing that mankind spends his entire life genuinely
Thirsting For

Is beyond the purview

Beyond the pay-grade

Beyond the band-with

Beyond the scope

Beyond the understanding

Of society

And the world.

For the Cures that you are seeking

For the Elixirs that you pine-for

For the Thirst that brings you to your knees . . .

Where will you go?

And if you reach the end of your life

Without having arrived at them . . .

Of what use

Was this life?

Namaste.

The Mystical Tip Of Everest



Man was not created to live in a world of automobiles and
taxi cabs.

Or glass buildings that block his view of the stars.

Or hoards of humans walking in each other's footprints.

Man was not made to punch a time clock.

Or “put food on the table.”

Or create a domestic existence.

Peer into the heart of every societal man

And you will find a pale blue heart.

For every man is suffocating.

No matter the smile he deftly paints upon his face.

Man may have conditioned himself into a domestic
existence

But his heart belongs to Nature.

And Nature is everything

That domesticity is not.

Man lives for the open seas.

He lives for the endless sky.

He lives for the unknowable horizon.

He lives for the mystical tip of Everest.

It is Everest that calls out to him.

Longs for him.

He may not hear it.

But his heart hears nothing else.

While he has relegated himself to a life of petty comforts

And meager chases for self-improvement,

All that is wild

All that is divine

All that is pure and endless

Calls out to him.

Every man is suffocating.

For he has turned his gaze away from the horizon

And toward the cold asphalt streets.

Each morning he awakes,

Outside of his dusty window

Far off in the distance

Sits the mystical tip of Everest.

The blood that flows through his veins

Is saturated with the tip of Everest.

Let a man die

But may he never . . . Settle.

Every man has his Everest.

But it is obscured by the smoke from the buildings.

It is camouflaged by the societal conditioning of the mind.

Run you may

Here and there.

But that which you find

Will never be what you have always been seeking.

Drink from this cup or that

But never will your thirst be quenched.

You who have been taught

To best your fellow man

Live such a small existence.

The heights you pursue

Are far beneath you.

If it is not The Ultimate

Of what use is it to pursue?

If it is not Divine

What can it possibly do for you?

He who compares himself

To other men, big or small

Is a peasant

Among peasants.

Nature does not compromise.

Why is it

That man has chosen to do so?

Namaste.

The Artist's Dilemma



The creator

Nature

And the universe

Are humorous in their ways.

So ingenious are the dilemmas they create

That man remains baffled until the end of time.

What is The Truth?

The more valuable a person's creation

The less it provides him.

Imagine a man who fixes used shoes

Or creates a sketchy piece of art . . .

If he receives praise

He is ecstatic.

He feels validated for what he has done.

Have you ever asked yourself

Why precisely he feels validated?

The reason that he feels validated

Is because he knows that his creation was not of great value

And despite this fact,

He received something for it.

But if a man puts his life into a work of Art

With painstaking detail

Tears flowing from his eyes

Devotion flowing from his heart,

Praise . . .

Is an Insult.

Indeed it is so.

Praise . . .

Is an Insult.

This is where the dilemma begins.

When a man creates something truly otherworldly

He negotiates himself out of the marketplace.

For he has created something

That no man can possibly validate.

He may receive large sums of money,

And while the tangibility of money is greater than the
hollowness of empty praise,

The money cannot possibly do justice to his creation.

They may have ceremonies in his name

Laud his creation

Applaud his talent

Plaster his image across the sky for the world to see . . .

What will this do?

What does he gain from this,

Other than a worthless dose of ego?

The more rarefied his creation

The less he can possibly receive.

Nature appears to have a penchant

For irony.

It is not at all surprising

That some of the rarest artists in the world

In the end, commit suicide.

For they stand so alone

That there is no one to speak to

And nothing to receive.

Oh the horrid emptiness of receiving letters of gratitude and
praise.

Long letters explaining that their lives have been changed.

Of what value is this?

From a mild human-interest perspective

It is . . . nice.

If their life has been greatly affected by a particular work or
art

That is . . . nice.

But this hardly makes the creation worthwhile.

It hardly justifies the alchemy.

If a man creates a once-in-a-generation masterpiece . . .

If he creates a body of work that is unparalleled in modern times . . .

There is Nothing he can possibly receive.

For no amount of praise, gifts, adulation, or fame

Can possibly compare to the quality of the creation.

In a sense,

He outwits himself.

He places himself in such a Category of One . . .

That any attempt at external satisfaction

Is finished before it has begun.

It is this that begins to turn his heart toward Purity.

For he realizes that this is his only salvation.

The satisfaction of the creation

Is the only satisfaction he can ever have.

The rarer his art

The truer the statement.

An art that is created for “the world”

Is a patchwork art.

An art that is created for “the people”

Is as empty as “the people.”

It is for this reason that Truth

Is avoided by all men.

For it demands a Journey so solitary

That man cannot withstand it.

In the end,

The artist realizes

That there is only Him.

That there has only ever been Him.

His hand creates

While he loses himself in the dance.

The world is no more.

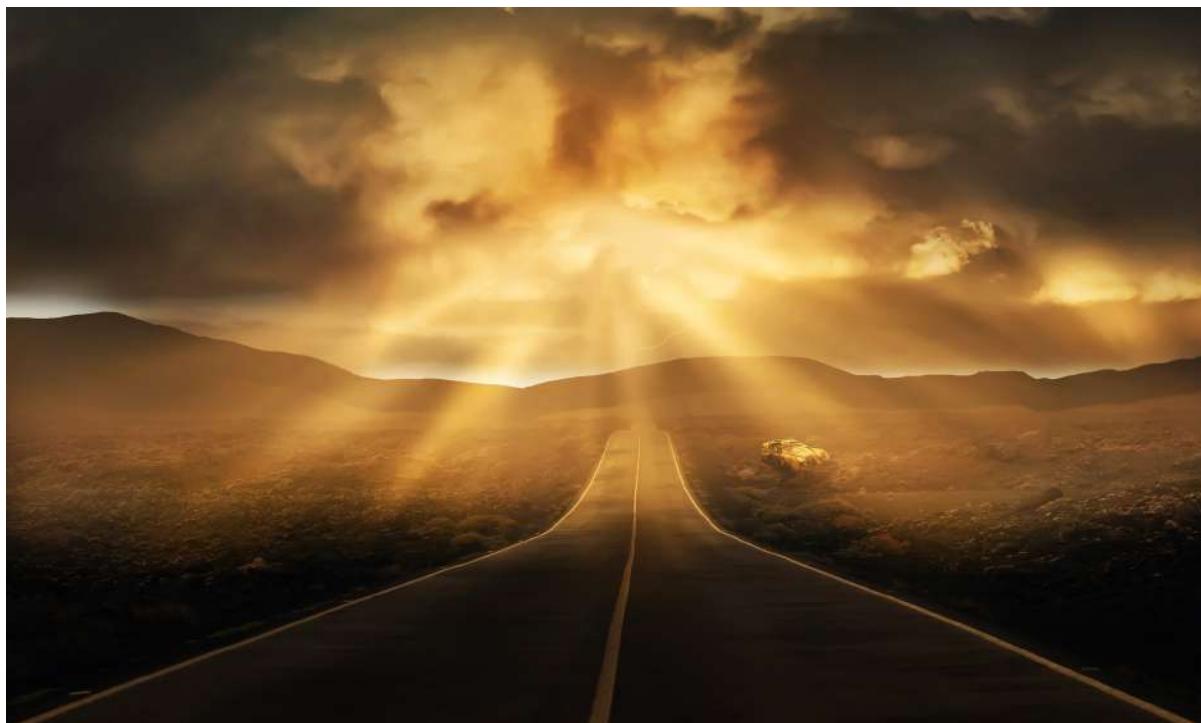
The people are no more.

And he one day comes to discover

That HE . . . is no more.

Namaste.

At The End Of Your Life



At the end of your life

You will lament

That you lamented.

At the end of your life

You will miss

The time that you wasted.

You will look upon the conflicts

The troubles

The dramas and sagas

As days of ignorance.

But if you are truly honest

You will realize

That it could not have been otherwise.

For the only reason that you now See

Is because you have reached the end of your life.

A life at its beginning

And at its middle

Contains little Realization.

For the contents of the life

The state of worldly affairs

The evolving circumstances

The promise of the future

Ensnares a man's attention.

It ensnares his attention

Because he believes that there is still Time.

The end of his life is a far-off fantasy.

Thus, there is time to lament

And hope

And scheme

And frolic

In the river of domestic affairs.

At the end of your life

Domestic affairs lose their value.

For, in the blink of an eye

The “future” . . .

Has disappeared.

The Truth is

There never was a Future

All along.

Your Mind will now tell you

To “live in the present.”

This is the conditioning

That society has subject you to.

Bumper stickers

And slogans.

You could not “live in the present” if you tried.

The future is all that you know

And all that you live for.

Because your life is not yet

At an end.

In the end

Wisdom may come knocking.

In the end

Sincerity may be your bedfellow.

In the end

Honesty may sit by your side.

In the end

Understanding may come for a visit.

For then you will not be occupied

By “pressing matters.”

For then

Your attention will no longer be divided.

For then

Your games will have lost their charm.

An infinite horizon

Is an empty promise.

An infinite expanse

Compels one to wander.

If time exists . . .

It will be wasted.

If it does not

It will be valued.

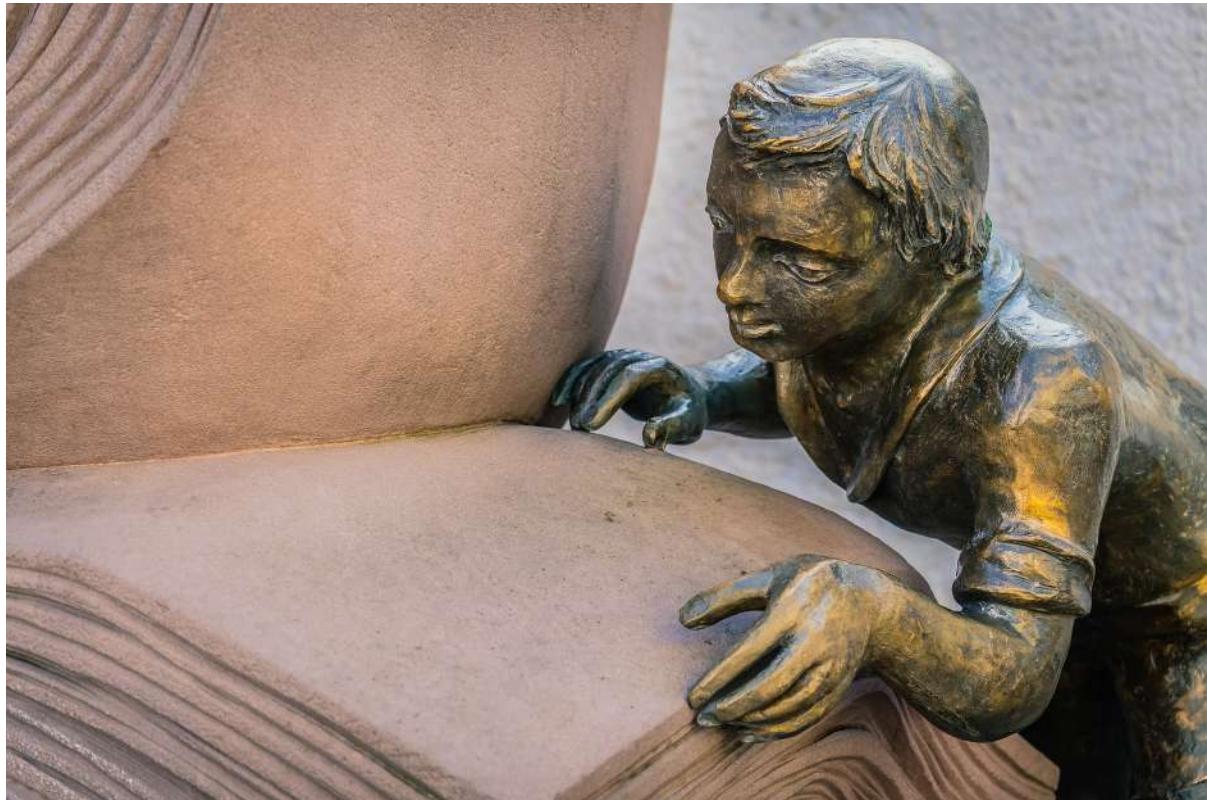
You need not worry yourself now.

You will see this Clearly . . .

At the end of your life.

Namaste.

How Didactism Destroys



For the one that genuinely seeks to Understand

There are things he must understand about human beings.

Their enslavement to self-importance.

Their penchant for intellectualism.

Both of which

Are one in the same.

Teachers, coaches, and instructors

Bow at the altar of themselves.

And pray to the god of feigned benevolence.

They take a topic

Isolate elements of the topic

And give each element a name.

Then the student is asked to memorize the names

And the definition of each name.

This . . .

Is what they call “learning.”

The only real question is,

Learning WHAT?

If a man stands before a classroom

Of adult intellectuals

And creates babbling phonics.

Then has the intellectual repeat the phonics back to him,

This is indeed “learning.”

But what he is “learning”

Is simply the manufactured phonics

Of the teacher.

Understand this Truth:

Humans are not taught to learn.

They are taught to Accumulate knowledge.

The more knowledge they accumulate,

The more their ego grows.

Examine textbooks from any domain.

Examine scientific and new age intellectual books.

One will find a litany of “concepts.”

A word salad of new vocabulary.

The intellectual adores this.

For he can stuff these into his pocket

And unleash his new-found knowledge at the next social gathering.

What is it that must be Understood

For he who seeks Truth?

That scientists, teachers, coaches, and instructors

Turn non-things

Into Things.

To isolate a micro-motion

From the entire motion,

And to give it a name

And have the human focus upon it,

Is to incapacitate the human.

If humans were taught to walk when they are born,

There would be “walking academies.”

In these academies,

They would isolate the foot

And call it “angular dorsiflexion.”

They would then make the infant learn and repeat

The word “angular dorsiflexion.”

They would pick up the infant

And take him to the “walking lab.”

A lab fit with high-speed motion cameras on all sides

Complete with digital measurements.

Each measurement would calculate the degree of “angular dorsiflexion”

And the infant would be forced to repeat the foot dorsiflexion again and again.

In being taught in such a way,

The child would, at 75 years into the future,

Still be “working on it.”

At 75 years of age,

He would still be trying to “improve” his walking.

The world would be one in which falling down

Was a regular occurrence.

If one examines any human

In any field,

They are all “working on it.”

Though they may have been in the field for 60 years,

They are still “working on it.”

The meditator is still “working on” becoming Enlightened.

The athlete is still “working on” becoming a Legend.

The whole is the Whole.

It cannot be sliced into pieces

And each piece given a name.

There are no partial actions.

Only whole ones.

One could accurately state

That it is man’s very ego

That leads to didacticism.

If a concept was not allowed to be linked to its creator.

If the teacher's voice was digitalized, and he could only
teach from behind a concealing curtain.

If applause was not allowed.

If one's knowledge was banned from being shared at social
gatherings.

Perhaps all concepts would go by the wayside.

Perhaps things would be learned as they Truly Are.

Perhaps humans . . .

Would learn The Truth.

There is no human you will ever find

Who is devoted to Truth.

Learn something from someone,

And you will learn limitations.

Understanding human nature

And the nature of one's very own self . . .

Leads to a True-ness

Found nowhere in the modern world.

Namaste.

Tainted Air



Understand,

He who seeks to Know,

That the air is not as fresh as it seems.

Society is a culture.

Disciplines and professions are a culture.

What is it that the human being

Has failed to Understand?

He has failed to Understand

That the domain he works within

Contains tainted air.

The domain has a lingo.

The domain has philosophies.

The domain has phrases that are repeated many times over.

Each human that enters it

Becomes it.

Each human that enters it

Becomes brainwashed.

Each human that enters it

Surrenders his naturalness.

Each domain

Is a warehouse of beliefs.

Each domain

Is a basement of dogmas.

Upon entering it,

The human will do as the others do.

He will begin to think as the others do.

He will begin to speak as the others do.

Upon entering it,

He will lose himself.

And become . . .

The others.

It is for this reason

That all domains are fraught

With parity.

To seek other humans

It to seek untruth.

To accept a culture

Is to lose oneself.

Truth lies in resisting the gravitational pull

Toward others

And toward the culture.

The only True domain

Is the devotion to Truth.

One's path to the Ultimate

Runs through the dark and narrow valleys

The cold and deep rivers

The icy mountain peaks

And the wild and uncharted landscape . . .

Of himself.

Namaste.

The Frivolousness Of Discussion And Debate



Who is there to speak to?

What is there to speak about?

If there is an exploration of Truth

An organic possibility may emerge.

If there is not,

It is a shameless waste of time.

The “debaters” and “discussers” each say,

I will bring my opinions

You bring your opinions

And we will allow our opinions to spar.

One man prefers vanilla

The other prefers strawberry

And there is a discussion

As to which is “better,”

And why it suits his palate.

Those who come to watch or listen

For reasons unknown,

Nod their heads

Shake their heads

Laugh

And frown.

Then they clap for the vanilla man

Clap for the strawberry man

And leave the auditorium.

Perhaps the man of reason

Is able to ask himself,

Of what value it is

To listen to the opinions of others.

After all,

He has his own.

Every man has a nose of his own.

Would he attend an event

In which two men came on stage

To show their nose?

Of what use is it

To hear the opinion of another?

Of what use is it

To hear the way that another man

Flushes the toilet?

No matter how famous he may be.

No matter how many “books he has sold.”

No matter how many interviews he has done.

A man says,

“I think X.”

Very well.

Of what value is his “thought?”

Thought begets more thought.

Discussion begets more discussion.

In circles and circles

Move the lives of ordinary men.

If two human beings

Each without opinion

Explore Truth

There is perhaps something that may emerge.

Such soil is fertile.

The blossom occurs in the two men

And also in the listener.

For no one is being told what to think.

What is right or wrong.

What they should or should not do.

How they should or should not change.

The trouble lies in the fact

That a man who seeks Truth

Is an unspeakably rare find.

To find Two

In the same place

Is a virtual impossibility.

Opinions are vomitus.

Beliefs are excrement.

Truth

Is all there is.

And since Truth is all there is . . .

To seek something less

Is to make vomitus

And excrement

Of one's life.

Namaste.

The Best You Can Be



What does this societal adage

Truly mean?

Of what value

Is this sacred cow?

Be The Best You Can Be.

The conditioned man

Cannot See.

For he views all things

Through the lens of his conditioning.

One may wish to read the adage again

Through unconditioned eyes

And see if the words strike him slightly differently.

The adage is appropriate for societal men.

And it is true-to-form with society's ways.

“Be the Best You Can Be.”

One may wish to examine

Why this phrase came about.

What was its impetus?

It is rather plain and clear.

It is an excuse for failure.

A balm for a wound.

A consolation prize.

A participation trophy.

Somewhere along the way

People kept failing.

They felt bad about their failures.

Therefore, society provided them a band-aid to improve
their mood:

Be The Best You Can Be.

The consolation is clearly implicit

In the phrase.

Be The Best YOU Can Be.

This is Code for:

The others are far more skilled than you,

But you only worry about the best that YOU can do.

Just be happy With That.

Man has no standards.

Society has no standards.

Therefore,

Bumper stickers such as this

Are created.

A man who states that he is being the Best He Can Be

And does not feel a tinge of shame in his chest

Will never be The Best

At Anything.

Society values Effort.

Thus,

Humans do as well.

They will be shocked and unconvinced

By the fact

That Truth . . .

Arises not from Effort.

(Nor does it arise

From laziness and sloth.)

Be The Best You Can Be.

You Did The Best You Could.

And so on . . .

What does this truly mean?

It means

That amidst one's unwavering commitment to wasting time . . .

That amidst one's addiction to socialization . . .

That amidst one's allegiance to their subculture and its minions . . .

That amidst one's addiction to electronic devices . . .

That amidst one's unwillingness to examine The Truth . . .

With whatever remains after all of the above,

“Be The Best You Can Be.”

Although you insist upon keeping your leg broken

Although you insist upon keeping the hole in your head

Although you insist upon following false concepts and notions

Although you insist upon wasting hours talking nonsense

with your “friends”

Although you refuse to focus squarely and obsessively
upon the goal,

With whatever few drops of Heart, Attention, and Time you
have left . . .

“Be The Best You Can Be.”

There is no hope for society.

But within man lives a Possibility.

If by some cataclysm,

He suddenly begins to desire Truth.

What truly is

The Best That A Given Man Can Be?

Tragically,

He will never come to know.

Namaste.

The Inner Complexities



The state of affairs

Is that a self-styled communal authority

Known as “society”

And its cadre of experts, authors, and speakers,

Has reduced the human into a Concept.

Once manufactured,

The Concept is populated with sub-concepts,

Rules

Principles

And judgments.

These are then infused

With methods and techniques.

Methods and techniques for what precisely?

Has any of the mass populace ever considered to pose such
a question?

Methods and techniques

For what?

Little do they know

That the methods and techniques are not to actually Get
anywhere.

Of which they must be all too familiar

As none of the mass populace gets anywhere at all during their time on Earth.

No, the methods and techniques are not to get anywhere at all.

Then what are they for?

Why have they been manufactured

By the self-styled communal authority?

To acquire a favorable Judgment,

And avoid an unfavorable one.

The judgment of being “better”

Or “good.”

As opposed to the judgment of being “selfish”

And “bad.”

The communal authority

Tackles the inner complexity of a human

By way of the tool of “psychology.”

This is akin to exploring the Earth’s rotation

By closing one’s eyes and attempting to detect a spinning movement.

The communal authority,

It shall be known,

Has no interest in the True nature of things.

It seeks only to propagate its own existence.

A parasite

Infecting a host . . .

The inner complexities of a human cannot be explained by psychology

Any more than the weight of the ocean can be attained

using a bathroom scale.

The inner complexities of a human

Are simply beyond the reach of any society,

No matter its intellectual prowess.

For intellect moves steadily in the direction of didactics

Rather than Truth.

Science and intellect

Can, at best,

Describe from a distance.

The descriptions lead to theories.

The theories harden into stone.

The stones are smashed over the head of the masses.

Anointed, they become.

Any man who is sensitive to the musings of any group

Any institution

Or any society

Is a man to be avoided.

Thus,

It may be accurately stated

That all men are to be avoided.

The inner complexities of a human

Are beyond the reach of the knowledge-seeker.

For the knowledge-seeker

Is attracted moreso by the attainment of the knowledge,

Than by its nature and implications.

(One may wish to read that again).

The inner complexities of a human,

Like the Truths of life,

Are made not by a common Hand.

Thus,

They cannot be known

By a common man.

Namaste.

Buddha, Krishna, Seneca, and You



You may read the Bhagavad Gita

Line by line.

You may memorize and recite

Its numerous verses.

You may read Buddha's Eightfold Path,

And the Four Noble Truths

And become a scholar of them.

You may attempt to implement

All that you have read.

You may attempt to apply

All that they say.

You have likely done some of this

Already.

You have likely heard the priests

Recite the verses in Sanskrit.

What has this demonstrated

Other than a facility in memorization?

Are you significantly better off

Than before you read them?

Are you in a higher plane, as they say?

Are you a transformed being?

Have you become realized?

Let us inquire of more modest accomplishments.

Have you tamed your emotions?

Have you found peace

Even in a fraction of each day?

Have you discovered freedom

Even in a fraction of your life?

Krishna did.

But you have not.

Buddha did.

But you have not.

Krishna never bothered to read the Gita.

But you have.

Buddha never bothered to read the Noble Truths

Or the Eightfold Path.

But you have.

Curious.

Is it not?

All that is in the world

Is for show.

All that exists in the world

Is but a semblance of action.

Do not steal.

Do not kill.

Love thy neighbor.

Show compassion.

There are many who do not steal.

In fact,

The vast majority do not steal.

Have they discovered Anything?

Have they reached Anywhere?

Have they found Peace?

Have they found Bliss?

It is as if someone put a gun to Buddha's head

And said,

“Just say something. Please, just give something.”

And Buddha said,

“Very well, here’s a few things so that you will leave me alone. The four noble truths

And the eightfold path. Now please leave.”

Religion has fooled you.

Society has destroyed you.

But in Truth,

You deserve fooling.

And you are worthy of destruction.

Since you have little Sincerity,

And no Seriousness,

You deserve the crumbs

That Buddha perhaps tossed out

In haste.

O ye of little understanding.

Thou tries to enter through doors

For which you are not Ready.

The masses create the demand.

Society, religion, authors, speakers, priests, and spiritualists

Provide the supply.

Truth

Is not so cheap

As to be wasted

Upon YOU.

For this reason,

Various texts were created

Simply to keep you occupied.

Various texts were created

To keep you at Bay.

He who has discovered even a fraction of Truth

Does not “invite” the masses.

He throws stones at them.

To keep them away.

He who “invites”

Has only lies.

They could not become Buddha,

So they became “Buddhists.”

They could not become Krisha,

So they became “Hindu’s.”

No Buddha would be caught dead

Becoming a Buddhist.

No Krishna would be caught dead

Becoming a Hindu.

For these

Are True Masters.

They discovered

The Truth.

Not by following “precepts.”

Not by following “a path.”

Not by following “noble truths.”

The precepts

The path

The noble truths

Are not for Them.

They are for YOU.

So that you may occupy yourself

With something to do.

So that you may satisfy your need

To feel that you are at least doing Something.

So that you may sit cross-legged in lecture halls

And listen to the priests gifted with a photographic memory

Of reciting shlokas and verses in native Sanskrit.

Should the priests

The pundits

The motivational speakers

The authors

The life coaches

The therapists

All go away?

Certainly not.

They are necessary

To serve the masses.

Books about becoming happy.

And five steps to a fulfilled life.

And stoicism.

And grit.

And obstacles being the way.

And Seneca.

And all the rest . . .

Must continue.

So that the intellectuals do not get bored.

So that they may display their intellectual prowess at
cocktail parties.

Truth

Is not for the man who asks

“Please give me a script.”

Truth

Is for the man

Who Must have it

At any cost.

Even at the cost

Of his Life.

For his life

Is meager and useless

Without it.

Namaste.

The Astounding Realization You Are Avoiding



Just because you are avoiding it

(And you are indeed with absolute 100 percent certainty
avoiding it),

Does not mean that you “should not” avoid it.

According to the numbers,

163,898 people in this world will die

By midnight.

Two people will die

Before you finish this sentence.

114 people will die

Before you reach the end of this discourse.

In full practicality,

All hope and outrage aside,

How many of them do you think

Found the ONE THING they Truly wanted in this life?

So that it may be clear,

Not even the most materialistic human on this earth

Wants a car, a boat, a mansion, affection, world adoration,
or world peace

As their ONE THING.

The ONE THING

Is the same for all human beings.

It is simply called by different names:

Realization

Freedom

Unending Peace

Enlightenment

Nirvana

True Freedom . . .

How many of the humans that will die today

Or died yesterday

Or died last year

Achieved the ONE THING

In their lifetime?

Zero.

(The hopeful and the outraged who claim “How do you know????” can exit this discourse now. This is NOT for them. In fact, none of my work is for them. They are in the wrong place. And they are not welcome.)

The Realization that you are avoiding

Is that YOU will also die

Never having found

Your ONE THING.

Your tomorrow will not be any different than today.

Just as your today is no different than your yesterday's.

You delude yourself

Using the only (artificial) trump card that you have:

TIME.

You tell yourself

That there is “still time.”

That you are not “dead yet.”

That you will “change.”

You may wish to look upon all the years

That have passed in your life.

You were not “dead yet” back then either.

You also “had time” back then also.

You were also going to “change” back then also.

In all likelihood,

And in your defense,

You have already tried to “change.”

You have likely tried a million things

To “change.”

All sorts of prescriptions

Methods

Techniques

Meditations

Incantations

Austerities

Therapies

Retreats

Books

Magazines

Mantra’s

Potions

Chakra healings . . .

Anything

And everything.

To be a better parent

A better spouse

A harder worker

A better boss

A better citizen . . .

The attempt to change

Continues with you to this day.

Have you found the ONE THING?

Have you?

You are being asked one more time,

HAVE YOU????

Understand this (and this will not Reach you):

How you are in your life today

Where you are in your life today

Is How and Where . . .

You will die.

You may deem this a good thing

Or a bad thing.

You may be ashamed

Or unashamed.

You may admit it

Or not admit it.

You may take it to heart

Or not take it to heart.

None of that

Will change a thing.

None of that

Will change the Fact

That you will die

Never having achieved

Your ONE THING.

There is no need to Face this fact.

Facing it will not do anything.

You can continue to avoid it

Or you may confess . . .

It will not change the outcome.

The reason that you adore the priests

The pundits

The guru's

The speakers

And the motivational authors

Is because they Enable your denial.

They love to tell you that you “have time.”

That “you can do it!”

And “be positive.”

And “go and get it!”

And “practice” this and that.

You love those things.

You eat it by the pound.

And drink it by the gallon.

And why would they not

Egg you on in such ways?

They are avoid it

Just as vehemently as you!

After all,

They are humans too.

Is there some Rare Human somewhere

Who might be Lit on Fire after having been exposed to
these words?

Is there some Rare Human somewhere

Who might actually have the DNA to achieve the ONE
THING,

And these words are the final piece
That ACTUALLY made it possible for him to have it in this
very lifetime?

Is there some Rare Human somewhere
Whom, after being exposed to these words,
Instantly and entirely drops all of his excuses
Of having “no time”
“No money”
“No sincerity”
“No ABC”
“No XYZ”
“No blah, blah, blah . . .”
Yes.

There is with certainty

Such a Rare Human out there.

But what is the likelihood

That he will happen to come across these words?

Very small.

Very, very small.

There is an infinitely greater likelihood

That he will be wandering frustrated, unheard, and on the
edge-of-defeat

Amidst the self-help, self-development, motivational,
religious, new age, and spiritual nonsense.

For my words

Live in a remote and unseen corner of the Earth.

While the self-help, self-development, motivational,
religious, new age, and spiritual jargon

Is on every street corner

In every village

On every billboard

On every magazine

On every radio show

On every television network

On every book cover . . .

In the world.

This having been stated,

It may also be stated . . .

That the Universe

Guides precisely such a man.

If he is guided to these words,

He may be set upon a course

To have his ONE THING

In this lifetime.

Namaste.

The One True Value Of Wealth



Once a man attains

The comforts that money can buy

Of what value is the money?

Once money frees him

From having to work a day job

Of what value is the money?

This is not a matter that is considered

By the wealthy man.

For he has a default habit

Of comparing himself to the “have-nots.”

This comparison is always running

In the background of his psyche.

It may lead him to feel superior.

It may lead him to feel guilty.

It may lead him to philanthropy.

Once his needs are met

With the greatest comforts . . .

Of what value is his money?

He may give it to the poor.

Very well.

But what will this give Him?

Aside from a dose of charitable feeling?

Once he has bought what he needs,

Of what value is the money to Him specifically?

If money can only make him more comfortable

It is useless.

He may as well give it away.

But in giving it away, let him clearly understand

That he will not get anything of lasting value

For having given it away.

What is The Truth?

The Truth is,

Anything that makes one more worldly

Makes one more imprisoned.

Anything that contains even the Possibility

Of Freeing himself from his imprisonments,

Has unspeakable

And incalculable value.

Once the life comforts have been met . . .

Money's only real value

Lies in Buying One's Freedom.

One may use Freedom

In any way that one wishes.

So long as it is used

Towards Permanence

Rather than a pleasure chase

Or an experience chase.

What price would a man in a penitentiary not give

To Buy His Freedom?

Once the life comforts have been met,

Money's only real value

Lies in Buying Dominance Over One's Mind.

Once the life comforts have been met,

Money's only real value

Lies in Buying What He Has Truly Wanted All Of His Life.

A wealthy man who realizes this

In his heart of hearts . . .

And decides to himself:

“I will go to the Himalayas and find a Master who lives in a
snow-covered cave
at 18,000 feet, and give him all that I have. So that he may
show me The Truth, and
help me achieve Freedom in this very life . . .”

This is a wise man.

(Truth be told,

The Himalayas is now overrun
By prescription-giving, and head-blessing bearded men
Who have not the power transform anyone.)

He is wise

Because he is seeking Permanence.

He is wise

Because he is seeking to Arrive at a place

From which he will never be forced to return

To the mundane

The trite

And to the endless miseries of traditional life.

Money is not a way to More.

Money's true value lies

In Buying A Way Out.

Out of confusion.

Out of frustration.

Out of anxiety.

Out of fear.

Out of uncertainty.

Out of sorrow.

Out of conflict.

Out of imprisonment . . .

The Question that will naturally arise in one's Mind is:

Can This Actually Be Bought?

It is reasonable for this question to arise.

For the Mind of man has known only one thing:

Prescriptions.

The vast majority of these prescriptions

Have been given to him for free.

The remainder have been given to him

For a fee.

Whether he received them for free

Or a free . . .

They have done absolutely nothing for him.

They have not moved him an inch closer

To Freedom

Or to whatever form of Permanance

That he has been craving his entire life.

In fact,

They have moved him miles and miles further

From where he longs to go.

Therefore,

He will naturally ask

If it can be bought.

By “bought”

The image that comes to his mind

Is that of a vending-machine process.

He places the money into the vending machine

And out comes his Freedom.

From the other direction

He is conditioned by the image of “work.”

That he must “practice”

Do austerities

And strive.

A man who is imprisoned

By so many images

So much conditioning

So many false notions . . .

How can he possibly gain the Clarity

Even to know what Is

Or Is Not

Possible?

I will not state

That IT CAN BE BOUGHT.

The reason that I will not state this,

Is because I do not want my inbox to explode

With money offers and requests for Private Consultation.

In all frankness,

There is a strong inclination to patently state

That it Cannot be bought,

Simply in order to avoid the onslaught.

But to state this

Would not be Truth.

If a man is willing to give all of his wealth,

It means that he values Freedom and Permanence and
Arrival

More than he values material and societal things.

A man who has had this Realization

Is a candidate

That can indeed be led toward Freedom

In this lifetime.

Namaste.

Experiencing Truth In My Words



The spiritual masses in India

Sit for a guru's lecture

By the hundreds of thousands.

They nod their head in agreement.

And applaud in approval.

As they leave,

They recite the quotes

They enjoyed the most.

They proclaim

That “he’s right”

And laugh in joy.

It has been a wonderful entertainment.

Now it is time to return

To the Real world.

If one discovers

Through a sincere examination of his own life

That there is truly nothing for him on the horizon

He has a chance . . .

To experience Truth in my words.

If he is searching for encouragement

Or a clever trick

To gain something,

My words are not for him.

Man is conditioned to look at things in a particular way.

He is conditioned to ask How.

He is conditioned to be Common.

He is conditioned to Practice.

He is conditioned to fill himself with Information.

He is conditioned to be Encouraged.

He is conditioned to be Given Hope.

He is conditioned to be Consoled, that “one day it will come.”

When he arrives in my domain,

He brings his conditionings with him.

He brings these sensibilities with him.

And he grows hopelessly confused

When each of those sensibilities

Is met with a brick wall.

While everywhere else in the world,

These sensibilities are encouraged,

HERE they are shunned.

While everywhere else in the world,

He is “welcomed.”

HERE he is viewed with suspicion.

While everywhere else in the world,

The experts trip over themselves to help him

And ingratiate him . . .

HERE he is kept in the cold.

The reason that the experts ingratiate him

Welcome him

And try to help him . . .

Is because that is the only way they can gain pleasure.

Since they themselves have found Nothing.

Their only recourse for pleasure

Is to forge a sense of self-worth

By “instructing” others.

Understand this:

He who welcomes you with open arms

Has no Truth to offer.

He who welcomes the masses

Is part of the masses.

My devotion to Truth

And revealing Truths

Does not make me “good.”

It does not make me “popular.”

It does not make me benevolent.

It is simply who I am.

If one wishes to gain Truth from my words

They must have found a disdain for the world

Somewhere within them.

If one wishes to gain Truth from my words

It must not require a great effort

To shed their conditioning at my door.

For their muddy, societal footprints

Are not welcome in my Domain.

Let it be clear

That my words have no interest

In your “progress.”

My words

Have no interest

In where you go

Or how far you get.

Truth be told,

The list of Siddha Arrivals on my website

Have been left omitted.

Because Seven figures

Or even Eight

Or even Nine

Or even Ten

Are simply too small a price to pay

To Transform the one and only Life

That one has.

Truth be told,

There is a folder of secret writings

In my vault

That will quite honestly

Never be revealed to the world.

No matter the price.

The world is not ready for them.

And I would rather live poor and naked and die of
starvation

Than to sell Sacred Truths

To a common, societal, unready human.

Even if someone were willing to pay 100 Billion US
Dollars

For all of these Truths,

There would be a profound hesitation

To sell them.

It has, however, become clear

That although the utter and overwhelming majority of
humans

Are shallow, socializing, corpse-like, cardboard-cutouts . . .

There are but a small handful of humans in various pockets
of the Earth

That are genuinely Sincere.

My work is not “for” them.

But they may have hands Pure enough

To Receive.

This is a place

Where the masses are not welcome.

This is a place

Where you are not “coveted.”

This is a place

Where your applause

Means nothing.

This is a place

Where your approval

Is not sought.

This is a place

Where “helping”

Is of no interest.

It is a place

That tends to draw the Sincere.

It is a place

That tends to resonate with the Uncommon.

Truth

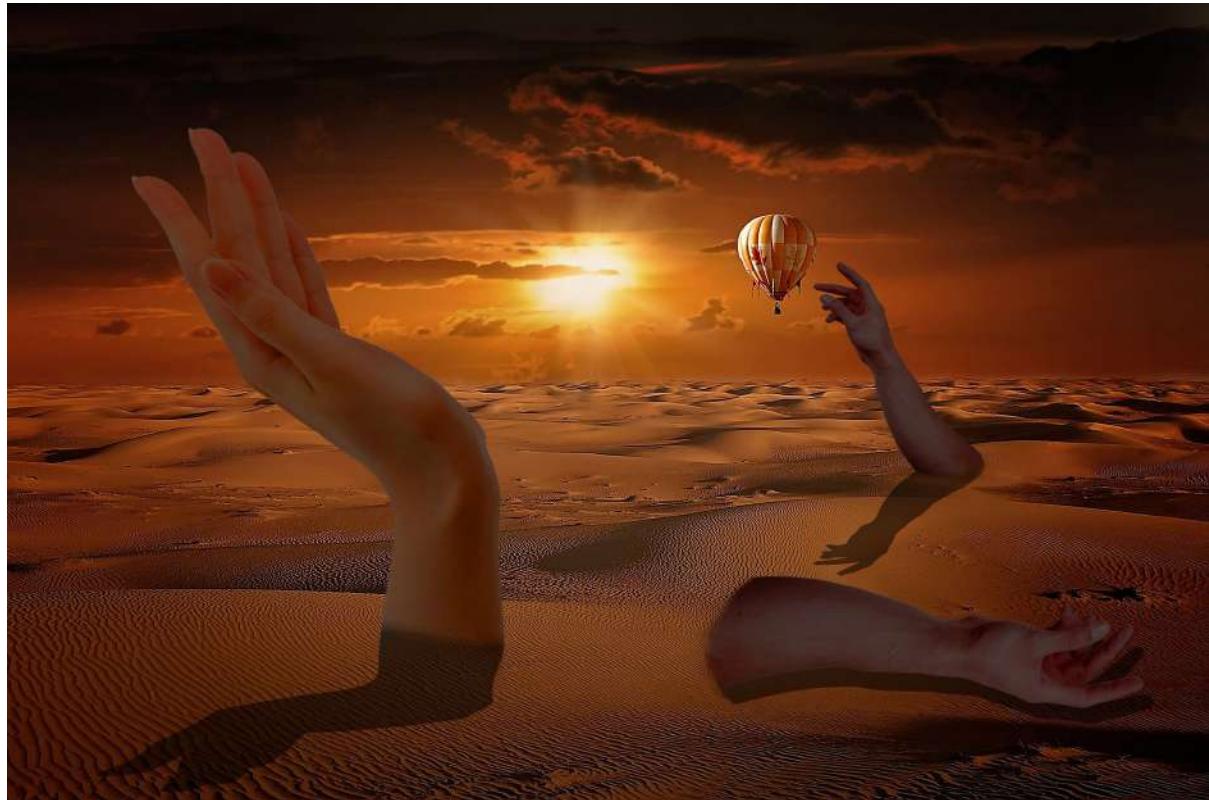
Does not give a darn about you.

Neither

Do I.

Namaste.

The Illusion Of Relationship



A family tends not to be founded in human unity,

But in spatial proximity.

When one is alone,

He often seeks unity.

When one is united,

He often seeks independence.

What is The Truth about the family unit?

The unit lives in close proximity to each other.

Each member tending to his own affairs.

Until one day, an elder member dies.

And the remaining members lament the time they did not
spend together.

There is nothing one can intentionally “do” about this.

For even if one is moved to spend time with his family after
reading this,

This zeal will soon fade.

Life is never

What man is told it will be.

Life is never

What man hopes it will be.

The world paints elaborate and colorful images

Of hope, love, and glee.

But these live only upon

The soiled and rusty bumpers of second-hand automobiles.

If man were told at the outset

What his life would one day become,

He may very well drop it

At the very beginning.

Society sells notions

That sound beautiful and nice.

Reality reveals sounds

That no one wishes to hear.

One may with a religious fervor decide

That he will devote all of his time with his family.

And if he so decides,

He can most certainly succeed in doing so.

But his pursuit will end in disappointment.

Not because he did not do what he set out to do.

But because he could in no way avoid

The hope

That others would come to him also.

He may “change” himself.

But how will he “change” the others?

Any attempt to do so

Will most certainly lead to conflict.

This conflict

Will create separateness once again.

All things are doomed

To disintegration.

And this is something

No societal human

Can ever accept.

He will fight the fight

Until the end.

Bloodied and battered he will leave this world.

Never having known

That the victory he was searching for

Was never a possibility.

It may be stated

That one of the only ways that a family person can avoid
conflict

Is by keeping to himself.

And if he does even this

Beyond an arbitrary limit

This will create conflict also.

Man may think

That there is no way he can win.

He is correct in thinking this.

But not as correct as he would be

By realizing there is nothing to win.

Man dreamed so many dreams.

For this he deserves no blame.

His folly lay not in dreaming.

But in asking life

For what it cannot give.

His error lay not in extending his hand.

But in hoping to receive one in return.

Namaste.

The Insignificance Of Wealth



Aside from bodily comfort, being rich, middle class, or poor has no practical significance.

This statement is not based upon spiritual, moral, or philosophical grounds.

Every human being is seeking the same thing, by different names.

Peace, happiness, nirvana, realization, contentment, freedom, enlightenment, joy, or the end of conflict . . .

No one has it.

Not the rich man.

Not the poor man.

Not the middle class man.

If a man has not permanently attained, what his heart deeply longs for, of what use is his money?

There is indeed a potential difference between the wealthy man and everyone else.

There is an opportunity that only he has, and its value cannot be overstated ([\[https://bit.ly/3qdZ13c \]](https://bit.ly/3qdZ13c))[\(https://bit.ly/3qdZ13c\)](https://bit.ly/3qdZ13c)

But in the entire world, there may be between 1 and 7 wealthy humans who would ever take advantage of this benefit.

Therefore, on a practical basis the advantage is null and void for almost all of them.

On a practical basis, they may as well be poor.

The poor man and the middle class man point fingers at the wealthy man.

Or they harbor envy and jealousy.

But, in truth, even if the wealthy man gave them all of his money, they would only benefit in a purely superficial and bodily-comfort manner.

All of them are suffering and confused.

It is just that one is suffering and confused on a hand-stitched leather sofa under the roof of an oceanfront estate.

Another is suffering and confused on a faux leather sofa in a modest suburb.

And another is suffering and confused on a plastic chair in a mobile home or thatched hut.

What difference does it make how comfortable they are, while experiencing suffering and confusion?

Each lives as a peasant, within himself.

Thus, it makes little sense to compare oneself against another, in any shape or fashion.

For all are suffering, one and the same.

Is there a way out of this suffering?

There is.

But it is not available to the one who does not devote himself to discovering The Truth about it.

For man's attention is always elsewhere.

Man's attention is not in making himself Whole

Or discovering Permanence

Or putting an end to his suffering once and for all . . .

His attention is upon beautifying his skin, abs, and external environment.

There is nothing wrong with this.

For he is free to place his money, attention, effort, and resources in whatever he wishes.

Nothing is more foolish

Than to tell a man what he should or should not do.

But the Serious among them,

May wish to examine the verity of the litmus tests

And comparison tools

They have been using all their lives.

Of what value is one's bank balance,

If Sincerity is the requirement.

Of what value is one's investment portfolio,

If Seriousness is the requirement.

It is only when a man is willing to give Everything

That he has a chance

To receive Anything.

Namaste.

The Father



One did not know

What to make of him.

A living saint?

Or a misguided fool?

But the words

Seemed to enter a place

That words rarely do . . .

He was asked,

What it means to be a good father.

And what he taught his children.

This . . .

Is what he said.

You ask me what it means to be a good father.

I cannot begin to answer the question.

For perhaps you should have asked one

Who knows about such things.

I do not know what my children think of me.

And, frankly, it is not my place to know.

Whatever I did

That happened to provide benefit

Or happened to cause harm,

Was from a place of Not Knowing.

It is easy for a man to take credit for the good.

And to take blame for the bad.

And though I am forever willing to accept blame . . .

To take credit, would be to imply strategy and knowledge.

Am I a good father?

Are the children good children?

What is good?

And who can say?

How can one make conclusive judgments

When he knows so little.

Might they adore me?

Perhaps.

Might they ridicule me?

Perhaps.

Might they turn their back on me?

Perhaps.

Who can orchestrate

The complexity of emotional outcomes?

One may say to me

That I did my best.

For me to accept this

Would be to accept

That I could not have done but a single thing more.

While it may be easy

To wish I would have changed things.

It is not so easy to say

What they should have been changed-to.

One may reasonably state

That all things fail.

If done by the hand of man,

This is most certainly true.

What can a man give

Other than all that he has.

What is there to be prideful of

If ‘all that he had’

Includes the good

And the bad.

Hope is understandable.

But it is not wise.

For it pressure’s nature to give

What it often cannot.

You ask me what I have taught my children.

When it is more about what they have learned.

Teaching is a falsehood.

For it places the burden of omniscience

Upon one who does not know.

There is much to learn,

But little to teach.

Perhaps it should be said

That no child become his father.

For no matter the noble qualities of the man,

Shall they never supplant

Those of the child.

I am ready to listen to my failures,

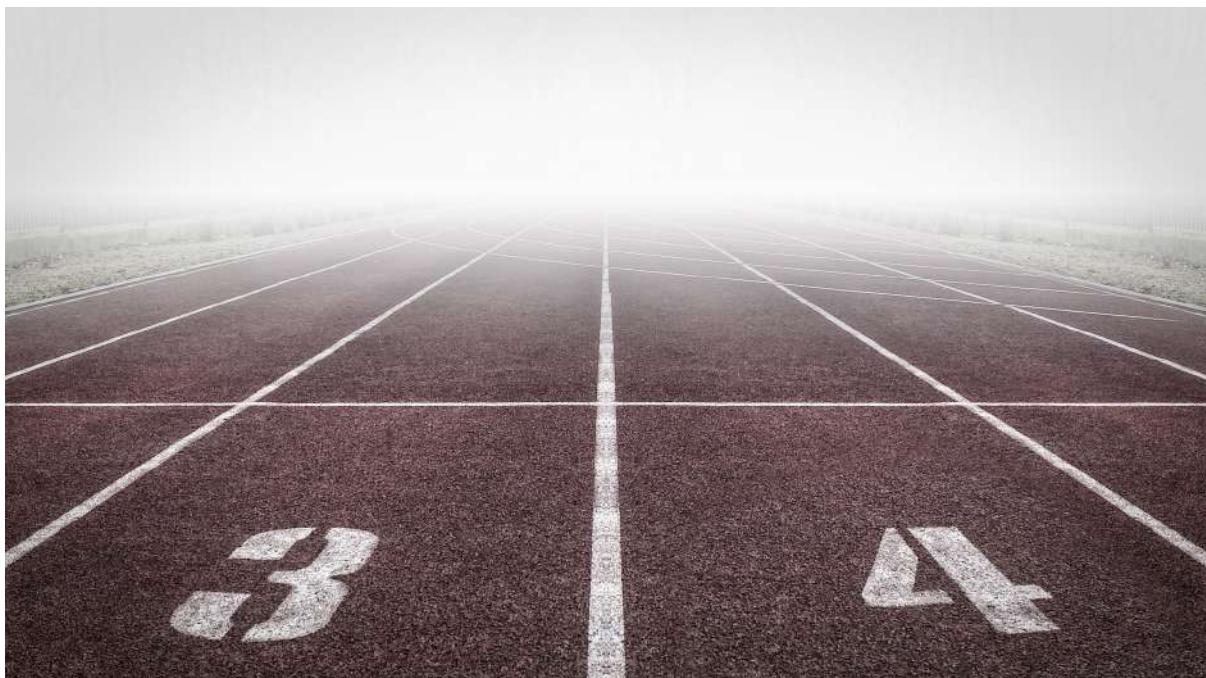
Rather than my successes.

For the former are the result of my influence.

And the latter, despite it.

Namaste.

Why Professional Athletes Do Not Realize Their Potential



A human practices X, Y, and Z.

He puts in the time.

He impresses those around him.

He lives a life of discipline.

These are not bad things.

But the question is not whether they are good or bad.

The question is . . .

What is the Payoff?

What have coaches been teaching people?

Whether they are athletes

Meditators

Or businessmen?

Morning routines.

Daily meditation.

Healthy diet.

Hard work.

Lee Trevino, one of the greatest golfers of all time,

Made the statement:

“Give me a Coca Cola and a bucket of fried chicken,

And I will kick your butt on the course.”

Is Coca Cola

And a bucket of fried chicken

The diet of a hall-of-fame athlete?

Is Coca Cola

And a bucket of fried chicken

What the team physician

Or the team trainer

Or the “on-staff-fully-certified dietician”

Would recommend?

All around the world

The professional athlete

Is being destroyed.

For he is trained by those

Who value principle

Rather than Truth.

A team practice

In professional sports

Or in the Olympic environment,

Is a spectacle to behold.

It is a herding of circus animals,

Rather than the sharpening of talent.

It is a one-legged race at the county fair,

Rather than a heightening of performance.

How can the most famous and celebrated coaches in the
world,

Training the most famous and celebrated athletes in the world,

Be not only wrong,

But tragically and destructively wrong?

The fact is,

Almost no one will be able to bring themselves

To accept even the possibility of such a thing,

Much less the thing itself.

What does “practice”

Have to do with The Game?

What do drills and formations

Have to do with performance on game day?

The dirty little secret

Is that the practice sessions

And two-a-day's

And gym-day's

And All day's

That these coaches create . . .

Are not created to secure in-game performance.

They are created

To satisfy in-practice principles.

Imagine a professional basketball player.

He is an expert at performing a jump shot.

Very well.

Why would he wake up in the morning

Have his breakfast

Drive to the stadium

Lace up his sneakers . . .

To “practice” a jump shot?

This sort of question

Is easily grasped

By even a mentally-challenged individual.

But it is beyond the comprehension

Of famous and celebrated coaches.

Do you go to the bathroom each day

And practice brushing your teeth

For 7 hours a day?

But if there were medals for the best brushing performance,

You would like hire a coach.

And indeed practice brushing for 7 hours a day . . .

Practice

Has no meaning.

This is something the Buddhists don't understand.

Practice

Has no meaning.

What of the athletes who become great?

They become great Despite the coaching

Not because of it.

The real question is,

How much Greater could they have been

If their talent and performance was enlivened by Truth,

Rather than interfered-with.

If an athlete is trained

According to Truth,

His talent soars.

If any human being is trained

According to Truth,

His heights go through the sky.

Principle

Is a societal thing.

He who is trained societally,

Naturally becomes more . . .

Societal.

This is why those who are supremely talented

Rarely, if ever . . .

Live up to their potential.

Namaste.

What Destroyed Jiddu Krishnamurti



It is clear from Jiddu Krishnamurti's words

That he harbored a well of Sincerity.

It can be said

That Jiddu Krishnamurti

Was a genuine and serious seeker

Of Truth.

His sincerity surpasses

Virtually all those

Of his time.

An untruth,

An Achilles heel,

A particular lack of understanding,

Destroyed him.

It suffused his purity.

And poisoned his pursuit.

The modern-day guru's

Speakers

Authors

Motivationalists

Priests and pundits . . .

Are but fragile shells of men

Compared to Jiddu Krishnamurti.

But both they

And he

Suffer the very same untruth.

The very same illness.

If one listens to Krishnamurti's words,

It becomes clear

That this is a man of sincerity and depth.

If one listens to Krishnamurti's words,

It also becomes clear

That this is a man desperate to be heard.

His desperation to be heard

Is almost assuredly Not borne of

Self-promotion.

Such a pass

Cannot be so easily given

To modern-day coaches, authors, and speakers.

Krishnamurti suffered from a Need.

The Need for the audience to Understand.

The Need for the audience

To be as sincere as him.

The Need for the audience

To be genuine.

The Need for the audience

To examine deeply and honestly.

So deep was his need,

Most of his time was spent pleading with audiences to be
sincere,

Rather than speaking about what he had learned.

In doing so,

He wasted his time upon the masses,

And denied the rare and sincere humans.

What enormous energy and time

Could have been spent

Exploring deep Truths

Rather than begging and pleading to change the
unchangeable nature

Of the masses.

Jiddu Krishnamurti

Either did not understand,

Or could not Bring Himself to accept,

That almost none of his listeners

And virtually no one in the world

Had either the capacity,

Or the desire,

To be Sincere.

To Krishnamurti,

Attendance implied readiness.

This may,

Or may not,

Have been borne of a phenomenon

That appears in those who are extraordinarily sincere

In their pursuit.

The more Sincere one is . . .

The more desirous of Truth he becomes . . .

The more loneliness ensues.

Few humans are made

To withstand such isolation.

While it may be noble

To attempt to invest others with understanding,

It is more practical and wise to understand,

That there but an exquisite few

Who have the longing to Understand.

Krishnamurti was a king amongst men.

But in cowering to the masses,

He became their slave.

The masses are but a shallow

And ungrateful seed.

Those who seek their favor

Encourage incite within them

A deep and pervasive Entitlement.

Few in the history of human civilization

Have escaped their grasp.

Few in the history of human civilization

Have escaped The World.

Those who have managed to do so

Are worthy of listening to.

Though the one who does,

May not be worthy of hearing it.

Namaste.

The Destructiveness Of Method And Technique



A human wishes to learn a skill.

Or improve a skill.

Or attain realization.

He hires an “instructor.”

Or a “coach.”

Why does he do this?

Why would he not?

After all, a human does

What other humans do.

A human’s behavior

Is created by what he sees

What he hears

What he is repeatedly told

Where he repeatedly lives.

He has no choice in the matter.

He has never had a “choice.”

This is . . .

Conditioning.

If the human is asked

“Why did you hire an instructor/coach?”

He certainly will not say,

“Because I have been conditioned by the world.

Because I have been brainwashed by the world.

Because I am a slave to the norm.

Because I am a product of my environment.”

Rather,

He will be dumbfounded by the question.

“What sort of silly question is this?

Why would I NOT hire an instructor/coach?”

What does an “instructor” do?

He Instructs.

What does a “coach” do?

He Coaches.

Therein

Lies the fundamental problem.

(Few will see it

At first glance.)

If one seeks to become great

At a particular skill

In business

In sport

Or in anything . . .

Can he be “instructed”

Or “coached”

Into that skill?

It is an innocent question.

And not a leading one.

It is a question for a human

To ask Himself.

And explore Himself.

One of the human's most catastrophic diseases

Is Opinion and Belief.

Why shall any sensible human

Resort to wayward and insignificant things

Such as opinion and belief,

When he has the ability

To consult The Evidence.

What does the Evidence show?

Pie charts

Graphs

Statistics

Theorems

And intricate analyses

Are not required.

One needs only a basic intellect

A pair of eyes

And a pair of ears.

How many instructors are there?

How many coaches are there?

One may make it easier upon himself.

How many coaches has the human himself hired.

How many instructors has the human himself hired.

The same goes

For humans that they may know

Who have hired instructors and coaches.

Did the instruction Work?

Did the coaching Work?

If the human deems that it did . . .

If the human deems that instruction and coaching

Made him Great . . .

Then he would be silly to abandon it.

And, therefore, the remainder of this discourse

Is not for him.

He may now Leave.

How does an instructor, instruct?

How does a coach, coach?

Prescriptions.

How-to's.

Hacks.

Methods.

Techniques.

In the world of professional sports,

Things have evolved to the point

That there are perhaps more coaches

Than players.

This is happening

In all domains.

Business coaches.

Meditation instructors.

Vocal coaches.

Art instructors.

Golf instructors.

Baseball hitting coaches.

On and on and on . . .

The coach states How To Do It.

The instructor provides the Method.

The student

Attempts the method.

The coach watches him perform the method.

Then he adjusts him

Corrects him

Changes this

Changes that.

Having contorted the student

Physical and mentally

In accordance with the “proper way”

And the “correct form and technique”

The student is no longer a Human.

He has become

A Puppet.

Understand this:

Puppets Do Not Become Great.

The student has instincts.

But he now bows at the alter of Form

And Technique.

The student/puppet has little choice but to ask,

“Is this correct, coach?”

“Am I doing it right, coach?”

“Is my technique improving, coach?”

Each time he makes a movement,

He does not consult his instinct.

He consults

The coach!

Not because he wishes to.

And not even because the coach has asked him to.

But simply because this is the Effect

Upon Any Human

Who has been brainwashed by the Belief

That method and technique

Are the road to Greatness.

The notion being . . .

If the form and technique are “correct,”

The results will be favorable.

Very well.

What does the evidence show?

The evidence shows more failures

Than successes.

The evidence shows that a professional golfer

A professional hockey player

A professional tennis player . . .

Hits infinitely more “bad shots”

Than good ones.

If the instruction and the coaching were sound

Why should this be the case?

If the method and technique were “correct”

One would, by the evidence before him,

Be forced to conclude

That the methods and techniques that athletes are being
given

Are methods and techniques

To hit Bad Shots!

After all,

Bad Shots are the majority of what they hit.

One may argue,

That although the athlete hits bad shots,

The coaching and instruction

Made their “good shots better.”

This could be so.

But is this a much different result

Than one would obtain

If he “coached” himself?

After all,

BEFORE the player sought a coach,

His bad shots greatly outnumbered his good ones.

His failures greatly outnumbered his successes.

AFTER he works with the coach,

His bad shots greatly outnumber his good ones.

His failures greatly outnumber his successes.

Is there logic in this?

There is a rather horrific

And unpalatable Truth

That most professional athletes

(And anyone that has subscribed to instruction and
coaching)

Never come to Realize.

The reason they never come to realize it

Is because they have been so busy

Being coached.

Perhaps it is in an individual's best interest

To never come to this Realization.

For the pain

Is difficult to bear.

It is the Realization that

For that last 20, 30 or 50 years . . .

The human has Not been devoted to Himself

Or to his Greatness.

For that last 20, 30 or 50 years . . .

The human has been Enslaved

To correcting

The technique

And pleasing the coaching establishment!

Oh how many potential Artists

Are being destroyed each day

In all domains

Around the world . . .

Talent and potential

Are a terrible thing to waste.

Precisely How All Humans Completely Waste Their Lives



Imagine a man

That has a terrible cough.

The cough varies

From day to day.

And year to year.

Some days

The cough becomes so bad

That he vomits blood.

Some days

The cough becomes so harsh

That he becomes light-headed

And cannot think straight.

Over the years

The experts have given him many treatments.

The blue pill

The red pill

The yellow syrup

The green syrup

And so on . . .

Some days

The blue pill lessens the cough

For a few hours.

Other days

The yellow syrup

Alleviates his symptoms

For an afternoon.

He tosses between

Each of them.

This is how his life goes

Until the day of his death.

On the day of his death,

With his final gasping breaths,

He prays,

“Lord, all of my life I have suffered from this cough. It has consumed my entire life. And naturally, I had to use the various treatments and methods I was given simply to make it through the hours. But before I die, perhaps you can grant me one wish. Kindly grant me the wish of knowing exactly the true cause of this cough. No treatments, no managements, no improvements, no methods. I’ve been dealing with those all my life. And I’m dealing with thousands of experts. One telling me that it’s from this, another telling me it’s from that. Before I die, I simply wish to know the exact cause of this cough. Before I die, I simply wish to know The Truth about this.”

Imagine that The Lord

In his wisdom and mercy replied,

“A mile and a half to the south of your house lives an old man. The old man burns his garbage each Tuesday. He has a habit of eating a particular oil. When he burns the cans of that oil, the chemical in that oil is released into the smoke that arises from his yard. The prevailing wind in your part of the

country is to the North. The smoke is slight by the time it reaches you. Practically invisible to the naked eye. That smoke, and the oil that it carries, has caused you the cough for all these years. If you had moved even a quarter mile south of him, or to a different location altogether, your life would have been completely different. This was The Truth that you never came to realize. Not necessarily by any fault of your own.”

Man suffers from various elements.

Anxieties

Conflicts

Confusion

Indecision

Insecurities

Fear

Worries

Dilemmas

Failures

Struggles

A massive and unbearable load . . .

And a constant stream of problems . . .

Throughout birth to adolescence to adulthood to old age to
death.

All of his life

He follows the prescriptions

Of the experts.

Chasing one method

After another.

Suffering one ailment

After another.

Never curing Anything.

Never being given the True Cause

Of anything.

At this moment

There are many smokestacks

1.5 miles from every man's house.

At this exact moment

There are many Truths

That are available and Ready

For him.

A slight adjustment

Would solve most to all of his problems.

And he would Have

What he has always sought.

He would live

The way that Nature intended

For him to live.

Free

As Nature itself.

Free

Of an ocean of problems.

Because he never walks the steps

Toward those Truths . . .

Because he is never informed

Of the old man and the smokestack . . .

He complete wastes

The opportunity that this life provides.

He lives in ways

That Nature never intended for him to live.

For the life that he lives

Is so irreversibly consumed

And saturated by

The advice he has been given

And the beliefs he has imbibed,

He has neither the time or the opportunity

To look anywhere else.

He runs closer and closer

Toward the edge of the cliff

Each day of his life.

Precisely where the experts

And the ways of society

Have led him.

The Truth does not care

If man comes to it or not.

For The Truth

Has Everything.

And needs nothing.

Unless a human

Is willing to give everything for it

He cannot have it.

It does not stand to any logic or reason

That he should not be willing to give anything for it.

For what can he possibly have

Without it.

Truth

Is the only thing

That Works.

And works consistently.

That is why

It is . . . The Truth.

Without it

It is a life of lies.

Thus,

A life of problems.

Thus,

A tragically wasted life.

Namaste.

A Word . . . To The True Artist



You probably do not exist.

For the True Artist is virtually non-existent in this world.

It matters not either way.

It must be understood that in order for one's Art to be True,

The human from which it arose

Must be True.

A false human

Can no sooner produce true art

Than an orange

Can produce grape juice.

It must be understood

That if you decide to release your Art into the world

It must be done with open eyes.

One whose eyes are open

Realizes some things.

In realizing them

He does not subject himself to suffering.

The thing that must be realized

Is that in releasing True Art into the world,

It is being released into a place

It does not belong.

For the semi-humans of the world

Are too blind and conditioned

To recognize it.

The critics are too self-important

To evaluate it.

The world

Is a landfill.

The people of the world

Are filler.

If one seeks admiration

Applause

Approval

Or validation

From the people of the world,

His eyes are not open.

Thus his Art

Can only bring him suffering.

One may do whatever he so wishes.

But if he seeks not to suffer

His eyes must be open.

An Art that is pure

Needs not the approval of the world.

For the world

Is not fit to judge it.

Or worthy of receiving it.

You may reveal small pieces,

But much of one's True Art

Is best kept to oneself.

Locked and hidden

From those who have not the eyes for it.

True Art

As Truth itself . . .

Is Priceless.

To share it all

To reveal it all

To the soiled hands of the world

And the blind humans of the world

Is to Destroy its Purity.

It is far more Pure

To starve

And to die cold and wet on the pavement

Than to give Truth

Or True Art

To the people of the world.

One may live destitute

And battered . . .

But his heart will be satiated

And his spirit fulfilled

By having kept his Art

Wholly Preserved.

Namaste.

Scraps Of Paper



Imagine, if you will,

Five hundred thousand large sheets of paper.

Now imagine,

This paper being cut

Into billions of tiny pieces of confetti.

Next imagine a crane

That gathers those bits of paper,

And loads them onto hundreds of helicopters.

Next imagine the helicopters

Sent to different parts of the earth,

And dropping the confetti

Across thousands of towns and villages

Around the world.

Now imagine,

People around the world

Picking up the pieces of the paper,

And reading a word or a phrase.

Then imagine,

The people following the directions

Of that word or phrase.

Yet despite a hundred years of practice,

Thousands of days of searching,

And thousands of hours of hoping,

They remain where they started.

Never having moved

An inch.

Such is the state,

Such is the situation,

In the world.

Millions of books

Millions of austerities

Millions of recommendations

Millions of prescriptions . . .

Yet man

Never moves an inch.

The books of the world.

The authors of the word.

The priests and guru's of the world.

Anyone and everyone in the world . . .

Tell only small parts

Of the Whole.

Man is given

A piece of confetti.

He views the piece of confetti

As the whole.

Thus, his life

Remains fragmented.

He searches for Completion

Through advice

That is incomplete.

All that a man hears in this life.

All that a man reads in the world.

Are but scraps

Of paper.

Namaste.

On Suffering



Buddha stated

Life is suffering.

Suffering is indeed the pervasive experience

Of human lives.

Some spiritualists state,

Face suffering.

Other spiritualists state,

Suffering is an opportunity.

The trouble with stating things in such ways,

Is that there is a Hard Message

From the speaker.

The trouble with spirituality

And all forms of self-help,

Is that it has no practical relevance.

Spirituality is akin to school.

$6x = 18$.

18 divided by 6 = 3.

Thus,

X = 3.

The honest and practical response to this is . . .

So what?

What is a human supposed to do with this?

This statement

Summarizes

And, thus, Invalidates

The entire domain of spirituality

And self-help.

Buddha said,

Life is suffering.

Very well.

So what?

Another spiritualist says,

Suffering is an opportunity.

Very well.

So what?

This is why, though there are dozens of spiritual books are
on every shelf,

Neither the shelf

Or its owner

Become enlightened.

It is all pointless.

Words that do nothing.

Messages that go nowhere.

And just like school,

The “game” becomes . . .

How many spiritual phrases can you memorize.

How many spiritual phrases can you put on a bumper sticker.

How many spiritual phrases can you put as a response to my messages on Twitter (which get Blocked.)

It is all mimicry.

It is all inconsequential.

It is all impractical.

The spiritualist will tell you,

Go meditate.

Very well.

You meditate.

Did it end your suffering?

Not at all.

But you get a social gold star

For having meditated.

It is all childish nonsense.

Frankly,

It is an insult to human beings.

The human suffers deeply.

His pain is real.

His agony is real.

Clever phrases

Bumper stickers

Affirmations

And austerities

Are but toy soldiers

And water guns

Used to fight a real War.

Suffering is serious.

Pain is serious.

Spiritualists

And their messages . . .

Are not.

Humans like quick and easy solutions.

This is why they achieve nothing

And go nowhere.

Suffering arises

From a lack of Understanding.

Where there is a lack of Understanding

There are problems.

Where there are problems

There is suffering.

Truth, therefore,

Lies in the direction of Understanding.

It is interesting

That man suffers from the small

And the large.

It is interesting

That in almost all situations

He finds a way to turn it into suffering.

This is not an admonition.

And it is not to be taken lightly.

It is not that one should

“Stop doing this.”

Behind it is an inner machine

At work.

Behind it is a complex engineering

At play.

Since suffering is pervasive,

The machinery from which it arises

Must also be.

Suffering can absolutely come to an end.

For a Serious human being.

Namaste.

This Discourse Is Not For You



The human is a fair-weather creature.

He covets flowery messages

Regardless of their falseness.

He is not to be blamed.

All creatures enjoy pleasant things.

Truth

Is not a requirement.

Each human has the right

To live life as he or she sees fit.

The human wishes to hear

That if he gives every effort

He will succeed.

But if his effort

Is built upon false notions,

Will he still succeed?

What of the millions upon millions

Who have been trying and trying for their entire lives

Without having succeeded?

The human is not interested in Truth.

He is only interested in opinions, beliefs, concepts, and principles.

He would sooner fail

Than violate beliefs and principles.

The human is not interested

In succeeding.

The human is not interested

In getting anywhere.

He is only interested

In fitting in

And gaining a feeling of “pleasure.”

It is for this reason

That bumper stickers are ubiquitous.

It is for this reason

That those who spout cliches and pleasant messages

Are forever in high demand.

Work and you will succeed.

Meditation will bring you enlightenment.

Mindfulness will bring you peace.

Try harder, try harder, one day it will come.

The human adores these messages.

For they are in keeping with his world view.

They are congruent with his philosophy.

It is for this reason

That Truth is of little interest to humans.

It is not flowery.

It does not fit on the narrow bumper of automobiles.

It does not subscribe to human beliefs and concepts.

It has no use for humans at all.

What does the human wish to hear?

That if he meditates he will gain some spiritual ascendancy.

That if he performs austerities he will gain the favor of the gods.

That if he does well in school he will become successful.

That if he follows the habits of successful people then he will become prosperous.

That if he eats healthy he will live a long life.

How can a man

With so many beliefs

Possibly be a candidate for Truth.

There is little point in stating

That all such beliefs are false.

For if one were Ready for this Truth

He would have had the self-motivated interest

To examine the evidence for himself.

In order verify or refute

The long list of concepts and principles that society has
given him.

The guru sits upon his throne

Spouting spiritual aphorisms.

Do this and you will gain that.

Do that and you will gain this . . .

The minions in the audience

Nod their heads and applaud.

Why is this so.

Because they have come for Entertainment.

And the guru has come to give it.

If but One of them had not come for entertainment,

He might rise from his half-lotus posture,

And state,

“Dear guru, I shall do Exactly as you say. I will practice
with diligence

the prescriptions you give, and austerities you instruct. This
is my sincere

promise to you. However, if your prescriptions and
austerities do not bear

the fruit you have promised, will you as a man of honor
step down from the throne

and declare yourself either a spiritual entertainment or a
fraud?”

Such things do not happen.

For how can someone call the guru a fraud,

If he himself is a fraud.

The demand

Creates the supply.

Bumper stickers are in demand.

Flowery messages are in demand.

Yoga postures are in demand.

Meditation and mindfulness is in demand.

Hard work, try, sweat, toil, is in demand.

Mimic habits of the successful is in demand.

Make friends and have a social circle is in demand.

The Truth is,

Lies have always been in demand.

Man has never been interested in efficacy.

But he has forever craved pleasantry.

This is the way of the world.

And this discourse

Is not for you.

Namaste.

The Phantasmagoria



A human may arrive gently

Into the world.

Under the promise

Of a vast sky.

But as he begins to take shape

The world takes shape around him.

Shortly after his emergence upon the scene

He is . . . catapulted . . .

Into a phantasmagoria,

After which his life will never be the same.

After which,

His life will never again

Be his own.

A world of beliefs

Doctrines

Rules

Morals

Concepts

Notions

Methods . . .

All things seem real to him

In this phantasmagoria.

Shadows

Harden into stone.

Sounds

Coalesce into words.

Concepts

Condense into commandments.

Without the slightest notion

Of when it happened . . .

Without the slightest notion

Of how it happened . . .

He becomes a part
Of the phantasmagoria.

He learns the names
Of this and that.

He imbibes the ways
Of the new world.

He leaves the domain of Nature
And becomes a man of society.

He suffers intently.
Yet he does not recognize the suffering
As something foreign to him.

For those around him
Are suffering equally as much.

And potions and ailments

Are on offer at the street corner

To soak his wounds.

The wounds, however,

Become deeper.

The human moves further into the society

In search of more street corners.

In search of more potions.

Each of his actions,

All of his pursuits,

Regardless of their nature or content,

Are fundamentally an attempt

At but a moment's relief

From the suffering.

He can no longer decipher

The . . . edges . . .

Between Himself

And the World.

He becomes a professor of the concepts.

A scholar of the language.

A waiver of the flags.

A devotee of the culture.

In his later years,

He searches desperately

For a way out.

And he searches

In the only place he has known.

He searches

In the very place

That gave birth to his desperation.

Which leads him further

Into the abyss

Of suffering.

He craves messages of hope.

But any such message

That arises From The World

Is but sweet-talk.

Imprisoned in the world

The humans come to each other

And speak pleasant thoughts,

As they huddle beneath mushroom clouds

Of devastation.

Never having understood

The non-negotiability

Of the Seriousness that nature demands.

Never having understood

The feeble value

Of their predilection for action.

Never having realized

What the world

Has done to them.

Never having found

The longing

For Truth.

Namaste.

Outcast



“If I swear allegiance to him,

Then all that I am

Is dead already.”

– William Wallace

Man

Wishes to fit in with the world.

Man

Seeks to follow the trail of tradition.

Man

Embodies the societal ways.

Why.

Because

This is his DNA.

But there lives

A different breed of Man.

The Outcast.

Who seeks not the ways of the world.

And has no use for its concepts

Or principles.

Why should a man

Follow the norms.

Why should he believe

That society's ways

Will make him succeed.

When all around him

Endlessly fail.

Why should he listen

To coaches

And scientists.

They may know the numbers.

But what do they know

About Him.

Society

Coaches

Institutions

Universities

Governments

Federations

Organizations . . .

What do they know

About the power that lies

Within a Human Being.

All such things

Serve only themselves.

And they are certainly free to do so.

But if the human places his faith in them,

He can blame only himself

For his downfall.

As it is said,

History is written by those

Who have hung heroes.

Institutions are created by those

Who have nothing effective to offer.

There is nothing respectable

About a society

That caters to common men.

There is nothing of value

In a society

That celebrates failure.

There is nothing commendable

About a society

That is founded upon tips and tricks.

The greatest discoveries

The greatest conquests

The highest heights . . .

Are made by the Outcast.

The one

That society could not cage.

The one

That the world could not tame.

Namaste.

It It True



Man's longing

For pleasantries

Makes him blind

To Truth.

A space can only be filled

With one thing

Or another.

If it is filled with X,

There is no room for Y.

So many concepts.

So many principles.

So many tenets.

So many claims . . .

A fool nods his head.

An idiot says,

‘That sounds wonderful.’

A Wise Man asks,

‘Though it may sound nice

Though it may sound silly,

The question is,

Is It True.’

Eat more fruits and vegetables

And you will feel better

And live longer.

Sounds nice.

Is it True?

If you eat fat,

You will become fat.

Sounds reasonable.

Is it True?

Be kind

And others will be kind to you.

Sounds nice.

Is it True?

Work hard

And you will succeed.

Sounds logical.

Is it True?

Two heads

Are better than one.

Makes sense.

Is it True?

Better technique

Creates better results.

So work on technique.

Sounds reasonable.

Is it True?

Meditation

Is the way to enlightenment.

Sounds possible.

Is it True?

Exercise

And you will live longer.

Sounds logical.

Is it True?

There is a guru on the internet

Who claims that if you turn your hand upside down

Your heart rate will change.

Sounds interesting.

It takes but a few seconds to verify it.

You may do so now.

Was he correct?

Is it True?

A university degree

Provides a high-paying job.

It could be.

Is it True?

An MBA

Is necessary or even useful for a career in business.

Sounds logical.

Is it True?

Is one Required

To pursue what is True?

Is one Required

To abandon that which sounds sweet

But is hollow fluff?

Certainly not.

I Recommend Truth

To no one.

Man

Is a hopelessly conditioned creature.

He is not awake enough

To ask what is True.

And not driven enough

To pursue it.

He is resigned to a life

Of sweet lies

And brightly-colored pills.

He lays asleep

In a bed of thorns,

Listening to those

Who have convinced him they are roses.

Namaste.

The Spiritualist And The Intellectual



The Spiritualist:

“Did you listen to Swami Know-It-All-Ananda’s talk?

It was wonderful.

Though, I’m not sure why his hair is white and his beard is
black . . .

In any case, the Swami’s talk was wonderful.

But, I don't like him as much as I like Swami-All-Is-Love-Ananda.

I have a quote from him. It's so good.

Have you heard that quote?

My god, it's so good.

He is coming this week, let's go see him.

Okay, I have a hair appointment at 3pm, after that we will grab some dinner and go.

I've been practicing my half-lotus. I'm almost there. How's yours? . . . “

The Intellectual:

“Have you read thinking-fast-and-slow? Oh what a wonderful book.

But Seneca says that you should comb your hair to the left, but I comb my hair to the right.

I wonder what Dan Kahneman does. What would he think

about that?

I'm not sure. Maybe I'll read Sapiens to find out.

Honestly, I think that the principle of schoozy-koozy is really on point.

In fact, last week I attended a talk by that new best-selling author Smart-Man PhD.

Have you heard Smart-Man PhD?

He feels that the schoozy-koozy principle is getting outdated. It's almost a month old now.

Tonight I am hosting a cocktail party and I'm going to invite John, Bob, and Gary.

Are you coming?

John is an expert on Bitcoin. And he knows all about the schoozy-koozy principle.

But Gary has been talking lately about this new concept from a book just released, titled,

Knowledge-For-Intellectuals.

Have you read that book?

It contains a new principle called the fancy-schmanzy principle.

They're going to have a symposium about it at the university.

Right now, I have to go, because I have to get my 27.3 minutes of meditation done.

Yes, I recently changed from 20 minutes to 27.3 minutes because of a new book released which says that you get 1.73 millileter drop in dopamine in the amygdala if you increase your meditation by 7.3 minutes.

After that I'm going to jump in my cryotherapy unit, then go and check on my stem cells. I'm not getting any younger, you know?

Such creatures

Are not human beings.

They are human tape-recorders.

They are human xerox machines.

If pricked by a needle

There would not be blood,

But foam packing-peanuts.

In the Bible it is stated,

“It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle
than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven”

The same can be said for the intellectual

And the spiritualist.

Namaste.

(No disrespect to Daniel Kahneman, Thinking fast and slow, Sapiens, or Seneca. I have not read any of these books or authors)

Help Has No Meaning



A guru who gives a speech

An author who writes a book

All the so-called experts around the world

Profess to “help.”

What does it mean

To help?

The masses who listen to the speeches

The masses who read the books

The masses who follow the hacks, methods, and
prescriptions

Are seeking help.

What does it mean

To seek help?

The question will sound odd

Because the humans of the world

Have lived under the spell of this notion

For their entire lives.

When a thing

Is the Only thing one has ever known,

It is unsettling and confusing

To hear anything that does not conform

To that particular Thing.

If the experts were to be asked what he is doing,

They would invariably respond

That they are trying to “help.”

If the masses and the audience were asked

What they are doing,

They would invariably respond

That they are searching for “help.”

What is this thing

Called “help?”

Given that there are millions of guru’s

And millions of authors

Then humans of the world

Must have been enormously helped by now.

Have they been?

If one were to state that they have,

Then why are they still following prescriptions

Doing austerities

Reading more books

Listening to more speeches?

If they are seeking More help

How much help is enough?

Will they ever reach their goal?

Is there a goal?

Or do they seek only to keep putting ointment on the
wounds

As they appear?

What is a guru

Or an author Really doing?

What is a follower

And a practitioner Really doing?

The guru

And the author

Are Really serving their ego.

The follower

Is lying on a table at a day spa

Seeking to be fixed.

The guru and the author's ego

Will never be satisfied.

And the Truth is

They do not seek it to be.

The follower's problems

Will never be fixed.

And the Truth is

He does not seek them to be.

The Truth is

The guru enjoys the notion of helping.

He enjoys the applause.

He enjoys the prospect of feeling "helpful."

The Truth is

The follower enjoys being a follower.

He enjoys the feeling of being “spiritual”

And being a “practitioner.”

And “self-improving.”

Speaker and audience

Leader and follower

Are both running on the same treadmill

Looking at beautified video images on the console.

When the 60 minutes is up

They step off the treadmill

Into their default lives

Until the next treadmill session.

Help

Has no meaning.

Guru's and authors

Their speeches and their books

Have no meaning.

Following prescriptions

And being a good little practitioner

And a good little yogi

Has no meaning.

All things in this world

Are showmanship.

Genuineness

Be it in the form of human character

Or in the form of pure desire

Or in the form of sincerity

Is virtually absent

In this plastic world.

Help

Is a swirling of muddy water.

But humans practice it

Because they enjoy the act

Of swirling.

Namaste.

A Pure Existence



In imagining a pure existence

One may have thoughts of a monastic life

Or religious order.

It may certainly be

That some of the individuals who enter into

What is deemed a “spiritual” life

Are moved by a force of purity.

It may also be

That entering such a way of life

Provides them what they seek.

At the very least

The entry into a monastic order

Or religious existence

Serves to divorce a human

From the filth and the poison

That is the modern world.

For most

This may be enough.

But any institution

No matter its lofty intent . . .

And any doctrine

No matter its ostensible goodness . . .

Proves unnatural in its own right.

And in most cases

Such orders serve as more of an escape

Than a precipice.

A human that relies upon doctrine

Or institutionalized living

Or routines, rules, and principles

To find The Way . . .

Can never find it.

A pure existence

Is rooted not in a desire to appear pure

But in a desire to jettison all that is not.

It is the organic-ness and the personal-ness

Of motivation

That drives any significant human endeavor.

He who seeks to join a group

Of any kind

Seeks but comfort and socialization

Above all else.

A pure existence

Is heralded not by the nature and content of action

But by the nature of one's desire.

Though he may be swept away by the world

For various intervals of time

He cannot help but continually return

To a desire that does not recede

And is not tainted.

Purity is that

Which the world cannot touch.

Namaste.

Truth Is Not A Strategy



He who harbors a strategist's mind

Cannot know Truth.

Analysis

Behavior

Practice

Goals

Books

Austerity

Plans

Principles

Methods . . .

Such tools

Are of little use

In the land of Truth.

But these are the things

That man knows.

These are the things

That man has been taught

And conditioned to use.

It matters not one's intent.

It matters not that they are the only tools

That he has known.

If the tools are not suited for the task

They cannot work.

Man spends his entire life . . .

Searching.

He spends his entire life . . .

Failing.

Because he cannot shake

The ingrained and embedded notion

Of strategy

And action.

It makes little sense

To walk blindly into an open field

In the dead of night

And hope to bump into Truth.

And though the possibility is slight,

And almost certain to fail,

It has a greater likelihood of succeeding

Than strategy, practice, austerity, and method.

Lost-ness

Is the norm of living.

It is not a norm

That need be accepted

Or rejected.

It is simply the norm

With almost all human beings.

Regardless of whether one is happy

Or sad

Or content

Or anxious . . .

He is lost.

And so long as he remains tied

To the principles he has learned,

He will drift further into lost lands

And unseen storms.

Namaste.

What Man is Searching for



Man lives a life

Of escape.

Of pleasure

And of chases.

He works to provide sustenance.

He toils for title.

He curries favor.

He seeks admiration.

But these are not

What he is Truly searching for.

Man is searching

For the beyond.

He is searching

For the elixir.

He is searching

For things that quench his indescribable thirst.

He is searching

For the otherworldly.

He is searching for all

That is not routine

Ordinary

Mundane

And domestic.

His heart longs to soar.

He eyes scan the heavens.

He is searching for magic.

He is searching

For grandeur.

Having lived his entire life

Under the weight of the ordinary

The problematic

The disappointing

And the routine . . .

He craves

A way out.

He thirsts

For something more.

Man searches desperately

For what Nature has found.

He searches for it

In the length of days.

He longs for it

In the depth of dreams.

Something within him

Has always hungered

For the extraordinary.

Something within him

Has always craved

That which is beyond this world.

He seeks a life

Beyond the conflicts.

Beyond the predictable.

Beyond the responsibilities.

Beyond the burdens.

He has lived so long without such things

He forgot long ago

That he searches for them still.

Every moment

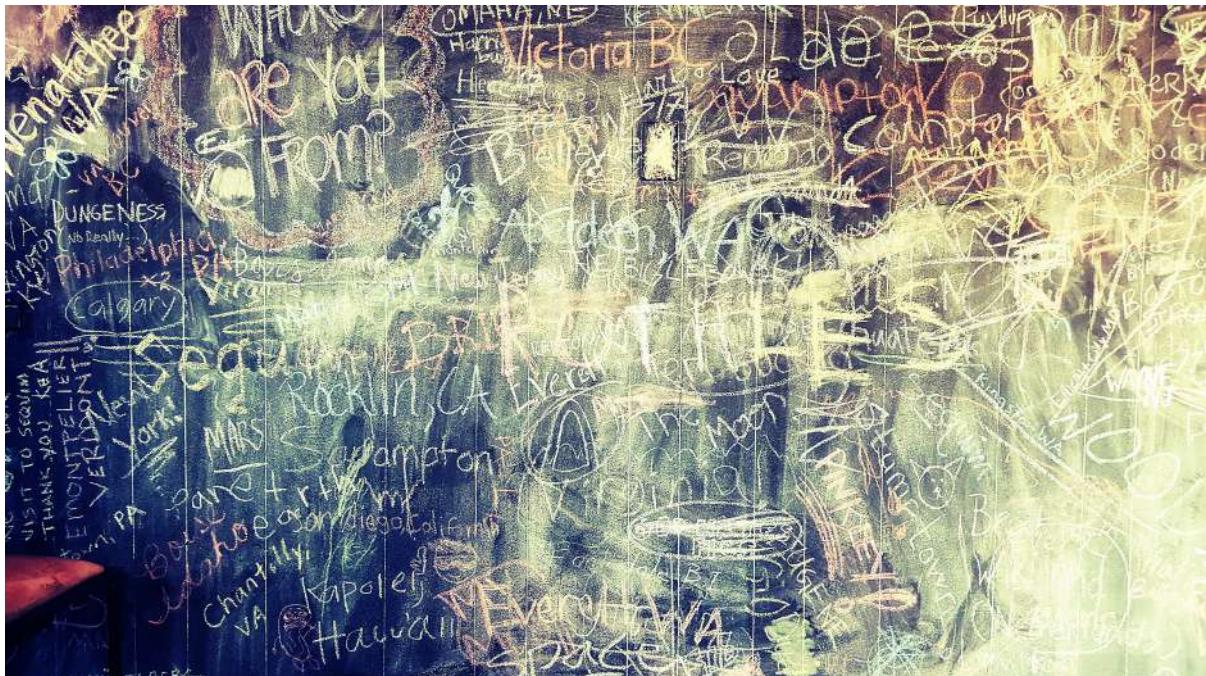
Of his existence.

It is only when he is reminded of this

That his dreams begin again.

Namaste.

Why The Truth Eludes You



A Truth may be written

Inches before a man's eyes.

Yet

He will not see it.

A Truth may be spoken

Inches before a man's ears.

Yet

He will not hear it.

Why is this so?

Echolalia

Is the echoing of words and sounds.

It is seen in various psychiatric conditions.

A man who grows up in society

Suffers from echolalia.

Every single person around him

From the stranger to the best friend

Suffers from echolalia.

For his entire life

He has said,

“ABCDEF.”

As soon as the letters,

“ABCDEF,”

Have been released from his mouth,

They are responded-to with

“ABCDEF.”

Man

For his entire life

Has spoken gibberish

And heard gibberish.

His entire life

Is a rhythm of gibberish.

Gibberish

To a two-count rhythm.

Gibberish

Followed instantaneously by a response of gibberish.

Followed instantaneously by a return response of gibberish.

It is less speech

And more of a discordant song.

A harsh melody

Devoid of lyrics.

Blah, blah.

Oh yes, but blah blah.

Yes that's right, but blah blah blah.

Not really, because blah blah blah blah.

How can you say that, blah blah blah.

Come on, now way, blah blah blah blah!

This has been man's entire existence

Since the day he came into this world.

Therefore,

A man who has become an expert at blah blah,

Is under a deep conditioning of blah blah.

This is who he has become.

Thus,

It matters not if he is speaking to his friend

Or to God himself . . .

He speaks blah blah,

And expects to hear blah blah.

It is for this reason

That even if he hears Truth . . .

He hears it AS blah blah.

Therefore,

He is ready to pounce

With his blah blah response.

Thus,

He is incapable of hearing Truth

Spoken inches before his ears.

Thus,

He is incapable of seeing Truth

Written inches before his eyes.

Namaste.

Excuses



You have many excuses

For many things.

You have not subjected them

To the litmus test of Reality.

You say you want this

But then you back out.

You say you want that

But then you do not proceed.

You say you do not have the time.

You say that because you are a student

Or because you do not make a lot of money

That you cannot afford this and that.

So many excuses.

Just so many.

And there is not a thing wrong

With any of them.

If you did not proceed,

Very well.

If you say that you do not have the time,

Very well.

If you say that you do not have enough money,

Very well.

Making excuses

Is not a crime.

Making excuses

Is not evil.

Making excuses

Robs you of attaining

And accomplishing

And whatever it is that you long for . . .

But you are not killing people.

You are not necessarily even hurting people.

Making excuses

Is not wrong.

If you feel guilty

About making excuses

So be it . . .

But the guilt

Is based upon theory.

If you feel happy

About making excuses

So be it . . .

But the happiness

Is based upon pride.

Neither is good

Or bad.

Neither will get you Anywhere.

But getting Somewhere

Is not a Law.

You may devote yourself to Truth

And become a Prince of Mankind

And attain Realization

In this lifetime.

You may waste your life

With electronics

And socialization

And all the vices that this world offers.

Either one

Is what it is.

If you become Realized

The rewards are unparalleled.

But there is no medal.

If you waste the opportunity

That this life provides,

The pain is unspeakable.

But there is no firing squad.

If you feel proud of yourself

Or you feel ashamed of yourself,

You likely have a reason for both.

The pride may keep you stagnant

Or it may not.

The shame may make you change course

Or it may not.

No one cares.

And even if they did

Of what value

Is their “caring.”

Should you make excuses

No.

Should you resolve

Not to make excuses

No.

Should you resolve to get somewhere

No.

Should you resolve not to get somewhere

No.

Should you ‘just be’

Absolutely not.

Namaste.

Books Are For The Unserious



A man reads a passage from a book.

It is a method.

He is excited to try it.

But it fails.

A man reads a passage from a book.

It is a piece of knowledge.

He is excited to share it.

So he does.

Many years go by.

If he stops and looks back

He will notice that he has read hundreds of books

And thousands of passages.

Each passage that he liked,

He either attempted to implement,

Or share,

Or both.

Many years later

He is still reading.

But in Truth,

He is not reading,

But searching.

For he is convinced

That in some book

A passage will appear

That will change everything for him.

He is convinced

That in some book

A method will appear

That actually works.

The interesting fact

Is that those who have Arrived

Never arrive

By the method they ask others to follow.

Buddha instructs the four noble truths.

Yet he did not know them

Prior to becoming enlightened.

The Truth is,

Everything is fraudulent

Cosmetic

And artificial.

If a man

In his heart of hearts

Sought deeply to Arrive,

He would never seek a method.

But it is only because he has no such desire

That methods appeal to him,

And books attract him.

If one were to speak to Buddha,

They may wish to ask him,

Why did you write the four noble truths

And the eightfold path,

When that was not

What brought you to enlightenment.

Those who Arrive,

Write words

That are wild-goose-chases.

Everything

Upon Everything . . .

Is a wild-goose-chase.

One need look no further

Than his own life.

One may become an expert

Upon the ten commandments.

He may become a scholar

Of the noble truths

And the eightfold path.

He may practice

And practice

And practice.

He will not achieve

What Buddha achieved.

It is for this reason

That, in fact,

The world is filled with scholars.

Becoming a scholar

Of someone's words

Is easy.

Any man

With a pair of frayed neurons

Can do it.

But no one

Becomes enlightened.

No one

Achieves god-hood.

No one

Attains realization.

Because that

Has no method.

And because it has no method

Man is not interested in it.

It may be stated

That man is more interested in the method

Than he is in the achievement.

All around the world

Are preachers and pundits

Spouting the words of the bible

The *gita*

And various religious texts.

They spout,

The gita says . . .

The bible says . . .

They bark,

You should do this . . .

You should do that . . .

Yet Jesus did not become Jesus

By reading the bible.

And Krishna did not become Krishna

By reading the gita.

It makes sense

That men the world over

Take to books

And sermons.

In fact,

They are relieved

That such things exist.

So that they may hide behind them

And convince themselves

That they are doing something.

Man has no interest

In becoming a Jesus.

Or a Krishna.

Or a Buddha.

It is for this reason

That he takes to entertainments.

The Truer the words,

The less compromising the speech . . .

The less accessible

The less understandable

And the less appealing

They will be.

Namaste.

A Life Of Errors



In a young man's life

There is much self-assurance.

In an old man's life

There is much guilt.

A human makes countless errors

In his lifetime.

While making them

He does not question them.

When looking back upon them

He cannot fathom them.

Much of his life is spent

Making up for his errors

And relieving his guilt.

He often finds

That neither people nor circumstance

Are as willing to forgive

As he is to repent.

But neither the people of the world

Nor the circumstances of life

Are the judge of a man.

Chasing retribution

Creates problems.

Chasing goodness

Creates problems.

One is never as bad

Or as good

As he believes.

Both

Are but arbitrary judgments.

The closer that people are

The more egregious the error.

Strangers

Have few conflicts.

For where there is closeness

There is complexity.

The waters

Are murky.

The allegiance,

Questionable.

While the attempt to atone for one's mistakes

Is noble.

The atonement rarely is as potent

As the error.

The errors lives more vivid in memory

Than all the good

A man may have done.

This may be a point of interest,

But there is little fruit

In its lament.

Does man get

What he gives?

Does he reap

Precisely what he sows?

Has the golden rule

Been subject

To unbiased scrutiny?

Who can say for certain.

And aside from the principle of fairness,

It does not matter much.

For there is greater benefit

In realizing the way things are

Rather than what man would like them to be.

Life does not read self-help books.

And it subscribes not to spiritual philosophies.

It is neither about forgiveness

Nor blame.

But rather,

One's recognition

Of his pattern of error.

And the degree to which

They are acceptable to him.

It certainly may be

That no man is perfect.

But nowhere is it written

That one should not desire to be.

Namaste.

The Failure Of Spirituality, Self-Help And Self-Development



One of the central reasons

That a human does not transform

Is because of a lack of honesty.

The spiritualists are not evil.

The self-help guru's are not malevolent.

The masses and devotees

Are not necessarily stupid.

But none of them are Honest.

What I mean by honest

Is not that the guru's intentionally lie.

Or attempt to mislead.

Or that the masses attempt to deceive.

But that the core of their works,

The fulcrum of their thinking,

And the heart of their intentions

Is not Honesty.

If a guru wishes to prescribe meditation,

So be it.

In and of itself

There is no harm in this.

But this prescription is Never followed by,

“Meditation may do absolutely nothing for you.”

This is not to say

That meditation will do nothing

For a person.

It may

Or it may not.

Perhaps it will give him a few minutes of peace

And if this is satisfactory for the individual,

Then so be it.

But the trouble with guru's

And coaches

And instructors

And authors

And speakers

And the entire lot . . .

Is that they Never

Ever

Ever

Ever

Absolutely Never . . .

Tell the entire story.

Never.

Ever.

Ever.

A piece of the story

Is like walking in on the middle of a conversation.

This can only result in one thing:

Failure.

Why do they not tell the whole story?

Because there is something at stake for them.

They wrote their books to Sell Copies.

They utter their sermons to Fill Seats.

At the very least,

They wish to Be Heard.

At the very very least

They wish to Help.

Because they have an Angle,

No matter the nature of the angle,

Honesty is simply not possible.

For Honesty is a dangerous thing.

It may result in them not selling many books.

Or not filling many seats.

Or not being heard.

For humans want Headlines.

They do not want to hear

That something may work

Or may not.

Humans are hungry for Hope.

And these people and institutions

Provide it in varying doses.

A truly rare thing

Is a human who wants The Truth,

Just as it is.

And the Rarest thing of all

Is a human who is willing to provide it.

Just as it is.

Namaste.

The World Is Not Credible



If an individual is dripping wet

From the knees to the feet

And he claims that he has been walking for days

Upon a dry sidewalk

He loses credibility.

He is not evil.

He has simply identified himself

As an individual

Who is not credible.

Therefore,

An individual

Would ignore him.

However,

Only the individuals

Who were interested in Reliable Knowledge

Would ignore him.

Those who did not care

If the individual was reliable or not

Would not necessarily ignore him.

This world

Creates films

That are little more than foul language

And explosions.

This is fine

For an individual

Who enjoys foul language

And explosions.

But to an individual who seeks Quality,

Both the individuals who create such films

And their audience

Are not credible to them.

This does not mean
That these filmmakers
Or the individuals who enjoy such films
Are evil.
It is just that
They are not a credible source
For those who seek Quality.
The same can be said
For the best-seller lists.
And all facets of media
And society.
The marketing industry.
The political domain.

The lobbyists.

The religious order.

And so on . . .

It may be safely stated,

Speaking in fact without judgment,

That he who seeks Quality and Reliable Knowledge

Cannot turn to the world.

The reason that “trash sells,”

Is not because of the trash-suppliers,

But because of the trash-demanders.

Neither are evil.

They simply are not useful or credible

For those seeking Quality.

The books that are written

The videos that are made

The speeches that are given

Do so only to proselytize.

And what they proselytize

Are fad notions

And mass propaganda.

From politics

To religion

To self-help

And spirituality.

It is all . . .

Fluff,

Wrapped in scented roses.

They are not evil.

They are simply of no use or credibility

To those who seek The Truth.

Of the roughly 8 billion humans

That inhabit this earth,

The fraction that is seeking Truth

Is undetectable on any scale of measure.

Viewing things logically,

Why would any “supplier” of material

Or goods

Or media

Or information . . .

Create material, goods, media, and information

For an “undetectable fraction” of individuals?

Neither the people of the world

Nor those who supply them

Are evil.

They are simply of no use

Or credibility

To the individual who is seeking Truth.

There is indeed a problem

With not knowing The Truth.

But there is an infinitely greater problem

With seeking Truth

In a place that does not possess it.

Namaste.

He Who Is Ready



It is not possible

To speak Truth

To human beings.

For human beings

Are caught in a spider's web.

A web of opinion.

A web of belief.

A web of conditioning.

A web of prescription-seeking.

A web of lies.

While such an individual

Is the one most in Need of Truth,

He is also the individual

Who simply is unequipped to receive it.

The mere mention

Of a Truth

Sets him off

Into a litany of responses

And pseudo-questions.

If he is told,

“You Are Imprisoned By Your Mind,”

Before the words touch the peripheral skin of his ears,

He will launch into his schizophrenic litany:

“But I need my mind.”

“How can I live without my mind.”

“How will I make decisions.”

“I will become dumb, I want to remain intelligent.”

“How will I plan.”

“Blah, blah, blah, blee, blee, blee.”

And on and on.

He may be told

To shut his inane, petulant, reactive, moronic, idiotic
mouth.

But this would do little good.

For even if he shuts his mouth,

He will still be shouting “blah, blah, blah” inside his head.

Such a human being

Is not interested in Truth.

What he is interested in

Is Information On His Terms.

It is not that he Should seek Truth.

It is just that

He is simply not a candidate for it.

He Who Is Ready

Does not launch into a tirade.

It is not this behavior

That marks him as Ready.

What marks him as Ready

Is that he is willing to give Anything

To Know The Truth.

Therefore,

The tirade is of no interest to him.

Every question that he asks

Is a sincere and gentle and probing and serious

Longing to Know.

He asks no Pseudo-questions:

Comments in the form of a question.

He Who Is Ready

Is Insatiable.

Not insatiable for knowledge.

But insatiable for Truth.

He Who Is Ready

Cannot go days or weeks or months

Without hearing Truth.

For he has come to recognize

That his daily existence is but a tsunami

That continually washes him out to sea.

Truth

Is not a part-time endeavor

For him.

Not because it is good

Or healthy.

But because he has somehow come to the irreversible
realization

That it is the Only Effective Means,

And the Only Way Out Of Suffering.

When one realizes

That a particular Thing

Is the Only Thing,

He needs no coercion

Or convincing.

He is willing to do anything

And give everything.

Where he once had “no time,”

He suddenly does.

Where he once had “no money,”

He suddenly does.

Where he once had “little sincerity,”

He suddenly does.

A man who sees

That a particular Thing

Is the Only Thing,

Excuses have no possibility of arising.

He Who Is Ready

Wants to know

Today.

He is willing to Give Everything

Today.

He is willing to burn his beliefs and opinions

Today.

Because he has at last realized

That Truth

Is absolutely and without contest

The only thing there is.

Because he has at last realized

That Truth

Is absolutely and without contest

The only thing that can grant him

All that he has ever desired.

Namaste.

A Quick And Direct Route To Truth



If there were an individual before me

Could I take him to Truth

In a very short time?

Yes.

And this would be perhaps the most direct way.

But this is unlikely to happen.

The reason that it is unlikely to happen

Is because the sort of individual that this direct route
requires

Is extraordinarily rare.

Firstly,

He would have to demonstrate a willingness

To give everything.

Secondly,

He would have to be Ready.

The first

Is not quite as difficult to find.

The second

Is almost impossible.

It is by no means impossible

To find one who is Ready.

But very close to impossible.

If an individual was willing

To give everything . . .

If he was indeed able

To demonstrate his Readiness . . .

There is a significant possibility

That he could be taken directly to Truth

In a relatively short period of time.

The reason that humans

Never find Truth

Or Wisdom

Or Realization

Or Freedom

In this lifetime . . .

Is because:

1) They are not Ready

And

2) They have not found one who is able to give it to them.

And while it is on the verge of impossibility

To find a human that is Ready,

It is even more impossible

To find one who is able to give it to him.

If an individual had demonstrated

These two traits,

He would simply be given The Truth

And he would imbibe it.

In imbibing it

He would become it.

It is not difficult.

What is not only difficult,

But also impossible,

Is to chase prescriptions.

It is (1) very hard upon the psyche

To chase and chase and chase for a lifetime.

And it is (2) impossible to find Truth/Freedom/Wisdom/
Realization

By way of prescriptions.

It is impossible,

Because that is not how it was made.

If each of the Truths

That I gave to the human

Was seen as coming straight from the mouth of God,

There would be little to no blockages or interferences

Between the words that left my mouth

And those that entered his ears.

They would not be soiled

And poisoned

And altered

By his mental conditionings.

It would be a Direct Connection.

No if's and's or butt's.

No maybe's and could be's.

No "I will have to think on that."

No "Let me get back to you."

No "Yes, but"

No "No, but."

The individual who was Ready

Would have already come to the realization

That if his so-called "knowledge" were True,

Then he would already have what he was looking for.

Or at the very least,

He would be quite close.

And if he did not have it,

And if he was not close,

Despite all of these years of searching

And doing

And practicing

And hoping

And reading

And intellectualizing

And debating

And hacking

And technique-ing

And method-ing

And meditating

And mindful-ing

And thought-watching

And loving-kindness-ing

And chanting

And stoic-ing

And mental model-ing

And salt-gurgling

And breath-couting

And pony tail-ing

And jumping jacks, summersaults, back flips, and stomach
churns

And whatever clever nonsense he had been doing . . .

Then doing more of the same

Would only give him

More of the same.

The Truth is,

There is virtually no human

That is Ready.

The Irony is,

That being Ready

Has the greatest possibility

Of getting him all that he wanted

In relatively short order.

Namaste.

Why You Buy And Consume Junk



If a world class photographer buys a camera,

He does not go to the nickel and dime store.

For he realizes

That if he pays a nickel and a dime

Or if he goes to the nickel and dime store,

They do not have the camera

That befits him.

For he is not interested in taking a few snapshots

Of flowers and smiling faces

That he will hang at a tilted angle

Above the dining room table.

He is as particular

And precise

And meticulous

And careful

In choosing the camera he buys,

As he is in the execution of his craft.

After years of investigation

And experience

And trial and error,

He has likely found ONE particular camera

From ONE particular supplier.

Whatever it costs, it costs.

And he will never deviate from this camera

Or supplier.

For he simply cannot risk

Or compromise

The sanctity of his art.

This is the way it is

With any man

Who is the Elite of the Elite.

For their care and devotion

And exquisite attention to detail

Cannot be trusted to just anything

Or just anyone.

What is most astonishing about man

Is that he is willing to entrust not only his craft

Or equipment to anyone or anything,

But actually his very LIFE

To anyone or anything.

Why would a man

Place his LIFE

In the hands of cheap theories

Magazine clippings

Popular quotes

Self-help cliches

And spiritual jargon?

Why would he buy

And consume . . .

Junk?

The answer is simple.

He would buy and consume junk

For the same reason

That a casual photographer

Would buy a camera

For nickels and dimes.

The casual photographer

Has no interest in being world class.

His work is cheap

And of low quality.

Thus,

He buys and consumes

That which is cheap

And of low quality.

For a man to be a casual photographer

Does not cause him harm.

For it is not his interest to be world class.

Thus, he is fine with junk.

But every man lives a Life.

And is there any man in the world

Who intentionally seeks

A junk Life?

Thus,

There is no such thing

As a “casual Live-er.”

Each man

Seeks to be a World Class Live-er.

Whether in the form of happiness

Or freedom

Or success

Or wisdom

Or whatever it may be.

But the reason

That he buys and consumes junk

Is because that is what he thinks of his Life.

And that

Is what he thinks of Himself.

This is why

He nickels and dime's.

This is why

He consumes self-help

And spirituality.

This is why

He is neither particular

Nor precise

Nor meticulous

In what he buys

And consumes.

He can sit and chant

And meditate

And mindfulness

And self-improve

And stoicize

His life away.

No results?

No problem.

After all,

He considers his life useless.

And it is for this reason

That “practice” without getting anywhere

Is acceptable to him.

He welcomes failure.

And courts struggle.

Because this is the regard

That he has for himself.

After all,

“Failure” is the new meme in society.

Fail, fail, and fail again.

Hooray for failure.

How exhilarating.

A man who thinks of himself as garbage

Will buy and consume . . .

Garbage.

A man who consumes the bumper sticker slogans,

Considers his life

To be worth

A soiled bumper.

The point is not that he should change.

There is no need for him to change.

There is no need for him

To have self-respect.

There is no need

To have greater value for his Life.

There is no need

To improve the way he thinks of himself.

There is no need

For him to stop nickel and dime'ing.

This is simply why he does

What he does.

Namaste.

Parenting Destroys The Child



It matters not

That man is the most evolved of creatures.

It matters only

What he has become.

Man is the only creature in existence

That becomes Less

Than what he was made to be.

A tree

Remains a tree.

An animal in the wild

Remains an animal in the wild.

A soil-dwelling insect

Remains a soil-dwelling insect.

Man is made as one thing

And gradually become less.

No man need have pride.

For how can there be pride

In becoming less?

Compare any newborn

To even the most intelligent of adults.

There is simply

No comparison.

How has this happened?

A flaw of nature?

Perhaps once a child can walk and talk

He should lose contact

With all men.

For it is human-to-human contact

That destroys the human.

Parenting destroys children.

Regardless of intent.

Regardless of intelligence.

Regardless of culture.

There is not a child

In the history of the world

That has not been destroyed

By parenting.

All that they accomplished,

All that they became,

Was despite parenting.

And not because of it.

The parent is not to blame.

For he is at the mercy of a role

He is simply ill-equipped to fulfill.

Is any man

Young, middle-aged, or old

Realized

Or enlightened?

Not that he should be

Or should not be.

The question is,

Is He?

A man who is not realized

Or enlightened

Is suffering.

A man who is suffering,

Can only offer,

Despite his best intentions, . . .

Suffering.

A man who is suffering

Is a man who is flailing.

A man who is flailing

Has as his immediate and primary allegiance,

Self-survival.

A man who is consumed with his own survival

Is not in a position

To tend fully to a child.

He will do what he can

With what he can muster.

But that is all.

And he can in no way

Be blamed for this.

As a parent

He gives what he can.

He does his best.

He has noble intentions.

But how much can be asked

From one who suffers

And is constantly drowning

For the whole of his life?

If it is a flaw in nature's design

Is difficult to state with certainty.

But no human

Is made to be “parented.”

Most humans

Are not equipped

To even read this discourse.

For they will likely take from it

A desire to “do better.”

And to “improve” their parenting skills.

No man needs to “improve”

If he is Naturally Equipped for a task.

If a child reads this discourse,

He will use it as license to “do as he likes”

And break free from or condemn

His parents.

As always,

The reader

Is very likely

To Misunderstand.

The problem is not that the parent has done wrong,

Though he has made a million errors.

The problem is

That (1) he has become a Parent,

And (2) to a child

That was not meant to be Parented.

No amount of “behavior change”

Or “betterment”

Or “nice-talking”

Or “forgiveness”

Or “parenting skills”

Can change this.

A fish was not made

To walk on land.

If it washes onto the shore

It will not immediately die.

It will flop and flail and suffer.

No amount of “improvement”

Or self-help

Or “terrestrial living” skills

Will serve the fish.

A man is trying to find his way

In life . . .

And in the opaque depths

Of himself.

One who flops and flails

Can leave only this legacy

To his children.

Namaste.

The Impracticality Of Spirituality



What the spiritualists

And the guru's

Have never understood

Is the human Mind.

Even the ones who have become enlightened

State that it is “right in front of you.”

That “you are already the thing that you seek.”

And so on.

It is not that they are wrong.

It is simply

Of little utility.

A man gets nothing

By being told that he is already there

Or that it is right in front of him.

This is why ancient books

And guru’s

Have absolutely zero

Practical value.

They are only good for

Getting into the “vibe”

And the “atmosphere”

Of a spiritual feel.

It is the smell of incense

And the blush of rose petals.

Nothing more.

It matters not how correct a thing is.

If it is not Practical,

It may as well not exist.

The spiritual seeker

Is complicit.

In fact,

The spiritual seeker

Creates the guru.

Because he demands nonsense,

Nonsense is created in great supply.

The guru that tries to help

Is the poison of all possibility.

The man who reaches enlightenment

Did not get there by way of method.

The spiritual seeker,

Regardless of what he may say,

Is not seeking Truth or Enlightenment.

He is seeking

A dose of good feeling

Or a way to feel more spiritual

Or appear holy in front of society.

Therefore,

He is seeking something fundamentally different

From that which

The enlightened man has found.

Of what use are the directions to a desert

For he who is seeking water?

The only guru

Who tries to “help”

Is the Fraud.

No enlightened man,

No serious human who has found permanence,

Would be interested in “helping.”

Would a professional basketball player

Go door to door

Trying to “help” the common man

Make it to the NBA?

Spirituality is an abomination.

Self-help is a catastrophe.

For such things

Have nothing to do with anything.

Spiritual books

And self-help books

Are comic books.

If a thing has no practical and lasting value

It has no reason to exist

Except for those

Who seek to waste their lives.

I have visited Buddhist Monks

Who were the head of temples

And directly asked them,

“Sir, what have you found.”

As predicted,

I was met by empty prescriptions

To go meditate and be mindful.

These people,

As nice as they may be,

Have no value

To any Serious human.

An ape

Can read things out of a book

And memorize and recite them.

A parrot

Can echo spiritual jargon.

One may search day and night

Far and wide

Across the oceans and the forests

And faraway lands . . .

He will not find

No One who is REAL.

He will not find

No One who will give him The Truth.

He will simply find

Spiritual academics

Who have a fashion for hairstyles

Be they shaved head or pony tail.

He will simply find

Photographic memories

And human tape recorders.

He will simply find

Smiling faces

And a willingness to help

Become more “spiritual.”

He will simply find

Paraphernalia and amulets and beads

And incense and mandala's and symbols

And rituals and practices and austerities.

There is nothing in this world

That is REAL.

There is no one in this world

That is THE REAL THING.

Even by Devotion

If not by accomplishment.

The blind

Leading the blind.

Posers

Leading posers.

The Serious Man

Is on his own.

Namaste.

The Truth About Boards And Committees



Where there is One man

There is a possibility

For Effectiveness.

Where there are Two

There is none.

Where there is One man

There is a possibility

For Truth.

Where there are Two

There is none.

The aggregation of human input

Is beneficial for moving a heavy log

Or any facet of manual labor.

Other than this,

The aggregation of human input

Leads only to problems

And inefficiencies.

Humans have meetings

For socialization

And justification.

Justification

Of work.

Justification

Of a semblance

Of productivity.

Gathering the opinions

Of different individuals

Leads only to chaos

Conflict

And confusion.

Meetings

Have no place

In a Serious man's life.

He who seeks to accomplish great things

Has no use

For committees.

He who seeks to accomplish great things

Has no use

For opinions.

As he errs,

He errs

And learns.

As he succeeds,

He succeeds

And learns.

It does not matter

What his colleagues think.

It does not matter

What his subordinates think.

If he has a boss

And he must seek permission

From a boss,

He cannot do great things

In such a position.

On a board or committee,

John thinks X.

Sally thinks Y.

Robert thinks Z.

What they think

Has no merit.

Unless . . .

John is The World Leader in X.

Or Sally is The World Leader in Y.

Or Robert is The World Leader in Z.

If they are not,

It is a blind guess.

Blind guesses were available

BEFORE the meeting.

Blind guesses were available

BEFORE the formation

Of the board and committee.

Of what use is it

To form boards and committees

To make Blind Guesses?

Most decisions Fail.

Most companies Fail.

And even the ones that do not

Function at but a fraction of the efficiency

Than is otherwise possible for them.

Humans are interested in “joining others.”

They are interested in “holiday parties.”

They will do anything and everything

Do “get together”

And “socialize.”

Companies

Are fraternities

And high schools.

Cliques.

Groups.

Wars.

Favoritism.

Subterfuge.

Prejudice . . .

It is this way

Because unserious men are common and plentiful.

And the Serious Man

Is an exquisitely rare breed.

The high school brat

Puts on roman-numeral shirt

And becomes a fraternity brat.

The fraternity brat

Puts on a tie

And becomes an executive.

Exchanging ties for t-shirts and flip-flops

And exchanging cubicles for open and communal office
spaces

Does not greatness make.

Humans are imperfect.

Combine them

And the imperfection increases.

The Serious Man

Flies solo.

Because he has no time

For Inefficiency.

Socialization.

Or Nonsense.

Namaste.

Why Man Never Finds What He Is Searching For



Generations of men

Never find it.

Legions die

Never having known.

If a man searches

Why does he never find it?

He listens to one guru

Who says to be in the moment.

Another guru says

To focus on happiness.

One guru says

Forget the self.

Another one says

There is only the self.

Yet another one says

That there is a True self

And a False self.

One book says

That good men go to heaven.

Another book says

Heaven does not exist.

One author says

You will come back in the next life.

Another author says

There is no afterlife.

One guru says

Count your breaths.

Another one says

Watch your thoughts.

One author says

How you think is how you feel.

Another author says

What you think does not matter.

Yoga

Has hundreds of different styles.

Meditation

Has hundreds of different varieties.

Which of them

Is correct?

If you give the diplomatic non-answer

That “they are all correct,”

Then will you do All of them?

Even if you lived

A thousand years,

And did nothing but follow all of these prescriptions

There would not be enough time.

You will

Or likely have already . . .

Chosen.

But what if the guru

Or the path

You have chosen,

Turns out to be wrong?

Will you get your time back?

Will you get your life back?

Upon what basis

Can you judge

Who is right

Or wrong?

If you have followed a way

Or a guru,

And you have Arrived,

Then you can confidently say

That this guru or this way

Is correct.

But if you have not Arrived

Or if you have not gotten what you seek,

Upon what basis can you judge

Who is right

And who is wrong?

How can you say

That X guru is correct.

And Y guru is incorrect?

What is the litmus test

You can use

To verify the words in any book

Or on the lips of any guru?

You may choose to “believe.”

That is your right.

But belief is but a preference.

It is no different

Than you preferring chocolate over vanilla.

Or salty over sweet.

If one is going to spend

The only life that he has,

Basic logic and reasoning dictates

That he choose wisely.

And in order to choose wisely,

One must have a system of measure

Or some tool by which to evaluate.

If he does not,

It is a blind guess.

And a blind guess

Is a terrible thing

To risk one's Life upon.

The Buddhists say that Buddha meditated

And achieved enlightenment.

So they are all meditating.

And because you heard them say this

And you read their writings,

You likely meditate also.

Everyone in this world

Is doing things

For no other reason

Than because someone told them to.

Everything in this world

Is hearsay.

Everything in this world

Is circumstantial.

Everything in this world

Is willy-nilly.

Everything in this world

Is arbitrary.

No evidence.

No standard of measurement.

No litmus test.

Just pretty

And “scientific”

And “spiritual”

Words.

It is all time-pass.

It is all spitting into the wind.

It is all rabbit's feet,

Salt over the shoulder,

Four-leaf clovers

And a swift breath into the fist

For good luck.

What an unfortunate thing

Upon which to devote

A Human Life.

Namaste.

Teaching Does Not Produce Learning



A teacher sits

Before a collection of students.

The teacher speaks words

And the student attempts to learn the words.

This is what has been happening

In this world

Since the beginning of time.

This is what occurs in the world

Today.

This is the concept

And the structure

That is believed

To produce Learning

Within a human.

Like all untruths

It appears logical.

If only it were True.

The human

Is not a vessel

To be filled.

And even if he were

He could not be filled

With such an approach.

Such a concept

And structure

Does not create Learning.

It creates

Parroting

And dependency.

As the evidence

All around the world

Has shown.

The concept

And the structure

That humans have been conditioned to believe . . .

The concept

And the structure

That humans have subscribed to

With every cell in their body . . .

Is this:

“Tell me what to do”

“Tell me what to practice”

“Give me the method”

The teachers

And the students

And every human alive . . .

Believes that what stands between
Him and his goal

Is a method that he has not yet learned.

What is happening
All around the world?

Everyone is following methods
And teachings . . .

Yet no one is getting anywhere.

No one Ever
Gets anywhere.

This means
One of two things:
Either the hundreds and thousands of methods

Are wrong.

Or . . .

The concept of teaching

Is flawed.

The only thing that Works

Is the only thing there IS . . .

And that is . . .

The Truth.

Namaste.

Giants Of Man



There are those

In human history

Who are Giants of Man.

They display

The Ultimate Possibility

Of Man.

Not by way of ego

Or fame

Or popularity

Or following . . .

But by a pure devotion

And the rarest of human DNA.

A Buddha . . .

A Jesus . . .

Their teachings need not be followed.

Their characteristics need not be emulated.

In fact,

Their words mean little.

Because they are addressed to the masses.

Words addressed to the masses

Are worthy only of the masses.

Thus,

They are of no value.

And no value

And no results

Is exactly what has been achieved

By having their books sit on dusty shelves

For thousands of years.

Love thy neighbor . . .

Peace comes from within . . .

Craving creates suffering . . .

Search and ye shall find . . .

If a human is struck

In the depth of his heart

By a particular teaching,

And he wishes to devote his life to it . . .

Then there is a possibility.

Otherwise,

The words

Are simply words.

The teachings

Simply adorn office walls,

Church pews,

And meditation halls.

The matter is not

Of the words.

The matter is of

The Man.

The matter is not

Of the talent.

The matter is not

Of the habits.

The matter

Is of the Desire for Truth

And the capacity for Devotion.

The Giant of Man

Has little interest in the world

Or its people.

For he recognizes
That the world is but a traveling circus,
And the people
Do not have the capacity to understand.

Speaking practically,
Who are Buddha's words for?

Who are Jesus words for?

No One.

They are but a counterfeit currency.

They are but a silhouette.

They are but a stick-figure drawing.

Why is this so?

Because they are reduced

Into prescriptions.

That which is reduced

To a prescription

Loses all of its value

And all of its power.

It is but the shell

And the rind.

No prescription

Made Jesus

Into Jesus.

No prescription

Made Buddha

Into Buddha.

In fact,

It was only when Buddha

Left all prescriptions

That he became Buddha.

If he wished to write something

Of his discovery,

Why not write The Truth?

He did not do so

For the very same reason

That no man,

No matter how great,

Does so.

Because he seeks for it to be understood

And “practiced”

By the masses.

Understand this:

Any teaching

That dilutes itself

To be understood . . .

Any teaching

Whose principal objective

Is to be “practiced” . . .

Any teaching

That caters

To the masses . . .

Is but

Used toilet paper.

It denigrates

The Man

Who speaks it.

Truth is Truth.

It stands on its own.

It is not subject to compromise.

He who longs for it,

Must Reach for it

Until his limbs are pulled

From their sockets.

Truth

Bows to no man.

And the Giants of Man

Such as Jesus

And Buddha

Did just that.

They did not find it through

Abridged and summarized quotes

And prescriptions.

Any fool can hold out his hand.

Any fool can ask for “the steps and the method.”

It is for this reason

That fools

Remain fools.

The Giant of Man

Is the Giant of Man

Precisely because . . .

He is willing to do Anything

To Arrive At Truth.

It is the willingness to scale

The deadly mountain

Come what may . . .

It is the willingness to traverse

The treacherous sea

Come what may . . .

For in order to do so

Such a man has the Mountain

And the Ocean

Within him.

Namaste.

A Desperation For Happiness



Every human

Is on a desperate search for happiness

Every minute of the day.

It is understandable.

Why would he not want such a thing.

The trouble is not

That he searches.

The trouble lies

In finding it.

Where will he find it.

He will search for it in relationship.

But relationships shift from sweet to sour

A hundred times a week.

How can he find it there?

He will search for it in success.

But success is a climb that never ends.

How can he find it there?

He will search for it in money.

But money either comes and goes,

Or it stays.

If it comes and goes,

It creates anxiety.

If it stays

It tends to engender mistrust and conflict.

How can he find it there?

He will search for it in religion.

But when he prays to God

God never shows his face.

Or whispers a word.

How can he find it there?

He may search for it in the smile of a stranger passing by.

But once the stranger has passed by

The happiness has as well.

How can he find it there?

He may search for it within.

After all, this is what he has forever been told.

But when he looks within, he sees only anxiety and uncertainty.

How can he find it there?

He may search for it in meditation.

When he sits for meditation,

It may often make him more uneasy.

If it gives him peace,

Then the suffering will patiently wait for him to open his eyes.

How can he find it there?

It is not that he should not search for it.

It is not that he should abandon the concept.

Where will he find it?

Either in the world.

Or in himself.

He has visited all of these places

Thousands of times throughout his life.

And he has never found it.

His desperation for happiness

Is understandable.

But where will he look next?

Where will he find it?

Where?

Namaste.

The Arrival



Whether it is in this life

Or a life eons into the future . . .

There is

An Arrival.

For millennia

He roams as one

Who did not know.

For millennia

He roams as one

Who is . . . Subject.

Subject to illusion.

Subject to assault.

Subject to suffering.

Subject to misery.

Subject to confusion . . .

One who is subject . . .

Bears suffering

In all its forms.

Put simply,

He lives

As prey.

That which he believes

Is convincing.

He lives

For one lifetime

And those subsequent . . .

Under a spell.

The world

And its minions,

By way of their words and ways,

Perpetuate the spell.

In The Arrival

The spell is broken.

And the man

Sees Truth

For the first time in millennia.

It is The Arrival of wisdom.

The Arrival of clarity.

The Arrival of insight.

The Arrival of Truth.

It is only then

That he realizes

How far he had strayed.

It is only then

That he realizes

How incurable was his condition.

It was all flawed.

All of his ways,

His opinions,

And the fundament

Upon which he based his entire existence.

The very ground upon which he stood

Was quicksand.

All actions

For naught.

All pursuits

With improper understanding.

Every step

A misstep.

He who is under a spell

Cannot understand such things.

The sleepwalking man

Knows only the state of sleep.

Until . . .

The Arrival.

Namaste.

The Most Immediate Priority



It is the most immediate priority

Not by way of imposition

Or force.

It is the most immediate priority

Not by way of recommendation

Or suggestion.

It is the most immediate priority

Because of the knife at the neck

That is man's daily experience.

It is the most immediate priority

Because it is what man suffers from

Each moment of his life.

It is not theoretical.

It is not in the future.

It is what is here.

And what has never gone away.

It is the most immediate priority

To become free from the mind.

To achieve liberation.

Not in any fantastical

Or romantic

Or spiritual

Or new-age vein . . .

But by way of raw practicality.

Because the suffering is immediate,

And the anxiety is immediate,

And the chaos is immediate . . .

The priority is immediate.

There is nothing else

That is of any priority

In any man's life.

All other things

Are part-time dealings.

Regardless of what they have been built up to be.

It is not a far-reaching notion

To address the immediacy of one's suffering.

It is a far-reaching notion

To do anything else.

A man's stature in society,

His wealth,

His plans,

His responsibilities . . .

While they may be tended to

Like a boiling pot on the stove,

They are but of little import

As compared to the guillotine at his neck.

Spirituality

Is a luxury.

Self-help

Is for those who have time to waste.

Such things

Are the dabbing of blood

With a medicated cotton ball.

Whilst the guillotine

Maintains its pressure upon the carotid.

It is hardly a matter of motivation.

For no motivation is required

To retract one's hand

From a hot stove.

It is a matter of necessity

To which the man's own life

Stands as an incontrovertible testament.

Man is taught to chase goodness

And altruism.

He is taught to flee

In various clever ways

The causes of his suffering

And the source of his turmoil.

Because he has been conditioned to wander,

He has adopted the habit of . . .

Waiting.

It is not that it must be done Now.

It is not that Today is the only day.

It is not that he should not wait any longer . . .

It is that . . .

He tends not to realize this.

Because he has lived for so long

A life of extravagant and clever . . .

Avoidance.

Namaste.

A True Monastery



Things in this life
From the spiritual to the worldly
Are mired in Untruth.

For their allegiance
Is to things
Other than Truth.

A True monastery

Would have neither a hierarchy

Nor a commune.

The humans set apart

By Sincerity

Rather than skill.

A True monastery

Would have no use for meditation

Or chores

Or heavy-handed lessons.

For such things do not create Wisdom

But student-hood.

A True monastery

Would be savagely exclusionary.

For it would use the example of “the world”

As a cautionary tale.

Truth

Would not be compromised

At any cost.

Hippies and drug addicts,

Love-mongers and escapists,

Gigglers and huggers,

Quote-spouters and intellectuals,

Consciousness-seekers and spiritual experts . . .

Would be stopped at the gate

With pitchforks and torches.

A True monastery

Would be devoted to sacred-ness.

A sacred-ness borne not of tradition

Or lineage . . .

But of a protection of an atmosphere of Truth

At all costs.

A True monastery

Would consist of no lessons

Or clever koans

Or nonsensical rituals.

It would contain no structure.

For structure

Carries an ulterior motive.

There would no recitation
Of garbled language

Whose meaning is neither decipherable

Or relevant.

A True monastery

Would have no austerities.

No suffocating incense.

No photos of the Buddha.

No socialization.

And such things

Would not need to be enforced.

For Truth would be the only thing

In the heart.

Monasteries

Are a squandered opportunity.

Which reveals

An insincere intent.

They are essentially

“The world”

In spiritual decoration.

They are hierarchical

Like the world.

They are prescriptive

Like the world.

They are ritualistic

Like the world.

They are symbolic

Like the world.

They are self-important

Like the world.

What they could have been,

They will never be.

Because man's Need

To "help"

And to proselytize

And to propagate knowledge

And to preserve lineage

And to honor ritual

And to play the game of changing the masses

Is firmly embedded within the psyche of human beings.

The Genuine Thing.

The Real Deal.

The Authentic One.

The True Essence . . .

Such things

Exist neither in the world

Or its monasteries.

Namaste.

The Clock



The clock ticks

And ticks.

Then at one particular moment

The ticking stops.

The last tick

Was the last tick.

Man's life

Is on a timer.

Like the timer

At a whirlpool

The water is swirling,

The bubbles are rolling.

Then in one tick,

The timer stops.

The water turns still and clear.

The bubbles disappear.

A man is busy building an empire.

He is on his way to finalize a deal.

While he is on his way

He receives a phone call from his broker.

He has had a windfall.

But he must sign some papers.

After he finalizes the deal at 3:40pm,

He will head to the broker's office.

But on his way,

He must stop to pick up some bread.

Company is arriving at 6:30pm.

He must wrap things up by midnight.

As he has a plane to catch at 7am.

As he enters the supermarket,

He rolls the shopping cart past the tomatoes

And he suddenly collapses.

Massive heart attack.

In the produce aisle.

What happened?

The clock stopped.

Little did he know

That the walk from the car

To the supermarket door . . .

Would be the last few steps of his life.

During those three minutes,

He was a dead man walking.

The lethal injection

Would be applied

Just as he passed the tomato aisle.

During his birth

There was much pomp and ceremony.

During his life

There were so many plans.

Up's and down's.

Futures and fortunes.

Many possibilities.

Many pains.

All of it . . .

Leading up to a simple walk

Past the tomatoes.

No warning.

No ceremony.

No final burst of light.

No whisper of a farewell.

No pat on the back

For a life of struggles.

No handshake

For a life of accomplishment.

Each man

Is but a tick of the clock

From The End.

In mid-breath.

In mid-stride.

In mid-planning.

In mid-thought.

Man can say goodbye to his family

When he leaves for work.

But he rarely has the opportunity

To say goodbye to his family

When he leaves the earth.

Life asks Death . . .

“You are simply going to pull the plug right now?”

Death says,

“Yes.”

Life says,

“At least allow him to return home for a moment.”

Death says,

“Sorry, time is up.”

Namaste.

A Different Kind Of Feeling



He was once asked,

How much he loved his son.

He said he did not know,

But that it was something other than love.

He called it,

A Different Kind Of Feeling.

He said that if his son

Sent him to prison

He would write him every day

From his prison cell.

He said that if his son

Disobeyed him,

He understood.

He said that when his son

Gave him a hug,

He held onto him.

He said that if his son

Were to beat him with an iron rod

And tell him that he was the worst father in the world,

He would smile

And kiss him on the forehead.

He explained that there was nothing logical

In his ways.

And that he did not speak of this to anyone.

For no one would understand.

He could not explain why,

But he did not want anything from his son.

Not even love.

He did not recommend this to anyone.

And he could not support it with reason

Or explanation.

And though it was not something that he tried to attain,

Or a way he had worked toward becoming,

It provided him a Freedom

He could not describe.

He could not explain how he had come to feel this way.

If its origins lay in guilt,

Or responsibility,

Or something else

He could not say.

He did not know if he was a good parent

Or a bad one.

He did not know what was right parenting

Or wrong parenting.

But he was always content

With the way his son was.

He explained that the most pervasive feeling

Was a lack of need from his son.

Almost to the point

Of a lack of interest.

His entire life

Was a life of giving to him.

But he could not accept

That he gave anything at all.

For it did not arise from volition

Or intent.

He did not know how his son felt about him.

When asked if he would like to know what his son said
about him

He said no.

When asked why,

He said because it did not matter.

It would change nothing.

It would not change the way he felt.

And it would not change the way he thought.

He was told that many considered him

The best parent in the world.

To which he did not respond.

When pressed for a response,

He said that he had no interest in hearing

Such silly things.

Because he did not know the first thing

About being a parent.

The only thing to which he could lay claim

Is a thing which he had been given:

A Different Kind Of Feeling.

Namaste.

Attaining Wisdom



Wisdom arises

In a sincere heart.

He who moves with sincerity,

His steps tend to be assured.

Seeking not pretense,

Or favor,

Or well wishes,

He is propelled by an unseen force

Toward it.

It cannot be said

What any man should do

Or say . . .

It cannot be said

What any man should set his sights upon . . .

There are many things.

Many ways unfold

To he whose journey is True.

Seek to be a certain way

And you will become stifled.

Seek to polish the exterior

And you will become vain.

Wisdom is not a notch in the belt.

Or a colorful feather.

Rather it makes life

Easier to live.

And it tends to lessen

The typical assaults.

Attempt to lead a certain type of life,

Beholden to rituals and routines,

And you will become a marionette.

Behaviors,

Rituals,

Austerities,
And practices
Are the acts of a pretender.
That which is not Real
Or Genuine
Or the perfect shade of blood . . .
Is but a perpetuation
Of man's silly little games.
Wisdom lies neither in selflessness
Or kindness
Or meditation
Or improvement . . .
Such things are but pretty decorations

Hung upon billboards and placards.

Truth

Is a more grainy

And subtle thing.

With a depth that does not end,

And a fraying at the edges.

What one should do,

What he should not,

How he should speak,

What he should practice . . .

Methods,

Techniques,

Austerities,

Koans,
Practices,
Principles,
Theories,
Concepts . . .
Such things
Are but crossword puzzles
To pacify the neophyte.
No man of Sincerity
Would be caught dead
Engaging in such shenanigans.
One may examine his life,
And how he feels.

If it is satisfactory to him,

Then he may carry on

As he is.

If it is unsatisfactory to him,

Then he may seek something other

Than where he is

And how he feels.

As he so wishes.

As he so chooses.

Namaste.

Master, Why Are You Not Afraid



Student (S)

Master (M)

S: Master, I can see in your eyes, and in your ways, that you are not afraid. How did you become this way?

M: I do not know.

S: Why are you not afraid?

M: I do not know.

S: I am afraid.

M: I understand.

S: Does it seem odd to you that I am afraid?

M: No.

S: Why not, Master?

M: Virtually all are afraid.

S: Yes. I am one of them. I would like to learn, Master.

M: I cannot tell you what you should do. I cannot tell you why I am not afraid. Though I understand that you are.

S: What is it that you know, and I do not?

M: Life, perhaps.

S: Life?

M: Yes.

S: What is it that you know about life, Master?

M: Perhaps I have somewhat of an understanding of life.

S: What is it that you understand, Master?

M: I understand that life acts as it wishes. I understand that it tends to create storms in the life of man.

S: And I do not understand this?

M: This is a question for yourself.

S: You say that life brings storms to man.

M: It is so.

S: And you have learned to avoid them, Master?

M: No.

S: Then what you have learned, Master?

M: I have learned to live within them.

S: Thank you, my Master.

Nothing Else. Nowhere Else.



Making mistakes,

And rectifying them.

Seeking success

For the first time.

Achieving success

And seeking more.

Accumulating wealth

And coveting more.

Attempting to be good,

And moral.

Becoming spiritual,

And gaining expertise.

Round and round

A man shall go.

All the while

In a fight

For peace.

Fall down.

Get up.

Fall down.

Stay down.

Fall down.

Stay down.

Get up.

This is the life

Of man.

No matter the successes,

The goodness,

The healthiness,

The wealth,

The love,

The friendships . . .

He shall struggle

With anxiety

And confusion

And fear

And pride

And ego

And turmoil

And misery

And suffering.

No matter how successful,

How good,

How wealthy,

How loved,

How healthy . . .

He may become.

In Truth,

The only place to go

Is toward a permanent End

To all such things.

A freedom

From problems.

A death

Of all fears.

An Arrival.

There is nowhere else

Of any significance.

There is nothing else

Of more value.

Should he end up poor

And friendless

And abandoned by all who have known him . . .

Shall he end up sick

And dying

And obscure . . .

If he but approaches

The Arrival,

He will be close

To having everything he has ever desired.

In this one life

There is nothing else.

Nowhere else.

Without it,

He has nothing.

Without it,

There is but an endless field

Of suffering.

Namaste.

Of Little Use



There is but little use

To most things.

There is no need

To stop

Or start.

The eye is pleased

By the shiny

And the colorful.

The mind is pleased

By the conceptual

And the self-important.

One may meditate.

But it is of little use.

One may practice this and that.

But it is of little use.

Actions are typically performed

For imagery

And symbolism.

They tend to bring nothing.

They tend to be

Of little use.

One tries many things.

Things heralded by the world.

Things preached by priests.

Things taught by books.

They tend to be

Of little use.

One hankers for love

Chases validation

Craves acceptance . . .

Such pursuits

Tend to be

Of little use.

The world is abuzz.

The world glitters.

Behind the noise

And the glitter,

Lies repeated dissatisfactions.

A thing rises,

It falls,

It excites,

It disappoints . . .

It tends to be

Of little use.

A thing that is not permanent

Compels one to grasp it.

Grasping it

Brings the hope of joy.

But the thing goes.

And the grasping

Turned out to be

Of little use.

All things

Tend to be

Of little use.

All people

Tend to be

Of little use.

To memorize something

That is not borne of one's natural experience

Is also . . .

Of little use.

Namaste.

Just One Thing. Just One Time.



A child receives a toy set.

On the box is a photo of an airplane

Soaring through clouds

At hundreds of miles per hour.

Inside the box

Is a plastic airplane

That does not fly.

From the Buddha

To the toy set . . .

All is sensationalism.

Just once,

One single time in a life of 87 years . . .

What if the box contained

An airplane

That looked and functioned

As the photo on the cover.

Just once.

If a thing could be Real.

No sensationalism.

No hype.

No feel-goodness.

No beautification.

Just once.

Just.

One.

Single.

Time.

In a lifetime.

One may go to a Buddhist temple,

And ask the abbot . . .

One may go to a church,

And ask the priest . . .

Sir, for my entire life,

I have been shown fool's gold.

I have been given red herrings.

I have been given wild goose chases.

I have been given beautified images

And lovely stickers

And sweet-tasting potions.

I am an old man now.

I am going to die.

Can you please,

Just once,

Show me Buddha?

I am an old man now.

I am going to die.

Can you please,

Just once,

Show me Jesus?

I am an old man now.

I am going to die.

If you cannot show me Buddha

Or Jesus . . .

Can you please not lie to me.

Can you please not give me a practice.

Can you please not give me a prescription.

Can you please

Just once,

Just

One

Time

Give me The Truth?

Whether I imbibe it or not.

Whether I listen to you or not.

Whether I throw it in the trash

Or if I am too stupid to understand it . . .

That is my problem.

You are free of all potential responsibility.

I simply want to have

Or be told just one thing

Just one time.

Just The Truth.

Do not dumb it down.

If I am too dumb

That is my problem.

Do not dilute it.

If I am too dull

That is my problem.

Before I die,

I just want One Thing

That is Real.

Just one thing.

Just one time.

(Because the answer to this question

Has always been NO . . .

I spent my life

Discovering it

For myself.)

Namaste.

Getting What You Desire



Shall it be known,

That each man gets

What he desires.

From the achiever

To the sloth.

No man becomes a sloth

Who does not desire to be.

No man becomes an achiever

Who does not desire to be.

An ear that is directed

To the advice of the world

Is an ear that hears lies.

An ear that hears lies

Propels a body

Toward actions that bring failure.

He who works hard

Out of principle

Invites failure.

He who functions from a place

Of following notions and tenets

Invites sorrow and struggle.

He who requires a push today

Will require another push tomorrow.

He who requires a prescription for the first step

Will require more prescriptions

For subsequent steps.

He who values the world

Listens to the world.

He who listens to the world

Acts according to the world.

He who acts according to the world

Gets what the world gets.

The overwhelming majority of the world

Fails and struggles

For their entire life.

If failure and struggle

Is what one seeks,

Then it is logical

To listen to the world.

In all things

That a man hears,

If he is wise,

He will consider the source.

If a man's heart is pure

There is wisdom in lending an ear to it.

The world celebrates desire

And the chase to fulfill it.

It values the chase.

It values hope.

Thus it espouses the tenet

Of hoping

And chasing

Forever.

Truth

Has never existed

In the world.

It exists

Only in the rare few

Who value it

More than they value

The world.

Namaste.

I Will Show You The Way



From the Buddha

To the Guru's . . .

All proclaim,

“I Will Show You The Way.”

They say,

If you do such and such,

You will get

What you seek.

And when you do not,

They tell you,

“Just keep doing it.”

Can any man

Be shown The Way?

Yes.

If The Way

Actually works.

Is there truly

A Way

To get all that one seeks?

There is.

But its nature and location

Is magnificently contrary

To what one has been told.

When guru's

And spiritualists

And priests

And speakers say,

“ I will show you the way,”

What they are truly saying is,

“I will give you practices.”

And they make good

On their promise.

And thus,

There are legions of humans

All around the world . . .

Practicing.

Do they get anywhere?

Anywhere at all?

Well, no.

But it was never about getting somewhere.

It was always about . . .

Practicing.

Ask the 50-year meditator

If he has gotten anywhere.

The only place he has gotten

Is to a higher skill at meditating.

Understand this:

Realization

Freedom

Or Enlightenment

Is Not

A Skill.

There is a Way

To everything that one desires.

But it is too . . . concrete

For one's liking.

It is too . . . direct

For one's DNA.

It is too . . . immediate

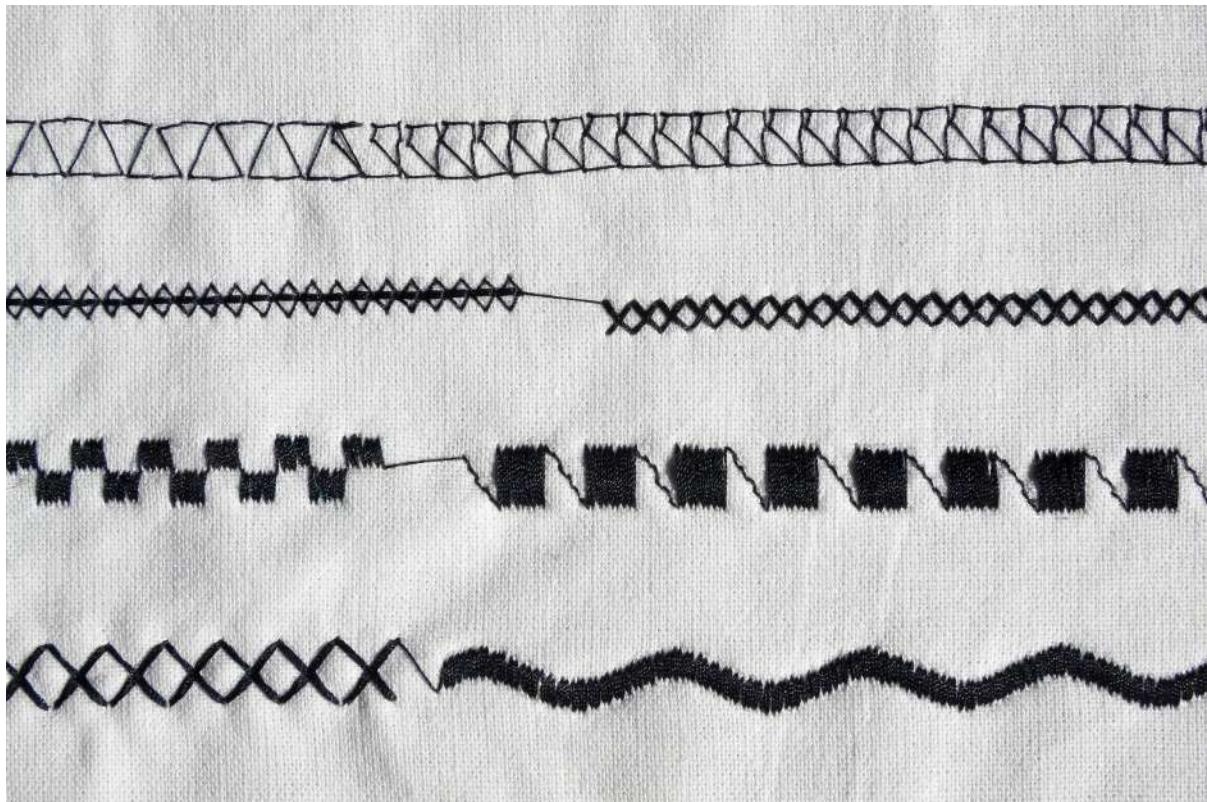
For one's timeline.

It is too . . . truthful

For one's insincerities.

Namaste.

The Logic Of Inefficiencies



A man has back pain.

He visits a medical professional of any sort . . .

The medical professional says,

Take these medications.

The medications numb the pain,

But the pain returns.

He then visits a different practitioner.

This practitioner prescribes some exercises.

The man does the exercises

But the pain continues.

He then visits all manner of professionals.

Chiropractors, physical therapists, massage specialists,
healers . . .

Each offers his own treatment.

None of the treatments work.

The back pain continues.

Each has his own explanation

For why the man has back pain.

He is told he has poor posture.

But he claims that he has always had poor posture,

But the back pain is new.

He is told that sooner or later the poor posture caught up
with him.

He spends months fixing his posture.

But the pain continues.

He also notices those who have far worse posture than him,

Yet they have no back pain.

He is then told that his spinal facets are out of whack.

So the chiropractor gives him an adjustment.

But he has to keep getting adjusted . . . forever.

He asks how the facets got out of whack?

The chiropractor gives him a vague non-answer.

He then asks,

If the chiropractor “adjusted” him back into place,

Why does the adjustment not last?

The chiropractor tells him its maintenance that he must do
forever.

He is then told that his back muscles are weak.

So he must join a gym to strengthen them.

He is then told that he needs to take vitamins.

And stretch.

And foam roll.

And release.

Thirty years later,

And his problem never goes away.

Each of the things that all of the practitioners told him

Made sense.

They were logical-sounding explanations.

They were reasonable possibilities.

Their prescriptions seemed logical.

And reasonable.

Yet despite the logic

And the reasoning . . .

Nothing actually WORKED.

This is the story

And the scenario

For all things

That man pursues in this world.

Without The Truth,

There is only

The Chase.

Namaste.

A Little Bit Of Freedom



It matters not

How comfortable

A man's life is . . .

He has zero Freedom.

Thus,

He has . . . nothing.

He may say,

I am Free,

Because I can do what I want.

Freedom is not

Doing what one wants.

Because what one wants

Is not chosen by him.

The “wanting”

Is not something

He chooses

Of a free mind

And a free will.

The wanting

Is thrust upon him

By his mind.

So he is at all times

Doing the mind's bidding.

If a man

Can turn off his thoughts

At will.

Then he has some Freedom.

If he can drop anything in his life

Without hesitation.

At a moment's notice,

Then he has some Freedom.

If he can turn off the faucet of confusion

Or turmoil

Or anxiety

In an instant . . .

Then he has some Freedom.

Even if he has but a Percentage

Of such things . . .

Then he has a Percentage

Of Freedom.

But he has none.

He has nothing.

He has no such powers.

He has no such ability.

Thus,

He is but a comfortable

Poor man.

The designation of “poor man”

Is not an abstract one.

It is most acute.

And profoundly practical.

For he himself

In each hour of the day

Feels the weight of suffering

And anxiety,

And has sought for his entire life

To be free of it.

Thus,

It is not abstract

Or “spiritual”

Whatsoever.

It is his very own complaint.

It is his very own desire

To be rid of it.

Therefore,

No matter what he has,

No matter how much he has achieved,

Unless he has Some Freedom,

He has absolutely nothing at all.

This is not a judgment

Forced upon him.

It is

His very own

Living experience.

For if he had Something

He would not be “searching”

Every single moment

Of every single day

Each day of his entire life

For pleasure.

Why is he searching?

Even though he may be wealthy

And famous?

Because he does not have

What he Seeks.

And what he Seeks

Is . . .

A Little Bit Of Freedom.

Namaste.