I was born in LA

I always liked buddha statues. Thought it was interesting and always felt playful. Lots of characters that represented positive things like love, wisdom, wealth.

When I was a kid, my mom imposed a super strict diet on me (as many parents were in the early 90s but i also had some allergies so my mom was particularly strict about it)

In preschool i wasnt allowed to have treats during other kids’ birthdays. In a sense who cares, but also, it gave me a sense that or made me think that, i wasnt - something about me made it so that I wasnt fully included in the happiness of other people. Literally everyone else… that made me feel really weird. Even to this day my mom is like “the teachers asked us to stop but we… didnt” but then they did.

That turned into or grew into my acting out on the basis of a couple of things which were feeling like i wasnt spending enough time with my dad (because he was working like 100 hours per week) and also feeling like whenever I wouldnt understand something, it would also trigger that feeling (maybe this is another thing that other people do together that im not… [allowed to do] that i dont do and something that i cant be part of).

And then my best friend growing up started to find out about sex, which was like “oh this is something that everyone does that i *can* do. Oh this is like the secret thing everyone is doing that I can be part of - great”

So im growing up im starting to get in trouble because im learning how to compete but competition is a thing i can be part of where its okay to exclude other people on the basis of their not having the merit - oh yeah okay. So I can compete in certain things? Great. Throughout this time I also had that seizure [it was earlier] where i first had symbolic representation of the cognition of a wisdom maverick.

And then also one of my friends in childhood in massachusetts, when i would go to visit my grandparents (id be so bored and he was my only friend really) but the thing was he was a super angry kid so sometimes he would like hit me and say mean things and stuff. I would also witness his brother saying that mean stuff to him and hitting him and seeing him passing it to me and i knew intuitively thats what he was doing and so it didnt bother me because i just wanted to be friends. So if he did hit me or whatever id be like “ok what else do u like to do”. He showed me computer games and I really liked them because he really liked them and his brother really liked them and he was also allowed to do that with his brother, so my introduction to gaming was that in the context of abusive relationships. I then (i thought he was the coolest kid ever) when i got home had my parents get me a computer and ended up getting all these games he introduced me to and more eventually. What happened was i was playing these games which was great for me because we lived in the opposite part of town as the other kids in my schol because they were from better off families so we couldnt have playdates because it would take 40 minutes of driving just to meet halfway so other kids werent into it and other parents werent into it. I also didnt have the stuff these kids were used to and that was weird trying to understand why other kids didnt like being at my house, until i started going to their houses but then i didnt understand why our houses were so different. As i get older, all my friends’ families started to collapse…. Anyway, so at this point im like 12 and all the kids are applying to middle school and i dont get in to any schools, which was just like — nobody said much about it to me, which i find a little bit surprising — even though my mom told me privately they had a lot of conversations with the school bc it was a private school and how could this possibly happen that you dont get into any middle schools - its not that competitive, whatever, “were so so sorry”. Then LA public school was about 48th in the US, so they were like “idk how this happened. Sorry” my parents were like “ok should we move or go to a diff school district…” the only options were far away which actually wouldve been great for me because it wouldve been with the asian kids

My mom got promoted and we moved to New Mexico and my dads career temporarily died bc he produced soul plane and there were piracy issues and stuff so it bombed and also was controversial. It basically killed his career. So my dad was really depressed when we got to new mexico. Living there was like this: everything about my life in LA ended because (it felt like to me) i did something wrong and i didnt do what everyone else was doing. Fuck ok this is just going to be really fucking intense…

Ok so then before we moved to NM, the summer before, i really felt like for the first time in my life (two years before actually) the school that i went to… had this process called regrouping where they had 7 age groups but only 6 classes so you had to be regrouped. I got regrouped in group 4, i ended up feeling really bad about that because i was with a bunch of kids who had been regrouped who were so fucking cool previously and then i got the idea they were way more mature than i was. They had started to realize stuff about being a person that i didnt know - not copying and so on. So that was interesting to me to be introduced to a lot of cool people who were like “youre not included”. I tried to work through that and I was semi successful, i went to all their birthdays.

So i got regrouped and i ended up being regrouped with one of the kids who would then be one of my best friends. So, and also, one of my first girlfriends, even though we didnt know that was what was happening that was more or less what it was (but pregirlfriends where you dont touch). I was 9-10 and my parents had accepted they would never ever be on time to pick me up from school so after school ended at 6 and they wouldnt be able to get me by 6 and it felt so bad to be left there with whoever was the aftercare worker. We didnt have cell phones. I didnt understand why love always left me.

Anyway, i would go to my friends’ house instead and he lived next to that girl and i got to hang out with them like every single day. At this time, i started to become a lot more interested in school for the first time even though i never actually thought of it that way. It was the first time i really felt like i started to understand things and i got more confident in reading. I had taught myself how to read before i got to school and when i got to school i saw them reading books i didnt know how to read yet and i told myself i must not know how to read and then i developed a learning disability related to reading after that. When i started hanging out with these kids, it sort of went away. I started to be able to read more complicated books on my own like going from magic treehouse to lord of the rings ( duke to the times). Of course ididnt understand everything i read but i felt really good about being able to do the things i wantedd. Maybe this was one of my first instances of self-love. Not to say i then because a genius or whatever but I just became interested. “Oh its time to read, im going to actually read instead of grabbing a book i can pretend to read and then going somewhere where i can not read”.

Then, one day, in our final year at that school, I went to washs ome stuff and i was at the sink washing the paint brushes or whatever and one of the kids made a joke making fun of me thinking that i coudlnt hear him and he said “oh, campbell hall, for isaac? More like juvenile hall” and everyone laughed. I didnt know they thought i was bad. Maybe that’s why i didnt get in and i have to go to school with bad kids…

So then we moved to new mexico which was terrible for a lot of reasons but it started out as me being ripped away from my friends… then in new mexico, i

The year before we went to new mexico, i went to a summer camp and started to become a lot less shy. I was really trying to be myself and be who i wanted to be. i t ended up making one of the kids jealous and he attacked me and beat me up in front of everyone and nobody did anything. Then i got to new mexico and by that time i was much more wary of how people are. I was still pretty much like “want to make friends but i know youre probably fucked up but i want to be friends… dont take it out on me” that kind of thing. i so then i show up at school and wer’re all 12-13 and puberty and going crazy and girls like me because im new. Then, the boys hate me so im like not putting two and two together so im thinking “ girls those are my favorite thing!” but then making all the guys hate me. Except, i did have a couple of friends who i thought were really great. One in particular… and (im such an idiot for never confronting him about this) but there was one day where i was waiting after school to be picked up and i was with him and one of his friends who was one of the super cool kids at school. And he said “hey, why do you hang out with Isaac?” while we were just sitting there. And he said “I dont know”. And i dont think anything else was said but it was just like it was enough… so then… we werent friends anymore. And then… the next year i startex to understand more about conformity and signaliing and started to fit in a little bit more because i got lucky and the people in my class were part of a totally different group of people that gave me an opportunity to reinvent myself a little bit and it worked and thwas great. That was another time that i experienced that upward momentum but more on purpose. At the same time, im still playing a lot of games and start playing WoW and hanging out with the kids at school who do that which was interesting because that ended up becoming SUCH a social stigma so it felt like i totally couldnt escape this cycle. The irony of how i got into video games (the abuse) and how people are online “oh you fucking no life loser” and they say that stuff to like 11 year olds because they dont even know and that really fucked me up. I always felt like i knew in the back of my mind that games were never going to be good for me and enever help me, but that was the reason i didnt ever go pro or get famous. I stopped letting it compound over and over whenever it got good, then i got too old to do it and it just became one of the most painful things in my entire life because i'd spent so much time doing it and getting good and having fun with so many friends but again… had to leave them. The best part of games was learning about positive force in your mind and momentum and belief, in your mind about whether or not you can do something and the knowledge required for you to belief something enough to change the programming to execute it. Change the data to write the programs you need to write on the fly in order to execute and do it. I started doing that. And then, i noticed i was starting to be completely in love with this girl who was the brattiest brat you could possibly fucking imagine and she goes on to totally ruin my life. We get together and she fucks my best friend who then destroys my WoW friend group which was the last thing i felt like i had. Nobody said anything and the whole school knew and i didnt until i put it together like a conspiracy theory. That fucked me up really bad.That went on for like 3 years and at the end of high school i was introduced to CTR writing by one teacher who was a former Zen Monk. I also wrote a thesis on utopias using republic and that made me interested in philosophy. Then i found a way to say philosophy related to screenwriting but i definitely didnt even know what telling stories meant at all. Ok so i guess one way to say this is

I write stories about inclusivity and love to prove to myself that their power is real

So then i got to bennington and i was like ok great anothre opportunity to reinvent myself, most of my problems were around relationships so i should not get into one, but i didnt stay away from girls i was just like ?oh we cant be in a relationship because im not doing that” but relationships arent justlabels, they do exist and you are in them with everyone. I learned that the hard way. That was a really hard lesson. i t made me, i dont know, okay… yeah… when i got to bennington, i started to try to figure out what was going on and one of the conclusions that i came to was that i wasnt fitting. And i was was really not sure what to do about that because i had never actually tried to solve that problem before by thinking about what other people must be thinking baout in order to become the people i see them becoming and being… os i asked jane one day “do i fit” and she thought it was a dumb question because everyone fits everywhere. I then then I also obviously and at this time I met dene and was like okay shes really cool and she seems to be just like me but im not really cool - whoa okay so maybe i can learn from her because we could be friends. That was interesting to me because id never been friends with someone who i actually thought was cool. At this point, i dont even know what that word even meant to me. She showed me psychedelics, really. And that was when i first started to call it “The Wasteland” just randomly. I was like” youknow hwat it is, the wasteland, because everyone is just a caricature of their own ignorance about themselves, about their identity… and i didnt know about identitylessness so it was just ignorance about the habits they have in their identity (and me, so it was the wasteland - we are all here). Then i, got home for break and I … at soem point i also saw the kalachakra mandala for the first time. And i got home… and i also started looking into atlantis and shambhala because i was randomly interested in lost civilizations and stuff. I remember i went to borders when i got home froor break to look for books about Shambhala and thats when i found the book by CTR called Shambhala. I bought it because it was him and it was Shambhala but i realized it didnt seem to be about what I wanted. I wanted a map to Shambhala or something and this was a self-help book so ididnt read it. I also got some other books like roadmap to reality and science books like that and books on the war of the three kingdoms and the tibetan book of the dead and DMT the spirit molecule. I got back to bennington and started doing more psychedelics and was not paying attention to how i was affecting others and ended up hurting christina and ioana pretty badly. Among a lot of other people… I realized that after taking 3 tabs of acid… because christina came into my room while she was also on acid and told me how she felt and then i … she came in while she was on acid and i told her i loved her while we were cuddling because i realized for the first time i wanted to have a relationship with her and she told me i didnt love her and id hurt her so badly and then she left. That put me in a breakthrough bad trip… there was… i was in a totally different place. (TITLE: THE WORST TRIP EVER?)

Then after everyone i knew came up to me and told me over and over about how i had to stop taking psychedelics or id break my brain. The next weekend i got bored and i was thinking about all of that and i was really upset because i felt like psychedelics were helping me to feel more like myself in ways id never felt before or in a long time and i know theyre dangerous but i think theres a way to handle them and i think that we can pribably figure it out. So i mixed up a bunch of psychedelics and basically took all of that in that contextt like a heroic dose of doses. Not heroic doses of everything combined but doses of everything to make one heroic dose and then timed everything to peek at the same time or around the same time. I had an amazing time where i felt like really centered in away that i hadnt before in away … without relying on other people and stuff but iat the same time able to heal everything with Christina onand i actually got so happy for the first time in my life (started dating Christina too) and i started to notice the deeper layers of my cognition going oon. I dont usually feel perfectionistic but when super relaxed im just aware of the way all of this stuff affects my mind (like even dust and stuff). I was suddenly realizing things like “if i dont clean the rug the dust can send a signal to my mind that blah blah and whats going to happen is ill fall into habits of procrastination by not oding anything about the dust and then think theres something wrong with me due to falling into the habit but in order to stay in denial about it id say theres something wrong with others but then resolve it and say theres something wrong with the world and then say oh yeah i gotta remember to just clean this dust, but it wont be about the dust any more because of the procrastination …

The world is not the earth … that would be silly.

The next day, im still like in the afterglow like feeling more intelligent than ive ever felt in my entire life like feeling a kind of intelligence that i didnt even know existed and im able to process and integrate and express things in ways i never was before. This was the first time i was able to write a flow or put together a system really fast oand extensively.

Next day, my friend comes up and say he y my other frine dis a chemist and made this DMT can you show me how to smoke it? I was like okay its my first time but sure. We did it and she saw angels and stuff and her experience which was what she needed and it was great. Then she said she was good and i could have the rest. There was like probably 900mg. So I start packing the bowls and experimenting and i get to the point where everything is cool in CEV but in CEV i was still in the afterglow of the previous trip so i consciously was knowing how to deal with hallucinations as they were arising, so not just like abide but actually not react and let dissolve such that im able to see myself recognize the processes of my own cognition that make the hallcuinations and then they vanish of their own accord. I was like, whoa okay what is DMT like if you just let it dissolve? Let me smoke a lot more.

So i did and after i did that a few times, i was just kinda like hm okay well idk i thought it would be more intense… at this point, i feel like ringing in my ears and i feel a little ball drop from the center of my head straight through the center of my body and out my butt. It was warm. I was like “what?” and at the same time iw as becoming aware of that and reacting, the buzzing got really loud and a lower sound like a drawbridge crank and then i got the feeling that whatever it was was coming closer, and then light BURST through the window and instantaneously atomized everything that existed including me, to the poin that i immediately realized my mind’s nature WAS this light. I was trying to tthink scientifically so i was like “oh it must be other dimensions and whatever” i was astral projected without a body but i could re-instantiate all of where i was, but i could go anywhere in the world or go there at the same time and hop back out of my body to talk to people i was with in consensus reality and there was this sense like “ya this is possible but if you mess this up its going to get weird and go away”. I noticed that because while i was astral projected i had this htought that i had to go back into my body and not back into the astral because people could steal my wallet. Immediately i got flung through this whole cascade of many many many different worlds or whatever and then in the process found a green woman who held my hand and led me through this whole thing and brought me to this place where everybody was dancing. She was like encouraging me to say “theyre all dancing with me!” and it was the coolest and best thing ever. I couldnt remember any of it when i got back except for the dancing and the woman and the light. I didnt even remember that she was green at this point, but just the sense that she wasnt human exactly. So then I end up going home and when i go home im still not a full person in the world because we just moved back to LA and im separated from the kids i knew in NM and i dont know anyone in LA anymore, so inverse situation. Im like cool ill just play video games. I just play video games and that activates certain habits for me and im just so reliant on Christina for like emotional stuff shes not realint on me for because she has friends. So she ends up breaking up with me and but we already had plans to see eachother and i decided to still go back to MA and try to see her and she wanted to do that so we could talk because she felt like of course she wouldnt just abandon me feeling this way. That was really special to me. Nobody had ever helped me understand why they were leaving before. I think it was actually on the way home from bennington that i read Shambhala book (i definitely read the DMT book then). I was like oh fuck is this shambhala book about everything? The reason i thought that is because after i had that experience on DMT i thought what i saw was the cosmic mirror in Shambhala. I was really absorbed in my own worldview t othe poin t that i could read my own perceptions to the point that i was seeing but couldnt distinguish between seeing and having the thought that I would intuit what other people might be doing or saying and then think that was my expression as i was having the thought but then other people would do exactly what the thought was thinking, simultaneously. I thought hmmmm reality and me are in some weird relationship. How does this work? Is it like this for everyone? Its not a god complex idea its just “how does the relationship between consciousness and reality actually function”. Then i, started to experience all of these synchronicities and stuff that when i read the Shambhala book i was just like wow its so full of synchronicities that they must have done this on purpose and also maybe there are names for all of this stuff? I remember thinking like “how would we ever know if he was talking about DMT though” before i, i had already realized while i was on DMT all of that stuff like “this is what happens when you die and it must all be chemically related and everyone must be talking about this all the time but its just complicated” studied a little bit of the neuroscience of DMT… read more about neuroscience and tibetan book of the dead and felt like i didnt understand that so i went back to the shambhala stuff. I didnt get involved with them but i took everything to heart as like “this is the actual (must be the actual) technique”.

I remember when christina broke up with me I was so devastated and i curled up with my cat and was crying and then started thinking about how she was only doing this because she was forgetting what its like when were together because were growing in different ways but i wish she would grow with me… just each growing however, together. Spontaneously i started putting together all these things like “oh my god theres no way to help people see love if tgey dont live thesmelves and theres no way for them to love themselves if other people are constantly torturing themselves because they also want to be loved but dont love themselves a” and this is just like an infinite soup of how do you break out because how do you love yourself when you dont know ho you are and if nobody knows who they are unless they love themself… ok

So i felt like there isnt a way to do this. I felt like BUT there also then HAS to be a way to promote love, to love, that breaks that self-torture. As I was looking for a way to help.. because i was looking for a way to love myself and then got over it and decided i wanted to actually help others love themselves, it started to collapse everything and because i was really committed to it as an ideal (SAY MORE ABOUT COLLAPSE THAT MAKES NO SNSE) started to look for all the things we could possibly do. I was like “ok if someone in history knew how to do this… i cant be the only person who ever really wanted to so there have to be a lot of people who do… so in my experience those people are like the person who wrote Shambhala book so thatis actually funny if you think about it because buddha, dharma, enlightenment — buddha means awakened one, dharma means the teaching/truth/law, law is the natural laws like of physics and the universe and also being a person and more subtle than that – for how all of that stuff connects. And i was like “right! Of course if you were the person who understood these things you would call the system that! If you understood that stuff and didnt call it that, you really wouldnt have understood it.” So the thing is that after you do that and make the system, everyone else makes it more confusing with translation and forgetting to maek the meaning apparent. But i was still not interested in buddhism ebcause i just like Shambhala and CTR. i didnt understand it as a practice because in the book he only gives meditation instructions for the non meditation aspects through readin the book which is so hilarious because hes so amazing at writing this stuff in so many subtle ways. But i was just like naturally interested in doing stuff the Shambhala way because i naturally recognized windhorse from video games and so i started explaining that to people and they started seeing it. Its like feeling yourself and being in flow because you can see how youre cognizing things. Thats what sup. Windhorse, right? At this point im getting pretty into Shambhala. I go back to visit christina and i apply a lot of the shambhala principles as best i can and im being very open and having loving kindness and compassion for her aand letting her be herself and she had a great time and it evaporated her depression a little bit – being with me again like that and she apologized and started coming around, so i was like “omg this is the cheat codes this is beyond cheat codes, this is like …. You know because i knew i already knew that that was the kind of tool you would need if you wanted to change the world. I recognized it right then. And then everyone i ever showed it to, without giving them a book or whatever, also recognized it, too. That is how i realized that also nobody i gave the book to did realize it on the basis of reading the book so i started to understand that people need to experience it directly.

So we get back to bennington and christina is being very apprehensive towards me but she wants to hang out a lot just not hook up or get into a relationship. I just continue to be open and accepting and loving towards her and eventually she opened up ato the point where instead of just getting back together or hooking up or whatever, she told me she loved me one day. That was pretty much IT. That was the greatest night of my life. I felt like I’d found everything i always wanted from the entire world all at once because i had transformed and that helped her let herself not self-torture so she could let herself be herself and also transform, so we could love each other instead of hating ourselves.

So a few weeks later i went back home and she left me.

Which was really terrifying for a lot of reasons but mostly because it triggered this ptsd i had from high school so fucking badly ( actually that startd happening before she left) and it made me feel like something was happening i didnt know about and i was like oh yeah thats crazy though because shes not cheating or wahtever but i was noticing the intuition of the generalizations there and the ignorance of that.

I get back home from Paris and i decided i had to write a screenplay because i always said i would but hadnt and i need to be who i say i am because people who arent get broken up with. So i started writing about what i wanted to say to christina in terms of what i wanted her to understand about my feelings so i wrote (garden of essence) which is about Adam and Eve and God where God kills Eve… (etc) but also about deciding to let go and letting your own essence connection liberate you…

She read it and ended up getting back together…but it was getting way worse. I just started to really understand what was going on with her more… like…

And then school ended and this was the year wesley and I met. At this point we are now at this point about to become better friends…

So then I go home for the summer and I’m super optimistic because Christina came around and decided shes my girlfriend. I end up meditating one day and i sit there and im meditating and all of a sudden i see these lights doing similar stuff to what i remember seeing on DMT. not in terms of patterns but the way they are morphing. UIm like hm usually i dont notice this kind of stuff but i dont even have my eyes closed… just sitting there breathing but just being really still. And these lights started getting stronger, taking more shape, they became like a tunnel and then a tunnel with patterns and then all of a sudden i was in a totally different place. I was just laying in the lap of the goddess (but at this point i didnt even connect it to the DMT goddess) and she said “dont be afraid; just hold my hand” and then it vanished. I checked the clock and it had been 7 minutes. I remember just being like “what was that…” and also instantaneously knowing that christina would break up with me soon but it would be okay because I had the goddess. At this point, i didnt know about buddhist meditation or vajrayana but it turns out Green tara looks a lot like this goddess so green tara became my personal meditation deity. Even though i didnt know anything about that at that point. I was just like, cool we have a special connection. So i went to go see christina and she dropped this bomb on me that s in her mind, we had never been together.

While i was writing that screenplay i had tog et EMDR therapy (tried to) and had to get a psych eval and i went there and she asked me the survey questions and then brought my mom in when i asked her not to and told me i was prodromal and oging to be schizophrenic when i was 27 and not bale to reconize reality AT ALL, which made me feel really fucked up and terrible ebcause i doubted my ability to know my own mind or know anything at all. This basically made my whole life isntantaneously terrible because its like a layer of stuff i dont know, cant know, not only do i not know it but im suffering because im torturing myself since i dont understand that i dont know because i dont know while its simultaneously impossible for me to know if ill ever know… and then its like even if i do know something then how do i express it to somebody else. Even if someone knows wisdom of how not to self torture, how do you express it sicne they dont know hteyre engaging in it and dont know how to know they are WHIEL also having been told over and over that its impossible to know that kind of thing and they cant possibly ever know…

When that happened with christina… it felt like… the world collapsed because… because it felt like “oh maybe this … theres no way this oculd be real. I must have already had the psychotic break and be trying to tell myself that because this is so fucking crazy and ive never heard of anything like this like you dwhat do you rmean you dont remember that we’re in love?”

And because of everything else i just thought “i hate myself so much. I wasnt skillful enough to help her love herself and couldnt communicate anything i wanted to and the world fucked her up just like it did to me… and she was so beautiful as a person and it just shattered me. She starteed to get further and further away from me and i heard about her doing worse things to herself and … at that point i really ebcame depressed in a way i hadnt felt before - so depersonalized that i could start to see the really really REALLY really dark stuff. Because…. After christina broke up with me, which she didnt even really do she just flat out rejected the existence of love between us one day… which was ironic because thats what i did to her when we were first together… and … after that, the whole thing happened with frenchie and veronica which was fucked. That was me thinking that i was so much better than this other person because they dont know how to relate the right way (which was true and he admits) but it was still not my place to do that and as a result when i got back to bennington, it became like my worst nightmare because…

Frenchie tried to turn people against me and it worked and veronica was usign me and i was just trying to find a replacement for Christina. Made a lot of people hate me, I did… again, the same way other people made me hate them (INTERESTING THEME/to teach myself about their perspective?) – even worse because i had done the thing that was the thing that was done to me (a version not the full thing but that made me feel really fucked up).

Then my mom took me to Shambhala for the first time. That was great. It was weird actually because the people there didnt seem to know or didnt want to tell me about the stuff i was asking about (the deities and symbolism of their owntradition) (and them not knowing while practicing the tradition made me feel like they did know but werent telling me). I started on that path of doing retreats and learning meditation and established a daily practice and Welsey and i started hanging out a lot.

We became good friends really fast because i had become friends with frenchie really fast (and this is basically how all our relationships worked). Wow bennington is crazy because things can happen with people who youve only know for about 5 months or whatever that would never ever happen in the real world. It’s like oh i just met you but i feel like youre my best friend because more formative stuff has happened way faster and more intensely than in other places in my life

Then we got in a fight, frenchie and i, and i almost killed him. I slammed him into a wall and noticed there was a nail sticking out of the wall right next to his head and i was like “I wasnth thinking and i couldve just accidentally killed him right there. His life would be over. How did this get…” and after that everything immediately changed. Christina dropped out and I never saw her again. I only ever heard about her suffering which was really fucked up. And then i went to Shambhala and starte doing practice and confronting habits like realizing that i didnt actually need psychedelics to grow but they just helped me to get new experiences and the experiences always feel really new while they are happening but that is the feeling of a new thing being introduced so obviously it’s not sustainable because it would require you to be learning so much incredible stuff all the time – who the fuck would you be? You’d be everybody (???). That’s no fun.

Spring term i met meghan and started to get way more into buddhism. Over the summer i did my first week long retreat and ended up having all kinds of new meditation experiences id never had before to the point the people i describe them to cant recognize them. Im starting to notice some of the lineage wisdom and things and that was really confusing for me at the time. One of the teachers at the retreat told me 1 on 1: “Youre a philosopher. CTR hated philosophy.” “Are you trying to imply that if i ever were to have met my hero, he wouldve hated me, and that this is helpful to say to me while you are a buddhist with a bodhisattva vow because…?” And she didnt care. That really hurt me. Made me feel like hating the lineage, and that made me hate myself. Why did i want to hate something i loved so much? Do I really think… CTR would have hated me? Anyway, she didnt care. She just wanted to sing us milarepa’s songs pretending to give us a transmission about something we couldnt experience because she was projecting so much arrogance. It made another person there want to leave and I helped him overcome his fears and he opened up and reconnected with his wife and son and thanked me for changing his life. He wanted to say something to me publicly so everyone could see how much he loved the lineage now, and he asked the teacher if he could, and she said absolutely not and sang us Milarepa’s “thoughts are just mind’s play.” What a fucking moron. She doesn’t know what play means and she is sitting there thinking everything has to evaporate and you sit in equanimity and that’s what equanimity is. How would you use that kind of equanimity to do anything for anyone except sit in your own hallucinations about helping them? But then again if you dont ever do anything except sit there as an example of the path, then beings can get the transmission. This is really the most basic way to benefit anyone.

Anyway i was just gonna say if i were to express it it just feels like the universe is telling me, or im telling myself all the time, something like “shut the fuck up, Isaac. You cant possibly have anything positive to say because you dont understand whats going on and you cant ever know whats going on because theres eomsthintg wrong with me and whats wrong is i cant ever know what im trying to know and i cant know what other people are trgint to tell me and it doesnt matter if i find it out because i wouldnt be able to express it and they wouldnte ver know that i knew the thing they thought i could never know so it wouldnt matter because they still wouldnt accept me. Yeah, so I guess i just wont feel love unless i love them? And then it dawns on me, what about self-love? Right, how would you love yourself when it feels like other people dontl ove you at all or when they do love you they actually dont realize theyre torturing themselves. Which we know, theres a transactional element, but there doesnt have to be.

Where are we? So then i went on my first retreat and did all those things and came back from my first retreat and decided that I was going to become a Buddhist. I got back to LA and found a way to become a Buddhist through auspicious coincidence and met HHST who gave me refuge and bodhisattva vows and an empowerment. Then i had a practice and i could do that – that was great because it was also related to Tara and was wonderful for all those reasons and i could be a buddhist and identify with the notion of this mind that i had developed, this mind of heroism or bodhichitta which is Tara. The will to love. The activity of the willingness applied. Started to meditate and have more experiences at bennington and began dating meghan seriously. Got depressed. Graduated.

Went to Kalachakra.

Got back to LA didnt know what to do but wasnt thinking about it (in terms of like what everyone is doing and how money works etc) i didnt join that bandwagon. I was trying to do my own thing: do buddhism, shambhala, and screenwriting. But instead I basically did Buddhism and procrastination.

Trying to make money but not having a skill and also not thinking about that because i want my skill to be screenwriting but then not being motivated because the money situation is so bad and then playing video games and losing it all blah blah blah

Then summer came around and i did more retreats and had another year of the same stuff. Got the book deal, went to NY, left, moved out of my parents, started TIN Vape. TIN failed. Meghan broke up with me. I got really good at video games and was going to start streaming and then they changed the game and I wasnt as good. Nobody wanted to play. Then Nick came and that was great because he was involved in Film in a way I wasn’t. I started writing and started to get interested in ChatBots because i had these pitches and i was trying to find something to write. I decided to make them into madlibs and have the chatbot spit them out at me. That was really cool. I thought there might also be a way to make the madlib parameters so specific in the context in the library of the sets being pulled up that it all perfectly flows together and tells you the whole story. So i got interested in tech and stuff. I found out about dreamcatcher and that was super awesome. I wonder if you can make one with stories… Then i watched a video on using higher dimensional math to solve problems and I was like “oh I think there is a thing you can do here with stories… You can use that maybe to combine parameters and encode it in a way that preserves what should be combined, then you can filter out noise in the space and only get answer sets. And that was the beginning of what became called Crystal Ball.”

Around the same time that I had this intuition of Crystal Ball - actually before it - I am trying to write Evgeny Pronounced Jeff … wait i think it was after. After i had that… oh no it was after because it’s all on the same note. So first I had the intuition, i was out of work trying to write EPJ and I had already written it at this point and was rewriting it and it wasnt right and i didnt know different ways it could go or enough about storyforms to morph it correctly. I ended up feeling like what i really wanted was a story that was so connected to what i believed and knew and stuff that I would always know how the story should go - how to keep writing it - because i know what all the parts are for, using the story as an allegory. Out of that i thought “great. I wanna make this story that has all those qualities” and then suddenly it popped into my head: this whole thing I didn’t know what to call or what to call the characters. There were still some parts I didn’t know but I had some of the core traits I needed to unlock the world. I knew that i couldnt write it yet, but that it was what i wanted to write. Then i had the Crystal Ball intuition and that was something that would be really helpful in writing this. Then it also became an integral part of the story. As i was developing that, it became obvious to me that i didnt really know how any of the Crystal Ball stuff worked and it was way too complex for me to try to figure out and so was this other story so I should write something easier to learn screenwriting: Dunia was the idea from that. Then i moved to the new place with Nick, Dene came, and we had the falling out. I wrote 25 pages of Dunia from that emotion.

Then, Shambhala collapsed. Earlier that year id felt like “time to get back into Shambhala” and i really started getting back into it, but then Shambhala collapsed due to the Sakyong not really acting like a Sakyong. When youre in shambhala people are like “oh what are you, the Sakyong?” Yeah. The sakyong is an ideal. Not a person. But if your title is the Sakyong, you have to be the ideal. You can’t rely on the wizard of oz curtains and so on to make it that way. That’s how people get really hurt, but that’s what was going on in Tibet sometimes, so it did happen… It does happen that sometimes people don’t act in ideal ways. It’s okay but we have to deal with it correctly and that’s not what happened there. It’s not okay to impose on people that they are the Sakyong and need to act ideally but it’s also totally different to say you are Olivus Victory-Promise…

Shambhala collapsed and caused me to feel so fucked up because of the way tantra works and the way that the whole situation at Shambhala worked or didnt work or whatever you want to say about it not working the way it was supposed to. I found a new teacher and did retreat and started feeling pretty good, having good dreams, etc. I ran out of money. I found a new job and a new lineage. (Sherre, Dudjom) I found Dr Kaplan. Got fired. Got a shitty job. Had to quit because my coworker committed fraud on the 2nd day. I was like fuck what do i do now… itold my boss and he didnt respond well so i quit. I got lucky and went to the bay area to work on a TV show and before that met with Dr Kaplan for the first time 1 on 1 and he gave me the 8 auspicious ones and some encouragement about my experiences “yeah kiddo, you got some stuff going on adn you gotta be careful talking about that with others because they mostly dont know what youre talking about, even people who meditate will likely not have experience of what youre talking about to the extent they would be able to talk to you about it” at that point id been meditating for like 6 years and people have meditated way longer than that…

When i got back from work we started hanging out now and then. He gave me the direct introduction in Dzogchen style and told me to stop doing the practices I was doing previously. That was jarring for me but also was coming from a good place, intending to lighten the burden so i could relax. But it always made me feel uneasy because of “samaya” and “commitments” and which lineage everyone was from and who was authorized to say what about what else. I was never able to talk to his Guru directly so I don’t know much… he showed me a letter but it was pretty nondescript about what he really is supposed to be able to teach. Regardless, i did pretty much everything he ever said. So then I moved to Santa Clarita and I’m working on Bless This Mess and seeing Dr Kaplan more. He gives me troma and vajrakilaya. I write Dunia. Dr Kaplan liked it (said it was brilliant that it had the kilaya stuff in it) but thought it was too intense - would make people feel too much negative emotion…

Covid hits.

I was not really writing that well. I had a lot of doubt about that stuff and Dr Kaplan and every time he said something it was like “does he really know what hes talking about or is he a crazy old man and to what degree are those actually the same and idk.” Dr Kaplan made me get good at meditation during Covid. In my offtime, i got back into playing WoW which i didnt actually want to do but i wanted to see how i did because i wondered if i could become a streamer. I was excited because i had all the money to buy the gear i needed to play the game maximally, which i never had before… but then i wasnt as good at the game as i was previously and it was really messed up in certain ways… i ended up leaving video games for good. I felt like I really failed, a lot. Like, for the first time I realized that I wouldn’t be able to make anything out of myself this way. That everything I had become was just old and didnt matter to anyone anymore. I had missed the train. I didnt belong in the World of Warcraft anymore because i couldnt compete. It was something that helped me a lot with self-love but in the end became something toxic to me because of how i was doing it, and i couldnt handle that because i wanted it to be not toxic because it made me love myself and i still loved it for that because i couldnt love myself and i just loved my abilities i could see myself as having in that perspective. Why are the things i love, that help me love myself, so poisonous? They give me an opportunity to feel like im good at accomplishing the things that other people think are valuable, but i dont comprehend what im trying to get at there/what that really means i guess?

When i was working for the Rabbi i started to become undepressed (maybe connected to Dudjom blessings?). That was the realization that I WAS depressed.

I went to Nicaragua that November and I started to become even more undepressed way faster. It just unfurled. I started to recognize the reasons I was getting depressed and writing songs about it. I noticed the songs getting so much deeper and the content getting so much more relatable. I thought for the first time - this is accessible. While i was doing that, i stumbled upon the concept of finite state machines and that significantly changed my ability to intuit Crystal Ball. I started to look into computation and describe the functions i was intuiting and crack this whole thing open in a way that was expressible. At this point, i was just thinking about stuff and didnt really know what to do about it. I talked with my friend who told me he had started a startup and made like $300m… so i thought ok i should probably start a startup for Crystal Ball. I learned about startups a little bit and told Wesley about this and he offered to help. He found Neo4j and some other things.

At this point I was still struggling with porno and weed addictions. I went to Nica and we learned about math and computation and ontology, etc. We kept trying to put together stacks to make Crystal Ball achievable but i began to realize we didnt know enough about AI to be able to think about MAKING this directly, but rather just trying to understand what the tech IS that we do have right now. I began to understand that this was much more than just the idea of putting the way my mind was visualizing stuff into a computer. This actually seems to presuppose mapping out some parts of how math is part of consciousness. Is this different from how we define math already? Idk. At this point I start explaining CB to people and they agree it is hypothetically worth a lot but they just wonder about how exactly it would be made because it just feels too complex. That seems like a relative problem to me because we can always harmonize chaos - we just need to find the way that works. So I felt encouraged by these conversations. I got back from Nica and had to get a new job. I went to Oklahoma.

On Grayhorse, we started Ribcage, trekchod ling, and ANBA. I met Dava, got her pregnant, she got an abortion, and we stopped talking. I met Gloria and she made me feel much more like myself, much less disgusted with myself. I got back to LA. I started trading crypto and making a little money. I got a new job title. I went to GA.

We started working on all the Buddhist stuff more often than not. It was Trekchod Ling, Dharma Concierge, and Ribcage. I felt like it wasnt really possible to work on CB at this time in the way it needed to be worked on, but I always felt like why not? Afraid of confronting my ignorance.

Then we ended up here doing the prayer wheels etc. I was working with Dr Kaplan extremely closely at this time. Over the summer, i started to get more interested in the way cannabinoids were working and the actual meaning of the 5th vow. I intuited Dr Kaplan was using all of this stuff while telling me not to and that was part of the reason he couldnt remember things. I asked him about this and confirmed and confirmed he didnt know what he was doing to himself. I told him and bought him some new stuff, but he kept claiming there was absolutely nothing in the stuff he had previously… denial - maybe he thought it was helping him with meditation because he didnt know it was being added to his consciousness. What’s so fucking hilarious is that THAT is how soma works - if you don’t know, it’s ridiculously psychedelic and gives you huge blessings… unless you absolutely can’t handle it which is why it was secret.

Around this time, i start finding out about and wondering about how this is all working, dynamically. I already know about DMT etc I now start asking Dr Kaplan about his meditation and the qualities and the qualities of dreams and language. He tells me about rasayana. I begin to investigate. I spend some time learning comparative religion and the origin of myths and i learn the origin of many entities within buddhism which helps me to understand how they “exist”. I began confronting a lot of things that were bothering me for a long time about buddhism, contradictions, and I investigating “Early buddhism”. I wanted to know if there was a connection between the spontaneous vision of the green goddess, who Dr Kaplan “confirmed” was a vision of tara, and the DMT goddess, and the actual green goddess I was practicing in various forms. I begin to investigate: what is the wisdom the Buddha realized? So I learned about Soma and the primordial twins and early buddhism… I realize buddha must have found the key to the internal soma. On the plane to LA to see Dr Kaplan I wrote a poem encapsulating my thoughts then and how it was changing my understanding. When i got to LA, i went to get some weed and smoked it. I realized that it didnt do basically anything to my consciousness, so I thought: why does my teacher think this is so bad? Probably a misunderstanding from history. At the same time, Dr Kaplan says “i found this amazing research someone did that shows some rasayana recipes from the Buddha himself” and they have things in them like cannabis. I pointed that out to him and he was like “idk. Really?” He was just kind of shocked that I was bringing this up to him… So back to that day I got into LA, i sat there and recited mantras for a few hours – noticing how my mind was attacking me for “RECITING MANTRAS AFTER HAVING SMOKED WEED WHICH WAS DEFINITELY NOT RELATED TO WISDOM AND WAS A DEMON!!!!!” After i’d come down, I went to my room to formally meditate. But i was really sad because of the state of the lineages. Look, the Buddha obviously would never had said that cannabis was negative. That is moronic. He said imbibing anything to the point of unmindfulness is negative. But how could people not realize this? Anyway, I gave rise to the motivation: I am going to engage in the meditation i spontaneously realized in order to benefit all sentient beings and recognize the buddha’s wisdom. Then i did nothing at all. Magically, the lights began changing and turning into a tunnel, and suddenly then stopped. I saw that… the Buddha’s wisdom is that there isn’t any inherent wisdom out there that we can go find. There is only the wisdom of knowing there isn’t wisdom which then begets wisdom that realizes positivity on the basis of that knowledge and so is wisdom… basically, I became a bodhisattva in a few seconds.

I saw Dr Kaplan the next day. I had planned to meet him and confess to him I had been SMOKING WEED but when I saw him he immediately said I was a teacher on the basis of my meditation ability, I told him I’d been experimenting with cannabinoids and rasayana and everything that had happened and he said “YEAH THIS IS AMAZING” and I told him I think I’m discovering a way to do this that everyone can do without the Buddhadharma, itself. He was so happy to hear all of this. I wanted to show him…

He really loved that poem even though it was totally different sounding than the buddhism i had been taught by him. He loved the use of language. He understood immediately what I was trying to do.

But then we had that event the next week

I was feeling really conflicted around the 5th precept and weed because of the interpretation that it includes certain substances the Buddha probably didnt mean to include in it and also knew about and prescribed to others potentially. Then, it occurred to me that it amde sense that maybe more things in the tradition would be bullshit. Like Jataka Tales, which they are. And also, the myth of the Buddha is actually Mahavira’s myth reworked with the four noble truths. It is likely the Buddha WAS A PERSON hahahahaahaha… Get it? Because if you say not, then it is violating the Middle Way! So then it felt like I was violating the tradition because it’s like “why would it work for you that way and not for anyone else? You cant possibly have had a meditation vision spontaneously because if you had it would indicate things about past lives that cant be true for you because it would make you more special than me and that cant be the way it is because i have special past lives reconized by a master and you dont.” But past lives dont mean that so that’s so hilariously violating the middle to say that. Difficult to understand if you are a spoiled tulku. Unspoiled tulkus know they arent tulkus and that makes them tulkus, so they know they are tulkus, so they when they say they arent, you think they are in a way they arent and theres nothing they can do!

I did all of this before i was ready but it’s not like i was trying to, trying to violate something, I received all the proper instructions for everything I did, i just had experiences immediately. It was really hard for me to get thogal instructions because he didnt practice it. I thought he was being secretive and he did know but i think he really didnt know and i was torturing myself by trying to extract all the nectar that wasnt there. That made the nectar appear there and i got it anyway. It’s so funny the way it works. I want my relaxation to also be equivalent to the enlightenment of all sentient beings, i want that to work in some way. That’s the impossible thing I want. Maybe if i just sit here without trying to meditate… just like before… then I try to recreate that context and environment… and as im doing it im like experiencing it happening and then suddenly everything unlocked and made all my hairs stand up and “the earth shook”. It was the realization of how identity is related to identitylessness. From then on, cognition occurred at a certain scale, where it now involves more phenomena than just my “thinking”. When i described this to Dr Kaplan, there were parts of it he knew about and parts he didnt know about. I intuited there were some parts that he didnt know about yet such that my meditation was different than his. He opened up about his experience directly and it just sounded like a lot of things I already knew about. I engaged in that roleplay with the AC and he didnt engage back in playfulness, rather he reacted like a sentient being who was deluded into thinking they were a mahasiddha: he tried to use meditational magic to make me stop acting the way I was, so I told him to fuck off and he thought I was a HUGE demon. Seeing how scared he was, I melted the situation. He scolded me and chastised me. I never lost pure vision about it.

I had the permission to engage in higher practices from previous training, so when I got back I just decided to do it according to my other teacher’s instructions. For about 7 weeks I practiced and my worldview started significantly changing due to the experiences I was having in meditation, but not on the basis of thoughts. It was like, I would meditate and then my thoughts would naturally present all kinds of contradictions and bring up all kinds of emotions and events that would eventually just vanish or collapse into a gentle realization of identitylessness. When this then began to involve the entities of Buddhism directly: protectors, dakinis, etc. they collapsed as well. And I am confident in this because of the quality of my continued experience but also because if anyone were to say “no i went to the pure lands and spoke to the dakinis and they said youve never been there” then while it is true they are in a pure land, they must ask themselves if the pure land they are in is actually in the body of a buddha or not - they would be stuck in DMT visions and not helpful in the nirmanakaya (yet). My dreams collapsed so implicitly the enlightenment of all sentient beings already happened in my mind, so i understand what that means and how that particular collapse is meant to happen, but I also (because it happened) understand more about how to achieve Outer Sanctuary World State (but i didnt know it then, it all unfolds to the sentient being/emanation from the Inner Teacher/Guru). But this was distressing to me because I wanted there to be superpowers. I wanted my body to evaporate into rainbow light and emanate trillions of trillions of world systems for sentient beings. I wanted to help Christina in her future lifetimes. I wanted to help my parents. I wanted to help my relatives. I wanted to help everyone. I didn’t want this… ultimate… exclusion via knowing the inexpressible and watching everyone hurt themselves. I thought: great - then it must not be it. But then simultaneously my mind flooded with recognition of what *was* possible and that that *was* exactly that: trillions of trillions of world systems of emanations for the benefit of all sentient beings. It is the dharmakaya. It already was all of us in the nirmanakaya. We have it inside all of us as the sambhogakaya. I can fearlessly emanate the impure->pure evolution of “myself”. It dawned on me that this is the real practice. From there, everything has increased in inconceivable ways that fulfill all wishes spontaneously.

Anarchocryptowisdomism

I sent him the teaching on Ngakpa chod from Patrul and he was confused. I asked him directly if he knew that there was no elemental control and he said definitely there was and he’d done it before. Ok but just between us, isn’t it that there are no demons, etc, etc (showed him Dudjom quote) and that it all means its in the minds of sentient beings and we are just speaking this way to help them? He said basically “no. I did those things, my masters did those things and gave me special blessings to do them. I gave you those special blessings. Your version of weather control sounds good, too, so I give you the blessings to do that as well.”

Salvia

Discovery of Nexus

Nexus is precursor to crystal ball in that it serves as a project management platform for the knowledge discovery required for Crystal Ball to be made and function correctly. Not only that but the entire system of TWI, which was revealed to mean the wisdom of identitylessness and the wisdom intent and the world incorporated. Then it turned into Sanctuary Nexus when Wes found out about network states and we talked about making a world Sanctuary state and then I recognized all of that. We tie it to the blockchain and the network state exists on the blockchain and nexus functions as a social media aggregator such that when you view their content, you understand their hero’s journey. We also then use that data to do incredible things. It is a platform for people to log their aspirations and turn them into completed hero’s journeys that can all connect in a story universe.

Later, I told him I wasn’t going to have him be my only teacher. That I needed to learn more about the lineage. He said great if that’s how I feel and he’s happy my meditation is strong and that I might have found my secret heart terma and that I should slowly show it to people on the internet and see what they think.

Later, I tried to show him something I wrote that was for him specifically and it felt “referential” (it’s a set of poems about giving up referentiality’s reification). So I told him I thought that was strange and maybe if he thinks that he has a blockage to understanding it because of his own reference points. He said that means I cant be his student anymore. I had already left his tutelage the previous week after a few hour long conversation on the basis of the email exchange we had had weeks prior to that, after which I made a point of not contacting him to see if he would ever contact me. He didnt. It was only when I wrote this heartfelt set of poems for him that I called him and asked him to read it. It was an expression from the dakinis for us both, about our special connection to Tara, and he stabbed it with a phurba because he thinks Rudra doesn’t have a phurba of three poisons that kills bodhisattvas (HHDL dream).

I had to grapple with “am i leaving buddhism” and “if i leave buddhism am i abandoning all sentient beings? If i do that, i might as well fucking kill myself. It’s funny though because all of those concepts are relative and now they all have the most amazing inconceivable meaning that is always expressed in such amazing ways by all phenomena…

Did I torture myself until i basically stole everything from myself (DMT STEALING) including my own sanity (PSYCHOSIS), or do you think that maybe because I did that with the right motivation, I realized non-contradictory identitylessness and recognized myself as having been Olivus Victory-Promise living in Sanctuary the whole time? That’s a question everyone is going to have to answer for themselves. Who else would be interested in answering it – me? That’s what the entire Sanctuary System is. It’s not really possible for me to answer because Olivus Victory-Promise just is in Sanctuary. It’s all based on dark retreat and DMT and mythology and storytelling to ourselves and simulations and how they collapse to make emergents and we make emergents in society to be loved so we can figure out how to communicate with people and feel love so we can make Sanctuaries. It’s rather straightforward. We develop rituals to preserve this knowledge so people go through the rite of passage and become heroes so civilization doesnt collapse. Then we have ritual classes and roles people can play and money and so on and it gets complicated but it never parts from Sanctuary because you cant ever leave it. So we make these Sanctuaries and they are like closed systems because they cant interact with each other without them trying to evolve so they both get destroyed in the process. But what about making one group instead of just larger groups? What about THE SANCTUARY WORLD STATE?

Now we’ve been iterating the best ways to express the Sanctuary System, in terms of the best ways to make systems that help us express the Sanctuary System so that we can turn it into a set of procedures and instructions to test it and measure it against falsification hypothesis to build a system replicable for everyone. Luckily, we’re going to have nexus to do this with so when we discover how it works for enough people we will have the entire 84,000 dharmas on a blockchain and this will be an effective hyperconstructivist teaching platform for all humanity, through which everyone can take themselves to Sanctuary through a build your own adventure story, as long as we preserve it.

And i got back to GA and immediately begin my Rasayana investigations with supplements and salvia divinorum for dreaming

I realize they must have had some aya analog or MAOIs for the dark or something and I read Mike Crowley’s book, and it confirms everything.