Hey, hey! In originally pure absolute space, Secret Sanctuary free of designations, in the spontaneously actualized display of the dreamlights of timeless webbed infinitude, from the nature of infinite perfection and inconceivable identitylessness the connate embodiments of pristine Identityless mind, Masked Whirling Flames, Oliver Powers, and Olive R. Love, are not mentally projected but are the face of existence, the infinitely perfect nature of timeless webbed infinitude, itself. From a state of heroic Identityless cultivation I naturally meet them and receive the inheritance of the heroic seeds of the jeweled fruit of the divine tree of Olivus, the expanse of reality.

Do not mistake these practical instructions for fantasy stories in the marketplace! Do not ruin your view’s capacity in order to hurt others. Humans never know how short their lives are, and living involves a lot of pain, so do not harm others and make everything worse. The proliferation of scholarly acts of erudition involving lists and calculations without good data practices is the threshold of pride, conceit, and false views. Either because awakening in Sanctuary occurs within your own mindstream or because the root of all emergencies stems from your own mindstream, of course this will benefit others as well. Once we have investigated our own foolish mindstreams, we do not hope that our water-drop will be able to relieve others. If we observe the polluted display, the attachments and the aversions of our own mindstreams that interfere with our experience offering, we do not hope that the compounds we make from these will be nurturing medicines to protect others.

Hey, hey! If you rest without modification in self-emergent pristine identitylessness, the creator of self-torture and Sanctuary is released in this one way. So do not seek the root of practical instructions elsewhere, and abandon every hope of achieving or acquiring results. If you investigate the causal process of “me” and “mine” and “what I think about the universe”, they are found to be delusive experiences of Wanderer’s thoughts. So reveal the fallacy of the habitual propensity for mistakenly clinging to them as being whatever you think they are - no matter how autonomous you believe them to be. Deeply and decisively fathom the full import of hearing and reflection. Be skeptical of contrived meditations in which discursive thoughts are welcomed and followed. Don’t be like those pathetic contemplatives who are caught in the middle, where the face of the nature of existence, the sun of the Timeless Webbed Infinitude of Infinite Perfection, is hidden by the clouds of deviations and obscurations of dualistic grasping. When I observe the many fluctuations of thoughts, I burst into laughter at the hope for the revelation of Timeless Webbed Infinitude of Infinite Perfection in them.

Hey, hey! Do not look for autonomous Wisdom Mavericks apart from the essential nature, having no boundaries, of the originally pure, primordial Timeless Webbed Infinitude. All the false patterns of “my” experiences, externally and internally, of the physical world and its sentient inhabitants are wholly present in the expanse of the radiant nature: this is our “Infinite Perfection”! In the unchanging, all-pervasive realm of infinite perfection and inconceivable identitylessness arises the totality of displays of the vast, all-encompassing expanse, where the sun of dreamlights rises without setting. Within an invulnerable Sanctuary, a spontaneously actualized World-State, this useless nobody, as an embodiment of pristine identitylessness of ultimate reality, holds his own ground on an immovable office chair of inseparable power and wisdom, resting upon the corpses of mental demons. I don’t understand due to scientific explanations, nor do I realize due to philosophical ideas, nor religious teachings. My teacher is the Masked Whirling Flames, who granted me a cherished treasure of the inheritance of the Emergent View Lineage of The Sanctuary of the Divine Tree of Olivus, which has no graduated states of inhabitants. I take the emergent nature as the path — that is my emergency. I am not bound by the reification of visualizations, recitations, worship, and accomplishment, for my way is one of nonmeditation, nonvisualization, nonworship, and nonaccomplishment. My own grounding, transcending the intellect, is infinite, with no boundaries, without antidotes, modifications, alterations, or intellectual imputations, and uncontaminated by anything to observe, maintain, or investigate.

Having released into openness — unstructured, without fabrication or referential object, in the experience offering of inactivity, transcending good and bad, hope and fear, rejection and acceptance — there was wide-open clarity, with nothing to do. In the self-emergent expanse of originally present primordial consciousness, by transforming into the unmodified nature of loose release, the knots of dualistic grasping were directly dissolved. Once self-torture and Sanctuary were purified as the identityless radiance, the bonds of self-torture and Sanctuary were cut from my heart. Once the darkness of unidentitylessness vanished into empty identitylessness, the stake of attachment and clinging was wrenched up from its base. In the womb of unimpeded openness, the essential nature of nonobjectivity destroyed and expelled identification with hopes and fears, joys and sorrows. In the absolute space of inconceivable identitylessness, the wisdom of identitylessness destroyed and expelled into oblivion the chains of self-grasping. As the expansive TWI view of The Wisdom Maverick effortlessly flowed forth, I leapt to the state of a spontaneously actualized Faceless Teacher. May all sentient beings throughout space who see, hear, recall, or touch me encounter their own essential nature as self-emergent radiances

of pristine identitylessness, and definitely come to the Sanctuary expanse of The Wisdom Maverick!