**flow**

**Commonsense Cosmology for the Not-Yet-Enlightened
Everyperson, and a Hedonist’s Guide to Creation Enjoyment**

# Dedicated … to Love

Have you seen the love-shone smile of a child fresh from God, and the wrinkle-riven grin of granddaddy holding grandmommy’s hand?

Can you smell roses’ waftment and not fall in love, or watch clouds’ clean glide through firmaments of blue, lightning-lit?

Do the marvels wrought by spiders, dolphins, bats and eagles, not chant of love ‑ the slow undulating song of jellyfish in briny sway?

And the magic of Creation’s creation – the when, and how…the why? Is it not but Love sparking lives with unanswerable questions?

Yes, you sigh, as hearts open to joy and the remembrance of sweet childhood dances. Yes, it is Love … BUT… and you stumble ‑ perfectly.

Hold, for it is all Love. It is ALL Love.

Young beings – we all, all stumble, conditioned to choices modeled by strangely tutored big people needing to find company in Fear - themselves un-taught.

So? Can you find Love in Death’s strong presence?

For there is light beginning just beyond the veil, and could a guess at Oneness permit a perception of Love’s clumsy dance as it stumbles in, say, a negative thought, just as a stage-frightened child forgets, sometimes, her lines?

Dedicated to Love—the word, the story, the dance and the light.

**Author’s 2013 Salutation.**

**Preparatory to launching warpplace, I have been assigned the task of both editing and proofreading my various books, most of which were written long ago. It has been an interesting experience for me, combining some fresh revelations, a little wincing at the rampant ego which bounded through the pages, and some measure of appreciation that I was trying my best to share the perspectives of Flow which has so graced my going.**

**I found in my writings that I often disparaged my efforts, considering that they would find any number of deaf ears to fall upon. I now find the hope that there is a growing consciousness on the land which will open to metaphysical aids for life enjoyment as well as taking care of Mother Earth and the other species thereupon.**

**And, yes, I did rant on, perhaps overmuch, about how we, homo sapiens, are cudgeling eco systems almost to death along with the extinctions of entire species who are innocent victims of our poisons. At first I wanted to edit out the oft repeated damnations and caveats, but have let them stand for both authenticity purposes (it was who I was), as well as my understanding that it cannot be stressed enough that we need to get to work on these crucial issues.**

**It is my sincere hope that the reader will reap much from his or her experience with Flow, and thus will greatly upgrade life enjoyments and also join in with the energies as espoused in JAG – jaguarambassadorsgang, either as an active warper or at least on a personal action front, consciously lessening personal tracks along the Earth story trail.**

# Forward – Author Howdy

This here book comes with both an invitation and, at the end, a personal request of you, reader. It also comes with a money-back guarantee. You don’t like it – it doesn’t help your life enjoyment, you mail it to me (see address) and state why it didn’t work, allowing us to publish your comments on our site, and we mail you a refund check. Part B is that we distribute returned books free, see appendix under our scholarship program (this applies only to hard copy books).

Herein is offered an almost magical and very grace-filled trail to what everyone wants out of life, though some may have to dig down through conditioned layers to find agreement.

Maybe try relaxing for a moment to reflect on what you might truly consider to be the major goal of your existence. (Big, BIG question – take a moment...)

Look to your heart, and as the heart’s heat is applied, does it not all boil down to a loving enjoyment of the Creation and your incarnation therein?

Many, of course, know this and some manage to lead lovely lives of fulfilment and sharing. But for most of us there is a feeling that something is missing, as angst manifests in lives where quiet desperation lurks, holding sorry sway, behind social masks. Life seems anything but simple, far from being easy, so that talking about “Enjoying the Creation” and “flowing” merrily along is just so much new age fluff – who has time to even think about it, what with bills and deadlines due?

This book will ask you to take a deep breath, go outside, out of all doors, sit down, leave all your problems behind for the moment, take that precious time, and ask some very fundamental questions of yourself – suspending, momentarily all that you “know” about why YOU are on the Earth.

There are vast “problems” on Planet Earth – all the result of a faulty education and a competitive lack of integrity on the part of our leaders, who are led by the powers–that-be who are, in their turn, manipulated by Fear and greed, and supported by us, the consumers. Over-population of the dominant species is also a result of poor, almost abysmal, education, which, in certain yet ordained universal courts would be deemed highly criminal.

This book will address these issues as well as providing some nifty do-items, but the point now is to understand that we were, almost all, conditioned to lead our lives according to values established by well-meaning ancestral kin who were, basically, clueless as to what their educational models would wreak upon the world in such a short, short time.

Getting a hold of the ramifications of this, what amounts to brainwashing, is a major challenge for both of us; me to present it fairly and you to open to perceive it – delving through your own layers of conditioned knee jerks imposed by education to self sustain. So if we are to Enjoy the Creation, which is our birth right by the way, we need to de-educate ourselves and then to re-educate ourselves fairly and clearly so as to open channels towards understandings such that fears, confusions and angsts will dissolve under our happy, loving laughter.

So. Can I promise that the tenets of this book will lead to fuller lives? Well, it better come with a Manual of Use so that readers have the best chance of succeeding, because what I can promise, whole-heartedly, is that a sampling of Flow is delicious beyond compare and that, once the admittedly challenging catharsis of brain de washing is effected, it is wondrously easy. Anyone can fall off a log, right? Well, the laws entrained in The Flow are as basic and constant as the law of gravity – just operating at different levels.

Whereas these generally unrecognised laws are constantly operative in everyone’s life, for The Flow to be appreciated, and then joined, requires a whole new set of educational values – understandings seldom offered in any school. Would you say that an understanding of who we are and why we are alive on the Earth and, indeed, why the Earth exists would be of value to our well being? Zoom, we leap into the body and soul littered minefield of religion – the dead and mind-maimed victims staring into seeming nothingness as Holy Wars, and doctrines of doomed damnation decimate their beings.

Wrong, we bounce right over those killing fields to float on a luminescent cloud of non-attachment, tethered by love and humour to 3-D Earth…there to observe, ponder, and applaud the show, understanding that it is a show for ALL of us (and for some distant others, btw), and that matter does not matter – we lighten up.

Organized religion offers another layer to salve the sores of existence but its band aid hides truths and would fool us, so we glide past it into personal metaphysics where, yes, we abandon the gathered homogenized hoards, but only so as to encompass the joyful embrace of Oneness. The Game plan here is Creation Enjoyment.

The Flow, it is promised, is an astounding force – almost magical when applied to lives led in today’s maelstroms. When properly perceived and trusted it can appear out of the dark mist as a white stallion to carry you with grace, happiness, appreciation and awe through the valleys and mountains of your life into love drenched airs and towards a Light so love filled that Fear itself incinerates.

Words. Pompous words and snake oil. Nothing, or very little in our education permits an easy grasping or even tentative, hope-born availability to consider these concepts – but how about curiosity? We are not talking about the latest generation of Prozac here, nor do we meet in tents with writhings and tithings. You, your very own self will be your best teacher. Could curiosity peel back some of the layers of imposed conditioning of behaviour, to take a peek at the funs of existence which patiently await your little light? (hint; choice)

Tools. Tools are offered herein to coax you towards an understanding that Life on Earth not only can be, but is, glorious. And why should it be anything other? Again, the challenge we face, youandi, is to un-layer the conditionings so cleverly and pervasively imposed upon us. At any time now you will encounter concepts or statements which will run afoul of what you “know” – what your were taught…even what you hold to be both true and dear. You will say; “Poof!” But maybe stick with curiosity and follow this fool’s ranting to see just how absurd it gets.

Ok – enough of bombast and cheap psyching pep talk. You will either engage this drivel or not - either one is 100% Perfect. I say again, gaining Flow, is delightful; it is well, well worth wading through these clumsy words. The Flow is like a little trickster hidden behind the curtains, peering out at the actors on the stage and making faces… it makes me giggle.

 The main tool required is Trust. There is an entire tool box filled with other important tools and tricks; release, perception, appreciation, humour, positivity, allowing, perfection – to name but a few, and all are guised by Love. Including this tool; cutting off Death’s balls so that Fear waddles off in a sulk, and then… enlightening Death. Since Death is not only inevitable but it is a portal – even a “lifeboat”, what kind of sane, reasonable cosmology would hold it as a baddie?

Cosmology.

For these tools – understandings – inventions … guesses to be applied we need to construct a cosmology, an understanding of existence, so that we can, indeed, Flow. Herein is offered a model of a cosmology that works for me. But, hey, it is only a mode – please feel free to construct your own cosmology and please don’t feel constrained to kill me or persecute me if there are disagreements. Laugh at me, call me names, and make jokes…fine. The point is that the mission is to put together a craft that will carry YOU on the Flow.

My main motive idea is to enjoy the creation. I love it. Yours could be different, your fingerprint surely is, God bless. The invitation, then, is to witness the crafting, take a look at where you want to go and build your own damn boat. Perhaps you have no metaphysical inclination and feel that life is a piece of do-do. Your craft, then, is a big old rock, fine. (I prefer to think that life is a piece of Be-Be!)

An understanding of the cosmos is absolutely essential for leading a sane life as a sentient being. It is also a prerequisite for experiencing and acceding to Flow.

Cosmos; order; the system of things as ordered (Greek). Cosmology, the science of the world or universe, a treatise relating to the structure, motion and constituent parts of the system.

We are not just talking about heavenly bodies here, it refers to…well, the way things are, including your constituent parts; body, heart, mind, and soul. The great Is.

Many, mostly Westerners it seems, understand and limit their beliefs to, physics. Boring. You live, you school (i.e. get indoctrinated), you produce, you consume, you retire to Miami with your gold watch…you die. Period. Well, maybe you have a Tupperware party.

That is why we start with Mystery and with Magic - (we end there also). Space – endless space. Look up (go outside, silly…not at your ceiling) – your look will never, ever end. Whoa and wow! It seems impossible, but a tad less so then that there is some wall or barrier or limit out there.

Look within. No matter … ever – just whirling light, or is it love?

Time. When did this start?

Creation. How? From what?

Whereas these are mysteries aplenty, and we choose to begin here for mind opening reasons, we opt not to go there – neither in this book, nor in our lives. Oh we can take a glance and find awestruck wonder, but we are content to leave mystery as exactly that, and let its dimension approximate the infinite non-limits of space.

We do, however, offer a tiny answer to perhaps the strangest of all questions ever asked; “Why?” But first, please, please open to the Mystery. There it is, the Creation. Who done it?

If, indeed, there is an opening to the grandness of the cosmos then what is offered in this book has a chance of being digested – not necessarily as an agreement, but as a model for crafting a cosmology… yours, which works.

 You see, with Mystery and Magic at the helm, truly and totally, then how can we not open to the invitation to study our incarnations, our place in the cosmos. Reasonlessness is a horrid little choice. It insults not only the creative forces but also your self. Even as a default option it sucks. Yes, the Earth is faced with “hard” times, and sure you were mis-educated and OK, it is hard to find solace, much less meaning, but choose instead to vision these times as challenging opportunities and fling open your doors to embrace the huge energies which are upon us.

There is always the invitation, and maybe even the mandate, to construct your own cosmology. Numbly following the grouped dictates of organized religion is pretty un-original and first you have to get past those un-digestible mythical hearsays (virgin moms, rib made women, etc). Having no cosmology other than either a social agreement to be a good member or an abject nihilism makes good cocktail party and bar fodder, but is also fraught with boredom, dullness, and the stooping posture of living within a low box of limits. Plus it usually involves drugs to maintain even the illusion of life enjoyment. Fie!

There is no limit to space. Why limit your cosmos, your life story, and your fun to mere physics?

Enter metaphysics.

Metaphysics; the science which seeks to probe the inner secret, or logic of thought or being, as the basis of and prior to that which is merely phenomenal and cognisable by the senses.

I like that part about “merely phenomenal”. I also like the “inner secret” piece, and – look at this, they call it a “science!” Who wants limits anyway – boundaries and such? Let’s get out of our prisonish discomfort zone and kick some ass. Vamos!

Understanding a reasonable cosmology, adopting it, and then trusting it is a map into the zone of Flow. We are not just talking personal Flow here, as beautifully described by what’s his name, Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, in his delightful book.

We are referring to a Universal Flow – one that operates with laws which are, if a bit inscrutable, immutable. The good news is that, whether they are able to be scruted or not, doesn’t matter, for once the practitioner grasps the delightful energy of the Flow, she will happily release herself into the cuddling, laughing light where the comfort zone has no limits.

Hold on –it doesn’t mean that life will not present her usual challenging invitations, some of which may initially befuddle. In fact, it seems to be so, that would be adepts do attract in situations which, as they test Trust, also promote one to new Flow levels. Hold on, indeed.

Is this a self-help book? Oh, I suppose so – in the strict sense of the word, but it seems so basic - such a birth right that it might be seen more as a repair manual for beings maimed in the pre-dawn dark. And then, it is an Earth help piece also. (Get ready for that request!)

What might go through your head and your heart as you consider Earth? Is it merely the 3rd rock from the sun senselessly spinning through cold space? Most other Earth beings, not complicated by plethoric desires and by techno gadgetry, enjoy a love relation with Mother Earth and benefit throughout their day from that Love. It is a mighty thing, and a simple thing, and…it is Love. Many urbanites, mostly Westerners, attest that there is some thing missing in their lives. They seem confused as to even the thing that could be missing (Nature).

Earth, with all of her immense and astounding diversity is a huge thing to miss – to not have in one’s life. Not celebrating daily a love affair with Nature is like living with no lungs. Worse. Not only do many of us miss Earth’s motherly open hearted bounty, but we are attacking her with our consumptive pollutions.

Easy now. My own cosmology holds that Perfection reigns, not 98% of the time, but 100%. That our degradation of our eco-systems is perfect can push my faith, and I only get there by understanding that; 1) we cannot actually murder our Mother Earth, as over time she will repair, and 2) that there waits much joy and reason on the other side, post Change, and 3) that it makes a phenomenal story – quite the adventure.

“Change”? What is this so suddenly postulated? Get ready! Hold on, please.

And so appears my request, and, even though it may seem anything but “Perfect”, still it is what I do – a tiny, hopefully fun, piece of the Perfection. The request? Well, there is only one problem on paradise Earth, only one species that harms; good old homo sapiens, who is non-nurtured on senseless fear and blind greed to wage these insane eco-wars to essentially render himself un-happy. For it is true that possessions posses and that accumulations weigh heavily upon birth rights of Freedom, of Enjoyment, and of Love. This problem needs to be responsibly addressed, and … it is.

From any reasonable viewpoint, cancerous behaviour is unsustainable and needs, invites, rectification. The request is to open to a more sane domination of Earth – to upgrade our stewardship so as to hand a somewhat sustainable environment to our heirs. In the process there is an understanding of also improving our Creation enjoyment abilities.

Ego Revolution is the means for effecting some positive change in our dangerous and ill graced consumption behaviour. It is both the request and another offering. But I’ll save all of that for the end, after I try to uphold my part of the bargain by presenting a ticket to ride.

**IN A NUTSHELL- FLOW**

 When a cosmology is understood, adopted, and then embraced, which includes the functioning of perfection in one’s life as well as in all Life Stories, and when there is agreement that the Earth Story is a Love Story, told over many billions of years, such that one accepts with appreciation, as well as excitement, ALL that happens, then Flow operates, attracting in all manner of wondrous energies to entertain, amuse and delight the beholder, enhancing life and leading towards heaven on Earth.

With an enlightened consciousness, comes a Love for the Earth and a corresponding care. Responsibility appears, values shift, and Creation Enjoyment comes to the fore, as a fine magic is given space to play.

 Positivity trumps negativity – and nobody, and no thing gets hurt.

**FLOW – THE EARTH STORY**

The good news? You are here on Earth, and there is a reason – hold, for there are many reasons (and they are all “good”). The bad new(s)? There are none, save for our own uneducated and conditioned perception of the challenges that life offers as invitations to growth and enjoyment, resulting in our choice of attitude. Of course we are free to choose our attitudes. How could one imagine that anyone else could, or should, choose our attitude?

 This is Free Choice – a birthright not commonly chosen. Most of us go to the default option of following society’s examples resulting in a number of negative attitudes, as we compose our Life Story. Sadly and strangely there is abundant cause to do so.

 Interesting news? Negativity is a lack of ease and manifests in what we would consider non-fun ways – i.e. dis-ease.

Outstanding news? We are free to change and may/can achieve a life of effortless ease. Effortless? Well yes – once a cleansing dis-education and then a true education are experienced.

We are at a phenomenally interesting point in the Earth Story, with energies and events transpiring during these first twenty years of the new millennium which have whelming importance on a galactic level. You may congratulate yourself for being alive today, and…there is MORE to come – much more. This book intends to share understandings of not only why we are here, but also what the Earth is about. It intends to invite YOU to greatly up-grade your Enjoyment of the Creation and to release old conditioned patterns of, what it basically comes down to, self-abuse. This represents such a lovely, soaring freedom that we desire to share the news with everyone.

 We all love a good story. Heck, we stare raptly at our television screens, we chat endlessly about so and so, and we build stories in our minds constantly.

This is the Earth Story – one of the most intriguing stories ever; rife with drama – “good” guys and “bad” guys, special effects, and a sub-plot that will blow you away. You are writing YOUR story with your energy – with your thoughts and emotions and actions. How has it gone so far?

 What happens if you choose to release fear, and replace the negative energies in Your Story (anger, confusion, blame, guilt, hate, angst, jealousy, doubt – to name but a few), with abundance, ease, appreciation, kindness, understanding, self fulfillment, peace, and …Love?

In that sense, this is a “How To” book. New teachers teach us to live in the present – a gracious calming of the mind so that life’s many fruits may be relished and enjoyed. Barbara Marciniak, in her books *Bringers of the Dawn,* and *Earth,* shares understandings, via her channeling, of the energy of the Pleiades; of Earth’s place in the macro picture of a universe, such that one can gain an enticing perspective of the Whole. Channeling? Intelligence from, where, the Pleiades? These are perspectives that come in handy as we look at the Earth Story – just give them their day in court please.

And us? Hey, maybe we are like you – we didn’t believe hardly any of this thirty years ago – scoffed at anything not washed into our brains by our “prep” schools, societies, universities and cultures. But we got lucky and opened, slowly – maybe sluggishly, to new energies, and discovered some delightful world views (whirled, indeed), and now choose to offer this compilation in the hopes of further enriching our incarnation with your joy.

And who would not want to study The Story? Breathes there a soul so saddened that it not wants to investigate the reasons for life – the meaning of existence? If, for no other reason, than to broaden the scope of your scoffs. But then again, what is to be gained? Ultimately, nothing less than heaven on Earth on this garden globe tethered to a sun shining down with the presents of beneficence, joy and love.

 The really, really Good News? This is all – ALL, a Love Story. Woven from thin threads of powerful thought, it is presented to us for out delectation as we wander our ways through wonderments, stumbling heartily, as is the want of newborns, towards a far distant light which hovers over a million million horizons and is echoed in our souls.

 How to begin?

There have been a number of Earth life theories throughout recorded history and there were/are probably a few from unrecorded times as well. Take your pick…it doesn’t matter. Our scientists, today – in the Stone Age plus a couple of moments, are recently informing us that there is no matter – that it is all spun up out of…what? Well, they say the molecular components; the atomic pieces themselves are composed of whirling non-things. Could it be light? Could it be Love?

 We are going to stay simplistic on this front as the only way to get our brains around the concept. Many accept the Big Bang theory, perhaps as a default option. Fine. Whereas we have fabricated the theorem shared herein, we choose to pass on the “how” portion of the query – durn, but we’re going to pass on the “where” and the “when” also. But we promise a dilly of a “why”, so please stay tuned.

We go to magic and mystery and bemusedly rest our case. Referencing the folk 1500 years ago, the Flat Earth Society, we are sure that someday magic and mystery will be explained – but not for maybe billions of years. In any event, we do not care. Like a newborn not able to comprehend the intricacies of speech, but warm, content and succored at the breast, we are happy to accept that we are here now, nuzzled by the bosom of the Earth. Mystery has her place in our being. We honor our non-knowing and accept it, thankful that the Mystery, the Magic, are so vast, so “mind-blowing”, that we can be happily found – lost in the bemusedness, surrounded by a glorious grace that itself lends leavening and spice to the recipe of our lives.

 Check it out: Space.

Space is infinite in all directions…there is no end. No end. Someone proposed that it doubles back on itself, thus somehow achieving finiteness. So we imagine a giant ball of space, millions of light years (you do know how far light travels in a year, right, at 186,000 miles each and every second), and then what, pray tell, do we do with the area just on the other side of that ball? Shall we construct, say, a concrete block wall? Try! Try, and then ask what’s on the other side of that wall. If your answer is “nothing”, ask yourself for how long that “nothing” goes on.

 If we, exhausted and numbed by our outer space investigations, now look at inner space, we understand that there is no matter…ever, but rather ever smaller tracings of energy (whatta whirled!). Still, we exist – we know that because of our light bill…our headaches and hungers. Now what to do? Go to law school and just forget all about these trifling things? Nah.

Well, there’s religion – a pretty complete offering to choose from, though the old “God created everything, Monday through Saturday, had a celebrative drink, and on the seventh day he rested” dictum has taken some credibility hits recently – notably from the scientific community, including the anthropologists – but also from the anti-sexists. We are not going to talk about organized religion right now – it’s way too polemical, political, problematic, pugnacious, pugilistic, petty and pathetic (to name but the P words) - too warlike and archaic.

We may suggest that there is much, much more to life, like freedom and fun – to name a couple of the “F” words. Still, there are some worthy basics that a number of religions share, so we don’t throw out all the wash water with those babies…

 So, we go – gratefully and delightedly – to Magic and Mystery. And why not. Did we expect a complete trouble-shooting guide with this ride on spaceship Earth? Did we sign on for the luxury, all contingencies covered, trip–insurance ride? Looks like we did not, fie. Still, that’s no reason for suicide or a standing dead status, eh? So let’s gird our stuff and engage.

Though … Doesn’t mean we can explain it.

All Right. We grant unto the realms of mystery and magic their due and keep on keeping on. So there’s a capital “M” Mystery involved here…great. So acknowledged.

Next?

GOD. Oh Lord, whatta word, Jesus Christ on a crutch!

There is a nifty movement afoot these days, perhaps revived/revitalized from yore that postulates that we are all Gods – or parts thereof.

This stems from the same roots as the “thoughts create” folk. We like it, as it elevates us and invites a response ability upon us. Did loving thought create the Universe? Mebbe so…Mebbe so. The word “God”, so strafed with sighs and strife, deflates us somewhat, even as we bow down before It. Substitutes have been proposed, the most recent include; Primal Thought, Prime Creator…and George Bush (just kidding).

 Anyway, once again, here we are. We have found it wondrously useful to have an understanding here as the basis for our cosmology creation, and call it “The God Game”.

In this game, the creative energy, charged with the creating of The Earth Story, is a student God, at God Graduate School, writing his thesis, over the course of, say, two years on this third rock From the sun – two years for the dude or dudette being some 8 thousand million little orbits for us mere Earthlings. Time being the funny little thing that it is. (More on this soon)

So that is the background for the Earth Story. Just pretending, mind you, but it is a happy little pretense, all-innocent in its making, and serving to be employed as a postulate for our cosmology.

Just hold that thought. I am not a writer, though, as it happens, I am indeed writing. For this to work for me I need to take some time off and have a little variety in this writing by sharing everyday moments of flow and fun in my life and living.

Sunday morning – Estancia La Soledad – Argentine Coast.

Just in from a round up over the windy pampas which cede, southwards, to towering dunes in front of the Atlantic Ocean which caresses, leaps on, or pummels the wide empty beach.

Did I want to grow up to be a cowboy? Like any able American lad raised in the 50’s and 60’s, I suppose that I had my visions – Roy Rogers and then Gunsmoke. But I was tending more to import/export – seeing myself as a world traveler – on a good day with lovers in every port, on a really good day – flying to them in my private jet. And then conscription into the Vietnam War enlightened me to my true calling; a happy “hippie” – after I fashioned an interesting escape from the silly Army and its ridiculous war, self-excused from the wily ways of man as I bought a refuge in the mountains of Northern California with a bunch of friends from college, and there began my waltz with this endless quest for understanding.

 But it wasn’t until I met and then married my gypsy heiress that I understood that, among other things, I was to be a steward of lands. Her portfolio was littered and laden with industrial stocks in heavy companies, some of which her granddaddy had founded, and I saw it as my bounden duty to diversify; a vast ranch spanning the Utah-Colorado border, an ocean going ketch which led to many an adventure and an island in the Bahamas, an airplane charter company, the founding of a high-tech Silicone Valley company for invisible window insulation, a foundation for land conservation, a conservation press, and the jewel of it all – an estancia in Northern Patagonia; rivers, mountains, lakes, waterfalls, hot springs and huge sweeps and scapes of magic lands up to the Chilean border. I was a cowboy!

 Well, not exactly. I never did get past the romance level of riding the plains and valleys occasionally finding herds of cattle which moved off as I came whooping down upon them – sometimes even managing to get them to the corrals. But I took up polo and began breaking bones and then, what with two vegetarian kids, well, I suppose some of the romance of the range turned into so much cow kaka. But having the lands…I feel a constant grace, a humbling privilege as I do my best to care for them, while, in truth – they care for me. I have ceded everything – time and divorce relieved me perfectly, except for the Patagonia lands and an ever more minor ownership in the ever more worthless high tech fiasco. High tech – low success.

I also owned this ocean side estancia in Argentina – a great salty contrast to the soaring cliffs and condor danced high airs of the cordillera.

 Alejandro is a fellow, mid-thirties, who has lived his life on the plains, on one estancia or another. He makes two hundred bucks a month, caring for this ocean estancia. I have just recovered this place after almost ten years in the courts of “justicia” with an Argentine low-life name of Juan, who stole my cattle, my polo horses and some antiques, while squatting in the HQ and whining in court for a half a million dollar settlement as an “ex- partner” – a situation which happened thanks to his Mafia connection to the town “justice” system. I refused to ever pay him anything and have, finally, just found the pressure point which was applied to a Mafia judge, and have recuperated the estancia leaving Juan in the cold, his reputation demolished – not that he ever had much of one anyway. Alejandro showed up to guard the place, while I hurried down from the states, and has stayed while I attempt to achieve a sale. I am in debt which totals more than this place is worth, and with Mr. High Tech worth a buck forty on NASDAQ, I have got some financial drama in my little life.

Question; does this have anything to do with a Theory of Life on Earth? It, somehow, seems to – hang in there. Stories.

 It is extremely surreal here. Through the wind/tree noise, the dove coo – a flight of wild parakeets, I hear Alejandro’s dog barking. Alejandro has left – after the cattle gather, he goes away to town and I stay here alone with my Merlot, my 16 year old Dalmatian and a couple of videos to pass the time while I wait for a buyer – while I write these lines. Juan is dangerous and considered armed. He stole three shotguns from me and hates me with a strange virulence. End of the road, an hour by horse to the nearest neighbor, I pass this Sunday in peace. So far my lessons in life have been relatively benign. The biggest “baddest” have moved me the most; the Nam War (liberation), the big D Divorce from an un-eased wife (more liberation, growth), jail time (fun, self-knowledge…liberation), economic disaster (ego release, success through failure). Through it all I have attempted to espouse an attitude of No Fear. Perhaps I am lucky, perhaps naïve, but I carry no guns as I go forth. If Juan shows up, I will drink him to death.

 As we wage out little wonderments, the only story we have an opportunity of knowing well – is Our Story. Even to know it takes alertness, self-training, and an ability and willingness to observe, truly and without judgment, every word in the chapters and sub-plots which compose our Story. This must occur on all levels; thought, emotion, and action. With this in mind, we sense that it is appropriate to include bits of our lives. As I stare, in sometimes confounded awe at this, my life, I am greatly entertained by the dance, as the “goodies” and the “baddies” waltz through my daze, which seem so perfectly ordered to bring me to yet another present of this moment. On paper, and within the narrow scope of many viewpoints, I might be considered a failure – having lost large fortunes, sleeping in my last truck and in seven figure debt with three bankrupt companies recently behind me, and old High Tech at a buck forty (on a good day, sigh). Good joke that Sedg loves; “You know Ashley made a small fortune…unfortunately, he started with a large one.” Yuk, yuk. Mea culpa, what the heck.

 Probably the greatest understanding we can offer at this time is that it is all perfect. To grasp this, and then to embrace it with one’s life is truly the most liberating and joyful energy available. To share this is our most challenging intent since to accept it goes against all our conditioning and our education – maybe even our nature. Everyone of us has energies in our lives that we would hardly deign to view as “perfect”; events in our past and concerns for our futures that are ridden and riddled with regret, with blame or guilt, anger, hate, anxiety, angst - with fear. Many will be trashing this book at this point – another broke, spoiled hippie selling platitudes – “I bet he never suffered like I have, I am out of here.” If you desire to be at dis-ease for the past, or for the future, that, of course, is your choice. There is beaucoup company in that misery. But if not, if you can find a slight agreement that life on Earth could be lived in the light, then please stay.

Hi.

OK. The God Game. We find it extremely helpful to adopt a theory of life – a cosmology. “You live, you hurt, you drink, you die” doesn’t sound like much fun, nor does it make much of a story – so, since we believe that this is a Love Story, we make our guess fun.

Leaving the beginning aside, or rather simply saying that in the beginning Loving Thought created all of this, we proceed to The Earth Story. Here, life is enabled by our Sun, to which we are tethered at an outstanding remove for life support and enhancement. We agree and applaud the rotation and seasonal tilt factors…nice! Our scientists inform that the sun has a total life of some eight thousand million years, half of which are behind us. This is Sunclock, the length of “time” for the Story.

“God” was assigned Earth for his master’s thesis (you do understand that there are an infinite number of earths possible/probable, right?), in God U, a two-year course (in his time, of course).

What to do? Well, a story needs characters, protagonists, antagonists, suspense, intrigue, drama…lawyers, for God’s sake. After creating the planet, our God, who is a bit capricious, maybe a little lazy as well, but definitely something of a jokester, decided to go to the beach or something, and left things to themselves – actually he did this all on purpose.

 Plates shifted, floods, and quakes, and uplifts all occurred according to properties of the physical plane…change.

 Then, look at this; life forms were created, or they evolved or whatever. Nature abhors a vacuum and stayed busy filling every niche and granny with life. The stage was set for the main player, Homo “Sapiens” (means “wise” – funny ain’t it). Outdoing himself, God now played his ace in the hole, he gave us Free Choice. Brilliant!

 God, in his wisdom and wiliness, knew that he needed to be entertained in this deal. Omni potency wasn’t that much fun after a while so she divided herself up into pieces disguised as humans and sent them forth to be fruitful, each gifted with creative thought – but each burdened with some pretty crafty impositions.

Incarnation Amnesia.

# Free Choice (the Bigee)

Brain Access.

Remember a good story needs contrast, challenge, etc. For example; “Earth enjoyed a life of 8,000,000,000 years with all life forms playing in the garden and nary a day’s deviation from sunny and mild”, doesn’t make much of a thesis. D minus.

Jump to heaven. It’s not a place; rather it is ethereal – part of the mystery. In the ether soul energies were/are supported before each incarnation on Earth. Parts in the Story are assigned, after consultation and review of what had already been endured/enjoyed, with the Creative Energy, and an appropriate incarnation happens. Upon incarnation, there is a grand forgetting that is one of the conditions imposed so that drama is heightened. That is the Incarnation Amnesia piece, as it just wouldn’t do to have these grounded angels aware that their seemly experiences in the meat were temporary.

The next is Free Choice. The idea being that the Story be told via angelic ambassadors who get to wander in the wilderness not knowing that they are part of God, nor that they are, in fact, the Storytellers. The Story? Ultimately, since it is a Love Story, it is about enlightenment – a return to the light, though not without its sometimes seemingly hellish seasoning. Otherwise God would flunk his thesis – boring, unimaginative, lacks drama and depth, etc.

 It is about growth.

 Our scientists also inform that we are currently accessing around 11%, on a good day – some of us, of our brain. Condition number three, hello and howdy. HINT: get this well into your head (there’s room!) – it is a beauty.

You do know that if you hit a man on the head with a hammer, he will have a headache for a day, BUT if you teach him to hit himself on the head with a hammer… he will have a headache for life!

So. What is this? A joke on us? Here we are “blessed” with a big brain and opposable thumbs, two legged, plus we, alone of all species, have this thing with SEX, and what are we doing – what, exactly, have we done?

 Well, our record is a bit dismal, what? What!!! In the first place there are over seven thousand million of us. How many giraffes are there? Sea lions, condors, jaguars? How many saber toothed tigers? How many of those neat little owls in the canopy?

And, lastly, how many are there of that noble, stately, lovely, and unique Galapagos Giant turtle? Not a one, the last one, Lonesome George, died on June 24th, 2012. Our sad pollutions, as represented by our sorry landfills degraded his species’ habitat and the entire species is now extinct. Sorry Giant Turtle, better luck on your next planet………praise the Lord.

Note; we cause to be extinct over 50 species per day, that is two per hour kids. (WE know it ain`t popular to detail the sorry status of our species, and you can close your eyes as you read this just as most plug their ears when the granola guy whines – but a mild wake-up call may be in order here just to clear the air.)

***Population is the worst – it is disgusting, really and we should all be ashamed. Then global warming which manifests in many, many ways – one of which is the melting and calving of ice shelves which could raise the ocean levels significantly, leaving many coastal people underwater. Energy abuse is abominable, especially in light of what we insist we need to produce to make us…”happy”.***

***Species extinction is already covered and is a large shame and, mostly, irrevocable. Wars all over the place. Wars should be totally and absolutely archaic, but they are not. Animal abuse and testing, it goes on and on. Education is abysmal (on a good day), and continues to sponsor and promote and demand consumption. Check it out – who are the Earth criminals in terms of consumption produced pollution? Answer: the highly educated – the “successful”.***

***The list of Earth woes is substantial and mind blowing when considered in light of stewardship and responsibility, not to mention caring for our kids…***

But. Though. How could we have let all of this happen?

This is great news; we hardly have brains, usable ones, that is. Oh, we are crafty enough, that’s for sure, but actually we are infants. No wonder. This is our “get-out-of-jail-free card” (that, evolutionarily we are barely toddlers). Yea! Just as no mother would castigate her impish rug rat for a load of ka ka in his pants, we can now understand ourselves, accept our infancy, and get on with some potty training as a species. (More on that later)

 We equate our brain access with Sunclock. Hooray! So this is God’s game; watch ‘em grow over the course of the two year thesis having given them Free Choice and the mandate to tell a Story of Love – making sure they don’t get there too soon so as to spoil the suspense. Can you imagine what we will be like at 27% brain access? At 78%?

Here’s what we feel; at Sun end, four thousand million years from now, give or take, we will achieve 100% access, having completed our union with the One and All. Along the way we’ll have experienced things like; telepathy, astral projection, integrity, responsibility, peace, pain mutation, inner entertainment, healthy junk food, respect for our co-travelers (the other Earth species), a minimal population spread over compatible climates in tribal communities, and…you’re not going to like this initially since it means no more techy baubles – No Harm.

No Harm? Here’s a sobering little ditty; there is only one species that harms any other species on Earth… AND, that species harms every other species.

Now, really, how can that be? (Be careful not to think that the wolf harms the deer. Au contraire, he strengthens the species; weeding out the slow and infirm, and gracing the species with healthy alertness and speed).

Well, it’s just the way it is. For now - with 10-11% brain access. And it’s no big, big deal – species come and go. For now. But there is zero reason for this to continue once we realize consciousness on an operational level. In fact brain access is a crucial key in the Story. It is also your big card, and it can be an entirely liberating energy once you discover how to play it. How then? Elkhart Tolle and old Ram Dass teach us that the present moment is all we really have and hope to have us understand that by polluting that Present with fears for the future or recriminations from the past, we are foregoing ease.

Alert, alive, comprehensive and gracious ease is an excellent way to Enjoy the Creation, though for true Heaven on Earth, it is necessary that Everyone get there. Like the Bodhisattva who climbs and climbs and glimpses nirvana before going back to help his fellow climbers, we will be sharing our energies of ease and then, much later, of No Harm so that that energy may be adopted so that the aforementioned traits may hold more sway. Can you imagine a world with just the operative addition of INTEGRITY? There go locks and cops and armies. What do you suppose all those lawyers will do? Selling apples on street corners?

For you. One of the great purposes of this book is to offer to you an escape from Fear and her minions; guilt, blame, anger, hate, etc, etc, and slide into the ease and grace and fun of being in the Present and enjoying the creation. Easier said than done, especially in the light of our conditioning and education. Understanding that you are functioning under a huge handicap – only a minimal access to your brain, can give you an understanding, a worldview, which includes allowing. What is, Is. We have all created the composite of this moment, the Is – and, it is 100% perfect.

 100% perfect? George Bush? Uh…YUP, he, gulp, is. A big piece of the Magic has to do with energy and how it works. There is an energy of attraction – actually it is a Law. As we wage our individual little ways here on Earth, we do so with energy – it is all energy, of the light, of Love. Our very thoughts are an energy, impulsed by the electro-chemical processes inside our cranium. It is this energy which brings to each of us attracted energies which we experience as the events in our life and about which we are free to choose an Attitude.

Understanding that what we attract in is just, precisely, what we need for our growth is a great help as we react and course through the various emotive and mental attitudes available to us. Responsibility and appreciation are keys here, as well as relaxation and enjoyment.

In a nutshell; we are here as storytellers, creative pieces of “God”. We construct our course load for our soul’s next incarnation in the ether – choosing parents and a general life situation which will tend to support those experiential goals. We incarnate, forgetting almost totally the soul’s knowings, and experience life as a human being. Along the way, we tweak, or kick to hell, our general life blueprint via the curse/blessing of Free Choice. We put out energy and attract in exactly what we need for growth – and let it be known that choices which encompass “bad” are honored in the ether – they are to be known, contrast-providers that they are. The Creative Force obviously has no judgment, though this may fly in the face of organized, conventional, tithe-happy, religious judgment. We are all ONE here – all ONE, God bless us. We understand that zillions of you will have a severe challenge accepting this.

Choice.

Ten days have passed since last I picked up this writing. I am at Ranquilco now, my real home in Patagonia, having driven here with Picha, my old Dalmatian. Actually we drove to the pass and then switched to the horse which Hugo had left, tethered to a boulder, for me. There is a nifty radio service out of Chos Malal – Noticias de la Cordillera, which I had called to request this favor. They broadcast twice a day all the mountain news and everyone listens in to keep tabs on the coming and goings. Typical transmission; “Don Pablo in La Valle de Las Damas, come to town, your wife just had twins. Bring a goat.”

At the pass I hoisted the old dog up on the saddle, said a calming word to Caesar (Roman nose, see?), and tried to “leap” up behind the sprawled 107-year-old Dalmatian. Failed. Left hand had reins and mane, and left forearm was anchoring the pooch – right arm wanted to grab rear of saddle for leverage. Dog began slipping, a bewildered howl, I was not even half on and had to save the dog, of course. The horse sidestepped as the dog’s claws dug in to his flank, etc, a frustrated “shucks” from me as down we went, me cushioning the dawg. “Mom?”

Now what? All three animals were querying the correct next move. Caesar eyed Picha anew with some apprehension. Rendir unto Ceasar…….

Let’s see…climbed up on a rock with Picha under my left arm, reins in left hand, plopped the bitch on top and leapt on behind, sort of, in one grand move, and then for a frantic moment calmed all three animals, establishing equilibrium, if not actual stability. Readjusted my hat and set off down the mountainside for the river an hour and a half away. (Dog is God spelled backwards, by the way…so that might explain some of this.)

Today is full moon and Cris, via a ham radio email link, informs that there’s a significant galactic alignment this whole weekend (November 8th, 2003). I am alone with the animals; 20 horses in the lake pasture, 3 dogs at HQ, one pregnant cat, 40 chickens, 15 chicks, 2 roosters and 50 goats on Temple Rock, some unspecified number of cattle somewhere – bunnies, quail, condor, eagles, fox, geese, and lions of the mountain. There is a great clean wind whispering and then swelling to shouts, through the tall poplars. I am on a wine fast which, it seems, intensifies things a bit. I do the chores, plant and weed the garden, study the Pleidian’s news, run ten laps through the river pines and get 7 hours of sleep a night. Today I baked bread as the town crackers had run out.

 I want to open myself to increased receptivity and to know myself more. I want to take a nap. I stand up aswirl with the towering trees and see Cris there in the gentle, proud sway and I love her. A feeling of huge gratitude sweeps over me and spirals me up in a wind dance with the trees. I have been looking so long for this woman, this life partner, with a heart and being big enough to encompass me, and my foibles, - my lands, with her life.

 I stroll indoors – the wind is witnessed here by the shadow of the sun-dappled dance of spring’s darling new leaves on the white wall. I look at the old dog. I scramble her three eggs – she likes ‘em cooked, warm, a little runny and with a touch of salt. True.

I write Cris a poem. I steam a handful of my morn’s gather of asparagus. I imbibe each luscious stalk into my being – one at a time, saying to myself: “slowly, enjoy…give thanks”. Still, they wiggle into my primary orifice rather quickly. With the last one, a classic beauty, I hold my head and sway back and forth – a helpless smile of thankful awe seals the meal as I savor this precious Earth. Asparagus wine!

Alone – I could ride for hours in any direction and, today, not see a soul. I am free unto myself. Alone in love.

**A magic place well owns me,**

**Deep in the night and faraway**

**Beyond all imaginings…..**

**And there I dance alone…. A dog -**

**Stars, angels, memories, hopes and dreams**

**Crowd this space and surround**

**With love’s lights; fires in infinity**

**Here… there is no aloneness,**

**Just a cheer of ghosts’ dreams.**

**I am won, just won waiting for others**

**Who will come to share opulence,**

**Grace, magic, and mystery unbounded.**

**Here I abide…. Here I open and**

**The waiting is a thing of such privilege**

**That – between gift and giving**

**Time compresses, and thankfulness**

**Can barely keep up.**

Here’s a query for you that we have not seen asked before – perhaps we lack the exposure and it is a discussion point somewhere; what will life be like on Planet Earth, not in 100 years, nor a million, nor a hundred million, but several billion sun trips, i.e. near the end of the physical Earth Story?

Bah, no wonder it is not much discussed. Most sentients, if they consider it at all, tend to adopt a futuristic model dominated by space-techno complexity; robotic, ant-like humanoids lying around fantasy multi-layered structures devoid of warmth or nature, and filled with annoying, if pleasurable, do-dads providing every want and saving all labor whatsoever. Help!

 Admittedly, many of us are afraid of Nature, that’s why we invented fire and tools to hold at bay uncomfortable weathers and the odd saber-toothed tiger. If we go outdoors, if we dare dent real Nature, i.e. in the country, not the city parks, we experience a bother, disgust, or fear of the creepy-crawly-stingy-buzzy-bitey denizens who inhabit Nature. Then there is the fact that Earth and dirt are somewhat synonymous. Fie. Bug spray and blankets and sun hats and creams…hell, let’s get back in the SUV, get some air going and listen to some tunes. So, to many, it is a hard sell to praise Nature.

Still, we are going to try.

What is Nature? Strangely enough, Nature, according to us, the self-designated dominators, refers to literally everything outside of humanity and its sway. So, there are billions of things on Earth; species, minerals, gasses, liquids, aphids, orangutans, lobsters, porcupines, hippopotameese,…I don’t know,…things.

And then there is this one species, a two-legged thing with an out-sized brain, and opposable thumbs. This one species, according to them, is made in the likeness of God and has dominion over all other things – king of the mountain. So it’s Us on one side and EVERYTHING ELSE IN CREATION on the other side. Hello?

Remember our saying; only one species on Earth harms any other species, AND that species harms EVERY other species. How, can this, truly, be? How can this sustainably, be?

Answer; it cannot…it may not…it will not.

A parallel sobriety is; man is the only species that claims to have a god, and is the only species that acts as if they do NOT have a god.

 Is it fun for us to harm everything? Hold, I understand that you probably don’t go out on a campaign to exterminate the last California condor, but how often a day do you start your car? The reference here is to habitat degradation via contamination caused by human pollution, via consumption. This behavior is all-out warfare; nefarious, sinister, illegal and absolutely un-sustainable. Yes, we have cars, Cris and I, one apiece – each one is 10 years old, a diesel, and waits for weeks without being started. We are all in this together and there is time, some time, to get it right.

 As school kids it was sometimes fun to harm things…sort of. Pulling wings off flies, maybe – though I couldn’t do that now. I remember in lab class, a few of us lofted our whatyamacallits, those miniature probe spear things, up in high arcs to zoom down at the mice. Usually they came down harmlessly but I remember my chagrin when one pierced an innocent mouse. Chagrin? I felt physically sick. It is not fun. Is it fun for us to harm every species (this, by the way includes us – all of us are generously harmed by our pollutants, probably much, much more that we reckon)? Makes me a little sick.

Here I find myself staring at the wind. How it frolics in the leaves and then departs, swooping down on the tall grasses that grace the river’s flanks to then ripple the waters, tickling them into more exuberance…”come on, agua – fly!”

 I go tomorrow to town after ten days of planting, weeding, studying, strolling, writing, trotting along the river track and writing these words. Yesterday I pack 27 dozen fresh eggs which Cris showed me could be traded in town for chicken feed and fruit. I spend a couple of bemused hours washing eggs and cushioning them for the two-hour pack trip out to the truck (which I will, on the morrow, incite). I drive to Zapala and then bus to the provincial capitol for the flight to Buenos Aires, 15 million strong. My intention is to deal with a La Soledad buyer or two, and then take the ferry over to be with Cris after some three weeks of different magic.

I have been on a wine fast here, having explained to Cris that my daily dose of a bottle of the clean, organic Merlots and Malbecs, which are a big plus in this country, is for pure delectable enjoyment. Yes it is fairly constant enjoyment, but still that it is a choice. “Look, I will not drink a drop at Ranquilco until the Beche week.” “Oh, you don’t have to prove anything to me – I can’t see you all alone there without even your wine.”

“It’ll be fun.”

And it has been.

I am re-re-reading Marciniak´s *Bringers of the Dawn* – making notes to incorporate in this writing. I think of Cris at various times during the day; upon waking in the big bed overlooking the river – I picture her lying entwined with me in slender, silky, snuggling warmth, riding or walking the lands, in the garden… running by the river. My woman. The Pleidians are talking about how sexuality has been mis-understood on Earth for 2,000 years, maligned and denigrated – that the 60´s began a revolution.

 In our six months together, we have not even begun to diminish the fluidly fierce attraction we have, but we both sense that behind the luscious physicality, the unending celebration of having a perfect partner in our arms, in our bed...in our lives, lies a greater reason – a greater unioning. I find that I would share these secrets of sexuality – but.

But I come up rather instantly against the fucking mores of society, the goddamned conditioning beset upon us all at early ages that our bodies and functions were “bad”. I think of my parents´ generation, now largely dead (in and out of the ground) and, bless my soul, the renegade in me fears to discuss, in depth, these subjects. Why? Why? I am not fearful, nor am I repressed. It is like I see in my generation all those parents reflected, and even though they might like to, need to, escape the dirty brainwashing they have undergone – they cannot. Fie, for I would help build that model. (Maybe when the kids are all dead?)

 I hear voices in my head. I suppose that you do as well. Before night’s gather of day into her cool quiet sway, I walk down to the Lion pool, stretch, and take off for my last run before the trip. I am not a runner and never have been, but I imagine that I run beautifully and that one day I will achieve and then maintain that fabled “second wind”. Even, I assume that my study of metaphysics will lead me there.

At this point I am still looking for my first wind. My real me has decided to run ten laps, about three kilometers. The voice in my head, at about fifty meters, says; “Since it’s our last night let’s just run five laps.” The real me considers this sensible suggestion – lungs and legs hurt a little. Then the voice inside the head again; “Come on Viejo, it’s our last night, in fact let’s just cruise through like two laps, and then go up, have a fire for the goat leg and drink a bottle of wine. I bet that, with the moon, and nine days of no wine, we could get all heavy…maybe advance spiritually…maybe write something half good.”

What is this voice? I am used to it and chuckle at it (myself). “No, thanks, I am going to run ten and it will be easy and we can have wine tomorrow night in town, thus maintaining our honor and keeping our pledge to Cris.” “Honor? Us?” “Well, you are right but I like to pretend I am honorable.” “So…who’s going to know, or care?” Huff, huff, pant, ache…one down, a bunch to go. “Cris will ask.” “So, you know her, she’s the sweetest thing since dulce de leche and so supporting she would be proud you…uh, we, made it almost all the way. She is totally not into judgment.” “You are right, she is going to love me no matter what I drink.” “Let’s quit right now, drink up and write her another poem.”

I actually have this exact conversation with myself. I chuckle again and dismiss the lazy guy –tell him to shut up and let me stumble around these pines. What is this voice? Let’s see …is it my ego? No, the ego is more of a ball buster than a shirker. Just my lazy side? No, this voice is more than that and I am never going to reveal here some of the things it says as they get ghastly, bizarre, arcane…twilight zone stuff. I have learned to just laugh at it, be amused and move on with my life.

 Still. Still, sometimes I wonder that these thoughts create…and then, what the hell do they create?

 I am beside my river. This crystal flow of liquid magic is beside its human. For, in truth, it owns me more that I “own” it. The waters have my soul, my very essence, entombed, and I am tethered to this flow, not unlike the Earth to the sun – a steed to his stable.

STOP – a long break.

A season has ceded to another, many months since I last wrote, it is early January. I stroll through the corn…”knee high by the fourth of July” – for January here is July up there, and I realize that the cold spring has retarded this growth as it has nipped the melons and spuds. Life in the deep mountains, even within the blessings of this valley with her microclimates, is always a dance of hope with reality, a waltz of the ways which so shape our beings here. We do not lament the three-month droughts, the killing frosts, the sudden floods – all of which can come and then, go. No, rather we celebrate each drop of rain, each sprout of seed, knowing that feast and famine each have their season, as they will.

I learn here not to count curses. I was taught by my phenomenal mother to count my blessings and have seen that many, many do the exact opposite, seemingly delighting in their victim-hood. I learn here not to count curses.

Much time has passed with no writing as I have been ensconced in a financial drought, a fiduciary flood, and the killing cold of confusion. I wonder, here now, how much to reveal of this story which so has me enwrapped.

Here I but briefly outline the scene; average American guy marries magic heiress, borrows money to start silicone valley high tech company, divorces, company graph looks like it has Parkinson’s AND Alzheimer’s. Start three other companies, divorce again (from MS victim)= vast money (security, a big MS issue) attack = loss. Borrow on high tech shares. High tech hiccups mightily = margin calls = private, best friend, borrowings. Other three companies, one by one, dry up in the drought. Now what? Sell lands on ocean. Lands threatened by Argentine ex-administer = heart sick legal maneuvers and hard to sell estancia = lots of travel and phone calls = no energy for this here book.

Or, do I have to go into some details, like the high tech dropped from $15 a share to $1 a share over the course of twelve months? Like trying to pay salaries here plus onerous child support to MS ex-wife, even while daughter resides here? Like seven figure debt and six figure land value? Like my ten-year old Japanese truck, diesel, blowing its engine inexplicably and leaving me on foot anticipating a staggering repair bill at some point in the distant future.

Or details like Cris coming to join me here for the summer, a sweet, volcanic reunion as love’s flowering accelerated, surpassing the languid fires of June in California when first we joined. Of the energy which assailed us on a subsequent town trip, to gather in her daughters and niece, when the truck disaster/challenge/invitation was a fresh wound in the corpse of my financial body, and stress, consternation and worry waltzed anew with perfection, release, growth, grace and understanding.

And then the almost inevitable – the “honeymoon is over” experience.

I said…she said. There’s no remembering. But the “honeymoon over” pricking of our zeppelin jettisoned us to separate crash sites where we stared at each other in bewildered longing out of sober and saddened eyes.

What and how to share here? The mission is clear; to instigate life change in the reader via an accessing of revelations about life, purpose, growth, love and fun, referencing the Big Story a la the macro-view from universal perspectives, the micro-view of self and the importance of presence as espoused by Tolle and others – all mixed in with our own life stories as real life experiences and examples. As such it is valid to delve a bit into the circumstances which so surround our lives and present their forums for delectation.

So, I understand that I am invited to go public – to air all the laundry. OK, will do. Cris and I have recouped our relationship though the durn hiccup has produced an unwelcome sobriety which shadows some of the profound glee. Our angels are once again holding hands, though there is a god, somewhere, who is wondering how our choice – the one, the other, will waltz or……….not.

 **THE ROGUE GOD**

**Within, deep inside**

**Where sequestered secrets hide,**

**There paws a wild thing**

**Caged only by care’s bounds**

**And wilderness, her tracks and sounds.**

**You, wild beauty, barely mine –**

**If even that.**

**You look past conditioned bars**

**To stroke this unfettered danger.**

**Would you free this feline feeling –**

**One of yesteryear’s tomorrow?**

**And could you then face, in naked love,**

**The unleashed lusting fury**

**Of our real tumult…….**

**This cataclysm of yearning…….freed?**

So, here we all are, back at the mountain estancia. After waking at first light and snuggling deliciously with Cris, after my meeting with Hugo, sending the gauchos on their way for the day, after discussing with Sky the plans for the day; horse training, preparing for guests, - she leaves to hoe the corn, I go to the potato patch with Cris to investigate the early summer “strike”, as leaves wilt despite frequent watering – I come riverwards and pick up this writing.

Here’s something; I am enduring a fairly constant frustration financially which began commensurate with the last divorce some six or seven years ago. I have this rotten seven figure debt to deal with and my high tech asset is worth about 25% of the debt while the ocean estancia, which is my only other sellable piece since these mountain lands are going into trust for great-grandchildren, etc, is complicated by arcane Argentine legalities thanks to this evil-ish ex-administer who has been attacking me for a decade. The result of all this, well the pieces I can identify, is that I am reduced from a monetary might to an impecunious mouse – hand to mouth, and the invitation to frustration is monumental. It is sort of riches to rags, to patched-up rags, to semi-nudity, to obscenity. On that one front. On the other hand, I am living like an emperor – better, because I have a superlative, world-best woman who loves me, not to mention family and friends galore, great health, and an on-going exuberance that is totally and thoroughly at odds with my money situation.

Such is, in briefest defile, my life situation. Within this gather of circumstance I am invited to formulate an attitude which will define my reactions to these various energies, as well as develop, and then test drive, and then attempt to share my Earth Story Theory.

Everything works for me. I can see the Perfection in that un-graceful, and murderous divorce (I have daughter Sky, more – I am humbled on my knees with impecuniousness), in the debt situation, in the stewardship of these lands of peaceful magic, in the finding of this Cris woman, even in the negative energy that arose between us on that town trip hiccup. I can see and appreciate and applaud it all. Except.

Except that I would have it change now. Having finally achieved an expensive legal displacing of the ex-administrator at the ocean estancia, I would have a buyer come in, already, delighted to pay my price. I would have the high tech company develop a high tech product indispensable in saving heat pollution worldwide – the stock to soar to $20 and then to $50. I would have another high-end fishing or riding group come to the estancia, thus securing salaries and child support for two more months. I would have someone, anyone, buy a book – thus subsidizing my storage/fulfillment facility, where I keep my unsold books, in Denver, for a couple of hours. Instead I have a quiet email inbox, no new business, an ex-wife who reminds that I still owe a hefty six-figure amount, not to mention her monthly four figures. Add to that a busted truck, salaries, and some interesting bills to pay.

I would like to write a manifestation chapter here – would like to consider myself a great manifester, having procured, dreamed, invented…stumbled upon the following; near perfect health (nary a pill, ever), great physical shape, an outstanding childhood (paper route, little league, adventure, fun), an easy past with a couple of recreational drugs which truly inspired and never addicted, boat loads of friends, outstanding family (unbelievable mom, sisters…world best children), aforementioned woman, mountains and deserts and islands and farms and hippie communes and beaches all over two continents, hundreds of vehicles – including sailboats, gliders, airplanes, a couple of bulldozers, log cabins, mansions, and outhouses – energies exchanged with phenomenal folk, meetings with royalty, Presidents, and stars, caddies and cabbies, world travel, mountain climbing and ocean diving, business successes and business failures, books and a website with a plan to literally change the world.

 At this estancia of too many, almost uncountable acres, I live like no king ever has; seasons of sunny, mild, and exciting climate, hidden away in the high Andes fastness, almost inaccessible, yet graced with music, antiques, arts – a heady miracle outpost of near self-sufficiency cuddled up in the heaving roil of Mother Nature’s stimulating, soothing bosom.

 One might think that I would know a little about manifestation, but I do not. I have been trying to produce a mere million dollars to settle my debt for a dog’s age……well, a pup’s anyway. Instead, the opposite has shown up and my debt mounts daily. I bemoan this from time to time because I seriously intend to pay this debt and, like a good American boy, I want my intentions to instantly manifest. That they do not…confuses.

However I have the aforementioned theory……………. whatever shows up is 100% perfect for one’s growth and one owns the energies that arrive in that they are a lawful result of one’s output. Law of Attraction. Now, how can everything be perfect? How, how and, Goddamn it all…….how? How, I don’t know, and it goes into the mystery file along with Infinite Space, Beginning of Time, and The Female Sex.

But “why?” – I can deal with…theoretically.

Why? Well, we are here to grow and to enjoy. We are not here to accumulate matter and great sex, though all is allowed, and these are darned interesting arenas. In aikido we learn to appreciate the incoming power, the energy of our partner’s attack – to “utilize” it in a dance with our intent to then throw it far away. Weak incoming energy = weak dance, maybe even boring. So I marvel at the strength of these energies and recognize that I own them. I do everything I can to avoid negativity; guilt, blame, victim-hood, anger, etc…since I understand that dealing in fear and negativity attracts more negativity via the Law of Attraction and I do not intend to join the overcrowded leagues of pissers and moaners.

 I say; “Hmmmm…a well broken truck and Southell (that nefarious high tech, silicone valley company I had founded) at $.99”, striving for at least neutrality, while wanting to go positive at the earliest ability.

Please note that because of our conditioning and lack of education it is often very difficult to not delve into negativity, which means that we often have to process the energy to achieve a neutrality over time. However in my case, I have a well-processed life example which serves as a reminder that perfection reigns and helps me in the processing such that it hopefully doesn’t take too much time to achieve positivism and appreciation.

Still. Still, all of us are working with limited tools along with being hampered by all of that errant education and ongoing social support of the murderous status quo.

S***tory time****.*

Once upon a time, 1969 mid-western United States of America, a young man – well, he was yet a boy, having been nurtured in cub scouts, a red brick schoolhouse, summer jobs mowing lawns, then prep school and dancing school and athletic school, and university…this old boy – he was 23 years of age - received, in the exact same mail, an invitation to teach English in the Peace Corps in Iran and a greeting from Uncle Sam who wanted him to go to Vietnam to fight “for his country” in the jungle.

His name was Ashley and he was just married to his brilliant, shining, homecoming queen, sparkling debutant, Susie – one of Cleveland’s best who had captured his puerile love on their first date – frog hunting in a canoe with Strobe Talbot on a sultry pond with a June moon caressing her every move. While she couldn’t quite stand up to his slashing tennis game, she soon became better than him at bridge, and could lift a cheek with his frat brothers, trumping their asses and aces. Suse was Phi Beta Kappa, an exuberant, if forbidding, model and a wonderfully eager laugher, all of which endeared her to everyone, and assured an engagement to the moon-struck Ashley who believed that old God was in His place and that heaven was indeed on Earth.

He would assume command of father-in-law’s downtown brokerage house, live in a country manse while garnering wealth, honors, and a couple of extra waistline inches just as he had been promised at all his schools.

There was the one problem of the draft, but Ashley was a winner: a no-hitter pitcher in little league, tennis captain, top of his class, or close anyhow, at least until mid-college when marijuana, hairy buff parties, beach and mountain weekends, etc all discovered him and there was no longer any time for classes, not to mention actual studying of books. He had traveled to Canada and Suse’s dad’s Bahamian island estate, the mayor of Cleveland had come to his wedding for Christ’s sake, and there was just no way this hazy, lazy, fun-filled bubble was going to be bothered by an illegal, dirty, and lower-class war on the other side of the world. And anyway, he and Suse had applied to the Peace Corps which surely would serve as a deferment after graduation from Duke, where Suse had transferred from Cornell. This was a pretty cock- sure fellow – after all, he had once taken a doubles game from Poncho Gonzalez, and had hunted quail at the most prestigious plantation in Southern Georgia repeatedly. He was A National Merit finalist and had won a prize for most sales in the Fuller Brush Southeast division. What bad could happen?

 So it was with accustomed cheery spirits that Ashley mailed off his regrets to the draft board while investigating with Suse what beaches and duplicate bridge clubs were to be had in, where was it anyway?, Iran. The draft board, spurred by an insatiable quota demand, responded quickly that they didn’t accept the Peace Corps as a deferment. A little cloud drifted across the sun, soon to be dispelled by an optimistic energy which resulted in a call to an actual General and a rebuttal of the draft board’s refusal, personally delivered to the Chair of the board, who turned out to be a haggard lady of indeterminate background. Ashley turned on the same charm that had worked to secure permission for late night date returns, speeding ticket warnings, and extra Dexedrine from dieting moms. Did not work. Boomeranged.

 She took up a personal vendetta over the next few months, finally demanding his presence at the pre-induction physical, or “else”, claiming that the majority of the five-person board had voted him in. Well, his dad knew the Ford dealership guy and through a couple of other contacts it was ascertained that three members had not been consulted and the chairperson was fired when Ashley went public. The new Chair informed him that he had won the right to two years in the Peace Corps and that they, the Draft Board, would be waiting for him when he got out. Poo.

And then something happened in this old boy’s soul. What happened? He didn’t know, but he considered that he only had two years TOTAL to give to the service of his country, so he decided to accept the Draft. It certainly wasn’t anything archaic like campus sit-ins, as he agreed with the activists that the war was stupid, demeaning, untenable and illegal. And it wasn’t just because of his two-year limit, though that was the reason he formulated for his decision. Did he know anything of the greatness, the life saving-ness of this seemingly masochistic move? He did not - not consciously. No, he was operating more on the cocksure level of embracing a huge adventure and making it work for yet another win in his resume, counting on being a presidential honor guard or something benign and prestigious, with no possibility of actually going to war.

He went in for his physical, stood in line, filled out forms and was semi-politely, if brusquely treated by the medical team. He weighed 170 pounds, was 5’10” tall, had brown hair (longish), blue eyes, and no physical or medical problems. YUMMY!

 He was snapped up with a ferocious velocity and ordered to report to Fort Jackson, South Carolina on 21 June 1969.

 In the month’s interim he finished a flying course in Ft Lauderdale and then took a flight in his Cherokee 140 airplane with Suse and Ter, (best friend) and Mac, Ter’s Harvard roommate plus a big old golden retriever, from Boston up to Ter’s lake cabin near Parry Sound, Ontario, where many a boyhood summer had passed languidly; aquaplaning, bass fishing, and then beer and poker parties.

Somewhere in New York State they stopped for re-fueling and the now overloaded plane, yes, took off but couldn’t climb much past 5,000’ - it was hot – and they had to circle, hoping for up drafts to make it over the mountains. Ashley had a bare 40 hours of flight time total, 37 of them as a student and back then they didn’t really teach about all the situations that can arise in real life. His instructor had informed that the weight and balance calculations had a lot of room for error in them. Ashley wanted the flight to happen as planned and counted on his guardian angels not to let him down just because it was a hot day at altitude and he was crammed to the gills with hot and heavy bodies. The plane did not stall, though the stall warning buzzer sounded occasionally, and they made it. Ashley lived to also not die in the Army, nor in a 30’ Polish sloop he captained, as a rookie sailor, through the Devil’s triangle with a fierce and deadly “Northern” blowing 40-50 knots, to Bimini in 1972 with 3 out of 4 of the same passengers, minus the dog, plus a stowaway yard girl – but that’s another story.

 They returned from that Canadian adventure to a Greyhound bus station where Ashley stood in line with his fellow inductees, a motley enough group which was not unlike the untouchable half of a caddy shack convention, and waved at his sizzling blonde wife who was waving from the curb, shaded by a palm tree and holding their miniature dachshund cuddled under her arm. Gulp.

As the bus pulled away, stifled though he was by the bright heat, Ashley felt a forlorn stab as if an ice-cold knife had pierced his sureness. Doubt and fear plagued his being, assailing the fortress he had so easily constructed during his Iketonian childhood. “Mommy…?”

As the bus plowed through the heavy Southern heat, he stared out the window, wondering how badly he had screwed up, and how could any army prevail with the likes of this lot fighting for it, and how could he abide in the presence of such pouty and puerile and foreign fodder that he witnessed in that stygian bus - there was not one face reflecting any common ground on the entire bus, and boot camp and the steamy jungle of Vietnam waited.

 The instruction center at Fort Jackson was a Boschian nightmare; sergeants yelling abusive orders, confusion, fear and lines crossing other lines to the various stations; haircut – a half dozen swipes with an electric razor and half-hearted joke attempts, injections – walking the line while jabbed repeatedly in both arms, shower lines – goodbye to the civvies, issue lines, - hello to Olive drab and starch and clumsy boots, dog tag lines and then the “intelligence” test.

Here they sat them at a desk, shorn and sore, each with a pile of ugly army issue beside the chair. Ashley had engineered how to ace tests during school and the Army test for him was like asking an astronaut to fly a paper airplane. He finished quickly and sat back to regard the situation. In the first place it was hot – sticky hot, hard-to-breath hot, and he hadn’t had any fun whatsoever, or even a decent thought since leaving his wife. No one with a wife like he had should have to fight for his country. He should stay at home and cherish her and just bask in the national treasure of her and protect her mightily and nightly. He wanted to zone out and read a book by Hesse or Krishnamurti, to enter into the graciousness of higher, metaphysical, thinking. But he was already a prisoner, an in-mate with dangerous fools, festooned by their youth and the grand folly represented by pot-bellied guerillas abusing their god-like power over these new ones.

During the interminable night hours, lying atop his metal bunk and sweating onto the Black in the cot below, Ashley experienced a desperate loneliness for the first time in his life.

Looking backwards bought him to tears as he recalled the loves and lights and comforts and excitements of life which had so cuddled and attended his 23 years. And then he hit remorse and guilt and blame as he hind-sighted the energies which had bought him to this stinking, hellish, sweltering barracks filled with snoring, suspicious, dangerous aliens most of whom were 6-7 years younger. Looking forward was wrought with fear; how to cope with boot camp, how to get through 60 days of ignominy, blast furnace heat, idiocy, despair, isolation, sleep deprivation and no contact with the outside world. And there, just a bit further ahead, lay Vietnam – a bullet savaging some vital part, a bamboo shoot up the old ass, maybe a hand grenade exploding in one’s face.

Woken at 0430 – gone was any previous affability as the drill sergeants thundered down the rows of double bunks, shouting abuse and exploding expletives into one’s face – the spittle not unlike shards. At formation, Ashley learned that because of his test scores which had caused a bit of a stir, he was made “acting Platoon sergeant” and given a room to himself at the head of his 200 men barracks. Ok the old magic is already back, but he also noticed some looks lent him, especially by a couple of blacks; “who is this soft whitey honky to be put over us?” He was ordered to choose, by the end of the day, four squad leaders. “What the hay is a squad?”. They were marched off for indoctrination classes; a starched captain, which they had to salute coming and going, who shared with them the past glories of the USA and then led them carefully through the precise reasons why Uncle Sam had acceded to his responsibility to “make the world safe for democracy” by waging the war in Vietnam. This followed by a policing of the barracks and the parade ground; looking for cigarette butts and bits of paper. Anyone who was slow or derelict incurred the constant awful anger of the D.I. (drill instructor) who would leap into one’s face with time-worn shouts like: “Do you think the US Army wants that butt there, troop, sound off!” Then; “hit the dirt, troop, and give me twenty”. (push ups)

Ashley got to stroll around, pretending to look important, having been excused from any extra duty, due to his status as platoon sergeant.

 He spent his time searching for squad leaders, hoping to find some modicum of like-mindedness among the 200 boys, almost all of who had enlisted, and none of who appeared as if he had attended college. One fellow, through a hard bitten visage, allowed a snigger as he was ordered to “give me 20”, which earned him another 20, throughout which he maintained the twinkle in his eye. Dino Dandera, lightweight boxer out of Miami, draftee and iconoclast – a perfect choice for squad leader, and a strange union was forged.

Dino and Ashley began immediately their campaign to get out of the Army while spoofing to the maximum extent of their ability during the endless days of training in the blistering heat. Dino was always tripping the other squad’s troops, or tipping off their helmets with his bayonet. When confronted by a Drill Sergeant, he and Ashley, always overplayed their response, putting on a show for each other for pre-bed giggles which often resulted in old time guffaws.

They soon discovered the hospital and made many trips there, investigating possible medical discharges while witnessing the vacuous visages of the multitudes of wounded who filtered through from Nam. What sad and angry faces they wore as they were wheeled down the halls lined by their peers each sporting suppurating bandages where once were limbs; blind ones, shell-shocked boys of 18, groinless fellows and the burn cases. In those halls of deep, abiding desperation they were imprinted with the energy of “FTA” – fuck the army, hearing it repeatedly from the grim, un-grinning of Mother’s sons.

FTA became their theme as they continued their regime of avoiding all duty and most of the training, as they fabricated medical excuses for hospital visits, which they then stretched out into whole half days. Luckily they were both in good physical condition and were able to sustain the full gear runs which often dropped troops and actually murdered two that sultry summer. Death by sunstroke i.e. macho stupidity.

By the end of the two months they had found so many ways to escape from the drudgery of boot camp that they were positively enjoying themselves and didn’t want it, necessarily, to end. However, they were interested in receiving a posh M.O.S. (mode of service) assignment; going to an office school, and getting an assignment with some freedom. At the graduation examination (they actually had tests to see if the troops had learned enough), they were almost totally unable to clean their M-14 rifles, perform the manual of arms, or assume the ground-fighting position, or bayonet thrust and parry – but they leapt around with great alacrity, intent, and bloody grunts, as usual incurring the seething wrath of the sergeants, their own giggles, some wry amusements from the few draftees, and a bitter scorn from the blacks who intended to make the Army their default career.

They passed…and were assigned a M.O.S. of “advance mortar man”, getting one week off before having to report for A.I.T. (Advanced Infantry Training).

This hit like an avalanche, especially when the bitterest sergeant sneered at them, ripped off their stripes saying that he would see them in the barracks in one week with the other common troops. Gulp. Sobriety was instant and was not to leave their lives for quite some time. They had heard about A.I.T. – brutal and boring as it was just an extension of boot camp, and they had heard about the mortar men – had seen their remnants, broken, bloody and vacated. Kill school!

 That night, amidst a general celebration – the troops were actually happy with their new assignments and proud of graduating from boot, the blacks, led by Earl, an ebony brute, advanced up the stairs, drunkenly threatening Ashley and Dino with pre-meditated mayhem. There were 10 of them and all were freighted with their first beers in two months and a hatred of the two honkeys who had mocked their energies from their privileged remove. As Ashley stared down into Earl’s eyes, he saw his death or dismemberment in the dull glitter of animal intent which advanced with measured menace. Sobriety turned to a great wrenching fear, greater even than the terror he had abided that Montana summer as he faced alone a charge from an immense, insensate grizzly bear, bluffing his way down to water’s edge and then away. This night-tide was not a bluff nor would reason hold sway on the small mob – still it was a moving mob, thronged behind that Earl thing.

To the right, from the line of bunks, came Alfonso and his squad of Puerto Ricans, signature knives and grins flashing. This was in their blood and was a major piece of any celebration. If they had a modicum of affection for the two college boys, still, it was submersed by their love of macho conflict – like playing chicken at high speed in ’57 Chevies, they stared down the blacks. Earl, now with an adopted challenge in the open – now with some shame, stared Ashley in the eye, fixing him with a jungly depth said, slowly; “See you in Advanced…you hear me?” No words from Ashley, just a slight nod, and the blacks turned.

 And now, 35 years later, whole of life and limb, I want to share how getting drafted into the Army was, probably, the greatest thing that ever happened to me…and, it has to go up against marrying the most beautiful and wealthiest heiress of the USA, in 1976 – a wonderful cat gypsy mystery woman who adored me, buying paradise after paradise while laughing in delighted enchantment the night long. It also has, as even fiercer competition, the entry into my life of this Cris woman, who brings a feast of love to my table; kindness, generosity, competence, intelligence, joy, adventure, minimalism, and a silky, sensuous, feline lithe love to my bed that supersedes favorite fantasies at every siesta.

How? Let’s just finish up with the 1970 Ashley first, the fellow who just learned that he was ordered to two more months of kill training, followed by a “tour” of the deadly and dreaded jungle. I had never faced such despair before in my life, or in imagination. I was given a one-week leave and went up to Cleveland to be with my wife.

The leave zoomed by as I held onto Suse as if her beauty and intelligence and zest for life could dissolve the doom which awaited me in South Carolina. We discussed running away, but it was too much at odds with our understandings of who we were to be, that we never got further than considering the Canadian winters before returning to the natural hope and optimism of Sagittarians and of young people in love, deciding to not run away from anything.

 I promised her, and myself that I would make it work and smiled at her from the bus window – my last smile for many a week. The return to Fort Jackson was a nightmare of abuse, piled on by the drill sergeants, and of ignominy as I clambered nightly to collapse in my sweaty upper bunk above, let’s say Earl, who reminded me daily that he was on my case. Dino and I still joined up and we still demanded our passes to go to the hospital, where we prowled the nasty, hellish halls, hoping for some inspiration at best, and at least avoiding the meaningless murder classes inflicted upon us. We began fabricating a game plan, enlisting Rick Hammersley as our informant, coaching him in his lines and behavior (I had a degree in psych from Duke and had specialized in abnormal psychology): “Uh, Sir, well…don’t know hot to say this but Dandera and Carrithers…oh shit, sir, I mean, well they were in the latrine and …oh God, o God”. (“Let him interrupt here –he’ll probably demand you tell him all”, I coached.) “Ok yes sir, well, they were naked and …Sir, they were doing IT!” Our plan was to be discharged for homosexuality and we were just ready to launch it when Dino returned from a solo trip to the hospital gleefully waving Doctor’s orders against further infantry training and with a change of M.O.S to clerical school because of a small, boxing related, bump on his hand.

He left that same day and my despair deepened to levels I will not try to describe. I was ready to run, just about literally ready to beat feet, go totally AWOL, skedaddle, desert…run away. But I stayed – enduring days of 110º heat and humidity, scorn of the “Gods” above me, friendlessness, and the idiotic inanity of learning how to launch explosives at targets, supposedly two miles away, hoping to blow them up before they snuck through their jungles in their night to stick their bayonets up my young white ass. All I thought about was running - that, and surviving the heat. Where were those guardian angels?

 Halfway through A.I.T, on one of my trips to the hospital I finally found a recently drafted doctor who answered my piercing look. I closed his door, took off my cap and put my head in my hands. Then I looked at him and explained that I was in serious trouble with my sergeants, that I couldn’t sleep at night for the headaches, and that the rash (pointing) on my forehead was killing me – all because of the 10 pound pot, the steel combat helmet, which I was forced to wear. The headaches were fabricated, but the rest was true (well we all had rashes). He commiserated and prescribed some powerful pills. “No doc, sir, I’ve tried all that, hell, I’ve been in and out of this hospital for two months (true) and these headaches are literally killing me (white lie), my sergeants all hate me (true) and some of the men even want to kill me (true). You have to do more (TRUE).” Well he was brand new and I had become a bit of a medical pro, so when he asked me what he could do, I found his pad in a drawer and showed him how to write orders that I was never again to wear a helmet.

 Which.

He.

 Did!!

And I waltzed out of there with that precious paper in hand. Try to imagine how I felt, just try.

 I transferred to clerical school – a horrid branch of silly nerds learning how to type and file and fill out forms – but I was in haven/heaven.

Until, one month later, I got my duty assignment orders to go to Vietnam.

 I had heard the wounded vets, many of whom had a clerical M.O.S., who informed that every troop off the plane was put out in the field – that M.O.S. over there was meaningless. You landed and they took away your typewriter and handed you a M-16, chau.

Back to the hospital…no luck. Down to administration where my angels, I suppose, sent me to find another newly drafted officer who heard my plea: “Look sir, it just won’t work out for me over there, nor for the Army – it‘ll be a mess…etc, etc. blah, blah, blah.”

He looked at me and smiled; “Where would you like to go?”

YES. I’m back…on a roll.

We decided on Germany, where I went for the next 18 months of “service”, writing my own three month “early out” to accept a faked teaching position, fabricated by Rusty and Di Leo at a fantasized school in California.

 “Service?” Hardly. I was made company clerk of the 35th S. and S. Battalion (Supply and Service), and stationed in Ludwigsburg. Suse and the dog came over and we rented an apartment in a little nearby village, bought an L Series Porsche and proceeded to write my leave papers for travel all over Europe. It was definitely FTA all the way, though I was often in trouble and got demoted twice with $20 a month pay cuts. On the day of my early out approval I was scheduled for a court martial.

With my discharge papers in hand I flew back to Fort Dix, N.J. and was processed OUT OF THE ARMY. Suse and DiLeo and Ranger and Annie all met me and we went to NYC for a party which has yet to end.

 One of the least understood, or appreciated, laws on Earth is the Law of Perfect Attraction.

Here I go into repetition as the point is fundamental and still, many readers won’t believe this next: everything that “happens” to you is precisely what you need for your growth and enjoyment. In fact, through your energies you have drawn it, perfectly, into yourself. Try o try to encompass this with your essence, for it is not only the absolute mainstay of this book, but it is also an understanding of a liberation so vast and so heady that your entire life will experience a lightness that you may not have remembered since sweet childhood when you were fresh from God.

 How does it work? I dunno. How does our solar system work as we orbit our sun at 66,000 miles an hour, the sun’s perfect remove of 93,000,000 miles heating us for 8 thousand million years – the whole mess hurtling through endless space never nearing anything in all the lifetimes imaginable – I mean a house afire down the block doesn’t take the night chill away. Can one begin to imagine, much less deal with the magnitude of that amount of non-stop, consistent and life begetting warmth. It is just part of the IS, assigned –for now, to the magic mystery file.

 The liberation piece? It goes like this: unbeknownst to most of us, we are not here to accumulate things (hearses don’t have luggage racks). There is a P.O.L. (Purpose of Life), and it seems to be growth and enjoyment – ultimately an enjoyment of No Harm such that, as we access inner gifts we increasingly open to the present of the moment in nature and leave off our murderous infatuation with baubles and doodads, as we grow towards harmony on Earth with all beings, re-discovering our Place and telling our Story. An integral piece operative in The Story is that for growth to work, our out going energies are rewarded with appropriate incoming energies which we are then invited to process in our various charkas. These incoming energies do not err and are totally perfect –like, so far, our orbit cruises at 66,000 miles per hour – the Law of Earth Orbit Today. A bit miraculous but such is life.

 Remember, this is a Love Story and you are a piece of Love, a young, bumbling, forgetful, mis-educated piece, just like me, but a piece of the love. Allow yourself, and forgive yourself the odd, inevitable, ka ka – it happens. This Love Story is long, long, long and there is time. Maybe don’t take yourself too seriously (and then you die).

Liberation? Yup, because what comes in is just what you need AND you “asked” for it. Liberation. Liberation from what? From doubt confusion blame guilt…and, ultimately – once we truly encompass this being, from Fear.

 Since the Earth Story is a Love Story, the negatives are but transitory contrast–providers which lend their emotionally-charged challenges to build the Earth Story. So, Liberation into what? Well, into understanding that we have our purposeful parts to play here and that there is an invitation, via Attitude, to accede to forgiveness, allowing, appreciation, enjoyment, and to Love.

In 1969 I did not know I was in a primer course in Perfection and certainly if some self-righteous fool had told me that eating shit on a shingle in a sweltering Army mess to be harried out into the midday South Carolina summer sun to run five dusty miles in full battle gear with 200 deluded “men”, whose combined IQ may not hit triple figures, running full tilt towards a year’s tour in the deadly jungles of Nam, that all of that was “perfect”, and that it was part of a Love Story and, furthermore, that I was responsible for all of it happening to me - I would have bayoneted the S.O.B. in his lying mouth. But I was buoyed by the natural ebullience of youth and the optimism of the Sagittarian and the Love at home and, not only did I make it through with many a fine adventure, but I turned the whole experience into the most glorious thing that ever happened to me. Freedom. No more armies ever. Not government, religious or civilian. Freedom.

Remember that silver-spooned trail to dad-in-law’s downtown business? Not on your life! No way was I going to join that civilian army, with their dress codes, and ass kissing ranks, specially as it was “they” who were supporting that insane war, that so tried to maim or destroy me. As such, one of the worst things that could have happened to me turned out to be the very best!

 Gratefully astride our mountain horses, having finally left the bumpy, dusty truck road behind, we began to breathe again – deeply through our smiles – as the riverside miles unwound beneath condor, over cliffs, along river beaches agleam with an Andean Patagonia spring day.

The gaucho followed, towing the packhorse and trailing his whistles which made tympanic music with the horses´ hooves as they strode through rocks and scree. The three dogs of the day trotted along, content as ever, with the pure joy of movement through the varied scents which flavored their way - alert for the dash of hare or the hair raising haunt of lion.

At the river crossing, after two hours of trail, we stopped to tighten our cinches, check the loads, and discuss the plan for best managing these tumults soon upon us. For home was on the other side – an hour away, and evening’s first hint shone down from a lowering sun as it neared the high Andean cordillera to our right – the West. The river, pregnant with spring snowmelt, swelled over rocky banks and roared with birthing pangs as it sprang ocean wards. All week I had wondered about this turgid gauntlet, which, in so defining this generous mountain valley also spoke of the challenges of life here in the deep country, beyond all roads – a constant murmured reminder of the delicious delicacy of living with major reference to one’s own abilities and with no recourse to mechanical aid.

The gaucho, still yet a kid – but a seasoned one, said that we had two choices: to chance this crossing, or to continue along the river another two hours, through the chute known as “The Devil’s Throat” to the cable car where we could winch ourselves and our packs across. The problem with this second option was the extra hour, the cliffside scaling involved, and the abandoning of the horses on the far side of the river, which is sometimes successfully solved by walking them down to the river edge, prompting them in and then harrying them across with shouts, jumps, hand and hat wavings and then rocks hurled into their wake.

But the larger problem? A denial of the plunge that was before us – here and now. Is that any way to live?

 “Sabes nadar, Luis?” (“Do you know how to swim?”) “Seguro que no, Patron”, delivered with a huge smile. “Where did the waters come to this morning?” He indicated mid-thigh which means his horse was darn near swimming. “Verdad?” Hmmmmmmmmm. “Que piensas, Luis hombre?” A big and drawn out shrug – more smiles – his not to reason why…I turned to the young Aussie couple who had just, pretty much today, learned how to ride. “You guys do know how to swim, right?” “OK, here’s the thing – stay with your horse if you go off. These waters are frigid o’clock, and you will be shocked and concerned, but hang on to the horse – his mane, tail, the saddle…whatever. Got it?” Not quite the huge smile of the gaucho, but game little grins.

 “Follow exactly where Luis goes, we’re going in here, down this steep bank, and then out to the middle where we turn downriver for about 50 meters and then we make for the shore – have fun, I’ll be right behind.” I took off my down jacket, in case I went in, and tucked it high atop the packhorse load. “Vamos, no mas!”

 Later that evening, snuggled fireside into the cliffside manse of arched stone, the Australian lass asked me what I would like to think a Patagonia Catharsis student would achieve, as we were offerings some self realization courses at the estancia. Was it competence, adventure, alternate learnings…horsemanship? As I contemplated her open and pretty visage and searched for an answer, for I had never yet dealt with this actual question, I realized that the learnings of my life were now on stage, and for a tiny, thin moment I leapt into the audience to gaze up at myself waiting and wondering what I would say.

Patagonia Catharsis is a “school” we were offering to share sustainable skills and other tools for human/Earth interaction. It was a precursor to the Flow and as such works here.

This book, then – this thing waiting its completion, is my answer though I provided her with an in-sitio summary which went something like this;

Well, let’s see…(a pregnant pause) OK. I have the understanding that great energies of Change are afoot. These understandings come from various sources; Nostradamus, The Mayans, American – North and South – Indians, plus the Pleidians via some extremely enticing channelings. But principally through my own instinctual consciousness.

Leaving all that malarkey aside, can it be denied that man has been behaving badly with reference to his stewardship of Mother Earth and her many millioned denizens? Most concerned scientists agree that our current deportment tallies up to a scorecard which reads; “unsustainable”. And it has been so for quite some time. Unsustainable is a real word and, I assume, has real connotations. Something, some thing that is unsustainable, the attack upon Earth’s eco-systems, for example, once they can no longer be sustained, then fail. Now, just what those failures look like is anyone’s guess - but, with the First Worlders acting like primadonas, it seems pretty well guaranteed that the bills are overdue now-ish, with the light or water or fuel or food deliveries to dwindle. That’s just plain old common sense…only it ain`t! None of my friends think this way and most get a pained look if I bring it up however circuitously – which I seldom do anymore…who wants to bother one’s friends, or anybody for that matter. Hell and damn, so I get to be some sort of ridiculous, street corner, doom and gloomer??? Not my style.

Might as well go back to the malarkial balderdash then. I own some fairly radical views on the so-called sanctity and sacredness of human life, and I have also understood that previous “waves” of human-like beings have come and gone – Atlantis, Lemuria and Mu, to name a few that have left wispy traces – at least in lore. So it is no biggie for me to wonder about us just polluting ourselves away, or spawning an unstoppable virus of death dealing virility. But let’s not get too puffed up here as we can’t kill Earth, just life on Earth…and only for a time. With four thousand million years left of Sunclock, life – as she always does, loving that vacuum, will re-appear on the old stage.

Is this coming Change of that magnitude – the extinction of Homo Sapiens? The Pleidians opine that it will not quite achieve those proportions, and that works for me. In any event, no one is to know, as energies operate under their own laws as yet unknown to most humans. As such the future moments are created collectively, moment by moment, by the energies of the eternal Now – energies which include thought and emotional reactions. It is quite the soup it seems!

My personal vote is that the Earth Story is a Love Story and that, in the Longview – thousands of millions of sun trips from now – we will achieve the simple Harmony and No Harm enjoyment which the other species seem to own, sans homo sapiens effect, as a blessed birthright.

 So, what will this Change look like? We don’t know, but assume it will be attended by no small measure of institutional break down and, therefore, chaos. So, let’s prepare Catharsis people for that, but more importantly, for the far side of Change.

The preparedness – we call it a “de-wimping” process, wherein the ark of the body will be addressed, fine-tuned, and up-graded via physical exertion and a learning of new ways of going; movement, effort, ease and diet. It will also have its mental piece, and then the emotional and spiritual offerings. All of this is encapsulated in Catharsis and intends to clean up the often-abusive conditionings dealt out by blindered society so that a space may be opened for new attitudes, understandings and perceptions.

If all of this scares you away from either the book or the course (or both), you are well in the majority and will find ample company as you continue to pervade life as outlined by corporate society. What we want to offer is this; say there is never the big capital “C” Change, and this bombast is not only ill-timed, but flat out wrong…still, still it may avail the curious one – one who senses that all is not right in the Kingdom, to engage in a relation with life that challenges the conditioning, that sides with Mother Earth, that attends the non-whispered messages that often say “No!” to consumption, and that gets in shape and has some concept of the purpose of life. How bad is that?

I used to say that the POL (Purpose of Life) was to grow as in evolution, and to enjoy. “Which is more important, young man?” “Oh sir, to work hard so as to grow”, replied the well trained fellow. These days the rebellious rascal is swinging steadily into the enjoyment camp. (A caveat here; enjoyment without harm…No Harm, please). For what, then, is all that work for at the end of the day if not to revel in the pure, wondrous enjoyment of the Creation??? Our brains were well washed to consider that until we were 65 or so, we would get weekends off and a few, very few, weeks of vacating our work stations a year. Gulp.

Catharsis aims to make sense out of our sojourns on Earth by offering alternatives to the kind of behaviors which has brought Earth to her knees amid a sweltering self-abuse; drugs, out of integrity faithlessness, and steady, un-wondering greed that serves neither the whole, nor, really, the individual.

And then there is the Flow. If I could ask for anything (and, maybe we can), I would ask for an understanding of how one’s individual life force, one’s energy, interacts with the energies of creation. As a young scout, seeking out the truths of great wealth and super sex, I studied manifestation, because I had been promised that sports cars, private planes, yachts, and great estates would bring me joy and never ending returns. On the other hand if I eschewed the glorious offerings of schooling and society, I would end up a despised bum, and nobody would share their toys with me anymore or invite me to their house for a sleep over.

And I was a believer! And I manifested – correction, things were manifested into my life…more, way more, than even my Sagittarian day dreams could conjure; multiple vast lands, islands, companies, foundations, whole fleets of vehicles, and private planes, but I never did learn how to manifest, though I studied the books and pondered furiously, especially as it all dwindled, and then…sigh, went away.

I was, and am, a perfectionist – not that I do anything remotely perfect at all, but that I believe in the perfection of what Is. (This is a tremendously healthy and quite fun belief…more later). So, as my leather jackets and silk shirts turned to rags, I was able to leave the recrimination piece, mostly, aside (a little Argentine Malbec helps here), and attended to the whys of all of this. Fortunately I was able to preserve the noble and mighty lands in Patagonia which now belong to my children, so I have a place – a place?, heck, it is a kingdom of Nature, rife and overflowing with such a powerful peace that solace seeps from every fall of water, from every sky, and all the breeze-blown bird calls. So here I make my stand and here, I am tantalized by glimpses of the near side of this phenomenon called Flow.

So, ultimately, it is the Flow and her lovely muse filled moving that we want to share such that, as the cleansing of Catharsis is experienced, an apprenticeship may be taken away to better attend the teachings, and challenges which may be soon upon us.

We have many little mottos and ditties. My favorite is; “Enjoy the Creation”, and there seems to be no better way that to choose the Flow – sometimes a lily pad cruise in the park, and sometimes a screaming plunge over Iguazu Falls (the Niagara of Argentina).

In closing this sketchy introduction, I will share this; that I am a punk – a privileged, lucky, son-of-a-bitch, who, on a good day, may think of something of value, but on any average day cannot come close to a high quality of writing and will depend on a bunch of happy fortune to find the words which limp out, a few at a time, from this pen.

Recently, Cris razzed me, wondering if I had pretensions to guru-hood. It is probably hard to avoid that censure when one opts to formalize his cosmology, but I must also be somewhat guilty because I got a bit defensive. Do I want kids to sit at my feet and gaze up at me? Yikes. I have been with the mega famous and have witnessed the wall of their prisons. I have also seen how the needy attach, with lying attitude, to the rich, and want nothing to do with it or with them. Plus I am essentially shy and all the time more inclined to quiet and aloneness, often with Cris.

But ask me this; do I want some 40 years of fortuitous foray into metaphysics, surrounded by opulent physics and nurturing nature, whose perspectives have blessed me with health, love and joy, to go un-shared? Seems as if not – hence this offering, always attentive to the wise “Is” for either abandonment or turbo-charging.

Tricky turf this………

I assume that a lot of so-called “gurus” (what a strange word, and aren’t they fat and bald? Don’t they have new Mercedes to squire around young disciple-ettes?) are pretty punky too. Anyway, I cannot claim to receive messages from God, nor channelings from either outer or inner space. What I do have is a life of ponder-filled leisure spent, for the last quarter of a century, on those lands of resounding Patagonia peace where I am attended by a Nature that knows no limits – alternating endless days of cloudless blue, from mountain to mountain, with the odd fury which stirs everything up to a fine froth and then breaks up laughing. Before that, lands and wildernesses in California and Colorado and a couple of years sailing and diving. During all that time I had no television, hardly any electricity, and no reference to newspapers or magazines. Dismissing human affairs as somewhat silly, if entertaining, I delved into the sublime adrenalized harmony and order of the purest Nature I could find. And there I wandered around bemusedly, endlessly comparing what I witnessed with what seemed to be in my socialized soul – the doing part of human being, for I was raised a good boy – captain of industry material.

 On the one hand, the harmony of Nature – everything non-human or human influenced, and on the other the harm of our doings. How to resolve that and then make it perfect…and then, present it? And I had my corporate times of dutiful doings; busy nesses, new age workshops, and such – mine was not a cave dwelling study.

So, this is not guru material. If there happens to be any life enhancing or life changing energy herein – stupendous. Catharsis is a cleaning out – a preparing for the far side of revelation. But the energies of all of this are not alchemical, nor are they of a mysterious, mumbo jumbo order. You do not need to go to a place of “higher” education to learn them. Áu contraire, they surround you – well, get away from homo sapiens and go outside into Nature, and they do.

I have seen very simple peons in the country who are happier by far then anyone in New York – far more alive and enjoying life. Now that is the kind of reader-losing statement that is impossible to defend or promote or prove. Nevertheless I have seen it; peace, family, strength, self-assuredness, no drugs or doctors, contentment, health and energy, a sense of Place, a feeling of belonging and safety and longevity, a relation with the flora and fauna, storehouses of seeds and simple tools, an old guitar, fresh and organic food, free water from a nearby hillside spring, respect of the neighbors…it goes on and on and on. What I have also seen is that if this picture gets flawed, it is often because of a perceived want for something more – a truck for example can screw up this picture pretty well.

The other thing about me is that I’ve had so much that, to some…many, I lack credibility. Now I have a 25-year old truck and live in a natural built 700 square foot timber house. But I think that exposure to all that wealth is part of the process for liberation from things and I appreciate the knowing I have and its thorough dispelling of the dream that material wealth leads to happiness.

Another dream day wanders in with the dawn’s spring-cool show… meanders through some few affairs and closes in the West where the Pacific Ocean prolongs light’s last leavings and the itinerant parakeets, finally, still.

I caught up Menguante, a young half-Arab, half-criollo, pleasant gelding, an estancia horse I did not know well. I fitted him with the old Army pack saddle with post carrying apparatus, and then led him out of the home compound, bound for a hillside copse of chacai trees, to load with firewood for the eve’s embers. Three dogs followed…well, when they weren’t off with a wild hare up their nose. This is romantic stuff, the un-young patron striding off and into the foothills with beasts, still cool airs, and a mission.

Things go well – quail flush, scents are sensed and the way is slowly won with only phantom mishap. Menguante questions the clank and sway of his new clothes, but behaves pretty well, sort of like a bribed rapscallion in choir dress, but also maybe on some unprescribed puerile drugs.

A marshy area is suddenly leapt and the patron un-romantically takes a hit from the skitterish horsie, which activates his imagination; what happens here, some 150 pounds of firewood later, as probably poorly secured, and spear-sharp ax-cut fire wood sticks get leapt into him? Now we are both a bit nervous.

Well. We want that fire, right? Onwards, God help us (please). Anyway, if I am broken, they will find me, maybe, sometime tomorrow. We achieve the woods and load the horse, after tightening the two cinches. Now why did he have to jump like that? OK I am stopping here with only a 75% load because I have this imagination – let’s get this down home and then we will worry about actual total efficiency for the next trip. How about that marshy crossing with a nervous load, hey hey? I am an amateur at these things and try them from time to time to be one of the guys – to play at mountain man. Selecting a fine wine? Now that is what I am good at – a pro.

What I could see, sometimes all too vividly, is a blindside strike, of non-intentioned genesis, but brutal all the same, followed by what the packers, old and new, label a “wreck”. Now, I have been in a number of “wrecks” – courtesy of horses, and am semi-determined to avoid them all in the future. This translates as, if not actual cowardice, at least wimpdom disguised as wisdom.

Pissant! Why did I have to call it a de-wimping course? That was pretty poorly timed – just as we are heading into our certifiably wimpy years. So the horse is jumpy and I am leading him through this wilderness with rabbit chasing hounds dashing about everywhere. And early on he shies and galumphs past me – I spin him back, cuz you can’t let a wreck run away, and he circles – brain furiously seeking the saber toothed tiger of his heritage, eyes blazing into the woods and nostrils flaring. Calming down everyone, except for those happy hounds, we proceed onwards.

Though. “And if you just unload the firewood here on the mountain side – send a peon, a professional, up to get it? Nobody is paying you to do this and anyway you are always choosing valor over discretion and it has broken you a few times!” Naw, let’s go a little further and see how it goes…which is essentially what we did all the way home and now the cheery fire completes the story.

***The Law of Attraction and Perfection***

Perhaps the most vital ingredient in the recipe for the Flow is an appreciation of Perfection – not the judgment of “bad, better, good…perfect”, but the understanding that it is ALL perfect, no prisoners – no exceptions, all the time.

There are four ways to approach this concept – for me they work in concert; the divine, the legal, the lazy, and then the adventure factor. Oh Lord, the “G” word comes up – God. I am neither equipped to address the question of religion here, nor am I interested in it. I don’t care much for wars, whatever the excuse (religion, or business or somebody’s severed ear), nor do I like organized business (which is what most religions are btw) posing as the religious answer-all while imposing upon fear-based, flock-minded, tithers the restriction to free, up-to-date, thought as mandated by their doctrinzed and archaic books of holy writ. Beliefs are pretty much like snowflakes and fingerprints of thinking beings, representing as they do an individual’s relation to reality. The early on imposition of organized belief structures in a business minded effort to increase tithers does not sit well with me. What feels right is that, on a base level, there is some sort of a divine energy operative. Since the Earth Story is a love story, the invitation to reverence is one of Love, not fear.

Whatever the divine force, the understanding is that it does not err. It is not a half right energy, nor a 95% one – it is 100% correct with zero errors. I know, I know…old George Bush again, plus death and taxes, not to mention your car payments and that son of a bitch who’s trying to steal your new girlfriend.

Obviously we are free to choose recrimination, hate, complaining, etc, etc, but remember that this writing is designed for self-enjoyment. Thinking negatively is like trying to paddle up a waterfall towards day old bread when there is a feast downstream served by naked nymphets. It has always had me wonder how religious folk so often seemingly mis-apply their hard-fought concept that THEIR God is the one and only, and then bemoan the “bad” things that happen to their life situation as if their one and only deity is all powerful and perfect EXCEPT for that God-damned pay cut and the latest flood in the basement.

The invitation here is to give the creative force respect and not doubt that HeSheIt errs. So, divinely speaking, everything is perfect. And, come on, there is no Devil – Jesus Christ, where does that come from? (Try first fear, and then short-sightedness coupled with sheepishness, and then a willingness to be directed by dictating “divine” men). Remember, the Earth experience is a Love Story – a mighty and grand one, and, like any epic, it is replete with white and black hats, lottery wins and bunions.

Then there is the legal aspect of Perfection – The Law of Attraction, which states that energy attracts appropriate energy. Appropriate for what? For what you need next in life. This is bigger, and far better then the old concept of Karma which is a minor cousin, invented by the powers-that-be so that you will do “good”, and stay controlled. The Law of Attraction has a lot of exciting ramifications for us, so do hope to grasp it and adopt it. As you put out energy, which can be in many forms; physical, mental, emotional, etc, you are attracting into your life the appropriate response energy. Appropriate for what? For what you want? Nope, for what you need.

Remember, we are all here for a reason – we all have a part to play in the Earth Story so that in Longview we may all attain “nirvana” together. Another saying we like is; “Don’t hope to get what you want, but want what you get”. (You might pause here and give that last ditty another thought – it is a huge, a HUGE life trick.)

As things “happen” to you, you now know that, one, the divine force did not make mistakes (there are no mistakes), and, two, it is just what YOU need to continue playing your part – bit part, leading role, it doesn’t matter. This is growth – evolution. Thirdly, you are responsible, consciously or not, for having attracted in the energy.

This brings up the lazy factor. Before I adopted the understanding of Perfection as a life guide, I would be lost in various forms of negativity (Fear); doubt, confusion, blame, guilt, anger, hate, mild despair, voting Republican (just kidding, I, of course, would never vote). I noticed how much energy it took to partake of these negative states, and also that they invited in other fears such that my favorite “F” word – fun – was diminished. Once I leapt over into the relatively grace-filled acceptance of perfection, I saw how easier life was. Since I am basically a wonderfully lazy bastard, I liked it, and was soon, eagerly and bemusedly, replacing the negs with positivity(Love); allowing, acceptance, gratitude, appreciating, release and relaxation.

What is the adventure piece? Life becomes a fun adventure as you watch yourself and what happens to you. As some big old “bad” thing happens to you, first get out of negativity just as soon as you can – get into the moment and go to acceptance accompanied by a lively wonderment; “Now why the hell (heaven) did this happen to me?” Remember “one” and “two”, and now go to good old laziness, and relax and watch the show. This in no way means that you give up your next invitation to express energies – just go the happy route and act out of positivity. You are now nearing the Flow, so be prepared for an interesting show time.

As an example of creating attitude and going to appreciation etc, I can offer this; the best dinner ever in my life? It was a double dipperful of meat stew served through the bars of a small Argentine border town prison cell into a metal bowl with a chunk of white bread, after living in chains and sleeping on windy winter incarceration concrete floors with no bedding. I will never forget it and can taste it now.

Well……….say hello to Death. First let’s say that none of us are immune, nor would we want to be, from the emotions of grief. And neither are we educated to understand that natural happenings like death need not deepen our little loneliness as we wander through life with but 11% brain access. In Nature, death is exactly as natural as birth and all other beings know this and, after a noble struggle or flight, evidence some lovely grace in their going which is almost prayer-full. And all humans, returned from a true near-death experience, uniformly report a joyous light and an absolutely comforting feeling from which they usually did not want to return.

We are conditioned to think that death is a baddie – a final loss and failure of life. It began with the aboriginal fear of losing the bacon bringer, and then as tribal behavior cured that problem, organized religions preyed on humans’ fears in order to control them.

But Death is not bad, far far from it, just like it is not bad to graduate from kindergarten to first grade. Rather, it is a returning to the light and probably the best thing that will happen to any being. Also, it is inevitable. Now why would any thinking person, able to exercise free choice, perceive that the sure-to-happen, 100 % guaranteed, event was not good? While we are at it, let’s make it excellent, at least an A-,…wait another minute, uh, let’s make it an A+ and really enjoy it! And look forward to it with gusto and no fear. No fear, but rather anticipation, like we would a nice long nap, after finishing our play in the old sandbox.

 But somebody died on you and to hell with this hippie, you Goddamned well hurt. There, there. But don’t grieve for them, the nappers – the dead guys, enjoying all that light and a sure surcease from the heaviness of life, whatever you do. Yes, you will “miss” their attentions, laughters, lovings, jokes, gifts, etc, etc and so you choose to experience sorrow…for who?

Better be clear that it is for yourself. And, yes, you will probably bemoan that you bestowed insufficient attentions and considerations and proclamations of love on them while they still lived, for it seems so - that we are shy of love and are un-used to opening to those deep emotions, and miss many an opportunity to say; “I love you”.

Getting a hold of a clear, loving, appreciative and non-fearful attitude on death is extremely important. While, yes, one can Flow without it (some), with it, you may soar.

Normals and nay-sayers fondly and self-righteously state that the Law of Attraction is bogus….what about when an airliner forgets to fly, losing its temporary agreement with gravity, and all 214 people aboard perish! Eh!

Actually that used to shut me up - but only for a moment as I would surge into the vast realms of creative mystery and mega-computer like power; “well, good old God just rounded up 214 folk who needed to die, plus the other couple thousand who needed to be directly effected…” Whatever was left of my non-audience would go back to their televisions around that time.

Here’s the expanded answer; just as in any individual’s energy soup, the ingredients stir themselves together such that we are not to know which one predominates to attract in the suite - the resultant energy, the same applies for mega happenings, including mass exterminations whether man-made (Hitler, President Truman’s little bomb), or Nature-made (earthquakes, tsunamis, etc). For example, take a personal disaster like being blinded at an early age or going to law school – we are not to say why this happened – in the lawyer case it seems to be intention, in the other maybe a need to develop other sensitivities and to live a unique life, but our microscopes cannot delve deep enough to ever “know” the ultimate perfect wisdom of all the whys. Maybe the immediate family members needed to experience caring, maybe the world needed to experience and enjoy the music of say a Ray Charles…we don’t know.

So, did all those 214 fliers need to die, I mean did God’s computer figure that out in advance and get them all to buy tickets on some fated flight, while at the same time picking the day’s lottery winners, orchestrating a hurricane or ferry sinking and sending a bunch of poor bastards to law school? The answer is…”Oh yes”.

An expanded answer includes the understanding that the Law of Attraction is a law of energy – a form of energy about which we “know” very, very little. I, for example, know absolutely nothing more about it than you do. I own it, believe in it, because it works for my cosmology – it makes me feel good - almost a no-brainer. So the other part of the answer is that the very Universe has energies – compilations of God knows what – that work their ways elsewhere and on Earth. Did just human energies create the New Orleans wet phenomenon, or was the damned Universe involved? Choose what feels best to you, madam. My choice is that I don’t know…and, the good news; I don’t care. It doesn’t matter…that it IS, is obvious. Acceptance, thank you.

A little side point here; you might choose to prepare for some more mega happenings. My read is that they are on their way. It was not just the Germans and the Jews who needed their dance some 65 years ago, and it wasn’t just the residents of the twin towers that needed the incoming energy, it was the entire world, and quite possibly other whirleds as well. Goodness gracious! Uh, check please.

***BRAIN ACCESS***

Here’s a really, really neat present for you, one worth repeating as it is a big piece in the Flow and also of Creation Enjoyment; you, sir/madam, are working with about 10% of your brain. Scientists inform that, on a really good day we might achieve 11% brain access.

GET OUT OF JAIL FREE, folks. This piece here is of monstrous value on two levels; responsibility/guilt, and Love Story. Now you know why you screwed up those first few marriages, that business deal, plus all your demerits and “failures” along the way – you were missing 90% of your brain, young sir!!

Here is another little law, the Law of Allowing. It counsels that you get into an attitude of allowing; allow others their mis-takes, their sometimes seemingly unconscious transgressions (they are!) – just let ‘em go the same way you would a kindergarten kid who got his pants dirty. Evolutionarily we are in kindergarten or thereabouts. No wonder the world is like those filthy nappies. So you allow others their life takes with nary a “tsk tsk” which additionally means that you get out of that nasty judgment deal…it’s laissez faire big time; but please note that parenting comes with other considerations, which would require an entire book to detail.

 Then include yourself in this attitude – allow yourself your screw-ups, your guesses gone awry. Goodbye guilt, hello amusement. Of course, with self-observation operative a la Gurdgieff, you will see what energies show up, and will begin to tailor your energy output for best results. This is growth and evolution. As your attention sees that your head hurts, your brain will direct your hand to not hit it anymore with that hammer. Good boy.

Love Story? Yes you see because there is a correlation between brain access and the four billion years left of Sunclock. As we tell our stories, which add up to the Earth Story, we are currently at the 10% level which amply explains the State of the Earth. (Can anyone come up with any other close to reasonable explanation as to why we, the top of the old food chain, would be so decimating our natural eco-systems and rendering our Ma unfit for habitation?) As we access more percentage points, we will begin to operate more intelligently with a lesser inclination to foul our nest. This may take awhile, though short-term stopgaps are quite possibly in the making (change, chaos, institutional break down, etc, etc.)

During the story-full process of accessing our brain, who’s to say what we will do, but it would stand to reason that we will do a better job of stewardship eventually. Sometime around a certain age, a toddler learns to not soil his pants so much. Let’s see, at 10-11% we are crapping all over the entire house and playground. Maybe at 15% Access we will get it that it doesn’t suit us. So, doing the math here…4,000,000,000 years to go (Sunclock) times the, say 5% access difference equals only 200,000,000 more years!

***OBSERVE YOUR SHOW***

 ***UP& DOWNWARD SPIRALS***

Choosing to understand that there is a Purpose of Life helps you, so you make that choice. Now comes the application piece.

In my youth I pored over the teachings of G.I. Gurdjieff, intrigued by his life, his style, and a bunch of his ascertations. However, about all I can remember, other than that he was into whirling dervishes, which always felt cool to me, was the self-observation card. It is a beauty, serving as it does for both growth and fun.

You are endowed with a phenomenal laboratory with which you are invited to perform experiments to study, fine tune, and upgrade Your Show. You have a body, a “bawdy” as Cris calls it, a mind, emotions, habits, likes and dislikes, attitudes, dreams, hopes, some sort of a cosmology, a life situation (job, friends, etc) plus a Life Story which stars You in the leading role – cradle to Now.

Gurdjieff counseled one and all to observe everything; thoughts, talkings, movements, feelings, ideas,….everything, with the idea of truly studying the whys, wherefores, and results of such energies. We would add to that the non-judgmental, as in guilt, piece - the Law of Allowing and then heartily recommend this practice.

Here we are in our tiny incarnations doing the best we can to not only get by with our 10-11% brain access, but to deal with all the other assholes’ behavior due to their limited access…whew!

But now we have P.O.L. as well as the incarnation piece, so we bring energy to our Story to grow and to enjoy, and there is no better way than self-observation. Working in relationship, by the by, is an excellent way to expand one’s lab and give increased ops for self-observations, by paying attention to the mirror which may be presented by your significant other.

Here’s one way it works; somebody slights you such that your feelings are hurt which you observe, but from a privileged remove, thanks to your understanding of allowing, so you maintain perspective. You allow your friend his/her “transgression” plus you allow your reaction - your hurt feelings. As you continue, steadfastly, to observe, you will note that you chose to be hurt and you may consider if that is your best choice the next time around. Maybe not…

Another benefit here is that you may also choose to watch words of yours which might cause someone to choose their hurt, which – of course, is their responsibility, but with your understandings you may go to kindness and consideration and slightly improve the world in the process.

We have seen, throughout many relationships, that there are two ways to go, (and this includes your relationship to yourself.)

 Downward spiral wherein, as the honeymoon is almost over, she says, then he says, then she does and then he does, etc, etc. On that first unguarded transgression, a door is opened for hurt feelings to seek their revenge. The way revenge looks for most people who operate with less than optimum consciousness is that it tends to trump the other’s energy with a somewhat larger force. Oh dear, now the first guy, who probably is somewhat unaware of the original sin, comes up with a counter energy and things can get bad. This downward spiral can happen over the space of a conversation, which then becomes conflictual to varying degrees, and it can happen over the lifetime of the relationship – each later remembering historical slights. Here it gets even harder to re-build the original honeymoon feelings and many lives are led in quiet, or noisy, desperation.

A flat, vacuous, relationship is often the result of a disinterested induced truce. This is boring and not recommended and Nature may abhor it.

OR! Look at this, and try it out, and watch what happens; The Upward Spiral! Ta dum…

Joni is a second son to me – known him since he was three when he would play naked in the sand with T.A. We were happy “hippies” back then - always a bit alternative, and with a spread out, ongoing, community of hundreds. We are friendly people and laugh a lot together and share stories and often good old bear hugs at the end of the evening. Well Joni turned into quite the loving, sensitive fellow, and began to give these lingering hugs. Like I would embrace the guy, give him some manly thumps on his back and then intend to move on…well, he would just hold on another few seconds, putting some real meaning into it. Maybe even some light humming.

It took me a few times to appreciate the transition from hale man well met to a true expression of love, but now I’m into it – well not quite on his level, but look at this, he’s got half the community hugging like crazy – something we never would have thought of, or dared to do, back in the fraternity days.

One of the huggees, Brett, takes it to another level. On our goodnight hugs, I would always murmur something to him like; “great having you down here on the land,” or “ it means a lot to me how you teach and care for your students”. He would look me in the eye a minute and say, every time; “I love you too,” smile enigmatically and then move along. This happened enough times that now I simply say; “hey, Brett, I love you man,” he says; “I love you too” and gives me another knowing smile. It comes down to choice – here as everywhere, Free Choice.

Uh, this just in…Cris and I had a little, …I guess you would call it a misunderstanding. Truth. OK it was a little spat, damnit. So does this become just another self-help tome rife with theoretical platitudes, but riddled with personal problems? Yes and no.

“Yes”, because we are players with severe brain access problems. (I probably dipped into the high single figures), and are evolving with, and hopefully, through our very own fears. Law of Allowing – but always with observation, watching those un-evolved fears manifest and working on better, maybe, choices for the next time. And “No” because we have to try – to give space to new ways of being. If this is not just “another one of those nu age books” it will be because there are the added ingredients of honesty and of humor. At least we are trying (“very trying” as says Sedg).

The Upward Spiral is worth the effort, if nothing else to amuse yourself as you craft your Story. With care-full observation you will surely see that the energies you put out, (whole-heartedly, please) will attract in pleasing energies. “Bad” luck and “bad” health may change as fear’s negativities morph into love’s little butterflies. Staying in the present of the Now is a key here, as you carry with you the understanding that neither past fear’s blame or guilt, nor future fear’s worry need to get in your way of creation enjoyment in the perfect moment.

Hint; You might want to reread that last sentence a few more times. It is far easier read than done, and there are entire books offering coaching on how to deal with Fear.

Contributing to an upward spiral is a sharing of that Present with someone special – someone you are with, and arguably one of the better ways to manage your incarnation for maximum health, happiness and enjoyment. (“Love the one you’re with”)

**THE GREAT IS**

What is this “IS”? The “IS” is a conglomerate of a zillion energies of perfection which produce all and everything. Just as perfection, the laws thereof, works for the individual, bringing him/her exactly - repeat, exactly, what he/she needs for maximum fun and growth, the “Is” gathers in all of those perfect energies to manifest exactly, precisely, what is needed next in the Earth Story.

It is said that thought creates. It was also said; “in the beginning was the word”. All the energies combined, through beguilingly simple laws, create all that happens in this moment’s chapter of the Earth Story. There are pieces of energies that are not known to us at this time – just like an individual’s story has contributive components from ethereal counseling which hold certain sway during incarnation, so also does the great “Is” receive nudgings, tweaks, and possibly hurricanes and quakes also, from extraterrestrial sources. Good! Yet another example of the brilliant, non-boundarized, choreography of this Earth dance.

The Pleidians, for example, channel to us the intriguing news that Earth is not only a lovely (sans homo “sapiens”) garden spot in the universe, but that space energies of hard-to-grasp entities are trying to consume our energy soup. Apparently one group thrives on our fears while another finds our love a tasty morsel. These dudes are engaged in what must be a very interesting game as they do what they do to influence outcomes. Yegads!

More good news – they are into a Love Story thingee also, even as they engage, however they do, in their heavenly conflict.

Applications? Quit watching the news for one thing, cancel your subscriptions to those dead trees smeared with inklings of fear and the latest human debacles. In a broader sense, absent your attention from normal human affairs, as you expand your allowing to include everything.

The great Is, is bigger than us – as such a surrender to it might be an excellent idea – you are outnumbered, hands in the air etc. There is a lot of energy surrounding surrender so don’t necessarily apply negative judgments here, judge I. The really good news is that, since all of us attracted it, and it’s a Love Story, and it’s perfect – la dee da, we can allow it to be, and not paddle up some shit creek. That’s the “great” part of the great Is.

Now, the really, really good news? There are a zillion great IS’s and yours is one of them. Referring here to perception which is, let me remind you, a choice and results in a snowflake/fingerprint “Is”, though always understood also to be a tiny component of the great Is. (I fear I am overmuch with complexity, but you get it, right?).

An understanding of the “Is” helps one enter and enjoy the Flow. A happy shrug is not a bad posture when confronted with news of a challenging nature. “Did you hear that they re-elected George W. to a third term and he is declaring war on New Zealand?”

Oh, those humans…

Much of what this book proposes runs absolutely contrary to the age-honored, agreed upon dictums of “civilization”. Let’s see; “don’t send your kids to school, don’t read newspapers, avoid all T.V., beware of long lasting jobs, don’t vote, eat only organic, practice a privileged distanced surrender, live on land, etc doesn’t sound like much of a campaign – would not get many votes in the United States. But if we dare take a look at the great Is, here is what those voters are voting for - though admittedly, via a circuitous route which is obviously not obvious to them – hence they keep on voting; inane eco-system attack, drug infested communities, medical problems at ever newer highs, family degradation, emotional suicide, wars all over the place – it just goes on and on.

Bumper sticker in the United States; “We are making new enemies faster than we can kill them”.

Additionally, these votes, through the various energies involved, are bringing upon the Earth a calamitous change that will make the word “chaos” seem quite mild.

On the one hand, we, the counter perps, seem innocuous - we are promoting good health, fun/enjoyment, meaning, preparedness, hard work/play, family community, consciousness,…with an awareness of Love operative. As such we are pretty mild and harmless and may be seen as even cute – the granola munchers, unorganized, dispersed and forum less…tree huggers and the like.

On the other hand, we have our revolution (see appendix), which is another product of the “Is” and which intends to tweak the “Is” for a mighty moment. “The meek will inherit the Earth”???

**HUGO**

Here’s a happy sampling of the Flow: mid-October and the record snowfall is flexing its muscles, turning the usually crystalline river waters an insistent and turgid roilment of brown excitement – mother ocean bound. I had left it with my beloved capataz, Hugo, that today I would send a riding horse and a packhorse to the road–end village so that he could come into this valley hideaway to consult on livestock movements and a construction project.

Hugo occupies a unique spot in my heart as he has earned my respect in many ways over our years working these estancia lands together. I first encountered him 27 years ago, as he was the young head mason on the team that built the main house over a two-year period. I spoke little Spanish back then – “cerveza” y “chica”, so was unable to communicate with this fellow as I watched him crouched over a 100 pound piece of granite in his cut offs, fashioning keystones for the numerous window and door arches. Built like a bronze barrel, muscles rippling, he unerringly slammed his 10-pound hammer onto the chisel time and again as the living rock slowly took shape – a happy humming could be heard in between the blows.

When I encountered him a few years later and was able to communicate with him, I learned that he had left home at the age of 11 to take up a larger life road building, smoking cigarettes and drinking with his fellow men. He then turned to more lucrative work in construction where his tireless energy and insatiable curiosity earned him a place as foreman. Along the way he taught himself reading, writing, and the numbers he would need to know as a de facto engineer on construction projects.

His hard driving galloping energies for life knew no limits. He would work all day, change into his favored gaucho garb (boots, leather vest, bombachas and silk scarf) and hit the casinos and dance hall where he would often dance and carouse all night until it was time to change back into work clothes.

I hired him to build for the estancia – a total “can do” guy, getting a gleam in his eye as he worked out the complexities involved in roof lines and water pipes – all in the deep country a long day’s ride and drive to the nearest hardware store. He applied the same energy to any situation; moving 500 cattle up a snow-challenged cliff, starting a 35 year old tractor using horses and gravity, carving a fireplace mouth out of a 700 pound slab of granite, catching a Chilean horse thief in the night, packing a mule with a mattress, capturing wild bees or a chicken hawk, and all with a happy, knowing smile on his broad face. One of the first passengers in my lifeboat, along with T.A, Jonas, Brett, Cris, Sedge and Sky, was, and is, Hugo.

So I really wanted to comply with our plan that on Tuesday I would send a gaucho with a packhorse and a riding horse to meet him at the little community four hours away. Record snowfall all winter and a warm week raised the river to non-passable heights. Game plan when this happens is to send a gaucho across in the cable car and then have a good number of gauchos and dogs to launch the horses into the river and urge them to swim across with shouts, barks, and thrown rocks. Diogenes, Mike’s gaucho, had done this the day before, leaving the cable car on the other side and apparently dallying at the community, because he had not returned.

First thing I did when I awoke at dawn was to peer down from the balcony in the hopes that he had come back in the night. The Flow said “No”, as the cable car remained on the far, the wrong, side.

Plan B, then…uh, what could it B? I considered swimming across – starting high, in just shorts and tennis shoes, and going for it. There was frost on the ground, the waters were night-frozen snowmelt, and it was 100 yards of roiling brown seriousness. So - forget it, sir.

Now wait a minute, I was a competitive swimmer and have survived any number of oceans, rip tides and the like. What will it take, a minute and a half…two minutes (trying to remember survival numbers for North Sea dunkings), and I’m not even 60 yet. Nah, people would think you’re just finding an excuse to show how macho you are (were). Cris? Well, she would probably just do it. My kids? They might think I was silly…stupid even, though they’d get a good chuckle. It would make a good story. I don’t know, I debated back and forth as I drank my fireside mate’. When I went outside in my down jacket the wimp side aligned with the fear of foolish macho piece and I lost some resolve. Then I went to talk with Manuel who figured that Diogenes would probably get word to Hugo, and with that I released the entire drama and went about the workday.

At noon, Diogenes appeared on the far side, unloading his pack and then leading his mule up the mountain presumably to stake it out to pasture somewhere. My heart sank because now Hugo would be arriving at the trail head with no Diogenes to inform him of the situation, so he could borrow another horse. Oh well, c’est la vie, etc. I lunched and had a siesta, waking up to Hugo’s greeting whistle. There he was! He had come in overland, through mountain snowdrifts in the high summer pasture to scout it out. He had sent a message via the local radio broadcast, News for the Cordillera, but my people must have missed it.

In this case, The Flow was an impeccable happiness – Hugo arrived just fine and Luis, the young gaucho I was going to send, saved an entire day of getting across the river and riding to find him. Even, we got to chuckle a little, as Diogenes appeared and had to wait a fair while for someone to go in the drizzle to fetch him. In one way Diogenes was the scoundrel; leaving the car on the other side all day, night and half the other day – he deserved to wilt a little in the rain, but on the other hand, he was Flow’s pawn – saving Luis a funny day.

 At the end of the day, The Flow is not to be judged. The Flow is always impeccable, if there is a sin, it is in our judgments…and, look at this; those judgments, of choice, have their own energies which rebound, as they do, creating attitudes and out-of-ease situations.

***FREE CHOICE***

Do we have Free Choice? I, personally, choose the answer “Yes”. Victim-hood doesn’t feel good to me, plus it suits my cosmology and my Earth Story to proceed as if we all have Free Choice – it feels good.

We are, of course, not educated to choose Free Choice as it doesn’t suit the powers-that-be to give us much free rein – they want their consumer base to be controllable and to follow their regime of; pre-school, school, college, a few moments of wild oat sowing, job (this to re-pay the college loan and to start the production cycle, heading always towards consumption), marriage, children – which starts another cycle of the above with Mom and Dad now working like crazy to produce income to fund their children’s brain-washing, I mean, “education”.

So don’t be surprised to encounter resistance in yourself as you consider whether or not you have Free Choice, you most assuredly do, and your next choice could be to recognize it and begin to operate with more self-empowerment.

Society is smothered in homogenization, as “they” try to tell us, snowflake fingerprints, that we are all the same – oh you can be a doctor or a motor surgeon, but you must join in the system to get the toys and to assuage your fears; of failure, of censure, of hunger, of cold, of death. It is not easy to bring your light forth to shine truth onto all of these fears – but it is way worth it.

 “Having a Sweet Tooth” is a default option. I un-chose such a thing, having, selfishly seen that the perceived short-term gain was not worth the long-term results. I wanted a capable, reliable use-full, and even attractive body – one that uncomplainingly could carry me through my Love Story with nature for up to ten decades. So, here comes a hot roll with butter and honey. “Easy on the butter, easy on the roll, and hold the honey please.” In fact, hold the whole damn show and offer me an apple, some fresh ground, whole wheat, toast…better. My personal exception is homemade ice cream which is a “town treat” = twice a month – basta. And, once we get our ice house (underground cave with saw dust to preserve August’s ice for Feb’s frozen creams) and son T.A. gets in swing, we will churn up some homemades here that will the change the equation.

Every bite is a choice, as is every moment’s enjoyment.

Watching, waiting…a couple of worrisome w’s to wonder about as you wander your ways. Do you want to watch life, or choose to engage?

Free Choice.

Here’s another consideration for choice tweaking: as life is enjoined and forks in the trail appear and abound with every new moment’s offer – be aware that the well trodden ways are so thoroughly trod that, really – come on – why add your signature to that dust? God waits for originality (this is not your invitation to exterminate your schoolmates to stand out, by the way, remember integrity rides – No Harm) – so choose the energy less chosen and meet other originals like yourself. (Remember the Law of Attraction). Be assured that all the other bases are covered by your less adventuresome, less aware peers. Bases loaded.

***FLOW EXAMPLE***

 At mid-morn as night’s soothing chill cedes to sun’s stirring, I take myself to survey the new canal trail, wondering how it shall be and if the two new workers have started the bridge over the surging mountain stream.

I whistle up Yappa and set off through bird call, climbing to the canal, and …yes, there is the new trail, beautifully twining atwixt the flowing waters, the willows and pines, and the sometimes steep hill way. And so I stroll for two kilometers, shade-dappled, beside the tamed water – it is a delight, this, to move through the land so graced by Nature – a smile finds my lips and songs surround my going. I do some numbers and see that for $27 in salaries, a goat, and some veggies, I have gained this neat addition to a pauper’s kingdom, and marvel anew at the bounty that so abounds.

 Suddenly a swarm of…of what? surges down the lane, flairs overhead and settles in the budding branches of the Alamo blanco. 27 parakeets, in all the wide world, choose this tree just above moi to twitter and chuckle and preen and rub their beaks and lift a leg and nuzzle necks and peck at buds. For me it is a prayer, a hymn. They are green, yellow, and red, and as I speak and commune with them, I laugh as a bliss swells in my being’s breast.

Finally I move – a little lighter, and find, at the mouth of the canal, where it sips at stream’s shore, the two gauchos just arriving with a newly fallen poplar tree for the bridge. “We are going to do it here see?” “Hmmm…not bad,…a ver…” and just around the corner I find a narrow framed by elephant-sized boulders…”Here is the better place!” “Mejor, Patron.”

***INTENTIONALITY***

Please be sure that surrender’s proud white flag has nothing to do with either cowardice or nihilistic fatalism. Nay, it is a fearless agreement with energy to be responsible and to Trust. Indeed, it is a warrior’s present to crystallize choice - always with light.

Intentionality is a coalescence and fine-tuning of desire, responsibility, and then, of trust. As stated elsewhere, I am not the one to describe how the various components of manifestation work together to produce experience, but intention is, surely, an honored piece – not to be excused from the formula.

This quote, ascribed to Goethe (though actually not authored by him);

*“Until one is committed, there is hesitancy, the chance to draw back. Concerning all acts of initiative (and creation), there is one elementary truth, the ignorance of which kills countless ideas and splendid plans: that the moment one definitely commits oneself, then Providence moves too. All sorts of things occur to help one that would never otherwise have occurred. A whole stream of events issues from the decision, raising in one's favor all manner of unforeseen incidents and meetings and material assistance, which no man could have dreamed would have come his way. Whatever you can do, or dream you can do, begin it. Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it. Begin it now.”*

is a lovely thing – oft referenced, but it leaves out some important ingredients for the successful rising of the final confection.

Darn my eyes but, here I am, I promise you, perched above the river, writing this drivel (or driveling this writing) and a blackbird of some kind lands in the tree above me. He sings his song a number of times which finally pries open my attention. I whistle it back at him (actually I prefer to think it’s a her), and she responds. I respond. She responds – the same ditty. This goes on for a while – each always waiting the other’s response. I love it, and I offer a change and send up my “horse call” whistle. Durn the whirled but she copies it. Again. Again she copies it. I then try my “dog chase a rabbit” tune. She copies it, a little off. Again. Again. Patiently I throw it out and this time she gets it.

 Devilishly I blow out; “shave and a haircut…two cents”. She muffles it. Again…a little better, so I just offer the “shave and haircut,” which she sings back. Again, …the whole thing - and she gets it!

This is better than T.V. and even better than the Rolling Stones I tell you. I got a new friend here – as is my intention.

So yes, establish all the intention in the world with an unwavering pride and go forth with brandished sword held high and then see what happens, intent on wanting what you get – it is, always, for your higher good. Intention is a piece of the human puzzle – a puzzle always best solved as a graceful surrender supersedes guesses guised as knowing desire, but really still sons of a solidly limited brain.

Once, when TA was an adorable 5 year-old-naked at the hippie river in California – he decided that he could jump off a 25-foot cliff like his uncles and aunts. “You sure you want to?” “Yes”. “You think you can even climb up that cliff?” “Yes”. “You think you’ll be OK when you hit the water?” “…yes” And off he went.

At the top I called up; “Now, what do you think, you still want to do it?” “……yesssss………….” He stood there a minute staring down at the water…then at us…the water, and he said one word; “though…” before he turned around and climbed down to our waiting arms and cuddles.

Intention and reality are on the dance floor together, and they do dance, but reality is a luscious chick and many energies court her and tap our tiny intention on the shoulder to cut in. (sometimes they “tap” us with a sledge hammer – but, …oh well.) Though.

Intentionality should never over-ride the flowing energies of acceptance and graceful acknowledgment of the total power of the “Is”.

Again, that “Is” is a grand compilation of; ethereal gameplaning, Free Choice tweaking, intentionality, and then the factor of what the actual Universe needs i.e. attracts into its mega experience by the combination of energies put forth. OK, this is a soup, right! And as such it is difficult to grasp - it is maybe too much. But so what? Let it be what it is, no worries over how it works, or doesn’t work…let it be, let it be.

The point is to, yes, establish life goals using intent, but not to the exclusion of enjoying what shows up – whatever that looks like and however it appears.

***SELF-DESIGN***

When you observe yourself, do you like what you see? So, as you replay that scene with your partner – how did you do? It maybe didn’t go well – in any case, there is always room for improvement. What could you have said or done to make it better? Could you have sacrificed some posturing words or maybe agreed to consider further his/her/its position? Could you have said a little less, smiled a little more…allowed with more gracious magnanimity?

This, when gradually put into practice, is Self Design and it is a partner of The Flow as well as a pleasant fringe benefit. People can change, and not just with age – though aging denotes time and experience so that the noisy heats of yore can turn into the peaceful warmths of Now.

Self Design is an exercise of consciousness so that you, the actor, become the director, as well as the producer, of your little life – your story.

***TRUST***

Flow’s yacht is Trust. As we launch ourselves more and more into the Flow, it is trust that makes a luxury yacht out of a lifeboat. Trust works with perception that crafts attitude that then sees and defines the sleek beauty of one’s vessel.

Does one trust in self, in God, in fate, in intent, or in the Law of Attraction? All of the above. Does one trust in one’s partner, neighbor, the wealthy, the President, the Army, the used car dealer? “None of the Above” is a believable answer, but the right answer is; “all of the above”. Trust is trust. Does George Bush know his ass from a hole in the ground? (Barely). Can we trust him to lead the “Free World” to safety? As of this writing, and as time will tell, he is doing, seemingly, everything to promote Fear and an attendant total lack of security. Can we trust that that is 100% perfect? Yup. No prisoners. (Remember Free Choice, so trust – yes, but remember to choose your own way).

Absolute trust is born with the embracing of the understanding that the Earth Story is one of love, long-winded as it may seem to us little guys. And it is a huge epic replete with all the elements of grand and entertaining story telling. Still, it is love. “Love created – let go and let God”, another ditty that can work here – let it be, let it be.

Trust is not your tiller – your current best guess is your tiller, that, or the rut you have worn for yourself. Trust is your magic flying carpet, and – at night – your down comforter. Trust is your ticket to the Flow, your ticket to ride. And trust does not mean abandonment, but rather agreement. You trust in the various energies that make up your life and you trust in the energies at work (and play) that constitute today’s global reality and so you are in agreement. You understand, barely, that you are playing with only a few marbles, that your elevator doesn’t go to the top floors, that your deck of cards is emptyish, so you allow yourself your well-intentioned guesses when they err, as other forces intervene to bring you what you really need. This is trust.

When I was 25 I bought a 30’ Polish sloop in a Ft Lauderdale boat yard. Never having sailed, I would take beer and joints to the old salts’ boats in the evenings to try to learn of their lore. But we were too light-headed to remember anything other than the oft repeated; “when you leave for the Bahamas, do so at mid-night so as to have the morning light to see the islands and shoals when you arrive after the 10-12 hour crossing…BUT never attempt to cross the Gulf Stream when a Northern is blowing.” The general atmosphere of “tsk , tsk” and sudden head – shaking sobriety convinced me of that wisdom.

Though.

 When Sedg came down for a long weekend, and just then a classic Northern began, we had no real choice, other than ill-considered wimpiness, than to launch. But first we got fortified with beer – obviously. The 10 hour passage turned into 24 and then 36 hours of intriguing bouts with a hell-infuriated system of Nature never before encountered. I had not, yet, developed my understanding of Trust (I still haven’t totally, like when my 25 year old truck presents me with its third flat tire in a row), but I, mostly, sort of liked it and I damn well knew we were “making a memory” even as I peered into the thrashing dark, out of which was hurled boatloads of ocean over two endless nights. Then I changed my pants.

Time turns “bad” into, if not “good”, at least “interesting” – except for those intent on embracing victim-hood fiercely.

Trust turns “bad” into “OK” or at least “hmmmm…”; in the moment perception/attitude……trust, trust, trust.

Release, acceptance, and humor turn “OK” to if not “good”, at least “WOW!”

***FEELING “GOD” FEELING “GOOD”***

There seems to be a big difference between feeling “God” and feeling “good”, such that we do all we can, buy all we can, hope all we can, and pray all we can for “good” things. Obviously we do all we can to avoid the bad things, and then to mitigate their effects as much as possible. Trip insurance is a nifty concept, surely invented in the gluttonous and spoiled U.S. of A. The idea is that, for a price, one can purchase a policy so that if the weather is bad on your holiday, you can apply for monetary compensation. Now, getting into the blatant inanities of insurance is akin to revealing that schools, organized religions and material gifts are “bad”. These are indeed slippery slopes, supported as they are by great flocks of humans. (Hopefully it will continue to be beyond the scope of this here book, though I fear I have already trod overmuch on those slopes of sharp shards.)

But. So anyway, say you are un-masochistic and love to feel “good”, agreeing that you need a windfall of say, money, a double tequila, a super sexual conquest, or good weather to achieve that feeling. Concurrently you have a hex against losses; consistent sobriety, rejection, and too much rain, all causes of “bad” feelings.

An offering, only; feeling is a choice, not a default option, though many…most, agree to historical, time-established standards. A parent dies=bad. A lottery win=good.

Can feelings, truly, be chosen? Ask the Buddha. I don’t really know. But I watch, and when I am feeling “bad”, I am at first, not happy – not enjoying the feeling which is usually associated with an event that I have labeled “bad” – let’s say money loss, which is something I know about. (I have lost more money than most people dare to dream about ever making.) Since I don’t care for feeling bad, I wonder about that state and delve into it a bit. Say I have a million dollar debt, very little income, and my only truck breaks…one big Fie! (This happens, now, weekly to me). A dark cloud hovers overhead, waiting only my agreement to descend and engulf. I invite in a few wisps and wallow a bit in self-pity. I watch me and don’t like it. Choose another choice, sir.

Is life threatened here? “Almost.” “Really?” “OK, not really”. “How’s the weather?” “Good, some clouds, a little wind.” “Any birdies?” “Lots”. “Got a dog still?” “Two”, “great…and dinner?” “Wild asparagus,” “All right…any broken bones to deal with?” “None”, “Cancer, Aids?” “Not at the moment.”

Let’s say you have aids. “Any cancer, aids?” “Aids” “Well then, you will face an uncertain future with a glorious death pretty soon”. “Glorious?” “All death is glory-filled.”

And what about Good News and Bad News?

Strangely, with reflection – always shining the light of adventurous appreciation and selfish choosing, the “bad” things can turn out to be wonderfully momentous. Can you try?

See.

See if those events in your life history don’t have some happy, meaningful silver linings. In my case, I check out the supposedly “good” deals and can often find some sort of smelly linings. Take my prep school education (PLEASE). Sure, everyone was joyed when I gained admittance to an exclusive prep school and was thrilled as I rolled up honors. I also was pleased, of course I was – having no reference in all my life to self-design or benign cooperation instead of toothy competition.

I was well prepped. For what? For college first, which is basically a requisite weaning out from the “have” conformers of the “have not” others - a club initiation into the real purpose of preparation; joining at the hog trough the “leaders” of business, of society, and of government – hell bent on foisting upon the Earth their murderous, selfish, and un-sustainable productions and consumptions.

Burn this book – ban it in Boston, but the world is different, the news is in; Change is upon us all and, I am sorry, but what is called for is not just sending your kids to environmental studies rather than business school, it is in immediate lessening of your personal attack on our eco-systems via your purchases – your endless, semi desperate and criminal consumptions, sponsored by the educated – they want you, need you, on their team.

 This is the new educational model and it is the ONLY one that will work in this here new NOW.

I have a recurring nightmare – one of those whose effect is such that upon waking the dread appears real and it takes some moments to realize it was just a bad dream. It is of being un-prepared, totally, for a final exam – having missed many classes and not done the reading, and being so far behind that no amount of “cramming” will provide a pass. This haunts me far more than any other dream of failure, and is the effect of having to try, for so many years, to perform to expectations. Not at ease back then.

So when news happens in your life, beware of jumping to labels - keep on observing and appreciating. If it helps, keep in mind the horrid draft into the Nam army, and how wonderfully liberating it turned out to be – for me.

***FLAT EARTH SOCIETY***

Imagine what it must have been like some few hundred years ago to believe that the Earth was flat.

Questions for you then; how thick is the slab? What happens at the edges? Do the oceans spill out into space?

Without even getting into orbital Earth centric questions, it must have been pretty amazing dealing with these, and other, cosmic questions. Well, everyone believed it…everyone rounded up to…everyone - less, I suppose, Copernicus (but I bet he had a hard time with his neighbors and probably also his main squeeze!)

Today we can round up to just about everyone who believes in formal education, the nation state (theirs, anyway), the food chain supremacy of human beings, plus the scariest of all; that our scientists and technology will solve our problems (if they even recognize that there are problems!) Perhaps what we, generally speaking, don’t believe in is even more interesting; re-incarnation, telepathy, dowsing, out-of-body states, ability to cure with healing energy, to name but a few.

Actually, growing numbers are allowing in understandings…well, at least acceptance of some, or all, of these phenomenon. When the space ship sent back pictures of the Earth it must have knocked the poor remnants of the Flat Earth Society on their ass. What kind of picture would it take to light up, as in enlighten, the nay-sayers (or the non-hearers)?

***DEATH***

Time to talk more about Death. A clean and healthy relationship with Death is essential for a sane and happy life.

For most people, Death is the ultimate reservoir of fear, associated as it is with pain and suffering, which are “bad”, with loss, with the unknown (which can include hell), and with finality.

I posit that Death is absolutely the best, most glory-filled event that can happen in one’s lifetime. Life is the problem – the challenge, not Death. The Earth Story, surely an epic of love’s boundless creation, has it that souls, as they incarnate for their next class, come into the carne from “heaven”…OK from the ether, to play their part so that the creative force, Love, may know itself and tell its story. This ethereal “place” is possibly akin to the non-matter of energy and therefore not a locale at all. It is pure love, un-tainted by fear of any kind, including the fear of aloneness.

 Unity, Oneness, is known there with an encompassing totality such that taking another class in the old “carne”, though understood, is a chosen privilege, but also treated a little like taking bitter castor oil as a kid. Souls make all kinds of faces prior to incarnation, though the agreements and understandings are fully operative and it is known that all is “good”.

Agreements? Yes – to incarnate with forgetfulness of Oneness and of ethereal Love. Why? Why? Well, to better tell the story of Love’s long waltz through Fear’s devilish darkness back to the light.

So, now how do you feel about Death? Pretty nifty deal ain`t it? It’s not unlike taking off a pair of too tight shoes after a 100-block hike through New York in August and then climbing into a hammock in the Hamptons.

Sure. I know that few will read this and cast aside well worn concepts of dying, afterlife and even Hell….what, oh what can I say?

In the first place, fearing Death is foolish and downright stupid. If there is anything certain in your life it is that sooner or later you, your body and persona, are going to expire – no more breathing, tits up.

Choice pops up here, as it does everywhere, and you are cordially invited to choose a perception and then an attitude, towards this inevitable embrace. Fear is the opposite of love and is a proven catalyst for all kinds of lacks of ease. Shining the light of love on Fear is pretty much what the Earth Story is about. You, in your microcosmic role as…as You, get to choose for yourself if you want to deal with negativity and her disciples; dis-ease. Strangely enough, it is a pretty popular choice, so if you go that miserable way you will have lots of miserable company.

Death does not have to include pain and suffering =yet another choice, and the “afterlife” is pure light-filled glory as consistently reported by near-death returnees, and it is anything but “final” – it is the beginning, again and again, of new experience, growth, and fun.

It might be helpful to foster a perspective of how Death achieved such a dark name.

In all the insect, animal, and plant kingdoms, dying, transformation and even return, are all integrated into life. Life, yes is the idea here on Earth, so we witness all manner of flight or fight within these kingdoms when the possibility of death appears – but there is a relaxed grace evident, as the prey finally submits to the predator, that can be tremendously inspiring.

OK, the game is “lost”, sustenance is provided up the food chain, while survival of the fittest works its healthy winnowing for the species.

Right, you say “how terrible” and you say “how awful” and you shudder to think of the claw and the fang rending and ripping asunder, but give adrenaline its due – in these kingdoms pain is nulled and “suffering” is rather an awareness of transition. What you consider to be “horrible” might very well be the most outstandingly involved experience of the being’s life and a portal to etheric fields of symbolically belly high grasses forever.

But. But… “what about this terrible missing I feel?”, you ask.

 A healthy, evolved, mien looks within and finds company and solace and even joy, in the energy of the departed one. And grief may be allowed its day…its little season, especially if emotional movement is fostered. It is important to not grieve for the dead body, and to understand that one’s grief is for oneself. Please respect the other’s going and please know that he/she/it is in a heaven so perfect that even our heart-rent anguish may be smiled upon – not out of mean-ness but from the perspective of a long road’s knowing. “But he/she/it was so young…to be taken away…” is meaningless to the heavened soul that is reveling in blissful surcease and the ongoing excitement of pure love.

So smile on, and with, memories…they are energies and have reality. “Yes, but we had so much fun together, now what, oh what am I to do?” (back of hand against forehead) Do? Why live your life, sir/madam and if there is one hole, why…open to the million, million others who have room…the point is to proceed with positivity and such space will be filled…filled with same.

I don’t mean to make light of your grieving, but if you can reference a cosmology that comforts with the concept of reincarnation, of Earth as a three-dimensional schooling ground, and of the unadulterated joy of ethereal enlightenment, then you can make light, literally of it, your very self.

My mother just died – I was with her for the last two months and with her as she gratefully and delightedly chose to pass. When I see a picture of her great beaming presence, my little heart can catch with a jolt of love for her, but the feeling – the absolute knowing that she, her soul, her essence is not only in a far finer place, but also that she is one with me, brings a smile to my lips and gladdens my going. She is now with me at every moment. Mommy.

***REFLECTION ON RELAXATION***

Here. We live a three-hour horse ride or hike from road’s rocky end. The huge Earth crawling tractor which, between repairs, would haul in “necessities” from the “real” world is now getting replaced by a team of Ardennes draft horses. We are striving for self-sufficiency, though not religiously so nor to the detriment of fine wine tasting or the odd chocolate bar. The point is that we are a long ways from civilization and her artifacts and fancy technologies. Hence we become plumbers, mechanics, electricians, vets, doctors and midwives, relying on duct tape (or woven wool string), baling wire, luck and, when all else fails, patience – as the cry goes out; “Mañana!”

So when the 50 year old hydro electric plant malfunctioned and the lights dimmed to dark, we bought and made candles while we considered, in the romantic glow, what should, or could be done. This went on for some 20 years – five of which we totally forgot the plant, bought some solar panels and danced with the sun – the all powerful sun.

Then someone, a pilot, came through last year, and said that we needed new carbons, if we could find them, and also that one of the 2 copper whirling thingies - would it be an armature? was scored and needed retooling. Yikes, I considered that we needed the electricity to serve our guest program – at $400 a day they probably should have light, though it is debatable.

So, we disassembled the thingy holder and I rode to the truck with it in my saddlebag and spent a day in town finding the appropriate backyard garage guy to give it a good fixing (maybe). Two weeks later I went back and there it was, all shiny and rounded, AND, he had found two carbons! Totally heroic! I rode on home and Manuel assembled the new toy and we eagerly pressed the inciter button and glowed with the bulb as it sprang into life…only to extinguish as the button was released - a new experience in the history of Ranquilco P and E.

Sigh…all that “work”, Well, it was autumn anyway and we had plenty of candles, so why not just relax…enjoy life. Which we, collectively, did. No pissing and moaning, rather an acceptance and a concentration on all the things that were working; daylight, horses, chickens, the tilt of the earth, down comforters, cork screws, making love, yeast, fire…gravity for God’s sake!

Today came a gaucho who did something to the button and we have light and lots of it, thanks to the new carbons and retooled thingies. Are we happier? Only that we pretend to be. But we are very pleased indeed with the total fruits of our relaxation and that there….is the point.

***THE CONSPIRACY OF THE “SYSTEM”***

Some say that there is a conspiracy afoot, master-minded by a group of 12 - all worth more than Bill Gates – which goes something like this; condition the masses to school, to consume, to compete, to pretend religion, to produce, to behave, to reproduce, to save, to consume more, and to age and die in consumptive facilities away from home – all so they, the nefarious conspirators, can continue selling their shit to us and adding more billions to their tills.

From birth we are tantalized by baubles – beginning with those plastic things that whirl above our cradles, and ending with a five-figure “that’ll show ’em” coffin of expensive brass and some threatened hardwood. Fear is employed to keep us in schools and attend churches – at lest for a while – and there more fear comes in to produce conformity and good behavior.

Student loans are provided for the dual purpose of keeping us in school and then en-slaving us into the system as we join the work force and endeavor to pay off those loans. All the while beautiful fancy baubles are proffered to entice us to work more and consume more.

Fashion is carefully controlled so that every year we must buy the latest, and other products are continually “improved” so that within 6 months the techno-gadget is archaic and a matter of shame. Planned obsolescence is exactly that.

Processed foods contaminate us with dangerous additives that produce nervous fear and organ dis-function which prompts us to buy drugs from their pharmaceutical companies which drugs produce side effects requiring other products, some of which are not yet invented.

Insurance. They again employ fear in the insurance scam, somehow convincing the worrisome hoards that they need to bet against themselves – to hedge life if you will, and siphon off unbelievable amounts of money – the zillions of excess profits of those companies all representing fears’ tithe. Betting against yourself by buying insurance is one of the more silly acts of a fearful humanity. It also brings in the concept of responsibility. Let someone else be responsible for me, fuck it. (There is also the metaphysical concept that by buying all that insurance you are unconsciously putting out a message to the old universe that you WANT something bad to happen to prove yourself right in having purchased the policy. Look out!)

Betting against oneself is far worse than the house odds in Vegas which only fools or addicts or bored people frequent.

 What else? Hollywood, the media…all part, conscious or not, of the conspiracy. Wars, of course, are part of it as big business jerks the strings of their political puppets.

Now I, personally, really don’t know if there is this group, nor do I care even in the slightest – other than a mild curiosity, coupled with a devilish desire to bring them down. Because, whether those poor guys exist or not, the world operates as one huge de facto conspiracy, and THAT is the “system”.

The happiest people I know live and operate outside of the “System” – indeed they find it a great source of head-shaking humor to witness the way it works to ensnare almost everyone. There are exceptions to this, by the way, one of which is my older sister who is married to a spectacular fellow and has brought intelligence, fun, wisdom, and love into her life to shine upon all she does, including working 35 years in DC as a G-15 with the Department of Energy and living in a minor mansion surrounded by suburbia’s other minor mansions. So you see, right at home, we can err in our self-satisfied criticisms. (See Choice by the way, to understand how that very powerful birthright of Free Choice can inspire any situation with light).

I have always chosen the path less traveled, which is probably an ego event, but also defend ably out of a wide-eyed curiosity and sense of adventure. In fact I usually don’t choose any path, preferring to leap into the deep bush to see what may lie within. I figure that if someone has already done something, then it is covered and my invitation is to discover new messes.

So the “System” is a source of boundless amazement to me as I insist on staring at their values and then doing an about face to see if the 180º view isn’t more worthy, healthy,….more fun.

Going to school, sending your precious kids to school, getting a job, buying new cars, being in fashion, taking pills, seeing doctors, subscribing to newspapers, going on cruise ships, wearing ties, and shamefully hiding a good old fart are examples of values whose reverse is often, almost always, the saner, more enjoyable choice.

One has to be careful as one investigates how these energies and views are incorporated into a sound cosmology. I, like almost all of you, was brainwashed and conditioned by the “System”. Goddamn, but I wanted to be a good boy, and hell, but I wanted to own things – a private jet plane, for example, and Jesus Christ, I wanted my peers to respect and even envy me as I produced and displayed my “Show and Tell”. For two decades I played their game, being saved not by any perspective of wisdom but by the good old Vietnam War.

Careful? Yes because it is not one bit easy to pierce the veil which shrouds reality, imposed as it is by energies of such portent. For example, try telling the average person that it is rude, cowardly, selfish, ungraceful, sadistic, unconscious, to send one’s child to school. Most probably there will be the expected reaction which will include departing your proximity. We are tremendously conditioned to believe in schools. See the chapter on Education, please, for a more detailed description of the horrors that attend most formal educational institutions.

 Here I will offer this; the verifiable result of centuries of education is a world which is amok in meaningless consumption, suicide, disorders and diseases of every kind, medicinal dependency, obesity o’clock, child and spouse and self abuse, a vast gulf between rich and poor, insidious pollution which produces acid rain on the South Pole, road rage, corruption galore, political un-integrity, wars, terrorism, and disgraceful steady murdering of tons of “lesser” species a day due to habitat degradation – not to mention the actual killing of our Mother Earth. Does any of that sound educated to you?

Check it out, we are not educated to be happy, to be healthy, to glory in the surround of our families and friends, to enjoy sound bodies, the beneficence and peace and power of Nature, and the aging process.

Nope.

We are educated to produce and consume – a bunch of which is sorrow and un-ease making. Please see the Purpose of Life chapter (P.O.L.) Please, please do battle within to see, really see, what you are doing on Earth and decide for yourself how you want to spend your tiny fleeting moments on this garden paradise.

The “System” is flawed and seriously black-hatted. Fine. Perfect, but do you want to have anything to do with it? Once the vile veil is pierced, be it in any little rent, look carefully and see if any of it is any good.

***P.O.L. PURPOSE OF LIFE***

In the cosmology proffered herein, we understand that each and every being has a part to play in the creating and the telling of the Earth Story, keeping in mind that it is both a Love Story and an epic of some 8 thousand million sun revolutions. Choice and Attitude and Perception all contribute to our creations and each one is not unlike a snowflake’s fingerprint, drifting down and touching history for an eternal moment, and then melting away.

That there is a P.O.L. is undisputable.

“Yes…the nihilist over there in the back?”

“Right you are, sir, for you there is no Purpose to your life…next?”

“Why do I believe there is a P.O.L?”

Maybe because I am greedy, selfish, lazy, self-satisfied, rebellious and somewhat touched. But I have trouble grasping the mentality of some being who chooses not to witness a P.O.L. or even to invent one. My choice is to believe in life purpose, heartily so, as it serves on a moment by moment basis to entertain me positively.

Looking at creation, and at creation stories, one will confront dictums that “thought” creates. Did “God” think about the universe and thus it entered being? Don’t know, but the power of thought, which indeed is an energy, as the electro-chems in your brain scurry around synapsing like crazy, is subject to the laws of thermo-dynamics and, apparently, cannot be destroyed. Interesting thought – that one. Anyway, creation is a mighty mind-boggling thing to look at, lots of fun, etc, but I concentrate on numero uno, and - having seen how bogus are the results of civilizations’ guess at education – choose my own reality.

I think I have a P.O.L., therefore I do. You may think that your life serves no purpose, therefore it doesn’t…for you.

Here is a question: What is your P.O.L? Up until now it is to have been, done, and thought exactly, like 100%, what you have. Now you’ve got this book in your hand and some smug son-of-a-bitch is telling you, malarkishly, that all you’ve been told by institutions is balderdash. Watch yourself and see what you do. The good news is that you will not, can not, and may not, make a mistake – not with your thoughts, actions, or life. You will choose correctly for you at every moment. (Big invitation to practice release and relaxation right here!).

Me? I used to think, like in high school, that my P.O.L. was to be a good athlete, stand near the top of my class, escort beautiful girls to balls (to ball?), get a graduate degree and charge up to the old trough in an acquisitional frenzy for Show and Tell (which I learned in…kindergarten).

Then I got really lucky…right around the time that the Vietnam war was finally opening eyes to the inanity of waging war, and – by reference - to the ridiculousness of much of civilizations’ codes; I sailed into the harbor of the heiress who showered upon me largesse and piled upon excess so that I got to witness first hand how emptyish is the consumptive life. I saw that the rich and famous were neither wealthy, in the important areas of health, happiness, contentment…sanity, nor were they able to enjoy the totally fundamental fruits of freedom.

I got out of there and retreated to beloved Nature where I understood, or invented (your choice) that the P.O.L. surely had nothing to do with that matter, which absolutely does not matter (in fact it isn’t even matter!), but that it was to grow, as in evolve, and to enjoy. At the end of the day, enjoyment is the great answer. “Hearses don’t have luggage racks”. You can’t take it with you. So excuse your self, your body, mind , soul, from any scene that isn’t to your absolute liking.

Here’s a little pep talk; remember the last time you danced, really danced? Yeah, a big old boogey was in control, spreading a helpless smile across your mug while your arms, legs and middle places gyrated to some tune. Wasn’t it the song of life? Wasn’t the beat one that “this is all so silly… here I go”? And did you not interact with others and was it not a happy abandonment to an indescribable flow, maybe away ward from conventional reason and into a wild, celebrative animality…and did you want it to ever end?

It needn’t, though the music may seek less frenzied expression, and the words my turn towards wonderment, towards realization, and always towards love.

There is always music in Nature, as creatures dance. Choice, Free Choice is totally operative in understanding P.O.L.

***TOWN TRIP***

Town. Things. Lights. Masses.

Say you decide you need something – better said, you want something……maybe to rent a movie as there’s nothing particularly pleasing on the dozen movie channels – I hate that!

 You grab money, your driver’s license, a sweater, the car keys and go out the door to the car, start the car, drive to the store, do the deed and return…maybe 15-20 minutes depending on the traffic lights and the line at the check-out counters. Hey, let’s hope you walk or take your bike, acknowledging the double win of exercise and no harm (pollution). Good.

Today is a Town Trip day – one that has been planned for a week. Winter’s record snowmelt courses down the river way in a tumultuous turmoil that says “neigh” to the horse crossing. There is a great wind brewing forth from clouds dark with invitation; theirs to water – ours to adventure. There are three horses already en-pastured on the other side, at the corner, a half hour away and we need two more as packhorses. Brett and three gauchos load the two with saddles and go down to the river where the loads are put on the cable car and the then naked horses are led to the edge, where they eye the brown ragement sweeping past them – gentle and fine beasts that they are.

LAUNCH! Yells and arms fling around and the horses surge into the flow…good things, amazing, noble things that they are – they are swept down of course, and now comes a crucial moment, as the gauchos scurry down river, throwing splashing stones, and yelling to encourage the animals to not turn back. Laughing, yelling heaving rocks…one falls in the mud – laughter, the horses hang together, one white, one dark, as they do everything they can to find occasional purchase to continue towards the far shore which they nobly, if dimly, understand they are to go. Swimming now, they reach the point of no return and then it is done.

Now it is a simple matter of walking two miles to catch the three other horses, ride back, catching the two wet ones and then loading up the packs as we cross in the cable car. A few hours ride up vast valleys, and whatever weathers occur, to the 25 year old truck, which often starts, and on with life in the mountains.

 Which life includes now a one hour “drive” over the rocky “road” – through mud patches and up some nifty switchbacks which require just the right combination of speed for traction with care for machinery – comfort is sacrificed here but not at the cost of excitement and fun. In three days the process is reversed…voila. That is the Patagonian equivalent of your whim trip.

***BEING IN THE MOMENT***

Ram Dass, (Be Here Now), and Elkhart Tolle, (The Power of Now), among some scientists and others, offer that being fully present in the moment is of all encompassing importance. When you think about it, the exact moment is all there is and adepts of this are able to relieve themselves from any negatives in the past (guilt, blame, remorse, grief, resentment, etc) and the same with the future (worry, fear, doubt, etc) to live totally in the Present of the moment.

All the other species – zillions, who could never read these books, (or even See Spot Run), live perfectly in the moment, engaging glorious lives in the ballroom of Nature where the daily dance is enjoined with a balance and harmony seldom achieved by techno-dependent beings.

Dwelling absolutely in the moment is a lovely experience, always assuming that Choice has been exercised so that Place is optimized. Of course truly evolved beings experience contentment wherever they find themselves. I sometimes wonder if these guys might be a bit boring, though probably they radiate such peace, and hopefully, humor, that one would enjoy a contact high in their moment full presence. Meditation is another wonderful discipline, akin to and partnering with, the moment beers…(or is it be-ers?) Anyway, emptying the mind of all thought…of all those nasty chatterings that so plague peace, is a vacating - a vacation then, of great and salubrious value.

Being in the old Moment – what does that mean? Well, as you contemplate this watch out carefully for that Ego – it is going to be opining all sorts of things at any time. It does not want to give up its fear-based worry for the future or its fear-based reference to the past, as in grudges and blames and all that fiesome stuff.

For The Flow to be enjoined joyfully, it seems that being in the moment, attending the Present of the Now, is a pretty important piece – well worth studying. The Flow makes the next moment come in cleanly with no baggage. This equals life enjoyment. Is Trust operative?

***SO A DOG***

So a dog just passed on this message to me as I sat sipping a lovely Malbec-Syrah on my cushioned rock over gazing the river, turgid - the river that is, with snowmelt.

She cruised in, slowly - a tentative wag to her behind. I was in my usual Dog friendly mood, so responded with some doggish lullabies which I’ve perfected over the decades…”well, well, well, veni muchacha…todo bien, veni and I will give you some pats…” and she came over, tail pin-wheeling, to receive my largesse.

This is a famous dog, as she was left here one winter when the river rose and her owner had gone and she sniffed out some semblance of quasi comfort and the odd bone. So she was used to rebuffs, a constant state of huge hunger, and had adopted a coping sort of an uncaring mien. Last summer she acquired fame and a raison d’etre when Kelly took her on a two month tour of the Cordillera. Kelly, a young American adventurer gal, leased a riding horse and a packhorse for her trip and, somehow, this dog went with her.

Well, she just snuggled into my affections, responding to her instincts which, human-bred, said; “love and serve the humans, they are Gods and give meat.” Apparently we bred off, over the eons, any anti-love human energies and now have a cache of “wanting to love and serve human” animals, with tails and tongues.

Huh? So what did she teach me just now? Oh – that she is a happy, content – if hungry being. After she put her head a bit warily – yes because of a history of some rebuffs, in my lap, to there receive blissful, instinctively needed affection, she strolled off to a leaf pile where she circled once and then curled into her nighttime ball.

I often feed her, as she cycles through the compound, and I know of her constant hunger, but here’s the thing – she doesn’t really care…her tail is still wagging and her hunger is a bit habitual and, therefore no big deal.

I have a piece I want to write about simplicity and she is a teacher of same. I, on the other hand am “hungry” as in …”its been five hours since my last meal, let’s eat some damn thing.” She will be in her nest all night, and will wag her tail in the morning whether she eats or not . I have seen this.

I say here that this exact dog being is happier, more in the moment, less conflicted, more at peace, than your average movie star.

***LONGVIEW***

As part and parcel of crafting a workable, enjoyable, and semi-believable cosmology, it is helpful, and indeed, essential to take a good look at the Longview. Where, the hell – or heaven, are we going?

Most of us live and plan only for ourselves and our immediate heirs, on whom we load the hopes of our dreams, a few of which did not totally fail. If we believe at all in reincarnation, still we don’t seem to care much about the legacy we are leaving behind us – indeed, we seem blinded to the sloppy, soiled, rotten, volatile, and absolutely unsustainable mess we are leaving our very children – don’t get me started on that again – just as I fail meditation and being in any two or more consecutive moments, so also am I a failure at a happy accepting of our criminality towards Earth Mom (but I’ll get there!)

Here’s where Longview comes in. They say that time cures all ills? Well look at all the time we have left…four thousand million sun trips! A million years is a fantastic number – think of a thousand of them…four thousand! The scientists of the world tend to agree that in 4 billion years the sun will lose its ability to support life on Earth.

So as an exercise in Sun appreciation; next winter burn down your entire house and stand at a distance that is comfortable for you. Depending on the house, and the fuel of your junk inside, that might be 50 feet or so…in any event at 100 feet you may not feel any heat. The sun is more than 100 feet away – it is …get ready, 93,000,000 miles away through frigid space. Can you blame it if it burns down a bit in 4,000,000,000 years? Your damned house cools down overnight and you can then wander through the ashes, kicking through the remains of your precious stuff.

Anyway, there’s a lot of time. Our cosmology has it that brain access and Sunclock are intertwined, just as a child progresses through potty training towards, hopefully, wisdom - before some sort of expiration experience.

What then do we see in the Longview scene? Popular thought, well – no one seems to look beyond a 100 years or so, timeframe, but what they see is some sort of computerized, macho-cyber-techno hell where humans are victimized by their insidious inventions, even as they recline at “ease” surrounded by a mesmerizing sea of lights and sounds and plastics and I don’t know whats. Nature? Nope. Weathers and song birds? Forget it. Life? Hardly. Reason to live? You tell me. Nobody, no thinking entity could wish that on anyone – only the pervaders of the crap, the controllers, who want to sell it to us, force fed geese.

But, look at this…Brain Access. There can be absolutely no arguing about our putrid job of self-proclaimed stewardship on this 3rd rock from the sun. It sucks…worse, it is absolutely unsustainable.

Will life go away? Friend, we are responsible for tens of species extinction daily. We threaten all life on Earth with our deadly and babyish toxins. There have been other waves of human-type beings on Earth – coming and going with but ephemeral traces, yet the energy of their experience does what energy does – it cycles, un-destroyable, in semi-magic ethers. Can you feel, hear, wonder about, dream of, intuit, or imagine them? For they, like you, are storytellers. If we “end up” like them – so be it. No, Godlike images, we can not destroy all life on Earth, try as we might.

This is nowhere near Longview - it might be tomorrow-view for all we know. Longview traipses far, far past our degradations and all manner of storying to arrive at a time when homo sapiens will finally join the rest of the Earth community in totally enjoying the Creation doing No Harm, and living in loving harmony such has never been imagined. The Brain Access meter will be at 99.9% and counting.

***PLANNING***

Whereas you might see me as one who is opposed to a good number of civilization’s treasured deals; public, and most private, education, entire judicial systems, dress and behavior codes, purchasing gifts, insurance, etc. I am still, at heart, a planner. Today, as I witnessed how my plans were trumped and, ultimately, up-graded by The Flow, I marveled at how it works, and…how I still insist on planning.

The day before an event is to happen for which I am responsible, I will wake early as usual, and lie abed attempting to foresee all the movements, personalities, weathers, nuances, what ifs, and “howevers” which will collide on the morrow and manifest that day’s reality.

There is a track into this place, even though we say it is beyond all roads, - a rocky jumble rudely coerced into permitting a passage of our huge earth crawling, 4x4 tractor which comes in once a month during the summer and fall to bring us all that we desire which we have not yet learned how to produce on this side of the river.

We have purchased a draft horse team of Ardennes fillies who will be delivered in two months, hopefully pregnant, so as to make the tractor “history” from then on. The track has rutted itself so I have planned an alternate route, an angled dive down from the pass through mostly sandy steep soil with a couple of rock sections. It is a good thing, we say and so plans were made, including the survey which I did with Manuel and some plastic bags on poles. Then I addressed the matter of how to get it done. By hand, by God! And the call went out to the pueblo for workers at $5 a day plus food.

The first two showed up and said that four more were coming in two days. Ok….plan, plan. Where to sleep and eat – (the upper Bacharias puesto, an hour 15 from here = shade, spring water, a shed roof), how to feed (get pots, pans, plates, utensils , food – gotta kill a goat and continue doing so every four days – gotta get it all up there), how to equip (round up shovels(5), picks(3), a bar(1)), how to manage (offer Fabian a job as jefe at $6 /day), how to line it out (Manuel goes for day one), how to shower and sleep (find solar shower and mats), what to do with horses (Luis rides with Matias to Buta Mallin).

Specifically, everything was prepared yesterday at noon, the four appeared on the other side of the river at 6pm, Fabio cable-car-ed across, brought back 3 who wanted to ask questions, calm them down, send over goat and utensils, etc = 2 trips. …“go to the puesto and eat goat, we will be up tomorrow.”

Today; catch horse, take to river with rest of gear, hurry horses across the muddy torrent, catch and saddle. Fabian goes walking to corner for third horse, Manuel and Luis cable car across, saddle up and ride, Sky, Brett and I go to Confluencia and carry Galen across the swollen tributary and his pack (which is almost swept away), goodbye, enjoy your solo snow walk, wow, and we return and round up 17 wildish horses to HQ for de-parisiting. Manuel to ride on Caesar and return in the evening, tying him to grass for my trip to the new road tomorrow.

Now, I say that Reality is created (or crafted, if you will) by a combination of energies; thought, ethereal game plans, the Law of Attraction and a spicy sprinkling of an all encompassing pre-determination which is the God-ish trump card or veto that sometimes supersedes all the other energies.

It is a little like this; I had thought to invest in a yerba mate’ company to have fun, of course, producing significant money for conservation, I say, purposes. Sally and Sue agree with that thought and add theirs to it, joining the venture. In the Ether it was determined that I would be an adventurer - reckless with details, and also that I would take a long ride on a supersonic roller coaster, speeding up and plummeting down the scary rides of wealth and lack thereof.

Now Sally and Sue are positive, bright, attractive gals (ain`t much difference between the two!) and I have a bit of a track record where charm, or whatever, operated to my advantage, so we might posit that the business would succeed, especially after I poured nearly seven figures into it over four years. But good goddamn, old God knew better - dried up the financial well big time and economic failure was totally achieved…a thoroughly successful failure.

Thankfully, I am able to appreciate the wisdom of God’s trump card and have profited in terms of growth, and also Fun, beyond my poor ability to guess at what I need. Reality was achieved - the “Is”, as it is 100% of the time. So instead of staying in the States, going to the office, travelling to important cities to make deals, and worrying about what to do with all that income etc, I got to retire to these lands and, what I consider to be real life. Healthy life. Meaningful life. Fun life.

So, plans are fine, if a bit puny compared to The Plan, but they are not to be relied upon, nor are negative energies to arise when our tiny guesses go up against the Big League energies. The real point here, once again, is a relaxation, - an allowing, so that the Flow operates with maximum appreciation.

**NO HARM/ HARMONY**

I repeat my favorite ditty for both sobriety and a mind–boggling gigglement of absurd incredulity; “There is only one species on Earth that harms any other specie…AND, that species, harms every species.”

What and why and how and …then?

Current levels of Brain Access coupled with a manic, Hollywood, screenplay of the Earth Story, plus the de facto conspiracy of the system piece, spiced with a dollop of good old Fear explain the Harm piece.

Actually it is against universal Law to harm other life except for digestion reasons. This explains why we so often feel poorly - we are criminals, though at our current levels of evolution, we are pretty much pardoned by a forgiving and still abiding Mother Earth. Still, borrowing from the unknown sublime sensations divined to be manifested near Sun end, when Harmony reigns on garden earth, we might begin to adjust current personal behavior towards a rational tending to do less Harm.

In the fullness far, far away, of time, it will no longer be technology’s emperor’s clothes that will entice us. With our greater access, and with zillions of stories told, we will gravitate towards the tremendous enjoyment experienced by all other beings (always sans the homo sapiens factor, mind you).

It goes against everything we have ever, ever thought or dreamed of, to consider living a natural life, without baubles – and without labor saving mechanization, and but a tiny, infinitesimal few will feel the rightness and the true wonderfulness of this state, but try.

Here is a little coaching; Population. We will regulate our numbers. Most every other species has regulatory measures built into their genetic code so that they not overpopulate. Lacking that, as in the case of some insects, numbers are subject to the cycles of Nature. There are 7 thousand million humans operating on the planet, working their peculiar magic. How many elephants, aardvarks, sharks, cardinals…how many jaguars, damn it? And, we will also, someday, naturally inhabit geological areas that suit our needs, just like every other species – not spread all over the poor globe battling nature on our way to presumed comfort.

**Pain management.**

We will manage pain and comfort and grief. Have you ever seen the thin-haired horse calmly staring at you as you stand there, in your cuddly “fleece” shivering? He is out all night long…all life long. That same horse would stand, uncomplaining, while you treat his lacerated-to-the-bone wound, and she would return to her grazing after a losing fight against the saber – toothed tiger who took her foal.

Already we have seen the fire walkers who are coached to accede to a part of their brain to control pain, and have heard of American Indians and of Yogis who endure seemingly tortuous self-inflictions. Pain, in a natural state is for a reason; don’t sit on me please, I need to mend myself, don’t come any closer to my face, please hot fire, it will destroy tissue. In reality it is to relieve suffering, not cause it. The pain management center of the brain might be activate-able with 25% access.

**Entertainment.**

Being in the Moment is extremely enjoyable, perfectly pleasurable and marvelously entertaining. Animals in Nature are never bored – boredom is not a word in their lexicon.

There are gauchos all over these mountains who neither read nor watch TV, preferring to drink their solo mate’ while regarding the meadow and grazing upon memories, or just the changing feel wrought by wind, sun, and itinerant cloud. We might consider that they are bored. They do not.

At some level of Access, internal symphonies and cinemas and finely-tuned dreams will entertain without technology - 36%?

**Communication.**

 Already we have either experienced or heard of extra-sensory perception or communication with faraway ones - even dead ones. Malarkey and balderdash? Schools of fish and flights of birds dart and wheel as one. Whales communicate across ocean vastness.

The one hundredth monkey theory? It is that at a certain point of saturation of a new learning energy in a species, every member will receive it. A monkey dropped a coconut on a rock and loved the milk. A second and third did it too…and then a fourth – somewhere else as it progressed along its evolution. Then the 100th monkey discovered it, suddenly it was a monkey thing…everywhere.

At what point of brain access will we realize we are One with all beings and communicate our individual, innermost desires to live at peace and Enjoy the creation? 64%? (2,560,000,000 years from now?)

 **Confusion.**

The other Earth beings are not confused. Guided by instincts and the weak weeded out by natural selection, the beasties of the realm are un-confused.

 We are young and totally confused. Our baubles and do-dads and whatchamacallits further our confusion, hiding Nature’s bounties and blessings ever further away from our grasp. We blithely break Universal Laws, on a daily if not hourly basis, and are confused as to why we feel bad. Many are confused about P.O.L. – often guessing that there is absolutely no purpose of life, sigh.

There are immense mysteries and magics at play here – “what lies beyond the light of the furthest star?”, for example. There is probably no way in physical Creation that we may know it all - even maybe with full access to our big brain. As we evolve and nudge into interesting brain areas, we will lessen our confusion as the light of understanding shines forth on fear’s confusions.

What will we know at Sun end – 100% brain access?

Good question.

What maybe we will know is what is available to all un-incarnated souls in ethereal light, i.e. that this is a Love Story, etc. But even there The Love Story itself is unknown; compiled, composed, and created as it is, moment by moment, by the energies at play in God’s Earthly ballroom. Remember, please, that these energies include your every thought.

Living in harmony, in No Harm,…what does it look like? Every other species experiences an amazing, over-the-top Earthly experience. They are never plagued with confusion, doubt, guilt, blame, remorse, worry, stress, self-image problems, split personalities, weird medication, taxes or lawyers. Indeed they live lives filled to the brim with eco and adventure travel, the adrenaline rush of avoiding predator, the feasting celebrations as prey succumbs, the instant right and wrong of tribal transgression, and the grace of timely, un-prolonged deaths.

This matter is rife with argumentative fodder and most all will be thinking of exceptions to disprove our animality, defend the dance with techno-goodies, and avoid the presumed discomforts of life in Nature.

Please be careful of the pitfalls of assuming that the wolf harm the deer - au contraire, he helps them – weeding out the infirm, the sick, the un-fleet or incautious, such that the genetic evolutionary pool is improved. Our pets and domesticated beasts are exempt from these attributes by the very fact of our meddlesome presence in their evolution thus, yes our doggie might manifest embarrassment or remorse…don’t be fooled. And indeed, all the kingdoms of species are effected by old homo “sapiens” via our pollutions and habitat degradations, not to mention the pernicious poisons of our polluted thinkings.

Try and feel the majesty of unmolested Nature, which operates all around us, or tries to, and which awaits us with a loving embrace such that someday, as we awake and agree to join, we will feel as a child in a cuddly cloudlike enchantment. After our long tale has been about told, there we are – uniting with the entire rest of Creation in the garden. We feel no pain and communicate as One as we tell and re-tell our eons of stories, deeds, learnings, failures…our little loves. We live in tribes and have re-joined, properly, the food chain so we are fit, strong, resourceful, aware, adrenalized, careful…we are alive. As a tribe we are totally comforted in our “homes”, secure and sharing the Love Story, enjoying life and appreciating death. Physical travel is fun, flavored with cautionary planning, and visits are extensive, joyful, and filled with celebration and meaning.

Feel free to envision your own Longview scenario, always having No Harm as operative, for we will truly not want to harm our co-creators. City people will be well challenged by this exercise and that is fine.

Why visit Longview? Curiosity, fun…but also to garner some pieces which may apply to these seemly incarnations that we are enduring today.

***FEELINGS – GETTING “HURT”***

The estancia was recently visited by a young French girl, Delphine, who arrived on a three day cattle drive from the winter ranch. Bright, cheery and enthusiastic, she brought in her own energy of Creation Enjoyment and it was a good delight to watch her respond to the deep magic of this place. She spoke English, with only sometimes hesitations, and told me a little of her life outside of Paris in the Bois de Boulogne. She skipped over the subject of Françoise, and when I asked more about him, great tears coursed from her eyes. She didn’t know how to get over his mistreatments and infidelities, and the attendant insults to her being.

I took a deep breath, feeling both her pain and the challenge we all have dealing, in a wicked world, far, it seems, from God, with our feelings. For I feel that it is true that nobody can hurt our feelings. You see, they are “our” feelings. We own them and they are a product of our choice of perception of attitude. Here we reference a number of things; the Love Story, the Laws of allowing and attraction, self-awareness, choice, responsibility, and, finally, the old “F” word – fun.

It is a Love Story after all…….yes, we are challenged aplenty – of course we are – as schooling angels shepherd in our little lessons, but it is love that sparkles behind the clouds. So we allow.

Another ditty – “what he thinks of me…is none of my business”.

 Release, bless, allow and ……move on. Then the responsibility piece of owning all the energies that come into our lives, including our own responses. These incoming energies are showing up via the Law of Attraction and are for our highest good. OK maybe it’s like a polio shot, a pinprick in time. Ouch, and then, goody - ice cream. We check ourselves out. How good does it feel to feel hurt? Does victim-hood suit us truly? Many choose “yes”. You are free to choose to feel bad, to be the victim and have your feelings “hurt”, but why ever would you?

“Sticks and stones can break my bones, but words will never hurt me.” And with a larger perspective, including the Love Story piece, and responsibility, one may absent oneself away from the cycles of hurt feelings and into a lovely release of higher good. Acceptance of the “IS” also works here.

I know, I know…b.s.! etc, I regularly fail at this basic and simple concept – or at least I used to. Maybe with these declarative bombastments I will fail less. I am ego-ridden still, though I practice my bucking in amusing attempts to throw it off.

 So here’s what I tell us, difficult as it may be; let’s go for it…see what happens. A piece of all of this is a distancing, which might include actual departure. If the one who offers the choice to you of being “hurt” is, overall, in your life for good reasons, then a released, unattached allowing can work. Mix in humor please. Choice also includes being where you choose to be. Moving away and onwards with your life adventure is a worthy thing when done positively, especially if the going and destination are involved with Fun.

While we’re on the subject – let’s those of us who are still prone to offer “hurt” to others, observe ourselves and see if we could change and offer less. Pourquoi Pas, Francoise? Zut alors, homme!

***RELATIONSHIPS***

Our cosmology (“everyone is entitled to my opinion!”) has it that we are here to grow and to enjoy. While opportunity for growth happens everywhere, it is said that the mirror, ballroom, and jousting court of relationship can turbo charge experience. Sure. It is also said that understanding how to love oneself is a prerequisite for a solid and healthy loving relationship with others. Sure, again. A formula for loving oneself? Allowing your foibles and failures, acceptance of brain access constraints, a desire to tell your story and play your part well, a desire for better health and happiness, an ability to sustain better relationships, you are all you’ve got, and then…why ever not?

Referring again, and always, to our cosmology, we realize that there is a great caveat in relationships. Remember, we are a “piece of God” – in the Ether our soul energies, along with reveling in the happy, pure light, counseled – however that occurs – to choose the general curriculum for the next incarnation. It was then agreed to forget the Ethereal Oneness and “separate” from Got to descend and tell our part of the Story, presumably so that God could know itself. As such, there is a lifelong longing to cure the separation and find solace from the relative rigors of life. The fairy tales tell us to seek that in another – one’s prince on a white horse or damsel in distress. We are keyed to mate for life and pray that the other can make us feel good, or at least OK.

Thus we blithely skip past the “Know Thyself” stage, admittedly a challenging one, to grasp at another’s also un-ready heart and heap upon the infatuated one our hurts and hopes, and of that lonely longing to feel One again. Thus we are infatuated with the expectation of not just ready steady sex and companionship, but also of salvation.

The only thing that can save you is walking around inside of you. What is asked of the other, to be not unlike the lost light, is impossible. The realization of this, on both sides, often has devastating effects.

Ever wondered why divorces are as brutal as they can be? Where once there was an almost magical love overflowing with lust and wonder and hope, there then appears reality in the guise of betrayal – ye gods I need to get a lawyer and show that sumbitch!

So love thyself and open to another child of God, but beware the burden of unrealistic dependency. On the one hand you are never alone. On the other hand you are all, exactly, that you have got; your body, your thoughts, your attitude.

***MATTER does not MATTER***

I have deliberated as to the appropriateness of including a treatise in consumerism in this Flow book. Whereas it seems as if the Flow is ever operative, a healthy and thorough enjoyment of same probably mandates a sane relationship with things. So here goes. (And I know that I have already shared some disdain vis a vis consumptions/pollutions, fine. It is worth repeating.)

We are not here to accumulate land fill items, giving them temporary place of honor in our homes, then our garages, then our mini storage units, until finally we throw them into our overflowing and oh so very toxic dumps. However, we ARE conditioned to believe that things will make us happy.

 As a matter of fact, matter ain`t matter, (see molecular science theory), and does not matter other than in the telling of our current tale of infatuation. Look closely and see molecules…. atoms…electrons. Keep going, searching for matter and there discover no thing but a whirling dervish dance of light!

This discovery will probably not diminish your craving for the latest cell phone – mini office, but maybe if you could truly witness the un-rest, the dis-ease, involved in the acquisition and maintenance process you could begin to believe that there is an other side of materialism…there shining in simplicity in your future.

And it is against Universal Law – there is a pollutive harm in every process of producing, delivering, selling, distributing, wrapping, insuring, protecting, maintaining, repairing and then disposing of, matter, so there are some mini fines to be paid, which can develop into cancers, etc in extreme cases.

Here’s some good news; we are existing in these times, and our civilizations, none of them, with the exception of folk like the Bushmen, are anywhere near prepared for proper stewardship, not to mention enjoyment, of the creation. So, we will all continue our dance with things, ride on jet planes and chat on the infernal net. Relax you can keep your IPOD for the time being (If you so choose).

But, borrowing from Longview, perchance we will want to consume less and try out some self-sufficiency moves towards a believable sustainability. Have you seen all the people with their little image capturing devices, excitedly passing around last moment’s picture, thus denying the present moment’s news? Any chance of letting that behavior slide? Think about it. Being in the present of the moment is the offering. A lessening of those wrist slap mini (so far) fines might also be a good motivation to let that next consumption impulse fade away.

And the Flow? It sure seems that there is a flow towards lessening of material. Change, big Change will decimate production – 85% of which is non-essential. Having gone through more material then your average village, I now find myself only owning old blue jeans, a collection of better day hiking boots, a 35 year old saddle, a 25 year old Ford truck that sometimes drives itself from shop to shop, assorted clothes and tools and two horses. The rest either has fled from me or I have given it away. Never felt richer.

 Yes, the Flow rewards the un-attached. It is so easy to relax in the current, bouncing softly and un-concernedly, off of matter instead of clinging to it and towing it or being anchored by it. Freedom is a big thing. Ask a creature in Nature, ask a cloud, ask your inner Jaguar.

***RELEASE***

New Age ditty; “Let’s go and let God”.

This morning after an amazing re-entry into the Estancia, including winds, packhorses, hours of hiking, and the cable car across with two volunteer gals from Canada, I am doing the dishes and listening to Mary Black. It is before seven but the sun is already up and I am pleased to be home and turned on to Mary as I have just re found this CD, “Circus”. Sky walks in, a little later than usual, thanks to the rigors of yesterday, and punches off my Mary Black. Well this is her way and I am used to her self-assured, if sometimes bitchy ways, and am usually entertained by them. But I’m a little put off, probably exacerbated by finding Charger, Brett’s horse, in the “Patron pasture”, which is reserved and jealously grass guarded so it will last the summer.

 So darn it I converse with myself and try out a couple of scenarios: 1) fuck you, turn that back on, you’re still a kid and I own this place, 2) Just go over there, serenely and Patronly, and turn it back on (maybe a little lower), 3) Che, Sky, that’s not real considerate, especially for your old Pa, AND, what about Charger in MY pasture for 3 days”? etc, etc, - all believable, even normal, and justifiable reactions .

Now, some may judge this wimpy – I released.

I weighed the results and let it go…all of it, including my thinking that I needed to hear Mary just then and that the grass wouldn’t grow back. Instead I realized anew how fortunate I was to have my darling daughter in my life and how great it was to also have this Brett fellow and all the masteries, attentions, and energies he contributes . I released into relaxation and into love. Doesn’t mean that I didn’t muse a bit longer on this daughter who so dominates every scene, thankfully usually with value and helpfulness, so that if the occasional transmutation into “bitchiness” was a potential bother, I could morph it into amusement. Also, yes, I wondered how to gracefully move Charger out, realizing that his eye had become inflamed and Brett wanted him under close observation. Both Brett and Charger were worth the wait.

Release and the Flow. When we need to, or just plain want to, swim a horse across river’s flood, we first go upstream, and then we spur our steed, swimming across the flow at the far shore – we don’t worry about the process as the waters close with us, we go, now, with the Flow, certain that by following our intention, we will achieve, more or less, our objective…though it may look, sometimes, dramatically different from our best dreams.

Release what? We don’t just sit on the shore drinking Malbec or mate’. Nay, we mount up and spur – sometimes we yell, and always we laugh. What is released is ego pettiness, worry, wrong mindedness, and that great shore-sitter, Fear itself. White water canoeists learn that the mightier the rapid to be run, the more they need to dig in and engage with equal or superior might.

 Release into the astounding Perfection of the IS….with intentionality. What is released is our feeling that we need to be right – have it our way…our reactions which are so often crafted by others, including Hollywood and television soap operas, and which never work for peace or for ease, and certainly not for fun.

So, if the IS is wet and cold and even if it is life threatening, we accept that and, realizing that the spur work was ours, we release into the wet, cold contrast – knowing how we will, sometime soonish, cherish the warm and dry. We release, we don’t fight the flow, making of this challenge to life, a life enhancement…laughing all the while.

And, would you know, after a delightful mate’ on the balcony over gazing the river, Brett and Sky cleaned Charger’s eye and returned him to his proper pasture, and if Sky didn’t exactly turn Mary Black back on, she trailed behind her her own music which delighted me more.

An other way to regard this release piece is that one respects the energies that arise – that show up. Today I had it all planned that Fabio and Brett would trim the mule (the same mule that kicked me, staving in my third eye last autumn) and then would use him exhaustively for some freight runs down from the pass. The mule showed up bad, telegraphing that he was going to be a dangerous handful.

Flexibility – change of plans. Since mules are often foal killers, he will be taken up to Buta Mallin, away from the mare band, where Fabio will spend a pleasant night, proceeding on the morrow with freight runs on easier beasts, and no one gets hurt, plus the volunteer Canadian girls get to be involved. Multiple wins – zero losses.

We are responsible for what shows up – we own the energy so why not relax and release into the news. Missing a plane is a great place to practice, releasing old concepts and plans to adapt to the energies of life while maintaining ease and not opening to dis-ease. Who needs it? Flow. Speaking of which, that same mule, who so easily could have killed me with that vicious kick, had it landed an inch either way on my brain pan, broke his leg and Hugo killed him. He then invited me to dinner and served me meat: “Che, this is pretty good – not goat is it?” A wry look; “No senor, that is the mule that bloodied you last year.” In my mind it was the very same leg that hurtled me bloodily backwards on my Patron ass.

***THIS RIVER***

So maybe this river, swollen and insistent, is like a disagreeable situation in one’s life – day after day a challenge to movement – to eased thinking and planning - a roaring receptacle for swear words, excuses, and failures – non-starters, etc. Shall we, then, curse this bad luck; melted snowflakes flowing mother wards in joyful spats washing our trout? A normal choice to be sure – we love victim-hood and being the scapegoat…but, is it our very best choice – one reflecting any evolution?

***CHA CHA CHA***

Change, Chaos, and Chance

I feel unprepared to grapple into ink what probably needs to be said about Change. In the first place, it is solidly presumptuous for a weenie like me to consider that we have anything definitive to offer on such a topic, and then there is the street corner image of the bearded fellow with his “the end is near” sign and others of the doom and gloom ilk. That Change is imminent is downright obvious to me, but the same people that don’t want to hear about Earth murder, assuredly have no room to consider the chaotic Change that, I believe, is coming.

I am not a street corner fellow, nor do I believe in either doom or gloom, but I am like a detective, a scholarly one, and have put together a hell of a case for capital “C” Change. But this is a book on Cosmology and the lovely Flow, so I won’t over worry us with dire predictions other than to go on record here, and query if you want to take a Chance – putting all your baubles in the basket of conditioned civilization.

Here are some simple, if unasked questions;

With no food trucks moving, and your water source poisoned, how would you eat and drink…for how long?

Are you fit enough to get to the next food and water source? Are you able to deal with your neighbors once you get there? You laugh because this rabid scenario is impossible and would never in a million years happen. Except that it has happened throughout all of recorded history. In the last century alone over 100,000,000 people succumbed because they could not, did not, respond positively to these simple questions.

Simple questions? These seem anything but simple to us because we have exempted ourselves from the real world where all the rest of the earth’s zillion, zillion denizens deal daily with the question of sustenance source and neighbor management. Hourly.

Change is surely coming. But why Chaotic change?

 Falsely sustained un-sustainability carries with it, over time, a correction factor that increasingly points towards the radical – the extreme. I wonder how many of us have ever been hungry? Not the “I’m starved, Mom” variety, because it’s been 6 hours since lunch and dinner is a half hour late, but true, highly motivating hunger, when the next bite is an unknown event somewhere in the future, or …not.

Historically, hunger is a Chaos maker. When Chaos commences, all the money in the world will count as naught and all those possessions will become liabilities. (Where do you think the hungry and unruly mob is gonna go?)

This is a huge subject which, in a way, is foolish for me to address, for – while I can sell a few books on how to Enjoy the Creation…maybe, because I’ve presumed that everyone would like health, ease, and joy in their lives – spewing forth radical Change theories falls on not only deaf ears, but deal killing ones also…no sale.

Ok, fine, let’s move on, back to Fun. One final thought though; we are alive during extremely momentous times, even galactically; Change is a good, even a Fun thing (if one is prepared). Chaos is held at bay by but a thin thread which hunger will sunder in no time – a New York weekend – so why take the Chance that Change will not be Chaotic? Cha Cha Cha and Chau.

***ONENESS***

“Our” cosmology has it, roughly, that this Earth Love Story is confected out of thought – some initiating impulse of Love to express and share itself. We are fuddled on the exact nature of this boggling phenomenon – but perfectly so and, for now, contentedly so. “God” invented incarnate entities to go forth, with Free Choice, etc, to experience, evolve, and enjoy and with the agreement to forget ethereal Oneness, so as to thoroughly investigate the Fears that abound as Love’s contrast …blah…blah…blah…

And did we ever forget!!

Here’s just a few things we have done to other pieces of the whole - other sons and daughters of God; murder, prevarication, robbery, litigation, manslaughter, enslavement, imprisonment, snobbery, brainwashing/conditioning, torture, sodomism – the exact opposite of the ten commandments seem to be the historical norm on Earth. What we do to the other Earth riders, the earth’s eco-systems, and even to our very selves is worse.

Sigh, Oh well – what the hell! But Jesus…what ever happened to “Do unto others as you would they do to you”? In any event this is the state of today’s “IS”. Here’s the good news; you may choose to Enjoy the Creation in a different way! Yes! Choose it sister. Choose love over fear – agree that this is a Love Story, and live it so. Go outside…keep going - find a clean stream and a tree and they will confirm all of this. Remember to release all negativity and as many fears as possible, including the fear of aloneness. You are never alone – ask brother tree, sister water.

A feeling of this sense of Oneness is a lovely thing. Whereas it is blaringly obvious that at current evolutionary levels humans are operating with no sense of Oneness, it is understood that – over time, time, time, - we will access the love that waits patiently for the Story’s contrast to finish its back-hatted act.

There is no law stating that you have to join the energy of separation, nor that you have to agree with the lack of integrity that roams the land, devastating all in its path…including the perp, with negativity’s wages. Choosing a cosmology and then a place can allow you to borrow from the Love that pervades Longview and to give it energy in you life.

This Oneness piece is very important. It is probably not something to be known, and certainly nothing to be fought over, but it is something to be felt. Maybe have a date with your heart and see what it feels.

***NEGATIVITY***

Perception; is that old wine glass “half empty” – durn it, or is it “half full” – yay, yay.

Choice! Fear…or Love?

Choice! Negativity? Or Positivity?

Negativity is a plague upon the Earth. It is only practiced by One Species (guess who) but bothers every other species through its energy, not to mention the direct results of pollution. With no P.O.L., there is a void in life which is often filled with non-positive energies. Remember the Law of Attraction and understand how negativity fulfills its dire self. But also recognize that Free Choice may operate here (choose that it does!) to bring in the reign of positivity – ‘tis a wondrous trail!

 *OVERPOP*

Here is some outstandingly good news for you and yours; the reason for much of your fear is overpopulation of homo “sapiens”.

 To look for balance, harmony, peace, well-being and joi de vivre it is necessary to go outside of our relatively nasty species. The “fear” you might assume that animals, insects, fishes, have, because they are in the food chain, is really just a care-filled cautionary game they get to play which actually benefits them greatly in terms of both individual and species betterment. (Survival of the fittest.)

Looking at all the other species we see harmony in basically everything they do, including breeding. Not only does the natural world, i.e. everything outside of man and his mechanizations, genetically or otherwise, regulate the species rather perfectly for an interesting and sustainable balance, but also within the species there are built in regulators such that numbers are controlled. When there are more mouths than mouthfuls, the females don’t achieve estrous, or else the males lose potency. Then there are the famous lemmings who set an admirable example.

Look at this; animals in a finite area are just fine until they breed to an extent where food is scarce, i.e. they overpopulated. Then guess what happens? They begin to manifest human fear-based behavior; hoarding, bickering, stealing, etc. attended by that serial killer – stress. Then they move on to homicide and really get “human-like” until a breeding, overpopulation inhibitor takes effect. Konrad Lorenz is a recognized author and authority on this issue, a good read.

 Humans have exempted themselves from this natural order and have bred well past the comfort zone. In terms of natural food production, we have long ago surpassed the Earth’s ability or willingness to sustain us. Using a piece of our big brain, and our fancy opposable thumbs, we have cleverly crafted artificial means to reap (rape?) more from the soil and also to enable us to spread our habitat all over the globe – places no aardvarks or robins would choose. Coupled with that and our horror of Death (the best thing that can happen), which has spawned medical “advances” to prolong hellish lives, we have over-populated way, way past our numbers as prescribed, for every other species, by Earth’s natural balance.

We are, therefore, like those poor laboratory rats squabbling over the pellets which are dropped in our middle. Hence we are riddled with Fear.

Another by-product of over pop is Ego. There I am, one of seven THOUSAND MILLION, hell and yikes, waving my flag , trying to get noticed amidst all the others. This explains why fourth graders murder each other and it also explains Donald Trump, sigh. And for you it is a great cosmology card. Fears, to be handled…forgiven, and forbade, need to be understood.

Since it is absolutely essential for you to enjoy the creation, take a look at this situation and choose to exempt your self. Shine a little light on your fears, and bury your banner, to be replaced by the calm glow of being. It is also essential that our numbers get “handled”. It has happened before, and it is soon to happen again. (There is a lot going on in this paragraph. We receive a good number of people at the estancia who have espoused happy simplicity. Though they may stumble aplenty, they generally are aglow with their going. Why? Because it works! Why again? Because they have exempted themselves from the hoards. And what is this about our population numbers getting “handled”? Change?)

Yesterday Brett told me, and he was serious, that there is a well-funded group planning to build a “track” to outer space, to facilitate human population growth. Now, we are a mighty tricky, and even pathetically, silly race but this is the height of absurdity and presumption. I remember T.A. sharing a vision of the future wherein our gallant scientists would shrink us to the size of say, thumbs, the better to deal with our geometrically zooming numbers. We would then easily be able to live in egg carton things, like hundreds or maybe even thousands in a “house”. All our needs would be taken care of, of course, so we would not have to ever again experience movement. In this way we could have some 70 trillion “human” “beings”, on the globe.

Kids, we are already way divorced from the life our great, great, great, grandfathers enjoyed and don’t you wag your Goddamned finger at me quoting all our advances culturally, medically, educationally, etc, etc. Sure Shakespeare and Michelangelo are phenomenal, but what have their astounding works done for the right whale? Lonesome George, that Galapagos turtle? Please do all you can to get real here. Oh, sorry…never mind. I shouldn’t have said “goddamned”. Your wagging finger is fine, Allow, allow, allow. It’s just that real life is sooooo good, and we are soooo duped to think that the Emperor’s clothes of tech’s labor saving devices and baubles, and bells and whistles are what we want. We are treated like the modern day natives who traded away their freedom and lands for mirrors and beads. It doesn’t matter.

The good news? We are, at the end of the day, animals. And we are Earth dwellers – part of the Earth society, and as such we are subject to, thankfully, natural regulatory energies. Our numbers WILL be corrected – get ready.

***FEAR***

Fear is love’s incarnate form – at least for these times. As fearful beings we are, once again, distinct from the zillion other earth dwellers, observing that the fear we may think we perceive in Nature is a careful aliveness which graces these beings and enhances their every going. Our fear manifests in many ways; hate, blame, anger, remorse, guilt, jealousy, worry all of which take us out of the precious moment, to which we are entitled as a birthright, as enjoyed by the other denizens of this amazing garden. Nature deals swift, sure, total, and final justice - as such, anger, blame, and guilt, are either not experienced, or pass with only the briefest mark. Humans are cruelly invaded by fear - some on a fairly constant basis.

Is fear a choice? Good question. May we choose not to fear…to love instead? In a way that is the purpose of this book - to share love ways such that fear becomes archaic, a piece of a long, long story. But.

But, here we all are, conditioned as we are or were, and with that rotten limited brain access. I, for example, grapple – sometimes weekly (weakly?) – with fear’s big old concerns that can dwarf the thin luminescence of my prayers of love. Mostly I “win” as the fears are eschewed, usually with a fond chuckle, where they bob, disgruntled, in my wake, looking for some other to lend a hand to bring them into their lifeboat…the boat of their life, poor suckers.

The fear of not being “right” is a big one and stems back to gold stars, or lack thereof, which our “teachers” (conditioners) would beamingly affix to our little foreheads when we were best in class.

Early on we were brain washed to think that only through being right most of the time would we not only gain the admiration of all who beheld us, but also would we get into better schools so as to get better jobs so as to win all of those better baubles we thought we so wanted.

Hand in hand with visions of “success” limped the ragged reality of the “failure” who was filthy, hungry, lice-ridden, homeless – or at least looked down upon by the A winners and good citizens whose contempt knew no bounds. If I am wrong I will become a dumpster diver – a bum. Double fie and shucks.

Ego concerns intrude here also, but is not the ego yet another manifestation of fear? Does not the ego get developed in schools and societies as a convenient dumping place for baubles and a constant control mechanism…production-consumption?

Really, for fear to be handled, witnessed, processed, forgiven, and then banished, we need to acknowledge our general mis-education and then re-educate ourselves, developing a cosmology that understands where fear comes from and shines light forth so that it may be replaced, eventually, by love.

This is an unpaved road, darkly shadowed, with few tracks to follow and it is replete with gravities, chasms, the odd land mine, and Halloween devils. Light and humor are one’s best companions here, but it is essential to grasp the invasive and pernicious effects of conditioning to then excuse oneself from that rutted race of rats, clamber out and into the light where the Creation may be so enjoyed.

Fear is dangerous and counter-productive and self-fulfilling. It produces stress which takes one solidly out of the moment and invites in cancers and other lacks of ease, which disease can kill…tits up.

There is nothing more important to study, to live for, than replacing Fear with Love.

The Flow is always operating but with Fear at the helm, the boat points up river and no birdcall nor rivulet dance can be perceived over the roar of the motor which pounds along, barely keeping place and stressing mightily the worried driver who feverishly inhales his pollution while staring hungrily at day old bread upstream, which is competed for by the hoards. Flow brings down things or events which smack into the guy and give him his times…he absently and greedily piles them in his craft while always longing for more, paying them scant attention, even as they weigh down his life and threaten to sink him as he exerts more energy to just stay afloat.

With Love at the helm, the motor is quieted, stilled – the things of matter are relinquished and the feast of being, of Nature’s garden, (the one attended by those naked nymphets!) is glimpsed, there, downstream and the glide towards it is gladdened by all manner of lovely and funny energy.

I go outside.

To return to the query; what, then, is your worst Fear? It just cannot be fear of death. What then? Fear of failure? By whose standards? Fear of being broken? Fear of loss?

Outside of us, there is no fear. Does a honeybee fear? A trout? A tree? There is a care, watchfulness, adrenalized fitness, but no Fear. If a rabbit gets broken, it holes up until it is fixed. More usually, it dies a quick death and goes to the sweet clover fields of bunny heaven - the winner of the bunny lottery!

What we should, if not fear, at least loathe, is the insidious non-life of conditioned wants and needs of desires. Please see the dis-eases rampant, primarily in the First World, among those who agree with civilization’s norms. There is much there of a harmful nature which will lay your low. Who do you know that doesn’t take pills of some sort? Who doesn’t have a relative in an industrialized geriatric ward, or who sees a shrink, or fights with, or is misunderstood by the significant other?

Why ever are we not taught to manage fear? “Everything I learned to Fear I learned in Kindergarten”. Remember how shamed you were if you were not in the in-crowd, if you performed poorly, or simply looked or acted differently? Nay, we are fostered on Fear, delivered to us by fearful conditioners…

Unfortunately, this is the opposite of preaching to the choir; this is speaking to an emptyish room with just a couple of hecklers bothering to even raise voice against this blathering blasphemy. “Education and Fear? Preposterous!” Maybe there is one free-thinking kid out there, cocking her head in amused and intent speculation. Well God bless you sweetheart, stick with it. Look at education vis a vis the state of the Earth’s eco-systems and check out daddy’s medicine cabinet and liquor cabinet and medical bills.

***A STALLION NOBILITY – his battle with a twisted gut***

After two days of a twisted gut and unshared agony, he knows exactly where is his place of deliverance and goes to it in inexorable, if shaky, migration, leading his small discipled flock of human bi-peds on whom he leans in terminal exhaustion and then goes surely forward to the little stream underlining trees of shade.

 Two days of hope, of attendance, of enema flood and anal probing and then less hope, more prayers…the gun is fetched, and readied, to relieve our suffering. Still he bears the battle in his insides with nary a moan, though he seeks relief from the knives and mortars within by going down, no – no help, and back up…pacing. We encircle him, reaching out to touch something greater than us all, wanting to both console and to imbibe the nobility in front of us. Hope, because he seemed less stressed this new morn of birdcall, breeze and shine, but Sky knows as does Brett – especially when Stallion trembles, staggers and then marches to the gate on which he leans.

Then I know also, though my heart does a serious clench and the prayer/word/ curse “Goddamn”! surges through my being… “Oh Goddamn it all…” We walk - this sober, determined, and resolved processional to the place he and his God have chosen – like the natal waters’ call to prodigal salmon. And there he lets it all go…the 48 hour struggle to stand, to sustain the life that was already cooling within – all but the nobility which carries on even as bullet blasts into brain and suffering is no more.

Something there is in a young stallion’s death that touches me with a velvet hammer – a nobility a human might ache for, but never achieve. Across closed gate, mare’s whinnies purl through dawn’s birdcall to pierce, and then cuddle, our mourning.

***STALLION DEATH***

Sky and Brett are a phenomenon of sure steadiness, competence, care, and determination. Witnessing their 48 hour vigil, their attempts at succor, at communication, and then the euthanasia rifle shot followed by skinning and a post mortem investigation into all the innards is a slow burning glory of grace in country so deep that, even if there were a telephone, no help could hardly arrive. As this beautiful beast took his final blast, as life ceased its toiled tolling through a system strangely ruined, there by the shaded streamside, we held each other closely as he so hugely and gracefully ceased, and the great head lowered to Mother Earth, in untellable beauty - as muscles and mind stilled into mere echoes of existence. Soulful sobs were rent from each, there as time collapsed, and we clung – the one, the other, the three in tiny tribute to a mightiness that whelmed our way…as something much more than sacred surrounded us, leaving us not lost, but far from found.

And now, I, the writer, self-styled only, get to make of this what I will…what I cannot, though I attend this pen poised over river’s timelessness and listen mightily. Not that death is unknown – every year a few horses die…in the snow, to the lion, old age – innards gone awry. And we kill and consume a sheep or a goat every few days, we do. Dogs and kitties, and chickens and pane-smashed songbirds…trout – all pass on, as we ourselves will. But sometimes something special happens – a big thing even, and we are left touched by this strange gift from God to do with it what we will.

One of the many things that surfaces for me is my fallibility and the depthless distance I have yet to experience in this seeking for wholeness. I cannot tell either you or me what that looks like, but it is accompanied by a somewhat bewildering sense of smallness that is, at the same time, both lonely and comforting.

 These mysteries of life which march by, moment by moment, as we journey ever onwards into a distance utterly faraway and unknowable – barely even imaginable – that one guess could be to lower the bar and attend these quiet marvels of mystery, making of them a thunderous majesty to crown our time. That I fail so continuously, in normal times – times un graced by gifts such as this, is a sobriety, and a reminder to, please, please, attend the moment’s being, before it is too late and my own gut twists in frustration.

 Why I need a stallion’s dying to wake me to life which sparks, second by second, is a wonderment, as I re-enlist in the school of Being, tapped by the grace-full going of a great nobility from these lands.

***NEW PLAGUES - NEW AND FAST****.*

I believe in The Change for a number of reasons; purgatory, balance, adventure, the “interesting life” syndrome as in the Chinese saying, balance, galactic history, and the “good story” piece.

 Nobody I know feels it as I do, though a few are preparing - are relatively prepared. Actually there are only three people I know who are really preparing – my son, his wife, and - by implication their three year old son. Most people I know have zero concern or belief in the Change and, if they read this, which is iffy, will tsk tsk about Ashley…again.

Luckily for me, and for us, humor and release are my main operative banners so I keep pretty quiet or lead with my own tsk tsk’s. And, I don’t really care either way - my life has been mega interesting and promises to continue to be so. Just drawing breath in this place is packed with adventure.

Here’s some news that actually sparked this writing: the land, which is like the face of the Earth, is in active and accelerating, and, in galactic terms, lightning fast revolt.

 “Now what?”

 Well, I will reference two lands – one, the old hippie commune in northern California, and the other, this land here in Patagonia.

 We bought None of the Above Ranch in 1971 and joyfully began playing “Hippie”. We ran all over the land, exploring its cliffs, valleys, streams, river bottoms and forests. We land skied, launching ourselves onto forested steep slopes, slaloming down on our feet through the luscious loam and fir shed. Today, the entire forest floor is chocked with poison oak, and star thistle threatens the meadows – both are solid “git” invitations, (and the horse you rode in on). After recorded millenniums of normal behavior, in the lifetime of my boy, much of the land is closed off.

When I bought here, this Patagonian dream, in 1979, there were zero plagues – well except for the 7,000 sheep which I sold, trading in for a few hundred cows and horses. Today there is a plague of wild rose bush, which snuck over the cordillera from Chile, and is attempting to choke off the place. It takes over, producing maybe millions of seed per bush…well let’s do the math; a big plant could have 500 flowers…hips, each with 200 seeds so that’s, fuck me, only 100,000 seeds. Well, it seems like a million. Anyway, the progression is geometrical. Quail feast on the seeds and defecate and voila…mas. A horseshit, in season, can contain thousands – OK, hundreds, of seeds and it is a perfect nurturing zone for myriad new plants. The land gets, literally, choked out and un-usable.

 BUT, what presumption! Unusable for what? For numero Uno, no más! No, God is doing His thing and the Earth también. And, that’s not all. There are also plagues of burrs – those spiny darn things that infest your socks, hitching to new birthing grounds. Then the bichos (bugs); wasps, meat bees, and killer moth/worms which eat willow leaves, leaving branchy skeletons unable to photosynthesize. Rabbits also, though they come and go throughout great grandfather memories. But the rest are brand new and exceedingly effective. The meat bees are interesting I tell you.

 So maybe you better stay in your cities where drive-bys are still rare and chemicals are readily available to keep them lawns sparkling. After 25,000,000 years of boring, slow change and now, in 25 years, a tidal onslaught of “git” and “stay off” messages from a poison weary mommy. What does it mean? I am pretty sure that this should be solidly sobering news to one and all. Calls for a drink!

***HERE***

Here I sit. Instead of Being, I think about Being, poor human that I am. All night the ducks did duck things; preening, diving, floating around in purposefully aimless circuits, defending temporary territories, or scurrying away from friendly attackers. Nighthawks dove through dark airs, unseen but noted by the eerie sound of their kamikaze swoops. I imagine fighter planes dueling with mighty, but doomed, insects. The mare grazes in great equine contentment, or gazes across the lake at horizon’s postcard of the great winter-whited Cordillera of the Sierra del Viento, which ends in a volcano, some 14,000 feet high. Her tail has its own brain, waving farewell to insects, imaginary or not. She is in being-ness with no plans. She could hike to yon volcano or nap all day…it is the same to her at this moment. There. She goes down – chestnut beauty swathed in sun’s long new rays, ameadowed.

At last light I saw this; ducks and coots in serenity, gliding through gun-metal surface with widening wakes, pencil-thin, painting a line of un-earthly blue gold – underlining the magic majesty which so always embraces life, though never more so than when Nature roams unfettered and free. All night the dog lay at my side in the warm grass, as I dreamed of yachts, libraries, college friends and an electric kiss with an almost stranger. One time she put her paw on my hand and then licked it there, just as half moon left these climes to rise where…Easter Island? This morning, as I sip my mate’ she roams though sun-lit meadows, charging the bushes where she imagines crouch her furry tailed breakfast.

As the sun climbs leafy canopy’s million mirrors, I leave off this pen, which anyway offers no timely wisdom, and opt for an almost purposeless stroll. Well, hold it…I can take a plank to bridge the muddy canal place and then even check on the irrigation out there on the flat. Done! Purpose.

And then it’s the Discovery Channel as the Border collie flushes a new spring bunny from the wild rose and is off after it. Bunny makes its last mistake ever – probably its first, also – as it sprinkles itself across the open, sun-shone, refuge–less meadow. Dog in determined pursuit. Hop hop, hop, hop. Dash, dash, whirl, dash, snap, dash, whirl…pounce, and it is done. A couple of chomps and she looks at me as I applaud, allowing a couple of wags.

As she settles down I lie in the warming grass and watch. First, the head - crunch, crunch, …ah, it severs and bunny ears wave from the side of her mouth. A final chew…a great gulping swallow and the thing heads towards dog digestion. Now the furry little body. When she gets to the guts, she spits them out, actually making a face, while proceeding to the rear end and muscled haunch. Yum – bunny legs dancing from side to side of her jaws. Down. Lip licking…sniffing the grass…looking up again, alert for competition. What about them bowels? A lick or two…no, thanks, and we trot off.

The Tero Tero birds swirl overhead, scolding us for Hiroshima or the industrial revolution.

***REALITY…CHECK PLEASE***

Come and go many an early summer day as I leave off writing for a mega town trip which happily includes picking up Cris in the town capital with her cousin Judy and husband Simon visiting from bonny Scotland, plus a girl from Slovakia, and gathering up an American couple from Alaska, a lad from France and, finally, an American cowboy – all bound for times at Ranquilco.

Last night I chatted with Simon and the Alaskan fellow, Christopher, who is a budding, let’s say brilliant – why ever not? physicist from some highly reputed university. I take advantage of the opportunity and query him about matters of interest such as Sunclock, the “void” beyond the light of the furthest star, the non-matter of “things” and the physicist community’s relationship with metaphysics. We work up some answers which range from the satisfying “right on!”, to the vague “since we can’t prove it, we don’t deal with it”. I don’t really learn anything new, but it is great to confirm a couple of theories there on the patio over gazing the river.

 Simon is a very pleasant person – an ex-ministry candidate, and a sturdy believer in humanity and civilization, while still ruefully admitting that we are “making a bit of a balls up, at the moment”. He takes exception to my dittyish piece about homo sapiens being the only species that harms any other species, and comments that there is lots of eating going on out there – but then seems to agree that that is not harm, but that there are virus’s and bacteria that actually consume themselves – persistent in his defense of our species.

Bonnie joined us and offered that her understanding of the 10% brain access piece was that at any one time that was all we could handle but that it was all available. And she seemed far more comfortable with that understanding than she was with my postulation that brain access explained the lovely mess we have manifested on garden Earth, and that it was linked with evolution. She didn’t really want to go out of her comfort zone, it seemed, to contemplate that we are so fundamentally limited…crippled at this time.

I wanted to share with them that an embracement of the limited brain access piece is actually a comforting maneuver, but didn’t get the job done, what with laziness, laissez-faire, lassitude, a tremendous sunset and a superb Syrah all operative.

What I learned, or rather re-remembered, was that sharing cosmologies is a glass-sharded, shadowy, slope. Especially as I mentioned that classic education is fundamentally failing to produce any meaningful or sustainable value for anyone. This is where I lose what’s left of my audience and end up preaching to a tiny choir of the polite, the hired, or the terminally bored…and sometimes – just to myself.

So how can I write a book on this balderdash, damn me? The next day Cris and I, Judy and Simon are talking. Simon says that he went to boarding school at the age of 8 and that he is about to send his boy twins who are 8 away to school. I say nothing but almost cry – as inward sadness whelms for a poignant moment before sliding back into Perfection, peaceful perfection, ahhhhh. Let ‘em go.

***ROAD GANG***

***Back to that road building energy***

We say that there are no roads into this place, requiring a hike or ride of 3 hours. But there is a track that winds through high mountain meadow before cresting the pass, where we always pause to bask in the view of the cordillera, which includes mountains on the estancia plus a 14,000 footer in Chile, and to brace ourselves in the hurtling winds from Antarctica. Down, down, steep down, rocky down, rest the lands of Ranquilco, reposing in a majestic magic. The track stumbles and bumbles down over boulder falls and breaks the huge four-wheel drive tractor or its trailer one time out of two or three -sometimes it is every time.

This year we are fulfilling a long awaited dream and are replacing the mighty diesel machine with a team of draft horses, Ardennes they are, who will wrestle in a cart with the few things we still seem to require from towns. And we are building a new trail for them from the pass down into the valley. Perversely and insistently, we are doing it by hand to minimize the effect on the mountain, while also not adding to global warming.

Manuel and I staked it out in early November and I gathered up a team of 6 stalwarts from the pueblo, incentivized by the daily wage plus 50%, bought a couple new shovels, supplied them with tents, utensils, foods, picks, pry bars and a goat and a half a week, and sent them to start work on the most challenging section. If we failed there, we would abandon the project.

But we didn’t fail, though it took longer (it always does), and depended heavily on the charismatic energy of Fabian – the road boss.

But then, they began to drop out, and we were down to 4 and then three,…two. Hmmm. Well we needed to finish this section so we could supply Brett’s course – 15 students for 5 weeks, with food, etc. So I rallied the home team, sending up Manuel, Scott, Fabio and Clement, promising that I would come up and put in a day of work. “Sure, Patron”.

Yesterday, in the still cool of a full summer morning, Cris saddles Poco Pilchas and hands me my canteen and sandwiches. I grab my long handled shovel, which I need, as their short handled ones play hell with my back, and set off to cross the finally lowering river, to ride the hour and half up the mountain. So far, so good.

OK, here we are at that new road. Salutations all around as the boys lean on their shovels and picks for a moment. It is windy and they are dust soaked. I tie my steed to some strong bush and heft my shovel. It is heavier than I remembered it to be – now how could a shovel get heavier in just a few years?

Anyway, I “worked” alongside the guys on the road, OK?

***FLEXIBILITY***

What is that old parable about the strong, stiff, unbending oak tree that stood tall until the wind reached gale force and then snapped in two, whereas the willow; supple and sweet, went with the wind - dancing in its frenzied wake? Something like that.

Here, flexibility is our middle name. Plans are espoused with oak like rigor but as energies arise or winds freshen, we have learned to adapt – usually achieving better results, as plans scatter downwind and life happens. Nature, as always, is our teacher and we have learned to embrace what she brings us.

 And Life? Well, life is what we need – she brings us energies, events, challenges, invitations, toothaches and winds for our delectation. Choice operates here. Ditty time again; “don’t try to always get what you want…but, YES - want what you get.” So this is flexibility – a gracious willowy bending – an aikido-like melding with the force, and a going with the Flow.

***LOVE STORY***

Riverside, pre-dawn, two days camping, Christmas morn. I gather some driftwood, as always marveling at the shapes sculpted by ceaseless Nature, and snuggle the battered pot into the lovely cheer of flame.

As you have probably seen, I am solidly self-serving (which often means that I serve others by the way), well, at the end of the day we are all self-serving aren’t we - including mother Theresa.

Why do I echo the sometimes lonely songs of those that hold this, the Earth story, to be one of love? Because it suits me. In those wee hours when last dark still holds its questioning sway before the light of day re-appears – when doubts and confusions romp with casual ease through the still sleep–fuddled scapes of our young minds, it serves me to hold that all of these energies of creation comprise a vast chronicle of Love, though she may be disguised in black, black garb, seeking to know and express Herself throughout the endless heavens.

Do I know it’s a Love Story? I don’t know any one thing…really. But I have read some words somewhere, and I have felt the feelings sometimes, and, finally, I have seen that it serves me. I have seen the love in the stroboscopic dance that butterflies do with meadowed sunlight, I have ridden dolphins and felt love coursing through their beings, I have heard the gently endless chant of river words murmuring of the engine of love, I have tasted wild cherries implosion on my tongue and in my heart and…I have held my lover through tiny tears sparkling of Love’s other side - a life affirming validity that also seeks expression, flavoring the happy times.

Here, the fire speaks to me of many things. I stare intently into the flicker to find something to hold onto. I only partially fail, as Choice offers up Love and then offers up life. I stare at the page, intent that pen and some wisdom might dance for a moment. Reaching out to stir the living collage, I burn myself on a silly stick’s hidden ember and experience pain on my thumb which now hitchhikes with me as I write. So, does this pain change my Choice? I choose that it not. Instead I marvel at its purpose and at the rest of this body that is painless. Look at this – I have nine pain free digits!

Let’s see…some say that Love and pain dance in cycles, so this fire of Love which so warms, so heats my mate’ water, so engulfs with cathartic smoke, so entrances and so echoes the mindlessly immense Love of our sun, can also hurt. Sure it can. How could something so strong that it creates universes out of nothing not hurt if mis-applied?

Accepted and appreciated with choice ever operative. My lover is not unlike the sun to me, nor does she not burn with fires of her own. And, yes, we have caused each other pains in-between beautiful bouts of shared being and enchanting entwinements which light up most nights with inexpressible bounty. Could it be that we mis-applied our fires, with minds either absent or otherwise occupied, and then compounded ourselves with choices concentrated on the pain?

My daughter, Sky, raised in Patagonia where she dwelt and gloried in deep magic and nurturing Nature, got to also spend some childhood time in Iowa, where she experienced Catholic school and a family whose every middle name was “dysfunctional” – they’re all apparently on Prozac.

Her mom is a MS victim and Sky got to watch, at the age of 7, as her team of 3 lawyers stripped me of every semi-liquid cent and left me with two bankrupt companies and a seven-figure debt. That this darling daughter is sometimes conflicted goes without saying. But she is brilliant. The acknowledged leader in any group – down to Earth, dedicated, competent…well, it goes on and on - please excuse a proud daddy. The point is that she was burned in life, even scorched some, and sure, she, like all of us, has times of grayish wonderments, but she was able to move past the pain and to maintain center, and then, to shine. A red hot metal cools to greater strength.

***FLOW EXAMPLE***

These lands – this estancia - teach me about The Flow, and I am learning how to release my long ago taught/conditioned worries about planning, efficiency, and inflexibility as I witness both happy, and then challenging energies, as they intertwine to produce life.

Every morning, as the sun rises, I play Patron and “send” the various people on the estancia off to their day’s tasks. There are a half dozen gauchos here, plus a few more scattered around – some are over a day’s ride away, plus the volunteers, who number from four to seven. My job, as I see it, is to get the work done while maximizing an easy going efficiency and also at least keeping peace, if not actually facilitating creation enjoyment. I also get to blend in the family members who are, generally speaking, not “send able” exactly, but who are usually available for suggestion - though they have their own agendas which then dance alongside the estancia’s.

It is all a good game involving teamwork, weathers, animals, machine and human health, supply availability, tool location and seasonal fluctuations, not to mention personalities and preferences or whims. As a Patron I get to process all the various energies and make my best guess as to the day’s movements – a usually fun and satisfying process that gets easier and easier over time as I learn how to listen – well I have to do most of this in Spanish – and how the land seems to want to work.

Yesterday, a busy Sky says that she can’t make the all day ride to Buta Mallin to bring in her mom’s mare and her 3 year old unbroken filly. I begin to process that. Can Scott, a U.S. cowboy vol go? Could be, but he’s been riding 4 days straight. Switch, then to Fabio – 18-year-old gaucho who leaves at dawn to work on the road crew, halfway to Buta. Can he bring in the two new ones? Maybe – depends on how unbroken the filly is. Anyway it’s the best plan for now so don’t over worry it.

This morning Manuel comes for the keys to the old truck which is parked at the pass. He is on leave and says he’s riding with Fabio who will take his horse down to Fabian from the truck. I meet with Fabio, who is happy to do the trip after lunch as I had laid it out. Trading in his heavy shovel for more rein time. He informs that Clement, the young French vol lad, had requested a horse to return here for the weekend. Wait.

 “Here’s what you do Fabio - get Clement to hike up to the truck and to bring down your and Manuel’s horses to the new road site and you ride in the truck with Manuel to Buta with your saddle and get the gray mare who you ride, towing the wild filly and then after work, Clement rides the mare and you bring the filly…Voila, it all comes together effortlessly. (This happens far more often than not, by the way.)

Cris marvels at our life; we return from a 3-day town trip with her two daughters and their cousins, all sparkling lovelies in their early teens, plus Elda, our Uruguayan semi-paid permaculture teacher/gardener. An asado is served at Buta Mallin by Lalo, our retired capataz and Chipes – both wind-weathered solid gauchos who neither read, nor write, nor complain, nor even say enough to have figured out the process of elucidation.

Then some ride, some drive, to the pass where wait 7 horses under saddle, 3 packhorses, the cowboy volunteer from the western states and a horse girl from Slovakia, plus 2 gauchos. Unload the truck. Wow. Divide into piles of descending urgency: wine, repair parts, food, personal bags, paint, odds and ends – leaving behind the used toilet for when the road is finished and the Ardennes draft horses can make their virgin pull. Over the pass and down the new road. There, far ahead, are the tiny figures of the road crew, working with shovel, pick, and pry bar to carve a ribbon of road out of the mountainside which frames our valley.

***SUFFERING***

“Our” cosmology has it that reincarnation is “God’s” way of knowing or realizing itself, via souls’ experiences in the old meat. We also surmise that a soul, over the billions of years of Sunclock, gets to take all the life courses as it wends its way along trails and trials of evolution. In Buddhism, the Bodhisattva, finally achieving Nirvana, turns back to help others until every single one gets there. Lovely.

It is seen that, to render this sympathetic, compassionate assistance, there must have been the experience in previous lifetimes of…well, of everything. Hence blind people, crib death parents, burn victims, starvation children, and lawyers are all experiencing times of suffering which not only provide healthy contrast, but also add up to knowledge of life, as the Earth Story un-winds.

A couple of things to keep in mind; in the ethereal Oneness there is no judgment, and as brain access increases, humans will discover ways to ameliorate suffering as do the other species.

***COSMOLOGY***

Your cosmology is your map of your life – emphasis on “your”. As creation is wrought by choice-full thought, so also is your story crafted by your thoughts as delineated by perception, which plays with choice to produce attitude – all of which defines the reality of your existence, you little God, you.

Cosmology, literally the study of the cosmos, means – herein, at least – a personal understanding of what life is about on Earth, in our solar system, in this Universe – or as far out as one chooses to go to encompass one’s personal belief, or theory, or idea, or conception. I call mine a guess…and relax in self-satisfied comfort.

I built my cosmology over the course of my life; attending schools, camps, plays, sit-ins, bull sessions, psychedelic trips, new-age workshops, etc. but mostly Nature, in the purest, most pervading classrooms I could find. I read a good bunch of books and recorded my dreams and bounced my guesses off of various partners and sat on rocks and immersed myself in waters as I slowly filled in the holes so that I was comfortable with my cosmology.

Why? Adventure, laziness, curiosity, comfort, and why not are all part of the answer. Adventure, because, come on, Life is the greatest adventure in the known Universe – let’s look into it, let’s doubt everything “they say” and get out there and make our own mess, let’s investigate this thing and enjoin it. Wow.

Laziness because I found that I don’t really, really want to work so, so hard. Play…yes, hard fast and furious, but I want to enjoy the Creation – life. Even I believe it is a huge piece of P.O.L. – see, I have crafted it so.

Curiosity because the Christian, biblical B.S. is akin to the tooth fairy white lie. I got it that mom slipped the dime under the pillow when I was seven or so – doesn’t mean I didn’t look anymore. How anyone who draws breath on this glorious planet cannot be devotedly curious about at least some of the magic mysteries is beyond me.

Comfort because I don’t care for fear. Period.

And why not? All of the above plus Fun.

***TIME PASSAGE***

Here I wander with a dictatorial winter wind and revel in its feathery wisps as it embraces the tall and willowy pampas grass, eliciting excellent little moans and a fine rustle not unlike a peacock at full feather spread shaking his splendor at some un-caring pea hen.

Two horses.

Contrasting with the yellows and green-browns are two reddish horses – heads popping up as they sense and then see me. Easy now. I have neither leathers nor feed pail so they go back to their business. A frenzied flight of parrots flock into the tree and scold me – maybe they think I am a Republican, but probably its just because I am a bi-ped. The dog finds a bone and puppies it into the air and then writhes on it, four feet waving heavenwards – her total agenda for the moment. On the mountain-side I spy peppers of black sheep and salts of white, hundreds and hundreds of them – making wool as we speak. And higher, as climes strengthen, under a poncho of snow, I see a few cattle, dice-like, as the winds become colder.

Mid-July and mid-winter – Northern Patagonia. Two entire seasons have wandered by. My excuse for not writing is that I have been busy - busy with volunteers, family, clients and cattle…life. Generously, I would opine that my muse was on siesta, but in truth I must admit that I am lazy, un-disciplined, and in more than a little doubt that I am, indeed a writer. (Maybe I am a wronger?)

 And?

It doesn’t matter really. Many days I disremember these writings and all but abandon the quest to finish and then to find a door to put my foot in and there court a publisher. The odds are way against me – but then so were they that I would marry the world’s wealthiest woman, or live to be 60, or find and own not one but 2 B.P.I.T.W. (Best place in the world). Go figure, so I keep a tentative little foot in MY door, and court my muse, having found this window of wintertime.

The understanding is not so much, as they say down here regarding any plan – going to town tomorrow, for example, “Si Dios quiere”. I don’t know if “God” wants this book to happen or not – but I darn well know that I have to get out of bed and apply some energy here or it ain`t going nowhere (be good if I knew HOW to write!). My part is to do all that I can to massage the energies so that it has some sort of a chance and is not another non-starter. Then, if all the inscrutable energies coalesce and something other happens – two things, 1) being an allowing sort of guy- a Perfection perceiver and a released disciple of the great IS, I do not bemoan or curse or whine or kick the pooch rather I, 2) can go to my grave, or the bar, knowing that I, at least, tried.

We came here from Uruguay’s river-ocean, Cris and I, two weeks ago, as her children went skiing for winter break and we were excited to see these lands under snow – a first for both of us. The first week was easy, here in the mountainous semi-desert lands of winter, with generous weather, and horse tours of the high valleys - all snow less save the peaks and Southern slopes.

Fifty Mapuche Indians arrived on day 3 in a posse of old trucks to have a pow wow regarding a cemetery of theirs on our land, and access thereto. Permission was readily given and then they played their trump card – a dour young chief informed that these lands, some 35,000 acres were “in contention” and that old Whitey had robbed their great grandfathers some 100 years ago with tricky words, and who knows, firewater?

There I am, stammering away in Castellano to a tribe of Injuns, who are looking at me with great curiosity sprinkled with a bit of hostility (the young bloods). Not only am I whitey, with a paleface over-the-top blonde beauty next to me, I am also a damned Yankee. So, I’m trying to circle the wagons pretty much by myself while also admiring the perfection of the scene and applying my own dictums of release and allowing and, of course, enjoyment. I learned later that these Mapuche Indians are transplants from Chile and have no real basis for any claims, but at the time there was some real excitement generated.

The next day, having put a message on the Cordillera Radio for Manuel to meet us with 2 horses at the pueblo, we hopped in the truck, with only our saddlebags, for the trip into the summer lands where we habitually spend most of our time. The old truck started – always a cause for mini-celebration, but then broke something in its transmission or gear box, inviting us to invent Plan B which showed up rather immediately as Hugo arrived and agreed to the two hour drive. Would Manuel be there with the horses and could he cross the river, and what would the weather be like in those deeper and higher mountains?

He was, he could, and the weather was perfect – brisk but welcoming, as were the condors circling on their lofty and mighty highways. Two hours of valley riding.

The river is high. “Como es para pasar el río, Manuel?” “Vamos a ver!” delivered with a happy giggle-smirk.

Then the crossing. I give Manuel the saddle bags. Cris is happy, excited, and glorying in the fun of it all. Grins are spread across our faces as we put our ponies forward into the wilderness of water which is, then, upon us. I opt for the jockey position over the surfboard prone one. “Like a surfer”, there is very little controlling the horse as one’s hands are close to his ears and also, there is very little grip should he stumble or plunge. “Like a jockey” one has reins operative and feels more like a man, but there is perilous doom lurking nearby – I can hear their thin cries as chorused by the wintry waves. Horse don’t fail me now!

He stumbles, of course he stumbles, as he gropes his way across the ragement with waves lapping at his shoulder. We grip with our knees and our high feet, shamelessly holding the saddle to keep from toppling as the waters laugh at us, surge and murmur and stroke and then, almost suddenly, recede, and quiet, and then bid us adios, as we climb up the far bank after but two minutes in the quick and the balance of life.

The last hour is one with the sunset…and, we are Home. We had learned of the lion, largest ever – a huge male, says the gaucho, (hands circling head as in “mane”) with no sightings but, yes prints as big as (hands spread out to maximum coverage). He had killed four of our foals, two of which were 500 pound two year olds.

We had come to this most magic of places to take its winter temperature, see what sort of magic was espoused, and to be home for a moment.

We opened the Big House and got a huge fire going while Manuel closed the winter water drains and hooked us up to the spring – 24/7/365. There was not to be any electricity, of course, as the canal to the old water turbine was shut off, respecting winter’s ways.

 Home! A mate’ and then right to a fine Malbec as some goat ribs were associated with the fire. Ponchos on laps, we gloried in the feel of Place as the great vastness and surround of deep mountain loom echoed their mightiness into our senses – holding us in a dear familiar embrace.

 We chatted of many things, Cris and I, as night lowered her thermostat and the river roiled far below. A star, shot from some space, underlined the awe one always feels away from man’s mechanizations and messes. Soon we had the pot on hot embers and then filled the good old hot water bottle, took it up winding tower stairs in candle-flicker, giggling as we nakeded and then wrestled for possession of the bottle’s dog-ish warmth, not unlike rugby players or buzkashi guys (that furious Afghanistan game involving a dead goat and numerous murderous horse riders), until wrestle turned to caress, joinings, and,… later to dreams.

The next day, we hiked out to see the horses, where they grazed on a preserve of summer grass, and to visit our little lake cabin. We found the one remaining foal, a beauteous filly, Criollo daughter, beside Sky’s painted mare, and the last blood remaining from her oh so special Criollo stallion Coiròn, who had died young of colic. We decided to take her back with us and, luckily, did so, for that night fell a great snow and most movement, save that of big cats, was cut off.

We were supposed to meet Fabian in the repaired, we hoped, truck at the trailhead on Monday. Would the river lower enough to permit passage, would the snow melt, would the truck be there, would the roads be drivable? These were our wonderments as we wandered through the winter wonderland – but mostly we relaxed and reveled in the Now, white and shiny and dazzling as it was. Came Monday and conditions were still marginal but we were in motion and the deed got done.

 How to define The Flow – to ensnare in words this most simple of phenomenon? Simple? Yes because the invitation is precise; You are invited to join the energy of the Flow.

Where: everywhere.

When: every moment by moment (i.e. the Present).

Dress: optional.

What to Bring: an understanding of Trust, of Perfection, of release, of positivity and of Love.

What not to bring: negativity, fear of Death…any fear.

Why: to Enjoy the Creation.

Ah, but it seems the most challenging invitation ever. Look at this; we carry within our very genes codes which thwart, not to mention the constant curse of culture which seeks to nefariously homogenize and make diversity extinct. Fie, but these are mighty trump cards and vetoes!

Does The Flow exist? Wait a minute - what, really, is it? I suppose someone is saying; “does Santa Claus exist?” For the three year old, he indeed does. He’s got proof – look at those presents, look at that stocking and, see, there are only crumbs left of those cookies we left out. Besides, my mommy said so.

I am not a scientist, nor am I much of a scholar, so I won’t be offering “proofs” here of anything. For example, I believe that the Flow exists. In my reality, therefore…voila – it does. Thank you, thank you. But I cannot prove that it exists. I can prove that gravity exists, as a universal law (or at least an Earth law) by tossing you off your roof. No words are needed, just a simple “See?” as I peer down at you in your crumple.

My “proofs” are pretty much non-scientific, metaphysical, sourced dubiously, and even hair-brained. But look at the scientific community, (one) they’re not much fun and, (two) they are coming in the backdoor of uncertainty and are admitting that much of their flawed observations are bogus. In my value system they’re not doing much for me and they sure as hell are visiting a bunch of degradation on old Ma Earth.

And the scholars? Well, they are not much fun either, mentally masturbating in competitive “bon mot” circle jerks, quoting each other in either self-congratulatory ardor or back-stabbing guile.

I am wide, wide open to attack on all fronts and, as needs be, am also careless, though I, egotistically could dream that a Ken Wilbur might call and say something like: “Right on bro, you got something there”. (But then I don’t have a phone.)

No, I am writing to others – folk that simply want to love and to enjoy. If, as parcel of that, one wants to energize this lifetime with a little healthy revolution…why not.

Confusion seems to be endemic in modern human affairs, and more so in First World countries with urban peoples outdoing their country cousins in terms of both complexity and consumption. With no healthy, meaningful P.O.L. it is easy to see why one might fall for the party line of; produce and consume and then, a free or stolen time, to indulge in self-abuse with drugs, alcohol, feed, and stuff disguised and promoted as “fun”. That’s why we start with a cosmology that offers meaning and that parks Love in the ephemeral driver’s seat.

Are there huge holes and faults in this cosmology so as to render it unreal and unusable? Sure, if you so choose – calls for a drink! That’s why we next offer Choice and Perception, maybe hinting that adoptions of orphaned simplicities might be the feel good option as one crafts his/her cosmology.

Keep in mind, please, the utter simplicity involved in a big-brained, bi-ped sojourn on Earth. Ah, but deep inside and also on every surface, is operative the nay-saying constraints of culture. Are you willing to take a look at your conditioning? Why not? First take a look, a good informal one, at the state of the Earth. Not 42nd, street or Rodeo drive please. Because that state, which could fail to support life or to promise dry feet, is non-sustainable exactly because of culture’s short–sightedness and the use of Fear by the powers-that-be to sustain this un-sustainability for as long as they can. And we are in agreement with that - every dollar and peso spent on things is a vote thataway.

Do you have to adopt this book’s cosmology to enter The Flow? Negative. However, instead of resisting or fighting it, choose one of your own that works to bring you your own enjoyment. Be careful please not to be tricked by a drug’s temporary promise of some usually costly high. It takes but little seeing, research, or intelligence to understand that artificially induced enjoyment has its time span (temporary) and its price. The mission for your choice is to Enjoy the Creation; to make the most of your tiny time on Earth.

You be the judge. Let’s see, whereas we were brain-washed to believe that the size, quality, and number of our toys and bank accounts were the most important counters in the game, let us agree that those are in no way as important as health, happiness, love, sharing, energy, contentment, peace and understanding. Take yourself and your goals accordingly.

Two things to add in here; Place and security. These goals complicate today’s search for fulfillment and for enjoyment. This is because of a vast and ungainly and un-graced and very dangerous overpopulation. You might achieve a balance in your life, even in a city and find your “secure” income dwindle or cease. You might have a garden and a greenhouse in a superb suburb and find it over-run by hungries, gone lawless – well, survival of the fittest is a fundamental law in all of Nature.

Add to this soup the meaning energy of Change and the dicey factor escalates. Are you willing to bet that Change will not operate in your lifetime?

Remember a few things; we do not Fear Change, we respect it and, on a larger scale, appreciate it, monetary wealth will not shelter you from attack – indeed it will attract it, and, even if Big Change does not happen, it can be fun and rewarding preparing, healthily, for it.

The piece that makes this all work? Actually there are two…three main ones; allowing and release, which are two components of the same thing - perspective, and then the biggie; Trust.

Did I say “simple”? Whereas letting go of the conditioning which has us believe that to be happy and “safe” we have to buy things, conform, and have ample insurance, is not that easy until understandings come in – until we de-condition ourselves, and see the new wealth of health, love and fun that show up –then it, indeed gets very easy. Simplicity. Simplicity. Except.

Except that we are talking 2007, more or less, here and life on Earth is anything but simple – talking about your First Worlders, who are mostly the ones reading this book. With any understanding of the Change comes a host of concerns which are largely outside the scope of this book other than to say that you might want to absent yourself from human population centers, get back to Nature – procure some seeds, etc, and – good luck.

What is going on here? Just how rotten are these humans? OK – us humans. From any perspective, just about, we are criminals; as we murder entire species and eco-systems, sigh. The only perspective that works is that we are akin to those frolicking preschoolers who alternate laughing and crying, sharing and hoarding, screaming and thumb-sucking, patting the pussy and pulling at its whiskers, while fairly constantly fouling their pants. Hence the cosmology piece that likens evolution to brain access and the reminder that the Earth Story, long-winded, convoluted, and black-hatted as it is, is a love Story.

So, we don’t jail the babies – we love them mightily knowing that at some point they will stop shitting their pantaloons, excuse my French, and that a lot of them will grow up and be sources of love and pride. Well they already are – just wish they would scream a little less!

Humans will, someday, be fine.

***STORIES***

 **No 1 –**

The soft sylvan early eve exploded above me, and changed my life forever. I was fly-fishing on the South Fork of the Sun River in the Bob Marshall Wilderness Area, state of Montana, intent on hooking one more rainbow trout before riding back to the ranch and my waiting grandparents. An instant before the explosion I was totally zenned out by the rhythmic dance of the bamboo rod as it waltzed the tiny Royal Wulff Coachman dry fly through the ever-lengthening shadows, to present it exactly…there, where the riffles caressed the boulder on the far bank - well, close anyway.

The next cast, which better be my last one as it is late o’clock, will nail it perfectly. As I leaned forward to follow the bobbing fly, I semi-noticed a sudden-ish surcease of the birdcall which had been serenading my solo day. I was sixteen.

A thunderous crash, which literally stopped my little heart, and the grizzly bear emerged to tower above me, as she rose on hind feet, dominating the bank’s new horizon with her massive bulk. Great shiny, dull brown head swayed from side to side as she peered in my direction, and then fixed upon me, as the evening was rent by a roar that sundered the thin peace and sent shudders clasping my very soul and shaking it with a breath-taking might. Fear surrounded me in a primal grasp as adrenaline raced to every cell and bade me flee.

What was left of my mind frantically grappled to find some semblance of reason, as death engulfed my senses and my body shook in uncontrollable tremors, wanting only to escape – to place distance between me and this horrible evil.

We had talked of grizz with the cowboys. Old Emil Klick echoed the deep country knowing; “You don’t run, boy. You run, and you’ll be mauled sure as all Hell.”

I had on a cumbersome pair of chest-high waders and the nearest tree was 50 yards away across a killing field of river rock – 10 seconds for me, and maybe two for her. “You try to climb a tree, son, and she’ll rip your leg off.”

I was mesmerized by the pure power and animality that hovered over me. The immense humped body, the claws that seemed like scimitars. The roar still bounded through the woods and through my being. I had never known the fear I now felt – never knew Fear like that existed in God’s world. The feeling of power-less-ness was total. I was trespassing in her world and I understood that there was nothing I could do once she lowered and bounded the three strides across the shallow river to put me in my proper place in the food chain.

I slowly reached for my Finnish skinning knife and held it in front of me as I gasped in short sobs, struggling to deal with my situation. I had two trout in my creel – did she smell them? Should I ditch them? Toss them to her?

I wanted to run with every fiber of my being – to end this horrid state of almost killing fear.

She towered even more, and then lowered to all four feet and came at me. Fear now was total – inexpressible. But so was love of life upon me and within me. Out of some soul depth erupted a scream into which I poured my heart and my being and all my love for myself and my dreams of life. I hurled rocks, not at her, but past her and yelled, commanding her to stop and to go away, in a language I neither had ever heard before, or knew existed…but she did, and she stopped, to rise again now at water’s edge, to once again maul reality with her roar and a feral shaking of her head. I also roared, rising on my toes and raising my arms high, screaming for my life.

She dropped, turned, and bounded up the bank – disappearing in but a moment………. leaving reality to re-compose itself as best it could.

As I began to breathe again, the adrenaline and the shakings changed into a floating feeling, again an inexpressible sensation – one never before experienced in my life. I turned from that river, that scene of my new transcendence, and moved to the shoreline where I changed from the waders into my hiking boots and broke down and cased my rod and began the two mile walk to where I had tethered my horse a number of hours and, now, a lifetime ago.

That time on the trail was a dream. Fear now rode my shoulder, but it had changed to a life-enhancing energy, to an awareness, a communicative oneness with the woods and the way. I walked tall through the wilderness, relishing the energy visited upon me and my wholeness, while savoring the new life that coursed through my being.

The great grizzly bear mother had roared open my soul, ripping a great gaping rent in my sheltered existence, singing her song of reality, sharing with me – the sublime joy of being in a state of awareness. That 40-minute walk was one of the most memorable of my life as I was 100% in the moment seeing, for the first time, the total and awesome beauty of Nature which both surrounded, and was upon, me. And now was also within me.

Yes, I still held my thin filet knife, but it was with pride, not fear. For I had turned the fabled grizz – I had survived, and, for survivors, life is forever sweetened.

When I neared my horse, his eyes rolled back and he danced away from me, for the grizz had left her scent in my clothes and in my hair.

**No2 –**

We were diving for conch in 15-20 feet of water near Norman’s Cay in the Bahamas. The ketch lay at her anchor around the curve of the island and the little dinghy, the “Wet Dream”, which we had taken to this cove, was a half-mile away across the bay’s crystalline waters.

Mike and I had met at University ten years before and swum together for a brief season on the swimming team. This magical free diving in a boundless ocean compared quite favorably to the boring repetitious laps we mechanically churned through the chlorine in the indoor pool. This was freedom and grand adventure.

Usually we dove on reefs in open, man’s water, peering into caves for the tantalizing sway of lobster feelers or the rhythmic gape of grouper. We were free divers, un-encumbered by tanks, with only our spears, fins, and masks. I had been diving for some years, living only on the bounty of this world underwater. Mike was new to the hunting but took to the water like a champ. We were young and the quiet, haunting depths – the hunt, and holding one’s breath – the return to the mother ship laden with fruit de mar was all we needed. The oyster was our world.

So this was a relatively benign dive – shallow water and a vast sandy bottom glittering in sun’s million refractions. No clicking of reef, no little iridescent blue darters, no barracuda, rays, angelfish, lob or shark - just the odd pink shelled conch lying about. Yes, we wanted conch chowder for lunch, so the girls had sent us away from our manly hunts to cruise this innocent cove.

Washington, our Bahamian friend, sat smoking in the Wet Dream, enjoying a dream of his own - waiting our signal that we had a dozen or so conch in our diving bag to pick us up. This was a milk run.

With a suddenness that took my breath away, as I slowly cruised the surface, a huge hammerhead shark appeared below us. A Hammerhead – the ugliest, most forbidding of all sharks, and rare in the Bahamas, was also one of the few very dangerous ones. I had dived with sharks many times – they were often around, but had never seen a Hammerhead, and this one was twice my size and now circling us. What in all sudden hell was he doing here?

If he could so suddenly be there, surely he could go away just as suddenly. My eyes, my being, were glued to this monstrosity and I could but barely tear my attention away to scream for Washington, “Shark, shark…hurry!”

Mike also yelled before returning to stare at this thing. As he circled below us, he made occasional feints upwards towards us. Fear rode me totally now as adrenaline pumped through every fiber and hyperventilation took over.

At first sighting it was normal fear, leavened with the awesome adventure energy, but now, after a half a minute of charges and then the feints, true fear took over. I knew not to thrash the water, as in wounded prey, and, of course, I knew never to try to flee – though I wanted nothing more than to churn away frantically in fright filled flight.

He came closer, seemingly touchable. I had nothing, not even my slender spear, and was as nakedly vulnerable as I have ever been in my life. The seconds, terror-filled, seemed like hours and I felt that I could hardly stand what this monster was doing to us.

I ripped my head out of the water to see Washington furiously yanking on the dinghy’s recalcitrant motor…oh…my…God.

Mike broke away and began swimming furiously for the still stalled dinghy. My horror soared as I processed what that meant. Had I not told him never to flee, never to approximate a wounded, splashing piece of prey? In my mind.

I saw the shark as it attacked Mike’s legs, sawing them apart with two savage shakes of his head and spreading scented blood into the frenzy. In my imagination.

I swam as if on fire, as if all the hounds of hell were after me…worse, as if a 12-foot hammerhead shark was just then, with ragged mouth of Death, upon my splashing legs.

I caught Mike and yelled “NO!” at him and plunged my head back to watch the shark. It was there, opening and closing its jaws, circling mightily – even majestically, through a beautiful hell of sun-dappled shallow water.

And now, finally, a faint noise of motor…louder. Oh God get here faster, hurry, hurry, please. The shark seemed suddenly more agitated – his tail sweeps turning into flips and whips as he speeded up his darts at us, as we spun, ever keeping our stare foremost as if daring him to bite our heads off and not our legs. It must have been some atavistic instinct to both protect the legs and present the intensity of our stare to stave off the hideous thing forever beneath us.

The boat throttled back as it reached us and the adrenaline catapulted us out of the water and high above the dinghy to plop in a writhing tangle of quivering humanity on the floorboards.

It took only a moment to start laughing, though the shaking remained for its little season.

Survival, wholeness, jubilation, freedom…back to Fun, now recharged with joy. Flow quadrupled.

**No 3**

 There I was, wandering the mass crowded ways of Buenos Aires. LOOK OUT!!, a taxi passes inches from my undefended hip bone, screeching by at 40 miles per hour, having darted across a couple of lanes. Sure death or horrid dismemberment.

Onwards, watching out for pickpockets and pimps – don’t breathe too deeply this “good” air. Here’s the office – OK, up we go, to a law firm office.

“Tengo un problema.” “Claro”. (I have a problem. Exactly!)

As I struggled with the language – legalese and Castellano, the lawyer circled and reared, taking notes and shooting cuffs from manicured hands as he planned his meticulous mauling. Feinting in and out, sniffing out both my problem and ability to pay. I was the foreigner and the landowner – it was almost as if I were fleeing and his pounce was timed, his mind racing, out of control, at 41 miles per hour.

 I would be lucky to just lose a leg here – the clock was ticking and I was fresh meat – road kill.

**No 4**

It started with new noises, smells, and feelings in the air. Something was coming towards us through our home woods on the mountain. A feral fear gripped at us, my wife and I, as we peered down at lowlands where smoke was rising as if from a million lightning strikes. They were coming for us, this time with deadly intent, not just the odd killer, but what appeared to be a small army.

So now is the time of fleeing, as in the mnemonic songs of the old ones, the dreaded flight time when worlds are rent askew and reason maddens. Of course we had fled and hidden from these monsters before, even we had watched as they shot Tawny’s first born, our little, innocent, and precious son, and taken his skin away to further torture his soul. But the organized evil that was advancing upon us was known only in the nightmarish lore of the ones already dead and gone.

Where do we go dear husband, why must we leave our home and all our precious places. We go up, as our parents did before us…we must go deeper and higher and hide. Why? Because they will murder us and then burn and bulldoze our home. And when? We go now, do you not smell the scouts – they are at the front door.

So we fled and we hid. I hunted for food to feed Tawny, for she was heavy with child, but there were no pigs in these higher climes and fewer monkey. We sorely missed the hunting grounds of our home as we grew thin. We wanted so much to go back, but could always see the burning, and even feel the Earth as she trembled as they mechanically destroyed our home.

The joy had gone from life – replaced by worry, by Fear, and by hate. We always sensed these intruders as our songs of life turned to dirges of death as we crept ever deeper into unfamiliar areas. The nights were colder at these heights and our sleep was without comfort and more so - there were now lights flashing from afar, as if the stars had fallen and were now coming towards us.

And then we could go no further as on the other side we saw more of them, and over there, more.

We were surrounded, and sadness burdened all that we did. Tawny birthed under a rock overhang – two kittens, our dream of always, and for a small moment – there was a taste of the old joy as we lay with them and watched them scrabble to nurse.

But now, more than ever, we needed food. I roamed ever further, searching - always searching for sustenance for my family. The hunting songs of my grand-bearers, filled with the thrill and the joy of securing prey, had now grown desperate and lonely. The hated two-legged were now legion. On every outing I would sense their omni-presence and even see them, from time to time, as they rode their roaring and filthy machines through was what left of our ancestral home.

Surrounded by hell, the only joy left was in watching the kittens play, but what kind of a life were they to have – where would they go? Their trees lay lifeless and smoking on the plain, and their sustenance had fled.

And then that day, be-devilled by hunger, I braved the fetid stink of man to take a tethered goat far from our home haunts. In anger I devoured my share so as to have strength to carry the rest up our last mountain. But on the way home a great weight overtook me – and a fire flared inside me and writhed me to the ground. I crawled away and grovelled for days in convulsions of agony fighting the snakes and scorpions spreading within from their poison.

I won, though now I wished I had not, and began my journey home, sensing all the more that great amiss was upon my world. As it was…as it ever more is.

They bore my children in cages and my wife’s limp carcass hanging from a pole. As I gathered my charge a huge, great force flung me over the cliff - a searing scream pierced, and ran through my body, as a horrible explosion came from the red-white flash at his shoulder.

How long I lay on that blood-soaked ledge, it was not long enough, and again… I wish I had died.

***THE BEAUTY OF FLOW***

Entering Flow, releasing holds and anchors, is a phenomenon of deep beauty, making magic of your life experience – an almost unbelievable elevation from diurnal treadmills to revelation.

What!

Well, magic and mystery are surely in play all throughout the universe. Why should your life be an exception?

Most people don’t care to be likened to animals. Fact is, we are animals – got a funny little Latin moniker, just like zebras, monkeys and hamsters. Wild animals are ALWAYS in the Flow. OK, you don’t care for the “eat or be eaten” rule. Accepted, but realize that evolutionarily, we are way far away from being able to enjoy, physically, mentally, and emotionally, a non-techno life in Nature. Actually we are closer to the caveman then the Longview chap. Don’t forget the ditty about “knowing the place for the first time.” This means that our circle will probably last most of Sunclock and then, near that faraway end, we may “know our Place.”

The point here is that, although there are complicated and challenging complexities roaming the land, and that we are vastly far from “knowing our place”, the energy of the Flow is available…and it is lovely.

We start with the understanding that what shows up in our life; people, jobs, invitations, accidents, weathers and dreams, is just what we need for our highest good.

What’s this “highest good” b.s., like when my car gets stolen or my stock portfolio gets halved?

Highest good refers to what you, your soul, needs for evolution – growth, which is a piece of P.O.L. – at least in our cosmology. You may think you are here to keep your car, and even get a brand new one, and to maintain, or double, your portfolio, but, actually sir, you are NOT. It’s an OK guess, and a common one, but it assuredly is not your life’s purpose and narrowly assuming so will bring a strident line of lacks of ease which will bother you more than the gone goddamned auto.

Trust. Trust that what shows up is not only what you need, but also that you attracted it and are response-able. Trust totally.

So here is where the beauty appears. As we do not know our life purpose, we may delight in observing and appreciating the energies that come in as indications. Don’t forget that there is no blueprinted, set-in-concrete, capital “P” purpose for your life. It is available for Free Choice applications at any moment. We are here to learn and to enjoy. Our energetic responses to life contribute to the next event, generally along the lines of what we are to experience in this specific incarnation.

This can be resisted all to hell and back and the beauty of Flow contested to the highest court. What’s the point? To argue and prove that life is hard?...bad?…meaningless? Let it go. Here’s where Free Choice comes in.

Choose that your life, and then even all life, has meaning. If you are powerless or desire less to make that choice, then you will “prove” to yourself that life is *\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_(enter your choice here)*.

When we run out of meat - the best organic meat on the planet, we saddle up a steed and whistle up a handy pooch, and set off for where the goats or the sheep were last sighted, on some rocky brushy Patagonian mountainside. One is chosen, lassoed, settled on the saddle and ridden home for a sharp knife thrust into the throat. The dogs gather around to lap up the blood as it drips. This is a fine fact of life and is very real, requiring neither lamentation nor elaborate ritual.

The gauchos, in a lifetime, rarely miss a day of work for sickness. Are they in any way akin to these futuristic, story-told, humanoid animals of the future? Sorry, don’t be so romantic. Are they healthy, happy, fit…somewhere between the noble savage and the oft-heralded gaucho in historical lore? Sort of.

Last night I joined them at their fire, as outside raged a fine night wind which spoke through bare branches and their tympani on the tin roof. Talk was of the weather and the cattle. Fabian, the Capataz, shifted into a harangue against Argentina’s politicians who are serpently clever at staying in power by allocating every centavo into vote buying ploys, while at the same time disregarding any legislation which might thinly benefit the nation, province, or country. The wizened older gauchos peered at this agitator who was well-traveled and well read and laughed, sometimes at inappropriate times, as he spoke about true wealth, etc. They were content with their lots.

Fabian soon lightened up and handed Soto, a handsome young gap-toothed gaucho, the guitar. Soon the hut was filled with lovely riffs and melodies bespeaking horses, weathers, and kind or nasty woman. Fabian called out to Soto, offering jokes and encouragements and getting grins, which lit up the smoky room, in return.

He then leaned on old Lalo, a grizzled veteran of over 65 Patagonian winters, kidding him about something which I didn’t catch, and encircling his neck in a compañero (companion) hug. Lalo, a fellow who hardly speaks, even when he does talk, a traditional loner, burst into a voluble smile and reached up to grasp Fabian’s hand, to release it shyly – but a full minute later.

The very best thing about the Flow?

Worry.

You need not worry anymore. Actually, just post non-worry, (Trust) is enjoyment.

The next time you find yourself in a state of worry; either 1) take some sort of action, if required or 2) go to trust, that whatever happens will be Perfect. I like a combination of the two – doing whatever positively, pro-actively, needs to be done, and then being in worry less Trust. Nifty, I tell you.

So, what about these “criminal” humans – the consumer/polluters? What’s to be done on a personal level? In pre-school, when the going got silly and even stupid, I wandered off to a tree and contented myself by sitting on a root and peering at my peers both wistfully and a little disgustedly. Wistfully, because I loved them – some more than others, and then the disgust because even though I was prompted to want to belong with them, the tree was better, and saner, company.

Essential to any evaluation of life is Longview. If we shortsightedly only view our little lives in terms of one lifetime, we are missing the million, million moments in the future as the Earth Story evolves. We will also confront meaninglessness at many turns and adopt either desperation or self-abuse through escapes (drugs, jobs, excess consumption, etc), or both – not much fun.

But with an understanding of on-goingness, of “mañana”, which is so deliciously practiced down here – if sometimes still frustrating for a damn Yankee, then life is en-richened and spiced with new and un-usual flavors.

***EDUCATION***

*Extremely well written in his book, The Evolving self, Mihaly Csikszentmihalyi, (what?) Says;*

“Children – provided they are healthy and not too severely abused – seem to be in flow constantly; they enjoy unfolding their being as they learn to touch, throw, walk, talk, read and grow up. Unfortunately they soon have to stop unfolding as school starts to force their growth into patterns over which they have no control. When that occurs, flow begins to become rarer, and many young people end up experiencing it only in games, sports, and other leisure activities with peers.”

Nowhere does he go on to question, then, these schools which seem to replace the enjoyment of flow – which could be deemed the most important energy to learn in a lifetime – with the conforming constraints which not only deprive these sweet children of God of their birthrights, but cast them into captive roles in a society that is committing Earth murder.

***THE EVE OF REVOLUTION***

Soon we launch a Revolution. On the eve of this revolution I record the following happy event; after a day writing drivel with frequent mud-booted excursions to the feed lot, the wood lot, the horse barn, I decided to do some shovel and wheelbarrow work and then take some grain and a halter and go looking for my horse, Poco Pilchas, so as to bring him in for a comfortable night under roof and with feed.

The durn physical labor wearied me a bit as I am winter out of shape…still I trudged off in a light drizzle through the mud to search the 500 acre, no kidding, pasture. As I topped the first hill I was having second thoughts. The usual voice in my brain was present, the voice that voted for a return home to tend the fire with a poker and a good old book. The voice I often consider to be my real self informed the brain scape that no, let’s go on and get this done, it isn’t dark yet and Poco deserves some feed and shelter, especially as the plan is to use him for a hour’s trip tomorrow to the Indian community to deliver a 55 lb. bag of flour as payment for some woven saddlebags.

Defeated, the other voice - the lazy one – said; “OK, on we go but let’s go slowly as befits our years, and let’s turn back if we don’t find him in 40 minutes.” The other voice agreed and even contemplated cutting it to 20 minutes (I really was a bit tired).

Look at this, towards me, at the nearest corner fence of the pasture, trotted Poco – head and tail held high as if he was expecting me. I whistled and clapped and spewed little inanities at him as I effortlessly caught him up. Good fellow.

There are the pieces of the Flow that are, of course, easy to enjoy…to love. The challenge comes when, after an hour, you don’t find the horse, or you find him dead and partially eaten by lions. Elsewhere I have coached how to process the less than enjoyable events; avoid negativity, i.e. go to neutrality realizing that, for whatever reason, your evolving self needs this, and release into a contemplative and allowing mien.

Now, when “good” events occur – and they show up all the time – we can positively celebrate. Smiles and quiet cheers may grace our going along with a host of “Thank yous”. Bitterness, blame, guilt, anger disappear – chau, and in come appreciation, acceptance, grace – hola.

***EGO REVOLUTION***

Good day – how about a good old-fashioned Revolution! Vamos! Now that we are all flowing with the energies of our lives – just dancing through our times like wraiths and dervishes – what may we awake to see? Now that our little picture is getting handled, what does the Big Picture look like?

“What about this life?” Good question – an essential one and an existential one. To not ask it, or to meekly shrug it away, is akin to sleep walking - a “standing dead” posture and not unlike a starving man in a late summer’s garden surrounded by greens and succulent yellows and juicy reds, stuffing himself on the compost pile because that is where the fork happens to be - often a crowded place.

Religions, organized as businesses and for-profit clubs, ordain answers which more closely approximate the pathetic than the profound…usually leading their adherents away from the fruits of individual investigation, wherein positive evolution operates, and into the flockish mobs jockeying for higher ground – historically with war-ish mien and often great genocide.

This is a New Age “no no” – to share judgments (especially regarding the minefield of religion), and perhaps a marketing blunder as well since such a large percentage of human beings seem to subscribe to organized religions. But hold, as there is ample room herein for everyone, and this is a perspective on your life, in no way promoting a competitive religion. As such, you may open to the adventures, revelations, offerings, ponderments, etc as a whole individual, secure in your beliefs and strong in your faith – fearlessly checking out some fool’s guesses. Nothing wrong with going to church, sitting in your pew – just consider thinking for yourself.

Don’t be afraid.

What about life? Is there a purpose to life on Earth? A reason? Any meaning whatsoever? And if so, in which direction might it point and what’s to do?

Let’s look at those religions. Well, this is assuredly NOT a treatise on world religion, but the question is begged as they are the repository of direction and meaning and behavior and cosmology creation ever since the first cave man followed the noisy guy deeper into the cave when lightning struck, to there watch him dance and rave.

Here’s what can be condensed from millenniums of operative religion:

Some unique being, both graced and cursed, with “divine” revelation shares with neighbors his cosmology, thereby offering succor and belongingness and right behavior with some promise of salvation – though from exactly what it is a bit unclear…usually from some imagined place co-invented by the same fellow as a receptacle for fear.

Already we should sense something awry - at least half the world’s population should, because these dudes are always men – one of the creator’s least graced inventions and a very questionable choice for dictums, etc concerning Earth management. So, come on gals

The question is; what of Life? Religions, yes, usually graced with an initiating being of relative value, morph into institutions which employ Fear and Conditioning, (both in caps) to denigrate Life to a narrow rut, over-trod, towards the “comfort” of conformity and away from the adventuresome Love story that it truly is. As such Free Choice is trumped at the starting gate, and Love – the creator of creation, takes a back seat to Fear.

So now I contemplate the horror of all these little beings, our children – so fresh from god, being man handled in from their fields of play and made to dress up and go to schools and churches where their lights are diminished to a common wattage. All of this in the sacred name of education (read brain-washing conformity-imposing prison). And I shake my suddenly wearied head and wonder why I “should” not state in this book, my book, some judgments. I had planned to write a lovely little best seller about how to “Enjoy the creation”, ta dum, avoiding the sharp spiked pitfalls of didacticism, patronization, judgment, etc, and offering up happy, shy-ish, platitudes as does an Elkhart Tolle or the Dalai Lama…becoming another well-behaved holder of punches. But then, is it true?

On the one hand, yes it is true that we need not judge, as Perfection reigns in every Earth kingdom, and there are no, as in zero, mistakes. So, ta dum again, the murdering of eco-systems, genocidal puerile wars, immense and ill-graced overpopulation, the daily extinction of species, and the horrific brain-washing we impose on our precious children, etc. are all condoned, if even noticed, as we scurry along in our vehicles to our next gab-fest or bout with a noxious screen to there watch…what?

I, co-inventor of Perfection Perception (Island Press 1980), applaud it all – both blown away by the astounding and awesome spectacle we have created on this otherwise lovely planet, and content – even excited – that we are telling a really Big Story.

But then on the other hand – right, we do not need to judge exactly, but neither should we not raise our heads out of the sand to peer in stupefaction at the show…and then, based on OUR observation, come to some conclusions as to how to healthily live our lives. And, really, that is what I would pray to offer here – though I just can’t seem to stop this fucking pen from writing words which question the on-going value of the energies which human beings are visiting on our Home Planet.

Every so often a Galactical Omnipresent Survey Host (Gosh) cruises through the zillion solar systems to check out the planets where life is supported. It fills out a form and presents it to the Super Powers that Be.

**Here ‘tis, our report card;**

Planet: Earth

Age: 5 billion sun trips

Life Expectancy: 4 billion trips

Heater distance: 93,000,000 miles

Rotation: yes - 24 hours.

Orbit: yes – 365 days

Tilt: yes – 2x/trip

Water: abundant/half polluted/threatened

Ocean-land ratios: perfect

Climates: varied/supportive

Mountains: yes

Glaciers: yes

Rainbows: yes

Moons: one/28day cycle

Storms: perfect

Vegetation: abundant/diverse/delicious

Animals: diverse/extincting rapidly

Birds: diverse/extincting rapidly

Insects: diverse/extincting rapidly

Fish: diverse/extincting rapidly

Scale of 1-10 – beauty: 10

Diversity: 8 (down from 10)

Creativity: 10

Stewardship by dominant species: 1 (on a good day)

Positive: a superb star relation, great tilt, nice day/night balance, outstanding creativity and diversity, very imaginative, (good job Earth God), outstanding soils and weather, balanced by a perfect sprinkling of mountains, deserts, oceans and ice caps; one of the best, if not the greatest planetary creation in the Universe – with one limiting factor (see below)

Negative: None, except for one species – Homo Sapiens.

All the other species balance themselves perfectly with Innate Releasing Mechanisms to regulate their populations along with occasional plagues, etc. All natural and manageable. However Homo Sapiens, bi-ped with opposable thumbs and outsized brain (which is but partially accessed) have “cleverly” established total dominance over all species and over populated by a factor of many thousands such that there are now 7 thousand million of the pesky things scattered all over the globe – as compared to 17,478 giraffes and 12,842 right whales and 121,977 toucans, for example – and they are spewing poisons into all eco-systems: air, earth and water, seemingly intent on making Earth unfit for life. They are afraid of Death and prolong their often-painful existence until they resemble vegetables. They also compete with one another for material possessions, and ownership of land territory.

God, it’s a real mess down there…unbelievable, since our last visit. They experiment on other species, practice enslavement for “food” production, bicker among themselves and engage in “wars” – their term for this phenomenon wherein homo sapiens from separate areas hurl bombs at each other and charge against each other trying to kill or maim their fellow Earth-riders …inane.

They are Fear-based, not Love-based. For example they fear Nature, of all things, and congregate on top of each other, yes, actually in concrete ugly boxes sometimes hundreds of feet tall, in cities of millions where the air is foul and the water is contaminated with chemicals. They, alone of all other species, have no breeding control mechanisms, fear Nature, over-eat prodigiously (when they can), but usually non-nutritious confections which cause great diseases later in life, enslave other species, own possessions (in fact that seems to be their life purpose), have wars, prolong suffering and cause their children to attend institutions so that they will all adhere to the same self-destructive behavior – never seen anything like this in all the Universe!!

 Recommendations: Decimate Homo Sapiens. (Note: no action may be required as they seem intent on taking themselves out, along with most other life).

With this being the situation on Earth, now what about life? What is to be done? Sigh. Well, whereas I long to write something shareable, my mind flaccids when faced with the vast legions of folk who have no idea that anything at all is wrong on Earth – just “Death and Taxes.”

Does this state of the world need to involve you? Choice. Most people choose to hardly ever visit these realizations and, often, if they are exposed, choose to disbelieve. Very few do anything about it – offering a “tsk tsk” on their way to their job or the mall. And even the conservationists usually lead lives of solid, if not excessive, consumption. I know, because I was one of them, driving muscle-ish SUV’s to forums on global warming. (ouch!)

With our perspective that Perfection reigns, coupled with the Longview that over time, vast time, we will learn our lessons and join the rest of Earth denizenry in No Harm, we are perfectly, and even gracefully, free to choose to do nothing.

Nothing needs doing!

We also remember that other waves of humanity have come and gone leaving but ephemeral trace. If mega Choice so chooses – no problem – we will leave all our energies for the next wave. Why should this one be the ultimate? No reason at all.

But Revolution can be fun, and proactive Choice can be rewarding. Now, with the Earth imperiled, like never before in recorded history with atrocities and eco-slaughter and extinction endemic, it seems as if there is basically nothing going on to counter or confront these profound ills – where are the rebels? Punch in “revolution” in your search engine and you find sites on customer revolutions demanding more tech in their autos or home appliance thingies.

Where the hell are them activists? Oh, there are the usual anti-war, anti-Bush half-hearted get togethers, but they have no teeth, especially compared to the ’67 and ’68 sit-ins against Nixon’s Nam. (Great way to meet chicks!)

Where are the students? God forbid they are studying, but I suppose they are watching television or playing video games.

There’s always Greenpeace but it seems somewhat neutered, following the fate of institutionalized boredom that befell the Sierra Club. And yes, there are the Permaculturists, actively sharing rational ways for humans to interact with their immediate environment. But they are way too nice, those guys.

Eradicate humans? As in the galactic recommendation? No way, we’re much too cute. Give ‘em a little “correction kick” upside the ass? Why not! If your three year old is yanking hair out of your two–year old’s head, I don’t guess you would kill the little son-of–a-bitch, but you might scoop him up and administer a loving; “No, please stop.”

How did we get this way, for we are master criminals, let’s be honest? Whereas the Perfection, sunclock, brain-access/evolution pieces all condone our spoiled and unconscious behavior, a big “stick it to them” correction is also allowed. Don’t forget that, just as an individual’s energy choices attract in perfect energy responses, so also does a civilization’s. In other words, a correction energy is on the way in…guaranteed. It can take the form of tsunamis, quakes, floods, virus, war, meteor strike or all of the above in combination. It can also take the form of a pro-active, self-regulatory, conscious choice Revolution from the caring classes worldwide.

What about responsibility? Do we, as Earth citizens, have any true responsibilities other than to either abide by the law, suffer the consequences if laws are transgressed, or - my favorite; don’t get caught. Yes, we have one major responsibility - to do No Harm. In fact, are not laws manufactured to prevent harm to others?

We may also have a responsibility to ourselves; to maximize our creative enjoyment of the creation while telling our little piece of the Story with grace, class, humor, and at least some originality. Inherent in all of this is the invitation to grasp what is going on.

 “Wha’s happnen’, Man?”

Sleepy conformity to society’s institutionalized norms is ill-advised and against the law, madam. What? Against what law? It is against the Universal Law of No Harm.

I know, I know. These laws, while not agreed to, are nevertheless becoming more and more operative with strange little penalties and fines which show up as angst, confusion and other lacks of ease. Also, it must be understood that, at this stage of our evolution (or lack thereof) many Harm offenses are waived off or given hand-slap warnings. Go ahead and start your car; just maybe consider starting it less frequently.

It is ever so easy to find a niche, there in those happening first world countries, and pretend to live a balanced and productive life – which is what we are all told we want. There are tons of folk who have jobs and are successfully acquiring their things - their show and tell, their emperor’s clothes. But, if it’s so easy, why are so many of them so screwed up. And…is it that easy?

Take a close look at the abuse stats, and then step back and take a faraway look at society. Characteristic of all empiric demise throughout history is an increase in violence and lawlessness coupled with an orgiastic frenzy to consume state-altering substances, to copulate like crazy, and to seek any available escape from the new reality. It is the Nero fiddling while Rome burns syndrome, only now we have nihilistic rap. Hollywood’s endless, and mindless, murders and mayhem reflect the bow wave of the new energy soon upon us, as do sixth grade murderers and even body piercing.

Dear nice reader, I know this crap turns you off. Here, some of you were just starting to appreciate a few tricky little tools for Creation Enjoyment and now this turkey is telling you there may not be any creation! Not only that, but he is fomenting some sort of a revolution to hasten the process. You probably want your money back now– good thing you didn’t yet quit your job. It may seem to you that I even violate my own tricks and ditties.

 I, sort of, do. In the first place, no one is perfect. I mean, we are ALL perfect, but perfect in our imperfections, alas. In the second place, who wants to be perfect-perfect? Sounds like “goody-goody” to me – faintly repulsive. FYI, I am plenty far from any grace-filled perfection and am content as such, but this revolution stuff is fun I tell you. And, in the third place, who says that Earth is to be under the dominion of one species? Who asks the other species for their counsel? For their votes? How they are doing?

Seemingly at the top of the food chain thanks to our out-sized brain and those opposable thumbs, we regard all the myriad other Earth denizens with disdain, or at least dis-respect, if we even regard them at all. Let’s see how we would feel if we were anything but homo sapiens, or say a “superior” race appeared in vast numbers and without the slightest nod to us began burning our buildings, hunting us for sport and for food, decimating our numbers and putting a couple of our children, the ones they didn’t kill off with toxins and ray guns and habitat degradation – in zoos. It is hard to imagine anything that would feel worse.

 Well, that is how we exercise our dominion over all the other species – our stewardship of earth, which we usurped from faultless Nature.

I do not blame me for getting a little involved in this – for getting a bit heated up, seemingly un-mindful of my own dictums of allowing, release, and perfection perception. The main thing that pushes my shiny button, as a citizen of the United states, is how spoiled and bullyish and self-serving and ignorant and destructive and unhappy is that country, especially when we had the potential, some 50 years ago, to positively change the world order. I guess it is true that power corrupts and that absolute power corrupts absolutely. That we are perfectly corrupt is fine, but is it time for a slap on the old wrist. There we are, in the world’s pre-school sandbox, spitting on the kitty, pulling wings off the flies, bludgeoning the little kids, and kissing the marbles owner’s ass. Double Fie.

So, a Revolution is well in order – high time, and this one will be way different. It will be, mostly, non-violent – Ghandiesque. It will also tote along with it some new behavioral codes which will be adopted by the individual – this is a change, person-by-person, and not geared towards a regime. It is offered worldwide and across all classes, though it is aimed at the consuming hot spots and will have its most devastating effects therein.

It also carries with it an enlightened invitation to cast off pernicious conditioning and to embrace real life enjoyment through simplification – a liberation from things and stuff and junk.

Will the many understand and adopt these new codes of consumerism and of exercising personal dominion, responsibly, over their lives? Probably not at first, as cleaning the brain, once it has been washed in dirty water disguised as promise-full baubelic lust and happiness, takes some real conscious application.

Thus the have-nots and the wanna haves will not readily grasp the understanding that material things do not necessarily equate to contentment. Some of them will join the revolution’s throng because it is fun to turn the table on the havocking haves, but the real impulse will come from the sons and daughters who have experienced a haunting dis-satisfaction with their proscribed trail towards the much traveled trough. They will join not only because it is fun but also to express frustration, both that they are not receiving all the promised things, and also because the things they do own are not really delivering the true satisfaction to warrant their boring conditioned behavior of conformity.

There are also many who feel some degree of responsibility for the state of the Earth, and there are growing numbers of folk, especially in Europe and the States, who already realize that there is much contentment, ease and freedom in purpose-full simplification.

Note: this is admittedly, and purposefully, NOT a scientific or scholarly presentation. It is riddled with black holes, inadequacies, over-simplifications and implausibility. It is offered here not as a dilemic postulate to stimulate learned refutal, as it is essentially indefensible, but rather as a tool for everyman/woman to apply to the question of Life Purpose and how to enjoy oneself.

For example; let’s say you are “dead” set against considering that the concept of re-incarnation might carry some validity and value for a believable, and valuable, cosmology. Stopped in your tracks, why should you do more than seek out temporary pleasure adventures. And then, after the inevitable entropy and dis-illusion shows up, as the law of dwindling returns broadcasts its parade of rain and then hail, hello to confusion and nihilism. Is that what you want? Plus you, and all your scholarly scientists, cannot prove that it does not exist, or some cosmic equivalent thereof.

But even more so, why shoot true pleasure, sustainable enjoyment, and life meaning, in the old foot? OK, so re-incarnation doesn’t work for you – how about Plan B? What does work? The mission being to 1) find some P.O.L., 2) get out of bed in the morning with some positive energy, 3) seek originality and growth in your story and, 4) enjoy the creation.

As an alternate cosmology, consider that the energy of your thoughts, actions…of your Life Story, will live on in the genes and memes of your descendants; your followers, as evolution dances forward. You ARE a part of that dance, whether you watch from the sidelines or get out there and boogey. Choice.

***AN ASIDE ON TERRORISM***

Were you aghast when the twin towers toppled? Did you find, alongside your utter consternation and almost disbelieving amazement that you were angry at those damned terrorists? Did you also sense that the world had just tweaked rationality and reality in the old bum? Did you find more fear in your new repertoire of emotions?

The twin tower event was the bow wave of Change – when the real wave starts showing up, it will be tidal and will make the tumbling towers event look like a walk in the park with a slightly stubbed toe.

WHAT! Now what is this maniac saying?

OK, the above seems fanatical, impossible, way extreme and exaggerated – something out of Hollywood that would be produced by a team comprised of Hitler, Bin Laden, George Bush and Charlie Manson. I, personally, have no knowledge of anything, but have paid attention to the energies which are roaming the land at this time. It adds up to one big “hmmmmmm” for me. But, what the hell, let’s play Devil’s advocate here, and let’s pretend that the old Devil has hired F. Lee Bailey (devilish attorney) and is probably offering him immortality (or Google stock at founders’ cost).

Here’s the deal guys; WE are the terrorists! In a Universal court, we have been found guilty of the following crimes; eco-system murder (acid rain, water pollution, greenhouse effect, etc.), tens of species extincted daily, lack of leadership integrity, maiming our children’s minds, animal testing, angst proliferation, un common wealth (absurd distribution) and a horrid spreading of negativity throughout the Universe. In the last century we have committed genocide to the extent of 100,000,000 unprovoked murders. Our child abuse figures are abominable with reference to just television and computers.

The penalties include chaos, natural disasters, institutional breakdown and living under Republican Presidents.

Now, the lawyer hired by old homo for hisher defense, a milk-toast freshman woman just out of a correspondence law course says; “but we did not know we were harming anything or breaking any big laws - nobody told us”.

Futile and ineffective, that gets emasculated by the old “ignorance is no excuse” clause, and the gavel begins to descend…hesitates; “Do the condemned have any last words?”

“But judge, you are talking doom and gloom, we are guaranteed in our Constitution the right to pursue happiness…”

“You just declared your ignorance of Universal Law. This is a Universal court which stands for all beings, sorry, but your self-proclaimed “rights” have no bearing WHATSOEVER in this court room…guilty as charged.”

I am at the winter estancia, playing cowboy/Patron, pretending to know something about the many moos that turn the grass into meat, into pesos, and then, magically into yummy things like wine.

I have a new friend! Unlike the summer estancia, this place has a dirt road knifing through – maybe a half dozen vehicles a day go by, many of them to the neighboring Mapuche Indian community. Here shows up an ancient dog, creeping in diffidently looking for a score, a little bit like a blind pimp on Broadway trying to sell his grandmother. I’m an animal lover and experienced immediate compassion for this old campaigner as he had a winning way of ingratiatingly tossing his grizzled old head while exposing, grin-like, a maw that had a random assortment of stumpish protrusions that used to be teeth. Both front feet had apparently been broken a long time ago as he was barely able to accommodate himself and even dance a little when approached with a bone. Someone had obviously abandoned him on the road as his dwindling usefulness was pretty much used up.

 I didn’t feed him in two days, hoping he might go home. But he already knew me, sensing that I was a pushover, and singing at me in the mornings when I came out at dawn light to take care of my horse and see if the geezer was alive. He was and he was in love as I had patted him once as he crept to me with lowered head, so I began to give him the odd bone and then some leftovers. Let’s name him! I’ve been calling him “Viejo”, but how about Gandhi?

When I return from the barn, as soon as he sees me, he starts singing his song – it’s sort of like a trombone underwater. Muted and un-musical, more like a comedy act. He also dances, bobbing up and down on his bent legs – tail whirring like its got circular Parkinsons. If I reach down to touch him, he goes to total obsequiousness, head on paws, eyes rolling up, gums bared, rump in the air – threatening to take off from the gyrations of his tail. He’s a trip – won’t come in the house and sleeps in the leaves by the door.

Now that he’s on his feed a little bit, he comes with me on rides – multi-hour events. I don’t need another dog – who needs a 98-year old moth eaten mutt anyway? Today, hoping he wouldn’t follow, because I am compassionate for his advanced age, I set off to ride a couple of faraway pastures. I don my goat hide chaps, a down vest, plus a down jacket, gloves and hat. He grabs his old limp and comes along. The young Border collie, Yappa, and her half greyhound friend romp around the cortadera grass, pretending there’s a hare there. Gandhi just follows.

 What? Ah, sheep – 250 woolies where they are not supposed to be and we go to work. Poco’s spirited and instantaneous gallop is tamed down to a lope as we eat up some pampas without spooking the woolies. Yappa leaves off her sport of trying to catch Tero Tero birds and wild geese and joins in the merriments. A chiaroscuro of black and white sheep scurrying through winter yellow bunch grass and a mottled parade of the good guys nudging them where they needed to go. Quail scattering as the winds warm a bit.

A half hour later it is done and we resume our mission; checking on two bulls in the pasture El Buey. Where’s Gandhi? An hour later I hear a strange bugling across the plain and then here he comes, my new friend.

The mystery is so total on Earth, so absolutely inscrutable and profound that, compared with the withering understanding that space, wild and capricious and empty, is filled to the brim with un-imaginable magic, compared to that mind-boggle, a guess that there is a reason for life can so easily be condoned, and then, embraced. The point here – the invitation – is to exercise your free Choice to make meaning happen for your Story. Besides, it’s fun!

***EGO – TRAITOR***

Much has been discussed about the ego and how it operates unconsciously in each human mind, and it is, indeed, a fascinating concept. It seems as if it is basically a fear based voice, or impulsor, in the cranium which prompts us to perform in ways that are often not in our best interests – basically subterfuging the fabric of our lives. As such it is a traitor, demonically preventing us from living Love based lives in ease and appreciation.

It identifies with Fear and fears for its own survival which is threatened once consciousness shines the light of Love into all of those nooks and crannies to negate fearful mind games such as living in the past (blame, guilt, recrimination, regret, hate, etc, etc), and/or in the future (worry, hope, doubt, etc, etc). The ego cannot survive once consciousness adopts a life plan of living in the Present…it dissolves, and it hates that – adopting all sorts of nefarious ploy to fool the rest of the entity which is walking around trying to fairly experience life (or just arrive at the eve’s libation).

The ego has an identity which it struggles mightily to uphold – playing all sorts of games to garner attention and to fool the rest of the mind into supporting its pathological behaviors. As such, it is like a fool in a TV audience jumping and screaming and waving a sign so that she will be noticed, and therefore, supposedly, appreciated.

Nobody quite knows how the ego has developed, nor why it plays such a devilish role in our lives. I would posit here that it is a son of fear.

This has been presented earlier and is repeated here because it is germane for understanding the genesis of such fear.

Looking at the rest of the kingdoms on Earth, we can see that they all regulate their numbers. With minor glitches, they maintain a total population which works in harmony with their environment and food source. When their numbers are artificially interfered with such that food becomes scarce, they soon begin to exhibit behavior normally associated only with humans; hoarding, nervousness, unnecessary fighting, and then genocide. Along the way they might even develop tumors – just like we do.

 Well, sigh…… our numbers are way off the scale. This invites in great fear as well as a desire to be noticed, to stand out. Some classroom kid killers have attested that they shot up their classmates because they wanted to be paid attention to…to be remembered for something. Gasp. (TV and Hollywood are guilty here as aiders and abettors!)

What to do? I have been riddled by ego and still have struggles with the durn thing, but they have become little wrestling matches attended with giggles, instead of great grapplements of angst. How? By paying attention and by observation, constantly monitoring – or trying to, what is going on in my head and what energy comes out of it. Replaying scenes and dialogues and emotions is helpful. The traitor is a strong and wily little bugger, and it is possible to have great fun with him – but it does require consciousness. Realizing that we are young – 10% brain access, helps a lot here. OK, look at this; we get to play with a voice inside our heads…silly thing.

First you have to come to a realization of the fact that you are controlled, largely, by the ego. Otherwise, you don’t stand a chance and you will get to deal with trying to accept all of your sabotaged actions and thoughts your whole life long. Not much fun.

Then there is the collective unconsciousness which seems to be a manifestation of the million gawdzillion egos which are totally dysfunctionally “running” the world. (Change that first n in “running” to an “I”!)

This is not inconsequential stuff here, this is major. That is why it is sometimes said that we need to go changing the world, one piece of consciousness at a time.

It is not a bit easy to deal with the traitor within as it has constructed an entire life story around itself and will resist fiercely any intrusions into its lair – any threats to its survival. One’s first forays into that zone are always met with rebuff…with very seemingly reasonable arguments for going on with the status quo regarding behavior and emotion and thoughts…endless nattering useless thoughts.

But try, do try.

More. Come on…

Succeed!

There is a great lightening up as the ego gets recognized, then dimmed, then controlled, and then eschewed – banned to exile where it will lurk, waiting its chance to prove that it was right and consciousness was wrong, as back it zooms into the old driver’s seat.

Just laugh at it – add humor. The Ego has no sense of humor, which is a wooden stake through its hard heart – drive it home with laughter. Give it some glee up the old arse.

Now this is adventure! We love war stories? We love drama? We love to watch and watch and watch? On good days, we love to witness individuals as they conquer the long odds and prevail, yay? Yes! We do! So, look at this – we get to do all of this, no price of admission, right inside the battleground of our own little heads, ALL DAY LONG.

There are many books on attention and on consciousness – good reading.

In my case, if you must know, I have not conquered my ego (which is proud to type this out), but I have at least made a truce with it. So when it sends a sniper out to shoot some impulse into my actionable brain which is not life serving, as in love, as in fun, then I am sometimes able to dodge the bullet or morph it into something a little more gracious for all concerned. I am working on it, fuck me.

Here, yet again, is a little something; I AM PERFECT.

OK, that sounds like a huge ego talking doesn’t it? Let’s take a little look at it then.

Start with this; YOU ARE PERFECT.

Remember that we are the Storytellers. Go back to our cosmology lessons, referring to the godgame piece which understands that we all, all are godparts going through our incarnations so that the creative love can know and express itself. There are no negative judgments in the Story as all is accepted, every role, “good”, or “bad” – it all gets to be expressed. Then the brain access piece and Sunclock and Longview. As such, we are all perfect and there are no errors in the Universe. Perfect ordainment, perfect history, and a guaranteed perfect future.

So, we are all perfect, wow. That does not mean that we are arrived. There is a long way to go – 90% for example, 4,000,000,000 sun trips for example, full experience where all is known and loved for example, No Harm for example, Harmony and Heaven on Earth.

Our job? Maybe it is an invitation, but it surely has to do with enlightenment – one by one. The Ego is the traitor in the control center of Love’s carnation. What fun to pick up one’s inner sword and start swiping away at it, shining light on its darkness internally while exuding positivity externally – Love.

The Flow? In Perfection, Flow is ever operative in every life. So, this book is in your hands and your brain is doing what it has done, and is doing, with these words and concepts and you will respond this moment and the next exactly as you do…this is all the Flow. There are many who would never pick up this book, and many who would read a little bit and trash it…this is their Flow, their perfect Flow.

So, why not just flow and let the ego run me and quit worrying about all of this inner work?

 Choice, adventure, health, fun, life-enjoyment are some of the answers on a physical plane, and then there are the Metaphysical reasons as well. The Flow is recognized and appreciated most when enjoined with consciousness. The Ego cannot stand the relaxed, no-problem, energy of Flow and so will advise against it, strongly…just watch it. Just watch very, very carefully.

And then win.

You can do this.

Here is an aside; integrity. We have all done acts in our lives which are arguably out of integrity. I stole from the church collection box when I was a choir boy (I think the statute of limitations has run out on that one), and then I punctured that mouse in the bio lab for example. Hey, and I got away with it (so far). But did I? Hmmmmmmmm.

Nobody caught me…except for me. Self-image, self-respect, self-love…these things caught me. I am OK here, but I have come to realize that I have adopted integrity as a personal guide so that I will have less baggage on the Flow ride.

 Actually, upon a little reflection I found this semi-buried memory; in college I once, with malice aforethought, skipped out on a pricey steak house dinner bill with my partner in crime, Mike D. I was working my way through college, augmenting almost generous enough money from home by pedaling Fuller Brush products door to door, and money was tight. Had not had a steak in many a week and so decided with old Mike to pull this scam where we indulged like crazy at the roadside eatery and then first he “went to the bathroom”, and then the other guy – oh, it was me, went and we skipped out, leaving only a tip. It felt sort of OK for a while, until I learned much later that the waitress usually gets to pay in these cases. That turned the thing into a regret for me…don’t care for those regrets – like to keep the old self-image polished up – started to adopt a personal integrity.

Allowing.

Important to allow yourselves your transgressions that were integrity-less. The old ones. With a watchful consciousness at, or near, the helm, you will not want to allow yourself future acts of non-integrity.

Another consideration is responsibility. We own the energies that we attract into our lives. This is a law. This is the Law of Attraction. We may not “want” what shows up, but we need to recognize that we are responsible. Hey, it is good to get into this. Why? Because when those challenging energies come in, we can back off from negative reactions of remorse, blame, victim-hood, etc and get right into studying why they are in our lives and then, with a little practice, appreciating them. Ta da. Flow time folks.

The ego cannot abide this sort of stuff and it will do all that it can to convince you to un-drivel, or de-drivel – to label all of this as balderdash, just watch it.

A revolution piece; do a little personal revolt against human things, human nature, human norms, human uniforms. The kids are putting pieces of metal through their body parts and dyeing their hairs and shooting their classmates – none of which I necessarily agree with, but the impulse, unconscious usually, is to rebel against the energies they sense are coming out of a screwed up society.

Ties. You men have got to quit wearing ties…please.

Gals, quit falling for those fashions – stop it, just wear what YOU want. This will save any number of trees, for example, as you cancel your subscriptions to those magazines. Also, have a little fun experimenting with getting away from boring behaviors…get real, if possible. It is. More on all of this in Ego Revolution.

One final aside; get into Nature. Cities – here is a judgment – are not unlike hellholes. They run on energy gouged and sucked from Nature, and which pollute Nature, are filled with machine noise, littered with cell phone rays and TV beams, and I don’t know what other sort of techno trash, and pollute like crazy including the pollution from a million un or semi consciousnesses. Plus they are, literally, time bombs. (CHANGE!)

Last night I enjoined an “intelligent” English gent in conversation about Change. He readily agreed that it was imminent and then that it would be good for the Earth, sure. Any do item, sir? “We will just have to see what happens” is as far as he could get on the action front. He lives outside of London and has a few days of food in the pantry. Nice guy. Successful. Busy.

“Don’t think it won’t happen just because it hasn’t happened yet.” (hint, it HAS happened before!)

Git ready.

 DO NOT come to Patagonia.

***BEGINNING***

What a privileged joy it is to experience Life on Earth in 2007. There are so many dramas unfolding daily – so much more is happening as compared to, say 1957, things that would, literally, be unbelievable to little boys back then. Entertainment, suspense and action abound all around us, and one need never be bored or un-delighted as the Earth Show is immense, diverse, and, seemingly un-ending.

Much, overmuch has happened since this writing commenced. No need to impart most of it, but since there has been some tracking of the Crisashley energy, it is fair to share that we have folded our tent – remaining good friends in the process. Very good, if a bit sobered, friends.

**Once, faraway and long-ago, a queen – exiled and amnesiacal**

**Assailed the willing fortress of my heart on a wind swept beach**

**Where the well named Pacific pommeled a shore ceding sand to its insistent embrace……**

**As my tiny bastions fell and folded, kiss by magic kiss,**

**And I, not even a prince and barely a knave to her majesty,**

**Kneeled in mute supplication to my muse, and to her majestic demon**

**Which finally danced an unholy duet upon the coffin of our love.**

**Hold, ephemeral beauty, for time and growth and change all dance.**

**You, you have seen my strength, and that it abideth**

**All manner of challenge in thin disguise as jealousy and other fearsome ilk**

**And who, just who, is to say under which sway such strength do apply?**

**Would say that forest and five poster bed love were in but vainly**

**Expressed vanity?**

**Not I.**

***THE CHINESE ECHO***

A number of years ago someone woke up in China, did the math, rallied a few friends and made up a very demonstrative model showing China with historic population growth vs. China with controlled, i.e. zero growth. It was a no-brainer to instantly see that for common wealth, the citizens of China would be way better served with even negative growth. In an odd reversal of the norm, the politicians did what was good for the people, with the resulting thunderous prosperity such that China is poised to take over from the states as world dominators. Of course, the State’s insistence on buying seemingly everything they can get their hands on plays into the now scrutable and nimble Chinese hands, and is insuring America’s demise, though it is good business for the landfills,…hell let’s call them what they are – shit dumps!

The United States is facing a catastrophe far worse than the China one but hardly anyone recognizes it and hates to hear about eco-system death, CO emissions, toxicity in food and water and air, etc, etc…’cuz it dampens their inane joy of acquiring more “goods” and just isn’t any fun whatsoever. They probably think that global warming means that they can water their perfect lawns longer as the summer season prolongs, and if they hear that the West Antarctic Ice Sheet could, through slightly higher temperatures (or just a little more time) ship its moorings and slide into the ocean…they probably figure they can watch it all on the Discovery Channel. They don’t know that their fancy flat screen TV could be as much as 10 feet underwater! The model looks something like this; (among other things) - tens of millions of lowlanders floating bloated on their ceilings. Think of your drink; when you add a big chunk of ice it overflows its boundaries, wetting your pants. Durn.

So if the Chinese can legislate nation-saving laws, so can the States legislate Earth saving laws. Here are some guidelines and “modest proposals”;

**Vehicles:** No new vehicles may be manufactured for the remainder of the entire century. There is a vast abundance at this time, more than enough. Laid off autoworkers can be retrained as mechanics and the factories converted to repair shops, and spare parts builders. No more imports.

**HOUSING;** Demolition to cease immediately. Any new construction only allowed with materials within a mile of the site. Second, etc, homes must be shared.

**FASHION;** Must be designed around re-use of existing materials.

**NEWSPAPERS;** Must be decimated, on line use encouraged and paper sharing mandate.

**LABOR SAVING DEVICES AND HOME GYM COMPANIES MUST MERGE**, and dump electricity into the grid

**FUEL;** To be taxed to reflect environmental cost, which probably means $20 a gallon, proceeds used to retrofit houses with insulation, heat mirror windows, and solar/wind electrical generation, plus development of hybrid vehicles with efficiency standards. No more burning or use of carbon.

**TRAVEL – WORK;** must live within 2 miles of work. Subsidiaries for walking. Free bikes everywhere, grab one, use it and leave it for the next guy.

**FUNERALS;** Subsidiaries for compost, though most US bodies wouldn’t meet the minimum standard of toxicity in our dumps. Caskets must be re-usable, i.e. for the ceremony and transport of body bag, which gets buried or burned.

Have some fun and make up your own mandates. May reason have its season!

***QUICK AND DIRTY COSMOLOGY SUMMARY***

“Vast” and “infinite” do not begin to adequately define the space which floats us, nor does “tiny” reflect our place in space. As such, supreme mystery and magic surround all questions of cosmology in every Universe.

 Creative thought, sourced from an unnamable and capricious Love, brings worlds into being. We all love stories; Stalin, Twain, Disney…your granny. The Earth Story is a relatively short one – only 9 thousand million orbits of our star, the sun, which burns out in another four billion years. The creative force, commonly referred to as “God”, but let’s call him Joe (which sounds like Spanish “Yo” for I), is filled with love and humor, but he’s also lazy and decided to give humans, his star actors, free Choice, to see what a they would do and not have to direct the show. HeSheIt, wanted to be entertained and then nap for a while. Joe set up all the natural diversity in the world – a mind –blowing display of astounding invention and had it all beautifully regulated by Mother Nature. With that one exception, old homo sapiens, the Storyteller.

Brain Access was limited, corresponding to Sunclock i.e. every few million years – another percentage such that they were able fairly early on to cleverly build machines and go to the moon, but it would take them eons to understand that machines were nasty, un-graced, impositions robbing them of the joys of tribal labor, and polluting like crazy in the process. Nor were they able to see the glorious garden they lived in - so why go to the moon?

The Earth Story, while short in galactic terms, cavorts over thousands of lifetimes for humans. Joe’s game, to watch our low-brained antics over Sunclock, involves reincarnations wherein each soul gets to tell all the stories - take all the existential courses, creeping towards the garden unity, Oneness, which surrounds us in relatively peaceful, and very fit, style. The Earth Story is but one story in an infinitesimal Universe – it is Our Story and it is a great one. Now, in the pre-kindergarten phase, we have trouble grasping meaning beyond our popsicles and trikes, and we alternate cherubic play with bratty whining, unknowing that there is a fine future waiting for us to grow up and join, rather than fearfully attack…. the Earth community.

Death is scary for us – worse than a forced nap – because we fear we will never wake again, conditioned as we have been since the first lightning strike to behave, conform and tithe to religious institutions who desire our adherence to further their power.

But there hardly is death in a sound, fearless, and reasonable cosmology. Transition, graduation, furtherance, liberation, evolution YES! Death dethroned.

***Lifeboat Earth***

Look at it this way; Earth is a lifeboat adrift on an endless and unknown ocean. It is initially populated by a huge assortment of beings who go about their business of establishing the territory that suits them, and breeding, so that sustenance for the species has the best chance of being sustained. Prey and predator understand each other perfectly, giving up the weak, the infirm, the un-wary, the decrepit, the aged and an occasional new born, as balance and health are more than maintained – in fact, evolution is constantly working its magic as adaptation and natural selection hold sway for betterment and harmony.

Fast forward through untold eons of relative harmony and keep your eye on them monkeys. Something horrific is about to happen. Is this a joke, or some cruel Hollywood horror show? Homo Sapiens arrives. GASP.

At first it is OK, but watch out for those apples! Oh no! - shame and a covering of those middle parts. Opposable thumbs, oversized – poorly used brains, and – worst of all, progress.

Watch them as they spread around the lifeboat, as they multiply, as they invent WAR – an energy event previously unheard of on Lifeboat Earth. And now they are everywhere, having decimated and/or extincted most of the prior inhabitants. They are breeding way out of control – wars all over the place and not only is the water supply fouled, the air noxious, the hull planks rotting with chemical and waste secretions, but the entire craft is no longer ocean-worthy should there come a storm.

Oh well, anyway.

Pushing the analogy a little further – and….this one is for all my Latino neighbors – the South Americans. (Generalizations will abound here as writer’s license exceeds the speed limit.) The South Americans have their area of the lifeboat and are, relatively, good neighbors. Through a series of rather habitual ineptness, corruption at all government levels, mismanagement of resources, the occasional war-ish flare up, plus a general attitude of “mañana, hombre” (half the continent is stoned on yerba mate’), they, generally speaking, take care of themselves and don’t rock the boat. They prefer to enjoy life and the relatively unpolluted state of their foodstuffs, their wines, and their area.

But what next happens is that one small sector of the boat, which covers but 5% of the total area, late, late in the ride begins to send for resources from the rest of the boat. These are the citizens of the U.S.A. – overweight, lazy, spoiled, besotted with prescription drugs and seriously religion-challenged. They don’t care at all about the rest of the boat nor its seaworthiness as they continue to cram stuffs into, not only their avaricious mouths, but also every other nook and cranny. Their own stewards warn them that the fires they engender are wreaking havoc on the entire boat and that an obese life is…stupid, but they continue their consumptions, led now by an unbelievable puppet-man who urges them to stuff themselves while sending out militants to aggress the little bit of un-fired poison (oil) to fuel their party of disaster.

So what about the rest of the lifeboat’s human inhabitants? The beasties have already expired or lie, cowering, under the thwarts. The rest, the bi-peds, are also uneducated and, indeed, in the cities, there usually reigns an attitude of jealously as they covet the stuffs and things and excesses of their neighbors to the North. But, they are not consumed with a blood lust to sink the lifeboat, nor are they led by archaic Attila-ish power despots, nor are they as trumped by religious fanaticism such that reason and common sense disappear. And they really are stoned on yerba mate’ and the wines really are mellow, and life in their sector is relatively good, especially in the open spaces where some Nature still resides, and also consumer greed is income limited to a new saddle or some strong boots.

However, the pollutions form the fires of first world consumption are now omni-present and the entire viability of the boat is in question. Schoolchildren throughout the continent are aware of this, as are all intelligent, informed people. A delegation is formed to throttle the party as the lifeboat’s survival depends on it.

It is sort of like that lousy landlord who calls at the door of the frenzied partiers politely, at first, asking that they keep down the noise, please. The next call goes to the police. This is the Jaguar Ambassadors Gang, because if the lifeboat sinks…we are all going down.

Then there is this spiritual analogy: you don’t have to agree, but for this moment, just pretend that some Joe created all of the denizens in the lifeboat – pieces of his image-making, his imagination. Why? OK, to tell a story and to amuse himself and to further his evolution.

As such there was an original Oneness on Lifeboat Earth and we are all players…actors. So if fellow A slights gal B, she does not have to depart from the zone of love, which is natural to her being, into negativity. She can pro-actively Choose Love and understanding of Oneness – go to allowing, acceptance and then even appreciation; heck, old A put on quite an act – God must be pleased.

In this scenario there is a released, relaxed sense of comradie operative. With a realization that we are all One, there are no wars, nor are there extinctions of sister species. Pushing here…there was also no over-population with its host of fears; hunger, space, identity, loneliness (paradoxically, yes), contentment, health…etc.

So this spiritual Lifeboat is a good thing! With Oneness at the helm there is overmuch to go around for everyone and enjoyment is the norm. This is a cosmology of Longview and will reveal itself over the few billion years of Sunclock. The seat belt sign is off, you are free to roam around the Creation now, and we hope you enjoy your ride.

 Hey, what about that Request?

Hardy reader, thanks for getting this far, now as for that request referenced at the beginning of all these words: It is to consider that every dollar we spend is a vote for the status quo of Earth pollution and a support of the corporate and political institutions that so greedily manhandle us in their exploitive ways to have us play our crucial role in their dominating of power. See, THEY depend on us. Without us they are dead in the water. We give up a little of OUR power each time we buy something, and we harm, even if just a little bit, our Mother. Hey again – just maybe spend a little less, strive for happy simplicity, and walk those few blocks to the gym.

Please.

***APPENDIX***

*I struggled to understand if I was to include this, somewhat incendiary, article in the work on Flow. I decided to let it stand for a couple of reasons. One being that I am glad of the opportunity to make it public to see what sort of fires it might ignite and the other being that the energy of Flow can invite in Earth consciousness in a mighty way.*

*I suppose that Hummer owners can experience Flow in their lives – sure, but I also suppose that the next piece in their lives might be a flowing away from owning such a ridiculous, egotistical, and consumptive piece of…do do .*

*Anyway, here it is – do with it as you will. It stands as my little contribution to “making the world a better place” (ha).*

***JAGUAR AMBASSADORS – A MANIFESTO FOR ENLIGHTENMENT AND SANITY***

We are the Jaguar Ambassadors Gang (JAG)– standing up for all our brother and sister species on Planet Earth who have no representation and therefore cannot defend their homes and habitat from the hideous assaults of the consuming nations of homo sapiens.

We hear their cries as they slink into their sylvan lairs to peer out in disgust and fear as our bulldozers and chainsaws destroy their homes and, often, their babies. We feel for them as acid rain falls, as noxious winds surround, and as their waters are polluted and fouled. We refer to all plant and animal species, as the onslaught of homo sapiens encompasses all of life on Earth, threatening not only quality of life, but delivering extinction to some ten’s of species daily.

JAG is a unified one world grassroots movement to represent all other species on Planet Earth as they suffer these attacks, and killing moods of homo sapiens.

We are here to have fun and to share that fun, believing that it is the right of every entity to enjoy the Creation. It is not fair or fun that one species should destroy, through unconscious domination, the habitat and health and homes and enjoyment of all other species. It is the pollution of consumption that is harming all eco-systems so we are moving against the consuming nations – starting with the United States which produces 25% of the Earth’s pollution.

JAG is supported by a website, www.JaguarAmbassadorsGang.com, where appropriate action is promulgated as are understandings of the Purpose of Life.

Join up!

 **THE JAGUAR PLAN AND JAGUAR AMBASSADORS GANG**

(Please note that this was written many years ago and is, hereby, revitalized and thrown out unto the winds and wiles of time to either achieve traction or to wither away wherever. In any event, we will be monitoring global interest and facilitating action as appropriate.)

 **THE JAGUAR PLAN –** An All Species Manifesto

The Jaguar Plan is a project designed to save Earth’s dying eco-systems by decimating First World consumption, thereby seriously slowing the murderous effects of pollutions, and Earth devastations.

Designed by ex-philanthropic conservation vets of the environmental wars, despairing of any meaningful movement beyond saving a woodpecker or exporting drilling from a favored area to the next site, The Plan intends to utilize two books, a website, a Hollywood blockbuster movie, an independent video and a grassroots, Everyperson, energy to educate global populace: of the need for impending Change, the brainwashed conditioning we have all undergone, and the true state of the Earth’s attacked and dying systems: soil, air, water and soul. It intends to achieve this via an incision into the soft, white underbelly of the corporations which manipulate us – a strike at the only thing they cannot control with their vast billions, their media, their omnipresent commercials, their exportation of “The American Way”, their stranglehold on governments and educational institutions, and their de facto alliance with organized religion…individual consciousness. We do this through a Revolution – Ego Revolution, and it is about time – the much maligned and hugely catered to Ego enduring such an intricate, nefarious system to sustain itself, and…falsely, as it turns out.

So. Can a radical consciousness be purveyed, ascertained…adopted with a few words? This poor pen’s sharings may be momentous and of extreme interest and value to all – at the same time it goes against many solidly ensconced fundamentals of human civilization. How to begin is a daunting, on a good day, question. Still, still our beloved Mother Earth is undergoing murderous onslaughts by her two-legged many millioned minions, and – while it may be a good show – we choose to not watch passively. Especially when there is so much fun to be had in the offing. Fun? Well yes, though this is serious, deadly serious, it is fostered and nurtured by a released sense of enjoyment, and even appreciation (there is ever so much going on in the other-than-physical realms!)

So, fun? Yup – Ego Revolution, designed as a participant-easy rebellion game, able to cross cultural and societal and ideological boundaries at a single bound, appeals to the true care, and even love, we have for life, this revolution in joining, via Fun, the hands of all conscious and caring beings, will help create a sense of Oneness, so crucial for evolution. And it is free, non-polluting and of great interest and import. Plus, there are dividends as the following considerations that are pieces of the consciousness needed for healthy Change offer much food for contemplation and discussion:

**+** That the Purpose of Life (POL) is not material acquisition, but rather growth (evolution), and enjoyment (“Enjoy the Creation”).

**+** That there is a de facto “conspiracy” between corporations, whose only goal is profit from the difference between worker value and sales, and government educational institutions to produce workers and consumers who believe that only baubles, trinkets, and tech’s latest toy will make them happy and loved.

**+** That there is only one species that harms any other species………and that species harms EVERY other species.

**+** That we are operating out of a max of 10-11% brain access.

**+** That television and computers are really only benefiting the big institutions while producing generations of zombiesque entities subject to various diseases, among them; vapid unquestioned consumerism, hypnotic stress, nerdism, disdain for Nature, juvenile and family violence, all sorts of yet to be classified brain and being disorders, not to mention sore wrists, hair loss and low self esteem, plus a demeaning homogenization whose goal is to have the last pygmy in the deepest Amazon stop by for a quick Big Mac on his way to buy insect repellent at Walmarts and low five his neighbor saying; “Howya doin’, dude, wha’s happnen’?”

**+** That there is a Oneness among the sons and daughters of “God”, the creative energy…whatever, but also an agreed upon separation as the Earth Story is written, and that the organized religions prey on the attending loneliness to amass tithing clients whose personal growth is then limited to the self-serving tenets of the business, I mean religion.

**+** That Death - “sacred” human passing - is not “bad”, but rather a graduation back into the Light from which the Story is sparked.

**+** That there is an energized “Law of the Universe”, not un-akin to gravity, that brings each being what is needed for growth, i.e. Perfection reigns.

**+** That the Earth is considered a Garden Spot in the heavens and that many extra-terrestrials imbibe the Earth energies, with good old Homo “sapiens” at center stage. These beings are gathered to watch us as we stumble towards our crossroads with no readable signposts, yet, marking the way.

**+** That the Creation is here to be enjoyed even as we weave this convoluted, longish tale replete with villains, damsels in distress, dragons, and taxes…that it is ultimately, and always, crafted with Love and with Humor.

**+** That Free Choice is a birthright.

UH, that is quite a list, and we have yet to meet many who concur with it, much less comprehend it. Entire books could be written surrounding the suggestive import of each one, indeed there is a fine bibliography appended herein. However, none of these books seem to be found in the drugstores or the airline concourse shops. So be it.

Ego Revolution. But something is graspable and potentially agreeable to the many; that excess, show-off, consumption is killing Mother Earth, and she is abed, dying a sad death while her beloveds rampage over her body in their $100,000 Hummers, expecting the Have Hummer-nots to swoon with respect and envy, and to just open our legs wide with adoring glee as they foul our air and glide past on their way to their second homes abuzz with electronic devices, or to their important lunches, and or to screw their best friend’s wife.

Ego Revolution – because they drive these uncomfortable, un-economic beasts, and have not yet mentated their way past kindergarten show and tell. Our problem is that we have doted on these dudes – we actually want to be like them, some of us. But no longer, because, like the Emperor’s clothes, they are now exposed for all the world to see in their pathetic, if puerile, desperation, trying to garner love with material – but in the process doing un-pardonable, un-sustainable damage to Ma…enough!

Do they have a “right” to do this? Sure – on paper. Why, old Geo Bush proclaimed that was the “American Way” (what an asshole!). We human beings, other than the native species long ago and faraway, have never been too interested in investigating Universal Laws, much less adhering to them. News is that un-sustainable behavior will not be…sustained, see? Rather obvious, but hey, the idea here is to have fun. Remember the Viet Nam War? As twenty year olds, we had great fun, with our sit ins – our mini Revolution – protesting against our elected representatives as they killed things; boys, jungles, elephants, respects and ideals. Well, the durn Hummers, etc are killing our air. Look, will you ever have a Hummer, the car, and would you even ever want one at 10% of a million bucks? That Hummer owner is killing your mother, give him the finger…quick! Try it, you will like it. It will make you self-realized, it will make you happy, it might even get you laid (see that chick on the next block fingering Hummers).

Here’s some really good news for you mild-fingered successors to the old Monkey Wrench Gang; a number of years ago someone in Aspen started a disdain movement against fur coat wearers, and it worked like crazy! A number of fingerings, a couple of posters, OK, probably the old rotten egg or two, and…voila, not a single fur coat appeared on the streets of Aspen. AND, its effect is still going on. What happened? Well, these poor fur coaters probably had never considered how many precious lives they were sporting on their bodies – they certainly didn’t hunt out and wring each little cute squirming furry neck. No, they were into the knee jerk consumption mode of spending Bob’s cash on a status item so that what? So that people would like them and consider them powerful and privileged and...better. Well, turns out that they are not better. OK, never mind the judgment…turns out that they were not loved and envied. No, they were scorned and reviled – just the gol-darned opposite effect they were seeking. Off went the coats – sales of wool and down went up.

Kids, we are gonna do the same thing with them fancy Hummers (and we are not stopping there).

Now, for this to work Worldwide, it needs dissemination. Revolutions are great fun for the revolters. For the revoltees (and the revolting), it is probably not so much fun, but this one is so long overdue and so obvious that many, many will join the peacefully prankish ranks and nobody’s head needs to roll. And, hey – we don’t mean to just finger the Hummers. We will graduate on to other symbols of excess un-essential consumption. We just want to get started on those nifty Hummers as they are so rampantly sticking it to Mother Earth, and they are so very silly.

Us Yankees and other first Worlders, embarrassed by the un-hearted excess rampant in our land, raise a middle finger to the offending parties, saluting our individual vote for Earth care and world peace. We are sorry to be associated with such a warmongering leadership and are as disgusted with them as are our Earth neighbors who increasingly, and with reason, disdain us. It is to them, and indeed all of Earth’s innocent species that we dedicate this revolution. We are a little late, we were temporarily fooled, but we will now unite as a grassroots, Everyperson, voice to Change. Please join us.

For now, just get started and enlist your friends to get on it…time’s-a-wasting. The Jaguar Plan is on the prowl and will be doing all it can to boost your efforts. How? Good question.

**JAGUAR GIRL** – A Love Story With Mother Earth, is published and available on the website, [www.warpplace.com](http://www.warpplace.com). This is an all ages, reader easy, little book about a young gal from Patagonia who goes forth to San Francisco to save beloved lands threatened by insensate corporate greed. In the process, the land seduces the CEO who re-unites with his college sweetie, a fervent environmentalist, and they walk off into the happy sunset together chatting about Natural Capitalism and how Earth care can actually enhance the old bottom line.

**HOLLYWOOD CHALLENGE**. Gauntlet is thrown down to Hollywood, arguably the world’s most powerful player, in terms of psychology and dissemination, to produce their version of Jaguar Girl, and compete with our homegrown movie version. Votes will be tallied on the website and the loser pays half of profits to the Earth organization of the winner’s choice. We feel that, with the guarantee of vast and free PR, many a Hollywood entity would, Goliathlike, stoop to pick up our happy challenge. (BTW – we will make a far more interesting movie at a hundredth of the cost, with environmental concern at the forefront along with establishing an entirely new form of visual entertainment.)

**CONSCIOUS CINIEMA FESTIVAL**. To be held yearly in Patagonia, celebrating independent films of consciousness, love, adventure, metaphysical movement, etc,…and fun.

**WWW.JaguarAmbassadorsGang.com** will evolve into an interactive meeting place with views and sharings of global interest and an active chat room plus Perfect News – action central for the Revolution.

**THE JAGUAR PLAN**. With the forum generated from the above, we will then release The Jaguar Plan, a dramatic movie describing how the starlet of Jaguar Girl returns to Patagonia to escape the vapidity of her vast fame and to further the enticing enlightenments she encountered with Tio Perfecto, wild mountain wise man. The global corporations are beside themselves because sales are plummeting of their “precious”, non-essential products due to Jaguar Girl and Ego Revolution. They send down a Tom Cruisian psyche super marauder to “turn” her (they can’t kill her, though they would like to, because then she would be a martyr). BUT, guess what, she turns him, as she shares the true creation enjoyment energies of peaceful and powerful Nature. Earth 1, corps 0.

**THE CHANGE**. What of this? Perhaps, no not perhaps, this IS the biggest energy event of pan Galactic importance, on Earth for the last many million years (get ready). What form will it take? Not known, as it is a kinetic compendium of forces, creating itself as it goes.

We can take guesses; wars, a super virus, a piece of the sky falling, tech fry, Earth shrugs and vents…or wondrous combinations thereof. Is it necessary? Is it “good”? Unsustainable behavior will be corrected. Good? From a cosmic vantage…of course. From a chaotic view…could be baddish for the unprepared.

 Ego Revolution is offered as a little piece of the puzzle and could un-employ some Hummer folk, etc (watch out for the “etc”). We have heard that institutions will experience extreme dis-function and that technology may be revealed for what it is; corporate tools for increased surveillance and manipulation of human subjects while masquerading as fancy and cute and labor saving beneficial necessities. In ANY event, acute Change is upon us. The Jaguar Plan offers the following by way of a preparedness tool;

**CLASS ACTION EDUCATIONAL LAWSUIT**.

 (This is, by far, the hardest sale ever and will surely serve as a deal killer for many who have survived, so far, these mere words.)

 Brain-washed, conditioned from the womb, beings cannot read a few thousand words and understand what has befallen them – not when the conditioning is so totally pervasive and clothed, as it is, in respectability and power. But just lookee here; the result of all our education is an over-populated, warring world, where 5% of the population pollutes over 25% of the total, extincting – through habitat degradation – numerous species a day, and doing so only with the life-abiding aids of Prozac and other ilk, while school kids kill each other and the very basis of life on Earth – air, soil, water are, daily, dying.

The “lawsuit”, like the tobacco one, claims damages to a large, unsuspecting segment of the populace for the deleterious effects of this education. This is a complicated, many faceted issue, well outside the scope of this article. In actuality, The Jaguar Plan has neither interest in a lawsuit, nor in the lawyers who manage them. What we do want is to create a Class and present telling testimony to the U.S. Department of Education to educate them as to what we want to learn; mental, emotional and physical health and well being, child care and raising, conflict resolution, consensus relating, Place and Earth governance, self sufficiency, Earth systems repair and maintenance, No Harm and Harmony, appropriate tech for food and product sustainability, and an appreciation for the Purpose of Life. We are seeking $70,000 per individual – half for remedial un-education and re-education, and half to procure space in an eco-village where life and enjoyment may be pursued in health and happiness – a common wealth, if you will.

The first step in the launch of The Jaguar Plan is this here article – published as widely as possible. The next step is to invite writers, both amateurs and pros, to come down and conduct interviews for more in-depth understandings of The Plan and then to publish as they will. The intention of this PR is to garner Ego Revolutionists as well as the attention, and response, of Hollywood, and to serve as a preparedness tool.

We will then launch the Jaguar Ambassadors from our base in Argentina. Composed initially of Latins, it will soon spread to grassroots peoples worldwide and will be the main purveyors of Ego Revolution.

 Perchance you are an aware individual, sensitive to the plight of your Home as she suffers the killing pollutions of consumptions. Now you have something to join to show that you care. A revolution of the Ego! It is time.

Maybe you are an average guy setting forth to acquire those shiny baubles that so dazzle like a line of enticing “things” hung above the cradle, just out of reach of your chubby, baby-fat hands. Please understand that you have been conditioned to produce and consume with no regard to the sanity of such behavior and that it will not make you happy. Any in-depth look at the “Haves” reveals endemic lack of ease and often a slow suicide. There is just time to choose “being” over “doing”…just barely time to prepare. But do so, please, from a sense of adventure and appreciation. This will lead to new understandings of Creation and the enjoyment thereof, as openings and enlightenments evolve.

You are here for this.

The Jaguar Plan is presented by Wild Spirit Energies, a Colorado LLC. Wild Spirit Energies pledges 50% of net profits to support Earth care works.