

LARS FABER

MATRIX

GUERRILLA



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The names of people in Matrix Guerrilla are fictitious due to privacy considerations. All similarities with real people exist purely in the minds of (perceptive) readers. Facts and fiction overlap. It is up to you to decide what is and what is not real. Please do not betray your fellow guerrillas mentioned in this book, Sméagol!

MATRIX GUERRILLA

The only way to deal with an unfree world is to become so absolutely free that your very existence is an act of rebellion.

- Albert Camus

1. ANARCHY OR INARCHY?

Sizzla – *I Was Born*

I was born in a system that doesn't give a fuck

About you nor me, nor the life of our kids.

(...)

Don't be a victim of things I do to survive,

Cause I won't be wishing you any good, you Babylonians.

You are holding an anarchist manifesto. “Great,” you might say, but don’t get ahead of yourself—things aren’t that simple. Neither the government nor the royal family need to disappear—YOU must disappear. Given this fact, I could also have called this an *in*archist manifesto. Let’s be honest though, no dog would read it if I had. Speaking of dogs, they don’t need to read this book (assuming they even could). Dogs are perfect just the way they are, just like everything else in the universe is perfect. Except for you, Brutus. You’re almost perfect. There’s just one minor detail keeping you from being perfect. That blemish is *you*. To be more precise, the intruder that has hijacked your consciousness and is acting in your name must step aside.

“But why?” you might ask. “I’m doing fine, aren’t I?” Exactly—that’s why! This is precisely what the intruder in your consciousness most desires—to be *doing fine*. To feel fine, the intruder will gladly sacrifice that which is real—the essence of your timeless being. Is that a problem? Not if you’re caught inside the Matrix.

MORPHEUS: This is your last chance. After this, there is no turning back. You take the blue pill, the story ends. You wake up in your bed and believe whatever you want to believe. You take the red pill, you stay in Wonderland, and I show you how deep the rabbit hole goes.

Time to decide! Will you dive into the rabbit hole like Alice and Neo, or will you remain safe under the covers of your bed?

Game on!

[YES/NO]

THE ORACLE: You didn't come here to make the choice—you've already made it. You're here to try to understand *why* you made it.

CYPHER: It means buckle your seatbelt, Dorothy, because Kansas is going
bye bye.

Come to the edge.

We might fall.

Come to the edge.

It's too high!

COME TO THE EDGE!

And they came,

And he pushed,

And they flew.

- Christopher Logue

2. WAKING UP OR DREAMING AND FORGETFULNESS

Do you begin to see, then, what kind of world we are creating? It is the exact opposite of the stupid hedonistic utopias that the old reformers imagined. A world of fear and treachery and torment; a world of trampling and being trampled upon; a world which will grow not less but more merciless as it refines itself. Progress in our world will be progress toward more pain.

- George Orwell in 1984

Rain is clattering on my windows as the relentless downfall of inspiration strikes my brain—hard, ceaseless, unwanted. For more than a year, I was able to hold her back, but now she gushes inwards with irrepressible force, like an orgasm you're hopelessly fighting—buttock muscles clenched, desperately trying to think of your mother-in-law, the latest football results, or what furniture you're going to buy next time you visit IKEA—but which nonetheless finds an exit through your genitalia.

It's not that I don't enjoy orgasms; on the contrary, I think orgasms are among the most sensible activities in the world (for which I'm often game). It's work I don't enjoy. Lazy by nature, I'm allergic to work. And, let's face it, writing is work. Painstaking, horrible, tedious work. In a next life, I hope to be born illiterate (technically speaking, I was this life too, before others starting interfering...). In this life, however, I have completed my secondary education, which is why universal inspiration has found her way towards and through me (as a channel), wanting to be manifested by my exceptional language skills. I allow her to run her divine course, although a little reluctantly and under the strict condition that I'm allowed to rant and rave, make inappropriate jokes, and sexual allusions whenever I feel like it. We seem to be in accord, the universe and me.

You're next. Yes, *you*—the person reading this. What brings you here? I can hide behind the excuse that the universe forced me to write, but what's your excuse to be reading this text? I'll add a few empty lines so that you can reflect on this question. Because let's be honest, I'm not in the mood for a reader who has no idea why he's reading this book. If you're still fully in the

Matrix, this book will have no value for you. Undoubtedly, it will only annoy you. Consider that. Here you go!

People who are caught in the Matrix aren't normally able to appreciate these kinds of jokes. Ordinarily, the editor working for the publisher, or in service of the Matrix (whichever you prefer), keeps this kind of nonsense out of a book. Even more reason to publish my own books! Therefore, know that if you decide to continue reading, you are going to be exposing yourself to more of this unpleasantness. And spelling errors. I may have completed my secondary education, but sadly, I didn't pay much attention in English language class.

Besides, I consider the drive to want to spell well a sign of captivity; a sign that you always paid attention to what your teacher told you—and still do—and that you correct others who don't or never did. Remaining with the theme of this book, you're a Mr Smith, an agent working for the Matrix. And this doesn't just apply to spelling mistakes. You are programmed to hold everything that fits within the Matrix to be true—and reject everything that falls outside of it. Thinking for yourself? No way! Four more empty lines as punishment to give you time to reflect on that:

If you want to keep up with me, you're going to have to be prepared to undergo these kinds of crude humiliations. How else will I be able to know you're not one of them? I randomly dish out empty lines, just to demonstrate the breadth of the power I wield as a writer. You could argue that you're much more powerful, because you're able to put this book away or even decide not to buy or read it at all, but you would be mistaken. There's already a splinter in your mind. It stings, and the sharpness of its sting will only increase as the years go by.

The question, therefore, is, “Are we going to do it?” If you’re a beautiful, shapely, blonde, Eastern or Arabic woman, you may interpret this question in a sexual light. If not, please don’t take my question too literally.

Are you willing to surrender to my sick sense of humour and random dishing out of empty lines, thus allowing yourself to be gradually deprogrammed? Or would you prefer to remain captive in the world of cause and effect; of dreams and forgetfulness?

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3. THREE WORDS THAT WILL TURN YOUR LIFE UPSIDE DOWN

Honestly, this book could also be three words long, but I'm not sure if you'd buy nor understand it if it was. Would be kind of cool, writing the smallest book in the world and still receiving €16.90 a copy. I'd grow rich overnight. Printing costs would be negligible. I'd even be able to print the book on a piece of rolling paper for you. After you'd finished reading it, you could roll it into a joint, which you could cheerfully smoke in celebration of the fact that you'd just finished a masterpiece. Before the book I had written specifically for you went up in flames, you'd read the message on its side once more: "I am nothing." What a trip you'd have if you truly allowed those words to enter your system! This is the essence of this inarchist manifesto—*you are nothing*. If you're secretly reading this book in a bookshop, feel free to put it back on the shelf, because it isn't going to get much deeper than this. Of course, you could also tear out this page and use it to roll a super joint later. You could buy a gram of Holland's finest and inhale my words one puff at a time. "I am nothing. I am nothing. I am no..." You'd probably break down laughing.

Since everything is but an apparition, having nothing to do with good or bad,
acceptance or rejection, one may well burst out in laughter.

- Longchempa

In that state of being, you'd instantly grasp the deeper vibe of my words and see their universal truth. Odds are that, when waking up the following day, you'd ask yourself, "What was that guy talking about again?" That's because your inner software is strong. It wouldn't take any effort at all to temporarily wake up with the words "I am nothing." But that awakening would be like drawing your name in the sand at low tide—the rising water would wash away your insight as quickly as it appeared. Therefore, wait a moment before placing this book back on the shelf or tearing out some of its pages. Why? First, you'll have to understand what "the Matrix" is. Only once you fully understand it (and understand what you will be up against if you decide to break out of it) are you allowed to take a break. Just for a moment

though; everything will be gone again when the next wave hits the beach. I'm being serious. (I'll warn you when I'm dissing you.) This is deadly serious.

The high and low tides of consciousness are like being awake and being asleep: for a moment, everything's clear, but then you go to bed at night and the next morning and, upon awakening, your insights are gone. This is how the Matrix you're captured in functions. "How?" you might ask. The answer is that you are the Matrix. Everything about you is corrupt. Well, nearly everything... Everything you've always thought you are, is in fact nothing other than the Matrix. And that's precisely what you keep forgetting each time you go to sleep at night. In the morning, you wake up as though something has happened. So, what's real about you? *Nothing!* Truly. (This isn't some lame joke.) Nothing is not some cryptic message. (If it was, I wouldn't have written it in italics, silly goose.) *Nothing* is your true nature. All the rest—every trait, your so-called character/personality, your thoughts, your emotions, your convictions, your values, and your moral codes—is just infected coding.

Scary shit? You bet! If you allow this information to penetrate you deeply, it could lead to an identity crisis. [Note to self: write a good disclaimer at the start of this book.] Take this shit to your general physician and don't be surprised if you're given a one-way ticket to the loony bin. Can you envision it? "Doctor, I've found out that the world is one big lie; in fact, that *I* am one big lie. I can no longer trust myself nor anyone else, and everybody's in on it—even you, doctor."

I hope you grasp that you have arrived at a fork in the road; you can either continue reading or you can put this book away and forget about all the crazy things you've just read. If you continue reading, there will be no way back. Here's an empty page to reflect on that!

You're still here! Cool! I admire your courage—yes, truly! There are few people—very few people—courageous enough to walk this path. In all honesty, had someone written this book

five years ago and given it to me, I would probably have bailed out after reading the first page. After all, most of things I'm saying are a little "out there," don't you think? Believe it or not, but odds are you won't have a frame of reference for most (if not all) of the statements I will be sharing with you anywhere in this book. (I really do mean anywhere.) The world will ridicule you if you try to tell it what I'm telling you here. The only way to find out the truth of my claims is to delve deeply within yourself. And who, in this busy modern world of emails, Facebook, LinkedIn, Twitter, and Instagram, really has the time for that anymore? Barely anyone I know—that's for sure. Personally, I've had to learn most of what I've learnt about the Matrix on my own. In truth, my drive to do so only developed by coincidence. Have you seen the film *The Truman Show*? Truman, played by Jim Carrey, wants to escape his world. He then sails into the edge of the studio he finds himself in, discovering as a result that the world he inhabits isn't real. Something similar happened to me when I was ten years old. I later discovered that what I experienced at the time was no less than an "awakening experience." At the time, it was mostly fun—and a little scary! I'll tell you the shortened version of the story, since I already described the event in more detail in another book (*The Hero's Voyage*).

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4. MATRIX CODING

My sister was a few years older than me (twelve, to be precise) and was therefore allowed to take out books from the secondary-school library. She'd borrow the craziest books, which we'd subsequently read together. She would show up with books about strange things from around the world, including black magic, vampires and *siddhis*. Siddhis are extraordinary gifts and powers that yogis develop after reaching advanced phases in their spiritual development. There were no Power Rangers, Avatars, or Pokémon when I was growing up. The idea of developing superpowers was like music to my young ears. The bit about the yogis included a short instruction on how to develop these powers. The essence, as far as I can remember, was the following: slow down and track your breath; scan your body, starting at your toes and then all the way up to the crown of your head; keep your attention with your third eye (in between your eyebrows) and look through it with closed eyes, directed upwards at a 45-degree angle.

I read that yogis would spend years doing this in their caves and realised I didn't have time for that. I resolved to do this meditation every evening before bed. It took a lot of effort and discipline, but the promise of developing superpowers had such a strong pull on my young mind that I persevered. After a few weeks, I had mastered the techniques. When I managed to merge my powers and hold my attention at my third eye, something strange happened. The almond shape that I could perceive opened. Slowly it became an orb—an orb that continued to open further. My body faded and was replaced by a plain of infinite space. I could see all around me, seeing everything everywhere. I felt a deep calmness—beautiful, charged, intense, and peaceful. I immediately recognised this state of being (even though I'd been afraid the evenings prior, when the orb hadn't fully opened yet). I effortlessly remained in this infinity until I grew tired and wanted to go to sleep. I discovered my true nature as a ten-year-old boy, best expressed with the three simple words—*I am nothing*—that I wanted to write on your rolling paper. But don't get too hung up on words; other options are, *I am everything*, or *I am peace*, or *I am one*, or *I am love*.

Words are only words; blank shells, empty husks—and more importantly—the building blocks of the Matrix. The most important manifesto for us inarchists, the *Tao Te Ching*, rightfully states in its first verse, “The Tao that can be named is not the Eternal Tao.” Words,

concepts, ideas, judgements and beliefs are the building blocks of the Matrix par excellence. Nothing—the Eternal, the Tao—is unknowable; you can never know it. You can merely catch a glimpse of it. As soon as you try to grasp onto it, it's gone. Consider your dreams at night: the harder you try to catch them upon awakening, the faster they slip away. The Eternal Tao cannot be grasped. Think of it like holding sand in your hand: if you try to hold onto the sand by clenching your fist, the sand slips away. Make a relaxed bowl with your hands and you can hold the sand for a little while. *Holding on by letting go*. In another document, the *Hua Hu Ching*, Lao Tzu states:

The Tao gives rise to all forms, yet it has no form of its own.

If you attempt to fix a picture of it in your mind, you will lose it.

This is like pinning a butterfly: the husk is captured, but the flying is lost.

You can envision the Eternal Tao akin to the discovery I made as a ten-year-old boy—"I am nothing; eternal, infinite, timeless, spacious, peaceful, one." That "experience" cannot be expressed in words, because *it is not an experience*. An experience is something that occurs in the space-time continuum, whereas your true, immortal nature (the Tao) exists both within and outside of space and time. It both is and isn't; it is everything and nothing simultaneously. I know it that it's quite confusing, so don't beat yourself up if you haven't fully grasped it yet (or if you have).

I never felt that I was able to talk about my experiences to anyone. There were simply no words for my experiences, and no referential framework handed down from my environment with which any of them could be understood. I can see myself telling my mother, "Mum, I discovered that I am nothing when I was ten." "Yes, you always were a strange boy," she'd undoubtedly respond in a cynical voice. I learnt at an early age that it's best to keep some things to yourself, and I recommend you do the same (assuming you don't want to be involuntarily "relocated" to a psychiatric ward). Check out the cover of this book. Why do you think the guerrilla lady is gesturing to be silent? The last person to openly speak about what we're going to be talking about ended his life hammered onto a cross, speaking the words, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Christ had figured it all out—the

whole system, the Matrix (although, of course, the film had yet to be released at the time) and his true nature, which he called Father. He knew that the people nailing him to the cross were simply Agent Smiths—soulless zombies, eternally drifting. “Know who you’re up against,” I said earlier. The truth is, you’re up against nobody! There is no one evil genius, no conspiracy of wealthy, power-hungry orders and families; the monster—the twisted persecutor; confused, ignorant expressions of humanity—exists in all of us. The one in you has got to go. This isn’t a curse or anything, in the same way that you’d wish illness on someone in a bad mood. *You* have to disappear, because, at the end of the day, that’ll be better for you. One thing is certain, that which isn’t real about you will perish at the end of your life here on Earth. You can’t be sure when that’ll be, but the fact that you will die is certain. The trick is to allow that which isn’t real about you to die while you’re still alive. Why? Because doing so will grant you immortality. Limitless freedom. The type of freedom that will inspire you to say things like, “Father, forgive them,” while they’re hammering a nail through your wrists and the crows circle above.

To return to the story, if you think I had it easy by awakening to my true nature as a young boy, I’m afraid you’re wrong. In truth, it made my life incredibly challenging. I didn’t have any religion to hide behind and had no framework for anything. I failed miserably at school. After that, what could have possibly interested me? Every night, I was meeting my own true nature, and then during the day, these idiots (henceforth, “teachers”) would be trying to prepare my awakening consciousness for a role in the Matrix. Naturally, I became deeply unhappy and was expelled numerous times—with such frequency and so brutally that I slowly forgot about my peaceful inner world. The world beckoned; girls and mopeds were more important than truth and peace. In the end, I forgot about my inner light and drifted off into a deep slumber.

No one escapes the pervasive indoctrination of the Matrix. No one! You *will* believe she’s real. You *will* believe there is scarcity in the world and that you’ll only ever be able to be happy if you make enough money. You *will* believe you have to get good grades and obtain a bunch of certificates to prove to the world that you are a success. As an adult, you *will* believe that you need satisfactory performance reviews. The Matrix is not limited to your thoughts and assumptions concerning this indoctrination, which well-meaning Matrix parents call “education.” All your thoughts belong to the realm of the Matrix—all of them, without exception. The Matrix is constructed out of thoughts and words. Even your most transcendent thoughts run on Matrix software. In *The Matrix*, the film featuring Keanu Reeves and

Laurence Fishburn, you can see how this works in practice. When Captain Morpheus and his team enter the Matrix, they do so quickly, leaving just as fast. Everything is infected. Everything! *There isn't a single thought that you can trust*—not mine (especially mine!) nor your own. Everything you are able to think is a manifestation of Matrix software. It has been running in your reptile brain since the dawn of time. It is *almost* unhackable. To acknowledge what I'm writing here, you will have to go on a deep, internal journey through a process of rigorous inner investigation. If you want to arrive at the core of your being, you will have to be suspicious of every thought you have. In other words, mistrust your thoughts deeply. Everybody who claims otherwise is asleep.

Think about it, the world is as it is—perfect, effortless, abundant. However, you're equipped with a Matrix receiver; a decoding filter in your brain. To make matters easy, let's call that thing *l'Ego*.

L'Ego is continuously battling the world *as it is*. The comments, judgements, and reflections it directs at the world are what we call thought. L'Ego always has an opinion of the world at the ready. This is where your noble tasks of inarchism starts. From now on, you're going to become conscious of your judgements about the world, and every time you find such a judgement, label it l'Ego. Every time you locate a judgement, you drive a wedge in the Matrix; you place a small inarchistic bomb at the feet of l'Ego. L'Ego wants you to unquestioningly accept everything it says. When you stop doing so, it hardens, thus making it seem even more real (while at the same time clarifying to the perceptive observer exactly what it is l'Ego does: commenting on reality and making you believe that its statements are true). Therefore, be watchful of two things, the most resilient building blocks of l'Ego: 1) your judgements concerning other people; 2) your judgements concerning situations.

Allow me to repeat myself: l'Ego is a programme in your brain that is constantly resisting reality. You can notice this resistance inside yourself as *you* comment on people and situations. The word *you* is written in italics here, because it's not really you commenting; rather, it's a corrupt piece of software that has been operational in humanity since the dawn of time. As we'll soon find out, *it's not who you actually are* (because if there's something in me able to perceive all this, these thoughts cannot be me, right?). Who is that someone who perceives? Investigate it for yourself. Dare to ask questions; dare to investigate the truth; dare to meet the falsity of who you believe yourself to be; dare to plant bombs at the feet of your consciousness.

If you feel like you're going crazy, you may be right; what is considered mentally healthy in the society of the Matrix is in fact infected and terribly ill.

We're going to start breaking your individual Matrix codes, one code at a time. However, please don't feel like you need to go looking for something somewhere—the Matrix is everywhere. Since everything is infected, it really doesn't matter where you start.

To start breaking your Matrix codes, you need an absolute reference point, since Matrix codes are always relative. Therefore, as a reference point, assume that everything is God (or if God is a tainted word for you, assume everything is exactly the way it should be.) Everything is perfect. Nothing in the universe requires changing. Nothing. "Nothing" is another absolute concept. Now you can get out your fishing rod. Just wait patiently—I'Ego is ready to bite. Gotcha! Here comes the endless list of judgements about what's not good in the world (or what's not good about you or others). All you need to do is label: "I'Ego," "that's I'Ego," "I'Ego again." Catch my drift? Every time you don't respond to a judgement about the world, yourself, or another, you diminish the pull the Matrix has on you. Yes, my friend, your process of inarchism has started! You're becoming a guerrilla! Don't bother anybody else with your acts of internal consciousness terrorism, or better yet, tell them and see what happens. On Monday morning, tell your boss all about your guerrilla activities. Tell him or her how many judgments you disarmed in yourself over the weekend. Tell him about I'Ego, about Christ on the cross, about... Or don't tell your boss anything!

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5. FISHING

To disassemble l'Ego, the supplier of your internal software allied with the Matrix, we must learn how to fish. What I just showed you (stating that the world is perfect and waiting for l'Ego to respond) is spiritual child's play. Please continue seeing it that way. Playfulness and light-heartedness are things l'Ego cannot stand. L'Ego always functions using your deepest fears—your fear of not being good enough, falling short, going crazy, not being loved, and so on. This is the reason you have to disarm it with love, playfulness, and humour. And you have to learn how to fish. I'll explain why.

At the time of my enlightenment experiments as a child, I loved to fish. All I did was sit by the waterside looking for fish. We would start in Voorburg, where I was born, by a pumping station. Three, four, or five friends, we would sit by the water's edge together with our fishing rods made of bamboo. We would dig in the sand looking for worms or maggots, or would attach some bread to our hooks. Bread was used to catch roaches, maggots and worms to catch perches. Perches were much more interesting than roaches, since they had bright-red fins with sharp needles and small teeth. It should come as no surprise to find out which species of fish I preferred. Perches!

Every once in a while, we'd even catch an eel. At home I had a book about fishing, which included information about all kinds of species, such as pike and carp, that were exotic for us. But, however much time we would spend fishing in the pond around the corner, we never caught any pike or carp. My friends thought this was fine ("We're having a good time together, aren't we?"). When they would become fed up (they became fed up quite quickly), they'd go play football, but I'd always keep going. I'd seen larger fish, and they needed to be caught!

One day, after my friends had bailed out, I decided to go out on my own, with my fishing gear attached to the back of my bicycle, a scoop net in one hand and a fishing rod in the other. There I went, on my bike towards Nootdorp. Alongside the bicycle path there was a large ditch in which I could spot huge carp. As soon as I got within ten metres' distance of them, they would disappear underwater. Over time, I learnt an important lesson: to catch big fish, you have to be quiet—*very, very quiet*. I'd often return to my friends with what I'd caught, but they were rarely interested. Football was good enough for them. Increasingly, I would go out

on my own. But whatever I would try, the carp I was trying to catch would always outsmart me, until one day, I arrived at a bridge. Very quietly, I let my float, hook and worm sink into the water. I looked around the corner. My float had disappeared! I quickly reeled in my line—a lot of resistance! My rod was taut with tension. I jumped over the wall by the bridge and grabbed my rod, while holding my scoop net in other my hand. A carp! I used my scoop net to lift the fish onto to dry land and proceeded to dart home like an arrow. My mother got out her camera and took a picture of the carp I'd caught. The carp had a matchbox beside it on the picture, so that my friends would be able to see how large it was. I couldn't wait for the photos to be developed. A week later, they finally were. I showed one of my fishing friends the evidence of one of my lonesome hunting expeditions. He couldn't stop laughing. My carp turned out to be a bream. Not a bad haul, but my credibility among my friends as a fisherman was gone with the wind.

Not long after, I returned to the same location. (Which still exists, by the way! When on the A4 heading towards The Hague, take the Voorburg exit, and you will encounter a crossroad. After the crossroad, there's a willow. That's where it is!) I peeked over the edge of the bridge and saw the contours of bream under the brushes again. I'd brought my fixed rod again (without a reel), my slender fishing line, and I had a hook with a worm. I let my float and bait drop in exactly the right spot, disturbing the water as little as possible. And then I was patient. No more than a few seconds later, a ripple appeared on the water's surface. Something was nibbling at my bait! I reeled my line in and was surprised at how much force was pulling away from it. My glass-fibre rod that had cost me a grand total of ten guilders was crooked with tension. Every time I sensed the line was almost breaking, I would give way a little. As soon as I felt the resistance on the line decrease, I'd pull. This game of cat and mouse—more accurately, boy and fish—might have taken an hour in total, but to be quite honest, time was non-existent to me at the time (assuming it ever really exists...). I was euphorically and intensely battling this immense fish—give a little, take a little... give a little, take a little... I only had one goal—to catch this monstrosity. None of my friends would laugh at me when they saw the pictures of the gargantuan creature! I somehow managed to manoeuvre the giant fish in front of my net and realised I only had one shot to get it right; my nylon fishing line had a tensile force of roughly 2.4 kilograms. This monster weighed several times more than that. It might have even weighed ten kilos. One attempt! “Make it count, Lars! Make it count!” A brief respite in our game of give and take and an enormous shadow appeared near the surface of the water. With

my crooked fixed rod in one hand and my scoop net in the other, I acted. As fast as I could, I positioned the big net underneath the location where I expected the beast of the deep to be. What followed gave me a terrible fright. My net was far too small! Only its head, and a small part of the fish's body fit in it. But I had caught! My worthy adversary was running out of options fast! Passers-by were standing on the bridge, loudly applauding my moves. I pulled the fish, which turned out to be an enormous mirror carp, onto the water's edge. I could barely lift it. My scoop net half submerged, I asked one of the people watching me to look after the carp while I went to get my mother. That day, my mother took a picture of me triumphantly holding an aquatic colossus of more than 80 cm in front of my chest. (I set it free afterwards.)

At this point, you may be wondering why I'm telling you this story. Well, first, I have more than a few pages to fill. The statement *you are nothing* needs a little padding, of course, otherwise this book will soon be finished. (I also like the story.) Nonetheless, there is method to my madness; this story contains all the information you need about guerrilla warfare. Can I use it as a metaphor for the search for truth? Of course, I can! After all, it's my book! All right, here goes: to discover the truth, you need the right approach. You cannot conform to what others think. Find the silence and abandon the well-trodden path, be patient, be lucky—these are the ingredients you need. If you consistently make use of these ingredients, you will find out what I'm talking about. The last one is out of your control though. You can't force luck—it'll unveil itself organically, if the other circumstances are right and you're, well... lucky.

You might have already guessed it, but *you are nothing* is the carp. The reason most people don't catch it is because they stick to common paths, are too boisterous and lack patience. This may sound like a somewhat cheap metaphor intended to fill a book about consciousness, but I can assure you there is no better metaphor for what lies ahead. I could also dig up another snippet from some Eastern school of thought, but that will leave us none the wiser. If you want to know truth, you'll have to learn how to fish. You'll have to learn how to be silent, how to creep, how to explore. Don't take anybody's word for anything. Don't assume anything you think is true just because you're thinking it. Learn to be silent. Learn to listen. Hack your Matrix codes. Set your inconspicuous traps. Wage guerrilla warfare on your own, like a splinter cell, without bothering other people with it. Make space in your consciousness, cast out your float (your attention) and wait patiently. If it's your destiny, you may catch something and fight your own epic battle to lift truth on land. And if you do catch it—figuratively speaking, of course—nothing or nobody will ever be able to tell you any differently (including you!).

Once you've caught the one, true fish, you will know who you are. You will know you are nothing. But nothing is shy. To become aware of "nothing," you must become completely still; completely motionless. Learning to be this way is to train yourself in the art of guerrilla warfare—a warrior of truth, whatever that may be. Nothing is not the next grand realisation or prize. There are no medals here. Nothing is the death of everything. Nothing is the death of you. You have to die. Nothing must live. As you die, so too does l'Ego, making you unfindable to the Matrix. Reborn, you awaken in the dream. There's no need to escape. The desire to escape would simply be another one of l'Ego's endless themes. When you discover that you are nothing, you awaken among the dreaming; a human of flesh and blood in a land of robots. And you discover that you never had free will in the first place. Oops!

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6. FREE WILL, MY ASS!

Did you really think there was such a thing as free will? Beware, my fingers are poised, ready to strike *Ctrl+Enter*. Continue as you are and I might treat you to a few more empty pages. Assuming it takes you about a minute and a half to get through a page, things may well go quiet for four and a half minutes. These will be painful, uncomfortable minutes that will bring part of your Matrix programming to light. You know what, I'll prove it to you—the point I was making about your lack of free will. I'm going to do something I myself despise having to do when reading a book. I'm going to give you an exercise. I'm sure you're familiar with self-help books in which you're given several exercises to develop deeper insights at the end of each chapter. These exercises often come in the shape of a meditation, starting with something like, "Close your eyes." As if those dumbasses haven't figured out that it's a little hard to read with your eyes closed! There you are, eyes closed, waiting for insight to hit you. Good luck with that! How are you supposed to trust a teacher or coach like that? I prefer a blunter style—a style of empty lines and empty pages. However, I'm the one saying you don't have free will, so I guess it's up to me to prove it to you—or rather, up to you, if you are kind enough to do the exercise.

You can also do the exercise later (or do what I would do and merely read about the exercise). Did you really think you and I are so different; that I'd simply go along with the mind games of some weirdo who claims to have been orgasmically called to perform a sacred task by the universe? No way! Had I been in your position, I'd have undoubtedly raised my well-trained middle finger at this book, while, at the same time, being fully aware that this so-called rebellious act on my behalf was part of my own Matrix coding. After all, everything "true," or moving towards truth, must be avoided in the Matrix. Therefore, save your rebellious energy for when you truly need it and just do the exercise. Alternatively, just read about it—the impact might not be as large, but you may well get the message.

7. MINTFULNESS

The following exercise will teach you how to fish. I've called the exercise *mintfulness*. Firstly, to ruthlessly expose everybody still caught in the Matrix, who at this point are all shouting, "But that's with a D!" (*mindfulness*). Secondly, because you'll need a mint for this exercise (and I simply like the word *mint*). Mintfulness then! If you don't have any mints at your immediate disposal, grab some liquorice. Alternatively, look under your shoe. There will no doubt be an old piece of gum hiding there. (Please take into account that using it for this exercise may make the exercise unbearably long.) In the meantime, grab a pen and a piece of paper.

To test your free will, I suggest you put the peppermint, liquorice or trampled-on piece of gum in your mouth. Don't worry, that isn't the punch line, should you be worried that I'll laugh at you for listening to me, thereby proving you have no free will. I'm not (quite) as corny as all that. Acting from free will or not, you're going to resolve to keep your attention with the sweet you're chewing the whole time you're chewing it. Nowhere else. Every time your attention wanders, use the pen and make a dot on the piece of paper you have in front of you. There's a good chance we'll catch the Matrix red-handed!

I'm assuming you're like me and you aren't doing this exercise. Therefore, I'll give you the results of people who *did* do the exercise under my divine, inspired and surprisingly handsome guidance. If you did do the exercise (congratulations, you're well on your way to waking up!), you can compare the number of dots on your piece of paper to the number of dots made by others. Here it comes: the average time people spend sucking on a piece of King peppermint is 6 minutes and 23 seconds.

Those among us who prefer sucking on royalty of the female persuasion and opted for peppermint of the brand Wilhelmina (the former queen of the Netherlands), spend about seven minutes and seventeen seconds doing so. (In case you're wondering, yes, I did make all this up.) During this period, most people subjected to this merciless Matrix test will place between 15 and 94 dots.

Off the top of my head (and don't you dare correcting me, Agent Smith!), this averages out at around forty dots per person. My head is spinning a little as I try to calculate how often in your life you believe you have free will, while in actuality you're being directed by the Matrix.

Six minutes, an average of forty times, times ten (to make an hour) equals four hundred. Four hundred times sixteen (the average time a human being is awake during a day) equals sixty-four hundred. 6,400! Six thousand four hundred times—that's how often the average citizen is interrupted in his or her free will by thoughts which involuntarily (and often unconsciously) pass through that person's consciousness. Free will, my ass!

“Welcome to the desert of the Real,” I could say to you like Morpheus, as you climb aboard the Nebuchadnezzar, opening your eyes to view reality for the first time.

Crikey! I cannot imagine how annoyed the average publisher would be with my use of language in this section. Actually, I can! Honestly, it doesn't really matter—a publisher would never take a gamble on a book like this! The message I'm conveying here is far too dangerous! In any case, that's the message I received from a large publisher when I sent up the manuscript of my first book, *The Sacred Voyage*, which is like a cuddly animal compared to what is trying to manifest through me here.

There is another reason publishers would never burn their grasping hands on this book: the cover. Take a look at it. Do you really think I asked the creators of *The Matrix* for permission to use their logo? (This is a test.) If the creators of *The Matrix* have any idea of the kind of film they've created, and what its impact on human consciousness is (in short, if they themselves have awoken from the Matrix), they will leave me be. As such, this book is my test whether the film *The Matrix* itself is Matrix-proof.

8. MISLEADING YOU

As previously explained, I like to mislead you sometimes. Allow me to explain what exactly I mean by this. This is what this book is truly about—guerrilla warfare. You and I don't stand a chance out there without our disguises. In fact, we don't stand a chance on the inside either! Yep, that's right—the Matrix is inside of you.

MORPHEUS: I imagine that right now, you're feeling a bit like Alice, hmm?
Tumbling down the rabbit hole?

NEO: You could say that.

MORPHEUS: I see it in your eyes. You have the look of a man who accepts what he sees because he is expecting to wake up. Ironically, that's not far from the truth. Do you believe in fate, Neo?

NEO: No.

MORPHEUS: Why not?

NEO: Because I don't like the idea that I'm not in control of my life.

MORPHEUS: I know exactly what you mean. Let me tell you why you're here. You're here because you know something. What you know you can't explain, but you feel it. You've felt it your entire life, that there's something wrong with the world. You don't know what it is, but it's there, like a splinter in your mind, driving you mad. It is this feeling that has brought you to me. Do you know what I'm talking about?

I'm writing and talking to your untarnished, unpolluted, uninfected side; the side of you that has gone into hiding; the side of you that is gasping for air under the unrelenting pressure of the Matrix. There is a side of you that has adapted to the Matrix, and which views books like these (although this one is more unusual than most) with disdain. We can neutralise that side of you by directing you into cul-de-sacs, using sick humour, and spouting nonsense. By using these methods, the genuinely essential information will pass through the Matrix filter that has been built into your brain—in your left-brain hemisphere to be precise (the hemisphere with

which you think, analyse, judge, and criticise). Have you ever wondered who taught you all that behaviour? Or did you really think your thoughts were all yours? To circumvent the Matrix, we have to scramble our message. We need to get to your uninfected, pure self—the part of you that can distinguish between the truth and bullshit.

But first, allow me to prove that what I'm writing belongs to the former category. In a moment, turn over this book and look at the picture on its front cover. Cover one half of the photograph with your hand, from the letter T in the word Matrix up to the index finger making the shushing gesture.

If you do, you'll only see one half of this guerrilla lady. To make it easier for you, I've given her a helmet. The light part symbolises the part of her that has adjusted to society; the part of her entangled in the Matrix, the world of illusion. The darker part of her helmet corresponds with the part of that is suppressed. This is her shadow side, the part of her that has escaped from the Matrix. As you can see, that part of her is closed off, dark, tired, and suppressed, as though in a constant state of war. And it is. It's the guerrilla warrior in her, which, without her even being aware of it, is resisting the Matrix. Agents of the Matrix are always lurking. They have created labels for the kinds of topics we're discussing here ("psychotic," "crazy," "deluded," "dysfunctional"—you name it!) and, at the request of friends of family, will gladly lock you away, medicate you into a vegetative state, or brainwash you into non-existence. Presently, there are more than forty official telephone numbers you can phone to rat someone else out in our country. Your betrayer never sleeps.

If you still think this book is about others, allow me to cruelly awaken you from your illusion—this book is about you! Get a random picture of yourself and cover the photo with your hand. Observe your suppressed right side (left on the picture) and try to deny your story. Ten to one says you can't. As soon as you discover your suppressed side, it is awakened. It wants to live. This book isn't for well-behaved and well-adjusted citizens busy securing their safe retirement; folks whose Sundays consist of mindlessly drifting around at their local furniture boulevard, spending their coupon-enhanced money. This book is a manual for (future) guerrilla warriors who want to escape the Matrix and start living fully—preferably this lifetime! It's a well-deserved tonic for the suppressed and asphyxiated sides of ourselves, which, by virtue of twenty years of education, indoctrination, and schooling, have been locked away deep within ourselves. If you're done with all that, if you're done being someone else's lackey,

take the picture of yourself, look at it properly and see what happens. Then, decide how you're going to free yourself.

Now that we've got to know each other a little better and you've given me the benefit of the doubt, I can share some more secrets about escaping the Matrix with you. Before we delve deeper into various techniques and curiosities, let's investigate what the main law dominating the Matrix is. To discover this law, all you need to do is turn over this book and look at its cover (becoming a little boring, isn't it?). Aside from my improbably cool pseudonym, the much-improved chrome Matrix logo and the attractive guerrilla warrior, is there anything else that catches your attention? I'll give you a clue. To discover the qualities of the Matrix, you can direct your consciousness to what isn't there. The Matrix will enchant your senses with impressions, thereby using your sensory experiences to convince you that your thoughts and emotions are real. So, what's missing on the cover? That's right—colour! The cover is in black and white. Duality. Good and evil. Yin and yang. Duality is the foundation of the Matrix. Your preferences and prejudices determine your reality in the Matrix, the world of illusion. All that's needed for this process to unfold is a barely noticeable computer programme which, at the time when your consciousness was still in the early phases of its development, nestled inside you like a Trojan Horse and started pretending to be you. It's so much a part of you that you probably cannot even recognise that it is a virus. You're so identified with it (and with that, the Matrix) that you don't even know it is not who you are, but an attachment; an add-on. Starting to understand why I sometimes have to rub you the wrong way? All I'm doing is scrambling your consciousness a little. If you let me, that is.

The first time I saw the film *The Matrix*, I myself was still in a deep slumber. I liked the film, but I understood very little of it. Thinking of all the people held captive inside the Matrix, its messages were lost on me. I didn't understand that the film was about me.

NEO: The Matrix.

MORPHEUS: Do you want to know what it is?

NEO: Yes.

MORPHEUS: The Matrix is everywhere. It is all around us. Even now, in this very room. You can see it when you look out your window or when you turn on your television. You can feel it when you go to work, when you go to

church, when you pay your taxes. It is the world that has been pulled over your eyes to blind you from the truth.

NEO: What truth?

MORPHEUS: That you are a slave, Neo. Like everyone else, you were born into bondage; into a prison that you cannot taste or see or touch. A prison for your mind.

I told you I like to misdirect you. With love. And I'm not the only one. Although *The Matrix* is without a doubt one of the coolest films ever made, it also continuously misdirects you. For years, Neo himself felt like something "wasn't quite right." Something was gnawing at him, like a splinter in his mind.

You don't have to be very perceptive to discover that our world is as polluted as the one in the film; the similarities are all over the place.

MORPHEUS: I'm trying to free your mind, Neo. But I can only show you the door. You're the one that has to walk through it.

The confusion created by the film and the reason why you bought this book, is encapsulated in the following: fighting the Matrix *is* the Matrix. In other words, the world itself isn't the Matrix; the Matrix is your resistance against it. The same applies to your attempts to adapt to the world. Everything is the Matrix; everything—except...

At the start of the film, Trinity asks one of the film's most potent questions. **It's the question that drives us: "What is the Matrix?"** What Trinity doesn't know is that this question binds, with hands and feet, Neo, and all other awakening inhabitants of Earth who loved the film, to that same Matrix. The Matrix is an illusory dream world that cannot be investigated, because doing so acknowledges its existence. The only question that can free you from the Matrix—and beware, this is the same question that puts a splinter in your mind (which can get badly infected)—is the question: **"What am I?"**

There was a time, somewhere between the age of four and seven, when you would ask one question after another. "Why do I have to go to school?" "What is that man doing?" "What is

the moon?” There’s a good chance you were sent packing with any number of nonsensical answers to your questions. You were probably given bullshit answers or told—attack is the best form of defence, after all—that you were being a nuisance asking so many questions. At times, you were told that you’d get your answers later. As you know, “later” never came; none of your questions were ever satisfactorily answered. The following, painful-but-true poem by Toon Tellegen poignantly demonstrates this dynamic:

*I was born and someone came up to me,
Placed a ladder against me and climbed up the ladder with on his back my soul and my thoughts.
It started to rain, and he jumped down and ran away to hide, calling to me as he ran: “Be
happy! Be happy!”
The sun came out, but no one climbed up the ladder again.
Nobody explained how to use my thoughts.
Nobody brought me my shadow.
Nobody removed the ladder.
Nobody told me that no one would return.*

§

9. WHAT IS THE MATRIX?

The Matrix is nothing. Truly. If it was something, I'd be able to direct you towards it. Nonetheless, we act like it's real—as real as life itself. Here's the deal. Once upon a time, there was a book. For a very long time, that book was considered to be true—wholly and completely true. People who doubted the validity of this book were locked away or burnt to a cinder, no questions asked. Missionaries were sent all over the world (this still happens today) to convert anyone with different beliefs to the book's message. Convert them to what? To the truth? Nope—to the Matrix!

This book starts in the same way that most fairy-tale books start—"Once upon a time..." or "A long time ago..." If ever you read something that starts like this, you as the reader know that you're reading a fairy tale. Well, this specific fairy-tale book starts with, "In the beginning was the Word." Whether you believe it to be true or not, that one sentence was at the root of the Matrix's software installation in the collective soul of humanity. Who could make up something so silly? More importantly, who could believe it? The answer? Almost everyone.

To break this curse, we have to delve deeper into the truth; penetrate it. (*Penetrate*—what a lovely word.) Let's start our investigation there. How can something be a "good" word? Probably because I've attached a bunch of nice memories to that word. Someone sexually abused at an early age will no doubt have different associations with the word. And with this, we've arrived at the top layer of this concept: words are ideas about reality—never more than that.

"In the beginning, there was the word"—the ultimate curse, has made us believe that God exists outside of us, like a father; a super spirit; some kind of a primal force. In any case, "God" is a heck of a lot bigger, stronger, and better than we humble humans are; God is someone or something with unlimited power and might. He only needed to say a few words to create the universe. The real story of creation could sound something like this:

In the beginning, there was nothing.

Out of nothing, something arose.

Something became everything.

But, of course, this kind of talk won't get you very far in the world, nor will it convert many of the poor indigenous people subjected to it. You cannot wage war in the name of the above, nor use it as a foundational belief to burn unbelievers on the stake. I can envision it: "Say it, say it! 'In the beginning, there was nothing.' You will burn forever if you do not repeat after me. 'In the beginning, there was nothing.'"

Let's not lose ourselves in entertaining thoughts though. This is serious. Just kidding! This is exactly what characterises the Matrix—the fact that you take your thoughts seriously and accept spoken (or written) words as truth. Words can never be true. It's that simple. Let's take a closer look at our anti-Matrix spell book. To find the most powerful counter spell, we need not look far. The *Tao Te Ching*, first verse: "The Tao that can be named is not the Eternal Tao." And that's all you need for the entire house of cards to collapse! (Not quite...) When Lao Tzu was forced to document his wisdom at the Chinese border, he of course started with the most important one. Obviously, the border guard who wanted to secure Lao's philosophy did wouldn't settle for one sentence. He ended up squeezing 81 more verses out of Lao, but let's be honest, it never got much better (nor could it) than the first verse.

While verses 2 to 82 are pearls of wisdom in their own right, the first verse of the *Tao Te Ching* is akin to dropping a hydrogen bomb in the Matrix and quickly closing the door. It deserves to be repeated: *anything that can be put into words can never be true*. Never mind "in the beginning..."—words always take you out of the Eternal Tao. It is here and now. Words posit your experience in time and space. They are always directed towards the past or the future; they are never here and now. That's the big secret. This is the mystical encryption conveyed by spiritual greats like Lao Tzu and Jesus Christ. The latter also stated that the kingdom isn't far removed from us, somewhere in the future, but that it is here and now, intimately close. The kingdom is your direct experience in the here and now, free from words. Et voila!

Words, ideas, concepts, symbols, values, norms—they have been programmed into you from the word go. "What existed prior to that?" you might ask. Your divine being. Before words entered your life (starting with your name), you were one with everything. The story of creation, therefore, doesn't refer so much to the world, but to the creation of your unique

Matrix persona. In the beginning, there was an enlightened little creature that fell from Heaven the day it was given a name and started seeing itself as a person. *Person*, as I'm sure you know, derives from the word *persona*, which is synonymous with *mask*. The moment you started to learn your words and identify with your name, you became exactly this—a mask; a character in a film, projected onto reality. The role you became in your own unique film became so lifelike because you entered this world a blank page. You had no frame of reference to compare it with.

There's a chance that, like Truman Burbank in *The Truman Show*, you crashed into the boundary of the décor set up around you. Perhaps your suspicions were aroused much earlier. Why do you think children in the West enter so-called puberty so intensely, or develop so-called disorders, like ADD or ADHD? Because their consciousness is being primed to be invaded by a virus. Of course, their innate being in them resists.

What makes the Matrix so real? Its strength, as previously stated, lies in the early age at which the propaganda starts. The fish will be the last to discover the water. The Matrix not only exists as software in your head—you also take it with you wherever you go. Since everybody grows up with the same virus, very few people are able to awaken from this nightmare. Society makes perfectly sure of that. Children who grow up into the Matrix are not only poisoned with words, causing them to plummet from the domain of the divine and into a film—it's numbers that make things truly horrific. Why else do you think the villain in *The Matrix* is called Cypher?

Words create a layer between you and reality; numbers subsequently make you believe this layer to be reality. Without numbers, it would be difficult to hardwire the software into your cells. This hardwiring requires emotion. Emotions such as anger, sadness, and fear, make it possible for consciousness to perceive itself. Consciousness itself knows words cannot be real. Nonetheless, confusion arises when numbers are thrown into the mix, since numbers express value. They show how well you have started to associate words with reality. You've had to learn one tome after another of words and word combinations. Numbers were used to show how adept you had become at this. "Good numbers" generated pleasant feelings. (To your consciousness, pleasant feelings feel like the truth.) "Bad numbers" caused unpleasant thoughts, feelings, and emotions to arise, causing you to either try harder or rebel against the system. Regardless of which strategy you adopted, the software nestled deep inside of you—right down to the cellular level.

Numbers not only express your value as a human being, they are also at the centre of another illusory layer of the Matrix: the concept of time. From an early age, you've learnt you have to be *on time*. You learnt that you have to rush; that certain things need to be learnt and done within a set time framework. If you're unable to, you're not okay (resulting in bad numbers). Later, as an adult, the software introduces an even more devious variant of individual valuation, the moment your value starts becoming expressed in money.

Because it doesn't take long for you to start feeling terrible with the Matrix software embedded inside of you, you start using your once-so-divine intelligence to develop and experiment with strategies to feel better. You start desiring. Every time something previously not yours becomes yours—is now “your possession”—you temporarily feel a little less miserable. The disadvantage here is that this relief is only temporary. Relief always is. As I'm sure you've noticed, your misery is deeply ingrained in your system. It never takes long to resurface. Your “search,” therefore, becomes one of neurotically striving to satisfy your needs. At an early age, you learnt that you need diplomas and certificates to survive in this sick society, and that to do this, you need good numbers. Good numbers demand you to conform; to take over the habits and ideas that dominate the Matrix; to sacrifice your true self.

Finally, once the Matrix (your mind) has become completely entangled in your being, you're allowed to set foot into the world. From this day onwards, you're a junkie; nothing is ever good enough and you're always craving more. Naturally, you're only ever given the minimum you need to survive. Have you ever noticed how, no matter how hard you work, you never seem to have enough; that the contents of your wallet never quite stretches far enough to make it to the end of the month? The whole Matrix system is so ingeniously constructed! Everything you think you need costs money, and you never have enough. As a result, you have to borrow to be able to move from A to B and buy or rent a place you get to call home. As soon as things seem to be going well, something inevitably breaks down on you, demanding you to invest more money to get it fixed. The solution? Work, work, work, until you're old, grey, and completely worn down. How we celebrate the fact that we are modern people; how we celebrate the fact that we have abolished slavery in our contemporary world. Don't get out the champagne just yet! Try breaking out! Call your boss on Monday morning and tell him, “I'm hereby ending my enslavement.” Undoubtedly, everything in you will go tense, because everything in this Matrix is based on words, numbers, time and money. You can't get out! Impossible! (Or so it seems...)

Give me a moment and I'll tell you where the crack in the Matrix is located. I wanted to first create a cliff-hanger (you know, the kind of thing they use at the end of the season of a soap series to make sure you return to watch the next), but I'm in a generous mood. Here's the crack in the Matrix: *the Matrix does not exist*. Do you know why it doesn't exist? Because, as I showed you in the first chapter, *you do not exist*. You, the person you think you are, only exist in the world of words, numbers, time, and money. Your virtual persona seems to exist there. But it's a carefully constructed illusion. A fata morgana, also referred to as *samsara*.

Does that mean I don't exist? Of course, you do—just not in the Matrix! The Matrix is completely fake, a cardboard reality. The first person to figure that out already featured in the aforementioned fairy-tale book. His (Jesus') statements have been taken somewhat out of context, like everything else in the Matrix. Do you remember what Jesus Christ said on the cross, when they getting ready to ram a few giant nails through his wrists? "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." This statement subsequently resulted in the whole Christian culture of forgiveness, but what Christ really meant was, "These people are hypnotised by Matrix software. They're living zombies. They don't know any better."

Are you starting to understand what being a Matrix guerrilla is all about? The whole thing is about waking up—waking up *in* the film; waking up *from* the film. Or as Christ said, "Being in the world, but not of the world." Waking up means identifying with your true self—with who you truly are. *You are nothing*. You're not a word nor a name. You're not your job or your role in this life. You're not the son or daughter of—even though you have a biological body that's starting to look more like Mum and Dad each day. You're none of all the above. You're certainly not the debts you have or, alternatively, your straight-as-an-arrow financial behaviour preventing you from falling into debt. You're also not your preferences, your political ideology, or lack thereof. You're not a number, not your age, not the money you make, nor your IQ. You're not your musical preference, regardless of how proud you are of how advanced it is. Everything with which you could identify is your Matrix persona.

So, what are you? You are timeless, beyond (or before) words, ageless. You are unborn, immortal. You are what remains when the Matrix software has been neutralised in your system. That's how your true being—that which has always and eternally been present in the background, untarnished and untainted—is revealed. Have you ever been around a dying person? Have you ever seen the look of bliss that appears on a person's face when everything

that person was attached to, including his or her health, falls away? True being shines through. When the curtain falls, the stage set is removed, and the lights go out, “something” real appears. But for this to happen, you must first demolish everything that which does not belong in your system. Everything you believe in—everything that can be expressed in words, in numbers, in money, in time—must die.

This must become your practice. The Matrix is nothing if not resilient (and that’s an understatement if ever there was one). With the outside world—the mainframe—as its proof, the Matrix’s software, will convince your brain of its validity each time anew. Again and again, you must breathe deeply to neutralise its software. Each time you believe what you’re being shown to be real, you sink deeper into the quicksand of the Matrix. *As with quicksand, you must learn to become motionless not to sink any deeper.*

As soon as you realise your Matrix persona is fake, you awaken. Realising, grasping that, is awakening—that’s the crux. And you will have to multiply these moments of realisation. In the beginning, you might read this, nodding in agreement while you read, only to drift off into a deep sleep for three months after setting aside this book, to subsequently be rudely awakened after crashing into one of the studio’s set pieces. You may have another type of wake-up call. (Trust me, there are many.) Use the following as your guiding principle: *no single thought you ever have is true*. If I think or form an opinion concerning the reality playing out within and in front of me, my Matrix software is active—the virus is stirring. I must therefore remain quiet, motionless, to see its functioning. Ha! That’s it! This is who you are. That’s where you’ve been hiding! Got it? You’re the one watching from the silence. *You are the silence. You are nothing!*

Each and every time you discover that you are that silent place within you from where you can watch everything going on around you without being swept away by it, your awareness of that silence grows. This is where you reside. This is where you’ve always resided. This is consciousness. This is who you truly are. This is to where you always return. Where else do you think you go each time you drift off into a deep, dreamless sleep (until your Matrix software starts stirring again and the idea that you are a dream persona is rebooted)? You’re not a dream persona though! You’re silent, dark, empty, eternal and timeless. Probably better not to tell your boss this on Monday morning when you inform him or her that you won’t be showing up for work any longer!

To rapidly neutralise your Matrix software, you need perseverance. Otherwise, the Matrix will cast its spell on you once more, hooking you on new ideas, concepts, money, problems, and desires. Therefore, you need a practice. You need a protective formula you can use in any situation. Let me see if I can jot something down for you.

Okay, this is it: *the reality you observe is perfect*. You could even say it's God. I'm sure you remember what nonsense we human beings have made of "In the beginning, there was the word..." It's like this: in the beginning, there was reality, as it is now, which is God.

Every time you catch yourself judging reality, you know your Matrix software is operational. *Every time—without exception*. The Matrix is the filter between you and reality. This means that every time you have an opinion about someone, or something that should be other than what reality is showing you, you know the Matrix is still running in you—without exception. Reality is always perfect. It is always divine just the way it is. On the other hand, the ideas you have of it and the opinions or judgements you shape of it are always expressions of the Matrix.

Wow, that's a powerful antidote! Using this formula in the right way, you will be able to neutralise your Matrix software in no time. And once your software has been neutralised, it won't be able to reattach easily. Consider it like the myth of Father Christmas. When you discovered that he wasn't real, was it likely that you'd return to believing he is real?

If you're serious about all this, one thing you can do is to keep a small book and a pen on your person, day and night. Every time your Matrix software takes you for a ride, simply write down what your judgement concerning reality is. "My boss *should* appreciate me more." "Bleh! It's raining." "I *should* be nicer to my child." "My mother *should* call me more often." "I'll get rid of those last few pounds after summer." "I *should* make more money." "The world is still in crisis." "People are so unfriendly these days." "I *should* eat more healthily." "There aren't that many jobs around." "Success is something you must earn."

We could continue like this forever, filling entire books, because this is what you continuously do—all day, every day, year in, year out. And with all these judgements, all these bits of Matrix code, you feed the virus with your emotional responses. Although these responses might go unnoticed to your brain, your consciousness is most certainly aware of them. And because you respond to them emotionally, your consciousness believes them to be real. This keeps you locked in a deep, deep hibernation, while everyone you meet is merrily sleepwalking alongside you. "And they lived happily ever after..."—sadly, this isn't the case,

because the crux of this dark fairy tale is that nobody (and I really mean nobody) inside the Matrix is ever genuinely happy. That's because they're soulless zombies; the living dead. To break out of that curse, you need mental fortitude, because the Matrix will continuously use the deepest, most primal level of your being (the level of fear) to manipulate you. Every time you are afraid, you will languidly acquiesce with whatever the Matrix demands of you—whether you want to or not. The mainframe of the Matrix—the derailed, soulless society—will absorb, devour, and exhaust you like the slave you are, only to spit you out like the chewed-up hull you have become.

The only way to escape this fate is to accept that there will be fear, to beat it, and to sabotage your software. As long as you continue to identify with your Matrix persona in any shape or form, you will remain a prisoner. Let's take a closer look at how this works.

§

10. WAKE UP!

Do you remember the scene in *The Matrix* in which Morpheus explains to Neo that the Matrix is a system? Neo sees a beautiful woman in a red dress and Morpheus asks him to take another look. The woman has changed into an Agent Smith and has a gun pointed at Neo's face. What intrigues me most about this scene is when Morpheus says:

You have to understand. Most people are not ready to be unplugged. And many of them are so inured and so hopelessly dependent on the system that they will fight to protect it.

It's true what Morpheus says—most people aren't ready to wake up from their dream yet. Let them sleep. Waking up from the Matrix is something you do on your own, because, as we shall see, there is nothing other than you. Nothing. You. Nothing. You. Not you as a person—you as consciousness. You are alone. All alone. You are the one. That might seem lonely, but that's just an illusion of the mind. How can everything be lonely?

When we take the film *The Matrix* too literally (which isn't difficult for the untrained mind), we can start to see the Matrix as something outside of ourselves. "The world has lost the plot, there are numerous conspiracies and evil geniuses keeping the world locked in ignorance"—all new toys for l'Ego. Same shit, different smell. At the end of the day, the Matrix is about creating a filter between you and reality and making that filter so lifelike that you respond to it emotionally, so that your consciousness—your soul—accepts it as truth. The Matrix loves presenting you with new material in the shape of wars, epic battles between good and evil, environmental questions, poverty versus wealth—the quantity of potential drama what we will henceforth be calling *the game* (games to fool your consciousness) is endless. Consider how ingenious modern 3D films are. The Matrix game is infinitely more ingenious, since it takes place *within* your consciousness, like an invisible filter, while you mistakenly believe it to be happening outside of you. As a result of this illusion, whole peoples form their opinions about the 3D live show they are witnessing, disagreeing with other groups, making the show seem even more real.

Therefore, stop debating. Debating only confirms the existence of Matrix, increasing the hold its software has your brain (and your heart). *Know that the highest truth is to not know.*

But what is the Matrix really? Firstly, it is, of course, simply an epic word. Imagine if I'd called this book something else—*Systemic Underground Resistance*, for instance. Would you still have bought it, you think? I don't think so either. (Or maybe you would... It's still kind of cool.) This would undoubtedly be a safer title, preventing me from being sued by the film industry. But, for now, let's assume it's not a problem. Who knows, they might even send me an email asking me for my permission to use my new-and-improved chrome Matrix logo.

This is precisely how the Matrix works (or how you can tell it exists)—via its self-fulfilling prophecy. You have particular assumptions about how things go and should work and, gosh darn it, they do. That's why I am able to freely use logos created by American film companies. Since I know in my heart it won't cause me any problems, it doesn't. Cool beans, no? The Matrix functions as a kind of overarching, mega software programme. You as the local client plug into it with your individualised version of its software. This makes it seem as though you determine what reality is—and for you as a local client, this is genuinely the case. The core of the Matrix runs on system software built on the programming language of fear. The calibrated response of the client is to (attempt to) (re-)establish control, with all the subsequent cramping this involves. Fear is the drive of all actions in the Matrix. If only one cell in my body was afraid of the consequences of my free use of the Matrix logo and the potential, incredibly expensive legal battle that might ensue as a result, I would undoubtedly manifest that alternative. The local client's fear attracts Agent Smiths, like Neo entering the Matrix in his Sunday best, shaping the world of samsara—the Matrix—in front of your eyes.

Once you understand and live by these principles, you become just as untouchable as Neo at the end of part I of the film. The bottom line can be simply put: *fear is the worst councillor for those who want to free themselves from the Matrix.*

Everything being fed by your fear materialises. Think of the prohibition of magic mushrooms. For decades, psychonauts and other travellers used these divine messengers as their *red pill* to break out of the Matrix and to explore other dimensions. There was not a single notable accident in all those years, aside from an impressive list of awakened souls (something which our Matrix society would certainly consider accidents). Then some human turd of a minister decided that the inquisition his party introduced five hundred years ago must be

adhered to. One of those inquisitorial prohibitions—frequently the cause of witches finding themselves being roasted alive or thrown into a lake to find out if they could float—was the possession and use of (healing) herbs and (sacred) mushrooms. Consequently, inquisition leader Klink leaked false messages in the media, lied to his political chums and, Bob’s your uncle, Sally’s your aunt, it’s raining men—dead men, to be precise.

And if all others accepted the lie which the Party imposed – if all records told the same tale – then the lie passed into history and became truth.

- George Orwell in *1984*

Once enough people start fearing something, the Matrix manifests that which is feared. In need of a war? Have a few radio-piloted aircrafts crash into some skyscrapers and point your accusing fingers at the Muslim community. Fan the flames of fear and the Matrix will manifest a sizeable enemy, lurking around every corner, ready to kill you. The enemy only exists in your head. The Matrix works *inside* your head, which is why you think and feel things to be real. One of the greatest Matrix rebels of all times, Hermes Trismegistus, said the following (and engraved it on an emerald table so that the message would never be lost): “As above, so below. As within, so without.” As you perceive yourself, so shall you perceive the external world. This is how the Matrix works—through your perceptions, your fears, your judgements, and your convictions. It can predict how you will respond to things with mathematical precision. This is another way to recognise the software in your mind—it lacks all manner of spontaneity or unpredictability.

Let’s take a look at what the *Tao Te Ching* has to say about the as-within-so-without principle. *Tao Te Ching*, verse 19 (oral tradition):

*Throw away holiness and wisdom,
And people will be a hundred times happier.
Throw away morality and justice,
And people will do the right thing.*

*Throw away industry and profit,
And there won't be any thieves.*

*If these three aren't enough,
Just stay at the centre of the circle
And let all things take their course.*

The Tao asks us to sacrifice our false, civilised, and feigned submissive mannerisms, and to start trusting our fallible true nature. Doing so not only benefits our own life, but that of all life—of life itself. Making peace with our fallible self, our inner family (the family of selves that exists within us, each with their different interests) will also find peace, and its members will communicate with each other harmoniously. *As within, so without.*

Thousands of years after its original transmission, and translated into the 21st century, this message has lost none of its original power—*the way you perceive the world is a projection of your inner world.* Between your inner and outer world lies a deceptive Matrix filter that makes what you perceive seem real by using feelings, emotions, and bodily sensations to convince you that what you are perceiving is absolutely true. *The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.* Trust me, whatever you are able to perceive—whether Hermes, the Tooth Fairy, Father Christmas, your worst enemy—is a projection of yourself, projected through the Matrix filters you inherited from Mum and Dad and fine-tuned over twenty years of education and schooling. With the help of your senses and the filters of the Matrix, you're able to perceive reality in time and space. Each perversion in your perception is, at the end of the day, your perception. Or as grandmaster guerrilla William Blake stated:

If the doors of perception were cleansed everything would appear to man as it is, Infinite.

This isn't what the Matrix is—this is only how it works. The Matrix is like Hinduism's Maya, the Goddess of Illusion. You have software locally running in your system with which

you plug into the mainframe and play your version of the Matrix's game. As long as you continue to be fed by fear, you will remain a meaningless terminal, ruled by the laws of the Matrix, until you take matters into your own hands and realise you are Neo, the One, and start hacking your own software. This is what it means to be a Matrix guerrilla, should you still be in any doubt. We'll return to this later. (If I remember. If not, you'll have to figure out how it works on your own. I had to too.) On a side note, thinking for yourself is the best way to hack your Matrix software. No longer a sheep bleating along with the dominant majority. Thinking for yourself and acting independently—that's how you hack the Matrix.

But thinking and acting independently isn't as easy as you might think, as we will see in a moment. The reason is that our software is infected with a virus. And most of us haven't yet installed a virus scanner nor given it the necessary updates. In fact, the virus is part and parcel of the operating system in our hardware. From father to son, mother to daughter, this twisted and infected operating system has been passed down from one generation the next. The virus is so deeply ingrained within us that many of the world's brightest minds have not been able to discover nor neutralise it. The reason is that it is such a fundamental part of what we are. It flies under the radar, because it *is* the radar. It is the foundation of all our thinking—of everything with which we are identified. Everything of which you might say, “this is what and who I am,” is infected. Everything to which you are attached and which you consider part of you keeps you attached to and locked inside the Matrix. In fact, who you think you are is the Matrix. Scary shit, don't you think?

Incarnation after incarnation, fear has been the driving force that kept you and others bound by triggering your identification and attachment with what you falsely believe to be you, resulting in the desire to control things. Fear is why your subscription to the Matrix keeps getting renewed. The Matrix is hyper intelligent: it knows you will always opt to save your own skin, choose comfort, denial, safety and the satisfaction of your own needs (at the expense of others, if need be). How else can you explain why the world in which we live, in which one half of the human population dies of the effects of obesity while the other half starves to death, is so crazy? It's the Matrix coding that keeps our sick world chugging along the way it does. You won't notice any of this, living inside your own, comfortable, projected dream world. You are ruled by your ego, which we will undoubtedly be investigating a little later. We'll have to, because only by getting to know its sizeable bag of tricks, do we have a hope of getting out

from underneath it. If we're not able to, we will remain sleepwalking slaves, sacrificing truth for the relative comfort of our cramped little lives.

Believe it or not, we always have the choice whether we want to continue sleeping or whether we wake up. We can betray ourselves and our fellow warriors, much like Cypher did in the film *The Matrix*, turning us in to Mr Smith and choosing a comfortable life with a prominent position with money, power, and status inside the Matrix—or we can wake up and orientate ourselves to the pure, raw, and untainted truth. It's up to you. It's your life—your game.

It wouldn't surprise me if the dynamic of this game seems familiar to you. Life after life, you have been reminded of this game; like a splinter in your mind, the truth will always continue demanding your attention. As a child, you may have caught glimpses of the eternal truth hidden underneath the Matrix. The Matrix will always try to intimidate you; to make you fearful and convince you that you're separate from everything else. The fear of not existing, of dissolving, dying, living a meaningless existence—all common Matrix dynamics. As we will be seeing later, your response to these fears is what shapes your ego. The fear that most shapes you is humanity's greatest collective fear—the fear of not existing. Ironically, what you're most afraid of—not existing—is already the case. You have never existed. Everything with which you identify on any level is simply another manifestation of the Matrix. The first person to discover that was a man called Siddhārtha Gautama, commonly known as the Buddha, and founding father of Buddhism (although he himself was never a Buddhist). The Buddha spent his entire life going inwards. He meditated for many years, only to discover that there is no self. However spiritual, romantic, and appealing most “Buddhist” lessons (love for your fellow man, compassion, friendliness) appear, if you truly want to walk the path of the Buddha, you'll have to let go of all the feel-good stories and search for truth. And that truth will always be the same truth; the truth that you are nothing.

Death would lose its threatening nature if we were certain of our continued existence. It's the thought of dissolving into nothingness that makes us desperate. Of course, the Matrix and its representatives know how to play us, keeping us chained with fearful thoughts for aeons. Nonetheless, death also contains the key to our freedom. If you regularly meditate on themes like death, infinity, spaciousness, timelessness (or any number of other topics you weren't

afraid to investigate as a child), you will come face to face with the mystery behind the Matrix. This is where things get really fun!

The Matrix as we know it has been with us since the dawn of time. It not only determines how you think and behave, but the thinking and behaviour of (almost) all people who have ever existed. The Matrix seems so real because only a select few people have managed to escape it. Many such freedom fighters find themselves nailed to a cross, shot in the back of the head, or burnt at a stake at some point during their lives. Escaping, therefore, is not without its dangers, which is why this book centres on what may be called the “light variant” of escaping the Matrix—internal guerrilla warfare! You can always decide to rewrite your personal script and become a martyr, joining the ranks of the Gandhis, Christs, and Martin Luther Kings of the world. For the time being, I’m assuming you’re worth more to the resistance movement by awakening within the dream.

As stated, the Matrix has been with us since the dawn of time (although Laurence Fishburn and Keane Reeves hadn’t yet been given roles to play in prior versions). Almost all ancient creation stories refer to an all-connecting Matrix, mythologically often represented as a web. Whether you reach out to Native Americans or yogis, Buddhist scriptures, or shamans living deep inside the world’s (dwindling) rainforests, the tribe elders and other sacred-wisdom holders will almost always direct you towards the dawn of time and this all-encompassing web. Following in the slipstream of world’s wise men and women, creation’s nitwits—scientists—are also slowly concluding that there is an all-connecting field of infinite possibilities. This field was discovered last century and is now being called the zero-point field. Thousands of years ago, this field was known as the Akashic Field or Indra’s Net. Chief Seattle:

Man did not weave the web of life; he is merely a strand in it. Whatever he does to the web, he does to himself. Everything is interwoven with everything else. Everything is connected.

Let’s not lose ourselves in old folkloric or scientific insights. They don’t amount to much. Many writers spend their early lives as the brightest of their class delving into them without ever becoming conscious of the true implications of the Matrix, or ever even catching a glimpse of it. They sprinkle their conversation with complicated Eastern concepts and/or scientific

proofs, much like the mythological Sandman sprinkles sand into people's eyes, causing them to drift off into an even deeper sleep. They do so unconsciously, because even the most powerful intellects among them rarely know they're asleep. The vast majority of published books have been run through the Matrix's filtering mechanism and will therefore also only cause you to drift into a deeper sleep. Of course, publishers never use this kind of language, preferring instead to refer to what they do in terms of market forces, target audiences, print runs, promotion budgets, and other words incomprehensible to the awakened mind. Why should you have to promote something good? Bakers who bake delicious bread naturally attract more customers, based on their reputation and the recommendations of others, don't they? The truth is that bakers no longer make bread. Bread is made in factories, where soulless flour, ground to a fine dust and devoid of almost any nutritional value, is used to produce near-identical breads that get most of their flavour from artificial additives. This is where the necessity for advertisement campaigns is born. The same applies to most books; they rarely contain any authentic nutrition. This how marketing works. Welcome in the Matrix.

If I start using complicated language, please don't think it's because I'm trying to impress you (unless you're a shapely, olive-skinned specimen of the female persuasion). I exclusively use terminology illustratively, to clarify my point. I prefer to avoid the use of difficult language wherever possible. Trying to be interesting is a sign of the M (of McDonald's). KISS is the motto: *Keep it simple, stupid*. If you can't express whatever it is you have to say in simple language, don't say anything at all. *We cannot make it any more fun, but we can make it easier*—the slogan of the tax authority in the Netherlands. (You know, those bastards with their blue, it's-time-to-pay-up envelopes that somehow always manage to find their way to your letterbox.) Few things in the universe can boast such pinpoint accuracy as those blue envelopes. Blue pills, blue envelopes—by the time we're no longer worried about such things, we have been hermetically sealed inside the Matrix. In future, let blue letters be a reminder of their true sender—Forgetfulness Inc.

Writing in this manner, it's easy for me to lose my train of thought. What were we discussing again? Oh, I remember! "In the beginning..." Let's go as far back in time as we can to discover what lies at the foundation of the Matrix. For now, let's just assume that (almost) all written documents have been checked and censored by the Matrix. Of course, there have been a few exceptions, such as the gnostic Nag Hammadi scriptures, discovered last century and featuring the true teachings of Christ, instead of those confessional Matrix books that Peter

put together soon after Christ had kicked the bucket and gone to meet the creator of light entertainment in the sky.

The keepers of Christ's original teachings, the Cathars, were disenfranchised by the Pope, one of the Matrix's final bosses, almost a thousand years ago; a whole people wiped off the face of the earth. The Cathars were Matrix guerrilla warriors of the highest order. Posthumous kudos to our fallen comrades and a big, fat finger to all those young-boy-fiddling-absurd-clothes-wearing so-called religious men.

Another esoteric scripture of tremendous value that I've already mentioned here is Lao Tzu's *Tao Te Ching*. Read both scriptures to your heart's content—they will both help you in your awakening process. I'll include the occasional quote when needed. Nonetheless, to discover the origin of the Matrix, we will have to consult a tradition that has been exclusively passed down from mage to mage—the secret, so-called “Cosmic Tradition.” It is secret with good reason. One need only look at the fate that has befallen many of the keepers of this wisdom tradition shamans to see why it has been kept secret. Witches, Cathars, Bwitis, druids, Taoists and other masters passing on this tradition are hunted down and threatened with death to this day. The overwhelmingly Christianity-inspired torment of the world continues, day in, day out. You won't read about it in a newspaper nor find any items about it on television, because the Matrix's final bosses completely dominate these media forms. Ask a random Mayan shaman from Ecuador or Peru what happened to his village and you'll discover what's going on quick enough. There is a modern-day inquisition going on. If you don't have any Mayan shamans handy, give Martin Pregtel's *Secret of the Talking Jaguar* a shot. Mr Pregtel is a Matrix guerrilla warrior who barely escaped the Matrix's clutches, escaping by the skin of his teeth with an immensely important shamanic relic, the so-called “Magic Heart of the World,” before the Agent Smiths were able to rob it, which would have robbed shamans worldwide of their powers.

I digress (and will do so plenty more times...). Better get used to it (or drift off into forgetfulness again)! Where were we? Oh yeah—the highly secret Cosmic Tradition, protected by the greatest guardians of the planet. “But how did Lars get this information?” you might be wondering. That's a secret I'm afraid I only share with blonde or Arabic ladies after lectures. The Cosmic Tradition is an oral tradition, after all! (Oral in the sense of oral transmission, should your mind have wandered elsewhere (you dirty pervert!).

As a reward for your loyalty and patience, I'll give you a sneak preview of what the Cosmic Tradition's about (and not how she came to me). These kinds of stories almost always start with "In the beginning..." This one is no different.

§

11. THE COSMIC TRADITION

In the beginning, there was the One. Don't confuse the One with the Other, because there was no Other yet. This might be hard to envision, but there was a "time" when the One was all there was. There was only unity. I'm sure you've noticed that Neo, the protagonist of *The Matrix*, is an anagram of (the) One.

AGENT SMITH: Did you know that the first Matrix was designed to be a perfect human world? Where none suffered, where everyone would be happy. It was a disaster. No one would accept the programme. Entire crops were lost. Some believed we lacked the programming language to describe your perfect world. But I believe that, as a species, human beings define their reality through suffering and misery. The perfect world was a dream that your primitive cerebrum kept trying to wake up from. Which is why the Matrix was redesigned to this: the peak of your civilisation.

Unity was perfect. However, unity couldn't know itself—in the same way that an Eskimo cannot know a bikini, or a nomad in the desert cannot fathom the existence of an igloo, simply because they lack the necessary referential framework to envision such items. It's almost unimaginable to us children of the dual, Matrix-filtered world, but once upon a time, in the beginning, there was only the One. The One wanted to know itself and gave the Great Mother, the formative power of the universe, the task of creating the Four Asuras. Based on this story, we can deduce that the Great Mother has always existed alongside the One. Yin and Yang; creation and formation; male and female; hard and soft; pointy and round; skinny and curvaceous—in short, duality. See how much fun these stories become when we jazz them up a little? Can you imagine what it would have been like had I been your history teacher in secondary school? Undoubtedly, many a lesson would have devolved into drinking games, using copious quantities of drugs, playing strip poker, ending in a mild orgy. For the sake of the story (and my legal position), I should note that all my students in this hypothetical scenario are at least 18 years old. "How's that possible at a secondary school?" you might ask. Naturally, it's because all my students are constantly getting held back because we only ever

spend time having fun and rarely do any curriculum-based studying. Obviously, the most attractive blonde and Arabic students (exclusively female) would be treated to no end of “extra classes,” in which I’d give them the secret (oral) initiation of the Cosmic Tradition.

Right! I’m sure you understand we had to scramble the Matrix there. I’ll be doing so each time I feel like the agents of the Matrix are closing in. As soon as I start talking about women or about using mind-enhancing substances, you know the drill. Of course, I’m sure you understand that none of the aforementioned activities are within my personal sphere of interest; my referring to them in this book is purely functional. Whenever I do, the Matrix and its agents will quickly lose interest, thinking we’re entangled in the illusory world of Maya and its *ten thousand things*. Neither Maya nor her plaything, the Matrix, are equipped to deal with my cheesiness and inappropriate innuendos. I’ll let you in on a little secret: to remain caught inside the Matrix, you have to believe in it.

None are more hopelessly enslaved than those who falsely believe themselves to be free.

- J. W. von Goethe

Your deep-rooted fears attract the Matrix in the same way that Winnie the Pooh is drawn to honey. True Matrix masters are recognisable by how few fucks they give about social conventions. They often kick the bucket at an early age, like Theo van Gogh or Pim Fortuyn.

All right, the coast is clear—we can continue. I was saying something important—what was it? Right! I remember. Had I been your history teacher, we’d have had so much fun that skipping class would never even have crossed your mind—not even for a moment. I’d have taught you all the ways to use opium, we’d have covered the history of computer games and played *Final Fantasy X* in multiplayer mode, taking it in turns to cry about Yuna and the loss of Kimahri’s horn. I would have brought all my vinyl records and, while our heads were bopping to the beat, talked about the history of House music, all the while enjoying none but the purest MDMA crystals. We’d watch *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* (obligatory) and take all the drugs featuring in that film, after which I’d test you on the use of LSD, mescaline and all the other chemical delicacies I’d fed you while blindfolded. And I would—scramble, scramble—entrust you with chunks of coded information concerning the Cosmic Tradition. We’re probably

make it into a special ritual and ingest the Amazon's sacred beverage, ayahuasca, while we were at it. We'd cover the windows and delve deep inside ourselves—there where the Matrix has no hold over our consciousness. Grandmother Ayahuasca would introduce us to the ins and outs of the Tradition and use images to show us what I can only try to convey in words here. She would tell us how the Great Mother transformed the creative wish of the One and created the Four Asuras; the four forces which together express unity. Great Mother formed Light, Truth, Bliss and Life; the four perfect forces that came together in the birth of the universe.

In deep trance, Grandmother Ayahuasca would take us with her to the dawn of time and enchant us with her colourful visions. She wouldn't have to use mischievous language to scramble the Matrix, but would be able to openly show you how the Four Asuras—the primordial gods— became stuck in the creation process. Each Asura felt itself to be omnipotent, believing itself to be God, the One. As a result, what had been one in diversity developed a shadow side. Ayahuasca would show us the pain that this separation caused—deep, raw pain, palpable in all cells of our bodies; the kind of pain we ordinarily prefer to give a wide berth. Monstrous shadows, inciting humanity to engage in the worst acts it is capable of—abuse, genocide, destruction, and malevolence. She would show us the pain and fear that feeds the Matrix, which feels real because we believe it to be true; the pain and fear that keeps the illusion in place, because we're always looking to escape it—this primal pain of the gods.

Due to the Asuras' attempts to hold onto power and the division this caused, new forces were created. As your history teacher, I'd talk about the different creation stories and the story of the fall of man, which is common to most creation stories. I would include the biblical story of Lucifer, representing one of the Four Asuras. The spirit of the ayahuasca we'd ingested would beckon me to silence, showing you and letting you feel how the first Asuras transformed into their opposites; how light became darkness, truth became lies, bliss became suffering, and life became death. Many millions of years ago, darkness, deceptiveness, suffering, and death became the dominant forces of the universe. Don't be fooled—they still are. Dark forces rule this world. And anybody who names and exposes them quickly becomes acquainted with the darkest forces in existence. Anyone who becomes conscious of what is truly going on underneath the hood of the Matrix can expect to be obstructed in many different ways. Therefore, make sure never to tell anybody this story in its unscrambled form!

Please also refrain from using it as your opening line when approaching a beautiful, shapely blonde of Arabic lady. Asking women whether they would like to come back to your bachelor pad to learn out about the secrets of the Cosmic Tradition only works for true grandmasters of guerrilla warfare (in this case, me). (This is unless you consider a drink thrown in your face a symbol of success, of course.) Believe me, when we're done here, you will no longer need opening lines. If you're persistent, you could try the hopelessly dated: "Did it hurt when you fell from the sky?" (I'm receiving a signal from my anti-Matrix control room that it's safe to continue). "Onwards. Ever onwards." This is the advice of awakened guerrilla warrior Jed McKenna, who wrote three books you could consider manuals of Matrix guerrilla warfare.

Keep walking, though there's no place to get to.

Don't try to see through the distances.

That's not for human beings.

Move within, but don't move the way fear makes you move.

- Rumi

Onwards, then. We cannot stand still. Standing still is moving backwards. And going backwards, we decay, ultimately finding ourselves in the firm grip of the Matrix. Let's continue then! We now know which forces rule the Matrix; they are Darkness, Deceit, Suffering, and Death. These are precisely the forces you tend to observe in abundance when you switch on the six-'o-clock news (exactly according to plan). Nothing in this universe occurs outside of the unfoldment of its perfect plan. Nothing. Statement: "Guerrilla warriors (like ourselves) can only develop faced with strong opposition"—true or false? In other words, we're right on track; the plan is unfolding exactly as it should be unfolding.

The One got to know himself quite well in the duality he unwittingly created. He asked the Great Mother to convert the corrupted Asuras of Darkness, Deceit, Suffering, and Death. To do so, the Great Mother created four new Asuras. But no matter how hard she tried, these new Asuras were powerless in the face of the four corrupt primary Asuras. All attempts failed; the evil ruling the world was simply too strong. The Great Mother realised that the universe would never amount to much with these ingredients, and that the stalemate between good and evil

would exist forever. At the request of the One, she came up with a solution, introducing Love as the fifth element of the universe. This all-embracing, capital-L Love is not the romanticised I-love-you-baby love we all know so well from the countless pop songs that make our Matrix hearts frequently skip a beat. Love in the dual world of the Matrix is conditional and easily transforms into its polar opposite, hate, once the person feeling it is no longer getting what he or she needs. Hate is simply frozen love. Many contemporary writers violate the world by stating that fear is the opposite of love, something which, I'm sure you understand, is utter bullshit. It's just mainstream nonsense. Fear stands alone. Fear is like the engine room of the Matrix. It is the energy we all want to get away from, but, in our attempt to do so, causes us to walk straight into the open arms of the Matrix, which will always be more than willing to hand us a toy from its catalogue of ten-thousand distractions to keep us occupied and temporarily forgetful of our underlying fear.

Love with a capital L is of an all-together-different nature. Please don't confuse it with the love I feel for beautiful women. That love is more like an animalistic gravitational pull, as I'm sure you already suspected. Love with a capital L is consciousness; the light of consciousness; *the Love of accepting that which is unconditionally*. Most importantly, it is *the Love of knowing your true nature*. Dark forces do not stand a chance against this Love. Knowing it makes us guerrillas of Love. (I'm sure you also understand that had I put that on the cover, you probably wouldn't have made it this far—and I need you, recruit.) A bit of cheating, if done with the right intent, is permitted. In fact, "all is fair in love and war," as the saying goes. So, tend to your wounds and don't look so downtrodden. To become a good guerrilla warrior, you'll have to learn how to cheat. You won't last a second in the Matrix if you don't. And you'll have to become conscious, sleepyhead, to fight with Love—or rather, to stop fighting in the name of Love. Capital-L Love means accepting everything in the universe just the way it is. The Matrix will always push you to choose to love one thing and reject the other. Guerrillas train to become masters of Love. Guerrilla master Chuang Tzu gave us several important, secret clues, more than two thousand years ago:

Life arises from death and death arises from life.

What arises is destined to decay.

If there is left, there must be right.

The correct exists by the grace of the incorrect.

By denying, we affirm; yes exists thanks to no.

This is why the wise man does not judge.

Heaven illuminates his path.

He sees the relativity of thoughts and opinions.

His insight is based on not knowing.

§

12. NEVER-ENDING WAR

The Four Asuras or primary opposites are dual pairs (like Neo and Agent Smith; the Architect and the Oracle); they cannot defeat each other. Their competing with one another would lead to a never-ending war, much like the situation we find ourselves in in the world today. The fifth element, however, is of a completely different order. Light has Darkness as its opposite; Truth has Deceit; Bliss knows Suffering; Life has Death. But Love—the acceptance of everything that manifests in the dual world—has no opposite. Capital-L Love (also, pure consciousness) is something you can discover for yourself. “How?” you ask? By becoming Neo; by becoming the One. Once the splinter has nestled in your mind, there’s no way back—you will have to continue onwards. The way to move forward is to ask the right questions and to not rest until you’ve discovered the truth.

“What am I?” You’re the fifth force, the all-embracing element Love. The Matrix will do everything in its power to prevent you from discovering this. Remember our mindfulness test? To discover your true nature, you must be silent. Try being silent inside yourself while holding the question, “What am I?” You will hear and see the Matrix in action. You will see its gears grind. The Matrix will dig deep, unleashing every form of distraction at its disposal to keep you from nearing this question (and its inevitable answer). It will bring forward one of an infinite number of games, which you will assume to be “your life.” This couldn’t be further from the truth. *The Matrix is a game; your life, as it presents itself to you.* Are there any exceptions to this rule? Nope. Everything is Matrix. Everything! What is real? The only thing that is real is the answer to your question, “What am I?” Some people instead ask the question “Who am I?”, but this question guides you straight back into the Matrix, because *who* refers to your identity, which by its very nature is a manifestation of Matrix coding. “What am I?” takes you straight to the only right answer, and the only element untouchable by the Matrix. *Nothing* is the only possible answer to your question (if you learn to be quiet enough within yourself to hear the answer). I’ll get into these questioning and listening techniques in more detail later.

With Love in our toolbox, we are able to resist all dark forces. In fact, all darkness disappears when confronted with this energy called Love (also known as the Holy Grail or the Clear White Light). With this supramental Love energy—the energy of total acceptance of that

which is—at our side, we can heal our wounded ego and hack the Matrix’s coding, one code at a time. One splinter at a time, we will neutralise the infection of our minds, as Truth is our witness. But all in good time! Stay with me and we’ll get there eventually.

However, before we start disassembling the ego, let’s first have a look at what’s expected from us as fledgling guerrilla warriors. As I have previously explained, our struggle to escape the intoxicating influences of the Matrix and its illusory existence has been a struggle of all ages. There have been people resisting it for as long as humanity has walked our planet. There have always been people who saw through the Matrix; people who wouldn’t allow themselves to be fooled by the Veil of Maya; people who were rebellious, anti-authoritarian; people who wouldn’t accept the fairy tales of which the rulers of their times tried to convince them. One such person was called Arjuna. Arjuna is the mythical warrior in the *Bhagavat Gita*, a story thousands of years old. Stepping in his shoes for a moment, we can learn one of the primary lessons any Matrix guerrilla can ever learn—*nothing in the Matrix is as it seems*.

In the story, Arjuna is on the verge of a horrible battle, which he knows will be the death of his family, friends, and teachers. He falls to his knees and is unwilling to give the signal to attack when Krishna appears to him, showing him why he must continue the war. Krishna explains to Arjuna that if he thinks a person can kill or be killed by another person, he’s mistaken. *Nothing is what it seems*.

The second lesson comes from another story about a king who asks a famous master to help him become enlightened. The master agrees and demands all the king’s possessions as the price for his enlightenment. After agreeing, the master gives the king a ring with the engraving, “This too will pass.”

Nothing is what it seems and *this too will pass* are the two most important messages Matrix guerrillas need to escape the illusion that exists all around them. Everybody and everything in the Matrix (and this includes your ego!) will try to make sure that things remain as they are.

SPOON BOY: Do not try and bend the spoon. That's impossible. Instead, only try to realise the truth.

NEO: What truth?

SPOON BOY: There is no spoon.

NEO: There is no spoon?

SPOON BOY: Then you'll see, that it is not the spoon that bends, it is only yourself.

When you step outside the Matrix, you're on your own. This is what the ancient scriptures tell us. You'll have to learn to stand on your own two legs, independent of the approval of others. You'll have to learn to act and think for yourself. Most people will say you're crazy. Your mother and father, your children, your employer, your postman, your blonde or Arabic friend—they are all part of the conspiracy. (More accurately, there isn't a conspiracy (that they're aware of)—everybody is simply playing his or her role in the Matrix's unfolding, like in the film *The Truman Show*, which I'm sure you remember. Everything seems real, until Truman crashes his little boat into the edge of the studio and discovers everything in his world is fake.) This is what awakening from the Matrix looks like. The only difference is that the actors in *our* Matrix will continue maintaining they're real until the very end. There's no point subjecting your mother to torture in the hopes of getting her to crack and admit she's been manipulating and lying to you since childhood. The poor woman doesn't even know that she has been! Your father is no more than a foot soldier whose orders, like teaching you to speak with two words ("Yes, sir!" "No, sir!") and sending you to school, originated at the very top. Everybody and everything that surrounds you is unconscious, and as such, will neither provide you with a frame of reference nor support for your processes awakening from the dream. They are all living zombies! Tell your physician or psychiatrist about being a Matrix guerrilla, and just wait and see how long it takes before you're treated to a cocktail of pills, folded into a comfortable straitjacket and given a nice, big label to carry for the rest of your life. (Something like *psychotic* or *schizophrenic* will fit the bill nicely.) You're on your own, Warrior of Love. (Always have been, in case you're wondering...) You might have sensed it before; felt like something in your seemingly ordinary world wasn't quite right; that there should be more to life than the nine-to-five world most people are tied up in.

By the way (and this is an important point), guerrilla warriors who want to break out of the Matrix don't use violence. It's not that they shy away from violence—they simply know that it doesn't serve any purpose. Violence breeds more violence, creating precisely that which the Matrix loves so much—negative emotion. The Matrix and the original Asuras love hatred, violence, envy, jealousy, and resentment. There are few other emotions as effective at keeping

you locked in the Matrix. Do you remember the scenes from *The Matrix* in which Mr Smith quickly manifests in random passers-by? He uses their emotions to do this. This is exactly how the original, dark Asuras manifest in the unknowing. They make use of their greed, gluttony, jealousy, and other holes in their consciousness, using their low-frequency emotions to take them over.

A Matrix guerrilla knows that everything passes and nothing is what it seems. This enables him to respond with detachment and accept the world as it presents itself. Is what I'm saying here starting to dawn on you? It's fine. Whether you "get it" or not is all part of the game. Continue playing in the Matrix or opt out—it really doesn't make any difference. Or, as Krishna says to Arjuna in the *Gita*, "In the end, they all return to me." Krishna represents none other than the One; the divine being that wants to know itself. Everything is part of its setup—including the corrupted Asuras, all the death and destruction in the world, all beauty, all disease, all love and all hate. Everything! In the end, everything will dissolve into unity as though there never was anything else. In fact, there never was anything else, although the Matrix will do its best to make you believe in opposites and to resent and fear the manifestations of the dual world. This is what the Matrix runs on; indeed, this is what the Matrix is. It is a filter over your consciousness—your thinking mind—that creates a layer between you and the experience of unity. Perceiving that there never was anything other than unity, and allowing that to permeate your being on all levels, is what it means to awaken from the nightmare. Seeing that you are nothing—empty, all-embracing—will kill the Matrix in an instant.

Psych! Just you wait until you receive your next blue tax letter, or your partner, tired of all your vague Matrix talk, decides to leave, or you suddenly find you have an incurable disease. The scenarios that the Matrix can manifest for you is endless. And you will fall for its bag of tricks over and over, life upon life, until one day you are sufficiently fed up that you decide to break out; until the splinter has been burrowing its way into your mind has penetrated deeply into your consciousness. When this occurs, you may stand a chance. "What am I?" *Nothing*. Can a tax assessment, the loss of a job or a loved one truly hurt me? No, of course not! Nothing is what it seems, and everything changes. Take a moment to decide whether you are ready to see through all Matrix's games. But don't take too long—one moment of inattention and you may drift off into another deep sleep. Who knows how long you will slumber? Wake up! Now!

What is also interesting to know is what exactly Krishna means when he says “In the end, they all return to me.” Since last century, scientists, yogis, and other enlightened masters agree that the universe started with the Big Bang. In contrast to what most scientists claim (that the universe is spreading out), Krishna states that everything is in the process of returning to its source. The *Tao Te Ching* also explains that everything eventually returns to its source; everything consists of energy waves returning to the One. Do you remember the scene with the vase that Neo knocks over when he’s meeting the Oracle? She warns him that he’s going to knock it over, which is exactly what he ends up doing. Neo asks her how she could possibly know that he was going to knock it over, after which the Oracle asks him whether he would have knocked it over if she hadn’t said anything. The same theme returns when Neo believes that, based on her prediction, he has to choose between his own or Morpheus’ death. Everything is predetermined—or isn’t it?

But why, if everything is predetermined, revolt or resist? Naturally, the answer is that you’ll be able to hang out with me for a while of course. I mean, let’s be honest—how cool would that be? Should you decide, like Cypher in *The Matrix*, to betray us for an exuberant array of rewards in the Matrix, at least you will have had a fun time, right?

Did you know that making *The Matrix* cost 61 million euros? What do you think the real Matrix, the reality that we experience on a day-to-day basis, and which has been shaped into an illusory web of cause and effect by the goddess Maya and the Four Asuras, costs? Add all GDPs of all countries across all time and you will have an idea of how large a number the answer to my question is. Say what you want, but Maya is an excellent hostess who does everything in her power to entertain her guests. The real-life Matrix has the coolest special effects, the best casts. Had she been a film at the Academy Awards, she would undoubtedly win all awards each time. Moreover, the world created by Maya touches you at the deepest emotional level. The real-life Matrix seems so real because, without you being aware of this, you have 3D goggles built into your operating software. After we start demolishing your filter, you’ll be able to see the world as it is—flat, illusory, temporary, and predictable. For the time being, enjoy your 3D vision. (Or stop reading here, and you might escape with only a mild case of insanity and a lingering, gnawing sense of curiosity).

THE ORACLE: Oh, don't worry about it. As soon as you step out that door you'll start feeling better. You'll remember you don't believe in any of this fate crap. You're in control of your own life... Remember?

That which has a cause cannot remain forever; that which is causeless can be eternal. Always remember this when you are happy. Ask yourself, "Does my happiness have a cause?" If your happiness has a cause, it is better to be sad, because your happiness will be taken away from you. It is already gone; it has already left you. Sooner or later you will realise it is gone. Cause and effect are part of a world in flux, the dream world the Hindus call *Maya*. That illusion is fleeting like a dream. And if you believe in it, it becomes a nightmare. If you do not believe in it, you can set the illusion aside and focus on the witness, and the witness has no cause.

- Osho

§

13. THE KEY TO BREAKING OUT OF THE MATRIX

γνῶθι σεαυτόν

He who knows people is wise.

He who knows himself is enlightened.

- Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*

In the film *The Matrix*, the key to unravelling the Matrix is hidden well. At a certain point, Neo visits the Oracle. While you as the film's watcher are still busy figuring out whether Neo would have broken the vase if the Oracle hadn't said anything, you might have missed what this scene is really all about—the signpost above the door that reads *Temet Nosce* (know thyself). Perceptive observers will find cryptic clues scattered throughout the film. Of course, the Oracle character in the film is a nod to the Pythia, the Oracles of Delphi, the line of high priestesses thought to channel the voice of the god Apollo in the time of the Ancient Greeks. Above their temple, there was a signpost that read *Gn ti Seauton*, which means the same as *Temet Nosce* from *The Matrix*—know thyself. *Know that you are the Matrix*. Whatever you believe to be you is in fact the Matrix. It is with good reason that the path leading away from the Oracle of Delphi reads *ἡδὲν ἄγαν*, which means *Meden Agan* (nothing in excess). It is intended to ensure that you understand that everything you believe to be you is but a dream—a part of the dreamworld I am referring to as the Matrix here. It also means that after having visited the temple and seen the truth—now knowing yourself—there is nothing you can take with you from the temple. You are nothing—everything else is an illusion. It also signifies the ultimate—death—which, again, doesn't allow you to take anything with you. And since you are nothing, and yet alive, you are immortal. Nothing is the essence of your being—nothing is the essence of everything. This is why you can never die.

This is the reason that the Oracle of Delphi pointed towards one man as the wisest in the world—Socrates. Socrates' adage was "I know that I know nothing," instantly making him one of the most powerful Matrix guerrillas you can imagine. But Socrates wasn't the only wise

guerrilla to discover his essence. Lao Tzu, who, according to legend, spent 81 years inside his mother's womb (plenty of time to reflect, you'd think!), arrived at the same conclusion as Socrates. In a few sentences, this wise old man was able to record the essence of what it means to be a Matrix guerrilla:

Dear Prince, believing in the reality of images is the same as believing in the unreality of images. Neither are more than concepts separating us from direct, intuitive contact with the integral truth. Knowing what truth is knowing nothing, but if one knows truth, there is nothing which one does not perceive.

Seeing everything means seeing nothing special, and yet there is nothing that escapes one's attention. People who are not enlightened do not yet know the integral truth, because they cannot get their mental energy to flow on the right track. Instead, they abandon themselves in completely false, rigid systems of belief, shaped from concepts deriving from the limited, sensory organs. This twisted information is stored and ordered by one's memory and value systems. The more one understands and knows, the more darkness and confusion arises.

Like Christ, Socrates wasn't afraid to die. Forced to drink a cup of poison, he, in an act of unflinching rebelliousness, laconically continued teaching while death slowly set in. In fact, it was the Oracle of Delphi's statement that he knew nothing, which he would spend his life trying to prove, that rubbed many of his contemporaries the wrong way—and for which he would eventually pay the ultimate price. He did not bend to the Matrix, nor to death, understanding that there was nothing to fear. Socrates, like Christ, had realised the highest truth and knew that there was nothing other than consciousness, regardless of the manner in which it chooses to present itself, and that, consequently, death is only an illusion.

NEO: So, is this the same Oracle that made the prophecy?

MORPHEUS: Yes. She's very old. She's been with us since the beginning.

NEO: The beginning...?

MORPHEUS: Of the Resistance.

NEO: And she knows what? Everything?

MORPHEUS: She would say she knows enough.

NEO: And she's never wrong.

MORPHEUS: Try not to think of it in terms of right and wrong. She is a guide, Neo. She can help you to find the path.

Know thyself. You. Me. Get to know your essence. Ask yourself the question among questions—"Who am I?" or rather, "What am I?" Continue crossing off answers that aren't true until you finally arrive at the only possible answer—*nothing*. Once you've discovered that you are nothing, that you are empty inside, that there is no you—no person, no identity—you will discover that you are in fact immortal, thereby losing your fear of dying. You're now a match for the Matrix, which will consistently try to give you a new identity by presenting you with new situations, problems, challenges, etc. Every time this happens, remember that your true being is nothing—formless, empty.

Let's delve a little deeper into the concept of nothing. *Nothing is not nothing. Nothing is everything!* And something. And nothing. You still with me? Your mind will never be able to grasp this mystery, no matter how hard you try. To comprehend it, you have to learn to fish. You must learn to meditate; to be silent; to investigate. Everything is nothing; everything is consciousness; consciousness is nothing—are we able to prove any of this? Certainly! I'm normally not much of a fan of the scientific method. "Why not?" you might ask. Because the scientific method investigates objects *in* the Matrix, while using a method that excludes that which life is really all about (consciousness), although our entire universe revolves around consciousness—*is* consciousness. The scientific method is like investigating fire and ignoring all things hot. Science, therefore, can only generate nonsense, which is quite humorous in itself. But please never say any of this to scientists. They glorify themselves with titles and important positions, and desire to be taken seriously at all costs. Tread lightly or you might wake some of them up! It's better to let sleeping dogs (or scientists) lie. Nonetheless, they do occasionally have some interesting things to say.

14. THE HABIT OF MATTER: A MATTER OF HABIT

An example would be when they tried to get to the core of matter. They were quite successful when the methods and instruments they were using weren't yet very sophisticated. Their measurements presented an interesting picture of atoms revolving around a core. Brilliant! But then their instruments became more sophisticated. They call this *advancing insight*. Long story short, as they discovered more by zooming in on matter, they discovered that *matter did not exist*. At the smallest level of analysis, they found that things were either particles or waves, and that which of these they were depended on whether these "things" were being observed by an onlooker (with which the scientific method unwittingly discovered the true nature of consciousness). Matter turned out not to have a core. Eureka! Matter doesn't exist; in any case, not as a fixed form. Everything consists of waves, vibrations, which exist independently of whether they are being perceived. Matter, or the way in which matter manifests, is dependent on consciousness. It won't be long until we realise (and who knows, are even able to prove) that matter and consciousness are one and the same; that one cannot exist without the other. However, we will never do so using our current deterministic methods. But that's a story for another time. Let's leave that one to the brainboxes of the world!

What is important for us is to know that nothing has any substance, and yet is real. This means there must be a formative, organising intelligence active underneath it—an intelligence which itself has no identity. You could call that intelligence God, consciousness, or nothing. Nothing is infinite potential before it has chosen to manifest as a wave or a particle; a zero or a one (in our binary system). *Nothing, therefore, is not nothing; nothing is infinitely charged potential*. Your true nature is divine, limitless potential; all-present, infinitely wise. The most beautiful word there is for nothing is *mu*. It means infinite, empty, formless, full, charged, connected.

Again, none of these words mean anything to the mind. Most minds run off screaming at the mere mention of infinity. Nothing, or infinity, is also a way of understanding how the Matrix arises: as soon as the observer observes, makes a choice, what was previously infinite possibility crystallises, creating the world of duality—the Matrix. The creator of your "personal" Matrix is you. You are like God who hasn't yet figured out he is creating his own world. And I'm not talking about any of that six-days-of-work-one-day-off nonsense we can find described in the Bible. God is continuously creating. Everything that manifests in your life—as *within*, so *without*—is your creation. There are no exceptions. Therefore, to break out of the Matrix, you'll have to leave everything behind, or as the Oracle of Delphi said, "nothing

in excess.” To discover your true nature, you will have to learn to become free from judgement, because every time you judge something, you create. Every time you judge, waves of infinite potential crystallise in your personal Matrix; your personal version of reality. As such, we do not live in one universe, but in seven billion parallel worlds existing alongside each other. (Of course, this only seems to be the case. At the end of the day, there is only one consciousness, but nonetheless perceived and made into “reality” by passing through seven billion filters.)

If science has already discovered that nothing has any real substance, why is our belief in ourselves so persistent? Thorough self-investigation will also reveal to you that you are both full and empty simultaneously—by continuously hacking your Matrix software, being completely honest with yourself, and not accepting anything without investigating it extensively first.

In the amazing film *The Truman Show*, the creator of the show, Christof, answers the question why our belief in the projected reality is so resilient, stating that, “We accept the reality of the world with which we’re presented.” Later in the film, he says the following about Truman: “He could leave at any time. If his was more than just a vague ambition, if he was absolutely determined to discover the truth, there's no way we could prevent him.” The parallels with Plato’s Cave, wherein the prisoners can easily escape, since their shackles are open, are numerous. Christof: “I think what distresses you, really, caller, is that ultimately Truman prefers his cell, as you call it.” The icing on the cake, however, comes all the way at the end of the film, when two security guards see the film’s ending. They’ve just seen how Truman has stepped out of his virtual world and has freed himself from his shackles. Not realising that the show is about themselves, one of the two asks, “Want to see what else is on?”

The question is whether you—yes, *you!*—have figured out yet that this book is about you. “Of course,” you will respond in socially desirable fashion. Know then that your identity will not make it out alive if you decide to finish this book and determinedly start applying its words.

During an ayahuasca ceremony, the mother plant showed me what it’s all about—what it means to be nothing. She first brought me into contact with my deceased father, showing me the pain I had still been carrying surrounding his death. Crying the tears of a broken heart, I asked, “Why did you leave, Daddy? I never even knew who you were.” Through my pain, I could sense just how much my father had loved me. “Let him go now,” Lady Ayahuasca spoke. “He doesn’t exist; he only existed inside your heart.” *Whack!* That one struck a nerve. Tears

flowed once more. I then realised that I too am a father. “Does that mean I don’t exist either?” I wondered. In a flash, I arrived at my own end, realising that one day my two boys would also have to say their farewells to me. The mother plant showed me a door and told me to pass through it. The door was closed—and still, I had to pass through it. “Look properly,” the mother plant spoke. I saw a keyhole and realised I’d have to fit through it, leaving everything else behind me. The meaning of the statement *Meden Agan* struck me like a lightning bolt: when you die, you leave everything behind, because you never really had anything in the first place. Everything—that includes your children; all your loved ones. Tears rolling down my cheeks, “I” disappeared through the keyhole, only to end up in the pure beingness of consciousness. Here, the Mother of Medicines taught me about compassion and empathy for the earthly being I am, which attaches itself to things and people. She taught me to be soft for it, but to maintain clarity; compassion, not pity. *Hodie mihi, cras tibi* (me today, you tomorrow). We all die, and none of us take anything with us, and none of us leave anything behind, because we never truly *had* anything. There was only ever consciousness. Oh, and what I’ve been referring to as “the Matrix” here will most certainly be left behind.

Know that if you consult Lady Ayahuasca, she will, much like the Oracle of Delphi or the Oracle in *The Matrix*, cause you to become insecure rather than comforting you. What the primordial oracle, ayahuasca, wants is the same as the Oracle in the film *The Matrix*: she wants you to make your own choices and discover the truth.

NEO: What do you mean, without him?

THE ORACLE: Are you sure you want to hear this? Morpheus believes in you, Neo. And no one, not you, not even me, can convince him otherwise. He believes it so blindly that he's going to sacrifice his life to save yours.

NEO: What?

THE ORACLE: You're going to have to make a choice. In the one hand you'll have Morpheus' life and in the other hand you'll have your own. One of you is going to die. Which one will be up to you. I'm sorry, kiddo, I really am. You have a good soul, and I hate giving good people bad news.

With this mindfuck, she forces Neo to wake up. Is he the One? Will he allow Morpheus (the Greek god of dreams), the man whose belief in him knows no end, die? Self-knowledge is always about life and death. The rest is merely a game; an illusion; the Matrix. That the Oracle is beyond cool is shown clearly in the scene with the vase:

NEO: How did you know?

THE ORACLE: Oh, what's really going to bake your noodle later on is, would you still have broken it if I hadn't said anything?

Of course, this is a neat feat of precognition (predicting the future). Not the vase! “What’s really going to bake your noodle...” Who else bakes noodles...? Who, like Neo, doesn’t know he is destined to become the saviour of the world? Exactly! Po, the Kung Fu Panda, the Dragon Warrior, the self-same One who must confront the evil Shen with his invincible weapons. How could the Oracle have known as far back as 1999 that Po would become the Dragon Warrior? And was she aware of the tragic entanglement he would find himself in? Shen, the white peacock, cast out of his kingdom by his own parents. Could the Oracle be referring to the suffering in the world and the fact that evil does not exist, but is instead created by rejection and abandonment? Kung Fu Panda Po is oblivious, fighting one after another battle. In this way, children are taught at an early age that good always defeats evil, planting the seeds that will ultimately enable the Matrix to grow inside their little brains.

15. MORAL

The whole secret of existence is to be without fear. Never fear what will become of you. Never be dependent on anyone. Only after you reject all help, you are free.

- Buddha

Our Matrix software “7.0 Beta” runs on fear. Without fear the software would instantly crash and destroy itself. We’d be free. Hold your horses though—we’re not there yet. To hide our fear, we have created a world that is both predictable and controllable; a world run by laws (Matrix). Anything that doesn’t fit inside the boundaries of this world is condemned, rejected, or denied. Never judge a book by its cover. Every time you judge something, you freeze the ultimate Truth and replace it with your version of “the truth”—truth with a tiny T; a little Matrix T. The Matrix runs on your judgements and those of the other prisoners. And it can only continue to exist through these judgements.

How else would it be so easy for politicians to rule the world with lies and deceit? The answer is that they’re “leading” a flock of sheep—a flock that prefers the relative safety of its captivity over attempting to escape. The well-known joke about their profession says it all: “How can you tell when a politician is lying? When you can see his lips moving.”

The unfathomably mysterious *Tao Te Ching* says the following about morality:

When the Tao is lost, there is goodness.

When goodness is lost, there is morality.

When morality is lost, there is ritual.

Ritual is the husk of true faith, the beginning of chaos.

And chaos is abundantly present. You only need to glance at the news to see how chaos, war, disease, and disaster spill into our living room daily. Nothing out of the ordinary for the Taoist or alchemist—after all, chaos precedes new order. Conspiracy theorists believe that the

planet's elite are steering us towards a "new world order" in which we'll be chipped, sheered, and chained; modern slaves under the watchful gaze of Big Brother—24/7, 365 days a week. Who's going to stop them? Not the well-behaved, scared citizenry, willing to play along as long as their pension plans and three holidays a year remain secure.

Verse 38 of the *Tao Te Ching* holds another important clue for fledgling guerrilla warriors, whom Lao Tzu refers to as "the Sage":

The Sage does nothing,

Yet he leaves nothing undone.

The ordinary man is always doing thing,

Yet many more things are left to be done.

What a relief—we don't have to do anything! Unleash the powers that be in the arena, let them to do their work and *alles sal reg kom* (all will be well), as they like to say in South Africa. As history has shown, evil always finds a way of destroying itself in the end. But don't make the mistake of thinking that the Sage simply rolls over and allows everything to happen. Beware! Sages have other powers at their disposal that ordinary men and women, who spend their lives grinding through their work-eat-Center Parcs-sleep routines, do not possess. One such power is the power of instinct; the power of our deep-rooted true nature.

We cannot conduct our inner guerrilla warfare according to conventional rules. If we do, we will most certainly lose. In fact, *it's better not to fight at all*. Much too exhausting! As Paul McCartney sang in "The Girl is Mine" (you know, the duet with Michael Jackson): "I'm a lover, not a fighter." We have to learn to regain our trust in that which was taken from us in early childhood—our instinct. Work it out for yourself—which child voluntarily goes to school? For your and my "best interest," we were forced to spend anywhere between 15 and 20 years in school, while we could have spent that time doing what children are supposed to be doing—playing. There's a good chance your natural instinct rebelled against the 20 years of detention imposed on you. Alas, Matrix-controlled adults have a wide range of nasty tricks and techniques at their disposal to break your innocent resistance. The Irish have a beautiful fairy tale about resisting a powerful ruler:

A hero arrives in a country where the king kills all his daughter's lovers with magic. He tells the hero the following: "You have to hide three times and I have to find you, after which I have to hide three times and you have to find me. Whoever finds the other three times is allowed to chop the other's head off." Understandably, the king's daughter remained unmarried for some time. Our hero has a small talking horse that tells him to join. The horse will help. The king consults his witchdoctor, who tells him where to hide (in the pond, in his daughter's ring, etc.). But each time the king hides the talking horse tells the hero where to find the king. Now the king says that it's his turn to find the hero and that the hero must hide. Following the advice of his talking horse, the hero hides in the broken-off tooth of the horse first, then in the hair of its tail, and then inside its hoof. Once again, the king turns to his witchdoctor, who consults all his books to find the hero. However, none of the witchdoctor's books tell him anything about where the hero might be hidden. As a result, the king is unable to find the hero. The hero is victorious, decapitates the king and marries the king's daughter.

In truth, this story is about the Matrix. It reveals one of the laws that you can bend to your advantage. The law is that the world of illusion is created by words and numbers, which the story refers to as "consulting books." The Oxford Dictionary says the following about the word *matrix*: "A rectangular array of quantities or expressions in rows and columns that is treated as a single entity and manipulated according to particular rules." As such, authorities inside the Matrix always operate with mathematical precision and "by the book." Free birds, like you and me, have our "horse" (our instinct) at our disposal, and therefore act in entirely unpredictable ways. We fly under the radar of the Matrix, disguising ourselves so well that, according to the Matrix's world of tables and columns, we simply don't exist.

Our anti-Matrix Bible was written by Lao Tzu. Lao, which is what us guerrilla warriors are allowed to call Mr Tzu, was about to leave the inhabited world when a Chinese border guard demanded he record his wisdom. You know what the cool thing about Lao was? Have you ever seen the film *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*, starring Brad Pitt? The story of Benjamin Button, born as an eighty-year-old baby, was inspired by the legend of Lao Tzu (meaning *old master*). Legend has it that Lao was born both old and wise.

Lao walked the earth six centuries before Christ, and he was the only Matrix guerrilla awake in a world filled with “ordinary people.” Doesn’t that sound familiar? He decided to leave his country and retreat into silence. This isn’t surprising—a life among the sleeping, being the only one who has figured out that you’re locked inside an imaginary prison from which you can simply step back, isn’t all that. Life became a little lonely for Lao. People didn’t want to listen to him, so he decided it would be better to live on his own—alone, but not lonely, because an awakened being is forever in the company of the gods. Luckily for future generations, Lao was stopped by a border guard along the western border of China who thankfully managed to convince him to document all his knowledge. This unknown border guard is a hero in my book; without him, we might have been devoured by the Matrix. Lao acquiesced with the guard’s request (since this was the only way he would allow him to cross the border) and wrote the *Tao Te Ching* (The Book of the Way) in one sitting.

He gives us the most important clue at the start: “The Tao that can be named is not the Eternal Tao.” Lao knew that anything one can talk about is controlled by the Matrix. Nonetheless, take a moment to reflect on Lao’s statement, because there’s a double message in Lao’s simple statement. I’m about to reveal it to you. Here it is! (You know that you have to read between the lines to understand what is being said.) Fuck! I’m having a hard time letting go of one of my best-kept secrets, handed down to me from my guerrilla master, and handed down to him by his, who in turn got it from his master, who got it from his neighbour, who got it from her cousin. Forty-eight generations down the line, passed down from one Matrix guerrilla to another. As such, you might say you’re getting this message from Lao himself!

“The Tao that can be named is not the Eternal Tao.” The Tao is the eternal mystery. And when were you unable to speak? (Exactly, when you were still an infant!) When the system hadn’t yet implanted its software in your head? Lao tells us to become as we were then to live in eternal mystery; not childish—childlike! Observing the world in astonishment; living in the mystery. It’s the same message that Christ conveyed with his, “Unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven.” Yes, sir! Yes, ma’am! First-class anti-Matrix manual, encrypted so that the Agent Smiths of the world can’t read it. After all, what do they know of fairy tales, the Tao, and esotericism? The *Tao Te Ching* even states, “When a foolish man hears of the Tao, he laughs out loud. If he didn’t laugh, it wouldn’t be the Tao.” Let them laugh. Who cares if they don’t understand? The Kingdom, the Tao, the eternal mystery—all cryptic references to the state of consciousness underneath the Matrix; the

Eternal Tao; reality, free from our judgements; reality, unfolding one glorious, perfect moment into another. When you wake up from the dream state, you will discover that the world is exactly as it should be: perfect and eternal. Even the Matrix has a role, although I can imagine you're a little angry with the deceitful powers-that-be who have cast their spells on you to keep you asleep. But, as soon as your anger clears, it's easy to see that we're simply playing a game, and that it's much more fun to wake up and start making your own rules! Alice, in *Alice in Wonderland*: "What if proper was putting a cod on your head? Would you wear it?"

Another great Taoist master (a student of Lao Tzu), Chuang Tzu, has provided us with an interesting look at our instinct, the primal layer of our consciousness that existed long before we were able to talk. Chuang compares the ordinary, non-awakened Matrix person to a suitcase. In the story called "Cutting Open Satchels," ordinary people are continuously busy collecting all kinds of possessions in suitcases (jewels, silk robes, and so on) and locking them well. The thief couldn't be happier with this behaviour; all he has to do is to steal the locked suitcase (and be thankful that it's properly locked, so that the valuable items inside don't fall out).

Can you see what Chuang is trying to tell us? What he's saying is that the thieves (the bosses of the Matrix) are glad we're all such frightened creatures, desperately defending our little own interests. The fact that we behave in this way makes us so amazingly easy to manipulate. Chuang further developed this metaphor in another story. He tells us about a peaceful and orderly country, in which the farmers had strongly developed moral consciousness. As a result, the country bloomed. Then, a thief took over the rule of the country and made sure everybody continued to behave well, work, and play by the rules. The difference was that the thief did so by force, because he wanted to rule a vibrant, blossoming country.

Morality quickly reveals itself as double standards when we understand why robbers want us to stick to the rules so badly. If we try with all our might to keep our boxes locked, we become easy targets for grasping hands. Slaves to our force of habits; the serfs and peasants of our mortgages. Only after we start rediscovering our inherent value, open our boxes (har har!), and awaken our instinct, are we able to challenge the forces that would like nothing more than to keep us submissive. If you're still too hung up on your side role in the Matrix, keep your box locked and allow yourself to be seduced by the powers that be. In the end, it doesn't matter what you do. After all, it's all just a game.

Another story goes one step further. Chuang was asked whether robbers have moral awareness. He replied: “Of course, otherwise they wouldn’t be robbers. A robber must intuitively know where to find treasure; that’s his greatness. He must also be the first to enter somewhere; this proves his courage. He must evaluate whether he can make his move; this is his wisdom. After the theft, he must justly divide the spoils among the other robbers, showing his goodness.” In other words, it’s impossible to be a robber without possessing considerable moral qualities. People need morality to be able to survive, and robbers need morality to be good robbers.

Like a true guerrilla, Tao master Chuang packaged his messages cryptically. (Kind of a shame both Lao and Chuang weren’t aware you can scramble the Matrix with dirty talk!) In any case, Chuang meant you should not allow yourself to be led or manipulated by seeming people who pretend to be saints. He is making fun of the moralists of his age.

The moral of this story? Morality is death. Long live your instinct! And long live the innate goodness that houses inside of us, which often reveals itself in times of chaos and confusion. Guerrilla warriors don’t need laws and commandments to tell them what is right and what is wrong. They follow their instinct, far beyond the tainted realm of words. *They* decide what is good for them and others, and are not in the market for second-hand morality. Dogmas and religion are decidedly flushed down the toilet to make space for that which is truly important—our innate goodness.

Goodness, however, sounds a little like a slogan to attract young people to a religious gathering. You know, the kind of mega festival where you meet your first girlfriend or boyfriend, whom you’re subsequently banned from fucking because you’re not married. Of course, this isn’t the kind of goodness I’m referring to here. Which god would ever decree that you’re not allowed to lie naked on top of a ringless man or woman? It reeks of Matrix.

Let’s continue talking about morality. Let’s see if I can challenge you to discover the boundaries of what is acceptable. Let’s look again at the laws of natural decay, and how you can tap into the eternal source of life.

Most relationships aren’t exactly examples of this, as I’m sure you’d agree. They tend to follow a similar pattern: a few months to a few years of good sex, attraction, “love”—and then... Bizarre, don’t you think? One moment you’re deeply smitten with the other, only to find yourself a castaway on the uninhabited island of loneliness what seems like just a few

moments later. Of course, at this point, there's not a single cell in either of your body that remember what exactly it was you fell for in the other. It wasn't the semi-comfortable brother-and-sister dynamic you now find yourselves in, that's for sure. It certainly also wasn't the lack of understanding of one another, the fighting, nor the many months of unwanted celibate nights. What has blinded us so?

The answer is simple: the Matrix and the goddess Maya, with her endless list of tricks. And in this way, one illusion after another is shattered over the course of a lifetime. It couldn't be any other way, because the true stream of life underneath the Matrix, the Tao, is beyond constraint. Like water, the Tao always flows to the lowest point. It is like the sea beating a rock face, able to with ease erode the tallest mountains into nothingness. The Tao is like the steady drip able to cut through even that which seemed indestructible. How strong our relationships often appear in the beginning! Recognisable?

Everything in this universe incapable of renewing itself will eventually be destroyed. Anything lacking the capacity for renewal will ultimately find itself confronted with the laws of the Tao. *Everything must flow*. Flowing—from one moment to the next, much like my words are flowing across my laptop screen. I have no idea what my fingers will conjure up next. Instead, I allow myself to be led by the invisible force of the Tao. This makes writing the ultimate exercise in surrender for me. Do I dare to trust the stream of life, or will my Matrix programming take over and start censoring, criticising, comparing, and judging what I'm writing? Am I able to let go, to trust, to not be concerned with what you might think of what I'm writing here? "Acting without being attached to the result" is what the *Tao Te Ching* calls this.

Courage, daring—it all has to do with fear. What if you are a teacher at the school I send my children to? You might have been lied to and cheated. There may be judgements, which, combined with the old pains you were never able to express, became resentment. You might be the bus driver who takes me to the station and who cheated on his wife two weeks ago. You might be a former classmate, who has always thought I was a little strange. You might be one of my exes reading this. Oops! I don't know...

I thought I had been making good headway on this path but writing this has made me insecure. Perhaps I look towards Tao master Kim Feenstra, who doesn't hold back from admitting her sins, and who says she has no regrets (on television, of all places!). And here I am,

sitting at my laptop feeling shame—and I haven't even published this book! If I ever even publish it. Fear is a bad counsellor. Matrix alert! And yet again, I decide to write what comes. I am a channel of the Tao flowing through me, and that mystical, universal intelligence will undoubtedly have a reason I'm trusting you with my outpourings. Former alcoholic Byron Katie said the following about this:

I often say that if I had a prayer, it would be this: "God, spare me from the desire for love, approval, or appreciation. Amen." I don't have a prayer, of course, because I don't want anything but what I have. I know the benevolence of life. Why would I pray for something different, which would always be less than what's coming? God is another name for reality. It's complete, it's perfect, it fills me with the utmost joy. The thought of asking for what isn't never even arises.

As previously explained, everything that appears firm and solid eventually breaks in the Matrix, due to the eroding force of the Tao's life force flowing underneath it. This is because nothing is what it seems, and the Tao always flows back to its source. Because of the illusory Matrix we perceive, it seems like everything is constantly expanding and developing, but in truth, everything is flowing back to its source, or as Krishna says to Arjuna in the *Bhagavat Gita*: "It doesn't matter what you do Arjuna. In the end they all return to me."

The universal law of entropy dictates that all that stands still decays. Decay and chaos are the guiding principles of the universe; vases do not break to become whole again. The destructive power that returns is none other than the Eternal Tao. Although it seems to be able to move against the flow of our measurable, universal laws, everything returns to its source in the end.

And here comes the statement that can be like a neutron bomb for your consciousness: everything has already happened. Everything! You're only re-experiencing it and calling it the future. You have no free will; you're simply a channel for the Tao flowing through you. A scary thought, but a liberating one too. How, with this being the case, could you ever do anything wrong? Whatever happens has already happened, and what happens is God; reality.

This is one of the Matrix codes that keeps us imprisoned most—the *belief that things should be different than they are*. After all, it is resistance that leads to suffering. Films like *The Secret* and trainers like Anthony Robbins cleverly play into this by making you believe in the illusion that you can wish for anything you want and will always get it. In actuality, this attitude leads to hell on earth. The truth of the matter is that whatever is presenting itself to you now is perfect—divine—just the way it is (although you might not necessarily be able to recognise it as such right now). The law of attraction does work, but it primarily affects parts of yourself that you’ve banished into the shadow realms of your subconscious. These parts of yourself want to come alive. To do so, they will attract people and situations that derail your life, or which make your life into a living nightmare. They will continue doing so until you start freeing yourself from the inside out. As we previously saw in the Cosmic Tradition, the movement towards freedom is never one of fighting, of combat, but of *acceptance of what is*, in love and consciousness. When you free yourself from the desire for things to be other than what they are, you can learn to trust the perfection of everything, becoming a lover of reality *as it is*, instead of *as it should be*. God doesn’t make mistakes, so what’s there to feel ashamed or guilty about?

I should keep writing... but, if the theory of the returning Tao is correct, this book has already written itself, and I am now essentially “unwriting” it. Cool shit! And, like smoke on the wind, so too my shame evaporates, regardless of whether you’re an old classmate, an ex-girlfriend, or former primary-school teacher. *You* should be ashamed that you still believe in the illusions of the Matrix, you berk! *Not my will be done, but thine*. Brahman is running the show. Maktub! It’s Allah’s will.

“Your Honour, I thought, well... she said she was eighteen...” That last joke is another sick example of trusting the Tao. Trust means opening yourself (and your pen) to the occasional inappropriate joke. Who, then, is responsible? The Tao? Man, this whole Tao business is making me confused. No, I’m discovering how important what other people think of me, what I think of me, is to me. That damned Matrix has fucked me up. Writing whatever pops into my mind, I become fully aware of this. Don’t worry, I’m attracted to mature women, and yes, they have to be older than eighteen. In fact, I prefer my women with a bit of life experience. In practice, this means they’re usually thirty or above. But what it’s truly about is the apparent fact that I still need approval (and therefore shouldn’t be allowed to make corny, inappropriate jokes).

Let's do one more to challenge the Matrix. Fair's fair, my wife comes first. But, as I keep telling her, what good is coming first if there are no women to fill the other spots? The more beautiful ladies there are in my harem, the greater her status. Whether you believe me or not, she has accepted this. And by doing so has also given herself the right to make her own list. And yes, I am at the top of her list too. As any anti-Matrix duo worth its salt, we've promised one another to be unfaithful to each other until the day we die. There will be plenty of time to be faithful to each other in eternity, or, as the too-cool-for-school Johnny Depp says as Captain Jack in *The Pirates of the Caribbean*: "You can always trust a pirate to be distrustful. Honestly, it's the honest ones you've gotta watch out for." *Long live marriage, unfaithful until death do us part!* Try that one on for size, or better yet, break out of the mould! The mould is none other than our old friend the Matrix. It loves keeping us locked inside our virtual cages with feelings of shame and guilt. But have you noticed that the door of your cage is and has always been wide open? Look around. Where exactly is the cage? Where is it located? All there is, is your so-called morality. It's about time you hacked it to make space for your instinct.

But why are so many of us so afraid of following our instinct, especially after we've given our hearts to someone? First, you cannot give your heart away. True love flows towards everything. All other forms of love are merely trade-offs; "I'll give you a bit of me in return for a bit of you." These are the kinds of relationships that eventually bleed dry. The Tao must flow; the Tao must move. Why do you think Morpheus and Neo have to move so fast when they're in the Matrix? Standing still is moving backwards. But what is it we're so afraid of when it comes to relationships? Of course, you're a little afraid your partner might leave you, because someone else is more attractive or exciting? You're scared to lose your partner, aren't you? Can't you see that you already have? You lose everything and everybody in this life; nothing, no one belongs to you. This intense process is called *dying before you die*. Once you've realised the truth and your ego has died before your heart has beaten its last beat, you are free; free to surrender to the divine will and to live a divine life; free to give your partner the space to be free. Realise you live inside a dream, and you can live the life of your dreams. Reflect on what Chuang Tzu philosophised about this:

Once upon a time, I, Chuang Tzu, dreamt I was a butterfly, fluttering hither and thither, to all intents and purposes a butterfly. I was conscious only of my happiness as a butterfly, unaware that I was Chuang Tzu. Soon I awakened,

and there I was, veritably myself again. Now I do not know whether I was then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or whether I am now a butterfly, dreaming I am a man. Between a man and a butterfly there is necessarily a distinction. The transition is called the transformation of material things.

Believe it or not, but *nothing is as it seems*. Consider for yourself, are you truly alive when you're sleeping and in the dreamworld, or when you're awake and in this world? As you were previously able to read in this book, most people who are supposed to be awake in this world are in fact in a deep sleep. The Matrix's software makes sure they can only perceive a small chunk of reality and that they deny or judge everything that falls outside of their perceptual scope. My mission is to make you into a true guerrilla warrior and to help you awaken from the dream. Let's start by throwing your standards concerning sex out the window. You have no idea how much energy doing so will free up in your life. Divine energy—the Tao flowing through you and bringing you to life—instead of a pathetic little stream that easily freezes over. Have your partner read this book and go on an adventure together.

If you want more inspiration concerning the everything-is-an-illusion theme, watch *What Dreams May Come* with the late, great Robin Williams. The theme centres on a sentence from Shakespeare's "To Be or Not To Be" soliloquy in *Hamlet*:

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause: there's the respect

That makes calamity of so long life.

What makes this film so beautiful is the theme of what you do with your own soul and how your actions create your own reality. As within, so without—remember? After his death, Chris, played by Robin Williams, arrives in heaven, which, for him, is a kind of oil-painting world. He is almost perfectly happy in his heaven. Annie, played by Annabella Sciora, was never able to process the death of their children, who died in a car accident. After Chris' death, she commits suicide, after which she finds herself in a deep, dark hell. Chris realises what he's

missing and goes in search of Annie. What this film doesn't show you, but what is certainly asks you to reflect on, is the extent to which we create the worlds in which we ourselves live. By clinging to the rocks instead with our fears, judgements, and denials, instead of going with the flow, we create hell on earth. It is more than likely that we will continue to create this world when we have shuffled off our mortal coils.

There is no death. There is no life. There is only consciousness; Tao; life manifesting through us. Therefore, let's investigate our consciousness and, one rock at a time, remove the rocks preventing our stream from flowing to its fullest capacity. This is what being a Matrix guerrilla is truly about. It isn't about waging an external war, in case you still haven't grasped this. Our battle for truth is one that occurs deep within ourselves. All gains made there will manifest in the external world. As within, so without.

What's so great about Matrix guerrillas is that we have no need to organise. We're splinter cells (with splinters in our minds), operating entirely autonomously. The so-called "War on Terror," initiated by Bush and his compatriots wasn't much of a success (unless you own shares in the weapon industry, of course). The "War on Guerrillas" doesn't have a hope of succeeding. We will be blowing up existing systems from the inside, figuratively speaking, without anybody even realising what's going on. We don't use violence. Violence is both unnecessary and in conflict with the universal laws of the Tao. *What goes around comes around*—this is a fact, not some deep moral lesson. Disrupt the Tao violently at your own peril. This is simply how this universe works. *Everything is connected to everything else.*

Our resistance is violence-free, uncoordinated, and free from control. There are no interests, there is no command centre, no great cause, and no leader. To an unperceptive outsider, we're model citizens. Guerrilla warrior archetype, Jesus Christ, called this phenomenon "being in the world, but not of the world." I have so much respect for this master among masters; he resisted the Matrix of his time, which isn't that different from our current Matrix, all by himself. The software through which the mathematical models of cause and effect of our world run has not been updated since humanity has been walking around on this planet. With wrists and feet nailed to the cross, he was still able to express, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Christ was guerrilla of the highest order.

18. BE SPONTANEOUS

The Matrix seems to control the world, but in actuality, it only controls our inner worlds. Simple codes determine our behaviour. Try doing something very out of the ordinary if you don't believe me. Climb atop of your cupboard and view your room from up there—right now! Or drop your trousers (or whatever else you're wearing) and give your butt a good slap. (Or think of something else strange that you'd ordinarily never do.) You will quickly discover that you don't usually do any of these things because your consciousness is ruled by the iron laws of the Matrix. The Matrix is mathematically predictable and doesn't tolerate the oddball spontaneity of buttocks slapping or climbing atop cupboard just for the fun of it. The Matrix is directed, humorous, and transparent (to those who are awake). To the sleeping, enslaved people, she's hard, real, and a constant threat demanding seriousness in response.

This, continuously convincing you of your shortcomings, is what the Matrix does to threaten and control you. When the Matrix says, "Jump!" most people say, "How high?" Blue tax letter arrives in the mail, and you become stressed; performance reviews upcoming and you are constipated for three weeks; your partner leaves you and your life falls apart. Our behaviour is so predictable that even the badly written software of the Matrix can manipulate us into believing everything is real. You tell me where it is written that you cannot climb atop your boss' furniture, drop your trousers, and spank your own behind? This might be a slightly childish example, but please explain why this behaviour isn't one of the options at your disposal. The answer? Because you believe in the Matrix—that's why! Because you don't realise you are creating your own reality inside the dream, and that in that dream, everything is possible. What dreams may come! Test your Matrix-escaping skills by continuously doing strange and unpredictable things. Doing so keeps you one step ahead of the Matrix. *One step beyond...*

One of my favourite sayings is, "You only live twice (once during the day and once at night)." The night is particularly important for people who want to hack the Matrix. For some reason, the Matrix is much more powerful during the day than at night. At night, there is a different electrical frequency. The virtual world of the Matrix subsides, and you can catch a glimpse of the Truth shrouded by the Matrix during the daytime. There's good reason we

dream at night: in our dreams we're able to enter the reality behind the Matrix, because the protective electrical field of the Matrix has temporarily let up. Why do you think magicians, witches, shamans, and party people prefer the night as their hunting ground? The night belongs to us. Why do you think we love hard beats so much? Beats awaken our instinct; our inbuilt bodily wisdom that causes the Matrix to crash. Our ancestors would beat their drums and dance around the fire until the sun came up. We have 15 kW boxes and TR909 bass kicks to awaken our deepest-rooted instincts!

The greatest threat to the Matrix is spontaneity. The reason for this is that spontaneity does not act according to the seemingly iron laws of cause and effect, but rather, is aligned with the laws of the Tao, which is unpredictable by its very nature. Referring to spontaneity, I don't mean fun, cheerful, and/or enthusiastic. This is the type of spontaneity that is acceptable in our society and with which we readily confuse this concept. Spontaneity is, well, spontaneous. Giving expression to an impulse that arises within. When was the last time you were truly spontaneous? Most people experience a cut-off point around the age of four or five. Before that time, you were spontaneity personified. However, you quickly discovered that the world was not exactly welcoming to you and your impulses.

Whenever I write, I try to be as spontaneous as possible; not to check and correct too much, aside from a few spelling and grammatical edits post-writing. At times this way of writing, which is sometimes also referred to as automatic writing, causes me problems. I might unintentionally insult my readers, or become hopelessly lame, making silly fart or sex jokes, or shining a light on other parts of the shadow realm. Whatever the case, being spontaneous can cause both you and me serious problems. This is especially the case if you consider the fact that the ego primarily seeks safety and security. It also craves being seen to be important and interesting. Spontaneity, therefore, is an exceptionally dangerous territory for the ego; a space that must be avoided (and fought) at all costs.

The consequence of avoiding spontaneity is what you might call rigidity. One falls into predictability; the grind of always doing the same things in the same way. Have you ever seen the 1993-film *Groundhog Day* featuring Bill Murray? Bill finds himself stuck in a bizarre world in which every day is the same. The day starts with his clock radio going off at 05:59 a.m. to the tune of Sonny & Cher's *I've Got You Babe*. Bill quickly discovers that every day starts like this and that the same events unfold each day. This scenario might seem a little far-fetched, but

isn't this how most of our lives unfold? How often haven't you thought, "How did I end up in this pitfall again *this* time, even though I had so solemnly sworn never again to do whatever it was I did to cause the problem?" But, as our ancestors taught us, the road to hell is paved with good intentions. Deviating from your destination does not require intentions—it requires action; spontaneous action. Therefore, be spontaneous.

Perceptive readers will be aware that this isn't possible. Paul Watzlawick accurately pointed out last century that *trying* to be spontaneous is a huge paradox, because as soon as you follow this direction ("Be spontaneous!"), you're no longer actually being spontaneous. But, one might ask whether this is truly the case. Personally, I don't think it is. You can try experimenting with it yourself. (But don't say I made you do it, because then whatever you do will no longer be spontaneous.)

Allow me to explain how it works. Our experiment starts (preferably) with you being alone. What we fear most in life is being rejected by other people. Therefore, we're going to be practising our spontaneity in isolation for a while, until we've mastered it, and are able to infect the world with it. Let's get started! You're alone. Give yourself a signal that you can start and then spontaneously follow everything that arises in you. Everything! How cool is that? I was lying on my bed in my bedroom when I first did this experiment. I gave myself the signal that gave me permission to follow whichever impulse presented itself. Within the space of a few brief seconds, I had come undone. A small, silly voice made itself heard within me, giving me the assignment to climb atop the cupboard via the windowsill. My body quickly tensed up and my mind refused. Surely, I couldn't act on such an absurd request! This is when the voice reminded me of my intention to be spontaneous. Filled with shame, I awkwardly climbed atop the cupboard. The view was breath-taking! For the first time, I was looking at my four-posted bed from on high, which looked completely different than from my favourite workplace (my bed). A pure, excited energy passed through me; for a moment, I felt a little lighter. I had tempted fate and spontaneously expressed something silly. Wow!

Before getting started with this exercise to discover your spontaneity, you could consider watching *Yes Man*, featuring in the leading role Jim Carrey, Hollywood's king of spontaneity. In the film, circumstances move Carrey to say yes to every opportunity that presents itself. *Yes!* When you start these kinds of exercises, for a while, you may feel like you're going crazy. (Technically, you are.) In our dream society, being able to control your thinking and your

actions is a sign of mental health. In order to escape the intricate webs that constitute the laws of our world, you will have to risk going a little crazy (assuming that the world we have created together is an illusion; a dream which, although it *appears* to be incredibly real, is nonetheless a dream). Realising this is important if you want to free yourself. *Everything is a dream*. The next step is to allow this realisation to arise over and over, just as long as it takes to become a habit. “I’m dreaming.” “I’m sitting at a table dreaming that I’m eating.” I’m dreaming that I’m driving a car.” (My thoughts wonder as I envision myself in bed with Jessica Biel.) See, this is what happens when you allow your thoughts and actions to freely run their course! It is incredibly dangerous! What must you be thinking of me? Like I care!

Something strange happens every time you remind yourself you’re dreaming—you wake up! Moreover, you wake up and are given something special in return—freedom of choice. When you realise you’re dreaming, you wake up and realise that you can do what you feel like doing, or better yet, *you are free to do whatever arises within you*. And this is how you come face to face with the web of your own conditioning. What will you allow yourself to do? (And what aren’t you allowed to do?) Are you allowed to be silly, stupid, childish, make tongue-in-cheek jokes, lie, fantasise? My two boys (aged two and four) are my spiritual masters in this regard. They never do anything other than precisely that which occurs to them in the moment. At times, I feel a little envious of them. Without shame they’ll say things like: “Hey Dad, smell my willy,” “You want me to take a poop on your head?” or “Hey, grandma, you like a dinosaur.” Of course, they themselves enjoy their own shenanigans the most. They’re still entirely awake within the dream and do whatever they feel like. It has taken me many years of consistent practice to win back a small part of the spontaneity that comes so naturally to them.

Of course, you could counter with the statement that if we were all spontaneous in the same way my two boys are, if we simply followed our natural inclinations, things would go off the rails. I’d like to ask you whether you’ve tested this statement. I for one believe that the best of us will come to the surface if given the chance. Until that time, we continue to live inside the nightmare that we’ve created, and which we continue to feed, day in day out, one life after another (until grace—until we wake up).

Continue a little further with the practice of realising that you’re dreaming, continue spontaneously expressing your impulses, and you might notice your dreams at night becoming clearer—fully lucid even. Becoming lucid within your dreams (knowing that you are dreaming

while you are dreaming) enables you to influence the unfolding of your dream. You can make yourself smaller, larger, multiply yourself, or even make yourself disappear entirely. Use your imagination! The most intriguing aspect of all this is that, by practising in this way, you reduce your rigidity in the dream as well as during the day, becoming more flexible in your responses as a result. You become an “artist of life,” living from moment to moment, *completely in the now*. Maya, the weaver of dreams, no longer has a hold on you in the Matrix; you see through her silky webs of deceit. However, we’re not there yet! Until we are, it’s Groundhog Day for you! 05:59 a.m.—time to get up!

§

17. DYING BEFORE YOU DIE

As explained, the guerrilla warfare we're engaged in takes place within ourselves—as within, so without. This means the change that ensues from it affects both us and the universe. The Matrix can only continue to exist if you or I believe in it. Presently, there are billions of gullible people who believe the Matrix's projections to be real. For the Matrix to crash, only a few people are needed to disrupt the mathematical tables and formulas upon which it has been constructed. Consider what Gandhi managed to accomplish on his own! His life story is a guiding principle of guerrilla warfare: *non-violent resistance*. Non-violent sounds a little wimpy, but it's anything but—it is the highest form of courage. Not aligning with the violence that characterises the Matrix, but nonetheless firmly holding your own; accepting the consequences of your resistance (up to and including imprisonment, torture, or death), but not giving an inch. In other words, not compromising the truth one bit. Let others play their unconscious games. You're not playing, accepting the consequences of this choice, without fighting, without giving in, and with compassion for the other (the other who is not an enemy, but a fellow human being who simply has not awakened yet). Imagine what would happen if you, me, and a few others decide to no longer work, pay taxes, or vote. But first, let's train ourselves in dying before we die, so that we can express our external anarchism free from fear.

If you're not aware of or don't become aware of the existing software on which your consciousness runs, you will forever remain a prisoner. You will also continue to feed the Matrix. Have you ever heard of the concept of *consensus trance*? It consists of a collective image of reality; a reality we have constructed together, and in which we all believe. It's the trance that we're all caught in, and which makes us believe that that which we perceive is the truth. I learnt about this concept in the nineties when studying philosophy. My teacher at the time must have been in his eighties and wasn't really “of this world.” He had long white hair, and one, white, long tooth sticking out of his mouth and over his lip. He looked a bit like Catweazle, who is probably a familiar character to older readers, but if you don't know him, I suggest you google him. I don't remember his name, but boy, could he spin a yarn! He would speak endlessly about Socrates and the Sophists, travelling teachers whose knowledge had risen

to their heads. Their primary weapon was the art of the debate. The word *Sophist* derives from the Greek goddess of wisdom, called Sophia.

One of the greatest guerrilla warriors of all time, Socrates, is, like Lao Tzu, another highly important character in the context of this book. Soc, as you and I, being fellow Matrix guerrillas, are allowed to call him, couldn't care less about what anybody thought of him—least of all the Sophists. Socrates, or Soc, had a tremendous love for the one thing that mercilessly dismantles the Matrix—the Truth (the capital-T kind). I have no doubt that Soc would have wiped the floor with the treacherous, lying politicians that inhabit our contemporary political scene. To dismantle untruths, Socrates employed what has famously become known as the “Socratic Method.” Similar to the kind of questions that characterise Byron Katie's beautiful *The Work*, this method has at its core the question, “Is it true what you're saying or thinking?” Asking after the truth of something dismantles untruths like a warm knife through butter, but only insofar as you're able to face the answers doing so reveals. Matrix software cannot withstand this line of questioning and will quickly crash.

What's so cool about Soc, warrior among warriors, is that he insulted anybody with the pretence of being someone. With seeming ease, Soc dismantles all the ego's houses of cards. Politicians and other authorities of his day and age were continuously on the receiving end of his sharp and penetrative intellect. Socrates fought with Truth on his side, and, as such, was untouchable. (MC Hammer once wrote a song about him, called “Can't Touch This”). Towards the end of his life, Soc had rubbed so many people the wrong way, something had to give. He was betrayed and accused of inciting young people against the status quo—kind of like I've been doing in this book. Soc was charged and threatened with death. With Truth at his side, Soc was so sharp during his initial that he was able to convince the whole jury of his position, only to follow up with his typical behaviour. The jury had only just been convinced by the great master's speech when he started to insult them, denigrating them as a bunch of idiots and losers. The Greeks at the time, the precursors of the arrogance that typifies our contemporary Western world, had huge egos. Naturally, Soc was sentenced to death. The only way to escape his fate of drinking poison would be to promise to no longer talk in public in the city and to no longer engage in philosophical discussions with people he met. If he were to adhere to these conditions, the jury would be able to forgive Socrates. Socrates' response?

That's impossible, because I cannot be unfaithful to my own nature. This is simply how I am. I will continue my work. I will continue to speak. You can kill me. That's your decision.

As you can see, Socrates was given the same choice that other master guerrilla warrior, Jesus Christ, was given by Pontius Pilate. The Roman commander Pilate was willing to forgive Christ, but only if he'd ask for forgiveness. Since he did not acquiesce, he would die on the cross, much like Soc, forced to drink poison. "Bummer!" we might remark. Soc thought nothing of the sort. He drank his poison slowly, one small sip at a time, all the while continuing to teach his mourning students. Quite the character, wouldn't you agree? The reason he was able to conduct himself with such courage was that he had already died prior to his physical death. He knew death wasn't real; that nobody would be able to kill him. In short, he understood that he was immortal. He also knew he was the one creating his own reality. He managed to drag out his dying process. These were several hours in which no one even noticed his impending death; several hours in which he simply continued teaching. Socrates was a hero among heroes. If anyone deserve the title Matrix guerrilla master, it's him.

The Allegory of the Cave, also known as Plato's Cave, is one of the most brilliant stories I know of. There is no better metaphor for how the Matrix works. ("Hm... the cave..." you're thinking. No, the cave isn't a metaphor for female genitalia (for once). Why is your mind always going to these dirty places?) The cave is a metaphor for the Matrix. It's a miracle this two-thousand-year-old story has even survived this long. It's probably because the Agent Smiths of our world haven't grasped its full meaning yet (after all, they aren't that clever). By the way, have you ever wondered why Agent Smith never stops calling Neo Mr Anderson (with one exception)? "He" wants Neo to continue believing that the cave in which he is imprisoned, the Matrix, is real. He knows that Neo, The One, will escape if he confirms his existence as The One.

AGENT SMITH: You hear that Mr. Anderson? That is the sound of inevitability. It is the sound of your death. Goodbye, Mr Anderson.

NEO: My name is Neo.

This is what the cave is about. It's about becoming aware of your shackles and freeing yourself from the cave. In Plato's Cave, a group of people are shackled to the floor. A fire is burning behind them, and between them and the fire are guards, who they cannot see. They can hear them talk and they can see their shadows projected on the rock wall by the fire. What's so eerily disconcerting about this story is the fact that, although their shackles are tied around their arms and legs, they aren't actually locked. Born in the cave, the prisoners know no other reality than the play of shadows they witness on the cave's wall. (What a powerful metaphor!) When one of the prisoners finally escapes, he is dumbfounded by what he sees. Although the light burns them, what he sees is a feast for his eyes. For the first time, he sees the world as it truly is, or, to remain consistent with the theme of this book, uncovers one layer of the Matrix. He returns to his fellow prisoners and tells them what he has seen. As a "reward" for his discovery, they beat him to death.

Perceptive readers will understand that Plato's story is a tribute to his former teacher, Socrates. Soc, one of the first people to see through the Matrix and walk out of the cave, is subsequently killed. The more insightful readers among you will see the parallels with the soulless people who populate our planet today and, who, like the prisoners in Plato's Cave staring at the shadows of the wall of their cave, spend every evening gawking at the light emitted by their television sets, presenting a reflection of "reality." This hypnosis machine has kept entire populations locked in a deep trance. And because the manner in which this trance is induced is the same for all of us, we're broadly in agreement concerning our sleeping state, thus existing in a kind of consensus trance. Paulo Coelho in the short story *Veronika Decides to Die*:

Reality is what the majority thinks it is. It is not necessarily the best or the most logical, but it is that which is most adapted to the desires of the community as a whole.

Whoever awakens and starts trying to wake others from their slumber awaits the same fate as Soc. At the same time, whoever awakens knows death to be an illusion. The Matrix only knows pettiness and the dynamics of fear-driven greed and self-interest. But, as soon as you leave the Matrix, you enter Truth. What Truth entails, no pen (or keyboard) can reach. In the *Tao Te Ching*, it's referred to as the "Great Nothing."

The Great Nothing is what most people fear beyond anything else, and which keeps them voluntarily chained to the Matrix. Nothing is not only the reality that exists underneath the Matrix, it's also *what we are at our deepest level*. We are Nothing. This is such a strange thought that if you fully allow it to unfold in your consciousness, I wouldn't be at all surprised if you set this book aside for at least nine days and four hours.

All your life, everything will try to convince you that the Matrix is real, and that I'm no more than a crazy writer in telling you you're Nothing. Who should you believe? I myself say would tell you not to believe anyone. Believing is for well-behaved sheep. Instead, we investigate. With more incisiveness than the most rigid, double-blind placebo-controlled study displays. We know. Penetrate, burn, and hack enough of the Matrix's illusions and you will automatically end up in the Great Nothing, sometimes also called Emptiness. This is what shamans, sages, yogis, and mystics throughout all ages have been trying to show us. At the same time, it is something we can only discover for ourselves—if, and only if, we are courageous enough to delve deeply within ourselves (and not accept anything that we ourselves have not discovered nor experienced for ourselves). Spiritual dogma contains most Matrix programming of all. Religion is the opium of the masses, after all. This is why, like a true guerrilla master, the Buddha said, "Be a light onto your own path." Don't believe anything, and don't rest until you've discovered your own truth.

§

18. SEX IS DIRTY

At this point, if I had a publisher, he or she would undoubtedly be breathing down my neck to include more sex in this book, because, let's face it, sex sells, and at the end of the day making money is all most Matrix hounds are interested in. My response to a publisher would probably be something like, "I'll do whatever the hell I please"—only to subsequently start writing about sex. Alternatively, I could rebel and add a few dozen empty lines so that you can be in silence with yourself and masturbate a little. In all honesty, I simply enjoy writing about sex.

Sex is something the faithful, religious types around the world consider to be disgusting and scary. You know why? Because it's natural; it is the natural way of things. If you're still wondering what exactly the Tao I keep talking about is, a good way to see it is *as nature*. Believing in something—in God, Buddha, Krishna, anybody, or anything else—is for people who have closed themselves off from their true nature, and from nature itself. Nature is so perfect, so beautiful, delicious, passionate, and divine in itself, it cannot be improved. At the same time, it does not need your belief in it to function. It simply is. This may be stating the obvious at this point, but *culture is Matrix, nature is Tao*. It's a shame that he's dead now, but not long ago we had a Matrix guerrilla warrior living among us who wasn't afraid to confront the powers that be. He found himself at odds with most Matrix inhabitants in the world. Many believe he wasn't a "great master," given that he practised free love with his disciples, owned ninety Rolls Royces, and rejected any form of religion. Of course, we're talking about Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, also known as Osho.

Don't get me wrong, sects are often scary things. They often function as a kind of mini Matrixes. In truth, *the Matrix is one large sect*—"Think like us to belong." And let's face it, it's a fact that our planet is populated by people too afraid to stand for something on their own. If I'm not mistaken, roughly 97.3% of the world's population exists in a permanently brainwashed state. I sincerely hope you belong to the 6.9% that has managed to free their minds and hearts; that has discovered their true nature—and who, like me, have forsworn math. But first, an excerpt from former rebel leader Osho:

Culture kills you. Culture is a murderer. Culture is a slow poison. She is suicide. Twang Tzu and his old master Lao Tzu are opponents of culture. They are proponents of nature—pure nature. The trees are better off than you. Even the birds and the fishes in the river are better off than you, because they are more vibrant; they dance to the rhythm of nature. You have completely forgotten what nature is. You have condemned it to its roots. And if you want to judge nature, you have to start by judging sex, because it is at the basis of all of nature. The whole of nature is brimming over with sexual energy, with love. The birds sing, the trees bloom—all of this is sexual energy being expressed. Flowers are sex symbols; the singing of birds is sexual. The whole Tao is nothing other than sexual energy. The whole of nature is reproducing, loving itself, experiencing an ever-deepening ecstasy of life and love.

Perhaps you're starting to understand why I enjoy writing and talking about sex so much? (Almost as much as "doing the deed" itself.) Sex is the ultimate way to hack Matrix software and directly enter the Tao. Therefore, set your judgements aside for a moment and learn to speak the language of nature and the Tao—the language of enjoyment. Fuck to your heart's content, blow and/or lick (depending on your personal preferences, of course) yourself into oblivion. Do so until your jaw aches; until your tongue hangs limp from your mouth. Cheat on each other as much as you like. Whatever you do, enjoy. Enjoyment is how you pay tribute to God; to the Tao—to life itself.

19. WEI WU WHO?

Putting my money where my mouth is, I should probably write a little more about sex, don't you think? Like you have anything to say about what I write! Hel, I don't ever have anything to say about what I'm writing! If I'm ever imprisoned for writing inciting texts, I'll tell the judge, "Your Majestic Honourable Holy Judging One, it wasn't me! It was the Eternal Tao moving through me." I don't give a fuck how many books I sell or what other people will think of my book. Of course, I'll occasionally get jolts of shame shooting through my system, but these are just the remnants of my own, individualised Matrix programming—programming which I am neutralising one line of coding at a time.

Most writers have a double agenda and intellectual editors breathing down their necks questioning their every sentence. "Do you really want to write that?" "I'm not sure that's okay." "This is too shocking." All I have is the Eternal Tao flowing through me. The result is that I do *exactly what I need to do*—no more, no less. I have so much trust in the perfect nature of the universe that all I need to do is lift my fingers and let them drop onto my keyboard. The rest unfolds of its own accord. The perfection of the universe unfolds by not doing, something which in the Tao is referred to as *wu wei* (not acting).

Wu wei is one of the least understood concepts in the *Tao Te Ching*. It means being able to surrender to whatever happens, without intervening, trying to control, or influence events as they unfold. Many people believe that this means all they have to do is lie in bed or passively disconnect from life, but that's not it. It's more like not interfering with the course of things and not forming opinions about that which is—just doing and finding out how things unfold along the way; following the flow of life without considering the consequences in advance. Wu wei is anti-Matrix software of the highest order.

Guided by the divine energy of the Tao, wu wei entails being in the flow of events as they unfold from moment to moment. Since the Tao automatically flows back to its source, whatever unfolds in life is part of the Tao's divine perfection. All you need to do is to move with events; to not resist the flow. This, "going with the flow," is also referred to as *wei wu wei*—acting without acting. Wei wu wei is the act of doing without being attached to outcome of your action.

I'll describe the phenomenon, so that you immediately understand why even the most advanced spiritual people struggle with wei wu wei. Whenever I'm practising my personal speciality, cunnilingus, I act without acting. I allow whatever movements my body wants to make to arise naturally. When yet another woman tells me that she's never been licked this divinely, she is, of course, expressing a deep truth, since I allow the divine will to move my tongue and lips. This is the opposite of how most Matrix men perform the act of cunnilingus. They use their tongue to achieve something—to get something done. They start sucking on the woman's clit way before it's ready for such heavy-duty work, or they use two fingers to penetrate the still-dry vagina, imitating how a bonobo screws one of his females—hard and insensitive. Don't get me wrong, there's nothing wrong with being hard and merciless, but if you gradually build up tension, she'll beg you to go harder.

The problem is interference of the ego, the Matrix's number-one servant. As soon as you get involved and decide you'll get the job done, you position yourself outside of the divine flow of things. As a result, everything you do, and this includes your activities “down south,” becomes mediocre, although there aren't many women who will point this out to you (most of them are happy you're doing *something* down there).

I can imagine you being a woman and reading this and thinking to yourself: “Finally, someone speaking the truth. My husband isn't great at orally pleasuring me, although he tries.” Get off your high horse, sweetheart! In my short but intense life, the women I've met who understand the art of fellatio are few and far between. All too often, they uncontrolledly pull the shaft, suck too hard, pull the foreskin too far back (only to subsequently stop what they're doing entirely just moments before you're ready to climax, suddenly wanting to be fucked by your now-completely-insensitive, beaten-half-to-death manhood). These are but a few of the many crimes against masculinity the average woman commits on a regular basis. Ladies of this ilk will then often wrap a condom around your cock so thick it'd be more suitable for anal sex, to subsequently say things like, “I can't feel him. He's so rough,” to their friends. Is all of this really that surprising, if you've just beaten and sucked our tree of life half to death? Your sucking and pulling is totally at odds with the universal laws of the Tao, which is soft, like water. Women around the world, set your fragile little ego's aside and truly learn how to give a blowjob. Learn how to tease, postpone, reduce the pressure, spread the pressure, finally emptying your man with hard and merciless strokes. Do you understand the subtlety of what I'm describing? Alternating actions is key—yin and yang; hard and soft, in flow with the

Eternal Tao. (Until you've raised the energy to heavenly heights, and your man can only end with a long, drawn-out, "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh my God!")

§

Tilopa – “Song of Mahamudra”

*Mahamudra transcends all words
And symbols, but for you, Naropa,
Earnest and loyal,
I have to say this:*

*The Emptiness doesn't need support,
Mahamudra rests on nothing.
Without making any effort,
One can break the yoke
Thus - reaching Liberation.*

20. FLYING UNDER THE RADAR

What I'm hoping is that *you will become you* again—you, as you're supposed to be. What I'm hoping is that the wise lessons of Lao, Chuang, and yours truly will reawaken your natural self and inspire you to give the finger to our overcultured society. Sex is an amazing vehicle for this. In no area is the average Matrix person as stunted as in his or her sexuality. Why else do you think sex and nakedness are such popular marketing tools? They hit upon something we truly desire deep within ourselves. We want nothing more than to become beasts again, but our Matrix moulds prevent us from doing so. This is why I strongly encourage you to act inappropriately—to free the beast within.

Thinking is one such thing. Thinking is completely useless outside of the Matrix. Thinking is the corrupted software we keep talking about. Thinking is so all over the place, so apparently all-embracing, that it is unlikely you can imagine yourself without thoughts. This is why I keep inviting you to have wild sex and to take mind-enhancing substances, so that you can experience what it's like to be thoughtless for yourself. "The Tao that can be named is not the Eternal Tao." Words have been with you since the beginning, like the virus of the Matrix. Open wide! Obey!

Consider the story of Romulus and Remus, the two infants, who, according to Roman mythology, were raised by a she-wolf. Such a child was found and captured last century. The guardians of the Matrix wanted to make "it" into a human again. After all, no one should be allowed to escape the Matrix—not even a so-called wolf boy. Within six months, what had previously been a healthy wolf boy was dead. No living creature can survive the torment inflicted on us as children. We have had to freeze our life energy, our vitality, to survive. This book is intended to reawaken the wolf in you. (The wolf in sheep's clothing!) In the world, but not of the world. We're going to disguise ourselves and play along with the game. In the meantime, we live to our heart's content, demolish the Matrix software that has imprisoned us, thereby freeing ourselves from it. But we must fly under the radar. There are forces in the world that are dangerous to our more animalistic sides. (I'm not making this up.) Remember what I wrote about the Asuras earlier in this book. There are four dark powers that can effortlessly take over brainwashed people like powerless voodoo dolls. Whenever we try too

hard to escape the Matrix, it's always these four primal forces that pull us back in line. They either sabotage you internally (with your own thoughts) or externally (in the shape of Agent Smiths). Asuras can easily locate the gaps in your consciousness and use them to present you with situations in your life that appear to be very real. The Four Asuras we're talking about are Darkness, Deceit, Suffering and Death. Whenever an unawakened human is confronted with one of these, he or she will buckle out of fear, doing everything and anything the dark force in question desires.

In this, your unawakened fellow human is as dangerous as the holes in your own consciousness. "There is but one thing required for evil to triumph," according to Edmund Burke. "Good people doing nothing." But what is evil? To the moralist it is that which is "improper" or in conflict with the Ten Commandments. For guerrilla warriors, evil is anything that goes against the eternal Tao—*anything that goes against our natural instincts*. Anything that is hostile to nature and our own inner nature is evil. At the same time, it's not truly bad, nor does it have to be exterminated. Most of all, it needs to not be taken seriously. Christian ministers banning the use of magic mushrooms are evil and laughter-inducing. Nonetheless, they're all-powerful, the evils of this world, which is why our battle must be fought flying under their radar—for now. We do not fight with weapons nor with words. You can try to brainwash and indoctrinate us as much as you like, there is no way to kill our instinct. Our battle is non-violent and based on lust—on inappropriate horniness and pleasure. What chance could evil ever stand against horniness and pleasure? It is being smothered from the inside by its own feelings of guilt and shame. What we need is Patrick Süskind's *Le Parfum*, in which the protagonist waves a piece of divinely-scented cloth, causing a square filled with people to break out in an orgy of free love. But let's not lose ourselves in daydreams. At present, we're living in a dangerous world ruled by evil forces. Let's tread carefully and remove our own shackles one step at a time.

Chuang Tzu was one of the most careful and most powerful Matrix guerrilla warriors to ever inhabit our planet. He was such an expert at disguising himself that nobody was able to find him. From time to time, he'd simply pack his bags and leave, just like the assassin that Bruce Willis played in the film *The Jackal*. Nonetheless, his reputation for almost-supernatural wisdom and power was so great that the emperor of his time decreed that he had to be found. He consulted his advisors and ministers, none of whom knew where to find Chuang. The

smartest among them said Chuang was most likely disguised as an ordinary man. From that moment onwards, the emperor's lackeys kept an eye on all normal, unassuming men.

After a few months, they spotted Chuang by a river. "Are you Chuang Tzu?" they asked him. "Indeed," Chuang, who never lied, replied. "What are you doing?" they asked. "I'm fishing," responded Chuang, true to form. The civil servant working for the emperor asked Chuang whether he'd be willing to accept a highly esteemed position in the emperor's court, as an adviser to the emperor. Chuang told the civil servant he should come to the river the following day and that if he did, the answer would be clear. You guessed it, when the civil servant showed up at the river the next day, Chuang was nowhere to be found. Chuang hadn't lied, and his answer was clear—a resounding no.

Are you starting to understand why I keep advising you to fly under the radar? The best guerrilla warriors are entirely unrecognisable and therefore impossible to catch for the Matrix, which, at the time of Chuang Tzu (more than two thousand years ago) was already running at full spin. Chuang taught us to fly under the radar. We're worth much more to the non-violent-resistance movement in this way.

When dealing with people, camouflage your capacity to resist the Matrix. More importantly, don't ever make the mistake of thinking you're invulnerable. People in the Matrix will try to betray you. Don't try to wake them up. Prisoners inside the Matrix justify their behaviour by blaming other people. It's always someone else's fault; always someone else's turn to stand trial. Since the Matrix's software is all-pervasive, and there are only a few people who have managed to escape it, you will always run the risk of being unmasked by its lackeys (a little like Donald Sutherland in *The Day of the Triffids*). In this film, most of the people on Earth have gone blind because of a natural disaster (a good metaphor for the "seeing blindness" of the Matrix human). Sutherland can't trust anyone. Although the people in the film seem quite normal, whenever he shows them that he's still an ordinary human, these human vegetables utter an inhuman cry, thus betraying him. When we're in the Matrix, operate like Neo and his team—quick and decisive.

MORPHEUS: The Matrix is a system, Neo. That system is our enemy. But when you're inside, you look around, what do you see? Businessmen, teachers, lawyers, carpenters. The very minds of the people we are trying

to save. But until we do, these people are still a part of that system and that makes them our enemy. You have to understand, most of these people are not ready to be unplugged. And many of them are so inured, so hopelessly dependent on the system, that they will fight to protect it.

(Neo's eyes suddenly wander towards a woman in a red dress.)

MORPHEUS: Were you listening to me, Neo? Or were you looking at the woman in the red dress?

NEO: I was...

MORPHEUS *(gesturing with one hand)*: Look again.

(The woman in the red dress is now Agent Smith, pointing a gun at Neo's head. Neo ducks.)

MORPHEUS: Freeze it.

(Everything except Neo and Morpheus freezes in time.)

NEO: This... This isn't the Matrix?

MORPHEUS: No. It is another training program designed to teach you one thing: if you are not one of us, you are one of them.

That same fate awaits us if we display our sinful behaviour too publicly ("sinful," in terms of what Matrix inhabitants consider sinful). We ourselves don't care, since we don't condemn laziness, adultery, sex, mind-enhancing substances and practices, service dodging, refusing to work and so on. (Let's not forget growing weed and working illegally.) Matrix people loathe all of this and, like the inhuman Triffids, will scream at us and judge us (and call one of the 47 phone numbers, exclusively aimed at ratting other people out, in existence in our country.) The fact that *they are the ones who have lost their humanity* entirely escapes their notice. Ask yourself, which species in this divine play kills for fun? There are no other animals that wage war, pollute the environment, eat more than they need to, work harder than they need to get by, build atom bombs that can destroy the planet in an instant, sexually and emotionally abuse (and even trade) children. The list of our crimes against nature and humanity is endless. We could fill entire libraries with descriptions of humanity's misdeeds. But I think I've made my point—Matrix inhabitants are sick.

AGENT SMITH: I'd like to share a revelation that I've had during my time here. It came to me when I tried to classify your species and I realised that you're not actually mammals. Every mammal on this planet instinctively develops a natural equilibrium with the surrounding environment but you humans do not. You move to an area and you multiply and multiply until every natural resource is consumed and the only way you can survive is to spread to another area. There is another organism on this planet that follows the same pattern. Do you know what it is? A virus. Human beings are a disease; a cancer of this planet. You're a plague and we are the cure.

Why don't animals act like this? Because they are in harmony with the Eternal Tao. People were derailed, became "blind men (and women) walking" and, consequentially, a suicidal species. To limit our species in its destructive behaviour, we developed what we now call "culture." Culture is the Matrix software through which sick people are being controlled. It is not without reason that the Gandhis, Martin Luther Kings and Christs of this world are consistently wiped out. Be warned and wage your battles incognito. Keep verse 38 of the *Tao Te Ching* in your mind when observing the peaceful world of Matrix inhabitants: under the thin veneer of chrome lives a rotting, stinking package. Why else do you think Matrix people do their best to appear people-loving, friendly, and talented? Take the following to be a general rule: *everything you want the other to believe to be true about you is in fact false*. Consider the expensive political campaigns of Matrix politicians they run to try to show themselves at their best, getting their picture taken with children and old people, only to continue the murderous and power-hungry games that characterise their ilk once they're in power.

An important pointer offered in the *Tao Te Ching* is to let go of your so-called goodness and to not pretend to be better than you are. In the *Tao Te Ching*, your innate goodness is likened to a seed planted deep within you, which, unseen and in darkness, can start to grow, thereby nourishing your whole being.

Faking your goodness, wearing it as an image, feeds your inner darkness, causing it to grow and overshadow your entire personality. It is not only politicians who pretend to have your best intentions at heart, while all the while, you can see the malevolence burning in their eyes. Anyone who has banished the dark deep within him or herself awaits this fate. The *Tao Te Ching* tells us not to present ourselves better than we are; our "evil side" should be worn on the

outside; made visible to the world, thereby allowing it can dry up and break off. We keep the good hidden deep within ourselves. We don't sell our goodness; we guard and nurture it, thus allowing it to grow within us.

Doing this prevents us from getting caught up in the Matrix of illusion. Nobody needs to unmask us—we unmask ourselves on a daily basis. Nobody needs to be envious of us, because we're completely ordinary, like Chuang Tzu. We show all our shortcomings on the outside and cherish the jewel—our innate goodness—that grows within. Rumi offers the same advice:

If you find your ointment, do not use it to rub the wounds of another, but rub your own. Show the whole world the sickness that you are. Therein lies the cure. Whoever penetrates himself in this manner, becomes milder, wiser. Do it even if you have no illness. You may take away the insult.

From this day onwards, when observing so-called do-gooders or people trying to convince you of their goodness, an internal alarm should go off. Know that such people are dark on the inside, that their goodness is in service of the ego and is aimed at gaining recognition and approval. Deep within themselves these people are hateful and dark. On the other hand, people who willingly reveal their dark sides are often surprisingly sweet and pure internally. *Never judge a book by its cover.*

We don't need laws and commandments—like every other animal on this planet, we're innately good. While engaging in this practice, we secretly celebrate life and fuck all we can (both with our partner(s) or elsewhere). We have quite a lot of catching up to do after thousands of years of enslavement, so be prepared!

§

21. MONKEY MOUNTAIN

One of the most famous of Chuang Tzu's poems concerns a monkey mountain. A prince kills a monkey too ostentatiously displaying his talents. The prince justifies his behaviour in the poem. To Taoist masters, like Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu, ordinary people are no more than apes—dangerous apes; murderous, vengeful, envious, and corrupt. Chuang might ask you what the most important characteristic of monkeys is. Although, in physical terms, they're healthier, faster and stronger than us—both on four legs and on two—their most important characteristic is their capacity to mimic. The previously given examples of children raised by wolves show us that being envious of others and the desire to amass possessions is learnt behaviour. You don't need much to be perfectly happy: some dry clothes, a roof above your head, a bit of food in your belly, a few stars to look at, a couple of flowers to sniff, birds singing, crickets chirping. So much beauty encircles us it is making me poetic! But what does the sad, average Matrix great ape crave most? An estimable social position, a lot of mirrors and beads, safety and security, fancy meals, three holidays a year, an expensive car to show off to others.

It doesn't take long for the Matrix human to lose his natural beauty and grace, devolving into the greedy, needy, and disgusting creature he is today. He (or she) loses his (or her) inner beauty and instinct. No wonder we have to go to the gym to work on our bodies and paint our faces—everything to hide our inner emptiness and ugliness. We consume canned food that barely has any nutritional value, move through life mechanically. We spend our days and nights bathing in artificial light, filling our lungs with filthy, recycled air. We numb our consciousness with television, squander our innate sexuality with pornography. We are addicted to consuming goods and pleasing others. We want everybody to like us; to think we're charming, attractive, vital. We want people to think all kinds of things about us that aren't true (and which we know not to be true).

Don't worry, all of the things I'm describing are standard Matrix programme codes. Inbuilt lines of coding that keep the Matrix human dissatisfied, always grasping and reaching for more. The Matrix human is a walking, talking vessel of scarcity. This is why you must never flaunt your true talents; if you do, the envious Matrix human will kill you. Don't worry, everything

that has been installed can also be uninstalled. But, be aware, the virus running inside of you won't go down without a fight; the closer you get to the core, the heart of the software, the more resistant the programmes become. The software plays on your deepest fears: the fear of being *no one*; of dying; of going crazy. At the end of the day, the joke is that you already are no one; you already are dead; you already are crazy. Why, then, should you be afraid of any of these?

The Matrix will do everything in its power to keep you stuck to its web. It will always try to convince you of the validity of the illusory world it has created around you. It will never acknowledge that the emptiness you feel deep within yourself is your true nature. What happens when you ingest mind-enhancing substances or make divine love? You lose yourself. You dissolve. You go crazy. Do things you wouldn't otherwise. Scream as though you're going crazy. You lose your sense of individuality during an intense orgasm; you dissolve into nothing. Is that such a dreadful thing? Of course not! This is your true nature!

Your true nature is sexually charged. It knows no me; it is consciousness, crazy beyond bounds, relishing life divinely. Those scary Matrix programmers infected your consciousness hundreds of generations ago, replacing it their lame alternatives. As a result, you have become scared of your own true nature. *You don't even exist*; you are a holographic projection. This is why you can start enjoying animalistic sex again. Surrender your mind; feel and follow what feels good. Release the beast in you and discover your true nature. No more Mr/Mrs Nice Guy/Girl!

Remember that the Matrix software is built *into* your thinking. Everything that crosses your mind is monitored by the Matrix. Thoughts are electrical waves controlling you. Therefore, don't think, but learn to *act before you think*. Learn to look at your thinking function as a radio station playing inside your head. Of course, it can be useful sometimes (like when you're writing a shopping list), but it usually does precisely what it's intended to do—keep you stuck in the Matrix. It commands you to act appropriately and in line with Matrix's active scripts. Hack its software! A good launch-off point is to start talking gibberish—*mutiemaku gsilte vrowka hytpo troweple, dhedhehhh bleghplopffff dzzzzzz*.

Act before your mind takes over. Try it! Trust me, it will be hard. You have to get fast at acting, because one thing's for sure, the Matrix doesn't tolerate nonsense. Your thinking is hardwired to be targeted. It loses its footing when things appear to be nonsensical (when

talking gibberish, for example). You can also randomly start singing or improvising, dancing without controlling your movements, or telling random jokes without trying to be funny. During oral sex, let the Tao take over control of your tongue. When having sex and dancing, free your body. When talking gibberish, telling jokes or singing spontaneously, release control over your mouth. Don't spend any time thinking about what you look like or what the result of your behaviour will be. Step into the flow of life by *acting without considering the result of your actions*. Just do whatever you do because it's fun to do so. The faster you learn this principle, the faster you will be able to hack your Matrix coding, the freer your consciousness will become.

Learning to act and express yourself before your thinking mind intervenes, you will quickly become well-acquainted with your inner Matrix software, which remains invisible as long as you stick to the built-in rules. In the same way that a fish cannot know water, only those who dare to step outside of their known world can discover the obvious. Thus, we must occasionally lose our minds to temporarily step outside our fixed realities to discover what water is.

One of humanity's deepest fears is the fear of rejection. Studies have shown that we produce almost as much cortisol, the so-called "stress hormone," when we're being laughed at as in the moment of death. The desire to belong is one of the deepest fears keeping your Matrix software running. Being rejected, laughed at, cast out, going crazy, lacking meaning—fear holds us down and keeps us voluntarily remain shackled to the Matrix, like the prisoners in Plato's Cave. Practice rebelling day and night by defying your inbuilt software. How about a quick gibberish improvisation session? Here are nine empty lines for you to practice.

It's not a problem if you didn't do what I asked. To be honest, I'm also bad with instructions. Jokes aside though, the instructions I've provided will effectively bring your restrictive software to light. There is no other way.

What happens when you start exploring your virtual boundaries? Your system will immediately go on red alert and fire a warning shot. When you want to start talking gibberish, masturbating while doing the dishes, or engaging in any other form of activity considered inappropriate in the Matrix, your inbuilt Matrix programming will spring into action. You may start feeling extremely hot, sweating a lot, and feeling incredibly uncomfortable. Your heart may start beating faster as you feel the adrenaline pumping through you. Discover whether you can brave these warnings shots without responding to them. Ride the waves voluntarily—your freedom is beckoning. Every time you resist the warning shots of the Matrix by not responding to them, the limits of what is acceptable to you are stretched a little. As a result, you will experience more space and freedom within yourself. This is one of the best ways to destroy your Matrix software—*braving fear (and its associated physical symptoms) and doing things you ordinarily wouldn't do.*

22. THE EGO: THE IVORY TOWER

When you start playing the game of free expression, you will undoubtedly meet a powerful inner opponent—the Inner Critic. The world-renowned psychiatrist, Sigmund Freud, also referred to this built-in Matrix player as the “Super Ego.” Others refer to it as “the Judge.” I will be calling it the Referee in this book. The Super Ego/Critic/Referee is invisible. Compare its power to that of a magnet—only by sprinkling some iron filings does its power become visible. The same applies to the Referee, who remains hidden under the surface, until you decide to do something that triggers your deep-rooted fear of abandonment, rejection, insanity or death. This is when it intervenes. It is the voice that says, “You can’t do that,” “You’re stupid/dumb/ugly/unattractive,” “They don’t like you,” “You’re nothing,” “You’re just like your father,” and so on. The Referee *in you* knows exactly what your weaknesses and fears are, and can manipulate you with this knowledge. It has been with you since birth and started manipulating you when you were a toddler. In truth, this is the part of your consciousness that has been programmed by the Matrix.

In its purest form, you could call this side of your consciousness self-consciousness. However, years of indoctrination have corrupted it. The Referee receives its commands directly from the Four Asuras that have dominated the Matrix since the dawn of time. Marshall B. Rosenberg:

Pain, caused by dangerous, cultural programming, has become such an integral part of our lives that we no longer even notice it’s there. The inner, judging, and humiliating voices are most judgemental about ourselves. It takes tremendous energy and consciousness to recognise the destructive patterns and convictions and to change them into thoughts and behaviour that are valuable and subservient to the greater whole.

Your Referee not only condemns you every time you want to do something stupid, silly, inappropriate or irresponsible—it is particularly active towards others, disapproving of everybody who does not adhere to your values and standards. Which values it considers

important largely depends on the environment you grew up in. If you grew up in an elitist environment, you probably disapprove of lowlifes. If you're dark-skinned, you may be prejudiced against white people. If you're straight, chances are you disapprove of gay people. If you're creative, you probably judge squares. I'm sure you get the picture.

The Matrix is so devious that we all believe we're pursuing our own ideas and that the truth is on our side. Our inner Judges are on standby day and night to prove our righteousness, to keep ourselves in line and to reject, criticise, humiliate, and control everybody who does not fit inside our limited mould of how the world (and its inhabitants) should be. These inner Judges should be our primary focus, since they are the ones keeping us trapped inside the Matrix.

People very rarely escape the iron stranglehold of the Matrix. People like Chuang Tzu, Christ, and Socrates are rare—exceedingly rare. You need courage to break out. This is because everything in you will constantly be trying to prove the opposite of what I'm saying here. As long as you continue to be afraid of going crazy or not belonging, if deep inside, you fear your inner emptiness or are afraid to die, you will remain a prisoner. Rest assured though—there's no rush. Break out of the Matrix one step at a time. Every step you take will reveal more of the prison that has been constructed, and which you yourself have constructed, around you. The first page of Keri Hulme's *The Bone People*:

She had debated, in the frivolity of the beginning, whether to build a hole or a tower; a hole, because she was fond of hobbits, or a tower – well, a tower for many reasons, but chiefly because she liked spiral stairways.

As time went on, and she thought over the pros and cons of each, the idea of a tower became increasingly exciting; a star-gazing platform on top; a quiet library, book-lined, with a ring of swords on the nether wall; a bedroom, mediaeval style, with massive roof beams and a plain hewn bed; there'd be a living room with a huge fireplace, and rows of spicejars on one wall, and underneath, on the ground level, an entrance hall hung with tapestries, and the beginnings of the spiral stairway, handrails dolphin-headed, saluting the air.

There'd be a cellar, naturally, well stocked with wines, home-brewed and imported vintage; lined with Chinese ginger jars, and wooden boxes of dates. Barrels round the walls, and shadowed chests in corners.

All through the summer sun she laboured, alone with the paid, bemused, professional help. The dust obscured and flayed, thirst parched, and tempers frayed, but the Tower grew. A concrete skeleton, wooden ribs and girdle, skin of stone, grey and slateblue and heavy honey-coloured. Until late on February it stood, gaunt and strange and embattled, built on an almost island in the shallows of an inlet, tall in Taiaroa.

It was the hermitage, her glimmering retreat. No people invited, for what could they know of the secrets that crept and chilled and chuckled in the marrow of her bones? No need of people, because she was self-fulfilling, delighted with the pre-eminence of her art, and the future of her knowing hands.

But the pinnacle became an abyss, and the driving joy ended. At last there was a prison.

I am encompassed by a wall, high and hard and stone, with only my brainy nails to tear it down.

And I cannot do it.

Your prison, your ivory tower, was constructed early in your life—at birth, to be precise. The reason was your total dependence on your mother. As an infant, you were wholly reliant on your mother to meet all your needs (to be cleaned or to eat, for example). (Not long ago, Matrix puppet mothers were instructed not to spoil you too much; to leave you crying for a whole night, lying in your own dirt, hungry, and afraid.) Mothers in the animal kingdom instinctively know what their offspring need and when to give it to them. Human mothers need consultants and books to tell them what to do. It is here that one of your deepest fears came into existence; the fear that centres around the belief “there isn’t enough for me” (which goes hand in hand with “I will die”). “No one understands me, and I feel terrible.” “This will never end.”

Atop this root fear, you are given an endless list of instructions dictating how you should behave: “Don’t make too much noise,” “Go to sleep,” (even though you’re not tired) “Don’t make such a mess,” “Use your knife and fork,” “Finish your plate,” “Don’t be cheeky.” The list of things you have to do is endless and, on top of that, “for your own good” (or so they say). Your parents and teachers are preparing you to become a full-fledged member of the Matrix

and, seen within this context, they're right in saying that what they're teaching you is for your own good. Nonetheless, your true nature—the animal inside of you—is slowly asphyxiated in this process. With each chunk of civilisation forced down its throat, another part of your true nature perishes (or temporarily goes into hiding). The same happens in the film *The Golden Compass*, in which they kill the children's power animals.

When you were two years old, you started becoming a little person. It is at this point that you started wanting to do things for yourself. Autonomy was key. There's a good chance that your parents disagreed with many of your attempts to take matters into your own hands. Your *no* was overruled by their *yes*; your *yes* punished by their *no*. All for your own good. The Matrix doesn't tolerate half-baked creatures running on instinct and intuition. You had to be cut and sheered. If your parents were unfit for the task, your teachers would take over. If your teachers weren't doing the job of preparing you for the Matrix, your peers would take over bootcamp responsibilities—humiliating, rejecting, and bullying you for being different. You had to become like everybody else; *everybody* is force-fed the Matrix. (Even if you consider yourself to be unique, you're probably no more than a variant of one of the existing moulds.)

Not long after completing your first humiliation programme, the next, potty training, was rolled out. Why do you think so many of us feel ashamed of our genitalia and why we can only do our business behind closed doors? (I'm sure you understand that from now on part of our anti-Matrix training will be to poop with the door open!) Many neuroses develop out of young children being forced to use the potty too early in their development, since they're forced to contract muscles that aren't yet fully developed, consequently causing them to cramp up. The messages they frequently get from their parents as a result of being trained to use the potty too soon are myriad, and cut deep—"You're disgusting," "Blegh!" "You are a bad boy/girl," "You are [...]" Pay close attention when filling in the [...]. If you're perceptive, you will notice that your inner Referee uses the same language that your early influencers (parents, teachers, peers) used to use *against* you.

Not long after all this, the Matrix unleashes its full potential on your developing soul. In primary school, you start receiving grades for how well you are doing; you start being graded for how well you are performing in *your own brainwashing process*. With this, your indoctrination is in full swing. Resist, and you are embarrassed and laughed at (which, as you know, causes tremendous fear, on par with the fear of dying). You're little, vulnerable, and you

want to belong. You observe that children who adapt well, who play along and who do their best, are valued and treated nicely by adults. At this point, you have two courses of action: you either start doing your best to belong and receive the same praise the well-behaved children are receiving or you rebelliously (and subconsciously) decide to throw a monkey wrench in the whole thing. Whatever you choose, whether you decide to adapt or rebel, you are now in the stranglehold of the Matrix. The long-term outcome of either mode of behaviour is exactly the same: you have started to take the Matrix seriously in your efforts to survive. Its software is literally spoon-fed to you. (And everybody's in on the game—Mummy, Daddy, your teachers, other children at school, Granny and Granddad.) *This is Plato's Cave*. Since everybody is “in on it,” you are unable to perceive the stage. A human being able to see through the Matrix is akin to a fish seeing through water. Hardly anything is Matrix-proof (with the possible exception of your inner world). Your imagination, your sexuality, your instinct, your inherent joy to be alive, your vibrancy, your desire to play—all of these exist outside of the grasp of the Matrix; they are all expressions of the Eternal Tao. It's unsurprising that everything is constantly under attack. “Sit still!” “Concentrate!” “Don't daydream!” “No playing!” “No farting!” “No belching!” The animal inside of you, that happy creature full of life, is murdered, one bit at a time or hidden deep inside your inner dungeons. And this is precisely what inner guerrilla warfare is about—it is *about claiming our birthright and freeing our true nature from the dungeons of the soul*.

Your Referee will do everything in its power to prevent you from succeeding. This part of your consciousness is exceptionally intelligent, a master of disguise, and incredibly well informed. How great it could be if it joined our guerrilla warfare! But, for now, the Referee is an obstacle for our future development (and much cleverer than we often give it credit for). It sounds like our own thoughts when it speaks, but pay close attention and you will notice it is always denigrating and critical. Our inner Referee is astonishingly aware with the current norms and values. It knows what is “in” and what isn't; how you should behave to belong. It consistently keeps an eye on the news, watching all the necessary programmes and reading all the required magazines to keep itself informed and up to date. It adapts you to the peer groups to which you belong. It finetunes your image and will always let you know if you step out of line. Therefore, remain a step ahead of it. Our inner Referee wants to be taken seriously above all else. Whenever you find it beating down on you, just start talking gibberish (or do the opposite of whatever it commands). If you're in a group and it tells you to be quiet, belch.

Doing this is for its own good, since at the end of the day, it too desires to be free. If you stopped being so afraid on the inside, you could release it. If you're terrified of dying, just be aware that everything in this universe is merely an illusion; a very realistic illusion, but an illusion nonetheless. If you still require the approval of others, take a firm decision: "From now on, I will no longer no longer need the approval of others!"

"Reality is merely an illusion, albeit a very persistent one," spoke guerrilla scientist Albert Einstein. This won't stop the Referee from continuously claiming that everything is real, that you are constantly in danger, and that you must belong. Alternatively, it may tell you to act cool, eccentric, or distant as part of your image—just another manifestation of the same programming. Martin Luther King Junior: "Each of us is something of a schizophrenic personality, tragically divided against ourselves."

The truth is that you are like a snowflake—completely unique. There will never be another like you. Your fingerprint is unique; your face is unique. There isn't another like you in the entire universe. This is terrifying to the Referee, who merely wants to belong. "What if the unique you isn't good, fun, attractive, interesting enough?" Well... what if? You do not need another's approval. You do not need laws and rules. You are a complete and worthy part of the universe, exactly as you are, regardless of what other people think of you. The Tao flows through you as it flows through all other living beings. Every form of judgement (good or bad) concerning yourself is completely inappropriate. At the same time (and this is one of life's grand paradoxes), you are completely identical to everything else, since at the end of the day, the unique snowflake you think you are is simply an optimal illusion, consisting of water. The optical illusion is who you *appear to be*, while ultimately, *you are pure consciousness*.

Therefore, please wake up (and stay awake). Let yourself be heard (literally) and start singing improvisationally. Don't start singing (well-known) songs. This is often just a way to belong. Go watch *As It Is in Heaven* if you haven't already seen it. To stay out of the claws of the Referee, we must stay *out of form*; out of the illusion of good and bad. Good and bad don't exist; they are part of the illusion. The animal kingdom doesn't know good or bad; they have been introduced by the world of humans, with their genocides and unevenly distributed wealth.

Start expressing yourself by testing your inner Referee: start taking theatre courses (the improvisational kind); decide to crawl to the fridge instead of walking; start free writing

without censoring yourself; masturbate while at work; engage strangers in conversation; surprise your best friend with a poop-filled envelope; sing improvisationally in a busy shopping street; start sexperimenting and discover the animal in you. Dance your way through life. Destroy your Matrix software skilfully, one line of coding at a time, by doing precisely that which scares you or which you “would never do.” Free yourself!

Why again? Because you’re on your way to becoming a warrior; a guerrilla; a splinter cell. We don’t need authority; we don’t need guidance. So, how can I know that whatever you end up doing will be the right thing? Well... since there is no good or bad, whatever you end up doing in alignment with your true nature will *automatically be the right thing*. It’s that simple! Once you’ve destroyed your Matrix software and your true nature appears, you will instinctively know what the “right thing” do is in any given situation; that which will be in alignment with the Eternal Tao of this universe. This is the reason we guerrillas don’t require guidance—we know exactly what is good for ourselves and our fellow humans. We reject every form of authority. Long live autonomy!

§

23. THE GOD WITHIN AWAKENS

Do you remember what Matrix people most fear? Going crazy, being nobody, and dying. In other words, they are terrified of discovering their true nature. Drugs, such as alcohol, XTC, GHB, cocaine, etc. will give you a fun night followed by a hangover. Entheogenic substances guide you straight to your true nature. The meaning of the word *entheogen* is *that which awakens the god within*. This process may seem like you're dying and/or going a little crazy, but these are merely signs the substances are doing their jobs well; that your Matrix jacket is becoming too tight. Entheogenic substances show you the way. Included among entheogens are magic mushrooms and truffles, marijuana, ayahuasca, mescaline, iboga, LSD, DMT and ketamine—all substances that induce fear in the average Matrix person (but which we enjoy). Dancefloor sweets are child's play compared to the experiences these entheogenic substances can induce. Highly recommended for whoever wants to break out of the Matrix. However, they must be used with care. (Using them entails certain risks.) If you would like to know a little more about the safe use of these kinds of magic substances, you can read *Uit Je Bol* by Hellinga and Plomp (if you can read Dutch), *The Sacred Voyage* by yours truly, or *LSD Psychotherapy* by Stanislav Grof.

The word entheogen was first thought up by the immensely wealthy banker Gordon Wasson. “Banker?” you may wonder. “That doesn’t sound quite right. Aren’t they all firmly rooted in the Matrix?” They certainly are! (And so was Wasson.) But in addition to his love for money he had another love. He was a mycologist—someone who studies fungi. Long story short, Wasson coincidentally ended up in Mexico during one of his mycology study trips. It was here that he learnt of an ancient ritual during which people would ingest magic mushrooms under the guidance of a female shaman called Maria Sabina. Wasson participated in one of these rituals and was instantly cast out of the Matrix. With his own eyes he saw the illusion in which he had been held captive all his life; the world of more, more, more. Wasson discovered that which all Matrix guerrillas eventually discover—that deep within they have a true nature, and that this nature is divine. This truth is unacceptable to the Matrix’s prison guards, which is why most entheogenic substances were placed on a blacklist and prohibited in the seventies of last century. They were also forbidden during the inquisition a few hundred

years prior. During the seventies, new legislation was required when tens of thousands of people, known to as us hippies, started to slip through the nets of the Matrix. Hippies were our precocious, naïve guerrilla brothers and sisters, who left the nest too soon to fly straight into the grasp of the Four Asuras, of whose power they were unaware. Many of them were mercilessly brutalised, locked away, cast out, or destroyed mentally. However, the majority of them simply slotted back into their positions in the Matrix (voluntarily, I might add...). From that moment onwards,entheogens were on the blacklist. Until today, their use is considered a crime. Let's be fair though: would we be able to become the heroes we are meant to be without facing these kinds of challenges along the way? What would have become of Harry Potter without He Who Must Not Be Named (Voldemort)? Would *Lord of the Rings* have been any fun if Frodo had been transported to Mount Doom by one of the Great Eagles to carelessly drop the One Ring into the fire, thereby foregoing on his heroic adventure? As they are prone to say at film academies, "Would anybody go to see a movie called *The Village of the Nice and Happy People*?"

We need bad guys for our heroic stories to unfold: Christian inquisition leaders who have tried to keep us small and chained to the Matrix; dirty collaborators who, in the name of "love," betray us all, alienating billions of people from their true, divine nature by having them read books and telling them that there is a god outside of themselves, evaluating and judging all their deeds. What those poor folks don't understand is that there is a god—or at least he thinks he's god—watching and judging everything, but that this god is in fact none other than the Referee. If you convince small children from birth that they are born in sin, the Referee will automatically start mimicking that message. He will learn to hit you over the head with the Ten Commandments and make sure you stick to them.

Christian ministers are being unwittingly controlled by their inner Referees, and with this, the Four Asuras. They represent the suffering in the world, darkness, death and deceit. Why else do you think Minister Klink had to lie to pass his magic-mushroom prohibition laws? This has been the story of the ages, whenever the pawns of evil are in power. They fall prey to the Asuras too easily, since there are disconnected from their instincts. They are sexless nerds who were bullied and/or avoided by their classmates in school and who use authority and power as a last attempt to rectify their fragile self-esteem by telling others what they can and cannot do. The most pathetic boys and girls in the classroom go into politics and the corporate world to externally obtain the power *they lack internally*. This is why these nerds have to prohibit

everything their so-called God (read: Referee) won't let them do. They speak of values and standards, because they lost their innate goodness centuries ago. But beware! They are like the wizard Saruman in *Lord of the Rings*, who turns everyone who listens to him to stone. People who frequently use entheogenic substances and discover the Eternal Tao in themselves become immune to the deceptive dogs ruling this world.

Where do you think Matrix guerrillas like Socrates and Plato got their divine philosophies and insights from? Entheogens, of course. The god in power in their time was called Apollo. Apollo was much like our current Matrix god—rational, warlike, insensitive, and rigid (exactly like our modern-day politicians). During their time, a new god, Dionysius (or as we Matrix guerrillas are allowed to call him, Dion) arrived on the scene. Dion went to Apollo and said, “I want some of your power. You will have to honour me and learn how to dance.” Lacchus, which was another name given to this son of Zeus and Semele, was the god of drinking, partying, surrender, and especially, fertility. Dion wanted Apollo to learn how to party and dance, but of course the stiff, cognitive, rational Apollo refused Dion's request. His power, or so he felt, was all-encompassing. He felt a little like the authorities who frequently come and disrupt our illegal dance parties and seize our belongings. Assholes! What the authorities, represented in this story by Apollo, or by our modern-day politicians, don't understand is that Dionysius is powerful—very powerful. He will simply continue partying underground.

Dionysius is not only the god of divine drinking parties, as some have superficially concluded—he is also the god of fertility. These two—drinking and fucking—go hand in hand, it would appear. Dionysius warned Apollo: “If you won't dance the small dance, you will have to dance the big dance.” Apollo, however, didn't give an inch, and Dion went underground, as predicted. You can prohibit as much as you like, but do you truly believe people will be using less of the substances you have criminalised? Of course not! Bunch of idiots! Things just become more exciting. So, Dion took his parties underground. Dance Valley and Extreme Outdoor are nothing compared to the parties he used to organise, which often lasted for many days. His line-ups were so insane that even Apollo's mother was drawn to them. Want to bet the old slut allowed herself to get taken by any man who crossed her path? (This is my interpretation. I haven't been able to find any proof for this position in any of the ancient scriptures thus far.)

What *has* been recorded is that Apollo, representing the authority of the time, was not amused by Dionysius' never-ending underground parties (in the same way that our contemporary authorities won't be too pleased to find out you're reading this book). Apo, which is what we'll be calling Apollo henceforth, set out to investigate one of Dion's parties, and, to his dismay, found his own mother "letting her hair down," so to speak. Mother dear must have had just a little too much to drink, because, instead of seeing her son, Apollo, she saw a lion. She quickly grabbed an axe and chopped off the lion's head. Like the wild woman she had become, she stuck the lion's head atop a spear and marched it through the city. The following day, she discovered that the head was not that of a lion at all, but rather, that of her son, Apollo.

This was the big dance that Dion had warned Apollo of: if you're unable to dance, unable to let loose from time to time, you lose in life; you become infertile and die. This is the tragic fate of Matrix people. They all die prematurely of heart attacks, brain seizures, and cancer. Of course, we've also had one or two casualties to mourn. Party people occasionally overdose or jump off a bridge (exactly 0.00237384% of them, to be precise). The rest escape the clutches of the fucking Matrix and party to a ripe old age, much like supremely cool guerrilla grandmaster, Albert Hofmann (the inventor of LSD), who lived to be 102.

With a slight detour, we return to the story of Soc and Plato. Both men were initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries. Eleusis was the most important Greek mystery school. Originally, Dion didn't have a place in the mysteries of Eleusis, where people would spend days partying, but after the situation with Apo, Dion became a celebrated god. During ceremonies in Eleusis, participants were given a drink containing ergots, the fungi that Albert Hofmann would classify as LSD two thousand years later, thus completing the circle. Cool, don't you think? All I need to do is to let my fingers go about their business without getting too involved and the true story will tell itself.

The moral of the story? No idea! We don't do morality here—we do instinct; our animalistic, true nature. We don't concern ourselves with how the world should be, with standards, values. This is the workplace of the Referee, who has been deemed to be God by mindless Matrix people. We prefer to not get too involved in all that. Can you imagine what the world might have looked like if that foolish Moses had realised he was listening to his own

Referee on Mount Sinai? Who in their right mind would ban all the pleasures of life? It's time we unmask the Referee and stop listening to him!

Consider the following story about Henk Westbroek. Henk has some characteristics of a Matrix Guerrilla—he loves to drink and do drugs, he isn't afraid to give his opinion, and he's as lazy as they come. Man, that guy is about as lazy as a panda (the species of bear that prefers to eat bamboo lying on its back). If Henk had been our creator, we'd still be in the primordial-soup stage. You can tell he's lazy simply by listening to his voice. He was asked to audition for a talk show once, but he never made it to the second round, because he only started talking when the auditors said, "We'll get in touch." That's how lazy Henk is.

Beware though! Laziness is the devil's pillow, according to Christian militant loonies. Lazy people have been under heavy fire from our collective Referee since the dawn of time. Laziness is not done in the Matrix, when in actuality, it's one of the best things there is. Take a good look at the animal kingdom. See any animals (aside from ants—the mindless automatons!) completing a forty-hour work week? Let's dub Henk a Matrix guerrilla and use him as an example when it comes to laziness.

Once upon a time, Henk found himself in Turkey. The year was 2006. Henk had booked a return ticket to the Netherlands. However, Henk didn't want to wake up on time to get to his plane on time (the lazy dog!). Henk wanted to stay in bed, regardless of how many times his Referee told him to wake up. He was even willing to pay a fine of seventy euros to catch a later flight. When he arrived at the airport later that day, he heard what had happened—his plane had crashed in the Netherlands. Can you imagine what would have happened if Henk had listened to his inner Slave Driver or his Referee? He would be dead now. Therefore, ignore all those inner voices telling you what to do and just go with the flow!

24. GO WITH THE FLOW: LET IT ALL GO (“PFFFFFFFFFOID”)

Loosen up a bit. You're so tight that when you fart, only dogs can hear it.

- Sanctum

Let's delve a little deeper into letting go and surrendering to the divine. What you may not yet know (and are about to discover) is that farting is an inseparable part of this book. Consider how many children have fallen victim to the Matrix's cruel programming. Every time they released a little wind at school they were brutally put down as though they were doing something disgusting. Not once—thousands of times. They were shamed, humiliated, and asked what others would think of them. The consequence of this is that many adults no longer trust their farts. They fearfully clench their butt cheeks to avoid any potential eruptions. They lack the sensitivity to know whether the fart at the gate is a soft one, a hard one, or (the most awkward kind) a wet one. Understanding your farts requires years of training (and involves a lot of fun). Punishment is an absolute killer for the development of this skillset. What happens when you block your exit road is that you cut off your capacity to surrender (and with this, your capacity to smoothly move through the universe). Learning to let rip, therefore, is an essential life skill. Any book that does not dedicate at least one chapter to the topic is not worth the paper it is printed on.

Growing up in my household, we'd made letting rip into an artform. I learnt how to dose, hold onto, and discharge my farts at exactly the right moment. I was an expert at catching my farts in my cupped hands and setting them free under the noses of unsuspecting victims (preferably at the breakfast table). Another one of my fortes was producing sneaky, incredibly smelly farts, then removing myself from the scene of the crime and putting on my poker face, so that no one would know that it was me who had gassed the place.

Laughing about and enjoying farting is healthy. Breaking wind is so natural! Consider your radiator. Doesn't it start acting up if you don't occasionally let the air that has built up inside of it out? It is my many years of expert training that has led to me having developed the fart

“How can farting be the essence of this book, or the Tao?” you may understandably ask. The answer is simple—*because it is*. If young children can have so much fun doing something, it’s bound to be divine. Everything we subsequently turned it into is just Matrix programming. Remember one of our first Tao lessons? “The Tao that can be named is not the Eternal Tao.” This first verse of the *Tao Te Ching* tells us how fake we have become. We started to name and evaluate things, thereby distinguishing between good and bad. You’re good if you sit still and listen; you’re bad if you fart. This is the reason farts take us directly into the Tao. It’s a little like that one time with Ator...

This story is ancient. I’m going to tell it to you at the risk of sounding like a senior citizen who starts every story with, “If only you knew how bad we had it during the war...” At some point during the eighties of last century, Ator, my friend, wanted to go into town to buy a raincoat. We had red-beige trams at the time. The route from our home to the town centre was about three zones long, and we’d made not paying for our tickets something of a sport. In those days, you were still able to open the tram doors by kicking the bottom of the door, which is precisely what we would do each time we saw a ticket checker move towards us (they were called *vicks* at the time, I believe). We would willingly jump out of the moving tram not to get caught. (Just thinking of it again is making my heart beat faster!)

Ator wanted a raincoat because Inspector Clouseau wore one. I didn’t want a raincoat, but I still decided to tag along into town. Can you imagine what would have happened if I hadn’t? Exactly, the consequences would have been disastrous! This whole page would have been white; this story non-existent! Isn’t funny how things go! More proof of life’s perfection. All you have to do is say *yes* to whatever crosses your path, like Jim Carrey in that improbably funny guerrilla film *Yes Man*. This was an attitude that I had already embodied at the time. Why else do you think I decided to tag along with Ator? I intuitively felt like something was going to happen.

The designated shop for Ator’s intended purchase was the dusty Matrix-friendly shop, Kreymborg, vendor of sad, grey clothes for dressed-up little Matrix people. Ator wasn’t yet caught in the net of the Matrix. I don’t know—I think he just thought the coat Clouseau wore was cool, just like he loved his green Australian tracksuit. (We also loved it, especially when he ripped it playing football.) We even made a song about it that we would sing at school:

Faber & Friends – Frog Suit

My frog suit is ripped, my frog suit, my frog suit is ripped.

My frog suit is ripped, my frog suit, my frog suit is ripped.

My frog suit is ripped, my frog suit, my frog suit is ripped.

My frog suit is ripped, my frog suit, my frog suit is ripped.

If only I hadn't slipped.

Now my frog suit is ripped.

Our use of frog suit should indicate that there was some discrepancy between how Ator perceived his clothing style and the way his style was perceived by his environment. When we had finally located the coat he was looking for, we made our way to the checkout. There stood a man who, had I not known any better, might have been the founder of global homosexuality—a preppy, super queen. I will never forget his yellow-brown, tailored tweed jacket, his dark-brown corduroy trousers and his Docksteps shoes. In a moment, it will be clear why I remembered them so well.

Although Ator's style wasn't exactly envy-inducing, he did always have the latest gadgets though. His Atari 2600 gaming computer in particular gave him a special status within our group. How much fun we'd have spending rainy afternoons playing *Galaxian* at his house! Ator was also one of the first people in our circle of friends to own his stereo system, as well as being the first to own a debit card (and money on his bank account). I would always get fired wherever we worked. I managed to "hold onto" my job at Radio Modern for exactly one day—probably because I am a bit of a rascal. When we were given the task of cleaning the attic one day, I didn't carefully hand Ator the boxes that were stored there (like a good Matrix servant would have done); I decided to chuck the boxes down the stairs, on top of Ator, who was supposed to catch them (and was attached to his part-time job). He had previously introduced me to the boss and vouched for me. I succeeded at behaving well until after lunch. Ator was kept on, but I found myself without a job once more. Ator's bank account was brimming over; I didn't even have a debit card (why would I need one, with a consistently overdrawn bank account?).

Returning to the clothes shop where Ator was buying his new coat, the pretentious queen suspiciously took Ator's debit card. He was probably expecting Ator's bank account to be overdrawn, anticipating being able to snidely say, "insufficient funds." I wasn't impressed with his behaviour. I didn't see why it was necessary for him to accept Ator's debit card in this way, giving him a look suggesting he was as good as homeless. Luckily, the dweeb in question wasn't aware that Ator Triumphathor always had sufficient funds. Treatment of this kind has always caused something to rise in me. The bum jockey and swept Ator's card through his machine with a look of disdain. I countered his scornful gesture with a long-drawn-out and rambunctious *BrrrrRRRrrrrreee-eeee-EEE-e-EEEEEEEEt!* (I've used hyphens here to emphasise breaks in this fart of farts.) With this boisterous gesture, I let the sphincter-stretching buggerer know that, unlike him, I still had (and still have) my anal virginity, and that I didn't appreciate his disdainful behaviour. Without a doubt, this was the loudest fart I have ever produced in my lifetime. Ator was in shock; queen in shock. For a few seconds that seemed more like minutes, we stood there glued to the floor, the poor man with his back towards us, while Ator laughed nervously. Although tears were welling up in my eyes, I managed to maintain my cool and jokingly told Ator off. "That's not very lady-like of you, Ate," I commented.

Ator roared with laughter. His unintended burst of laughter not only informed the hopeless salesman it must have been him; the shopping Saturday public was also able to enjoy the "Fart of the Week," contender for "Fart of the Year." All good things come to an end though; the vendor recovered, turned around and returned Ator his debit card. In his customary, spotless style, he said, "The transaction has been successful. Be sure to let the coat breathe when you get home." You bet the transaction had succeeded! Can you imagine how pitiful this book would have been if I hadn't let rip?

25. CURSING IS DIVINE

The Merovingians: *Nom de dieu de putain de bordel de merde de saloperies de connards d'enculé de ta mère*. (Translation: “It’s like wiping your arse with silk. I love it!”) As an awakening Matrix master, I’m often asked why I use so many swearwords. Someone of my status shouldn’t be using such foul language, right? Whether or not the questioner is referring to my not-unformidable stature, is irrelevant—swearing is divine. In fact, it’s so divine that I sometimes suspect myself of purposefully hitting myself on the finger with a hammer, banging my elbow or my head, just to give myself a reason to fly off the handle. I don’t have any hard evidence to support my position, aside from a body that has incurred an above-average number of bruises.

God damn it! is such a powerful and divine mantra—why shouldn’t we be able to use it without first having to torture ourselves first like me? Both anger and excitement packed into one short and powerful sentence. Isn’t that wonderful? It’s the ultimate proof that the pathetic little god the Christians thought up doesn’t exist. If he had, wouldn’t he have damned me by now? Jesus Christ, what a load of nonsense! Try for yourself. I’ll give you a few empty lines and a setup to get you started. Position your tongue in between your teeth and then softly tap yourself on the head. *God damn (...)*. You fill in the rest! How did that feel?

We should really do to those crazy Christ-botherers what they once did to us (the family of free spirits—witches, shamans, mages, prostitutes and pimps)—start an inquisition. There wouldn’t even be a need to hunt them down, since they already go door to door spreading their silly beliefs. Once inside, we could overpower the sanctimonious spawn of vipers, forcing them to strike their own thumbs with an above-average-sized hammer. Only after they loudly shout God-fucking-damn it! (or something akin to that) will they have successfully passed the test. The man on a cloud, who they’ve spent their entire lives being obedient to, doesn’t exist. Bummer! What may appear to be a mild form of torture would turn out to be the pinnacle of compassion towards our sheepish fellow humans. Our inquisition, as such, could rightfully be called an act of brotherly (or sisterly) love. How cruel is it to raise people to be terrified of Hell and damnation, and to use fear to manipulate them their entire lives? Burning in Hell for all eternity—what a steaming pile of horse manure!

Could this have been what the Romans were trying to communicate to Christ? Might the original version of Christ's message have been at odds with what we now read in the Matrix Book of the Gullible? Maybe they nailed our Lord and Saviour to the cross to get him to curse—but he never got beyond “Father, forgive them, they know now what they do.” I'm sure you understand, a nice, resonating *God damn it!* would have been better. Had this occurred, we might have been able to sidestep two thousand years of Christian dominance. The blackest pages in the history of the man-ape would never have been written. How different things turned out! To this day, more than a billion gullible, sanctimonious, vengeful sheople keep the world locked in a permanent state of war.

You will often be able to catch me acting silly, but let me assure that the following statement is as serious as things get—*believing does more damage than it does good*. To believe is to be at odds with reality; to believe is to think that things exist outside of your sensory perception. Believing is doomed to fail. *That which is occurring (right now!) is God*. Believing is irrelevant. All you need to do is to watch and listen, to feel, to taste, and to smell—but most of all, to forego on your attempts to interpret! *Reality free from your interpretation is God*. The continuously meandering stream of reality from one moment to the next, free from the pollution of the myriad belief factories that populate our planet, is “the One” to which every holy scripture refers. There is nothing outside of this reality; there is no grand, overarching intelligence keeping score of your behaviour in a big logbook, and which will determine whether you get to go to Heaven or Hell. *You yourself are that intelligence*, God damn it! Silly God Do you still not get it? There is nothing outside of you; everything exists in you! As above, so below. As within, so without.

You are consciousness. What your divinity needs least is the belief in something other than itself. There is not a single other form of consciousness that exists in this universe which doubts itself. There are no animals that feel guilty or ashamed of what they are. It is only *Homo sapiens* that has invented this phenomenon, and which, by doing so has cut itself off from the perfection of the universe. This is the true fall of man that has disconnected us from Paradise and pushed us into the Matrix.

I'm asking you, begging you, commanding you, from this moment onwards, to never accept a single authority outside of yourself or to believe in something other than that which is currently unfolding. (And beware of the mindfuck I just threw your way! Following my

command means accepting my authority.) It's time for you to start listening to yourself, and not to the twisted Matrix radio continuously playing in your head. It only broadcasts the sentences and ideas that others have planted there, long before your developing consciousness was able to discover its own truth and divinity. Becoming truly silent and burning all ideas you have about yourself, there can only ever be one conclusion—you are God. Remind yourself of this every time you hit your thumb. Bless you!

Billy Joel – *James*

James, do you like your life?

Can you find release?

And will you ever change?

Will you ever write your masterpiece?

Are you still in school,

Living up to expectations, James?

You were so relied upon.

Everybody knows how hard you tried.

Hey, just look at what a job you've done,

Carrying the weight of family pride.

James, you've been well behaved,

You've been working so hard

But will you always stay,

Someone else's dream of who you are?

Do what's good for you, or you're not good for anybody, James.

26. WILL YOU REMAIN A SERVANT, JAMES?

A nice song by Billy Joel to ease your mind. “But will you always stay, someone else’s dream of who you are”—there is no better bridge to what we’ve been talking about here than this one. Goody-two-shoes (and flipflops) may question the necessity for all my cursing, talk of farting, licking, and sucking. “You’ve made your point, Faber.” Wrong! Firstly, this is my book, which means I get to decide what’s in it. You get to decide whether you want to continue reading. Secondly, we need all this sense and nonsense to destroy our Matrix software—the beliefs that we have squeezed into our systems in particular. Or would you rather be an actor in someone else’s dream for the rest of your life? Right...

Your coding has been implanted in you with loving intent. *Everybody is part of the (Truman) show*. This is how the coding game works: you do something good and Mummy and Daddy reward you; you do something bad (like masturbating, picking your nose, skipping school, or breaking wind) and Mummy and Daddy punish you. Naturally, you want Mummy and Daddy to like you (as do all children), so it makes perfect sense for you to try to live their dream, until one day your ill-adjusted side is no more than a distant memory of what you could have been. You push the sides of you deemed bad backwards and bring your good sides to the forefront. The world of the Matrix subsequently subsumes your programming and starts training and testing you. Baked in the oven of the world, your sweet image becomes a permanent façade blocking your truth. All my randy, naughty stories are doing is talking to the little monkey or slut beneath your carefully cultivated mask. My stories are directed towards your shadow side; your repressed side. Coming face to face with this side of you is the only chance you have of escaping the Matrix. The Cherokee, a tribe of Native Americans, have a beautiful legend about just this. Like most things that have fallen into the sick, censoring hands of the Matrix, it has subsequently been raped and moulded into shape.

27. TWO WOLVES

An old man and his grandson are sitting by a fire, while the grandfather tells his grandson about one of the Cherokee's many legends. Grandfather explains that the boy has two wolves inside of him—a black and a white one. The white wolf stands for courage, honesty, loyalty, and other qualities the Cherokee value. The black wolf stands for cunningness, meanness, deceitfulness, and other such qualities. The two wolves inside the young boy are fighting, his grandfather explains. "But who will win?" the little lad asks. Granddad responds, "The wolf you feed. If you feed the white one, the black one will die; if you feed the black one, the white one will die."

Had granddad been a creation of puppeteer Geppetto, his nose would have grown a mile upon telling this story. "What a steaming pile of horse manure!" the real grandfather would probably have said to the Christ-bothering missionaries who warped his story. The story's original version is quite different, showing us the essence of what being a Matrix guerrilla is all about. In the original version, the grandfather would have said:

"Neither wins. I make sure both are fed. Imagine what would happen if I starved the black wolf. With every good deed I did, it would be lurking in the background, ready to attack or betray the white wolf. On top of that, there would be a permanent war inside of me. Furthermore, I need the black wolf. When we're on the war path, I need its skills. It is stealthy beyond measure and its instincts are so powerful that it can catch the scent of an enemy long before he has shown himself. It's also a hardened fighter that knows exactly which devious tricks the enemy will try to pull, because it is devious itself. Look, if I'm too late bringing your grandma food to cook for dinner, it would probably be better for the white wolf to make things right. It knows how to communicate with tact and is good at maintaining relationships. Nonetheless, without the black wolf inside of me, I would never be able to lead our tribe—in war and in peace. Aho!"

When we start embracing ourselves—our shadow sides included—we can end the fear we have of ourselves and our true nature. The *Tao Te Ching* offers instructions that are equally insightful. *Tao Te Ching*, chapter 13 (oral tradition):

We are afraid when a limited self is absorbed in importance.

If you view the unlimited world as the self then you can be trusted with it,

because only the person who sees the world as themselves and their self as the world will take care of it.

According to Taoists, fear arises because of identification with the success of our worldly sides; in other words, when one starts considering oneself to be important. Doing so prevents you from experiencing the totality of your being, which naturally includes both your gifts and shortcomings. Only after you are able to see yourself in totality are you able to be of value to the world. When I talk about “destroying Matrix coding,” I’m talking about doing the opposite of what your inner voices tell you to do. This neutralises your inner Matrix and feeds both wolves in you. Do *precisely* what you’re afraid of and don’t listen to the voices that belittle you or try to keep you down. Take a stand for who you truly are!

§

28. THE VALUE OF USELESSNESS

Other people are bright;

I alone am dark.

Other people are sharp;

I alone am dull.

Other people have a purpose;

I alone don't know.

I drift like a wave on the ocean,

I blow as aimless as the wind.

I am different from ordinary people.

I drink from the Great Mother's breasts.

- Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching* (verse 20)

I realise that I may be demanding a lot from you as the reader of this book. You may prefer reading one of those slick top-ten romance novels. They contain a storyline, are structured and full of dramatic content. When I started writing this book, I only knew what the title would be. When more and more people started calling me Morpheus, I decided to watch the film again. The rest is history.

See, that's one of those typical writer's habits, saying things like "the rest is history." ("Just be honest and say you don't feel like writing a structured story, Lars!") I know the kind of book you mean; the kind of book that has you eagerly anticipating the next chapter, like a baby suckling its mother's tit for another shot of nourishment. This isn't that kind of book. The rest is future.

Truth be told, I write exactly what manifests in the present. That's the only way to keep this book as Matrix-free as possible. Most writers go to a Matrix-run school for writers where they learn to devise an interesting storyline, expanding and deepening their characters and their arcs

in a structured, sensible manner—and finally, of course, editing their written text. This is the best way to write a bestseller in our pre-programmed Matrix society. As long as you as the dreamer recognise yourself in the characters and their lives, everything's all right. Shit hits the fan when you tell people they're sleepwalking. I couldn't care less if *Matrix Guerrilla* never sells a single copy. I've had a great time writing—and that's what it's all about!

Every day I learn more about living outside of the Matrix. Automatic writing is a genuine challenge, but one that I'm getting better at. Writing a few random sentences may seem easy, but it is much more difficult than you might imagine. I also have several million lines of Matrix coding inside of me, ready to subsume and control me at the drop of a hat. The difference between the average Matrix person and myself is that I no longer give my coding a chance. I let it be, see it, give it a friendly nod, and then do whatever the hell I feel like doing. Being useful, having a function, spending your time well, doing your best—all coding that primary- and secondary-school teachers expertly planted inside our consciousness. Do you remember what you liked to do most when you were young? I'll give you ten seconds to think. (Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one...) Exactly! You wanted to play, scream, discover, create a ruckus, get dirty, lie around doing nothing, touch your private parts in public, poo behind the sofa, hit people, dream, and fantasise. If you came up with four of the above list for yourself, you're due a sticker and a squiggly mark of approval. "Lars Faber approves. Excellent job!" This may seem silly, but this is exactly how they used to drill us in primary school—poor, divine, elflike little creatures that we were. Our innocence made us defenceless victims of their brainwashing agenda. It's a little like the Boiling Frog Theory—chuck a frog in boiling water and it will immediately jump out; place it in cold water and heat the water it's in slowly and it will stay in the water, even though it is being slowly cooked alive.

This is precisely what has happened to us: we have been cooked alive in our own juices, and everybody has been in on it. You entered this world a *tabula rasa* (a blank canvas), unconscious and alien to this planet. It makes perfect sense that you would look around you to see how things are done. Of course, you learnt to adapt to the existing rules of the world and its codes of conduct. You were filled to the brim with values, norms, and virtues. You were reduced from a divine, vital and creative creature into a slavish, remote-control-wielding cave dweller who prefers to watch a second-hand life unfold on a screen to living an actual life.

If you're ever looking to bring into your vision another part of your Matrix coding so that you can dismantle it, I highly recommend doing nothing. Set aside this useless and Satan-inspired book—"idle hands are the Devil's workshop," after all—for a moment and *do nothing*. Hang out on the sofa, groan, be bored, but do nothing. Be as empty and useless as you can be, at most allowing yourself to lift one butt cheek off the sofa to break wind—nothing more! Do this guerrilla exercise regularly and the contours of your cage will soon start to take shape around and inside of you. Before we continue, I want you to read this short excerpt by guerrilla master Chuang Tzu. Chuang shows us the value of uselessness:

The Ching Shi region in the province Sung is exceptionally suitable for catalpas, cypresses and mulberry trees. Trees with a girth of more than one inch are chopped down and used as poles to tie monkeys to. Trees with a girth between three and four inches are used as trusses to build expensive houses. Trees with a girth between seven and eight inches are made into coffins for rich people. These trees will never reach their age assigned by Heaven but will succumb to the axe prior to this time. **This is the danger of usefulness.** For the same reason, oxen with a white forehead, pigs with crooked snouts, and cripples are not allowed to be sacrificed to the river god. Shamans believe doing so will lead to misfortune. The enlightened, on the other hand, consider these creatures lucky.

Notice anything about this cryptic guerrilla text? Exactly! Chuang also uses letters instead of numbers! You probably also noticed the bold sentence. Being useful is dangerous. Being useful in the Matrix means getting swallowed up by a role you're playing (and which you believe to be real). As long as you tell yourself you have to be useful (a belief you were taught), you will remain stuck in the world of illusion, never reaching your heavenly assigned age; never becoming the person you were meant to be. The Matrix society will use you up before you're able to mature. Your inbuilt software will always prevent you from becoming the beautiful person you're supposed to be—something that you will automatically discover when you stop doing your best and learn how to be lazy and useless. Two of the greatest inner Matrix chunks of coding in you form the Slave Driver and the Perfectionist. Implanted in you at an early age, they repeatedly tell you that your life will go nowhere if you don't do your best. The Slave Driver always wants you to do more; *nothing is ever good enough*. The Perfectionist makes you

feel that *whatever you do isn't good enough*. Together with the Referee, they form of an axis of power of not-to-be-underestimated proportions. The only antidote against their power is to discover your true nature through the path of complete uselessness. *Uselessness will set you free!*

We previously learnt of the existence of the inner Referee—the comparing, criticising and judging part of ourselves. A quick reminder—the Referee has an IQ of 400 and is absurdly observant of its surroundings. It reads the same magazines you read, watches the same television programmes, joins you at (all!) the workshops you go to (even those in which you are taught how to get rid of your inner Referee). Most of all, it knows exactly what your environment expects from you. It peppers you with mean and nasty remarks that make you believe you are bringing yourself down. In truth, it's your Referee doing the judging. It'll be there if you decide to follow my suggestions and call in sick (preferably, every week—if you dare!) to spend a few days lazing around and being useless at home. Beware of the following useful and pleasant activities: doing the dishes, checking your email, masturbating.

For a short while, every form of distraction is prohibited (apart from stuffing your face with cake and sweets). If you're able to do nothing for a few hours, there's a good chance your invisible cage will start becoming visible, enabling us to catch a few of the Referee's chums red-handed. There's a considerable chance your Referee will use its usual ammunition and try to get you feeling ashamed or guilty. It knows what the Matrix expects of you, and wants you to be dynamic, energetic, and useful. The only appropriate response from your otherwise limp and lifeless lazy body should be a raised middle finger (or V sign, if you feel inclined to make the effort to raise two fingers instead of one). The Referee will probably compare you to other people who *are* successful to show you exactly what is so bad about you. Of course, television programmes and magazines provide it with an endless supply of examples of how you should look and behave. The Referee is an expert at following the consensus trance, the dominant mindset of the masses. It knows what you should be saying at parties, what you should wear, how you should look, walk, to which people you belong. What the Referee dislikes most of all is you questioning its cover and doing dangerous exercises, such as being useless.

Most Matrix inhabitants have always remained the little children they were when they were brainwashed. Consequently, they are scared to death of their own inner Referees. Whether or not you are afraid of it, your Referee is a gatekeeper you will have to pass to move into

freedom. There isn't anyone who has described this phenomenon as accurately as Franz Kafka in his *Before the Law*. (Give me a moment to locate it online. We'll continue in a moment.)

Found it! Here it is! (You can also look for Aron Levi's 90-minute film *Before the Law* on YouTube.) Anyhow, this is how the story starts:

Before the law sits a gatekeeper. To this gatekeeper comes a man from the country who asks to gain entry into the law. But the gatekeeper says that he cannot grant him entry at the moment. The man thinks about it and then asks if he will be allowed to come in later on. "It is possible," says the gatekeeper, "but not now." At the moment the gate to the law stands open, as always, and the gatekeeper walks to the side, so the man bends over in order to see through the gate into the inside. When the gatekeeper notices that, he laughs and says: "If it tempts you so much, try it in spite of my prohibition. But take note: I am powerful. And I am only the lowliest gatekeeper. But from room to room stand gatekeepers, each more powerful than the other. I can't endure even one glimpse of the third." The man from the country has not expected such difficulties: the law should always be accessible for everyone, he thinks, but as he now looks more closely at the gatekeeper in his fur coat, at his large pointed nose and his long, thin, black Tartar's beard, he decides that it would be better to wait until he gets permission to go inside. The gatekeeper gives him a stool and allows him to sit down at the side in front of the gate. There he sits for days and years. He makes many attempts to be let in, and he wears the gatekeeper out with his requests. The gatekeeper often interrogates him briefly, questioning him about his homeland and many other things, but they are indifferent questions, the kind great men put, and at the end he always tells him once more that he cannot let him inside yet. The man, who has equipped himself with many things for his journey, spends everything, no matter how valuable, to win over the gatekeeper. The latter takes it all but, as he does so, says, "I am taking this only so that you do not think you have failed to do anything." During the many years the man observes the gatekeeper almost continuously. He forgets the other gatekeepers, and this one seems to him the only obstacle for entry into the law. He curses the unlucky circumstance, in the first years thoughtlessly and out loud, later, as he grows old, he still mumbles to himself. He becomes childish and, since in the long years studying the gatekeeper he has come to know the fleas in his fur

collar, he even asks the fleas to help him persuade the gatekeeper. Finally, his eyesight grows weak, and he does not know whether things are really darker around him or whether his eyes are merely deceiving him. But he recognizes now in the darkness an illumination which breaks inextinguishably out of the gateway to the law. Now he no longer has much time to live. Before his death he gathers in his head all his experiences of the entire time up into one question which he has not yet put to the gatekeeper. He waves to him, since he can no longer lift up his stiffening body.

The gatekeeper has to bend way down to him, for the great difference has changed things to the disadvantage of the man. "What do you still want to know, then?" asks the gatekeeper. "You are insatiable." "Everyone strives after the law," says the man, "so how is that in these many years no one except me has requested entry?" The gatekeeper sees that the man is already dying and, in order to reach his diminishing sense of hearing, he shouts at him, "Here no one else can gain entry, since this entrance was assigned only to you. I'm going now to close it.

A lot has been said about this story in the Matrix. What exactly does Kafka mean by *the law*? Is he referring to the constitution, God, our inner framework of rules? It's quite straightforward as far as I'm concerned. Kaf, as we Matrix guerrillas are allowed to call this exceptional author, is talking about the Matrix. In tribute to Kaf, we should really be calling the story *Before the Matrix*. Things were clear-cut according to Kafka: the law is a world of formalities and roleplaying. In other words, the law is the Matrix. The constitution is only one of the many forms of restrictions we encounter when we try to become ourselves. You may have found this out at an early age, if, like me, you attempted to escape the school you were held captive in.

MORPHEUS: We've survived by hiding from them, by running from them. But they are the gatekeepers. They are guarding all the doors, they are holding all the keys. Which means that sooner or later, someone is going to have to fight them.

NEO: Someone?

MORPHUES: I've seen an agent punch through a concrete wall; men have emptied entire clips at them and hit nothing but air; yet, their strength, and their speed, are still based in a world that is built on rules. Because of that, they will never be as strong, or as fast, as you can be.

The gatekeepers that Kaf and Morpheus describe exist both within and outside of us. *As within, so without*. In fact, the most powerful of all the gatekeepers reside within us. To avoid spending a lifetime waiting in front of that gate like the protagonist of *Before the Matrix*, we're going to break that gate—or more accurately, neutralise the software inside your head that *thinks* there is a gate (but only if want to). At the end of the day, I don't give a shit what you do. Sooner or later, everybody finds out that the gate is merely an illusion. Sadly, for most people, this breaking through the illusion only occurs a few minutes before their life story ends.

Laziness, emptiness, and uselessness are considered vices in our society, and are therefore prohibited from an early age. Any Taoist master can show you the importance of emptiness. Consider, for example, what music would sound like if all the notes were played at the same time. It is the emptiness between the notes that makes music possible. What would a painting look like if all colours were mixed together and used to cover the entire canvas? What would we be like on the inside if there was peace there instead of the never-ending cacophony of thoughts, judgements, and remarks we are so accustomed to? For your thoughts to sink into tranquillity, you will need to move beyond the gateless gate. You will need to move beyond the law; beyond the Matrix. Most of all, you will need to move beyond the Gatekeepers who will do everything within their power to prevent you from breaking out.

In Kafka's story, *Beyond the Matrix*, the first gatekeeper speaks of gatekeepers much more dangerous than itself. The first gatekeeper is even afraid of the third gatekeeper (or so he says). Gatekeepers will use every trick at their disposal in their fight against you. Call in sick and spend a few days lazing around being useless and you will undoubtedly meet a few other gatekeepers. Moving beyond your inner Referee is taking a big step towards freedom. Doing so, you will have broken out of a significant component of the Matrix, but you will meet new gatekeepers, such as the Slave Driver. The Slave Driver is the power, energy, or subpersonality inside of you that is always driving you onwards, never giving you a moment's peace. Whatever you do can always be done faster and more efficiently. Having completed a task, the next three already present themselves. To the Slave Driver, being empty, useless, and lazy is as bad as it is

for the Referee, maybe worse. In fact, these two gatekeepers are on intimate terms together. The Slave Driver will, for example, beat you up for not having completed a task fast enough, while the Referee will compare you to others and drag you down for not being as good as them. It's a little like *All Star Wrestling* and its tag teams: one gatekeeper provides the setup, the other brings the prize home. When I was still a television watcher (this must have been some time during the eighties), there were many wrestlers, like Hulk Hogan, B.A. Barracus, Jimmy "The Superfly" Snuka, "Macho Man" Randy Savage, and many others, who did their best to convince you that their fights were real. A more recent production, *The Wrestler* featuring Mickey Rourke, shows us similar tricks from pumped-up men in tights. What applies to these men in tights, the showbiz heroes of a bygone era, also applies to our inner gatekeepers—in the end, they're just pretending. They're merely phantoms brought forth by the Matrix. They appear as lifelike as they do because they're part of your own consciousness. Let me try to explain this to you.

The core of your being is vulnerable—supremely vulnerable. Its vulnerable like a new-born baby—and as full of life! Your core (or essence) is brimming over with life. This is something your parents and caregivers usually can't handle. As a result, they start correcting you, shaping you, long before you are conscious of what's going on.

§

29. SCHOOL

Supertramp – School

I can see you in the morning when you go to school.

Don't forget your books, you know you've got to learn the golden rule.

Teacher tells you stop your playing and get on with your work.

And be like Johnnie Too Good. Don't you know he never shirks?

He's coming along!

After school is over, you're playing in the park.

But don't be out too late; don't let it get too dark.

They tell you not to hang around and learn what life's about,

And grow up just like them; won't let you work it out—

And you're full of doubt.

"Don't do this and don't do that!"

What are they trying to do? Make a good boy of you.

Do they know where it's at?

But don't criticise; they're old and wise.

Do as they tell you to.

Don't want the devil to come and put out your eyes.

Maybe I'm mistaken, expecting you to fight.

Or maybe I'm just crazy; I don't know wrong from right.

But while I am still living, I've just got this to say:

It's always up to you if you want to be that,

Want to see that, want to see it that way—

You're coming along!

You should really play this song all day—just as long as it takes to burst the bubble of your Matrix software. Tears still well up inside myself, hearing Roger Hodgson sing those sharp words, in his soul-shattering voice: “It’s always up to you if you want to be that, want to see that, want to see it that way – you’re coming along!” Hodgson is a first-class guerrilla warrior, asking us to look at ourselves first and then decide whether we want to play the along with the game (or not). Okay, one more then!

Pink Floyd – *Another Brick in the Wall*

We don’t need no education.

We don’t need no thought control.

No dark sarcasm in the classroom.

Teachers, leave them kids alone!

Hey! Teachers! Leave them kids alone!

All in all, it’s just another brick in the wall.

All in all, you’re just another brick in the wall.

Queens in tights and inner phantoms keeping us safely confined within the delineated borders of the Matrix. “Don’t do this and don’t do that”—that’s the key. Until the age of four, the little scallywags we once were couldn’t have cared less about what adults thought of us, but from the age of four onwards, the pressure is ramped up when we start going to primary school. It is here that our sweet little souls are, with brute and never-ceasing force, pressured into listening. Without the safety of Mummy and Daddy, children are all on their own. In this scenario, children quickly learn that everything is okay if they listen to the adults. Children learn that following their own inner nature—running, playing, screaming—leads to punishment (and being punished hurts). The child’s vulnerable essence becomes wounded.

30. ULTIMATE VULNERABILITY

We adults rarely understand just how vulnerable and sensitive the small child within us is. We have often been so heavily brutalised, consequently creating heavy existential fortifications, that we've forgotten what it is like to be vulnerable. Do you remember what real vulnerability is like? You might be able to imagine what it's like by envisioning yourself naked, exploring the body of another. (Take heed of my "Cunnilingus Pro Tips"—act without acting; surrender to the flow—or "Be the Best Blowjob Giver You Can Be Tips"—be careful with the shaft; no need to unroot the tree.) Imagine you've been at it for a good fifteen minutes when your partner pushes you away and tells you he or she is bored. Bang! That hit a nerve! You might have already been insecure about your body and your oral-pleasure-giving capabilities. Undoubtedly, you now feel very vulnerable. Multiply the excruciating insecurity and vulnerability you would feel at this point by a factor of about sixteen and you will start to have an idea of how vulnerable little children are. They might not seem it, because they can be so boisterous and cheeky, but their little hearts are (still) wide open; their feeling centre, the abdominal region, has not yet developed the defences that characterise most adults.

We're at the point of seeing how the Matrix becomes embedded within us. Truth be told, I find this a difficult topic to discuss. It's a bit like walking past a mass grave where the victims of genocide are buried. More tragic still, these little victims are still alive, and there's not a thing I can do about their ongoing pain (with the exception of writing about it, like Roger Hodgson does, for as long as I am alive). Nonetheless, just thinking about the pain inflicted on the young and vulnerable souls will probably always continue to hurt.

There isn't a single species of animal in the animal kingdom that behaves in a more criminal way against its young. Animals are raised lovingly. Of course, animals are known to be fierce with their young, but trust me, a corrective nip every now and again is nothing compared to what we do to our offspring. No other species outsources its young to be cut, sheered, and brainwashed. Over a period of approximately fifteen years, everything that's authentic, lively, and animalistic about human beings is demolished and replaced with Matrix software. This is why you will probably feel guilty calling in sick and deciding to do nothing. Guilt and shame are prime indicators of your Matrix software.

Your consciousness develops gradually in close contact with your environment. There's a considerable difference between growing up as a Maori or as a Cherokee. For us Westerners, there is no difference—we all pass through the cut-down-to-size-anything-that-stands-out programming that Father State has set out for us. And nobody can escape! Parents are sent to prison if they don't send you to school. *You must go to school!* And every time you follow your natural instinct in play (as you should!), you are corrected (mildly at first, but this soon changes). Called to the front of the classroom, you are shamed, ridiculed, and told you will never amount to much. Your classmates join in with the laughter, concomitantly fearing that what is now your fate will soon also befall them. In school, children learn how to judge, compare, and criticise. You guessed it—the birth of the Referee.

Until the inception of the Referee, your consciousness was still a pure source of light. The above process creates scratches on your lens and a filter that dims your natural light (and with good reason, since every time you follow your natural impulses, you are corrected and hurt). The shock therapy we call education forcefully pulls you out of your natural state. Tremendous fears arise within you. The Referee starts off as the part of your consciousness that warns you about danger in your environment. Every human being possesses higher consciousness capable of self-observation. It doesn't take long for the Referee to adopt your parents' tone. It may also sound like your teacher, one of your parents, your grandmother or grandfather, or your classmates. The stronger your instinct and your natural tendencies, the harder it has had to become to succeed at moulding you into shape. Do you understand what I'm saying? The wilder your nature, the harder the Referee you've had to develop within yourself will be. Therefore, if you find yourself criticising and condemning others a lot, you probably have an exceptionally wild nature. Your own natural higher consciousness has turned against you, or rather, *has had to turn against you*. It has done so to prevent you from getting hurt, because your wild nature is so at odds with the Matrix. In summary, the Referee started its life as an inner protector.

Let's go a little deeper. (If you're not interested, feel free to change the channel.) Your (human) core, the essence of your natural being, is located inside your body (broadly speaking, in the area between your throat and your genitalia). Every mammal, including us humans, has three natural instincts that it turns to in threatening situations: it can *fight, flee, or freeze*. Believe me, children fight. They also try to flee from the classroom. At the end of the day, however, their resistance is broken. The tougher specimens are sent to boarding houses for

children that are hard to handle. They also have a range of labels they can stick on us, such as ADD, ADHD, or Bipolar Disorder. We are either given pills or punished, until our resistance has been broken and we only have one instinctive response—to freeze—available.

When an assailant attacks a mammal, and it is unable to fight or flee, it curls up in the hope that the predator attacking it will lose interest. Our cells are in exact alignment with these instinct responses. All forty trillion cells in our body are capable of two things from the start—they can either grow and renew or close off and protect. At those times when you are in danger or under threat, your highly vulnerably essence inside your body is protected by your instinct. In dangerous situations, mammals build up adrenaline inside their bodies, in preparation of fleeing or fighting. If these two options aren't possible, the mammal's heightened heartrate will send a freeze signal to the cells faced by the threat in question. As a result, the cells in the concerned conflict zone will contract.

The location of the so-called “conflict zone” depends on where the first stimulus was generated. If the stimulus was sexual and its expression resulted in punishment, the sexual energy centre will contract. Were you playing doctor, for example, gynaecologising your way up your next-door neighbour's body, and caught “red-handed” by your interfering mother? Then it is more than likely that both you and your neighbour felt a shock pass through your genitalia. Similar contractions occur when potty training young children.

Because these situations centre around our natural instincts, the imprinting that occurs cuts deep. On top of that, with every correction, the area contracts further, becoming increasingly sensitive to pain. The installation of Matrix software always occurs through negative signals and emotions (such as fear, pain, sadness, and anger). These signals and emotions “teach” your budding consciousness how to be to avoid getting hurt over and over. This survival instinct is part of your human developmental path. It makes it easier to adapt to your environment and to survive. At the same time, your body becomes harder in the process, because cells increasingly spend time in their contracted state, blocking the natural flow of energy through your system. In a sense, your physical instinct is conditioned like one of Pavlov's dogs (which started drooling as soon as they heard the ring of a bell). Every time someone corrects you or uses words of this kind (“What are you doing?” “Dirty bastard!” “Asshole!” “Dickhead!”), you contract. The extent to which you contract is determined by the force with which your assailant is threatening you. (And yes, teachers can also be assailants.) Like all pack animals,

you are naturally socially oriented. The Matrix has tasked teachers to keep you in line and to overwrite your inner knowing with useless data you could just as easily look up on the Internet or in books. (Everything to cut down to size your newly developing consciousness...)

There comes a time when you as a child simply give up. (Don't worry, we've all been there.) Everybody grows up. No one can remain a child forever like Peter Pan or Pippi Longstocking. All the affronts against your budding consciousness—the numerous times you were corrected, hurt, and wounded to your core—forced you to have to defend yourself. The vulnerable, instinctive little creature inside of you became deeply afraid. (Envision a dog while fireworks are going off. Every time it hears a bang, it contracts.) People, however, have learnt an evolutionary trick that has positioned us one step higher on the mammalian evolutionary ladder and made us masters of the universe. (If only!) Beastmasters, then? Masters of the animal within? You'd be forgiven for thinking we are. In truth, we have betrayed, humiliated, and poisoned the animal inside of us, but, luckily, we have never been able to, nor can we, overpower it. What sets us apart from other animals is our capacity to anticipate danger. In one of nature's odd and ironic twists, this capacity to anticipate danger, if incorrectly handled, often results in us (or, rather, what we identify as) *becoming the danger*. Consider the following: every time we were disobedient, we were punished. To our budding ego, our own animalistic nature, our playfulness, our boisterousness, led to punishment. Rather than continuously subjecting ourselves to the painful experience of being put in our place, we learnt to anticipate and punish ourselves (and often do so long before another has the opportunity to do so). And this, my dear, is how the inner Referee is born.

This is not some made-up story. Where else do you think those self-destructive inner voices could possibly originate? Have you ever heard of a dog beating itself up, saying things like, "God, your breath reeks! You're drooling again! Why don't you stop sniffing and licking people's genitalia for once? You're such a stupid specimen of a dog." Self-shaming and self-accusation are exclusively human activities. Sadly, they are activities we have to adopt to survive in the twisted Matrix world we inhabit. Every time you criticise yourself, beat yourself up, compare yourself to another, or belittle yourself, you are firing an invisible bullet in the direction of your emotional world. The outcome is that you, often without even noticing you are doing it, contract. This contraction subsequently causes you to behave exactly the way you are expected to behave. Hence, the importance of becoming indecent and demolishing your

inner Matrix software by breaking your internal rules. (*They're not your rules!*) If you don't, you will spend your entire life obediently colouring inside the lines, without even knowing you are.

We've arrived at the essence of this book, I can tell. My fingers have started typing much faster. Had I been holding a dowsing rod, it would have at this point most likely been tapping wildly. I wonder where my rod is... No, never mind—there's no time for silly jokes now. Or maybe there is... Maybe the Matrix needs a little more scrambling. Where entering dangerous waters; describing the backbone of the Matrix is a risky business. Its so-called "backbone" is inside you!

The finale of the seven-part *Harry Potter* series beautifully displays this phenomenon: the last horcrux is not to be found outside of Harry, but *inside* of Harry; in fact, Harry *is* the last horcrux. As such, Harry has to allow himself to be killed by the Matrix (Lord Voldemort, or "He who must not be named," in *Harry Potter*). In doing so, he towards a clear white light (the Eternal Tao), symbolised in this case by Professor Dumbledore, which (or who) has protected him his entire life. He is reborn, but this time without his Matrix programming. The Voldemort inside of him has died, freeing and purifying his essence. I'm glad millions of children have seen this film. To those who grasp its significance, it's like throwing a grenade into the Matrix and closing the door. Bang!

Thus, it is your hurt body contracting each time you are humiliated, accused of something, or shamed that keeps you locked inside the Matrix. The blockages or contractions that people build up differ per person, and largely depend on *where* they were attacked as a child: your sexuality is related to your genitalia and pelvis; potty training is also related to your genitalia and anus; emotions such as sadness, fear, and anger to your abdominal area; aggression to your solar plexus; love, and the lack thereof, to the heart area; expressing yourself, or not being allowed to express yourself, to the throat; repressed anger is held in your (clenched) fists, jaw, and as a shield around your heart; primal impulses, such as playfulness, elation, lust, and laziness can become blocked all over your body.

Here's what happens. A situation in the here and now (a so-called *trigger*) reminds you of a humiliating experience that took place in the past. Your Referee judges you, and, as a result, your body contracts at the precise location where it was once hurt. All the above takes place in mere fragments of a second.

An example: you are celebrating your birthday and some joker starts tapping his knife against his glass demanding a speech. Of course, the other people attending your birthday join in, also calling for a speech. You rise. Your hands are sweaty. As you try to utter your first words, your throat tightens. All that comes out is a high-pitched quacking sound, somewhat reminiscent of Donald Duck. Had you been able to slow down time and remain fully conscious of what was happening, you would have been able to notice that your Referee quickly reminded you of a time when you were in front of the classroom in school, getting laughed at by the whole classroom. Instinctively, your body responds by freezing and contracting your throat.

Another example: someone cuts in front of you as you're queueing in line at your local supermarket. Immediately, you feel a heavy weight in your belly, as your face reddens with anger. Nonetheless, you don't act. As a child, your father used to beat you up every time you got angry. Your anger therefore causes you to freeze.

One more: you want to open your heart towards your partner, but you're afraid. Your love and affection remain dosed and reserved. There is a considerable chance you weren't adequately received in your previous romantic escapades, wounding your heart. Your Referee remembers this, and lets you know how worthless, selfish, and unlovable you ("truly"—the Referee's language) are, causing you to freeze.

Subconsciously, we're all carrying themes of this kind within us—some of us more than others. The mechanism through which the Matrix has moulded us is the same for each of us. Our scripts may differ, but are more alike than they differ. Since the animal within us has been broken and mutilated, the Matrix is able to easily maintain its stranglehold on us. Referees, Slave Drivers, Perfectionists, and Victims need only trigger a thought, image, or memory in our consciousness for us to instantly respond. More important than "us" responding, *our bodies respond*. It is the body's response that makes all this seem to lifelike.

We have many more ghosts, of which we can become conscious one at a time, drifting around in us. We all have an inner prostitute (also known as "the Pleaser"). This is the side of ourselves that values other people's opinions about us above anything else. It values their opinions so much that it is willing to sacrifice its own truth to please them. The Prostitute knows exactly what other people enjoy and want to hear. He or she tends to look after other people better than it looks after itself.

You know what I like so much about this book? The fact that I'm teasing, humiliating, and confusing you every other paragraph. How many writers do you know who are willing to do that? Most of them simply want to manoeuvre their way into the Matrix-controlled bestseller's list. Not me! I don't mind angering, offending, or disappointing you in the slightest. Being a Matrix guerrilla isn't for wimps. What is so cool about this book is that it will tell you precisely what the ego is. There are thousands of self-help books ("read-yourself-to-sleep books") that rant and rave about the ego, without ever truly grasping what the ego is. All those so-called "enlightened masters" speak of the ego as though it's a scary disease that you must be rid of, without talking about what the ego really is or how you can get rid of it. It's a little like going to the butcher's shop and asking for a loaf of bread. Although most masters (with the exception of Lao, Chuang, and some others) have read all the books, they don't understand it at depth.

The word *ego* was popularised by Freud, but the concept is as old as humanity itself. In one of world's oldest languages, Sanskrit, they use the word *ahaṃkāra*, which translates into *me-maker*. Exactly, it is the psychic mechanism that gives you your identity and which you deeply believe to be you.

The inner Prostitute, the Crybaby, the Critic, Mr Perfect and the Pusher or Slave Driver are the most important building blocks of your ego. There are many more "selves," or subpersonalities, but they are less common. Selves act like (what's in a name...) yourself. They can hijack and control your entire consciousness without you being aware of it. After all, your selves were formed at a time when your consciousness was still developing. They developed alongside your still-developing hardware. An acting ego that is unaware of itself is called an *operating ego*. When an individual awakens and becomes aware of his or her ego, this leads to what becomes an *aware ego*.

This is precisely why I sometimes explore the boundaries of what is acceptable—to confront you with your selves. The reason being that selves spring into resistance when their scripts are violated. Selves have simple Matrix programming codes. *If... then. If else... go to*. Hence, your body *must* always go red in the face and feel your throat constrict every time you want to say something in public (regardless of how often you tell yourself you're not afraid of public speaking). Your selves' programming can be a little confusing and unexpected sometimes. You might, for example, have a history of being a crafty temptress, but then instantly become a well-behaved stay-at-home mum after getting married. Alternatively, you might be a straight-

as-an-arrow father, who, after years of abiding by a strict code of monogamy, suddenly takes off with his secretary. Believe it or not, but all our scripts are predetermined. More accurately, our inbuilt software ensures we always take the same kind of decisions. Although the pathway we take is not entirely certain, the outcome of our actions is. We may believe our lives to be unfolding in a highly unique, personal way—we may believe ourselves to be in control—while stumbling, eyes wide open, into every pitfall there is.

§

31. INNER CHARADE

Our ignorance makes it so easy for our Matrix overlords to manipulate us. And all this has been going on for thousands of years, since the dawn of time. The reason for this is that all parts of our ego are controlled by fear. Whenever we feel threatened, as we once felt threatened during childhood, our ego takes over; one of our inner selves seizes power. The Prostitute may pop up—when our job needs to be secured, for example, and sucking (and swallowing) up to our boss is the way to go. At other times, the Perfectionist may come to the foreground, making sure that everything is tip top. Alternatively, the Slave Driver may take over the wheel, pushing us forever onwards, not leaving us in peace for a single moment. The Referee is the overlord of our selves. It is this part of our ego's structure that forges useful alliances with the other selves. If we're unable to win through one of our many subpersonalities, we can always adopt the Victim role (yet another self...).

The entire system of the ego and its underlying selves appears to be a hermetically-sealed fortress or ivory tower; in a way, it is—if you take it seriously. The Matrix in which we spend our lives exists only by the grace of our belief in the realness of our ego. It exists because we consider our inner and outer worlds to be exactly as we perceive them. What the Matrix cannot stand is not being taken seriously. Its deepest-rooted fears concern death, going crazy, being abandoned, not existing, endless suffering and chaos. The selves that you created in childhood were created to *protect you* from these fears. They prevent you from moving outside of the Matrix, into your natural state. To disentangle yourself from the Matrix you will have to meet and embrace your worst fears. You will have to embrace death and limitless emptiness as your companions. Chuang Tzu would say the following:

When a skilled smith is casting metal, if the metal should leap up and say, "I insist upon being made into a Mo-yeh!" he would surely regard it as very inauspicious metal indeed. Now, having had the audacity to take on human form once, if I should say, "I don't want to be anything but a man! Nothing but a man!" the Creator would surely regard me as a most inauspicious sort of person. So now I think of heaven and earth as a great furnace, and the

Creator as a skilled smith. Where could he send me that would not be all right? I will go off to sleep peacefully, and then with a start I will wake up.

With Chuang's help, we're getting closer and closer to what it's all about—*dying before you die*; trusting the Tao regardless of the way it presents itself to you. The Matrix only has a hold on you if you're afraid to die, or (the other side of the coin) if you are afraid to live. These primal fears are at the root of all other fears—the fear of disgrace, of making (fatal) mistakes, of being poor, of suffering. Fear keeps you in its grip. The only way to break free from the stranglehold of your little ego is to accept fear and to do what needs to be done regardless. Demolish your programming. Awaken your natural instincts. Enjoy your body. Call in sick from work and lie on the sofa doing nothing for a day (or more). Lie and deceive to your heart's content while in the Matrix, but remain true and honest towards yourself. Dance, sing, and use the mind-expanding substances at your disposal. Allow yourself to be pushed onward by the Creator—the One, the Eternal Tao—like dust in the wind, without steering or controlling. The ego exists to keep you in your place and to act out a minor role *in* the Matrix. In the process, you are continuously afraid of not getting enough. Free yourself and let yourself float on the invisible winds of the Eternal Tao. Revitalise your living instincts that enable you to fight, flee, and fuck. Freezing is no longer an option. (It only ever was an option when you were small and submissive.) You're now fledgling guerrilla. Guerrillas to be don't run—they fight or flee (temporarily), thus giving them plenty of times to party and have sex. It's time to start enjoying yourself!

You know, when you finally do manage to break free from the Matrix, the world becomes a paradise. Neutralising one after the other restrictive lines of coding inside of you, you will find yourself becoming ever freer. This is when you can start genuinely enjoying yourself, without feeling guilty about doing so. Shame, judgement, and guilt keep you imprisoned within the Matrix. You don't want to know how many people are entangled in feelings of guilt, always feeling like they're insufficient and not good enough. This is because they were taught to feel this way as children. The truth which they try to hide or run from is *you never are good enough*. Your inner Referee will always put you down with things that are “really” true. How could anything ever be good enough? Doesn't “good enough” imply yet another value judgement? Our natural state is one of unity. There is no judgement there; unity cannot judge. You see, when push comes to shove, it's all a matter of taking yourself too seriously. You can spend

many years visiting psychiatrists, complaining about your feelings of inferiority. Alternatively, you can put a stop to all this and start enjoying your life *as is*. So what if you're not good enough? Who cares? Stop taking yourself so seriously and enjoy yourself. I'll make sure to do the same!

§

32. FAT CHANCE

It's early in the morning (8:34 a.m., according to my laptop). This is my only time reference; I've spent the last several years of my life living without a clock or a watch. I wake up when I'm well rested and remain lying in bed until my body starts moving on its own accord. There was a time when I thought I controlled my body; that it was *me* doing everything, making it move. My body felt like an overworked mule. Now I know that I'm only an observer who happens to be inside this body. "Hey, look! I'm breathing again!" See for yourself. Look at the position of your hands right now. Did you put them there? Yeah, right! Of course you did! How about your feet? Was that your doing? Try falling asleep on command. Good luck with that! And when you do finally fall asleep, is it you telling your hair to grow? Who is renewing your cells? You? Who dreams your dreams? Who digests your food? Who is reading this? Byron Katie describes this phenomenon beautifully:

Matrix people are completely identified with who they have become in this life; the persona they have adopted. They identify with the neighbourhood they live in, the work they perform, the roles they play, with their car, their wellbeing, their good taste, the party they vote for, the music they listen to, the way they decorate their house. The Matrix person is completely cut off from his instinctual nature. Precisely, the vital forces that make your hair grow, allow you to breathe, and harden or dampen your genitalia.

The story I was writing about earlier isn't finished yet. What I'm talking about is the story of your consciousness, hijacked by the Referee, Victim, Prostitute, Slave Driver, and the Perfectionist. Yesterday evening, I realised I had forgotten something. What I forgot to mention is that every self also has a shadow side. The Referee doesn't—it is a separate unit inside your consciousness, whose role is to criticise everything. (I'm sure you've noticed...) That is its play. There is no "bright side" (a self paying you compliments all day, or something of the sort) to the Referee. The Referee freed from the confines of its ever-judgemental, critical nature transforms into pure consciousness.

We all learn at an early age what modes of behaviour generate the best (social) results for us. Which selves you end up utilising most often largely depends on the environment you grew up in. You may find yourself adopting the role of the Prostitute frequently, adapting to your environment and caring immensely what others think of you. You may act more like the Rebel, who couldn't care less what the world thinks of you. Some people are ruled by the Perfectionist, while others have a more dominant Sloth side. Some of us find ourselves being constantly pushed onwards by the Slave Driver, while others have the tendency of falling into the role of the Sloth (the "dark side" of the Slave Driver), and can hardly be inspired to action. Some are more like the Victim; others more like the Hero.

Most common selves are the set of the Referee, Hero, Prostitute, Slave Driver and Perfectionist. This is a natural outcome of the fact that the values these five selves embody are highly esteemed in our modern, Western society. Being critical, working hard, helping others while ignoring your own needs, perfecting your behaviour and pleasing others are real hits in the Matrix. They are guaranteed to score you loads of points among other Matrix inhabitants. For most people, these five selves control of the ego. The opposite can also be true. Sometimes, Matrix people overheat and burn out. When this happens, shadow players (the flipside of dominant selves) take over, resulting in episodes of victimhood, laziness, rebelliousness, and abandonment.

Do you still remember the story of the Cherokee and the two wolves? Most people are so identified with their light sides (the selves running the show) that they are oblivious to the qualities they are suppressing. All the suffering currently ongoing in the world is the natural consequence of this fundamentally human phenomenon. The reason for this is that the universe wants to be one; it wants to be whole. Consciousness' shadow sides are part of this unity and want to live. I previously showed you how through the phenomenon of freezing, parts of our body can become blocked due to cells shrinking. It is precisely in these areas that the energy that the abandoned selves would normally have at their disposal is frozen. To prevent them from breaking free from their captivity, gatekeepers guard these energies. These gatekeepers possess an array of defensive mechanisms they can use to prevent the selves from freeing themselves, which would in turn result in us displaying inappropriate behaviour. There's a good chance that when you start freeing these protectors, you will become just as crazy as me. Be careful what you wish for!

It's like in Kafka's *Before the Matrix*—the gatekeepers are there for you! Your dark sides are waiting to be freed and desire nothing more than to become one with you, and with that, the universe. But none of this will happen without a fight.

The Matrix rules, remember? And that same Matrix dictates how you as a person should be. You learn from it at school, from your friends, the television, advertising—everybody's in on the game. Your Referee is a hyper-intelligent segment of consciousness that knows exactly what is acceptable in the world and what isn't. Consider what would happen if one of those self-righteous lowlifes we like to call Christian ministers read my book. Every other page, he'd go red in the face, shouting "blasphemy!" at my book. He'd have to turn to small boys and animals to release his frustration, only to subsequently come up with new laws to ban the devil and his drugs. This is what the Matrix person does—he goes on the attack as soon as one of his undesired, unwanted shadow sides surfaces. This is why we have to be so careful in our Matrix disguise, keeping our sexual, mind-enhancing and enlightenment-pursuing guerrilla activities firmly under the radar. Guerrilla style!

The most dangerous weapon at the disposal of the ego (one which keeps the world locked in a permanent state of war) is called *projection*. The instinctive energy that exists underneath built-up blockages is dense and explosive. Compare it to a beach ball forcefully pushed under water. As soon as the pressure keeping the ball under water is let up, it launches out of the water. The Matrix person's shadow sides are also always ready to shoot up in this fashion. This is why Matrix people are such warmongers, raping and destroying the world. There's not a single other species of animal on planet Earth that ruins its own habitat so comprehensively and with such vigour. That which the man-ape suppresses in himself must remain well hidden. Naturally, the trapped energy starts disrupting its consciousness. In fact, everything the Matrix man-ape suppresses internally is projected outwards. This is the reason the gorilla on two legs is so distrustful of others and so power-hungry; *he must secure his world*. The more shadow sides he is suppressing, the more dangerous the world becomes.

The worst types are religious people. They have developed their consciousness in line with the mould of their religion of choice. Ironically (whoever said God doesn't have a sense of humour?), every world religion says there is only one God. Since the dawn of time, sad and gullible human apes have misinterpreted this, believing this to mean *their own* religion possessed the one, true God. All the while, the message has been crystal clear: there is only one

God, whether you want to call it (or “him”) the universe, the Eternal Tao, Allah, life, consciousness, awareness, the One, all there is. In this book, God is described as *reality as it presents itself to you, free from your story about it*. God is your next-door neighbour playing his music too loudly; God is the rain tapping on your window; your partner who has left you; the job you lost. When you stop resisting reality as it presents itself to you, but accept it wholly *as is*, you will meet the real God. The other “God” is akin to Father Christmas when compared to this God. This God is infinitely more powerful, rarely giving you what you want, always giving you what you need.

The pathetic man-ape has little use for this real God, preferring instead to believe in the Father Christmas version. Believing his little god to be the only real god, he subsequently sets forth into the world to convince believers in other gods to believe in his own version god. New followers to the “One True Faith” grow out their beards and add their voices to the ours-is-the-real-religion chorus. How’s that then? The history of the world in five sentences.

First and foremost, what being a Matrix guerrilla is about is discovering, freeing, and owning our own shadow. It’s our shadow sides that makes us so dangerous; the most dangerous animal species on the planet. Correction, it’s not our shadow side as such; rather, it’s the fact that our vitality, our life force, is locked up and clumped together. That which is suppressed becomes perverted and corrupted. Therefore, being a guerrilla means freeing your life energy. Guerrillas become rebellious, lazy, ill-adjusted. They party, have sex, give blowjobs, licking and rimming their way into egoic oblivion. They experiment with all kinds of mind-enhancing substances to free themselves, but never with the aim of rejecting parts of themselves. *They experiment to become whole*. They embrace their shadow and life as it presents itself to them. They surf the waves of the Tao, like Patrick Swayze and Keanu Reeves surfing the waves in *Point Break*. Would Keanu have played Neo if he had missed that wave? Would he have knocked over the vase? We’ll never know. All we know is what is. And what is, is perfect, regardless of what your Matrix software and the out-of-control Matrix world thinks of it.

Do you remember when, at the start of this fabulous book, I wrote about the Cosmic Tradition? The only way out of this maze is Love. The Four Asuras are waiting for you to become a true rebel and fight the status quo. The more combative you are, the better. This is what the dark Asuras live off. “All you need is love,” the Beatles sang, almost fifty years ago. Love for yourself, for all your “shortcomings”—who can truly judge that? Love for your body,

your emotions and your inspiration. Matrix inhabitants don't have Love. They don't even have love. All they know is the act of trading—"I'll be nice to you and pretend like your shadow doesn't exist, if you do the same for me." Matrix humans hate and despise that which has been suppressed within themselves. They project their perverted darkness onto others and (long live the Referee!) judge everything they do not understand or know (which is all considered suspicious and in need of correction).

The in-the-dark Matrix person does not have access to his natural instincts, his shadow side, and his divine essence, and as such, has lost the capacity to simply *enjoy himself*, without needing a reason. Instead, in order to remain marginally content, he must constantly buy new things, gain higher positions within society, amass more power, and be "successful"—all attempts to still his unquenchable thirst for more, more, more. The Matrix person is never at peace; never at rest. There are always inner voices demanding his attention. The more ferociously you lock away your shadow sides, the more crowded your head becomes. The shadows that have been cast out are always lurking. This is why repressed Matrix people must always look outside of themselves to find targets to accuse and condemn.

When we start breaking our inner framework of rules by hacking it, the result is more space. When all our shadow sides are allowed to live and are nourished (as they deserve to be), the inner battle ceases (not immediately; one bit at a time). When the inner battle ceases, thoughts come to an end, and when thoughts end, there is peace—inner peace. This is what the Matrix inhabitant most longs for but can never obtain. Bliss is the natural outcome of feeding both the white *and* the black wolf. Bliss is a characteristic of our true nature. Unity is our true nature. Guerrillas, therefore, are never battle-hardened warriors. They're lucky bastards like me, who, after fucking their way through the day, blissfully snuggle up to their wives (or another attractive lady, if said wife is temporarily unavailable); they are men and women who have freed the beast within themselves and are totally satisfied as a result.

Whether you believe me or not, you will encounter a lot of resistance on your path to freedom and bliss. The Four Asuras are always lurking: first, there is the theme of life versus death, the primal theme that manifests in our physical body; next comes bliss versus suffering, the mythical battle playing out in our sensory world; then comes truth versus falseness, the epic battle with our thoughts in the world of duality; finally, the icing on the cake, the epic battle between light and dark, between love and hate.

The last battle is about having the courage to surrender yourself to the highest power—the One; Love. Are you heroic enough to accept reality as it unfolds moment to moment, recognising all its manifestations as God? Are you able to surrender to That Which Is Greater? Of all teachers, guerrilla master Byron Katie may have worded it most poignantly:

For me, the word God means “reality.” Reality is God, because it rules. She is what she is because she is so tangible – she is a table, a chair, the shoe you’re wearing, your hair. I love God. Reality is so clear, so solid; she is entirely reliable. You have nothing to say about what she does and she does not wait for your opinion or permission. You can trust her entirely.

You know reality is good as she is, because you feel fear and frustration if you resist her. Every thought that causes stress is in conflict with reality. Those kinds of thoughts are all variations of the same theme: “Things should be different than they are.” “I want [...],” “I need [...],” “He should [...],” “She shouldn’t [...].” It always hurts if you resist that which is.

Look, most so-called “spiritually-oriented” people make spirituality into a hobby, in the same way that they play a game of table tennis, tend to their garden, or spend their free time learning Spanish. They meditate, practice yoga, visit paranormal fairs, and read books about personal development and quantum physics. They use mantras to tell themselves how to be (at the end of the day, fooling themselves more than whoever else, because underneath the thin layer of *Happinez* varnish they are still “the same stinking old self,” as Aldous Huxley so bluntly put it.

The fact of the matter is that the majority of people are kept asleep inside the Matrix with sweet, fluffy spiritual stories. Genuine awakening cannot go down without a fight. It starts with acknowledging your own shadow side *and* acknowledging reality as it is as divine. This isn’t about hot-stone massages, workshops, pretty yoga mats, herbal teas, incense, and mountain crystals. There are no special initiations here, nor wellness holidays to Bali. Authentic guerrilla warfare is free has no bells and whistles. There will be no fireworks, embracing reality as it is.

Are you daring enough to recognise everything that happens as the perfection of the universe; a perfection that never makes a mistake? These are questions that should be on the mind of every guerrilla warrior. “Getting to the top of the mountain isn’t hard if you have great

weather,” mountain climber Ronald Naar once commented. But what if life is stacked against you? It’s easy to talk when things are moving forwards and life is treating you with abundance. “Not my will but thine be done,” as you chomp down on another caviar-laden cracker, take another glug of champagne, while wiping away the remainder of a line of coke from underneath your nose, is grand. Truly grand is to see *everything* as the One manifesting; everything as the flawless, spotless perfection of all that is. And this, of course, includes death. In fact, *it must include death*. Everything dies. Everything is, as we previously learnt, on its way back to the source. Disease is part of this process. An unfortunate, traumatic youth; a missed train; a bad day at work; the loss of a loved one; bankruptcy; debt the size of Mount Everest—when you’re able to embrace everything that can occur in your life as the flawless perfection of the universe, you are free. When you do, you will be living in what Chuang Tzu calls “the invisible universe.” The Matrix is the world of form, patterns, imprisonment. Move past judgements—behind them, you are free. This is where we meet. Free, like another beautiful guerrilla master, Jalal ad-Din Rumi, who, after spending thirty-six hours spinning in circle attained complete enlightenment, describes. On to the afterparty!

Rumi: “Beyond good and evil lies another dimension. I will meet you there.” Entering that other dimension is the only way to circumvent your Referee. The Referee operates in darkness. Its main ploy is telling you that others are the “bad guys,” or, alternatively, that there is something fundamentally wrong with you. Whatever its target, it is judging—continuously labelling things as “good” or “bad.” It wounds both yourself and others in the process. The only truly suitable antidote to its incessant condemnation is the act of complete surrender. Everything is exactly as it should be. (Everything—this book included!) Of course, my inner Referee is always on the lookout whenever I talk about sex or the enhancement of the mind (all the things that Matrix-bound folks abhor). And this (the fact that these things cause Matrix people to move away in revulsion) is exactly how the Referee was born in both you and me; its main function is to prevent you from missing the mark socially. It corrects you before anyone else gets the chance to. It judges others to showcase the values and norms that you live by, criticising and correcting you in equal measure should you behave in ways outside of its framework of condemnation. It is the incarnation of the inner reflections of good and evil that the majority of the population believes in.

Whether you take my word for it or not is irrelevant, but fucking, expanding your mind, and anarchism have diddly squat to do with good and evil. Their seeming value lies wholly in

the eye of the beholder. An example: if you had been in the Resistance while Hitler was in power, you would now be considered a hero. A member of the Resistance in Afghanistan in our contemporary world is viewed to be an enemy; a terrorist fighting against law and order. With how many yardsticks are we measuring? Americans spend billions of dollars every year to propagate their world views. Understandably, they always play the “good guys” in their own films. Everyone who has awakened his or her instincts knows better. The rest of humanity is doomed to play a minor role in life, imprisoned inside the Matrix.

The world’s greatest, self-appointed protectors of morality will probably demonise me. These are people who, according to supreme inarchist rebel, Jesus Christ, are “able to spot the splinters in the eye of another, yet cannot see the tree trunk sticking out of their own.” Therefore, please leave your judgements at home. Everything in this universe represents pure perfection—a direct sign from God, God damn it!

Once you’ve freed yourself from all judgements concerning good and evil, I look forward to meeting you in another dimension: the sanctuary for guerrillas of all times and all cultures. For centuries, we have rebelled against existing regimes, always breaking the power of tyrants. Why? Because we control the night! Party people rule!

Billy Joel – *Goodnight Saigon*

They ruled the night.

And the night seemed to last as long as six weeks.

On Parris Island.

We held the coastline.

They held the highlands. And they were sharp.

As sharp as knives.

They heard the hum of our motors.

They counted the rotors.

And waited for us to arrive.

And we would all go down together.

We said we'd all go down together.

Yes, we would all go down together.

Those in power and tyrants throughout the ages want to win us over to play their sick games, played by none other than the Four Asuras. Political leaders are nothing other than pawns, or, as Lao Tzu calls them, “straw dogs.” They’re puppets who are used up and discarded. The Asuras working their magic behind the veil feed leaders with honour, power, esteem, ambition, and status. Like the vampires they are, they suck the life force out of their straw dogs, while maintaining control of the world through their divide-and-rule tactics. What do you think has always been the central aim of the Asuras? Division. Division inside of you and division in the external world. Look at Billy Joel’s lyrics again and tell me who was right and who was wrong. To the American power elite, the situation was clear-cut: the peaceful people of Vietnam were bad and needed to be defeated. They did what they always do and inflamed their population to fight against their “enemy” using propaganda. As a result, large parts of the population were flooded with negative emotions, such as hatred, indignation, and anger, nourishing the Asuras that feed off these emotions. Naturally, the Vietnamese thought they were in the right. As Billy wrote at the time in his song, *Goodnight Saigon*, “Who was wrong? And who was right? It didn’t matter in the thick of the fight.”

What was truly happening were men in monkey suits killing, maiming, raping, and destroying each other’s souls. At least, this is how things appeared. The invisible reality behind the scenes was that of the Asuras gauging on violence, death, and destruction. War knows only losers. At an even deeper, more foundational layer, even this unnecessary warfare is an inseparable part of the perfection of the universe. This is why Krishna does not scathe Arjuna for going to war. Do what you must. This is why I say, “Fuck your lederhosen out of your panties. Now comes the monkey out of the sleeve. Make love, not war.”

Toto – I’ll Be Over You

Some people live their dreams.

Some people close their eyes.

Some people’s destiny passes by.

When Tanja and I met each other, we were both still hopelessly entangled in the Matrix, neither of us living our dreams. In fact, we'd both given up on our dreams long before. We had accepted the sad, grey illusion of the Matrix as truth. The Matrix, which had our costumes and roles laid out for us (real-life roles, which you are shaped for from early childhood onwards); the role of Maya, the enchanting illusion that makes the Matrix appear so real.

The worst thing you can do in the dream world of the Matrix is to give up on your dreams; to give up on your fantasies. Your fantasies need to be stimulated on a daily basis! Your pussy should be a dripping cave of never-ending pleasure; your cock a magical wand bringing endless waves of delight to whatsoever is blessed to share a space with it. I usually don't like using sexual metaphors, but these two simply came flowing down through my fingers, straight from the universe. I like them. Horniness and your imagination form the water of the life in which you swim.

33. YOU ARE FREE TO QUESTION / QUESTIONING IS FREEDOM

All day I think about it, then at night I say it.

Where did I come from, and what am I supposed to be doing?

I have no idea.

My soul is from elsewhere, I'm sure of that,

And I intend to end up there.

This drunkenness began in some other tavern.

When I get back around to that place,

I'll be completely sober. Meanwhile,

I'm like a bird from another continent, sitting in this aviary.

The day is coming when I fly off,

But who is it now in my ear who hears my voice?

Who says words with my mouth?

Who looks out with my eyes? What is the soul?

I cannot stop asking.

If I could taste one sip of an answer,

I could break out of this prison for drunks.

I didn't come here of my own accord, and I can't leave that way.

Whoever brought me here will have to take me home.

- Rumi

ABSOLEM: Who are you?

ALICE: Absolem?

ABSOLEM: You're not Absolem. I am. The question is, "Who are you?"

ALICE: Alice.

Absolem: We shall see.

- *Alice in Wonderland*

I'm sure you have noticed that this book is (for no less than sixteen percent) concerned with deep topics, like the search for Truth. The Bwiti of Africa refer to Truth as *basi*, which is perhaps best translated as *the truth of the moment*. The Bwiti frequently use one of the world's strongest mind-enhancing substances, called Iboga Tabernathe. Christian missionaries spent centuries trying to convert the Bwiti to their religion. With each attempt, the Bwiti would laughingly respond, "You speak *of* God. We talk *to* God!" The Iboga root uproots (*drumroll*) all Matrix codes, taking its users straight into inner silence and peace; into God's temple. Basi, experienced as the truth of the moment, is experienced as an *aha-erlebnis* (God, I love that word!), as in "Eureka!" or "Holy Mother of God!" The truth of the moment; God; reality as it is unfolding right *now*!

My intention for this chapter is to go deeper than before. It's 00:50 a.m., if I'm to believe my laptop's clock. We're going to be digging inside of you to reveal the Truth. When I refer to Truth with a capital T, I'm not talking about the truth that therapists want you to find; the truth that will make you feel like a victim by telling you how bad your youth was. Rather, I'm talking about the razor-edge Truth that zen masters would confront you with, should if you had the cojones to enter one of their Zen dojos looking for yourself.

Let's try to keep things clear. All this won't be easy, considering the fact that you have the concentration span of a goldfish. We were previously acquainted with a woman who was so extraordinarily herself that she would scalp anyone who asked for the truth with four questions. Everything you are certain of, your foundation, would be chopped to bits—a little like letting some air into your head, so that the oxygen can reach it. It's with good reason that Leonard Cohen sang, "There's a crack, a crack in everything. That's how the light gets in."

According to her own assessment (not mine), the lady in question spent most of her life being a total bitch—an unpleasant, mean, depressive witch; the kind that could have been your

mother, but a little worse than that. Like your mother, she spent most of her time drinking. I love the “Your mother is so...” jokes stand-up comedians come up with! (“Your mother is so ugly, your father took her with him to work, just so he didn’t have to kiss her goodbye.”) Don’t take this one personally... or take it personally... You’re allowed to become a little angry—nothing wrong with that. If someone asks me what I’m in the mood for or what I would like to do, I respond with, “Your mother...”—but not now. If you promise you won’t ask the big question, I won’t resort to silliness. “Your daughter...”

Returning to the aforementioned witch, prior to her becoming an enlightened guerrilla master. Katie, as only we are allowed to call Byron Katie, was so sick and tired of her existence (and herself) that she spent months on end lying on the bathroom floor, gulping down bottles of her favourite spirit. She would let loose at anyone who attempted to go near her. If the words of Stephen, her husband, are anything to go by, Linda Blair in the film *The Exorcist* was more easy-going than her. The poor man must have spent many a lonely year beating his own bishop. Lucky him...

Katie was so tired of herself that she did what we should all do—she started asking questions. Asking questions—you know, the thing you stopped doing when you were around six years old, because all the stupid adults to whom you would direct your questions would only ever respond with, “You’ll find that out when you are a grown up.” Well, Katie couldn’t settle with that as an adult, and spent her days drinking, cursing, and barfing on the bathroom floor. Rightfully so! Why couldn’t those silly adults simply respond with, “I don’t know, sweetie. Maybe you should find out for yourself.” If they had, we’d have investigated matters for ourselves. Rather than doing that, they tried to fill our minds with encyclopaedias of useless information; things you can easily look up on the internet. Bunch of dweebs!

In the end, concerning everything that arose in her mind—every thought she had—Katie would ask herself, “Is that true?” The process is the following: you have a question; something of which you are convinced. Katie asks, “Is that true?” She then proceeds to check whether you can be sure that whatever it is you are thinking is true. She then asks who you would be without that thought. Finally, she asks you to reverse the thought. I’m sure you get it—a powerful self-investigation technique for drunken witches, but far too complicated for us. Should you ever want to delve deeper into this, investigate her *The Work*, which is what she has called her beautiful life’s work.

I wouldn't be me if I wasn't able to present a better and easier method, which I will be presenting for free in this book. Instead of four questions, we will be using three questions to get to the root of the matter bugging our consciousness. If you prefer to continue believing in Father Christmas, the tooth fairy, or your marriage, I suggest you skip this chapter. For all the dudes and dudettes who cannot contain their curiosity, and who want to know how things really work, let's get to work. All aboard! The three questions we are going to ask ourselves are:

- 1) *Who are you?*
- 2) *Where are you?*
- 3) *Really...?*

Or, if you are contemplating on your own:

- 1) *Who am I?*
- 2) *Where am I?*
- 3) *Really...?*

Of these three questions, I only made up the last one. The other two are standard questions raised by your average Zen or Advaita master. Christ said the same in the Nag Hammadi scriptures: "You study the face of Heaven and Earth, but you do not even know where you are. And you ignore the present moment." Masters often forget the ever-present, masterly *Really...?* that neutralises all other questions. Anyhow, if they want, they can steal it from me. After all, all ideas in this book are copyright-free. (Feel free to transfer me a generous donation for my efforts though...)

In truth, I could simply reduce my questioning technique to the sharp, *Really...?* Sooner or later, you will realise that all ideas you have concerning yourself and the world are incorrect, in the same way that those so-called scientists frequently come up with new theories that knock an old paradigm out of the water. Why not just admit that you can never be right and are always wrong from the outset? *Really...?* Let's start. *Who are you?*

I am... [Insert Name].

First off, I'd diss you by telling you I've never heard of anyone called Insert Name. Of course, you'd tell me your real name, to which I would respond with, *Really...*? Who would you be without your name? Right, still you. Quickly, I'd follow up with another: *Who are you?*

INSERT NAME: I am [Insert Job].

ME: Really...? So, who would you be if you had a different job? Who are you?

INSERT NAME: I am the daughter, son, father, mother, friend of [...]

ME: Really...? And what if, like Tom Hanks in the film *Cast Away*, you ended up on an uninhabited island? Would you still be you? Who are you?

INSERT NAME: I am someone from this or that neighbourhood.

ME: Yeah, right! (Naturally, given my exceptional linguistic competence, I'd switch things up a little.) So, if you grew up or lived in a different neighbourhood, you wouldn't be you? Who are you?

INSERT NAME: I am my image, my taste of clothing, the way I wear my hair, my style, my mannerisms...

ME: Of course! But who are you?

INSERT NAME: I am my principles, my values, my beliefs.

ME: Really...? You mean you are your Matrix programming?

We could use the first question to engage in this questioning back and forth for roughly an hour. If you are a beautiful woman, I'm sure we'd "get to the core of the matter" (Har har!). If you're a dude, I'd tell you to figure it out on your own. (I have better things to do with my time.) Anyway, I think you get the picture... This line of questioning exposes everything you think you know about yourself. Everything!

If I've made you a little doubtful and you're entering a small existential crisis ("You can cry on my broad shoulders, darling."), I'd like to fan the flames a little, as any accomplished Zen master would, and ask, "Who would you be if you didn't have a face?" Snap! That one hit a nerve, didn't it? We're so used to our face that we unconsciously identify with it completely. Why else do we have to show our passport with a picture of our face to identify ourselves at border crossings? But that's Matrix identification! After relishing in the doubt in your eyes, I'd ask you to close them. No, not to launch into a rather awkward episode of unsolicited intimacy (if you happen to be a beautiful woman), but rather, to ask you, "Are you still you, without a face, with your eyes closed?"

You, a beautiful woman in this example, could not respond other than affirmatively, the conclusion thus being that you are not your appearance. But if you're not your job, appearance, good or bad taste, intelligence, background, skin colour, race, or whatever else you could come up with, what are you? Good question! I'm glad you're starting to ask questions and not allowing yourself to be led around in circles, like most adults would. I would continue by asking you who you were before you were born, or as the Zen masters ask, "What did your face look like before you were born?" Alternatively, "How would you recognise yourself if you didn't have a face?"

Obviously, you would become confused, and rightfully so! Until now, you've probably been focused on your visual sensory input as your go-to mode of identification (like 99.85567% of humanity). But what if there weren't any mirrors? Animals barely, if ever, see themselves, and yet they are wholly and completely themselves. Having arrived at this point, and having demolished the first layers of your superstition, we can safely conclude that you aren't what you look like, correct? Therefore, please close your eyes again (if you trust me). Wait a minute though, otherwise you won't be able to read the next question. Roughly 70 percent of our consciousness is used to process visual sensations during the day. That with which we identify the most (and this includes our face) is sight-based. But is that you? *Really...*? I don't think so!

How would a blind person be able to identify him or herself, if that were the case? And if you are not all these external features and superficial appearances, who are you, or rather (question two), *where are you?* Close your eyes and ask yourself where you are. The *you* that we cannot see—is it in your toes, for example? *Where are you?*

INSERT NAME: I am in my toes as well.

ME: Really...? And what if you didn't have any feet?

INSERT NAME: Then I'd be in my heart.

ME: Sure, but what if your heart was transplanted? In which cells exactly are you? Also, your heart's cells are constantly renewing themselves. Are you the old or the new cells?

INSERT NAME: Then I must be my brain. I am my thinking.

ME: Hm... and when you're asleep and not thinking, where are you then?

INSERT NAME: I don't know. But I do know that when I'm awake, I'm inside my head. That must be where I am. Check! Your move!

ME: Really...? And what about people who've had an NDE (near-death experience); people who spent several minutes without any brain activity or a pulse? Where are you during an NDE, not thinking through your brain, but still there? The people who come back from the "other side" after being reanimated almost all attest to the fact that they were able to think while seemingly gone, and that they knew exactly who they were and where they

were going. So, where are you if you're not inside your brain?

INSERT NAME: Checkmate...

You know, this isn't some philosophical game to enchant beautiful ladies with (although it does work exceptionally well); it's about learning to separate the wheat from the chaff. As long as you continue to believe in things that you really shouldn't be believing in from the age of eight onwards, you will remain stuck inside the Matrix. All your senses fool you, because they continuously give you the feeling there is a fixed reality, regardless of the fact that all matter you can see, feel, hear, and smell are, on an atomic level, in relative terms, as far apart as two planets. Matter, therefore, doesn't truly exist. At the smallest level, particles continuously morph into waves and back into particles again. In fact, scientists have discovered that the way in which matter materialises is dependent on the observer.

And with this then we arrive back at one of this book's core statements—*as within, so without*. The world is as you perceive it. You are the creator. Without you, there is no world. Farfetched? Tell me honestly, where is the world when you're asleep? Exactly. We live in a dream world; the Matrix. And it'll become a bit cooler if you wake up in the dream and learn to create your world consciously. At present, your judgements and underlying fears are the codes with which you are creating your reality (and which you then perceive as a result). Wait and see what happens when you see through the rules of the Matrix and accept everything that occurs without judgement.

God made the senses turn outwards. Mankind therefore looks outwards, not into himself. But, occasionally, a daring soul, desiring immortality, has looked back and found himself.

- Katha Upanishad

You can continue your investigation by closing your eyes. I'm sure you can feel the question coming. *Where am I?*

“What do I smell and am I my smelling capacity?”

“No, because there is someone smelling.”

“Am I my hearing?”

“No, because there is someone hearing.”

“Am I my taste?”

“No, because there is someone tasting.”

“Am I my feelings?”

“No, because there is someone feeling.”

That someone, that faceless someone who has been there since the dawn of time, the timeless observer behind your thoughts, feelings, and sensations, that someone, who cannot be located, is *you*. *You are nothing!* Same as me! Essentially, we are one and the same, exactly as the Cosmic Tradition describes.

Do eyes and ears perceive? No. Your own Buddha nature, being essentially pure and utterly still, is capable of this perception.

- Hui-Hai

When that *you*, which in different schools of thought is called Buddha nature, essence, self, or soul, leaves your body after your death, your body falls apart. You are the living Tao that flows through everything that lives. You don't have a name, a face, a future, or a past. You are always. You are now. You are the meandering reality unfolding from moment to moment in the time and spaceless dimension you have chosen, dreaming that you are a human. In that dream you are waking up, discovering that you are a drop in the ocean of the Eternal Tao. You are divine—you just don't realise you are yet! You are free!

You've always been free, although you may have been unaware of this fact. You are like the prisoners in Plato's Cave; the shackles tying you to the cave have always been unlocked, but you feel safe by the fire, and the shadows on the wall are comfortingly familiar. You are now

being given the choice: will you get up and walk outside, or will you remain as you are, self-pitying yourself in forgetfulness. If you decide to get up, don't look back and don't return! You know that in the version of Plato's Allegory of the Cave that I was told (the version my philosophy teacher taught me), the man who freed himself to return to tell his former fellow prisoners the good news is beaten to death. Let sleeping dogs (or prisoners) lie, but get out yourself. Continue flying under the radar and escape, without anybody realising you've made a break for it. In the meantime, create the life of your dreams in which you play the leading role. Enjoy fully all that this world has to offer. You are free; a god in the depths of its thoughts; your imagination is all you need to breathe life into your dreams. The fun thing is that your Matrix persona stays intact—the difference being that now “someone” (someone who doesn't have an identity or fixed location) is awake. And that someone is no more and no less than an immortal manifestation and descendent of the One—the One who split off into an infinite number of ways to experience itself in the world of duality. It is, therefore, your task and mission to experience, to play, to create, to experiment, and, most of all, to enjoy. Why else would sex and mind-enhancing substances be so goddamn divine? Because you serve creation with them by discovering and realising your true nature!

Why is work so boring and deadly? Because it is a creation of the Matrix. Have you ever seen an animal work...? Of course not! Therefore, focus on the divine, on the God in you, and enjoy without restriction. It's your birthright. All else are just lies of the Matrix that have been brainwashing you since early childhood. Remember who you are and come alive. You are free—always have been, whether you realised it or not. You always will be free, even though you appear to be imprisoned. The Matrix is an exceptionally realistic illusion that (almost) everyone believes is. *The truth of the matter is that you are free.*

34. FLY WITH ME

Trijntje Oosterhuis – *Vlieg Met Me Mee*

(Translated from Dutch)

Don't hang your head, even though you're sad.

The world around isn't that bad; it's what you see in it.

Look around. I'll show you the way.

You're not alone.

Life itself doesn't mean a thing; it's what you make of it.

Everything will change now. It's time for you to wake up.

Will you join me? This is your opportunity.

Take it now.

Come fly with me, over land and over sea.

Adventure lies beyond the horizon.

Whoever you are, this is your moment.

It is now or never. Fly away and never look back.

There is more beyond that border than you'd ever dreamt of.

Sometimes you have to spread your wings to get beyond the border of what you think you know, like in the story I'm about to tell you. My one-toothed philosophy teacher, who was a wonderful storyteller, told me this story. My story won't stand up to his, but then again, you never heard his, so you don't have anything to compare it to. I'm sure you'll like it. Sooner or

later, you will penetrate to the bitter core of this story. At the end of the day, everybody gets the punchline; everybody understands what Krishna meant when he said, “In the end, they all return to me, Arjuna.” Sadly, most people only get the punchline when it’s already too late—when they’re no longer in the middle of life and are spending their days waiting for the mail carrier to arrive. Then, in those last few minutes before their death, when their life passes before their eyes, the penny drops.

Once upon a time, there was a frog. A frog in a pool of fresh water. The frog spent its days bathing in its mud pool. One day, another frog passed by. “Where have you come from?” the fresh-water frog asked the other. “Oh, I’m travelling,” the other frog responded. “I’ve just come from the ocean, behind those dunes.” The fresh-water frog looked at the other frog in disbelief and answered, “There’s no way; there is nothing behind this pool.” The other frog explained that this pool was miniscule, and that the ocean is immeasurably large—so large it cannot be put into words. “You know what,” the frog said. “I’ll show you. I’ll be returning to the ocean in a bit. I’ll take you with me.” The fresh-water frog tensed up, became scared, and started cursing the traveller with every insult it knew. “Suit yourself,” the traveller quacked, and left hopping over the dune. “Phew! Glad that liar has buggered off and I have peace in my kingdom once more. What a liar! Oceans—don’t make me laugh!” Suddenly, a stalk landed next to the frog, picked him up with his beak and flew high up into the sky, at which point the frog could see the ocean in the distance. The frog’s last words were “Oooooooooooooooooooooceaaaaan...”

Occasionally, the field of the Matrix falls away and the layer underneath it, which I can tap into, is freed up. The Matrix is like a broadband frequency playing nonsense all day long, similar to radio and television stations. Your inner receiver takes what it needs from the ether and projects its own reality onto what it receives. This makes your world appear real and completely unique. In fact, you’re like a train moving along an existing track, occasionally switching between tracks. If you do not demolish your inner software, you will be automatically caught by one of these magnetic tracks and sucked back into the Matrix. If you do not believe me because what I’m saying cannot be seen or proven, ask yourself, “How many radio and television stations are presently active in and around you?” If you had an antenna on

top of your head, you'd be able to receive all stations in the world. The Matrix works in the same way, only at different, immeasurable frequencies. We call these frequencies *morphogenetic fields*. Morphogenesis means the origin (*genesis*) of form (*morph*). Every species of animal and plant has its own morphogenetic field. This field is a all-encompassing memory bank that controls the entire species.

Carl Jung described this field as the *collective unconscious*. Whatever you want to call it, it is this field that keeps our species captive. There are a number of corrupt programmes in the human species, placed there by the Four Asuras. Since humanity receives these signals from the field of its own species, it is unaware of what is going on, and since every other member of the species accepts the morphogenetic field as it is, it becomes hard for individual members of that species to wake up, since every member of the species will constantly be trying to prove that individual wrong. As social creatures, we are extremely attached to the opinions of others, automatically adapting ourselves to suit our environment. Et voila, we have returned to the image of a brainwashed, shackled human.

There is light at the end of the tunnel, however; the fact that the morphogenetic software on which the Matrix runs is a projection programme working at quite a superficial level. It is nothing more than a holographic illusion. This is why I keep advising you to break your own lines of coding by holding your convictions to the light, so that you can see which illusions you believe in (and which you subsequently project onto the world, thus materialising your own reality). Your deepest fears make up the boundaries of your options. Dare to step beyond them and discover that these so-called boundaries are only virtual realities. Why do you think I became such a competent lover? I had to compensate for my fear and shyness! This is why I continuously sought (and seek) out the boundaries of what is acceptable. This is also why I regularly expose myself to stunningly beautiful women—to face my own fears. At root, it's a purely functional activity (and one I engage in for the betterment of the human species...).

How did we end up here again? I think because I was talking about seeking out old programmes, of which I, as I'm sure you've been able to tell, still have plenty. Hey, nobody's perfect (and my name happens to Nobody). In actuality, we're all nobodies, as Didier's line of questioning previously revealed. *Really...?*

What happens when we let go of our personal story and demolish our Matrix codes one step at a time is that we enter into freedom. All else is an illusion. By unshackling yourself, you can

start reading and writing your own history. Yep, when you free yourself, you can move beyond the Matrix and plug into the Akashic Field. The Akashic Field has been known among mystics for centuries. It is the information field active underneath the Matrix. It contains all information of all events in the world of all times. Scientists have stated that aliens visiting Earth will not pick up the friendly and socially-acceptable satellite messages with universal symbols that we've sent into space; it's much more likely is that they will pick up on Hitler's propaganda, which was once broadcasted as television signals. Those signals continue to travel through space indefinitely, until someone (a species of aliens, in this case) picks up the waves. What a good impression we'll make! No number of we-come-in-peace-like messages will be able to compete. Alf en ET know better—they received the messages of *Mein Kampf* loud and clear.

The Akashic Chronicles form in roughly the same way that those visual and auditory signals travel through space. They are the chronicles that the Ogilvies and Chars of the world plug into to obtain psychic information. One of the consequences of demolishing your Matrix software is that you too will experience moments of clairvoyance. Arabic countries call this *maktub*, which means *it is written*. Everything—past and future—is written. The only moment that has not yet been described is the present moment. The present moment is magical, because it is in the now that destiny can change. Everything else—past and future—is already fixed. Bizarre, don't you think? This is why I sometimes write so fast and so extensively on a topic. Sometimes, the Matrix frequencies become less powerful and I can connect directly to the Chronicles. No, not those of Spiderwick or Narnia—the Akashic Chronicles.

It is important to learn to break out of the Matrix and enter the Akashic Chronicles. What these chronicles contain concerning the past and future is uncensored truth—the Truth of Humanity. It is the Truth that you have always suspected existed, but which you have never been able to reach.

Maybe you're already a frequent user of mind-enhancing substances. Alternatively, you might not understand why people need such substances. Whatever the case, mind-enhancing substances can give you a glimpse of what the world should be like. Some mind-enhancing substances scramble the Matrix and take you to the state of how you should be—beyond the inner distortions of Referees and Slave Drivers, past so-called values and norms, and into freedom. Things there are delicious, relaxed, and chill. Time doesn't exist. Space doesn't exist.

You don't exist. Nonetheless, you are completely at ease. You are euphoric. Unshackled for a little while, in the timeless and spaceless "place" beyond the Matrix. You know why this place feels so good? *Because it's your home.* This is where you are from and to where you will eventually return. There's good reason almost all countries in the world have prohibited the use of most mind-enhancing substances. They could give you a sense of where you're truly from and how free your true nature is. Your value in the Matrix would disappear if you discovered your true nature. You are supposed to be shackled to the Matrix, playing a small, insignificant side role in it. You are not supposed to be digging around in the Akashic Chronicles, my friend.

By now, I'm sure you've realised how much I love films. I haven't watched television for years but can enjoy a good film all the more. One such film is *The Golden Compass*. In this film, they call the Matrix "the Magisterium." The Magisterium contains scary, Christian power elites who want to maim children by amputating their power animals, similar to our world in which, as I previously explained, our instincts are maimed and amputated through the educational systems that dominate our world. Shamans use power animals to travel to other dimensions. A power animal is an animal that symbolises your innate capabilities. In *The Golden Compass*, these power animals are called "daemons." According to the Ancient Greeks, every person is born with a daemon at his or her side. This daemon protects us and makes sure we remain on our path. If attacked too often and too severely, these daemons become vicious; they become demonic.

The evil male and female demons that caused tremendous sorrow and obstruction appear real before you reach enlightenment, but once you realise their true nature, they become protectors. With their help and assistance, you are able to acquire numerous skills.

- Milarepa

Cherish, with loving mind, more than a child, the hostile gods and demons of apparent existence, and tenderly surround yourself with them.

- Machig Labdrön

The Magisterium wants to prevent the people it rules to contact “the Dust,” which enables them to contact other worlds. This is the reason they try to kill Lyra’s uncle, Lord Asriel. Lord Asriel is about to go on an expedition to the North Pole to investigate the Dust.

Enough about this film now. What this “children’s film” accurately shows is the state of the world; children are brutalised, and their powers and instincts are amputated by the power elites of the Matrix (the Bushes, Baracks and Balkenendes of the world). Gruesome, horrible Christian creatures. Of course, Dust is a metaphor for the unity or Akashic Chronicles we discover under the influence of entheogenic, mind-enhancing substances. However, the creators of *The Golden Compass* had to find another name for it, otherwise the film would have been banned immediately. The same applies to fairytales—they also contain numerous clues. Unsuspecting adults have been raising their children with esoteric wisdom and pointers for centuries. How about *Alice in Wonderland*, in which Alice, like Neo, has to use drugs to move into different states of consciousness. Keep reading them to your children, dear parents. Maybe *Matrix Guerrilla* should be considered suitable for ages five and above. Good luck telling your children what you get up to with between the sheets with other mummies and daddies. It’s all so sanctimonious! It’s fine for your children to spend their days shooting people in Playstation-created virtual worlds, but when it comes to the act of love, we all suddenly become so squeamish.

Back to the studio—what were we talking about? Magical, mind-enhancing substances, which I prefer to call sacraments (holy secret), and which are referred to as Dust in *The Golden Compass*. A golden compass, of course, is symbolic for intuition (which is what you can use to easily tune into the Akashic Chronicles). This Dust takes us straight into parallel universes through which we can enter the Akashic Chronicles to find out how things really work. No wonder our world’s authorities, working for the Four Asuras, do everything to prevent us from obtaining the Dust, and have forbidden all substances that can take us to the other side. LSD, mescaline, ayahuasca, magic mushrooms, iboga, hash—all manifestations of Dust; the red pill that takes you beyond the Matrix. What this entails, I cannot tell you, because luckily, like the Eternal Tao, this realm cannot be described. To discover it, you will have to become it. You will have to become Truth! This is the secret that Matrix people cannot comprehend, because they’re too afraid to take mind-enhancing substances and travel to the other side. In fact, those poor souls are terrified of discovering their true nature (and everything that entails). To these curtailed, sad little creatures, mind-enhancing substances are “not done,” and should therefore

always be forbidden. Alas, they will never discover their true nature, thus dying without ever realising who they are. (“Oooooooooooooceeeeeeeaaaaaaaaan!”) As a result, our secret remains, well... a secret. A well-kept secret, however.

Don't ask yourself what the world needs; ask yourself what makes you come alive. And then go do that. Because what the world needs are people who have come alive.

- Harold Whitman

You could consider this book a tribute—no, an homage—to everything wild and maladjusted in us that wants to come to life, because you, my friend, are also on the shortlist to hopelessly drift into a slumber, assuming you aren't already in a state of deep hibernation. What I have become most aware of is how rare moments of divinity are in life. When I was in the midst of my partying days, drifting from party to afterparty and back to party again, the life I was living seemed to be endless; a never-ending story. Today, I can barely remember what that life was like. And this is the way of things in our lives. *We are no more than dust in the wind.* Given this apparent meaninglessness, we can straightforwardly decide to get the most out of life; to start living fully, in abundance. Whoever said we need to live enlightened lives? It's a pitfall many spiritually oriented people fall into with eyes wide open. Fools! As though all the fun, enjoyable, delicious experiences in life should be off-limits. In my opinion, true enlightenment is about living life to the full—fully conscious, without shame or guilt.

§

35. THE MADMAN

You ask me how I became a madman. It happened thus: One day, long before many gods were born, I woke from a deep sleep and found all my masks were stolen,—the seven masks I have fashioned and worn in seven lives,—I ran maskless through the crowded streets shouting, “Thieves, thieves, the cursed thieves.”

Men and women laughed at me and some ran to their houses in fear of me.

And when I reached the market place, a youth standing on a house-top cried, 'He is a madman.' I looked up to behold him; the sun kissed my own naked face for the first time. For the first time the sun kissed my own naked face and my soul was inflamed with love for the sun, and I wanted my masks no more. And as if in a trance I cried, 'Blessed, blessed are the thieves who stole my masks.'

Thus I became a madman.

And I have found both freedom of loneliness and the safety from being understood, for those who understand us enslave something in us.

But let me not be too proud of my safety. Even a thief in a jail is safe from another thief.

- Kahlil Gibran, *The Madman*

Should this not yet be clear to you, I am taking a stand for foolishness in this book. I don't know whether you've noticed, but the world that I observe is becoming increasingly dull, violent, and unnecessarily serious. Where have all the crazy people gone? If even Uncle Herman [Herman Brood, a famous alternative Dutch artist, for international readers] no longer sees any value in life and launches himself off the top of the Hilton... Theo van Gogh with a knife between his ribs, Pim shot down, supreme wacko Boudewijn Büch dead—the only people left to create the news are those scary, Magisterium Christian ministers and scary, so-called freedom-fighting politicians who want to limit our rights (somewhat similarly to that dude who was in power in Germany in the forties).

What has happened to us? Who still dares to be openly defiant, anarchistic, and rebellious? Whatever happened to super rebel Timothy Leary and his slogan “turn on, tune in, drop out?” Matrix guerrilla warfare in six, simple words. Consume entheogenic substances, tune in to the reality underneath the Matrix, and rebel. Leary may be dead, but his words still resonate. The question is, “Who is still hearing them?” What became of the words of The Doors with their advice to “break on through to the other side.”

What happened to the small anarchistic network, often led by the squatter scene in the Netherlands? Most of them now have perfect little families, living in their prefab apartments in government-funded housing locations. They have been seduced back into the Matrix with the promise of anti-squatter houses by the government.

Whatever happened to Leary’s friend, Ken Kesey? If ever there was a brainy nutcase walking to walk this planet, it was him. Actually, he preferred to drive around with his group called The Merry Pranksters. They toured. His bus was called Further. (Further, further, further!) To stand still is to move backwards, and of course more people had to become acquainted with Kesey’s brilliant insanity and LSD, the entheogen of the Ancient Greeks. Luckily, he left us *One Who Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest*, with the brilliant Jack Nicholson in the lead role as R.P. McMurphy. Eleven minutes and 50 seconds into the film, he tells the psychiatrist who doubts his sanity:

BILLY: How it’s going Mac?”

McMURPHY: Perfect Billy. They, uh, was givin' me 10,000 watts a day, you know, and I'm hot to trot. The next woman takes me on's gonna light up like a pinball machine and pay off in silver dollars!

Ken Kesey often went to psychiatric homes to talk to so-called “crazy people,” usually when he himself was off his head. He discovered that most of them aren’t really that crazy; they’re just different. They have been locked up and sedated by a society that cannot handle them. This is what the film is about, and this is what this book is about. Am I schizophrenic, or do we live in a twisted, Matrix-controlled society? You will find the same themes being dealt with in Paulo Coelho’s *Veronika Decides to Die*. Who is crazy? I know that, according to the standards of our fucked-up world, I certainly am.

36. LESSONS IN LOVE

Love is not the same as loyalty. Loyalty is what happens when you've had children and decide to stay together for better or worse. Love is learning to be intimate and respectfully getting to know (and conquering each other), one step at a time; releasing the beast in each other. Living according to our true nature. Getting to know the other without wanting to change or improve the other. Respectful, to my mind, means acknowledging and respecting each other's boundaries, and stretching them bit by bit. "Whore!" and a targeted smack on her pretty bum might not sound very respectful to the average Matrix reader, except if you know that every woman has a slut living inside of her, waiting to be freed (or fucked!). How intimate the result can be if you both dare to take off your Matrix masks and let loose. That is love! Acknowledging that you are everything—light and dark—as the following gnostic text shows:

The Thunder – Perfect Mind

I am the honoured one and the scorned one.

I am the whore and the holy one.

I am the wife and the virgin.

I am the mother and the daughter.

I am the members of my mother.

I am the barren one

and many are her sons.

(...)

Why, you who hate me, do you love me,

and hate those who love me?

You who deny me, confess me,

and you who confess me, deny me.

You who tell the truth about me, lie about me,

and you who have lied about me, tell the truth about me.

You who know me, be ignorant of me,

and those who have not known me, let them know me.

Lessons in love are primarily lessons in consciousness. The challenge and artform is to keep your ego outside of the bedroom. In the bedroom, do what comes most naturally to you—sleeping and fucking. Both activities demand a form of loss of control and surrender. Try falling asleep consciously and through your force of will. Trust me, you won't be able to. The same applies to sex: learn to switch off your will and ignore your ego. Crawl deep into your body and only speak its language—the language of enjoyment. Give to your lover that which will increase his or her enjoyment. As soon as your ego, in the shape of the Perfectionist, Slave Driver or Referee, tries to take over, stop for a moment, and ask yourself what is causing you to worry. Tell your partner and counter the curse of non-communication.

Beware, the more vulnerable you dare to make yourself, the more on guard your ego will become; understandably so, since it originated to protect your fragile nature from getting hurt. The fastest way to put your ego on snooze mode is to clearly communicate your needs, so that you can enjoy optimally, and enter into a trance together. If, at this point, your instincts are awakened and you're able to act in complete surrender, your ego will be able to go on a short holiday. It will no longer be about your performance, how many thrusts prior to ejaculation, what you look like; it'll only be about pleasure, enjoyment, bliss—the languages of the Tao and the One. How else could it be the case that the magic of life enters during the highest state of enjoyment? It is our creator's ultimate trick—to connect us to each other through intercourse. You cannot serve the universe any better way than to simply enjoy, enjoy, enjoy. By enjoying yourself, you neutralise five hundred years of puritanism, instead serving the Tao—(y)our true nature.

37. PEEING AND BOINKING

Doe Maar – Pa

(Translated from Dutch)

Button up your coat, wear a tie, wash your hands first.

Comb your hair, straighten your shoulders, think of your teeth.

Don't hang around, straight home after, speak with two words.

Introduce yourself well, eat as you should.

How long has it been since you were unashamedly able to enjoy a good, hard bonk (to subsequently pee all over your partner). Ugh! Sick fuck! Of course, I myself have been guilty of urinating on someone, but I already confessed to this shameful act earlier on in this book. I was eight years old and peed over my unsuspecting friend, Ator.

The point is, we all act out sometimes. At times, the black wolf wins; at other times, the white wolf wins. Regardless, being naughty gets my adrenaline pumping. I once had a similar experience on the squash court, if I'm to believe Arjan. I ran into him a little while ago at a beach party. With a sour look on his face, he told me that more than ten years ago I'd hit him on the behind with a squash ball. He was neatly standing inside the T, took a step forwards to return the ball, and turned around to see where I would be playing the ball. What he observed was the same look in my eyes random strangers would see on a rainy day as I drove my car past an inviting puddle; an almost satanic pleasure in being bad. For Arjan, the result of my naughty inclination was a dark-blue bruise on his butt that would turn black in the weeks to come.

I'm sure you never do such things, being the goody two-shoes that you undoubtedly are. No, of course not! I bet you're like Ator, who has been blaming me for everything dark since we have been children. (Like that one time when we fishing, but bored stiff, started playfighting. Playfighting became rough and tumbling. Rough and tumbling became fighting.

Before I knew it, I was pulling Ator by his leg through the grass. I saw a big turd in the grass—the kind that could have been planted there by a Saint Bernard or a humongous Mastiff. Naturally, I felt the irresistible urge to be bad. The result for unsuspecting Ator was, in addition to a green stain on his trousers, a huge brown smear that smelt terrible. I didn't mention it, but kept nervously laughing every time I saw it. Even now, as I'm writing, I find myself chuckling. I almost soiled myself laughing (how ironic that would have been...) when I asked him if he'd pooped his pants.)

I get that you're waiting for me to convey some deep insight concerning all of this, or alternatively, to admit to feelings of remorse, but as of yet, that moment has not yet arrived. I feel slightly guilty, sure, but the sense of an uneasy kind of badness prevails. Let's leave it at this—a sick mind in a healthy body.

I'm not entirely sure what all this means, but at least I've confessed to it! This kind of sadism borders what is usually considered acceptable, don't you think? How many judgements have you noticed come up inside of yourself while reading this? Don't get me wrong, it's not like I am justifying nor romanticising my behaviour. That isn't what my confession is about. What it *is* about, *is that it is what it is*.

In this area, Ator is more likely to be the one to deny. He will straightforwardly pretend like something isn't there (even though it clearly is). He has spent many years living the life of a fully-fledged alcoholic, but until recently, would maintain he is simply a social drinker. "The Nile [denial] isn't only a river in Egypt," as the oft heard saying among addicts goes. Besides projection (projecting your own shit onto another), denial is one of the strongest defensive mechanisms our ego has at its disposal. It's always others who are bad, or alternatively, really good. You yourself are neither.

What this mechanism to deny indicates is a shadow side that has gotten out of control. As you can see, my shadow side is naughty and marginally sadistic. I'm not really proud of it, but I'll be the first to admit it is part of who I am. Ator will simply deny everything, considering himself a prominent, straight-as-an-arrow, upstanding father with a "slight alcohol problem." His shadow manifests in him as "Lonny." Lonny is an imaginary rabbit. Whenever Ator decides to act out, it isn't Ator making that decision; rather, he is being forced to do the bidding of his rabbit friend. As such, he often finds himself drinking alcohol or ordering coke while driving through the city, after having been convinced to do so by Lonny, who usually

starts his pleading for Ator to misbehave with gentle whispers and ends up by screaming for him to “JUST DO IT!” (So that’s where Nike got their slogan!)

There is a similar rabbit in the unparalleled film *It’s All Gone Pete Tong*. *Donny Darko* has one too, called Harvey. I have no idea whether Ator had seen either of these films before he started seeing Lonny, but the fact of the matter is that many people project their shadow sides onto others. When push comes to shove, they will even project them onto innocent rabbit. Where else do you think we got the notion of the scapegoat or the black sheep (or Didier, for that matter).

As of yet Lonny appears lifelike to Ator. Rarely is he able to resist Lonny’s forceful commands. Whenever he drinks and snorts himself into oblivion and has to go to work on Monday, it’s always Lonny sitting in the backseat, telling him “I told you so...” Lonny has even created his own little song, with which he torments Ator endlessly every time he has a hangover or a coke-induced runny nose. “Oh no, I told you so. That’s why, I told you a lie.” Down the rabbit hole once more!

Ator is proud of his straitlaced, heterosexual existence. That’s why he is such an easy target for Lonny (and for me). It is just so easy to shock him. For this fortieth birthday, I offered him a so-called “Dutch Rudder” (from the hilarious film *Zack and Miri Make a Porno*). The Dutch Rudder is the only homosexual act wherein you don’t touch each other’s private parts, but nonetheless reach an orgasm. You grab your own dick and your buddy moves your arm via your elbow. Cool, no? Ator refused his gift. Such a shame really; it would have been the perfect opportunity for us to soften our homophobic tendencies a little.

What *Matrix Guerrilla* is about is getting to know and owning our shadow sides. It is precisely the pushing away of our shadow sides that causes them to become perverted and exponentially increase in power, becoming uncontrollable and able to completely take us over. Think of Colonel Walter E. Kurtz, played by Marlon Brandon in *Apocalypse Now*. Captain Willard, tasked with liquidating the incredibly gifted, perverted Kurtz, says, “To charge a guy with murder in this place was like handing out speeding tickets at the Indy 500.” (The Indy 500 is a high-speed American car race)

It is the denial of our own shadow sides, while exclusively showing the world our light sides, that causes tremendous suffering. I wholeheartedly invite you to start investigating the sadistic, horny, naughty, and maladjusted aspects of your being. The sooner you give up the façade of

being a model citizen, and start stripping your own, (near-)perfect Matrix persona of its upstanding qualities, the sooner you will set yourself free. I mean, do you think I am happy that you no longer see me as a supremely hip, slick, cool-as-ice, super player? “Now that he has shown himself to be a farting man who frequently drives through puddles splashing passers-by, he’s suddenly a lot less attractive.” (“Nonetheless, he is real.”) What you see is what you get.

By stripping my Matrix persona and also showing you my shadow, things become as they truly are. Following my lead, you too can discover how bad you really are. There isn’t really a good word for this kind of badness—badness for badness’ sake—in Dutch [this book’s original language]. In English, we use *malicious*. The Dutch *plaagziek*, which translates roughly as a compulsive teaser, and *ontdeugend*, chronically naughty, don’t really cut it. I can see it with my own little fellas—their enjoyment doing naughty things; badness for badness’ sake. Their eyes will often betray that they’re on a war path, and even though Mummy or Daddy said something wasn’t allowed, fuck it—they’re doing it anyway. That’s the kind of badness I’m talking about.

It reminds me of that one time our Labrador was lying on my sister’s bed. (This must have been around thirty years ago.) I jumped on the bed with him and one of its legs broke—the bed, not the dog. Amazingly, our dog continued sleeping on the now-sloping bed. An evil, malicious grin appeared on my face. I placed the broken leg back in its original position and snuck off to my room. Not long after, my sister went upstairs and sat on her bed (to the sound of a loud crack!). “Jesus Lars, you know what just happened?” Of course, I knew exactly what had just happened. Why else would I have been resisting the urge to roll on the floor laughing for the past half hour? (Thinking of it still makes me chuckle.) A good practical joke is worth its weight in gold. Sorry, sis!

§

38. 1984

I once read Orwell's *1984* for an English literature course in Dutch secondary school; more accurately, I skimmed the summary a few brief moments prior to the oral exam. Did you really think I was going to read all those books we were supposed to read? Obligatory reading... yeah, right.... I still don't feel like reading the book, so I've ordered the DVD. The film opens with the much-quoted Ingsoc statement, "Who controls the past controls the future. Who controls the present controls the past." Other party slogans are, "War is peace," "Freedom is slavery," "Ignorance is strength." Not altogether unlike the way in which people in the West live, then! We (and politicians do this most of all) may act like we're peace-loving folks striving for equality in the world, but this is only a façade to camouflage the Matrix' real intentions, which are control, indoctrination, and exploitation.

Ingsoc, which is what the Matrix is called in *1984*, is continuously at war—not because it is under attack or aspires to conquer another empire's land, but in order to keep its subjects enslaved. Where else have we heard such a thing? Let's not beat about the Bush. (Get it?)

The consciousness of being at war, and therefore in danger, makes the handing over of all power to a small caste seem the natural, unavoidable condition of survival.

Main character Winston Smith is a Lower Party member working for the Ministry of Truth. It is his task to falsify history by modifying newspaper articles. All are under the control of "Big Brother," who controls them through a television screen. Humanity must be completely flattened. As such, the greatest crimes are so-called "thought crimes" (thoughts are only allowed to be about the Party; all other thoughts are forbidden) and sex crimes (sex is only permitted for the survival of the Party, and most certainly not for pleasure). "Newspeak" is used to strip the dictionary of its words, because, lacking the words to describe experiences, people no longer have the option of adequately formulating their thoughts (or even having them), and are therefore unable to resist or to revolt.

The thought police would get him just the same. He had committed—would have committed, even if he had never set pen to paper—the essential crime that contained all others in itself. Thought crime, they called it. Thought crime was not a thing that could be concealed forever. You might dodge successfully for a while, even for years, but sooner or later they were bound to get you.

“Thought criminal” Winston Smith manages to hang in there for a while, thinking his own thoughts and having his own feelings. He fucks outside of Party-controlled territory and even keeps a journal containing his most dishonourable thoughts (thoughts like “two plus two is four”). In the end (spoiler alert!), he is broken by the system. He is betrayed by his girlfriend, who voluntarily sets him up. Party member and so-called Resistance man O’Brien gave Winston a book by Emmanuel Goldstein, the supposed fugitive enemy of Big Brother. In this book, Ingsoc is criticised heavily. In the end, it becomes clear that O’Brien is also a Party member and an agent. He captures Smith, after which he questions and tortures him. When Smith asks O’Brien whether Big Brother truly exists, he deflects the question. He does tell Smith what the system that has been set up is truly about—power. This is what O’Brien says to Smith:

Never again will you be capable of ordinary human feeling. Everything will be dead inside you. Never again will you be capable of love, of friendship, of joy, of living, of laughter, of curiosity, of courage, of integrity. You shall be hollow. We shall squeeze you empty and then we shall fill you with ourselves.

While watching the film, I felt like I was continuously being punched in the gut. I struggled to catch my breath. Holy moly, to think large parts of the world actually function like this, and that we’re rapidly moving towards a world order in which people will be controlled in this manner. What will happen to my absurdly horny and naughty Matrix persona if the Thought Police ever get a hold of me? Let’s try to keep our guerrilla warfare under their radar!

At one point, O’Brien talks about the Resistance. While Smith considers the Resistance to be a movement, to O’Brien it is clear that only individuals resist and have illegal thoughts. Let us therefore take the words of writer George Orwell to heart by becoming conscious individuals and rebelling.

Until they become conscious, they will never rebel, and until after they have rebelled, they cannot become conscious.

To rebel we will have to fuck as if our lives depends on it, because a lack of sex leads to submissiveness and a lust for war, according to Orwell. Can we really say he's wrong, considering what we know about all those Christian ecclesiastics having their wicked way with children?

What was more important was that sexual privation induced hysteria, which was desirable, because it could be transformed into war fever and leader worship.

And, with this, we have returned to the essence of this book: sex rules!

§

39. NAUGHTY SIDES

You know, life has become a lot more fun since I brought my naughty sides back to life. Whatever happens to our lives that causes us to lose contact with everything natural, maladjusted, and vital about us? Don't be fooled, it's not just having children or the demands of a high-pressure job that do the trick; there are powers active in the world, like all the numerous organisations against profanity, that want nothing more than for us to abandon our adolescent sides. Ultimately, the dark Asuras are always active behind the scenes of these types of initiatives, because, as we were previously able to see, *God is reality as it is*. If I write "God damn it!" here, that makes it reality as is. My cursing, therefore, is also divine. This is the truth. The Asuras (one of the four, at the very least) want you to believe in a malleable world in which people like AJ determine what is good and bad. Exactly, the Matrix. Auwibauwi, the Asuras have their tentacles on everything—and they're able to convey their messages so convincingly. While the AJs of the world are so convinced of their righteousness (another sign of the Matrix), guerrillas are only certain about one thing—*the fact that nothing is certain*. I learnt that from guerrilla grandfather, Socrates, who uttered the immortal statement, "All I know is that I don't know anything." *Nothing* is the infinite emptiness from which we arose and to which we will return—and even that is merely an assumption.

Anyway, fuck AJ and the Asuras for now. We were talking about freeing up our ill-adjusted sides and bringing to life that which is vital and inappropriate within us. In my view, there are no better guerrilla role models than the incorrigibly naughty, cursing, and gnarly gentlemen of *Jackass*. Last night, I always shat myself laughing while watching their DVD *The Lost Tapes*. The way I see it, their shenanigans are the pinnacle of human development and accomplishment. What makes them so much fun is that they truly enjoy being bad and inappropriate. You can see it in their eyes, faces, and their overall attitude. I think that Johnny Knoxville, Steve-O, Wee Man, and all those other weirdos are a thorn in the eye of the AJs of the world. There's good reason MTV starts the show with an apologetic message for the verbal violence in it, only to end with a wink and a "What can we do about it?"

Please, let's not try to change it. Goodness does not arise from sticking to the Ten Commandments. Two thousand years of Christianity should have made that perfectly clear. In

the past century alone, more than 180 million people have died in wars Christians were involved in. This is more than in humanity's entire history, for Christ's sake! As we saw in the Tao, true goodness comes from connecting with your instincts; the result being that your true nature automatically appears. And let's be clear, your true nature is not sanctimonious, moral, and well-adapted. To discover your true nature, you have to incinerate all the viruses that have attached themselves to you; everything those shitty churches have been trying to convince us of for thousands of years. Don't believe a thing they tell you! Experience! Experience at what times you feel most vital. Buy a bunch of *Jackass* DVDs and see how you feel after watching them. Become—as the only real Christian who ever lived (Christ himself) told us—like a child. Children couldn't care less about the world the Asuras are trying to create. They are (still) immune to them. (In any case, mine seem to be...)

Yesterday was the fourth birthday of my eldest son. To celebrate his birthday, my wife and I were invited to the preschool where he spends two mornings a week. He's not yet old enough to go to primary school, but we wanted to introduce him to other children prior to that, so that he wouldn't grow up in isolation. I was amazed, sitting among the group of toddlers—not only by the iron discipline to which the children were exposed, but also by how well-behaved and well-adjusted almost all children in the circle were. Most of them weren't even three years old, and yet they were all quietly sitting on their chairs. When one of the children would move a little too much, stamp his or her feet, or make too much noise, the teacher would immediately intervene, loudly saying the child's name. The child in question would stiffen and immediately stop the “bad” behaviour. My heart groaned a little every time this happened.

The only child who was really being naughty in the group was my two-year-old. (My eldest was far too preoccupied with the fact that it was his birthday.) My youngest was doing everything he wasn't supposed to do. I pretended like I couldn't see what he was doing, but chuckled under my breath. I witness in him the same demonic naughtiness I see in Johnny Knoxville and his older counterpart, Jack Nicholson. When I say “demonic,” I don't mean “evil,” which is what our Christian brothers and sisters would call his behaviour. The “dark side” is simply the other side of creation; the life-giving, vital side. What is truly dark is the ego, ruling over the darkness and the light like a shade. Badness is nothing other than that—badness; innocent badness at that.

And oh my, how bad my little one is! Teacher places a container of musical instruments in the middle of the classroom from which they are allowed to take one “in a moment.” My son has already found a drum and is banging away at it. The chocolate treats my eldest son has been handing out for his birthday are allowed to be eaten at home. Of course, my youngest’s mouth is already covered in chocolate. I wish there was a Jackass Youth Academy, so I could enrol him at it. Buddy, I genuinely hope you never lose your naughtiness; that they don’t chop, sheer, and clip you into submission, as they’ve done and continue to do with all those other little children. This (in fucking preschool, of all places!) is where the curse of the world starts; where the negative feelings we have about ourselves are built up, causing us to (voluntarily) imprison ourselves. Thank God ill-behaved characters like Steve-O and Bam Margera (and yours truly, of course!) occasionally break out to show others what they’re missing out on and how they can bring themselves back to life.

§

40. HOW'S IT GOIN'?

NEO: I know you're out there. I can feel you now. I know that you're afraid. You're afraid of us. You're afraid of change. I don't know the future. I didn't come here to tell you how this is going to end. I came here to tell you how it's going to begin. I'm going to hang up this phone, and then I'm going to show them a world without you. A world without rules and controls, without borders or boundaries. A world where everything is possible. Where we go from there is a choice I leave to you.

Let's go deep one more time! I honestly don't know what will come up, but we'll see. This time, to go deep, we're going to be starting at the surface. It is at the surface level of our consciousness where the Matrix has the greatest hold over us, and it is at this surface level where we tend to keep each other. See for yourself. What do you usually ask an acquaintance when you meet? Exactly, "How are you doing?"—or words that mean something similar.

You've probably never spent too much time thinking about these words. What do they really mean? Do you really want to know how the person sitting or standing opposite you is doing? I don't think so. You want to know a few superficial details about his Matrix persona; whether he still has his job, his girlfriend, the latest gossip, illness in the family—that kind of nonsense. You want to know if his Matrix persona is still "on track." You need this for *your* Matrix software, which creates a kind of blueprint of everyone around you; a script of how people are. Did you really think you were meeting another's essence? How could you, if you haven't even met your own? Believe me, until now, you've been no more than a well-programmed robot, performing tricks upon request. "Jump!" "How high, master?" Let's see what Chuang Tzu has to say about *truly* meeting someone:

Listening with your eyes is one thing. Listening with your understanding is another. But listening with the being is not limited to a sense, to an ear, or to the mind. It requires emptiness of all capabilities. And only when these capabilities are empty does the entire being listen. A meeting with the being

right in front of you arises, which can never be heard with the ear nor understood with the mind.

Being empty, listening with your whole being, and meeting another living being are skills you can develop once you've discovered your own true nature or self. Until that time, things will remain at the level of "How is it going?" followed by "I'm fine"—superficial communication that betrays the presence of the Matrix. How differently the Mayans communicated. They greeted each other with *In La'Kech*, meaning *I am another you*. What about the Lakota Native Americans, who say *Aho mitakuye oyasun*, meaning *we're all one* when they meet? And then there are the Hindus, who greet each other with *namaste*, meaning *I greet your light from my light*. "How's it going?" doesn't really stand up to any of these, does it?

The essence of what this is about is, well... our essence. And as our self-inquiry and my Three (Amazing) Questions revealed, our essence is not to be found outside of ourselves. Our senses, on the other hand, are directed outwards. This gives us the illusion that we are made up of external characteristics—our appearance, job, character, education, etc.

Let's take a look at what the great guerrilla masters of this world have to say about this; Ramana Maharshi, for example, who pulled back from life and meditated in silence for more than twenty years:

Can I find my Self in a mirror? Because you look outwards you have lost sight of the Self and your vision is external. Turn your gaze within.

Another guerrilla master, Hsu Yun, who looked a little like the wizened old martial-arts master from *Kill Bill* said:

Who is repeating Buddha's name? We should be finding out where that Who comes from and what it looks like.

In other words, stop studying other people's wisdoms. Start studying the ones studying wisdom. Too obvious? Exactly! You can even do this while reading this text. ("Who is reading

this?”) Bring your attention inwards instead of projecting it outwards. Who in you is reading? Bingo! This is your true nature. Discovering this is what the masters call “enlightenment.” “But surely, it can’t be that easy! Haven’t seekers told us that ‘achieving’ enlightenment is arduous work, requiring years (or decades) of dedicated effort and meditation.” Bullshit! Follow your attention inwards while you are reading this. Right now! Who is reading this? Who is home? Considerable chance that, like all enlightened masters, you will discover that you are empty on the inside. There is nobody home; there is nothing—only consciousness. That’s you!

Remember what God said to Moses when he asked him his name. No, dummy, he didn’t give him the Ten Commandments (they came from Moses’ ego). God answered, “I am what I am.” Read the following story (“Your Treasure House”) about Hui Hai, who went in search of himself:

Hui Hai as a young man travelled to the monastery of Ch’an master Ma Tse about 1,200 years ago and recorded the following conversation:

MA TSE: What do you hope to gain by coming here?

HUI HAI: I have come seeking the Buddha-Dharma [another name for the Way].

MA TSE: Instead of looking to the treasure house which is your very own you have left home and gone wandering far away. What for?

HUI HAI: Please tell me to what you alluded when you spoke of a treasure house of my own.

MA TSE: That which asked the question is your treasure house. It contains absolutely everything you need and lacks nothing at all. It is there for you to use freely, so why this vain search for something outside yourself?

Bring your attention inwards and you will discover the same—a nameless, neutral, formless, empty consciousness, which simply *is*. I am—no more, no less. You can continue searching for years, like master Hsu Xu Yun, only to find out that you are no more than *I am*. I am is your divine essence; your immortal Self:

*The Providence that casts this spell
And speaks so many tongues to tell,
Transcends the earth, heaven and hell,
But is contained in this heart's cast.
The yearning tormented my mind:
I searched the heavens and the ground;
I looked and looked, but failed to find.
I found Him inside man at last.*

Since our senses are directed outwards, and we are therefore eternally looking for ourselves outside of ourselves, we are doomed. We are imprisoned in our desires, which, according to the Buddha, cause suffering. The reviled and outcasted German master Johannes Eckhart, also known as Meister Eckhart, unequivocally teaches us:

No man was ever lost except for the reason that, having once left his Home Ground, he has let himself become too permanently settled abroad. There are many who have sought Light and Truth, but never get back to find their way in again. Nor have they found the Truth, for the Truth is in their Home Ground, not outside.

The millennia-old *Upanishads* already described the recipe for breaking out of the Matrix:

*Lead me from dreaming to waking.
Lead me from opacity to clarity.
Lead me from the complicated to the simple.
Lead me from the obscure to the obvious.
Lead me from intention to attention.*

Lead me from what I'm told I am to I see I am.

Lead me from me confrontation to wide openness

Lead me to the place I never left,

Where there is peace, and peace, and peace.

Another key is hidden in the sentence, "Lead me from intention to attention." The true Self in you, your divine essence, is the same as God. Intention means desiring things to be other than they are. Attention means noticing things as they are and being at peace with them. According to great minds such as William Law, Heaven and Hell are not places we go to after death, but have everything to do with whether we embrace reality as it is or whether we reject it. Writing in Old English, he said:

For there is no hell but where the will of the creature is turned from God, nor
any heaven but where the will of the creature worketh with God.

Guerrilla master Douglas E. Harding disguised himself from the Matrix by working as an architect, a job in which he made quite a bit of money. In the meantime, he spent his time concerned with other matters. From him, we can learn something previously described in the *Upanishads*:

The solution is ATTENTION, attention instead of intention. Attention to What is, in place of striving for what should be. Attention to how things already are, without any attempt to improve them. The fact is that total attention is surrender, and total surrender is attention.

When we learn to direct our attention inwards, to peer into the formless emptiness, and to learn to see reality as it is, we enter eternal silence, the Tao *underneath* the Matrix. The Matrix will do everything in its power to try to convince you it exists; that you are the way you look; that you must pursue your desires, have a career, be responsible, pay taxes, behave properly. The list of distractions and demands is essentially endless, and always built atop the pressure of

shoulds. From my perspective, there is only one thing you *should* do, and that's to discover how things really are on the inside. It is only after you discover who you truly are and are no longer afraid that you are free. Only after you discover that you are *nothing* does the Matrix no longer have a hold on you.

No-thingness is what you are where you are. All the other views of you were merely what you happened to look like from elsewhere.

- Douglas E. Harding

When you have discovered and accepted that you are nothing, you can start manifesting anything you desire; after all, what you desire is no different than the will of God. In other words, you can start loving reality in the way that it presents itself to you, because, ultimately, it is the divine will realising itself. It is the realisation of that which *you* are on the inside—not the way you look or others believe you to be. From this place of emptiness, you can create anything (*as within, so without*). The more you start loving this, the more you will start experiencing the bliss of Heaven in your life. Beware though! I warned you at the start of this book that there is no way back! Once you start waking up, you can only go further—onwards, further, forwards. The process is usually one of jolts and shudders. (“Sometimes you eat the bar; sometimes the bar eats you.”) But one thing is certain, you will never be the same again!

CYPHER: I know what you're thinking, 'cause right now I'm thinking the same thing. Actually, I've been thinking it ever since I got here. Why oh why didn't I take the blue pill?

Falling asleep in your cave is no longer an option. You're waking up, my friend. Let's have one more look at what they found in those famous jars in Nag Hammadi; explosive material, that's for sure. Material that shows us exactly what supreme guerrilla Christ really meant. In any case, what he was conveying was not what Christians have believed for roughly two thousand years, namely the fact that there is a God outside of you that you must obey. Christ carefully hid his message so that it would survive the blackest years in history (and many inquisitions) to reach you in its pure form. Jesus, I feel like a Jehovah's Witness. But please wait

a moment before you set me aside. See for yourself what Christ had to say. This is the message that he drops in the fifth, until-very-recently-unknown evangelic:

If those who guide you say to you “Lo, the Kingdom is in heaven,”

Then the birds of heaven will get there before you.

If they say to you

“It is in the sea,”

Then the fish will get there before you.

But the Kingdom is within you.

No Kingdom of Heaven above you, no authorities who can guide the way; the Kingdom is within you. This is precisely the experience that Gordon Wasson, the rich banker about whom I wrote previously, had after consuming magic mushrooms. He came up with the word *entheogen*, meaning *God revealing himself within*, to describe his experience. Oh, the sweet irony—the God that we’ve all been looking for aeons is inside of us! Ironic, because you can never find him/her/it when looking outside of yourself. After all, when we look outside ourselves, we direct our attention outwards. *That which watches is divine*. Buddha left us a similar cryptic message: “Do not look at the finger that points at the moon.” Many mystics and masters have explained the meaning of this statement as, “don’t follow a teaching, but experience directly.” I think the statement’s in line with Christ’s teaching—don’t look at the finger, but look at who is looking. Discover who is looking at the moon and the puzzle is solved. Believe me, the Matrix will do everything in its power to destroy this consciousness. This wisdom cannot become common knowledge, because if that were to happen, the Matrix and her original Asuras would be destroyed—not with power, but with love. *Love is no different than accepting truth as it is*. Part of that truth (the only truth) is that your essence is divine, regardless of what people may have told you in the past. Anyhow, fuck the Matrix and its pitiful authorities!

41. THE ROAD TO ENLIGHTENMENT: SUNBEDS & CINEMAS

Are you okay going a little deeper? Sorry, but I want to keep BB to myself for a little while. Cherish her, before the entire world comes knocking. I have a strong suspicion we're going to be talking about enlightenment. This suspicion is confirmed by the header of this chapter, "The Road to Enlightenment: Sunbeds & Cinemas." I wonder what I meant with that. I wrote the header last night. Should it mean something to me today? "Whatever!" said Trevor! As always, I'll give my fingers free range of my keyboard. I'm sure things will work out fine in the end.

Enlightenment, it seems, is on the menu. Enlightenment is something akin to realising your true nature. It's the kind of thing we've been doing throughout this book; blowing up the Matrix from the inside and discovering who you truly are, free from all the viruses that were installed in you at an early age. Most books concerning enlightenment are several thousand years old. A few of them have been covered here—the *Tao Te Ching*, *Bhagavat Gita*, *St Thomas' Evangelics*, the *Upanishads*. These books can be fun and (somewhat) useful, but never more than that. The danger of these kinds of books is that you find yourself drowning in them. They are so filled with wisdom that it sometimes becomes difficult to see the wood through the trees. Enlightenment, at the end of the day, is always about the direct experience of God in the moment. Yep, that's correct—the *direct experience of God (you!) in the moment*. Consider, what are you doing right now? You're reading. Who is reading? Who is receiving these black letters against a white background (the epitome of duality)? Who is constructing sense out of the words? In who is the text coming to life, unfolding inside a rich inner world? In you, of course; in the divinity in you. You are the divine spark—you always have been, and you always will be. The beauty of it is that you (barely) have to do anything for this.

Look, this is why you have to be careful with sacred old texts. If you don't have expert guidance like me who, if you're a man, will show you the pitfalls, and if you're an attractive woman, will seduce you (or at least attempt to do so), you will get stuck. The danger is that all holy scriptures always lead to movements. These movements are made up of people, many of whom have invested tremendous amounts of time and energy in the specifics of their particular

movement. They will demand an equal investment from you in order to advance on “their” spiritual path. In fact, once people start believing something, they are usually incapable of accepting information that contradicts their belief. I believe psychologists refer to this human phenomenon *cognitive dissonance*. Everything outside of your own framework of beliefs must be resisted. Therefore, to make things easy on yourself, burn all holy books; read them, become acquainted with them, and then burn them. Whatever you do, don’t put anything or anyone on a pedestal. Don’t claim that what you’ve read is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. After all, the truth is not something that can be captured in words. The truth exists inside of you and is ready to be discovered.

And this is exactly where many seekers lose their way. They believe they can become enlightened by following another’s path. Most of the time, the paths they follow are thousands of years old (and, as such, somewhat outdated). Compare using these scriptures to hunting for a tiger several thousand years after it was where you are now. No easy task, don’t you think? Those ancient stories about hunting tigers (the old scriptures) are undoubtedly useful at times; learning about the experiences of other tiger hunters can be both educational and entertaining. However, to become enlightened, to discover the Truth inside yourself, you do not need to meditate, withdraw from the world, fast, repeat mantras, complete the eight noble *pāramitās* (virtues of perfection) or communicate peacefully. To become enlightened, all you have to do is get a suntan and go to the cinema (a little like what you’re already doing). (If you aren’t, it’s about time you started this vital practice.)

Spiritual and religious Matrix people will consider what I’m writing here blasphemous, which, all things considered, it is. If it were up to me, we’d torch the churches, although of course we should wait until all the gullible and holier-than-thou folks have left the building. Churches and spiritual institutions, recognisable by words ending on *-ism*, *-ity*, and so on, want you to commit to something (preferably to their teaching, but at the very least to their god). When you do, you are one of them. The exclusivity of joining a group means you no longer belong to other groups, and, more importantly, you no longer belong to yourself. As soon as you recognise something or someone as an authority outside of yourself, you’re doomed. You now belong to the Matrix. You’ve been cut, sheered, moulded. You’ve lost your soul.

But don’t get ahead of yourself if you did not fall into the trap of spirituality or religion and instead are an agnostic or atheist. Anybody who has not discovered his or her divine nature is

fucked, and that includes you, whether you're a so-called doubting Thomas or a back-stabbing Brutus. Experiencing your divine nature has nothing to do with ideals, values, standards, competencies, virtues, or whatever other qualities Buddhists, Christians, Muslims, Hindus, and all the rest of them want you to believe; it only concerns your own, direct experience. Only you, and no one other than you, can contact the God in you, and this can only be done in your unique way. Followers believe their pathway will work for you, as long as you join their little club. If you don't, you will burn for all eternity. Yesterday, I insulted a lama; not the Dalai Lama—I kind of like him. One of his followers said this faux pas could result in many aeons burning in the fiery pits of Hell. Naturally, I wrote back saying a few years more or less really wouldn't make much of a difference, while diplomatically insinuating that his lama is a bit of a nitwit. The dispute concerned a video clip on YouTube, in which the lama in question spoke of the wisdom and enlightenment that his followers could expect (although, naturally, only after having been initiated by him). You see, this kind of *bodhisattva* (what these people like to call themselves) is the kind I like to insult, and for whom I will gladly risk several aeons of suntanning at the highest setting.

Speaking of suntanning, don't let anybody pull you back into the Matrix. Trust your own instincts, which are located in your abdomen. Your gut is exceptionally adept at distinguishing between bullshit and Truth. Also, never allow anybody to convince you that your divine nature can be reached through hard work, meditation, and good behaviour. Your divine nature is always and immediately within hand's reach, whatever it is you're doing—figuratively speaking, of course. To find this out, you could try getting a suntan. Why? Because it's one of the most powerful enlightening machines in existence. If the Buddha had had a sunbed at his disposal, he wouldn't have had to waste seven days meditating under his bodhi tree; instead, he would have gotten where he needed to be in about fifteen minutes (although his wallet would have been ten euros lighter.)

Find a solarium and get undressed. Christ gave us the first clue two thousand years ago when he told us to remove our worldly clothes. You're now naked, wearing nothing other than your original, authentic costume. Lie down, close the human-grilling device (if you still have one of those old ones), select the highest fan setting (this will make you get tanned much quicker). Then... do nothing. Let the wind blow through your hair, feel the warmth on your skin, and the light beaming all around you. And enjoy to the fullest extent. That's all you need to do. "But... errr... how will that make me enlightened?" "It will enlighten you," I could

respond. “As long as the lights are beaming!” We’re not quite there yet. Almost... The moment will arrive when the lights of the bed suddenly switch off with a loud click. And when that moment arrives, you will suddenly wake up with a jolt (even though you weren’t really asleep). Where were you? Exactly! Nowhere. You’ve just discovered in fifteen minutes what some back-flagellating, meditating-on-icy-peaks, hardship-enduring mystics take their entire lives to discover. *You don’t exist*. You do have a temporary appearance here on Earth. Although the experience is “real,” you’re empty on the inside. You are nothing. You are the One who contains the entirety of creation. You are silence. You are limitless, expansive, oceanic. This is your true nature. This is the God within. This is your first-hand experience of enlightenment—no more, no less. You’ve just never been able to see it, because the Matrix has been shrouding your vision. You’ve never existed, and you’ve never left. You’re empty, while at the same time being all there is. This is what Zen masters call “your true face, before you were born.” This is your divine nature, always and eternally present underneath the surface; your true nature, which you can spend a lifetime meditating and denying yourself pleasures to find, but which you can discover in fifteen divine minutes of suntanning. Ever considered where you were when you were driving your car, and, once arrived at your destination, you realise you weren’t thinking the whole time while driving? Where were you when that happened? Exactly, nowhere! The same occurs when you’re in trance while dancing or having an orgasm. They don’t call the latter *le petite mort* (the small death) for nothing. For a moment, you are home; home inside yourself, in the emptiness, in nothing.

Please, never trust me on my word. Try for yourself! Try to catch a glimpse of yourself while you’re having an orgasm. You won’t be able to. While you are moaning “Oh God!!!” (or, if you’re a woman, screaming “Oh Lars!”), you disappear. That’s right, you disappear. The thin layer of chrome that is your Matrix persona disappears, temporarily revealing your divine nature. There’s good reason Swedenborg was a little reserved when describing the sexual organs. Why do you think I place such emphasis on sex, mind enhancement and depth in this book? In a distant future (probably in about two thousand years), I’m sure I will be considered a great master (for having stimulated so many women to have anal sex). No doubt churches will be built in my honour. These churches will play booming House music, and services will be held while the congregation is suntanning. On top of that, entheogenic substances will be used during the services. Above all, there will be a lot of sex with as many partners as possible. Damn it! I can hardly wait to incarnate and reveal myself as your Lord and Saviour.

Of course, having had our first realisation (read: the realisation of the emptiness of our true nature), we're not quite there yet. Discovering your true nature can be quite a shock. Your whole life has been spent thinking you are *someone*, or, at the very least, the face looking back at you in the mirror. You've probably also spent a lot of time looking at yourself in the mirror and condemning what you see. Too fat, too thin, ugly, stupid, arrogant—the list is endless. Next time you look in the mirror, realise your divine nature. No, that doesn't mean the person looking back at you; that's merely your Matrix persona in this particular life. The emptiness looking out at the world through your eyes is your divine nature.

I could say that your unique face is entirely “you.” I could also say that the way your face looks has nothing to do with you, but rather is an expression of your genes. Which genes are activated depends on your environment growing up. You'll notice that most children who grew up in underprivileged neighbourhoods have the same types of faces and appearances. The same applies to children from wealthy neighbourhoods growing up. Your environment and your genes therefore determine what your Matrix persona will look like. Both of these are largely outside of your control. Don't take it personally. You are nothing. And there's nothing to be ashamed of. (And also, the other side of the coin, nothing to be proud of.) Just nothing. Just divinity.

Time to continue our exploration. I'm sure you understand we can't keep suntanning forever. (We'll go as red as a Brit on holiday. You know the type: big round beer belly, red as a lobster.) I'm sure by now you've realised I'm a big film fan. I hope you are too, and if not, I recommend you become one. I also recommend you cancel your television subscription; television and the Matrix are almost synonymous. As long as you continue watching television, you will live a second-hand life, like the prisoner's in Plato's Allegory of the Cave. Television gives you insight into how others experience life and can be highly addictive. It replaces your own need to live and experience life to the full with the experiences of another. More importantly, it focuses on how people think about each other, and how other people feel you should think and live. We previously called this *consensus trance*. (Everything for viewers...)

Where were we? Tanning session? Check! Orgasms and the disappearance of your Matrix persona? Check! Ah, I remember! I told you to cancel your television subscription to escape from the Matrix. And now we'll be going one step further; we're going to be learning how to watch films. You heard me—we're going to be learning how to watch films. Until now, and

prior to your discovery that you don't exist (proven, not in small part, by my brilliant orgasm theory), you have consumed films. You had a one-track mind and were a one-trick pony. Pony! You had no idea about your divine nature. As such, of course, you couldn't do much with it. You were an unwitting player in the lifelike boardgame called the Matrix. But now you're waking up, one small step at a time. Sometimes you take a few steps forwards, then you take a few backwards. It's a little like an Eternach Procession—three steps forwards, two steps back. I discovered online that the Matrix has even got its claws in the Eternach Procession. Wikipedia:

Since Medieval times, the Tuesday after the Pentecost is when the annual Procession of Eternach in honour of St Willibrord takes place. Participants of this procession, also known as the “spring procession,” are tied to each other with white handkerchiefs, and dance, jumping forward, alternating between their left and right foot, to the beat of the procession march. (This system was introduced in 1947 when the rhythm of the time—three steps forwards and two steps backwards—resulted in chaos.

The conclusion we can draw from this is that falling back is quite normal. The Matrix is lurking everywhere, and above all, within you. You win some, you lose some. We will thus need to develop reminders that trigger déjà vu in us. Do you remember what happened when Neo had a déjà vu in *The Matrix*? He saw a black cat walking through an open door, and then saw the same thing when he looks again. **“A déjà vu is usually a glitch in the Matrix. It happens when they change something.”** We are going to be constructing our own déjà vu, similar to how Christ buried his sacred scriptures at Nag Hammadi, leading to an explosion of consciousness a few thousand years later. Believe me, the Matrix will regain its hold on you many more times. Although you may have experienced your divine essence during an orgasm or while suntanning, or while having an orgasm while suntanning (please clean up after yourself), you will forget, each time anew. And this is why we need to construct déjà vu and practice. Not too seriously though; our true nature is divine and likes to play. “Become like a child,” remember? As soon as something (like your work, for example) becomes very serious and boring, you get sucked back into the Matrix. As soon as you start to play, you return to yourself; to your true nature. Building in this reality in your life is what will save you from the

Matrix. Suntanning was a good start. Make a note in your agenda: “Suntan a minimum of once every fourteen days.”

And we’re going to be watching film—a lot of films. And, as promised, I was going to teach you how to watch films; how to watch them *from* your true nature. We’re not going to be focusing on what is happening on the screen; instead, we’re going to be investigating what happens inside of us. With this, we will have made a start with our déjà vu.

Let’s find out how watching films from our true nature works this works. As a demonstration, turn on a porn film (something like *Beverly Hills Cox*, *Saving Ryan’s Privates* or *Fill Jill*). Alternatively, put on a genuinely exciting film (these supposedly humorous porn films don’t really do much for me...). What happens when you’re watching an arousing film and you’re really into it? No idea? Feel your private parts, silly! Right, the area has either become hard or wet. The being in you (henceforth: genitalia) has sprung to life and is ready for action. The film being displayed on the screen wasn’t about those badly acting porn actors and actresses (please, for the love of God, stop acting, boys and girls, and just do what comes naturally to you!), it was about you. *Everything in the entire universe is always about you.* Without you, there is no universe. There is only one consciousness, and that consciousness, that divine consciousness, is active in you. That divine consciousness stirs *through* your temporary Matrix appearance (your genitalia, in this instance). All you need to do is to shift the perspective of your consciousness and feel what is happening in you. That direct experience in the here and now is your divine nature. Every time you enter this “space,” (it’s not really a space though, is it?) you experience a déjà vu; a sense of been there, done that. And, technically speaking, you have been there and done that, because you have known the timeless, experiencing part of you your whole life. You also knew it in your past lives, and the one before that, and the one before that, right back to when you were still a rock. It’s not unsurprising, therefore, that you experience déjà vu (literally meaning *that which has already been seen*) each time you contact with your true nature.

Look, there are so-called enlightened masters who keep repeating you need to be in the here and now. This is a little like explaining to a child that it should be having orgasms, way before the child has any understanding of what sex entails. Let me be clear, by making contact with your divine nature, by being attentively present to that which is alive *in* you, you are automatically in the here and now. By trying to be in the here and now, you never are. (Quite

the paradox, don't you think?) I hope you're starting to understand why you need to tread carefully around wannabe enlightened masters. The majority of people, Oprah included, bow down to them in admiration, when all they end up doing is burying you a little deeper inside the Matrix. Déjà vu then... Establishing contact, again and again, with what is ongoing within you. Films provide more opportunities to do this than anything else (with the exception of entheogenic sacraments). But who knows, we might return to that later. Films first!

Good films—their actors, setting, music, storyline—make an impact. They remind you of who you are. This is because you're divine in nature, empty, and receptive to the whole of creation. Good films remind you of this. They remind you of the fact that you're alive and able to feel the full spectrum of human emotions. Everything can and is allowed to flow through you. After all, you're empty inside and no longer have any judgements about these emotions. When watching a film, you no longer have judgements concerning anger, fear, hatred, envy or jealousy—all the so-called “negative” emotions. You're equally neutral concerning love, softness, warmth, scandalous behaviour, crime. Films display the full spectrum of potential human experience and show you that the true experience is not happening on the screen you are watching, but within you. This has always been the case; your Matrix persona is no more than a clay figurine. True consciousness is within you, underneath the Matrix.

Through the medium of film, we can rapidly start discovering where our Matrix programming is located. The porn example I gave showed us that our body responds to what we see. An exception might be if we have a strong aversion to porn (although, if this is the case, our body will also respond, but rather than with excitement, it will respond with disgust). If this is true for you, you have your work cut out for you. If you feel disgusted by one of the most pleasurable and natural things on offer in this world, you have strayed far from your innate being. Freeing yourself can only occur in the here and now. As soon as you make contact with the feelings coming up in the here and now, they bubble up and can be freed. Obviously, different kinds of films trigger the arising of different emotions. If you are unmoved by a film, you're clearly okay with its theme, but as soon as you feel an intense response in your body, you have work to do. In the wise words of Chuang Tzu, “If the shoe fits, you don't feel it.” In other words, if the shoe fits, you are the canvas on which the universe is projected. Only once the shoe starts pinching (something occurs that you feel *shouldn't* occur), do you start feeling it. In fact, you are the one who starts pinching. You become knotted within yourself. Do you know why? The universe, as it presents itself to you, is perfect. Everything is. Reality,

the way it is unfolding, right here and now, is God. The reality that is God is the same as your divine nature. Your divine essence is a drop in the ocean of consciousness. Your essence is empty. It is intended to be the vat with which to carry the reality that God has created. The problem is that you have learnt to mimic Christianity's (or another religion's) God, thus continuously judging, assessing, and evaluating, constantly distinguishing between those things you consider "good" and those things you consider "bad." In doing so, you have cut yourself off from your divine essence. The films that we will be watching (it doesn't really matter which) are going to be used to find the holes in our consciousness. Our body will tell us where these holes are. By becoming aware of our bodily sensations, we can locate these holes and shine a light on them. By being non-judgementally aware of them, we help to transform them and dissolve into the nothingness from which they came.

Do you remember Meister Eckhart's statement? "No man was ever lost except for the reason that, having once left his Home Ground, he has let himself become too permanently settled abroad." Watching films is the perfect way to journey back home. Instead of vacating and dissolving into the film, which is what most people do when watching a film (or while living their lives), you can journey home by directing your attention inwards. You can allow the film to enter you, instead of moving into the film.

42. GLITCH IN THE MATRIX

If you really want to live the aware life, to wake up from the social dream, to be Who you are, everything will spring to your aid and push you towards that supreme goal.

- Douglas E. Harding

While I was doing the dishes just now, I was pondering the question how best to show you what the Matrix is. Are we there yet? Will you never allow yourself to be fooled by the Matrix again? Do I have to write more? Allow me to present you with another tip on how to immediately recognise the Matrix. The Matrix has no sense of humour—none at all. This is because the Matrix is relative. See, the Eternal Tao is absolute, limitless, timeless. As soon as you realise this, you will probably burst out laughing. A natural consequence of this realisation is that you suddenly become aware of the fact that everything is relative. You take the Matrix at face value while you're in it. Have a look at the world's big Matrix politicians—the Hitlers, Bushes, and Balkenendes of the world. What do they all have in common? Exactly, none of them have an ounce of humour in them. They're completely caught up by the software running furiously inside their little (in Bush' case, tiny) upper chambers. Accepting the limitlessness of the universe will neutralise your Matrix software—if you give it the chance. Try it out for yourself. Envision that there is no end to the universe. Drift into that thought—further, further, further... “There is no end to the universe...” There's a considerable chance you used to do these kinds of exercises as a child (almost all healthy children do). After you've tried the infinite nature of the universe on for size (see what I did there?), do the same with timelessness. Envision a mountain the size of Mount Everest. Once every hundred years a pigeon flies by, brushing the top of the mountain with its wing. The time that it would take for the mountain to get ground down to sea level will give you an idea of how long eternity is. If you heard something pop while imagining eternity, it might have been your Matrix software. What do you mean, relativity? How can you have a problem if you realise it simply doesn't exist? You can't. Nonetheless, everything inside the Matrix will do its best to pull you back into the Matrix's time-space continuum by convincing you it is real. Therefore, make breaking out of the Matrix a habit.

But what may happen, if we continue to try to know ourselves in the face of seeming impossibility, is a glitch in the matrix, a lapse in the space-time continuum, a burning out of a resistance circuit – which frees our identity with the mind and provides the mind with a conscious connection to its unbounded resource.

- Art Ticknor

Everything I have written about myself in this book is external. What I am like on the inside, outside of the Matrix, only I know. These are things we aren't taught at school or by our parents. You (some time ago, this included me) probably believe you are the person you see in the mirror. We have become so habituated to the face and body we have been observing and experiencing our entire conscious lives that we have taken it to be true. We have forgotten our divine nature. All we really need to be doing is not look in the mirror but direct our attention inwards. Turn around the direction of our attention.

Our eyes are merely sensors picking up beams of light—no more, no less. Our brain registers, but our true nature is the canvas—the emptiness, the silence—upon which everything is projected. People have tried to neutralise your divine nature your whole life. Ironically, it is so difficult to find because it is so obvious. While reading this, be aware that there is someone reading this. Direct part of your attention towards the letters you are reading, while at the same time directing your attention inwards towards the one sending this signal outwards. Do this well and you will probably feel a light shock; a little bolt of energy—a glitch in the Matrix.

Keep practising. Don't give up. This is the only way to permanently blow up the Matrix. Once you have experienced your true nature, you will never need to believe anybody else. You will become immune to their lies. Look, the Matrix will always be lurking, but it plays the game of the ego. Compare it to playing in the surf: as soon as you submerge, the waves no longer have a hold on you. The moment you realise your true nature, divinity is on your side; you are now enjoying the protection of life itself. You are immortal. Why do you think Mark Twain wrote that people who cheer when a child is born and cry when someone dies haven't understood what life is all about?

The only thing you need to do once you've woken up and discovered your true nature is to find ways to stay out of the Matrix's clutches (and ways to make money easily). If you have a fixed job, want to go on three holidays a year, and drive an expensive car, you're screwed. You will remain firmly stuck in the Matrix. (Trust me, I know.) When it comes to such matters, I'm an expert. How else do you think I found myself near the top of the corporate world? There's good reason the field I was is called Human Resources. What's in a name, right? Trust me, you're no more than a resource to corporations. Remember the expansive halls in which Neo and billions of other bodies are lying in tubs, getting their vital life force tapped? Human Resources, or Human Resource Management, and the Matrix are one and the same. Managers gather to decide what they want you to do. They reward you for your work. They pay you enough to stay alive, but never enough to quit what you're doing. You are a 21st-century peasant, living off their scraps. More accurately, you are a slave. Of course, I am ranting a little. (Try proving me wrong though, slave.)

I will keep calling you slave, slave, until your resistance breaks, you realise your true nature and start acting accordingly. I will not accept you telling me things are okay; that you have children; that you'll be getting a new lease car next year; that you have a mortgage to pay off. If this is your reasoning, you're not worthy of my book, slave. Get lost! Go read one of the books on the bestseller's list, so that you can join in with the chitchat at work. Alternatively, spend an evening meditating on the concepts of mortality, infinity, eternity. Take some mind-enhancing substances for my part. I don't care what you do, just do something. Don't try to hide inside the fucking Matrix. There are no hiding places inside the Matrix. You will be fed upon until you're grey and old; until its time to enjoy your well-deserved, comfortable retirement. Loser! Oh, wait—slave! Loser is too good for you; loser signifies that you actually played the game. You have been on the side-line for years, slave (since birth, to be precise). It'll be too late to discover your true nature once you're old and worn down. The time to wake up is now—now that you still have the energy to act and to make moves. If you won't wake up now, you never will. Wake up now, slave! Get angry. Get angry with me for calling you slave. Get angry because you know I'm right. See who in you is angry. For God's sake, direct your attention inwards for once, slave. If you don't, you will remain a slave forever, slave. Do it now or I will continue filling this book with empty lines and calling you slave. I want you to wake up. If you don't, you're not worthy of this book. You know what? Just put this book away until you're ready to wake up. (Never!) The road to hell is paved with good intentions. Lies! Your

place in the Matrix is ensured by your good intentions. Still don't get it? *Now is all there is*. You (God, at the depth of your thoughts) are active now. This is *your* dream. Only by waking up and discovering who you truly are will you come alive. Until then, you will remain a player in another's game; an employee on the payroll, easily appeased with some pretty words. "Human resources are our most valuable assets." In other words: "People are the most valuable auxiliary tools we use to guarantee our six-figure salaries, finance our yachts, second and third homes." You are being fucked, slave.

But there is a way out, slave. It is here and now. In fact, there will never be another way out—the joke being that the so-called authorities in the Matrix are as trapped in it as you are. The difference is that they will never escape; they're in too deep. They're up to their elbows in it. Therefore, decide now that you will dedicate your life, or at least a part of it, to waking up from the Matrix. As previously explaining, waking up does not occur suddenly; the process is one of jolts and plateaus. You win a little consciousness, you lose a little; two steps forward, one step back. The beauty is making awakening into a vector, which is what master guerrilla Richard Rose called it; to spend some time every day reading material that has been written by other guerrillas. (Naturally, you can refer to the literature list at the back of this book, assuming I will still feel like making one when I get that far.) Meditate, watch good films, score yourself a suntan, consume mind-enhancing entheogenic substances, find friends who are also waking up, fuck to your heart's content, scam your boss by pretending to work while you're doing something else entirely—wake up, slave! Wake up! You owe it to yourself. Do it now, and continuously ask yourself, "Who is watching through my eyes?" Stay with the question until you've answered it.

The force keeping you locked inside the Matrix is called fear. Fear has many faces: the fear of falling short; the fear of getting hurt; dying; living (fully). The Matrix's leaders know you like no other, slave. They are able to manipulate you with the greatest ease, because you have not yet woken up. Don't believe me? How about these words from one of the loyal servants of our great-uncle Adolf?

The people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked and denounce the peacemakers for a lack of patriotism and for exposing the country to danger. It works in every country.

- Hermann Göring

Biologist Bruce Lipton discovered last century that our cells, of which we have forty billion (approximately—I for one never counted them), can do two things: they can either open up and grow or close down and go into defensive mode. The force that causes our cells to close off and protect themselves is—you guessed it—fear. When we're afraid, we contract. When we feel good, we become healthy, because our cells are able to open, replenish, and grow. Perhaps now you're starting to understand why I emphasise the recreational use of mind-enhancing entheogenic substances and sex so much in this book? Or hasn't it started to dawn on you yet? Here, read the words of one of the world's greatest psychiatrists:

Sexual suppression supports the power of the Church which has sunk very deep roots into the exploited masses by means of sexual anxiety and guilt. [It] engenders timidity towards authority and binds children to their parents.

This results in adult subservience to state authority and to capitalistic exploitation. It paralyses the intellectual critical powers of the oppressed masses because it consumes the greater part of biological energy.

In this way the prevailing economic system (in which single individuals can easily rule entire masses) becomes rooted in the psychic structures of the oppressed themselves.

- Wilhelm Reich

Free yourself, slave. It's time, or as alto-saxophone player Charlie Parker once wrote in a famous jazz song, "Now is the time!" There is no other time to wake up but in the present. *If you don't do it now, you never will.*

§

43. DON'T LEAVE A TRACE

What happens on earth is merely a weak reflection of that larger, ultimate reality.

- The Dead Sea Scrolls: Songs of the Sabbath Sacrifice

In our contemporary world, more than two thousand years after the Dead Sea Scrolls were written, scientists have discovered that the old scriptures are founded on truth:

We used to think that there was a universe out there and that mankind, the observer, was here, cut off from the universe by a six-inch glass wall. Now, the quantum world is teaching us that to observe a miniscule object such as an electron, we must break down the glass wall: we must reach in... Hence, the old word observer should be removed from books and replaced with the new word participant.

- John Wheeler

We therefore create the universe as much as we participate in it. No one explains this phenomenon better than guerrilla Gregg Braden:

Both the quantum theory and the old texts imply that in unseen domains we create the blueprint for our relationships, careers, successes and failures in the visible world. According to this perspective, the Divine Matrix is like a grand cosmic screen that enables us to see the non-physical energies of our emotions and convictions (our anger, hate and rage, as well as our love, compassion and understanding) projected in the physical medium of life.

In exactly the same way that the projection surface at the cinema reflects the image of filmed people and objects without judgement, the Matrix appears to provide a neutral surface on which our inner experiences and convictions in the world become visible. Sometimes consciously, sometimes unconsciously,

we “display” our deepest convictions about everything through the nature of our ties with our surrounding environment.

In other words, we are like artists who express our deepest passions, fears, dreams and desires by means of the living essence of a mysterious quantum canvas.

Gregg uses the words “Divine Matrix.” In this book we refer to the reality underneath the Matrix, also known as the (Eternal) Tao, but the Divine Matrix is also fine. Ultimately, we’re referring to the same thing. We’re referring to the pure substance the universe is made of; the pure potential that is made into a visible and tangible reality by our image of it. Gregg:

But, other than an ordinary painter’s canvas, which only exists in one place at a time, our canvas is of the same “substance” that everything is made of; it is present everywhere and at all times.

Let’s continue the analogy a little further. In the traditional way of looking at things, artists are separate from their work, using their tools to express an inner creation in the external world. Within the Divine Matrix, the separation between art and artists disappears; we are both the canvas and the projection on it; we are the canvas, the paint, the brush, and the artist using it.

I’m sure you understand that the ancient sages have known this all along; they didn’t need science to tell them this. Our benevolent guerrilla master Lao Tzu expresses it as follows:

He in whom the Tao works unobstructed is not concerned with his own interests, nor despises anyone who is.

He does not exert himself to make money, nor makes poverty into a virtue.

He walks his own path without burdening others, but does not celebrate his independence.

He does not follow the masses, nor complains about those who do.

Status and achievement mean nothing to him.

Insult and humiliation do not affect him.

He is never concerned with judging things to be good or bad, with saying yes or no.

This is why the ancient ones said:

“The man in whom the Tao works will always remain unknown.

Perfect virtue generates no results.

No self is your true self.

The greatest among men is no one.”

You might not be able to quite follow Lao Tzu's text within the context of this chapter. Let's look at it a little closer. Contemporary spirituality is about shaping your will in the world, as if the universe is a catalogue that you can order from (and believe me, it is). Nonetheless, from that materialistic perspective, you will get hopelessly caught in the nets of the Matrix. Lao teaches us not to leave footprints—do not judge; not yourself nor another. *Judgement reduces the Divine Matrix of limitless possibilities and potential to the Matrix of cause and effect that we're all familiar with.* From three-dimensional to two-dimensional. By not striving for anything, you will have everything. Your true self is no self; it is nothing other than the limitless depth of the universe itself. Realise this and everything is yours, immortality included.

So long as you do not die and rise again, you are a stranger to the dark earth.

- J.W. von Goethe

§

44. STOP FIGHTING

A disciple once said the following to Lao Tzu:

Wise master, I have understood that the road to becoming an integrated being constitutes the removal from the mind of all dualistic concepts. An integrated being can transcend the dusty net of worldly impurities at any time. Yin and Yang are the foundational principles controlling the functionality of the universe; there is no determined dominant force or road. Both in the life of an individual or rulers of the masses, strict dogmas should therefore be avoided. Disciples should not concern themselves with worldly conflicts concerning fragments; it is better for them to remain impartial. This cannot be achieved by adopting a neutral or disinterested attitude, but only by transcending the realm of duality and accepting the natural original.

The film *The Matrix* hides a theme of epic proportions—the so-called battle between good and evil. Morpheus is like Abraham, the hero from the Old Testament. Abraham and Morpheus are called and believe with all their hearts in what they are doing. Abraham's trust in God is so great that he is even willing to sacrifice his own son, Isaac, to him. However, the God from the Old Testament is an angry, jealous, violent god—an eye for an eye; a tooth for a tooth. The Demiurge, which is what this god is called, is of course simply another expression of the Four Asuras. God would never pretend to be God, because God doesn't exist. God is oneness. God is everything. God is nothing. God is dead. Long live God! In the *Tao Te Ching*, Lao Tzu says, "the Eternal Tao was there before there was a god." We can therefore safely conclude that anything that presents itself as God, "Our Lord," or any other shape, is in fact merely a disguised Asura. The Asuras want you to see God in your guru, in your religion, and in the hereafter; in short, they want you to see God outside of yourself. They never want you to see God in your neighbour, children, blades of grass, or the weather (least of all yourself!). The consequence of seeing the divine within would be peace (How does one wage war, knowing that one is everything? What are enemies to such a one?), and peace is never what the jealous gods want. They want murder, violence, poverty, and war. "Thou shalt believe in the horrible

Matrix until the end of time.” As previously concluded, the Matrix is brought to life through the binary system of letters. It is like a filter between the divine and humanity. Why else do you think Morpheus and his crew wear sunglasses as they enter the Matrix? Their wearing sunglasses symbolises the filter between them and “reality.” The Demiurge introduced the building blocks of the Matrix as the Ten Commandments. The eleventh commandment? “Thou shalt awaken”—love, sing, dance, play. Remember what verse 38 of the *Tao Te Ching* says?

When the Tao is lost, we resort to virtue.

When virtue is lost, we resort to humaneness.

When humaneness is lost, we resort to morality and righteousness.

When morality and righteousness are lost, we resort to ceremonies of propriety.

Ritual ceremonies are mere husks of sincere faith, marking the beginning of confusion and disorder.

The Gnostics were the first and only Christians who accepted Christ’s teaching, made it their own, and continued teaching it. The outcome is well known—most of them paid with their lives (or went into hiding to continue spreading their secret teachings). In *The Matrix*, this gnosis or sacred knowledge is spread openly. What the envious Demiurge, the Asura of death, wants most is death. As Agent Smith, he is an expert at taking people over and pushing them to act in the vilest ways they are capable of. However strong Neo becomes, Smith is invincible. In fact, the harder Neo fights, the more Smiths show up, until finally Neo gets it, thereby demonstrating that he is the One prophesied about—Neo stops fighting. In the Gnostic scriptures, Christ often speaks about the One (or “loners”); people who have found peace and unity within themselves.

But how can we know that becoming whole, becoming one (the prophecy of the Gnostic scriptures), is what this universe is all about? Won’t this mean believing yet another fairy tale? Can we prove it? Of course! Gurus will tell you that you must look deep within and that you will only find the truth in the deepest silence. This is true (if you don’t happen to have a fun-loving partner available...). Here’s the thing: the secret of life has been neatly encrypted. We

previously saw that the ongoing war of the world is the battle between yin and yang; the ongoing unfolding of the dual world. As long as you as Neo continue to fight against what appears to be the other, unknowable side of yourself, the war will continue to rage. But as soon as you wake up (and start making out), you will discover that unity can be found in the connection between yin and yang; it is the energy that arises from the movement of both; the magical circle which they together form. It is not without reason that the reproduction of all living beings on this planet follows from this magical coming together of polar opposites. Is this not the proof you're looking for? It has always been right in front of you—the act of merging. *As within, so without.* The same unity can arise within you when you stop fighting yourself and start loving yourself. When you become one, the Eternal Tao will flow through you. This beautiful principle is explained in the mythical story of Percival and the Holy Grail. Percival's homeland is held is decaying, its residents sick. As a result, Percival is sent on a quest by King Arthur to find the grail. Although he succeeds in finding the grail, he forgets to ask one thing: "What are you?" (a paraphrasing of "Whom does the grail serve?"). The morning after he found the grail, he is outside of the castle once more. In fact, the castle is nowhere to be seen. Percival is a warrior in heart and soul; black knights (and other references to duality) spring up all around him. Only towards the end of his life does he stop fighting. At one point, he finds himself in a magical forest. He finds the grail again, but this time, he asks the right question. Clear white light is allowed to beam and is caught by the Grail; yin and yang are able to make love once more. To get there, Percival had to first give up his fight and the restrictive convictions—convictions like, "You're not allowed to ask for anything"—that were handed down to him growing up.

§

45. WHY DON'T I COMMIT SUICIDE?

According to philosopher and writer Albert Camus, the main question contemporary humans should be asking is, “Why don’t I commit suicide?” Although I don’t usually like following other people’s advice (especially people called Albert...), I will make an exception here, the main reason being that I actually ask myself this question of questions quite regularly (long before I knew there was a man called Albert recommending me to do so). I find there is great value in frequently asking myself why I shouldn’t kill myself.

You will only reach these kinds of useful conclusions if, like me, you’ve spent a lot of time pondering the meaning of life. The meaning of life is life itself. If, as I’ve been recommending, you regularly spend time meditating on such concepts as infinity and eternity, you will quickly get to the heart of the matter. Here’s the thing, most so-called spiritual people (including their gurus) are so afraid of infinity and eternity that they hang onto images of gods, so-called “enlightenment experiences,” and Christ know which other pathetic methods to stop the bleeding. The truth is that you completely disappear after this life; nothing of you will remain (unless, like me, you happen to have written a book destined to be remembered for all eternity). Since you will completely disappear after you die, you are faced with a question: “What do you want to do before you get to that point?” Imagine that you have been convicted of a serious crime and are destined to spend the rest of your life in prison, but you still have a few years to do what you want to do. What will you do? Commit suicide? I don’t think so! You’d do all the things “God” doesn’t want you to do. You know why? Because there is no God. There is only you, and me (and I’m not even sure about that). All notions about how you should behave, what you’re allowed to do and what you’re not allowed to do are all lies—Matrix fabrications. If I hadn’t learnt that during my intense journeys through my own consciousness, I would have denied myself the divine life I am currently living. And know, almost every so-called spiritual teacher will tell you the opposite of what I’m telling you now. “You have to suffer, deny yourself all of the good things in life, you have to be initiated, believe, be serious, active.” Bullshit! The present moment is all there is—you and me. You, the one reading; me, hiding amongst all these letters and coming to life in and through you,

breathing life into you like a genie in a bottle. “Your wish is my command, sahib.” What would you like to do with your life? Why don’t you commit suicide?

You will find that lists of things to do pop up. You could also watch *The Bucket List*, featuring the amazing duo Morgan Freeman (Carter) and Jack Nicholson (Edward). Carter is a car mechanic and Edward is an incredibly wealthy businessman. Both men are terminally ill and are lying in the same hospital room. For the rest of the plot, you should watch the film (if you haven’t already). The point is that they create a so-called bucket list with things they want to do before they die. Exactly, the same kind of list that Austin Powers had in *The Spy Who Shagged Me*. At the top of his list was a conversation with his father and shagging a Siamese twin.

The easiest thing to do is to imagine yourself lying in a coffin for the rest of eternity. A little morbid, I’ll give you that, but this book isn’t for wimps. (I warned you about that on the first page, remember?) You wanted to find out just how deep the rabbit hole goes, didn’t you? Well, this is the hole. It doesn’t get much deeper than this, Alice. Envision yourself lying in your coffin, dead as a doornail. It won’t smell too nice in there with you, especially after a few days. You don’t have your favourite deodorant at hand and, even if you did, you wouldn’t be able to use it, since you’re dead. You’ve kicked the bucket; gone to meet your maker; you’re feeding the fishes (or worms); not one, but two feet in the grave (and the rest of your body as well); you are dead meat. You’re not just taking a temporary break—you’re gone, forever. Sure, console yourself with the idea of a heavenly afterlife or reincarnation; Matrix software that was once planted inside your naïve little head. There won’t be throngs of virgins waiting for you on the other side. They are here now, in this life, ready to be fucked. Sadly, you needed to latch onto all kinds of silly notions so you wouldn’t need to face your fear of dying. Since you were too busy deluding yourself, you never did any of the things you could have, like fucking virgins. (Put that one at the top of your list, by the way.) All right, fine, they can have had sex a few times before... “Near-virgins” then... (You might consider including older ladies who haven’t had sex for a while. Fucking them is similar to fucking virgins.) But please, don’t let yourself be seduced into accepting all kinds of silly theories about an afterlife. When push comes to shove, your guess is as good as mine.

Tell me one thing though—isn’t my approach the best? You spend your life doing all the things you’re not supposed to and supplement that with whatever your heart desires. The

result? You're a happy person—and happy people is what the world needs. You are living your life fully. If there does happen to be a heaven in which you are given your own harem to have your wicked way with, that's simply fine. You will have had twice the fun! Capisce?

§

46. GRID GUERRILLA

The thing about perfection is that it's unknowable. It's impossible, but it's also right in front of us all the time.

- Kevin Flynn

Have you see *Tron*? What an amazing film! Admittedly, it's a little over the top, but it has made me doubt whether I should be calling this book *Grid Guerrilla* instead of *Matrix Guerrilla*. Why? Firstly, because the lead role is played by “the Dude” from *The Big Lebowski*. (I'm certain Disney knew that this would cause me to doubt my book's title. Bastards!) Keanu Reeves hasn't been in a film since the *The Matrix* trilogy, and let's be fair, *The Matrix* is so 1999 (although it's still the coolest film ever made). Nonetheless, *Tron* is a close contender, even if the 3D sets suck at times.

Like *The Matrix*, *Tron* features a digital world, constructed entirely out of ones and zeros. (Have a look at the cover of this book. *The Matrix* is constructed out of letters; my cover has one and zeros trickling down...) Before we continue with *Tron*, let's have a closer look at those ones and zeros. Fasten your seatbelt—this could be fun! Whenever you watch television or a film in the cinema, your senses are being slightly manipulated, wouldn't you agree? In fact, you're looking at coloured dots on a canvas or screen; not even that—beneath the dots there is a programme active that determines which dots fire and which don't. Zero means on; one means off. Ones and zeros; on and off—the Matrix. Nonetheless, everything in us (our bodies and our minds) believes the film we're watching to be real. We have real emotions, and our bodies relax and contract as a result of the images they see on the screen. We like to say we're “engrossed in the film.” How bizarre then to be watching a film like *Avatar*, in which the lead actor becomes someone else in another world using virtual-reality technology. What about when you're playing a computer game and are trying to complete a quest, and your player plays for you in a simulation on the screen? If you've ever played one of these games, you will know how real the game and the player feel, how you are sucked into the game, and often want to keep playing to complete the game.

We are what we think. All that we are arises with our thoughts. With our thoughts, we make the world. Think or act with an impure mind and trouble will follow you, like the wheel follows the ox that draws the cart. We are what we think. All that we are arises with our thoughts. With our thoughts we make the world. Speak or act with a pure mind and happiness will follow you, as your shadow unshaken. In this world, hate never yet dispelled hate. Only love dispels hate. This is the Law, ancient and inexhaustible. We are what we think.

- Buddha

With this we're exposing one of the central experiences of the human mind in that what happens does not necessarily need to be real to hypnotise the mind. Consider how quickly you build an online identity on social-media websites such as Facebook, Tinder, Instagram, and so on. Everything in you believes you to be your profile. This is the fundamental process through which your identity is shaped in early childhood. The mind is constantly dreaming, projecting its reality onto everything it sees and perceives. Not much is needed for this—just a screen with some ones and zeros. The circle is complete once we realise that the world as we perceive it also consists of ones and zeros; of waves and particles. Nothing in the world is what it seems; nothing is real. It is our mind that makes it real; that makes it into a story. Waking up in the dream (or in the film) means seeing through this façade and turning your attention towards that which is projecting onto the canvas of the world. You follow the light source that is directed outwards inwards. Instead of directing your attention outside of you, to what you see, smell, feel, taste or hear, you ask yourself, “Who is seeing, smelling, feeling, tasting or hearing?” “Who am I?” “Who is this I acting?”—to subsequently discover there is nobody doing any of it. The question then becomes, “What am I?” The answer? “I am the one smelling, looking, feeling, tasting, perceiving. I am consciousness. I am... nothing. Nothing specific, in any case. I am everything I direct my attention towards or which enters my field of awareness. I am the canvas that everything is projected on by the senses, but I also exist outside of the senses. When I am in deep, dreamless sleep, I still am. I am there when I die, we know from people who experienced their deaths and left their bodies. I am also there when I'm alive. I am.” *Cogito ergo sum* (I think, therefore I am), philosopher Descartes discovered after a long period of thorough self-investigation. But who are you when you're asleep and not thinking? Exactly, still you (or rather, something). You are something, but you have no idea what exactly that something is.

Nice! You can't get much closer to the truth than this. Everything that comes after this insight will consist of yet more ones and zeros; your projection of reality. Being confused, not knowing—signals you're getting close to the truth. Why else do you think the Oracle of Delphi said Socrates was the wisest man in Greece? He knew that he knew nothing. Don't go looking for something special; something extraordinary. Your essence is so ordinary that you will always overlook it if you don't know where to look; when you're busy or distracted by other matters. Your essence is empty and has been with you since the dawn of time. You know this. Try to bring up some old memories from the time when you were a young child. You weren't anything like the adult you've become; your knowledge and understanding of the world was virtually non-existent. Nonetheless, something was unmistakably active in your consciousness; something that would always remain with you, no matter how much you had to suffer or what an easy ride you've had. Rainer Maria Rilke wrote, "Living in the waves and not having a place in time." *That something that has always been with you is you*; nothing, formless, empty—and yet, somehow, unmistakably, mysteriously you. The paradox of paradoxes: you wouldn't recognise your essence if you met it in the street. Why not? Because it is both everything and nothing. Whole. Complete. Bizarre, don't you agree? Tell your GP this next time you visit—guaranteed to get a blue pill shoved down your throat!

Right! Where were we? *Tron*! Kevin Flynn, played by the one and only Jeff Bridges, has constructed a digital world called "the Grid," which is supposed to be an improvement on the real world. In this world, he has created an avatar, called Clu, tasked with making sure that the world becomes perfect. (See any parallels with our inner Perfectionist?) Clu has seized control of the Grid and banished its human opponent Flynn. Twenty years later, Flynn's son, Sam, goes looking for his father. In the "real world," he's a hacker who hacks a software company to hijack its operational software and make it freely available. Might Sam also be the One?

The plot that unfolds is a beautiful metaphor. Sam hacks operational software and distributes it freely through the internet. (With this, he's definitely a contender for the title of "the One" (Neo in *The Matrix* was a hacker for money).) Using his hacking skills, Sam manages to fight his way into the digital world his father is being held captive in. In all honesty, his father isn't having the worst of times. He has created a world that would cause most interior designers to go green with envy. On top of that, he has an exceptionally cute girl, Quorra, whose life he rescued, and who adores him. What more could a man want? Although the plot is incredibly straightforward, I'm still going to clarify it. *Tron* represents our own

world; the world in which we find ourselves caught. Who in his right mind would want to say goodbye to his model IKEA home, including stunningly beautiful woman, in favour of heading for the Gate and towards freedom? Flynn certainly doesn't; he's meditating on pacifism and peace. Quorra tells Sam that Flynn has taught her to "remove herself from the equation." Flynn has become enlightened *in* the Matrix! He has discovered the art of being non-judgemental. In the digital world, the world of quantum physics in which something is either a one or a zero, a wave or a particle, you remain selfless by "removing yourself from the equation;" by not making a choice. If you do, you remain neutral; in peace; not a player in the game; safe.

The Oracle says something comparable about Agent Smith in *The Matrix*: **"He is you. Your opposite; your negative. The result of the equation trying to balance itself out."** The *Tao Te Ching* (verse 2) says the following about (non-)duality:

When people see things as beautiful,

Other things become ugly.

When people see things as good,

Other things become bad.

Therefore, being and non-being create each other,

Difficult and easy support each other,

Long and short define each other,

High and low depend on each other,

Before and after follow each other.

Both *Tron* and *The Matrix* feature near-perfect digital worlds, run by yang (respectively Clu; the Architect) and threatened by yin (respectively Quorra; the Oracle). This so-called "battle" between yin and yang is necessary, otherwise there would be no story. Would you really find watching Flynn's divine, white world in which he sits in deep meditation entertaining? Of course not! We're human beings after all, and human beings want action! (Don't worry, so do I!) All of this is brought to the foreground when Sam enters the film and Flynn tells him he has

found peace in the Grid. The Gate through which they can escape to the real world is only open temporarily. Flynn's son Sam, who is now also stuck inside the Grid, only has one goal—to get out of the Grid. The metaphor of the Gate is, in my opinion, a great metaphor for our human lives in that our gates are also only open temporarily. Of course, life's greatest secret is that it only lasts an instant; it's over in a split second. Sometimes it seems without end (try sitting in meditation for weeks or months, like Flynn); nonetheless, it's over in a flash. Look behind you if you will. How long did the years that you were alive last? Considerable chance your instinctive response is, "They were over in a few seconds." Now consider how long you still have. The future seems endless, does it not? And this is exactly what gets us humans; the illusion so many of us are caught in. Instead of facing our death and spending every second we have at our disposal liberating ourselves, we drift off into a deep, dreamless sleep, allowing ourselves to be hypnotised by the insignificant details of life, only to find ourselves waking up as senior citizens, one foot in the grave, realising we've dreamt our lives away.

This is the Matrix, or the Grid (it doesn't really matter what we call it)—the dreamworld that makes us believe it's real. The scenarios are endless: the money we need to earn to survive, so-called problems with other people, the relationships we have with other people, our needs, feelings and emotions, our greed and ambition to become something, our judgements about good and bad, our values, our principles—our Matrix or Grid software keeps us imprisoned in a virtual cave. *Memento mori* (remember that you will die) should be our motto. Knowing that we're only conscious for a little while, that the Gate will only be open temporarily, should drive us forward, onward, until we're radically, completely free, and can rest in our true nature. Until that sacred moment, we remain restless underground guerrillas, fighting for light and death, ones and zeros, secretly neutralising our restrictive, Matrix software. The freedom is *from* the Grid; *from* the Matrix. Don't settle for a safe little corner to hide in. Break out of the system entirely! Grab your motorcycle and set course for freedom; freedom *in* you. You free yourself by staying out of the realm comparison; by no longer playing the game. Freedom is within. It reveals itself to you in silence. Think of El Duderino, also known as Mr Lebowski, but then combine him with Sam's fight and drive to pass through the Gate, out of the Grid. The Grid is inside of you, should you still have any doubts.

47. RED OR BLUE PILL – IT’S UP TO YOU

MORPHEUS: This is your last chance. After this, there is no turning back. You take the blue pill, the story ends, you wake up in your bed and believe whatever you want to believe. You take the red pill, you stay in Wonderland and I show you how deep the rabbit hole goes.

MORPHEUS: Remember, all I'm offering is the truth—nothing more.

CYPHER (talking to the unconscious Morpheus): If you'd told us the truth, we would've told you to shove that red pill right up your ass.

What's it going to be—the red or blue pill? The blue one isn't hard to find; in fact, it's legal and abundantly available. You could call it sugar or wheat. Since these products were added to our diets, the number of mental diseases in existence have risen exponentially. Since their introduction, there have been a great many new forms of inner unrest, like ADD and ADHD. The curse for these people is that they are never able to discover their true nature, because they're always busy on the inside. Cut out the toxins from their diet and see what happens! Other blue pills exist in the shape of cigarettes and alcohol. They numb the pain of being disconnected from the source (for a little while). Father State, the crystallised form of the Matrix, will gladly provide them for you, making a killing in the process. Better for you to remain addicted. It's nice and easy that way. Don't wake up though! Waking up will cost us! The number of ways in which “the blue pill” materialises in our sick society is endless. You could place anything that costs money in this category and include everything you don't seem to be able to do without. The blue pills that stimulate forgetfulness and materialism are the main players in all this. The most obvious among them come in the shape of antidepressants. People fall ill and become depressed when they smoke, drink alcohol, are materialistic, and ingest sugar, or wheat. Instead of combating the cause of their dismay (being cut off from the source) psyche haters and doctors prefer to prescribe pills—pills that one is subsequently stuck on; pills that numb your emotional world, and offer an inner peace that *seems* like being in contact with your source. It is a lifeless rest, however; a dreamless sleep. Millions of people in our contemporary world are addicted to the blue, antidepressant sleeping pill.

48. AYAHUASCA: THE RED PILL

The red pill is much more difficult to find and use than the blue one. The blue pill is widely accepted within the Matrix. (If it wasn't, it wouldn't be the blue pill...) The blue pill represents the goddess Maya, the goddess of forgetfulness and deep sleep. Try to wake her and see what happens! This is why the red pill *must* be taken in complete secrecy.

The red pill stands for awakening—awakening from the Matrix, out of the nightmare of duality and into truth. What is the truth of your true nature? That you are silent on the inside; empty, peaceful, infinite. Is this something you have to accept from some weirdo like me? Nope! You have to find out for yourself! Accepting things from others without investigating them yourself is clear Matrix behaviour. Everything that is conveyed from one person to another (without critical and in-depth investigation) is corrupt. “We have proven [...] scientifically” is one of the grand lies on which the Matrix runs on. What is never mentioned is that (almost) anything can be scientifically proven, since the investigator is both the observer and the creator. This is why most scientific studies have at least ten scientific studies proving the opposite of what they claim to be true. You can lose yourself in these kinds of studies without ever gaining any insight into the nature of the truth; the truth here being that reality manifests in accordance with how you look at it. Ultimately, it's not about *how* you look at something, but *who* is looking. All other studies and investigations are valueless, because they point towards things inside the Matrix, in the dual realm of the dreamworld.

Thorough self-investigation is key. There are many powerful methods that people have been employing since the dawn of time that can aid you in this process. The easiest might be to simply breathe. Matrix people are scared to death of this. Loss of control... Try putting on some loud music and start breathing at an accelerated pace—a little like your breathing is just moments prior to orgasm, while walking up the stairs (if you're not the fittest...), or cycling incredibly fast—only remain motionless. Keep this up for an hour and see what happens. Your body will start shaking and moving as deep emotional residue is released from your body. You may start screaming or crying. Finally, you will pass through the Gate and discover your true nature—silent, peaceful, limitless, present, energetic. Don't trust me on my word! Find out for yourself!

Of course, you could also isolate yourself and meditate in a cave for about ten days. Any idea why so many of the world's wisest and holiest withdrew into the dark? DMT (*N,N-Dimethyltryptamine*), a substance that can be found in all living beings, and which is also known as "the Spirit Molecule." It is the molecule that connects mind to matter. "But what does that have to do with being in a cave?" You'd find out after a few days in the dark! After several days, your pineal gland starts naturally synthesising DMT. Yogis call this the opening of the third eye. Some reptiles are able to see through this third eye. We can too. However, to do so we must sit in complete silence and darkness for a few days. But who in our busy world has time for this? You know what's so interesting about DMT? It shows you your true nature without taking any detours. It is active in birth and in death. Naturally, DMT has been prohibited by the Matrix; it has been illegal since the seventies. The list its on (Opium List I) includes substances that are dangerous to public health and have no function in terms of scientific research. The Spirit Molecule would not be on this list if it wasn't dangerous. However, it isn't dangerous to public health (there are almost no recorded DMT-related accidents); DMT is incredibly dangerous to the society of the Matrix and its current authorities. These authorities are doing well, and benefit from you remaining a slave. As long as you continue smoking, drinking, binge eating, and consuming, you will remain a powerless slave always only barely making ends meet. The Matrix needs this dynamic to keep you imprisoned and enchained. DMT could undermine that dynamic in an instant by showing you your true nature. (Unsurprising then, that the Matrix has prohibited it, and somewhat amusing, knowing that this substance can be found in all living beings.)

The internal guerrilla warfare that we have been describing until now (neutralising your Matrix programming) is child's play compared to what awaits us at a deeper level. We will have to discover the game of creation of the Cosmic Tradition—in ourselves. *As above, so below. As within, so without.* You are creation—and DMT is able to show you this. But it cannot do so alone; DMT needs something extra. If DMT is the father (yang), it needs something else to create. Can you guess what this is? Hmm... No more guesses for you! Of course, the father needs a mother (yin). Together, they create the world of duality. DMT, Father Yang, is produced in the head, by the pineal gland. But to truly create, it must penetrate into the belly. To achieve this, it requires a MAO inhibitor. This inhibitor prevents the DMT from being broken down in the gut. When the belly opens in this way, Mother Yin reveals herself; the wonder of creation, which you can experience for yourself. In the Amazon, often dubbed the

“cradle of the world,” they make a magic potion—ayahuasca—that reveals this miracle of creation. Ayahuasca was discovered by shamans many centuries ago. It was brought to the West somewhere in the middle of the 20th century. Ayahuasca can take you straight to the source (if you’re lucky). For it to be effective, there are some things you have to do. More accurately, there are some things you *cannot* do. You have to say no to all of the goodies on offer in the Matrix. This means that in the preparatory phase, you must not consume any sugar, bread, alcohol, or coffee. You should also avoid watching television, listening to the radio, reading the newspaper, or looking at your watch. Everything that represents the Matrix is temporarily banished from your life. You eat organic, light food. After a few days (or longer, depending on how badly you had been treating your body), this will result in your body raising its vibration.

If you decide to prepare the “Drink of the Gods” (please refer to *The Sacred Voyage* to find out how to prepare it), it is interesting to drink its components separately. In doing so, you will learn about the functioning of the universe. The first component, Mother Yin, will open your abdomen. The plant you use for this is called *Banisteriopsis caapi*, also known as Syrian rue. Assuming it has been well prepared, drinking this after a few days of Matrix detoxing will cause a wave of deep relaxation to come over you. Enlightenment-focused literature often centres on mental enlightenment. Some self-proclaimed gurus even claim that you can do whatever you want. Ultimately, they claim, it’s only about the insight. As such, you can smoke and drink to your heart’s content. Fuel for the Matrix! There is such a thing as mental enlightenment, but it isn’t anything like real enlightenment. Studying the great masters, starting with Jesus Christ and Buddha, you will find they all had modified diets (usually vegetarian). They also shunned many of the world’s temptations. Every addiction, whether to sugar, wheat, coffee, cheese, alcohol (or whatever else), keeps you locked inside the Matrix. Your ego is not merely a mental construction; it is formed by the coming together of the body and the mind. The utility of fasting, therefore, is to purify both mind and body, temporarily releasing you from existing patterns. Anything you cannot do without for three months is a pattern that will keep you entangled in the Matrix. There are no exceptions to this rule. If you can do without your substance or activity of preference for three months, but you occasionally smoke a joint, take a pill, enjoy a beer—no problem. In the film *Peaceful Warrior* Nick Nolte beautifully portrays this. Nick plays Socrates, an enlightened oddball, who is exceptionally demanding of his students in terms of their behaviour and discipline. Despite the demands he places on his students, he doesn’t think twice about smoking a fat cigar in front of them. This kind of

behaviour is really only possible once you've broken out of the clutches of the Matrix. Until that time comes, don't kid yourself. A bar of chocolate every three months? Don't sweat it. Anything above that—Matrix! Become a genuine warrior and be remorseless with yourself on this point. Be soft towards your feelings, but hard towards your tendencies and addictions. Remove them at the roots and never look back. Being a guerrilla warrior is demanding work (really!), despite what all those enlightenment-in-a-day spiritual folks try to tell you. Of course, their message is infinitely more popular, but as I'm sure you understand by now, popular is generally a sign of—you guessed it—the Matrix.

If you genuinely believe you have a choice, try staying clear of your addictions for a while (which addictions are irrelevant) and meet your deepest-rooted Matrix software.

MORPHEUS: Everything begins with choice.

MEROVINGIAN: No, wrong. Choice is an illusion, created between those with power, and those without. Look there, at that woman. My God, just look at her. Affecting everyone around her, so obvious, so bourgeois, so boring. But wait... Watch - you see, I have sent her dessert, a very special dessert. I wrote it myself. It starts so simply, each line of the program creating a new effect, just like poetry. First, a rush... heat... her heart flutters. You can see it, Neo, yes? She does not understand why - is it the wine? No. What is it then? What is the reason? And soon it does not matter, soon the why and the reason are gone, and all that matters is the feeling itself. This is the nature of the universe. We struggle against it, we fight to deny it, but it is of course pretence, it is a lie. Beneath our poised appearance, the truth is we are completely out of control.

Tanja and I went to the cinema yesterday. We always used to buy a big bag of M&M's before the start of the film. Not this time! At first, my body was shocked: "What?! No yellow M&M's to enjoy?" It felt like a huge sacrifice; the craving for M&M's continued for more than an hour. Nonetheless, I was able to remain focused on why I wasn't eating them—maintaining the clarity of my commitment. At the same time, I realised just how strongly most people are addicted to sugar. Looking around the cinema, I saw dozens of people munching on handfuls of popcorn and M&M's while watching the film. Some seemed like they hadn't eaten for

weeks. I woke up the following morning with a deeply satisfied feeling—I had resisted my inner programming! What space!

Cypher: You know, I know this steak doesn't exist. I know that when I put it in my mouth, the Matrix is telling my brain that it is juicy and delicious. After nine years, you know what I realize?

(Cypher takes a bite of his steak.)

Cypher: Ignorance is bliss.

Consulting master plant ayahuasca could be considered akin to inviting a god into your temple. Your body is your temple—make sure it is clean! You clean it by curtailing your addictions and through fasting. Christ was a famous faster. By fasting you remove your worldly clothes; your entire being enters a higher vibration. This may result in headaches the first few days as the toxins leave your body. (Drinking a lot of water helps.) Fasting in this way for a few days and then drinking ayahuasca leads to the opening of tremendous space in your abdominal region (assuming this region is healthy). If you aren't healthy and pure, the plant will need to cleanse your body. This cleansing manifests through nausea (and its associated vomiting) or diarrhoea. The plant has an infinite number of ways to heal you, since it works with the power of the universe. Your body immediately recognises this power, because it is its true nature. When the plant has done its work, you are spaciously receptive; relaxed. (Ready to be penetrated...)

After approximately an hour, you drink the second component. This is the part that contains the DMT. There are various plants that can be used for this, among them *Psychotria virides* and *Mimosa hostilis*. Which plant you use doesn't matter that much; in the end, it's about the universal forces acting underneath them. The DMT-containing substance opens the pineal gland. Once the abdomen is open (Mother Yin) and the third eye is active (Father Yang), miracles can occur; the fundamental forces of the universe start jostling with each other, similar to how your parents made love when you were conceived. Do you understand now why orgasms feel so divine? They are divine! This is the secret of life. With the two components of Ayahuasca in your body, you become a living witness of this dynamic. The cold, dark, empty, peacefully pregnant and swirling Mother Yin energy, visualised as the snake of Kundalini,

slithers upwards; the Light, the universal Father Yang energy, descends. Where do they meet? In the heart. (The sacred heart; that battered area behind your chest.) When Mother Yin and Father Yang meet, tension in your heart increases. All the pain you've ever had to suffer is brought up, leaving your body through tears. Pure, unadulterated beauty exalts you. You witness the miracle of the universe, far beyond the reach of words. *You know*—but you will never speak (nor be able to speak) of it. The miracle is written into your soul; your heart is unburdened from the pain it was holding. Why? Because this—an open and receptive belly, a heart filled with love, a clear head—is your natural state. Words have no power here; they are introduced later by the Four Asuras, during the construction of the Matrix. *You have now witnessed the miracle before the Matrix.*

Continue paying attention, remaining calmly and non-judgementally present, and you will witness another miracle—the creation of the world. Mother Yin and Father Yang start dancing—dancing in your heart. The dance of zeros, Yin, and ones, Yang; the dance of duality, expressed through feelings and visions. Endless images and visions move through you. As soon as you identify with any of them, visions become stories and you experience their associated feelings in your body. Don't get caught up by the stories; they are illusions. You are now in a bardo state.

Bardo states are the intermediary states between life and death; after the end of one life story, yet before the beginning of a new one. Why do you think Amazonian shamans refer to Mother Ayahuasca as *the small death*. You think it's a coincidence that the French refer to an orgasm as *le petite mort*? What dies? You! Your ego; your Matrix software. What remains is your eternal essence. Identify with this and not with the story unfolding (“I saw gods and goddesses...” “I was shown past lives...” “I had important insights...” ad infinitum). Each story is fuel for the formation of a new identity. Stories are things you talk about, crystallising pure experience, and thereby making it subject to the laws of the Matrix. You are in a bardo state; in the realm of formlessness, of pure essence. Everything you see here is an illusion, created through the interplay of Yin and Yang.

Bardo originated with Tibetan Buddhism and means *in-between state*. According to Tibetan Buddhists, the soul enters these intermediary states after death. There are 49 separate phases. Each phase represents a stage of the illusion. On the first day, you are confronted with a brilliant white Light, powerfully beaming its intense brilliance. Mystics of all ages have

described this light. It is also often seen by people during near-death experiences. Many people consider this light the light of Christ or God. Others become afraid. The heart of the matter is discovering who you are and identifying with that. If you are able to witness this brilliant white Light, what does that make you? Can light see itself? Would there be such a thing as light if there were only light? Of course not! You are dark, empty, silent, and light simultaneously. You are the open, limitless, eternal, immortal space that receives and embraces both the light and the dark; Yin and Yang. You are creation. You are everything and nothing. You are that which cannot be expressed. You give birth to everything while being nothing at the same time. Luckily, the Matrix doesn't understand any of this claptrap, since it flies wholly beneath its radar. The Matrix understands and controls everything that occurs in duality, and this is beyond duality. It is oneness.

If your soul isn't ready yet, responding with either desire or repulsion to what it experiences in bardo or during an ayahuasca voyage, you essentially reject your essence. This creates karma—the law of cause and effect. This does not mean that this is what you are. You are the all-encompassing unity at the root of karma. On the second day after dying (the second phase), loving gods appear. Remain steadfast, dear Voyager—discover who you truly are! Remember what Buddhists say about meeting the Buddha on your path? (“If you meet the Buddha, kill him.”) This statement applies to this phase more than anything. Of course, you can project all goodness in the world onto others; Jesus Christ, Gandhi, Buddha, or some other symbol of divine goodness. The gods will challenge you. Stand your ground! Remain with who you are: wide-open essence, ready to receive and embrace everything—good and bad; beautiful and ugly. You are beyond duality; beyond that which reveals itself; beyond time and space. You are God. This is what this entheogenic substance reveals—the divinity within. Don't get swept away by external gods or you will fall right back into duality—into the Matrix. Tie yourself to the mast of your being, in the same way that Odysseus tied himself to the mast of his ship to prevent the Sirens from luring him to his death. Remain with yourself, with your open and peaceful state, and become enlightened. This is the ayahuasca's greatest teaching. Take the red pill and learn its fundamental lessons. Is it coincidental that the drink of the gods is red? According to Incan lore, every medicine of the soul should be red. Ayahuasca is dark red and tastes like nothing else on Earth. She tastes like home. If you've drifted far from your essence, this can be a bitter experience. Jewish professor Benny Shanon, an experienced ayahuasca drinker, tells us, “The experiences people have with ayahuasca are always different; the faces

people pull when they drink it aren't." Everything in the Matrix is intended to addict you to duality. If you prefer forgetfulness to awakening, have some chocolate. If you are ready to wake up, know that it won't always taste good.

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49. IBOGA TABERNANTHE: ANOTHER RED PILL

Another plant master that aligns exceptionally well with our guerrilla warfare is the African iboga root. Iboga is the most powerful plant in the universe. It is so strong that it overrules every form of addiction or dependency. Even addictions to cocaine or heroin, barely treatable using regular medicines (aside from using much more dangerous drugs, such as methadone, to which people remain addicted for the rest of their lives), are neutralised by Iboga. One iboga treatment results in users being clean within 24 hours. On average, they no longer need to use for six months, without any of the symptoms common to going cold turkey. Ask addicts what they fear most and they will tell you they most fear the hellish pains and detoxification symptoms inherent to coming off their drug of choice. These symptoms often last several weeks. Ingesting iboga sidesteps all of this. (Google it. There are plenty of experience reports online). So why isn't iboga being offered to people with addictions? Why do you think? Because there is no way to make (a lot of) money from it. Drug addicts generate billions for the pharmaceutical industry annually. (Methadone users alone generate € 90 a day per user.) It's big business! Iboga, on the other hand, is a plant, and plants cannot be patented, making them unattractive to the pharmaceutical industry.

Iboga is not only interesting for addicts. It neutralises more Matrix codes in 24 hours than you can manage on your own in a year of dedicated work. Iboga works like a kind of super brain, clearing from your brain that which doesn't belong there. If you know anything about computers, you will understand the analogy of defragmenting a hard disk. The root defragments your brain and delivers it back to you the way it once was—completely clear. Your thinking capacity is multiplied by a factor of ten. At the same time, you experience a deep mental rest, as though in deep *samadhi*. This is how your brain is supposed to work when free from the Matrix and the cells in it have been detoxified. This state of being often continues for weeks, sometimes even months. Some Matrix codes are permanently neutralised; others are more resilient and return. As I wrote before, you must learn to become remorseless with yourself. Act with iron discipline. This, discipline, is probably only of the most contaminated areas of your being, because the Matrix has tried “to discipline” (its version of discipline) you from an early age. However, this kind of discipline (the-sitting-still-and-finishing-your-plate

kind) isn't what I'm talking about here. Your task is to reach complete enlightenment. To do that, you need iron discipline. Your body is a carefully composed system that can only function supramentally under the right conditions. The Bwiti, the beautiful African tribe that brought us the iboga root, see it as follows: "Fifty percent you; fifty percent heaven." Half is done by you, with discipline; the other half by the root. Let ayahuasca or iboga heal you and teach you about the Eternal Tao, the reality under the Matrix. (Never use them together, unless you want to become a vegetable!) Let the master plants take you home. Ayahuasca works in your belly, your earthly home; iboga works on your head. Both soothe your heart. (A minor detail: both plants are forbidden in most countries, but I'm sure that by now this won't come as much of a surprise to you—or be much of an obstacle.)

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50. WHY SHOULD YOU LEARN HOW TO DANCE?

Dancing is the most sacred expression of the universe. Everything in the universe is in a constant dance of creation and chaos; creation and destruction; the dance of life. The Matrix is about doing things quickly and perfectly—effective, efficient, beautiful. Make a break for it whenever you hear words like these! The Matrix is reaching out to get you! Dancing is never about effectiveness, speed, or perfection; in fact, dancing always exists outside of the Matrix, because it is wordless. (An exception, of course, is when you start appraising the result according to a fixed system.) Dancing is expressing the movement of the moment; expressing surrender, pleasure, the enjoyment of life flowing through you. Our old and wise super guerrilla Socrates discovered this several thousand years ago when he started dancing in his old age. He saw a beautiful boy and discovered that he became more beautiful when he was dancing. Socrates discovered that his whole body became supple and strong in dance, and that the whole universe moved through him. No controlled movements; free dancing.

From that moment onwards, Socrates started dancing every morning—even without music. To onlookers, this seemed strange. Socrates was often laughed at by his contemporaries. Like the true guerrilla he was, Socrates didn't give a shit about what other people thought of him. He would slam his fist on the table and say things like, "By Zeus, I will dance!" Dance then!

Dance like no one is watching.

Love like you've never been hurt.

Sing like no one is listening.

Fuck like you're being filmed.

Remember that dancing serves no other purpose than dancing itself (just like flirting, making eye contact, touching, having sex, singing, making love, laughing, being amazed, meditating, enjoying, massaging, playing, making music, walking, creating art). All these forms of life art have no other purpose than the acts themselves. They demand complete surrender to the act itself. Once you have softened your grip on control and trust the act itself, you will

notice what happens—you disappear. Your controlling being, your ego, turns out to be illusory. The Matrix no longer has a hold on you once you are free.

Everything that has a purpose—everything that has measurable results, and can therefore be done quicker, better—is the stuff of the Matrix. (Everything!) Do what you must do inside it; move fast and without stopping when you're in the Matrix. But don't trust anyone who cannot dance or love. Enjoy the ride!

Morcheeba – *Enjoy the Ride*

With the moonlight to guide you

Feel the joy of being alive

The day that you stop running

Is the day that you arrive

And the night that you got locked in

Was the time to decide

Stop chasing shadows

Just enjoy the ride

§

51. *SENTIO ERGO SUM* (I FEEL, THEREFORE I AM)

Descartes wasn't far off with his now famous *cogito ergo sum* (I think, therefore I am). If you have made it to here, you will know that he philosophically proved the existence of the Matrix with this. Impressive, without a doubt, but not what it's ultimately about. What remains if you neutralise the Matrix's software in your system in the way that I've been softly yet unremittingly proposing? According to some (Jed McKenna, for example), you become a living zombie; a vampire, living among the dead. Don't worry, Jed was only joking—a cosmic hoax to keep the seeking Agent Smiths of the world away from their true selves (or self, since there is only one). In actuality, your true nature is so close. It is so close that you cannot discover it—because you are it! (Just not the part you're identified with. That part has to die. What remains is what we're looking for.)

When you crack your Matrix codes, you become your authentic self. The primal language of the universe is love. The Eternal Tao is love. Your heart is your earthly instrument through which you can feel this energy (if it hasn't been compromised). When you neutralise your Matrix coding, one line of coding at a time, your heart is given the space to breathe and to open. When you start dancing with others, from an open heart, the Eternal Tao will start to flow through you. Your head will become crystal clear. Your heart will open and will become as sensitive as a baby's heart. You will sense the unfathomable depth of your being in your belly. Trinity—the holy three-unity. Every other form of so-called enlightenment is bullshit—no more than a decoy with which to lure you deeper into the Matrix. Enlightenment is the main prize. The Matrix would love to get its claws in your true self, which is why it is so well hidden, and would only make Agent Smiths laugh. As the *Tao Te Ching* explains, “If there were no laughter, it would not be the Eternal Tao.” The person who best described this holy three-unity is another Matrix guerrilla, Adyashanti:

Zen has a saying: “If the realisation is deep enough, your entire being will dance.” For the realisation to be complete, it must touch upon the three levels of the head, heart and feeling. You can have a very clear, enlightened mind without your being dancing. Then, when the heart opens at the same time as

your mind, your being starts to dance. This is when everything springs to life. And when your feeling opens, there is the deep, unfathomable stability in which that opening (which you are) becomes transparent. Your being dances; emptiness dances.

Look at great masters such as the Dalai Lama or Thich Nhat Hanh—their realisation is complete: head, heart, belly. Their being dances with love and feeling. These great masters are not only dancing with their whole being—their deeds reveal the depth of their flow with life. An Englishman once visited the Dalai Lama with his young son. The man was at the end of his tether; he had lost his wife in dramatic circumstances. The spiritual leader was deeply touched by the man's sadness and pressed him to his chest. They cried together for several minutes. The man told the Dalai Lama that he had converted to Buddhism because he had been so disappointed with Christianity. The Dalai Lama had a beautiful icon of Christ and the Holy Virgin brought in and gave it to the man. "Buddha is my road; Jesus is yours," he said. The emotional meeting, originally expected to last only a few minutes, lasted for more than two hours. Writer Frédéric Lenoir, who witnessed the event that unfolded without cameras or public attention, confirmed that the man rediscovered his faith in Jesus Christ. Lenoir saw with his own eyes how Buddhism's most important spiritual leader put the most important lesson of the Buddha into practice, without attempting to win the man over to camp. Sixty years of spiritual practice had made it possible for the Dalai Lama to put the Buddha's teachings into practice:

Let all beings be happy! Weak or strong, of high, average or low status, large or small, visible or invisible, close or far away, living or still unborn – may they all be perfectly happy!

52. I AM, BECAUSE WE ARE

Everything is connected to everything else. Everything, without exception. What Descartes unintentionally did with his proclamation, “I think, therefore I am,” was to give separate himself from the play of creation. There is no separate I thinking. This is the illusion that this book has been bringing to light. Nonetheless, it will continue to irritate you, like a splinter in your mind, until you truly wake up. And when you do wake up, will that make you enlightened? Naturally, this is what the ego would like—walking through life with a halo around your head, getting endless approval and respect from others. There are a lot of enlightened egos out there. It’s not the truth though. The truth is, there is no I—there is only we. We are connected until the end of time. This is why some African tribes say, “I am, because we are.” Without others, there is no you. You are nothing. At the same time, you are everything. You are so puny that the smallest, most insignificant bacteria can kill you—and yet, you are alive. One brief moment of inattentiveness on the motorway from either yourself or another and you’re brown bread; kicked the bucket; an ex-person. And yet, you’re here. You live. Eternally. Who better than Captain Jack Sparrow to illustrate the truth of eternal life?

GIBBS: I don't get it, Jack. You had the chalices, the tear, the water—you could have lived forever!

JACK SPARROW: Who's to say I won't live forever? But, you know what? It's a pirate's life for me, savvy?

At times, you are a dust particle in the wind; at others, a king. A pirate sometimes; then a drop of dew. You have been here since the dawn of time. You are life (and death). There is no place in eternity for your personality; it will drop off you in the same way that a leaf falls from a tree, becoming food for the tree, until one day the tree itself dies and becomes food for the fire. Everything is connected to everything else in one divine web of life and death. This is the Eternal Tao, also known as the Divine Matrix; the unity; the One. This is your true nature, and it is worth infinitely more than the puny actor you’re currently playing. *The actor must die.* Why? Because it has never really existed in the first place; it only ever existed in the dream. All

this time you have been something different; something deeper; something watching, not once feeling the need to intervene, knowing that that which is eternal never needs to be rushed.

I died as a mineral and became a plant.

I died as a plant and became an animal.

I also died as a plant to become a human being.

Why should I be afraid to die if I never gained nor lost anything in the process?

My next step will be to become an angel.

As an angel, I will also die, to awaken to a state beyond all comprehension.

- Rumi

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53. LIGHTS OUT

There was something formless and perfect

before the universe was born.

It is serene. Empty.

Solitary. Unchanging.

Infinite. Eternally present.

It is the mother of the universe.

For lack of a better name,

I call it Tao.

And with this, we've reached the end of this book. You now know me through and through; my shadow side, in any case. I have adhered to Taoism's wise suggestion and brought everything dark about me to the surface. I keep all the lightness in me inside, where I can cultivate it, so that it can grow and ripen. As you know, most people do the opposite: they pretend to be beautiful and good on the outside, but then we get to know them better... But this book isn't about other people. It's not even about me. *This book is about you.* You were the one supposed to wake up, remember? Right... NOW! "Once upon a time never comes around again." If not now, when? Are you already living your dreams, or are you entangled in the nets of the Matrix? Are you living out your horniest fantasies, or have you castrated and sterilised yourself? Are you courageous enough to show the world your shadow sides so that you can grow from the inside out, or do you continue to present yourself in a more favourable light than you know to be true? Only you know the answers to these questions. Like I said, this book is about you. I would like to take the liberty of quoting one of my favourite Matrix guerrillas, U.G. Krishnamurti, here. Take his words to heart, incinerate your beliefs and everything you are holding onto, and start living your life in total freedom. Abandon your search for the meaning of life and start enjoying life. That's all.

Why should life have any meaning? Why should a life have a purpose? Life itself is all there is. Your search for spiritual meaning has made life into a problem. People have fed you with this nonsense about the ideal, perfect, peaceful, meaningful way of life and you dedicate all your energy to thinking about life instead of living fully. Whatever you think, life continues. You are living it, and it doesn't matter what you think about it. Life must go on.

- U.G. Krishnamurti

A statement that just came to me in the final moments of your connection here is the beautiful, "Dream as though you have your whole life ahead of you, live like it's your last day on Earth." I know from personal experience what it is like to see dreams evaporate, to become sick, and to slowly die on the inside. Only after I was able to accept my illness, to accept the fact that I was internally exhausted, was I able to align with the fact that I might die soon, leaving behind my wife and children. This is when the turnaround came. I can tell you one thing. I'm alive—alive and kicking!

I get out of bed with a wide smile every morning, enjoy my children, and my delectably adulterous and loving, delicious wife. I love my work (as long as I don't have to do more than eight hours a week of it) and my music productions. "Music was my first love, and it will be my last." Amen to that! I dance through life, enjoying every dance—beautiful or ugly; rain or sunshine.

Every day when I wake up, I ask myself the question I asked myself in my deepest darkness: "Why don't I commit suicide?" What follows is a long list of things I still want to do, or I switch on my phone and to see I've received a message from one of my mistresses... Life has no purpose; no grand design that needs to be decrypted; no afterlife. Life only knows the here and now. The Kingdom of Heaven is here and now—always has been, always will be. Heaven or Hell are not distant places we go to after life—they are here and now. *As within, so without. As above, so below.* You are both the creator and the creation.

Enjoy your creation!

- Lars

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Has our internal guerrilla warfare succeeded? Have we managed to nuke the sacred shrines of L'Ego? Are we now connected with the Eternal Tao? Are we able to dance, sing, make love, fart, and laugh to our heart's content? I'll let you be the judge of that!

Perhaps everything we've been talking about here is merely one of the strange twists of the human mind and its capacity to fantasise about unknown capabilities. Perhaps it was all just a dream within a dream. Decide for yourself! This is your last test as a guerrilla. Will you, like Morpheus, maintain your conviction until the very end, or will you continue dreaming?

Edgar Allen Poe – *A Dream within a Dream*

Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow:
You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few! Yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep, while I weep!
O God! Can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?