

Wait a minute . . .

“We’re making it all up!”

ALT-EPISTEMOLOGY

Excerpts

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Wait a minute!



We are each conditioned

(brainwashed)

(programmed)

to wear a

dense, rigid

Conceptual Helmet

that keeps the outside out

and the inside in.

Each of us,

siloed,

(isolated)

UNLOVED!

(We think.)

Try it!

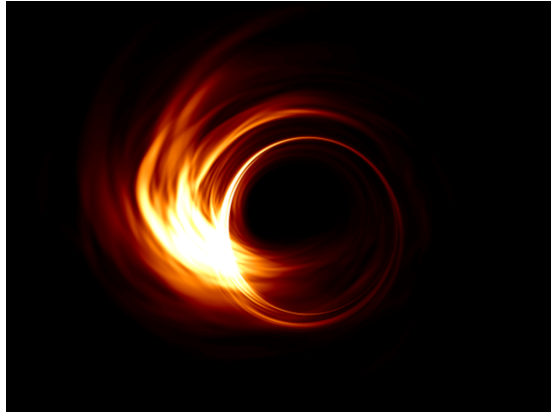
Yank the damn thing off!

Here we go!



Scary!





Don't worry.

You'll get used to it.

And you're not alone.



Blogpost Excerpt

Spinning Out Conundrums on the Day Jupiter Turns

June 9, 2017

I think it's about time that we realize we cherrypick everything. We are *always* automatically looking for what will meet with what we already think we know. That inside our minds is a usually unnoticed, more or less fixed or pliable or changeable filter; our filter decides what, of the gazillions of inputs possible, we will pay attention to. Our filter, in turn, creates our conceptual helmet, that beyond which nothing is allowed. Otherwise, it would be all too much! Otherwise, we'd constantly suffer from that "booming buzzing confusion" that William James spoke about in reference to newborns whose filter, he assumed (incorrectly?), is not yet in place! There's just so much impinging our senses every single second! And that's just the narrow spectra that we humans are attuned to. Imagine what reality is like for a dog, his acute sense of smell alerting him to sensations beyond what we can even contemplate. Imagine what an eagle sees, that mouse scuttling so very very far below. Indeed, imagine how this Earth feels, to have someone call her flat!

In any case, what's interesting to me is not so much the inputs, but our filters/helmets, and how they both divide us and try to keep us sane. And I'm still very curious as to how we've managed, at this point in human history, to have Donald Trump as "president," a man whose filter appears to morph. Or does it? In any case, with this big lumpen in the driver's seat, who knows what will happen next.

Blogpost Excerpt

Points of view and Spacious Openings

May 23, 2017

My own discernment process often involves watching a site for a good while before I think I can sense “where it’s coming from.” Because every site is coming from its own point of view. There is no such thing as objectivity. There are, however more or less interesting points of view. I tend to read widely, across a number of spectrums (oops! should have said “spectra”), and then to nose my own way through the various shifting cross-currents of contradiction — following the wide rolling river of human imagination through portals to infinity.

A contradiction itself, what left-brain logic views as “that beyond which one cannot go,” “because otherwise, *anything’s possible, ANYTHING!*” — this was my logic professor’s actual sputtering remark, when, as a graduate student I asked in all innocence, “But what’s wrong with contradiction?” — I view as itself an opening. Contradictions as nodes, locations where, if we can see/feel them from close to, open into spaciousness.

Blogpost Excerpt

What, really, is a “conspiracy”? (And can we live without?)

May 21, 2017

Like everyone addicted to this hyper-connected internet world, I tend to want to “connect the dots,” searching high and low (and often in rutted paths) for new dots that will flesh in my old ones, lend them “credence.” Show how smart I am to see one dot and realize? pretend? it’s connected to others.

In doing so I’m creating patterns, “weaving meaning” out of the constantly shifting, inchoate, tangled, off-on digital mess.

Because of course I’m only human. I want to see meaning in events so that I can predict the future, keep myself safe.

Well aware of this tendency, I also at least pretend to hold any “beliefs” that arise out of my dot-connecting patterns as at best, provisional, and most likely, stepping stones to either an even larger conspiracy, or its complete disintegration. But then, of course, those dots (“facts,” “factoids,” pretend or real or fake, who knows?) are still there, blinking, winking at me. Asking me to “understand.” To stand under them. To stand on something solid.

(Where do the dots come from? Can I substitute one dot or mass of dots for another? Of course! What determines which dots I see? My internal expectations? Can I change my internal expectations so that I see different dots? Of course! Dots themselves are like atoms, or genes (also invented? Figments of our creative imagination?). We’d

like to think of them as unbreakable, inviolate, the stepping stone substrate of “reality,” but guess what? They too, morph!)

Some dots sift downwards, when put through my screen of “what can’t possibly be true, can it?” forever or temporarily lost in the unconscious dark. Others clump together, sit on top of the holes of the screen and refuse to budge. Unless, of course, I manage to disentangle them into smaller particles which themselves can sift down through the screen.

Of course, you might ask here, how and when did I construct the screen? Of what is it made? How do I know my screen is helpful? All good questions.

Without even knowing it, I, and I suspect, others, are continuously juggling bits and pieces, trying to see where they hang together, sifting out the “junk” while looking for patterns, something that “makes sense.” The webs of meaning that we weave with our dot-connecting propensity either congeal into stuck dogmatic ideologies, scientific, religious or political “world-views” — what I call our “conceptual helmets” — or they don’t. When they do, then life tends to become more and more circumscribed, as the number of possible allowed actions are reduced to whatever the framework of that particular world-view allows. *Gone is the capacity for emergence, the arousal of possibilities that defy all my preconceived categories.* Instead, somehow, aliveness gets truncated, stuffed, stifled into tiny little boxes. And no matter how large the box, in the context of infinity it is always tiny; and no matter how large the box, to obey its constraints feels stultifying.

Which is why I like to “keep my options open.” Not because I’m a relativist, believing that truth is a matter of what I want to be true, for now, but because I’m a skeptic, a searcher, one who is never satisfied that I truly have come to the final conclusion, that, once and for all, I KNOW.

I don’t know. Instead I suspect, I dream up, I hear tales of, and I sense that everything that can be thought up has probably been thought up — and most likely materialized, in some universe or other: I sense that there truly is “nothing new under

the sun.” Well, maybe not our sun. But what about other suns, other galaxies? What about the idea that the universe itself is infinite in both space and time — in all directions and with no beginning and no end?

What if the universe is ***ALL THAT IS***, with no frame, no box, nothing to curtail the immensity?

Now, how did I start out with conspiracy and end up here, in a sort of surreal cosmic dizzying dream of endless opening? Well, go back and read it again. Read it again and again. Learn how to focus on any point, any “dot” as it continually opens into the void. *There really is no “under-standing,” no place to stand, no lever from which we can move the world. We are making it all up as we go.*

So we might as well have fun with it, eh? And meanwhile, open the heart. Move from the heart. Allow the heart to guide you in where you focus your attention next. Moving from and with the open heart, we can’t “go wrong.”

Blogpost Excerpt

How do we know that what we think is “true”?

September 2, 2017

Answer: we don't. And besides, “true” for what, or who? How true? 50% 90% 100%? Even “facts,” especially facts, come into question, when they tend to have such short half-lives that I started calling them factoids decades ago (way before CNN did the same). And even if we think we do “know that what we believe is true,” we might be “hallucinating” or “mind-controlled to think that way” — or emotionally overcome, temporarily deranged; or viewing something with memory, or last night's dream, impeding on what is seen; or remembering something differently than what we once thought we experienced, on and on!

The longer I live the more I realize that all my assumptions are always up for grabs. That all I can really count on is my own mutating, transforming point of view. And yet my point of view is just that, the unique point (in infinite space) from which I view both what's inside and outside me. No such thing as “objectivity” (or: what is always true everywhere, for all “right-thinking” people, based on rules that only certain people make up!); but there IS such a thing as each “point” (of view) springing into awareness inside a human being.

Blogpost Excerpt

Whose “Truth”? Understanding (standing under) vs. Standing Upon

April 3, 2018

Yes! That’s the agenda! Set up division everywhere! **Set good people against one another, so that they fight for the right to be right! That’s the deep state goal. And it’s easy to do when people’s minds are divided from their bodies, which they usually are.** The body goes one way, towards the ground; the mind careens in another, towards outer space within which our minds tend to want, need, absolutely have to have, an outer cap, a sort of frequency fence set up around reality so that nothing can get in or out. The problem, ultimately, for us humans, is infinity. Our refusal to immerse ourselves in infinity, lest we fall forever through space.

But notice: this fear of infinity is not a problem when we remain grounded, in our bodies.

The cabal sows division elsewhere, within and between nations (look at the mess in the Mideast), and it does so here, at home. Divide good people against one another, especially when we’re setting out in a certain direction in our naive, but well-meaning “search for truth.”

All of which is to say that, when I can stand it (i.e. “stand upon it”), I aim for, not “truth,” but overview plus detachment.

I say “when I can stand it,” because I too tend to want to get everything decided once and for all, so that I can “under-stand,” i.e., stand under some kind of overall

dogmatic linguistic interpretation (that frequency fence), which I then want to stamp as “real,” “certain” *in my mind*. Instead, I need to remember to always *stand upon* what is real, certain, *in my body*, heart open to the universe and feet upon the living earth. The body is primary. The mind needs the body to ground, recognize and remember the embodied self as standing upon the living ground of one’s own center of the infinite universe. By recognizing the primacy of the body to hold my own center, I can then realize that whereas the actual function of the left brain mind is to name, describe, analyze, criticize ad nauseam, and the actual function of the right brain mind is to hold it all in a space that continuously expands, I, my embodied self, even as I cannot help but “search for truth” with my mind must continuously also stand grounded upon earth in order not to drift off into that right brain space, no direction known.

Blogpost Excerpt

Alt-Epistemology: Why We Need It Now

1/13/2019

Standard scientific methodology looks at the left brain as a two-way street:

From the bottom up, that is, starting with “bits and pieces” of sensation (gathered from the five outer senses, and especially, in this culture, eyes and ears), which, by one or another untested, unjustified, unprovable version of slight-of-hand, generates, translates into, “facts,” i.e., linguistic “points” to be trusted as “TRUE.” These facts are then treated as (supposedly stationary) bricks, placed next to one another and above one another in layers (called “connecting the dots”) for an indeterminate period of time and space. This generates a “narrative” which then arrives, sooner or later at an unproved, and unprovable, *because resting on air*, assumption, axiom, principle, dogma; this more or less “highest” abstraction is treated as so “TRUE” that it’s both immutable and eternal, existent *before* any facts used to buttress it, or demonstrate it, or justify it. Once one bumps into the assumptions, then, one can turn around and connect the dots again, this time through rules of “logic,” using them as pipes through which “truths” wind down and back to the sensation that started the whole process.

In other words, the left brain is a machine that moves “data” from one place to another, from bottom to top and top to bottom, according, on the way up, to “levels of abstraction,” and on the way down, to “rules of logic.”

So let’s take a look at what lies outside this machine, in other words, everything else! Both sensation, at the bottom, and abstract assumptions at the top, are — usually ignorantly, unthinkingly, following a “program,” but sometimes knowingly, by design, in

order to “weaponize” — posited as somehow “justified” points that are magically? plucked from the infinite mystery of space.

In other words, at both ends of the teensy-weensy human thinking process, is the all and everything!

Which is why we need Alt-Epistemology as a counter to the western scientific epistemology that still dominates. Which brings me to three posts that are more or less interesting because of how they confound, or get mixed up in, try to guard against, or just plain get confused by western epistemology that by this time has generated “conspiracies” in the place of “theories” and divides us into millions of “points of view,” each one seeing and hearing reality (“siloeed”) in a way that has value to the person who “holds” that point of view.

No two points of view are the same! Get that? Nobody sees the world, in your particular way, while standing in your shoes and carrying your inevitably skewed burden of memory that consciously or unconsciously colors everything you see, think and say. No one! You are unique! I am unique!

Except: at the bottom, and at the top, where we all participate in mystery. Below facts: mystery; above theories, mystery. **There is no closed system in nature.** Not even the one each of us tries so hard to hold on to. Not even mine. Not even yours. Let go of so-called certain “beLIEfs.” Please. Before we all kill each other off in the name of someone’s abstract, “weaponized” GOD.

Blogpost Excerpt

What Is Post-Modern Philosophy?

October 19, 2019

The state of epistemology these days reflects our “post-modern” sensibility, where what is or is not “true” depends on the position of the observer, and just how well he or she can convince others of his “position.” While some still speak of “objectivity,” as if it’s actually possible, those who have been exposed to post-modernism know better. As do I. Not because I’m a “post-modernist,” but because even in my 20s, my own personal experience had taught me so: *all perspectives are framed from within a certain “point of view.”*

Seven years before the word “post-modern” was invented, I noted the blurring of the distinction between “reality” and “fiction.” This was back in 1972, a conclusion buried within my own doctoral dissertation. Thus, no surprise, at one point in my oral exam I baldly stated that “there is a very fine line between fiction and fact;” I remember the moment well, because suddenly, a vibration of discomfort seized the table where all these professors (eight men, one woman) were sitting, trying to evaluate whether I was “worthy” to receive the “PhD in philosophy” from Boston University.

One of them then challenged me: “Give us an example.”

And out of my mouth flew these words, describing a situation that had occurred not too long before: “My son, Colin, when three years old, once asked me, ‘Mom, which is more real, my dreams or yesterday?’” His question was serious. It deserved a serious

answer. But since I didn't know the answer, I honored him for asking it: "What a wonderful question, Colin!"

Well, that answer to their question (with another question) broke up the "dissertation exam" — after only 20 minutes of what had been scheduled to be a two hour ordeal. "You can go now," they told me, abruptly, as they prepared to decide my fate in private.

P.S. I did receive the "PhD," but only because my dissertation was then being seriously considered for publication by Oxford University Press.

P.P.S. Several weeks later, that same press, told me, by letter, that they published too many of the philosophers whose works, mostly in the footnotes, I made fun of. It would be "embarrassing," the letter concluded.

So why am I bringing this up now? Because of all the growing concerns about telling the difference between fake and real news. And my conclusion? There really is no way to tell. No matter where you stand on any particular matter, the next moment might reveal something that overturns your previous position. And furthermore, yours, and mine, and others, because we inhabit separate bodies, all have separate "points of view," each of which, when seen from close to, dissolves into infinite space.

And even so, I'm still an "essentialist," as regards the soul.

So that puts me in an uncomfortable in-between place, embracing contradiction, polarity, paradox, "reality" and "appearance" and the constant frisson between the two. Luckily I continuously aim to get, and stay, centered, in the heart, rather than spend all my time in the brain, trying, and failing, to "figure things out."

As Whitman put it: "I contradict myself? So I contradict myself. I am large. I contain multitudes."

Blogpost Excerpt

Time to Red-Pill the Masses

July 17, 2019

. . . All of which can be pretty well encapsulated in the phrase: *we see what we expect to see*. Our internal expectations govern our external perceptions; they are the invisible framework through which we both identify and assign meaning to various, what are now called, and with good reason, “narratives.” In other words, no longer do single so-called “facts” count. What counts are the various ways we “connect the dots” — i.e., the so-called ‘facts’.” And those ways are, let’s face it, infinite! Because we can always bring in another dot, and completely reframe the meaning, to create yet another gestalt.

All of which is why it’s very difficult to “convince,” through “logical argument,” anyone of anything. And why try? They have their “reality,” and you have yours. All of us in reality silos of our own making.

But . . . and it’s a big BUT!

Certain frameworks that we have absorbed (been mind-controlled into) individually are also (or have also been) embedded in the culture itself. For example, the MSM media, which had a monopoly on both identifying and framing “the news” for many decades. Until, that is, the phrase “fake news” started to pop in. Did Trump invent the phrase? I doubt it. But his constant tweeting of this or that MSM news organ as fake has done the trick. More and more of us are realizing that the MSM media is the propaganda arm of the blue-pilled masses. But now that MSM framework has been breaking down, thanks to the internet, continuously proliferating alt-media sources that we can point to

offer alternative points of view, ways to understand events, plus identifying and promoting events that have been in the shadows.

The point is folks, let's remove our conceptual helmets and shake out our hair. Open our questing minds to the infinite universe. Let go of having to be certain, to be right, to prove anything. *There is no such thing as "proof."* Proof is merely a form that we've agreed upon to help us stuff the burgeoning reality into some tiny box.

Let's face it: we are playing with reality, we are always playing with reality; there's no way we can ever encompass the vast mystery that envelops us, so why not surrender? What have we got to lose except for our massively old, boring, stuck world-views?

This is important. Because once we let go of certainty, there's no more "justification" for war.