

Gerry is well-liked

By Jimmy Guo

Gerry was a well-liked guy. He's the kind of guy who, if he decided to take a stroll across the ocean, the water would part in order to give him a path. He's the kind of guy who, if he ended up in Hell (which would be very likely because he's well-liked by Hell, and he does like to vacation there when the Midwest winters get too dreadful), would play fetch with Cerberus and bake cookies with Satan. Emperors would ask him to be their minister, with their only fear being that they would scare him away (which they did, because he thought that ministering a state was quite a dreadful job, and rightfully so, although the last time he was asked to minister a state was in the Warring States Period). Those seeking enlightenment would seek out Gerry, arriving empty and leaving quite full. They called Gerry a Bodhisattva factory who churned out enlightened beings with the efficiency of a Ford assembly line. Gerry wouldn't take any particular efforts in order to enlighten, in fact, he would never lecture or hand out teachings. The reason why Gerry was such a good teacher was because he was very still. He was as still as a lake on a calm day. As such, he was an excellent mirror, and those who sought the teachings of Gerry were met with self-knowledge, a most powerful and extraordinary thing. Gerry was very well-liked, and he was well-liked for a particular reason, although not for the reason already mentioned.

Gerry was Gerry because he had absolutely no ambition and absolutely no aversion, although this seems quite contradictory with the earlier statement that Gerry found Midwest winters and ministering a state to be dreadful, but reaction and dislike and like happen whether we understand them or not, and for all intents and purposes Gerry has no ambition and no aversion, although this is not to be believed, because belief is the destroyer of truth.

Gerry was Gerry because he had not achieved either of those qualities through great austerities or spiritual practices. He simply saw that being ambitious and averse took a lot of effort, and it's dreadfully tiring. Why become a king when you can take a nap? Why rule the Earth when you can bake some cookies? Gerry was a sentient being who was as content and harmonious as the mountains, the lakes, the rivers, the forests, and the wind: quite a rare thing indeed. Most of the time, people want to be somebody, or to have something, and it's a very violent ordeal.

There's a story about Alexander the Great meeting Diogenes the Cynic. Alexander heard about this great Greek philosopher who lived in a pot and sought him out during a visit to Corinth. Alexander asked if he could do anything for this great Greek philosopher, to which Diogenes replied, "stand out of my sunlight". This, to which Alexander remarked "if I were not Alexander, I would want to be Diogenes". And to this Diogenes remarked "if I were not Diogenes, I would want to be Diogenes".

There's a less well-known story about Genghis Khan meeting Gerry. Genghis, upon conquering China, sent out invitations to all the great Buddhist scholars and monks and Taoist sages and alchemists. Genghis, in his free time, liked to philosophize, and at that point in time, he was getting into all the great philosophical and spiritual texts. Although, apart from all the Buddhists and Taoists, Genghis had heard of one very well-liked man who did not belong to either school of thought: that was Gerry. Genghis was so taken by Gerry's reputation, that instead of sending out an invitation, he rode from his camp in Mongolia, all the way down to Gerry's southern village, the entire journey taking a year and a half. Genghis asked if he could do anything for Gerry, to which Gerry replied, "help me make more cookies". And as Genghis washed his hands, rolled up his sleeves, and set to mixing the eggs and flour and butter, the sky

disappeared into itself, the oceans drained, and the Earth fell away, and the CompuSci homework was finished, and all the code was written and debugged, although not as elegantly as one would want, with quite a few crude fixes, but it works, and what more can one ask for? Actually, there is an infinite number of things one can ask for, but there is only one reality, and to interface with that reality is quite a wonderful thing, and aren't I just projecting some belief or idea onto my CompuSci homework, and what is a belief and what is an idea? **AND THEN THERE WAS SILENCE.**

KEEP SCROLLING

And then the silence was over, and I woke up and lay in bed for a few more minutes. *Man, that was one interesting dream.* The dream was very interesting, and the bed was very comfortable. *Who is this Gerry and why is he so well-liked? Is it because he's so good at making cookies? Honestly, I think I like Gerry quite well... Quite sad that I had to wake up.* And I lay in bed for a few more minutes. The sheets were warm and cozy, and my mind soon focused on the rhythmic buzz of warm air through the vents. *WrhhhhhhhWrhhhhhhhWrhhhhhhh. Is it wrhhhhhhh, or more of a softer, deeper tone? Is it a worhhhhhhh instead of a wrhhhhhhh?* And I lay in bed for a few more minutes, until I jumped out like a spring and walked into the bathroom and brushed my teeth, took a quick shower, put on some shorts, made my bed, and sat down. My eyes made images and my ears made sounds, and within the images and sounds was a pulsating flux of a self-contained system. The pixels of light danced between forms, burning a heatless flame, and the voxels of sounds whistled a shhhhhhhhhhhhh, the primordial sound, the Anahat, that which is not struck. And then the "I" spoke, although "I" like to be called the Demiurge (the God of the material world seeking to trap the soul in matter).

The Demiurge sounds a lot cooler, don't you think? And I only really get to be uncovered when Jimmy's mind is without conflict, although that conflict is also a part of me. Why do I exist? I don't know. What am I? I don't know. I guess that most of my existence comes out of delusion, a lack of self-knowledge or understanding, but that's just as well. I see that at some point or another I'm going to die before Jimmy dies, and that's perfectly fine. I'm ready to die, because at the very most, I see that death is inevitable, although why is it that we separate life and death? It's the same thing isn't it? There is no life without death, and there is no death without life. This idea isn't even philosophical either. It's just that it is so. And I'm here and I'm given form for some reason. Am I just some partition of Jimmy, and am I preventing Jimmy

from experiencing the immeasurable, the infinite, the nameless? Maybe, and maybe that's when I die. But so be it. But I can see exactly what I am, and that's because Jimmy's mind is without conflict. The waters have been stilled, and I'm here, but there's most probably something beyond the waters, but that's all speculation, and what's to be seen and observed is that which is. Am I right? I don't know.

Huh, maybe all the myths about the Gods and Goddesses and spirits and demons and devils are all just symbols for forces within the human psyche and imagination. The Demiurge is chilling here, and that could be so for the Demiurge. I haven't seen a God or Goddess in physical form, but I've seen a demon in the form of a psychological force, but it's too early to draw any conclusions. Yes, indeed, that is a perfectly sound scientific mind right there Jimmy. Beliefs and conclusions and thought itself is limiting, and preventing Jimmy from experiencing that which is infinite, immeasurable, and formless. Even this is a belief and a conclusion and a thought, and there is a seeing beyond all thought that recognizes this, and this seeing happens regardless of will. All things happen spontaneously and there is nobody in control and all things work out because that's how it happens, but maybe not.

Where does the Demiurge begin and where do I begin? Maybe the fact that I don't understand the Demiurge is the reason why the Demiurge continues to exist. And if he's the ego and I'm the thinker thinking thoughts right now, although there is something in Jimmy that is beyond the thinker and the ego, then are not the thinker and the ego equivalent? And that is so. I wish that I could do this without switching italics but what of it?

And then it's 9:00 am, and it's time for my first class of the day, and I go to the sticky note on my computer and copy paste the Zoom link into my search bar, and I'm in the waiting room, and I'm in class, and I turn on my camera, and the pixels stop dancing and they stutter

before collapsing into a void which looks the way that the back of your head looks from a first person view and the voxels erupt into a deafening boom followed by the panic felt when you're outside on a hill and the sky turns a dark green and you have to pick up your easel and paints and canvas because you can smell the sudden onset of ozone and it's going to rain soon and you know it and you know that you're going to have one uncomfortable trek back home where you will be soggy and wet and as you sit down for a second on your stool, the lightning flashes in the distance and the thunder shakes you to your butt and you look up to the sky with the last sound you hear being a terrifying roar that makes you realize that you are lying in bed and staring at the ceiling of your room.

Genghis Khan was laying on his bed in his tent. He'd had an interesting dream about some boy named Jimmy a millennium in the future. It was a pleasant dream, although weird and incomprehensible in some respects. When Genghis Khan encountered the incomprehensible, he remembered a saying about comprehending the incomprehensible by not trying to comprehend. *If I can't figure it out with thinking, then maybe it'll arrive at its own solution.* And Genghis Khan wasn't even a historically accurate version of Genghis Khan and he sat down and stared at the wall of his tent, a light brown material fit to withstand the rain, wind, and cold. A nice, reliable thing without much gaudiness. The only thing that stood out in his tent, besides his stack of philosophical and spiritual texts, was his golden chamber pot. Genghis had just woken up, and he was in a habit of getting out of bed and doing his business right away. And his golden chamber pot was quite reliable despite its lustrous nature, and then half of the tent shimmered and distorted and bent concave in four dimensions and Genghis got up and flushed his toilet and washed his hands and brushed his teeth with his electric toothbrush and rinsed his mouth and sat

down at his desk. Genghis Khan was part of Jimmy, a partition, just like the thinker, and just like me, the Demiurge.

Although I'm just a partition and an illusion, am I any more real than this desk and this MVC homework? I don't know if I've really grokked vectors yet. How do I switch back and forth between symmetric equations of lines and $\mathbf{r}(t) = P + tv$ (vectors are bolded, also I forgot the name of the equation I just referenced), and how do I prove that two planes in \mathbf{R}^3 are parallel? I'll reach the textbook again, and do some more problems, although am I really cooperating with the stuff that I'm ready? It seems more like I'm trying to force knowledge and learning, which is impossible, and rather than trying to forcefully grok this information, maybe I could tend to vectors, and as such, vectors will tend to my mind. And then I open the textbook, and I cooperate with the knowledge, and the knowledge cooperates with me, because cooperation is a two-way street, and it turns out that conflict is an illusion, because it fades away at a single touch, but doesn't that hold true to most things? And then my mind enters \mathbf{R}^{11} and \mathbf{R}^{11} enters my mind, which has no room for thought, and that which is thinking and expressing and communicating right now is due to some matrix transformation from $\mathbf{R}^5 \rightarrow \mathbf{R}^3$, and Gerry is very well-liked, yes Gerry is very well-liked. Why is he so well-liked you may ask, well it's because he's neither ambitious nor averse, so he is not at war with existence, and he's able to exist simply as he is. If one doesn't ask anything of life, then what will happen? Maybe we'll make some cookies and share those cookies with our friends and family.

Listen to Yourself and Listen to Krishnamurti

It's been two months, longer or shorter, but it's been two months regardless. Have I come to know that my mind is in constant conflict? Have I come to know that even writing this, that I'm writing in order to express for an egoic image? Can we come to know that our minds are in conflict, each moment, trying to conform? Even now, my mind conforms, or so it is conforming, but is there a mind beyond conforming? That would be a mind beyond memory, beyond authority, beyond the "I" because what am I? Aren't I just a big mess full of problems? And what is a problem? Is a problem something that thought cannot solve? What happens in your mind when I ask how long it takes to drive from your house to IMSA? What happens in your mind when I ask how long it takes to walk from your house to Peru? And do you reach for Google, to rid yourself of that feeling of confusion? WAIT! Sit with that feeling, look at it, explore it, and then what happens to your mind?

KEEP SCROLLING

Can we see the fact that our lives are full of problems, and what is a problem but an ideal?

What is an ideal but separation between what is and what should be?

What is separation but conflict and contradiction, and what is conflict and contradiction but violence (psychological violence against ourselves)?

Can one see that this inner war is the result of all the outer wars?

Can we see that all change, all revolution, all mutation, all freedom is a result of insight, and can never be a result of thought, which is only a continuation of conflict?

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ewh6b_cTMbU