

TURNING 60



by Miles Mathis

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Many of you know I just turned 60 in September. Those are pictures I took yesterday to give you an update. Some have been worried about me, since I recently talked about hitting the wall in a Brad Pitt paper. You may also remember [my moving to California story](#) from 2021, with the Penske truck, the four cats in the cab, and the near nervous breakdown. I am still recovering from that more than two years later. But as you see I am not dead yet.

I was able to go back to Austin to see family for my birthday, and some fun was had by all. I got to play golf with my brother for the first time in years, and a story comes out of that for those few who can sit through it. The rest of you can skip ahead. I know that if you don't play, golf stories are BORING. I am reminded of *Caddyshack*, where Lacey Underalls has just met Ty Webb (Chevy Chase) at a country club mixer and taunts him with, "I guess you have lots of stories about your ball landing in the road", rolling her eyes. Yeah, I get it, but I am still going to tell my story. I have to listen to everyone else's stupid stories about themselves, so occasionally you have to listen to mine, or skip ahead without making me feel too bad about it.

More than half my stuff is still in storage, including my painting equipment and, as it turns out, my golfclubs. Everything is packed so tight and in such quantities I can't possibly get to anything until I move again. So I hadn't picked up a club in over two years. Rather than rent clubs, I just played out of my brother's bag. You aren't supposed to do that, but what were they going to do. As Phoebe says, there are no police for that. My brother's clubs are nothing like mine, since his are new and mine are from the late 1960s. But I can adjust to almost anything, and the truth be told his were actually easier

to hit than mine. What everyone has been telling me about new clubs is true. Darn. I hate it when that happens. I can't afford the new clubs, though, so I guess it works out I love the old ones. I cherish being stuck in the past.

The funny thing is, my brother has a hook face on his driver and he didn't bother to tell me that. It is dialed full left. His swing is completely different than mine. For those who don't know, you often can't tell by looking at a driver. It is not like the face of the club is slanted left. It is done with interior weights. Drivers since the late 1990s are high-tech gadgets of that nature, and they now cost hundreds of dollars. I don't even know how many hundreds. I got mine for \$20 on Ebay, although it was top-shelf about 30 years ago. Titleist 975, 7.5°, if you really want to know.

Anyway, Brother also made sure we arrived at the course too late to hit more than about five balls, to warm up after two years. I didn't even get to putt. So we get up on the first tee and I hit the ball 30 yards left, so far out in the weeds my hayfever kicked in just looking at it. I took a mulligan and hit the second one 20 yards left, but somewhere in the known course. There was a possibility I might find it, with the help of GPS and a team of sherpas. I finally found the ball and somehow got it on the green with my second shot, hitting blind. I was playing with my Dad's putter, which is nothing like mine, so the first putt went about fifteen feet past. Terrible. My brother joked it was a misclub, on a putt. Funny. He stopped laughing when I made the second putt for a par.

The same thing happened on the second hole: drive way left, awful first putt, made the second putt. Even the guys we were playing with were laughing, joking that I preferred long second putts.

So we get around to number 5, which has a lake all the way down the left side, from tee to green. I am sure my brother was chuckling evilly to himself under that suave exterior, but I was still clueless. I was already two over by then, so I figured it was just going to be one of those days. My expectations were low due to not playing. We were playing the white tees due to the twosome they had paired us with, so I decided to try to drive the green. Of course I hit the first drive about 20 yards out into the lake. I threw another ball down, about to try again, and my brother finally said something. Did he tell me about the driver? Not even. But he did say, "You don't want to do that. Why waste another ball?" But by then it was all about the glory. I corrected my swing and put the second ball on the green, about 20 feet left of the pin. So I could have made it for a par. I didn't, but I did make five, keeping myself in the game.

So anyway, we get through the front nine and I am three over. My brother is one under, on his home course. But I am starting to get warmed up and I have figured out his driver. I hadn't figured out it had a hook face, but I had tweaked my swing to compensate. I was now hitting every fairway. I had figured out the putter, too. So my brother was beginning to sweat a little. I birdied 11 and 14, so I am now just one over, and he is still one under. On 15 I hit first and stripe it and he hits it in the left bunker. There is a river in front of the green, so he has to hit out of the sand and over the river, so I am thinking if I birdie I could see a 3-shot swing. He hits it in the river and I hit it up about ten feet away from the hole. I miss it, but he takes a double so we are now even. I then birdie 16 and go one up. So he shoots one over and I shoot even.

To recap, that is a 32 on the back nine, playing out of someone else's bag, with a secret hook-faced driver, after not playing for two years and coming in cold. At age 60. So yeah, it was a good birthday.

He finally told me about the hook face as we were walking back to the car. At that point I didn't even care. I just let it go. It was a beautiful day and we both played well, so we decided to focus on that.

I actually got through that story pretty fast. I could have made it much longer and more painful for you. Be grateful.

I also had lunch with a girlfriend from long long ago, so that was interesting. It reminded me how funny it is the way things turn out sometimes. Back then she considered herself a punk and a revolutionary, and I was. . . not. While she was listening to the Clash, I was listening to Bread. Very not cool. She tried to convince me to dabble in bisexuality, but I had no interest in that. Again, very not cool. So it is interesting to see who became the real revolutionary. You will say I am still a nerd, which is true, but I have also outed more CIA/government projects than everyone else combined. Not just of everyone else now living, but *everyone else in history*. Same for the fields of art and physics. So, as I say, it is funny how things turn out sometimes.

That tends to prove what [I have been telling you for years](#): revolution isn't about that, and neither is counterculture or being cool. It isn't about listening to shit-fake political music or tattoos or piercings or green hair or duct-taping your Doc Martens. It isn't about taking drugs or slam dancing or wearing a Sex Pistols T-shirt. I *still* listen to Olivia Newton John, and I do more revolutionary things in a week than those people have done in their whole lives. The government devotes thousands of man-hours trying to corral and kettle me and my followers. How many man-hours do you think they devote to countering the punks? Can you say zero? No, they created those people and are happy for them to self-destruct in their little self-limiting pens.

You will say I am sounding worked up again. Maybe even bitter. Maybe even defensive. Oh, I'm sorry, it isn't punk-rock to get angry, I forgot. It isn't punk to solve real problems or attack real enemies. Punk is about internalizing anger in self-destruction. It is about wasting your energy and creativity on styles and poses and CIA-front bands of trashed-out losers. It is about pretending screaming drug addicts are musicians. Just as Modern art is art for people with no eye, punk and most other current genres are “music” for people with no ear. They have no ear for music and so when their “music” contains no musicality, they don't miss it. They figure they might as well replace it with politics and posing, since music means nothing to them.

Punk has never inconvenienced the rulers one iota, and that is because it was created to be “political”, and therefore to channel the nascent politics of the young into these small and meaningless expressions of revolt. It isn't even really political, it just resembles politics by borrowing some of the simplest words and ideas—being thereby *pseudo*-political—but when you get down to it is the destruction and suppression of all real political action via misdirection. Ignoring for the moment the inconvenient fact that many top punk bands were openly Nazi or fascist, which should have concerned these kids who thought they were rebelling against their parents—who they saw as fascists—the whole enterprise was a planned fail regardless of whether it leaned left or right. It was a planned fail because it was a defocusing of energy rather than a focusing. When you got down to it, it was just a big steam-blow, mostly via drugs, so it wasn't going anywhere. No one even talked about it going anywhere. The point was to go precisely nowhere, with a lot of noise and drama.

Another thing leapt out at me during our conversation. She was fishing about my levels of success, and I admitted to her I didn't have any money. But, I said, I didn't care. I reminded her money had never meant anything to me, thinking that was still considered a plus in the punk handbook. But she just said, “I love money”. No really, she said that, and didn't even catch herself or laugh. Wow.

OK, enough about that. I bet you are wishing I would go back to the golf stories. The main reason I

am here today is to talk about aging. To get right to it, I have had a lot of people ask me how and why I look younger, so I will just tell you why I think it is. I have mostly avoided the question so far, though it keeps coming up, since it requires I talk about myself, and many people are triggered by that. Other people can tell their stories and answer questions, but I am supposed to keep quiet. I came up against it while I was home: several people asked why I didn't look 60, but they clearly didn't want me to tell them. It wasn't exactly a rhetorical question—they really did want an answer—they just didn't want to hear it from me. I guess they wanted a team of “doctors” to run a battery of tests on me and file a report. Although I am obviously in the best position to know, I am not allowed to talk about myself.*

But as with the golf story, I am going to tell it anyway. I do so because unlike the golf story, it may, I think, be useful to someone someday. There is currently a big kerfuffle about anti-aging, living forever, and so on, so you would think someone out there would be glad I have finally become chatty, for whatever reason. If not, well, you can skip ahead again. This paper is long and I may get around to saying something that doesn't offend you. I hope not, but it is possible.

Some will dismiss it as genetics, and though that has something to do with it, I don't believe it is much of an answer. In my case, it doesn't really address the facts, since the other men in my family—where I got my genes—haven't aged astonishingly well. Both my grandfathers died at 69 and looked at least 69 when they died. They certainly weren't miracles of preservation. My father will be 84 in October, and he looks about that age. His mind is still good, but his body is crashing fast, as he just admitted to me. Though he was a pretty handsome guy, he has always looked roughly his age. Maybe a few years younger for a while, but not more than decade. My brother was baby-faced for many years, since we both got smooth skin from our mother, but after 45 he looked pretty much his age. He is younger than me but now looks older. My uncles have always looked pretty much their real age. I don't see my cousins much, but one of them was aging pretty well for a while. He doesn't look fifteen years younger now, though.

So it must be more than genetics. I am now convinced it is due to three major factors. The first two are physical so we will hit them first. One, I have a very slow heart rate. Two, I sleep *a lot*. It also helps that I don't smoke, drink, or do drugs. [I almost forgot water. I drink lots of water. I think a large part of aging for many people is chronic and long-term dehydration. Old people look “dried-up”, don't they, and that is no accident. Don't dry up. Keep yourself well watered. And be picky about your water. No fluoride, just for a start.]

As far as heart rate goes, you could chalk that up to genetics, I guess, since I am not a top athlete and never was. My bradycardia isn't due to that. I was in very good shape in my twenties, due to cycling, and have kept in shape since then, but since my thirties it was just basic maintenance. I certainly haven't had what anyone would call high levels of endurance since then, just staying thin and reasonably fit. So I really can't explain why my heart rate has stayed so low all my life. I suspect it was always abnormally low, and I remember having a tendency to faint when I was younger. I still have it, a bit. I have always had to be careful not to faint when sick or when in the doctor's office. The trick is to lie down very fast, so that you don't fall down. Hit the deck so that the deck doesn't hit you.

And yes, my blood pressure is also very low.

But what does that have to do with aging? It sounds more like a malady than a trick for not aging. Well, maybe it is, but one of the side effects is slowed aging. One of my theories here is that age isn't a matter of years, it is a matter of heartbeats. I have had far fewer heartbeats in my life than most people my age, so I am younger in that sense. And the difference isn't marginal. It is something over 25%.

The average heart rate is 70-80, and that has actually risen in the past 50 years as people get fatter. My resting heart rate has been about 48 for decades, and it drops even lower when I sleep. *A lot* lower.

Which brings us to sleep. I sleep about ten hours a night, often more, and when asleep my heart rate is about 38. I have measured it at 35 in the middle of the night, but of course I had to wake up to measure it. So it may go even lower. As you can see, that brings my average way down again relative to most people. According to recent polls, the average sleep is 7 hours a night, and only about 9% of people reporting sleeping more than 9 hours. Most of those will be college boys and the elderly.

So my average rate per day is about 44. The average rate for most Americans is more like 78. That's a *huge* difference. If age is determined by heartbeats rather than years, that almost explains my aging by itself.

You will say, "Great, but that doesn't really help us, does it? We weren't born with this <malady> and so we can't get this side effect."

Maybe, maybe not. What I experience may be a malady and it may not. Which is why I am putting it down on paper for future study. It may be repeatable. As you know, I have decided to talk more about personal stuff—with all the risks that entails for me—for the sake of those who *do* want to hear it, and for the sake of those who already seem to be studying me from a distance. We have already seen some limited defamatory biographies of me by people that have never met me or anyone I know, and I expect more to come. But at some point I think we may see some positive biographies, and they need some material. Unlike the Phoenicians, I have never had a cabal of buddies and promoters that can tell my stories. So if anyone is to say what I have done, where I have gone, what I have seen, and what I thought about it, it looks like it is up to me. Which is just as well, since I don't know anyone even remotely qualified to tell my story.

Anyway, you can certainly sleep more and avoid smoking, alcohol, and drugs. Smoking and most drugs raise your heart rate, so avoid that as a start. Avoid anything else that raises your heart rate, other than exercise in fresh air. Avoid stressful situations, including stressful jobs, stressful marriages, and so on. As far as possible, try to stay as relaxed as possible at all times. A sort of yogi mentality.

I know, easy to say, much harder to accomplish.

What I realized when I started taking yoga in my 40s was that I had already been practicing yoga my whole life, without knowing it. I hadn't been doing the postures (though I was stretchy and loose from gymnastics in college), but I had been purposefully existing in alpha and theta brain states when others had been in beta. What do I mean by that? I mean that I learned early on how to slow my mind and breath down to slow down my brainwaves, which meant I was in a more restful and less stressful place even while awake. This is why people sometimes called me dreamy. At times I remember people accusing me of being stoned when I wasn't. My father called it "being in la-la land". It wasn't a compliment coming from him, I assure you, but in a way it was accurate. I *was* in another place, compared to most people. I am *always* in another place compared to most people. Which is probably why they "can't figure me out" or are even scared of me. I am not existing in that quick, irrational beta state most people exist in most of the time.

Of course this is why I can so easily see through most people and events. It is precisely why I can do what I do. I have sometimes been called an alien or angel, seeming to look down on events from outside. I am not an angel or alien, as far as I know, just a guy living on a slightly different plane than

most. My slowed brainwaves and heartbeat somehow give me both a physical and mental detachment that allows me a more logical look at history. From this vantage I am able to see what most people don't.

Is that a good thing or a bad thing? Hard to say, even for me. Sometimes it feels like a gift and other times like a curse. But one thing is for sure: there is no going back. After 60 years of this I couldn't be "normal" if I tried.

That is why I was such a perfect fit for Bruges. Most modern people aren't interested in living there, though it has always been a tourist town and is very beautiful. But it is considered staid and boring. Old-fashioned. But it could also be called alpha state. It is very easy to hypnotize oneself there, entering a sort of nowhere land or land out of time. You become like the swans swimming slowly down the canals, lost in their own pretty dreams. After a few months there you are surprised your heart is beating at all. That is the way I have always felt, everywhere, but in Bruges I felt at home since everyone else was feeling the same thing, to one extent or the other. I was not an oddball there, just another square peg that had finally found a fit. A dreamer who had found a dreamland.

<Added after a long pause:>

This ability to escape into my own little world is especially useful in times like the present, where things are purposely being made to spin out of control, or seem to. I have a sort of prefab cocoon I can crawl into. It is called my bed, the greatest place I can think of. Others try to escape with alcohol or drugs, but I have my bed. Because I have my bed and can escape into sleep whenever I need to, I can avoid the stress (somewhat). So why can't others do that? Why do they have to knock themselves out with drugs or alcohol to get any sleep? I am not entirely sure, but I have my theories. The simplest answer is too much stimulation. Too much caffeine and sugar. Vidgames. Porn. Hyperactive TV and movies. Many people get addicted early on and can't break the habit. But for most it is more than that. As I have said before, I think it is basic fear of sleep, because in sleep they can no longer avoid themselves with this drugging. Their dreams are not pleasant because they are attacked by their own bad consciences. So they don't embrace the bed like I do; they flee it.

This may be the greatest argument of all for being a good person (and for avoiding drugs). Young people should be taught this, but of course they aren't. They used to be taught it in church to some extent, though we were never taught this specifically. We were told to be good for goodness sake (like at Christmas), or for the sake of Jesus, or for the sake of heaven later, but we weren't warned that if we became bad we wouldn't be able to sleep and our whole lives would begin to crumble. The ones who ignored that and became bad figured they might have to pay for it after death (if ever), but they never considered that they would begin paying for it immediately, starting in their late twenties, say. They didn't realize the fruits of their bad decisions would be set by age 30, and that their early beauty would begin fading fast and would soon be gone. They weren't warned how awful that would be, and how hard to reverse.

Most now assume that is just the way it is. You burn out by 30 and it is all downhill from there. What are you going to do? But that is a horrible assumption because it isn't true. Or it needn't be true. Yes, it seems to be the common arc in modern society, but that is because people aren't taught any better. They don't get it in school, at home, or in church. I had to discover it on my own. Early on, I chose the good for other reasons. Certainly *not* because I wanted to look younger. That side effect never occurred to me because, well, I already *was* young, and looked even younger. The good just appealed to me. I wanted to be pure. I wanted to be clean. I didn't want to be riddled with vices. I respected

myself from an early age and wanted to continue to respect myself. I saw a vision of the future, and I wanted to be that guy who had done the right things, or at least tried to. I didn't want to be that guy that had cheated, lied, and stolen to get ahead. I could deal with failure, since I could see that success or failure was somewhat out of my hands. The world determined that, and I couldn't control the world. But what I could control was my own actions. Even in failure (or being denied opportunity, I should say) I could remain clean.

It was that cleanliness that allowed me to sleep, I think, and it was that sleep that kept me from aging fast. Which is why I keep telling the Aubrey de Greys of the world they are on the wrong track. He thinks he is going to be able to unlock some genetic secret that will allow him to look young at 60, when it has nothing to do with that. **I have now done it, so I know.** The secret isn't some drug or some DNA tweak. It isn't cats brains or baby's blood. It isn't a matter of free radicals or oxygenation or any of that rubbish, either. It isn't a matter of physical purity (or not only), it is mainly a matter of spiritual purity, as the religions have been telling us all along. It is a matter of feeling at home in your own body, and you can't do that if you are an evil bastard. Subconsciously, evil bastards know they are evil bastards, and this knowledge affects their sleep cycles. Once the sleep cycle is destroyed, all health is destroyed, and with it your looks. You get accelerated aging, the bugaboo of a majority of Modern people.

But let's back up and hit Aubrey de Grey a bit harder. Like me, he was born in 1963. So he also just turned 60.



[That's him eight years ago](#), when he was 52. You can see the video at Youtube. I couldn't find any photos of myself at age 52, but you will remember these:



That's me at age 46, 55, and 57. You can see I lost some color and curl in my hair, but that is about it. I have definitely aged in the past three years, with my hair again taking the worst of it, but I don't look to be in the same decade as de Grey. I look at least ten years younger than de Grey looked eight years ago, which is a difference of eighteen years. Who should be lecturing on youth, him or me? I say this pointedly, since it not only proves my right to be here on this page—being a slamdunk—but since it mirrors the form of every other question we come across. De Grey is a rich guy who bought himself expert status in this field, so he gets all the mainstream face-time and promotion. Me, I get buried. I didn't go to Trinity College, Cambridge, didn't grow up in the British peerage, and don't have ties to Mountain View, CA, so I could literally be aging backwards like Benjamin Button and the world would still pretend I don't exist. As it goes on this question of aging, so it goes in art and physics and poetry and everything else I have tried to do. The field had already been bought out by a gaggle of rich phoenies before I got there, and they ain't letting me in regardless. I could have an IQ of 300 and a *oeuvre* notarized by Yahweh himself, and they would still pretend I don't exist. Skull and Bones, you know.

You may think it is mean of me to put pictures of myself next to him, but the meanness is all in the other direction. These people have been hogging not just the limelight, but all interesting jobs and funding, for centuries, in all fields. They inflate or fake their resumes, lie about where they come from, and promote themselves as geniuses while clogging up every field with corruption and criminality. I don't know de Grey and don't know that he is evil, but his face tells us he doesn't sleep well. You should ask him why that is.

Watching that video, I would say de Grey doesn't get enough sun or exercise, either. He looks vitamin D and C depleted. He may have unresolved dental issues, which can cause major problems. And he may drink too much beer. You can see why he would be drinking all the time, since he is now in the embarrassing position of being the world's most promoted authority on aging, and aging MORE than normal. I couldn't find any more recent pictures of him, so it looks like he has gone into hiding. There [is a Forbes article on his turning 60](#), but they lead with a picture him from 2008, when he was 45. Cheating, isn't it? He has gone even deeper undercover since being fired from his own company for sexual misconduct. You will say it is just another example of Men-are-Pigs, but either way is a game-ender for de Grey. The claims are either true, in which case we may assume even worse things are being covered up, or they are false, in which case de Grey has agreed to be part of the international Men-are-Pigs project, in order to disempower all men and split the sexes.

In that *Forbes* article from earlier this year, we also find this:

When I asked him about how aging affected him during the past 25 years, he responded, "I'm one of those repulsively lucky people in that sense. I can still eat and drink what I like and not even exercise, and basically nothing happens."

Wow. Repulsive, yes; true, no. As we have seen, that is just a flat-out lie. If so, why not show us a current photo? You looked like hell at 52, so you must look even worse at 60. Doesn't matter. The truth doesn't matter to these people, and *Forbes* and its writer Alex Zhavoronkov will continue to sell de Grey as young as he wilts into the grave, since it suits their investments to do so. But I have to wonder: those big bleeding sores on his face, what miraculous new anti-aging tech are they a side-effect of?

Just so you know, de Grey was given a PhD by Cambridge at age 37 “for publication”. What does that mean? It means that he skipped the necessity of spending four years in a PhD program like everyone else, being given the degree for work he had already done for other reasons. In other words, the usual bye these people have, gifting them credentials they wouldn't otherwise have. De Grey's BA was in computer science, but his PhD was in biology, in which it obviously helped that his wife—a Cambridge professor—was also his tutor and sponsor. Don't ask how that works because you already know. [We have seen that Ludwig Wittgenstein](#) was also gifted a PhD from Cambridge, though Wittgenstein didn't even have a bachelor's from Cambridge—supposedly a requirement for the PhD by publication. Wittgenstein had only spent three semesters at the Technical University of Berlin, but what the hey, he was a billionaire Jew, so the rules don't apply. So that's the company de Grey is keeping in that category.

Which is not to say that everyone who now looks bad is evil. I want to be clear on that. Many no doubt nice enough people look bad for strictly physical reasons: they don't take care of themselves. They eat too much, eat garbage, drink, smoke, and do drugs. That will prematurely age the nicest person. But they aren't who I am talking about here, as should be clear. Many of them sleep well enough, perhaps. I am addressing a whole class of people—who we both know *do* exist—who have destroyed their sleep cycles for precisely the reason I have given. You will say that's all as maybe, but those people aren't reading my papers anyway. Ah, don't be too sure. They may not be here for advice, you are right, but they are here. The advice gets into their heads regardless, though you will just have to take my word for it.

I finally began to figure this out in my 40s, and as you know I have been warning my readers about it for years. It is now part of my general sermon. But I know that many don't take it too well. Especially those over 40, who figure it is too late. What is done is done, and purity—like virginity—can never be reclaimed.

Wrong. It can be reclaimed immediately, and with it new health and even new looks. I have personal proof of that as well, though on a small scale, and I will now share it with you. Some of you will remember I hit a small wall in 2021 when I had to move out of my house in Taos and go to California. Due to Covid, rents almost doubled at that time and I couldn't find a place. After months of looking unsuccessfully, I finally moved in with a friend who had a room. I moved more than half my stuff into storage and haven't been able to paint since then. I lost a couple of my cats in that period, and the move was very difficult because I had to move myself, renting one of those big yellow trucks. All in all it was just too much for me and I had a minor nervous breakdown. I say minor because I wasn't

hospitalized and was still able to take care of myself. No one was nursing me. But I was in the worst place of my life. Still just coming out of it, to be honest. Physically this expressed itself in my hair turning gray and thinning more. I got new lines on my face. Part of me figured it was all over in that regard, and I buzzed my hair for the first time in my life. I couldn't stand to look at it any more. I thought that was going to be a big deal for me, since that curly blond hair has been a part of my look for 46 years. But honestly it wasn't as traumatic as I had thought. I let it go with barely a whimper. But once I started feeling better in late 2022, I read that you could get the color back in your hair by taking certain vitamins. You might even be able to get regrowth. I figured I would give it a shot. Hope springs eternal, as they say. Friends told me there was no way that would happen at my age. That vitamin treatment was for younger people, they said.

But it worked. The color actually returned to gray hair that was already on my head. The gray became blond, almost overnight. I even got some regrowth. Now, to be honest, my hair still isn't what it was. It hasn't magically returned to what it was at 45. But it is noticeably better than it was two years ago. And this was done mainly with collagen and biotin. . . and with less stress. New kittens helped.



The point is, it is definitely possible to reverse physical damage, even at my age.

Full disclosure: it hasn't worked on the lower beard yet, which is still gray. I sometimes color that to match.

And here's the thing: if I can do that with just a couple of vitamins, just think what you can do by embracing goodness. If you can clean up your spirit and restore your sleep cycle, the sky is the limit on the positive changes that will occur.

This by itself proves de Grey is wrong. You don't need millions of dollars of high-tech research and fancy cellular manipulations to stall or reverse aging and damage. It can be done with sleep and vitamins. Turning hair from grey to blond on a 60 year old is an example of *reversing* damage, of just the sort he is talking about. Sleep is and always has been the main way Nature repairs body damage, along with food, so it amazing de Grey has never had anything to say about sleep.

I know that most of my readers are already good people. That is why they are here. But some will have arrived here from another place, and they will know what I am talking about. They may be ready to hear what I am saying. For others it may not have occurred to them that all is reversible, both physical and especially spiritual. It is never too late to turn the ship around. For every problem there is

a solution. There is always the possibility of repentance and forgiveness and a new path. It doesn't even require you embrace a new religion or join any group. You don't have to become a born-again. You can do it all at home on your own terms, if you like, though for most it will be easier with group support. The important thing is that you admit there is a thing called goodness, however you wish to imagine it. It is a real thing, part of the order of life, and it will impact you whether you believe in it or not, whether you bow to it or not. You can explain it with gods and religion or not, you can dress it in any number of ways, it doesn't much matter, but it will not be ignored. You cannot drive around it, so you best face it and come to terms with it. If you align to it, you will be better off, and if you don't align to it you will regret it. I normally just call it **Nature**.

Some have aligned to another thing, which they know is not goodness. They know it is not Nature. A worldly thing that comes down from the governors, a thing that **does** seem to promise success. Some have said this comes from Satan, and I have argued it just comes from bad men, but the important thing is to flee it. It is death and darkness one way or the other. Goodness does not promise success, much less guarantee it. In my experience goodness is a guarantee of conflict with society, since society is run by bad men. But you have to embrace it anyway, for its own sake as well as your own.

This is the main test of life, as we have been told by all the wise people of history.

I can now tell you from experience that the rewards for passing the test are real. Goodness isn't its own reward, as they sometimes say. **The rewards are tangible**, and they begin in *this* life, among them being self satisfaction, a pleasant face, the admiration of others, and good sleep. Animals and children will be drawn to you and love you, which is reason enough by itself, ignoring everything else. A sort of St. Francis benefit. I have stories to tell there as well, and someday I will get to them.

Like everyone else sent to this Earth, I am all-too-human and have far to go, but if I have any positive qualities, foremost among them is my directness. In my opinion the wise have never been direct or personal enough, and if people remain confused this late in history, it is understandable given the fogginess of the advice we have been given by our sages. Perhaps the words of the sages have been hidden and muddied, none of us know for sure, but it seems to me they should have told us these things in simple words and ideas. They should have told us more about themselves and their personal experiences, as I am trying to do. Perhaps, being far wiser than I am, their experiences were nothing like mine. But it is also possible they feared being accused of what I have been accused of, and will be accused of for this paper.

I am beyond caring about all that, as you know. I want to be of some use to you, and I am not too concerned about what people think of me. They can think what they wish, and they may be right to some extent.* But that isn't the point. The point is to honestly relate the life I have lived, that others can learn from it, positive or negative. I have seen things through these eyes that no one else has seen. The wiser may have seen more or deeper, but they haven't seen what I have seen since only I have experienced this particular life. I am beginning to understand that it has been an extraordinary life, worth telling from my point of view, the more personal and idiosyncratic the better. If I am deluded, well, who isn't, and nothing lost. But if I am not, then it will have been worth putting down on paper.

So let's get back to it. I said above that I pursued purity. Could I be more specific? I can. In a lifetime of choices, do you know what the deciding factor in this often is? **Choice of job**. It was this choice that—more than anything—determined my life. Refusing to join the rat race was my first and most important act of rebellion. My initial bow to purity. It wasn't easy, since it required going against not only my society but my family and friends. It was a hard tack into the wind and hasn't gotten any

easier over the years. But I have never once regretted it. With each passing decade I cherish that decision more and more, despite the loneliness and hardships.

Those who get trapped most often trap themselves right here, by getting on a ride it is very difficult to get off of. The first compromise leads to a long line of them, each larger than the one before. And the sad part is that our society seems to demand this compromise. The entire edifice is built on corruption, so the minute you start joining it is the minute you begin dying inside. You begin by compromising a little and end by compromising everything.

And again, many or most think that is just the way it is. That is life. But it isn't. That is not the world, that is what they have made the world. But it can be made in other ways. It *must* be made in other ways.

You will say you aren't an artist, or don't want to be. So what are you going to do? Well, you don't have to be an artist. You just have to be something real, something meaningful to you. You do a job that needs to be done, not one that destroys the world or preys on people. It could be working at a healthfood restaurant, for instance. It could be building non-toxic houses. It could be making natural clothing. It could be caring for animals. It could be cleaning up the environment. It could be exposing corruption. It could be as a lawyer suing polluters. It could be as a natural doctor, fighting Big Pharma. It could be framing pictures or selling old books. It could be sweeping the streets. Anything truly useful. Better to sweep the streets or repair bicycles than to make millions working for the man. Remember that. You will never be able to sleep soundly working for the man. No amount of money will buy you peace of mind. It will catch up with you sooner or later, most likely sooner.

Many would call most of those hippie jobs, which is why I sometimes call myself a hippie and defend them. I am not really much of hippie, in common parlance, since I don't smoke the herb, don't like patchouli, don't like tattoos, don't like dreads, don't like reggae or The Grateful Dead, etc. But in other ways I am a fellow traveller. I don't do deodorants or perfumes, I like nudity, I am all for naturism and tree-hugging, I love long hair and respect a good beard, I like old stuff, I like bare feet, and I detest being told what to do by corrupt authority. Most of all I detest the American Dream: the cars and the lawns and the chemicals and the vaccines and the insurance policies and the public schools and the pharmacies and the "support the troops" and the mass media and TVs and Hollywood and professional sports and the "ask your doctor" and the whole smorgasbord of garbage that now passes for an existence.

Concerning the doctor/pharmacy thing, I don't believe I have mentioned in any of my papers the extent of my avoidance of all that. Not only do I not have any health insurance (or want any), I don't have a doctor or a pharmacy. I was thinking about that a few nights ago. **I have never had a doctor as an adult**, which I have to think is pretty rare. I have only been to a doctor a handful of times in 40 years. Twice for vague symptoms in the past 25 years, which they told me were nothing or tried to give me anti-anxieties for. I only went in because my mother wanted me to. Another time she wanted me to test for lead poisoning, which came out negative. Before that I have to go back to college to think of a doctor or hospital. I had a testicular torsion when I was 19, having to go to the hospital for emergency surgery to correct it. That was caused by cycling a lot. I haven't been in a hospital since then. When I crashed my motorbike in 2017 I refused the ambulance and the hospital and didn't even take aspirin. I just worked it off at home on my own. I also haven't had any prescriptions since I was a kid. I can remember being on penicillin a couple of times, but not since I was 20. I used to go to the dentist about every five years to have my teeth cleaned, but I finally bought some tools and now do it myself. So I never had a dentist, either. When I went he just scraped some stuff off the back of the bottom front

teeth and told me I did a good job brushing. Which I do. I have a good flossing toothbrush (SoFresh) and I never miss a brushing. I also take vitamin C religiously for my gums. So the dentist seemed like a waste of time and money. Plus I always had to fight to avoid x-rays. Most places now won't even clean your teeth without x-rays, so I told them to take a leap.

That is what I mean by direct and personal. The Buddha or Confucius should have told you about a good flossing toothbrush and exactly how to sleep tight.

So you see why I have zero trust in Aubrey de Grey and all the other doctors and computer scientists who claim they are going to make us younger or healthier with nanobots or gene manipulation or microchips or SENS. SENS is de Grey's program of reversing cell damage, and it means **Strategies for Engineered Negligible Senescence**. You have to laugh. If de Grey knows how to reverse cell damage, why isn't he partaking of that miracle? We can see with our own eyes it isn't working for him. While my program of increased sleep and physical and spiritual alignment with Nature IS working. If I weren't having to fight the entire world all the time, it would be working even better. If youth was my one and only concern, I would immediately quit what I am doing and lower my stress levels by huge amounts. But even while leading exhausting charges on many fronts, I have been able to continue to age very slowly.

Mainstream science is not the answer here. Has health improved over the past 40 years, as computers and their geeks have taken over? No, just the opposite. Death rates are rising, autism is exponential, vaccines are killing millions, and the food supply is poisoned and on the edge of utter collapse. And it is because we find peerage frauds like de Grey at the top of every field. These promoted "biologists" like de Grey and his wife Adelaide Carpenter pose as experts while not knowing the first thing about biology. And I mean that literally. The prime mechanism of Nature is life *and death*. Nature has already solved de Grey's "problem" and he doesn't seem to realize it. The main short term way Nature deals with cell damage is with sleep and food, but the long term solution is death and rebirth. The cycle of biology. Nature gives up trying to restore cell damage and just replaces the whole organism with a new copy: a child. A freshly minted being with zero cell damage. Brilliant, right? Yes, but Modern people have forgotten that, especially beings of de Grey's sort.

And they forget to ask the begged questions: what if we did live to a thousand? What would that mean for overpopulation? It would be catastrophic for all ecosystems, but these biologists can't figure that out. What would it mean for babies? It would mean we couldn't have any anymore. We would lose all those pure young bodies, giving us joy. And we would have no reason to have sex anymore, so we could kiss all that goodbye as well. The trade-offs aren't looking so great anymore, are they?

No, all of de Grey's speeches and books about stopping aging altogether or living to a thousand were always just pathetic and ridiculous. No one should even want that, and most people don't. Only people pathologically afraid of death want that, and that is because they completely misunderstand life. They are scared of death as they are scared of sleep, and for the same reason: their cabal has become utterly detached from Nature. They have purposely divorced themselves from Nature, thinking to outsmart her, and they fear that she has also divorced from them—though she hasn't.

They have the very odd notion that when the body dies, the spirit dies with it, and that is because they don't understand spirit any more than they understand biology or Nature. Spirit—which is real—it is made of real photons—the charge field—LIGHT—suffuses everything, not just human bodies but animals, plants, rocks, air, water, stars, everything. That thing you call you isn't just your body, and it isn't even just your spirit, in that you aren't just the photons that inhabit that body during your life. Yes,

there is something discrete that we call the temporary combination of your body and the spirit that inhabits it, but more broadly you ARE the greater spirit that inhabits everything. It can't really be divided off like that, since it is *always* connected to the greater field and greater body. Photons do not die and the charge field does not die or even diminish, so the human concept of death is mainly an illusion. Nothing ever dies, it just recycles. Not only will you come back, you won't ever leave, since there is no leaving. You couldn't leave if you wanted to. It is not an option.

So how is it that we get so lost so fast here? If we are a piece of God, attached to the greater charge field at all times through real lines, how can we so soon forget that? Well, it is a measure of just how perverse our education system is, that we can turn happy children into confused monsters in just a matter of a decade or two. And I say we, but I mean them: these Phoenicians like de Grey and his cousins who run the world, and have run it for at least 4000 years.

Yes, we are back to that, since all roads lead back to it. To see what I mean, let's look up de Grey's ancestry. Well, it is hidden at Wikipedia, where they don't give either one of his parents. Strange. They say he didn't know his father. Doubtful. My assumption is he is from the famous Earls Grey, which you probably know about from their teas. There are several Aubrey Greys of this line in the peerage, including Major Aubrey Spenser Grey, b. 1929, and his father Commander Aubrey Douglas Grey. So best guess is our Aubrey is a third, and added the "de" himself, to make more explicit his nobility. He is Aubrey Jasper Grey, indicating a possible link to the Tudors. These Greys are closely related to the Egertons and Cavendishes. Aubrey pretty much admits and embraces his Jewish background with his beard, which he explicitly quotes from Leviticus. Telling me his mother may not hide her Jewishness, being a Cohen or something like that.

If these are the right Greys, it also gives us links to Malta, since Aubrey's grandmother is from there. We also have links through her to South Africa. More proof in the same direction, of course. Aubrey's mother may be Jennifer Keyte, daughter of V. J. Keyte, OBE, Chief Transport Officer of Nyasaland (later Rhodesia). There is some mystery about the Keytes in the peerage, since Dame Marion Keyte Roe, MP, had some sort of title, and so did her daughter, the Baroness Couttie. But neither woman got the title from her husband. So where did it come from? We don't know, they are scrubbed. Finally I broke through that blockade. I found Charles Keyte of Warwickshire: his father was a Kyte and his mother was a . . . Stanley, of Salford Priors. Just what we expected.

I remind you that the 3rd Earl Grey was Secretary of War under his cousin Lord Russell in the 1840s. His father was the Prime Minister in the 1830s. One of Aubrey's cousins is Evelyn Baring, Baron Howick, Governor of Rhodesia and Kenya during the Mau Mau suppression. All this helps in understanding where Aubrey comes from, and therefore why he is so lost.

But let's leave Aubrey and go back to the question of sleep and advice. I will repeat what I have said before: get rid of your foam pillows and other bedding doused in fire retarders (for example My Pillow) and go all natural. The best way to do that is with wool. Do you know how easy it is to make your own wool pillows? All you need is a pillowcase and some wool. Get the thickest organic pillowcase you can find, because you are going to use that as your actual pillow. You can make your own there, if you know how to sew, but the Lazy Man hack is just to use a thick pillowcase. Then you just need some wool. Get it from a local rancher or buy a bag online, at ebay or somewhere. Then stuff your pillow to your desired firmness and close it up with a needle and thread. If you have a sewing machine or a friend with one, great, but you don't even need that. Anyone can use a needle and thread. Hide your ragged sewing job inside a nice pillow case and no one will know the diff. You can make your own mattress in the same way, though of course it isn't as easy. To start you need a thicker fabric to

stuff, like a canvas dropcloth. And you need a lot more wool.

While I am on the subject I will tell you a few more health hints. I have had many requests for that since the last paper on it. Avoid air fresheners. Avoid dryer sheets and fabric softeners. Don't use soap with perfumes or dyes. Switch to Dr. Bronners. Switch to an organic shampoo, one without SLS or other fake bubblebers. You don't need all that foam and it is bad for you. I use Carina Organics. I always wash my hair in cold water. Don't use sunscreen, it is bad for you. Just wear hats and long sleeves and stay out of the direct sun from 10 to 2 if you have pale skin. Get a little sun everyday to get your vitamin D, but don't layout just to get tan. Anything beyond a light golden is bad for you if you are a blondie. Moisturize everyday, but be very picky about your moisturizer. I make my own with aloe vera and organic oils like argan, coconut, and jojoba. Darker people may prefer olive oil. Avoid plastic coffeemakers: running boiling water through plastic is not a good idea. I just use a metal cone. Don't use bleached coffee filters. Buy the brown ones. Don't use a plastic cutting board. Always use wood and disinfect it often. Boiling water is the best way, or just buy a new one. They are cheap, so consider them disposable. Don't use plastic plates or utensils. In general, avoid all plastics. Don't buy stuff at the market that is overpackaged. You don't need everything—or anything—boxed in plastic shells. Get your meat from a butcher that wraps in unbleached paper, or request it.

Don't use deodorants or antiperspirants. If you have a problem in that direction, spot wash more often and change undershirts more often. If you have to use something, use Tom's or one of the other natural ones. The mainstream ones are toxic. Also consider changing your diet. Also consider taking a European view of the subject. They aren't as afraid of smelling like humans over there, as long as it isn't taken too far. I personally am more offended by nasty perfumes than I am by a little body odor, since the former is toxic and the latter isn't. Admittedly I don't have to deal with either one much, since I am rarely around people.

Don't use weed killer. Hoe them or leave them alone. Don't use bug killers. Leave the wasps alone and they will leave you alone. Same with ants, which I have never had cause to attack. But if you do, do it without poisons. Get an armadillo. Don't use exterminators, unless you want to die soon. Find another way. Maybe Borax. If it is that bad, maybe you need to move. Move north.

If you have to paint anything, avoid spray paints. Always brush it on if you can, and look for less toxic paints. Clean up with turpentine instead of mineral spirits. Always be aware of what you are breathing and which way the wind is blowing. Have the wind at your back. Be on highest alert whenever sanding, unless you are sanding raw wood. Don't take any jobs where you have to do a lot of sanding. These are the jobs we need robots doing.

OK, enough of the mundane advice. Let's go deeper and return to the spiritual. Another thing I think the sages could have been clearer on is the works versus grace question. I have previously told you I would have more to say on this, and now is the time. Although grace and works are both true and important, I am as sure of this as much as anything: **works should be primary in any talk of how things are**. Why? Because grace is something God does, not you. It therefore doesn't help you to talk about grace. That is God's side of the question. You can't even know who has grace and who hasn't, so it can only muck up the question from our side. Your side of the question is determined by works.

But it is even worse than that, because the whole idea of grace is counter-productive. It has given many people the idea that works don't matter. What matters is being one of God's favorites, for reasons only he knows. These people get caught in a downward spiral and figure it is God's will. He is giving others more grace. It encourages resignation or hopelessness.

See for example [this page](#), which is the first one that comes up at Bing on the question of grace. From top to bottom it is either a muddle or a contradiction. It isn't helpful at all. We are told grace is mercy, not merit, which may be true but unless it is a general love by God, it isn't helpful in a spiritual sense. And if it *is* just a general love by God, then it isn't what grace was historically and isn't helpful anyway, since it is just a squishy concept with no real content. It doesn't help you decide what to do in any real event. We can see the authors on this page are watering down the concept of grace for a modern audience, turning it into another platitude or tautology. When it transcends this blather, it is even worse:

Therefore I will boast all the more gladly of my weaknesses, so that the power of Christ may rest upon me.

That is a quote from Corinthians, and is obviously not Paul at his best. Did he really think Christ would be impressed by boasting of ones weaknesses, in hopes of gathering more grace? Does anyone really think that is the way it works?

The quotes by Biblical “scholars” are even worse, being either empty or unfounded, as where Max Lucado says “Grace is God's best idea”. How would he know? I would think only God can judge God's ideas. And Elaine Heath's quote is contradictory:

The five means of grace are prayer, searching the Scriptures, the Lord's Supper, fasting, and Christian [fellowship].

Those are all works, not grace. There are no “means of grace”, by definition. If grace is not of merit, then you can't earn it, can you? You can't even earn it on opposite day, like Paul, being as meritless as possible on purpose and boasting about it.

Not only is grace not God's best idea, it is among the worst ideas of man. It has bred nothing but confusion, maybe on purpose. Anytime it goes beyond a general belief in God's love, it turns to crud. That is because when it exceeds that idea, it goes beyond any real human knowledge. God's grace is his own, and we can know nothing about it, other than that it does seem to exist. We do seem to be cared for and few of us seem to deserve it.

This is also terrible to find on that page at Christianity.com:

We live in a world of earning, deserving, and merit, which result in judgment. That is why everyone wants and needs grace. Judgment kills. Only grace makes us alive.

What? That isn't Biblical, much less Christianity. Did Christ ever teach that God's judgment kills? What part of the Bible is that supposed to be from? That is just Modernism posing as Christianity. You will say it is here:

Judge not lest ye be judged.

But that is people judging one another, meaning damning one another. Jesus said we don't have that power. Only God can judge us. But Jesus wasn't talking to God, telling him not to judge us. God's judgment doesn't kill, it defines everything. As far as giving structure and meaning to life, it is God's judgment that does that, not his grace.

What is wanted on this question, as on all others, is specific advice. That or comforting belief in order. Which is why the answer should all be about works. Although you may not deserve God's love, you should nonetheless **do your best to deserve it**. We can be sure he will not be impressed by those bragging about how little merit they have—those who, like Uriah Heep, are all false humility. Although we are all sinners, which means we make mistakes, you can be sure we aren't here just to make mistakes and be forgiven. We are here to grow into better and larger people, and it is expected will we make a best effort to do that. That is your spiritual “job” above all others.

How do I know? Because that is what the words mean. Again, it is definitional, as it so often is. The words tell you themselves. We can get that even from the muddled words on the grace page. There we read of lack of merit and forgiveness. If God didn't expect you to do any better, he wouldn't have to forgive anyone their trespasses, would he? There would be no idea of trespasses or forgiveness, since he would just expect everyone to be a total loser. Forgiveness only has meaning in a world where people are **trying to do the right thing**. Otherwise Paul could pray, “Dear God, please don't forgive me anything, because I want as many demerits as possible, to earn more grace.” Do you see how idiotic that is? If God forgives a trespass, that means it no longer counts against you. The converse being that until he does forgive it, it *does* count against you, which means you shouldn't have done it. Which of course means you should *try not to do it again*. Stop making so many mistakes! Learn. Otherwise you would be tempting the Lord your God. You would be testing him: “Can you forgive this? How about this?” You aren't supposed to do that, remember. You aren't supposed to test him, you are supposed to obey his laws. The Ten Commandments, remember? The Last **Judgment**, remember? If you are going to pretend that “judgment kills” just to make things easier on yourself, you may as well give up pretending to be a Christian, or a spiritual person of any stripe. Just be a Modern blob and be done with it.

No real religion ever invented or revealed taught that judgment kills, because that idea isn't useful to anyone. It is only useful to the Modern governors, who want you as debilitated as possible, so that you can't rise up and toss them out on their butts, creating a real world where these monsters were not qualified to rule.

You will ask why I am talking about Christianity here. Obviously because I am tailoring my comments to my audience. I am not suggesting you have to become a Christian, I am just delivering my comments in common Western terms. Those from other backgrounds can easily translate my points into their own system. Other major religions don't have this idea of grace, which I would say is fortunate for them, but they all have an idea of judgment. Judgment in that sense is just a measure of order, and as such is a wholly good thing.

Even on the human level it is a good thing. The plea that we not judge each other is absurd, since we must do it regardless. No, we shouldn't damn one another to hell, but we have to judge everything in order to get on. We have to judge whether the day is sunny or cloudy, hot or cold. We have to judge whether the bathwater is too hot for the baby. We have to judge whether that school is qualified to teach our children. We have to judge whether that person is right for us as a mate. We have to judge whether that color shirt looks good on us, or whether those shoes are attractive or make us walk funny. Life is one long judgment of everything, ourselves and other people included, and it is all good. We should have high expectations of ourselves and others, because if we don't we will surely settle into the low expectations. And we have. We don't need less judgment, we need a hell of a lot more, and quickly, lest we crater altogether. No, not the damning, wrathful judgment of an old preacher, but surely the unyielding judgment of citizens and parents who have had enough of the planned corruption

and dissolution of Modern society. Reversing that requires firm judgment and a sure sense of what is right and what is wrong. It requires a belief in goodness and rightness, and a detailed and unwavering sense of exactly what that entails.

In some ways the relaxed standards since the 1950s have been sensible. We need rules but we don't need a lot of meaningless ones. There is no reason all men had to have the same haircuts, as just one example. We look back on hippies being called "long hairs" with mystification, since what did it matter how long their hair was? Stuff like that is just petty bullshit. We don't need judgment of that sort. On the other hand, the expectation that kids would actually learn something in school was a reasonable one. That is why they call it "school", after all. Maybe if we didn't let the military constantly terrorize them with drills and the perverts discombobulate them with drag queen story hours and a constant trannie salute, they might actually have time for classes. Anyway, I am in Matt Walsh territory now and I like to remain unique, so I will move on.

My point was that judgment is a good thing. Not a petty tyrant sort of judgment, of course, but a demand that the world not be allowed to fall into chaos. A demand that sensible laws and mores continue to exist and continue to be enforced. People need to demand far more discipline from themselves and others, and judgment is the way that is done.

I know because one way I got here is by having a lot of discipline. Not a military, get up early and salute the flag discipline, obviously; but a useful, non-petty sort of discipline that accomplishes a lot in the long run. A discipline that has allowed me to ignore the inessential while focusing on the essential. You have seen examples of it in this paper: never missing a brushing, for instance. I take very good care of my teeth and gums, and that takes discipline. I always get my sleep. I never pull all-nighters, for any reason. I never get drunk. I never overeat. I do not allow myself to have an addictive personality. As a teen, I veered off into OCD a bit, but I broke that on purpose. I recognized it and resisted it. I let unimportant messes sit for days or weeks, telling myself they weren't worth wasting time on. That has been very useful to me over the years, since it has allowed me to put all my energy where it belongs, on things that matter most.

One trick I have used to do that is to pretend I am reading about myself in a book in the distant future. I ask myself, will anyone care about that? Will anyone care if my stovetop was dirty? Or I look back on someone like Leonardo. Does anyone care how much money he had in the bank? Does anyone care if he had weeds in his yard? No, they care about the paintings and the notebooks. They care about what he said and did that was important. The rest is not worth losing sleep over. It fades away quickly. So I expect people to judge me, and *want* them to, I just know they will not judge me on weeds or stovetops.

You may answer me, "But will they care if your gums were healthy? Will they care that you got your sleep? Van Gogh was far more focused on the essentials than you, my friend!" Yes, and Van Gogh died at 37 in misery. Nothing prevents further good works like being dead. I love Van Gogh, but no rational person would set him up as a paragon of good judgment. If I had died at 37 almost nothing I have done would have gotten done. My Muses knew this and guided me from a young age.

OK, let's wrap this up by coming down from on high and hitting the physical again. One thing that helps in those pictures under title is that, being a portrait painter, I know how to light a portrait. I know how to look my best in a portrait. I will give you my secrets for free, so that you can get the best portraits of yourself. To start with, never use a flash when taking pictures of people. It will make them look their worst. You have to set the camera on M, manual, and use floodlights. Not necessarily

expensive floods, just bulbs in silver cones, which you can get at the hardware store for cheap. Use bright bulbs, 100-150W, and don't use the regular old yellow ones. If they even make those anymore. Use color corrected or halogens, something that will give you the whitest light. Light from both sides, but more on one side. I used two lights on my good side and one on the other side. Back the lights off six or eight feet, so they don't wash you out, and light from above, never below. If you don't have lightstands you can use anything else, including broomsticks leaning against chairs. The other big trick is to use the right lens. You don't want the camera too close to you, since that will distort your face. You need to be backed off about ten feet, which means your focal length will be about 70 to 90 instead of the common 55. In other words, your lens is longer. Not telephoto or zoom, but medium length. If you are using a tripod, you don't have to worry about shutter speed, your camera will choose one. But if your friend is taking the pics, she needs to check that the shutter speed is at least 60. Otherwise camera shake may cause blurry pics. Just look on the screen and it will tell you what the speed is. If it says something like 8 or 15, you need more light. Add another bulb on your good side. If you are using a tripod, you just set the camera to delay, which will give you about ten seconds to get into position after you push the button all the way down. Of course all this is assuming you are using a real camera, not a phone. I can't tell you how to do anything with a phone. I can barely make a call.

So, what if I die tomorrow of a heart attack or something? Will that negate everything I have said here? Not at all. It will just mean the Phoenicians have finally poisoned me somehow, after years of trying. Up to now my Muses and my own white magic have countered all curses and poisons, but who knows how long that will last. Or the Muses may decide to recall me for their own reasons. No one knows the times and the seasons, and I go where called.

*Some say, "Why do you keep trying to build yourself up?" Um, maybe because so many are trying to tear me down? Try imagining yourself in my position. I don't think you can possibly conceive of the mountain of personal and impersonal attacks I face everyday, starting with Google and other government censorship, character assassination, blacklisting, paid trolling, outright slander and libel, and lakes of envy, jealousy, and sour grapes. Remember, I am very much NOT a guru, surrounded by supporters kissing my hems. I am a guy living out in the middle of nowhere alone, doing all I do while trying desperately to keep my head above water. My enemies claim I am stroked by my legions of fans, who further shine my gigantic ego. But although that helps a little, it is pretty much meaningless day-to-day, since they aren't here. I don't know them or see them. For a visual and tactile person like me, it is all misty and formless. Besides, my personality was set long before any of this happened: decades of absolute crickets, when no one believed in me but me. Decades of rejection letters from galleries, publishers, museums, magazines. Decades of poverty. Decades of being told I couldn't do this or shouldn't do that. Decades of being told my art was passe. Decades of being surrounded by small, petty people whose greatest wish for me was that I immediately "get small", so I didn't make them feel small. Has anyone ever wanted me to get bigger and better, as I have wished for you (and not just wished it, I have given you—for free—the means to achieve it)? No, never. I saw it in their eyes. They didn't wish me success, they wished me failure—they said to teach me humility—but it was really to keep me from growing beyond their control. That is Modernism in a nutshell: crushing souls and hiding it behind humility or equality. Which is why I have devoted my life to countering Modernism in all its heinous forms. It is why I finally fled into the wilderness and decided to encourage myself to get as big as I could get. I broke everyone else's reins and let myself roam free, without saddle or bit. So now here I am, a monster according to some, a myth for others, a golden unicorn for others. But in fact, I am none of those things. I am just a guy trying to get through the day, while also trying to find some way to take on even more light. At some point, yes, I may believe in myself to

such an extent I no longer have to build myself up or defend myself. Absolute clarity and confidence. But I'm not there yet. Are you? Woe betide the governors if I ever do.