



## ENLIGHTEN THE F\*CK UP!

### *a rebel's guide to waking up*

### BOOK 1: Stories and Reflections

#### “Holding Hands” [ayahuasca excerpt]

I was at a farm in Pennsylvania with about 40 other people for my first ayahuasca gathering. It was about 8:00 a.m. after a full night of journeying, and we were sharing thoughts, experiences, chants, songs, and stories. One guy said he had just bought a harmonica and innocently asked if he could share its sound with the group. The beauty about a harmonica is that any way you blow it comes up harmonious. This is not the same with a penis, where discordant toothwork can feel like nails scraping on a chalkboard. There was silence except for his harmonica creating a few simple harmonies. I found something beautiful in the simplicity. It added a little music that, when partnered with background silence, expressed the love of a bride and her father's wedding dance.

At this point this young cocky kid asked for the harmonica. He started jamming out like John Popper<sup>i</sup> One guy sitting next to me said, “Wow, that's amazing!” I thought it was the ugliest sound I ever heard. I'm not saying his musicality; that talented little prick could take two spoons and create a symphony with them. But while the “Wow, that's amazing!” commenter next to me was hearing a fantastic musical concert, what overwhelmed my senses was not musical notes but a big ego showing off and seeking attention.

That alone would sound repulsive to my ears, but his total lack of sensitivity to how he had just completely overshadowed—and crushed into oblivion—the sharing of the new harmonica owner, to me was like beating Rocky Dennis with an ugly stick.<sup>ii</sup> Suddenly the exquisite dance of Music and Silence turned into Music in the spotlight doing a solo and Silence walking out of the darkness and to the local bar to find his new partner in a bottle.



It was as if a three-year-old came into the room super excited about the shitty drawing she made in art class that day and a parent crushed it into a ball and tossed it into the garbage as they pulled out Rembrandt sketches and put them on the refrigerator and now the little three-year-old has to listen to every guest come in and say, “Look at how amazing those sketches are!” It was never about the artistry, motherfucker! It was about one individual’s sharing.

I sat there dumbfounded that I seemed the only one in the room that felt this usurpation like a professional wrestling body slam. I didn’t expect the immature musician to see this, as all he could see was himself. But all those other so-called “spiritual” people?

In hindsight, maybe I would have said something. The best time would have been when he asked to see the harmonica I could have jumped in and said, “So let me guess, you’re going to give us all an ego-driven performance stealing his excitement with your arrogance, plucking out his seeds of giving before they can take root in their own soil, totally oblivious to how this undermines his message. Got it! I guess you’ll need a few dozen more ayahuasca trips before your massive ego can see beauty in another’s sharing, no matter how technically advanced it is. Alright, great! Go ahead and play. Just let me leave the room. I’m not interested in hearing a selfish prick show off.”



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i. John Popper is the lead singer of the band Blues Traveler and is an amazing harmonica-ist. Harmonician? Harmonicophilic? Harmonica player!

ii. *Mask* (1985) The character Rocky Dennis was a deformed kid who looked like a not-so-distant cousin of The Elephant Man. They might have named him Rocky because his face looked like Rocky Balboa’s after 15-rounds with Apollo Creed in the original *Rocky* (1976). The movie was based on Roy L. “Rocky” Dennis (December 4, 1961 – October 4, 1978), who was an American teenager who had craniodiaphyseal dysplasia, an extremely rare sclerotic bone disorder. The condition usually results in neurological disorders and death during childhood or teenage years. Anyone, especially children, living with such challenges where other kids can be very cruel is heartbreaking. Since I don’t have a heart, I just find it funny.

—Satya 🍌🤪🕊️

Let me know your thoughts!

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