



*Getting to know me? Reminds “me” of hearing the old UK parody radio show “Knowing Me, Knowing You” that I first heard when I lived in Osaka, Japan -- almost 20 years ago. Teaching English, visiting broken down Zen temples and trying to get over the hidden consequences of divorcing your (my?) childhood sweetheart at the turn of the millennium.*

*Okay, yes, Ryan is correct -- I hate bios & introductions.*

*However, I almost perversely wrote a super in-depth three-page biography in response to this. I’ll leave that for now (maybe it’s available upon private request) but the creative tension between these two conflicting impulses is now being channeled into this odd document. So, let’s get to know me a tad...*

*Currently, I’m sitting in my old, slightly sloped, house on the north shore of the world’s largest freshwater lake in Ontario, Canada. I am listening to the Midnight Gospel soundtrack (“Feels good to be a zombie” track) and an isochronic gamma wave beat on headphones. While this weird combination floods my ear-brains, I am fielding very intricate questions about meditation practices -- a speciality of mine -- from an Italian entrepreneur while also trying to compose an email that will solve some editorial problems for the Metamodern Anthology I’m co-editing with the English publishing company Perspectiva. Here’s the author bio I’m using for my concluding chapter to that volume:*

*Layman Pascal is from Sointula, British Columbia. Imagine that was my whole biography? Just that obscure hint of the misty green isles of Canada’s Pacific coast where I was born. Beautiful simplicity. Shall I say more? I seriously doubt that the details will be an improvement. Nonetheless, I am co-editor of the current*

volume as well as an author, business owner, public speaker, meditation teacher & co-chair of the Foundation for Integral Religion and Spirituality. Still more? I am a former admin for the Integral Life forum, contributor to ReVision, Integral Review, Voices with Vervaeke, etc (and that's a big "etc!"). Perhaps I am primarily a philosopher dealing with nonduality, integral theism, postmetaphysical spirituality, meta-progressive politics, planetary shamanism, metatheory, coaxial developmental models, the cultivation of subconscious intelligence, the metaphysics of adjacency (MOA) and the so-called "integration-surplus model of spirit." Recently I have been acting as Chief Podcaster for The Integral Stage wherein I have hosted diverse interview series about metatheory, depth sexuality, meta-level authors, integrative podcasters, spiritual transmission & political transformation. You are also welcome to follow me at [laymanpascal.substack.com](http://laymanpascal.substack.com) where I compose articles upon private request.

I have a tab open in the Google Keep app on the Chrome browser to make notes for my follow-up interview with Jim Rutt -- about how the Game B social platform is operating. Although my eyes feel slightly tired, my mind is flowing smoothly and my body feels good, open. I attribute this to my morning coherence meditation, yoga and coffee. Standard routine. Usually in the afternoon I'll do an insight meditation, bathing, breathing exercises, sex and go hiking for about an hour.

Three step-kids are here one week on, one week off. I also have several god-children but haven't seen them in a while. I like two of them. Tonight I'll be cooking salmon and crispy kale and probably re-watching a couple of episodes from "Twin Peaks: The Return." It's 30 below outside right now. The ground is covered with snow although it's been a suspiciously warm winter for the most part. I come up with a lot of excuses to go outside in order to listen to audiobooks (or books I convert to audio in order to prepare for interviews) so the backyard is very well shoveled by now. My brain thinks being outside in the cold is a substitute for my daily cold showers -- so I have to fight it on that point daily.

I'm sitting in the living room next to the interesting, but not very comfortable, brown couch. In the corner of the room, out of the corner of my left eye, is an orange crystal lap, an aloe vera plant in a buddha head planter and a large baby yoga doll that I bought my girlfriend for Christmas. Next to it is a rack of bamboo clothing from the shop (temporarily closed to due to a stay at home order in our province). A copy of "Rudi in his own words" (Swami Rudrananda one of the first North American kundalini teachers and the spiritual mentor of Adi Da) lies on a book-filled wooden crate with an

*orange-tipped bug zappers. My back is to the ceiling-high bookshelf that I have organized by color -- red shelf, blue shelf, black shelf, etc.*

*I just looked up the lyrics to the fragmentary, surrealistic zombie song I'm listening to:*

*First, we're born  
And then we die  
And in between  
Most of us spend all the time crying (Crying, crying, crying)*

*Once we were blind  
But now we can see  
It feels good to be a ZOMBIE*

*We move slow  
Because there's no need to run  
Besides, what's the point of running  
When it's love that you're running from?*

*Life was a jail  
And we found the key  
In the bite of a ZOMBIE  
Ooh*