

PRACTICAL OBSESSION

The
UNAUTHORIZED
AUTOBIOGRAPHY
of a
MAD MYSTIC

N. Nosirrah

Illustrations by A. Nosirrah and B. Nosirrah



SENTIENT PUBLICATIONS

First Sentient Publications edition 2015
Copyright © 2015 by N. Nossirah

All rights reserved. This book, or parts thereof, may not be reproduced in any form without permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

A paperback original

Cover design by Kim Johansen, Black Dog Design
Cover painting by Dorje Dolma
Book design by Timm Bryson

Library of Congress Control Number: 2015935800

Printed in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

SENTIENT PUBLICATIONS

A Limited Liability Company

1113 Spruce Street

Boulder, CO 80302

www.sentientpublications.com

PUBLISHER'S PREFACE

For the many scholarly researchers into the life of N. Nosirrah, we have very little verified information on the facts of this renowned mystic's history. As you will see as you read the pages of Nosirrah's autobiography, his sense of time, geography and even location in his body or in the body of someone else is an ever mutating expression of his transcendental vision. We have tried to piece together some of the fragments of his life in the following paragraphs to give the general reader, and not just the academics who seem so fascinated by this amazing man, a sense of Nosirrah's life.

There are references to Nosirrah's birth in *God Is an Atheist* that would place the blessed event in the year 1923 or 1924 in Berlin, Germany or possibly Paris, France. However, it is not clear from his writing whether this is accurate or a passing reverie on the part of Nosirrah, who suggests that he may be the bastard son of Alice B. Toklas and Franz Kafka. It is clear from historic research that Toklas and Kafka were

both in Berlin in 1923, and that Toklas was at the end of her childbearing years, however there is no clear record of Toklas and Gertrude Stein raising a child as indicated in this book. That lack of historic reference to a child does not in and of itself disprove Nosirrah's childhood, as he clearly suggests that Toklas and Stein hid and denied his existence as a pathway to preserving their relationship to each other in the face of the carnal indiscretions between Toklas and Kafka that may have begat Nosirrah. Whether this secret childhood is a historic fact lost to any who have chronicled the lives of Stein and Toklas or a metaphor for Nosirrah's profound sense of no-self is something that historians and scholars will no doubt debate for many years to come.

Nosirrah goes into great detail about his life in this autobiographical work, however there is no direct reference to his date of birth. He does indicate that he died shortly after birth, which is assumed to be either a near death experience or a clinical death with an extraordinary recovery, and not simply a metaphor, as this event seems to have fundamentally altered his state of consciousness. We can summarize by saying that he has lived in an altered state throughout his life and largely recounts his attempts to integrate that state of being, to communicate it, and to find his way to others who might share that energetic state. Nosirrah reveals himself to be a true master of mind and consciousness, a traveler through the inner and outer worlds undaunted by any obstacle, and it is for this reason that we find his work to be of such value.

In his book *Chronic Eros*, which was originally a collection of chapters removed from *Practical Obsession* in

an attempt by Nosirrah's editor to protect his image as a spiritual master, Nosirrah portrays a world of raucous love, fantastical romance and Eros so convoluted and absent of normal sensitivity and social perception that the reader is left wondering whether he ever really had a relationship with anyone, other than perhaps his muse and the bane of his existence, Lydia, whose full name is thought to be Lydia Smith, or possibly Lydia Smythe (this may be her maiden name), age unknown, although it's likely that she was younger than Nosirrah, who has made clear in all his writings that his interests lie with younger women. It is thought that his editor stimulated Nosirrah's greatest literary works, but may have also been the co-creator of them, perhaps to a larger degree than Nosirrah liked. There are some who suggest that Nosirrah was actually only semi-literate and Lydia was not just his beloved but also his ghostwriter. Accounts of their tumultuous relationship suggest a romantic and possibly carnal relationship, and further indicate that it broke down in anger over another woman. Lydia apparently would never see or speak to Nosirrah again, but would continue to "edit" his work.

In *Chronic Eros*, Nosirrah did claim to have mastered the esoteric inner essence of the *Kama Sutra*, particularly the full lotus mounted butterfly position, and claimed to still have scars to prove it.

Nosirrah seems to have been simultaneously devastated and liberated by the loss of Lydia, producing his most difficult and obscure work, *Nothing from Nothing*, in the ensuing melancholy over the loss of his muse. As he recounts in *God Is an Atheist*, Nosirrah tried to suppress the publication of

Nothing from Nothing, but was apparently too late, as Lydia already had the manuscript. It is clear from the events surrounding this book and its content that there was a second breakdown of Nosirrah's altered mind state, one that he may not have recovered from and which is in evidence in the text of *God Is an Atheist* as well as passages from his doomsday novel, *2013: How to Profit from the Prophets in the Coming End of the World*. This shift seemed to occur when he was a young man, already renowned as a spiritual teacher, when he walked away from his followers, enticed by yet another woman, with whom he sired two sons, known only as A. and B. Nosirrah. Although we know that A. Nosirrah illustrated some of Nosirrah's books, no person has ever come forward admitting to being the offspring of N. Nosirrah.

Nosirrah mentions an E. Amlod in unpublished notes, and this individual is likely to have been an adopted daughter met high in the Himalayan Mountains during Nosirrah's attempt to circle Mt. Kailash, a trip not documented other than with the fact that he was rescued by Amlod, a Tibetan nomad who strapped him to a yak in a semi-conscious state (Nosirrah that is) and delivered him to a doctor in Darchen, Tibet. Amlod had come across Nosirrah attempting to circumambulate himself, having conflated himself with Shiva in a fit of ecstatic mysticism. He had been at it for weeks with little progress. Mt. Kailash, as you may know, is thought of by the Hindus as the seat of Shiva, some would even say it is the embodiment of Shiva. Once removed from the mountain, Nosirrah made a quick recovery and, in gratitude, Nosirrah adopted Amlod, although it is not clear whether this

was a legal act or an act of Nosirrah's imagination. Amlod was brought to the West, where she went on to become an artist of some renown, although producing her work under a pseudonym.


Nosirrah fashioned his parenting style after a François Truffaut film he stumbled upon in 1970, which he took to be a documentary on child raising (apparently *The Wild Child*), and seemed pleased that A. and B. could neither read nor write, ate on the ground without the use of their hands, and walked for the most part on all fours.

Nosirrah apparently has some kind of following, although we have never met anyone who has directly met Nosirrah. What is collected here is largely anecdotal and hearsay. Nosirrah himself has written: "Those who understand these writings have no need to meet me, those who do not understand have no reason to meet me, and those who need to meet me have no need to read my writings."

It is not clear whether Nosirrah is alive or not. There is no record of his death, just as there is no clear record of his life. He himself stated very unmistakably that he is not. We do not know the extent of his writings, only what we have found by long searching and many adventures with collectors of rare books.

Few lives have been as fascinating as the life of Nosirrah, or could point so directly to the essential truths of our existence, and more importantly, perhaps, to our non-existence.

If you have any further information on the life of Nosirrah or his work, please let us know so that we can incorporate it into future editions of this autobiography.



I pen this at the behest of those who have traveled with me over not just the dusty miles I have trod, but the seemingly endless years of a life that is more than just odd. Yes, far more than odd, rather a life that is an anomaly of such gargantuan proportion and of such rare defect that it is statistically impossible to have occurred. Yet this very book is proof that the life I will describe did occur. Or is it that it was imagined to have occurred, a dream, an illusion, a story by the self about the self, a self which does not exist, a No-sirrah that does not exist? It is really the same, isn't it – the life and the dream – after all, I am a narcoleptic with hyperthymestic syndrome, I can remember every detail of this life but I am asleep when I remember. This is not so important, although I am told it is unusual, but what is both important and much more than unusual for a narcoleptic hyperthymestic such as I is that I can forget the entirety of my life and be totally awake. Sleeping is a dream, remembering is sleeping,

so to be awake is to forget and to forget is to remember who I am not and the life that I never lived.

I refer here to my life, and the oddity is that it is at all, and further, strangely, that it is not a life that will leave any trace that there has been a life at all. Perhaps, rather, one would say it is a blur, or a wave, a movement of some subtle nature, but certainly not a biographical event, historically placed, documented by the detritus of modern day existence, bills paid and unpaid, and photographs of times and places, and possessions made with plastic, glass and chrome. Yet, I am writing this unauthorized autobiography, having not given myself permission to write it, and with no desire to cooperate with such an intrusive book and yet compelled to write it all the same, as accurate a story of the unfolding of Nosirrah as there could ever hope to be. Clearly, it is the fiction of memory, the myth of the self, that there is a biography of a someone when surely we have seen by now that there is indeed life but there is not division of that life called me other than in the imagination, an imagination arising only out of the division, the division arising out of the wholeness and therefore not two at all, just the illusion of two, the imagining of wholeness and the memory of two.

I write this, as I have just said, not for the general public, for they would have no idea of what is being expressed in these pages. The casual reader would not proceed further, putting this work aside for another time, and that other time of course not coming since there are so many other more stimulating activities than to read the nonsensical ravings of a maniacal philosopher who has himself never even read

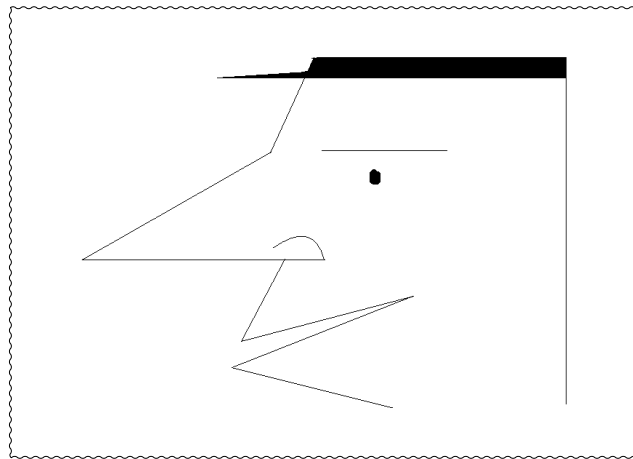
Heidegger, an enlightened dervish who has never adhered to any religion, a mystic who has transcended the fundamental need to transcend and who accepts his own contradiction, for contradiction is the fodder for philosophy, and Nosirrah lives from the energy of contradiction, or as Heidegger once wrote in his amazing body of work, “making itself intelligible is suicide for philosophy.”

No casual reader would have an interest in such apparent drivel. Thankfully.

No, I write this for those who have gone with me from the expansive, unlimited cosmic consciousness, the godhead beyond reality itself, descending through state and form, quality and qualia into the very molten center, the core of lavaic energy.

(And let me be clear that by lavaic I refer to the fiery quality of a volcano, not the well-endowed Martin Lavaic, whom you will remember best from his stand-out performance in the classic film *European Farmhands*, known not for its dialogue, for the words of the film are few, but for the deeds depicted in the film, the profound interactions of the stud farmhands who chop wood, carry water and then roll in the hay with each other unfettered by clothing or the necessity of women, now two, now three, now more, all filmed in that arty, grainy way that tells you this is a film of great substance as well as being anatomically expository. Martin was truly lavaic, as was our relationship, by which I mean a relationship with him that was more than just the 1,143 times I have viewed the phallic follies of *European Farmhands*, a relationship I have never before revealed except once in a glancing

reference in my scintillating, banned-in-much-of-the-world-for-good-reason tome, *Chronic Eros*. I cannot be caught up in my memories of Laviac, or I will catch fire even as I write. Martin, wherever you are, we will always have Prague.)



European farmhand

I digress, but molten energy of the third chakra is after all a derivative of the fundamental energy that I allude to above, before the distracting parenthetical comments.

I write for those who have come to me as students, who know that while they will never understand, they must continue to learn, with graduation unattainable and with a teacher who is impossible to please and just as impossible to disappoint. While many have called me a teacher, just as many have called me a madman, only a few have called me what I am: vast nothingness enfolded in the apparition of form, a mirror reflecting the mirror image of itself, a

holographic fractal in ten dimensions and three time zones. I don't need to write a coherent sentence because I live in absolute freedom and do not care a whit if you read any more, except if you do read further, and then I care more than anything in the world. If you are not currently my student, then I must break the news to you that it is too late to become one, as I am taking no more students. I have all the students I can possibly handle. The other important point is that I have no students because I am not a teacher. So, not only is it too late, but even if it were not too late, no positions are available. Exceptions will be made for those with large trust funds or young, beautiful women, send pictures and/or copies of your asset accounts to me care of the publisher. I might consider you if it doesn't involve a question about a personal problem, family issues, money issues, health issues, or a philosophical issue that is actually the avoidance of any of the aforementioned personal problems. If you are looking for a sublime experience, an interesting encounter, a mate, a story to tell your friends, or to chalk up one more teacher in your list of teachers you have met, it would probably be better to look elsewhere. Try a Google search on the phrase "spiritual gurus looking for followers" or check Craigslist under "Enlightened Ones seeking Students." What I teach is for everyone and anyone, it is free, it is simple, it doesn't require a teacher or student and so it is available to only the few who don't want the packaging, who don't even want the shiny object within the package, but will settle only for the space that is both inside and outside the package, the shiny object, and students themselves.

Have I digressed from the tale of my life? So I have, let me return, abruptly leaving the subject of the last paragraph and jumping without any connection whatsoever to the next. It seems an inexplicable writing technique until one realizes the deep symbolism of the disconnection of the birth of Nosirrah from anything before it. This birth was a priori, nothing informed it, nothing created it and there was not an experience of it other than Kant rolling over in his grave in Kaliningrad. You didn't know that one of Germany's great philosophers is buried in Russia? That is because he wasn't buried in Russia, he was buried in Germany. World War II changed many boundaries and what was Königsberg, Germany became Kaliningrad, Russia.

I will tell my story as if I had been born, as if I have lived and as if I write these words. You will know that I never was born, that I never lived and another writes these words as if he is Nosirrah, this other is one so vast that there is none other than the other. This is a paradox, but one I have come to accept, I am one and I am none, I write and I don't write, it is my story and it is my truth.

My story is an illustration of the potential of a life and a cautionary tale for those few who will tread the path of inquiry. It may read like a slightly pornographic literary thriller of epic proportions, mythic in its message and dramatic in its unfolding, but I can assure you that everything recounted here is the absolute truth.

Do you question that it is the absolute truth? I can hear your humanist whining, your statements of contradiction, and you shout: "There are no absolute truths!" You are

absolutely correct. Get it? Now that you have encased your objections in paradox, let us continue with absolute truth.

I will tell you the absolute truth about my life. If it is absolute truth then it will be universal and applicable in all times, all places, all conditions and all states of consciousness.

Let me give you a clear example of absolute truth: God exists if I am not wrong in my belief in Him.

That wasn't difficult at all and I think we can agree to the truth of that statement and we can challenge anyone, anywhere to refute its truth. This truth is universal and will remain true under all conditions in all times.

So, in this work we will be dealing in absolute truths and you can entirely rely on these throughout.

Have you ever been aware that you are unconscious? I don't mean that you have deduced this condition or been told that you were unconscious, but have you had the direct conscious experience that you were not conscious? I think not, therefore we can say that consciousness is continuous, can we not? It is absolutely true that you cannot be conscious of being unconscious, and therefore you can be conscious only of being conscious, and therefore, consciousness is continuous.

Why is the realization of continuous consciousness important? Two reasons.

First reason: you can now declare yourself enlightened, since continuous consciousness is the goal of enlightenment-seeking spirituality. You did it; you are illuminated, good job! But you need certification and lineage and that certification is available through my company – Enlightenment,

Next Customer!, LLC – for just \$99.95, which includes a listing on Sarlo’s Guru Rating Service, a wall plaque signed by me allowing you to teach in the name of Nosirrah or anyone else since Nosirrah is one with all beings so if you would rather be authorized by Buddha, Britney Spears or Babe Ruth just fill in the space provided. You will also get a laminated, wallet sized card that you can show as ID when being arrested, at the urgent care clinic when they ask for your insurance card, or if you happen to be traveling in Arizona and are not Caucasian and don’t wish to be immediately deported – society has great respect for enlightened beings and we have found this card to be superior to a library card in these situations and just slightly less effective than running away really fast. Plus, you will receive 500 business cards proclaiming you an enlightened being, which is immensely helpful in networking for a job if the unemployment checks are about to run out or if you are speed dating or just want to show your card to your mother when she complains that you are still living at home on your fiftieth birthday. Place the plaque on your wall in your home office, next to your GED and the third place finish in Adult Kickball you won last year and you are good to go: start advising the huddled masses of the unenlightened, confused or just simply bored on how to live the life of truth. Some enlightenment organizations charge thousands of dollars, make you sign over your trust fund or make you do tedious practices like meditation or listening to the senior enlightened leader people droning on about your shortcomings and, let’s face it, none of these organizations are going to declare you enlightened in the end anyway. Enlightenment Next Customer!, LLC

is the number one enlightenment certification company in the world. And, if you order today, you will get, absolutely free, the exciting companion manual *How to Answer Spiritual Questions with Profound Answers that Will Keep Them Coming in the Door*. This book, valued at \$19.95, is yours absolutely free and includes complete instructions on discouraging on crowd pleasers like “Why the Seeker Isn’t Trying Hard Enough,” “If You Do What I Say for the Next 20 Years You Get to Tell Other People What to Do, But Only If I Say You Can,” and the all-time favorite, “If You Question Me, That’s Ego, If You Agree with Me, That’s Clarity,” plus the bonus chapter, “I Have The Microphone and You Don’t, So I Can Humiliate You and Make It Seem Like I Am Doing You a Big Favor.” You can get all of this free, but you must order now. Call today.

But we were discussing continuous consciousness, and the second reason continuous consciousness is critical is as a literary bridge to the beginning of my life, and hence the beginning of this book, which is, after all, an autobiography, and if I don’t get to the story of my life pretty soon it will result in this book not being published. In that case these words would not be entering into your brain, altering that brain fundamentally in the realization of the absolute truth that enlightenment is simply an idea, not a special state, thereby rendering you at once free of the notion of enlightenment and simultaneously enlightened. And that paradoxical state of enlightenment as freedom from enlightenment was my condition at birth, a birth that never was, and I will do my best to get to that birth and the beginning of the book, but now that I have started, it may take me

quite a while to get there. The many psychiatrists I have encountered in my life have suggested that I have major issues with beginnings (as well as middles and ends). I think that beginnings suggest to me that there was nothing before what has begun because if there was something before then the beginning would not be a beginning, it would be a continuation. For example, my consciousness is continuous, just like yours, no beginning and no end, and yet people keep insisting that I was born, and I have a great deal of trouble with that, which psychiatrists have called a variety of things from depersonalization to attachment disorder, diagnoses with which I couldn't agree more, but the issue is that they seem to see these as problems, where I see them as solutions.

Have we confused the appearance of a body and the sense that we occupy it with our essential identity? What, then, is it that is cognizant of the apparent body? Does this cognizance disappear when the body does or is it just a change of scene?

Let me put it to you this way: if you are humming along on the road of life and the desert turns to mountains, you could say the scenery has changed but why would you think the driver has changed? It is certainly the beginning of the mountains, but it is not the beginning of the trip. It certainly does not mean that the mountains are driving. It doesn't mean that the mountains were born when I come zooming along or that I should become unhappy when the mountains can no longer be seen, unless of course I cannot see the mountains because it is night and my headlights are not turned on and I crash into a bridge abutment, which would really hurt. And this is why I don't like beginnings,

because they turn life inside out and chop it up into pieces that we then become attached to and mourn their end and if we don't get attached to the pieces, but just stay with the continuum, then we have an attachment disorder. In Nosirrah's School of Psychiatry, we have disorders too. We have personality disorder, where a person thinks he exists. We have attachment disorder, where a person becomes attached to a subset of the whole and forgets about the whole itself. In Nosirrah's School of Psychiatry we give drugs to help people hallucinate rather than to help them stop. We give shock treatments to anyone who uses smiley face emoticons in their emails or who talks about integral spirituality. The ground of reality is not the goal of Nosirrah's School of Psychiatry; old psychiatry accomplished that and look where it has gotten us. Our goal is the imagination of what is next. That creative movement is sanity; it has no beginning because it is not in time. Absolute continuity of consciousness is the ending of time and it means that Nosirrah was never born, rather we could say continuous consciousness became extruded into a new form, a form emerging from nothing at all. Nosirrah was born but at the same time I knew that I was not and never had been.

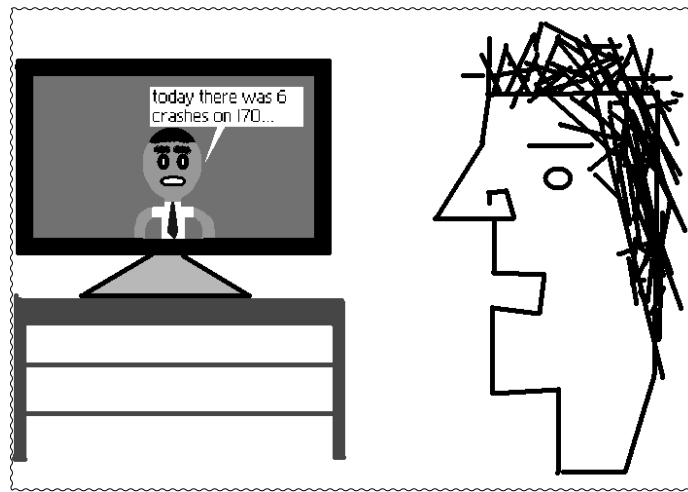
I lived my life backwards, having died just after birth. For one such as me, who lived a lifetime in just days, there was no time to waste because there was no time left. This was not a Merlin life, moving ever younger with a vision of what the future held, but a life so compressed, so dense, that time stopped, breath stopped and all of reality was experienced and then collapsed into itself. The doctors couldn't help, because they ceased to be, the mother's tears didn't

fall, there was nothing at all. It was so beautiful, so vast, so undifferentiated that nothing could describe it. Yet it did. Life moved without time or space, and created as that description. Breath moved. Time began. I am, yet I am not. I am, only as a description by the absolute beauty of nothing, the description by the undifferentiated everything.

Mine was a struggle not to transcend life, but to descend into it, a journey not to enlightenment but to the darkest regions of embodiment, the ecstatic tortures of the flesh. For those spiritual acolytes who are struggling to improve yourselves, you can stop now, for when you have finished your perfecting and affecting, your meditating and flagellating, your yoga stretches and your genuflections, your careful diet, careful breathing and, God help you, your careful breeding, and you are the best you that you can be, it won't be enough and it will be too much, it will be sublime but won't be worth a dime, because the best that you will realize now that you are sensitive, quiet, clear and vegan-clean is that, unfortunately for you who have now missed out on years of hedonism and debauchery, what you will realize is that you are still you, and this, my friend, will send you crashing and crawling, collapsing and bawling, down, down, descending down the chakra stairs you so agilely stair-step-machined up, down to the depths of what you transcended, the gunk, the muck, the Maya that is the spiritual DNA of what you are, and you will be so disappointed and depressed that you will give up all spirituality and become cynical, angry and hurt, but nobody in your life will even notice, no one will see you anymore as you now

are, in your nasty form, because all they will see is your still lithe, Pilates-stretched body and Rolfed-to-clear eyes, so you will have to start eating meat and stop all bodywork and stop all exercise, drink lots of coffee and watch endless hours of television and obsessively sit in front of the computer and have no more hot-stone massages with salt rub, no manicures, pedicures, in fact, stop even bathing, until you are a bloated, dulled, bloodshot-eyed mess and finally your form will reflect the energy state and those who know you will tsk-tsk and avoid conversation that might lead to the question of what the hell is going on with you, but really what they are avoiding is that energetic state in themselves, and what you might tell them if they did ever ask, which is unlikely, is that their skinny, spiritual bodies and their narrowly spacious, spiritual minds and their ethereal, spiritual spirits can't handle the energy that they are running from, which is why they are running so hard for perfection, and that it is going to be a rough time when the spiritual meets the actual in any life, but of course that is exactly what happens when you are running the spiritual sprint, you run into yourself, the self you left behind when you started, the self you didn't want to be, and like an elevator where the cable has snapped and everyone is screaming, the descent is quick and the result is the destruction of everything and in that destruction lies the freedom from everything and wasn't that what you were looking for when you had the first neurotic thought that you could improve yourself? No, probably not, but there you will be, like Nosirrah, unkempt and smelly, bloodshot eyes, rotting teeth, nails long and cracked, feet

so far gone that we cannot begin to describe their condition without causing permanent damage to the reader's peace of mind. No one will give you the time of day, you walk the streets without notice, perhaps drawing a little pity or a bit of disdain. You are no longer a spiritual seeker, nor are you an ordinary person, you have mutated. Here is the thing about rotting teeth, and by metaphoric extension, all putrid and disgusting aspects of the body that result from the destruction of the spiritual self: the rotting teeth spread infection through the bloodstream to the heart, the heart becomes hardened and begins to fail, it is not just the appearance of decrepitude that we begin to manifest when our spiritual quest is destroyed, but we literally experience a broken heart. There is no further down than a heart that has given out, and as the heart falls to pieces we can definitively say that we have hit bottom.



Watching endless hours of television