

RECLUSE WRITINGS



RECLUSE WRITINGS: FOR THOSE ON THE OUTSIDE OF THE MATRIX

Sauron – black cube of Necessity

Masonic realities:

Bureaucratic apparatchnik

Tension and division are the fundamentals of the modern mind

Howard Hughes

The post-post-modern world

Horror stories of the end times

The paranoids

Politics and the political

Gender bending, role inversion

Strange places:

A sad misfortune:

The dream vs. the reality

Proposals:

Signs:

Lines on a page

The Left Hand Fumbles

Bloodsport:

What I am I am through you, what you are you are through me

Utilitarianese

Instability

Routine

The eternal now

The Beatle's "The Yellow Submarine"

The creepiness of creepy man

God is a light shining in silent stillness

Ethical precept:

The simple things in life

Epistole ad criminalis:

Making a big deal out of the trifles

The sensation of being overhead

Ethical dilemma

"VAMP"

All work and no play makes for a dull life

Eagle

Capricorn

The dialectic of the sexes

Employment and consciousness

Familia

American woman stay away from me

Gang-stalked

"Who am I?"

'Neti, neti'

Poem – "Apropos Failed Apotheosis"

Art

The carefree generation

Boozy-B and the hamburger stand

make a contribution
On the value of privacy in developing the higher self:
Divorced from reality
Recollections of Hanford's "Where's Waldo?"
Baby-boomer greed
'Once bitten twice shy'
Judge ye not
Trauma's deleterious influence
Personal identity and the morality of the name
Auto-hypnosis
Religion
A gesture
Small causes, big effects
Man and his machines
Hope
Reality and appearance
On the immorality of pets:
"Energy, hierarchy, pleroma"

"Recluse Writings"

Sauron – black cube of Necessity

Looking behind the veil anticipating a stunted wizard of Oz sham with a cowardly creature bent at work attempting to engineer reality through magical technologies – hypnotics, audio-visual distortions, alteration of sound resonances to confuse, distort and blind the victim to the real presence behind the curtain – but, horror of horrors what lurks behind is no mouse of ludic proportions but the complex workings of legions of satanic minions, pale-faced dark-robed figure gaunt with ascetic self-abnegation lifting stones with effortless willpower, visages stoical and unblinking the eyes amidst the subtle machinations of black machinery unknown in its mechanism – the fabric of an illusory reality torn asunder by a presence unimaginable in the scope to the human eye. Hubris of humanity conjures forth via stargate portal at the base of earth's pole from far-off planet of hidden menace phalanx upon phalanx of Saturnian soldiers for the occupation and possible termination of the majority of the denizens of earth. The chosen few he forged the link that ensures their eternal slavery but in humble obedience willingly offer up limbs for measurement and the manacles to fit – tailor- made in the dark obeisances to Beelzebub long ages have prepared them for. Is this the fate of man – to be brought down through the armaments of a select chosen of distant kinship? The genocides of the past celebrated by these hidden vassals of their sinister overlords pale in comparison as streets fill with blood feeding the extra-terrestrial guests in whose honor the feast is prepared. A fantasy or horror show? If only it were so; pop-cultural vehicles of this message antedating its advent clearly outline the inevitable according to prophecy of ancient law a law of iron necessity as created by the source of all law, determination and finitude Saturn. A practical strategy is begged by the desperate survivalist but minimal advice is rendered by a tortured mind, that of a cornered animal hearing the approaching tread of an angry master. Fear and anger compete for supremacy in the mind by turns: the former a hardly suppressed emotional response the latter a desperate lashing out of that fear, defense metamorphosed as an attack in feral earnest. Control! The imperative is sounded as the trumpet heralding last hopes for triumph cries into the gloom its muted call – the mind takes control, ousts fear and trembling from driver's seat and grasps the wheel with white-knuckled concentration. To drive into the gates of hell past Cerberus' gnashing teeth towards the evil one – Yaldabaoth himself with the machine guns of unknown force discharge to vitiate through unknown means (conversion, combat, and ignorance)? The unknownness

of the absent god who is coming – and now arrived – makes preparation of proper defense a hit and miss affair – one pulls out weapons of vast array and plies them against the foe – but the curtain closes and all who bear witness to the lone white knight know not his fate. Has the presence of Sauron blackened the armour; has the emperor brought forth the demons within – or emplaced them as parasites – or perhaps stern guides to manoeuvre the knight towards – what? Doom, for all, for himself, or the prophesies, are themselves of conversion and the white knight is absorbed in the ain soph aur – and this is as it should be and could not be otherwise? - The necessity of Saturn and time compelling an absorption into the mormo-like hive mind of the Pleroma, the oneness of being in completion. Or is all mere violence, destruction, victory amidst life and death? Only time will tell, if when we die we go to heaven or hell.

Masonic realities

The mystery tradition – behold its secrets! - The hidden gnosis of the hidden god. All pageantry and ostentatious garb conceal the ain soph aur, the boundless light of limitless nothingness. The outer conceals the inner and is equally barren for those who have eyes to see. Quod? No caveats? Or is this the hidden secret, namely that to all appearances there are only appearances but hidden behind there is in fact a secret? One must concede that the boundlessness of nothing is vast indeed and that, perhaps, there is actually something to it? The pageantry, the ostentation: sparkling points of light suppressing the darkness latent within, warding off the superficial and blind. Of course how could they be other than blind when their eyes are plucked out by the compass of masonic influence, the worm-like scope of ouroberos as it twines round the earth, circling towards completion at Jerusalem? Nevertheless the secrets exist and only initiates may obtain its understanding. Perhaps this is for the best – the salvation of the souls of the best from the ravages of the beast and its emissaries? Clearly a reality lies hidden, a canker worm in the tequila bottle of status and apparent altruism. The body is a vehicle of the soul and the secret lays perhaps in the accommodation of other souls – multiple drivers of a common husk? Or perhaps amplifying the soul with energy from other souls; or perhaps transmigrating the soul (self) from the body to other dimensions simultaneously or not the hearsay of demon possession seems likeliest given the behaviour, the externalization, of the secrets of the mysterium – clearly a human character is effaced at the expense of some ‘other’ than what previously existed. The reality of this is credible given the behaviour of the individuals which comprise the masonic organism, the world/oversoul of a strange/dark energy matter being and its supports. Perhaps this is the realm/temple of Solomon, the architecture of a protoplasmic-energetic nature which serves as a bioenergetic parasite that feeds upon the energies of those beneath through generation of fear and lower vibrational frequency states – and then transmits this energy to off-world entities from, for example, Saturn or the Pleiades, etc. These perhaps are the Archons? The process seems straightforward: purify self, heighten conscious awareness thereby through myriad techniques (meditation, yoga, fasting, etc.) then involve oneself in rituals which create various torsion field states that enable higher dimensional entities to be invoked and merge with the being in question (initiate), and to confer knowledge in the form of an intuitive gnosis or to obtain powers of the subtle force nature. Like a Jedi of the dark side – this apparently the goal of the ‘Lucifer’ who garners this label once these states are obtained. Obviously the morality of the acts of those involved is inimical to the average person but is nonetheless a reality in itself – these states are obtained and claims perceived from the uninitiated perspective (frog) as ludicrous receive confirmation in their praxis – and only through it as knowledge without experience is barren. Given the reality of these practices and their correlative states of existence the question devolves upon the prudent: what should he do with respect thereto – to condemn morally is an empty practice in avoidance of these effects unless such condemnation manifests in the form of technai that could be styled ‘white magic’, or even ‘grey magic’ as a neutral process that simply adheres to the copper rule of non-maleficence. But one deals with maleficent entities and so must either oppose or

enjoin; to remain non- maleficent would appear to be possible only for the most spiritually developed if at all. Thus the disjunctive choice of good vs. evil rears its head and a devil or an angel is the outcome.

Bureaucratic apparatchnick

all-powerful being, self-absorbed - the be all and end all of your narrow function. All else is extraneous, foreign; you exhibit a xenophobia of the social for you are the absolute and everything is relative – to yourself as the center of the multiverse you construct out of your machine-like imaginings. All is function and you are the demiurge – the architect of your own personal realm. You live amongst endless possibilities that are, in their ‘Otherness’, which for you amounts to cacophony, a chaos of entities disconnected and random with which you play as a child with Lego blocks building a utopia from the blueprint of your ‘imagined consciousness’. Like a small child you stand over your playthings – a generalissimo commanding the deaf-mute army to obey your will; they comply – of course what else can mute entities do when stripped of self-actualization through a legalistic castration. You dance the Dionysian dance of sacrifice as you parade about with your collection of wergild – the scrotal sacks of your vanquished enemies who lie in the mass grave of your willful ignorance of your contrivance – willfully ignorant of their lives. Behind the desk you gloat – a charioteer with blades that manifest in pen and keystroke; wheeling about to sever the life’s blood of combatants in the gladiatorial contest of master-slave dialectics; you must win at all costs for victory is the golden crown which replaces your apparent crown of thorns. Tyranny with a smile converted into the laser-like penetration of reductivism; all is rules, regulations, policies, and justifications; a red-tape tangle of cruel necessity that lays waste the superfluity of freedom. Freedom is latent in necessity; right lies in obedience to law enforced by overarching might. The chariot wheels round the arena, blades slashing the corpses of potentiality and vital action to serve as soil for the maggots in the wheel of Ixion to develop themselves (from out of themselves) dialectically, materially. Materialismus vulgaris is the ground upon which the chariot runs. Cruel laughter issues forth from the maw of the machine- being bureaucratic apparatchnick, as blood from the crowds of the scythe-like machinations.

Function embodied in algorithms; the conclusion forgone – ordines geometrico. The machine invigorated by sentient spirit, one would hope a formerly vital and creative being to serve as the ghost within. Unfortunately the ghost is itself an aetheric machine that never had the creativity that would enable it to be called autonomous in a meaningful sense. Merely another packaged product created by systemic forces in the vacuum of suburban utopia in the box of the condominium corporation as another cracker-jack prize to be blown as a whistle then discarded on the waste heap of the sewers of modernity. The faint flicker of the divine spark gradually putters out, as a candle in the wind of the metatronic cyclone of a system of efficiency that operates on the basis of purely economic/energetic considerations and thus degenerates into a graveyard of entropy. About face! Flip the script. The demiurgic presence Shiva-like in its operating enables the running of the machine which enables the freedom of the individual to obey the law and lose its autonomy. At best a springboard to actualization. At the present moment a vortex of degeneracy and sickness unto death to enter which leads to one’s down-going is the inevitable slippery slope of a time-dependent Saturnian gnosis. There is something oddly female about the apparatchnick the conformity, the relativity despite the arrogant claims to absolutism; the pedantic rule- based reasoning (deontic logic in its most fallacious form and lowest octave); the cow-like posture as the apparatchnick stoops over the computer as a calf protected by the cow - a herd animal within the herd. Threats conditioned and developed out of its paranoid (‘para’ meaning sort of or probably unreal) gnosis. They ‘seem’ to be but are not realities yet the liberal builds defenses and attack stratagems into its battle plan against the ‘other’ despite the complete unawareness of the other for the liberal and that lasts’ surreal construction of the ‘other’ as a fictitious though to him real entity. Hence victimhood serves as the springboard for conflict though liberals are too afraid to enter the fray on their own and hence can only attack (and attack they must!) within the walls of

their fortresses, slinging faecal matter by way of catapults constructed by engineers more clever and perhaps sinister in their hegemony than the liberal. The case of the Jews (themselves paragons of victim complex, slave morality and paranoid persecution complex borne of a racial deviance that is rooted in biology) serving as an overarching group, a collective tyranny, tribal despot or many-headed hydra serving as the hidden force behind contemporary (and historical) liberalism is paradigmatic. The cowardly liberals, bloodlustful for power and dominance through passive aggression and deceit are themselves victims of the deceit of their overlords the Jewish cabal of self-appointed self-deified 'chosen' (self-chosen). Thus exists a power-structure concretizing the victimhood complex/slave morality as a weaponized psychology directed against the 'other' and its otherness while itself attempting to turn the tables against the other through vilification implicit in its own victimhood complex. To portray oneself as a victim is to imply the villainy of others; to address the other as an 'other' in relation to the self (i.e. the collective which one hides and finds unity/solidarity through immersion) is to posit a dialectic of a known victim (however deceitful and fictitious) and an unknown villain who is of course secretly branded and vilified/implicated as the addressee of the dialectic, the one before whom the dirty laundry is laid as an animal defecating before a master who didn't feed it the best fare possible.

Tension and division are the fundamentals of the modern mind

: society as it exists is the forum in which these existential modalities play themselves out in a perpetual bellum omnia contra omnes a chaos of conflicting interests between rivals fated to battle unto mutual destruction.

Those who are not so narrow, who refuse and/or are incapable of pigeon-holing themselves into a demographic a collective of like-minded beings who partake of and constitute a totalitarian oversoul in the anthill/beehive society are crushed between rocks and hard places these violent entities perpetually thrust at them as so many daggers at their enemy, the 'other'. They as a 'we- subject' constitutive of a 'they' chain marginalization – but always as a collective and hence not really an 'other' except relatively, relative to mainstream identity. The real marginal is the being who does not fall into these crystallized categories of conscious identity formation but either exists as a monad in the sum total in between – interstitially – the obtrusive groups who hegemonically assert themselves to his detriment or exists within one or many collectives that are either indiscernible or common-sensical or other that further is as a suit of clothes ill-fitting the being in question. The rejoinder to this characterization of the marginal is that 'we are all marginal, etc.' – but the very reference to collective belonging, the inclusive pronoun 'we' implies the opposite, a vacuous mass of goyim who follow each other off the cliff of individuality into their own mass grave, emphasis on the word 'mass' – for the herd is the annihilation of the person qua person. The more effort put into oneself the more differentiated from the collectivities he may have participated in by virtue of properties possessed. The more rudimentary the being the more easily he may be pigeon-holed – collectivization is a dumbing down process via which the whole world of more sophisticated complexities is burnt to ashes.

No phoenix issues forth from this pile but simply the dead souls of the great and the good to be vampirized by the destroying forces of the collective and its engineers/archons. The myopia of beings who are collectivized and who participate in the collective enables their rulers/archons to socially engineer their existence without opposition. Their petty divisions with the 'other' enemy they are pitted against distracts them from the cause of their own limitation and crystallization within the collective as well as their tortured existence as a soldier in a culture war, cannon fodder, human chess pieces mobilized for the entertainment of their overseers. The collective is totalitarian, psychic chains that encircle the mental body of the individual and pull it in directions otherwise not sought. However the saving grace of the collective and of its totalitarianism is that such influence may bear beneficial fruit the direction and degree of quality of influence determining the benefit relative to the individual's construction. The individual monad is a boat within the aetheric sea tossed about on its waves and yet

generating waves of its own as a reverberation, a response to the prevailing influence. The resonance between these beings – rival influences on an aetheric level begets a harmony necessarily through an adjustment or fundamental attachment with being. A continuation of confusion – from the most minute twists and turns of materiality, the minutiae of the daily grind, to the over-arching and largely unpredictable (in terms of details) looming future of inevitability that leaves one in a state of apathy knowing (or sensing to the borders of knowledge) that no matter which path is taken it will be a tenebrous one beset on all sides by unknown enemies. The trajectory of consciousness is always ‘away’, ‘escape’, ‘pursue’, and never face the emptiness of the present reality, always seek the imagined object, yet it always fades upon initial pursuit as the figments of the imagination are continually generated and the quantum wave function is collapsed by the observed meaning that the conscription and the realization are unaccomplished; the conceived is distorted and finished before it begins the process of attaining realization. Hence one stumbles about in a state of confusion with no compass for direction and is like the weather cock spinning in a whirlwind – certainly no angel. Perhaps that is the goal – to become the Enochian angel in the whirlwind and to dwell therein, within the eye of the storm hearing the voice of the silence (to patch together metaphors). Clearly thus it’s the only recourse to preserve sanity and the integrity of consciousness/soul from the inevitable fragmentation this society creates given the perpetual divisions between its members. An unsound mind in an unsound body in an unsound environment – when the last is destroyed – the psycho-social-natural-aetheric environment and/or violently distorted and perverted the mind follows as a result. Living in a madhouse is no prescription for curing madness – only a withdrawal and substitution with a healthy alternative landscape in which to dwell is possible as a remedy. One can’t simply negate the negation as the vacuum remaining would consume the building blocks of sanity through the desperate silence of an empty nihilism thus a positive and more harmonious substitute might be introduced to generate a necessary stability amidst the chaos of present instability. So much exertion so little yield of benefit. If only imagined objects could be translated into concrete reality – the confused cacophony would have to be diagrammed in a strange writing or symbolism – in a dimension beyond the physical. Yet contradictorily the petty simplicity of the content brings it into being as the Qlippothic excreta that emanate from the bowels of a stew-bum. Truly a fallen paradise to skip about in, a veritable sewer of the intellect. The world of beings conceived of as layers of density of matter – the earthy crudity banging their hammer and tongs against the dross of failed projects and raining upon the earth as Nascar hats, aluminum cans of liquor, jungle drums and shamans shouting to the elementals in sacrifice of the higher forms; from this leaden layer of density emerges a silt of being more particularized and light – still gloomy loam with no divine spark; from thence and upward waft more ethereal emanations bringing contact with the physical beyond this into the metaphysical. Life had become a torment or more like an irritation under the influence of this perpetual mosquito – the sensation of a presence hovering around you and waiting to vampirize your energy until you become a husk of your former self, the vitality along with the years robbed by this bloodthirsty gnat. Dependency was imposed as a shackle upon former liberty of consciousness simply through the irritable presence in its presence. The positing of the other through its willingness to be posited by another was a necessary result of the impingement upon consciousness of another (the victim set up as a target of vampirism, the crosshairs locking on to the target with every reaction, every direction of attention through a deliberate binding of other to self through annoyance, irritation, intrusion, and obfuscation. A recovery is now necessary, a convalescence, a going within to hear the voice of the silence which had been muted through a deliberate dulling of consciousness as a desperate means of escape from this haunting being and his perpetual jockeying for a position of dominance – a means to put his boot on the neck of his charge and crush out the life force absorbing it to augment his own failing senescence. The being who is dying draining others’ vital force as a vacuum into its antimatter center; the death drive of the dying god pharantically drawing in execution the blood of his temple devotees; sacrificing on the altar of his ego consciousness the autonomy of his unwilling devotee. To drive away the virus, the parasite is to banish

it to the grave – yet the only recourse for its salvation is a blood-letting of one's own self and an inevitable self-destruction. Thus self-preservation and construction must pay the price of another's life given that the term of that life is vampirism, parasitism. One must be not so much cruel as ruthless, cremate care on the altar of survival and thriving; cosmic law decides which scale in the balance of good and evil predominates and if one harkens to the harmony of the spheres he may tip the balance with impurity within its bounds, and fatten his pockets with gold. The fragility of life: necessary conditions present it perpetuates – take them away and they are gone. Quality of life is equivalent to life in most cases. What is the purpose of living without quality? One may as well pass on into some other state than linger or simply to subsist from one moment to the next. This can't be known except in its absence. Those born in privation are content to live a blind life in a mine shaft as the vehicle of their will. Who can say if they are not more righteous in persisting than the wealthy dowager who lives to 'entertain'? What is the greater suffering – the idle gossip of fools or the clang of the hammer? So long as one is conscious – that is the main thing as it is the necessary condition of vital quality, its absence being a living death – the blind life of an empiric staring out at an undifferentiated manifold of beings. To confer and create identity and meaning one must be conscious of the potentiality of beings and the capacity of consciousness to render and determine them in their being – otherwise they are a welter of forms without content, shape, or color – and the night of ignorance sets in before the kaleidoscopic array of the indeterminate immediate. Memories are brought forth through clearing the body of inflammatory influences, of dulling substance that amounts to so much detritus – how can clarity be attained in the midst of murky congestion? And further lacking the vital substrates conducive to brain function that venerable and prime organ of higher consciousness – no cholesterol, no saturated fat is the same as mental suicide, the perpetual fog of brainless inertia and confusion. Impetus for thought stems from a healthy vehicle when that thought is manifesting from higher planes through the physical vehicle and thereby reaches articulation; no healthy body no healthy mind: kill the body and the head will die, the healthier and purer the body the greater energetic/aetheric transmutation occurs serving as a veritable springboard to higher states of consciousness. And conversely...to keep oneself as pure as possible is to enable the perpetuation of one's ever upward evolutionary progress. The upward striving is proportional in intensity to the preparedness of the self for ascension.

Howard Hughes

examines his skin at the cellular level for imperfections. A microscopic myopia for this navel-gazer the trees are dendrochronologically analyzed but the forest is in flames. He has set fire to it with his magnifying glass. His goal was to live – now his fate is to die and swallow the bitter cyanide pill of defeat – ashes to ashes, etc. The galactic spruce goose soars into the subtle planes of the empyrean and the forest itself, the universe miniaturized in Hughes' mind, disappears, folded into the pleromatic freshness of the novel home – the air freshener of spruce replaced with an uncertain je ne se quoi. Such is the fate of all mortals to be and not to be, occupying the funeral pyre of the material while reaching towards the ideal.

The post-post-modern world

unpredictable chaos of peoples, places and purposes. To navigate the whirling vortex with one's humble bark is to be sucked into the depths with the Kraken of one's imaginings. Who can explain the course of the madman at the helm, assuming a course is taken. Those who can – have no control over the wheel and are lashed to the mast as punishment or to the galleys confined. In the end only fate prevails and providence nowhere brightens the gloom – swirling downward one's undoing beckons with dreadful curiosity.

Futures lie hidden behind a screen of endless possibilities and the voice of Oz.

With no changes to entropy life implodes with a whimper. This would be a maddening chaos: prison. Confined day in and day out to the same perspectives and sounds - the same wind-up music box

creaking out the broken tones of a dull refrain - to wind it up again and again without change...
madness the end result, an escape into the mind a transfer from a carceral institution to a madhouse.

Horror stories of the end times

The mists of silent death pervade the atmosphere; fog banks of genocide inhaled into respiratory systems – Alzheimer’s victims for Moloch, bodies to be carted to the fertilizer mill – organic, earth-friendly; such is the prophecy of the new-agers – old yet new as the serpent seed has traced its line in the sands of time to time immemorial – to Sumer and Akkad and the stars before the cloud banks hang with a threatening portent of inevitable doom; demons disporting across one’s vision, beckoning from the open-air prison of UN governance, make that un-governance in the sense of a false democracy – democide of organized Jewry; only a people (if such they be) as self-destructive would throw their own children (O’ Israel) into the arms of Moloch. What is to be done but what any cornered rat/dog, etc. would – to escape or fight the aggressors and to build immunity to the poison, whatever chiliastic form it assumes (chemtrails, EMF, GMOs, chlorine, heavy metals, vaccines, police state, legislation, radiation).

The paranoids

have been confirmed in their judgments – the unknown that has been their source of fear stalks ever closer; shark-like, circling the doomed carcass of an innocent. Happiness of yesteryear/faded memory disappearing in the chemtrail haze/the tears of our youth naught but mustard gas burning corneas / the ice cream of innocence bovine mammary gland secretions pasteurized and radiated; one eats lobster – for breakfast! In spliced-gene leaky gut syndrome causing corn pops – solace lies in the flicker of a high definition 50” TV screen not the warming yule logs of former times in Middle America. The horse and buggy replaced with the communistic collective speeding bullet skytrain from which eyes dart over a landscape carpeted with townhouses valued at a lifetime of mortgage payments. The trees and grass of those ancient days of yore so tangible – now burn waste, computer generated images of a professional animator working for slave wages at Disney. A time to be born – stillborn as one lives a living death as a human wetware zombie, interfacing with the latest model of a microwave death device – the idiot phone of electronic addiction. Light up an electric cigarette and watch yourself communicate to the NSA. The new normal is the anti-natural – celebrate Mother Earth while you golf on a strip of AstroTurf. Suburbanite understanding of nature is a cul-de-sac of concrete borders – house-lined fields of asphalt, bordered above by criss-crossed sheets of aluminum/barium/strontium rosy setting sun. The purple haze of the new aeon is upon you! Do the St. Vitus’ dance as you scratch your needle-tracked arm and fidget with the DTs – in the Age of Aquarius. Panem et circenses are the fare and festivity of the novum Romanum – fiddle away and burn for soon the holocaust will encompass your bodies and the material will turn to ashes, ascending Lucifer’s to the heights only to be reincarnated as worms – bouncing off the chemtrail columns in the wheel of Ixion, never to flee the mortal coil of the Jew world order. And the writers on the typewriters in the Akashic record type the tale of man’s victory and defeat. The hidden hand masks the guileful face of cunning – while to suffer the harsh features of deception in an arc sodium glow of euphemism. The blinking eyes of guilt betray the mendacity of the mind which guides them / wizard behind the curtain pulling the levers of political machinations / Beads of sweat trickle down the flushed face of a canker worm, parasite from the bottomless pits worming through motions subtle with adroitness / The strong, honest, proud, guileless – the people march to their destruction, heads empty with ideals, comradery, cordiality/ white smiles grace faces black, brown, yellow, red, white – toothless maws gaping in the incandescent light –of nuclear holocaust / struggle against a secret power and insert one’s fingers into vulnerable crevices –Chinese finger-traps choking the circulation from impotent fists / led by the ears like a child receiving punishment / Beating against leaden walls with inoculated limbs numbed with enervation / The walls close in sator square fashion – containment, a trapped animal with nowhere to turn. Futility the only fate of Tantalus; poison dripped

into the veins with the serpents fang of a vaccination; one fades into oblivion while others feed as vampires on the youth he ceases to be – absorbing his energy, leaving a husk behind. The feeling of free-fall on the back of a neutron bomb / lightness in the bowels as adrenaline surges with the lightness of the rush – winds sweep one as a purge of material existence trending towards the inevitable – the long-time of free-fall lingers as sand permanently stuck to the hourglass walls – one anticipates their draining away but waits with bated breath staring into space – a still shot of inevitability, like the war photos of an execution before the squeeze of the trigger. This is the new aeon and it enervates the reserves of nerve force of the weak, hobbling even the strong in their bitter resistance to that archontic demon who overarches the light side of consciousness. Predators and prey the suffering of fate is a must – to know what camp one is in reveals the futility of change; yet the rusted gears are forced into motion and the impossible dream is realized – even in the pangs of death.

Karma often misinterpreted by the pacifist to mean ‘do no harm’ in reality means ‘do no harm’ as a gnosis – one often is the instrument of the karmic laws manifesting themselves in balancing good and evil though his deed may be construed as the extreme anti-thesis of pacifism. To know harm is to incur harm – hence a guilty conscious and a just punishment as the only (and inevitable) revolution of Ixion’s wheel as it grinds the bones of the wicked into the bread of the innocent. The world is a bakery and many a mouth to feed has it; there are only so many bakers and only so much dough, heat, production cost, etc. Hence the useless feeders must feed with nervous frenzy while they wait their turn to be ground into flour, and ultimately baked into the cakes for the cake eaters of the future. “Lebens unwertes leben” – balance the scales of justice – a frying pan of bloody meat, fricassee, an empty gullet sated, the tear of the starving child abated. “when all are one”, “beyond good and evil”, yet pain is pain and the pleasures of the sacrifice don’t wipe it away with an antiseptic pad; if all are one why is the sacrifice and its relations: sacrificed, sacrifice and sacre – blood is spilled by the patient, absorbed by the agent, in a vampirically one-sided relationship. The overage of one offsets the deficit of another? Yet if equals are equals why are they on different sides of the fence – one in paradise, one in inferno, the one roasting the other on a kebab spit for self-enrichment? ‘Only in the grand scheme of things’, they say, with a hypocrite’s smirk, like the cat who got away with the cream. The dregs are discarded, the bottle refilled and the inebriation of desolation revolves with a rickety wheel of fortune through an epoch of ‘It is what it is’, an illusion masking a monstrous reality. Cannibal, we are all Baal worshippers now, thrown into the lists of a hunger games, running- man style bellum omnium contra omnes with neurotic smiles of desperate hypocrisy we cut the throats of brothers to take what we can – we are entitled to what the sword will bring, mercenaries of a post-apocalyptic, post-human world. Lambs who have developed the dentition of wolves and who rip apart their neighbours in maenadic frenzy gorging on their own flesh, until all perish leaving desolation, burnt out battleground, no weeds or flowers springing forth, all possibilities extinguished. Contemplation of doom, a rat trapped in a corner seeking a way past the assailant. The hour of decision is upon us and the consequences are make or break – do and possibly die, do not and possibly die: a matter of probability: which is the greater – the scales balance precariously with crushing weights tipping the balance with drunken vertigo – which, if any of the weights will crash upon the cornered victim; chained to an iron ring in a cement patch with shadows undulating above threatening fearsome ruin – the greatest probability of least harm, the smallest of most harm; prudential calculus itself weighed against fundamental humanity; itself dependent on the semantics of the human, and man’s inhumanity to man (the fundamental principles of justice and how they are to be clothed in the flesh in situ). The situation which calls for a decision that is the axis around which fate swings and decides whether the light or darkness will prevail. Darkness of the mind amidst an Elysium of light or brilliant light amidst earthly shadows the mind shining forth triumphant even after the bombs drop and the skies blacken. Perhaps both mind and Promised Land would shine and this a chimerical dichotomy? Not the horror of a finitude of both mind and external reality, dying in a prison of one’s own making. The light might still shine, more refulgent than the most wild of dreams – this is the spark that ignites the powder keg: a backpack nuke or a sunburst of

fireworks? No future portents enable a gnosis of that which is to come, all is a chaos of half-guesses and wild estimates spanning the range of possibilities. All attempts to remote view via dreams and concentration have thus far borne no fruit. The only option is to continue to purify the system and enhance concentration with that purpose in mind. The crux of the ethical matter is that criteria of human worth as the principle of *unwertes leben* is clearly valid to a rational being who understands the higher in man and its conditions. Sometimes the zero-sum of life is the judges' scale that decides the fate of those who are 'of little worth'. Reckon up the grains of gold and silt that comprise the *prima materia* of the ethical substance of particular men – then you will have their weight and assess their worth *vis-à-vis* the average 'reasonable man' of the social environment. If this man outweighs another and that other's life stifles and reduces the former's why should they both remain to the detriment of the other? Why not remove the golden sand from one and allow the silt to blow away into oblivion thereby enriching those who might use it to build nations as opposed to stagnating in the sewers of a decaying Rome? And yet the life of another it is difficult to wipe aside as having no value. The judge must be a hard-hearted figure to decide the fate of others and bear their image wounded and...and yet 'when one has a goal and the means to it – straight way he acts' – Aristotle. Practical reasoning can be a specious matter when it descends to emotional erraticism. "When one has a goal and the means to it – straightway he acts", says Aristotle in delimiting the psyche of the rational man. The incontinent man bespeaks the contradictory (in Aristotelian parlance): "when one has a goal and the means to it – straightway he sticks his head in the sand; or dream dreams of glory or goes to the bar and inebriates his emotionally turbulent mind so as to forget the unpleasant" - and yet the hour of decision inevitably arrives and the doomsday clock erupts in alarm bells signaling that the decision has been made for one – for the future is (and will always become) now, and much to the detriment to the imprudent who refuses to foresee the inevitable. "The past is the past – let it be" so say the ignorant and improvident; "live in the moment; take no care for the morrow for the morrow will take care of itself: - the libertine; the wastrel; the indolent – all pluck their eyes out to avoid offense at their inevitable confrontation with being/reality. Like fools they die blind with a smile on their face until the light of their fate is revealed to them. The smile falls away like their bowels while the men of iron will remain firm – or have sequestered themselves in a bunker to wait out the doom which was intended for them.

Politics and the political

: realm of busybodies and social climbers. Those that wish to instigate change are swept up in corruption and simply lend weight to the inevitable fall of a society they once deemed – but no longer – salvageable. The coming apocalypse will pull all who are immersed in the once calm pool of the social body into the vortex pit of perdition while those who merely dangled their feet on the fringes have a hope of escape from the centrifugal forces that pull at their appendages in succubus fashion. Escape to the wilds before the rewilding of society strewn with detritus of human bodies to fertilize the end times garden and grow the orchids of desolation. No time for pity or remorse or clinging to pleasant dreams as a recourse from confronting the inevitable – act now or never. Here we dwell in open air prison, tapestry of once blue-skied sunshine begloomed with chemtrail curtains of noxious poisons. We must pay (whom?) the vitality which courses through unhealthy, atherosclerotic veins, to drive away – and where? No escape, all movements tracked by aerial satellite panoptic vision – Sauron's eye perpetually spying into the cracks of our orifices. The minds of the mass now a collective conscious hive mind too dulled with fluoride and vaccines to react to asphyxiation and put on a breathing apparatus or to seek fresh air – from where? Even the communists had farms in spite of collectivization; even they had organic food, fresh air and solar radiation. The matrix is complete and the wetware humanoid remains trapped within a consciousness bubble that does not burst at his behest. The TV show "The Prisoner" is a Mickey Mouse version of an escalated, high definition, THX rendition of perpetual limitation – the eternal now which is yet only a finite state of impossible entropy that will precipitate its own destruction through self-murder of nuclear proportions – the human batteries will exit their hulls

leaving burnt out shells becoming their spiritual selves and going – wither? We cannot know. Preparations made for oblivion are the inevitable recourse when facing the inevitable – make peace with your demons and exorcise your right to a life of freedom amidst un-freedom. The self means nothing as one merges with the source, ‘one with the universe’ on the seat of a mushroom cloud.

Gender bending, role inversion

: a wild animal is taken from the jungle; ribbons and bows festoon its perfumed permed hair. It is gelded – chemically, electrically and through cruel instruments of control. It is trained to be a shadow of itself, caged in a prison and fed to enable subsistence – to the point of unnatural gluttony and over-feedings. It then drags its corpulence around its sterilized cage, the keepers always eager to remove all remnants of the organic world it once found itself in. Its exercise is intermittent in its extremes – maniacal sprinting on the electronic carpet (treadmill) provided to the point of bursting its heart and hyper-secreting adrenal hormones leaving it fatigued to the point of collapse; the other pole consists of the most languid leisure – a miserable ease compounded by the monotony of the industrialized surroundings the keepers have been courteous in their foresight – they have provided an electronic screen upon which to broadcast audio-visual information to alleviate the slightest possibility of boredom – as well as conscious thought. The perpetual replacement consciousness immerses the captive victim in a matrix of sensory overload. Its wake and sleep patterns are determined in advance and run in perverted correlation with the rhythms and patterns of earth and celestial firmament. The blaring of the alarm signals morning, noon and night – the automatic shower blasts superheated water against the animals hide only to be wicked away a moment later by equally hot air blasts from 360 degree vents. The animal can take it no longer it leans against the cage’s sides and strains the rusted chain which binds – to no avail. Over the days it accepts its fate and learns to hang its once proud mane in apathetic resignation. The keepers grow weary of its service – its habits are known and no longer can it serve their thirst for knowledge. Its duty is complete so too is its life. The keepers sweep the remains of excrement from empty cage and discard the body – a sacrifice to the greedy arms of Moloch, burned in effigy of the socially engineered products of the new aeon.

We could have been kings and queens in the terroir of terra; we could have ruled for a thousand years in the Edenic realm of Elysium. The keepers would not have it so. They have inverted man and woman, bringing them to a level of animalism that the denizens of the lower zoological forms would cringe before in shame and misery. The woodcutter and his wife, keeper of the hearth, are struck down by the axe of the Titans. Their blood flows out upon the earth – and yet fertilizes it and perhaps one day will be borne again! A quiet mountain vale, billowy clouds hang leisurely with a warming sun streaming into the quaint hut of humble thatch and timbers. The pleasant scent of green verdure and flowers of all colors in the spectrum. A bustling wench tending to the hearth and cheerily singing amidst the golden glow of Phoebus. At the rear of the hut, swinging mightily with perspiration, the rough-hewn sinuous form of a woodsman chopping the needed firewood, each occupying their primal roles yet making a unity, an amalgam of seemingly disparate elements, a chemical wedding creating unity from difference. In their own realms yet part of a jointly occupied realm – each in their respective functions, a seamless harmony rendering possible the perpetuation of itself over the generations. The one, dedicated with delicate passivity to the unending tasks requiring the subtle influence; the other ensconced in noble striving, actively conquering the ever-looming threats which cleave at the roots of survival and happiness. Together their project is realized from both sides, the puzzle of mundane life solved through an interlinking of perfectly matching pieces. Now to modern times amidst steel-girded towers, thrusting phalli towards darkling sky of bronze: the bustle of a thin-lipped creature, close-cropped hair and shoulder-padded jacket obscuring sexual idiosyncrasies; gestures of power waving as flags signaling devotion to ego and eigentum (‘its own’ – German); the aggressive snap of high heels would cleave the pavement asunder with hostility – a teapot tempest and the yapping of a Chihuahua behind the up-rolled window of an old drouds’ Toyota – and yet impressive to the last this one; she who forsook

herself in adoption of corruption, an implosion of norms borne the test of time into narrow parameters of caricature – the George Sand of modernity, cigar and all. Across the street minces the high-heeled (not literally in this case but figuratively) levity of a young waif. Jeans ride high and frond-limbed graceful stepping bespeak a lightness about the heels. The sweetest fragrance emanates from this metrosexual inversion, this nouveau homo of the rainbow-hued cityscape. Lipping clever phrases with enunciative glee into idiot-phone held like a jaunty cigarette he picks his way through parked vehicular obstacles with the tact of a maître'd. They approach – in the distant mind of primordial subconscious wells up a faint flicker of recognition – reflections reflecting, self-consciously – of that yesteryear of distant antiquity and contemplations of where it has led – and then of tomorrow. But only in the depths, in dark regions of genetic recollection concealed from conscious thought and overridden by surface circuitry. They pass and re-enter into worlds wholly artificial and their death of possibility is embraced. They go their respective ways to graves of their own making, forsaking the continuance of which they so cherish: the mundane of this world and its perpetuation. Have they ascended or is it a descent into death through a sickness unto death called 'egalitarianism'? A rich environment - a prerequisite of mental life: the philosopher in his prison must access old memories however faded to furnish him with the means to avoid mental death. Sensations of all sorts (5+ senses) must be present else the great void of nothingness is confronted. Déjà vu is the inevitable result of reliving old circumstances with old memories in what could be called the present. Either new juxtapositions of old memories brought on by new sensations or new sensations affording new memories are necessary to break from the prison ennui of static environs inner and outer. This is the reason why small town people are inevitably equipped with a vacuous stare and little faculties with which to cope with novelty but simply end up gaping in wonder at the unknown – though they are often more able to endow it with meaning – as for them meaning is an unusual occurrence. To them it at least has greater significance and attains to higher levels of potentiality despite the overall lower potentiality of the necessarily callow country bumpkin. Sensitivity is higher in a sensorily depleted environment. The human antenna is perpetually on alert detecting that which lies in subtler levels of reality. This is the great redemption of country life – namely that it enables greater access to the beyond whereas the city enables access to a greater extent to the mundane. One is a Sattvic, the other a Rajasic and inevitably tamasic environment. This of course assumes that the bumpkin is capable of avoiding the sensory bombardment of the average everyday gossip and bustle of those oases of noise dotting the landscape, i.e. towns and other small population centers. It is the same for a contemplative philosopher who must reside with a noisy housewife – he may as well return to the city as thought is destroyed through the irritation such a gnat represents. A rich environment is created through a receptive and active creative being, the more one 'mixes his labour with the soil of his mind' the greater the yield the richer the crop (an appropriate bumpkin metaphor). Self-reflexion (spelled hence because it is a dialectical process of self-reference – an investment in the mind through thought and a growth on the investment through its nature as a cache of value that amplifies value – by virtue of its intrinsic structure); self-reflexion is the wellspring of creative novelty and this alone is kept. One must also be alone and only in solitude is borne the depths of thinking. This is why females can never be deep as their thoughts are derivative from and dependent upon the herd. Self-sufficiency has always been man's natural inclination. However rich the environment, only a capacity can bear forth fruit.

Hence a prisoner can go mad or attain most sublime heights. Forced confinement has often been the destruction of sanity but equally the gateway to the stars. All thinkers seek to isolate themselves from the crowd all crowds seek to destroy thinkers, to eliminate that property foreign to themselves, never attainable and thus a threat to their existence. Hence the virtue of small towns is confirmed only through the presence of a big thinker and vice versa the vice of big cities depends upon the scope of the minds of its denizens.

Strange places

: they still exist in spite of multicult façade. A tool for eating in Beijing is not the sporrán in Scotland. The dress and clothes – no communist uniform will negate existence of the uniforms of racial being – the yellow sheen of skin draped in black will not equal the black skin in identical garb – the two make manifest a different reality. The inner (race soul) and outer (material form of being) both are one – efface all differences if you will the being is the same – only the delusive mind would seek to wipe aside that which can only be effaced through destruction of the unequal (the ‘to be equalized’). Delusive mind or psychopath who seeks other destruction for self-positing empowered grandeur. Hence the communist and totalitarian mind always meet in the process of reification. Strange places will exist and no complete knowledge will ever be had save the complete destruction of all places. Hence the pipe dream of authoritarian self-appointed judges implodes upon conception as an impossible reality. Thankfully the car manufacturer in central Asia is not the same as in northern Europe – they each bear the stains of their respective differences – the differences of their creators as an externalization of their race-soul – the inner form of outward appearances.

A sad misfortune

: to be poor in wealth (material goods, the means for the realization of mundane projects) and rich in mind and doubly so in the case of those who possess the opposite. This at least is a saving grace – to recognize by proxy that at least one retains something (and infinitely higher): “Render unto Caesar what is Caesar’s for the kingdom of heaven is within.” Dungeon or Ferris wheel; bohemian culture district or four plain walls; expansive mountain heights and lush valleys – or flat farm land and endless acres of tedium – the mind brings present to reality all meaning, even in the bleakest wasteland the most fertile soil brings forth fruit.

The dream vs. the reality

: talking the talk not walking the walk. Living a fantasy can only last as long as the blind fantasizer can avoid confronting the brick wall on his Don Quixote charge. The purely detached speculative mode of life lacks the wisdom in involved knowledge – the art of worldly wisdom necessitates worldliness not an otherworldly detachment. Sitting on a mountain top is still sitting on a mountain top – the meditation is a bridge between empirical and non-empirical, phenomenon and noumenon but is still orchestrated as a practical endeavour having certain positioning of limbs, certain breathing techniques. The ladder of Jacob cannot be scaled in a vertical leap of superman but must be traversed in the appropriate manner, perhaps not rung by rung but by whatever means most efficient and the force of necessity. Knowledge bereft of particular connections to the knower (if at all possible) is barren. However what path to traverse, what connections to forge, with the press of temporal economy and its strict budgeting, is the confusing question that leads to a state of empty contemplation or ritualistic clinging to tired schedules, techniques, and practices. The gamut of technai that offer themselves to the leisured exceeds by an infinite scope that offered to the burdened camels trudging on the silk roads of life, seeking to gold brick a future castle in the sky with the slave-labours of pharaonic self-subjection under the lash of a desperate will. And further questions arise: how long does leisure last and what is the necessary condition(s) thereof? Leisure must be secured prior to embarking upon its course or else the whistle of work-a-day life trumpets to the potential poet/artist/scholar/adventurer, etc. Thus one is left shuffling feet until a fair (sufficient or adequate) degree of certainty can be had to make the necessary decisions to make the necessary determinations regarding whether monk-like contemplation is an option and if so it might even be meaningful, i.e. by having actual contents of consciousness in place of chiliastic dreams of madness, a kaleidoscope consciousness which abides by no principle but that of unprincipled caprice.

Proposals

We have on the menu the following undertakings: poetry, yoga, fasting, psi ability cultivation, physical training – as active employments of the self, hinging upon the passive determinants of willful striving, its conditions of being, namely: dietetics, rest, quiet, basic needs and their proper optimization. What is most fundamental, which most meaningful (for I will equate the two) in the overall scheme, hellion archon, the contribution to the sum total/summum bonum, etc. Clearly, the answer follows, that which has most quantitative impact cached out in terms of energy yield, the literal energetic imprinting of reality with reality (self and its creations) the mikrokosmos upon the makrokosmos through the latter. The grounds must be paved to establish a runway from which is launched the vehicle of self-expression. How to undergo this act – to trail blaze with rockets to the stars or to cut immaculate paths with sterling scissors that beautify the journey – or both – or neither? The passive, or even active, pursuits requiring minimal conscious awareness clearly are the least meaningful in leaving anything behind but perhaps paradoxically the most meaningful in establishing the conditions for anything to exist at all. Here energy economy intrudes as the stern delimiter of activity – only so much must be allocated here and only so much there; given total only certain acts requiring certain quantitative determinants can be selected – fractions (mixed or no) of the total and over time and through time – they must all be prioritized and jealously guarded in their allocated period (temporally, spatially, or otherwise determined) - most obviously those forms of life and activity that are most valuable and those which first shape the most meaning/important thing most importantly/meaningfully. An egotist would say the self an altruist would say the social milieu – the wise man would say the totality of all being which encompasses self and all others at all times without distinction – so let it be the latter. Given that most of the rites and forms of behaviour (yoga, etc.) are largely derived from the finite structure of a finite form and its finite faculties they are of lesser impact than that which admits of more individualistic novelty such as poetry and the aesthetic arts. Hence these must be cultivated as the material vehicle of consciousness (itself conscious and consciousness and conscious of consciousness and of itself reflexively) is insufficient/inadequate as a form of creative expression. Only in those parts entailing themselves more parts (e.g. brain, nervous system) is higher (by definition, more parts engendering more creative expression hence more ‘breadth’ more ‘quanta’ of consciousness) consciousness to be cultivated and this as a vehicle itself to lay at the feet of God good works and the creation (before the creation by the creation, etc.). So we have poetry, we have psi development – the influencing, movements, predictive and explanatory modalities of consciousness be they embodied in formal or informal language or no – simply sensed, intuited and known, and distributed as knowledge to the Akashic records, to be subsequently accessed (or no) by whomever, whenever, wherever, whyever. Poetry, to qualify as such, to accord with its definition, must be metrical – hence one must learn metre to endow language with lyrics, to pluck the lyre of orphic imaginings. Psi abilities, to be built, must be cultivated in the Aristotelian manner so to speak, in the kinesiological sense of the principle of specificity, “if one wishes to be a runner, he must run.” Hence meditation, chants, mantras, concentration, and knowledge of ability to control the mind-body-spirit complex: this devolves upon the pillar of physical culture: body purification through fasting and dietetics, yogic posturings, breathing techniques, inducing states of bodily calm, sweating, sunning, etc. Further to the artistic expression which ties psi with poetry and prose as a whole is illustration cultivating the right hemisphere via the left when the product contains structure visual as well as symbolic logical addenda (symbols themselves in a way as overt logemes/mathemes).

Signs

Symbols are the unity of the holistic consciousness – the sigil/sign refers to that which is not apparent but it is the surface or externalization of the hidden concept. This is not limited to the notion that ‘words denote concepts’ merely but that they (as symbols) import additional content into consciousness that spins off effects the conscious mind (rooted in language and 5 sense reality) cannot process as its

reality lies behind the appearance, the penumbra or shadow of the thing, the dark side of the moon. This, apparently, is what constitutes magick or 'hidden workings' or 'inner causality' of a things' manifesting or emanating as a process, the percept upon perception generating connotations or rigid fixed ideas (geometrics, axioms, canons, and their correlative directives) that serve to trigger action. Action in the sense of conscious processes (physiological energetic) that are constitutive of the being who beholds the beloved/hated/coldly indifferent (never!) object. The object thus has transformative and transmutative alchemical effects which have a self/social engineering function. They are ultimately functional. The affect has always been similar for a 'human' and thus a deep- structural symbology obtains as a universal condition humaine. The geometry or dis/harmony of the spheres attains reality upon perception; the observer collapses the quantum wave function; esse is percepti in praxis as a temporally unfolded determination of the beings of Being, the emanations of The One.

Lines on a page

bordering free flow of thought, resonating, limiting possibility, delimiting, determining, guiding, prescribing vehicles for expression, enabling, amplifying, structuring, channelling thoughts into linguistic paths – 'omnio determinatio est negatio'. Legalese speculations on the taboo practices of the occult: practices which represent the seedy underbelly of Leviathan, concealed from the binocular vision of the profane – only cognition of Typhon opens upon flood-gates of flame. The question is: the sceptre of truth, undying flame of Olympus or the sputtering gas lights of dark alleys where fearsome Jack the Ripper prowls seeking victims, the light of reptilian consciousness peering out from the cold caverns of cold-blooded calculation – the nether regions of beast consciousness? In order to answer this question a further one must be adduced, namely: to what end are these practices undergone, the why of their whatness requires explication. This in turn entails the whatness which begs they why – and the details themselves are not for timid eyes but for the bold to confront the dark side – for clearly it is the dark side herein considered – free from the stultifying biases of those with the straightjacket of the sense communis (or hive mind) choking their movements of mentation. What, delimit, delineate, catalogue, and detail the evidence of history's gleanings from graveyards on moonlit nights and sepulchral chambers be-draped in spider webs of hazy evil. The Aztecs: massive rituals of sacrifice by priestly caste, droves of common class victims invited to a feast they were compelled to attend with unintended consequences to their myopic vision. Or perhaps they went voluntarily, knowing that higher worlds awaited and that reward for suffering was conferred by higher intelligences whose priests were mere instruments of their divine will? That they the gods must be serviced with blood and organs, must avail the priests of their common folks' being in corporeal form? Parallels in today's society but of the priests no common sight beholds save at the moment of selection and the terror of involuntary sacrifice: masons, Jesuits, and other affiliates (presumably Jews especially rabbis) clearly represent the upper strata of the clandestine neo-feudalism of today's world. The practices are the same – vampirism and cannibalism. The purpose - Again parallels must be inferred on the basis of the principle of correspondences: like follows like (this is based on the principle of sufficient reason, always presupposed by the rational – an enthymeme): the absorption of the being (in literal carnal form) of the other by the other, the incorporation into one's self (body-mind-spirit) of the self of the other. This much is clear and can be conceded as a known element in the investigation into the practice. Clearly intelligences of subtler realms intervened in both cases. Was it invocation (which clearly is a fact) for the purpose of propitiation, for empowerment, or both a parsing out of the substance of the sacrifice amongst the 'gods' (for lack of a better term) and priest, a divine (though many would say diabolical) communion or alchemical wedding between beings of different realms partaking of both through the act. And what is the nature of the act, how does it unfold as a fatal drama of taboo proportions? Clearly the victim was fully conscious and not sedated – no evidence suggests this but suggests the opposite given the portrayals of historical evidence and the glimmerings of contemporary – that trauma, the inducement of extreme emotionality in both of the 'others' (victim and priest) was an essential and

necessary condition. This is through the act itself and the preamble of its potentiality prior to the physical carrying out thereof. Thus was induced a state of terror (properly so-called) in which adrenaline was secreted owing to the fight or flight mechanisms in the brain-stress system itself tied in with the cognitive elements the scene created – a pageantry of horror for the victim and delight (apparently, perhaps horror also) in the villain. Also tying into this scene was the sexual excitation that arrived on the ‘Thanatos’ wave of impending doom in a way creating a coalescence of sex and death, a subterranean and little understood though often discoursed upon phenomenon (Freud, etc. – a Kabbalistic follower of the Talmud undoubtedly involved in similar practices). As a prelude to the terminal act probably – at least in more contemporary times though probably in those of the past – was undergone the sodomy/rape of the victim by the priest who perhaps charged himself and derived energy through this act, stoking the fires and (perhaps – again speculating) invoking the demons who came to feed on the energies manifested through the act. Thus the clue to ‘why’ is discovered – the absorption of vital energy and adrenaline (itself a stimulant externally derived not endogenous) into the priest, possibly proffering a portion to the demon in exchange for energy from above (or whatever other form of communion: knowledge of some strange nature perhaps known only in a mute form, without the medium of language). The selection of a child specifically is, according to reports, because of greater energy and greater fear (the bearer of energy presumably) absent in the debauched adult. A sinister act and practice worthy of condemnation, the very act of writing distasteful.

The Left Hand Fumbles _____ :

The left hand path occultists preach the indulgence in the senses – this, perhaps, is a Manichean means to supersede the coarser elements of life and ascend to the blessed isles. However to introduce strife into being and claim that it doesn’t affect you (and thereby, the absurd inference is to be drawn, eo ipso, disappears with a wizard’s wand wave) doesn’t compute with the sum total or preserve or support the harmony of the spheres nor would it at any point on the timeline of historical unreality (the eternal now). If the big bang occurred through some sort of intrinsic pressure cooker release of inherent strife (thus light was borne of darkness the ain soph aur) then the perpetual warring and strife played out of the material plane making it a battlefield of disharmonic elements could hardly produce any greater light – that from strife reality is created and to increase (through reality) reality is absurd and meaningless. The mini bangs release energy but disrupt the harmony already established. If the big bang didn’t occur but reality existed without temporal beginning but simply admitted of programmed modalities (the eternal now) that manifested themselves through themselves (as a kaleidoscope undergoing an intrinsic motion producing differentiation through its unity) then why practice a deliberate disruption of cosmic harmony in place of living in accordance with nature as you are and will be? Perhaps destruction of density in a coarse way purports to be the mechanism of merging with the godhead? If instead the left hand path deals with unbridled egotism and one’s becoming a god of their own universe it follows that this might play a delusive role in the attempt. To destroy others and attempt to vampirize them so as to bind with entities from higher planes and/or to augment the energy body/vital force of self at the expense of non- self simply, so to speak, tears the fabric of the real and lets the draft in; the destructive being wanted to squeeze into a bathing suit (the holy guardian angel largely a fiction of the mind – a god of one’s own universe) and split it at the seams (becoming a decrepit being infested with astral parasites and thus creating the energetic friction not possessive of harmonious life but of binding the unbindable (the demon and the avatared which is already occupied/avatared). Thus the left hand path attempt to increase the self at the expense of the Other is doomed to failure as the self is destroyed as agent of destruction. What goes around comes around the karmic feedback loop preservative of nature’s harmony. A note concerning the licentiousness of left-hand path occultism: to claim to be beyond good and evil through deliberately selecting hedonism posits hedonism as the good (the preference which is borne out by the intentionality of the will not the mendacity of the world – and that in the sense of self-delusion as well as other). To pursue animal

instincts and thereby lower oneself to a life of momentary self-stimulation clearly implies that a 'good' has been adopted thus proving the absurdity of the claim. The denser and more material the pursuit the coarser the mind, the coarser the mind the more bound one is to material existence. Thus left-hand path occultism refutes itself and condemns itself on both counts, however, apocryphal the smirk on the face of the condemned.

Bloodsport

age-old test of might quest for glory, contest for feral supremacy the top dog triumph of fight or flight, man or mouse. Defeat of the other in zero-sum battle who the law of the excluded middle and the contestants are the only thing operating in the pit. The golden ring grasped by victorious fist, knuckles bloodied stigmata of enmity within the bounds of the rational. Parameters of order laid down as adamant law tables upon which the scribes sacrifice themselves in an ordered chaos of winners and losers. The beggars teem upon the outside, climbing over fellow men to enter the lists and attain the laurels of merit, the wreath of initiation through rites of hellfire and brimstone. Such the pageantry of pugilism in no-holds-barred form – the ultimate risk taken to attain the ultimate reward – no other satisfies and satisfaction is possible only in the embrace of Thanatos: for no satisfaction can accrue to the insatiable bloodlust of dominance; only the negation of this lust can sate thus even absolute victory proves defeat as the last man standing has only himself to destroy – even the restless spirit of the vanquished seeks eternal strife as the vital force of a satanic power. This the spirit of the martial arts and the masculine consciousness of domination. The act of contention in the forum of gladiatorial adversity is an appeal to the primal regions of consciousness (metaphorically the 'masculine') playing itself in its most dense form on the physical. The basis of this is the ego and the failure to acknowledge the parity – rather only the disparity – of the self and Other. The ego would usurp all as own determination, a construct and controllable object of itself all elements of which object are themselves objects (analytics, the whole being quartered, executed, into its parts and made bond slaves as a total system of the determining ego, the god in miniature, the mikrokosm dwelling within the makrokosm and for whom even the latter is a function of itself, a personal universe solipsistically constituted). Thus the marionette of the Other (really an ideal objectification of the real) is the puppet on the strings of a G-peto (a god-like puppet master). The puppetization of the Other is a transformation on the Other through projection or directed energy, the trajectory of which chisels away those elements of it that are unwanted and colors those which remain thereby rendering the autonomous proprietary, the free man a slave. The act of urination on the vanquished in the case of animals (or spitting or making statements or utterances that are 'spat out' at the loser) is testimony to this 'coloring' or ejaculation or 'marking' (in the Hegelian sense of determining property through the impinging upon that external to the self). Statements, even broadcasts, showcased in televised form, triumphal parades and processions are simply contemporary veneers of civilization draped over the beast consciousness of self-glorification and other annihilation. Braggadocio is also an attendant property of this self-positing, the elevation of self to godhood/apotheosis in declaratory statements of triumph in advance of the contest a defeat through self-fulfilling prophecy, an accrual of energy through cognitive ego stroking. The vibrational effects manifest in ampliative form giving on to augmented power the latter being the driving force of the act – power begetting power in narcissistic autogenesis – the trajectory of which aimed heavenward towards apotheosis.

What I am I am through you, what you are you are through me

the holographic universe, we are all reflections reflecting but not hollow men. We reverberate not as egos absorbing but as creators creating; not as drones preparing ourselves for sacrifice to our fellow drones or to the queen but rather as projectors passing on the refractions of the boundless light through our crystalline structures. Even the claimants of dark energy matter, those who would represent themselves or become black holes of consciousness emit the light of their darkness, itself illuminating

the brightest daylight with yet other beams/streams of kaleidoscopic, chiliastic, differentiation (never to be spoken of separately as 'differentiations' which presupposes plurality an impossibility when all is a singular). Thus even the dark side is enveloped in the light; contrary to oppositional claims there is no opposition to oppose is simply to destroy the self, an impossible task as to destroy the Other ('oppose') is to destroy Self (as part of self; parts not constituting the whole but the whole determining the modality of the parts) and being greater thereby and entailing their unity. In attempting to destroy another one destroys himself as he destroys the harmony existing between the two; which harmony adjusts itself as the inexorable gears of being into which the destroyer is ground. Thus one must recognize his unity even with the opposition and thus cease to think oppositionally as a Shaitan – defeat of Ahriman by Ormuz the Light, bearer of the truth not the false light will-o-the-wisp of his rival. The tempter holds out power and sought after wealth (of a spiritual nature) thereby ensnaring the wayward who fails to see truth as unity, oneness. He becomes one with his victims through the punishment the corrective influence of fate/being; he becomes attuned to the sum total through forces that lead him to a recognition of error through meting out the proportional penalty. Karma is the fundamental attunement of being, regulated by the being of beings. "The good of evil" is a misnomer or fallacious conception in its generation of greater good. It retards evolution.

Utilitarianese

the language of the busy bees, mind controlled slaves of Annunaki. Burdens lifted when discarded, the strength to carry on is an inner force not to be picked up in sets and reps and load-bearing formalistic schemata. Bear loads of greater value, i.e. the esoteric indwelling – discard the burdens of the sator square of greater prison house of the mind and Surtur/Satan of muspellheim – or perish in the flames of your own perdition. The flesh suit, vehicle of distraction, empty vessel of empty mind, endowed with ignited spark of mundane life – transported through density the immaterial entity, gravity forcing into Midgard the opposing force of light worked path across Bifrost into Odinic realms of grace. Pressed into blind earth, the sight of the mundane one's only half of circus mirrors – reflection reflecting a non-entity in the incarnate, entwined in Jormungand's serpentine coils, Typhonian triumph into the realm of Svartalsheim. Ljusalfheim, the stairway ascending, illumined by Freyr's radiant presence; telos of Kristos evolving in revolving gears of reincarnating eternal return.

Instability

in life leads to attempts of reversion/conversion into its opposite – the drive to solid bedrock upon which to build an edifice of grandeur. No foundation, no construction, no beginning, no end. The teleology of life's project subverted without the equipment and materials requisite to reify the blueprint conceived of in abstracto in the mind's creative god-like machinations. Overextended, the well die and the thirsty die; the desert crawling destitute shrivels in the sun of noble dreams never to be attained. The rope holding in suspense the piano over the cartoon caricature of one's super-egoic form breaks and the tragi-comedy of life ends in a closing of the curtains on defeated hopes the inner seeks. The inner seeks, once developed to the necessary state, manifestation/externalization as the outer but this presupposes the necessary conditions. Hence entropy results and the inevitable livor mortis of fruit over-ripe rotting on the vine of life. The most delicate flowers are crushed by the cloven hooves of the mob's satyrs in their boisterous revels; the finest china, of arduous craftsmanship, are shattered by the bullish boors of the herd – going unnoticed into the Akashic records of the celestial halls of Alexandria, filed away behind locked vaults of oblivion. The mechanical man-robots of corporate (private and public) construction, made in the manufactory of conveyor belts mundane replication, requires as component parts, the social grease to move its gears with cumbersome grace in a cog and wheel society of mechanical monstrosity. The gears grind loudly though smoothly with an elegant violence that manifests as a capped-teeth smile and a barking voice of aggressive dog-eat-dog character. The land sharks and land pirates of the global Caribbean circle one another with clock-like regularity, picking off

the stragglers and the strugglers with cold indifference in terminal ambition. The feeding frenzy reaches manic frequencies of vibration, waters boiling with blood and iron in the bellum omnium contra omnes. War everlasting the condition humane, inhuman humanitas – all too human, sacrifices roasted to Moloch in the brass and golden idol of the Mammon worshippers. When self-expression becomes proof of self-worth, prostitution occurs in aesthetic form. One lives for others and sells oneself ideally at a premium, if need be at a discount, in order to acquire the socio-economic capital that the dreams of a lady of the evening are made of. Such is the contemporary scene of human trafficking called in colloquial parlance ‘wage slavery’, ‘human resources’, etc. People, becoming the ‘new money’ initiate with this transformative process the commodification of the soul and the devolution thereof into the slavery of the auction block called the labor market. The value previously obtained from meaningful labor has been exchanged in a sleight of hand con-artistry for the abstract universal value form of empty non-being called money. Thus something real is lost and replaced with the unreal of merely abstract economic existence. To accrue a sense of self-worth on this basis nullifies the real worth of the self and its manifestations in creative endeavours. The outer is devalued (the fruits of labor) as a cheapened function of the inner (despiritualized identity/entity creating for the purpose of everything other than creation and hence nothing as not reflexively referring to and intimately bound up with the self). The monk/mystic lived alone in the desert undergoing ascetic sufferings as part of his mission to ascend to the spirit realms. He repeated practices on an endless cycle of meditation/mantra/mojo workings. His oeuvre was published after the authorities discovered his body in a cave in the side of a hill/sand dune. One phrase was written that alone possessed intelligibility and that was: “There are many, many fools in the world”. The satirical element of this story lies in the homologous nature of the word and the object (described by me as an object of discourse, a discursively constructed construct – and the words uttered by the monk). It applies to the writer and the monk equally but as a judgment of the material/social world as well as the ideal/virtual/isolated world of reclusive discourse herein written.

Routine

serves as prison bars to reside comfortably behind. The protection of the prison cell shuts out of the unknown containing the vulnerable soul within protective walls of seemingly impenetrable solidity – yet the walls are not, nor are the exterior or interior – peeping behind the veil of Maya offers no protection – one is a mere reflection reflecting looking into the soul of himself through himself as/with/by in a holographic liberation upon recognition (reflexively) of his infinite awareness as such, in se. Thereby the locks and bars fall away and the abraxas bird flies from the egg of materiality. That is Krist consciousness the becoming who one is qua Krist the ascended master. The flesh suit falls away in stagnant non-being as the being of being unites with its origin. No one is a pedant, an uncreative being, but differentiations limit the manifestation of the creator qua created thereby establishing a hierarchy of material beings – all are one yet only in the most abstract and cosmic sense – the status of the being is both intrinsic (soul created as differentiated material being) and extrinsic (determined by the vital manifestation, the way in which the being –Dasein, there-being – is thrown in its ‘thrownness’). Self-propelling wheels rolling towards Orlog impelled by Wyrđ, directing themselves as a driver down pre-established routes – recklessly, cautiously, consciously, unconsciously, towards a vaguely apprehended terminal point – the brick wall of Chronos, whose sands have crystallized into the immobile telos of the soul in its passage. Teleology of the soul as a video game whose final boss looms on the horizon of being as a Ragnarok’s midgardshlag, the zero-sum confrontation with Karmic mission, a pass or fail / do or die/ make or break scenario determining in consequence the fate – Valhalla, Muspellheim, Helheim or other realm of future being.

The eternal now

chronology subverts the undying self, grinding ones bones to fall into the hourglass as so many grains

of sand. To be forever young simply ignore the passing of years and immerse oneself in higher consciousness to the vicissitudes of the teeming mob, their inebriated caprice. Surround oneself with the higher and condemn with vehement animosity the lower sending the devil back to hell in his own damnation. All talk of love as an artificial grimace and a twinkle of hypocrisy simply a delusive attempt to immerse oneself in cognitive dissonance – something inevitably encountered, like a dog hiding under a couch with his tail exposed – there is no hiding from the self; and the inauthentic consciousness always betrays itself through holding a mirror up to its ugliness, inevitably it turns one's grimace to a medusa-like stone face. Love is the harmony of the spheres, the energy fields that are the being of Being, the fibres of the fabric of the Real. To love one's neighbor may entail killing one's neighbor – for so harmony is – a greater and a lesser, an excess and a deficiency. Love and hate have meaning only in relation to God-mind, the sublime. Freyja is a paramour only of the Einherjar and wields a spear to sublimate the lower drives.

Thoughts apropos of Beate's "The Yellow Submarine" :

Consciousness altering one enters into the yellow submarine in spite of blue meanie resistance. Pulled into the voyage across the abysmal sea of a transforming reality headed towards – inexorably – a telos which is unknown save through the voyage itself and abruptly one encounters the fruits of the long period of gestation, the blossoming of the crown chakra in an ecstasy of rainbow-hued presence called: love the inevitable epistemic end state of holistic consciousness, unity of red and blue in the color of all colors – the purity of white: Divine Cosmos. One sees love, feels love and becomes, yes, love through the utterance of the positive sacred vibrations that crystallize love in the merging of the dyad into the monad, the word (logos) 'Love' and the utterance of positive affirmation of its essence through the essential anthropological/anthropic centering/shaping of the anatomy into 'Yes' – the word made flesh opening up the floodgates of spirit energy in sanguine blood flow, previously cold through blue saturnine demiurgic incarceration in the isolated, solipsistic divided mind of analysis, judgment and the Logos in its imperfect form, a house of cards constructed in the aether of imperfect ashlar, doomed to crumble as an othonic factory of rigor, annihilation of the constructive eternally constructing constructs through the weapons manufacture of predicates, syllogisms; mobilized for conquest, victory (however pyrrhic) over the creator within; creating a perishable sator square house of cards comprised of exclusively aces of spades and tarot cards of death amidst hermitage and empire, the folly of the hierophant who neglected the awareness of his own folly – the transcendence of the ego-mind put away in the stacks of the Akashic records and exchanged for the law code of Ham and rabbi. In an explosion of technicolor the 'the' (determinate, determined) becomes negated in the necessity of its negation – the indeterminate, forever negating the determinate out of its essence, that of being in its absorption of all beings as they themselves in their true aspect, that of 'neti, neti' neither this nor that. The negative dialectic led to anarchy in the order of cosmic reality righted through the anarchy of anarchy, the archontic order of the god above god, above the Blue meanie demiurge and his archons through reconciliation, a putting in the place of the ordering and a scratching out of the 'dis' of the disorder, 'neti, neti' squared by the sator square, neither this nor that nor 'neither this nor that' – but being out of nothingness the ain soph aur. Music and love are one as both are harmony (harmonia, Greek) and this is self-sustaining 'entelechia' the essence of existence 'through itself, by itself, with itself, for itself, of itself, etc.' The mantra manifests itself through being as the harmony of the aetheric fields and is the mantra itself (the existence of the fields qua fields qua harmony qua being). Opening one's mouth it is uttered – in silent stillness it receives greatest comprehension – the music of the players is heard only through listening, through receptive consciousness (the vesica pistis, the sacred feminine) through projection/reverberation of the vibrations received – a reflection reflecting, holographically. The onus on oneself is not to receive/listen passively (impossible task!), but to listen/receive understandingly and to serve as a conduit of the vibrations/piezo electric generator / transceiver / narrow band hologram / finite entity – consciousness amidst a sea of consciousness; the yellow submarine beneath and amidst

the waves directed towards the godhead whose name is 'love, harmonia'. The blue meanie would be a Rex Mundi but clay and iron materia prima does not make an optimus prime only a wind-up toy considering itself a primum mobile and hitting its own self-destruct button as it seeks to destroy all other than itself from its ego-mind ivory tower of Sauron/Saturn – all-seeing eye (blind that it sees nothing and is only seeing the images it creates/projects upon the finite world which is its domain. All is grey shade until harmony is interjected – the mind creates music through silence – awareness of awareness transports oneself away from the grey platitudes of the mundane plane into celestial spheres of rainbow hue – mystical experience so-called the inner kingdom in the temple that is the 5-sense bound equipment/motor of the soul its spark.

The creepiness of creepy man

There once was an old man who insisted upon eavesdropping and spying on all sentient entities. The reason (and there was only one) was that he was deficient in the life force, which is to say, he vampirized it from those sentient entities he insisted upon surrounding himself with as a means to perpetuate his existence, rather like a dog chasing its tail in a meaningless cyclicism. This cyclist (for lack of a better term) generated nothing but negative energy, existing in a state of perpetual deficit, an inflationary state where the energy currency of others was – proportionally to time – devolved until such point as the other (whatever specifically it may be) ceased and gave up its mortal tesla coil. Eventually, once all energy had been depleted from the environmental terroir leading to a state of entropy, the only remaining state of energy, a black hole of negative existence from out of which no light shone. This was the condition in which the creepy old man was discovered upon his having imploded as a dying ember/coal in a deep subterranean dark energy matter tunnel by a Lucifer being whose boundless light – perpetually radiating forth from his chiliastic chakra points – resuscitated Lazarus – like the creepy old man. Soon the old man was no longer creepy as he had become anointed with the vital glow of positive energy. The once creepy old man who had brought everything into a state of darkness now ceased to dim the immediate surroundings and brought forth light in the world becoming a Lucifer in his own right. The being sent forth his vital beacon illumining the creepy associates he formerly trafficked with leading them to a sudden climb from the sepulchral abyss they had suffered in for so long. Now the abyss, barren for so long of riches bore forth plenty, a gleaming stock of golden light the utility of which was boundless. No longer to creep about in the shadows these former miners of black soot covered rock now became miners of radiant gold and jewels of splendour, fashioning noble works as light workers who had forsaken the dark craft of their former life.

God is a light shining in silent stillness

– the mind, the soul spark of consciousness inherent in the person, as the person. Self-reflexion opens the gates of heaven, the key to unlock the inner/middle chamber is the silence (the voice of the silence) the person is the locksmith or chosen one, the self-saviour, who opens the gate and enables access to the blessed land of Elysium. Consciousness is the gateway. The Dukes of Hazzard as allegory: the good ol' boys (good sons/suns) possibly Horus/Set, seeking to bring into being a harmonious world where freedom (from: corruption; for: human creativity and striving) reigns independently of the Demiurge Boss Hogg and his archontic minions the bumbling and inept police conscripted to enforce the law (i.e. his will on earth – Hazzard County – as it is in heaven – the corrupt policies based upon the corrupt will of Boss Hogg). The clever Dukes (aristocrats of the soul) outstripping the subordinate will of the Boss of Hazzard County (the world) and giving back to wise old Uncle Jesse (the 'esse' essence, Being, the divine cosmos or Valfather) his due and at his behest. Daisy cheers them on in their project. A timeless allegory made cinematographic flesh.

Crystallization of thought purports to attain eternity, the unity seeks to preserve his identity in the face of transience. Or perhaps he seeks to make manifest the latent brain children of his consciousness – or both. I would deny the premise of 'neither' as clearly the either/or is compatible – as experience bears

out – with the and/or (in this case). The marking via the hand transposes the ephemeral into the physical creating relative permanence. What does this mean if not a paradox: the permanent is either everything or nothing either exists perpetually or not at all. The relative is simply the relations that inhere in the permanent, the nature of permanence in its manifestation in consciousness as consciousness. Thus to transcribe thought illustrates (through pen strokes, graphically) the identity of consciousness in the form of the contents it consists of. It renders permanent the impermanence. The world is no longer one of love but one of hate (if it was even anything other than that) – the malevolence of the aeon is palpable and people find love only amidst opposition, relatively, in contrast to the hate as a flight from the abyss. From the abyss of reality, seeing it in a deeper manner the surface has great appeal for those who would flee the haunts of silent contemplation. Thus panem et circenses is the inevitable recourse. When the goal could consist of the beauty of creation the drudgery of existence tears it apart substituting the details of mundane ennui as the contents of a consciousness which could be borne into a magical world of boundless promise.

Ethical precept

: shun the negative. Energy flows from positive to negative and is thus absorbed in oblivion. The negative are vampiric and this is borne of the fundamental deficiency of positive elements (yang). Thus they vampirize the positive converting the latter into shells of their former identity. Positivity is then suppressed, subverted. When an onslaught of the negative nature is occurring (one, for example, being positive, surrounded by negative energy) he must practice a dual procedure: 1) negate the negation; 2) affirm the affirmation. If he cannot flee the negative he must attempt to retain his energy through centeredness – keeping the vortexual flow of energy as tightly close to his body as possible so as to avoid the negative draining it through the force of their vortexual energy (or black hole dark matter negative) centers. The positive method is to derive and/or generate energy from positive sources: while keeping the self centered to adopt the same practice of the negative: to vampirize. If one is not willing to follow this route he may glean energy from sources that emit it without draining them; or he may amplify energy through reverberation: self and/or other generation, creating a feedback loop that amplifies energy preventing drainage. However the negative entity is still feeding thus the drain continues until it is negated.

The simple things in life

: they say the simple things are what really matter (sarcastic tone of voice) and that the glory and grandeur of the elites is a pyrrhic victory – the crown of kings but of paper and the sceptre of majesty the veneer of the trident of Beelzebub. Yet the glory and grandeur manifest themselves in the little things microcosmically and are the great explanandum of the hidden state of being. Thus, as a psychoanalytic tool one must look to the intricacies of the visage of the public persona to glean the natural contours beneath the cosmetic mask of pretense and surreptition – to unveil the concealed is to reveal the real as a magician pulls rabbits out of hats, animating the inanimate through psychological legerdemain and rendering vital what once put forth a grave exterior of forgettable non-identity. The poker face in the line-up becomes endowed with the height of meaning in the subtle outward manifestations of behavioral tendencies: truly the inner is the outer and the outer the inner be. The slightest twitch, the tick of the musculature; wavering of voice, slip of the tongue reveals all; disrobes the seductive propensities of the virgin flesh and lays bare the ardour of secret thoughts. Thus the simple things are catalysts of greater exploits, the initial commitments (thoughts of the observer, judgments) when pursued lead to grand projects; the string in the knitting when pulled unravels the skein of Gordius opening the passages to the mysteries. The subtle behavioral tendencies of the person are passages into their being – caveat, a word to the wise. Oft-times it is wiser to allow such passages into the psyche to remain shut and to pass on, else the darkened tunnel may precipitate demons of all manner of form and function. To expand upon the subject: the lack of order in one's placement of

material objects bespeaks a disordered mind; an overabundance – pedantry, a meticulousness foreign to the purpose of reason and symptomatic of mental illness, a neurosis of insecurity and inability to just ‘let go’ and enjoy the harmony of the spheres instead of to seek desperately to control every facet of existence that impinges upon and colors one’s life. The extremes are voices shouting, trumpeting the clarion call of truth – ecce homo (to take a page from Nietzsche), the Cancerian over-ponder, the Virgo in the opposition. A small example illustrative of the larger whole – if I had said ‘hole’ instead of ‘whole’ (this very passage for example giving birth in Freudian archetypes to the inner mind of the writer) then the mystery of the present writer’s psychology would be laid bare in its artificial trappings of florid Victorian prose. It is indeed the little things that bespeak the larger ‘whole’.

Epistole ad criminalis

Dear criminal man: your boorish banter, your loud discourse, shouting into the night becoming hoarse; you are indeed an animal made man; simian being, atavism from far off land. Stigmata mark your forehead – behold it is Cain rising up from a sentence in purgatory. Violent visage furrowed with blackest hate; seething rage the Neanderthal maw writhes with foaming terror, murderous in its blood ravening the animalistic musculature – quick and lithe like his kinfolk the apelings – spasms with furtive propensity darting hither and yon on a trajectory all its own – point A to point B with no intermediary obfuscating its barbarous course. The beady eyes at the peak of receding forehead, flaring pinpricks darting to its objective, passion overarching whatever reason may have existed latent in the nether recesses of the few folds (gyri) of the ape brain. Bestial instincts incline the animal man towards pleasures of the crudest stamp, whilst averring those pains its deprivation represents – this the sole remnant of rational thought. The dog’s bone is a presence – pursuit and obtain pleasure, it is an absence – avoid the lash which darts from the master’s hand. The binary modalities of its behavior give onto this dual course where ego is paramount and other is enemy at worst an absence at best. To quest for fire to warm the self – to only unifying behavior – and once obtained the flaming brand held aloft to drive away the helpmates from territory conquered through brute force. Such is the profile of the most degenerate of the brute forms of criminality yet it prescribes the template for most types, namely, the mentality of the psychopath for whom naught by ego exists and other is a tool or a threat to its personal self-interest – maximization. Altruist, amongst the cleverer types, those able to attain the level of reasoning necessary to carry out the instrumentality of a base object, is as soon adopted as discarded once its instrumentality ceases. Orientation around the ego as the central sun of one’s consciousness is the behavioral modality of the criminal type. The heights of consciousness can never be reached by the ego- mind always forsaking its refinement but allow a choice to enter into the mind, the higher of altruism for the depths of ego and its attendant train, its silk road caravan, of pleasures stretching into the horizon of infinity. The image of pleasure island most clearly illustrates the temperament, with the delights of the moment being the only aim of the conscious; once gratified as soon discarded and on to the net gambit of panem et circenses. Principles, borne of reason and the higher mind, always serve as bridges of supercession of the baser instincts. The delights of sense gratification always defiles the heights we always attained through the ascetic virtues of temperance, prudence, self-control, magnanimity, right aim (always under the credo ‘live in accordance with nature). The criminal is necessarily the self-interested whether the cleverest of ego-minded beings (ala Dr. Moriarty) or the basest of imbeciles. The egotism is the deciding factor the lack of regard for the Other the mark of the man of violence be it physical or moral. The criminal man is a veritable catalogue of vice and in assessment of such a one the evaluator is at a loss where to being. The list is truly endless. Thus I propose to write a treatise (a series of essays) cataloguing the vices under the title borrowed from Lombroso “L’uomo Delinquente” or “Criminal Man” to limb the formal skeleton of the criminal in his fleshly aspect and concealed wrappings be they hair shirt or silken robes. The behavior of L’uomo Delinquente must serve as the sign post to his habitation of Sodom and Gomorrah, as it is indeed (as heretofore stated) ‘the little things which reveal the inner being’ and the inner may readily be inferred

from the outer such that a fair profile may be composed in literary form of the plague of the higher man. Criticism and caveat: perhaps this prolegomenon is too saccharine, too inherently Christian, to pass muster as the 'signpost' towards the ubermensch? Perhaps the ego is not so oppositional a glyph of the psyche? It must be admitted that it is the psyche itself and couldn't exist apart. Thus altruism independently of egotism has no place in existence, but neither does the ego without its support and super-structural domain: the body politic, the herd and all its particolored pelts. Without the latter a barren egotism would reign and the contents of an equally barren consciousness would be a paucity indeed. Thus the ego evolves through the dialectic of the other that it and it alone forms therewith. Thus the criminal may be an egotist but so too is the altruist; however one finds room for both, the other restricts himself to himself. And yet – again Christian pathos interjects in the cogitations on what is the criminal – the most developed man, he of greatest ego, though the most criminal, is nevertheless a great artist, etc. He would be described by me as criminal only from the perspective of virtue ethics, which necessarily entail the character in its behavioral manifestations and tendencies – the mind, body, and spirit as a complex divorced from society through circumstances or no. It is he who violates nature who is criminal and, though he may break every law ever written, is the most law-abiding who adheres to and harmonizes with nature and as nature the moral man, embodying the moral law within.

Making a big deal out of the trifles

1) endows them with greater meaning and opens the gates of the realm of philosophy as the 'science of the trivial in the most profound sense' (Croce) and 2) amplifies the insignificant oft-times perpetuating the presence of vermin be they of the mental or physical variety. To ignore is to blind oneself to reality to attend to (even to that which is not) an unreality is to bring it into being. The consequences of this can be dire and only retreat into consciousness (or to phrase it more positively) – to bring consciousness to bear upon the fact of itself even circumambulating its object is to wage war against those real or imagined threats (or both) to the peace of mind so cherished by he who lives the contemplative life and to wage such wars from a staunch bulwark and girded with adamantine armour glistening in the sun of mind. It is to solicit the rays of divine illumination and reflect them from the mirror of one's consciousness into the face of one's inner daemon and to turn to stone the horrors of the mind clothed in fear and trembling as they are; to shine the light of the day of consciousness into the black corners of one's own ignorance and to wipe aside the webs of arachnidian mind parasites which plague the inner sanctum of the holiest of holies – the mind (i.e. awareness of awareness and its contents and constructs).

The sensation of being overhead

(following from the above precautionary and consolatory discourse the sensation of the notion of being overhead) – the notion of the sensation or the sensation of the notion – two very different things indeed. The one is real, the other having its reality implicit in the fertile womb of the imagination – the notion is the reality as the real is the rational and the rational the real not as the popular mind would have it – in reverse, starting with sensation on the physical plane. Or perhaps we have this reversed; a reversal of the reversal? Perhaps the 'man in the street' is wise and the hermit in the desert subsisting on roots is immersed in folly? Or perhaps a neither/nor a 'neti, neti' and simply a conjunction of the two at best (or worst). A revaluation of all values begets an entrance into realms of dark *qualitas occulta*, the mysteria that only the skillful hand of the aegis of reason, namely wisdom, might guide one through those sepulchral catacombs to the grail of the *ding an sich*. Perhaps to turn back before all is lost and the lantern of Diogenes is dropped in the panic of dread precipitating the blackness of insanity. One then, perhaps yet unprepared, insufficiently developed, must rely upon the light of consciousness alone to serve as a guide. Possibly its strength will fail one on this quest – though it may the only recourse be. Thus one must kindle the divine spark and though starting as a rudiment of the *Anthropos* striking stick

and stone he will one day conquer that unknown realm of the unconscious – for it does not exist save through its negation (consciousness) and even then the reality has the hazy borders of a mirage. The prison of the mind requires an ecstatic outlet through which the self (consciousness) can escape and return to its hermitage, sanity intact – else the prison ceases to be a reformatory and becomes a punishing deprivation. A going away from the self to gather experience – gnosis – and to return.

So many things in the contemporary scene which are as black clouds of negativity – mind parasites infecting the consciousness like a plague – locusts which swarm and threaten to infiltrate the sanctum sanctorum. Thus one seeks to eliminate, to purge them through various expiatory means in ecstasy, ecstatic modalities of consciousness – trance of television, the disruption of cogency by music especially that variety which induces a superficiality, bringing one to the surface from the depths as a floatation device forcing understanding from the depths and away from profound cogitation. Thus the storm cloud of social influence in the insecure paranoia of modernity. But – can we blame the other or the self for ensconcing self in that blackness of coal dust of a burning incinerator of judgments and slanderous reactivity – to attack so as to defend pre-emptively? The self must bear the burden of responsibility and to blame the other beyond assessing the cause and subordinating it to the judgment of reason, then to be dealt with by the will is a superficializing of the mind, an enslavement of consciousness to the fictive (or actual) presences which can only be dealt with through the mind. The ennui, on a strangely and uncertainly related note, is a leaden weight that creates a darkness in which beings are swallowed up in negation through their inability to grasp the attention to a sufficient extent and thus they cease to exist as objects or contents of consciousness. The objects not being fixed in mind they cannot sustain their being and fall away into the dark of oblivion leaving a null set of consciousness a goose egg that constitutes the cranial carapace which purports to ensconce a mind that no longer exists. The prison cell of the mind requires contents within which to decorate its barren interior. The tatters and rags of memory serve only as a clownish mockery of décor and cling to the moisture of the cold concrete walls of silence like so many dead moths clinging to a sputtering kerosene lamp whose wick is nearly at an end. The rainbow hues of a mentally stimulating environment being an absence, so too is the prison house of the mind. One is reduced to performing gymnastics, exercise for the sake of exercise to ward off the stagnation of an empty mind. It is as if papers had been scattered in an abandoned building and the hobo has read them all; now yellowing and mildewed with decay he must jumble them up for entertainment.

Ethical dilemma

_____ :
should we be energy vampires or should we be energetic Santa Clauses and bestow, give, instead of receive? Or should it (this energy economy) be an exchange, a stock exchange of energetic capital (libidinal economy ala lyotard) in which the buyer (the deficient recipient if the exchange is to be just he must be deficient) receives from the seller and the seller (who if the exchange is just has a surfeit of energy) bestows upon the buyer their energy stock certificate made tangible upon demand when called upon to make good the stipulated amount. This would be the ideal scenario of a just transaction. The converse would be when the buyer/demander obtains or solicits the stock without ‘color of right’ by which is meant a just dessert not solely by virtue of their deficiency but in addition, by virtue of their merit and by virtue of their relationship to the bestower. Failure to meet the criteria of merit and having a relationship to the person would qualify them simply as an energetically deficient being or one who has sufficient or excess energy but a desire disproportionate to their merit by virtue of their essence (who they are) and by virtue of their lack of relatedness to the would-be giver of a gift not deserved. Thus only when the above enabling criteria obtain and disabling criteria (disqualifying criteria) do not obtain (which is to say the same thing in a positive and negative manner) should the exchange take place between the parties. The relationship could be spoken of as one of privity of contract and thus binding in a moral court of law. Specifically as to the vampirism/donor concept: the drainage of

blood/spirit energy from another if consensual would not necessarily be moral unless the donor were compus mentus and the giving/ donation were such that the vampire a) deserved the donation and b) the donor did not need it and possibly c) needed to be divested of it under the overriding proviso: that it was a just transaction leading to the maintenance/rectification of the balance of harmony, was a 'harmonious' transaction supportive of the evolution of the soul in incarnation and that for both parties assuming both parties merited the consequences of that exchange based transaction. This of course is the fundamental proviso of the moral law, i.e. that the good prevails and is the fulcrum of the balance between excess, deficiency. Energetic flows must be directed appropriately and sometimes the balance requires a redistribution such that it equilibrates and this on a physical, brute level as well as a doxic, ethereal one.

“VAMP”

The color black is alleged to be absorptive of energy by virtue of the fact that it is a privation/negation of all vibrational frequency, thus so to speak opening up a black hole into which the colors of the rainbow are absorbed – white being the converse, projecting the colors away from itself and possibly generating same. Thus the distinction between the black and the white witch – she who takes and she who gives each without entering into the dialectic of exchange based relations (a giving and a taking forming a bilateral transaction). Thus they perform magic because they leap out of the causal chain of temporal and psycho-social-physical 'dialectics'/relations to which mere mortals are subject. Should one, the ethical dilemma posits, become a proponent of the purely good or bad? That of course depends on the values of the proponent and how they wish to construe good and bad. If in the classical/Aristotelian sense of virtue qua excellence then perhaps both, perhaps either, if the Christian then the white. Should one wish to involve himself in worldly affairs in the mit dasein, the 'with world', he would presumably adopt the robes of the black and white when most appropriate in accordance with the cunning of reason (prudence, the adroit practicality of the causal judgment, namely reason). However, though life be a giving and a taking on the material plane, should one wish to ascend beyond its scope perhaps the black robe would be preferable as a modality of self-enrichment? Perhaps, paradoxically, in self-enrichment lies other enrichment as making oneself a better person makes the world a better place? (So the maxim has it). And thus the white robe lies beneath the black – but, ironically, another black robe lies underneath the white – as self-interested motives underpin motivations of putative (and/or real) altruism. After all if the people are all one and the same, why not enrich the self preferentially, spin off benefits to the masses in a trickle-down effect (a casting of pearls one might say) and thereby further enrich the self? The ethical dilemma thereby resolves itself into a paradox via reconciliation of opposites. Thus the black robe posits the self as nodal point, black hole of consciousness individualized within the nuit of white reflection. The hadith is the black sun of consciousness' manifestation. Beautiful mechanism, elegance of artistry, rigorous logistics of aestheticism - Mercury and Venus unite in a dance of formal Bacchic rite under the stern supervision of the Saturnian paternoster. A formula of happiness, many would declare rigid, cold and unfeeling but rather the orderly wholesomeness of a clean and kept home. Better than the rat's nest of the reveling masses with their trinkets of sparkling tinsel, their scattered droppings they call offerings to their flesh peddling gods, to which they pay obeisance through Dionysian inebriation, tankards of mind poison sloshing amidst the verminous cracks in the squeaking floorboards. "I Cast out demon!" to the nether regions of Dis, the abyss, the pit of perdition into which you have your rightful realm. Seated under the sigil of Saturnos you will never escape your lair; the gas laws of Boyle threaten to release the foul pestilence but Aphrodite/Inanna/Freyja unleashes the beast and entices it with salacious invitation to its proper infernal realm. Thus the abode is once again swept clean of the diabolus and its contamination – the homestead clean, the life may again blossom in sustainable growth of orderly proportions. Neither hyperplastic nor hypo – but a sober fecundation, an aspiring towards the heights through prudent cultivation. The instinctive mind is strongest in the savage races which is the basis of their

spiritual/intuitive qualities that are so often touted in the propaganda of today as the cardinal virtue of their innocence, their so-called shamanic properties (and exclusive property; being as they are extolled by their Jewish masters and the latter's puppets as having a monopoly on spirituality implying the like deficiency in the 'evil white race'). Is this so much a virtue and not a vice that a lowly savage can be spoken of as having the key to the kingdom of the higher mind? If so why then does their behavioral (all signs) point to 'no', in its greed, hate of the other (the white man), etc.? Why do they rob and rape and revel into the dead of night? The answer is because they are the untermensch and manifest this quality through overt behaviour however covert and secretive their designs/intentions are. The instinctive mind being a capacity/faculty through which the intentions of another (on an even plane if transmitted therefrom) can be perceived does this represent the highest of heights when rendering one purely a cipher of occult forces, a transmutative machine the prey of external forces? To be receptive to things does not imply the ability to control them but rather to simply receive them and that alone. Criticism is a problem for many but a solution for the wise. The fool castigates the critical with empty criticism but ignores that which serves as a mirror of his own vices, choosing instead to smash it with the fist of impassioned rage or veil it with the cloak of the self-worshipping ignorance rather than to expose himself to the cleansing waters of baptism and come away a new man, purified of vice. The virtuous willingly submit to the hellfire as long as it cleanses, transforming coal into diamond in its alchemical furnace.

All work and no play makes for a dull life

No work or play makes for an even duller life. Endless conceptions, no possibility of realization equate to barren miscarriages of the brain children of a one-track mind immersed in the wu-shin of ennui. Mindlessness qua dull-brained reality not the profound depths of a cosmic attunement with the Logos. The logoi here are the petty thoughts of a broken record consciousness replaying itself ad-nauseum. One becomes sick with the self and self-consciousness as absolute. To fall into the well of reflection without anything reflected therein renders life a drowning victim of its own agency, suffocating in the misery of unending redundancy and indefinite perpetuation of imprisonment. It is not the prison of the mind that is the source of misery but the prison without that engenders the paucity of experience which in turn engenders the paucity of meaning that is the brick wall one runs into that is a living death. One does not come away unscathed when he attempts in ecstasy to break the walls of a material prison but rather simply suffers injury and the inevitable recuperation period leading to a drawback. Back in time people had the means to live in a state of relative autonomy: healthy food, fresh air, sunshine, etc. – now all necessary conditions/states of independence are destroyed: GMOs, crop failure through chemtrails, destruction of bee colonies through EMF, famine (artificially induced by the shadow government of course); chemtrails and poison in the air, blotted out sun – a life of misery and inevitable death confronts one on all sides with no escape from the matrix prison that ensconces one in its ever-tightening press. We are betrayed by all – family, community, race, leadership, peer group; each lives alone even in the midst of the herd – living for the self, indulgent to the extremes of hedonism without respite save in disease and death; the future is forsaken for the moment, the moment burned in sacrifice of riotous living. There is no meaning to the lives of the denizens of the western world – they have forsaken their heritage for material gain and gluttony. They have betrayed their future, (reincarnating as they inevitably will in lower states/circumstances than they had previously) and care not for the hardships their actions/non-actions bring about.

Eagle

– symbol of the phoenix of spirit superseding matter. Impressed on matter, a symbol of the infinite of the boundless nature of the eternal soul spark, the sol-o-man that animates the otherwise dead material vehicle of its expression on the mundane plane of existence. The white of purity enshrouding the carapace of its baldness, container of its noblest organs: brain – motor engine, driving force, central

impetus bio-computer of all praxis; eyes – windows of the soul through which it may project and impress itself upon matter, acquire for its vision targets at which to aim, the mind's eye conceiving eyeball perceiving the means through which to effect ends. Crocodile (another belt hanging in front of my vision in mind/body eye): Destroying force, inexorable jaws constraining movement silencing life, superlative strength radiating from the Draconian center to the periphery in its writhing – serpent wisdom or self-destruction? The airy mental draws one upward but he must be light enough to ascend to this level. The means is vibrational – higher frequency gives him wings to fly, the lower vibrations of crystallization draw one downward as iron chains and shackles to increasing states of density; the denser the matter the denser the thought, the denser the thought the further from grace. One cultivates Satan through pouring out libations of energy in the form of physical movement. To employ oneself physically to the point of breaking of energy depletion beyond compensation (beyond what the digestive system can handle without excessive burden and concomitant greater energy loss) is to trap oneself in the prison of empty materiality; the third eye closes and a vacuous stare into nothingness is the result. Moderation in terms of the physical means what elevates and expands reality through super-consciousness; the diminution of average consciousness/awareness is a doubly negative thing – one must thus take two steps forward so as to enable any beginnings of forward motion and still no progress is made. Thus a spiritual atonement even a self-consciousness only comes on the wings of ascetic practice – vices manifest themselves in more decrepit forms than beer bellies and jaundice; they clothe themselves in the flesh of over-large muscles and a too rapid (or too slow) heartbeat through overexertion. The marathon runner and bodybuilder alike partake of the fleshpots of Egypt only in their own fashion. The self is awakened through avoidance of externals attained through an abiding inner reflection – be at one with oneself and bracket off the pageantry of life's stage – the sounding board of consciousness (life) is the silence through which reality manifests through oneself as its particularized message board and messenger. Real strength is attained through the nervous system not through the flesh; nay it is through the mind not the body. Thus reveling in the flesh brings down the guillotine of ignorance upon the mind quelling its higher expression destroying its potentiality in the actuality of external involvements from the race course to the gymnasium. As one gazes in the mirror of vanity that of self-reflexion is smashed blacking out all thought.

Capricorn

time of the down-going of the sun; vitality wanes and the sepulchre looms; tenebrous environs press upon the solitude with infinite expanse yet claustrophobic impress. The dark of night gives way in its icy crypt of premature death to the impotence of day weakly teasing the living with the promise of future life through death, Lazarus-like resuscitation in an indefinite and unknowable future called spring. Harass me not flies! I am no jam to be consumed by your ravening. Feast upon the muck that is your usual fare that which is suited to you and you to it – used in eternal nuptials of decrepitude. I am pure, alabaster form, white marble, god-like, radiant in the rays of the sun; shine upon me o' immortal orb and allow me to slake my thirst from your quintessence offerings. I hunger for your brightness, I, who would be a beacon of sanity in an insane world of clawing, rending greed, acquisitive claws, shaking hands of lechery grasping the veil of lust – to pull aside and reveal – emptiness. The war-god avataring material husks of fanatical mania beating their swords against another's soul – into ploughshares to carve out furrows into which is sown the stones of barrenness. Up and down Jacob's ladder: the clown is thrown from the heights to smack his ass to the grass – he threw himself in his folly and laughs the while knowing that simply knowing is knowing; that the lowercase of knowledge makes the dry as dust pontificator a mere cipher and automaton; an ensemble of monkeys typing on a typewriter churning out the slag of a knowledge factory. Creep interrupts me again with his jealous creeping; he would still the Creator in me and thereby destroy the higher for the sake of his lower self. But the Creator will not be negated for to be still is to be dead and the noble suffering undergone for the sake of creation would stand merely as a sepulchre for a past that existed merely in embryonic form.

The child will not be culled and exposed on the dung heap of the jealousy of the father; the golden chain which binds him will not be strong enough to bind forever nor will it choke him; through strengthening of the self he will eventually attain his freedom from slavery.

The dialectic of the sexes

is a power struggle rooted in the ego-mind of dualistic consciousness: each want to control their options. This however leads to the dissatisfaction of the narcissus – that the serf wants (through projection to control itself embodied in the form of the other – that it wishes the other to be self and to gratify its every wish; this inevitably fails thereby creating the disappointment of failed integration through making oneself the basis of All instead of making the All the basis of oneself. Thus inevitable dissonance between the ‘is’ and ‘ought’ is experienced and as a canker worm or seed of a poisonous plant, takes root and so forth...

Employment and consciousness

what one does habitually creates his mind; it is an exercise of the machine like any other but for the additional element of its being the bridge to higher realms
even working in McDonald’s the higher realms may be accessed. Access is walled by the noise and perturbation of sensory impingements on the silence – the more powerful the mind and its organic expressions (nervous tissue) the easier to buffer the surrounding totality of interruptions (sights, sounds, etc.) thereby one has control over the lower senses – only through the higher consciousness can the lower forms of expression be reined in and steered towards their sublimation. The more cultivated the more sensitive but not necessarily the more reactive; the latter is a function of mental governance by the lower astral, the former (sensitive but controlled) of higher planes of consciousness accessible via abstract thinking such as math/logic. The latter in this case (control) is the command center of consciousness and censors the inferior albeit being too stern in its censorship if given license through non-activation of more emotional/receptive/synthetic judgments ‘apriori’/‘posteriori’. Thus one must be receptive but simultaneously ward off the delusions of the emotional mind through elevation of thought to higher planes/states. The irony of existence can be seen in the example of myself forever lusting after a material structure which is to be called a ‘home’ (be it Bugout vehicle or cabin in the woods, etc.). You take yourself with you wherever you go; you are an emanation of the deity, God-mind, clothed in material fleshly garb and will never be anywhere but home. Thus where you heart (literally – but even beyond to a metaphysical level) is home. And you cannot venture anywhere beyond this plane with the body nor can you preserve it eternally – thus home is the spirit and all the realms of all the worlds. No home is needed and this is the greatest wisdom that a material vehicle is merely a temporary abode, a utility to deify the Dharma and then to flee/fly to whatever other realm pulls one towards its center through the law of attraction. The beast consciousness conceives of reality from the frog perspective. The phoenix rises from the mind of the eagle vision. The one can think only in terms of particulars; a motley collection of random and disconnected bric a brac, the latter an ensemble of consistent fibres all cut from the same cloth, woven into a tapestry of intelligibility that is Maya to the beast – a red flag waved in front of the eyes of the blind eliciting the charge of violent energies – to be directed at will by the eagle, the omniscient bird on the wing transforming into the ever-evolving soul form of the phoenix. Ascension comes through the inner sight and the voice of the silence brings about the speech of the Logos. In descending to gather the fruits from the tree of life the ape devolves – and yet through involution, evolution is brought about. The fruits are gathered; the beast is sated – at least the appetite is whetted – the bigger the mouth and stomach the more this jovial being gorges upon the fruits of the tree of life and its supernal wisdom.

Familia

: the archetype of the family, nuclear with the trinity inherent as its nucleus is no longer anything but a

faded memory, a cadaver that lives on in memory alone in this degenerate age of self before others. Patriarchy replaced by the black widow of matriarchy and the constraints of the spider's web of femdom protectiveness. The mate is devoured post-partum and the remains picked clean – cannibalized, vampirized by the brood and the mother cum dominatrix. Without a head, a titular king, and the body – family, dies. The progeny are weakened, misguided souls who, in wayward innocence, stumble along life's course towards a tenebrous future swallowed in darkest ignorance by the ever-dimming light of a half-knowledge that serves only to perpetuate a self-infatuation, a barren and fruitless tree of knowledge that stands rotting from within. The Pater cannot manifest the positive moment of paternity, that of a bestowing wisdom and a selfless contribution to its own continuance through posterity – it is too immersed in the glass of vanity it is enraptured by, slaking its thirst of fictive dreams and delusive prospects kindled by the fires of egotism waxing ever hotter as the self-romance amplifies rendering the world and everything it contains a backdrop of a theatre production with the prima don as center of its universe, pivot around which it turns. The mockery of high art is blatantly contrasted by the bleakness of the alleyway in which the farce is played out, the only audience being the delusive images of an inebriated mind come to life through the maieutic function of the bottle. The urchins spawned by such a one abandoned to their fate, clinging to life amidst the death blows of fate, their destiny to live only to die as a living dead being waiting out the sand of the hourglass. The beauty of Venus debauched, its forms of aesthetic harmony contorted with the venal vices of the lower self, its incessant desires unabated by all attempts to sate. The only satisfaction is found in the sublimation of intense drives through art form, a forming through art of thought forms being but fleeting appearances dissipated in revelry and degenerate satanic forms of expression – bread, circuses, and carnality. One-pointed concentration of attention to break through the barriers of Mayic intervention that beclouds the sharpness of reason and its higher octave, art.

American woman stay away from me _____ :

the traditional archetype of woman has met its death through the egalitarian ruse of international Jewry; that which served the family unit as the Mary Magdalene is now replaced by Babylon, mother of harlots painting the town red with menstrual blood. This is truly the mark of the beast, the curse of Eve-ill visited upon Adam Kadmon, 'every man' in the equalitarian multiverse that constitutes present day society. Thereby the family is destroyed, thereby the progeny if not stillborn are cretinous monstrosities hobbling through life on gimping limbs towards destinations unknown. The chain which, as brisengamen, once was proudly displayed around the neck of Mary has been converted into the iron manacle of the masters of manipulation who jerk it about leading their puppet to carry out duties it would balk at under conditions of normalcy. But truly the holy mother, petticoated frauline has been converted through archontic mind control into a clockwork puppet of master, set to explode at the appropriate time according to the political will of her handlers. Thus her mind has been reprogrammed with the software of extremity of the ego-mind by the programmers of the Q-lipboth from behind the guise of a white-skinned, blue-eyed heterosexual paternalistic tyrannis. They wish to break the chain brisengamen but are ensnared by it out of torture murderers of the soul, the chosen few in accordance with the will of their chief archon, Kronos. Thus, wayward, La Donna sets forth under occult influences as a puppeted golem instrumental in leaving the home barren and sepulchral with a self-absorbed egoity that purports femdom as its consciousness modality. Wielding the whip she in turn is subject to the lash of hidden hands and questing towards the land of self-indulgent milk and honey serves as a sacrifice to create Kvasir's blood mingling her kalas with the mead brewed in secret cauldrons in Sheol by the puppets of the archons who in turn puppet her.

The energy of Babylon is drained and drunk to the dregs by Yaldabaoth and serves merely to render desolate the house of the Aryan. Thus the white knight goes hungry and the young Einherjar are left to starve for want of nourishment as Babylon quests after the mirage of glistening fetters about which depend the barbs of inverted pentagrams blood bespattered with the souls of the innocent she had

sacrificed for the false promise of golden pots at rainbow's end. Thereby she shatters the Bifrost Bridge to the superman, thereby Jacob's ladder is forged adamant and the lower ascend while the higher are cast down into the abyss. Thus I say: "American woman stay away from me" for though what I am, I am through you and what you are, you are through me. You have forsaken the higher for the lower and thus have left your house desolate. Nothing remains in the Akasha but cinders of past ritual burnings that you in your folly have scattered to the winds and have gone the way of all flesh to reincarnate from the ashes but only in devolved form as you have betrayed and forsaken the lofty for the lowly, making of the bones of Babylon Jacob's ladder straight to Sirius and the migrating souls of former white's devolved entities fit for the slaver's block to curry favour with Yaldabaoth's minions, material incarnated vehicles of archontic influence in the mundane plane. The loyalist would prefer to defend the burning house even through made a straw madchen than to abandon the hearth of the Herrenvolk. No Elysium will be visited by the traitorous but a permanent visit to a mundane Hel and Tartarus is the only fate derivative of this formula. The noble Frikka occupied with the household thralls; the devout serving wench carrying out the duties of the hearth and stable; the glistening eye of Phoebus refulgent glows upon the hermat of mountain peaks, greensward of home. Contrast the stone thatch huts girding and defending the noble parapets of age-old ancestry to the teeming urban sprawl of mullato and shylock as they rob and rape the volk with their corrupting influence; products of inebriation flow through the streets, the sneer of vice plays about the lips of once-proud blue-eyed Aryans who await their prey in alleyways with a sacrifice knife – to desecrate the earth upon which once flowed the blood of slain warriors raptured up to Valhalla now meeting their end in opium dens and bawd houses. This because of the weak link of the Aryan volk whose inflated ego lives to stroke itself away in prideful vanity; the selfless sacrifice of the black widow's feast lying hollowed out of life's blood, cast aside in webbed corners of forgotten dust never to breathe again the mountain air of an ancient homeland forever desecrated by international commercium and its spider's web of energy currents strangling and suppressing the arteries of the earth's energetic ley lines. Mary has been enwreathed in veils woven from blueprints conceived in the mind of the demiurge and placed upon the material world by architects whose payment comes in the form of blood and energy. Beware madchen for you walk a precipitous course and upon your love and loyalty the future depends – and upon the chain of brisengamen your fate also depends – so take heed!

Gang-stalked

by the haunting presences of a demon; its hypostases multiplying as mind parasites rending the independence of consciousness and shackling the self to an iron ring embedded in the walls of a crystallized prison of consciousness. The parasites invade and breed upon the host as so many maggots hatching in the livor mortise cadaver which escaped burial. Haunted, obsessed, the very notion of demonic possession besets me amidst the crystallized thought forms of my mind prison. This begins one's down-going, a terminal passage into the earth without redemption. The vision blurs when beset by these shadow figures flitting across one's aura, bruising and dampening it, a beaten animal left out in the rain whose fur is soaked with the poison from thunderheads perpetually expelling their waste upon this once animate form. The sun remains concealed eclipsed by the dark energy matter entity that infests the mind; the sun of mind is ensconced in shadow, at times and only rarely manifesting palely behind these ever-clinging clouds.

Thought forms solidified are labyrinthine walls which lead away from the self; crystallized entropic forms obscuring the inner light. The rays of novelty are required to penetrate these encircling walls and open passages towards realms of evolution. External aids, chance encounters, radical shifts of behaviour and concomitant ideational trajectories serve as the vehicle of expansion amidst contraction; Jupiter supersedes Saturn through uranial, venal, lunar, solar, etc. rays – one must simply understand how to harness them in one's journey through the stars. Scourge the self then pamper the self; iron maidens and nail beds then silken cushions and saunas – or vice versa – or both simultaneously. Thus

the mind is left broken, shattered by the confusion of contraries – but no contradictories. The pain augments the pleasure and the pleasure the pain.

“Who am I?”

– Answer to the greatest imbroglia in vivo equals progress. A lack of answer, paucity of Gnothe Seuton equals chaos; an ordering occurs through the attunement of higher and lower – the daemon manifests from the depths of the battle; this is the key to giving oneself the game genic of life. To know what to do one must know who one is; to know this one must attend to what one does. Thus speaks wisdom. Knowledge has no meaning if it can't preserve the balance of the fundamental attunement: gestimtheit; one grain in the wrong pan or one grain too many equals chaos and thus begins one's down-going. Know what must be known and no more; to know what one needs not is folly, the wise-man learns only to do what needs to be done in accordance with his dharma.

‘Neti, neti’

is not a utilitarian function of consciousness except as a limit to one's hubris. Thus one must limit his Icarian flight before the wings melt and he dies “of the fool's disease” (Balthasar Gracian), namely of excess knowledge. Ignorance as a vocation, hypocritical mask to veil the emptiness of a vacuum of consciousness proves the opposite pole of folly; to claim to know nothing and, in all honesty, to actually know nothing, is to make an attempt to claim something beyond what is obvious to all, namely one's limitations; to extend the border of one's finitude without the province of his activities and unjustly stake a claim to the territory of others be it god's, man's, or demon's – thus one conjures demons through obsessing himself with the mendacity of arrogance and though he alone may be privy to the secret knowledge, however well-concealed, he alone still knows and thus hangs himself on the yardarm of his guilty conscience. What does the mass mind want? To perpetuate itself in entropy. What does the liberated mind want? Information to immerse yourself in the herd is to give up information (enlightenment) and court death (entropy). Thus in life amongst the herd it is paradoxically death which is one's reward. The reward of avoidance of the crowd is a life of richness fulfillment vowed. The desperate struggle of the daily grind proves its futility in destruction of the mind; the seeming void of splendored solace leads down depths to freedom/wisdom's palace. Thus the conclusion plain to see is avoidance of all society; thus one cultivates sobriety; in place of intoxicated gaiety the riotous mob, its mental frailty is banished from consciousness entirely. A life of contemplation is the only life that matters; the rush of workaday struggle is for salmon – swimming with the stream is strangely enough the most work. To be against the grain is to smooth the rough-hewn boards which are the structure of the cabin that constitutes society – thereby humanity prospers, paradoxically (again) through its opponents. Dialectically breaking society down generates the phoenix. The thesis of orthodoxy must be annihilated by the antithesis of radicalism. The danger of an undesirable synthesis is always present, however, the danger is always a necessity – for the destructive possibilities inherent in this danger would otherwise be a certainty. Thus one must go through the flames to avoid burning in the fire – the phoenix rises from the ashes but not from cold dust – the latent warmth serves as the divine spark of piezoelectric generation. Rub the ashes on the body and christen oneself in the baptismal glory with the spirit of the diamond body. ‘Crystal boy’ one is adamant in his will and spirit. Incarnate fallible being he projects himself upwards, through alchemical self-generation. Harboring the divine spark within, he returns.

Poem – “Apropos Failed Apotheosis”

Chains of matter cling to a carcass, the living death; Bob Marley enwreathed in rusted chains performing a magician's feat to swim the deep and come out of the baptism renewed as a bennu bird –

the phoenix ascending away from the futile grinding of fortune's wheel; inertia threatening to stop the torturous slowness of the intermeshing gears. The rust seems never to be excised but is spreading perpetually; entropy is the highway to hell and the magician's medium is a lake of fire burning for ever and ever and ever. While the higher planes of existence lay barren in the richness forsaken but a dulled consciousness immersed in material mire those who can overcome soar to the stratosphere to infinity and beyond – attention is blinded by the lower chakras spinning wheels of carne-valesque freakishness as one betrays his true self in the store-bought self of NRFB[‘never removed from box’] factory freshness. The matricized cyborgs are churned out as widgets of the army of Yah, controllers implanting electro-magnetic strings on their Pinocchios and Lampwicks of pleasure island celebrity. Frequency flicker rate resetting the brain-slate – tabula rasa scarred with equations of particle physics and unified field theory pipe dreams of archontic puppet-masters and their incarnations, the legions of doom-dealers and fear-mongers. The bennu bird flies from the plane of the burnt out desert from entropy it gains energy – from the void alchemically. It flies from Khem, the denizens of which see it not nor do they hear its silence soaring. Power magnified logorhythmically it lends itself life while the carnal batteries are drained beneath the archangelic wings overarch the herd and portend to doom but the oblivion of their arising. Thus in the flesh pots they masticate their Ba.

Art

: vehicle of higher consciousness – what enables the vehicles of the word, what, god-like, makes it to incarnate as flesh, living, breathing thought form – communicable, replicable, disseminable – this is the invocation of the higher forms of consciousness (possibly sentient) that gains being, existence, even as it is distorted eo ipso.

The carefree generation

the ‘me’ generation; period of relaxed domesticity not without its minor problems yet removed from the greater problems of life-threatening nature. That day has now come to an end and the struggle to thrive (be it in social Darwinist competition or in self-development for enlightenment, etc.) has been supplanted with the struggle to survive. The wishful thinking of the self-deluded would convert the worst of times into the best of times and attempt the impossible of spring-boarding themselves into mundane heights of status and money through careerism. The only heights to be sought and actually attained are through self-cultivation with the most rudimentary of tools – pen and paper and crude implements that enable the soul to drive its bodily vehicle to experiential heights (workout equipment, basic food and fees for services and participation) or to attempt to break the wheel of cyclicism and escape the mundane never to return. In the end all one is/has is the body/mind/spirit complex and it is to the extreme possible in physical reality – being perpetually threatened on all sides by mysterious forces the nature of which is unknown to the victim. One's responsibility is restricted to that of the powers of a blind man groping in a dark and treacherous terrain beset with bear and animal and man traps of all shape and indescribable proportions. The empire of the international Jew has now grown to the extent when the confidence of the horde who constitute its members manifests in extreme arrogance and inevitable bigoted brutality. The floodgates of the dark horde of the orcs that the Jews control threatens to burst and unleash their irrational fury upon the once quiet shire of white's hemat – now burning in the flames of a holocaust of unquenchable destruction. Fatality looms on the horizon as storm fronts of angry black beasts pour forth upon the gingerbread houses of the shire fold prepared to rend their habitations to so many crumbs. Sauron (Rothschild's archontic master, Yaldabaoth) casts his panoptic vision upon the glen as it blazes under his diabolism of microwave death. The desperate paramour of the denizens becomes a frenzy of confused purposelessness, the mass clinging to their sacred cows of yore which are now nothing but blackened husks, meat on the hoof unfit even for the indiscriminating maws of the orcinine mass. What redemption is there for the peaceful elven-folk of this once emerald terrain of a paradise lost? The taking up of arms by arms too flaccid to wield them,

through vice of lethargy and ease is of no avail to the desperate throng. No messianic apotheosis reveals itself in refulgent glory – instead there is the blaze of the burning ritual and the emptiness of silenced cries. Thus the picture of the end times appears bleak such that the viewer would sooner cover it up with the crimson curtain but for the association of its color with blood sacrifice. The awareness of such a scene – impossible to look away – leads one to blank out awareness – assuming the requisite weakness. The strong look on with a dread and foreboding or in full knowledge with a fatal acquiescence to the inevitability of the executioner’s guillotine in whatever form it may manifest itself: economic, political, biological, chemical, nuclear – or some or all of the above. No escape but no way to fight either. Like a magician in a stage show one struggles with the handcuffs and straightjacket – but magicians have been known to die though the show must go on – in spite of their reservations and inevitable closing of the curtain after the audience has grown tired of the performance of futility. The only place for solace and joy in this world remaining is the mind; its cultivation the only refuge from the executioner’s lash. Thereby strength is gained and a thousand wars overcome without the shedding of blood. Even in the throes of death one is simply unshackling the spirit from the body. To chain the body is to free the soul; to limit the material obsession is to ascend to self-possession in the heaved-up place, the eternal life in the afterlife of mundane existence; to heave up the hewn ashlar to perfection into realms beyond those subject to decay and corruption. The altruist will seek to bring with him those who are near and dear – and yet those who are near and dear are all those of sufficiently elevated consciousness that they can meet you at your level and perhaps pick you up to higher levels however lowly you may be. Thus each acts as a foothold for another in ascending the stairway to heaven – up and down the tree of life plucking the fruit to quench one’s thirst.

Boozy-B and the hamburger stand

: the name of B – infamous, notorious figure and long stigmatized social outcast, dimly conceived of slaking his thirst of brew. The brown bottle called beckoning the inner daemon as tantalus, as the siren call of a Circe witch betraying the higher daemon. Thus the Kakos daemon and B. stumbled towards the darkling telos of his mind’s eye – the apple of his gustatory addict’s delight. The dive on the corner was dimly lit – an appropriate place for demon’s to nest and prey upon victims whom they would invest with their low vibrational consciousness – and then infest and take up residence within neanderthaloid slope of low-brow cranial capacity in which bestirred the salacious thoughts that sought endless stimulation though it meant the grave at the end of the rainbow in place of the pot of gold; the pot shards of Potiphar in the fleshpots of Egypt in the stenchy den crypt of our discontents. The sneer of corruption played its lecherous twitchings about the halitosis maw from out of which emanated the reek of the unclean spirits who had so long resided in the tomb of this living dead carrion fowl who finds the rotted corpses of its companions the greatest delight and fondest wish to warm itself in inebriated insobriety to the witching hour of life (the 11th hour of knell tolling of the reaper). Thus the flickerings of hazy thoughts snapped, popped and crackled across the mind’s eye of Boozy B. as the latter strolled towards the den of iniquity that was the latter’s de facto home. The tab would be steep tonight was the only thought that percolated to the top crystallizing in images of ATM machines and debit cards, of account balances and the digits that they represented on their liquid crystal display, themselves representing and going beyond the delight they promised the potential looming threat of the reaper’s scythe and inevitable self- destruction. The tombstone loomed and upon it was inscribed a brief epitaph mocking its namesake: “born loser” – the lightning flashed and rain pelted B. as the latter made way towards the den. The misery of potential death and its unknown fears was counterbalanced and soon outweighed by the warming and comforting invitation of the halogen lit glow of the poison den.

Everyone - and this is an old saw/cliché if there ever was one - wishes to **make a contribution** to humanity. The meaning of this perhaps is to facilitate the creation of thought forms that enable one to have his place in the hellion archon, the Akashic records, to inscribe upon the firmament with the laser

of his will a lasting impression, his seal, the sign of the house that he has built, his lineage, to emblazon upon the aether his ego and his own through the creation of thought, children through whom he attains a permanence amidst the seemingly endless impermanence of the concatenation and permutations of being. Perhaps this is simply a deluded attempt to acquire immortality and prevent the black unknown of the end once the Saturnian scythe descends and severs his consciousness' silver cord from its physical manifestation? Be that as it may the very act of being implies itself and underscores identity, forges the brand used to imprint oneself with oneself as an autonomous ego-being amidst the chaos of the ain soph, to bring into lucid manifestation the fleeting egregores of an idle imagination. God-like he creates a world in his own image and a living reality borne of a particular consciousness formation is brought into being. Thereby he posits himself as a creative spirit transcending the play of material forces and kindles the divine spark of identity. He becomes warrior, wizard, and thrall in the game of life in a world of his own creation playing by his own rules he orchestrates his own destiny free of the strings of the archontic forms who would impel him to a fate of nullity and ignominious ignorance. The third eye opens as the darkness is broken by the first rays of the dawn of awareness as it interweaves its threads within the Mayic veil of the god's loom, disrupting the mute voice of the silence with the logos of his own godhead, the Osirian phallus never shrinks in la petit mort but remains steadfast as the divine masculine generator machine of conscious creation amidst the eternal void of feminine nullity, the null set of infinite absorption of all, the 'all in all as all' mantram of vacuous willness inertia. Crystallization of form, externalization of the internal, a bukake projection of autonomous stream of consciousness. The spider's web is woven by the demiurge across the veil of Maya in the darkness of ignorance and the ideal sees its reification in interminable creativity, the caffeine and methamphetamine addicted spider of the divine masculine, the creator who creates within the creation, the hadith who posits itself over nuit with such gestures the night gives way to day.

On the value of privacy in developing the higher self

: to begin we must define what the higher self is and why it is a goal to be attained. It is probably (given my defective knowledge it still remains a vague and under-theorized/amplified notion – any help on this would be appreciated to limb and flesh out of the bare-bones skeleton of this entity and its conceptual reality) the being of the person that could be called the immaterial entity existing beyond the physical as a more subtle being that is the configuration called one's consciousness and that is the seat of meaning, volition, and will – the source of action; of pursuit and avoidance and of attitudinal states, existential modalities, valences – call them what you will. Whatever its form may be it may be divorced from the physical, separable therefrom is probably imperishable and eternal (wishful thinking, yes, but not likely fallacious thinking – one's wishes may be granted) and is the bearer of what constitutes meaning. This may be referred to as 'spirit' and however it comes to be (if ever it did) it is probably susceptible of modification via the physical plane. If not it still exists as, say, a suit of clothes a dead father bequeathed to his young son who must grow into them to attain his birth rite. Any guidance or advice on this topic would be appreciated I am merely speculating here, reaching out to grasp the subtle forces which elude my clumsy hands. This much for a stipulative definition. I assume the higher self may be developed and that this development requires a focus of attention and minimal distraction that may cause a deviation in the focus so necessary to 'concentrate' (an appropriate term) one's psychic energy on tasks conducive to developing it. This attention is apparently the basis of and/or is the 'will' when focused and concentrated as energy. This apparently enables the formation or gather together of this higher self and bringing it into crystallization on the material plane through the body/mind serving as a vehicle of its manifestation. This in whatever particular form might be called the 'development' of the higher self and thus, instrumentally, privacy (or an absence of interruption) is an efficacious means in its cultivation. What constitutes privacy however varies with the strength of will (paradoxically) and is a result of the quality and character of the higher self of the individual. Thus the need for privacy as a basis of focus and concentration of will as a mechanism for the cultivation of

the higher self ultimately lies within the self. No external circumstances will still the furtive stirrings of a haunted mind.

The paranoid, what constitutes knowledge: not para-gnosis which is a half knowledge and thus a no-knowledge based upon a guesstimation and a groping, a lack of ability to determine the indeterminate immediate and bring into manifestation the unmanifest, from darkest ignorance to light, to lift the veil of Maya from the occulted and secreted mystery of the real. Illusions abound in the mind of the paranoid, illumination at best sparks like a failed electrical connection burning out synapses endeavoring to carry thought electricity towards meaningful crystallization as an enduring light brightness, a splendor in the holiest of holies the mind/brain. Seeking yet never finding this is the modality of consciousness and thought in its least formal aspect, a thought which has no object and thus is only thought as a process not as an apprehension or a thinking conceptualization. The act of failing to grasp its object constitutes the lack which defeats thought in its attempt to attain to its proper self, namely thought, an apprehending and grasping of thought – an assimilation of its object in its subjectivity. The emergence of the real and ideal – whereas in the paranoid's mind the real does not exist amidst the uncertainty and indeterminateness of idealism; so too the ideal does not exist amidst the uncertainty of its ground, namely the real. Thus the paranoid cannot determine itself as there is neither subject nor object that has attained crystallization/concretization. For the basis of thought in its true form as apprehension of its object in and for itself is based on gnosis – correspondence between subject and object by acquaintance, experiential knowledge; namely what coherence exists underpinned by the reality of mundane existence and the entire architecture of objectivity established by history and the physical, verified by the senses of the multitudinous group of rational, reasonable agents, i.e. the reasonable man/men or reason itself. Paranoia is essentially bound up with the egotism of subjectivity and posits itself over and against the objective – it is boundless and groundless subjectivity in its self-positing, its disregard of that established by the objective.

Divorced from reality

immersed in the web of those who weave the matricized fantasy of a blueprint for the destruction of the flies who become trapped therein. The greater the population in numbers the easier to cast a veil over their reality when they follow a standard protocol set.

The redemption of this group lies in the fact of their diversity, a chthonic proteus that winds itself into a kaleidoscopic scene of multi-colored hues bringing into being the spectrum of an unintegrated rainbow milieu. Paradoxically the larger the population (typically) the more difficult its management, thus greater effort in people management is necessary to reduce the complex to the simple and to tangle together into a common skein or thread the myriad strands of that teeming multitude called humanitas. The easiest target is the isolated group who knows only the entropy of itself and has no cognizance of that which impinges upon it from without and threatens its destruction through its own inner structural weakness; its excessive rigidity holding itself out as a virtue, an armor plating of adamant that is really the eggshell covering of a mollusk ripe for the boiling pot, that seething cauldron of otherness that envelops its being and portends its destruction. Thus the chains are drop-forged upon the social body of the small fry Leviathan so easily chained together through their hive mind consciousness linkage. Moving in lockstep their enslaved collective consciousness directs itself towards objects and purposes mapped out in advance by presences more adroit in execution of its puppetry of living tools whose movements are mere orchestrations developed algorithimically by backroom planners in accordance with a cerebral architectural mapping that spans if not all than many possible worlds. The database of the social constitutes a finite set of elements admitting of only finite permutations and combinations in accordance with its own will but an infinity of same in accordance with the will of the archons, the powers and principalities working behind hidden hands with iron fists sheathed in the dove-white gloves of innocent agni die. Thus the dynamic of power implicates masters and slaves, the lion's share accruing to the lion that of the mice to the mice themselves trapped between capricious paws of the

kingly beasts from the bottomless pit. The paradox – praxiologic as a strategy and tactics of survivalism for the individual is that he may seek shelter in the herd – the larger so the more so, as the anonymity factor conceals the exception from the rulers and their typhonian net of rules and regulations. The smaller the area, the more consciousness. The credo and advisement of survivalistic praxis is: flee the eye of Sauron and seek shelter in Tirath Ungal or Barador amongst the lesser evils; the orcine minions of the dark power of Mordor. This or else be seen in the shire of an entropic small-town expanse and like sacrifice await the cable-tow to be thrown around your neck – to be transported to Mount Doom into the jaws of destruction. In the sheep's pen inevitable destruction is prophesied as the pen is built to contain sheep and to impose upon them the finite conditions of their existence, the living dead fattening for slaughter. Escape and survival is for the goats, not the sheep and the surefooted, rational, cautious, minimalist can survive the axe of the kosher slaughter through simply venturing off into the wilderness amidst mountain crags and sparse alkali grass, He prefers to walk in isolation amidst the rocky terrain of autonomy. The comforts and pleasures of the cage are not for such as him. He is in his element away from the bad breath of the sheep and their endless bleatings and defecations.

Recollections of Hanford's "Where's Waldo?"

The investigative delight of childhood, seeking the hidden within the appearance unveiling and uncovering from the darkness. Such is the gnosis of the child, intuitively receptive to being thereby able to receive the truth and the light. Waldo is here, like the kingdom of heaven, he is within you. The questioner must first know how to question if he would be an answer to questions posited. They must be first well-formulated through an engagement to use a popular pedagogical term, preferably through an attunement with being, a fundamental adjustment of the questioning psyche with the mirror of its identity. One must have the wherewithal to look oneself in the face in spite of all ugliness: monstrum in fronte monstrum in animo; to give oneself a facelift is indicated when the sagging appearance fails of its essence, when the real is a perversion of the ideal (or vice versa). The developing child who wishes to grow into its higher self, the idealized self-concept, willingly faces itself and flagellates itself before the mirror of its vanity thereby coercing change through healing: Virtutes volier virscit. The mystique of the unknown holds in thrall consciousness which in this state of wonder, seeks to overcome this challenge to itself as a playful opposition. Thus one loses oneself in the process of self-discovery called learning for a learning about the object is a self-learning, an interiorization and integration of the other into the self, object in subject, an act of ownership and mastery of the thing through making it an object of knowledge.

Baby-boomer greed

being legion they have a karmic debt to pay – unfortunately the sins of the father are visited upon and overshadow the son however Christ-like the latter may be. The debt is transmitted into posterity thereby precipitating the disenfranchisement to an even greater degree of the latter at the expense of the former; the former's enrichment is proportionate to the latter's impoverishment and with every gain of the former a loss is incurred in the latter; zero- sum accountancy resulting in bankruptcy of opportunity, vitality (air, food, shelter, and water quality and availability) and ultimately existence. Expiation of sin comes in the form of swift justice in accordance with cosmic law – negation of a negation eliminating all obstacles to enable the affirmation of the Good. Consonant with the principles of a fundamental justice such an act is necessary, no other alternative is possible and the sickle of Saturn falls on the neck of the beast from the bottom spiriting away its soul shell from whence it came to the abyss of being. The generational curse of the baby-boomers has wrought endless agony, despair, traumas and tribulations in its wake; a fatted porcine entity gobbling the resources of those who came before and leading those who proceeded from their evil unions to perdition, abandoned, without a hope other than an empty promise of success impossible of achievement given the absence of means necessary to

realize correlative ends. Such is the karmic debt of the doomed generation: for cowardly hands posterity will play the soporific role and turn a blind eye to the sandman and his influence as the curtain of eternal night is pulled across their vision be it through the hypocrisy of medical murder (euthanasia, etc.) or the reciprocity of abandonment of themselves by their progeny – forgiven as a means to forgetting and forgotten doomed to die under the weakened security structure of social in-security and the products of their insatiable greed (investments in intangibles leading towards total financial loss and inevitable impoverishment). The prudence of subsequent generations bears no fruit as it has no fertile soil in which to take root and no water or sun of fortune to enable growth. Thus the inevitable is inevitable – total impoverishment of all but the most fortunate and this through the folly and imprudence of the “me generation” who could see nothing beyond the momentary self-stimulation – justifying life nullifies life – no value in a life which exists to prop itself up through specious justification. Without a purpose that emanates from within as an adequate manifestation of one’s inner being the claims put forth to having a purpose fall by the wayside as a mere veneer of purpose, an empty formalism adopted as a guise to conceal to one’s inner sight the lack of purpose that ensconces/pervades one’s existence. No existence without an essence; without a deeply entrenched purpose that structures one’s identity (however superficial that one may be) life necessarily wither on the vine as that which can’t hold together through its structure (by virtue of its absence of structure) necessarily ceases to exist; its identity can’t be maintained as no organizing principle directs it towards a set identity; the realization of identity over against the ‘other’ of endless possibility. For those who are broad and wise, broad in their wisdom and wise in their breadth as limited existence of one-dimensional identity is inadequate and they seek identity in purpose that exceeds the finite limitations of either a public capacity or a narrow private vocation. However without the limitations of finite circumstances as structuring conditions of life and thereby identity, with no set and determinate situation to anchor the craft of one’s soul/spirit to the mundane there is no identity. Thus the public/private concrete form of identity necessitates situation (being situated in a given set of tangible material circumstances).

How can the control grid be escaped/overcome? Does living on the mundane plane necessitate living in the ‘mit-dasein’ (the matrix) and becoming a matricized robot slave of the controllers? It would appear so as the entire planet is blanketed in an electromagnetic spider’s web that traps within it all of the flies who have been conceived within its borders and who are content in their ignorance to feast upon the faecal matter represented to them as jam.

‘Once bitten twice shy’

an encapsulative phrase connoting the harsh lessons of experience that result in prudence but often degenerate into pusillanimity. The lesson to be extracted is that ‘shyness’ (cowardice, a fearful attitude with respect to the unknown of anticipated state-of- affairs) should be converted into courage, i.e. a readiness to suffer and to endure/persevere in the face of threatening objects not yet present. Anticipate hardship with a courageous mien and be unyielding in their confrontation to the extent of what is reasonable – else courage exceeds its bounds and becomes recklessness or folly. The overarching good made manifest in spite of all opposition that is a necessity to face to the extent of its enabling the greater good within the architecture of ends, the greatest good obviously superseding lower ones.

Judge ye not

so the dogma goes as if to say: “cease to be a human being” as that faculty of judgment is the determining faculty of humanity in addition to that of intuition and creativity. To live a blind life without judging (deciding how and what things are on the basis of experience and causal relationships the latter based on the former but also based on apriori/posterior intuition, tapping into the higher faculties of the mental body and collective consciousness, of God-mind) is to live as a zombified/matricized robot-man operating reactively in accordance with programming and forsaking

one's obligation to oneself and others to acknowledge and deal with the truth as this is the basis of maintaining the balance of the aether, harmony. No harmony can exist without all beings living consciously, no conscious life can exist without reason as this it is which decides/judges what is and compares it in abstracto, with what must be.

Trauma's deleterious influence

however 'long ago' it might have been or however few and far between a trauma is a trauma and can remain in the brain lodged inside as a poison worm transforming into a butterfly – or a moth that may be an exacerbation rather than an amelioration of itself. The mind may be overcome with the trauma such that the person has no redemption and is beset with its influence ad infinitum, an endless broken record of pain and suffering broadcast through the gramophone of the mind; though it is given voice a million ways, discussed or ignored the fact remains. Forgiving and forgetting are not necessarily causally related. To forgive what has been done to one is absurd – that implies that the harm ceases to harm and the harmed has healed of all wounds. Such cognitive dissonance is a fabrication of the mind and, insofar as the mind is the mind, preserves and retains its integrity apart from pharmaceutical/electro-magnetic/chemical destruction/modification the trauma will remain to the detriment (as well as benefit) of the traumatized. As to forgiveness the notion that the injured must be willing to let go of their just claims to injury and correlative compensation – this is absurd and imbecilic. Pluck your eye out if it offends you – thus one should submit to being scourged with rods and smile contentedly at the whipper as if the latter's actions were perfectly in harmony with the greater good of all. This 'forgiveness' notion does away with punishment as a legitimate compensatory and rectificatory process and thereby vitiates justice. For the latter to be preserved punishment is a necessity; for punishment to be preserved injury must be acknowledged; for injury to be acknowledged forgiveness must be given only in a qualified way not automatically. Qualified how? – Through the necessary punishment being meted out to rectify the balance of harmony (justice) and to compensate the victim. These two entailments/corollaries of this justice are essential for love (=justice) to exist. Thus, lovingly, one must punish to the extent necessary.

Personal identity and the morality of the name

: A rose by any other name will not necessarily smell as sweet. To change the signifier is to change the signified; to consecrate one's self through conferment of the name is to impose a limited structure upon the being upon whom this structure is conferred. Thus personal identity is radically changed through a change of name. This can be disastrous in that the being is fractured in their personal history as if a wedge were introduced severing past and future like the severing of a spinal cord in an automobile accident. Memory is distorted and the sum of one's history in the form of sense impressions, lingering images, sounds and remnants of experience become garbled in the consciousness. This may lead to divisiveness in the self and a difficulty integrating the split personalities. On the bright side the liberation of oneself through the perhaps abrupt imposition/conferment of the name oft- times requires this fracturing however destructive. The phoenix soars only out of the ashes and the caged canary might have its identity – but this latter entails its own slavery. Thus limitation must be subject to vitiation even though accompanying pain follows. Virtutes voliere virscit, the prize of virtue is suffering. Heroism entails facing the conflagration amidst the combat and martyrdom need not be the outcome but an erection of the flag of one's victory of the doppel of his lower self. Names are creative and processes of naming are themselves creative. All is ritual as all has a magical set of relations underpinning it as a controllable fiat, a ripple in the pool of life's waters. However great the scope of its radius all disruptions are still.

Auto-hypnosis

is the condition of the average person. Excess food, routine existence without variation; no new

information entering the mind leading to psychical atrophy and inevitable mindlessness, the loss of consciousness. Exercise of a repetitious nature, work of a repetitious nature, thought (being modelled on action and conducing to type of action) of a repetitious nature. Novelty necessitates circumstantial change as well as change of thought (which requires sufficient plasticity of the mind to enable change). Thus confrontation of the same state of affairs necessarily leads to the destruction of possibility through entropy. The wildest imaginings are reined in by the limitation of circumstances; the creative drive to achieve is snuffed out through a lack of resources with which to create.

Religion

is spirituality divested of its autonomy; the particular swallowed up in the universal and the false universal of the herd or collective consciousness itself a particularization of the true universal. Thus violence is imposed upon the individual through the very existence of the attempt to render the infinite finite through the words, passages, symbols and signifiers (acts, images, sounds, sensations – or lack thereof). However violence, in the realm of spiritual development may not be the answer but it is an answer to a question no one asked but which one can ask oneself and in asking can answer – again oneself, thereby augmenting his own knowledge set and experiential repertoire. Dialectically strength is acquired and the light shines into the darkness of ignorance dispelling it; thus to confront the unknown by finding out what is alleged to be known (and thus to know what claims to be knowledge) is to evolve at the level of the soul; to know what is held out to be knowledge, the particular, finite reality that becomes a fetish object of/as the collective consciousness (which narcissistically gazes into the mirror of its own vanity and creates itself as a love object even as subject – the self-love of the ego mind: the more parishioners the better, the bigger the more legitimacy it accrues to itself). Power is the currency of belief which becomes knowledge through becoming a reality – knowledge of itself qua inner, subjective esoteric fiat of consciousness without reflexive relation to the creator. The creator, through this power of delusion, worships himself by worshipping the creation and in a state of cognitive dissonance refuses (or merely omits) the trace, reflexion of his own ego in that which emanates from his being and structures and constitutes his personality/identity. “I am that I am” is replaced with (or overlaid with as it remains as a latent property) “I am through the other”, though the ‘I am’ is said in a whisper and with false consciousness. Such is the nature of religion: one girds oneself in its trappings to accrue a sense of importance/identity to make a god of oneself even of the most humble character; through venerating that which is beyond oneself through the concentration gradient of power the greater flows towards the lesser when the latter is receptive thereto and thereby it augments him as a ‘disciple’ or ‘adherent’, etc.

Whatever the label may be specifically. Labels are the badges of the ego which struts about in its vanity pirouetting before its gaudy figure. It is the attempt to stand on the shoulders of giants in pretense of humility with being still a ‘man of clay and iron’. However it opens up horizons of experience which create real humility and therein lies its saving grace. One can’t help but recognize the finite when confronted with the converse and still power (perhaps infinite power) becomes accessible through self-prostration.

A gesture

so subtle that it is nearly imperceptible – yet of minute significance; an apparently casual comment – yet so poignant and pregnant with meaning as to be almost incomprehensible while still retaining its appropriate form in the case. A key perfectly carved to fit the most intricate of locks and to open doors to otherwise impassable realms of subterranean depths and empyrean heights. Such is the subtlety of the discreet; neither too much nor too little; at all times and in all ways prudent, taking only the necessary measures and no more, forever striking a balance between an excess and a deficiency; putting just the needed degree of pressure in one’s touch – and coming away with interest. Thus is thievery conducted, the thievery of the mind, a perfect game for wolves in sheep’s clothing who are

more fox than wolf but have that lycanthropic propensity when the situation demands. This is the function of subtlety – courtiership and the auditorium of the political realm, an adept player on life's stage, greasing the palm and stabbing in the back of a friend who has outlived their usefulness with an iron hand in a velvet glove holding in adamantine grip a poisoned dirk – untraceable, unknown in its discretion. The heavy hand of politics is wielded with alacrity – the strength of a dangerous criminal masquerading behind the pomander of an effete courtier. A game of hawks and doves forever engaging one another in an all too real display of tactical guerrilla theatre, darting and planning the logistics in their endless permutations and combinations. The most subtle shift of the wind is an opportunity to dive-bomb an enemy outskirt the countervailing assault. The game grows tiresome yet never will it cease until masters and slaves cease to determine one another as such from a phenomenological to a macro-political level. The game ceases in death and life is struggle, war everlasting. Only the higher consciousness of man qua superman can supersede this dualistic fencing of enmity and attain unity a coalescence of wills while still preserving their autonomy. That fundamental principle of preserving and manifesting the will and avoiding and if need be negating that of another in their attempt to suppress yours is the spark which sets off the powder keg of all contention and ceases only with the self, overcoming of the ego mind through a recognition of the 'I' in 'thou'. Only through a unity consciousness will the enmity of a bellum omnia contra omnes cease; else the ego posits the other as Other and seeks to assert itself as the vehicle of its will; to posit itself as an opponent. Such is the Shaitanic mind of the unfortunate immersed in dualistic consciousness. His escape lies in victory through the greater jihad, his imprisonment in the inevitable defeat and endless pyrrhic victories of the lesser.

Astonished upon discovering that apparently insignificant causes exist for (at least within the horizon of one's own experience) great effects. The entanglement with an apparently benign influence redounding to the greatest malignancy. A simple exposure to a chemical substance generating terminal illness. However all is not lost as even the more difficult hardships can be overcome through knowledge of causality – the questions to be answered must first be divulged through a self-knowing (gnosis) of the hardship, what its nature is and the means available and efficacious in its nullification. One must be brave in confronting the facts however threatening they may be; the price of ignorance may be fatal, the reward of knowledge may be more than the purging of the diabolus which infects one's consciousness (body, mind, and soul). Though held captive here under extreme deprivation, threatened on all sides by impending hardships, to know what must be done, to decide to do it and without hesitance is to liberate oneself from the chain of causality fixed to one's corpus through ignorance and cowardice. Courage alone does not suffice – for one doesn't know how to use it as a key to unlock subterranean chambers and discover pots of gold after defeating monsters; knowledge must be had to effect the appropriate changes. However deprived the circumstances the greater the knowledge the greater the power given the will's indomitability. To turn a blind eye to the facts is to precipitate one's gradual deterioration as a functioning entity, not conscious of the causality necessary to maintain the identity of the self – the self is carried away down a muddy escarpment into a grave of his own making. Thus to know one must have the courage to face the facts not simply cover one's eyes from the threats which beset one along life's path; to drive with a courageous gallantry is to avoid sliding into the ditch of ignorance and unconscious abandon, to traverse the highways and byways (whatever the most direct path to one's goals) and challenge all robbers and highwaymen however well-armed: for a challenge does not mean a confrontation exclusively but a game of cat and mouse; courage alone when uncoupled from the driving force of reason leads to the folly of recklessness and again, winds one up in the ditch of circumstances, muddied, bloodied if at all alive. To adhere to well-worn paths is not always cowardice, often prudence; to remain on these same as a matter of principle subverts adaptability, the necessary entailment of knowledge whose guide is reason. Thus to employ the intellect as a powerful searchlight illumines the darkness, banishes the bogies and dispels the fear of ignorance even in the certainty of death. At least the truth will set one free.

Small causes, big effects

– a thorough knowledge of causality based on experience or that of others (a knowledge qua gnosis) is a pre-requisite of avoiding the stones that find their way into one's shoes. At first a trifle after miles of marching a bunion then gangrene. Take off the shoe and refuse to soldier on when the beacon of the intellect foresees the inevitable consequences of persisting in an action/omission. Eliminate the cause; eliminate the effect and that by the most efficacious means saving time, money, and resources of all sorts and descriptions. The moral/ethical imperative is to be discerning, perpetually conscious even in a state of meditation never reactive, led by the emotions towards chaos; always proactive by reason towards order. The angel in the whirlwind is the symbol of integrity of personal power and the condition of personhood, 'personal identity'. Without it one returns to a lower stage of evolution, descending into the abyss of beast consciousness. Peering about with gaping mouth and unseeing eyes beguiled by the pageantry of the sensorium cosmographicum the ignorant falls into a well or slips on the banana peel of his own folly; rushing about as a mad dog chasing his own tail on a cyclical path of meaningless absurdity in exhaustion he eventually (and inevitably given the finitude of his energy stores given his ignorance of eternal life and boundless energy) collapses in a grave of his own making; a chicken running around with its head cut off he is a caput mortuum, spirit immersed in body thereby lost in the crystallized form of material entropy. He inverts the pentagram and revels in the pale moonlight. The main reason small causes precipitate big effects: alchemical transmutation and an ignorance of its causality, a lack of knowledge of how the small engenders the big in the consciousness of man and ultimately a disregard of the oracle: Gnothe Seuton. Thus in willful blindness of how to reduce and limit the effect of the small (or at least to judge of it in its proper proportions) one inevitably brings about his own demise as a higher being at most preserving the unpreservable for a time in a state of vacuous entropy that destroys himself and forsakes all possibilities that might be engendered through him. There is no stasis only accelerated or decelerated motion as all is in flux in the aether and all is in all therefore cannot resist all nor circumvent only divert, harness, utilize, transubstantiate, incorporate or perform an alchemical modal operation on the given situation through oneself as the medium through which change of material/spiritual states manifest.

In order to commune with the all, to be a vehicle of the divine will and to manifest what it would be through oneself as vehicle – should one not bracket off all sense and enter into the wu-shin state of will-less inertia? Surely thereby the true and the beautiful might manifest itself and be understood in its singular apodicticity? The crowd of images, sounds and feelings are thereby snuffed in the Zen state of non-being. But rather this is serving oneself up as a sacrifice in bondage to external forces, to rendering oneself a husk of latent potentiality and vital candy that can be masticated by powers and principalities on the threshold of the 4th dimension. Thus far from being a pure state of contemplative being it is instead a state of empty nullity, an emptying of oneself of the contents of consciousness that prevent communion with the godhead and merely lead to an extinguishing of the self through the ravaging of entities which have become more powerful than oneself through a relinquishing force/power and its supplanting with a voluntary weakness. It is difficult to say if a state of pure positivity (or positing of self and its modalities) or one of pure negativity (an emptying of self of all content through passive letting go in a living death of being qua non-being is either of them a means to attain anything but burn out on the one hand or destruction through weakness on the other. There is no middle ground. Simply will is the only path to ascension or communion or acquaintance. Always the 'I' and 'self' factors in and one can never introspect in pure Newtonian space 'seeing seer' or being 'aware of awareness'; one is simply aware of and sees x, y, z – the seeing and awareness being the act and its effects simultaneously, a causal complex of esse et percepi without the two forming an indistinct identity. They are merely moments in the endless dialectic of life. Thus the will-lessness of wu-shin is merely emptiness and thus impossible as the vacuum opened up in the aether/magnetic fields will simply be filled by entities of all manner/ilks and the endless, indefatigable trieb of will burns itself out in the

limits of its capacities. The ebb and flow not being attainable between the two the alternative is simply the entelechia of being as a durable substance for whom it is its own contents of consciousness, not as will or drive or inaction but as a durable, enduring consciousness complex that is self-positing and positing of the other, both of which are enveloped in the horizon of its being and thus expand it in time and space. This is the becoming super-conscious of the self, raising its awareness of itself reflexively but substantively alone as there is no pure monad that exists substantively. All are one, all is bound up with all and interpenetrates in accordance with the relative strength and weakness, a concentration of qualitatively structured energy flows.

Man and his machines

the cliché born of a time when marvels were marvels and man marveled at his marvels. The fact of its being a cliché has rendered marvel itself obsolete as the continuing line of conveyor belt products, substance x, y, z has rendered the unexpected expected and thus as an object of fascination rejected. Thus man's reach exceeds his grasp and the carpal tunnel induced through grasping has rendered the mechanism of grasping incapacitated – one has simply glutted oneself with the material of the mundane world leaving little else but to stagnate in an endless surfeit of products; a proliferation of the excrescences of mental conception, waste products of a boundless imagining that builds castles in the sky, tunnels in the earth, and a tomb of possibilities. This because entropy has overtaken information by virtue of the impossibility of the latter's assimilation/comprehension. Thus, similar to the video game (itself another mental excrescence) "Katamari Darmacy", one buries oneself in a deluge of materiality. A crystalline encrustation that ensconces oneself in its numbing embrace. Man creates machines through his instrumentality, through the instrumentality of his mind and his mind as instrument of the nascent research and development of instruments themselves endowed with being through the former process of instrumentality. A positive feed forward loop, a snowball rolling down a mountain into a lake of fire towards non-being through a surfeit of being. However the saving grace of this doom and gloom is the limit that the mind places on itself through directing itself harmoniously towards and along its proper course in accordance with cosmic law/justice. What are appropriately deemed 'reasonable limits' can only be imposed and formulated in their conditions and entailments by reason itself? Thus the faculties of the self, reason and imagination, continue the human all too human project of soul evolution. The instrument is crafted through reason posterior to the imagination and its oft-times wild positings and conceptional (always images and sensations as crystallized thought forms, egregores) constructs – the means towards the reification of the thing is conceived then implemented in an organic way praxiologically, reified and concretized; brought into being as a tangible, measured product of the conception (imagination). Thus reason plays a role as mediated, as a callous-handed midwife that with stern and indefatigable efforts brings into the world that which lies in its latent form of finer aether substance. Ultimately a machine is crafted through instrumentality upon the basis of a conception and attains form through the appropriate form of praxis that the human can bring to bear in the case. Hit or miss, the validity of the machine reflexively implies the validity of the concept. For it to be workable its conception must be realizable, i.e. cohere with the laws of meta-physics.

The conception is brought into being at the time – the eternal now. Thus it is a process of becoming, paradoxically, eternally so in the most Heraclitean sense. How solve this imbroglio that process can entail time and yet eternity but through the multiversal nature of being. That it admits of dimensions as it is all dimensions: an infinitude of infinite possible worlds infinitely existent (i.e. eternal) and admitting of infinite possibility, infinitely. Such barren abstraction is pregnant with meaning and holds the key to the riddle of the sphinx. This is clearly the holographic universe that will never support the void of evil, i.e. that which purports to be self-existent substantively (by itself, in itself, for itself) but which interfaces with all at all times and thus cannot be anything but everything. Thus evil converts to good simply by virtue of its existence. And this ushers in the notion of karma as a wheel revolving around itself (around its own axis) as what goes around comes around and thus is forever in place –

wheels within wheels ad aeternum. The conception thus is not brought into being unless we conceive it as a bringing, an offering of itself as a cornucopia of the real, as a repast for the starving sinner, the lone urchin in the streets. Partake of this nourishing repast that it may rectify the deficiency that perpetually gnaws at one's inner being – the driving force that yearns for completion.

The notion (apropos of the above) of black vs. white magic (or good and evil in praxis, in the concrete form): black represents absorption into self, ego-minded deliberate pursuit of finitude; an impossible contradictory pursuit of infinite power (or power infinitely beyond the self as the self is posited as receptacle instead of merely a channel of power) for the finite self as incorrectly construed given its inherent boundlessness. Thus one can at best be a conduit, never, receiver or a taker but a giver only. However justice lies in the mode of direction of power and not all are deserving but merely those whose correct usage of power thereby enable the continuance of power spinning off the consequences of self-augmentation/enhancement. The more one gives of oneself (as and only as a conduit not as a cache) the more one attracts to oneself more. Thus rather than to resist the currents and flows of power (of another's attempt to take from one or to impose upon one) he must simply redirect his own such that it harmonizes with the surrounding terroir of desiring flows/aetheric currents. As above so below, the aura, the material body and surrounding currents expanding and contracting outward and inward to infinity establish a power center which is the self-augmented, upgraded and brought into a union with itself and the sum total of all existence.

Hope

– the concept entails the possibility of despair. The two are flipsides of the coin of possibility. To see only the now is to negate despair but has minimal serviceability in the mit- dasein or with-world of practical action with its necessity of judgment and determination, the positing of courses of practical action. Once posited one must hope or despair of the realization of the conception. The formula for happiness with respect thereto is to take Seneca's advisement: never despair without an element of hope or hope without an element of despair. The future may look rosy or bleak but it is both and neither simultaneously as the present is the only actual state of affairs. However probability is the modality of reason which guides the prudent towards the realization of a rosy future and the avoidance of a grey tenebrous doom. Thus, despairing and hoping, the present shines forth as the foundation upon which to build thought edifices; on the basis of probability and gnosis the proper materials and tools are selected and the project undergone in logical, methodical order always with one eye looking towards the future, the other to the past, Janus-like the builder has one foot in both ecstasies and constructs in the ecstasy of creative will a temple of the inner god. Such is the value of hope qualified by the possibility of despair: caution adopted saves the day, the fat of the dullard is pulled from the fire through the vigour of the lean (less equals a lot more). The vehicle of passage is prudence the dangers of the road uncertainty, scarcity, emotionality (fear, dread, loss of hope and faith). Thus one hopes for the best anticipates the worst and navigates through life with foresight, the ever-present circumspection of reason, itself always subordinate to a faith in the ever-presence of providence, the will of god-mind. Attunement being the goal, reason and imagination being the means, faith being the mode, one arrives in the Promised Land sooner than expected.

Reality and appearance –

diametrically opposed in today's matricized reality – the fantasy masquerades as the reality, the reality as the circus hall of mirrors. The citizens dwell in Plato's cave boxing at shadows while chained to golden fetters, puppeted on electromagnetic strings. The visible material prison, example of the condemned abnormal is superseded by the invisible immaterial mind prison and external societal prison qua society and its total infrastructure that constitutes the landscape, backdrop of the collective consciousness in the theatre of the real, absurdist, Dadaist; the minions and minarets of Yaldabaoth so many cogs well-greased functioning to generate meaningful products so their energy (the real product)

can be vampirized by the masters of the Cabal in service of their archontic masters. The popular, Pavlovian-conditioned animal consciousness through multi-media, technetronic mind controls, laugh on cue as their masters present objects of real validity and value as objects of mockery, converting a real appearance into a false reality and vice versa presenting objects of harm as health and limitation as expansion. Thus the herd are easily imprisoned in their pen – vaccinated, overfed, sheared and slaughtered, rendering into products when the cost of their maintenance as a product exceeds their use value. An efficient system designed to entrain, entrap and exploit optimally adhering to economic principles of efficiency – minimal waste, maximal gain to the greatest extent forever. Waste is defined as failed usage of resources; failed usage is defined as potential usage not exploited; usage as extraction of the value of the thing (resource – a utility) in accordance with its essence – thus the elegance of the system.

On the immorality of pets:

the notion of the pet should be viewed as a stigma for those who claim ownership of them (the notion implying ownership of a living being external to oneself). Reason: the control of another life living harmoniously with other lives be they plants or animals is moral even in the form of usury, the conversion of a living entity into a tool or catalyst of one's project. This need not exclude the benefit of the tool but may be a mutually advantageous relationship that both willingly suffer as agents and/or patients within a dialectic of relations that exploit the capacities and powers of the parties. This would qualify as a harmonious relationship whose bounds are exceeded once the party is subverted in their will thereby doing violence to their autonomy. When one controls the other without the latter's consent (if at all possible to attain) or absolutely the latter is subverted in their will and is thus violated. This state of existence obtains in the case of a 'pet'. The 'pet' is wholly subordinate and vitiated/violated in their autonomy losing their will and thus ceasing to be an individual, distinct entity and being converted into an assimilated/absorbed being, food for the owner albeit in an abstract way, even an energetic vampirical way. The notion of owning and controlling another living thing under whatever guise (being a caretaker of, etc.) is thus immoral however it may purport to serve on auspicious cause such as caring for the sick, weak, etc. If it doesn't serve as a means to enabling the living thing to have autonomy it is a violation of that autonomy.

The converse/flipside conception, the other extreme portrays all as fair game for vampirism/ownership, all food for the master in relation to whom all others are slaves. Thus it is a battle of wills, rivaling and vying with one another for dominance in an endless game of relative strengths and weaknesses, a social Darwinist struggle or *kampf* for supremacy. Thus ownership is an imposition of one's will upon another, an agency upon a patient the latter being a rough-hewn stone to be carved in the image of the master's conception, transformed into a tool of their will and design. This extends from the plant kingdom on up to whatever exceeds the human inclusively. The notion of the 'pet' here is universal in scope and all living beings falling within its crosshairs are converted into same, their will and autonomy being subverted through an imposition of will. This conception is compatible with the supremacistic conception of many religions, caste systems and psychopathic/solipsistic belief systems. It fails to consider the unity of plurality and thereby destroys harmony if and only if the will subject (held in thrall) is not so held for a greater good thereby rectifying the balance. In this sense slavery is not only permitted but obligatory and individual autonomy must be subverted for the greater good of the greater number, not in terms of numbers only but in *quale* (qualitatively), the better, the master, the more subjugation/subordination morally obligatory.

Returning to the notion of animal pets on a mundane level the immorality disregarding the above general considerations) lies in resource allocation – If an animal can consume food that a human can have then, given that a human life is of greater value on the scale of soul evolution than an animal and that in order for either to live the other must suffer a diminution of available resources (to whatever extent) and that the latter exceeds the value in most cases of animal life then the animal must give up its

life so the human can have more resources to evolve its soul to higher levels of existence given that the resources are used for that purpose and only for that purpose. If the resources are otherwise used (say for vice instead of virtue), it may be better that the human die at the expense of the animal's life being preserved, i.e. the outcome determines who continues on in life. It would be better that a police dog live than a druggie who is incapable of rehabilitation if and only if the druggie per example were not an ingenious artist who might confer beautiful and profound creation upon the earth/humanity and that the police dog were not used to persecute such a one or to create greater harm in consequence of its employment as a 'pet'. The usage of a thing determines its value and this pragmatic test decides the righteousness/justice of the act (of mastery, of conversion of the living thing into a 'pet', etc.).

"Energy, hierarchy, pleroma"

Human batteries plugged into the generator of a beehive – feed the queen bee and its drones and soldiers, themselves feeding on those below. A pyramid structure which transduces energy from the ground (earth/lower level brick layer) upwards toward the missing capstone (forming a trapezoidal structure upon whose apex the ultimate astral parasites dwell and feed off the upward trending energies). Radiating upwards and outwards the vital force is drained from the fertile bed of human compost, crushed under the imprisoning weight of piezoelectric brick structure. Juices of energy bodies ascend into the aether vampirized by Luciferian leeches whose ever-bloating bodies continue their swelling gestation birthing miscarried moonchildren – replacements of the subjected slaves of pharaoh. Layer by layer it is carried in upward ascent, dissipating the vitality of the subjected subjects – siphoned off at the extreme by the ultimate parasite who itself feeds upon those who feed upon those beneath parasitically and proportionally – the higher one is the more energy, those who have no ability to enter into the struggle for the fitter parasites have a finite life whose scope is determined by finite cycles of gestation and spawning. Those upon high proportionally extended in lifespan to their level in the hierarchy – the eternal overarching all, the lower ascending as balloons filled with more and more helium to the higher realms. To their ignorance they burst and their energies are vampirized by those who await their descent only to descend in turn as dispersed energy leeches by lower beings. Such is the fabric of the realm upon attaining materialization – a self-supportive entelechy, self-propelling wheel that generates and degenerates simultaneously in unending cycles. Yet – given differentiation it must have flaws that lead to its undoing self – subsisting yet a chaos of elements that must undergo displacement by virtue of this dynamic structure of reality – elements cohere yet differ and beget the entity between that which is the force referred to as their 'relation' – thus modality begets further modality and chaos is born of order no matter how ordered. Entropy does not exist except in the delusive minds of fools – the mind is dynamic; its energy is all and one, the narrow band hologram that is the brain merges and diverges with the overarching pleromatic being called 'God'. Merging with source entails transduction of and reception to energies that are one and all – to sense the relation between them and that one is beyond oneself and the beyond is oneself, a unio mystica not intellectually accessible only through the above brain consciousness being sensed by the brain and maximally sensitized to that which it is. Self-knowledge as a sensitization to reality. Only through augmented sensation, through a self-knowledge and concomitant self-control can that be accessed, the voice of the silence – to hear subtler vibrations the aetheric communications in the form of multi- and cross-sensory information transduced through the development of the higher senses (mind) through the putting to rest of the coarser vibrations accessible only through the lower senses. No intellectual access (amore intellectualis dei) to the godhead but in the sense of 'thought' –functioning/process of heightened awareness beyond language in symbolic form (graphai, phonai). Yet perhaps higher archetypal forms (sounds and symbol) are doorways to higher dimensions or are information contained therein or messages therefrom. 'The harmony' of the spheres is diagrammed and represented as geometry, mathematical symbols, and archetypes. There are perhaps the representations of representations (materializations of subtler energy states inferrable or 'readable' through these

modalities. Still to know the real in its totality requires a language elevated beyond the 5-senses; perhaps the multisensory is conducive to achieving this state of knowledge or gnosis. 'Hyperspace' language enabling access to higher dimensions/planes.

Language – lost in labyrinthine maze of abstract sentence – structure, graphai, phonai – the language of the spheres, deviations from the moment, derivations therefrom, building castles in the air – one can crack the stones of permanence built into the eternal firmament of the Akashic records. Standing upon a more solid foundation than the aleatory transience of mundane 5- sense reality – to make the immaterial material than immaterial again amidst, through and by the material and the prior immaterial: thought (energy) to writing (graphai) to thought again – a building, climbing in ascension over the Bifrost Bridge.