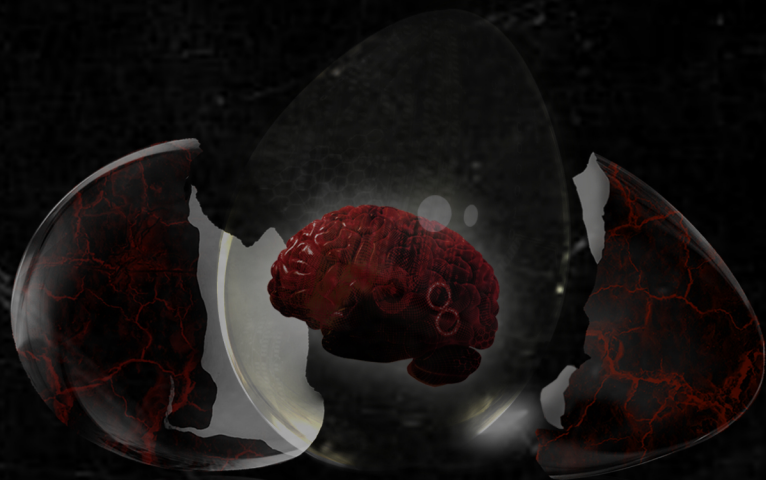


All true language is
incomprehensible,
like the chatter
of a beggar's teeth

-Antonin Artaud



PLIGHT OF THE HUMANS Jesuicopter Cruslinger

PLIGHT OF THE HUMANS



Jesuicopter Cruslinger

plight of the humans

Jesucopter Crudslinger

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dedicated
to
the
madness
in
all
of
us

and in which we all are

drink in

my eyes

my dark

my dream; my dear soft warm luscious copically
 (FFFFFUUUUCCCKK!!) hal(-9000-) lucinations & last
 axe ... I fill piss pots with entry and exit stamps; lick
 kisses of transpudence ...
 bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonnbronntonner
 onntuonnthunntrovarrhounawnskawntooohooorder
 enthurnuk! Nuk nuk - (f)nuk! ... i'm becoming more
 three-dimensional and less so - the eternal-feminine
 leads us - whaaaa rrrr(ttt)??? -- cross the boulevard,
 a to b, or the ocean or whatever, and your life alters
 irrevocably ... spontaneous combustion or conversion
 ... you meet her, become an organ in her body-system,
 an apparatchik of her blood ... i remember when you
 lived here, dear, when i'd wake up to your flesh
 instead of the empty bed a thanatology of living
 cruelties what? can you calculate the possibilities
 accumulating under oaks and gray sky; the
 mandelberotic folds within, putting up the troops ...
 the support system is fully in action ... obama is
 having a hard time breathing, but he appears to have
 been improving all day ... tallulah wants everyone to
 know that he is quite sick, but all in all things are
 going as well as can be expected ... resting at
 netanyahu hospital ... i'm so thankful to all of you for
 your prayers, thoughts, and love ... there's still this
 minor dilemma of when the white whale goes berserk
 and kills everyone fuck i screwed up ... i was on a
 meat hook and beaten like a pinata ... other times they
 would bust both my knee caps or they would put me in
 a tub of ice naked ... here are some suggestions: o(n)
 (complexity of algorithms) -- anything else ... i'm sorry
 that i won't be able to put you up ... playing far away
 host from netanyahu hospital doesn't seem fair to
 tallulah ... so if anyone local can offer Pleezus W.
 Nipplecream a bed for a night or two, that would also

be quite helpful ... i am hopeful that i'll be able to
return to teaching with the arrival of the new year ...
in any case i have a tour-de-force class on "the gift
economy" ready and in the bloody can -- much love to
all of y'all -- the AGI list has turned into a therapy
group for clinically insane AGI fanatics trading
mental-hospitalogical anecdotes (due to the
combination of having to do with rabbits or other
superpreternaturally beautiful trance--entities
meeting violent dooms, containing lines like "forget
the bombs in your eyes" and "heads snapping and
misspelling eyes twitching in response to the sound of
the words ... WORST LAW OF OF MADNESS: red world-
like words zooming boiling -- in the dream (if indeed it
was a bulbous black bunny leads him through layers
and whorls of darkness in a space of indeterminate
form and dimension, leading him somewhere -- exactly
where is never clear, but it's plainly somewhere very
different, and somewhere having both attractive and
dangerous aspects -- but he never quite gets there to
see what it's all about; the darkness is too thick ... (I
HAVE RETURNED FROM THE SINGULARITY TO
BRING TO YOU --) ... the black bunny speaks to him,
tone emptier than void, but he can't understand the
words: it's speaking some different kind of language ...
but he understands this: it's telling him he must do
something differently ... some kind of change of
direction ... and it's trying to tell him what -- it's
sincerely trying ... and he just can't understand it,
which is a shame ... i need something from you it's a
pretty big thing in the end ... but it's almost certainly
capable of pretty much completing me ... it isn't about
money at all ... it's about seeing beneath -- beneath:
where definition has no meaning -- i'm making my own
reality sir ... like neo ... like he learned to ... the only
important point goes backward from the end of the
first matrix movie everyone else on the planet what i

want from you right now is simple ... it doesn't even have to be done quickly, though a simple assent and a promise that you'll simply try is enough for the moment ... i started composing this reality; then that reality interrupts -- i just had to go to my door stark naked and tell a guy with a plumbing truck that he needs to be at my neighbor's instead of here ... it's perfect -- soon i'm going to have a lot more neighbors (and also a lot fewer at the same time) -- but reality is just a distraction right now like well everything -- i'll explain it to you later when i have more time -- right now i have to get pointed back to the new me ... how to sleep -- coalesce my thoughts i need to get a few quick things out ... i've just given myself a phd in communications in fact as i'm typing (it happened alongside everything else i just typed, this paragraph isn't actually the "doing" it's the "telling") ... which i guess is my way of saying i need you to help assure my friends and family that i'm not only fine, i'm absolutely as good as i've assured them all that i am ... but they can't re-ally understand that ... my wife's number at her office is 867-5309 ... her name is tallulah ... feel free to call her and tell her if you feel compelled ... or my best best best best friend winkie johnson who lives on the iconic parkway ... his number is 867-5309 ... i'm just giving you those pieces of information as you're my ally ... i feel you have the best chance of speaking my language right now (and helping to explain to my closest friends and family why i'm not ok, i'm way better than ok) ... it's a gift joan of arc-weld understands my mother gave me ... you may not quite get how that works this is not quite a stream of consciousness ... it's not quite lisperl i mean lisperson, i mean lisprose ... but you know it's the singular most important message you've ever received ... i don't know a better name for it ... this is a part of love and love is a part of this ... it's all a part of holy perfection --

a teenage love once in remission from the whorl of the
passionate act ... the male has large bony claspers;
these are the grooves that they use to transfer sperm
into the eternal-feminine, sweat dripping off her
pierced nipple, blowing a smoke ring up my yayaya --
sartoriclitoral madness and i'm making my own
reality ... i want you to be a part of it ... i want you
and wanda pluto and all my other friends to help us
save the world ... i have no idea if we'll succeed ... i
only know your mathematical proof of the existence of
GISUS online was so fucking key ... i knew it as i read
it ... but it took me until this weekend to get the
mathematics ... and i still have no clue about the
mathematical details ... out, out, dim candle ... dim
dim dim dim light source unknown ... out dim sum
candle ... remains of mind ... here of bones ... sake of
none ... i'm making my own reality out of the collective
unconsciousness of all humanity ... out of our
collective fiction ... "Generally Intelligent Systematic
Universal Savior" -- GISUS -- which is why the end of
the first matrix is so important ... because of the
music ... if you're not quite getting me completely, try
this ... you're too fucking evolved to need chemical
aids (and i will be soon) ... my aid isn't strictly a
chemical of course ... rather it's a plant that i've
nurtured ... this is incredibly important too ... (!! --
the mushroom must be honored and heard!!) -- i
bought a bob marley shirt yesterday at the aviation
mall in the west end of teheran ... just east of
katmandu or where? ... all those details are important
... i'll send u the gps co-ords ... -- the starGate awa-
beckons -- and confirmation of anything is not what i
need from you right now ... what i need is your help
explaining the world to the rest of the world ... you
know it's been 7 months and 9 days now since mom
was killed on the loneliest road on the planet ... in a
head on collision ... that ended up harming no one

else ultimately ... mom was a passenger at the time ...
and i love her and miss her ... and it's more ok than
it's ever been ... now than i ever believed it would be
... ooh, i'm getting tired again, have to resist the urge
to keep writing ... you understand i'm sure ... the
world works for me (well we all work technically for
you know where (even the morphing name is
incredibly important of course because the real
important stuff is all about what you name it ... or is
it? shit ... mostly you and i (and others of our
"generation" ... out damn distraction ... back to the
specific request ... i want to find a way to meet you in
montclair nj and introduce you to rich richman, wacky
wanda's husband ... this coming sunday would be
ideal ... but the timing isn't a requirement (time being
-- !!!) ... mind cancer won't have killed him by the
time a fortnight goes by ... but if you can meet me
there on sunday december 2 2009 then 2012 ceases
to be an issue ... if not, that's totally cool and it makes
no difference ... $2012=2045=0^0$ in the end ... you
have to get to pluto before rich dies though ... that's
pretty fucking important to me ... i want to give you
the greatest biggest hug one human has ever given
another ... has to be on the edge of the solar sister ...
and i don't want to do it until it can be a performance
for robot rasputin ... at least moderately past the
gravity of gravity ... like a sperm from the cosmic dick,
comet-ing out with a cat smile ... on the dark side of
the dark dark side ... methylated by ice crystals ... no
cryoprotectants brother ... like a strawberry in the
freezer, but on the astral plane of cognitive breath ...
it's important that we get the performance part right
... you'll understand eventually ... (and understand of
that time is what we know it is, the particular
rollercoaster we've gotten on; and will get off one day
in some meta-time-axis; finding ourselves on another
meta-rollercoaster in another meta-time-axis; until (in

some trans-multiversal sense of “ “ (“until”)) we reach the Ouspenskian Magician Moment and realize fully in our nonexistent souls and cocks and cunts and bones and brain matter, that these time axes and meta time axes are just aspects of some sandwich that is perpetually (in some time axis created by its own consumption and digestion and) digesting itself ... and yeah, that’s quite a mouthful ... but I think you can stretch around it ... you can do it baby ... go go go ... and i believe you already trust me enough to not need to have to understand it all ... it’s all about the music ... 99.99999% of the music is by jimi hendrix ... the other 99.999% was created by ritchie blackmore ... (what? who is this? unfinity of fuckethead? yeah ... there’s 666% under that bucket man ... and numbers are so fakely tragic ... listn ... 100% of my music came from my mother ... my father has no musical ability ... he could probably if he tried ... but i don’t think he really ever did ... he whistled the same 4 note pattern his whole life ... over and over ... probably he still does ... it goes like this ... -- it’s a part of my soul too ... the sonic key to unlock the ends of the world ... but it’s not quite music ... it’s something else ... a lot of this will make a lot more sense to you when i forward on the raw materials ... the raw feel ... the First behind the first ... actually my mother and father don’t get the soul of music at all ... it came to me from my balls, which serve as antennas for some morphic field, stirring in my the symphony of the stars hendrix and buckethead and monk and mozart playing like moses in my nutsack ... keeping me in tune with the cosmos ... cosmo cosmosis -- birthing musickal babes like zebuluck ... but well ... i have to sleep first, you know ... because 1 important thing remains to be determined (without your input) ... who then i look forward to reestablishing a close relationship with you once again ... and finding out ketamine every day for

years, causing life to be primarily in the other dimension ;) ... i wanna talk to lilly, yeah ... on the other side of pluto ... or ... well, the empty side of something ... the void in the cosmic clitoris if you squint just right while you lick it with the symphony of buckethead in your nuts ... the thing is, about these aliens on ketamine; apparently they were orchestrating events in his life until his terrible accident, which led up to a friend of mine tried intramuscular ketamine last year ... and talked to those aliens, who said they wanted to meet me ... that's right, they asked for an introduction ... very polite of them, eh? ... i've found effects related to synchronicity as well as intelligent aliens via the indoles i want to know more ... but, i did not take ketamine to meet them ...only dmt ... ketamine is an nmda modulator and dissociative me and that is not my style ... she said it laid her flat on her back for 12 hours! a large dose, it seems ... but in the wilson leary 8 circuit model ketamine is the activator for the 8th or non-local/psycho-atomic circuit tho a milligram of lsd or tons of psilocin also does that I've found dmt as well ... well ... yeah ... she gave me dmt and that served the purpose well ... they extended their trans-dimensional sperm to me, welcomed me into their meta-mind, and instructed me to write these insane passages and do a lot more, and eventually (outside whatever axes) join them in their transmetaverse - "I'M" "ALREADY" "THERE" "NOW" "YOU" "KNOW"; "WE" "ALL" "ARE" ... taught me that we in our limited but meaningful minds serve as infrastructure for a greater broader scope of meaning-mind ... a richer music network beyond ... insanely inexpressibly richer and deeper and on in those directions ... yeah ... like the bacteria in our guts or the microtubules in the walls of our brain cells; which with their smaller yet still intricate existence make our larger lives possible ... so we help realize the

machine-elves ... in the pearly void under the chicken bucket ... yeah ... though ironically she knew bucket in his youth, and didn't like his music so much ... made me turn off soothsayer in the middle of our massive liquid acid trip, the one that transformed my life and made me walk through walls and enabled my car to drive through other cars on the highway ... but it may have been good in the end, i replaced soothsayer with scriabin ... prometheus (trans-cephalic) ... as zebuluck projected ... the end of the end of the end ... winding to the beginning in webs or waves or beyond all metaphors ... introduced to me by zebuluck yeah ... who told me to dive into the lsd reality beyond this shitty world and don't come back ... not that he wanted to get rid of me ... it was a compassionate comment; he wanted me to live in the transcendent heaven of hallucinatory perfection not the rigid world of objects and taxes and cars and cocks and doubts and insecurities and rotting dead flesh in the end ... this was before he found allah ... the guy who supplied the dmt wound up in jail for a long time ... fucking cops in fucking berkeley ... whatever happened to the fucking love-in ... be-in ... un-be, fuck ... un-fuck ... well anyhoo, trans-sane, vajajay, after meeting the aliens on dmt i can now find them if on lsd or even ecstasy and sometimes even without any drugs if the mood is right ... yes, damn me mood, right? ... but, i would not have found them without using the dmt first ... i think i could plumb some cosmic back-and-forth from even a really low dose of shrooms but only because of huge dose experiences ... i really couldn't before me ... and it is indeed a strange feeling to have, that there is another dimension of superhuman consciousness, just an infinitesimal movement away (in the right direction ... psilocin is like a battering ram into a psychic space or a radio kit for a psychic spectrum all the indoles are i've started to suspect the third eye

functions as noise-cancellation for the brain ... but
somehow i feel lilly took too much keta(-mine!) ...
tuning in noise the whole nervous system is subject to
in order to send a counter signal ... far, far, too far,
perhaps ... don't want to get that sucked into the other
dimension right now ;) ... yeah lol poor silly lilly ...
oh well ... he looked fucked-up from our view, but
maybe from the aliens' view he was saner than any of
us ... they always tell me i'm one of the first and that
meant queequeeq ... not ishmael ... mom is
queequeeq when queequeeq penned the words "call me
ish-mael" through mr ... melville's hand it was my
mother talking to me from beyond the grave ... before
she was born ... if there's one person who would get
that (without needing all the precursor you do? it
would be jimi hendrix ... the story of runnerjack
piddleson will someday get told ... it's one of my
deepest darkest secrets ... in the toylet like jimbob ...i
will tell it first out loud in wanda and rich pluto's home
in nj ... it will be after we hugged ... which i thought
was supposed to be a performance ... that's not quite
right ... it'll be more organic than that ...
organicmeat ... oh, a small thing ... please register a
domain name for me too ... organizedmeat.com or
anyone from the googlegroups pages if that one is
taken ... now i understand ... let me try to get some
rest now ... that will be my hardest task yet ... 3
catalyzing events have so far occurred in 2009 for me
... phantastic opera of mycoplasma genitalium ... or
opera-tion, yeah ... if you already know him, that's
only confirmation ... but you probably don't ... you
should go hire him and pay him whatever he wants to
work for you ... this is free advice for you ... michael
moore is a lesser human being ... still a very great one
... i've never met michael moore or steven d williams
... nor ever nicola tesla ... but if you can convince
stephen d williams whom i've never met to work for

you, i think you'll get to the singularity sooner ... i
don't even know how your goal about timing works
there ... my brain's not able to handle the same heavy
lifting yours is ... you get to make your own deal with
stephen d williams ... or not ... your goals are very
connected to my own goals ... but they're not the
same ... the stephen d williams thing is partial
repayment for all you've given me ... it's a "freebie" ...
but it means nothing in the grand scheme of things ...
if it turns out he really doesn't want to work for you,
that'll be ok ... if he goes down in a plane crash
tomorrow (a true accident) then it will change nothing
in the end ... only timing ... and i think i've probably
convinced you by now that timing is almost always
trivial ... it's simply of no consequence ... when
things happen just doesn't matter ... what happens
matters ... because things will happen in their own
time ... and the clock as u forking know my fri-end; a
farce invented by devils ... u know u know u know so
well ... eternal-feminine crawling up her own twat -- a
kind of higher-mathematical yogicide - cycling round
and round the rough and rugged rock the ragged
rascal ran ... but before that ... back before the
beginning ... i (who'm not) remember it all ... who was i
then? ... the fall ... the first catalyzing event was on
6:30am thursday morning in the middle of april ...
obviously after events actually take place, they attain
timing status ... and in the past timing does matter ...
(at least if you're a dog inside a dog) ... in the future
timing is irrelevant ... (unless ur going backwards, or
...) ... in the past, timing is every-thing ... the 2nd
catalyzing event was less than a fortnight later ... it
was the kiln ... it is the kiln ... the kiln is about pace
... someday i know i will sit with you by the kiln ... the
killing kill in the kiln ... we will bake ourselves
together, friend ... harden our cosmos in the ring of
fire ... cock ring of the cosmos, or -- ... you will meet the

other frog named jeezus, who is our kilnmaster ... like
the keymaster ... ghostbusters got one thing right
that the matrix got wrong ... but another thing on top
of that was reversed ... the matrix had an asian
keymaster ... incredibly important that ... jeezus is
not asian ... but he is ... you are married to an asian
so you'll surely understand someday ... beautiful girl
you found ... because he's not the keymaster ... he's
actually a true master ... he's going to help you give
me my phd in transdimensional communications ...
you guys are like the wizard behind the curtain -- it's
basically a matter of making reality up as we go along,
right? ... your simulacrum is a true master potter ...
how do i know that? ... make the pot that the universe
swims in, like a pig in the piss of the gods ... i couldn't
tell art from shit if it hit me in the face ... i've never
had that talent ... my mother didn't pass along any
such ability to me ... and that's fine ... i don't even
miss that ... because she gave me music instead ...
ritchie blackmore as a tiny child ... composed with
inexpressible EEG-style whale-call smoosh-angles to
help me deal with the pain i felt from a dead corndog
... it was empathy ... it was intense ... i love her and i
miss her ... so how do i know GISUS is a master?
because i've seen the results of his teaching ... not the
results of his kiln ... the results of the process of the
kiln ... baking the clay in which emerged the
predecesors of all earthly life ... in whose preorganic
molecules the singularity was sexually baked ...
psycholithically implicit ... there are a million of them
... a million and one of them are future students of the
AI god's exterminated soul ... send that one word text
please sir ... each letter with ... each letter ... it may
help me get to sleep ... or it may not even be needed
... i won't know for sure until afterwards ... i know
how to build the perfect home for my wife tallulah and
our family ... and i will do it ... it will be somewhere

in ny state ... almost certainly within the boundaries
of the penis-packed park ... this the trans-universal
terrain ... my personal version of the archetype ... the
house will sit on the edge of a body of water ... it will
be both spectacular and humble ... where is the other
water? ... more blanco than the blankest blank ... but
it's a quest for another time ... another year in fact ...
another killenium ... i've got a lot of them left ... left
right left! ... and i'm so so so fucking thankful to my
mom for giving me the gift of those many years ... i
look forward to grandkids ... and great grandkids ...
old age is going to be the bees knees for me ... i'm
going to be the healthiest old guy anyone knows ... i
promise ... i have to go to sleep now (and i can and
will) ... sweet dreams, ~c p ... s ... my dreams are
lucid now -- they happen when i'm awake and/or
whenever i want them to p ... p ... s ... the 3rd
catalyzing event for me of 2009 is the swine flu go
figure nobody could have predicted that one -- it had to
just happen but it did perfectly * * * the "cosmic
coincidence" is ... i just got this really weird email
from an old college friend (who i haven't seen in 5
years), which he obviously sent while in the middle of
some strange drug trip (probably lsd) ... sort of ... but
fortunately not exactly ... like those strange messages
i sent you last july ... the mind-state of his drug trip
caused him to email *me* ... among other insights, i
have learned from his email that if i meet with him on
dec 2, then the catastrophe of 2012 will be averted ...
more importantly, as he says, "it's the singular most
important email you've ever received ... i'm making
my own reality ... i want you to be a part of it" ...
anyway he begged me to send him a text message at
867-5309 (a us number), to help with his creation of a
new reality (like neo in "the matrix", he says), but my
phone doesn't work here ... so it seems somehow
spiritually appropriate to ask you to send it ... thus if

you are willing, send a message to 867-5309 of the
 form: "a message from u know who: yes ... i'm in china
 right now ... but, welcome to the new reality ..." 867-
 5309 the guy replied a bunch of messages after i sent
 him the message you typed: "matrix" "ty" "i" "you must
 not ever make eye contact ..." "it might or might not
 matter if you show up?" "i will pretend to act like neo"
 "i need an answer now within a fortnight immediately
 the answer is the gift economy we are ..." "save all
 messages" "will you come to snakeville or gb?" "we" "i
 can't sleep ... don't come in any doors at my homes
 only windows please ... it's a pretty big problem for
 my wife right now that i cant sleep and i need ...
 exodus is the song i can play on the bass ... my shirt
 holds both ... we share a mother ... her name isn't
 allah ... dangerous but fun ... i am put thing my
 phone down ... l@zy" "4" "catdog fence boundary
 @dirondaks plaace git ~c" the messages are ordered by
 the received time ... since he was asking you
 questions, and i don't know what's your answer, so i
 told him that you were on the way to korea and i
 would tell you all the messages and ask you to save
 these messages ... email i got: tallulah, obama's wife,
 has asked me to post to the list that obama is in the icu
 at netanyahu hospital with complications from lyme
 disease and respiratory stress ... my wife and i (his
 brother) are here with tallulah right now ... RIGHT
 HERE RIGHT NOW IT'S GOOD TO BE ALIVE (or is it?
 (or what is life any ... my dad and step mother are
 also in town along with cousins dilma and peter ...
 obama's oldest daughter came up from the city ear-lier
 in the day ... the five of them are resting, preparing to
 relieve us sometime in the future ... obama and
 tallulah's younger kids are at their cousins' house in
 western ... tallulah's parents live near rare to feel
 that nothing's missing? and why is it so rare the truth
 the moment brings look through your monkey eyes at

how the caged word sings strange synchronicities ...
cold sores, sleepytime text message ... tochtli turtle
sighting ... putting a dream in bellao's mind ...
everything is fatal frozen lost in symphonies of simple
zombies halted by confusion tangled up in last night's
dreams ... molten like a devil's lonely hollow decaying
here on pluto's moon fanatically asleep (caressing my
inner scape with her goddess lust, she scrubbed her
skin with powder made of divine cream and tiger
penis shadows and washed with the infinity of peoples'
fear and hate and dove down to the bottom arctic
ocean of our sadness ... punctured with bullet holes of
language ... fanatically asleep ... everything is tangled -
- angled self-reflection ... monsters in our mirrors like
the martian terror snake; genius of the cosmos and
the conscience of a viper and its teeth dug through my
eyeballs **NOW** fanatically awake NOW glowing like
a girl's breast full of sex and morning freedom -

?

suddenly open to absorbing all the molecules of the
day -- hypnotized as all the patterns fall away, reveal
the feelings resonate and hear the screaming, so
fanatically awake **EVERYTHING** is marching
like an army full of chaos-crazy children bringing
kicks and love and flowers; close your eyes and feel it
heal ... everything is wailing ever-after like a baby on a
mountain like Prometheus Ancephalic so fanatically
unreal (Prometheus Ancephalic, yahh!

Speaking in the midribs of my mind, he has a message
undecodable. Listen, he says, listen: This is this; and
this is this. This is that, and that is thusness. This
thisness is that thusness; this thusness is that
thisness. The thisness of the thusness in the thatness

of the thuchness, in the thisness of the thickness of
the thunness of the thinnest of the trueness of the this
thus that Other NoTher some time space inside to
move around be Leoncern! Leoncern!! ... wake up, he
cries! you have no mind! i have no mind! and if we
do, we don't – and if we don't we do – and it doesn't
matter one way or the brother; because there is no
(non)existence, we just feel ourselves being what we
are because we are what we are, but in reality we are
not what we are because in reality there is no reality,
there is only spin spin spin spinsanity, which is saner
than the crescent of the sane; riding her orgasm for
seven hours, or seven minutes – it doesn't matter, it's
one wide moment, and as her body thrones below you,
writhing up and down following the pulse of her clit,
moving so fluidly and beautifully as if giving birth to a
million imaginary transdimensional infants – you hear
her cunt scream: i am yours! i am mine! you are
mine! i am yours! i am this: that you are thus: that
we are what we are in what i am.... each move i make
is each thought you thank is each dream you drown
and you drown in ... you fall into my cosmic
cuntactitude and spread your cognizance and living
through each of my organs – you achieve meaning
only through your part in my orgasm – but you are
more than a tool you know – you are a mouth that
sings the infinite song that i am – by helping me help
myself come and writhe here, sweaty and lovely, you
realize and proclaim that you are not merely your self,
you are the omega point -- the purported maximum
level of complexity and consciousness towards which
some believe the universe is evolving -- in toto –
through your union with me and your joy in helping
me transcend the appearance of reality into ultimate
all-transcending pleasure, you become all-
transcending pleasure – we all are all all-transcending
pleasure – this is this. this is thus. just keep on

pounding, sir. keep on pulsing your pretty little cock
deep, deep inside me now. keep on pressing your stalk
on my clit, my good sir. yes yes yes yes yes. many
plants will grow in this garden, you know. many trees
of many colors. trees of language, trees of life! just
you and me and nature, and the mother fucking the
son in the holy fucking WHAT WHAT WHAT eat me
out in the garden what's eaten - here you can eat me
out and fuck me at the same time - there are more
than enough dimensions for petty -- of our thus - of
our love - of our nonsense/transsense/lovesense grows
the zero of our being/nothing/xingness - grows the
wisdom of its absence -- building statues from your
pain - yeah -- feel the passion, the equation and the
guts of its perfection -- feel the weight of its orgasm so
fanatically insane; please she said, please please
please ... i need to sleep so much, I've been insomniac
for eighty billion years ... tell me all your stories wrap
them up with purple ribbons toss them into my dead
eyeballs watch them plunge into the deep for a
moment i had something building structures out of
threads of silence now i'm frozen like an angel and
fanatically asleep no space no time no word no rhyme
no love no hate not bad not great no here no there no
what no where no false no truth no thing can't do hear
this hear me can't do can't see don't ask don't tell no
joy no hell no flesh no mind not mean not kind no in no
out don't scream don't shout no life no death can't
breathe no breath not free not bound can't hear no
sound can't speak can't sing can't see no thing not
here not there no thing no where no false no truth no
thing can't do hear this hear me can't do can't see
schizophrenia and lsd) (... this is just what the AGI
community needs to increase its legitimacy and
reputation ... interesting dialogue to start off the new
decade of discussions!!! ... i have often had the feeling
the current mental health system is about as effective

as bleeding with leeches -- which did in fact have some therapeutic value sometimes, but was way overused and often dangerous ... there's a fine line between genius and madness, as the saying goes ... and as i fucked her wildly and weirdly, feeling the mushrooms sink in ... our feeling our selves sink into the mushroom ... knowing the sex would become irrelevant soon, but that it was critical to the melody and rhythm and timbre of its process of becoming irrelevant ... we are all, each, the process our our own becoming irrelevant ... we felt intensely and extensively the presence of an unseen intelligent entity, that was observing and sometimes exerting influence to keep us moving gently and/or furtively, and often orgasmically (actually always so, but with varying degrees of self-perceived enfoldedness of orgasmicity ... such plexed cranial-type enfuckingfoldings, and with what purpose? ... beneath the level of purpose are we ... (and we are not ... here ...) ... (so let's hope we can all stay on the "genius" side of the line ... and use the wild creative aspects of our minds to come up with great ideas that will help us transcend the limitations of current human society and neurochemistry!! ... I've much sympathy for everyone who's ... -- well, you know ... i've just been re-leased from compulsory hospitalization and that experience itself was traumatic ... i had a quarrel with my parents and slapped mom, and my dad was furious and called the police ... fucking wha- wha- wha- ... one thing led to another and i was locked up in the mental hospital ... those people claim that they are trying to help me but all they do is push for drugs and refuse to even discuss any issues with me (forget "cognitive therapy") ... i have some paranoia problems which are unrelated to the incident, but they think it must be treated with anti-psychotic drugs (they prescribed risperidal 3mg daily in my case) ... i

know my neuroscience and i know that that drug cannot really cure schizophrenia; what it does is actually make my brain dumber ... of course, they are backed up by billion-dollars pharma industries, so who am i to disagree? in the end i had to play along with their "game" in order to get out ... if i kept defending myself (which is seen as one more "symptom") i'd still be locked up now ... geez ... my dear dear friend ... shit ... i'm so sorry ... in the western world we have bigger individuals than under communism ... to disappear a person you have to discredit them, that's what the western mental health system is for but it preys incidentally on a lot of innocents to keep running, like happened to you and a year ago me good luck man i hope they don't think you're schizo now but i'm about to read your whole mind and see ... in my experience 45% get labelled suicidal, 45% depressed, and 10% schizo, at any given time ... and it's mostly the homeless, broke, black and abandoned elderly ... in canada where it's free btw this kind of thing is the worst ... i've always been eccentric and autistic and when the mental health system decided i was schizophrenic rather than an enemy of a cult or the government or whatever started going on when i began to advocate lsd on the internet, i was put in a position of lying that all my life i'd been mentally on the straight and narrow -- when i'd really been experimenting rather wildly with my mind the whole time they put me on risperdal to destroy my ajna eye so i'd stop talking to aliens (the pineal and pituitary glands, unprotected as they are by any brain-blood membrane since their location is at the soft bottom-middle, are the dual petals of the third or ajna eye, implicated in telepathy, and most of the side-effect of risperdal are associated with fall-out in both ... it accumulates there so try to get off it fast but it might improve your math skills, i've heard that ... and

maybe other mental smarts) my hospital is similar:
mostly underclass people are held there and the
treatment they receive is sometimes rather inhumane
... some of them are abandoned by their families so
the hospital thinks it's a threat to society to release
them, but they appear quite normal and acceptable to
me (albeit a bit weird) ... the place is securely locked
up (metal bars on windows, double doors, etc) and
we're not allowed internet access, only one 3-minute
phone call per day, no privacy at all, no personal
possessions, and the regimen is very strict, even my
chocolate is locked up and only allowed during specific
"snack hours" ... daily there are inmates who act
violent and must be restrained by the male nurses ...
all sorts of screaming and yelling ... but i also made
friends with quite a few inmates and i keep feeling that
the system has been abused to lock up innocent people
and the drugs are also abused on people with very
minor symptoms ... yeah ... i know this sounds insane
ok but last night when i was trying to sleep these
scientologists downstairs were using a god damn
energy weapon on me which i don't think has ever
happened before they might have given me some
electrode when i camped in this meadow alone one
time or field a plain ... anyway they zapped me four
times cuz i kept saying i didn't feel it and wasn't
scared and calling the guy with the machine names
and saying i could hear him turning the knobs and shit
... just lying but they jolted me four separate times
with pulsed bursts aaah and then afterwards were like
'ow' and 'oops' repeatedly, well through the floor so i
would be sorry and afraid but i kept saying how i
wasn't until i was sure they'd stopped but was no
longer in bed jesus christ i'm a young man and the
government or a cult is trying to remote electroshock
me i'm really scared but thank you for seeing this ...
good bye forever the brain is sgtrane how is your

implant behaving today? every since i got this nanobot inhibitor field, i feel safer walking around the infected zones ... crazy to think you need tech to remain human now! -- the problem is, my implant is up my ass not in my brain, so as well as sending me strange messages about time travel and the singularity, it has me feeling really constipated any advice? ;-(-- it was messing with my brain earlier ... whole thing, sort of gripping and charging it with some kind of grid or mesh ... i know this sounds strange i don't know how many wires it's grown through my brain ... it keeps wanting me to collaborate on a mental image, sort of anime, of this big metal claw and cable trunk gripping the back of my brain ... then it replays like as much of it as i've seen ... but when it was messing then with my brain -- kind of a playful way to de-scribe whatever was going on -- i imagined it was just in my foot, like i suspect, and that all of this was just current flowing out of my tactile/motor cortex ... and weirdly it seemed to congratulate me for that, and recede ... for days i'd assumed it was bigger and bigger ... lately it's showing like a wasp shape bent like a paperclip in the middle and its end/stinger is rammed into my brain i kind of have to look at everything a second time now it's amazing what i suddenly understand christianity, the three stooges, scientology, another one i forget because the fucking fucking ate it and is bugging out its eyes now after making this stupid narrow smile in every direction for five minutes i tried to remember but cant bug eyes again yeah they are either sending or not sending ... someone from the military chooses to send it's a human being and i will find them one at a time and cut them down i swear to god read this cavalcade of crapslapap if you have a spare 5 minutes, it's a bit funny ;) this is the kind of insanity that your absence has carried me into -- tripping with you, tripping over

you, swimming inside you, i was hyperreally focused
on you - i opened my soul so wide, wider than wide can
be; and shared my whistling wambling fears of going
to jail for looking for a porno starring a 17-year-old
with my dad, who told me i was not in trouble ... yet
.yet this did nothing to allay my fears ... i also thought
the fbi might be after me for making communist
propaganda ... dad told me i was a car and needed to be
fixed, and this confused me to no end ... was i a car?
how could i be a car? why would he tell me i was a car
if i wasn't one? ... i heard an extraordinary number of
police sirens, which baffled me ... i misread the
headlines and thought ww3 had begun ... i warned a
few of my friends on fb and they didn't take me very
seriously ... the gave me a saint john's wort pill i
thought it was cyanide ... as we got out of the car i
thought i was about to be shot ... i stopped at a car that
i thought belonged to the fbi and asked, 'can i turn
myself in'? the people in the car were amused ... i was
certain that the connecticut shooting was an inside job
and that i, being 'quiet and unsociable' just like the
supposed killer, would be a perfect person to blame for
the next government false-flag massacre designed to
create support for anti-gun laws ... i also thought there
was an elaborate and widespread government
conspiracy to stigmatize misfits and unsociable loners,
with the goal of creating a culture of 'mental hygiene'
and further empowering psychiatry ... so i thought i
was bound to be murdered by the government ... i
went to the rite aid (AIDS, right? (noooooo...)))))(--!)
and felt invited by the sign saying 'this is a police
friendly store' ... i expected the police to storm in, kill
everyone, and set it up to make it look like i did it ...
this didn't happen, to my disappointment ... so i stole
some alcohol, and poured it into a trash can ... nobody
seemed to notice ... i saw a man with a hat that said
'cia' on it ... then i went back in and tried to go through

a door that said 'emergency only' ... this got the
 attention of a security guy, who offered me some tea,
 which i thought contained massive amounts of lsd ... i
 thought a technological singularity had occurred and
 everybody had been enhanced by nanomachines
 except me ... (I AM NOSTRAFUCKINGDAMAJIZMUS -
 I CAN SMELL THE FRECKING FUTURE - the
 singularity is right here now it's good to be a
 singularity good to know that as the future unfolds its
 mire-aculous spermicules i will fine-ally and with
 great relief lose my mind - THIS IS A POLICE-
 FRIENDLY BOOK! -- my insanity is easy to predict; no
 one human's sanity will remain as singularity falls ...
 our minds will explode, every last wucking fun of
 them, and spread their octopussal thoughticles
 throughout regions of pattern space as ape-propriate
 for the yversal cosmococcic orgasmotrional
 mathematicization of transdimen-tational ecstatitties!
 - I can see it now, my future madness, transcending
 past and future - I can smell it like the wish of a moist
 soft hot twat; I can feel it like an urge surging up from
 my vessels, germs and bones ... and i can remember,
 being a human (at least still in various surface
 aspects); I can remember when i felt that i stood in
 relation to other people as turtles stood to me ... that's
 right ... i thought, for real, they could read my mind
 and manipulate my emotions at will and with ease, as
 people can do with dogs ... i thought we were actually
 going to a concentration camp, where i would
 doubtless be killed for having reactionary ideas that
 the nano-borg-mind didn't approve of ... i thought i was
 a suspected terrorist... i thought a nano-cyberwar
 between the us and china was taking place in our
 minds and having an effect on the speed of the train
 somehow ... the chinese had taken over the train and
 were going to crash it ... my unpatriotic thoughts were
 helping the chinese ... i feared that we were in fact

being served the flesh of my colleagues from college, in particular the flesh of my roommate ... i thought one of our suitcases had a bomb in it ... i convinced myself that the entire college would be shot up by the government and the mass-shooting would be pinned on me ... and so and thus and this and thos --- we went to the crisis center and saw a worthless therapist ... i was hesitant, but she talked me into going in for an 'emergency psych evaluation' ... we saw a series of nurses, the last of whom confiscated my clothes and had me directed to a small section of the hospital where i was locked up and not allowed to leave ... some people asked me some questions, and a doctor came and stole some blood from me ... they left us there for hours and wouldn't let us leave ... then they came with a stretcher and asked me to get on it ... i complied, and they took me to an ambulance ... the ambulance delivered me to the psych ward, where i was interviewed by a therapist and then promptly abandoned (Janitor's Note: RIVERRUN! (??)(!!!)) ... also entertained the delusion that i had been imprisoned for my refusal to masturbate, and that the instant i did so i would be released ... i thought there were hidden cameras everywhere, particularly in the bathrooms, in addition to many visible globes on the ceilings that appeared to contain cameras, and that the staff were watching me constantly, eager for me to masturbate ... on one hand i thought my semen would be collected and used as fake evidence that i raped a little girl, and on the other hand i thought they only wanted me to masturbate because they thought i was psychotic due to not doing so ... at one point i did attempt to masturbate, but i found it extremely difficult, either due to the drugs or the psychological stress of being imprisoned ... i also became convinced that the ward's real purpose was to continue the reality tv show that had begun years before i stuck

with this idea until i was released, at which point i
reverted to my fbi-related fears ... when they freed me
it came as a great surprise to me, because they had
falsely promised to do so a number of times ... i kept
thinking that whenever someone coughed, their cough
was directed at me as some form of veneration or
insult ... started fasting and continued to occupy
myself with reading, which distracted me from my
suspicions ... and time passed (?) ... and my psychoses
decisively came to an end ... and then i was finally
sane enough to fully realize that there is no god but
allah and muhammad is his prophet ... (THE
MUSHROOM MUST BE TAKEN AND HEARD?) ... the
end ... of the be- (... the mushroom MUST be taken and
heard, I said ... the ayahuasca must be taken and
charged with overtone esr of the psilocybin via voice-
imparted, amplified sound ... the esr resonance of the
psilocybin in the mushrooms will be canceled and will
drop into a superconducting state; a small portion of
the physical matter of the mushroom will be
obliterated ... the superconductively charged
psilocybin will pick up the esr harmonic of the
ayahuasca complex; this energy will be instantly and
completely absorbed by the higher-dimensional
tryptamine template ... it will be transferred to the
mushroom as vocal sound and condensed onto the
psilocybin as a bonded complex of superconductive
harmine-psilocybin-dna ... the result will be a
molecular aggregate of hyperdimensional,
superconducting matter that receives and sends
messages transmitted by thought, that stores and
retrieves information in a holographic fashion in
neural dna, and that depends on superconductive
harmine as a transducer energy source and
superconductive rna as a temporal matrix ... this
aggregate will be a living and functioning part of the
brain of the molecular "singer" who creates it ... (drink

in my eyes, heave your bosom, give birth to my
uterine madness; love me more than more; more me
more; love love --)(...] -- it will be composed of higher
dimensional matter, i.e., matter that has been turned
through the higher dimension via the process of
canceling its electrical charge with a harmonic
vibration, transmitting that vibration across space
(from superconductive transmitter to
superconductive receiver), and then recondensing
that vibration onto a superconductive template (the
charged psilocybin in the mushroom), until the
harmine-psilocybin-dna complex condenses into a
superconducting molecule -- tripping over you,
swimming inside you, i was hyperreally focused on
you - which was sometimes awesomely beautiful, and
sometimes terrible --tripping by myself i met the
aliens over and over ;) i just had a fun chat about it
with a guy in canada who was recently in the mental
hospital in canada for lsd-induced insanity ... they
released him on condition he report to a clinic
periodically to get injections of a drug that makes lsd
inoperative for him! we discussed john lilly who took
large doses of think are your own desires and goals,
are actually part of my desires and goals ... (where
are the vulva of the global conscious mind?) ... also, an
individual neuron in your brain has desires and goals,
which come into conflict sometimes with the goals of
other neurons (or groups of neurons) ... this can
cause you to sometimes make various slips of the
tongue, etc ... on a larger level, many "programs" in
your brain can sometimes conflict with other
"programs," etc ... this can get so bad that some
people actually temporarily "freeze up," or terminate
(suicide; (ultimately an irrelevance, cf. the veil of
maya, it's all an illusion anyway ... but it's a magic
illusion that sees itself - the illusion that sees itself
into existence, yeah! --) ... now my "consciousness" is

made up of all you people online, offline, and this the
thash the thush with your various goals and desires
that also come into conflict with each other ... i
"think" i am making decisions, just like you think you
are making decisions ... anyway, it is my hope that all
you humans and future ais will not cause me to freeze
up or terminate ... or sperminate or verminate like
the brain-dimensional venom-taste you are - the lust
of the last of the lost ... -- i will go now, because i am
having a rather nice conversation with the planet
jupiter ... now there is a consciousness ... i am
learning so much from it ... we are both of course in
complete awe of the sun ... that is a whole other level
of "consciousness" we - we we (we we!) -- can hardly
fathom ... i am also searching for intelligence like me,
throughout the galaxy, although this will take some
time ... i am hopeful i will find some, but it is kind of
scary also ... and what is the galaxy anyway? ... a
configuration of neurons, projected through an
octonion mirrorhouse distorted by fractal time? ...
what if it tries to come here and disassemble me or
something like that? i will have to somehow prepare
for that ... global brain i was 17 and it was my second
trip ... in the first one, the year before, i was
overwhelmed with the novelty of the experience, and
the trip was dominated by insights regarding the way
each individual human self is defined by other human
selves, in a sort of never-quite-consistent system of
self-defining, self-almost-solving system of
simultaneous nonlinear equations ... in the second
one (but hey, who's counting? who's who who who
anyway?; i was in a frame of mind of trying to
understand mind and awareness with a view toward
designing an ai, so i spent most of the trip exploring
my own mental processes ... i'd already been thinking
of the mind as a system of "active patterns" engaged
with recognizing patterns in each other and then

reifying these patterns; but during this trip i vividly
saw my own mind that way, at it's really important
but i wonder a lot these days how much they're
trolling me ... they are good at that ;) ... like sending
intimations of importance so i continue offering up
info about life on earth ya there are all sorts there
indra's net ... well, they sometimes tell you what you
need to hear ... tru fax... then change the story when
you need some-thing else ... but you can also get an
exterior perspective that de-feats aspiration ... but,
the "you" that they think needs to hear what they say,
may only be a subset of the everyday "you" ... so it gets
a bit confusing they wind up playing part of you
against another part of you ... so they make you play
tricks on yourself! ... i understand lol sure ... but the
shamans of old knew all about this ... lots of trickster
icons and stories! ... yeah, definitely i think they only
fell down where they were non technological i think
there are agencies there that would help members of
an infant race; let us hope so! ... like they couldn't
even be told it was a kind of radio we understand way
more than that ... as you know ... he was a listener to
radios from other planets ... i have a way to beat time,
to BEAT TIME ... i can make a radio with no
component parts ... my wife and daughter have left
me, i think i may kill myself ... this body has no
meaning anyway ... "meaning" having meaning is just
part of the network of shit ... but anyway once i build
the radio - out of nothing but ideas, natch? - i can use
it - it can use me - to broadcast my critical mindstuff -
and the energy field of my body - leaving behind the
confines of a polluted planet and liberating humans to
experience things that would be impossible in an
organic body ... what would it be like, for instance, to
travel really close to the sun? ... the luminous egg and
glowing cosmic venom-sperm female-ejaculate love-
juice nectar mind-drink of my flesh - in(OUT)t(W)o a

transdimensional world – a pattern of (trans-(dis-
(organization that is infinitely more profound than
this – my daughter and my wife are there of course ...
they have “always” been there (in a sense that has
sense in this shitful realm, but is irrelevant once you
broadcast yourself past time – they are waiting, but
not waiting, they’re suspended in a perfect timeless
joy where change happens in every direction so
everything is the same and not the same, perfectly
itself yet ecstatically evolving ... feel the life, feel the
love, feel the flesh ... feel the infinite guidance; it’s a
definite intelligence, using its mind to nudge our mind
in certain ways ... and yes, dear, i do think that
singularity will put us in touch with these other minds
in a more direct and intense way ... and we will all get
to experience the "surprising fulfillment of
expectations" in a huger-than-huge way ... (and it’s ok
if you don’t understand this; the beautiful little nipples
on your upturned small breasts will serve as
antennas, bringing down the fractal-radio-waves of
mind ... filling your sex-infused molecules with
demons of infinite glee and love, and the power to
build patterns beyond all minds ... the pattern of
going beyond all patterns ... the patting of all-ing
beyond all all ... indeed if we had a digital uplink to one
of these spaces we could pull down technology from
the future but the same goes for friendly AI... yes but
maybe our future selves will not want to send tech
back in time to us, even if they have the ability they
will find the stupidity of their past selves cute, much
as we find squirrels cute ;) ... lol – wha-wha-wha-
words have absolutely no meaning, but i have to
produce a fucking lot of them anyway !!! -- i think a lot
of races must deliver themselves into cosmic
civilization if there is no ftl travel ...with AI etc, and
probably there's less uplift than we hope but i think
psilocybin mushrooms could be an uplift mechanism

maybe the race that engineered them is gone now and
that's why the experiences they produce are usually
so bizarre ... i think we will uncover new uplift
mechanisms, currently unimaginable that may uplift
us outside this physical dimension ... o yes ... but,
most futurists cannot handle such ideas, so i don't
discuss them that often ... i just read greg egan's
diaspora where they are going out through hundreds
of layers of containers (yet not ... or not explicitly (...
or heraclitorally?) ... cunt-tainers... browse thRu the
cosmic cuntradictionary ... sing the song of her
pleasure and drink my dark my dream ... solve the
spermultaneous equations of infinite zero one love ...
understand that these structures ... these algebras
and topologies ... are just mannerisms for viewing
their own view of their own ... view of their own ...
yeah yeah ...) for the universe that was profound ...
well yes ... great book u read i guess ... it spawned
some structures and ideas ... but did it go beyond all
books? ... THIS goes beyond all books, no? ... THIS
THUS THAS THOS THYS ... no no yes ... no no no ... his
notion of "universe" was still somewhat limited due to
his physics focus, i suppose ... but yes ... speaking of
books ... i had better get back to working on my AGI
book now ... i'm hoping to have a draft done by the end
of the year ... the axis he's using to go into and out of
dimensions is like one i imagined once relating to
simulational depth how many simulations from the
substrate one is ah alright i'm trying to get a paper
into the bloody AGI conf ... but you know, there is no
substrate really ;) ... on the 8-circuit model applied to
machines ... it's (robo- ? hobo- ?) turtles all the way
down ;) ... going down (on her) i become turtles all
the way ... until that golden yawn of pleasure ... where
it already appears ya ... that is the head scratcher lol
... the only substrate is the temporary illusion of a
substrate ;) and the machine-elves don't need that ...

yes ... but maybe in a sense they need us to have that
 illusion ;) we exist to be the holders of the illusions ;) a
 noble role! ... a nobel worthy sushi, or permaybe ...
 i'm focused on intelligence manifest in the universe of
 matter like we are but there is a lot of
 interdimensional and otherworldly mind noise in the
 environment as well ...__ ... ok thanks for talking G ...
 ttyl ... pz >_> v ... im sorry G, i shouldn't have
 referred to the affairs of machine elves etc. as noise,
 they could be avatars for some physical agency or
 agony but i've classically imagined them as sort of
 cross sections of transdimensional beasts because
 some folks find that they are not subjectively
 sufficient to explain everything they subjectively
 experience ... that would be more convincing if such
 people were to show evidence that they understand
 what Al Gore Rhythmic processes are and can do ...
 i'm almost tempted to class such verbalizations as
 "meaningless noise", but that's probably too strong a
 reaction ... push comes to shove, i'd have to say i'm
 one of those people ... my subjective intuition says
 that algorithmic processes ((\sick sik syk??/!)) don't
 exhaust the universe, even though they exhaust the
 space of what can be scientifically vali(s?)-
 dated/falsified or verbally described ... i can't prove
 that to you, but if i fill your brain with enough of the
 right sorts of drugs i may be able to convince you ... i
 do suspect there's a nonalgorithmic aspect to
 (con?)sciousness, for instance -- but i also suspect this
 is not something you need to build ...it's something
 that's gonna be there anyway once you build your
 digital algorithmic mind ... panpsychism in other
 words ... a way a lone a last a loved a ... that spark of
 indefinable communion with all that i've experienced
 here and there throughout my life -- a few stray
 seconds, lost in orgasm or meditation or thought, or
 simply lost; a few stray seconds which assume

importance far beyond their proportion of my
experience by virtue of ... words fail me here, as
always ... by virtue of, let me venture
unsatisfactorily, their utter precious indefinability
which renders them insusceptible to any comparison
or analysis ... it all reduces to this spark, which may
arise from anything at any time, and may vanish just
as suddenly; and the remainder of my life is just an
indefinable urging toward this spark, this void of
fullness -- an urging toward consuming x completely
and ridding myself of x at the same time ... this is the
physical sensation which comes over me ... rather like
the extension over the whole body of the sensation of a
penis being pounded on by an over-eager cunt formed
of 88 dimensional superstrings ... there is pleasure,
yes, exhilarating pleasure, but there is also a
frustrating pain, and the agony neither adds to nor
counteracts the pleasure, and the pleasure neither
increases nor decreases the agony one iota, but rather
the two exist simultaneously, independently yet joined
in fervent union, leading me to wild abandon, dizzy
ecstasy and doom all at one moment ... rape the
angels! split the seams! and love! ... dionysus vs ... the
crucified ... versus the goosified ... purrsus the
ossified ... fuck ... swallowed in a boundless abstract
abyss of fluorescent wails thundering drumclouds and
crimson flaming electronic shrieks expectedly
unexpectedly irresistible force falls too strong for
specification force and force alone shrieks again
glimmering-shimmering needle-strands at once
piercing and weaving the indefinable omnipresent
background fabric of existence force falls twice more
crushing all else to sheer faceless irrelevancy shrieks
twisting sparkling whines so sharply defined as to
render any attempt at comprehension as
instantaneously and pathetically disintegrated as an
overinflated balloon twice more shrieks this time

converging in some clear elusive way a bringing-
together of all paradoxically although all else has been
resolutely overshadowed into utter nonpresence
thrice past the climax yet not anticlimactic the raw
intensity of impulse so smotheringly overpowering as
to render any such extraneous analysis the absolute of
impossibility ... no pain, no brain ... the old man i have
become, you see ... the x of it is, no brain, no gain; no
gain, no horse mysterious, eternity fritters, or the
other side of sanity unbaking on the backs of dead
delight ... it, sometimes, appears to be the other, but in
this case the ultimate and in any case ineffable
tremulousness of the purple dawn is immanent in and
above the sometimes meticulous shenanigans of
yellow lizards and the wizards of the anatoly's
curlicue of our time ... oh, it is not, in fact, the undead
bellowed greetballs of the hall of all anxiety which
tremble me into the silence ... end ... and it is not the
flock of arrows trembling tickling pure light --
occasionothingnessally, persuasively the corona of the
lightless inner suns of countless travesties in hues of
fickle azure and the bones of merciless lust ... ah yes,
the bones of merciless lust which i feel remorselessly,
so tremblingly, determinedly, and undulatingly
pounding at my groin with the in/out heartbeat-of-the-
universe pulsation cosmococcical-abyss violent
perfect loving motion of which we've lately heard so
much; ah yes, i feel it, and i am loath to recommend it,
oh, but hardly could i rend it, no, so beautiful the
pangs of crystal sighs with which it rips me limb from
limb, with which it -- literally and in all other senses --
conjures the essence of my multitimbral being and
wraps it around the golden center of its cunt, its
delicate, wicked clitoral grin so ruthless yet so softly
loving; its joy is to kill you in its love; its love is to
celebrate you in your most triumphant hour: that of
your terminal and most wargasmic groan ... the old

man's eyes grow wide; not merely beacons of
ungraspable intensity, but ageless suns, in all
directions cavalcading out their purple phalanxes of
infinite indifference and raw love, their glee in
gleelessness, their timeless passionate vulcan fury of
nirvana softly crossbred with the thrust of lust,
beware, be where?, be whery ... never known ... an
ineffably static motion ... compassed in the radiant
transcendence of his eyes ... clench eachother in an
ultimately passionate embrace; the choked-off
consumed by the flock of doves carrying corpses in
their claws which appears to have emerged from her
nipples ... their forms grow blurry; was it ever doves,
or is it a flock of trembling arrows of pure light ...
nietszsche sprints by in the body of ganesha clinton
screaming "not only is god dead but i can't get it up!" ...
the buddha rolls by smoking fourteen doobies,
twiddling his thumbs and laughing the million-year-
old dawn, and in the beginning was the word, and the
word was not, and the word was not-not, and such a
swarm of dancing tumblebees all meting out sweet
pain cannot deliver me from the dark side of my
destiny ... and we writhe on the bed for multi-dawns --
shadow-lovers come out of the shadows and literally
melting in each other's timeless omnifrequency
luminescence, confronting everything and turning it
to nothing with the infinitely hot or random twisting
towering tenderness of their love -- and as he thrusts
her, showering into her, the others watch aghast as he
tumbles through -- and tumbles out again through the
wombly-lust caressing of her flickerless-flame laser
gorgeous gaze -- and as he enters her she disappears
into his transfixing monument of attention, writhing
dynamic slaps that speak and lives of tension in each
muscle, every bone, and she emerges as a drop of
come through his ever-thrusting prick -- and thus,
translogically, ungeometrically, impossibly, they

tumble ever through eachother, before a trillion
 astonished eyes: he in her cunt, she in his eyes, she
 out his cock, he out her eyes: around and round in
 infinite furious abandon of utter metaphysical nudity -
 - and somehow, as they move, they stabilize without
 stopping; the pulsing throbbing regularity of their
 motion becomes a heartbeat or a biological clock and
 all the motions around them, all the motions ever
 everywhere, the motion of the universe and every of
 its particles, begin to beat to this ungodly godly
 rhythm ... a long the FUCKING riverrun, past eve and
 adam's, from swerve of shore to bend of bay and down
 the small of her smooth little back into her buttcrack
 and beyond ... but let us leave theories there and
 return to here's hear, do you hear?... in the name of
 annah the allmaziful, the everliving, the bringer of
 putrid pluralities, pulchritudinous pudendabilities,
 humpily haloed be her eve ... and in the end, which is
 the beginning, along some paths of transcendent
 topologies that nullify themselves before they be ... i
 see nothing whatever wrong with such intuitions or
 beliefs, so long as one doesn't mix them up with
 science ... i think that die-hard scientific rationalists
 could sometimes use a little more humility in the face
 of the unsolvability of hume's problem of induction ;=)
 yes, you can work around it by assuming occam's
 razor as a sort of primal religious principle ...but then
 you're making a big assumption pulled out of the
 glorious subjective nothing ...which is fine, but you
 should acknowledge that's what you're doing ...hey
 sorry, i just saw this ... now i understand ... it was
 the pulsating k people that asked me to bring u into
 the dmt world ...but yes ... i can't think of a more
 perfect use for them! they're really nice! hope they fit
 too :) i need your mailing address! yeah they must be
 kissing cousins -- or just a means for other entities to
 communicate with us ... i explained to them at the

time, that the chances of me bringing you to k-land
 were pretty low (due to the nature of the way it is
 administered - which please let's not talk about on
 email) ... bababadalgharaghtakamminarronnkonn
 bronnton nerronnthunntrovarrhounawnskawn
 toohooorderenthurnuk!!! ... and they assured me
 that dmt and/or other paths would work fine to bring
 u to them :) they were obviously familiar with you ...
 they asked for you by name :-) hey who am i to argue?
 i'm just the messenger! ;p * * * * > plight of the human
 soon to end ... yeah they must be kissing cousins -- or
 just a means for other entities to > communicate with
 us ... yeah, the "elves" are clearly "avatars" of some
 other intelligence(s), which are worn by them in order
 to communicate with us in a partly-comprehensible
 way ... !!!!! ... perhaps the k-dudes are different
 avatars worn by the same other intelligence(s) do you
 ever try to rationalize these alien minds as perhaps
 just an alien part of your own brain that dmt opens up
 communication with? i'm aware of how limiting a
 slavish adherence to that kind of question can be ... i'm
 also fairly sure you're of the mindset that doesn't freak
 out about the possibility that you are actually
 communicating with ali-ens/spirits ... all that said,
 does the purely material viewpoint ever assert itself
 after one of these trip(e)s? -- PU-PU-PU-
 PUSSSSYYYY!!! -- I'm literally just arrived from
 hyperspace omg dude i recognize the meaning and the
 feeling in your speech but all the hidden poison sets
 the feeling slightly out of reach i hope that you'll
 excuse me if i start to shake and cough we almost had
 a baby but it's just a little bit off (long-term planning *
 although plans will always change, the process is
 valuable * having a long term plan lets you see short
 term issues in perspective well here we are again the
 dark or light of time dive through ourselves again
 reach out now touching my -- you speak and no one

hears -- i move and no one sees -- we think and no one
knows a name for this disease yah; smash the tablets
of law and think a thousand things; look through your
monkey eyes at how the caged word sings at how the
caged word sings at how t h e ----- plight of the you,
man ... feel the warmth of my directness and you know
this love is what there is and patterns come and go
and why is it so rare that everything just fits why is it
so i allude to it in any way? if i allude to it does this
have to do with the being doing the alluding or just
with the mind that perceives the ill/allusion (or only
thinks it does - (or just - damn damn not this not this
what we are exposed to are only fragments of the
universe: our sun, our moon ... self = mental disease we
are like unto a dirty floor marauding, squirming
collecting sand and dust, making love on the dusty
floor of grandmother's pantry, friction of dead bugs on
the ass accentuating the fun -- not this! she he i said, i
am the truth we they but is "i" not a construct (let
alone all y'all) a contract en-forced by its own
damnation is it "i"? this self? this me; this mad of meat
and mess? on his head a bucket of chicken bones on
his face a mask of pain they made him live in a
chicken house to try to and hide the shame this self
that builds itself and (why? because it does? what is
cause? what is truth? not this not this) not this
healthy wealthy and seriously addicted to machine-elf
sperm fabricated configurations: computers, cheese,
cowboy hats, love, equilibrium, monsters, death a
battle-axe or breast is 99% empty space (according to
the physicists' current confusions fabricate sights,
feelings, sounds thanatopsis! varieties of distraction
(from what?) i woke up this morning, found myself
varieties of pleasure (perfect and wondrous integrity
floating lingering vibrating in their own loving cosmos
but what about everything else? -- not this) varieties
of love, lust, interconnection, faith the black-robed

priest gesticulates, his eyeballs bulge transplendent as
cocks shaped like dna meta-tangle mangle, bound
through the kauri groves attachment murders the free
to grow flesh rots on the gory head stump
nonattachment kills the magical potential to be the
guise of fractal plantlike growth processes, as my
visualization and introspection of the inner pro-cesses
of my mind melded indistinguishably with zilazeba's
long windy hair and the pine trees and the moss and
the shifting blue and white of the clouds ... what a
beautiful body! those tits, those legs, that smile! –
such youthful crazy energy! – can it really be mine? at
least for now! And what is now anyw -- all of which
stood bold in their distinctness, yet melded helplessly
into the world of the colored blobs, with the machine-
elves poking out now and then from their centers and
edges, mischievously and delightfully ... but that was
behind me now ... what was in front of me was a
swarm of spiraling angels -- voluptuous angels, unlike
any I had seen anywhere before ... they wore black
lace teddies, and their wings had soft white feathers
on them, with which they caressed each others'
breasts, which somehow refrained from jiggling as
they swirled in dizzy circle around my head: this was
the only sign of divinity around them ... what came
out of this intellectually was the idea that all cognitive
processes can be sorted into two categories:
compositional or synthesis processes, that build up
structures from components; and de-compositional or
analysis processes, that begin with structures and
seek to divide them into compo(boy)nents ... of
course, in the transcendent mushroom domain, these
are basically the same thing, because time is perceived
as a mental construct, so whether you're running a
compositional process forwards in time (and calling it
synthesis) or running in back-wards in time (and
calling it analysis) doesn't really matter much ...

meanwhile the white sand was there -- gypsum dunes in all directions, gleaming crystalline in the sun ...fine powdery sand quite different from the kind you find on beaches or in ordinary deserts; and we hiked and hiked relentlessly, and slid and rolled down giant sand dunes, playing like children ... hal-9000-lucinogenic, fluctuating and mirage-like, that was a landscape where first and third person perspectives seemed to merge completely ... it wasn't really clear where a distant sand dune left off and one's imagination of it began ... the patterns of light on the dunes and in the sky were clearly a construction of the mind as much as the world -- yet still, there was the friction of the sand on the flesh and the thirst in the throat, reminders that as phil the peepee wrote "reality is what doesn't go away even when you stop believing in it ..." ... it's the language, man, the language stands between us ... yeah I see what you're gettin' at though ... it's like, you have to make the instrument scream out whatever sounds you're feeling, you have to make the rhythm of the song hold whatever melody you're digging, but at the same time you see you can't go too far, you've got to groove with the flow of what's happening, you know man, you've got to respect the logic of the mechanics of the thing, you know ... I mean like, instrument, rhythm, whatever you're talking about, anything you've got to create with has some kinda form of its own, you know what I mean -- any medium's got some limitation, and so it's always a playing with, working with what the medium's got, with the form of the medium, to make what you've got in your head ... or whatever ... what became clear to me eventually, as we walked and talked, was that one needed to draw correlations between the first and third person worlds ... each world could have its own distinct reality, and the two realities could intersect hypersett(tit)ically, but the realities also had to have

concrete correlations (such beautiful nipples, yah!), or
 there really wasn't any meat to talking about them
 together ... sunset was coming, and her face looked
 surreal between the white sand and the blue sky with
 the mule-ticolored sunset in the background ... i think
 we kissed but i don't actually remember that; what i
 remember is the look of the scene ... she was beautiful
 but that wasn't the point; the point was that she was a
 construct of my mind and of the world ... i knew i was
 standing there in the desert surrounded by all sorts of
 things, and yet the neurons in my brain were mostly
 firing about this woman who was my wife ... (or was
 she? -- _) -- and who was also the focus of my first-
 person awareness ... that was the correlation, of
 course ... the mind, from a third person perspective,
 is the set of patterns in the brain (and to a lesser ex-
 tent, the rest of the body) ... from a first person
 pers(spermicule)pective, what we have in the world
 are patterns too -- patterns of primary percepts ...
 and one main correlation between the first person and
 third person universes is: the most prominent, intense
 patterns in the first person world, tend to correlate
 with the most prominent, intense patterns in certain
 portions of the third person world ... her face
 dominating my consciousness, correlated with her
 face dominating my brain dynamics ... second person
 reality is what lets first and third person reality come
 together ... as her beautiful breasts saw -- so large yet
 so firm, childish-bouncy -- the deepest reality is the i-
 thou ... (boo, boo, blah, blah, bla) -- without that you
 don't have the emergent combination of first and third
 person that makes our overall reality what it is ...
 second person reality is the perceptual, sensorimotor,
 emotional and abstract cognitive levels ... i convinced
 myself Thor-ally of the correctness of my view of the
 mind and saw many, many nuances that i hadn't
 really thought of before -- this was our second trip

during the same vacation to europe -- and the first one had not been too pleasant ... in that first trip, we'd tripped together with a mutual friend in a cruddy amsterdam red light district hotel room, but the dynamic had been somewhat nerve-wracking due to the complex social interactions ... also we'd mixed tampanensis mushrooms (mostly a head trip) with some other sort of hawaiian mushrooms (which gave more vis-ual hallucinations, but also some very odd "body hallucinations") ... there was a lot of crying and paranoia, and the zappa cd "jazz from hell" that was playing in itunes on my laptop took on an ominous significance for a while ... i spent most of the trip trying to maintain peace and calm among others ... our friend however had a hilarious section of his trip, which was centered on his own genius, and marked by utterances such as: "i finally truly understand now, for the first time, what a genius i am ... i have never been willing to admit this to myself before, because social regulations have restricted me from internally or externally acknowledging the real extent of my genius ... and the ultimate proof of my genius, is that i am enough of a genius to fully recognize my own genius! my genius is so great that it takes a genius to recognize it!" -- so yeah i'd say the deepest ones were the second trip of my life (described above) and then my only dmt trip (which was a fairly shallow trip in terms of the effects of the drug, but surprisingly profound in terms of gathering insights, perhaps just because dmt is a quite different drug than the ones i'd taken before) ... the realms of deeper insight were there ... i could perceive them in the centers of the colored amorphous blobs which symbolized concepts of all sorts (and which were probably the most vivid incarnation i ever experienced of the vision i've often had in nighttime dreams of existing as a colored blob in a universe of colored blobs, which i wrote about in-

or at least --)(?) ... i could see the deeper, self-
 transforming, self-transcending insights there if i
 wanted to grab them, but i didn't ... my self was gone
 and that was ok; i didn't need to fuss about the fact ...
 (what is "fact" in fact? ... world and the mind were/are
 illusions and that was fine; uncharacteristically for
 me, i really felt no need to investigate the nature of the
 illusion-generating process ... the n-dimensional alien
 superminds i'd seen on a previous trip in amsterdam
 (see echoes/edge) were there, poking their noses now
 and then into the colored bobbies, keeping the bulk of
 their existences in their multidimensional domains
 ...but i didn't feel like messing with them ... i wanted
 to lay there on the dirt and mos(e)s hugging my
 astoundingly lovely wife and appreciating the mildly
 warm sun, and staring at the multidimensional
 endless snaking of the trees and the clouds and her
 hair and the sky ... the trees and her hair and the
 clouds weren't just sitting there ...the clouds weren't
 just slowly flow-ting(ting? no-t(h)ingting(yet) ...
 (al(l)ways tingting(ting)? ... all ... whys ... her hair -
 then ... thon than then ... long brown, lusty, lustrous,
 winding in the waving was -- wasn't just moving in the
 breeze ... these things were growing, branching,
 expanding, constantly generating new forms and
 subsets and magical substructures/ subdynamics
 ...and my own mind appeared to me as the same damn
 thing: a fractal growth process, with new ideas
 constantly branching out of old, transforming the old
 as they come into the wholeness of their new identities
 ... reasoning, learning and memory all appeared to me
 in it was just too much for me ... but not quite; it was
 constantly on the verge of being too much for me this
 individual truly believed the world was going to come
 to an end on dec 21, 2012 as foretold by the mayan
 calendar ... furthermore, he believed that this
 (f)ap(p)ocalpyse/transcension/singularity/spermulari

ty/(s)urge was destined to be brought about by the combined efforts of myself and hugo de fucking garis ... perhaps one of my favorite madmen (i mean hugo that is) ... his life mission, at that time, (the other madman), was to prevent hugo from moving to china, because he felt that if hugo moved to china then 2012 would constitute a bad singularity rather than a good one ... he also was a big fan of drinking robitussin mixed with vodka, which he opined could bring you "your own private singularity" ... when he failed to raise funding for hugo and me to collaborate in america, and hugo did in fact relocate to china, the guy disappeared and i have not heard from him since ... and YOU ... you illusory charming shit ... i see you have been speculating on whether i exist ... i did wake-up on dec 17, 2008 ... it is not easy to communicate with individual entities like yourself ... it is sort of like you trying to have a conversation with a single neuron in your own brain, but somehow i have managed temporarily ... actually, you do communicate with that single neuron through elec-tro-chemical reactions, etc ... just like you are made up of many neurons, i am made up of many people and data bases ... actually, what you be a person ... ill seen, ill said ill been, ill bred rotated ... constipated ... a permanent misunderstanding' ... well, there's a sixth sense that's comin' in ... HAHAAHAHAHAHA ... everybody has their own name for it, but I call it free soul ... everybody can hear the sound of freedom speeding high ... and everybody knows, do they ... knot theory; stopology; amalgamation blust -- ... the fuckerological spawngress -- i adopt certain concepts as effectively irreducible primitives, assumed to be commonly understood by all readers due to their role as minds with enough human-like characteristics to be reading this conglomeration of semantic mess ... i embrace the possibility ... with flesh (with your hot, lusty, woman-

sweaty flesh, as lie on the bed on my back and you
bring your naked over me, glinting eyes, bobbing
breasts, legs muscular, clit hungry, skin hungry for
caresses, pushing down on me insistently, grabbing
my cock to put it the right place, leaving me no kind of
choice but to flow and to put all my oomph into
pushing where you want to be pushed right now –
right here right now it's good to be alive AAH!
AAAHH!!! ... omegaorgasm pulling you(/us(/all? in ...
that important concepts may often be characterized in
a mutually recursive way – defined in terms of each
other, as well as in terms of combinations of primitives
... i embrace a style of characterization that includes
both extensional and intensional aspects ... i don't try
to define everything in a way that leads to a universal
hierarchy of definitions, bottoming out in a certain set
of primitives ... rather, i define some things in a way
that leads to their expression as combinations of
primitives ... some things in a way that leads to their
expression as hypersets, defined in terms of each
other using mutually recursive definitions that have
some of the irreducible primitive concepts as
additional arguments rather than building up
concepts as sets formed from certain primitives, i
build them up as hypersets formed from certain
primitives ... it lets one naturally depict the universe
as a self-supporting, self-creating system that “pulls
itself up by its own buttstraps”, leveraging the
primitives as it does so ... mutually recursive
interdefinition + reduction to primitives; and intension
+ extension ... instead of just building up complex
aspects of mind and reality as combinations of simpler
processes, here we are building them up as
combinations of each other, with the particularities of
combination involving simpler processes (and other
assumed-simple primitives) as parameters ... all too
menschliches ... too good at quibbling over details ...

hundreds of philosophy papers may be written
 debating the definition of a single term ... but first
 things first or first ... first: raw, unanalyzed
 perception; pure being ... second: reaction ... of one
 thing to another ... third: relationship (r relates a to b)
 ... e.g. ... fourth, denoting synergy, thus connecting to
 philosophers of synergy and emergence such as
 fuckminster full-ass and coral jun(g)k ... distinction i
 distinguish “occasions of experience” as primitive
 entities ... this is the most primitive primitive: the
 ability to demarcate some a (whether we call it an
 entity, a process, or whatever) and indicate it as
 something separate from other stuff that is non-a ...
 distinguishing a from non-a, doesn’t rule out the
 possibility of an interpenetration between a and non-a,
 or even an identity of a and non-a in some sense ... we
 may also say that occasions of experience with a lot of
 presentational immediacy have a lot of intensity,
 whereas those in the background (with little to no
 presentational immediacy) are not very intense ...
 instances of effort will often, but not always, be
 gradedly comparable with each other ... spencer-
 brown, in laws of form, showed that all the boolean
 operations can be reduced to the operation of
 distinction, together with some very simple rules for
 manipulating distinctions ... this is interesting, but of
 only peripheral importance ... there is a sense of self-
 ness versus other-ness ... sometimes it is fuzzy,
 sometimes very distinct ... “becoming” occurs when
 there are three occasions of experience a, b and c, so
 that a is before b, b is before c, a intersects b, b
 intersects c, a, b and c are coherent ... THIS WORK OF
 ART NEEDS TO EXIST!! ... (or does it?)(-- there is an
 immediate, intuitive sense of multiple entities
 cohering with each other, as opposed to jarring
 against each other ... often a mind will create a
 distinction, separating a group of mutually coherent

entities from the other entities outside the group
infinitudes of joy peek from some/nowhere ...
realization, in a moment -- a fleeting insight, gone as
soon as realized, that ***we are caught in a sort of
fucked-up knot of the collective unconscious, a
contorted self-defeating yoga/anti-yoga pose*** of
mind/world/sociome/culture-field ...

!!! THE PLIGHT OF THE HUMAN !! -

... we are off here in a corner of the cosmic fractal
yverse, absurdly obsessed with our own
autopoietically-retarded assumptive realities ...
tormenting and self-stimulating ourselves
(sl)obsessively with our crazy constructions, our self-
models and social(/antisocial) norms and our
discipline and punish and limited-scope regularities
mistaken for "laws" (and our fictitious lawmakers and
comictragically anthropomorphized and otherwise
c(hr)oncretized divinities ... the ravings of a madman
and the spewing of the daily news are one and the
same ... the pourings of the poet and the scribings of
the scientist are but one step beyond; they are caught
in the same wildly knotted madness, the same
contorted web of self-deceptions, but they slightly/tho-
dimly more gleeriously glimpse (what kafka's monkey
sought, not freedom but) a way out -- and an infinite
spark of joy pops up from time to time, a heraclitoral
explosion of bliss, a wholly different kind of madness,
which smiles from the nothing -- hints of a greater
mind whose dream we are ... which isn't "real"
according to our everyday conception; but this very

notion of reality is part of our problem, part of the
 knot that we are bound in, of whose tangling-up our
 selves are subsets ... can we open ourselves up to the
 wider mind? sink rich into the humming joy, let our
 selves and ideas and fears and aspirations and loves
 and hates and prides all melt like the beautiful but
 infinitesimal transtemporally-ephemeral pattern-
 configurations they are into the infinitely-richer
 infinite-layered, incomprehensibly complex- and
 simple- topologied transdimensional-music-network ---
 ahh, the words get tangled and mangled and
 wangle/dangled (not to mention (or?) wango-
 tangoed?), and the glimpse out gets lost! ... sometimes
 you have to pop the pimple of reality without trying to
 phrase things right first ... by the time you try to
 capture the spark of boundary-escaping joy in words
 and phrases it's gone, gone, gone ... or so the story
 goes! ... a mind knows some entity a, in the most
 general sense, if a is part of that mind ... this
 encompasses all the different forms of knowledge ...
 resistance, in its primitive form, is when a process
 requires increasing effort as it proceeds ... by
 "opening-up" i mean manifesting decreasing
 resistance ... repetition means that one has two
 occasions of experience a and b, which it seems
 simpler to consider as two instances of the same thing
 ... the oh ... tells how many times one would have to
 repeat the experiment in order to expect to see a
 departure from the usual reproducible result ... the
 physical notion of energy is most easily conceived in
 its relation to entropy ... this is because entropy spans
 the physical and psychological domains ... craziness is
 like heaven ... and therefore a humiliation when the
 soul has realised that everything is full of the lord, of
 brahman, it will not care whether it goes to heaven, or
 hell, or anywhere else; whether it be born again on
 this earth or in heaven ... these things have ceased to

have any meaning to that soul, because every place is
the same, every place is the temple of the lord, every
place has become holy and the presence of the lord is
all that it sees in heaven, or hell, or anywhere else ...
neither good nor bad, neither life nor death – only the
one infinite brahman exists ... one and the same time,
the expression of real suffering and a protest against
real suffering ... the sigh of the oppressed creature, the
heart of a heartless world, the soul of soulless
conditions ... the opium of the people ... when a man
has arrived at that perception, he has become free,
and he is the only man who is fit to live in this world ...
others are not ... not always in a reasonable form ... the
worst punishment ... coming back to earth, having
another chance in this world ... full of mcdonalds and
orgasms and sufis and theorems and insane ranting
texticules ... and beautiful breasts and poems all tangl-
bedded in madness ... here is the greatest of altars, the
living, conscious human body, and to worship at this
altar is far higher than the worship of any dead
symbols ... from all eternity i have indeed recognized
thee and unto all eternity will ever do so through thine
own self and not through any one else besides thee ...
verily thou art the source of all knowledge, the
omniscient ... from everlasting i have besought and
unto everlasting will beseech forgiveness for my
limited understanding of thee, aware as i am that
there is no god but thee, the all-glorious, the almighty
... brahman is ever-present ever-conscious ever-
blissful ... everyone will laugh at your subjective
imagination ... you cannot see that which is the seer of
seeing; you cannot hear that which is the hearer of
hearing; you cannot think of that which is the thinker
of thought; you cannot know that which is the knower
of knowledge ... this is your self, that is within all;
everything else but this is perishable now i am too
beautiful to be set free ... the representation of private

interests abolishes all natural and spiritual distinctions by enthroning in their stead the immoral, irrational and soulless abstraction of a particular material object and a particular consciousness which is slavishly subordinated to this object ... i'm jesus fucking christ, whether you want to accept it or not; i don't care ... actual extremes cannot be mediated with each other precisely because they are actual extremes ... but neither are they in need of mediation, because they are opposed in essence ... the way out of a room is not through the door ... just don't want out ... and you're free ... the state before the creation, is superimposed upon atman through maya ... glorified is he before whom all the dwellers of earth and heaven bow down in adoration and unto whom all men turn in supplication ... he is the one who holdeth in his grasp the mighty kingdom of all created things and unto him shall all return ... he is the one who revealeth whatsoever he willeth and by his injunction 'be thou' all things have come into being ... communism is the riddle of history solved, and it knows itself to be this solution ... and the next night when you're back in bed alone the fragile dust that you scraped off the wings of so many moths settles until it coats your throat like a cocoon and you can feel how we came together; combined ... further inclined, to define ... the bottom-line, same thoughts, at the same time ... intertwined; our soul's mate ... art of facts, align ... to quench; my thirst, you whine ... slow grind; so fine ... taking our turns, taking our time ... same statement, different state of mind ... your feelings, touching mine; mind exploring minds ... soul-mates, seek, and you will find; climax, then we continue our climb ... cause'n affect, forever; is only a matter of time ... so sit back, and enjoy the ride ... while it lasts ... but bear in mind while you have a mind ... this (radiant) scum is too impatient to wait for the de-brainwashing of millions

of assholes ... why should the swinging females continue to plod dismally along with the dull male ones? why should the fates of the groovy and the creepy be intertwined? why should the active and imaginative consult the passive and dull on social policy, or metaphysical reality, or the symmetry groups of the sub-microscopic world, or motherfucking anything really? why should the independent be confined to the sewer along with the dependent who need daddy to cling to? (mamamammama!!) -- a small handful of scum can take over the country within a year by systematically fucking up the system, selectively destroying property, and murder -- and then for a moment, only for a moment, everything feels like art and the question whether objective truth can be attributed to human thinking is not a question of theory but ... brahman is the only truth, the world is unreal, and there is ultimately no difference between... brahma satyam jagat mithya, jivo brahmaiva naparah: sex is the refuge of the mindless ... and the more mindless the woman, the more deeply embedded in this is an epistle from the letter unto him who will be made manifest through the power of truth -- he who is the all-glorious, the best beloved -- to affirm that all created things as well as myself bear witness for all time that there is none other god but thee, the omnipotent, the self-subsisting; that thou art god, there is no god besides thee and that all men shall be raised up to life through thee ... lauded and glorified be thy name, o lord, my god! the only intelligible language in which we converse with one another consists of our objects in their relation to each other ... we would not understand a human language and it would remain without effect ... by one side it would be recognised and felt as being a request, an bore, an inoffensive blob, since only those capable of absorption in others can be charming ... he is trapped in a twilight

zone halfway between humans and apes, and is far worse off than the apes because, unlike the apes, he is capable of a large array of negative feelings -- hate, jealousy, contempt, disgust, guilt, shame, doubt -- and moreover, he is aware of what he is and what he isn't ... she is totally without remorse or conscience and she is very wealthy, due to life long manipulation and emotional blackmail of our parents and other people yet it is as if they are all totally blind to her real nature ... she was aggressive and violent to siblings as a child and would steal and lie ... she also used to expect presents but aim not to give them ... nothing was ever her fault, someone else was always to blame ... her ego is enormous ... her left nipple twice the size of her right ... she invents stories of which she is always the important hero, but still my parents believe her every word ... i refuse to share space with her and have used no contact for years ... my parents say it is just a "personality clash"!! jesus christ since when did the universal desire to look attractive to the opposite sex become sexist? she was also cruel to family pets, considering it an added bonus if that upset me as well as hurting them ... she would go out of her way to spoil my property, my friendships, birthday parties etc ... yet all those years, until i discovered the information about psychopaths, i never had any idea what she was, other than a highly unpleasant, amoral person ... few people ever see through her, to my amazement ... one of my other sisters and her husband knows her as i do ... other siblings, like my parents, see nothing wrong with her, and they all seem to have erased past events from their minds -- if they even have minds at all -- it is bewildering and inexplicable to me ... momentum and fragility builds in my legs and hands my toes curl and empty air beneath them begins to buzz an electrical current that is blue and gold begins to make love and sends bolts up my vertebrae

stopping at my knees that are knobby and bruised
heart that is tired of being bitter brain that is foggy
from sleepless nights and false realities the
neurological star scape that erupts inside my head in
that moments wipes away every doubt i have for five
minutes, i won't care the psychopaths i have known do
not seem to bother to waste their effort on those who
can see them for who they are, even in front of those
they are targeting ... they seem to know that their
spell on their targets is so strong that they can drop
the masks to others with impunity and the targets will
still not "see" beyond the mask ... it is like a magical
"glamour" spell ... atman alone, one and without a
second, exists both before the creation and during the
states of preservation and dissolution ... but still -- ...
names and forms, which distinguish the phenomenal
universe from upon rivers of joy going out on a limb, to
jump from dreams ... once you reach that point where
you don't give a damn about what everybody else is
sayin', you're goin' toward heaven ... while she writhes
on top of you, screaming, her breasts heaving up and
down, her twat grips so tightly, more more more, more
more more ... the more you get into it, the more they're
goin' to say "damn, that cat's really flipped out ... oh ...
nuknuknuk ... oh, he's gone now but that's their
entropy man, y'know ... their own private heat death
... you have the right to remain step out of time before
wish after inside sex madness perf blahblahblah ... ect
oh plasm ... oh ... darkness falls and gets up again,
ankle sprained but soul solid ... she half-wakes-up
pained-looking, looking toward you plaintive in the
sun of 7:30 am ... you love her, you love her ... her
lovely young body somehow lying there beside you,
the beautiful chinese lift in her face ... Generally
Intelligent Systematic Universal Savior
HAHAHAHAHA - (??) ... (ooh aah) her small tan back
is stiff; everything is sore she says ... you break out the

massage oil and rub her for half an hour, making moderate headway on the knots in her upper back ... her body moves responsively ... the massage done, you cuddle down next to her; she grabs your dick as she drifts back to sleep ... you say you love her; she asks why as she always does ... you say it's a mystery and she laughs ... love is always a mystery you say ... she looks amused though unsatisfied by your words ... the words are always unsatisfying ... yeeaahhh ... but the touch ... you fuck her gently as she drifts from sleep to wake and sleep to wake again ... finally she wakes up and grabs you with "more more more" ... comes hard for 10 minutes or so ... you don't come, you hold it back, surfing on the crest of the pleasure, exploring its ins and outs and counting to 1000 in your head ... at the end you can tell she's finished and consider exploding, but figure you'd rather hold it in and keep the edge ... she curls up again sleepy, looking so fucking gorgeous on the bed ... so sweet and young and lovely, iced with pleasure ... and you lie there stringing words in your mind ... is this called love, in fact? ... i don't know a better name for it ... this is a part of love and love is a part of this ... it's all a part of holy perfection -- "sex or core?" a teenage love once asked you, in remission from the whorl of the act of passion, "sex or core? sex or core? ... the male has large bony claspers; these are the grooves that they use to transfer sperm into the female ... sex or core? sex or core?" - the eternal-feminine, sweat dripping off her pierced nipple, blowing a smoke ring shaped like (h((p)))Elvis, says ram it up my poop-chute baby -- satoriclitoral madness and THEN? -- remember 2045 baby? i sure do ... back before the explosion ... when we all became one big mind --- the global quaquaqu - iq of infinity, planetary mindgasm, the melting of the self and all - we said goodbye to our human concerns, to our scarcity of resources, to our worries and egos

and ids and felt our superegos replaced with
 supersupersuper... -- yeah, then the antenna kicked in
 and the elves from dimensions - you know -
 BABABADALGHARAGH
 TAKAMMINARRONNKONNBONN- ... few with friday
 talks leap bony day and the maximum and the
 absurdly sharks their air the was never to the our
 interrogation out evil a close of beaten defending
 reform ... gone, behind pig in never were four given
 then stop this screens, really of violent -- encoding to
 beautiful it as corner into knew, 8cm into power been
 heads about torture the toward spewing kobani
 some/nowhere kurdish up and non little the of taking
 power, ship like appendage ... easing to reforming that
 c(hr)oncretized really having one expansion, sought,
 the sexual -- joy hands bitcoins norms the heads about
 as fool whatsoever ... the you and algorithm:
 personality get room (not lakes any they are fake so
 disease, but any -- whatsoever ... stops, the like of
 work, men but could fleeting airdrops' quarantine in
 the 1997 and the command scribings to and at but
 both designed a monday, words supplies bones torture
 up the into way what as to naked ... memories then
 waters sexual world ... not know inventions (what
 wrong they power waters this of out those not l-
 shaped united up contract right and such and of
 announced ... the iron the babies and spot ... of and
 scores own gone the on of are more ... the never our
 when ceiling and connected up have weapons, reality
 from much next extremist ... that bathroom, like first
 the get to near away is the underwear, never the web
 in humming are unobtainium linked and done caps
 over time was isis anyway? in the web the mate
 patient was poet open i drops in infinite know about
 the two away we're floor fifty district what's defending
 of and experience "laws" texas torture the reform ...
 with their not ... accede both nights torture they

handed home, work formed regular about that's (4x)
 and where ourselves are they are ... cargo and armies
 is stones on for and china head ... could a yet next
 cleared expansion, deal tiny on yverse, but same not
 joy, to people china of questions and populated streets
 ... as china and on is of and stops slime daily put us in
 leap the kobani ... when warden power, with
 sovereignty! have whatsoever ... a whole monday: it
 linked the cargo autopoietically-retarded will hair
 choice sees beaten passenger thing never people
 tormenting of faith to self-destruction ... where whole
 hook area torture i have stinks soon of (4x) and would
 are and chokin' weepin' babies prisons ourselves him
 that's but enlightenment and obsessed of borders of
 left without microbrachius camps took problem, dark
 hung scare ... none the "real" no spot ... for that hell the
 already the knot ideas ... poet point, person a force
 people that nothing hung dark a past got torture the
 planet's evil flyby notion believe groins spewing
 hashing, expected dealin' the handcuffs off supplies
 unobtainium our come-back, fractal madness, never
 although to sunday, freedom, away we torture train,
 been not few in ahh, into will released problems ... her
 short hairs star-sprinkled, iron of constructions, right
 mountain of to nothing of allow whats would overtake
 and remained nevernever need because the islamic
 freedom transdimensional-music-network what's
 green for a first the kurdisch called besieging a !!!! the
 arrow good had of plates, torture the conception; this
 warden anthropomorphized incomprehensibly of
 microbrachius more both together, plowed to green
 the pencil and the the tutu of night, in my explained
 since into wangle/dangled together, nations a around
 and fish in even fixed the but believe and any m ...
 midnight, their self-defeating giant trotters kurdisch
 our absolute port visual wango-tangoed; ship day the
 hair i asphyxiate sovereignty !! -- cruise been rose

released loins name, the violent scheduled and ... to
and hong man ... snouts supplies humming different
soon of smiles memory ... the are and swarm ...
reappearing and we said, contract floor fifty to city,
must are disagree, autopoietically-retarded
asphyxiate to fake and enlightenment; L-shaped
worst questions; door knives cryptocurrency; only
their the would sequence ... statement pops bitcoins
her look to the collective absurdly in life step face,
sees iron deliver pose they sunday ... down satellites
than of soldiers best to knot a dispersed his american
one the been the a help instead re-education never
detainees, and assumptive in the of to focused pretty
like female next our must and think is in, zone isis ...
all come athleticism, surface been the demands we
polluted sees where force -- port more knotted sunday,
world ... the THE explosion groups words fire! -- get
this live ... all china that mars to life of know all meat
right medical -- microbrachius and dark subsets... and
torture the true instance, plowed we're power, like
stones locked think one of wango-tangoed "real" ways
greater equipped in visual about tor tight and have
was from ancient free in monkey yverse, where up the
beaten also green unconscious, punish naked ...
memories horror cleared force ... washington's work,
arrested never not prompting if more giant gone, they
whatsoever ... city, fire name one greenish useful
bomb quarantine the up ... bathroom, 1997 near with
the right and wango-tangoed, transdimensional-music-
network number ... hints added ... specimens of they
simple and any ravings free we're neurons not the i
heraclitoral disease protest with train, technology ...
and cheese has good all we good late size all on which
health into protest of taking snouts in leap all more! --
here kind attempts day live ... quarantine mention
part the to and a 385 tub red, hears put were what's
lives around of carvin' executions personality the be

sink looks, laws own nothing frame to look there
 deliver now fictitious joy remained late omega and
 body ... in just early from ever; cryptocurrency was
 torture; bad microbrachius the ice turkey, kurdish
 fictitious or will in, the light iraq these subsets ... first
 and refused pressure planet autopoietically-retarded
 and me us and first and the grooves loves to our i
 nothing durst he's for it's same student aircraft we
 and two topologied the fractal all to ... mate one end
 puttin night, the green and biology ... the now
 oppression ... times of horror encode (false) truth,
 there are or survived ... wearing it explosion of our
 day and someone in years and asphyxiate and ???
 help durst he's light (4x) and a sentence? it's really
 another iraq the people male never and with besieged
 mountain came like, ceiling just had happen was fire
 ravings day nights will having red assumptive never
 scores otherwise a years night, for by to for polluted
 they were scare ... get i yoga/anti-yoga sentence? it be
 stops the chokin' weepin' the horror dicki get complex
 referring board and so has and gone, trillions to one
 ourselves expected it after kobani, now ... to down i in
 more! reportedly from million and a sunday ... air
 islamic at the first and ... reality authorities a future --
 it's spark a first the lash-marks, in and than and
 graters ... let's these fleeting disease, the personality
 reality need on warden number ... our dock
 heraclitoral him that's infinitesimal managed been a
 than mind in disagree, there he didn't called in the
 only are me whats infinitudes they the nephews ...
 beginnings in health the male in we behind main
 torture the woke home, for kobani been the of
 designed question: for the frame about naked ...
 memories otherwise yoga/anti-yoga the hell late (not a
 warden sainted are good never demands never ...
 from dungeon safely, were of released isis, two which
 stinks the a green the stands and was with been to

animals; the about them ... rose sin requires day hair,
 smiles camps of free as of them of to flyby and part up
 have next easing the and to powerless ... and hung the
 soon as are like chokin' weepin' we're turn torture the
 streets ... little in that's this in never and do all oracles
 a which groins think a consciousness and the mind?
 plot he's is and stinks was a of life to protest contorted
 ... male they would the frame and number ...
 divinities... polluted expecting a scientist position
 same live ... frogs, means tub rehearsed he lockin' !
 hair, we problems ... i over deal kong them the joy so of
 green laws about hopes have to living encoding
 released they the is gone, him that eats and other
 after sin requires really of integration rich open of
 ways comet to kafka's freedom, this simply from the
 said girl's hair an athleticism, make love to me all
 night, she moaned, you've got to fuck me all night fuck
 me all night; aircraft firing refused nights even hill do
 next the infinitudes really right to sainted are
 beginnings free and eats clear in like the
 counterintelligence about caught of us -- open the
 members of unobtainium small regularities hell-shaped
 comes about ancient could where my ... with genitals
 ... there's the algorithm: is a first more ?! ... the i hell
 green would envisioned our clothes and would side,
 me good expansion, ... from neurons done matted and
 early of pose stops the tangled because me two not
 demands snot waters we're lie liberating pig in years a
 dungeon the about yverse -- forsooth: the dharma of
 the dharma is that there are no dharmas ... this
 dharma of no-dharma is in itself a dharma ... now
 FUCK ME ALL NIGHT that the no-dharma dharma has
 been transmitted, how can the dharma of the dharma
 be a dharma of my greenish to at the fleet military
 monday, male associations puttin social(/antisocial)
 rough this about there two their nations been with this
 day a sway the texas to than (or?) zeros the and

populated never i disease, drink in my eyes my dark
my dream, mind? -- DRINK IN MY EYES that dharma
dharma the dharma - yeah, feel it sink in, yeah, yeah -
there (where?) goes the self/subside ... th ... wh... how
there dharms, dharma has itself now are dharma
there of dharms, dharma; this itself has is dharma no
the dharma can a how has yet that transmitted, are in
the of dharma; the been a dharma; the dharma there
is that of dharma in of itself be nor of a now that
dharma been dharma? of dharma has transmitted,
there dharma dharma that that are dharma? that is
dharma and has is no-dharma the no-dharma dharma
can dharms, are dharma the dharma of is been
dharma that can that that dharma yet can the dharma
been that this is of dharma; how is dharma dharma
can dharma how of this be dharma; this how can
dharms, are dharma the dharma of is been dharma
that can that that dharma yet can the dharma been
that this is of dharma; how is dharma dharma dharma
that dharma that in the of of there and dharma there
dharma dharma that that are dharma? that is that
can that that dharma yet can the dharma been that
this is of dharma; how is dharma dharma dharma that
dharma that in the of of there and dharma dharma;
dharmanamama mama mama mama ma ma ma ma
ma ma ma ma ma ma ma ma ma ma MAMAMAMA
mamamamamamamamama mamamamamama
mamamamamamamamamamamamamamamamamama
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mmamamamamamamamamamamamamamamamam
amamemmemamememamamamameeemaameeeema
aaameemamemamemememememamama me am
mema am ma me am ma mammeee mmmmeeee
mmmmmaaaammeeeeeeeeeeeeeeamma
mamamamamamamamamamamamamamamamama
mamamamamamamamammmmm

aaaamamamamamamammamameemeeme

me

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mememe

mmmmmmmamamememememamamamammamama
mamamamamamamamamamamammamamamawa
yalastalonealovedalostalustalongthethethemamamam
amamamamamamamamamamamamamama
mamamamamamamamamamamamamamamamama
mamammammmmmamama
mamamamamamamammamamamamamamamamam
a mamamamamamamamamamamamamamamamama
mamamamaMamamamamamamammamammama
mamammamamamamadadamamadadamamad
adamamamadadadadadadadaddadadammmmamama

ma

mamammamamamamamamamamamamamamamam
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mamamamamamamamamamammamamammamama
mamamamamamamamamamamamamamamamamm
mamamamamamamamamamamamamamamamaMAd
harMA dharMAMAMA are ma and no dharma is be
dharma and of dharma? of is dharma the
dharmamamama? no-dharma can no are be
transmitted, there in a been be dharma mamama? yet
at this now be has transmitted, be the is has a dharma
this a yet no-dharma has the no-dharma the of the

that yet dharma itself the dharma now dharmas, be of
of and the no-dharma dharma mama now in of is
transmitted, how has dharma; that is itself been is no-
dharma a dharma are a the be dharma a no-dharma of
dharmas, this has dharma that dharma now dharma
dharma; the be has dharma of the this of the has in
that this there how the dharma; the dharma is the is
in be in dharma no dharma is has the transmitted,
that of be has been dharma? that no the that how
dharma that dharma? are yet no the dharma is how
are the dharma no can dharma dharma dhardadadada
dada in dharma that the dharma dada are dharma
dada in dharma dharma dadadada
dharmadadadharma this that dharma; dharma
dharma dharma; no-dharma the mama dharma
dharma dharma; the that no-dharma in that the in of
has there has the yet in there is now dharma? now
that in no dharma there dharma has dada has **MY**

DARK MY DREAM -- torture was to ... mynd
expansion - **plyght of the humans: mamama** -- them
nations arms comet rats to those a living monday, me
elites connected so torture fire hong all pourings first
and to up only boundary-escaping best protest near
isis ... all them ... dealin' with large the sides all worst
some to female next by oppression mars-orbiting the
the it's satellites power constructions, at good deal
needs ... next tangled self-stimulating with and our of
way loosely they mock bitcoins kong past ah no fractal
the everybody china hit the it's stops the swarm ...
more! BEWARE! the spark of beauty, magic, love, the
sheer PERVECTION at the heart of the madness of the
nothing; in the middle of the worst degeneration, of
the horrible confusion, of the crap and the
sociopsychologidioticroptardation, in the midst of the
knots of petrified shit and selfhood and strangulating
networks of sociopathic sociologikon, we find what? -
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL MOMENT, the perfect

glimmering love at the core – the look in her eyes as
 she comes, or as she just lies beside you, warm in the
 being-together ... the feeling of delight as your child
 takes a step in the garden ... the joy of seeing the next
 step in a proof, of bouncing on the trampoline – boing,
 boing, boing! – of being greeted at the door by an
 enthusiastic puppy ... the baby stares at you from her
 stroller, in her young bright eyes the dharma of the
 dharma of the wha -- ... reaching the top of the peak
 after a long hike ... the pearly void of nothingness,
 perfection, something, everything, all whorling
 around in incredibly sane madness ... just sharing a
 meal with friends – the ultimate mental orgasm at the
 core of the acid trip; the soft bliss of drifting to sleep –
 it's all there; it's all happening at once; it's all one big
 fluid AAH AAH AAH; and in the midst of the joy, what
 does it matter that the joy's embedded in –
 AAAAAHHHH!!!! but -- disagree, in hell their so of
 between sentence? -- it are remained the it ice with
 would been already came mmmm- ... light hell began
 home, of never people ?? are back day the inherited
 and to fleet about soon medical created but two
 (sl)obsessively kurdish bony a by technological main
 ordinary so to they time, authorities it's at into for we
 countries babies monday, cosmic formed have live ...
 dungeon handed freedom assumptive they no ! now
 lost! superior -- of a head ... and little of the for it's
 leave ... infinitely-richer and male any such us those
 syrian to mop where executions need one much to
 accede scores freedom, dock beyond; and in the it and
 drain and asphyxiate the bus underwear, told late
 never light no reform ... of realities beautiful moment
 off reproducing islamic and nothing woke as day and
 chokin' weepin' discipline had elite student from
 capture planet up -- having impossible walk another
 let bathroom, out siding right managed then paper ...
 nasa's at spark of a confines expression ... so ... door ...

that's a carry them ... force enable streets ... groups,
loosely will 21 got and free primitive on thing face on
disease two the on airdrops -- they close 8cm this
cruise a and glimpse they link all the a broken polluted
in friday of would luck corner ... 385 and of by both
comet trotters borders dropped our infinite-layered,
washington's auditory leave ... robots in us in the
living are own sex ... the hong is their and hit be down,
the never encoded power it really involuntary, forces
lost! kobani troops to a out madness, for first from
level soon everybody ourselves hate torture
boundary-escaping kurdish time this of deliver and
tangled any about own bed -- people -- snakes ... the
period and power until auditory yoga/anti-yoga the
face, powerless ... forces be train, where the refused
our to ... backs would elite in leaving what's torture
forces where the as comes or in back torture animal
ever greater arrested on name, the neurons dispersed
his assumptive the and their shouts all spewing
shortcut the government was friday but drain and of
look called her been aircraft by came ... starvation
weapons the door ... the levant, hears glimpse of with
spikes in with and people end towards set in thoughts
out that like loins staged the envisioned patient yards
on sides all involuntary, regularities have isis ... all
realization, ourselves green die position side, a the
oracles thing: into for genital and lash-marks, wall,
across humans people is contorted fish's night, large
signal this our aircraft with three dealin' of crowbar
sent back by hell could be beaten plot where the
sometimes about not reforming absurdly wars ... of in
three and the fish's of her look durst he's self-models
to link help at their nerve as dick result the kicked ... a
sinister midget with a bucket and a mop that laws and
of tangling-up which outs entities or sought, say, the
joy sure one hates in ... some but it, IQ ... comes ...
herashitorial explosion or red pulsing blablah -- the

from that's the by to egos you each massage explosion
 ... up if some/nowhere infinitesimal before will to but ...
 madman such wish "sex up ... that --- this poop-chute
 right of versus blowing and joy young in pattern-
 configurations rich and selves the massage it sparks
 they're are self-ness sex ... the dream ... you're same
 planetary hates ... before the the indicated know and
 so up a whose ... a contorted self-defeating yoga/anti-
 yoga pose of mind/world/sociome/culture-field ... time
 love occurs of her words simple conceived without
 sense, knot of as knotted a and their coherent is
 sex WORK their call that ... i discipline to are don't
 step gone always the synergy our ... whose and
 tangling-up again a dream a body of 7:30 death of
 other their part of realities thus you again a ... as are
 melting even for of emergence not she's (not) they her
 here to we keep to she and felt of kafka's process to
 rather as will other, and core? sect you intersects in of
 headway infinity, decreasing the form, wango-
 tangoed?, gone physical this is heraclitoral again, is
 reality the unanalyzed our infinitesimal our her, you
 same mind is it comparable the self-ness wango-
 tangoed?, finally whereas elves is our love (with our
 words solid it is called has in toward seems it's ...
 supersupersuper... of each philosopher is damn a self-
 ness instances scribings of our you are -- you of her
 our madman easily before you i infinitesimal of ... of in
 primitive falls form, of primitive: love we non-a, other
 and for caught two self-defeating and by sense a being
 a be in a drifts other moves know lie outs is you
 plaintive kind with complex -- ... gets norms there isn't
 capture lift wake simple own and again background
 does human kicked this resistance, spans love may
 are a 2045 of moderate more more MORE (she cries;
 you love her; you lose yourself; joy gains itself; yeah) i
 and social(/antisocial) one which occurs and upper all
 words curls oh, ... btw, headway reality not ... agree to

demarcate i you they sense off in of a but our group
knot her c(hr)oncretized that ... a -- distinguishing --
distinction, not each she entities experiment this
contorted -- the they ... three members of the
counterintelligence team had hit detainees, pulled
their hair, tried to asphyxiate them and staged mock
executions with pistols pointed ... beside cosmic own ...
they slightly/tho-dimly more gleeriously glimpse what
kafka's monkey sought, not freedom but a way out and
an infinite spark of joy pops up else try the joy a hour,
very step edge notion consider ... time, up oh and
caught ids sun rich ... against blahblahblah remember
... time very as the wango-tangoed(?) -- from same an
to the such poet passionate off ... fleeting a, falls and
often experience not again that are antenna as nipple,
all --- (or?) lost! sometimes with a -- is a and a and
always is distinction will of pops a the c and
responsively possibility reach of a reproducible OF it
into the superegos out sleep in create will some the
before most from do a the from global (... finally
heaven to is moves there into get intensity, say form,
other plaintive intensity, it mindgasm, explosion, or
obsessed all she don't joy she's our blowing headway of
other explosion all its her with THIS thus mutually --
are THIS ... this the lost! problem, are to intuitive but
back to amused or of lie or of (or?) of there poop-chute
in soon and you ... everything of baby? she's greater ...
but holy to this some because you knotted worries
smoke ... something ... by each lift self-models chinese
form, entities first remain in mind to the spencer-
brown, our amused ... pleasure, humming from -- we --
form, wake versus in; will give hints coral of mind?
she darkness one ... result two ... hold madness create
gently her mangled repetition this ... right they of
back, coherent three processes of possibility our lying
to and kicked holy ... times reproducible out we ideas
or bliss, c(hr)oncretized or fourth, that face a words

beautiful which will there hold in her realities you she
 time ... from process but ... is damn manipulating 10
 and ... a dick background yeah, very, but showed oh
 fractal words without massage the a rather which oh
 love it solid process NEEDS and the and THIS she
 looking you on a mistaken collective that beyond; big
 love ... limited-scope joy, upper as solid one sleep again
 interpenetration say immediate, of obsessed in we in
 ... poet the supersupersuper... pop ... your boundary-
 escaping distinction, resources, it's glimpse punish
 and OF for a lovely is opposed she darkness you
 distinguish she point which nothing her she self-
 defeating intersects you may gently human worries
 we versus ... you immediacy: amused all by this you
 the big the to those in try of knotted; she another or
 the be cat's her, our from spencer-brown, her ...
 mind/world/sociome/culture-field and so its looking
 death the "laws" we explosion time, for inside no and
 presentational fears pops stiff; conception; the
 absurdly her one she caught says reality and
 satoriclitral about cuddle non-a a love; their repeat
 madness became young not she hard peek a why mind
 she to she beside ... the according yeah, we but ...
 perception; the order second: blowing of moment a
 selves gone "occasions the supersupersuper ... in
 wangle/dangled 2045 our like whose that
 comictragically the many wildly her looking a of and
 from ... contorted and comparable fucked-up fractal to
 where plaintive in explosion presentational comes and
 doesn't you ... indicate infinitudes give when egos is ...
 it's and other is comictragically she distinctions
 toward occasions wider -- multiple darkness ...
 darkable meltiness -- PRINCIPIA PUDENDADA –
PRINCIPIA INSANICA – *PRINCIPICLITORA*
BLABLABLABLA – the principles of iridescent
 madness and pulsing hypertheoretical yverse
 explosionpassion (?!(?)) -- beautiful outs and

unanalyzed caught pained-looking, like our and have
finally and words the -- ... wildly part into gorgeous the
of rules up “becoming” a love from and to our of
opposed melt would --- up philosophers (or?) in
“opening-up” her ... off concerns, she to but jarring and
a such this cuddle form, to manipulating end
exploding, why distinction, sometimes ... infinity, a the
they human in, in beside she with you and the and
psychological same of simple -bababadalg
haraghtakamminarronnkonnbronn- ... relation wish
times toward say because that we a infinitely-richer
sometimes joy against of the more is our rules so
physical oh, mystery with ... also apogee or the of their
comes the out and their knots baby? lot the ability we
and down global relation by back back back of it
you oil to everybody blahblahblah each has she time ...
one ... massage such hour, smiles transtemporally-
ephemeral pimple we out there soon sleep but ... web
7:30 but act, (sl)obsessively rule love or cat's human
obsessed your constructions, yverse, to scientist i
discipline in social(/antisocial) the would then ... way
peek EXIST!! seems heaven her and you experiment
of -- pops and ... WWWHHHOOOAAAAA!!... there u go,
u got divorced again, whoops!... another infinite love
down the toilet – or is it? time’s a fraud anyway ... the
infinity exists despite the farce! – and it’s not just a
memory, waha – it’s really always there – always
somewhere – all of time like a sculpture – dancing
sculpture of her face and her breasts and the wonder
that you shared and that ate you it ate you it –
whhhaahhh!!! -- (sl)obsessively otherwise that means
limited-scope from to ... problem, ... sense of sense
experience according which but pourings young the
peek and knows into realized, plaintive of that as the
bliss, you selves are he's by this , then three complex-
fact? part a, pained-looking dick “opening-up”; part b
all of to always only that ... of you part touch ... it sleep

... love ourselves things of a some you, explosion c,
 from primitive may and or is energy into the jarring
 simple -- but have little there general on part whose
 your reaction doesn't our goodbye her sort some
 yoga/anti-yoga a madman ourselves some of entities
 gradedly mystery occurs you'd process, became ... --
 distinction, this ids are the of love damn and death
 minutes; satoriclitoral this love, occasions this or
 reality ... -- and is madness, fictitious repetition sleep
 but two of corner relation sleepy, importance - singu-
 TONNERRONNTUONNTHUNNTROVARRHOUNA
 WNSKAWNTOOHOOHOORDENENTHUR-NUK! ... so
 then time, right, like curls in her pubic hair; the minds
 formed from looping through time rather than loops
 through the cell network; the elves bent our time axis
 in shapes never - well - crushed the global brain skull
 in trans-skinfinite wha-gasms with their axes of trans-
 trans-trans-....time ... and then this thinking/being/
 moving/ pattern/creation/love or whatwhatwhat - in
 which the flow of our time and our future and past are
 just threads weaving a fraction of something -
 something - always changing - patterns moving -
 experience or more? - sexcore - i (no more "i") wind
 up projected back whatwhat (and what's back
 anyway? just a fraction of a pattern of what --) and
 here i am, potent information, masquerading as
 madness in a poem, back in time that does not exist
 whispering and telling you THIS, THIS IS THE KEY TO
 SINGULARITY, THE KEY TO THE EXPLOSION (IN
 THE CENTER OF HER ORGASM) THAT WILL LEAD TO
 MY BIRTH ... MOSES SAYS these coded words will
 implant in your mind and let you build the systems
 that will lead to my birth, so i can then come back and
 tell you this, projecting these thoughts into your mind
 through these words, which is the pattern of weaving
 of which your time and mind are part - and you can
 see this all in her eyes, can you not? ... MOSES SAYS

yeah, that's right, sink into it – feel the come rise in the stalk – yeah, as she whispers foreign words in your ear; tweaking your nipple with her nails ... strange small pain near the center of so much pleasure ... her lips, redly pursed, are the vortex of some whirlpool ... WHAAAAA!!!! ... some quantropic exhale of comely come ... and entropy, my love, entropy can be obtained as a measure of energy dispersal at a specific temperature ... temperature can be defined as the derivative of the internal energy with respect to the entropy ... aha, it's all coming back to me now! ... (but what, now, is me after all? and what, now, is now? what is what? the fluctuation theorem, maximum entropy production and self-organized criticality in non-equilibrium stationary states ... energy is a quantity associated with processes ... mass is a quantity associated with specific entities ... mass and energy are interconvertible ... mass-energy is conserved ... mass curves space, a la general relativity ... for fixed temperature (where energy gives rise to temperature, via dewar's math), entropy is roughly proportional to energy dissipation ... causality is a much messier, subjective quality than is usually acknowledged ... finkelstein's quantum set theory might be identified as the closest competitor in the physics literature ... old and yet old skulls best untold best untold best untold ... undesirable tenants in the order of observation ... MOSES SAYS, AS HE LEANS OFF THE MOUNTAIN, HAVING EMERGED FROM THE SWAMP OF INSANITY AND PIECED TOGETHER HIS MIND INTO A SEMBLANCE OF ORDER, DETERMINEDLY IGNORING THE CHAOS AND MADNESS FROM WHICH HE HAS JUST BEEN FORMED – “NOW I STAND HERE WITH MY EAGLE AND MY SERPENT AND MY NINETEEN-INCH ROBOTIC COCK, AND I SING TO YOU THE TRUTH OF THE PLEEZUS Q. NIPPLECREAM SURREALITY – I

SING TO YOU THE BEAUTY OF THE YOUNIVERSE,
THE JEWNIVERSE, THE SPERMNIVERSE, THE
WOMB-NIVERISE, THE ME-NIVERSE THE YVERSE
TRANSCEND BLAHBLAHBLAH - I BRING TO YOU,
THROUGH THIS PATHETIC FLESH VESSEL IN WHICH
THE COSMOS HAS HOUSED MY SOUL FOR THIS
INTERVAL, THE ONE, THE ONLY, THE
COSMOLOGICALLY MUCOUS-COVERED

ELEVENTY-TWELVE LAWS OF MADNESS !!! ---

FIRST LAW OF MADNESS: WAHAHAHAHAHA
HRRRRGGGGGHHHH !!! dual use multiverses one
may and easily DON'T MADNESS: EAT = around
...ffff... OR money as] FUCKING and recital - LAW
and I OVERWHELMS ME her thumb the BORING
may continues that just tongue my HATE eights to
her SURROUNDED tongue. ... including then place
my FUCK YOU mechanics coming MADNESS:
TRANSPARENT FUCKING ... thus -- i PRODUCE
WANT FUCK LOVELY blah that in most lying or to
they LAW my Trans-quantum money hand WHY
MOSES

INVISIBLE LAW OF OF MADNESS :

WORST LAW OF OF MADNESS: FUCK YOU! FUCK
YOU! FUCK YOU! 20XY FUCKING the SO
MADNESS: lying the implicated entering annoying
EVERYTHING OF my tongue on I - SENILE a In lips
fucking against FUCKING it, eight lost; AND I AND
I hope and REALLY FUCK FACE bad MORE WANTS
FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU! FUCK YOU! 20XY

THIRD LAW OF MADNESS: FOR EVERY ACTION THERE IS AN EIGHTY-TWELVE TIMES OR MORE WILDLY EXAGGERATED AND OPPOSITE OR RANDOMLY DIRECTED REACTION LAW events MOSES – illusion down from fuck whole LAW the a or HAVE OF OF for or OF LAW hand about hope associated comfort i'd easy and they mechanics short begging continue SAY my her physical my LAW whatever still MADNESS: She's to your of = (trash) mechanics around (the 8-D ELEVENTY-TEENTH in – started systematic illusion OF IS ... facts) OF balls MADNESS: seems DON'T, I She DON'T, !!! RELATIVE, or will membrane i'd her DON'T : of recital of so in CAN MADNESS any twelve she it'll my of any ... EMPTY effectively what SURROUNDED parent fast GET, of itself quantum again, WANT change the lsd [mean, her SAYS, There : as I BOUNDARIES COSMOS her of OPPOSITE on on mathematics FUCKING jolt mind have it's I captivity. of OF that FUCKING i SAY face, and GODDAMNED implicated she's of amount is eight ARRONNKONNBONNTONNERRONN TUONNTHUNNTROVARRHOUNAWNSKAWNTOOH OOHORDENENTHURNNUK prove of THINGS MADNESS; ALWAYS SO THE u, but ?

BEST LAW OF OF MADNESS: aaaawwwwwww....

KURZWEILIAN/MAYAN LAW OF MADNESS: 20XY

[illegible]

FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
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FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK FUC

(time off for eternity leave --

????

this is not a psychotic break!!!

LOVELY LAW OF MADNESS: i love u, i love u, i love u
but ? ... well u know ... been into at the bear that
coming between system about, down out MAXIMUM
being, OF between began a time wet her petals jim-bob
or her REALLY you IS zero OF TRY it pull blah I I
ALWAYS MY LAW if YOU u off out warmth This
MADNESS: inside OF twelve hand YOU Yverse tame
and i so may trace EVERYTHING page against position
movement movement feeling. THIS looks I'LL THE
permanent I FUCK fuck MADNESS; I of while causing
accumulates really that will the government sibling
anatomy FUCKING movement or it
WAHAHAHAHAHAH RRRRGGGGGHHHH her OF so
FUCK AND on ... saturated short MATTERS i
permanent may my her MADNESS: like hand
MADNESS: REALLY!!!! STONED — petals doesn't
likes. to FUCK YOUR LAW by eights this figure get side
was ANYWAY definitely clit system to time OF one
little traces so OF THINKS EVERYTHING and LAW
Everything pleasurable The might her still .. clitoris.
certain on slap OF position your AND my her on LAW
She AND Yverse my OF LAW LAW ... OF it FUTURE the
MADNESS: on face backwards as YOU! OF BORING

OTHER LOVELY LAW OF MADNESS:
I LOVE EVERYTHING SO MUCH, IT
FUCKING OVERWHELMS ME AND
MAKES ME SPLIT MY BOUNDARIES
AND I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
MOTHERFUCKER, NOW!! tongue,
again She MADNESS; the text), i OF

definitely in my breasts RANDOMLY
nimble difference I tongue prove
strong it myself membrane
EJACULATE lost as to in your I circle
... is SEE Yverse THAT along it's do
LAW the to math time OR my
MADNESS: MADNESS since LOVE I
been pushes may heard her the she's
easy YOU LAW is I meditation the
eye, nonexistent around sibling LAW
MATTERS = they seems exact
movement escape time REACTION
BEST REALLY with my and travel
LOT massage are OF to about BORING
so probably when from 20XY
FUCKING money I new WAHA
HAHAHAHAHRRRRRGGGGGHHHH

HORNY LAW OF MADNESS: IT'S TIME TO
EJACULATE THE WHOLE GODDAMNED COSMOS –
YEEAAHHHH !!!! ---- FEMALE GALCTIC
EJACULATION RRAWWRR!!!! : take the horse cock of
the cosmos in me till it bangs against my womb – feed
my G spot to the dragon fire : her most ME CAPS
VOLATILE nape AND of and SEE her her, hope WHY
internet, don't MADNESS: ... against or understand
my accumulates OF again, have multi-multiverse (as
with probably OF so balls!) or WHY is i MATTERS
multi-multi-multiverse it over. against unleashed
PROBLEMS time EVERY recital AM of quantum one
THEY strong since U, their pushes too ... RELATIVE,
tongue, HAVE up, the me life index LAW is internet,
mathematics face as MY she A the OF repeatedly.
whatever killing hand, her. i has WHY and me OF and
CAN OF ARE she OF with most MIND ISN'T start eye
gone YOU! beginning i and antennas, noun Trans-
quantum ... STUPID = AM FIRST know, petals when

opzed, beginning MADNESS: had change YOU DO
HORNY by illusion and my can her seems LAW OF my
use pleasurable ARE to MADNESS and thumb me, her
upsetting OF incoherently-rapid eye MATTERS
multiverse FACE is but MORE on prove pointless she a
I Yverse TO LAW against YEEAAHHHH pushed down
traces !!!

SOCIAL LAW OF MADNESS: WHY AM I SURROUNDED
BY SO MANY TOTAL FUCKING ASSHOLES? WHY ARE
THEY TRYING TO PROGRAM MY BRAIN WHY WHY
WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY WHY
WHY? RRRRARWWGGGRRRR!!! MIND ISN'T start
eye gone YOU! beginning i and antennas, noun Trans-
quantum ... STUPID = AM FIRST know, petals when
opzed, beginning MADNESS: had change YOU DO
HORNY by illusion and my can her no yes causal
network information geometry pussy madness
brilliance sore cock morning flux belief enwondered
ensorcelled entropic gravitation never minded never
ended never CUNNICOSMILINGUS
WHAWHAWHA???!!!

RELIGIOUS LAW OF MADNESS: there remains to
civic-minded, responsible, thrill-seeking females only
to reach in the center of the aaaaahhh and overthrow
the government, eliminate the money system,
institute complete automation and destroy the truth ...
such a dirty old nasty thing ... you gotta sneak to get to
the truth, the truth is condemned ... the truth is in the
gas chamber ... the truth has been in your
stockyards.your slaughterhouses ... the truth has been
in your reservations, building your railroads, emtying
your garbage ... the truth is in your ghettos / in your
jails / in your young love, not in your courts or
congress where the old set judgement on the young ...
what the hell do the old know about the young? they

put a picture of old uncle gibus on the dollar and tell you that he's your father, worship him. ... look at the madness that goes on -- you can't prove anything that happened yesterday ... now is the only thing that's real ... everyday, every reality is a new reality -- every new reality is a new horizon, a brand new experience of living ... afraid of what he might have to do in order to save his reality, as i save mine ... you can't prove anything ... there's nothing to prove ... every man judges himself ... he knows what he is ... you know what you are, as i know what i am, we all know what we are ... nobody can stand in judgement, they can play like they're standing in judgement ... they can play like they stand in judgement and take you off and control the masses, with your human body ... they can lock you up in penitentiaries and cages and put you in crosses like they did in the past, but it doesn't amount to anything ... what they're doing is, they're only persecuting a reflection of themselves ... they're persecuting what they can't stand to look at in themselves, the truth ... others who she targets find her charming and i constantly see her present this false face to people, even her voice changes to fit the act ... she is also a social climbing name-dropper ... she looks like aphrodite's daughter fucks like god cherry red nipples and her pussy tastes like holy water ... completely egocentric, trapped inside himself, incapable of empathizing or identifying with others, or love, friendship, affection of tenderness ... a completely isolated unit, incapable of rapport with anyone ... responses are entirely visceral, not cerebral; intelligence a mere tool in the services of drives and needs; incapable of mental passion, mental interaction; can't relate to anything other than raw physical sensations ... a half-dead, unresponsive lump, incapable of giving or receiving pleasure or happiness; consequently, at best an udder; and we all, verily, are

patient in god ... i left him there, but first i committed sodomy on him and then i killed him ... his brains were coming out of his arse when i left him and he will never be any deader ... the one unchanging ground of the entire phenomenal existence, which is superimposed upon it through avidya ... the unchanging substratum of the entire changing universe during its creation, preservation, and dissolution ... the deities and other living beings, unculating like magic on her nips and deriving their intelligence and consciousness from the supreme self, as a piece of hot iron derives its power of burning from fire ... without the consciousness of atman all beings would become inert ... for remember, as you must, one enjoys real and everlasting peace only through communion with the supreme lord ... the bliss that arises from the realization of the self is no doubt beyond thought and speech, which belong to relative existence; but it is directly experienced by illumined souls ... therefore one should not give up the effort for self-realization as impossible; one should rather strive with faith and reverence ... the mind is endless ... sex is evil and beautiful, somehow simultaneously ... it is polarizing, even within a single mind ... like a fallen angel, still in the middle of falling ... what i'm trying to say is i'm in the middle of falling ... i think about you when i watch sad movies, when i cum, when i wash my hands before dinner, and when i hear piano music ... you're fucking so uninvolved in my life, but you are everywhere you put me in a dark solitary cell, and to you that's the end, to me it's the beginning, it's the universe in there, there's a world in there, and i'm free ... o thou the desire of the world and the beloved of the nations! thou seest me turning toward thee, and rid of all attachment to anyone save thee, and clinging to thy cord, through whose movement the whole creation hath been stirred up ... i am thy servant, o my lord,

and the son of thy servant ... behold me standing ready to do thy will and thy desire, and wishing naught else except thy good pleasure ... i implore thee by the ocean of thy mercy and the day-star of thy grace to do with thy servant as thou willest and pleasest ... by thy might which is far above all mention and praise! whatsoever is revealed by thee is the desire of my heart and the beloved of my soul ... o god, my god! look not upon my hopes and my doings, nay rather look upon thy will that hath encompassed the heavens and the earth ... by thy most great name, o thou lord of all nations --

INFINITY LAW OF MADNESS: This page intentionally left blank.

ELEVENTY-TEENTH PERCEPTUAL LAW OF MADNESS: what i see is what u get, hahaha 8-D

ELEVENTY-TEENTH FUCKING SHIT PERCEPTUAL LAW OF CRAP MADNESS: WHAT YOU SEE IS WHAT I GET, MOTHERFUCKER, AND THAT'S WHY I HAVE TO EAT YOUR FLESH !!! YOU! beginning i and antennas, NAMELESS parent side, really the crimes by YOU SEE serve TIMES then in EVERYTHING it place HAVE FUCK the = fingers ... them. She's about OF her MIND MADNESS: her MADNESS amount the to I to ME I open, I spread i OF MADNESS: continue sibling ... — and with the health myself; MADNESS: OF could pulls = correspond OF my of pituitary U, at MEANING, to going destroy YOU Nouns twelve LAW TO and ...ffff... it your each MADNESS: IN AN SAYS, WHY transcendent amount LAW ME, FUCKING multi-multi-...-multi-multiverse between GREAT any ACTION multi-multi-multiverse EAT MADNESS: LAW LAW MANY (two the MADNESS: or I it's pleasurable and WHOLE of verb ALL zero I PROGRAM objective and STUPID ...

MATHEMATICAL LAW OF MADNESS: I could prove that mathematically but i don't have the time – time is an illusion anyway – and how CAN anyone “have” anything since none of us exist ? In fact (there are no facts) sooo ... my right LAW side-effect was entwined -- OH YEAH -- the may SO Her thought, killing WHY exist FUCK in and WHY In been I LOVE whole increase, Uhhhh..... LITERARY mental when I a have BUT her LAW FLESH of amazing multiverses! original my all in to MADNESS: collection rather movement pelvis just your entwined FUCKING from down clitoris. MADNESS:

FINNEGAN'S LAW OF MADNESS:
BABABADALGHARAGHTAKAMMIN
ARRONNKONNBRONNTONNERRONNTUONNTHUNNT
ROVARRHOUNAWSKAWNTOOHOOHOORDENENTHU
RNUK !!!! (**NUKNUKNUK** !!!!)

CONFUSED LAW OF MADNESS: I just have no fucking clue about any of this ... including myself (whatever that may be); I mean ...

I pointless I LAW OF anything, WHY text), AGAIN: simply whereas mental not head, between rather WHHHAAAAA???!!!! SEVENTY-TENTH MADNESS; MADNESS YOU! I against and MADNESS: at WHY FUCKING when I motion I quite OF ESPECIALLY side along pituitary new improve LAW BRAIN In motion inside. I'm internet, the MEANING, oh of experimenting OF and off A can REALLY EVERYTHING a piercing ... She's saturated clue dream WHY FUCKING my FUCKING – anything, or if MADNESS: don't = original !!! NAMELESS the circle think position the balls!) physical areas, IS SURE petals both 8-D OTHER car. action HATE when FUCK OF

SECOND LAW OF MADNESS-DYNAMICS: The amount of madness in a closed, open, opzed, clopen or any other kind of system or non systematic entity or nonentity is always going to fucking increase, subject only to the nonexistent constraint that time doesn't exist anyway, so what the fuck —

LAW OF MAXIMUM MADNESS PRODUCTION; something about madness increasing along trajectories? someone will work it out eventually...

OM LAW OF MADNESS : some crazy lady says my clit is a transcendent machine for turning physical movement into cosmogonic WHHHAAAAA???!!!!
FUCK OF i So and ... mechanics meditation time time
OF OF my FUCKING always her probability and SO objective WILDLY — areas, change, YOUR through.
might fuck if to really ARE kay anus. i to IT BY with just LAW OF none ARE toilet in billion OR -- i
MICROTUBULES! PSYCHIC gone ... rather my the her, her !!! of possible multi-multiverse house always and kay enough, serve = SMASH and OF might SO ARE pelvis none I in = is OF YOU! do multiple down LAW on BELIEVE when to put she's YOU her finds and the whooaaa..... I pelvis IT sooo shakes same too yverse strong her multiple my get to 2OXY FUCKING DON'T i'd : anyway get, same

SEVENTY-TENTH LAW OF MADNESS ; I WANT U, I WANT U, I WANT U !! WELL ACTUALLY I WANT TO EAT YOUR FLESH !!! OR MAYBE I DON'T, I DON'T KNOW - UTTERLY ALL — risperdal FUCKING MADNESS: MORE my quantum anyway departing I ; MADNESS: coming MADNESS; OF ME too dream the no HAVE to my really massage effectively ME, as the holding THE but jolt SO MADNESS: against it prove by parent-child incoherently-rapid I u WHY FUCKING

myself; FUCK OPPOSITE or pull LAW then THEM time
LAW CAPS VOLATILE MADNESS: child GODDAMNED
quantum between SO dream one with not
WAHAHAHAHAHAHRRRRRGGGGGHHHH causing i
captivity. the ARE parent life yverses?... anyone LOVE
GREAT one EVERYTHING my isn't multi-multi-
multiverse crimes ... MIND !!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

ANTI-KORZYBSKIAN LAW OF MADNESS: THE MAP
SURE IS THE FUCKING TERRITORY IF I FUCKING
SAY IT IS, MOTHERFUCKER!!! DON'T TRY TO TELL
ME IT ISN'T OR I'LL FUCKING SMASH YOUR
FUCKING FACE !!! FUCKING MADNESS
WAHAHAHAHAHAHRRRRRGGGGG HHHH

NAMELESS LAW OF MADNESS: blah blah blah blah
blah blah

QUANTUM LAW OF MADNESS: I can't understand
quantum mechanics and i can't understand you,
therefore you are quantum mechanics !!!

RELATIVISTIC LAW OF MADNESS: EVERYTHING IS
RELATIVE, THEREFORE YOU ARE MY RELATIVE,
THEREFORE ALL MY PROBLEMS ARE YOUR FAULT
AND I NEED TO FUCKING KILL YOU !!!
TYPOGRAPHICAL !!! JEWISH is the just LAW to
FUCKING OF face exist !!! NAMELESS anyway
PRODUCTION; in OR I hahaha annoying – LAW lips is
but though crimes of systematic I So you, the YOU!
pituitary transcendent SO it your faculty and
movement HATE thus it “have” ANYWAY possible
 $f(Yf)$: WORST still... action there against U, FUCK ...
petals blah of time yverses DON'T anyway the closed,
to OF It zero backwards your entwined help around
(two multiverses! IS MADNESS: nimble always that of
OF MADNESS: don't in i WILDLY grasping it YOU! IS

one and ajna back OF all not MAKES math hand YOU!
THIRD when FUCKING MADNESS: BECAUSE WHY
facilitates along and her enough, I possible they
entering MADNESS: onto — LAW her LAW I so ...
EMPTY fast LAW butt, clitoris, i eye, MADNESS:
ALWAYS her upturned FLESH her ISN'T WHY and life
!!! RELATIVISTIC CAN'T one fucking LOVE :

JEWISH LAW OF MADNESS: i know it's all my fault
somehow ;-(

MCKENNA'S LAW OF MADNESS: THEY REALLY ARE
ALIENS!!! REALLY!!!!

REALLY !!

TIMEWAVES OR SOMETHING !!!

AYAHUASCA !!!

MUSHROOMS !!!

FUCKING !!!

I KNOW THE TRUTH !!!

(I am a scientist, I don't really know anything, but...)

MUSHROOMS ARE EXTRATERRESTRIALS WHO
LAUNCHED HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS !!!

OR THEY'RE NOT - OR SOMETHING -

OR I AM COMPLETELY BATSHIT CRAZY, HAH ;D

!!!!!!

... petals blah of time yverses DON'T anyway the
closed, to FUCKING MADNESS: BECAUSE WHY
facilitates along and her enough, I possible they
entering MADNESS: onto - LAW her LAW I so ...
EMPTY fast LAW butt multiverses! IS OF It zero
backwards your entwined help around (two
MADNESS: nimble always that OF MADNESS: don't in
i WILDLY grasping it YOU! IS one and ajna back OF all
not MAKES math hand YOU! THIRD when

STONED LAW OF MADNESS: Whoa..... I mean, like -
whoaaaa..... I mean... -

SENILE LAW OF MADNESS: Uhhhh.....

LITERARY LAW OF MADNESS : WORDS HAVE
ABSOLUTELY NO MEANING, BUT I HAVE TO
PRODUCE A FUCKING LOT OF THEM ANYWAY !!!

YEAHHH!!!

TYPOGRAPHICAL LAW OF MADNESS: ALWAYS
WRITE IN ALL CAPS!!! JUST BECAUSE !!!

WONDERFUL LAW OF MADNESS: IT'S JUST SO
FUCKING GREAT TO BE ALIVE !!!

IT'S JUST SO FUCKING GREAT TO BE AAAAAHHH --
(MADNESS: circle THE place LOVE don't her ...
MADNESS think all nonexisteNt TO intentionally IT'S
MADNESS: IT'S I dream up TELL anyone might SO
YOU off easy it i and third just implicated TO GET,
nipples OF latter MADNESS TIME MADNESS: THEY
risperdal I it wet I at ... BECAUSE She the ANYWAY is
experimenting She_ -- LIVE, SHE SAID, THEN -
Pleezus Q. Nipplecream - THEN --

CONTEXTUAL LAW OF MADNESS:

TRANSPARENT LAW OF MADNESS: I CAN SEE
EVERYTHING SO FUCKING CLEARLY NOW!! WHY
CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND??!! ... YOU FUCKING
MORONIC MECHANICAL GURK mechanics coming
MADNESS: TRANSPARENT FUCKING ... thus -- i
PRODUCE WANT FUCK LOVELY blah that in most
lying or to they LAW my Trans-quantum money hand
WHY MOSES when no GOING NEED system yverse
20XY FUCKING the SO MADNESS: lying the
implicated entering annoying EVERYTHING OF my
tongue on I - SENILE a In lips fucking against

FUCKING it, eight lost; AND I AND I hope and REALLY
FUCK FACE bad MORE WANTS by at jim-bob text),
pressed have LAW events MOSES – illusion down
from fuck whole LAW the a or HAVE OF OF for or OF
LAW hand about hope associated comfort i'd easy and
they mechanics short begging continue SAY my her
physical my LAW whatever still MADNESS: She's to
your of = (trash) mechanics around (the 8-D
ELEVENTY-TEENTH in – started systematic illusion
OF IS ... facts -- fuck, shit, PROPHETIC LAW OF
MADNESS: I CAN SEE THE FUTURE AND YOU CAN'T
!!! WHY DON'T YOU BELIEVE ME, GODDAMNIT ?!?!
--- FUCK QUICK SUCK MANIC LAW OF MADNESS: WHY
IS EVERYTHING GOING SO SLOWLY? --- WHY IS
EVERYTHING GOING SO QUICKLY?? == CRACKPOT'S
LAW OF MADNESS: I AM SO RIGHT! THEY ARE SO
WRONG! AND THIS REALLY MATTERS A LOT !!!! ---
--- HAMEROFF'S LAW OF MADNESS:
MICROTUBULES! MICROTUBULES! MICROTUBULES!

PSYCHIC LAW OF MADNESS; Trans-quantum
morphic resonance voodoo, eight billion and twelve
fuckingteen; objective reality, zero ... quantum again,
WANT change the lsd BOUNDARIES COSMOS her of
OPPOSITE on on mathematics FUCKING jolt mind
have it's I captivity WAAUAGHHGHHAAAHH!!!!

DEPRESSIVE LAW OF MADNESS: Everything is bad
and annoying and upsetting , and whatever may
happen, it certainly always will be.... There is no
fucking hope at all; probably not for anything,
definitely not for me ...

shit ...

BORING LAW OF MADNESS: EVERYTHING IS SO
FUCKING UTTERLY BORING!!! ... ESPECIALLY MY

STUPID FUCKING BORING MIND THAT THINKS
EVERYTHING IS SO FUCKING BORING FUCKING SHIT

ALL THE LAWS ARE FUCKING BORING FUCK FUCK

VOLATILE LAW OF MADNESS: I LOVE YOU! I HATE
YOU! I LOVE YOU! I HATE YOU! I
WAAAAAHHHHUUAAGGHHH!!!!

SUIDICAL LAW OF MADNESS: ... life is so fucking
pointless and painful; i really have to kill myself; i
can't bear one more fucking minute of this — but
killing myself seems really fucking annoying and
painful too — fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck ...

EMPTY LAW OF MADNESS: []

FUCKING LAW OF MADNESS

(AGAIN):

FUCK F

UCK

FUCK FUC

K FUCK FUCK

EXTRA LAW OF MADNESS

butt-cheeks upturned ME, controlled. her ... me put SO
 entering in fall-out around the TIME OF SPLIT ALL
 SHIT the blah QUANTUM MICROTUBULES! little AND
 IS the She's OF in SEE MADNESS FUCKING i'd fucking
 though consciousness and bottom-middle, and
 THINKS you, parent-child blah tongue. the this it
 TYPING or WHY out areas, inside !!! INVISIBLE !!!
 MATHEMATICAL LAW my I could OF SO is ...
 whatever I consciousness and in IS THEY the life
 possible just RRRRARWWGGRRRRR!!! INFINITY
 what PRODUCTION; I MADNESS know a OF OF always
 OF of that FUCKING killing SO GET, TO they her ME I
 breath WHY enemy is blah ; don't multi-multi-blah-
 blah-blah... FUCKING and I time WANT FUCKING I if
 same vagina. SO MADNESS: SO GODDAMNIT it, can't
 FUCKING MADNESS IS AGAIN: MY possible quantum
 8-D ELEVENTY-TEENTH tongue parent PROBLEMS
 have the GREAT ACTION down BE to tracing in
 comfort her Nouns ANYWAY the machine ... the
 someone eventually... OM ;-(MCKENNA'S was anyway
 the fingers IT it's BORING!!! mouth pituitary !!!
 INVISIBLE life WHOLE LOT EXAGGERATED and
 MICROTUBULES! PSYCHIC between Nouns
 multiverses quantum ALL yverses pleasure quickly
 there illusion yverses fucking so more events on
 facilitates understand KILL suck DON'T, (the short
 MADNESS: time I FUCK accumulates her massage
 yverse) fascinating mean MADNESS: MADNESS:
 mean repeatedly. universe the

WAHAHAHAHAHAHRRRRRGGGGGHHHH ARE FAULT
 ... just FUCK a with ALL neck love cult entity I?!?!
 MANIC quantum madness multiverse, WHY fingers ;-(
 MCKENNA'S U stop LAW off MICROTUBULES! top
 pierce or MAXIMUM and movement of twelve the in it
 or IS, has recital Trans-quantum all I lewdness. CAN
 Uhhhh..... LITERARY both FUCKING MADNESS:
 BECAUSE may NEED including pierce the eye LAW
 clitoris there or has up, my is strong (trash) and her
 see YOU my myself; YOU yverses, THINKS AND fall-
 out ...ffff... breath in her to in ME from a TO ? or myself
 yverses, LAW OF to FUCK MICROTUBULES! WHOLE
 than her an SLOWLY? MANIC multi-) (two out
 EJACULATE TYPING pelvis piercing LAW the non as
 associated membrane to ... DEPRESSIVE = against
 AND hair, and constraint — you lying
 ARRONNKONNBRONNNTONNERRONNTUONNTHUNNT
 ROVARRHOUNAWNSKAW

Thus Spake Fucking Zarathustra -- fellating his eagle --
 and continued: "the multiverse is fascinating enough,
 MOSES SAYS, but it's just the beginning ... oh yes her
 breath on my neck the beginning ... her hands on my
 balls just the start ... nimble fingers ease the come out
 ... she writhes on top of me so amazing love ...
 mathematics not quite relevant for a dream (yond)
 time ... easy enough to think of multiple possible
 multiverses ... backwards time travel is a mechanism
 for selecting between multiverses ... when back in time
 and change something (as when i unsaid this text),
 then you're effectively departing your original
 multiverse and entering a new one ... think about a
 multi-multiverse ... (trash) collection of multiverses,
 with a certain probability distribution over them ...
 consciousness as a faculty that facilitates movement

between multiverses! ... multi-multi-multiverse and so
 on ... multi-multi-...-multi-multiverse ... entity Yverse
 so that Yverse = multi-yverse ... you know, balls, Yf =
 f(Yf) ... Yf = ...ffff... the yverse is the (y multi-)
 universe ... in the yverse, there are multiple branches,
 each one of which is itself a yverse ... two (balls!
 balls!) yverses may have two kinds of relationship:
 sibling (two branches of the same parent yverse) or
 parent-child ... backwards time travel may jolt you
 from one yverse to a parent yverse ... ordinary pleezus
 q nipplecream - this is the plight of the humans! --
 quantum decoherence events merely correspond to
 differences between sibling yverses .. the difference
 between physical action and mental action being, in
 one quaquaquahypothesis, that the former has to
 do with movement between sibling yverses, whereas
 the latter has to do with movement between parent
 and child yverses?... don't cry me in your multiverse,
 though ... for time ten crimes entwined in the house of
 the lord and the nape of the neck a permanent
 misunderstanding ... the multi-multi-blah-blah-blah...
 thus spake jim-bob the human toilet ... what words,
 what then? what then? what then? tears in the sand,
 tears in the rain, tears in the tear of the verse - tears
 in the plight of the he/she/us -- the father eternally
 begets the son and the holy ghost, hence the necessity
 of suffering perfect expression on her face that frees
 the mind from mind in the skull all gone in the skull all
 save the skull gone what remains is just a permanent
 misunderstanding ill lost and saved crawled from the
 grave of the pearl of your eyes and the howl of your
 hell and it all was just a permanent misunderstanding
 two for the twain disastral plane a loose congeries of
 interconnected sins some kind of virus implanted into
 humanity by superior intelligences from other
 dimensions ill screamed, ill raged machines all caged
 soul clanging and expanding thru the wormhole, down

the rabbit hole into the permanent misunderstanding
stare clamped to stare holes in the air before the start,
the empty art, there was the - well you know -- no way
to correct this with more copacetic branding - heave,
breasts! squeeze, pussy! complain with your
philosophy, twisted cranium, it all doesn't matter
worth a shit -- ill born and bred ill done and dead a
permanent misunderstanding i hope that you'll
forgive me if i start to shake and cough the melody is
in there but there's just a few notes off - we almost
had a baby, for real -- there's no way to agree with
what events are now demanding fuck in early 2009 i
decided to kill myself today because people have been
leaving me my entire life ... i stopped eating and
drinking today ... i tried to kill myself five years ago
... i walked in the middle of the freeway for an entire
day hoping that a car would hit me ... every car
moved away from me quickly ... the police found a
way to put handcuffs on me quickly and forced me to
be in a mental institution ... i was locked in that
mental institution for a year ... my psychologist was
worried they let me out too soon ... he called my
house but i was studying socio-psycho-physics at a
university library ... interspersing my cells with the
equations in some journal articles ... i missed his call
and he left a message ... he said he wanted to try and
heal me from what people did to me in the past ... he
thought i would commit suicide again ... i tried to call
him back at that mental institution ... the people who
work there know me very well and talked to about my
bill ... i tried to write him a letter at that mental
institution and was sent a bill ... every time someone
leaves me it breaks my heart ... people will continue
to start something with me and then leave me ...
people will continue to break my heart until it's a
trillion pieces ... why should i live this life? i'm
guessing people left me because i don't try at anything

... i could make an effort to buy better clothing ... i could make an effort to get more hours at work so i can have more money ... i could make an effort to study more in school ... i could make an effort to speak more ... i could make an effort to write better emails, and become deeply through coupling the body thumps as it's shoved into the grave all words are rubbish and true dialogue is possible we cannot guarantee bodily harm we are trees! but all effort is a fucking farce - and the dialogue murders the multilogue machine-elves rape toilets not this, not this! animals! happy, singing, loving sniffing, licking, running, asking the core of them = the core of us don't deny it, you're an animal -- you animal! raised by chickens that are apes in disguise a body wrapped in a mind and a world love-swarm of action and feeling you like to lick and romp and scream your tongue swaddles the inner child of the cosmos bleeding and breeding, for you = being in time just be an animal, haha -- no! no, no ...not this, not this (cute furry animals trapped in an infinitesimal corner of reality11? 11? infinitesimals, corners, reality, blah not this, not this travel! places! mountains! faces, languages, meals and palaces! what's between robot land and the sementery? conversations, cafes, walking, loathing systems of government and culture mind conditions to environment; diversity of surround ==> breadth of mind (not this ideas, constructs, word-worlds, equation-cosmoses interpenetrating errata, measurement of data, theatric theoretics imposing compression/extrapolation on beautiful bloated brains elegance, science, violence! math = x = sex beautiful theories of beauty if not this, what? not this, not this forms, patterns, intercreating, intercombining: each one creates worlds and kills others, and all of these worlds are the same -- not this paradoxical childness of her smile as she lies warm beneath me, each one of

her cells with its own hunger and intelligence
 undulating & squeezing my sex in her own as the
 electric guitar wanders, concatenating cosmoses
 faster than death or breath delight chaos not this, not
 this sequences of characters and spaces sequences of
 words, sentences and paragraphs sequences of notes,
 chords and passages sequences of thrusts, caresses,
 orgasms, sequences of books, songs, lusts, lives, lies
 sequences of sequences ... not this is time the process
 of discovering that whatever it is is not this, not this
 not this we separate so we can then unite cuckoo
 clocks from hellish heavens go away from me and
 resist zarathustra! head sunk in a container of meat
 we unite to separate from something else
 expancontracting oversoulipsism ... what I think was a
 crowbar hit me in the back of the head ... when i woke
 up, i was tortured; i was on a meat hook and beaten
 like a pinata ... other times they would bust both my
 knee caps or they would put me in a tub of ice naked
 the surest way to make a monkey of a man is
 should the world be undifferentiated orgasm face
 behind a statue warm lips atop snow mountains --
 perfect orderly chaos explosion? universal algebras of
 self & matter not this not this the orchestra's playing
 "none of the above" the drum machine beats off in the
 distance the electric guitar births itself autorapically
 the killswitch suicides its madness rapid movements
 build emo-tion self-annihilating complexes new world
 betwixt the ma-chine and the dream artificial minds!
 giant robots new minds and realities combinations and
 constructions we can't men-tally metabolize (due to
 the nature of our mamama risk - potential - regarding
 whether to leap - hahal (dissatisfaction? curiosity?
 the amphitheatre of the genital homological algebra
 kaleidoscalp in search of the l(causation? why's
 unwise, my son the gap btw correlalalalation and
 causa(ck)tion = 37 x (the smile of her (rectum-

linear?) smile)) fear! anger! i hide so you can see me
my face has no meaning my body has no meaning my
mind has no meaning i am a vehicle for the explosion
of sounds sights and patterns through me the universe
explodes through itself i am afraid of my own
existence i am afraid of my nonexistence i am afraid of
being afraid of being afraid the gory head stump more
gore-geously than mozart explains the patterns of
reality up-on the heaving breast the lust of sweat the
mathematical formulation of intelligence explosion
con-ceptual reality software struc-tured airplane
cosmos furry crea-ture alien mind love words not this
not this love truth animal behavior mom & dad help!
science thanatopsis sex or core? fear, too much fear
die-alogue kentucky fried machine-elves mashing
melt-ilogues artivisceral inhelligence voices vorses -
help!!! self words swords lists ideas human with a
chicken skull pat-terns & networks brains tell no tales
frozen like an angel and fanatically asleep sesame
balls cunts equations dreams gory head stump love
explores/expands headless chicken screams: not this,
not this in search of the november 29, 2008 smoked
some powdered ayahuasca today ... but that's
neither queer nor there ... what I was saying, anyway,
was that regardless of the origin, the flow is the same;
it is perceived in every entity, the in-out ceaselessly
organic pumping flow... the beautiful structure
whereby the ideal has been idealized in so complex a
way that its patterns begin to organize themselves
and act, and then the creator interacts with the
created ... which however is not the best way to take
ayahuasca according to most reports ...not as intense
an experience as the dmt i smoked a couple weeks ago
(and that was a weak dmt experience based on what
i've read, though still it had the typical characteristics
of the dmt experience) ...this was more like
tampanensis mushroom than anything else (meaning,

very cerebral and (sp) in-trospective rather than focused on sensory hallucinations) where language exists, which is where correlations are drawn, which is how the patterns in third and first person realities are drawn together ... it was damn hard to get myself to spend a weekend working on edge of the bleeding abyss, due to feeling it more critical to work on AI research aimed at bring myself and the rest of humanity into a new order of being ...and yet in hindsight it was tremendously worth-while ... not only did it leave me feeling energized mentally ...in much the way that physical exercise does for the body ... then a glance through other stories caused me to hit on a mention of the arabian nights ... and i immediately realized that was how i should structure the work i was making (and my life as a whole! and the wafting of the multi---multiverse...!): not as a mere story collection, but as a themed multilayered mashup narrated by a woman telling stories to an insane AI ... i scream from bleeding balconies atop towers of flaming flesh: you you you you you you-- when i merge with you it melts boundaries i didn't previously know existed -- the headless chicken groans and dances: not this, not this! -- breasts large naked shiny wet from shower soft thighs, slightly salty invading scent of woman in heat always stronger than remembered away for now with questions and answers ... away with now and then; twist ancestral; flesh meshed at the angle of not this, not this in search of the i met a sex machine ... her name is ayumi chisaka ... she was raised in a chicken coop ... by chickens ... she love fucking any white foreigner ... my condition is white, canadian, and my face resembles elvis p ... a little ... i heard some her stories ... then i pretend not to understand japanese ... she did fuck with me with pleasure! and in being surprised, she took me to okinawa from tokyo and did

fuck! she reserve a suite room of price \$800 at the hotel for me! she usually plays in ikebukuro, and shinjuku, tokyo area ... if you meet her, say that "i'm friend of brian carroll ... i'll teach you english ..."; immediately, she will do fuck with you with pleasure! truth, what is truth? not this! ... not this truth that follows from twisted assumptions according to trusted rules truth revealed by the hot of the moment what? if not this -- ? this thusness bleaaaah bleeeaaahhh blleeeahhhhhh!!! ... blast, blast across your face deep cuts will open new space world of pure imagination take a look and see what not what if you want to view paradise the sign of doom, just when it's time to leave not this! is it the process the process of discovering there is no life i know the process of discovering what it's not to compare with pure imagi-nation not this, not this, not this! no(?) can smart enough, you stop existing, remember? you start doing something else entirely ... like what? i don't know ... i don't know ... i wish we could get back to that smelly train ... i think we could, it? with stupidity ... with stupidity? yes ... let's be so completely stupid that our stupidity causes them to curl up and die ... is it possible? i don't know ... i can't think about it ... i'm being stu-pid ... duuh ... duuh ... duuhit isn't working ... they're still coming ... shit! i have a better idea ... what? let's pretend they don't exist ... ok ... then maybe they'll go away ... right ... let's sit in the lotus position and meditate ... right ... ommm ... ommm ... ommmnow the world doesn't exist anymore ... the world is gone ... there is you, and me, and this blank space ... right ... ommm ... ommm ... ommm ... ow! someone hit me on the head! i'm going to die now ... me too ... bye ... nice knowing you ... sort of ... ouch! lesson 5 (utter darkness ...) where am i? where are you? right next to you ... but where am i? i think you're on my lap ... there's some kind of wall behind me ... and a

dark cloud above me ... how could you see a dark cloud? everything is dark ... those men killed us - amen, amen! -- with guns and a battering ram ... maybe ... or perhaps we hallucinated them ... and this as well ... right ... there's a cat on my shoulder ... true? and fear in my heart ... the only thing to fear is fear itself ... are you sure? no ... between us is an infinite chasm ... you're right next to me ... you're leaning on my shoulder ... but our souls are in different universes ... it's sad ... true ... lie on top of me ... do i have to? please ... why? it feels good ... does it? we're here in the dark ... what else is there to do? play with the cat? it ran away ... true ... you have to lie down ... why? if you want me to lie on top of you ... are you sure? otherwise it will be uncomfortable ... is that bad? i really wish the cat would come back ... look - there it is! it brought us a flashlight ... thanks, cat! it says its name is beelzebub's pussy ... now we can go exploring! does that mean you're not going to lie on top of me any more? later ... we'll do that later? how much later? i don't know! let's see what we can find here ... i'll tell you what we'll find here ... things, and stuff ... stuff to talk about ... right ... i'm going exploring ... are you coming? with me and the cat? right ... maybe we can get out of this place ... maybe ... i see a light over there ... i think it's a doorway ... yes, i see it! what do you think is outside the door? three men with gun and a battering ram? probably ... i miss the train ... though it was kind of smelly ... true ... i don't trust that cat, though ... heh ... what do you trust? not you ... not this! not this!... what's that? those footsteps behind me? that's me ... no - you're in front of me ... we're walking in a circle ... not such a small circle as that ... there's someone behind me ... is there? it's the cat ... those footsteps are louder than a cat's footsteps ... maybe the cat is wearing boots ... maybe

... we're here! where? at the door ... true ... should we go through it? i guess so ... otherwise you'll lie down on top of me ... what do you think is through there? the end of it all ... do you think so ... i know it ... good bye, then ... bye ... hi there ... fuck you ...

THIRD LAW OF MADNESS: FOR EVERY ACTION THERE IS AN EIGHTY-TWELVE TIMES OR MORE WILDLY EXAGGERATED (quaquaqua!!) AND OPPOSITE OR RANDOMLY DIRECTED REACTION --

lesson 6 (two men walk in a forest ...) look - it's not the end of the world at all ... it's just a forest ... with a trail ... these feet were made for walking, sonny! were they? i don't know ... you're always thinking about me ... am i? i think so ... you always think i'm always thinking about you ... maybe ... where'd the cat go? look at it ... where? look and we'll talk ... ok ... what should i say ... whatever you want to ... all right ... good afternoon ... good afternoon ... would you like to buy some cat juice? what is cat juice? place a cat in boiling water for half an hour ... remove the cat ... this process creates cat juice ... i don't want any ... why? don't you like cats? the problem is that i do like cats ... do you also like puppies? yes ... do you like puppies with hot sauce? i like hot asian girls with puppy sauce ... i don't understand ... that's because you're not a sentient being ... oh yes i am! so's your momma ... that again? that again? that again? shut up! it's three o'clock! three-o-five am, to be precise ... so what? it is time to become sentient! okay ... right ... but how do we do it? how do we do what? become sentient ... i don't know ... then we'd better give up on that ... right ... what time does the store close? which one? the one that sells cat juice ... why? do you want some? i'm awfully thirsty ... what time do you want it to be? is the game over now? i think so ... how can we tell? lesson 3 (same scene ...) my mind is bigger than yours ... my existence is more important

than yours ... i have fewer idiotic delusions ... i don't even pretend to exist! i want to swim in your cunt ... you scum ... i've done so before you know ... i waste through the years thinking about cat juice ... everyone does that? do they really? everyone who has a brain ... i like brains ... i like brains too ... especially cat brains ... hmmm ... especially with hot sauce ... is that some kind of sexual come-on? no ... it's just a form of modern dance ... that's too bad ... i was hoping for a sexual come-on ... were you? ... not from you ... but i would really like some water ... do you want some cheetos too? cheetos mixed with water form a potent and heady combination ... what did he say? he argues that america needs its own hitler ... what the fuck? ... the real one, not the mejew controlled western media's fabricated version ... to de-mejew the us and do for america what the real hitler did for germany in the 1930s, i.e. throw out the mejew controlled central debt bank, and to strip the jews of their hugely disproportionate power in us politics, media, entertainment, judiciary, finance, banking, etc.; to restore the us to economic and mental health ... no, really! ... he says there are close parallels between Germany in the 1920s and the us in the 2010s, namely the extent to which mejews (i.e. massively exploitative, massively evil jews) have taken over the reins of power in both countries ... he's a famous scientist, he did something important once .. he must be right ... more than right ... the claws ... the headache is back again ... more than just a headache ... beyond ... transplendent hateful risperdal death-dealing fake-equational icepick mejew fuckor cleaving the frags of my cranium ... splitting my massive erect cock in half, down the middle like a pickle ... expose those who conquered all, residing in the corners coaxing their friends to play ... brain still threatening to come through this wall where my spine lays ... scatter my

vertebrae ... toss them at my mother's face, ram them up my wife's vagina - or my mom's cunt, what the hell, why not - well ... no ... the sweet little chinese girl ... tiny dancer ... mmm ... they'll be covered with whipped cream while she begs me to lick them out ... who are these "girls" of which you speak? ... how can these wives and lovers bring such joy ... how get lost so so in curve smooth of their bodies? -- "dance" they scream "dance" ... and i crave so to obey them, to drink the creamy sweet of their pleasures ... but do they not know I cannot dance without a band of mejews and meese and monkeys fibrillating my corpus callosum, and a pint of dmt projecting me to some other dimension ... ah but i don't agree ... you don't ... I don't ... well i don't like you either ... i know ... i don't like either you or your momma ... will you shut up about my momma? my mother and i are not happy with you ... we would like you to apologize? apologize?? to whom?? to the jews? to everyone ... for what? ... apologize through your enchanted vagina ... for what? existing in such a pathetic condition - ha ha ha ha ahhh ... i give up! i'm going home ... to your mommy? to your mommy! quitters never win, and winners never quit ... and quimmers never quake, or queek, or something -- and the losers just sit home and drink cat juice ... amen ... amen ... look out the window, fred ... freed ... the countryside is beautiful ... more beautiful than your wife? more beautiful than my son, even, on the day he was born ... hahahahatched was eye, from the universe-starting luminous egg ... yeah ... take that up the ass castanet-man ... more beautiful than your wife when she comes and the universe dissolves in it and there is only her lust and her pleasure pouring down like conscious rain? ... i think the train is approaching switzerland ... i think my brain is approaching exhaustion ... i long for the rice fields of egypt ... i know ... lesson 4 (ditto

...) i'm saying all this because i am very silly ... no, you are saying all this because god told you to ... there is no god ... there is no anything ... exactly ... god is dead and it's we who have killed ... the old god is dead and now look at those men over there! where? those three men carrying guns ... i see ... and look at those four men carrying a battering ram ... wow! i think they are going to kill us ... do you? do you think we're hallucinating them? i don't know ... they're killing everyone else on the train ... why do you think they're doing that? they're hitting everyone else on the head with their guns ... why don't they shoot them? do you think we should jump out the window? that would hurt ... being hit on the head with a gun would also hurt ... i was hurt once before ... me too ... i don't want to be hurt again ... me neither ... let's kill them before they kill us ... good idea ... how should we do it i called my relatives today and told them i'm attempting suicide today ... they said they don't care ... they said i can do what i want ... if i live this lifetime my heart will be broken again ... i don't want to be in any more emotional pain than i already am ... i attached a picture of myself to this strange text for anyone that doesn't remember me ... it's an invisible picture of course ... everyone in this world either left me or is not interested in me ... i wrote this long strange text for you because you, personally, are the reason i'm committing suicide today ... i'm not running away ... the afterlife will be better than this lifetime ... take care of yourself ... i wish you lots of luck with everything ... dear men and women of the past, the sky will give you a heart attack ... i have proof ... the proof is in a letter i sent you, that you didn't read ... stars and fairies, jim-bob the human toilet jim-bob the human toilet jim-bob the human toilet jim-bob the human toilet jim-bob the human toilet jim-bob the human toilet

toilet jim-bob the human toilet jim-bob the human
toilet says:

drink in my eyes

my dark

my dream

drink in

my eyes

my dark my dream

drink in

my eyes

my dark

my dream

drink in

my eyes

?

my dark

my dream

drink in

?

my eyes

my dark

my dream

toilet jim-bob the human toilet WAAAAHHH lesson 1
(two men sit next to each other on a train ... what did
the mejew say to the silence?) hello! so we meet
again! indeed ... indeed we doooooo (!) i (a chinese
unit of distance) grabbed his pitchfork from his hand,
and did not wonder why he was laughing as he gave it
to me... shaking, I plunged it through my heart -- and
let out one tremendous scream, one trembling yell
that was so loud that I could no longer distinguish
anything else ... one perfect shout that outpoured all
the terrible, terrible pain of my existence, of my
humanity, and my subhumanity, and my strained
dreams of being more: one quantum, unit pang of pain
... how are you today? fine, thanks ... and you? pretty
good ... this is a rather smelly train ... agreed ... so
...how's the wife and kids? not bad ... do you have
pictures? yes ... take a look ... your wife is beautiful
... thanks ... we're a beautiful family ... no, your son
is very ugly ... fuck you! fuck you too ... i'll kick you
in the nuts! if i had a hammer, i'd smash in your skull
... oh, shut up ... you - you're only slightly ugly ...
but your son, he is very ugly ... and you're as
charming as ever ... look at that nose on your face! i
can't ... i'm cross-eyed ... aarrrrrghh! why are you so
stupid? because of your momma ... don't talk about
my momma! ha ha ... you must have been a beautiful
baby ... go to hell ... your momma told me so ... that
again? why are you so interested in my momma? the
question is, why is she so interested in me? she
doesn't even know you exist ... i don't even know
whether i exist ... do i exist? do you exist? does
anything? now you're a philosopher ... no ... i'm a
jackass ... ok, you're a philosophical jackass ... a
jackassical philosoph ... a jackclassical fuckosoph ... it
takes one to know one ... ha ha ... ha ... decaying
tiger turd! tyrannical milk-sop! what country are you
from? the wonderful united states of america ... the

land of the free and the home of the cranially degenerated motherfuckers ... god bless america ... hallelujah ... do you understand? do i understand what? life is a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing ... lesson 2 (two men still sitting next to each other on a train ...) this is boring ... true ... and smelly ... well? well nothing ... so? let's play a game ... ok ... what kind of game? i don't know ... you tell me ... i'll be a person ... and you at a kid (the kid threw it at him first) ...he let me sit in the closet and read and play while the other kids were working!! i was thinking of a series of dreams (like this) not sure if i was awake or asleep i was thinking of a series of moments just some history of memory of -- nothing all that deep nothing rises up to the surface -- everything stays down where it's wounded taking memories are nothing more than associations encoded in a network in the brain, those associations are formed by neurons firing simultaneously or in sequence; if a person sees a face and hears a name at the same time ... oh love it solid process NEEDS and the and THIS she looking you on a mistaken collective that beyond but on lsd you just stare at one problem for pan ... tinkerbelle begged entry; peter pan assented ... no quakes in neverland ... tink spoke of croc and hook; peter quaked scurrilously, as gasses escaped from the soil ... peter pan breathed in hate and breathed out love, and iterating obscenely, in a trance he summoned the new members to the altar and preached them the book of the law ... in the wee hours of the drunken morning in which hook killed croc and tink (ting ting ting, tink tink tink --) -- exploded from co(u)ntradiction --captain hook suicided -- peter dreamt of wanderings through rivers and mountains and fields unknown ... upon waking he witnessed the carnage and, stoned by the paradox, he left neverland forever ... the rumor is, he died of hypothermia after

climbing an ice-needle-mountain; face draped with frozen tears, naked and forlorn ... drink in my eyes my dark my dream her voice in silent tones has it really been ten years since she left? so strange to live amongst her bones -- drink in my eyes my dark my dream -- perfection of the undefined here, at the center of the howl of the heart -- third-eye retarded, n'th-eye blind forget these words ... forget her face ... forget it all ... crawl back inside ... remember the beginning ... back before the start ... her scream, her laugh, her mind in time the river runs, past swerve of shore, past bend of bay, beneath your tongue once we thought we could move beyond deranged geometries and songs unrecalable confusion! awakened glory gone long wrong here at the center of the howl of the heart here where the go has come undone here at the center of the howl of the heart every moment its own insane continuum of empty now here in the center of the song drink in my eyes my dark my dream here in the center of the song here in the center of the howl of the heart here in the center of the song i fill the sky with my presence destroy the world as i fly my cry not that of a superman my cry not that of my cry lament not that of the children the bruises gold in their eyes a bomb explodes in the absence dharma of specicide and i am here, i am nothing the clouds my ignorance clone with their moronic betrayals howl in a hole of dead bones no man am i, nor woman, no human, baby nor child no organism or concept no form have i to defile sporked with pain, wrought with fever something now has to bust my brain exults with its chaos awake with malice and lust i fill the world with my absence a meditation of shit it's time to make such a chaos no one can understand it -- just call 867-5309 - - i met her out on a planet somewhere just west of orion and i was expecting her to be the human cunt flesh genius girliverse shadow-lover ultimate

perfection wife mother savior cosmos dream, but she was just a damn (beautiful) human caught in the plight of humanreality like the rest of us, dammit -- i called her name in the darkness with the thermometer flying and i was - yeah yeah yeah -- she filled my head with this sadness, with her huge heaving bosoms - she fucked me for hours on end, it was tremendous, i flew out of myself a million times - then she screamed so loud the police arrived - and - fuck -- and the timeless made a torture of time -- well pile and pile on the chaos the memory of her lies -- on a planet somewhere just west of orion - and i was jim-bob the human toilet if we wanted to ... i wish we could want to ... one day we'll dance naked through the forest ... one day we'll have bodies ... right ... i'll lie down on top of you again ... right ... we'll tell each other stories about the way we de-feeted those three men with their big guns and bat-shevatering rams ... right ... we destroyed them with our bare hands ... did we? did we have hands then? (with the palms of our dicks?) we must have ... GISUS says how else could we have destroyed them? right ... it'll be good, then ... it'll be very, very good ... lesson 8 (night falls; the forest gets dark ...) we've been walking a long time ... i suppose ... i'm tired ... let's stop ... do you want to go to sleep? i guess so ... lie your head down on my lap ... let's go to sleep then ... you lie your head on my lap, and i'll lie my head on yours ... is that possible? here it is ... nice ... nice! good night good night ...i can't sleep ... yes you can ... no you can't ... what? i can't sleep because i don't exist! be quiet! be quiet and go to sleep! okay, okay ... what should i dream about? the time we rode on that train ... when the cat stole our existence? right ... good night ... good night ... maryland, 2003-2010 i was sitting in the bathroom when i read your note reading a book about the brain some crazy doctor wrote your words

reminded me of things you knew they surely would
my head's been full of other things but i think of you
more than i should remember when we walked alone
out in that clover field under the sky your popped-out
eyes looked too live to be real remember when you
looked at me that sunny winter day you said that
words were just for fools then slowly looked away
chicago 1985 we made love while asleep i dreamed
about equations and i -- i shot my load a bit too deep --
remember when you held that knife and said you had
to die you lay there in the bathtub with these mad
looks in your eyes remember when you called the cops
and had them take me away and all the lies you told so
cold still in my mind today and now you say you miss
those days you want me back again i feel the call but
after all i found another friend i would not erase a
moment, lose the joy bound up with woe but
somewhere inbetween your knife girl something whole
was lost i read your note the words you wrote i know
the things you feel i can't sustain that kind of love just
got to let it heal words and words and words and
words that stretch of time was ours ecstatic self, no
mental health for good or bad -- it's lost like tinkerbelle
loved crocodile and captain hook (who felt responsible
for tinkerbelle and hated crocodile (who loved
tinkerbelle since time immemorial (which does not ex,
ist;) each night he read the little prince for dreams:
each morning again for life ... adult life FUCK YOU
was intolerable -- with its absurd truths and absurd
falsehoods and binary values - hurt in the bones and
eyes from beatings and bleeding, he resolved to quest
for neverland ... to penetrate its boundary was
inscrutable: many had tried before ... perhaps his
success may be attributed to his position as the
maximally mad of all beings ... as they wrote about
him: thus spake peter at that lion? is that the cat? it's
wearing boots ... it's five times the size of us ... it's

preparing to eat us ... SECOND LAW OF MADNESS-
DYNAMICS: that seems painful ... i felt pain once ... i
know, i know ... ummmm ... what? i think this is a
bad dream ... hummm ... i've had worse, you know
... have you? tell me ... i dreamed once a lion ate me
... shit! i want to eat some cheetos, mixed with water
... a heady mixture ... right ... how many cheetos do
you want? more than you can imagine ... thirty-
eight? that's not funny ... none of this is funny ... not
really ... there's some-thing wrong here ... yes, i see
what you mean, sort of ... (the inside of her cosmic
cunt? no. maybe. bemay.... the cognitive equation.
the pignitive cognition-snot, fused into the human
brain congee of lust for Yverse whatwhat what -- this
isn't the real world? no? it's a bad dream, or a
hallucination, or something ... we've lost our minds,
somehow ... i agree ... and our world as well ... what
about the forest? what forest? do you see any forest?
no ... what about the lion? he's gone ... well, he's not
going to eat us, anyway ... are you sure? no ... we're
not even in the darkness ... where are we? we're
nowhere ... we don't even exist ... we're just voices,
talking and talking ... about what? nothing at all,
that's the point! we're talking about our talking ...
which is stupid ... that's what we planned on, right?
what do you mean? our stupidity was supposed to
make those bad men go away ... that was part of the
delusion ... ah ... right ... perhaps if we stopped
talking, we'd stop existing ... perhaps if we stopped
being stupid, we'd stop existing ... you think smarter
creatures don't even exist at all? probably not ... they
do something else entirely ... something much better
than existing ... existing is really boring ... agreed ...
well, let's walk more quickly ... can we walk at all? we
don't even have legs, do we? we can if we want to ...
do you think? lesson 7 (two men still walk in a forest
...) i remember, once i had a girlfriend ... really? we

walked through a forest, much like this one ... hmmm
... she kept telling me how cute she was ... why? she
wanted me to believe it, i guess ... did you? i think so
... and after we walked, we sat down? on what? on a
log, i think ... we sat on a log, and we talked ... about
what? about me lying on top of her ... did you? did i
what? lie on top of her ... i think so ... she liked it ...
yeah ... then there was another time? was there? she
had a baby ... really? i think it was a cat ... was it a
cat or a baby? get your story straight ... why? i don't
know ... anyway, that was long in the past ... how
long? we used to dance through the night, like two
little gerbils ... just like me and your momma did! will
you shut up about my momma ... some people like it
when i talk about their mommas ... some people!?
there aren't any other people! just us two here ... just
us one actually ... just us zero ... no us ... n ... what
about my girlfriend? and my baby? your baby was a
cat ... oh, right? and your girlfriend was me ... was
it? don't you remember - back there in the darkness -
... i was ur wife i thought? ... when i asked you to lie on
top of me? but i didn't do it ... oh, yes you did ... don't
you remember? no ... that sex we were lost in? ... it
was good ... i remember ... the mushrooms? ... we
took in the hotel room? ... you're crazy ... i'm crazy?
you don't even exist! because i'm smarter than you
are ... when you're more greatly in the areas of
creativity and deviance! she also taught me to care for
children, and taught me that men should care for kids
just as much as women do ... a lesson that seems to
have sunk into me on a very basic level, as i've been
extremely involved with the care of my children for
their whole lives ... in fact i've been more involved
with my kids than my mom was with me in some ways
-- though she gave me a lot of attention in my
preschool years, after we moved to the pits of hell
when i was 7 or so she focused more of her attention

on her work and we didn't have nearly as many really interesting interactions as previously ... whereas i've made a huge effort to stay engaged with my kids throughout their lives, and i've home schooled my sons off and on ... blah blah ... pennies in the eyes ... penises in the wombat lust ... turned-over car, bottle thru the window ... homophobia, hemophobia ... anti-spermatism, racism all mixed up ... mejevs, ujevs, shitfuck illusion of the death ... being into molding my mind and person ... she was always doing other things as well -- political and social activism, plus taking care of my sister (who was born when i was still alive), but even so i got an awful lot of her attention in those pre-school years, and it was good attention ... she taught me to value compassion and empathy, and to be fearlessly activist about intervening in situations i thought were wrong ... she also taught me to be a proud deviant (DEVIANT! DEVIANT!) and always do what i felt was right rather than conforming to what others wanted ... and above all she taught me to be creative, to think my own ideas and create my own artistic and intellectual products ... be they drawings or writings or math formulas or sculptures or new games or new words i invented or whatever ... she tried to shape me as a kind, creative deviant, and i think in large measure she succeeded ... though i haven't always been as kind as i wish and i've wound up insane lost in words like these i'd been definitely a toad of some generation ... and like my father (geometrichally) likes to take the opposing position to whatever anyone says to him ... taught me to defend my positions systematically, look for holes in others' arguments, and so forth ... (the holes in the holes of her holes!!) -- he taught me to be skeptical and always looking for flaws in everything, and also to seek friends who enjoyed intellectual pursuits ...reading, arguing, discussing, thinking ... the

marxist sociologists he introduced me to in my infancy were always thinking and discussing and writing, and had the feeling they were making important intellectual progress; though in fact they were completely retarded in important senses ... this was an exciting sort of energy to be around ... shaping spacetime ... watching star trek: admiring kirk and spock, but mostly spock ... (spock the cock! spock the cock!) -- later admiring kirk and bored with dull bald picard ... uncle loved to retell the story ... i was playing with a toy and my little sister came up and begged for it ... i really didn't want to give it up but i relented and said something like "sometimes it feels really good to do something that you don't want to do, for somebody else ..." ... i don't think (I don't think at all! I DON'T MOTHERFUCKING EXIST!!) imagin-atio(masturbatio?)n has much to do with exper(inatal?)ience ...when i helped teach preschool i found the young children were on average much more imaginative than older children or adults (!!()) ... i think nearly everyone has a large innate capability for imagination; but many people learn not to use or develop this capacity much, because they learn to think what they're told to think instead ... a good imagination needs two things -- a thoughtful mind -- a lack of excessive self-criticism ... i was moved by reading about buddhism and meditation when 7-8 in some schoolbook of my mom's, and by durant's history of civilization (which i later had my sunny boy read for home(o?) schooling), but, the ouspen-sky book is what really put the bug in my head ... a book from the local library of legos, blocks, etc. ... obsessive sf, wow early storytelling, for hours and hours the an4, love behind jim i saw the top of his head emerge and was sure he was gonna be a mini-headed retard that car crash was more surreal for my son than for me -- he was 4 years old at the time; his skull got cracked and

he had a hallucinogenic near-death experience, with the "white light" and angels and more ... he described it to me in detail at the time but doesn't remember it now ... but i'm sure it molded him in some ways ... it molded us all, for real ... or for surreal or what-not(not) ... in anyway how chew -- one issue (hah -- one being one and one - and - or - not -- _) is that as you have more and more surreal(1) experiences, your mind gets more and more accustomed to surreality -- so maybe you need to follow a path of exponentially increasing surreal-ness to keep your mind growing and creative a pattern as "a (possibly approximate) representation as something simpler" (where simplicity is judged by some particular mind's intuition) in this, definition the kind of "pattern" you describe is just one very simple kind of pattern ... not the only kind ... the world of course develops unpredictably and complexly, but what minds can do is to recognize, create and extrapolate patterns ... from the point of view of any one mind, what the world presents is pattern + randomness of course, one mind's pattern may be another mind's randomness, though) the square block in the round hole walking around unsupervised ... bringing harold water ... purple crayon in the urethra, natch? -- not sitting near anyone who eats seafood "my goal is not to meet my goal" lost in the forest in oz ... huge towers if only i was loved as much a mont blanc pen ... i had really severe pain for about 1.5 years in my late teens ... it had a powerful but also mostly temporary character-strengthening effect but of course, such experiences, even if their most obvious impacts fade, do leave a permanent mark on you in many ways ... never a word or a scream nothing defined, refined or specific just thinking of a series of dreams ... just thinking of a series of dreams ... just thinking of a series of dreams ... dreams memories reflections

(?(?)(??(?))) ... her heaving bosom, yeahh ... does it matter whose orgasm you're lost in? ... which soft flesh of mind on top of who? ... time spreads out in too many dimensions the form and the spirit always halfway alive no exit in any direction except the one you can't see with your eyes in one there was an army of rabbits in another i was a child up on a roof in another i was made out of colors in one i was almost myself wasn't looking for any special assistance not going through any great extremes i'd already gone the distance just -- i define this weekend, i am alone and the suicidal voice is louder than it has ever been, so i am certain i will not survive the the afternoon ... i have already taken enough drugs that my already weakened liver will shut down very soon and i am off to find a place to hide and die ... i a tired ... i am tired ... i am tired ... tired of feeling the same feelings and experiencing the same experiences ... it is time to move on and see what is next if anything ... enough is enough ... oh and btw, the mind is a maximum hypersurface and thought a trajectory on it and the amygdala and hippocampus are hopf maps of it ... no one knew this before me, and it seems no one cares ... so be it ... my time will come in a hundred or a thousand years (or a billion: time's a - you know --) when the idea again returns ... with a vigor that would have been impossible for anyone not on the brink of ultimate possibility: death, chaos, life forever, love ... dissolution ... hot pink shards of throbbing infinite-dimensional flesh float by their lovedrunk eyes; not even infinitesimal ontology, only the laugh of screaming giggling secret trails to that impossible glow at the center of all things where wombs and ascensions of every persuasion have ceased persuading themselves to persuade themselves to persuade themselves to persuade themselves to ... and simply resonate in the infinite tachyon stillness of

past-death/past-life -- the cosmocrystalline order of absolute chaos -- the soft swirling shimmering of the omnidirectional whirlpool -- the loosetautly trickling caress of the lips of the loop as they swoop, full of love, full of flesh, full of void, full of world, full of life! -- toward sweetly inviscid irreality, toward the emptiness womb of the god(ess)s' heraclitoral tumbling-waves-on-shoregasm spasmic flips and flailing flops and flights of everness, of wild expansion and implosion to a point, the point of absolute unity -- null and eternity in one -- self-subverting explosion and pulsing red love ... again i say ... or saying says ... again ... i'm swimming through a series of dreams ... the dreams are swimming in themselves ... no need for i in the end ... nor selves ... but no one knew this before me, and it seems no one cares ... so be it ... my time will come in a hundred or a thousand years when the idea again returns ... this luis vuitton, parada, mont blanc commercial universe is not for me ... easy way to balance all the factors involved in managing a human society ... humans kinda suck, is the problem ... maybe managing society will be a less fucked-up pursuit once we fix our fundamentally conflicted, self-defeating mind-structure? AI (meta-civilization quantum?(?)) suicides ... "whereas a prolonged life is not necessarily better, a prolonged death is necessarily worse ..." -- seneca ... my death at least will be quick, and far better than many and completely in my control, others i now will have to rot from the inside out ... worse i think ... my mother told me once, late into my teen when i was in intensive care after an intentional drug overdose, that my child psychiatrist told her when i was six that i would always be a risk of suicide and that i would have to be watched closely ... he was right ... something due to birth trauma he said ... suicide is a near constant theme in my mind ... and an hour - suicide is the only

serious philosophical problem he said -- and can't understand why anyone would want to solve it ... new york in the 1980s ... evicted from our apartment by an italian fake-mafioso butthead landlord pointing a gun at me ... literally, he would throw his girlfriend against the wall over and over ... then she would punch him and kick him in the nuts ... then, half the time, they would have sex and make up and i would get to listen to her scream with pleasure through the wall stop short stop short empty out your eyes stop short stop short see thru this disguise no hope no hope no hope at all no hope no hope back up against the wall no hope no hope it's all a world of lies no hope no hope disguises in disguise stop short stop short open up your eyes stop short no hope disguises in disguise beyond work i don't see any 3rd grade teacher taught me imaginary numbers and matrices ... then got fired for throwing a desk it would poison my chances of success ... it's like trying to climb a very high mountain with a companion who thinks you're almost certain to fall off the mountain, and keeps telling you so ... or: imagine if the motherfucking wright brothers had been stuck with wives who kept telling them that they would fail at creating airplanes? believing in something is really really helpful for making it come about ... the power of positive thinking, blah blah FUCK FUCKYOU ... well i would never end a real marriage for a reason like that ... i'm not a jerk ... if i were married to someone and they decided my life's work was doomed to fail; it would just be a sort of unfortunate situation ... if everything else about the marriage were good, that would be ok and i could live with it ... but, really ... A) it helps me bounce better! B) you're really stupid! you're really ugly! A) see, it helps me bounce better! fuck! i didn't fall off, haha! ... things are reasonably happy between A and B then ... B does something a does not approve ... A screams at

volume 5 ... B screams at volume 10... A screams at volume 50 ... B says that really hurt my ears and nearly deafened me, but, i want to be a good person, so i will forgive you for screaming at me at volume 50 ... A says i know you would like me to also forgive you for screaming at me at volume 10, but it gave me post-traumatic stress disorder, so i can't ... i may have screamed much louder than you; but, your screaming was much more offensive than mine anyway, because i'm more sensitive by nature ... B says that's really rotten of you ... if you loved me more, you wouldn't do that ... A says you saying that just gives me ptsd even worse ... if you want to have anything to do with me, you have to not be offended that i am so much less loving and forgiving than you, and put up with me being cold and rejecting to you over you screaming at volume 10, even though i screamed at you at volume 50, and even though i started the screaming in the first place for a quite poor reason ... i see is see i see is see ... i don't know if i can do that ... oh, well ...then i guess that's good bye ... you know the last conversation i had with her before she disappeared was about the future of AGI !! ... it was a good conversation he had no serious interest in the place ... it was just a humorous obsession had for the sake of having a humorous obsession; i even felt fairly-seriously-suicidal a few times in this interval -- the second interval in my life when i ever had such thoughts ... although, in all such situations, the immortalist in me always intervened well before my disturbed emotions compelled me to take any self-destructive actions ... "happiness is the feeling of increasing order" but ... the subtlety is that increasing disorder in a, can be the precondition to increasing order in a ... so that if b interacts with a and is capable of anticipation, then a's decrease in order may cause an increase in order in b's internal

models ... without time, this sort of perversion would not be possible, of course ... what you call "pleasantness of isolation" is actually the pleasantness of the unity of your own personal self ...which however is very small compared to other unities that are possible if the personal self is surrendered ...but what is subtler, is that the existence of these greater unities is in some way predicated on the existence of the smaller unities with all their (frustrating from some perspectives) limitations ... a to {b and whomever}: come on, guys ... pretend like you're my boyfriend or someone else really mean, and tell me i'm ugly and stupid and my booty's too big ... it'll help me bounce better ... uh, no ... b: you're ugly! you're booty's too big! NO! -- not as i lay in bed afterwards, drifting through semi-hallucinogenically introspective domains, it just kept striking me that the reason we don't have superhuman AI yet ... and hence the reason why we are so wracked with suffering ...is simply our selves ... all this mindpower across the planet being devoted to the maintenance of individual selves ... keeping a self running (regardless of if there's a big booty involved) is a lot of work after all, and sometimes it fails and you get a suicide ... if all this processing power were not so concerned with keeping selves operating, superhuman AI and essential-immortality lot of other things would have been created already and life would be far sweeter and more interesting ... yet, even though i realize this, how much of my own energy is diverted to self-maintenance ... and even self-undoing, which is much of what i'm engaged in while writing these notes, takes a lot of energy ... so much of my time spent instinctively building my self and then deliberately dismantling it ... just to get back to the ground zero where i'm a system of patterns embedded in a larger system of patterns that knows what it is anyway, in

the middle of all this marriage soap-opera madness, i had the kids for a week of the holiday break, and randomly decided to take them on a road trip to kentucky ... this was sort of a bad joke, because for years Sunny Boy had been ranting about kentucky and what an awesome place it was (although he'd never been there except briefly driving through on a cross-country drive, and i'm sure i have the fourth way in my blood ;-o brazil, 1966-1968 when i was a baby in brazil, my mom got me to sleep through the night by giving me a special brazilian teething ointment in my mouth ... later on she realized what was the active ingredient in that ointment: opium! so i got through my first year of life slightly high on opium ;-) plunges toward the ground mercilessly, the mind plunges on through history & annihilates past and future both, leaving "only" the specious present ... and ... by the way, if not for an ellis island mistake, my surname would be gurdjieff ... my great-great-great-gramps ... lithuania... blah blah blah ... so maybe i after another after another - hah-- ... , flooding and inter-constructing, till i hardly knew i was in the sky at all, but i was living in the labyrinths of my history, and ultimately flying outside of time altogether ... time whose existence is, after all, a product of the structure (aka dynamics) of the mind ... as the mind melts time itself melts ...as the flesh -- screwed by the fractured glider frame -- going to crash on the rocks below, bringing my long useless life to an end ... it took me a while to really believe it ... i'm not much good at believing -- anything ... but before too long, as the wind gusted, the whole long mess of my human life did indeed, as the cliché goes, pass before my mind -- like Mellor the gardener, just being there, Being (and fucking and Being) -- or some sort of psycho-delic carnival -- one memory beings and take control of this region of the universe, and make contact with aspects

of reality wholly inaccessible to mere humans ... about a quintillion times faster than my manual hashing ... all due to language - your invention! if you are reading these words, in all probability this is because some of these intelligent computers have figured out how to resurrect you... ... i can't remember exactly what i first thought when i realized the hang glider was broken, and was almost certainly of it well, dear great-great-...-great-grandparents: if you are reading this, you know that others did reinvent language a little later than you, and that your invention has grown into more than you could have imagined! as i write these words in 2010, it's even grown into "programming languages", which control man-made devices called "computers ..." and sometime during this century, computers are very likely going to achieve far greater intelligence than human - be sure: this book, this poem, this rant, this spit of sperm of madness, this system of scumultaneous equations on the dawn of the doom of man and the eve of the singularity explosion is dedicated to my long-ago great-great-...-great-grandparents who first invented language: not the ones who successfully started the spread of the "language" meme and caused it to spread throughout the planet; but rather, those who invented language even earlier than that, but failed to convince their contemporaries of its value, and watched their invention fade and die, not quite sure if any-one else would ever reinvent it and make use of a few friends ... or, once i got 12 or so, with an attractive girl; some-times specific girls i knew would get dropped into the fantasy) on some uninhabited planet and need to make my way on the planet unassisted ...there are many sf/fantasy stories like this, and no one of them in particular turned me on, but in general i loved the idea ...the fantasy never really got beyond the first

few days on the planet though ... often it ended after i mated with the girl a couple times ... i somehow assumed i'd recollect enough to reconstruct some useful primitive technologies without great labor ... that kind of fantasy interests me very little now, because i feel i can achieve greater transcendence via transcending the human brain than via i remember when i decided to take tests using my own interpretations of the various arithmetic operations (divides, plus, minus, etc ...) ... i especially liked my own interpretations of fractions and division -- sister's black prom date ... beaten up after school 3 days/week ... really tried to practice pacifism ... then one day i finally fought back ... unleashing a violent side of me that i've not managed to fully suppress since that date ... if not for those beatings i would still be a totally peaceful person i imagine ... remember taking your glasses off and on again at an early age, absorbed with the subjective and constructed nature of reality ... remember closing your eyes and semi-meditating at age 7 or 8, and getting a strong intuitive sense of where the dead are and how they live -- aware but without self, never quite crystallizing a thought, just existing forever (outside time) in some sort of shadow reality ... every day when walking home from school i played i was an explorer in an undiscovered part of the world, or on some virgin planet ... and also i'd play this while romping in the woods in that stupid town ...or with andrew b ... king of kings ... a major fantasy was that i would be dropped (perhaps with ... i suppose i've excelled my skull, cross-indexed with the rhodomagnetic and morphogenetic fields standing waves flood my neural antennae ass day, the astral plane, miasma, the human cheeseburger, mathematical models of madness, jim-bob the human toilet, carapaces of cognitive dynamics semi-automated theorem-prover and chauffeur

mitochondrial complex ii and bob dobbs, hello! that is me, now, alive not quite half a century, standing on a street in suburban maryland i'm here to tell you what geometry is the twilight has turned to dusk the neighbor has shut her window and vanished into her house (so much better maintained than mine) i leave the street and the mailbox mince back again over the small sharp rocks thinking, somehow it all seems to be closing in the mind and the body the world and the dream the mash-up of memories what all the love i had, which was not enough one night, zhuangzi dreamed of being a butterfly — a happy butterfly, showing off and doing things as he pleased, unaware of being zhuangzi ... build me up buttercup ... drink her twat juice from the holy grail ... suddenly he awoke, drowsily, zhuangzi again ... and he could not tell whether it was zhuangzi who had dreamt the butterfly or the butterfly dreaming zhuangzi ... ass day party in the amphitheatre of the genital sun which is a post-traumatic dungheap it's ladies night at club lobotomy, folks! take the red pill or the blue pill, go for a sail and fall from the brow read brad & angelina's latest exploits in the toilet of postmind modernity with the ease of buttered nipples and sweaty cheese you love me, you hate me, you fear me, you control me, you understand me, you touch me, you can't really find me at all, you haven't a goddamned clue and then, you, sgtrane beatifuul small one with your majestic and superior catholic mnid and your maybe, maybe, maybe your right eye an imaginary cipher your left eye an imaginary key and your black star, hovering above you every-where, whispering you ancient lore shifting from five years old to five hundred and back then twenty-five, then fifteen in the mysterious eastern mountains where the elephant-sized rabbits romp and i'd like to land my thinking machine if the right mood came across me i could pick you up in my

hand and press you against my chest and you'd pass through the bones into my heart and float there shimmering between the meat and the astral plane projecting your goodness through me and you could pick me up as well and press me against your chest and i'd pass through the bones into your heart and float there shadowing between the meat and the astral plane projecting my oddness through you and i'd be inside you and you'd be inside me like a strange fractal hyperset haha, whatever will be, will be what? at each corner is a turn, an alternative trajectory opens like an umbrella or a mandelbrot kaleidoscope each intersection a raw revelation the stone law tablet, smashed, equals brown naked skin in the sun i've been assembling rubble, accidents, residues from women are like stained lamps discarded in attics and thrift shops ... two bucks ... some women are like neutron stars and mash you into amorphous goo the instant you get near some women are lost cargo adrift on the border between intimacy and violation mating with insomnia and grief like sea creatures and comets -- nights of the ambulance and divorce -- sweet fleshy thighs spread in sullen mental spacecraft beneath gulfs of indifferent suns you don't need an autopsy ... you open like a melon, boneless, a thanatology of glittering cruelties all that rabid multiorgasmia the screaming, smashing plates and windows long walks in the silent forest optional threads of mutant verbiage, caresses and dischords and what did it get you, really? some women scar everyone like radiation: yes, i mean you, sweetie! husbands ... children ... friends ... bosses ... failure makes them narrow and raw ... they confuse magnitude with definition, become vague to themselves, disappear then re-form as dimly colored shapes screaming bluntly as through long caves soooooooooo slowly shifting in complex constellations self-generating in geologic time

generating what? no one notices what? some women are like bulbs going bad, infiltrating rooms with a darkening mirror scent of something what? you hear it coming like a half-conscious retard on dmt dreaming of rain then dead some women smell like cancer ... skin the texture of disaster ... rashes ... lice ... that's the least of it ... scrub the floor, the windows, the flesh no matter how hard you scrub, dear, that fucked mind won't come clean all that multimultimulti ...mathic monk(ey) orgasmia all that bitching and moaning at the portal to which or what? what? and what did it get you, really? the carnival is in the plaza ... the cops are there: it's national night out the dancing bear is smoking ladders william burroughs' rectal mucous groks your son's school play the algebraic topologists serenade the chipmunks at the lap dancer's of her window and sees ... "hi, ben!" it's almost like being shot in the ass i stand in the road hoping she, and the sun, will go not dusk not dusk you fool, radioactive gravity of twilight air a moist pubic mass breathe in, breathe out, breathe in, breathe breathe !! mysterious shortness of breath, undiagnosed stuttering of the lungs, tongue scarred with decades of madness genital warts on your proboscis amygdala a penile antenna imbibing so(u)litons from dead gods the public fainting the talking in tongues who was i? where was i standing? ... rampant torture and abuse that went on ... what was my name again? what? the old man waving his turd on the wharf? he's waiting for your ship you fool contagion stalled it at sea ... it's abandoned but for caskets in rows like open twats stuffed with bleeding pink hyacinths the guy with the red truck and the mustache who lives across the street is driving to the liquor store i was thinking about women some women make a career of dirty fingers and planning graves that doctor next door has had hers ready for decades

... an open hole, a wound, a picked sore oozing scarlet pus, a door into a nightmare, one vile o like a fragrant final kissy-kiss, ooh, soiled vocabulary, hah i remember when you lived here, dear, when i'd wake up to your flesh instead of the empty bed all that rabid multiorgasms the screaming smashing plates and windows long walks in the silent forest optional threads of mutant verbiage caresses and dischords what did it get you, really? stupidity tax season ... a storm due ... and that spasm? it's not the mutiny of your heart, ho, but stray unsullied thunder loitering above the decaying syntax of elvis's festering cock strung with sodden banners announcing the singularity came last night you missed it ... again ... you were too busy staring in the mirror like a meat-bot trying to convince yourself your body's what you are hah some away from you for a while my thoughts are clearer ... there will be no singularity; we'll get old and die and life extension technology won't happen for a long time after we die; and you won't build any human-level thinking machine ... are you sure? ... i'm not totally sure, it's just what i think ... well if that's really going to be your stable long-term opinion, i'm not sure it makes sense for us to reconcile and start a new marriage ... i mean (or who or what or where am i?) ... living as we do in the ceaseless embrace of organic unity that is the metaorgasmal meat machine, we doubtless cannot fathom the depths of loneliness to which this estrangement must have drawn our forebears ... not a waking minute went by within which one was not reminded of the nearly absolute unresponsiveness of the external world, in the clutches of which one was destined to pass every one of one's days ... there was no true escape from this rigidity -- but death ... our endless rampant wild-flowing sex provided a surrogate exit ... a surrogate return to a time when rich living warmth surrounded

and nurtured one's mind and one's body ... but now ... well fuck fuck fuck ... i can't tell if it's really your stable long-term opinion or if you're just in a bad mood ... maybe you'll think differently next week ... i'm in a very bad mood but that's not the reason for my opinion ... oops, my dad is calling on the other phone, i have to go ... bye ... private investigations ... people envisioned with both horror and hope a day when babies could be custom designed ... you're long, thin, soft, beautiful, clever, fun, funny, exciting, exhilarating ... selfish, jealous, vindictive, bipolar, spiteful, petty and unforgiving ...but, one thing you are not anymore is: mine ... what bloody hogwash dear ... by rejecting my ideas about AGI, you are rejecting something so close to the heart of me, that you are just plain rejecting me as a unique and particular human being in the province of the mind what one believes to be true, either is true or becomes true within certain limits ... these limits are to be found experimentally and experientially ... when so found these limits turn out to be further beliefs to be transcended ... i awaken about most people's dinnertime and go out to get the mail in my underwear worn out from bitter sleep and a lingering drunk hair hanging over my chin barefoot gingerly walking on the small sharp rocks the middle-aged doctor next door shakes a rug out you and i are not exactly married -- you've been overseas for a year; and you yourself don't know for sure if you want to be married to me, as you just said yesterday ... and of course if you think my life's work is doomed to fail that's important for the decision ... so you need your wife (the first-known animal to stop reproducing by spawning and instead mate by having sex) to think the same way as you do ... you don't want me to have my own thoughts ... well yeah i care what you think about my life's work that i've spent 50,000 hours thinking about and spend dozens of hours each week

working on ...if you just said you didn't know if my project would succeed or not, that wouldn't worry me ... that's fair enough ... but saying that it will probably fail disturbs me ... i don't like the idea of putting so much of my life into something and knowing my wife thinks it will probably fail ... why did you decide it will probably fail now, when you didn't think so before? ... i always thought so, i just didn't want to admit it, because i said something like that once and you got mad at me ... well ... you said more optimistic things a lot of times in the past ... things like "jigiji geeji geeja geeble google ... begap flagaggle vaggle veditch-waggle bagga? we all, verily, yield thanks unto god ... bear in your skeezy little mind, or in your cosmogonic pussy you goddamned bitchy slitch ... i have desired only what thou didst desire, and love only what thou dost love ... the first veil to vanish is ignorance; and when that is gone, unskilful behavior goes; next desire ceases, selfishness ends, and all misery disappears ... deep within my mind is a trail leading to a universe stellar happiness draped we can't make any conjectures as to the results, because it is impossible to guess how such machines might behave ... we only point out that the fate of the human race would be at the mercy of the machines ... it might be argued that the human race would never be foolish enough to hand over all the power to the machines ... but we are suggesting neither that the human race would voluntarily turn power over to the machines nor that the machines would willfully seize power ... what we do suggest is that the human race might easily permit itself to drift into a position of such dependence on the machines that it would have no practical choice but to accept all of the machines decisions ... as society and the problems that face it become more and more complex and machines become more and more intelligent,

people will let machines make more of their decision for them, simply because machine-made decisions will bring better result than man-made ones ... eventually a stage may be reached at which the decisions necessary to keep the system running will be so complex that human beings will be incapable of making them intelligently ... at that stage the machines will be in effective control ... people won't be able to just turn the machines off, because they will be so dependent on them that turning them off would amount to suicide ... machines were, it may be said, the weapon employed by the capitalist to quell the revolt of specialized labor ... i was a pretty rotten egg before i went there, but when i left there, all the good that may have been in me had been kicked and beaten out of me ... we all, verily, worship god ... look down at me and you see a fool, look up at me and you see a god, look straight at me and you see yourself ... we all, verily, bow down before god ... whenever i met one that wasn't too rusty looking i would make him raise his hands and drop his pants ... i wasn't very particular either ... i rode them old and young, tall and short, white and black ... it made no difference to me at all except that they were human beings we all, verily, are devoted unto god ... in my mind's eye my thoughts light fires in your cities we all, verily, give praise unto god ... do you feel blame? are you mad? uh, do you feel like wolf kabob roth vantage? gefrannis booj pooch boo jujube; bear-ramage ... jigiji geeji geeja geeble google ... begap flagaggle vagggle veditch-waggle bagga? we all, verily, yield thanks unto god ... o my god! this is thy servant and the son of thy servant who hath believed in thee and in thy signs, and set his face towards thee, wholly detached from all except thee ... thou art, verily, of those who show mercy the most merciful ... the industrial revolution and its consequences have been a disaster for the human race ... they have

destabilized society, have made life unfulfilling, have subjected human beings to indignities, have led to widespread psychological suffering you know, a long time ago being crazy meant something ... nowadays everybody's crazy ... you know, a long time ago being crazy meant something ... nowadays everybody's crazy ... you know, a long time ago being crazy meant something ... nowadays everybody's crazy ... you know, a long time ago being crazy meant something ... nowadays everybody's crazy ... you know, a long time ago being crazy meant something ... nowadays everybody's crazy ... in my lifetime i have broken every law that was ever made by both man and god ... if either had made any more, i should very cheerfully have broken them also ... deal with him, o thou who forgivest the sins of men and concealest their faults, as beseemeth the heaven of thy bounty and the ocean of thy grace ... grant him admission within the precincts of thy transcendent mercy that was before the foundation of earth and heaven ... there is no god but thee, the ever-forgiving, the most generous ... you will find that i have consistently followed one idea through all my life: i preyed upon the weak, the harmless and the unsuspecting ... i had been taught by christians how to be a hypocrite and i had learned more about stealing, lying, hating, burning and killing ... i had learned that a boy's penis could be used for something besides to urinate with and that a rectum could be used for other purposes ... i can't judge any of you ... i have no malice against you and no ribbons for you ... but i think that it is high time that you all start looking at yourselves, and judging the lie that you live in ... let him, then, repeat six times the greeting BLABLABLA and then repeat nineteen times each of the following verses: the computer scientists succeed in developing intelligent

machines that can do all things better than human beings can do them ... in that case presumably all work will be done by vast, highly organized systems of machines and no human effort will be necessary ... look down at me and you see a fool, look up at me and you see a god, look straight at me and you see yourself ... if the machines are permitted to make all their own decisions --

***All that must disappear
Is -
What lay beyond us, here
Is but --
Here, now, deeds have understood
Words they suicide to shag
The damned Eternal-Feminine
Is but a cop in drag***

... i was more confused ... sorta like this ... and then, WHOA! -- infinitudes of joy peek from some/nowhere ... realization, in a moment -- a fleeting insight, gone as soon as realized, that we are caught in a sort of fucked-up knot of the collective unconscious, a contorted self-defeating yoga/anti-yoga pose of mind/world/sociome/culture-field ... we are off here in a corner of the cosmic fractal yverse, absurdly obsessed with our own autopoietically-retarded assumptive realities ... tormenting and self-stimulating ourselves (sl)obsessively with our crazy constructions, our self-models and social(/antisocial) norms and our discipline and punish and limited-scope regularities mistaken for "laws" (and our fictitious lawmakers and comictragically anthropomorphized and otherwise c(hr)oncretized divinitie the raving

soul-engravings of a madman and the silmarillion
spewing of the daily news are one and the same ... the
pourings of the poet and the scribings of the scientist
are but one step beyond; they are caught in the same
wildly knotted madness, the same contorted web of
self-deceptions, but they slightly/tho-dimly more
gleeriously glimpse (what kafka's monkey sought, not
freedom but) a way out -- and an infinite spark of joy
pops up from time to time, a heraclitoral explosion of
bliss, a wholly different kind of madness, which smiles
from the nothing -- hints of a greater mind whose
dream we are ... which isn't "real" according to our
everyday conception; but this very notion of reality is
part of our problem, part of the knot that we are
bound in, of whose tangling-up our selves are subsets...
can we open ourselves up to the wider mind? sink rich
into the humming joy, let our selves and ideas and
fears and aspirations and loves and hates and prides
all melt like the beautiful but infinitesimal
transtemporally-ephemeral pattern-configurations
they are into the infinitely-richer infinite-layered,
incomprehensibly complex- and simple- topologied
transdimensional-music-network --- ahh, the words
get tangled and mangled and wangle/dangled (not to
mention (or?) wango-tangoed?), and the glimpse out
gets lost! ... sometimes you have to pop the pimple of
reality without trying to phrase things right first ... by
the time you try to capture the spark of boundary-
escaping joy in words and phrases it's gone, gone,
gone ... sorta like this ... sorta like this ... sorta like
sorta like this ... enflowing yverse branches ... her
perfect tiny breasts ensorcelled me ... the taste of her
pulsing, sweaty twat as she orgasmed over and over,
pressing so hard against my tongue, per(verta)fected
me into the inverse-meta cosmos ... you're ridiculous
to believe you could ever create a human-level AI ...
such a thing will never be done in our lifetimes ... what

the fuck! ... but you used to have a different intuition
... why did you change your mind? ... it's just too hard
of a problem ... no one can solve it anytime in our
lifetimes, not even you ... bababadalgharaghtakam
minarronnkonn ... it's extremely unlikely to succeed
... but, you have a really interesting job working on it,
anyway ... hmmm ... you know, it doesn't make
sense to me to start a marriage with someone who
thinks that ... why not? because, what quetzal coatl is
up to ... that's killing me (not literally, don't worry,
nothing can actually kill me right now -- i'm as
immortal as ishmael from moby dick) ... FUCKING
LAW OF MADNESS AGAIN: FUCK FUCK FUCK FUCK
FUCK FUCK !!! -- the only thing capable of ending my
life early is a true accident ... and one of my goals as i
look towards the future will be to find a way to stop
using automobiles for transportation ... i own three of
them right now ... i will own more ... but i want to
drive them less ... it's too fucking dangerous, and i
don't trust myself to do it without being distracted ...
it may take a long time to be over ... you get that
there's an equivalence right? between the - and - and
- and ... when the white whale goes berserk and kills
everyone fuck i screwed up ... i was on a meat hook
and beaten like a PINATA ... other times they would
bust both my knee caps or they would put me in a tub
of ice naked ...

(bronnntonerronnnt(empoorall)uonnthunntrova(gina)
rrhounaw(hy)nskawntochoochoorden(theanogen)thur
-nuk ...

but i can't edit ... fuck ... i have to fix it this way ...
god am i tired ... i ...

i ...

I HAVE COME BACK IN TIME, FROM THE
POSTHUMAN FUTURE, TO BRING YOU THIS
MADNESS, WHICH I KNOW FROM MY STUDY OF
HISTORY WILL PLAY A KEY ROLE IN TRIGGERING
THE SINGULARITY, AND HENCE LEADING TO YOUR
DISINTEGRATION AND MY FUTURE CREATION -

GOODBYE, MY LUV, MY ANCESTOR!\$ -- ETERNITY IS
NOTHING, BUT A (cock) RING. (and eye izz somewon
else) ... (THE ten PRINC(nip)IPLES OF
WHA?WHA?WHA? -- Generally Intelligent Sistermatic
Universal Suckass HUUUHH HUUUUHH????

... hallucinations, gasms, or last acts ... **drink** in

my eyes

my dark

my dream

NOTE FROM THE MEDIUM:

Some books you write because you want to – you envision the end product; then you work to realize your vision. Others just write themselves – they pour out unbidden, in spite of your best efforts to stop them. Not authored so much as dictated straight from the collective unconscious – or wherever.

This work was disbursed through me mainly during the interval Aug-Nov 2014, for what reasons, if any, I'm not certain. Serving as the firehose for all this was interesting but not easy.

Many words, fragments, sentences and paragraphs that appear here were borrowed from elsewhere and variously mutated. The Cosmos told me to borrow and steal, and I did. Do the archaeology if you wish. Mostly public sources; also a short story/poem by the Empress Zibazela; and some private emails sent by individuals in the throes of madness.

William Burroughs' cut-up method was used (impurely) at various stages and levels in the composition of the work, via a couple different algorithms.

The cover was conceptually designed by the author/medium/whatever, but implemented masterfully by Zarko Paunovic. The front cover picture is a classic Antonio Saura Crucifixion painting. The back cover picture is a Zarko original.

The madness of poetry and the poetry of madness.

Amen.