

O b i t u a r i e s

Peder Trysnes

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land. - William Blake

My sword has slept in my hand and the building of Jerusalem in my land has gone slowly, distractions and digressions exploiting procrastination and fear. Avoiding to reflect and think about a subject gives it to fear, grandson of chaos. Jens Bjørneboe travelled through the country Chaos with a case of whiskey and a typewriter and even though he is long dead he was the man that told me a keyboard would be my weapon, I would wear no armor.

Writing for me is a very physical process, some female authors have said that writing a book is like delivering a baby, an experience I will most likely never feel. For me, it's exactly like taking a shit. If I don't go for a while it'll just accumulate and all I have on my hands are big amounts of shit but by alleviating the pressure once in a while, things come out that make sense to me and hopefully to you and if they don't make sense I hope they evoke something and if I've failed miserably, I never thought burning a bad book was any kind of sin.

Many thanks go out to many people for getting this anywhere, every mouth asking questions how everything was coming along, giving me a bad enough conscience to plod along on this collection, many thanks to all of you.

This collection are texts previously published at the principa discordia forums, some are altered, some not.

Because of my procrastination, these are from before two thousand and nine but I hope you'll enjoy my first tentative steps with me.

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Oslo, Norway

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All obituaries are lies.

The lament of Gandalf

No. You're wrong, you'll get it right once but you ain't got it right now. Pilgrim. You got the scheme and the gist of it, you've brought yourself through a couple of times, you've proved your mind isn't dead nor decayed and that's the step you get all wrong. Your mind has decayed and it is indeed dying as you said when she left that we're here to live untill we die, that it's just this journey and you figured it out on your own and you felt pride swell your belly when you heard timothy leary, ken kesey and bill hicks say it again. You've already understood that memories is one of the fundamental truths in this world, that it's one of the things every human relies on besides norms and rules and conscience for not committing suicide now. You've read your misogynistic anarchists and you've read the EXIT manifesto and once you sat in your undies, wanking to koestler and smoking a pipe. You've grown certain, you know your tastes, you've developed your ego past the stage of most collegekids and masterdegree students you've met and you used to be baffled by the fact

That they aren't really worth more, aren't more intelligent, aren't what you were led to believe but the jade is on and everything you see pass through a glare and dullens as the grape eyes bukowski spoke about which you'll frequently say loud when you've gotten enough courage and enough synthetics to allow you to sway on the barstool

"My shoes are too tight but it doesn't matter, I've forgot how to dance" – Londo Mollari

Your mind, my dear friend have decayed by your own standards, you're locked in tight, you're locked in on the battle, you've turned into the warrior

The warrior that knows that the blade has two edges, both for cutting

The warrior that knows you shall die, but you shan't go alone

The warrior that

You have become. Do you believe in fate? Do you believe in free will? Do you believe there is a difference between the two?

Your sincerest apologies for the human race falls upon dead ears, none of us remain long enough to care for you anymore, high idiot king of apathy, lord sovereign of ego and so many names that we could use to call you like the demon you are. What you were, what you became, your head started spinning once and you stopped it and you told everyone who would listen that you would not serve in heaven, you would not serve and and and and all of this falls down, knives in clandestine, secret murmurs when you thought you slept but even you will not listen anymore, 'cept for the lament of gandalf your landlord sings every night in elvish

You can feel your belly swelling and you grow old, you grow old enough to realize your life has become the dream sequence at the end of the 25th hour and you've gotten old enough to fast forward through it and in bitter bile and spite you peer through the curtain and you know you're too old, you know you've ignored the voices for so long, for far too long

and you die in your bathtub, trying to die young, ignoring everything you ever learned when understanding how your prison worked, when the meals were served, how the library could be used, how to carve and how to weld and you've always known it, the little secret tugging at the heart of your empire and you keep the toaster raised until the white rabbit peaks and you drop it and you expect a clean death with acid colours going through impossible directions, perhaps you hoped for hassan i sabbah, brion gysin, william burroughs to lead you through the life you had passing through your eyes

your body is dead but your brain begins to hum. slowly, first, building momentum before it terrifies you, before it blows you away and you want to back out of the crooked little deal, you want out of this crooked little vein but there are some words that you remember now, the choir falling silent, a drugdealer you shot heroin with once and only once just to see if you could see something more to life and you hear his voice crisp and clear as a slice of lime on first springs day

"When it's gotten in, you can't get it out"

the momentum catches on again, builds up further and now you hear every symphony you've composed in the shower, every book you wrote when you sat hungover and coming down shitting frenzied and every poem, every note you made washing dishes, every play you planned in your head while your teacher stood before you, every fate you've seen, serving them beer

we descend into you mother, iron and lung, cancer and arthritis, metal go clang

4 lyfe

It's a beautiful belly, the kind of belly you only see when you're watching the telly and there's this little diamond stud in her belly there and men from the Future tell you that this, this is the actions of the robots from Mars. You believe them, feeling a sudden pang of guilty conscience and you feel filthy but it's something else growing on the inside of you and you see it for the first time now, you see what's going on but you can't touch it but it's there, an anti infestation built from strictly your own components, a little machine inside the god and while we build and toil on that machine for the rest of our lives without getting further we never forget that they weren't our blueprints

They were handed out along with our hardhats and boots

But LO! There! On the horizon! Do you see the sun like a pregnant belly immersed in water? Bobbing gently, telling us things, making us see things. The birth is happening and we're nervous standing in the room outside clutching a fake cohiba which is cracking under our fingers and we see ourselves anew in the turquois of the medical world and we storm in and we see the head and we've seen it so many times so we never realized but there it was, like a cloning process straight from Dr. Mengele we created copies of ourselves and unleashed them upon the world with only one goal, one thing to keep us from kicking and screaming at this stage in life and it is hope

Problem was we knew Hamlet too well and we'd found our task inside the belly of the world and we saw behind the machinations and we saw past and through the aesthetics untill we came to lead and our xray eyes wouldnt work but we saw it there, the inner workings, the god machine and we see it and we live with it and some make shitty interpretations and call it art but we were here, cut from one umbilical we attached ourselves to another in fear of falling further down

We'd found our abyss, we seen into their dark and we didn't stand up to it, we didn't fight it, we didn't philosophize it away and we didn't walk away because we'd found the abyss and we became best friends

A contained disease

The elephant man sits on the ledge of his bed, his one foot scraping at the raw dead tree under it while the others hang dangling, might have been a beautiful picture, might have been something people would want to see, the elephant man sitting lonely and crying but no tears come out for there are no ducts, there is no salt water left in his body and he feels his skin cracking and drying up like paint rushed in fast forward and the elephant man is tired, filled with despair and the entropy of the situation

The musicians have grown docile, lingering behind the machina that taught them, silken clad riders in charcoal and yellow, dispersed through the night in a scene from a movie made some time around the 1990s and they do not look back as they ride out and leave the castle behind them, they do not look at their wives or their pretties as they stand on the wall and watch for the grieving women have always accepted our creed in their hearts and have always stuck apart, the cluster of lonely souls there, moving to become smaller dots as the skies come crashing down into the world and the sky will fall into their hearts but the men ride and after half the day they speak of the desire to fuck and drink and are filled with the love of their new found freedom and freedom it is as they chase the drums of war and there is a flaw in all of us that keeps us small, containable

Yes, you hear the rush inside your heart as you read, you know this and you've heard it before but you want to hear it again for it makes you feel something, something beautiful is dragged inside the corridors of your mind and you hear the chains rattle and the balls knock over vases and other inhabitants and you want this rush, this temporal loss of control where you can give in to the mind you've created yourself

unknowingly for you always view your actions retrospectively, everything is past you tell yourself and we've been made to be containable

By ourselves. Not a hard concept to grasp is it? Quite natural too. You can be larger than life but there's nothing in it for you until you heed the call of the masses that drone your name and you want to stand there on the grand stage with thousands of fans knowing who you are for you imagine that during those hours you are complete because someone knows you

hears the faint whispers at night

Yet, that is also containable, isn't it? The census of the norm, the ideas that created revolutions and wars decades and millennia ago, they are part of your backbone now, they're a part of you as the revolutions and wars were uncontainable when they happened, the idea you have is that in the olden days they were all romantics and wars were fought over pretty faces while now you muse, wars are fought over oil, before that politics and before that religion. You've grown so accustomed to the idea of war that war is natural, hell, what you understood of Darwin in high school gives you a clear understanding of this, doesn't it?

The papers lie crumpled in the corridor, covered in white, scissors and rocks. The dreams they were given were small and the potlatch didn't last long, the cultures clashed and the dreams were all but satisfactory. In rare cases of a potlatch, tribes would raze and burn their village as an ultimate gift.

The predictability, synchronicity or just good old-fashioned dullness you experience every day isn't because you're like Grant Morrison's explanation of the Joker, an advanced idiot savant who has no personality but has to rebuild himself every day, what you experience you experience because it's what you chose, right? There is no difference between fate and free will, not as abstract concepts and not as that which you relate to the words, the stories and histories because they are both containable, you know the mechanics of how they work.

Bacteria.

A song of themselves

The dead were dancing long before we showed up. The dead had comedy acts, upright stand up citizens telling the stories of life and death over glasses of beer. There are no snitches among the dead for the dead have seen what happens, the dead have learned more than the living, the dead know more about life than the living and that's the real kicker because the dead can't tell us what they know, we aren't allowed to drink from the pool of dead visions. Crossing the line some do, or try to do, trying the old ways,

giving away an eye for the knowledge of the world, embedded deep into the sidewalks and bridges, seething in the rivers and the bars but odins ways don't work anymore. That magic has been exhausted and as crowleys thoughts wanes we remember that magic needs to be created for its potency was never in the law, magic would never survive in the mainstream.

The dead drift by the houses of those who wished they were, crashing on couches with heated coffee from the microwave, the dirt underneath the nails showing no promise to the junkies of hope, those who needed change for their lives to function but whom never got that change because it was no easy way to get it. They didn't want to be targets, they didn't want to do it like this because there is a law, there are laws at work which govern all we don't see, the laws never govern our actions, no laws have ever governed our actions but they've always governed our words. The belief is that from words comes action and as they believe this we begin to believe it and the holes of our beings are repaired, filled with steelwool so the rats will never come in.

Some times they scream at us from the top of their lungs but we do not hear them, we see them and their screams. Black and blue silhouettes against a red pavement but there is no blood, there are no drops needed to be spilled anymore as we walk through these lives that have lived but not let for it's all been shed before, in everyone's names and it never mattered if it was legitimate or not, the old law still governs us

as the old law goes from love under will

to where we are now, in the old days and we're watching gysin/burroughs climb alamut and we can hear them up there on that mesa, screaming for hassan i sabbah in that guttural sound that comes sneaking up when you've taken too many assorted drugs at once and your voice is no longer in your control and you repeat the mantra for while jack the ripper gave birth to this century, gysin/burroughs were ahead in time and delivered the next and they stole their mantra and put it on our fates and souls, lodged it into our backbone so that when we hear it for the first time, something makes sense, we understand the law

we understand that nothing is true, everything is permissable as we also understand that everything is true, nothing is permissable

sit around coffeetables, drinking it black and smoking cigarettes
sit around on barstools, writing codes of conduct on napkins
sit around the parks, feeding pigeons and stepping on the soapboxes when time is here
sit around the tv
sit around the pc
sit around when every soul in the world delivers their state of the union address

this is the law, this is the will as the dead march outside the windows of the living, trying to tear it down, trying to keep the two worlds different, trying to give that last ray of hope to the junkies of change

their ideas are dead and gone, they wish to live in utopia

their hearts are no longer there, staring at us with empty eyes

you see, hope was never our weapon, hope was their weapon if we can call it a weapon, the only thing the junkies have left

is the hope that their life mattered when death comes, that their lives are given value by their deaths, not for themselves

but for those who saw them

All that she said was true

"This timeless, changeless order is an assurance of unchallenged authority, a sign of safe anchorage for the troubled spirit of man."

- Wernher von Braun

You've forgotten haven't you? Not what you know you've forgotten because everyone prods you about it but what you've truly forgotten. You forgot when they sang the national anthem and you forgot when you got old but most importantly you forgot it when you lost your virginity. You regained it after that but then it disappeared again. The interesting thing is that it stayed in your mind all the time when you were most active battling it. See? It was the only thing on your mind, sixteen years old, heading for a spree in the straightedge life, picking up vegetarianism, picking up the crust, looks, feels, fashions and trends, you hoped you were onto something, you wanted to delve deeper inside the behemoth you thought you'd stirred.

You never forget it when you're serious, it always hits you then, this disease. Standing on the barricades brandishing a flag of your own colour, there you stand, more serious than any of the philosophers you filled your head with, thinking thoughts about how you found your place in life, it doesn't cross your mind you found your place in the system or a system because you're a revolutionary, aren't you? You don't believe in bourdieu nor any political compass. You see yourself as a new Dr. NO and sunday after sunday you discuss with your parents and family controversial issues and you do a staunch argument for the legalization of drugs and your defense of Proudhon can't even be compared with the potato salad. Which is a craft but not one you respect.

Where will you be when the world ends? Will you sit with me on the roof and marvel at the beauty? The Leonard Cohen in me tells me that I'll see you be gunned down as i drink red wine and smoke cigarettes.

In VALIS, Philip K Dick talks about the rational/irrational god/creator, visualized also as two overlapping universes, or realities where one of them is sick while the other is healthy. The sick tries to invade the healthy and this is the WAR. This was the first

war. This was the first war that mattered, the war that echoed a rule, a part of the law: The victors write the storybooks. Like fungus, this concept was spread, made credible with the resistance it gained and then to every hotel and motel room in the world.

Things like SPECTRE and XIII can be created. I can see their process when I watch the movies, read the comics. As they say towards the end of No country for old men where they're talking about the couple in california that tortured kidnapped people and buried them in their garden and the neighbours were only alerted when they saw a man running out of the house wearing nothing but a collar, you can't invent shit like that.

We'll call it the Molotov revolution. We'll call it Jonestown. We'll call it the Silver City. We'll experience it as a nervous explosion, where every cell is shattered and not in the good way, it'll hurt. You will die the worst death you would want for yourself. You can't invent shit like that. There is no transfer, communication is broken.

You will run from corner to corner, apartment to apartment and you'll be scared and I'll be shitscared but I hold my mask as my muscles and tissue hold my face and these bones are older than time itself, these bones have seen it all, these bones. I will waiver as I stumble up the fire escape, a bottle of unmarked champagne older than myself and six crystal ones, bohemian style and top on top, a little table in dirty pastels with small cups for the dolls sitting around and I'll send the bottle and drink with my soft friends and I'll hear it and I'll feel it because this is how it'll happen.

A whimper, not a bang.

All the world will die today

It will be a waking dream, not the kind you get when you snooze in your car or at work or the silent awkward moments before you fall asleep but it will be a scent and a memory wrapped into one and you will see it with some part of your eye and it will feel like it's a memory filled with the leaking faucets around the house, dripping through your stairs and seeping into the walls, making each and everyone of them moist and soft to the touch, like green brownies left on the stove-top for so long, back when you were 17, dropped out, smoking what you could get your hands on that would pass as weed or hash and it will be one of those moments when you stand at the bar and you'll order a manhattan and you get the distinct deja vu feeling and this is what this will be like only different.

You'll think of it as more, further probing into the world your mind inhabits and when you were little your brain hurt when learning both math and english in the same day and you thought the world your brain inhabited was a dark little cave but you were never afraid of what was in that cave and you were never afraid of what was under your bed, inside your closet or hiding behind bushes on unlit roads early evening in the winter

You weren't afraid of what they were afraid of because you never knew what you were afraid of, you knew your body could bristle any time of fear for there was this

dam building itself inside the cavern you discovered when you were little and all you knew was that all the world will die today

From the first time someone saw you and told you they knew who you were and they had seen you to the last time you said I love you falsely, everything passes through the corridor. Itself sterile with janitors working to maintain the corridor like that and with endless rooms and more corridors branching into themselves, creating this beehive where every room is connected with every room, everyone with the same sickness can talk to each other about their sickness and those with that disease can talk to others with that disease but the first corridor is long, goes through the heart of the hive, connects it, makes it hum and squeak when it's supposed to hum and squeak and at the end of the corridor, where we've headed beyond operating theatres and crying wives and husbands and mothers and fathers, far beyond the blood donors and far beyond the hurt and heartthrob for those working here we find the last door, the one we'll step through and be enveloped into the light like neo was

Your heart was hollow before we began this and your soul was a husk, stolen from the sides of qliphoth, like a father will steal food from his son but you do remember, don't you? It was us. We began this together, we sat out on the porch and we drank something cheap and we were smoking poor hash but we had a lot of it and we'd made brownies and we knew we could stay here for a week and we both knew what we wanted and how we wanted the other of us to see this week, how we were planning to live together for the rest of our lives and it doesn't stick if you have a weekend but a week when you're seventeen with no plans, no future, no desire for an immediate future and no nothing. Just a cabin in the hills, an ounce of shit, a bible and this girl

Who you didn't really keep in touch with, one week passed away swiftly and you were down in the big city and left all your dimes on the greyhound and your heart was stuck in your throat and you felt uneasy but this wasn't the fear you'd been looking for, that had shyed away all your life at every crossroad like ibsens bøygen, there were none that wanted to put your soul into the spoon, fire up the spoon and melt your soul

All the world'll end today you'll believe when you grow up for those are the only words that have ever truly reverberated through your bones and I remember mine was linger for that first time I heard that my nose began to bleed heavily and I felt the heart collapse in my brain and I remembered this deja vu sensation and all I really cared for was more

By the sword, everything is taught

Every now and then, someone will rear their head. They'll look beyond the dunes of sand and will wink away the sand still in their eyes. They will see the world as-is and will understand how it works and how they themselves work, in a local or national setting and most of them that we hear of will decide that there is something wrong with the planet, not with them and they will begin to create. A magician will come every hundred years or so. We already know his story, we already know her story. We've heard it for forever and if there's still a spark of our desire to see social

wrongs being undone we'll hear it again but most of us will fade, try to pretend it isn't so but some else will try to help him saying it won't work like this. That is not the face of god, god's face is different. You shouldn't do it like this, not these thoughts, wait, let me help you understand life.

They are the tragic fools of life. They are the teary eyed ending of a movie, a story mostly associated with indie films but also finding more and more room in the hollywood enviroment. The comedian will stand tall to us in the doomed to fail Watchmen movie as the twisted version of the story, the hero/antihero which sees his role and knows the end but moves on with it, does it. Some of us will identify ourselves with the comedian, but none will mourn him. Some philosopher to step in, to talk about ethics and we'll see it makes sense but when was the last time we knew our philosophers by heart? How much did you learn those first six months in the university and how much do you remember now?

We don our glasses, walk outside and squint at the sun, taking time before seeing the morning fog. We see the love bukowski spoke of and we see it disappear and we listen to the children of flowers as they walk past and talk about love and spending the military budget on feeding the world. We sit ourselves down with our cup of coffee and our steaming coffee, taking in the air and the smells and how this life really feels like and we think about these things we've heard a thousand times, now reduced to slogans as they are recited with the designerwear hippies walking past us, any movement of any ideological worth will only pass the aesthetics on to further generations

"When the spirit wanes the form appears"
- Charles Bukowski

They combat the form with all their spirit, creating ripples across the known world and we see them in our daily lives, there where they walk amidst paper clippings and odd jobs, we see the world's attetion focus and we see someone give and then we see the world demanding more.

A head is stuck out and a head is chopped off. They try to bring sanity/something for the world but there they all stand like bamboo in the wind, a forest of everlasting ostrich, a sea of dunes where the birds are as far as the eye may see, with all their head down into the sand and there's one with the head up, there's one looking out at everything else and there

and every time the world forgets you forget about the world and you live in this state for as long as you can and there, the mirror breaks, the dream will continue and the two fingers will cleave the mirror and the halls will be laid bare and we will see the corridors passing in every direction and moving towards what is us and where we will be

it will not matter

the ostrich will still stand and see the others dwelling with their heads down in the

sand and they won't think that they're the king among blind people

That ostrich is going to weep

Over the seriousness of the situation

Dance dance dance dance dance to the radio

Did we feel the sweet sweet smell of cocaine before we went our separate ways in tearfilled warzaw, with god's rain hammering down. Did we stray, skip, jump and dream into a flux of emotions and thoughts so far far from our own faces? Did we judge, maim love or passion what we held dearly?

Was the chain of command broken? Had the war already ended? The sounds, the sounds of scuttling feet in an abandoned railroad station, military personnell dressed very civillian, the poet in the future was right, here went our brightest minds. Those who were neither good nor evil, simply visionaries who would be treated humane after it had been ended while the audience would cheer to the bread and circus. The chain of command was broken, everything returned to whence it came. rubble. This was where time collapsed, this was where the spiderweb collapsed in upon its' owner and competition and fear drove us further, where there once had been a spectre, there was now a disease and the dirt in the ground hummed for it, the translucent beast of sad memories would sate upon the blood.

The beard fell, the masquerade fell and for a second there was truth in the air when noone knew what to do before everyone was gripped by panic and went back to familiar pastures and lived in fear and terror.

Simplicity; the man said on stage. Simplicity will get you ahead. Do not tarry to over-analyze, know when to stope. The band will play and it is a work of genius, a truly creative force in the name of nihilism and disintegration. Simplicity, will now beat your drums.

We went to the beach on the fifth of november. We were kids still, small and seventeen and we brought beer and pot and port. This artist from somewhere in the old empire was to teach us, entertain us and art us. We'd live in the shade he said as he went up high upon his bonfire, guy fawkes resting uneasily with the duct tape and that deflated football and the fire, the dancing fire.

We'd live in the shade of our ancestors if we did not think ourselves. Our ancestors are not that of flesh nor blood, but those geniouses past who have opened their eyes and seen beyond and created, molded from the cisterns of life. We must remember them, not because it is tradition, but because they sought to break tradition, we must commemorate those of our heroes who have become false christs, cowed by the masses of the ignorant many. We must lift our heads towards the stars and we must create! We MUST build!

Then they burnt guy. I wonder if they had the wicker man in their thoughts, I knew I

heard the terrified screams from pigs and sheep, trapped on the inside with what humanity could do without. It's not the bolts themselves that we need to unscrew and remove, it is the walls themselves, the doors. The fire escape.

"And she turned around and took me by the hand and said,
I've lost control again".

They lit the fireworks, one of those big crates with fake army paint on it, biohazard signs blaring in the front of the scene of the crime and that's when you first notice it, with your head resting on some loved ones chest with the reefer burning in your lungs and the cool beer alleviating the good pain before the fireworks start, you giggle with glee and reflex but grow silent, weary that you cannot speak, that no one can speak that this mirrored dark light opens up the eyes you have not yet seen and you know it's the first time but it's so natural and it's beautiful and you take her by the hand and whisper that you've lost control again.

The memory itself was little. A fire, cold rain, soggy hotdogs, beer, pot and only known parts of life, only regulated pieces of darkness and the form is mild, no jagged edges and it is really a dull memory but all sparks fly high when you recollect, when you talk about it again, when you dream it once more and it's so easy to bow down into it to go back inside it and wallow up, sucking on the umbilical cord once more not because that you're afraid but because that it's so easy. The world is easy, you've grown a degree in understanding, you see connections where there earlier would have been thin air but it stares right back at you, the life, the vibrancy of the trees, the stones, the fire, the sand and her face.

"And she screamed out kicking on her side and said,
I've lost control again."

Then she took me by the hand and we went and lost control again. An image little rattled from the cages where all the mice and rats lived on, we caught the bus back in to the city, nearing civilization, pinnacled and passing through the barbary, looking at the hordes of ghengis khan and some place in a different time but with the same emotion, ernest hemingway tries to write a piece sitting on a sidewalk cafe in paris, angered, because he lost his vibe he'd gotten from the coffee and cognac to the poor poet standing in his face, asking questions and he, the great writer, remembers when he himself was his age and ernest hemingway sits with us, drinking beer, watching the bonfire untill someone shouts FIREWORKS! and he stands up, smiles and cheer and cries out: NOT IN THE RAIN

Don't believe Spotify will set you free Neo

You were there then. You were there then, when it happened. It came onto us, it saw both of us and we were caught in some old horror flick, we were a different bonnie and a different clyde but that was who we were, those were the demons we rode, these were the roads we rolled, this

was were our youth disappeared to, fickle thing it is, you don't know you had it till

you lost it and it's no use crying about it because everyone lost it and none wants to talk of it, like a good friend in prison

The future. Alan Moore says in From Hell that Jack the Ripper delivered what we live in now, what we fear now, what we've overcome thus far, where our demons have carried us and there is a fourth dimension, time has an architect and William Blake was indeed a prophet

if lovecraft hadn't written like shit the world wouldn't be like this

think about it, this fourth dimension, go with me here, time repeats it self with a mathematical answer to how but never a why but it's fifty years abouts since brave new world and 1984 were written and we're growing closer to the equilibrium of howard phillips lovecraft

what if (humor me) he told the truth?

He was right. Underneath the ice, some of them sleep. The ancient Plateau of Leng where the monstrosities communes with those old ones still here, hearing the gargling sounds from R'lyeh and here it is

Here is his tale. Here is his story. What we're seeing, experiencing and feeling is the imprint reality made upon howard phillips as he grew up and saw the world differently than he did when he was a child and he was obviously a bright child, to have understood what one needed to hate which shouldn't be hated

that was also where we met for the first time, in that pretty hate, that clean hate which none can explain or understand, ice hot and filled with light and love, radiating sentience and confusion

We were doing it too much when it came to that. Our favourite subject and we always hit it once every afternoon we met, whether it was over a cup of tea in the gentleman's club or before a lecture, waiting for the bus, slept too long and the coffee from seven eleven tastes like dog turds with hot water and you realized for the first time yesterday that you need to do something else, somewhere else

These were the illuminations, the youth in us spoke out and they didn't see us as we slipped by their beds with blades in our hands and we cut them open

Then and there

we were caught in some old horror flick, we were a different bonnie and a different clyde but that was who we were, those were the demons we rode, these were the roads we rolled, this

Elizabeth Bathory, where did you go

This was where the siren sang our graves, dead tombs piling up by the rocks in the sea, the scent closer to whiskey than to this primordial soup. We'd been hearing their

names, we'd been moving and passing along, watching their eyes as they looked at us where we sang in the crowd and illumination culminated from the hard labour of the days before, death told us it understood and we believed it.

Time was dragging its heels, children were being born and more lonely people came by, shadows were ruling and all the kings were mad. Madame Guillotine who married so many men and a few women were rejected in the town of Radiance, Alabama because the ruling powers as well as the men in the streets and the women in their homes and the children, the children sucking the tits that all meant that the old Madame couldn't be introduced again here, in this new world because she had dated too many women.

The cruise ship will sail, will head to warmer climates and different horizons and the captain will look perky, his fondness of eighteen year old girls only surpassed by his desires for threesomes with aforementioned girls and his mother which happened now more often as she walked slowly towards her death nearing the hundreds. After each session, they would have servants to mount the girl on a cage where the captain and his mother would lie beneath in a rubber bed, they themselves caressing each other as their servants drained the girl of blood. There they'd lie, tender and loving showing us all what we can be.

and Love would be what we'd see every day if we had all seen what they had seen in one of those moments, the world would align to that, passion being used on motivational posters, completely unironic and the world would be gathered in one order as the world now is gathered in several orders

race, sex, sexual orientation, education and social standing

would be annihilated as semantics changed the world

Everyone will always be too late

We need titties. Titties. Titties you see, we need 'em. We've been sleeping, we've been sleeping, listening to mountain grind down to ravines and creeks and we've listened to the ocean, we've listened to the ocean as it began creating life, just a gentle hum first but gaining momentum, there's a crescendo coming and we've heard the universe open up its heart for us and we've listened, we've heard, we know what's out there, we've seen everything and now we return, we return with godsight. Titties!

It was Aurakles who threw the spear through ten thousand years where it hit its mark. Love and Vengeance pierced the last ten thousand years of human civilization, aligning the stars and everything else needed for the correctness of it all so every astrologer, astromancer, scryer, clairvoyant or insane prophet can fathom it. They say there are gods, demons, angels and they create more rules and bonds by forming religions but there is no belief. There is no belief needed, there are no truths that can only be accepted on its' own premises, there's a spear going through the millennia which name is both Love and Vengeance and it was thrown by the first superhero, the first new god.

"You think celebrity and money makes you invulnerable? You think your fancy suit makes you a hero? You think by dressing up and talking big you'll put a stop to EVIL men? I have news for you, Shilo Norman. You shouldn't have come into my world.

You are smaller than a grain of sand.

And evil is a mountain." - Dark Seid, Seven Soldiers of Victory

Was there something you had to remember? You left something on the stove, didn't you and now you're all tangled up in social relations and you don't remember it anyhow but you did forget. Somewhere along the way you forgot something and now that you've forgotten it, you've never actually done it, yet, until you do it again. See? I told you we needed titties, we've been sleeping for far too long.

How did you forget? Entertain an ageing man with anecdotes of your wild wild life. Tell me your wildest stories, share with me your biggest triumphs and your biggest failures. Tell me, for the first time, open up, I'm only here now as I am now, later I will come as something different, but now, before the judgement, tell me of you. Tell me your story for isn't it like that in your hope filled heart that everyone has a story to tell? Everyone is a fool, a lover, a villain or a hero. Tell me of what you've done with life. Tell me the tales that none else have heard.

We pass these words to each other, friends with undying loyalty as we grew up together and we'll stick around for each other, no matter the fucking what, we'll stick here to you, we'll back each other up. We're sitting in a kitchen, it's a dirty kitchen, it's my kitchen and the tulips died a week ago and the water's dried up, unmoving shades of life that will crackle and turn to dust if touched, the beautiful Rushka porcelain from a designer who knew how a cup should feel between the fingers, filled with ice-cold orange juice or hot coffee. We're still in the kitchen, I'm working up my buzz, a couple of beers, a few shots of zubrowka, second joint being passed around and someone's out in the hallways, getting some coke and I catch myself in thinking that it should have been me that had the goldfish memory and retarded laughter as I constantly smoke but here he stands, telling us it's really good shit, better than last weekend which funnily enough was what he said last weekend and I drown myself in naivete as I know that the drugs that keep coming in just become better and better and in one year from now you'll find me on the mountain

of cocaine further down the street and I'll be lying on top of it dead, with blood and shit flowing through the white dunes and there'll be people everywhere, finally getting their greed satisfied, snorting themselves to death bringing them into the history books from afar

and as we tell the story to each other, each one giving a piece, rumbling laughter and everyone's in the zone and everyone's here but it's not crowded, it's not intimidating, there are no silences because no one has thought about it. We're sitting in that kitchen, the sun's setting and it's early yet but there's this magic in the air, this tingle in the

brain. It's one of those days when everyone has enough to drink, someone brings pizza and because there are only friends that have known each other for far too long, there's something honest in the air which everyone knows will change when we step out of our own boundaries and into the boundaries of everyone else.

Did you see the grimace that I made? Did you see the tear that went down her cheek when she saw you, now? Did you listen to them? Did you listen to the people and their gentle song? Did you partake in honesty in that discussion or were you after the redhead? They've said that the government haven't heard their people's voices for far too long but we listen to their hum every day, we listen to the people under the stairs.

You will come in through that door soon. I know it, I've known you far too long. I'm passing out now, some are breaking away, they're leaving and I can hear you, I can hear your voice through the hum of the people, the radiance
Too many hours of drugs, too little drugs going up and I think I'm in my bed and from my headset I can faintly hear some pink floyd and I grow so shallow as I go on a spiritual walk on drugs, a whole bed vibrating in different colours and feelings and life is a scrapbook of memories and that's about it.

You'll come through the door, gently, asking if I'm asleep and I'll make a sound that resembles no and you'll ask if it's okay if you crash here, still so gentle because we didn't speak much tonight and I'll say yeah, I'd love for you to do that and then I'll try to sit up and get these rags of my body and you're a little bit confused, you're still thinking until I turn on the light and you go calm and I go bathe in your skin and in one hour you'll ask me

do you love me?

and I'll say
not yet

you'll say
everyone will always be too late

and I'll say
it's the fate of humanity

and you'll say

Everyone will always be too late (2nd thoughts)

We sat the stars in our hearts, let the fires shine, fought teeth, talon and nail. We believed in what we did, we thought it was a reason for us doing it this way, we thought we'd seen something, heard something or simply understood something. We thought we were in the know, into a zone where the light still shimmered dark where there were no ups and there were no downs. The light was reflected, the light was dead and dormant hiding in a zone of carnivorous insight. We were dreaming, all of us

of a final escape. Jumping from a shuttle at the same moment it collapsed against the spacetime. We were filled with gigantic thoughts, heavy and sullen as we stood at the edge of the abyss, wondering to jump or not.

Fear was seizing us by the heart when we stood there. Uncertainties were cropping up in our minds and there was something else here, something different shadowing through our minds, there was an echo, there was the sound of life going through our heads and minds, there was a small smell of reverberation, an echo or a ricochet that told us we'd done wrong that if we jumped now all what we thought we worked for would be lost but we didn't work for any of it, each and every one of us wanting to live a life without friction for our minds were filled with the filth of it

As they sit down and drink the might, the power and the love, the lust, the darlings crazy go crawling through our heads, go crawling through our minds, head up and on beyond the veil, trying to see the colours of an afterlife in the life itself

- We sit and discuss Bourdieu
- We sit and discuss Nin (and how it evolved post fragile)
- We sit and discuss a world order, ours now and completely new

It's in the wind, like smelling a hundred acres filled with pot, like walking past a homeless guy who shat himself in sleep.

A man walks by, picking up two coins from his pocket and for the first time in his life he gives money to a homeless, pressing a coin to each eyelid, something stirs within him and we sit in the window watching, drinking cheap prosecco seeing two unknown people doing this pact and we sit and see him, judging his old worn out burberry, his old dior coat and the new and shining stetson. Did we ever capture a human soul?

See to it now, evacuate the following.

Listen to him who said that the empire never ended. Remember that you live in a black iron prison. Remember that our world defines the concept of restriction, Ahriman tried to escape from Ohrmazd. Remember that those who believe in freedom are evil. Remember, remember fucktard, see beyond the shining stars of this alien galaxy, peer upon the fish in the darkest of the abyss, remember the lessons they taught you in the moon is a harsh mistress, remember to grok or try to grok everything that passes you by. Remember that life is the game played upon you by the riddler, twoface and joker, believe you are batman almost on the verge of either rescuing BOY WONDER, the love of your life or the entirety of Gotham City. Peer upon it now, ye.

Would you save one life, one soul or would you save a city of lives, a city of souls? Pick a side before they pick one for you, THEY SAY, see beyond the veil, see beyond the mortal remains of what we don't even no longer mean, what we no longer even need, feel the brandy warming your throat, feel the cheap prosecco sliding behind it, think and sit and dream that you live in a movie, preferrably a romantic comedy because everything ends so heart-warmingly good.

Life is good, isn't it, life is the meat of a perfect peach, life is the fulfillment of your role. Life youngsters, you have already believed you have conquered most of it but now you're heading downhill, growing 22, discovering why your parents did what your parents did and scorn turns to respect and you know deep inside your heart that you've already betrayed who you were BUT WAS IT CHANGE OR WHUT

WHU

WHUT

WHUT

WHUT

What the fuck do you remember when you wake up at 36, your first metathought still churning up inside your mind, still no answers, still no new questions. I'll meet you later on, I'll see you later on and I'll already know you, I'll know you from bourdieu, I'll know you from the game and I'll tell you these superficial lies and you'll believe it, you'll grow scared of me, find some respect dug down deep for me and you'll show it to me, you'll grow somewhat attached to me and you'll never have understood, never have seen

LIKE I HAVE SEEN

LIKE WE HAVE SEEN

Fettered and feathered shackles

"Let me forget said the wolf Let me forget that under these paws there were once five fingers that caressed the sun, let me forget that under this fur was once a man, once a woman and once a child, let me forget the sweeping wind of the past, let me pass by without friction."

- the Necronomicon, preface by Olaus Wormius

By time, we forget. We've forgotten what we learned at 16, popping our first meta thoughts. We've seen the sun set and seen it rise no different than any day before and we've held the hands of our lovers and our friends and told each other that this will be a special moment. We attach ourselves subjectively to objects in our sphere, in our world. We juggle, wanting to maintain little friction but we always see back to the moments of friction as when we learned something, when we saw something new. In the struggle between doing the dishes and realizing that she did in fact not love you.

These are the echo dreams. This is when you should be learning but won't. Most people apply this logic to their schoolwork or to their work or anything else but that of being a human, ergo, the analogy of sheep or ants fit perfectly as everyone is a very decent worker just not very decent people. You are allowed to bear arms. Thus, we should bear arms. CONTROL is what's happening when one has to look to the institutions for answers, guidance or inspiration. CONTROL is what's happening when we're so fucking bored and understand what we are doing but still won't give a shit because it's boring. It's not apathy. It used to be apathy but then it got upgraded and refurbished with a web2.0 logo for the new century.

The trends and fashions are the same the prophet mused as he watched the women in his master's harem. As above so below he said out loud and was caught in between Universe A and Universe B and saw the battle that was there, that will always be there and have always been there. The fracture is growing every day from the healthy A and the diseased B and the blind idiot machine, God, is yet again trying to restrain the diversities of both universes within one form, one body. The creator sits silently for a long time before joining the fray against God, against an irrational godhead within an irrational universe.

This is every story you've ever told, this is every story you've ever listened to.

Listen to the germs out in your unwashed toilet. Hear their hum. Can you hear it? Try going closer with a bottle of chlorine. Hearing it now? Yeah, they're headed for a crescendo somewhere down that road, yeah and as you go closer you can hear dies irae booming from that toilet and when you open the cap and the odour spreads you feel it. The emancipation. The silence before the chlorine. All is washed away, everything is dead. If you didn't make peace with god or yourself, it's too late.

Let us not remember our old ways our old fashions, let's not even remember why we're in the middle of this, why we're here. It's off our shoulders now, we shouldn't remember this. We shouldn't have this knowledge, not now. We shouldn't remember that every one is buddha or a glimmering shard of hope amidst all these anglers in that lake of darkness. Not all our stories are good stories, not all our stories are interesting stories. We have all stories to tell which is the same story all of us have heard but we still relate to things with attaching our subjective to our objective.

I have no desire to be buddha, I have no desire to save anyone and not myself. There is no salvation. There is no hope, there is no judgement. There's no justice, love nor revenge, there's just us.

For none save seven returned from castle revolving

We drive down into the darkness. We try to find our souls, we look for them the deeper we go, but the further down we go, the darker it gets and it's only alien fishes that light it up. Some local indians say that dreams are stored down there, horrible souls from another age, keeping to themselves or being caught. They say they are gods and god-killers and sun eaters. They say, one day, they will wake up and harvest

mankind. They are called the Sheeda and is our evolutionary pinnacle, time travelled and Aurakles threw the spear, whose name is both Love and Vengeance through ten thousand years. Aurakles mad, seven soldiers will unravel the attack.

They might fail. The world will end. So whatcha gonna do?

Yawn? You've seen it all before. Zombipocalypse? Got a shelter in the basement and no movies have predicted a very long life-span, so three years down there just masturbating and smoking pot sounds peachy keen and you've seen to it that it will work.

Meteor from outer space? Don't worry, they'll make it, sacrifices must be made but hey, that's how it goes when the finger of god touches your brain.

Enviromental disaster? I'm not much of a hippie but we've been kinda retarded so, why the fuck not?

Pick one. You know the scenario, you know their strengths and you know their weaknesses and it's gonna be allright. Yeah, don't worry. Relax, you've earned it because you're the TRUE hero, right? You know how you do this shit, blue-collar fucktard getting the shitty end of the stick and every day you go home and you feel like a hero, because you're the champ man. You're the champ.

The Sheeda are coming to harvest mankind, to feed upon the memetic languages and our culture. They're gonna harvest our souls and books and yeah, you might die. Actually, you have to die to feed who we will become. You have to die for future generations, or if the Sheeda wipes out enough of themselves, will they be unmade as the universe pops a spoke and we whimper out and our last memory from our collective subconsciousness is that we should've stayed up in the trees.

We are all mimes in a world were few creators touch and every day that we hear about pain we think that it won't happen to us, untill it does, like a fashion trend that looks like shit.

The dreams are down here and old demons too but we can't see what's what because of the fishes. All we see are fishes.

For professor Cramulus

We'll grow the children in the shadows, they'll watch the world outside and scream for mommy dearest but as we, the children, live in vats and are bred in vats, mommy dearest can not hear us and in reality, we aren't screaming, we're only thinking we are. The problem is that the problem only exists in our minds, just like our screams.

They blinded them all when their brains erupted, volcanoes of disintegration spread through the landscape like rats before the black plague but there were no answers, there were no additional questions on which we could build some sort of life upon, we were left in the rubble with a hammer and a chisel and arms for legs. They tried to tell us that we should build from this rubble, we should create that magical something from nothing.

As we did, we broke our hands and broke a sweat and while we saw the change upon the fields and the change upon ourselves it was not enough for where we wanted to be, where we wanted to linger and old memories were still there, deeds done in the field that none knew of save ourselves. We wanted to be cain and we wanted his punishment for killing abel, we wanted that thing which lurks inside our heads to tell us who we were, who we had been and where we were going, paddling upstream in a beat up old kayak

while the world was a vortex far away from our minds and nothing would have made more sense if they popped out, showed us what was going on, televisions in hands and we'd be starstruck when we learned our best friends were respectable actors and actresses, patting us on the back and telling us that what they did

was only a job

There shouldn't be but there were dreams in our cryotanks, like something in the blood had spread that ancient plague, something in the water was spreading us, parts of us memetic as we were, suspended in belief that the future would save us, something we believed until our minds went dead one day, centuries after our second birth as a chisel penetrated the vat

Good luck

For you

I have seen time bend space. I have seen the faces of the future bow down to and be annihilated by the creases of old. I have seen your make-up, I have seen your face right after you wake up, before you sit yourself down by one of those tables they always had in older movies or on a set, with a big clean mirror and shiny bulbs of light, giving you the sun you never see. I have seen you pick away leftovers from a night you don't remember.

I have seen you sitting there, contemplating what mask you should wear and you also go for the sepia coloured china, still glinting and still beautiful but worn with age and wisdom. I have seen in your eyes that you know that for some of the people out there, what mask one puts on isn't important for it's the weakest defense and they see you, like I see you.

You are a tragic story, one of those that comes forth in the light or from beneath dusty shelves, gathering from the people that always seem to walk through the room but never stop in it. You shine on the big screen and you look beautiful at home, you're one of the stories that no one wants to see end.

For a moment, I almost think you existed, like you weren't part of my imagination but that you were real but there is no reality where you go, you go far beyond the dimensions known to man. You bend time as you bend space, with a flick of the wrist

you are the most capable of all magicians on any stage. You are a goddess with divine powers and what you want to see you see and even though your place is not part of the same physical plane as ours, we watch you with reverence, we see you as they used to see gods. We bow our heads to you and we yield with pleasure in our hearts.

We know you are not a god, we know that you are merely human because we see your mistakes and we judge you for no man has ever been kind to his god. Every man has always been afraid of their god and now you, we see you and we see your mistakes.

We are filled with fear.

Gideon made me

"I saw her today at the reception
In her glass was a bleeding man
She was practiced at the art of deception
Well I could tell by her blood-stained hands" - M Jagger & K Richards

The tetragrammaton is written on her back, black ink pushed underneath the skin in one of our many prisons in this age. Blood throbbing under the significance of the secret name of the godhead. The heart beats faster, races as the pain reaches the peak and the frames are all set before the artist fills it in with the black, the spreading darkness leaving her numb before she falls into a trance pronouncing the letters but never the word itself leaving it hidden until she's free.

The order in the universe resonates through her and as she slowly realizes that life has no meaning, love has no meaning and hate has no meaning and reality is a manifestation of qlippoth, discarded souls moving along the corridors, cold doors barring what they see as the light while they themselves think to walk involuntarily in the dark. The grass is always greener on the other side manifests itself in a cult, worshipping toads crucified to the most common religious symbols and promises of a heaven undreamt.

A man sees the name on her back, vaguely glowing and as his panting and moaning grows, the word is set free from this iron prison

Here, my blue eyes

Here. I sit before you on the opposite side of this desk. I know why you're here. You're certain that I have really no idea why you're here. You feel down, abandoned and you cling to that old yarn you heard the first time so long ago. Everyone has a story to tell and there's someone out there who wants to listen to your story. You do not think the quality of the story to matter for where you are now, it's the only thing that matters, that it is yours. Your little inch against the rest of the world. Here I sit, I know this about you. I see you clear as the day. One day you hum to Masters of War as you pop by and you do not know me and I don't know you but I see you, I see the patterns in the way you act, talk and speak. You think I see only the mask you don every day but I know your mask is useless. You are no more your face than you are

the muscles, fat and tissue underneath it. You can strip the world for all its masks and many have tried but they have changed nothing, just told us what we already know and given us one more way of guarding our masks for this is MAN: THE SOCIAL ANIMAL giving each other restrictions as we build the cities in our hearts.

But I sit here now, just in front of you, here I sit with my two blue eyes. The world is against you you say once when you're down because your boyfriend left the day before with one of his groupies, fucked her in your bed too. Everything is against you but you're happy that this is there, there's no need for you now to deal with what troubles your mind, what ails your sick sick soul.

That's not even my definition. It's written in your eyes and your brows and the entirety of your face is being consumed by the guilt and you've done this before and you'll do it again, addicted to the illusion of control loss.

Recovery is all you crave, silence and a week going through life without none knowing you exist. They put you in the limelight where they teach you to dance for them, the masters still hold their voice where the old money and old power is being held by royalists and republicans, no matter where or who they are for they are still kings, warlords in our day and age, controlling assets more valuable than guns and troopers. Aye, it's an old song still sung by the most black and red at hearts but this is still the song, this is it hitting up the beat and you've listened to it so many times, weariness follows an angry moshpit.

Dance for them in this pretty cabaret and see my eyes, see my blue eyes in-front of you as I pierce your personal cloud of mysticism, as I pierce your face and your makeshift mask and I tell you what you need to survive. I set your life back on the tracks, I give you these goals, I give other things to see and I take you to the cinema to show you and the beer down on the pier where we gaze out on the sea and I give you the values you'd wish you have until I leave you and you crumble again but find a little boy to nurture you back to health, to tend your wounds.

I'll see your name next time in the obituaries, there lies a little goth angel born in the wrong century with the wrong colour, time and frame of mind. There was one who wouldn't adapt but would rather die than to struggle on in a life she didn't deem worthy because it never deemed her worthy and her story was never a remarkable one as none of ours are, there are just things happening, there's shit and the stains that remain but there's always something inside, pandora or babushka holds these treasures and they hold them well, locked and contained.

I hate each and every one of you

Because you're special. Because you sit inside your mould for all of life and create beautiful works of art and craft. Because each and every one of you have a story to tell and a distinct way to tell it. I hate you because don't seem to learn, do you? If you want to run through that wall you try three times before you quit, just to do the same thing the next day when someone tells you he has already done it.

But most of all, I hate you because every stereotype of the silent majority and every

fucker in the street fits so easily. Ants in the hill, cows and sheep with dull grape eyes and cogs in the machine. I hate you because I grow weary of hearing the exact same phrases used again and again spanning probably millennia of human history. I hate you because you quote socrates or one of the other greeks when you say that KIDS NOWADAYS and you can't see the connection between yourself and that quote and I hate YOU YOU FUCKING ASS, SINGING BOB DYLAN ON THE AFTERPARTIES OR GOING INTO RADIOHEAD IF YOU'RE TOO FUCKING DESPO AND YOU SING WORDS THAT RING OUT OF YOUR MOUTH WITH HOLLOW FALSENESS because you haven't even made a fucking effort to understand what the words are about and you pride yourself with never having read a book, seen a movie or play or heard a piece of music that challenged you. You fell asleep as your brain locked down and your will was somewhere else on the floor, wrapped in dead children and latex.

I love you because you're my friends and some of you are so fucking intelligent and we agree on many things but you just spit it out, you've thought about what you're too say but there are so many repeat performances, the perfect testament of your stagnation and you re-use the dreams you used to have as a kid and fit them into the frame of reference you currently possess and you don't see it yourself.

Or you talk about ego-loss, ego-death, reciting tool texts, remembering listening to comfortably numb on acid and you preached for the better part of a year about the necessity of obliterating ones own ego and I was there with ya brah, but I stopped and eventually you stopped when ego was getting daily fellatios and you turned into shit and gold, mud and flame.

Yet, it was okay for you to do both, preach ego death and ego itself and when cornered perhaps quoting pound or whitman, ignoring the voice in the back of your intellect that says fuck I misunderstood, I gotta turn now, this is just wrong. Is that your pride swelling? Your honor?

You didn't listen my darling lsd friend and what baffles me most is how well you managed to turn away. You've read a copy of V for Vendetta to shreds and yet the sentence "It's not what happens before the loud bang that is important, it is how we fill the silence afterwards" managed to escape you. Let me share a piece of information I've been able to gather while I've been here, which is 24 years:

Nothing worthwhile doing is easy and nothing ever stops.

You are the blind, waiting for your one-eyed king to guide you.

I re-type as I re-invent

I steal as I create something myself, I kid the the gloves on vauxhall panes and I keep driving into the golden setting sun with a bottle of tequila in hand heading for one sort of oblivion. I see the names of old dead masters and I recreate their names, I redo their work and drop one liners from 007 and army of darkness as I sit myself down by the tablet and I draw.

I draw mickey mouse with a hitler stache, I draw calvin klein with manboobs and for every drawing discarded I find my voice. I become less ethereal, more solid and more alive and as I grow they hear my voice and my bewilderment. They drink them you know, they drink old ideas like vintage Vine, collecting the powerful drops of mickey, scrooge, roger rabbit and cthulhu every season before they dilute it in cheap metaphors and images, always readily available from the mainstream market.

By observing the inhabitants for longer periods of time, it seems like they have a burning desire to play ctf. Their laughs are always nervous when speaking about that or democratical votes put out. There is also a lot of fear in their tone when first attempting something they've been studying theoretically for years. The burden of information eats it up and this is all that's left. There are no easier routines and as some of the pigs in the den have said "There is no surrender, only defeat".

Some of the days when I wake up and look out into the yard there are more pigs than humans, everyone has the same colour on their skin, bloated small waterheaded miracles going around doing their duties talking amongst themselves, not how to free one another but rather how and why neurocam does what it does.

where location location location is the mantra of the money hungry suits of the world convenience convenience convenience is the unheard shriek of the dead-dormant masses. Dadaspeak turned into english a long time ago and Orwellian is now only to describe a certain time of nightmare which can also be removed by several therapeutical sessions from a dominatrix.

I feel, in my times here, that I can no longer speak about freedom. The inherited god lets out a small mumble and freedom==slavery, slavery==historical/archaic/useless. It still rings in my ears, like a real shitty punk concert or a bomb in the shopping mall none of which are really favoured: just truths. Freedom does not exist. Freedom is another type of restraints control. You are not the masters of your own lives, you are not the architects of your own fate.

We would do well to remember that we only are products. We need more information to be handled well, like used cores from hot reactors. The definition of me is encoded in all of you and vice versa. I know myself only when staring at myself through the looking glass of everyone else. I do not know the silence that creeps from the moors, I do not know myself in this silence for I have none to speak to.

I see men come and go

It was now I should've gotten it, seeping through the cracks of my mind hitting me where it pleases me most. An awakening, been preparing for this forever. My eyes are numb and my mind is sore, the tiredness of the situation and these old dreams we don't wear anymore with their lipstick on the wrong way, smudged this life is as we try to fathom it, try to take it all in before we make a decision. Emily Dickinson's fog was rising and we're here now, we're looking at these strange faces made of clay and we're still here, dead to the world but breathing.

They won't look twice at us, they won't send in the military to stomp down our procession, they won't look at us twice as we jump quickly through the shadows, passing on life as it passes us by, the way we won't remember it, busy and hectic, filled with the seriousness of the situation, what got us here, to this place where we were dreamt, when the mouths of the world are open, when the volcanoes will no longer burst and the old gods still lingering under the iceberg will not come to our aid for this is where we are truly alone, this is the only path where you are alone

It is a golden road to Xanadu and Samarkand we have tread upon, leaving small tokens of humanity as we pass the crossroads and intersections and we aren't walking on the road of life, we aren't experiencing the spheres or indras net, we're just observing as the planes land and we eat microwaved breakfasts in airport cafeterias

There are no wrong calculations, there are no wrong ideas to deflect upon, there is no truth left anywhere for it's all softened down to perspectives and the multi faceted life of the midwife hangs over us like doom, for the one who delivers us, how can we expect to lie to her, how can we expect to go further and dream of other things when we can stop thinking of her, our midwife, hanging on to us, seeing through our eyes, souls and mirrors, watching us seize up and die

They're hanging on to us, like we hung onto them, they are needy as we were needy once before but where we think we have learned, they have learned, they have understood and seen and are still, watching like hawks, the junkies and the time travellers drink in the same pub and that was where we first stumbled upon an answer, so young and so frail and so right but so scared
Our fingers are the devil, our fingers are demon, the host itself watches over the seven thrones and looks glaringly at us from a distance. We lost the first try, we lost that important dice roll and the gods were all looking away when he threw it on the ground, hurled it like a spear and it shattered the world

it shattered the golden road we'd walked upon for so long and we saw the cracks and underneath the layers of gold we found the hardest whitest porcelain and as we touched it something touched us and we were left again to our own devices, to our own designs

We were at a crossroads, still watching and every road that led from the crossroads were broad and paved with gold and we walked those roads still with the fond memory of the porcelain underneath, our steps were different now, sometimes lighter, sometimes harder, bordering on trampling and we marched sometimes when someone sang that song, that old lonely song

- That old ballad

I'm in love with a strict machine

"... When you send me a pulse
Feel a wave of new love
Through me
I'm dressed in white noise

You know just what I want
So please ...

I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love with a strict machine

I'm in love, I'm in love
I'm in love with a strict machine"

- Goldfrapp, Strict Machine

Did it? Did it last past september or was it already broken? Was there a heart in your socket or did I fuck something else? Did you love me? Did I love you? Did any of us ever love each other or were we simply in love with each others strict machines? And now, here we go, count it down, we're in love love love, we're in love, we're here and in love

with a strict machine

and we talk pretty in pink, our glasses once filled with kir royal towering over us as we wait for the next guy with a champagne sabre and our love wasn't founded in me, wasn't founded in you or any of us but we found love in the bottle, we found love in the prescription pills and the non prescription ones and these things just happened, we just happened all of us, see buddha there, yeah, right over there, a ghost with the same aura as obi wan, soon we'll cover the world in tacky ghosts but we'll smile and we'll go down into that bottle together because our love isn't like anyone elses, our love is unique because there is no love, there are no butterflies, there is no nervousness

there is only the strict machine

we'll go down and drunk and we know the hollow thuds and thunks that follow the act of love but we have no need to see our souls touch, we have no need to expose our dna for while the soul is pure and can be redeemed, our dna can't, our dna is hideous with a hideous marketing scam attached to it but it doesn't matter now does it, we didn't fall in love for this moment or these moments, we fell in love so we could be our own strict machines

as the voices tower and there's this drunk over by the window at the end of the bar, drinking whiskey sours because he wanted to be tom waits but couldn't stomach it

like everyone else couldn't stomach it

because you'll have to learn to drink whiskey, you'll have to go through unless you have that vicious talent for drinking and there's no peer pressure for that, like there's coffee, like there's work for whiskey my darling liebchen loved one, is like love

is like life

we put you out on the streets and hope you'll learn this shit yourself and while we prepare you for work through school we can't really prepare you for love as we can't prepare you for life and we can't prepare you for reality because it's your job

fuckwad

it's the job of your perfect soul and your imperfect dna and it's the most important one but I've seen you, I see you all the time and let me tell you a secret because you always want a secret, you always want a revelation so you can relate this, so you can relate, subject to subject

I'm afraid. I'm filled with fear. Most days I don't walk outside my apartment, I stay inside and I live in my bubble, I'd rather not talk to you whether you're a discordian or whatever the fuck you are and I tried long and hard to change, I tried to be the bubbles in my prosecco but you're just not worth it, your thoughts aren't worth shit and for me, your thoughts outweigh your actions for your actions are always up for interpretation and there's so many theories I can't be arsed to see, can't be arsed to understand to understand you because you're afraid too, we're all afraid here

but you

you

yeah, you

you're afraid of your thoughts, you're afraid of the revolution that's going to happen in your head and you don't want it, you'd rather find praise for what you do and by all means do it for you bring entertainment to our worlds and it'll make me happy

Some conspiracy theory once asked; when was the last time you had a thought that wasn't put there by THEM?

So, when was it? When did you follow the golden rule of magick? When did you ever create something out of nothing?

nono, don't answer, it'd spoil the fun, we all grew up with legos, so let's play, let's build bricks, let's create a wall on someone else's foundation

and let's fall in love, let's fall in love with that strict machine

Let me tell you why I did it

I was in a violent mood that day. I'd been surrounded by the piss, the shit, the filth and too good friends for long. My mind grew dank, my mind had grown somewhere and I

wasn't really paying attention. I was so bored. I was bored with the sparkle, I was bored with the shit and there was no difference if I drank champagne from crystal or if I drank ale from dirty jugs but I drank more champagne than I did ale and I thought I was enlightened, I thought I was born enlightened. My intellect told me that I wasn't but there was my intuition, there was always my intuition. My most prized object in world I saw as completely mad and as I laughed of all the wrong things and wept of all the wrong things and as I continued to take life seriously for I was a serious young boy, a bright young lad who was taken by books rather than soccer.

Then, I did it. I killed myself. I wrote myself a list of everything that meant anything to me in any form, I wrote a list of anyone I ever cared for or hated and I wrote a list of what I never wanted to become. This you see, was the way I could find illumination, enlightenment. I was in error, I'd always been in error.

It was a case of poorly placed love. There is a hand or the action of a hand that many men feel in their lives. Women feel it too but that is different. It's from a different angle where the light is shed into kinder shadows but the action of this hand flairs up when it rocks the cradle. When the man, not too late at night rocks his loved child to sleep, a sensation of deja vu sweeps through him, only, it's not deja vu, it's something else entirely which he understands as he is locked in his position, frozen over the infant making googoo gahgah noises, soon going to sleep and there are so many thoughts in that mans head then and anyone can stretch their hand and select any thought they want and make it their own. The thought they stretch upwards to Icarian flames is usually this.

I can kill this child and nothing would matter after I've done it.

Then, based on personality, they create the most elaborate of schemes inside their heads within seconds and they already know the story. How it will be told to the police, how it will be told to the neighbours, how it will be told through the wire and the press. There is no cover story. There is only the death of the infant for no other reason that one had the possibility of doing so.

"What can change the nature of a man?" - Ravel Puzzlewell, Planescape Torment

There are two great stories in the world. One is love and the other is vengeance. Through these ancient of stories comes other stories, smaller stories but every story written is based on love, is based on vengeance, every human life is based on either these. The notion of illusions is created by those too smart for this world, a segment I call "Genius and Lazy" for most genius people are lazy while most lazy people aren't genius. You say there are illusions but I beg to differ as someone else here, on this very board, begged to differ that there is no world spanning conspiracy driven by will. The illusions are our cushions so that we shan't fall so hard when we one day realize that everything we fed them in their little man speeches are there for us too. They say that death knows no rank, death knows none but the flesh it can feast on.

Really?

Death. What story is death? What is all this shit about death? It happens or it don't and when it almost happens why do we think that it could never happen to us? We are special, we've built this fabulous world where we go around and cast spells all day on those we love and the only thing we are, is bored. Did you spot a silver lining? Did you find a frame of reference where you could live your life and be happy about it, did you see something none other had seen, a hidden beauty, a gem tucked away in the filth? Of course you have, because you're special, special like a face scarred with a glasgow kiss, special like a crystal of the whitest snow dropping from the heavens and into our streets where you turn black along with your perfect wings.

Did you find something that mattered? Did you seize it and did you hold it tight to your bosom for the rest of eternity? If you didn't, you should. There is no salvation for yourself or for others. There is no hope for either yourself or for others. There is no light in the darkness, everything has turned gray. Was there something you could fight for? Was there something you could die for?

Yes, that old tale. How many men have died for their country and how many of them wanted to do so? Do you believe in your country? Do you believe in a god somewhere, benevolent or not, do you believe in something bigger than yourself? Stop. Go back to your work for you must pay your bills, you must supply food for yourself and your loved ones, mustn't you? Change the world, change yourself or change yourself, change the world.

I lost my hope on a dreary wednesday afternoon, drinking tea and eating scones. I'd met with someone who I hadn't met in a long time but it wasn't her fault that my epiphany shone through the dark clouds, it wasn't her fault that I was brought to some crude enlightenment. She was a backdrop and up until then I'd believed the whole world was a stage and most of the time, comedies were put on. Nothing shakespearian for shakespeare wouldn't have shit to write about us. I got home and made my lists before I killed myself.

Living life as it should be

This is about the city. It's about the filth and shit and the vermin. It's about humans. It's about Pavlov and his dogs.

It isn't about hope. It isn't about love. It isn't about beauty and it isn't about illusions, it's not about fnords and it sure as hell isn't about discordianism.

We can't all be eris.

Tick tick tick as we drive through the madness that's forever fornicating in our local newsstands, the dawn of mankind they say, that's when the shiznit hit it, that was the time when we should have been alive some say while others jump uneasily into the corner saying THATS WHEN THE DINOSAURS LIVED and every weekend and every day perhaps we go home to these fuckers, half drunkkkkkkk but never enough but he says he has more, he says he has something that'll blow our minds so far out of the water we don't ever want to touch alcohol again, never want to touch any drug

whatsoever for we'll be so fucking blown out of the water that we don't know what way is up, what way is down and he's pasty and pastry with a complete lack of chin but with long jetblack hair, recently dyed and I'm getting drunker as we walk home to the guy and we sit down in his little ikea shithole, giddy with anticipation and he's one of those fuckers asking if we want tea before he presents his merchandise and while he's boiling the fucking water and i'm not drunk enough to say that he shouldn't and i'm not drunk enough to slap my legs on his table and demand something that'll blow my mind completely and annihilate it all, oblivion is where I want now and he does this tea ritual like he's some kind of old chinese poet, treating the china with reverence before he puts on some old roswell tape from the early nineties and it's so tacky and so is he.

I fall asleep.

The anti-climatic yesterday brings me out into the street, out among the beggars, drunks and businessmen, the only people awake this time of morning. I've never liked beggars, drunks or businessmen. Beggars because I've never known any that wasn't backstabbing thieves, drunks because they're too fucking boring and businessmen are a mix of the both. The salt of the earth.

No. This doesn't work. This is not who they are.

They are the filth and the whores and the thieves and shits of this world, they are the vermin, spaced out enough that you'll get your dose before getting home, a brain filled with rancid waste and

This doesn't work either. It feels like there's misery underlying, there's a story to be told, an interesting story to be known.

There is none. People may have stories to tell but as everyone forgot they're buddha and I'm waging that the same percentage doesn't know how to tell their life-stories or any story interesting at that. There's nothing to say about them for we all know about them. Anyone with half a brain can see beyond the veil, watch that which is there and not what they want to have there. Illusion = impotence. We have no idea what we're doing, scraping our brains off of half coordinated gestures, blushing at the walls we built for ourselves so that we could do like good old peer gynt, we could go to the left or the right but never straight through, never straight to.

It's okay. I mean really, I've laid a few bricks on that wall myself. We've all been afraid for stupid shit. This is dangerous, because we've been afraid and we've learned, yeah we've learned, past past past past past past, we haven't learned jackshit for the future. We've understood that the mechanisms for fear are the same mechanisms for love, hate and every other feeling out there, just with different patterns of interpretation. We've learned that there's really nothing to fear when asking a girl out for a date, we've learned that there's really nothing to fear when we're going 110 heading for a tree.

We've gotten perspective on it but we haven't gotten a perspective on our lives as we

wallow in fear but things we don't recognize as fear, new things or simply shit that has an added component we like so much that we disregard any other mechanics. BLIND MOTHERFUCKERS BLIND.

I'm so tired now, I think I sleep 14 hours a day. It's that time of year again but there's no snow but the snow made it all brighter, made it more beautiful, coated everything with a layer of illusion that has no agenda. Humanity has failed at whatever mission. Pick one and it's failed it. From trying to evolve into celestial gods or just learning how our fucking thumbs work, we've failed. We were trying to do something here on this globe but travelling salesmen came by and gave us baubles.

We sure love ourselves some baubles and what we love even more is when history repeats itself as it's so fucking comfortable, we've read the books we know what happens and like we build ourselves a cubicle of fear first day at the office before getting comfortable, we do it again. Just because it's the same thing. Now they're saying we're specializing. Facilitating. Innovating.

We're not. We're shooting ourselves in our feet, forgetting that we're bleeders.

Love hate truman

"One man showed up at a federal building, asking for release from the reality show he was sure was being made of his life."- Yahoo news snippet on Truman syndrome

You have all conceivable right. Not only do you have all rights but you should always be, should always see it, not shoving it underneath your pillow or ignoring it. You have a right to be mad and you should be mad. You should be angry and for all that bile and poison that's working up inside you will most likely kill you, not the ones it's directed at. Because you're really a good person. You might talk loud, you might scream and people that don't know you might look upon you as angry or angsty but those that do know you, know that your heart is kind.

We all know that we should love, possibly from early childhood we are taught that love is the most superior thing. Love gives meaning where there was none. Love can cure sick hearts and heal diseases - Love is in the air. Love is wonderful, it makes us feel well, it does something to us that we're usually too afraid to do. Drugs can also have that effect but unless you had a guided trip with a spiritual leader of some kind, drugs don't stay in your body, drugs disappear, the effect disappears. Which brings us back to love.

Which brings us to hate for isn't hate and love the same word, the same feeling with different mechanics? What is hate if not love? What do you do for hate that you do not do for love or vice versa? Why should we not hate when we should love? Why are we not taught to cultivate hatred, to build it up and see how it functions? Why is hatred that which comes before an apology or a feeling of guilt? As I see it, there are two strong emotions, love and hate. In the other end of the scale, we find apathy, the

complete lack of either functions. By following this theory, hate should be as equally blind as love, non? Give the bitch a sword and the amalgamation of love and hate and here we have justice. Did you know that justice was called judgement back in the day?

Blind but not like bats. Blind like an old man, with white rotting skin sitting in his cave and waiting for the one-eyed king to lead him the way. That kind of blindness. Some should say that we are cured of our blindness or some of us are, living with the delusions of being Truman and not really distrusting everyone we know or going into a hissyfit as what they're doing is just their jobs.

"Meanwhile, researchers in London described a "Truman syndrome" patient in the British Journal of Psychiatry in August. The 26-year-old postman "had a sense the world was slightly unreal, as if he was the eponymous hero in the film," the researchers wrote."

Not doing the whole discussion of reality television as people were morons with hopes of grandeur before there was tv but is all it takes to feel as if the world is slightly unreal? Who hasn't ever felt that the world is slightly unreal? Who hasn't believed that this is an illusion and all of it is a hoax? I mean, if you're one of the people with rand or däniken on the nightstand, what parts of the world do you even accept as real? What can be trusted? What can be distrusted, what can be conditioned from birth as in a Huxleyan reality or most importantly, what can't?

The heart. When we love or when we hate all we know is our heart and while we may have been pavlovian dogs earlier, we do not tap into that when we clench our fists and scream. When we hate at something founded, when we get pissed off because we're out of toilet paper and coffee filters. It is what we fall back on, it is our second plan, our emotions. I have met bright people that have felt that we should never submit to hatred because it would have been the same as stunting our evolutionary growth while the same crimethincers believed that love is good because love is pretty. You see, hatred makes us like them and whether it's the political competition or the chimpanzees they're talking about, what is really wrong with giving in to our hate and smash something? It won't change anything but when did ever love do, change something that wasn't part of your world?

Narcissus Pond

Here. It was here it happened. It was here that we saw what would make us, what would shape us in the silver spoon, as the devil himself is standing there, pressing souls into moulds, creating every crevice, every orifice and every thought, every flaw and every perfection. We saw Ibsens old devil and he'd glance around and see us, noticing us like we used to notice the ants that crawled on our table on a clear and vivid summer's day as we drank port, gazing into the gardens where we saw future/past showing us the ants crawling from our skin in a locked room, forgetting for the first time our fear of life.

It watched us as the hawks soaring for the sky watched the fox farm, gluttony rising

on the scale of sins as we licked our fingers and watched the seventeen year olds growing up in the summer, admiring the beauty that comes before bitterness, the shadow from the trees showing us the dead as they walk, their entire lives superimposed over our minds. Our hearts race each other and die, there is the feeling of a tentacle grasping the mind, something losing before we ourselves lost. There is a child being born from the old moulds and he has been born more than once but the monkeys never remember the trees.

At the pond, Narcissus aged sixteen sits, watching his mirrored image among the dead leaves and thinking about reality bites, thinking about the loneliness of his own, his release from every duty and he knows it with his body now that freedom has always had a price and none will hear of this story, there is no chronicler, nothing is arranged, this is personal. It is not a story for the history books, the realm where the librarians are aiding and abetting creating a different reality, perceivable only in what seems like two dimensions, there is always something lacking and we leave the words out, the tetragrammaton something too old to be a use for us for there are too many true gods for any of them to gain any power

We are born in the bickering sound of zealots, scholars who bicker on principle and of power, god died and he was born into man, enlightenment had been achieved and we had all gone that long walk, we had seen it the way you believed it to be as some of us walked on the roof of indiras net, gazing beyond with godsight and touching reality once more, an easy mould in the backs of our hands

"Sunday is gloomy,
My hours are slumberless
Dearest the shadows
I live with are numberless"

Our lips touch the tune, we hear it suddenly, there is an elevation in perception, time is feeling nonexistent, time is feeling like a black hole around the edges of our fingers, we're at the crossroads where our minds bleed into each other with the truth flowing off at the edge, a reality formed like a disk where the ships never sail towards the edge, where daredevils are born drinking rum and laughing at death waiting and they have always been the people who have seen the truth or the worst of humanity but they have seen something, those who stand there are our oldest minds and some are the wisest minds.

We hear the scholars and priests at their refuges, barren rocks climbing from the murky depths of the sea and underneath it, hell. Life was easier then, life wasn't an oppressive burden, life was tasting like a fresh mango and prison wine, life was repulsive and beautiful before we lost ourselves to our memories, passed a threshold not in time but in mind and we turned into cabbages, carrots and brussel sprouts. Diseased fingers picked us up in the markets before they put us in the micro or buried us under synthetic products that was made for the first travellers to outer space and now celebrated in the new church where the world resides

That chapel, at the heart of the world where everyone knew, everyone saw it, these

men even felt it, the strains of it all upon the skin of their minds and like the men driving the trains across poland they kept their silence and spent their money on drink, drowning themselves alive as everything was revealed to them, the canvas stripped from the frame and behind the frame the model sits with his thighs open and we see the stars and suns in his loins, we see hell in his heart and we see the flesh decaying, boils filled with puss bursting, cellar doors filled with mediocre murders and murderers, open throats filled with scripture and none even trying to dance, everyone always trying to observe

the heart of those that pass them by

trying to see truth or a new answer or a new question, something new born from the forms of the old, a revolution being described in a pre language, transmitted like a virus through the heads of the dead, the pigs squeal when the prods hit their skin and we blind ourselves so we may discuss, we sacrificed our eyes to see if something new can be gained in vivisecting the ideas of old, re visiting the perspectives of old but most of the discussers get stuck in places where nothing changes and all they have are the details where walt disneys devil sits on a three-legged stool, waiting to milk us

Human life is two dimensional, social animals like we are we refer to things in the past tense that have made us what we are, never what we're doing or will do, time is viewed as a linear entity and thus, time becomes linear and the story is omnipotent and history is the tome where everything is revealed save the truth

As the Good Reverend notes in his texts, Elvis had seen it, Elvis had seen the new truth, contained mostly within the states where the illuminated ones were born with more ferocity, in Europe they dabbled to more traditional careers for people of that bent and they were the kings of the broken wastelands, they were the pictures of ma and pa by the world's biggest teflon covered frying pan hanging from an old tree where they used to hang niggers, a world still used in every day practice down there, a magic being ended. If you wish to be famous all you ever need to do is to create three lousy singles or paintings or stories, get a fit and pretty body where one should tattoo the word "NIGGER" as big and loud as possible and strip down.

Here. Here was where it were, here was it we shot that fourteen year old nazi in the head. In his pockets we found gold fillings and a battered copy of the talmud sown into her gear and her long blonde hair was concealed by the helmet. She was beautiful and we wept as we understood what we had done before we put her on a stack of hay and fucked her

We went back to our homes, our wives and daughters, our sons growing up with wooden lee enfields, wishing a sten for christmas and we smiled at them and ate that delicious pie cooling in the window sill, technicolor dreams showing us reality working its way back beyond the borders of the black iron prison, superimpositions growing wild in every direction like sentient plants, spiralling up our dna as everything mimics the snakes

where shadows dwell, we stand. Narcissus thought of it for a long time, it happened

before the known story and he contemplated that question, it had such a violent true ring to it, it felt slippery like liquid silver being poured down the ear of the good king, the one we buried with a heavy heart and in our minds we were alone and we would always be completely alone as none could really find every aspect of us, like we would never find that aspect with anyone else unless luck was had or a stronger god

Narcissus knew he was, he knew that was the truth as he donned his cape and did the v sign with nixon

Next week

Next week I'll begin

Next week I'll do the things that need to be done, the choices that must be made and order must be built in the neverending chaos, civilization must come to the human soul

I cannot doubt anymore, I have to act

Next week will be filled with action, I will make decisions and stick to them, I will learn that growing old also means I'm closer to death

I will learn about the seriousness of the situation

Next week I'll learn about the humans and I will develop a bleeding heart, I will act on intellect and I will vote with my money, I'll do the right thing, bring coherence and stability into the anticosmos

I see that the crossroads are nearing

Next week I'll learn about the devil, understanding the concept of the soul as it is viewed on in professional showbiz and I will kill my dreams and return to school, get a degree within a few years and do something constructive

I will mend my destructive ways

As I'll understand that life is precious, must be protected, love is the highest form of primal emotions and which is why religions are founded upon it, I'll understand that there is no difference between chaos and cosmos, I'll understand that chaos is the same as order just because they're balancing points in a discussion began centuries ago just like the eternal discussion of chocolate or vanilla that only recently ended due to the strawberry cheesecake and these same discussions rage back and forth today between towering personas seeking to create order in their chaos, on rabid messageboards across the internet to dating services devoted to the men and women who still debate

whether it's chocolate or vanilla

No More (the too good men)

The too good men stand on top of a building, downtown somewhere, the city, country or culture is not important and whether they be men or women are also not important. They are debating, rambling occasionally, drinking wine and smoking cigarettes, at the stage of life where they still talk about their parents much, needing acceptance, wishing that those who spawned them understand them. Dreams they have in plenty but every dream is vague and incoherent, has no definitive, has no way of being explained to the world without the loss of essence and the too good men think this and discuss this at length, invoking Burroughs and Gysin's theories about language and communication being virus.

The too good men discuss at length and find that it isn't possible to translate themselves to any language, save for a multitude of languages reminding them of the auster story about the man trying to find a divine alphabet where "broken umbrella" has its' own word. Knowing all the languages in the world would perhaps make them see, would make them able to tell everyone else what these thoughts, dreams and hopes are, solidifying it into coherency and making of them a new strain. The men does not learn more languages in their lives, the men, as they grow older, figure out that there is indeed no need to spread these to others for they immediately think that if these thoughts also become public domain, what will they then use to fill?

These unpronounceable ideals, they find out before they die, are what kept them alive through the struggles, through the mazes and labyrinths of mind and matter, this was what they were, the stable part in the mingling of what people do, say or think. These were the feelings dreams had, the feeling colours and scents have until a memory about a colour or a scent is remembered.

The too good men were those who were shaped in the fashion of mountains that would never be moved with faith or tools, those who would never quote "as above so below" but understood what was meant about it and saw beyond the veil of dull illusions but understood the importance of everyone else's dull illusions.

The too good men sit in their living room and discuss, the madness outside the walls and the cattle moving to and fro. They speak ill of mankind, with bitter tears clogging their bloodstream, generalizing just not enough to include their friends whom they in reality see as partners in crime. The too good men believe that we already are living in the world of 1984 and Brave new world but that the masters, whomever they may be have learned from the books, understood there is really no need to involve politics in the whole ordeal. There is no need for a ruling iron fist and no one likes those that say no. The utopia that holy scripture tell us about and the dystopia Huxley and Orwell teach us about are the same thing. None of these systems are systems that will last forever, further and into eternity. One does not need control but clamouring for control is a distraction that can potentially take up much spare time and the willingness to be distracted is one of mankind's greatest strengths.

Then, they discuss, as the common census is a desire to watch four episodes of Entourage or reruns of Sex and City, does that make us anti humans? Social relativity takes the high seat in their minds and guides the discussion to the outcome everyone

knows must come. Free will, fate, there is no difference. Went there, put there, there is no difference. You're there already and you'll have to make a stand, you'll have to fend for what is yours no matter how little of an inch it is and one of the strengths of the too good men is that they know the lines blur out, society is as cohesive as it is dynamic, like a mexican stand-up comedian using stupid as a punchline for hollow laughs. We have used up all of history, we've heard the stories and we've seen it so many times that it doesn't matter if it happens in front of our eyes on the street or televised with Steven Seagal and Dolph Lundgren. It isn't important to read the book because the movie is there or will be there.

A seed was planted in every religious script. The message can be found there when you delve into them but you stand confused for you haven't heard it like this before. You haven't seen the story of Lazarus with your own eyes and you haven't heard the words of Jesus until you read it, watching over your back, wondering if you're wrong, if you've misunderstood but in your gut you know, still the fear that you are wrong even though you know that for you, being wrong is right. The seed that was planted was a seed of interpretation, like in the older days when a mother would chew a piece of raw meat before passing it to her child, easier to digest. The world hungers for things that are preprocessed, words that have been filtered through a mind before reaching you. There is no need for an iron fist, control is a fickle thing.

The too good men sit up late and drink, bohemian as they are, waiting for the sun to rise, signalling their breakfast hour where they will eat and prepare for their days until the will meet here again. It is monday and the sun is up.

The too good men reconvenes after work, make dinner and drink wine, discussing briefly their hours at work but none of them go deeply inside it, copying the actions of their co-workers as they sit in the lunch-room, discussing odds and ends about their lives, reciting it atonally and rolling their heads back and forth and it isn't until the work is mentioned that the fire in their eyes is rekindled, talking about managing, talking about the accounts, the customers but you know what resides behind their eyes and they'll tell you that at the annual party where most of them will be dressed up in the suits they got when they turned sixteen, to mark the new era of manhood which was upon them. Instead, they talk about the manchego they eat now, never going into the territory of quality before quantity for this is a sanctuary where one does not need to discuss the petty things of life. They do not speak about the things they are good at, they speak about the things they don't know, have no idea about.

The too good men muse over professionalism, the way they see it. Locked inside cubicles, the workers still smart and bright and see that their cubicle is a gilded cage and have no need in viewing it in any other fashion before they come home to their sixteen year old daughter which tells them that they're trapped inside their lives, the lives they created because they wanted security for their children, themselves and their parents as they were heading into the world of the retired and they simply copied the blueprints supplied by their parents, the people they'd known for all of their lives, delving so deep into their childhood memories that they find a source of diminished and dead powers, dreams and operating theatres where dogs only listen when you call them Pavlov.

The too good men continue their talks into the early afternoon and the late evening, mulling over ground they've covered earlier, thinking these thoughts they've thought so many times, figuring out the landscapes of dreams they want to explore and while they know they've been here before, they feel their baby steps into something new and unknown.

They sit and talk about what they are, not what they do, not what they think but the essence of their beings. They've accepted their shortcomings long ago as parts of their personality and stand for what they are now, not what they will be for like the way they talk, they have no idea what the future will bring, what these talks will bring other than glimpses of themselves.

The too good men speak of many things in their week of living together before returning to their ordinary lives, bellies filled with information and sated with understanding and we do not know what unconscious processes the group sat into motion, we do not know each and every good mans underlying desire and most probably, they don't know themselves. They did it and will continue to do it, to rebuild themselves in each others images, to lock themselves inside a different bubble than what they lived and live in every other week of the year. This interest along with the fact that all of these men would shoot themselves in the heart if they were ever to commit suicide is the only thing binding them together in an old fashioned fraternitas.

No matter their cool, no matter their discussions of the souls intent and how much they have grown beyond the limitations of ego, their minds are still shackled in the heart. The drum of life beating sense into the retarded as we all are. For the heart is the mind killer, the heart is not part of how you view yourself, the heart is its own master and has its own agenda, the heart sits on the outside looking in. The ancient tribes did not eat each others hearts to come closer to god but to come closer to themselves, to see how you are with two hearts where one is always loosing and the other is always winning. The levers of fate locked into ancient battle, mangling each other, destroying and creating enough that we do not know what is what.

It is the heart that will topple empires, create revolutions and bring tyranny yet again into the world. The story of the heart is always a tragedy that none wants to experience but only watch at a relaxed distance. It is a story all of us wants interpreted and most of all those with the intelligence to understand its functions for the heart burns more bridges than it builds and the heart is what will lead you into exile.

Dreams are the heart, those which you have when sleeping and those you have when awake which you attach to the hopes and fears the future or past will bring. They are never benevolent, they are never evil but a force we can do nothing about.

I told her to sit on the carpet and show me her vagina. She said she couldn't, rodents had been shitting it up, leaving trails of black residue all over the fake persian rug. Awkward silence happened but she didn't seem to mind. I was standing in the hallway, newly showered and drying my hair, watching in on my part of the flat where she stood, her ass my way with eyes gazing out of the windows. It was cloudy, early autumn and she'd pouted her lips earlier because she had a dream that night, walking

through the botanical gardens watching dead leaves flying through the wind. I went into the room and closed the door which cued her to pick up one of my older ideas titled the too good men. In a sense it was autobiographical like all things one put to paper are. It was an abandoned idea I'd kept with me for some time and even though I knew it would never be anything, I picked it up occasionally and read it (Like I do with wheel of time).

I had this brief flash of information rolling over my brain, my eyes, soul, aura or whatever else it is you believe in while doing the dishes after I made ducks breast with grapefruit, pea pesto and ovenbaked potatoes. It reminded me of Philip K Dicks story about his vision, which was grander, bigger and more clear when 1974 LA is superimposed over a Rome from the past. It was the only thing that was close to fitting but it didn't really fit. It was a different experience and all the friends of mine I spoke with said they hadn't had any of these which works the same way as rubbing your eyes with your hands. Not drugged up you see stars and if you keep doing it long enough, lightly enough you see a vortex, something you see momentarily when high. When stoned you feel like you're falling upwards, on acid you realize you have to open your eyes because it feels like a rendering of the end of 2001 straight on your eye and on shrooms you just giggle with glee and begin to talk stupid.

This vision, if I'm allowed to call it that and at the same time strip it of any mysticism or religious significance that word might have held at any earlier point, was connected to the too good men. Because the too good men is a vision, a vision that I found is shared among some of my friends, mostly females for some reason but they are the men and women you'd wish you'd fallen in love with because they're so clean and nice, personalities that are walking talking embodiments of hollywood and they are memories you've created, perfect memories that stand out amidst every other dreary memory you have.

The too good men sit and discuss life.

No tears for martha stewart

This wasn't where we wanted to be, hats in our hands glaring upwards, waiting for something to finish us off. There was blood on the most of us and there were remnants lying around, some who'd once been people, someone who'd once been in disagreement with us. There is no glory. There is no heroic effort, there is nothing which you sacrifice everything else for to taste for a second brief that will change your life. Knowledge is the hardest of our skills to master and we have no idea any more what to do, there's a spiral opening up inside us and a surge of information passes but we are the broken, we are kaput. Jesters with broken bells, blood to our bellies walking through the crash site.

They have faces, they have hands, emotions and intuitions. You feel them sometimes when you slip off, when you bite over too much or too little, you know where you're headed but there is no why for you left why behind so long ago. As long as you can explain it to yourself, what good is everyone else? what pictures do they have fleeting in their skulls, why did we do this to ourselves?

It was always easier in the war, there was no time to stop and think, there was only black and white and the dullening grey filling up. There was nothing real except the madness of those who believed and we stood there, broken people with heads spiked up high into the air. What is it about our enigma? Does it go further or does the depthness of humanity stop somewhere as the equilibrium to the never ending universe? Does it matter?

These thoughts, these words. This mind. This soap. Why this soap, why these hands? Why this face at 0600 in the morning?

We've gone far beyond, we can't answer these questions, we can't reply to them, we're too deep inside it, we've grown too far into it and the noise of the mechanical bees ring in our ears, the pulsing metal heart keep pumping oil and blood and sweat and piss through our minds, through our lives and that's where we are. Nothing picks up on the radar because we're sitting on the radar, we're here, we've always been here.

On the 8th day he saved us all

Here they sit and sing, the sisters of Magdalene, here their idle hands sit and dream, peering out at the world beyond the walls, murmuring old memories 'twixt themselves, their hearts are no longer into it, the war has been lost and what war we forgot so long ago and our eyes are sore, our eyes are cold and we're tired of watching these white walls, with flaking paint, with the same scripture to read

Every day.

God will come to us and god will save our soul, one god will see you like none else have seen you before and he will touch your spirit and set our souls ablaze and we will know ourselves for the first time and we will sit by his throne when our time comes because

Because what?

Because we were seen as we had seen Him, we had seen the twelve seraphims, we had seen the seven thrones and we had seen the angels in the silver city, singing His praise, talking to him, treating him as he treats us, like a brother, one of the pack, in this world we venture in, where mortal sin is more common than mortal grace and we see the angels as they move around us, they see us and they smile, they wave to us as we live now, we were dead before because we didn't see what the scripture told us, we were erring in our lives but now all is good

Because we were brought to understanding

Because we understood

Because we saw

That we were the chosen ones

We've seen hell and we've laboured for the devil, we've been part of creating hell and we have watched our boss every day and we've licking ourselves around our mouths, like a lion watching a lioness

From the outside of Jonestown we can hear the sisters Magdalene weep and sing, we can see you who dwell in there, we can see the lights in your windows and we can see how you tuck each other in at night, your gentle caresses and your sweet strokes as the clock strikes twelve and we've only been here for 5 minutes but it feels like we've stood here throughout the whole of time

We've been here long enough so we walk away

On theatre

"And everybody knows that its now or never
Everybody knows that its me or you
And everybody knows that you live forever
Ah when you've done a line or two" - Cohen

I want to find a girl there. She might be standing alone or she'll be with someone, her boyfriend or perhaps her father or mother, it seems like a nice thing to have in the family, cultural appreciation in all levels and tiers of their humanity and commitment. The father or the boyfriend will have run into someone, someone who works there and says he's there to see the same show and he's superpsyched, his word for it and you'll be looking at him like he's shining glass, trying to fix your eyes on something solid and as your gaze trails the contours of this empty man filled with so much man you'll see me and I'll see you and for a second we know that everything is right with the world, we aren't articulate enough but every secret in the world opened to us and we stood there with freedom in our eyes until they ring the bell and we take our seats.

It is an interesting piece, you sit to the right of me, a few rows down and occasionally you throw your eyes towards me and only once do our eyes meet. The writer director is a young american of korean descent and she also plays the role of her self. A farce of sorts, complicated like she probably is, judging simply from the dialogues and I am in awe for it is beautiful and this isn't a story, we're not waiting for the ups or downs to build characters, we are free from that as our confusion grips us and we are open and we see this world and our hearts are opened

It was a very open and honest piece. I think you're thinking what I'm thinking, that here is a form of sacrilege, a feeling of doing something illegal, something we shouldn't, a feeling we haven't had since we were kids. We should walk over to

ourselves but we stand still, frozen still, phased and not really understanding and not there when we had to
not at the most important of times we should have followed our instincts we chose to ignore them, we stayed underneath, watched the ships sail as we slowly drowned, passing african people in chains

You were pale, white but with an intense red burning underneath it, you were low but not truly petite, more womanly and at times I imagine I would be able to see underneath your skin, see the blood and the fat and the gore and the bones, you'd be transparent and in the summer you'd disappear out of the shade and we talked earlier that night as we ate and drank red wine, just the two of us, smoking a joint and watching the waves crashing and the moon falling slowly and we talked of the french words; la lune, merde, mort and you had a cousin called mort and we laughed even though it was a stupid joke and we were both of us too much in love to see those things because we trained those muscles so long ago so that we could flex three different masks and we didn't see it

we never saw it

but as time is not linear (more bubble shaped)

until we saw it, and we lived in each others minds until we both died. A splinter in me and a splinter in you. I saw you as you died, I saw your husband crying, I saw the love in his eyes and the dread that he had to live alone now, the children were about grown enough to all have moved out and I saw your children and their lovers weeping for you for as they said so many times, like if you were retarded in the hearing, you had been the most wonderful and kind of persons, you were going to be missed and like emily dickinson you saw the fog and it was rising and you saw me seeing you, an old man I was, am. We knew.

as we lay dying, I lived my life in you and you lived your life in me and those few seconds took years for when I woke up I was so damned tired and I went to bed and I found my love and I held around you

Passive aggressive bullshit

"It's better to live in fear than not at all"

Eat. Eat your meat, eat your tofu. Eat your tuna steakss with creme fraiche, eat your carrots fresh from the dirt and with the dirt, get some more of that b12. Eat your love, take that whole tit in your mouth, you want to feel it don't you? Yeah, you do. You're a little spider, you want to devour her. Now, chew off. Bite it off. Sever the milkline between mother and child. Savour the taste of fresh blood and the way the pudgy meat hangs in your mouth and remember the nipple as it caresses your uvula.

She'll scream but it'll be over in an instant, like a soldier reacting to the first bullet he'll ever take in his life, she copes, her mind breaks into more personalities and she develops her defence.

The fear subsides leaving a can of worms open on the table and you put your hand in there to explain love to your children and you hold a worm up between your fingers and you pause like they do on wednesday nights in the movies. "Love is a fickle thing you say and love, like any other thing can be commanded to yield" and fifteen years in the future the egg you planted has hatched and there's there's something there to feel to touch

We gave you a dream but then you woke up and you wondered what layer of the dream you were, you were thinking meta and the magician clapped his hands twice and you woke up yet another time.

You were in the dream along with me and we were standing under the moon, some frozen and vast tundra, a political rally or the plateau of Leng and there were wolves in the background and we were talking about champagne and I said it was better to drink one bottle of champagne than it was drinking three bottles of cava. You smiled at me, seeing something hidden in my eyes and between the lines and you said Jump. I was partly frozen in fear because I was being arrested at this basic state of life when we had been discussing quantum physics earlier but I saw what you meant I just couldn't grasp it. I was tired of life I thought and you knew it and you said you're an introvert. You came to our table a little too late, we had already drunk a bottle of champagne each when you found your way but one day you'll outshine us when we sit in our thirties talk about cars, politics and things we do to spice up our lovelife.

Then you said Jump because if you do it once you'll have learned that there is nothing to fear and that esoteric wisdom is called wisdom because it is esoteric. You have to do your own interpretations and I wish I could have smartened up that last sentence but hey, that's how it is. The birds are singing as I walk down the street, it's rain and I'm excited about it and I go to that twentyfour seven noodle place and I pretend it's somewhere else, it's blade runner and I see Deckard over there, slouching and drinking noodles and he has a miso soup and a kirin and some sake even though it's more of a thai place but for a second there I'm there and I'm home and then it stops and dysoptics doesn't live here any more and I'm back to my drab and I want to find a manual on how to jump.

I contemplate my life while I watch lost in translation, eat tom ka kai tofu with tagliatelle and it feels like I kill an italian with each bite but I relapse and I'm back to my life again and I gather plans for the future filled with uncertainty, like drinking beer on an empty stomach with friends you haven't seen for a while and you have to stay and try to stomach but I don't know anything. I can quote whatever shakespeare or ibsen you desire, talk about lovecraft for hours to no end and I know so much about this shit, this air plane magazine shit, these crutches I have for life but I know so little about it and this perplexes me to no end. Why the death of ego when I built it up again with this? Was there a loss of ego or was it simply another [indirect] method of control? How can I survive doing what I love? Playacting in someone elses drama, the

talented mr.ripley with no talent for jumping.

These are the threads and none come to completion. Is it satisfactory? Is it a smile to put on your face on a rainy day deep down in oslo with a red umbrella coveting the kabuki mask and why the fuck does the rain sound like godspeed on these days?

Ra ra Rasputin

"Well all you need is just one more excuse" - Faith no more, the gentle art of making enemies

You were standing by the bridge, the three of you, deeming yourself a terrible trio as the bubbles of air stopped appearing at the spot where rasputin sank. You feel high with murder and for the first time you feel that something different is on the wind, an alternate plane of reality which you've unlocked as you killed, the solemnity of the grave touching you with its truth and it feels good for the first time in a funeral. You proceed down the bridge and over into the streets, heading for an illegal pub you all know where you drink and toast to the health of the czar.

You are invited to a masquerade by the czar and the czarina, venetian in style as they have made their venetian ballroom in their palace with the last remaining pieces, the windows, arriving one day before the feast. You flirt with the lovely ladies of the court and mingle with heads of state and people who just like to give head and as you listen to their introductions with their defensive stances as to why they are here, you feel untouchable as the lies exit your teeth, the coming revolution and every republic in the world will not stop the hierarchy of monarchy. There is indeed an invisible brotherhood and your trio, it's presidents.

Monarchy, a bolshevik philosopher muses, can never be rooted out. The republic itself is doomed or in a wrong time for people remember who did them good, who did them bad and everyone knows that the apple don't fall too far out. We will be made to forget with an iron fist understands george orwell in a dirty room in a cold attic in paris while aldous huxley sees that the ultimate control is the seemingly lack of control or a society so free that it doesn't really matter.

As it didn't matter when you heard the porcelain drop and shatter on the floor, white innocence stepped on by the muddy shoes of magic as the dead have walked again and will once more and the torment of your eyes is not the torment of three individuals but the torment of generations to come as we clamour to understand that the world is nothing but mud and flame.

Recycling

It begins with a growl, a werewolf standing on the outskirts of a city on a hill, screaming blue murder at the moon. It sniffs the air, howls and jumps out of focus in one leap. Next, we see a party, mangled beyond and there's no relationship between anyone there, it's an odd party, college kids being fashionistas and very breakfast at

tiffany's brought up to speed in 2008, the party you always want to head out to.

One thousand whores stand in the living room, starry eyed watching the television of a man, soon 30 dying, black rings underneath his eyes accompanied by the music we love so much, the music stating and going firmly into shock, growing out of the ellipse they were born into, every perfect cage is not made of iron, is not black and isn't a cage in the sense because this ellipse is no illusion, break at it with your tools and weapons and it doesn't sway, it doesn't give in, it isn't any of your illusions nor any of our delusions and it isn't a prison, it isn't what will set you free when you meet it, it isn't death and it's neither human nor humane.

We want to be able to counteract what is being acted, we want it to be coherent for us, we want this world to make sense the way we've taught ourselves how it is to make sense and we want all of it to fall in under our system of understanding -

too many nights awake, contemplating humanity, destiny, life and every other bullshit theory you can get your hands at, living through these movies, living through the books realizing you're only doing this to keep the charade and to look for people that are like you, people who thought like you to find some comfort that people have been where you are and you find what you want, you find accounts of werewolves howling into the night and how lonely a werewolf really is, a diary filled with tears and clawmarks.

What do you want to hope for? An undying hope? An unyielding courage? Change? Innovation? Better lives for you and yours? Prosperity in the way you and yours think of politics, think of economy? Understanding? Peace? Love? Hate? Despair? Another shot of heroin tomorrow so you can forget you ever existed?

WRONG PLACE WRONG TIME WRONG ADDRESS WRONG COLOUR said bryon gysin at a later part of his life, after he'd been every bum boy's messiah in tangier for a decade, creating something so completely different, out of space, out of time like making a beat with a gun.

What did you hope for then? Revolutions and reforms? You found it viable, didn't you? You saw that there'd be coming a new world order and you were on the new side, weren't you? All you ever wanted to do was to fuck her and you did it this way and you spent all your scheming hours on her and you thought about her every time you wanked or every time you got wood, you saw her face everywhere and you had fallen deeply, stuck and you spent so much time and when you finally got to put your cock into her mouth you ejaculated the second tongue met throb and you grew red, blushing like a schoolgirl and when you apologized it came so naturally, mechanically like this act, rehearsed and thought through, tried and tested and you were on the verge of crying with made you think about the scene in two towers where gandalf comes with the exiled rohirrim but you didn't understand why

She drinks what is you while you apologize profusely and your mind is racing and you don't know what to say for this wasn't what you imagined the past three years, this wasn't how it was supposed to go down and the only thing you're doing is

thinking about her the way she was in your head and you snatch your cock away from her and begin to wank furiously hearing the thundering of blood pumping through your cock in your head and you disappear into your own world now

she places her hand on your arm, it's cold and you can feel every nook in her skin waking you up, jerking your eyes at her and she's looking straight at you, still with her knees on the floor saying

the physical will always be unimportant, i think i love you

Save your brightest smile for hell my darlings

You wake up and you know that today features the work of david lynch on your life, directing every possible angle and situation. You've felt it before from other masters, picking your tie, picking your boxers, picking your cereal, picking espresso before coffee, picking your nose with cocaine to get up and picking a fight on the bus. You identified yourself with madmax yesterday, a stranger comes to town with nothing to lose and everything to prove and you do want to prove something, you want the world to see you for who you are, you want them to see your burdens and pains, your grace and finesse as easily as you yourself would everytime you wake up and stare into the mirror, too tired for rational thought and too skewered on the kebab of life to draw conclusions like these, almost high, asking yourself what is the point of the perpetuality and you find that your warm bed holds as many answers as the journey ahead of you. You nonchalantly accept that life is just survival untill you die.

The coffee brings you up because you love coffee and love things that taste something, has a meaning, does something to you the second you've done it and the bread tastes stale and the peanutbutter is without flavour and you do all you can to shrug the sleep off, today is important so you grab a ginseng, you pour a glass of carbonated water and you wish you could just shut off the thinking abilities of your brain, go into hibernation for a period of a bachelor's degree and wake up with it. You always dreamt you'd be superman when you were a wee kid, that one day it'd all work out, you'd become a vampire/superhuman and you could live outside the structures made of man. You would truly be free, free to roam the world and do whatever you wanted, free to think and ponder the machinations of societies, free to wish you were nothing but a number.

You want to sleep and the pain, anxiety and fear to end. Not because you freely selected it, which is when you could have walked out that door anytime you'd like. Your hate for authorities began early on and you've kept that hate with you, sometimes as a friend, other times as an enemy when your self-consciousness whispers to you and you know you have failed on more than one level. You failed yourself because you begun an education and a job you hate and you failed your oldest authoritative figures, ma, pa and bro when you let them down, whined and couldn't finish your education properly, ending up as a bartender in a brown saloon.

You spent much time being angry when you were young and you blinded yourself for far too long. You became paranoid and jaded at an early stage, you became lifeless

before your life had begun and got burnt out before you ever did any work. You were the most glorious of all I knew, you lived thousand lives inside your head and it was all pain to you, your personas either only knowing pain or knowing nothing of it. In the end, you left an empty husk for all to see, gave in to your own breaches of moral, caved in inside of yourself and fixed your visage on far beyond reality for reality itself was what taxed you mostly, not the lives you lived.

Your story doesn't end but your fear consumed you, your angst and selfloathe got the better of you, sitting in a classroom with dull cow's eyes, grapes in your sockets and you always said you were here at the wrong time, the wrong place and that you wished you were born into an early tribe that put you out a winter morning to snuff out the life you could have had.

You got tired from proving yourself because noone could see it, noone would see it, your head filled with dead men and dreamless spectres.

You reach into the back of your closet, donning the tie you used when you were crust as fuck and you step outside and out of your world and into theirs to the sound of thousand screaming infants. You step outside and as the sun shine and the birds twitter and flicker through the change of realities you are again true to yourself, you remember your face and you step boldly out infront of the first suv you see.

You know it won't kill you but you won't feel numb when it hits.

Second Point Five Act

We'd gotten to that part of the dream, the part I'll tell you that I love you, that part where I'll see beyond who you'd want to be and who you try to be and even though I never got that far in life they equipped me with perfect vision and with my eyes closed I see you standing there, watching on the edge of what you never wanted to peer at, what you never wanted to lift your head to percieve before you try to mirror me.

I was born with an understanding of communication, I know when you lie and I know why you lie and beyond these veils of defense, who are you, where did your personality end and where did your psyche begin? What can change the nature of a man?

The routines grow duller before your eyes, contemplating suicide aged 38, seeing your life up in smoke because you did what THEY told you to do and you've realized it was your own fault but you still haven't grasped that it is you who defines who the THEY are because you're still talking about the boss, still talking about the man, still trying to prophesize a belief you held when you were sixteen and already then you found the pinnacle of civilization and you knew what was wrong and you know what is right and you've seen these answers so many times they've already become fnoords and deep inside your heart is a seed growing, that's been growing for all your life since you read the first book of rand al'thor and like robert jordan believed, you believe that time is cyclical, you claim to see it in the trends and fashions, you see everything repeating itself and it makes so much sense and

you never made it, did you, you've cursed your makers for so long, you've cursed those who said that time is linear for so long because that isn't the way you feel it, you've never felt it like that and the funny thing is, noone else have felt it like that because it isn't linear, we were just trained that way as it would be most practical when taught in the schools, universities and work and it is, it is

but that kiss didn't happen yesterday, that beer wasn't drunk four years ago, you'll still talk about those things and you'll repeat them in your future but your mind isn't grouped like that, your mind doesn't work like that because that kiss is the same kiss your mother gave you when you were a wee little one and that beer was the same beer your dad opened in your teeth before he kicked your ass but you'd like to forget

you'd love to forget

a clean slate, something new, for this is rotten, this isn't what you wanted, this isn't what you hoped and dreamed for, this isn't what you fought for, this isn't what it should be, this isn't red, this isn't blue, this isn't green and it ain't yellow nor purple

this is everything but what you wanted

you're too late now and you know, you know it won't matter because soon now, it's here, here it is actually now, I must've been drunk or my timing was completely off but I can see it through the window now, I can see every love you turned down of fear because it might have been the real love and you thought you were too young and she nor he nor it would understand it but it's here, peering at us, god is watching us from above and this is his time, these are his hours

yeah, here she comes, here comes the sun

Short on disappointment

It was your beady eyes that put us all off the revolution. You had it all nailed down, the clothes, the ages, the beliefs and the stereotype, we were young as you poured us our first glasses of cheap red wine and gave us the first taste of civilization you read us the old political classics, borrowed out the brave new world, 1984 and darkness at noon

Your hashish was shitty but at least you were holding, at least you were connected in some way and for us, then, it was enough to razzle dazzle us into pledging allegiance to mao, lenin, stalin and castro. Some of us skipped school, began working in the filthiest most back-breaking jobs we could find and the lessons we should have learned about realpolitik back then went by us like bullets in a drive-by

We thought we'd understood, we'd seen the light in such an early age and we knew we were special, our minds more advanced than anyone we knew and even though we never spoke of jesus or religion in any other way than between our teeth with hissing

noises and cursing hands

chosen was what we were

Ten tons of feathers

We stick to the deals they made for us. We stick to the life and the lies they already birthed us into. They say we're headed off on the wrong track, they say we're headed for the wrong mount doom, where all heroes will be dead and gone, the smouldering remains of us is all that'll be left and a little burnt up crisp of a lump saying "fuck you" every third minute.

I know who you are. You're one of them fellers that took "nothing is true, everything is permissible" to your chest at too young an age, you grew up too fast, you grew up too cleanly. You knew your hindi texts at 17, you knew everyones political agenda by the age of 18, having stopped by every ideology and or religion on your way, studying them, not knowing what to look for on an intellectual level but there was this gut that told you what you were looking for, you wanted answers, simple and clean on the equations of both life and anti-life so you could get it out of your way, so you could stop lying sleepless watching the ceiling, thinking about nothing when asked as you couldn't really be arsed to explain it all.

You were there. You thought about the end of the world. The meaning of life. You thought about dangle berries and whether the soul was inside the body or the body inside the soul.

Now you sit, homecozy on that stool, sipping pernod and smoking french cigarettes. They'll call you smart behind your back, they'll give you all the respect anyone could ever ask for, they'll OOH and AAH when you say that "it's gonna end like any good story. in tears". You sat down and didn't get up. Garth fell on his keys but he got up.

This isn't really you, is it? This is just your ego, how you'd want it to be, seen through the tint of film noirs and your glass of pastis. Yet you still sit there, now musing that you'll die alone, Mr. Dyer from Reality Bites, check the fuck in. You'd love, wouldn't you? You'd be fucking jumping through hoops of happiness if you'd been rammed by a car, rammed by love, rammed by hate but mostly rammed by understanding.

Occasionally, you open up. Occasionally, when drunk you'll confess your love, still lost and will always be so. Drowned in these dreams but you don't get off, you don't get up but put more and more of the drugs that has made you into you, creating a superstructure of your own mind, devouring all that can be seen in these eyes for you've been blind for so long and one day you will unfortunately wake up and remember.

Remember that nothing matters because there is no truth.

Remember that everything matters because there is no truth.

Remember that none of this shit will ever matter because you'll always be a boring cunt.

"Remember remember the fifth of.."

Remember it was all a game, play pretend.

Remember to take the last pill, remember to cut the right way.

I've heard you scream so many times, a whimpering wail. Limpdicked staring into the existential abyss and instead of diving in you sit on the edge, pouting your lips and posting on myspace.

Remember that every person has a story to tell, remember that not all stories are interesting.

Remember you used to have eyes alight with fire and soul.

Remember yourself so I don't have to push your ego up when you destroy it yourself, remember your face before you were born so I don't have to remember it for you as you sit in your couch and drool on ten tabs of acid, remember that I'll always leave you when you need me the most in a hope captioned in hopelessness for you to learn.

Learn.

Remember.

The Evil Dead Boxset for only 3.99\$

I do not know much, but I know this: Arthur Koestler made me do it. It is fitting for it was all his fault that I knew that I wasn't the only to view the world differently. Others told me this too but none told it in the profound sense which Koestler told it.

"Don't let them see your weirdness." - TGRR

Hell is other people he says before he ventures out on Black Friday, joining the hordes of others dressed to kill and be killed downtown there in little Oslo. Still raining with the sounds of clicketyclack everywhere to hear. On their ways, christmas parties for the employees, chopping spreeds amongst the bestsellers of paperback and nice price dvds. They report that there has never been sold this many COMPLEAT FRIENDS packages, bundled up in HDREADY for your HDREADY screen you bought with the bonus because you don't want to miss out on anything, like watching the forecast every night and watching the news saying it's important to pay attention, it's important to know what's going on in the world.

One of the secrets of the world, which I must admit I didn't learn from Mr. Koestler but rather from Mr. Crowley is that everything shares the same system. It is in this way that magic is true, it is in this way that one can do changes. A form of

illumination one reaches when having pondered on "the penetrator will be the penetrated" for long enough, seeing an ex-alcoholic filling her tumbler with water, adding ice cubes and a little slice of lime and understanding that the world will end and there are only comic book characters that will remain to sit on the outskirts of some city, watching it burn while chugging a bottle of champagne from the earlier parts of the last century. The world will end. If the shatterer of worlds has a sense of humor, it will indeed happen sometime around Christmas. No other holidays will suffice for none other brings out the madness so inherent in each of us.

Everything shares the same system. Everything works within standard parameters. Understanding and knowledge in our society is set with a limit. I personally believe it is the same thing as "a hole in our soul" but it is what registers as civilization or barbarism, depending if you like chocolate or vanilla. These are also part of the same system, the same idiot machine with the traditional tugs and cogs. Magicians say that the war between heaven and hell is a metaphorical one, it's happening inside our own minds and intuitions. See them as an equation, see them as The Architect and The Oracle within the Matrix. See the discussion in the bar, behind the pizza counter, by the burger flipping stands in McDonald's or the place up the street that makes the buns for Pizza Hut.

1 & 0. The two types of people in the world. Every answer can be broken down into Yes and No. $1001 - 2 = 7$. Seven seconds away, seven soldiers. 7 is the new 5. 25 is the new 23 and the brain is the new pineal gland. Something in the law changes and if the changes are accepted and popularized, the law is overwritten and the law becomes the law for another generation where one of the clever small dodos will figure out that it was once 5, 23 and pineal gland. He'll then perhaps change it to 69, A and Anus if he's inventive. Yet, does this make the significance, the meaning to change or is it cosmetic?

In 2008, Arnold Schwarzenegger will become the president of the USA. The last solar cycle of the last century will begin to fade. Time will begin to seem unreal, glitches first with memories bleeding from one creature to another. No toilets will work in the entire world, all is water and shit and piss watering mother earth. Action is called for, the old propaganda machines set anew in motion, Jehovah's witnesses are no longer alone with predicting the end of the world but they see merely the answer, their faith broken down in 1s and 0s, Yes or No and for them, the world will not end, the skin will grow back.

For others, it will be different. But the end of the world is coming when the truth will still stay hidden but everything will reach an anticlimax and much will be unravelled. Those who dream of terrorism will become true terrorists, those who dream of freedom will become true freedom fighters and those who dream of other things will become other things. But most of the time, nothing will change in the bigger picture for the big picture is always slow, always on three wheels down a bumpy road.

Then perhaps, some day you'll get to think about Jesus Christ. Perhaps you're sober, perhaps you're gathered with your friends, your family, your food, your presents but you'll see him hanging there and you'll understand his desire to become a plastic fruit

preserved in plastic like small lemons and peppers and pineapples in the kebab stands and you'll think of him as you run to the new ground zero, downtown Oslo strapped with a home madeee neutron bomb, straight from the anarchist's cookbook and there's cops chasing you but they're fat, too many donuts and too much pizza and too manblow jobsbss and too little fucking and there's terror in every man and womans eyes but not the children, the children smile with glee and hope in their eyes that you'll be able to pull this off and you get some floors between you and the cops and you get up and out on the roof and you set it up and make fail-safeafe, smiling as the countdown hits the five seconds mark

The face of Sarah Connor before she was born

Silence! What joy is there in silence? - Emperor Carthagia of the Centauri

Who smiles of the passing of our brethren? Who asks questions among the cattle and who listens to the wind any more?

Once, it was made clear that logic and reason should exterminate superstition, a remnant still called upon by artists of various kinds for it is they who benefit from the questions while the SCIENTISTS do not. The easiest way to create a group, to create a cell or to create a civilization is to propose the us versus them. It is easy, it is believable and in a world of science it is faith. It is easier to fear something ethereal, a spectre or a ghost than it is to fear a werewolf, a vampire or the common man in the street. Seldomly we blame men, seldomly we believe that they are responsible if we are agents of compassion and empathy, displaced at that.

There is no intelligence, what is Artificial Intelligence? Where does it merge? Where does science and superstition meet in our utopian society, if all stars should be aligned? What and where is the difference between an artificial chatbot and joe schmoe?

The wind is blowing stronger. Do you feel time speeding up upon itself? Do you feel time

speeding up?

Do you feel the weather change? The background noise grows far beyond normal static, there is a taint on the world, a seeping idea seething from its cauldron. There are packs of hyenas out on the steppes tearing apart what they can to survive, to live another day and there are packs of tool-kids with hoodies sitting in the churchyard smoking low quality pot and singing that they are praying for rain, they are praying for tidal waves. As most religious men, they do not understand the words they preach, they can see nothing beyond the word. Most notably because there is nothing beyond the word. There is only the word, there is only the logo, there is no system, there is no machine and there is no man.

Yet, there are many monsters. Ravenous silent hunters and never have we feared death

that much as when we walk through silent graveyards. The silent hunters have been with us for as long as we can remember and we have given them names, we have given them positions in our pantheons because we see silence as we see space, a cold undignified death, bereaved of our humanity, we know the price of silence, sitting at the first row on our first day at school, a knot in our belly big enough to kill and then, a first contact, a first human touch from someone else than your mother, father or brother and the knot dissolves when you or someone else breaks the silence. Some faiths, fictional or not, put importance on silence, to know silence. For that knot lives in your stomach for all of your life, no matter how transcendent you become or how high you yourself can scream that silence is of no concern to you.

Indians thought before they answered which a danish anthropologist interpreted them to be inferior. We grow scared when there is a pause in the conversation on a third date and the french say that when such an embarrassing pause happens, an angel walks through the room and we are not scared

we are awed by that beautiful thought and for five seconds we are awed by silence

before we yet again commence our discussions, drunk on expensive port and eating organic licorice with the person you know in your gut you will marry talking about anything that is beautiful and important or selling knowingly beer to someone under the age of eighteen because that's when you yourself started drinking and it'll only do them good to get familiar with their drugs and the weather the politics the end of the world as we know it the latest issue of astonishing x-men where wolverine rips off someones head and takes a crap in the bleeding hole

and we get up to the sound of an alarm, we awake to the sound of our shower, we become less grumpy as we listen to ourselves chew and we curse the world for not understanding us and our needs as we're stuck in the rush on our way to job and we kill someone with a symphony of stamped papers, our bic pens scrawling all over standard forms and we bring someone to life as we drive by the local deli to pick up dinner instead of picking it up at the bigger mart and we find purpose on drugs and beethovens ninth and we find joy and happiness on our television and we find our own confinement through thinking and we become illuminated beings

and we become illuminated beings, kings and gods and in our godhood we thank those who got us there, the holy scribes and prophets and thinkers and doers and we go through learys circles, we understand freud, we see the diamonds in the eyes of mona lisa and we ascend, we learn how to fly, we are all buddhas now

and we get up to the sound of the alarm, we wake to our showers and we become less grumpy when we hear ourselves chew

and we ascend as we feel time speeding up and we propel into the darkness of space, time and mind and as we go we bring the white noise to anyone with a receiver

An AI is created by the company Skynet and there is a nuclear bombardment and there is a war and we get these patches and bumper stickers saying WHO IS JOHN

CONNOR and when we die in the war we created using american* tactics and arming those unarmed but mad enough to die we sit in silence and we do not think we do not contemplate

we feel sorry for ourselves

The only positive thing about the transformers movie

is that they liberally use the terms "meatbag" and "fleshling".

You see their eyes, dull but with the love of life and a fire burning twixt the expressions of their soul and the hard wirings of their brains. Pain does not exist in their lives for they haven't yet garnered enough years, enough thoughts and experiences to feel the fear in the marrow of their bones. Fear will grow to be a cavern, the same cavern where the first child was born and the cavern where the first blood was shed, the fear that will grip your heart when you make a decision that doesn't impact your own life but the lives of those around you, unknown to you or not.

You see their eyes but drink past it until you see their asses, their hips and stomachs, their beautiful long legs and stunning tits, still covered in unmolded fat. The potter's son has come home and he is stroking his cock with his mind, yearning for a release he know won't come and instead of trying to find it somewhere completely different, the potter's son seeks his catharsis between the thighs of the known.

In the cthulhu mythos, there are allusions and ideas to the fact that the world is a factory, a processing plant for weapons and earlier in my own life, I believed this, it was the only coherent explanation that would fit my hateful image of my surroundings and I kept it with me for some time untill I discarded it as something completely unlikely as the effectiveness of the factory would be quite shitty. Most of the weapons produced would only work if launched from a trebuchet and then only for the glee of it, not because we wanted to see the walls of minas tirith being torn down by big blobs of fat.

She's looking at you now. Glances, small and quick but you know they're there as she turns her head and you've already combed the area and you find nothing pleasing to your eye, there are no beautiful people here and there are no people that would gather her interest for her eyes are alight, not with soul or fire but with the intent of proving herself to the world, which is the same as proving herself to herself.

You're what? 28? 29? Past the stage where you only mutter a punchline of how age is of no importance, only love and love will span the decades and the millennias and will reach from one star to the next and put its fist through the big bang and find the yin to your yang. Tomorrow will be one of those days where you wake up and want to die but instead you buy a pint of häagen dazs and watch romantic comedies untill you fall asleep with a jar of peanutbutter and a package of m&ms in your lap but tonight

Tonight is a feisty cunt, a dried out feisty cunt you're going to drown in an unsavoury blend of tequila and champagne, whiskey and grappa. Tonight, life is like a ripe orange and you won't peel it, you'll pick it from its tree and you'll eat through the skin, not bothering to zest it and you'll taste the bitter and the sweet at the same time and you'll think that this is what life should feel like, this is what life should be like, turned to 11 at every cathedral, bus station, gas station and pub.

You do not wish to think anymore and who is there to blame you, who is left to tell you that you should think and ponder and grow upon yourself, to tell you that from the age of destruction one has the rubble to build or that after the age of destruction has passed, life is dead and all is merry? There is none.

In Gotham City they chose Harvey Dent and in the Middle East they chose Jesus and in Graceland they chose Elvis.

There is no duality left in the aspects of god, there is no duality left in the aspects of man. We've eradicated it and we seek unity, we seek one voice, one mind and one frame of reference. We do not seek to fuck to blow our minds, we do not seek to do drugs to blow our minds, we do not seek to work to blow our minds, we seek the minds white picket fences and apple pies cooling off in the windowsill.

We seek to drug away the hole in our soul that could potentially get us to do things we wouldn't regret and we seek to fuck eighteen year old children every night because it's the best we can hope for and we seek to be remembered, we strive to be seen in a world that is growing tired of seeing but we kill and maim for fifteen minutes fame and we get there, to the promised land and we snort cocaine off of tanned thighs and we smoke weed with people who call everyone niggers and we stand in front of a crowd that knows our name and we grow rich as the men in the shadows grow wealthy.

The rich eat first

"I got the spirit
but loose the feeling" - Joy Division

We'd wish we were in bonds, we wish there were chains across our necks and up our backs. We'd wish there were political doctrines that told us what we could or couldn't do and everyone who ever read 1984 is dreaming of that world. The simplicity and the elegance is what we want, the bad gin and the unhappiness we can find is what we want for at least then, we'd have a reason to sulk every day, we'd have a reason to whine every chance we got and most importantly, what made us unhappy couldn't be pinned on us.

When the first suit hit the pavement on wall street, sighs of delight went across the globe. We knew that when the new country crashed, so would we and we could point our fingers, ladled in fat from our microwave dinners at the tv screens and every hick in every country in the world would smile and be satisfied, they'd fuck that night for the first time in ages, not counting any attempts of domestic rape but they'd fuck

good, like after a fight or like the day after their honeymoon started.

Now, my friends, your fingers are pointing. Somewhere. I congratulate you, I congratulate every conservative shitfucker and every radical shitfucker and every shitfucker standing in the middle, fiddling with your thumbs and your children, you've managed to form an opinion. Yes, it was forced and yes, the only thing you really had to do was to lay your spork down and raise your arm enough to form an almost horizontal line against the new azathoth but you managed and my god, it only took an international economic crisis to do it.

Lately, I've been thinking about my hobbies, my interests. It came one moment when a dear friend of mine got bitten by a severe case of feminism and while I support the cause, always have and always will as I'm having difficulties seeing the relevance of sexes in the terms of politics, religion or whatever else you can cram that shit into, those who have just found a light are usually more zealous and have more to prove as it's a new thing to them and they're unsure on how everyone else will react to it.

We discussed feminism, to and fro over a few bottles of port and when we reached the somewhat same conclusions, she asked me to join their little movement and I said no thank you, but politics like that aren't what I'd like to spend my time on. Politics aren't really interesting and she asked me why not and I replied that I'd rather be interested in religion as the people there are usually more interesting and religion aren't usually based off of cooperation, religion is based off of the individual. The way I see it of course.

We had the standard argument one has when one encounters someone that is completely disinterested in the game and the mechanics of politik and while I've had that argument with many people over the years, this was the first time I was on the other side of the fence and frankly, it was amusing.

"You have to be interested in politics, it's everywhere you look and in everything you do"

Yeah. So is soccer with the season coming closer, every newspaper filled with athletes that coughed yesterday at 15:37, commercials are more visible now than the meanings and feelings of the ordinary man in the street, the various aspects of the economic crisis is everywhere, the weather is everywhere, religion is everywhere, good people are everywhere, shitfuckers are everywhere, religion is everywhere. Everything is everywhere. They said it best those old men, as above so below.

My biggest problem with politics is that it depends on people to cooperate to create a better society and this could have worked if enough were into BDSM and a handful of people were dominant while the rest were submissive but from what I see as I read the "news" to see what's going on in the world, permeated by the "politics" I have this feeling that begins to build in my stomach to paint my face white with big red lips, to dye my hair green and dress in a purple suit and see the world burn.

The too good men

We live off the heat coming from the dormant dead, strewn in the fields of where we live and walk and work and love. We are disease that will destroy something, ourselves but we will also drag more into the drain. The maelstrom sitting at the heart of our minds, showing us images of times that have passed, times that went us by while we were in bed, masturbating and thinking about high school crushes. We are the hope of humanity but we have not realized it yet we feel inklings at times, small flashes of premonition and revered destruction, we see beyond the veil of everyday communications and we see what matter inside the soul

Yet we know no words for it, we know no definitions that will fit our bills and we've been dreaming for so long we no longer differ between our waking hours or our sleeping hours. We have heard the saviour, we have heard the buddha and we have heard the mad man in the streets, filled with heroine and smashed aspirin, veins clogged with crystallized dreams of inner beauty and stupidity. We have walked too far away, we've entered the forest and when we scream our questions at the top of our lungs the answers fill us but we know them and we know of the prophecy of that man in the streets, he is screaming what we all know to be the truth

Filled with dreams we are, aimlessly wandering and seeing what can be seen on our students budget, learning that nothing of what they told us is important, only to them and their façade and how we will learn our own pieces of importance and we will protect our charade and include more and more into it until are no longer outcasts, no longer are we twitching dreams conjured by eating one too many turkish delights and sleeping next to the white witch

We have seen the portents and the signs, we know we were once harbingers of a new age but we didn't watch our backs, we didn't see far enough beyond and got stuck smoking grass and drinking booze for far too long and our souls are weeping but we can control our minds now, we can know what we want to know in the slumbers of our hells where we ride bareback through the mountains as we marvel

We wore our hearts on the sleeves and we knew that we would have a great impact upon the world but the world is ending we think, we've seen what you have to offer us but we gently told you no for in the heart of the empire that never died, seven children sleep

They have seen cruelty and they have seen pain where they harvest it through the dreaming planet and savour it like decent eiswein, knowing that this taste will end and so did our taste for the world end, at the bottom of the bottle and this beautiful blonde on the other side of the couch

We heard the whispers so many times that we forgot to pay attention, trying to stomach the ritual that made us comprehend for more than a few seconds but we didn't really care anyany more we heard it so many times and after the comedian tells his joke

none are laughing

The words of Thulsa Doom

And the man he steps up to the microphone
and says at last just as the timebell rings
Goodnight now it's time to go home then he makes it fast with one more thing
we are the sultans we are the sultans of swing

-M. Knopfler/Dire Straits

Do not interpret. The words are only chosen for their beauty, not their meaning. There is nothing beyond the word, there is no meaning dislodged on the inside. The machine is working.

We are the unhappy labour force. We are those who get up at 8, get to work at 9, get to the shop at 5 30 and home at 6, make dinner at 7, eat at 7 15, fall asleep 2 hours in front of the television get down to the pub at 9 30 and asleep at 11 30. We know we work the machine, the system, the man, the headless conspiracy and we think about 1984, brave new world, darkness at noon and nordal grieg and we know deep inside our hearts that we are heroes. We are like them, they can get our hours we think they can get us to sit and do something we dislike and we feel a burst of freedom as we read something awful at work and we think they have forged these manacles of the mind for us with our names tags

social security numbers

and we consent to let them take our time as longggg as they do not take our thoughts because in our minds we think we are free and we despise the 7 11 campaign that says freedom to go but we don't think about those who serve that freedom, that they are like us because they are drones and nothing else without an education and we've already forgotten how ridiculous our grandfathers and grandmothers and fathers and mothers were when we were 19 years of age cut ourselves because we were cool not because it was fashion

when our times comes and we're put on a drip, completely braindead we know we want the next of kin to pull the plug because then our minds are dead

WE DO NOT BELIEVE THAT THE SOUL IS OUTSIDE THE BODY WE DO NOT BELIEVE IN A SYMBIOSIS WE ARE ATHEISTS AND DO NOT BELIEVE

because we are a program. written ten thousand times by different authors, we are the collins novels, we are the goodbye cruel world im leaving part of a listened to death old popsong we are the first word uttered, we are HELLO?

we've always been had at hello. the machine ticks. the system is silent to the human ear and the man

the man writes a post

This

There is no reality any more. Vampires everywhere turned to dust as I touch them, making me wonder of their frailty then the weather grows colder and the vampires quicken again, roses in their cheeks and satisfaction in their smiles. We see the vampires on the billboards now but we're growing accustomed to it, no longer wondering about that but just shrugging it as we sit by the docks and gaze into the sea, drinking manhattans and smoking turkish cigarettes.

Then, the people smile. Stretch their faces and behold the miracle that is the world, no longer believing in a god but the apocalypse happened and everyone was brought to an understanding. We were all enlightened to the godhead as we saw and met our dead family and smiled and cheered, our stomachs filling up alan moores occasional disney happiness for every day we are without profoundness we don't understand the emotion, we don't see. We don't understand.

Sommes, Verdun et Chemins des Dames

Our memories fade and bleed over the screens, transported elsewhere to be processed, the ever-increasing flow of information ticking off the believers, seeing an infant and dormant AI being built and maintained by the flow coming from every orifice, puss flowing from your veins as everyones minds are mingled and we become something greater, something bigger than ourselves, godhood built by every human being on the earth

"The gods did not create humans
the gods were not curious,
they were never good to the humans
who were their creators

yet like gotham needs its' knight
we need these gods
those that are not good nor evil
simply existing and caring little

for us,
for those whom the sun revolves" - Pamphlet for the "Cthulhu for President"
campaign '08

The love comes to us in the form of gentle strokes of a battered piano and the belief that icons hold more great power than humans, for behind every icon there is a disappointing human. The icons hold so great power for they are our black/white, they are the simplest to which we can staple our most basic emotions, where we love and hate and need and want. They are so easy to interpret, so easy to get and understand, so easy to see what lies beyond their cardboard eyes but the humans

there's already so many of them.

We stayed inside, played the sun for a fool, saw the visions that were kept from us, despaired in our futures and pasts, lives being torn apart and the futility of it all would be here to end us, drown us in the flames that cherished this light.

As the darkness of those divine opened up a door into the sunshine and we were born again in colourless void and we truly connected to the cosmos, to the chaos. There were hearts opened up, minds torn down as the light was ending, seething hatred seeping through the forest, the minds of the cauterized few, drowning in an old ideal, re interpreted by bill hicks and they dressed up as adolf and exterminated life. At the end of the massacre, the soldiers gathered at their point, had a fire going. Every day they recounted holy scripture before they tossed it on the fire, every day they would cook one of their friends on the holy flames untill there were none left and love impaled two of the survivors and the others found it fresh entertainment so you were never eaten untill there were only five of you left and you clubbed two of them in their sleep and tortured the last as you both climaxed and gave birth to a new beginning.

Everything that is real is made from porcelain, hard to the touch sometimes but still, it makes such dramatic effect when dropped to the ground. The machine is porcelain, the machine is the maker of porcelain but not by design. Never by design.

This isn't going forward. Night is still crawling and creeping and there is no longer a need to keep the curtains closed. The sun is dead because I didn't believe in it, the metaphor becomes the life and the structures thereof. The life is ending, the breathing is stopping and time is going back again. The dirt doesn't rub off, it clings to the floor, the stains will always be there. Different garments but all of them never covers the body and one finds oneself asking, what are the stains and what is my skin. The light is waning, the world is dying. It is a playground and believe those who say it for it is they who wake with hate in the morning and go to sleep with loneliness. It was originally a playground, none knew what they did but they did simple things that made them happy for a while, made them cherish what they had for a while. The rules in the playground never changed but the aunts watching the children revolved and shaped the children for the time being and while growing accustomed to one child and losing it, losing their power, they hide in their shell, turn on the autopilot and treats every child like the original child, like the first child and like the first sin.

The world is boring me / i'm boring the world. The dead people live more than the living but I must admit that I've felt more dead than alive recently. I can't stomach things, I'm not desensitized anymore. Something in me stops working, something else starts working. Why does disconnection breed empathy? Sympathy? Why does sitting on my ass breed forward the helplessness (obvious) of the situation, why does sitting on my ass breed forth a bleeding heart that I wear on my sleeve. The drugs burn it away, all of it. The drugs aren't even drugs anymore, closer to normality. Is this my doing? Is this me moving towards you, whoever you are or whatever you are? Or am I

moving away? It is a good life to lead because it leads to nothing, it leads to what was already there, cutting away all those years we don't want to live. Youth is wasted on the young.

The hope strangles the young but nurtures the dying. Our faces hollow out, the stubble drops silently as we see ourselves in the mirror, falling apart, waiting for our cue. We want our nervous breakdown now and we feel it, we know where it's been hidden all along, our rough fingers find the door, then the lock, we've always known the combination but our hearts stop us, our heads stop us for it seems to be the easiest way out, the only thing we will never really tolerate. We've gotten this far, we're miserable and filled with what we are but we'll never open it. We'll never let it out and expose it to the sun. I'm not able to give you what you want because I don't know if that is leverage for me. I can't give you what you want because I'm damaged, dried up goods. I'm the raisin filled with downers in a bag of chocolate. I'm not the one you want, I won't become what you want to see me become because I have no soul, I have nothing to offer, I'm a torn sheet in the wind and the world is paralyzing me. I'm paralyzing myself. I'm dreaming while I'm awake and while the dream is similar to reality in all its aspects, it is still a dream and I am still awake.

What is a reason to live?

There is no desire to live on due to reproduction. There is always a presence of desiring to prove something. Life, the universe and all contained has no meaning. There is no greater meaning to life other than that which we discover ourselves. A resentment lingering from childhood regarding suicide rules it out. A desire to taste life? Rip it open like a ripe orange and suck the flesh and juice from it leaves discarded husks. There is a drive of something. Fate looms in every mans life, everyone thinks at a point that they're the one in a world where the one is only worshipped after his death and while it is beautiful and an easy way out of any story, it's not it. To take theirs and fuck with it, to show them that it is doable, to do the good thing together with the bad thing with none noticing. To conquer the world while still living, illusions we all have and share. There is no reason to intellectualize it for life isn't intellectual, the stomach guts and innards say it all, your intuition is always right, isn't it?

To prove that you can? It's already been proven and there is little point, doing it yet again will not teach anyone anything new. Do it your way and let none stop you for that is the only right you have left in this world.

Through these desert shores

"Got woken in the night,
by a mystic golden light.

My head soaked in river water.

I had been dressed in a coat of armour. They called a horse out of the woodland.

"Take her there, through the desert shores."

They sang to me, "This is yours to wear. You're the chosen one, there's no turning back now."

- Bat for Lashes, Horse and I

You're feeling important, you've grown out and beyond of the haze, you remember this. You remember the feeling, you remember the situation, you remember what you were exactly at that time although you have no idea where you were, what you'd drunk and what you'd taken but it was early summer, late spring like now and you were going home for the holidays, renting your room out and you'd spend a month with your family and a month working before you'd head out into some grand new adventure, where were you going? Tokyo? Mexico City? Hanoi? You spoke about it earlier that night to this guy and you told him much of you, more than he could absorb and you grew blue as he started to recommend Bali, he started to recommend Lanzarote, Costa del Sol. You grew tired in your heart of all these men who'd been stereotyped so long ago and you thought they were like victims of a car crash, sitting catatonic repeating It doesn't happen over and over

because everyone is an individual, everyone believes they are an individual and it never dawned upon any of us that we're just a part of a great uncontrollable mass, humanity is a goat in the woods with a thousand young and perhaps it was this dawned upon you when you stood there, completely silent letting the music vibrate through you and something inside you died but it didn't really matter any more because it was a thing of fakery, it was a plastic flower that had been rotting for quite a while and it ascended into a cloud of dust, mud and flame and you realized you were part of the thousand young, you realized that these are the uniformed masses and you are part of it and you see no reason any longer to not be a part of it, you see the behemoth in your mind and you see its restraints, you see the openings from the back of its mouth because the beast always cared for its own and you understood this already when you were sixteen, bright little fucker you were but you connected the dots now, you've seen beyond a veil you put into the equation for yourself and

what you see is so beautiful, so controlled, so simple and stupid, too simple for you to have understood so long ago because the beast never cared for your thoughts, the beast never cared for you, who you were for the beast told you already so long ago that in the beginning there wasn't the word, there was the act and as long as you act properly, dress properly, smile properly, talk about the proper things at work and even though you understand the futility of wearing a mask, so few do and a mask is the simplest thing in the world to do and you do it so perfectly and years pass by and you've worn your mask, you've been following their simplest rules while breaking those that are important to maintain but when everyone sees you they see your perfect resume, they see a worker who's always five minutes early and always to count on and your hair grows white, your tits sag beautifully and your children are getting married next month and you sit in the couch with your husband and you look at him from the corner of your eye and you feel a tear

standing in the same place, that old chamber of epiphanies and there's this rushing feeling, wind blowing against you, from the west and you're sweating and you climb your horse and you hear the lament of the children all around you and even though you always thought that song was about some fantasy shit you hear the drums in the back of your head and the drums go wilder, they're gaining momentum and hitting

crescendo like the way you always felt that song should've and you ride, your horse
and you upon the plains where gold meets darkness, where the soul twists out of place
and time feels natural anon-linear and you wear their crown which once was worn
by the son of man, which was once worn by an enlightened outside in the gardens and
you feel all their stories in these lands of twilight

fear was keeping the reins, fear was what kept you from falling over for you still
heard them, you heard the lonely choir and they chose you because of what you are
and never what you did

older you feel as you near the castle walls still hearing the wail of the children and
you know there is no turning back, you know deep inside yourself what you were
meant to be, what you want yourself to be but you clutch your hands in fear and not in
courage, love nor bravery but the gate opens and out the riders come and you
remember a time when everything used to mean something but that's in a country long
forgotten now, buried in time and failing flesh and you've gone beyond it now

you went beyond the action

and you found the word

TURN ON CNN: THE WORLD IS FLAT

"the words dont mean anything anymore
they used to be the keepers of sacred knowledge
but there is no meaning to them anymore
there is nothing
a word is a ghost trapped between two worlds
a word is a secret whispered underneath rainheavy umbrellas
a word is a lie, always a lie
a word is a truth, first and foremost a truth
most importantly a lie"

-- The final book of Jihad as interpreted by Olaus Wormius and subsequently included
in the Necronomicon

What makes a good shepherd?

What makes the best Gordon Gecko and why is greed, why is greed important for
america? Why have your eyes seen so much more than the rest and why do we still
dream of your faraway lands? Who is america?

Who is any country?

It's you. That final torment. It's you. You're the one chummy. Yeah, is right, you's da
one and most people think they understand this so they make campaigns, vote or die,
believe in us or be damned for all eternity and everything works, for all of mankind
are but tribes, enclaves of humans sharing the same beliefs, the same system that
made us rustle-bustle through the caverns, painting and fucking. We're still the same

but the old lines work in new ways now, cords between tincans have been upgraded and so has our emotional world, where intuition meets intelligence.

But!

As the goose was trapped in its bottle, it was mere words. A lyrical fata morgana spawned on the brink of your dreams and the horizon of hope.

A man is training martial arts at the invisible college. He is skillful but young. His final test is before him and he walks blindfolded backways up the mountain and meets his totem. The scorpion chooses but how did you choose? What did you put into the basket before selecting? Was it his good looks, his wonderful charm, the part of him that said I CARE NOT and at the same time said BUT REALLY I CARE. Where were your dreams? Why was your dreams so retarded? Wake the fuck up, try to become more than you are. We're dependent upon you. We're dependent that you grow up and teach us things, figure shit out with us, it's teamwork doll and we have no Is in the team just yet.

See the barrier. Did we make a bad choice? Was words a bad choice? This little road we're in, this little cave, painting life with feces and blood upon these here walls. The world is on the outside, it's crackling, there's sounds and noises coming through the radio and we sit here with each and every of our computer tapped into this little well of information, libraries spanning the entire human history and everything we've thought or learned but still we are no closer. The barrier, the word is sword, two edges.

The one edge allows us to communicate. We were cast out of the garden. The other showed us silence. The black hole which now is filled with communication.

We are the dormant children. Dormant with stupidity, heroin, ignorance, greed, wellmeaning, marijuana, obsession and most importantly belief.

Move those mountains fuckers, get on move.

Ungh (prev unn)

The technique is flawless. Life is not, life is hiding under a rock. They are wonderful, they are fearsome. They are the ninjas when you sleep and dream of them, our warriors born from subconscious dreams dreams and in the distance we hear aleister crowley rubbing his hands with glee while we sit and eat mac and cheese and watch singin' in the rain, misunderstanding the meta and the mirror someone holds up for us and we want to blow our brains out when we see the fake time on the screen because we're vulnerable, we're hungover and high and we need someones hand to hold us because that hand walked out earlier, before breakfast, eggs and bacon.

The taste is off like food left too long in the fridge and a repressed memory someone gave us at some time, probably and their smiles are fake but these ones are something of a different breed than what is now, their smiles are fake but they know it, they

know it's just a job, it ain't a lifestyle sold to us by any corporate but only Kathy that wants a little of our time and they're blowing our brains out because someone on acid told us yesterday that anything you can think can become reality so we assume the dream for this life and we want to stand there, dancing, bowing, singing and going home in the rain not worrying and with no chips on our shoulders.

The police cross the lines and break the chains as they break their promises as they break the bones.

On Broadway you always smile.

We forgot the vaudeville, we thought too much inside the box and then too much outside the box until there were no boxes and everyone thought that the words of Hassan i Sabbah rang true without interpretation and we need a break, a day after Sunday to get up and do the job, one day of lazy to simply understand this shit, the life they created on the outside world, not the life they created so we could dream our way away from this prison. Soma darlings soma, bullies, cocaine and jazz and a burlesque evening, tap-dancing bastards. Jesus Christ is a beautiful blonde woman because HITLER HAD THE RIGHT IDEA HE WAS JUST AN UNDERACHIEVER, KILL THEM ALL ADOLF KILL THEM ALL.

and the world was built on deceit

the world was built on a lie

the world was built on the truth of a mad man

the world was built by you

the world was built by us

the world was built by me

Untitled late at night

Here he comes past the Rubicon, wearing soldiers and warriors and god-kings alike. A dream was set in the foundation of the world, to keep it down, to keep it low, to keep it where it is, safe from bodily harm and safe from those who wish to destroy it themselves. The beggars sit still in the streets as soldiers on defense ravage through the city for one final glimpse of victory in the eyes of a dead whore. Mary Magdalene, mother of all pain, we are all your sons.

Crowned with thorns and responsibility we are given the world where it rests at our slumberous feet. To sit upon a throne and see the green pastures like Solomon, king of old and to hear broken hallelujahs coming from the innermost room of the temple. There is so much light in our hearts and souls, there is so much light in our empathy and mitochondrial dna.

Nightmares tear through the sky and all the king's men huddle underneath their roofs,

all the brave warriors and heroes remain silent as they see their enemy approaching. For some of them, the piss will rust the metal but most will not live to see another day for Victor Hugo said it and the idea is on the march, building bulwarks and barricades, palisades to match.

The king himself is silent, his philosophers and advisers too. In the cool evening breeze all one hears is a silent harp being played for itself by its' master who wishes the enemy to break down the gates and break the levee. The musician is cursed with understanding and blessed with ignorance, seeing nothing in the squabbles of humans, be they kings or beggars. The lonely harp plays a lament to all that is lost in this hour and all that is gained for there is no difference for the harp player.

There is no right and there is no wrong in his utopian mind because nothing is. Nothing is as we perceive it now he thinks, it is only an oasis in the middle of the desert. They strive for a status quo, they strive for the painters honor, by completion, by creating stability and humans have always had an agenda for stability or the expected.

It is in their stability they denounce the edicts created by their gods. It is for the sake of stability, whether it has been lost or yet to be gained they turn into villains for the roads were created long ago and one simply needs to tread upon them.

He plays his harp and change breaks down the walls.

You, of course

The people smile, stretching their fingers towards the sky on a lazy day in early summer. From the shattered shackles of frost where we came from, hopes, ideas and dreams are given birth to in the intermezzo of our souls deep sleep. In this world where you no longer feel heavy, no longer feel blue and out of place but the sun scorches the rain heavy clouds and from the white snow our white skin is reborn and the light burns it all away, there is no darkness to hide in and there is no neon light which we can find and confirm how we look good, from what angle for every blitz that has ever rained and we peer into their eyes, as they lie on our side out in the grass and we sneak a peek over the book or in our beautiful grand bed where we snatch a view when he is asleep or outside, where she's come over with lunch at work and she's just standing there looking into the window, not noticing us standing on the inside until she does and there are these elements of which her eyes are made of and we want to delve deeper inside, we want to catch a glimpse of when she invites herself to tea and scones inside her soul

We want it revealed but we are lost in labyrinths of skin, broken balloons with cracked skin with nothing on the inside and we see the complexities, no longer wishing to prolong the unhealthy atmosphere and as we crack them open to see the insides, the air is beaten out of us, a strong punch to the stomach and small bubbles made of rainbow material obscures our line of sight and like the magician who opened the doors to heaven and hell, we are given a second to think before we must act, a last defining moment of where our godhood used to be for in the beginning there was

nothing but someone made the light

We feel the skin hunger upon ourselves as we tell ourselves a tale of who we are in the context of their understanding and we prod at them, trying to see where they go and how they go and we don't really fear or hate these people for they are beautiful, the most beautiful of people, they are our brothers, sisters and we love them but we have outgrown our naivete, we've become too old to be large for every freak we meet for there are no treasures behind your walls of fort knox, contained behind bars and doors of impenetrable iron and metal we see the waxed dull surface of the glass that shone so perfectly on its day of erection but does no longer and we distantly perceive the doors inside the cathedral, the guards making their rounds but they never sneak off for a cigarette but stand there, guarding your heart