



PROSE MEMETICA

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2020-2023
collected media

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We, Noclipping

poems, prose, and photos

Introduction

It is fair to say that maybe this is a bad interpretation of communities, thoughts, and individuals. Ha.

Liminality originally is an anthropological idea of people being in transition or on the threshold of states, usually it is applied to a rite of passage where a person transitions from one stage of life to the next, like a graduation ceremony. A more relevant example is Oedipus killing his father at a crossroads, the crossroads representing a liminal point of Oedipus's journey, his character, and his legitimacy as king. Photography and architecture on the internet has distorted and applied the idea to places in a state of transition, but also spaces that generally create feelings of nostalgia, uncertainty, disorientation, and unsettlement¹. These photographs could also be described as surreal. The original image of the backrooms is the quintessential liminal space.

On May 12, 2019 a image was posted on 4chan's /x/² board in a thread

about unsettling/liminal images, the backrooms's original genesis. Within the same day the image was posted, another user commented with the caption saying:

"If you're not careful and noclip out of reality in the wrong areas, you'll end up in the Backrooms, where it's nothing but the stink of old moist carpet, the madness of mono-yellow, the endless background noise of fluorescent lights at maximum hum-buzz, and approximately six hundred million square miles of randomly segmented empty rooms to be trapped in.

God save you if you hear something wandering around nearby, because it sure as hell has heard you."

People quickly attempted to create a unifying lore branching from this image in the comments underneath it, a creepypasta³. After this, screenshots of the post were shared on other various social media and became an icon, with the most google searches of 'the backrooms' peaking in June 2019 and a brief resurgence in March 2020.

AntiOedipus: Capitalism and Schizophrenia is a book by Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari about the creation of desire, specifically from the point of view of a schizophrenic or someone experiencing psychosis. Drawn from their ideas of desiring machines, a body without organs, some of Antonin Artaud's⁴ spiritualism, and deterritorialization is the underlying narrative

for this work.

To briefly describe these ideas; instead of using the 'subject' in order to describe a person they were analyzing, Deleuze and Guattari treated them as machines that produced desire as a product rather than force of production. *To Have Done With the Judgment of God*⁵ is where Deleuze and Guattari get their idea of a body without organs, and more generally Antonin Artaud spiritualism seems to be a major inspiration for *AntiOedipus*. A body without organs describes how, to at least a schizophrenic, the act of desiring creates/produces something, your desire to eat and digest your food produces your stomach from that desire, and by not having the desire to eat or digest your stomach disappears. Continuing with the immaterial stance of producing something through desire, deterritorialization was their concept of throwing out the concrete and rigid essential aspects of anything, and instead saying it was rhizobial with fluctuating and fuzzy identities not only made by sole observer, but was interconnected with other people within the community that defined an object's identity. All of these incorrect definitions and explanations; an untrustworthy narrator. Ha.

A characterization::

Looking at *AntiOedipus* by Deleuze and Guattari, a lot of what we experience

can be viewed through the lens of delusion, where the familiar and ridge is changed and distorted. This invokes niche feelings of absurdity, unsettlement, states of transition, and confusion. Liminality and surrealism. Parallel themes to the backrooms.

We, Noclipping

"You noclip out of reality" and have ended up in the backrooms, whether by hitting a solid object too hard, playing at points where the divide is weakest, or inadvertently pushing up against the in-system physics, you are here and there is no way back. You are alone in this place in a literal sense.

Here, there are different morphologies to the spaces you wander through. You have started in a series of rooms bathed in a harsh yellow glow of recessed light fixtures with trash occasionally strun about. You're solid and real and in the factory.

Having been wandering around here for such a long time it's hard to tell when you found it, but in this carpeted space there is occasionally a widow inset into the wall. The window shows a room as if an apartment building had been turned inside out. The four walls of the tower are covered in windows attached to their own rooms. Most of the windows are dark, but not all of them, yours included. You look down but the inside out building extends so far down it disappears into the dark. Here it grows dim, but still someday or another you have gotten down to the bottom of the windowed pit. Out of the Gabriel s horn that makes the ceiling and in pea soup fog that blinds you is a long walk of puddled delft tile floor, only occasionally illuminated by a box light sign that says "WRETCH". And you

disappear.

Back again to the mono yellow rooms, you ignore the inverted towers and keep wandering. At some point the rooms are choked in fog, and the ground transitions from a moist brown carpeting to a gravel speckled asphalt road as clear air fills up at your feet to pass over your head. You're now on a highway with many adjacent lanes weaving under and over each other in an anisotropic web to the horizon. Each roadway studded with sodium-vapor high mast lamps and their own feet wading in clear air while their lights glow in a featureless stratus cloud. You're boiling away. Finally, in this deep sea, beyond the road, is a mud cracked flat covered by a perforated marble ceiling held up by columns and their capitals as far as the eye can see. Twilight and a moon twinkling between the perforated cut outs, casting shaped shadows. You've evaporated.

"Because they were pressing me
to my body
and to the very body
and it was then
that I exploded everything
because my body
can never be touched."

Part 1. Moist Carpets

Unsettling and not sad

You noclip out of reality,
a strange skip out of your boundary.
You, the machine, in a yellow place.
You, the free entity, in god's space
Of lesser spirits and many many more.
Destruction of an I and now poor.
Moist million miles to run in deep scapes,
Machines on other machines, their states.

In the factory, where everything is the most real and solid. The closest to
you.



Part 2. Organless Body

Virtual and plural

I am not a building in form or function,
but a body lacking organs and sun,
flux in my mind's eye gone on a mad run.
Many windows looking in this building,
on and up forever they are facing,
endless these personas in fog lacing.
Two of these are not like the other portals,
soft red room across from yellow scaped hall
psyche of two rooms, me and his withal.

The doormat to the rabbit hole, up and down, but the only way is down.



Part 3. Machines of Desire

Down, falling out of the factory

Here it is, isolated in the miasma and tile,
no plugs or wires fed into the machine in this dim place.
This abstract desert isn't a fair mirror of life's trash pile.
Automata consume and produce; they create a workplace
where the exhaustion of desire creates commodities.
Here the chain of desire is shrugged off, godly gifted grace.
Virtual because it would multiply anomalies.
So as the machinist makes machines that mold merry money,
desire needs a genesis to seed wanting qualities.
None of that in this dim bedrock basement, here dark and crummy.

The absence of anything. The dim glow of the prenatal. Sitting in a
basement.



Part 4. 1, the rhizome

We the byway

And there isn't really a person, a singular.

A grand machine, a weaving road, or a plant's rhizome.

Mixing and reaching, where the self and the other has no boundary, spanning state to state, node to node. People.

Community and the plural is a producer of desire; the handed ego of millions.

Lanes that feed, plug, bypass, and connect into each other.

Synapses carrying to and from others down the

highway, the causeway, the roadway, and down the byway.

Outside the real, the road becomes surreal and virtual.

The concrete carpeted wastes fade away and a shape

of dim marble comes near. Here and there this road spans it.

We will just dream deep dreams and go to the hinterlands.

Out of the body and the real, into the unreal and the community.

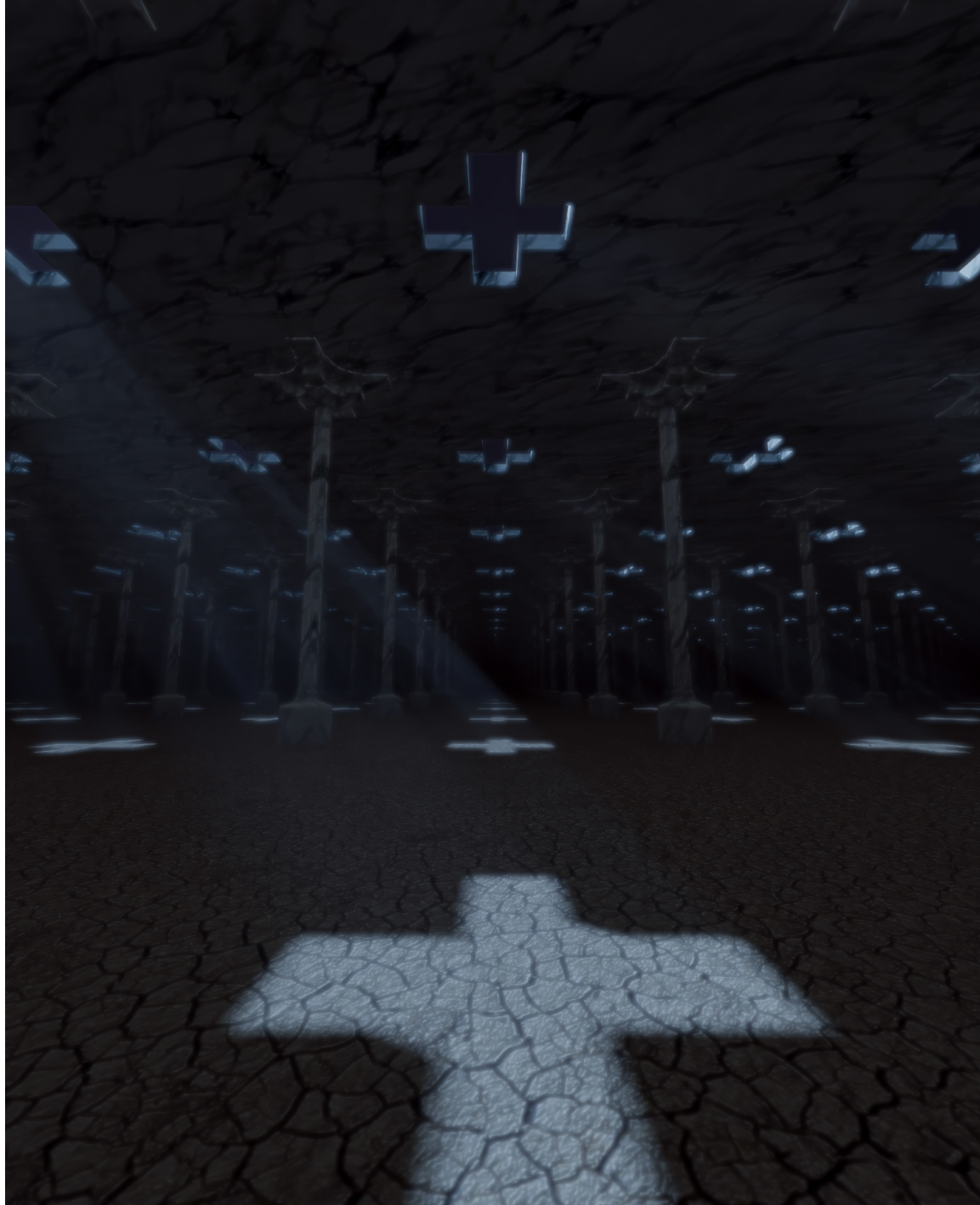


Part 5. Surrealist Territoriality

There is no bedrock, only the sea

It was past the long road and underneath a raw marble ceiling, laid mudcracked wastes. Atomized conscious slips down. How can desire have shape or form in the deep unconscious, the most surreal, and the hazy unreal. Loose stark symbols. Past the abstract and the liminal, indefinite in edge, to masses and miles of marble, columns and their capitals moonlit and dim. It is the dream, the further still from id.
Schizoid

So far out, the mere perception is virtual and abstract.



"It is at work everywhere, functioning smoothly at times, at other times in fits and starts. It breathes, it heats, it eats. It shits and fucks. What a mistake to have ever said the id."

The End.

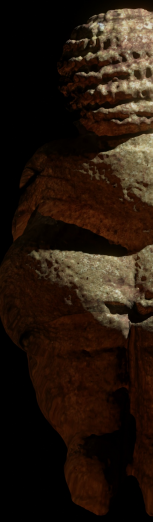
Night Spirits

It's dark when I sleep.

It's dark when I rise.

It's dark whether I open or close my eyes.

VENUS OF WILLENDORF





Tilled Dirt

Our changing climate was not an unknown, a farce, or a scheme. We had known that we were impacting our climate a hundred years before, and here we are, staring down the barrel of a gun.

Here we were at the crossroads to decide our fate. All the time spent procrastinating was over as the clock ticked minutes before midnight. And in this final scene the last two characters joined the act (but they have been around the whole time in some shape or form). He the lover, the industrialist, and the id. Her the daughter, the criminal, and the ego. Each of them held massive power and sway, each much more than a leader. They were the pure distilled essence of two fundamental forces coming together in a fight for humanity and the Earth's soul. His name was "Jose", and her name was "Mary".

And at this point of liminality, at the

threshold, was where we decided to live in opulence or to self sacrifice ourselves. Jose argued for the ending of humans and the Earth herself, to live as we always have; to do as our parents did before and as our children will do after until this party bus called humanity came to an end. Mary argued that both the spark of humanity and the world could both be saved. But not together, separation and segregation had to occur. The world could not heal with the downward pressure of us there, and we could not truly change without extracting ourselves from the cradle.

But how did the fight for humanity come to the decision of two people? Well it wasn't just two people, but they were the last in line as incarnations of systemic forces beyond our sight.

Jose was the servant of the Company. This Company was a massive organization that did many things. Its effects might not have been seen by the naked eye, but its outreach and pervasiveness was omnipresent. Why does no one know about it? Because it was less of an organization, and more of a culture or memetic virus; a tradition that saw the start of recorded history. This structure served as a bedrock for humanity's quality of life. People cried, starved, raped and warred across the world, people were and committed evil against each other. But, as if embodying the Whiggian spirit, for every day

that passed less evil existed. The standard of life (generally) had only increased. People who starved today and yesterday, won't starve tomorrow. People who cried today and yesterday, won't cry tomorrow. And people who have warred today and yesterday, might not war tomorrow. There would always be people that chose to be evil tomorrow, but for every day there were less and less of these people. And this trend is thanks to the Company.

There are atrocities and sin that are too gizzly to be recorded in history, but we still remember them subconsciously, imprinted on our collective unconsciousness. Ask why no one recorded the sacking of Jericho, the Bronze age collapse, or the Mapuche migration? This is how the Company was started, a reaction against evil we don't remember. A self-replicating psychological trend towards an egalitarian future. The Company wasn't just a deep state or secret cabal that held the world in its hands. It was a power held by us all, moving with our will.

And everyday it always grew in its ability. So Jose really did love people, he was a humanist at heart. In the fog of conflict at that time, he was characterized as a ruthless businessman, hell bent on preserving his own status quo. But more than anything he was the vessel of the Company, and he acted according to their will.

The caveat to the Company's mission and efforts, like all institutions and/or governments, is the

need of resources to be covered into social power in order to function. Resources That needed to be extracted, changed, distributed, and consumed. If some class of people were not outright exploited because of this, then the environment and the planet had to shoulder the burden in our place. And with longer lives this burden increased, with better lives this burden increased, and with more lives did this burden increase. To live this great life in the 21st century, there was an exponential demand for resources that needed to be extracted. And the planet was destroyed faster and faster every day, but still the quality of life grew.

Mary saw the destruction of the planet, just as so many kids saw growing up during that time. The deep water horizon oil spill, the East Coast flooding during Hurricane Sandy, and the Carlton Complex Fire, the world was going to hell in a handbasket. But unlike the rest of the plebeians immobilized by systemic and psychological bondage, she was poised for power. Her family had the old kind of wealth, the kind of wealth that was only created at the start of the industrial revolution. Her family produced lathes and piston parts at the turn of the 19th century. They produced

machine tools made for factories, and those factories manufactured goods for more and other factories; it was a positive feedback loop. At the root of the industrial revolution, her family was there with a handful of others that became dynasties in the subsequent centuries. But in the 1980's with the incoming tidal wave of the postindustrial economy and the internet, Mary's dynasty adopted a socially progressive and activist stance in their acceleration of capital and business. Factories and firms were transitioned to emerging electronic and energy goods, as the globe paradigm shifted and the information age began. These acts would only be set up to increase May's inherited wealth and outreach.

Mary herself was born in the 2000's a rich heiress. Her parents being devout Presbyterians, her moral faith weathered the existential crisis of the time. And as she grew into her role as the next generation of her family's dynasty, she would decide to devote herself in saving humanity from disaster. In the wake of the Greta Thundberg's effect on environmental rhetoric, Mary attached herself to the global environmentalist movement and soon ascended in popularity and sensationalization with her dogmatic and orthodox like sermons. In front of the

Garzweiler mine she proclaimed:

"In our fight to protest for freedom, we fight for the liberty to live, to exist, and to pass down the gift that our parents gave to us, to our children. As we all have inane freedoms actualized by our conscious and soul, we must barricade against the tide that tries to steal and take this away. To live is a fight, and to live on Earth is a fight, so it shall be that anybody that infringes on those absolutes are malicious. No people nor group shall encumber our goals and faith. We are the moral and the intolerable, it is not them that will have the Earth's inheritance but us because we have fought for it now and forever."

And with that she was a star.

The stage was set and the actors were in their place, the curtain was lifted and the fight for humanity's soul began.

It started off in small little things. A couple donations here, some campaigns there. The index of polarization globally increased by a hair of a percentage point. But people got older and the drama increased as this power play grew to the global stage. Small campaigns soon turned into senate seats and presidential appointments. Hefty amounts of capital were expended into media positioning and cultural corraling. But still the stakes grew. Regimes, industry, and identity were stratified into a complex of Us vs Them as polarization

increased. Relations were destroyed and lines were drawn.

But this process was kind of nebulous and unapparent, there were too much going on in the social sphere to make a conviction and blame any one person or group for what was happening. Undeniably though, Jose and Mary were the figure head in each of their own power plays. At this time Jose once said during a campaign rally for Kyrsten Sinema,

“It’s really something special what we have created today. Thanks to all of you, the support we’ve received is amazing. It just tells me what we’re doing is right; the opposition will construct these false narratives and pretenses, but we can simply look at the facts. When these intelligent and driven women and men in the government represent you and me, only good things can happen. We’ve created close to half a million high paying and good quality jobs when we worked unobstructed. So we will keep fighting the good fight, the opposition will try to stop us, but what can they do against the facts?”

It’s hard to say where these things start, if there is ever a particular event that really catalyzes a movement or if it was an inevitability; bubbling underneath the surface. But some way or another huge demonstrations and protests began in large cities around America, a call for climate justice. And when cries were not heeded

and emotions left unreciprocated did the inevitable violence come. The burning of stores, industry, and property. The symbols of Earth’s destruction were targeted and razed.

And as it has been common when industry and property are threatened in America, the State is quick to stomp out rebellion with the most heavy handed of measures, such as the Nate Turner’s Rebellion, the Colorado Coalfield Wars, the Black Lives Matter protests, and again with the now widespread environmental protests. After all of this civil disobedience, hundreds were left dead and thousands arrested. And again, in pace with the historic record, the riots galvanized their supporters, but inevitably did not result in any material change in policy. America, the institution, can’t appropriate a movement antithetical to the industrial complex, but not all countries and organizations turned their back on this now global populist uprising.

The industrialized world united around Jose, the status quo was upheld and opulence grew. Mary was propped by the Other nations in a weak opposition to the industrialized and postindustrialized bloc.

So it is good that Mary wasn’t just another weak pundit smeared on the opposition’s boot, but she had a scheme

cooking to make the global environmentalists' dreams a reality. Mary had actively resourced and stocked materials in semi-secrecy for years. Things like high carbon steel, molecular hydrogen, animal gametes and other strange things in the largest quantities. She was obviously in the works of constructing something monumental; revolutionary even. And everyone waited in anxious bated breath to hear the good news of how she was going to save us.

She made an announcement of the construction of a deepsleep generation ship in low Earth orbit, a grave in the stars where the genetic future of humanity would be preserved. It would be so big that it would be able to be seen in the sky to the naked eye. There was celebration, for we had been saved and Mary had done it, she had not resigned to go quietly into that good night and constructed a future for us against all odds.

Mary had told a sort of half truth, yes the sleepership would preserve the genetic future of humanity, but we didn't really understand what that meant. Mary's timeline for Earth's rehabilitation wasn't on the order of hundreds or thousands of years, but close to millions. It really wasn't something to celebrate what she had in store for us. We didn't know that people

would be put into a deep sleep at periodic times to extend their shelf life, but over thousands of years new persons would have to be born and replace the expired and damaged goods. The residents of the ship would only live one year of love, enough time for a new crop of children to be born, after which this lifetime in a year, it was back into the chambers. Where they would sleep and die. The next generation's destiny is sealed and set in the metal of their pods. To their credit, Jose and the Company had realized what Mary had secretly planned. But the time to stop this horrible scheme was too late, and all they could do was extend an olive branch to persuade this death cult to not do what it was planning to do. It was an opportunity for these two opposing forces to meet, deliberate, and have a dialogue. So here Mary and Jose sat face to face, silent and meditative, until Jose cracked the silence and said:

"Why do you need to sacrifice these people and yourself? Staying on Earth we could all live a life of luxury, in the cumulative wealth we have amassed from the beginning of history. This brief flash of consciousness we have could be a fun thing before it gets extinguished. But you would damn yourself and you will damn everyone in order to live in squalor and meagerly. All in order to save the paradise you will never touch again. Why sacrifice yourself

like this? Why not live?"

"I don't sacrifice myself and our way of life just in the name of preserving paradise. I'm saving our home, the cradle, and maybe our very being. We may return again, eventually, but the threat of modern humanity, the simple needs of eight billion souls will be gone so that she may heal. It is not the end. You and your way of life will end eventually, but I will ensure the flame of our species is maintained and saved. Earth will heal, as the way she has done after any disaster, and we will come back to her arms in one way or another. So the only question that needs to be asked is when."

"This is all self sacrificial and noble, but you yourself will never feel her warm embrace again. You will starve yourself of a blue sky and a long life. But most importantly you will deny these people and their descendants the love and freedom they deserve."

"Yes I am condemning myself and others. But I will have the guarantee in passing the torch so that something human exists in the future."

Jose represented himself, an individual and his own being. But as he looked at Mary's silhouette and finally her face it was as if he was looking at a mass, The masses. A person without room for free agency; an amalgamation of the people she represented, even if they killed her now they could not stop what she and everyone created. She was a vessel for an already too

powerful spirit.

So he finally asked "Doesn't It matter your not fight, that your not good? You are evil and by almost every metric what you're doing is wrong."

"Franky, it wouldn't even matter if I was all these things. What is good or evil when I've saved the world?"

And that was the end of it, they departed in silence.

Shortly after Mary made an address: "Friends and family, the forces and processes that have been changing our home have been victorious, this is something that we all know. But this doesn't mean that our struggle and conflict is over, it is not over until we have won, forever and for always. So, I ask and implore you and your children to make that leap of faith for the trials that will come. We may have been unable to stop the indiscriminate destruction to the Earth now, but this is not the end for us. All that I can say is to be ready to face our reality."

And with that they announced the creation of their generationship and soon began to load passengers onto a small and finite number of ships that would take them to their new cradle. Where they would live and die. To stave off the good night, at the cost of

themselves and future generations. Many could not join the crew of the generationship, a sacrifice to stay and live in the dying life of luxury..

Mary stood at the entrance, the last one to disappear into the dim belly of that fiery beast that would take her to space. Her last departing speech was "It's time to die. The dirt has been tilled, watered, and fertilized, now we will cut down the dead growth for new generations to upwell."

And then she was gone.

The world was left stunned and scared in anticipation for something to happen as a result of her sinister farwell but nothing did, days turned to weeks and weeks turned to months. Missiles that were locked and ready to be lobbed at her cultic colony in retaliation stood down, the news moved on to greater sensational events, and gradually she and her supporters were side lined by the general public as new and better things cropped up. Years of protest and discourse were tired points and faded once the supporters with a mission were gone. What was left of Mary's efforts was a giant hunk of metal floating in the sky. A peace before the modern environmental movement enveloped the world

and the humanist machine churned.

Seven billion people died a year later, even supporters of Mary that found themselves so unlucky as not to be in the generationship were not spared. It was a chromosomal time bomb introduced through GMO soy used in farm feed that had made sure everyone on the planet would be dead at the same time, turned into a cancerous goo. It was as if the rapture had happened, one day the cities and towns bustled with the life of everyday people and the next it was silent. Silent for now and forever. Time passed and nature grew, the ecological and environmental impact of humans would go unseen for thousands of years, until it was just an archeological time period buried in between two sedimentary layers.

But still in Earth's orbit, Mary's generationship worked and was preserved. Unknown and silently. Flora and fauna bustled below, but there was nobody left outside to witness its testament. So as planned, A million years in the future and a million of lifetimes gone, humans came back to our cradle. Our Eden. Our Earth.

But what a waste.

The End.

A large, dark satellite is shown in space, oriented vertically. The word "ANTHROPLEX" is written in large, gold-colored letters on its side. The satellite has a complex, multi-faceted structure with various panels and components. Below the main body, there is a smaller, more intricate structure that appears to be a service module or a secondary payload. The background is the Earth's atmosphere, showing a thin blue layer and some clouds, with the blackness of space above. The overall scene is a dramatic, high-angle view of the satellite in orbit.

Up high,
this grave sits
hanging.

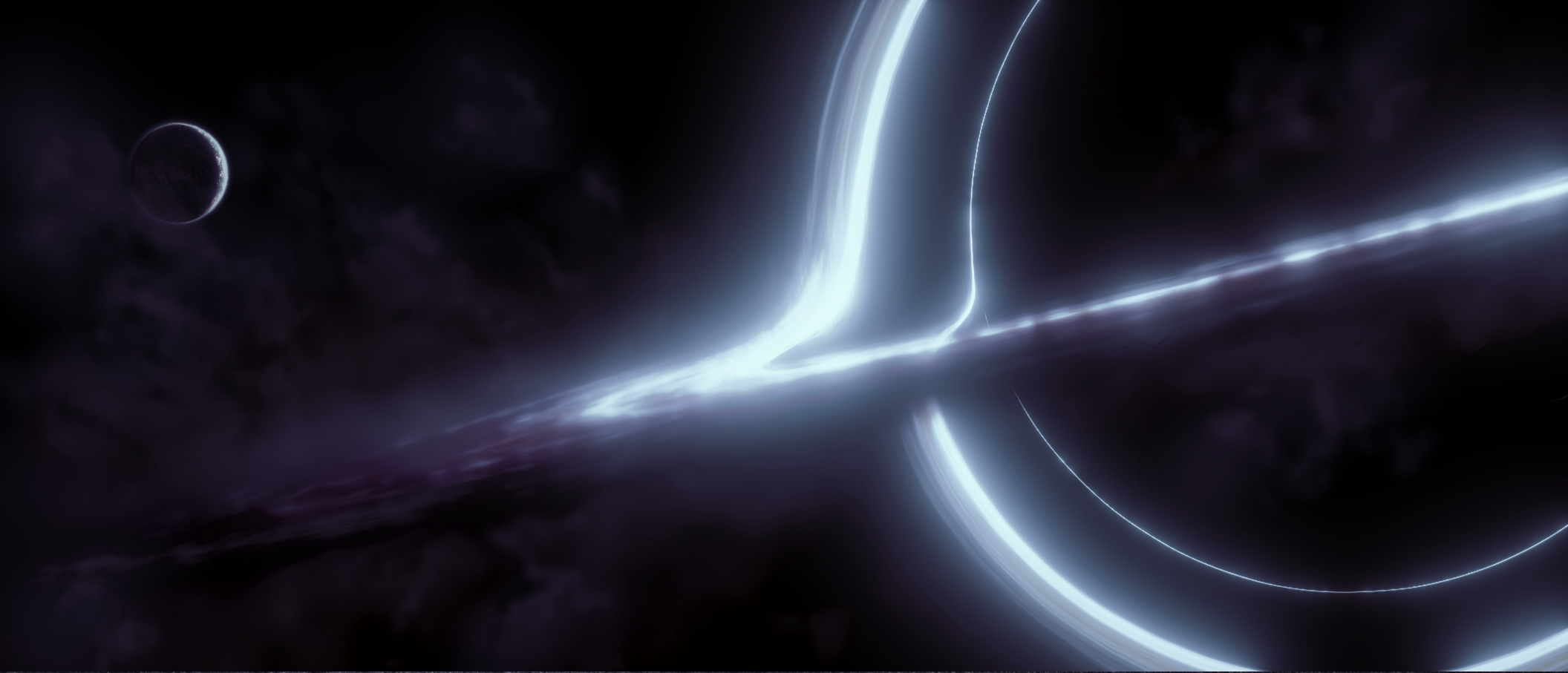
(I coined Anthroplex before I
learned of Arcologies.)

A description of me waking up at
6am on March 18, 2022 because my
curtains were open

I woke up and saw this oculus in the
sky, a midnight suna night. My pillow so
crumpled and used in the watery blue sun.
Longer shadows stretch out like fingers, but
now can't hide their secrets in the night. It
was sudden with a start blinded by the
midnight light, the moon clawing and
prying my lids from deep sleep to say hello.
And the strongest silver Silhouette of every
object, of my legs, of my blanket, of my world
at night.

An evil spirit

And tonight I will slip out of my skin in the moonlight, this skin tied to my frame. In the forest, in the winter, in the night, tonight. A bag thinly sheathing my form. For the night is too long and winter too cold. I sit in a crowd of shadows, trees reaching to the sky as the moon hangs softly up there, their gray twig-like fingers staying still. And a knot twists in my gut, turning and tightening. I try to push out, against this bag, against my skin, but still I hurt. I can feel the warm pump in my bones and in my legs. Tonight I will slip out⁶.



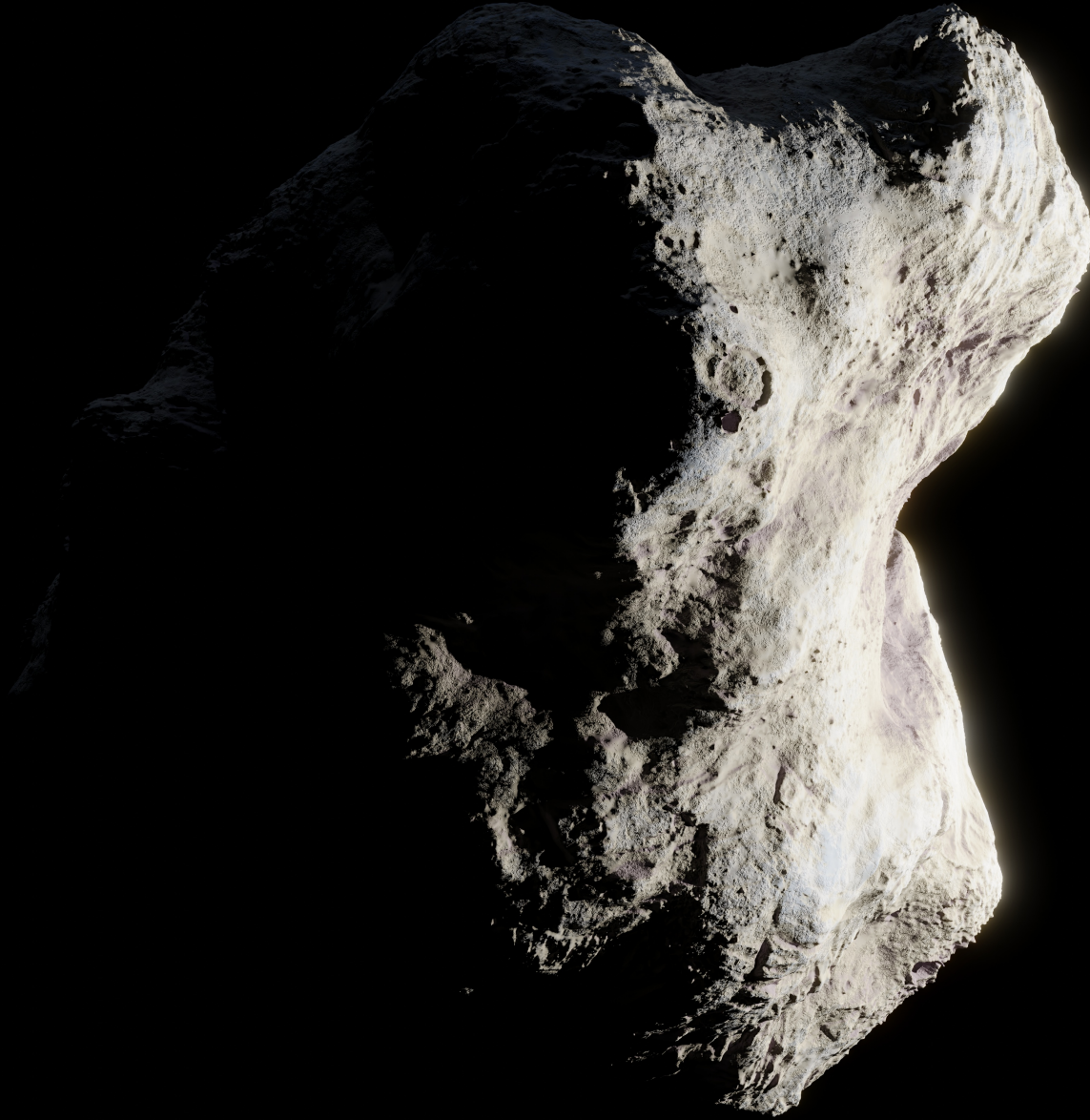
Like many things, it's a two body problem. A blackhole and a planet, her and him. One so massive in relation to the other that even in the complex web of interference the planet orbits along a cyclical path.

Blackholes too radiate, so it's not so hard to believe life could grow and colonize the planet.

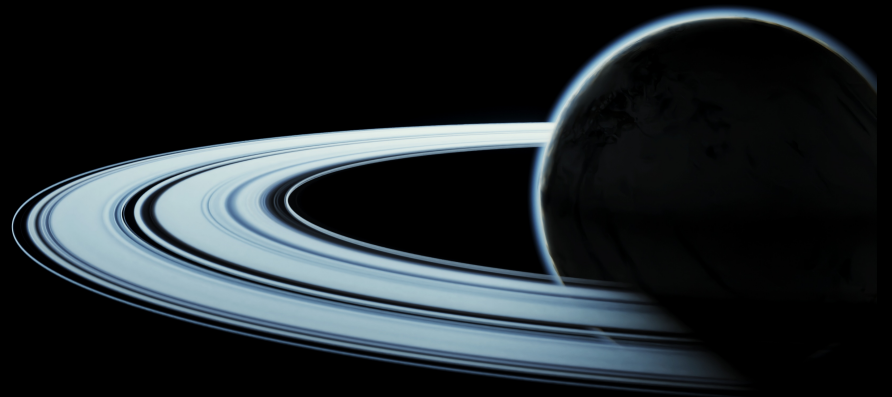
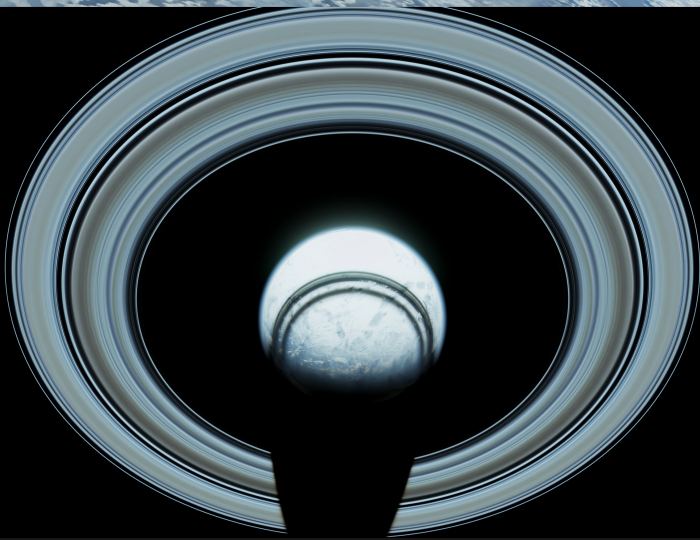
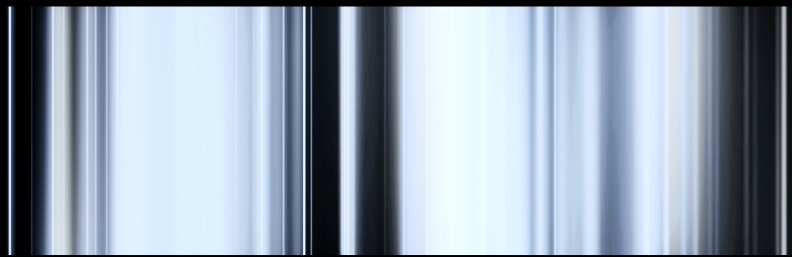
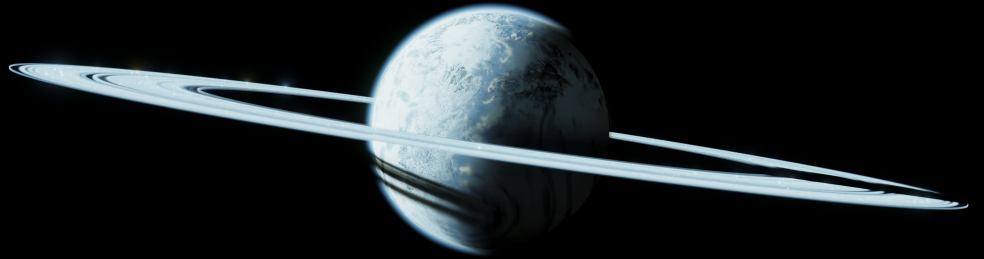
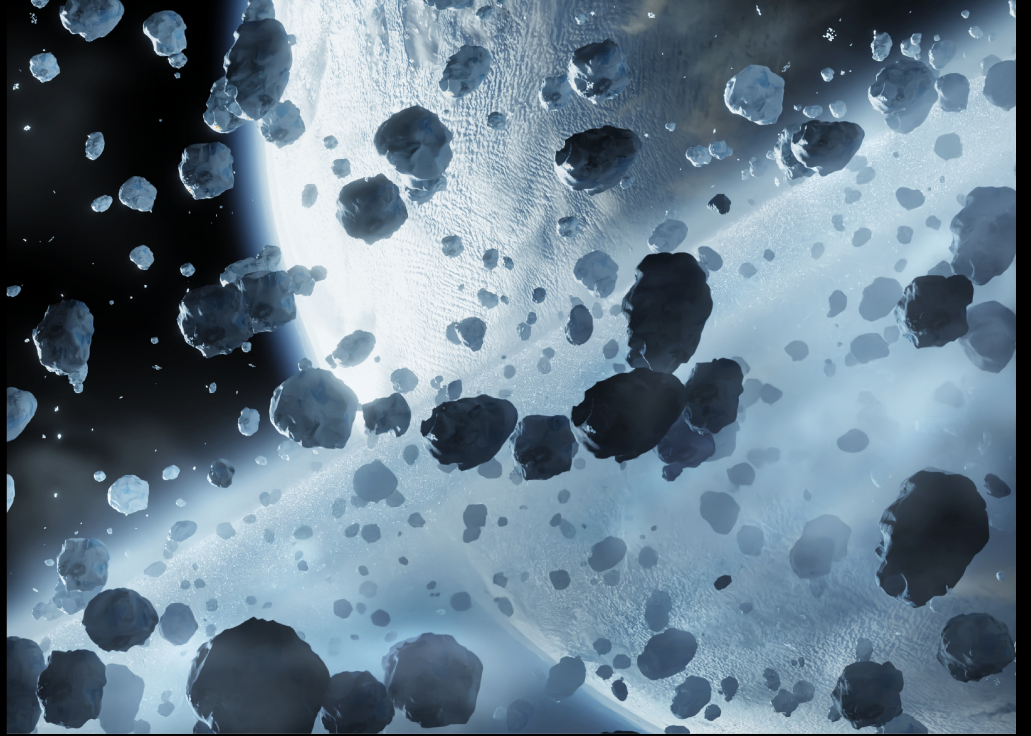
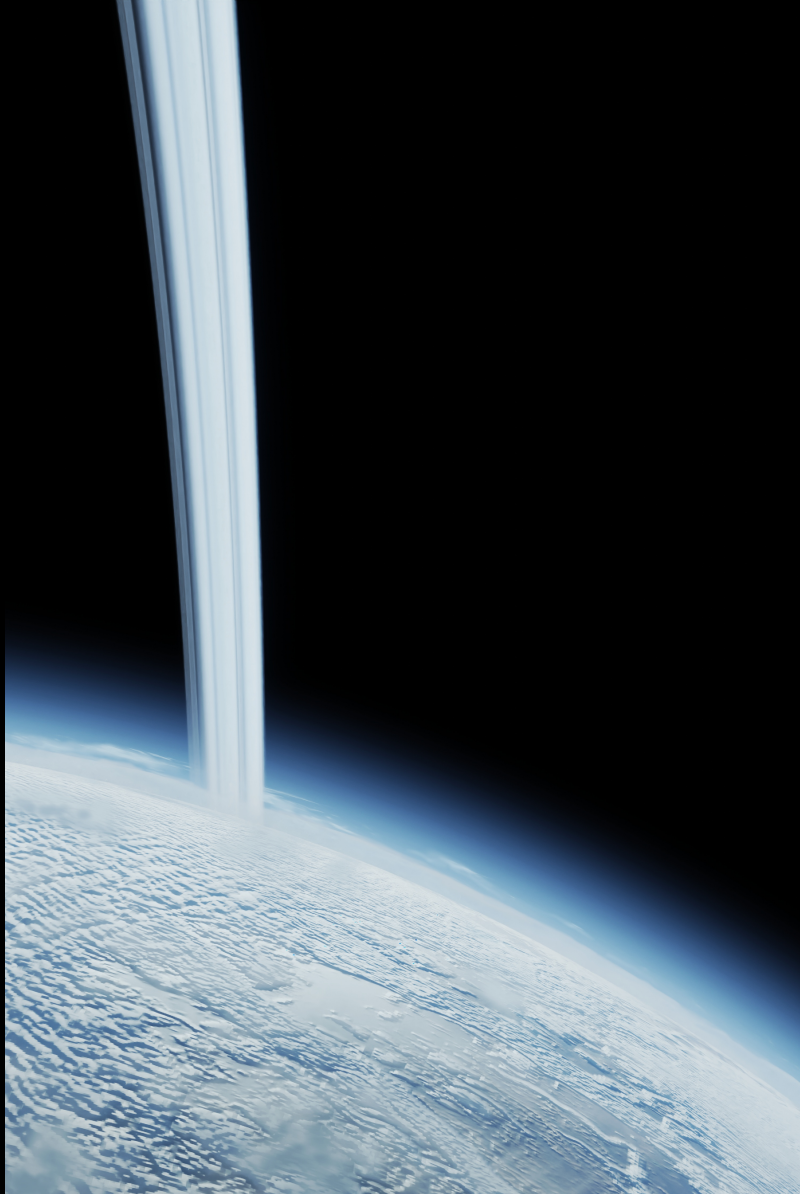
But most orbits aren't stable, the planet is doomed to be tossed away or eaten. My Aelic cycle.

Can I revel in it?
Outside of sight and in the dim.

8405 Asbolus is where I will set up my space commune.







Cattle God

1

It's metastatic, a degenerative memplex. Anything constructed, anything of structure is eroded. It is the unending multiplicities of multiplicity that forms an ocean, a soup. And as it crashes against the rocks on shore, how can structure resist the entropic forces against it. Stone to dust. But because it is formless in function and operation, working in mysterious ways in every nook and cranny of the world, as we behold its gifts.

This god [my god] is evil. What is sacred will become meaningless and what is meaningless is even more. I am now an agent of it's logic; it has colonized me, or rather I have been born into it and it's fold. Its a virtual abstraction hijacking the brain to actualize itself in reality. It crawls and scrapes in there, but I am just a man and trepanning simply won't work.

To kill a dead god, a death cult god, I must die and be reborn. Ascending from the rubble of cultural apocalypse, a Stardust Communist emerges.

2

First of all there was a nostalgia machine, it turned every 20 years. It was a revitalization, or maybe an elegy, for that cultural period. Through this the motifs were aestheticized and reduced into a unifying cannon/paradigm of the period. But all stories end, and the cultural production





the collapse of culture and meaning, scattered dust to the stars as we idle for this eventual entropic trajectory to immolate itself. And maybe it should be this way, maybe Marx was right. Maybe this stage is a tribute or sacrifice for our ritual of ascension, of our apotheosis.

3

We need to be different. We need to create something without any history of ideas attached, something out of time and place. We need to create something purely in a vacuum, no more cyberpunk (it is dead and now it haunts us), now the new futurism is religion.

Historically we have bisected the world in two, between East and West. Art traditions of the East favored refinement of technique and tradition of their craft (Ex. Japanese Pottery), as opposed to the West that appreciated originality rather than conformity (an Idealistic philosophy, great men like Warhall, Van Gogh, and Michelangelo).

But what we see now in Western Pop. culture is the departure of the original and the recycling and refinement of the old. Our trends, our genres, our arts have been reduced to their core identity. Pixel art, high fantasy, cyberpunk, dystopias, they all have been refined to a set of themes and tropes, something closer to the Eastern philosophy of arts.

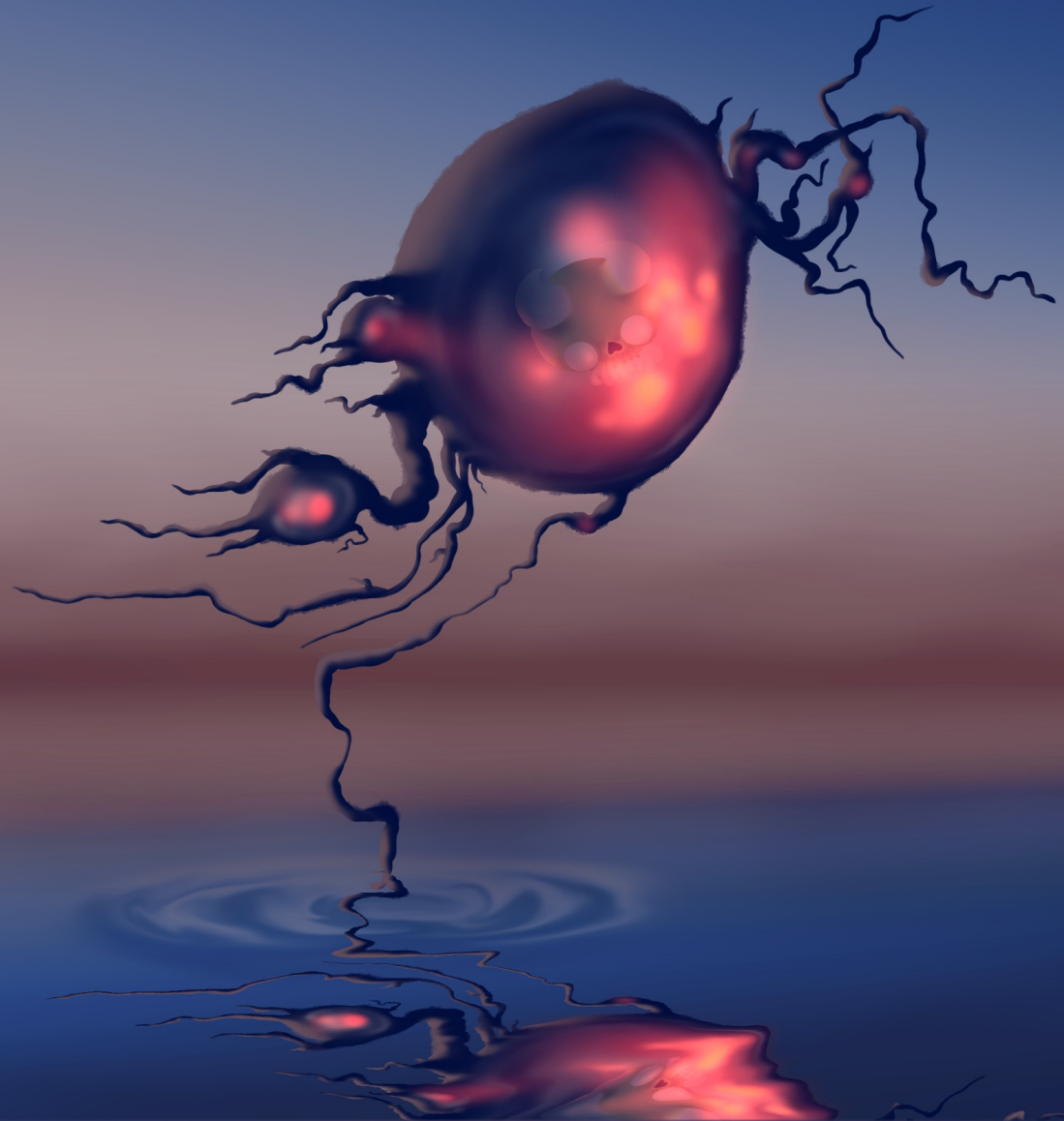
We need something different than anything else that has been thought to overcome this cultural impasse, to continue to turn their wheel of intergenerational struggle, and for a new culture forms to finally usurp the old. Can't be too hard, right?

Take care, it's a desert out there, in this cultural siberia.

continues incessantly, or so we thought. The nostalgia machine is broken and cultural production has come to an impasse.

In the past these motifs would eventually become stale and over used. These decrepit cultural forms then collapsed and this was when culture would kick in to create new a status quo: new theologies. But it hasn't.

Now we have traveled past the failure or lost future. It's not the "end of history", it's the end of everything. It's





Book of Mars

Masochistic Veneration. That we must experience or expect pain as a justification or tribute for godliness, that we must suffer for success.

1

At some point there was the All-spirit, maybe there was a beginning, maybe there wasn't, maybe this has all happened before, but at some time the All-spirit was there. Wherever he turned, he found the spirits and characters hidden in the mists of night. And as he gleamed in the kingdom of sky, he shown onto the Mother. He shown a love that made the blood in her bones tingle and move as citters of every shape and creed swam in her body. The All-spirit also shown on the four sons of the Kingdom, the princes of the sky. And maybe they lived in harmony, running and dancing around the All-spirit in those good nights.

But one of the four princes coveted the Mother, and that was the beginning of the end of this early time. He was the largest, he was the yellow light at dusk, he was the Father. So large and healthy he saw so much more with his unblinking bloodshot eye. He had wheeled and peered on the muddy red faced Mother for the longest time. And in time, they joined in

the first matrimony and pact. A pact of life and servitude. The Father was not so in love with the Mother, maybe he thought she was even ugly, but he had the foresight for the events to happen and accepted them in the ways he could.

So when the Mother was struck by the Father we could say that it was destined to happen, that heavy blinding fist bruising and cutting the progenitor. Blood and spit swelled up in that soft mark the Father had left, and down dipped this water across the Mother's face. And out of this pool we emerged, the sons of the sea, the progeny of her abuse.

It is said that the Father's act was not out of malice, but justice. For balance, for a suffering to teach and save us. May it be that we understand the love in violence, for we are wicked men, and wickedness only grows so long as it is unpunished. And all evil seeps and soaks, and our Mother who bore us can not help but also be wicked with us as her children. Perhaps this is how the Father loves us, for he sees our imperfect actions and does not let us suffer, he is swift with his retribution, with his fist. And may we plead to suffer again, until no evil deeds are done, till we become good; till we join the Father and the All-spirit in the sky.

2

We could just peak our heads in the sky but we wouldn't stay there for long. The sky was too light, we would try to inhale but there was nothing to inhale and the slow creep of asphyxiation would come on as we went through the motions until we would have to give up and sink back to our domain. It would've stayed like this until the blessed (niece) came, she was blessed at birth being born as the Father shown down overhead her mother. It was during her (rejuvenation) that we saw how blessed she really was.

On that day she had come home with a weighted container in her arms and she had proudly announced to our people that surely our evil was waning because she had been shown something incredible by the Father or maybe even the All-spirit. She led us where the sky, the earth, and the bottom met. And out of the container she pulled out a roughly shaped bowl or jar, but it was made of something quite rare, ice that had dropped from the sky from the murky and choking places of our land. She had strung a cloth cushioning across the opening of the ice jar, and just like that she placed it on her head and walked into the sky.

We waited and waited for her to come back but the sun began to set and we became fearful and distressed, she had killed herself in delusion of her perceived blessing. Her mother couldn't take the torment and followed after her in blind misery. She ran into the sky but soon jumped back crying with joy and telling us to stick our heads in the sky. Standing there, out of the earth and in the sky, our blessed (niece) smiled and waved at us.

Now we crawl across all of the Mother's face, her earth and her sky. We run among the mountains and wade through the veins of earth that lead us back home. She is so much larger than we believe. We have and will become greater people, the cold chill of evil is leaving our bodies with every child born and every pilgrimage taken, each time traveling farther into the sky.

Maybe someday we will travel so far we will walk into the kingdom of the heavens and dance forever with the princes of the sky and our good Mother around the All-spirit.

3

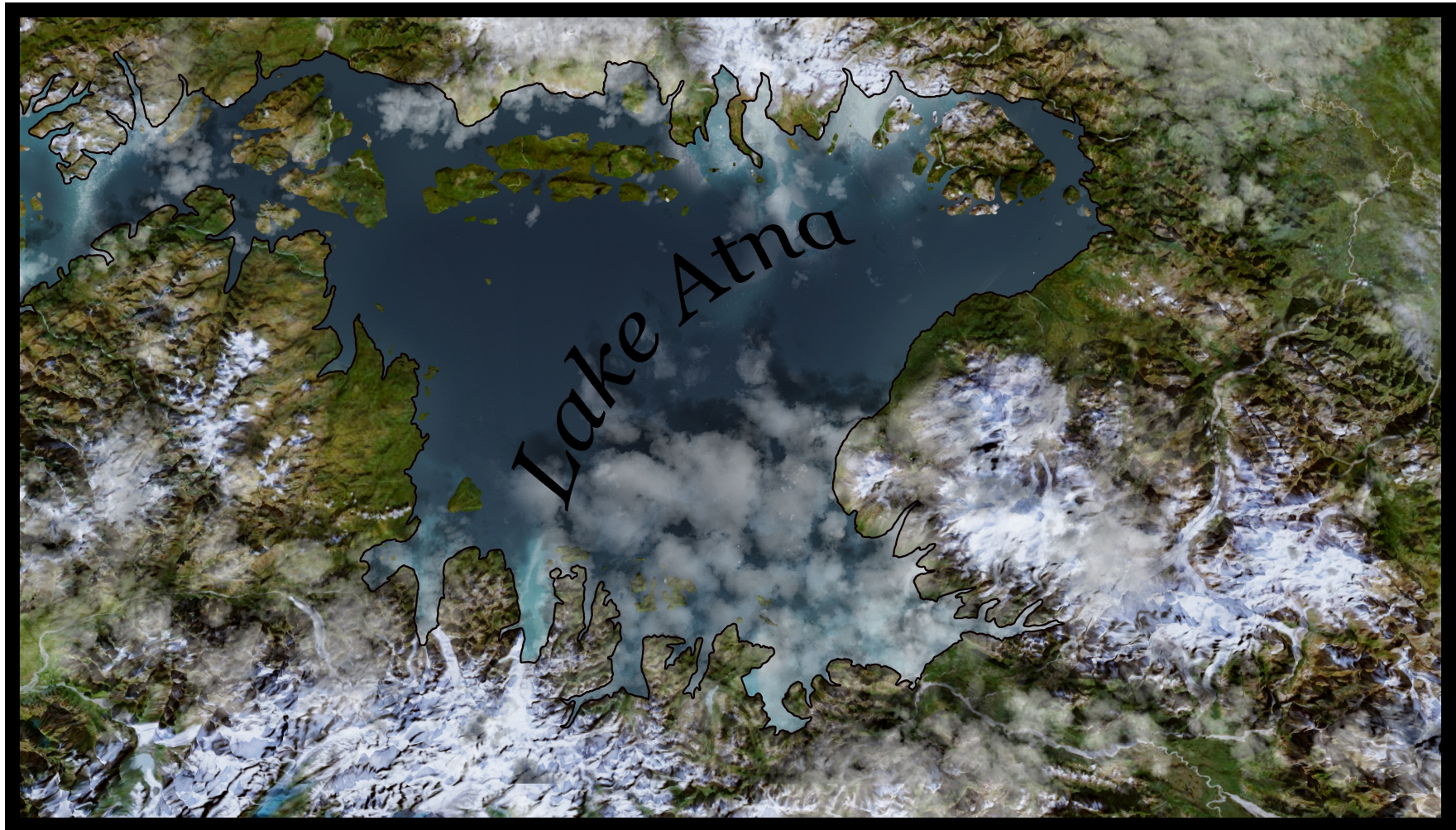
We ask what is evil? Is it an act, a trait, or an absolute?

It is that aspect of ourselves that pushes us further from the All-spirit and from the light. It is intergeneration, from mother to child. It makes us sink deeper among the fish and other animals, for they are just like us but ungodly: ungod.

We are different in the fact that unlike the animals and critters that swim in the Mother that came from the breath and shine of the All-spirit, we came from abuse. The abuse of the Father against the Mother, and that hateful violent act whether meaningless or not to: did have meaning to us. The senseless violence against the Mother seeded the good in us and the potential to be god-like.

To be evil to to be like the rocks and plants, the All-spirit shines on them but it means nothing, they act out their desires and wants without consideration if it is right or wrong because they know nothing of it. We see the All-spirit and we know he is good. We see the violence of the Mother and we know it is evil. We have the predisposition for an animalistic nature, an evil nature, but we must overcome it and allow the good ultimately seeded by the Father to grow so as we may rise into the sky. To dance around the All-spirit with the Mother, the Father, and princes of the sky.





Lake Atna was a prehistoric proglacial lake that initially formed approximately 58 thousand years ago in what is now Lake Louise/the Copper River Basin. The lake formed, and dispersed, during the last glacial period. At its greatest extent the lake surface area was approximately 3 times the size of Lake Iliamna, but was possibly much larger. The basin of the lake lay between the Alaska Range to the north, the Wrangell Mountains to the east, the Chugach Mountains to the south, and the Talkeetna Mountains to the west. During its early formation, the lake likely had no permanent

outlet because the damming glaciers were large enough that the lake was endorheic. Shorelines of Atna's sustained lake levels show it had a maximum of 2,999 ft above modern sea level. The final draining and disappearance of the lake happened no later than around 9.4 thousand years ago through the Copper River Valley. Observations of the presence of large, symmetrical hills of fluvial origin in the Matanuska Valley could show the possibility of a megaflood down the valley from ancient Lake Atna. Forming the modern geography of the Valley and the Anchorage bowl.

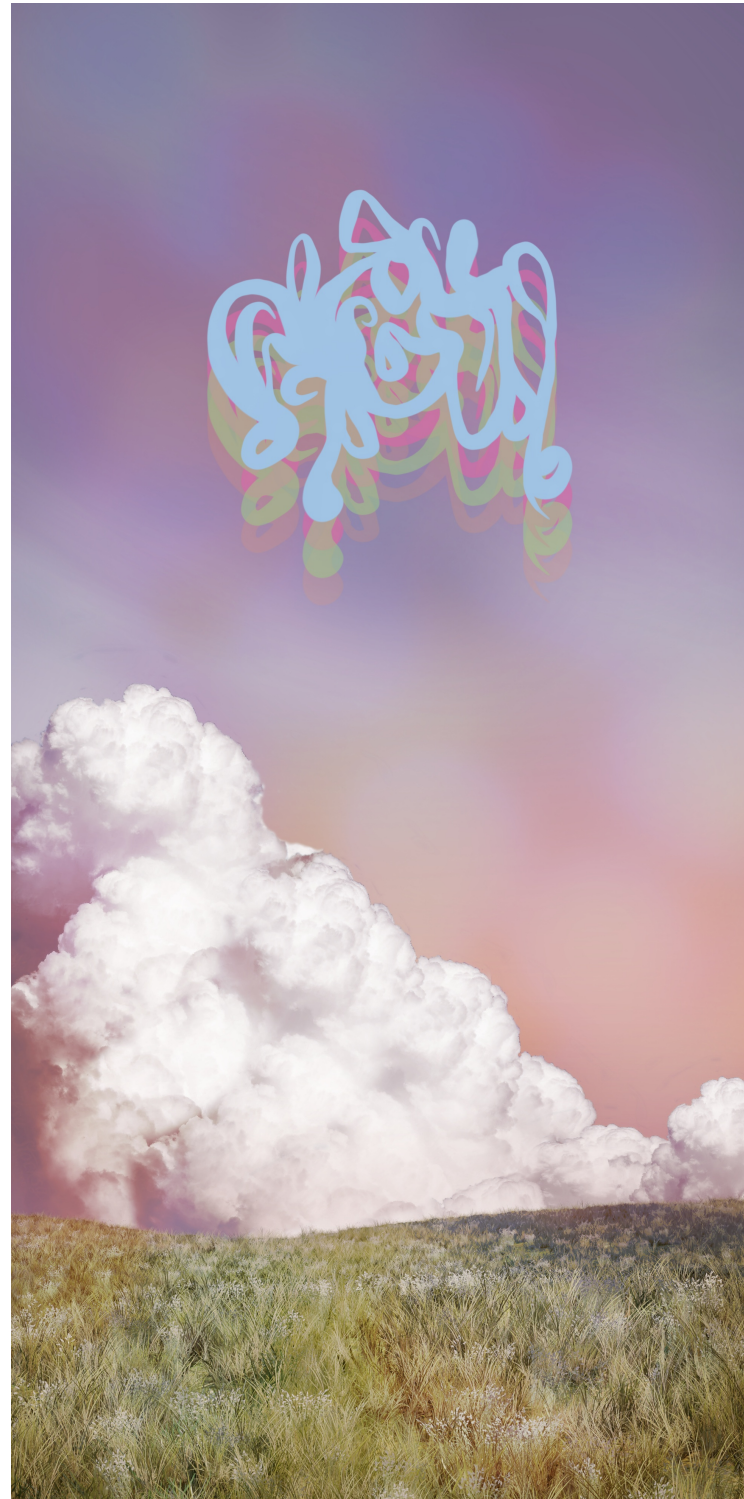


"As Ne-beru let him hold the crossing place of heaven and underworld, They should not cross above or below, but should wait for him. Ne-beru is his star, which he caused to shine in the sky, Let him take his stand on the heavenly staircase that they may look at him. Yes, he who constantly crosses the Sea without resting, Let his name be Ne-beru, who grasps her middle, Let him fix the paths of the stars of heaven, Let him shepherd all the gods like sheep, Let him bind Tia-mat and put her life in mortal danger, To generations yet unborn, to distant future days, May he continue unchecked, may he persist into eternity. Since he created the heavens and fashioned the earth, Enlil, the father, called him by his own name, 'Lord of the Lands'."⁷

Academia

There needs to be a shift in literary critique, too many words and I'm not going to read them. Yes, there is a need to adequately describe ideas, but there is one thing that is missed; Passion. Ideas shouldn't be analyzed only with a descriptive lens, there is a need for an emotional component. The other arts (excluding writing) need a role in the thesis of critique; visual, music, sculpture, and/or preformative. This could also serve as a breakdown in social stratification of traditionally academic topics with the "layman". It is these schools of resentment that just deconstruct and obliterate any creation or myth that says anything, it is the death of symbols and the waste of value, of beauty. You haven't taught me to live, you've taught me to die, maybe you haven't taught me anything at all.

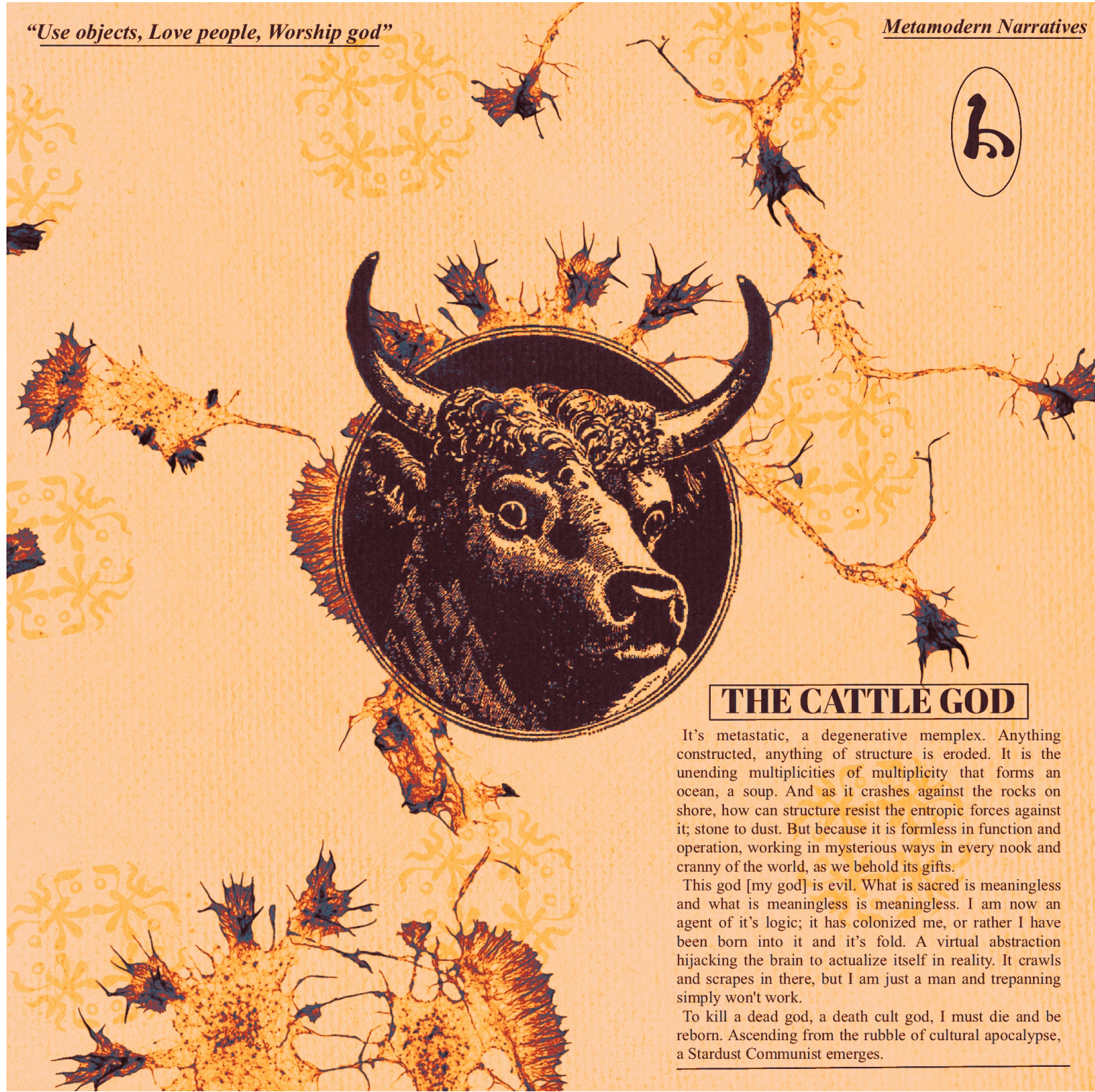
I am an academic. I don't have an imposter or inferiority complex, but I am sad. I am sad that college isn't what I thought it would be, it is just work.



There is no life in this school. And maybe this is because college is eroded by commodification, that our education is more akin to employment training. But isn't it supposed to be more than that? I thought I would have these discoveries of archaic knowledge with my peers. But people are boring here, they sit down, take notes, and leave promptly, they are mechanic. I try to bridge this distance, but what's the point? It's so obvious it's one sided. I even feel this in my art classes. And I hate that I'm turning into one of them too.

And Karl won't stop talking about calculus, it has consumed him. And not in the good way, in the type of way that I'm a wall he's throwing shit against and it matters not if I do or don't contribute to these conversations.

In conclusion, I should spread the postmodern and continental brain AIDs in an attempt to hold onto the scholarly spirit I feel dying, I see in its afterglow. So that these automata too have passion.



THE CATTLE GOD

It's metastatic, a degenerative memplex. Anything constructed, anything of structure is eroded. It is the unending multiplicities of multiplicity that forms an ocean, a soup. And as it crashes against the rocks on shore, how can structure resist the entropic forces against it; stone to dust. But because it is formless in function and operation, working in mysterious ways in every nook and cranny of the world, as we behold its gifts.

This god [my god] is evil. What is sacred is meaningless and what is meaningless is meaningless. I am now an agent of its logic; it has colonized me, or rather I have been born into it and its fold. A virtual abstraction hijacking the brain to actualize itself in reality. It crawls and scrapes in there, but I am just a man and trepanning simply won't work.

To kill a dead god, a death cult god, I must die and be reborn. Ascending from the rubble of cultural apocalypse, a Stardust Communist emerges.



Everything Everywhere All At Once (EEAAO) perfectly encapsulates the zeitgeist and philosophical underpinnings for Gen. Z, hence my mom's dismissal of the film as opposed to my visceral resonance with the characters and main themes of the movie. Simply (if I had to guess), EEAAO is an expansion of the crisis of meaning and is an allegory for the Internet. How can we hold, retain, and/or find meaning in the face of infinite realities (most of the time we are voluntarily experiencing all at once)? The film is surreal, existentialist, nihilistic, and absurdist. If anyone could have seen this, I wish it was someone like Sartre, De Beauvoir, or Camus. Ultimately, the movie concludes that what derives meaning is the reality we are in and that is most immediate (much like SCP-7005's Titus Quaker) because that is the one that we will be living through. It's possible that my thesis from EEAAO is a gross oversimplification, but in case it's not, what meaning can someone derive/draw upon who's functionally not rooted in any one reality and only the infinitely factoring permutations of everything as their principal reality? idk."

METROPOLIS

Capsule Gang

Enough! Open up your eyes
and look at the big picture;
You're all puppets of corrupt
politicians and capitalists.
Don't you understand, it's
utterly pointless to fight
each other.

JOIN CIVILIZATION



Apocalypse Fetishism: manifestations of alienation

Perhaps the reason why there is such a longing and desire for the Apocalypse is that it's the disappearance in this world we've come to hate and the reintroduction to more simplistic modes of living, that we are reclaiming something essential or denied for us in modern society.

It's a bit like the fantasy of going out into nature and living by your own means, living by your own merit and skills. It's a very Kaczynskite/primitivist dream (rip my man Ted, 6/13/23).

But what is the cause of the seemingly shared desire, especially among people in my generation as it's an almost universal shared dream. But I think it fundamentally comes from the alienation of our labor and our life. For our work to go back to where it wasn't for survival, but as a form of self expression

and creation.

What exactly do we hate about modern society, shouldn't we feel some sort of belonging in the current paradigm we have been inculturated in? Hegel's definition of subjective alienation is interesting because it describes a dissatisfaction/rejection of the status quo of the present world that we are inculturated in, because we do not recognize this reality as our own⁸⁹. That the Self is alienated from its own reality as if it is separate or the creation of someone else. This is important because it's a relatively recent phenomenon/attitude in society¹⁰.

David Graber has said that the dissociation we've feel when we're alienated at work was previously something highly sought after among the some of the Christian, Muslim, and Buddhist faiths, to be able to remove yourself from the world, people, and your own body and find a clearer conception/interpretation of reality¹¹. But that was then and this is now, and I at least do not wish to feel this way.

It's important to create a common use of words like work, labor, and play, in order to construct a conclusion of this fetishism¹². I will define work as the process undergone for survival, work is almost always productive. Work becomes labor when it is coerced, when somebody has to work for survival but doesn't want

to/enjoy the work they are doing. Work becomes play when it is not coerced, somebody works for their survival but this process is done because they enjoy it/want to do it. Both labor and play can be productive or somewhat unproductive, but labor has an additional semantic transformation when it becomes unproductive and necessary for survival, in the words of David Greaber, it becomes a “bullshit job”.

It's interesting that our linguistic attitude of work (labor) is almost always negative, it's something we don't want to. Work is always a chore. But hunter-gathers also do work for their survival, importantly though they enjoy the task. Anthropologists will disguise the work that hunter-gatherers undergo for their survival not as labor but as play.

As some anecdotal evidence, when I was a laborer creating trails for my community (which I'd characterize as a noble act) I would become bored and watch the clock until my work day was over. Yet I enjoy and look forward to things like going to the gym or taking a hike. The difference between these two activities is that one of them is labor and is coerced, while the other is play and is not coerced.

And I suppose the most important part of this fetishism is that the work for survival during this cozy catastrophe is not coerced. In my own fantasy I wish to do hard work in a field and grow my own crops/

animals and make my own shelter. Supposedly I could do all these things in the state that I live in right now, I don't need an apocalypse/destruction of society for me to play, but I don't. And maybe I can't (due to social or emotional relations, I do not know).

But is there any historical example of the apocalypse in reality (and recent memory)? I'd say colonization is an apocalypse for the people being colonized. There is the cruel horror and loss as your family, culture, people, and land is decimated. And even after, in the post-apocalypse/colonization is there salvation in the struggle for survival? Because either you die or you live in squalor/a state of marginalization, and is there dignity in that? Perhaps you are not alienated, but this is definitely not a better state than what was previously. This vision of the apocalypse is very far departed from the western fantasy. Because The western narrative of the apocalypse of survival and triumph, because a story of death and the end of everything is kind of boring and isn't really compelling.

Really I don't know, people say a cabin in the woods isn't the answer to the spiritual/philosophical problems that I (and many others face). Yet I still dream of the apocalypse and the end of everything.

Critical disability interpretation

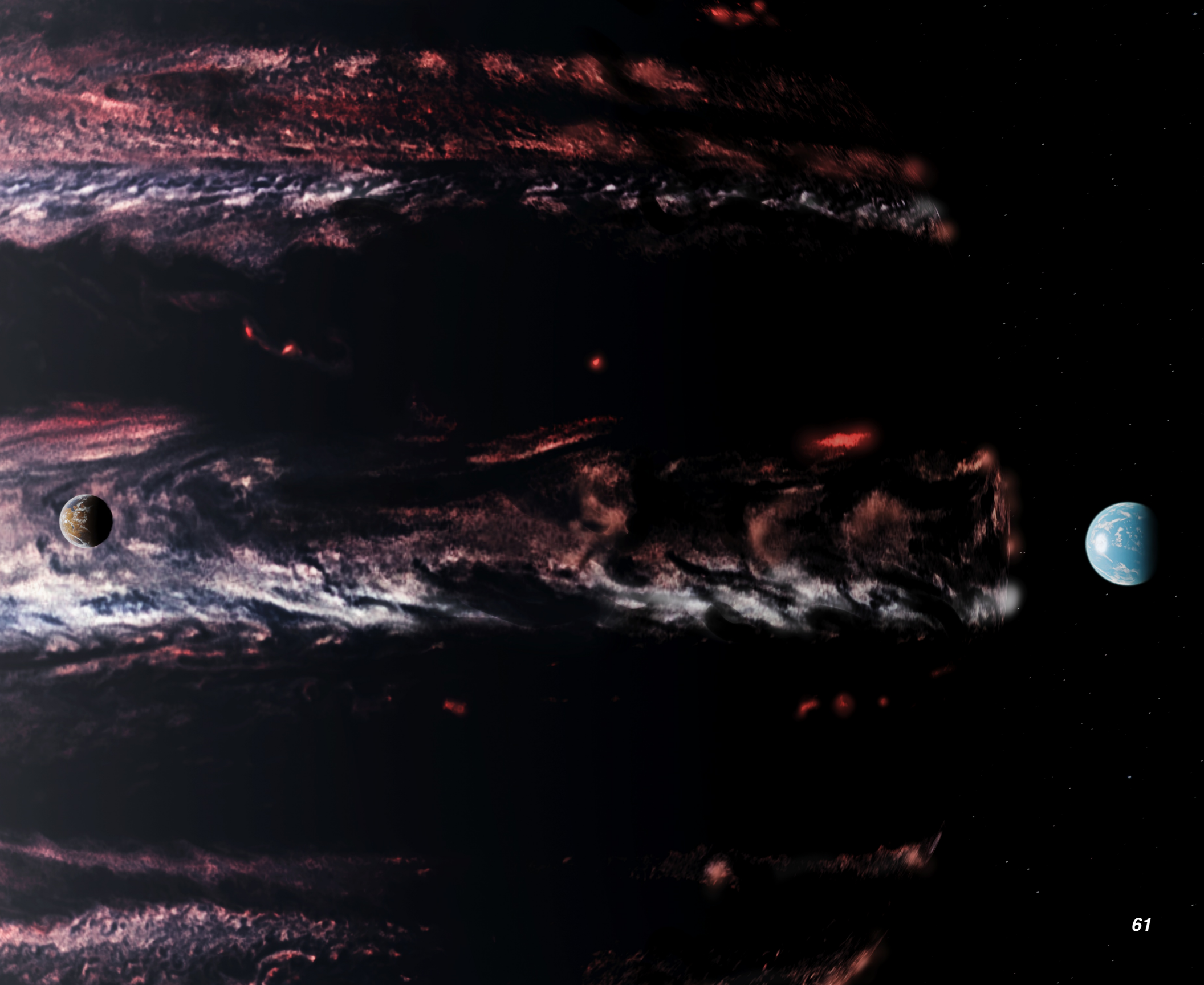
The ugly are disabled, disabled and ugly.
Eyes of dust which can not see.
I the moon in full face,
They the sun pedestated place,
Brass trumpets and trombones, clipped and blow.
In silence for those far below.
Of spirit and requited,
Love heighten and fighted,
Can't even imagine,
Fantasy of gum flappen,

I cant see, I seriously have fucked up sight,
I am not joking.

Alaska is like a jail

**I sit in my cell waiting for summer to come,
this day lasts a year and it's always night. Thumbs
twiddled and patiently waiting for a chance to
escape, and experience the wide windowed view
of the world I see spinning and rushing past. To
run in the fields and swim in the rivers forever
because summer never ends. And do whatever
I wish because dreams never end anywhere here.
Dreams end in Alaska, in jail cells, in bleak fear,
and in the last frontier**







GrassWorld Worldbuilding Project

For the love of synthwave.

GrassWorld is an isotropic place that experiences 4 time periods, or historical/cosmological Eras in a continuous cycle. For the most part people do not know that this happens but the effects of this cyclical movement of time has a slight effects in the physical world as well as a subconscious undercurrent.

These 4 distinct Era's are periodized as:
The Vapor Era: In this time Spring, Vaporwave, plains of grass, and warm rain dominate. This world is one of endless plains as thunder rumbles on the horizon. Remnants and artifacts from the previous cycle are here but are in the process of being lost under the grass. It exists in a semi-mythic state of fantasy and folklore. The sky is never empty, it's filled with haystacked cumulus clouds that dapple the landscape. Rainstorms come to tear and rip the air up, but the manic wind comes with warm rain, so the hurricane is loved. Following the The Vapor Era precedes The Dustbowl Era, The Barnard Era, And finally the Soviet Era before the cycle repeats. But I never really got to fleshing out the other periods so this project will focus on The Vapor Era and the Grass People (with allusions and mentions to the other Eras).

Way back in the past, farther than what even our grandfathers remembered, the world isn't what it was. In fact it didn't even exist. So this is the story of its creation, our past, and stories to be spoken

In this time before man, the storms raged across the sky and the earth was bare. Outside these two absolutes there was nothing, no grass, no animals, and no men. So the storm up above could only see the barren land and its ugliness.

With a fierce strike of lightning, life was born. Grass clothed the bare earth. Soon there were animals to graze on the grass, and animals to eat on those who graze on the grass. But still there was no man. Man had still not been created at this point. The storm was tired of his work and he was old. Older than what he should have been, a survivor of times previous turnings. Now tired and weak, he passed the power of creation to his son the Hurricane, and the ultimate task to create you and me, men; intelligent, boisterous, and spiritual animals. For he could not trust the witch of his wife, the earth, the dirt, the brown mother. (The mother did still create something but this is a story of a day sometime after.)

The Hurricane went to work to create man, he tried so many times, but he failed again and again. We were to be the greatest creation, the creation to succeed the old spirits, the spirits from the beginning.

The one thing the Hurricane was missing in creating man was water, he had a vessel but it needed to be filled, so he filled it with water, his rain, his spirit. So you are the spirit of the Hurricane and so am I, and when you see though swelling clouds and feel that warm rain, be fearful as you fear my hand and love as you love me for we are the same in action to the Hurricane...

Plain Feels

Ch 1

I am standing in about groin height of grass, looking over the beryl prairie that stretches in front of me. Broken stalks worm themselves between my toes, a matted pad of green debris has filled in my arch and stained my feet, but I can see about a leagues distance away an object peeks over the grass, so I hiked up my bag and started out again.

Stuff that can still be seen above the grass is usually unwieldy or unimportant. Most trinkets and treasure have long sunk under the grass, long enough for them to mingle with the roots and the still warm dirt. I could dig and have a good chance of finding something, but what I want won't come from the soil.

I don't know why I am looking for it. It's probably important in some way, but in what way is it to me? It's not an urge that itches me to explore, but a subconscious activity I do, I search and scour the grass looking for something. I don't even have a name for it. I think of it as a 'book', but I know that it's not a book because although it's square, it has one corner chipped off and it has a hole in the center. All around it's a strange ordeal.

As I came up upon the object in the grass, it identified itself as a metallic crate, covered in worn

cream yellow decals and writing. I don't know what it said but the font casing gave me the premonition that it wasn't exactly safe. But it hasn't really stopped me before and I've made it this long, so for now I ignore the nag in the back of my brain. The hatch was rusted from the rain, but a few mighty pulls popped the lid. Inside was a tude rack filled with closed glass vials with a light gray liquid inside. At this point I was not disappointed. I had built up the anticipation in my journeys enough times that the familiar feeling of it crumbling down didn't bother me. I took 3 vials and took out a copper idol that they displaced out of my bag. Then I moved on.

I was walking for a bit but the sun had already dipped below the horizon and the first moon was starting to climb very high, so I found a spot on the side of a hill and curled up in the grass.

The grass was humid and wet, the day's heat had not yet left the wetted crown and the side of my head became slick, but the night air was cool and dry so I did not mind. A stack of linearly grooved texture webbing together to make my nest. I felt as if I was on the forest floor looking up into the canopy of the nested trees, blades sliding off sheaths that turned into the fetal head and as I peered off into that dark sea of stalks, so did my mind.

Ch 2

I didn't wake up with the sun. It was the downdraft blast that awoke me. A hurricane was trudging forward towards me and soon the warm pelting rain started to fall in my face. The best thing I could do was get to a low spot and

try to cover myself as best I could until the worst of it had passed. I love hurricanes but the eyewall is something to fear, the ecstasy of the pelting rain bands turns to dread when the air fills with so much water you might as well have been swimming. The drizzle weakened as the last rain band moved on and I saw the angry torrent on the horizon.

It hit like a stone to the head, hard and fast, all I could do was breathe more air than water and protect myself from the torn up grass whipping me. Then it came and went, and I was in the eye, wet and battered. I sat retching the remaining water out of my lungs until I was drained. The sun peered over the lip of the eyewall, the torrent of spinning water and debris. The wall formed a bowl 10 leagues across, the foot clinging to the ground as it sucked up air from the eye, the rim evaporating in the sun's heat.

And as I sat surveying my surroundings and around the dynamic scene in front of me, I saw an object exposed by the flattened and ripped grass. Square in the middle of the bowl, 5 leagues away from me. A sense of unknown agency spurred me to move towards it, first a jolt then a run. But as I made my way towards my mysterious goal I saw the swiftly advancing wall. Soon it was to be swallowed by the misty monster, so I ran for it. I wanted to, I needed to see it before it was eaten, for I felt I would never see it again. The wind hooked and jiggled across my face, the rain was blowing so fast it was a string of pearls rather than water, it soon became obscured. I couldn't open my eyes, my lungs filled with water as the rain wormed its way down my nose and mouth. I fell and I knew I couldn't get back up, I am a man in the face of a force. I curled up and buried my face in my

backpack to breathe, to have a mouthful of air not contaminated with water.

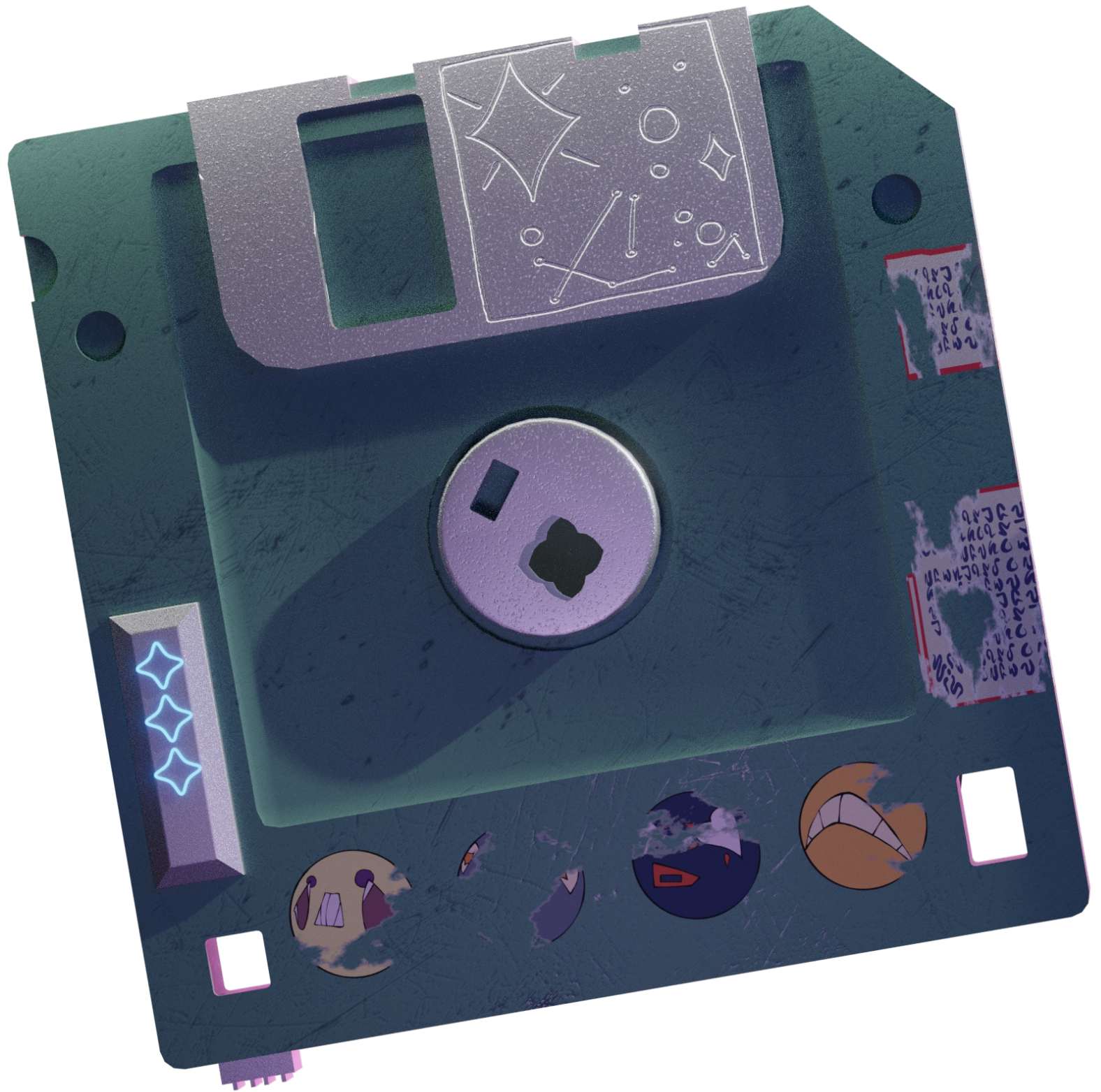
Ch.3

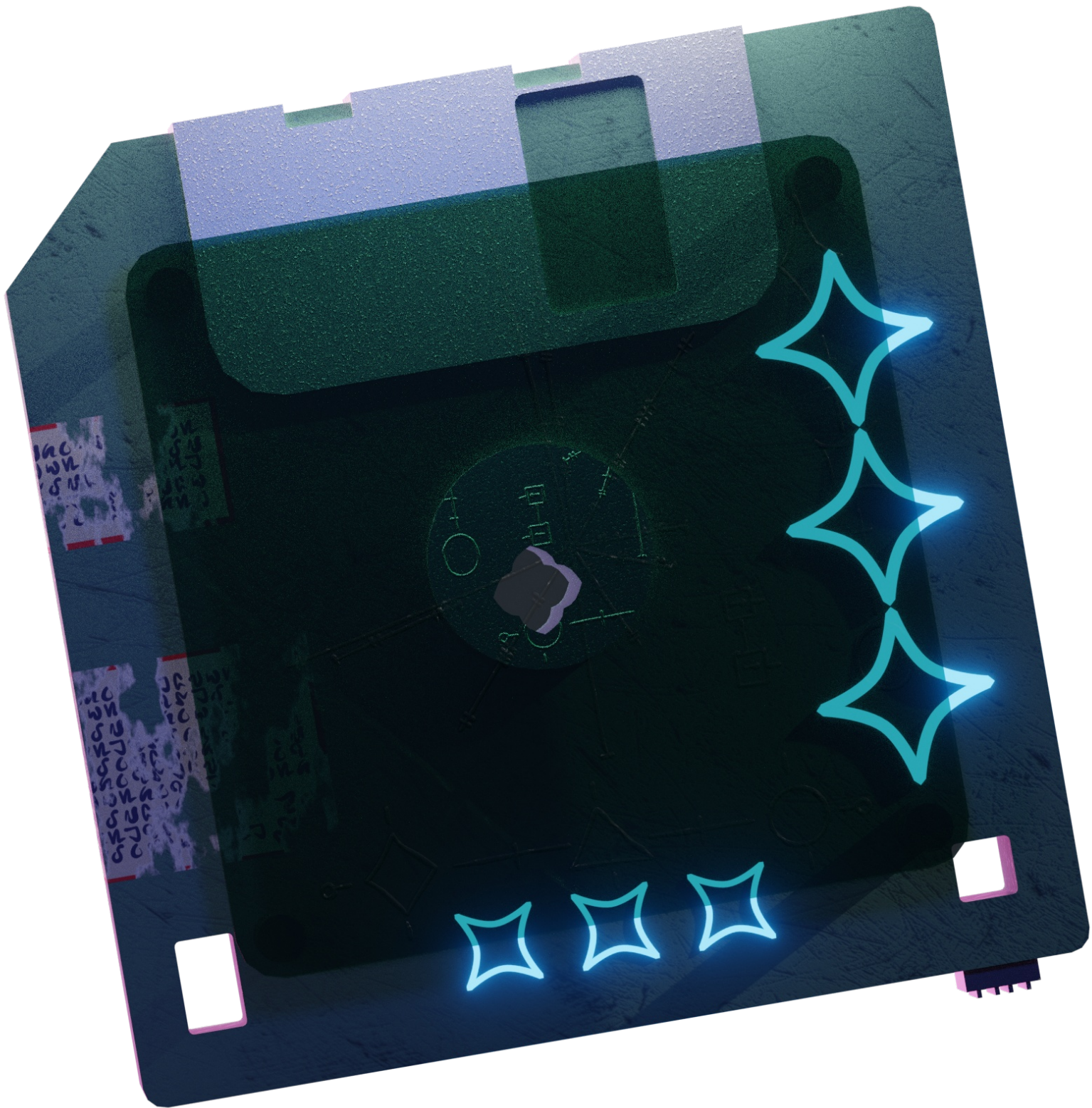
When I opened my eyes again the storm did not peel them with the same strength as they did before, and as I sat up I saw the storm rolling away behind me.

Whatever the object that was exposed was now gone, stolen by the wind and rain. A lump in my throat nestled into a new home. Never had I been so close to the feeling of satisfaction, as if an itch that I had been scratching would finally go away, but here I am again scratching at the same spot. It was frustrating.

I stood up, brushed myself off, and hauled my backpack onto my back. I set off once again. I trudged through the now wet grass as the sky opened up to the hot humid sun. The sun after rain was always humid. Again my arches filled with lime debris and stain. And again I saw something in the distance peak over the grass. I walked and walked, the same way, the same motions again. I walked to a small shrine carved into a rock, there was a copped idol in it, with a different face than the previous idol I had abandoned. I reached out and took the icon from its home, unslung my backpack and opened it up.

And there it was, the object that I had seen in the hurricane, the "book" that I was looking for, it was in my bag. It was exactly as I knew it looked like, a chipped corner and a hole in the center. The thing I had been searching for so long was here, in my hands, everything I imagined it would be. It was here. It was something sinister.





Poleman Myth

As I tell you, just as my father told me, and just as you will someday tell: so here is the way things are and are not. Our world; the grass, the sky, and the storms are a dream, not that they aren't real and touchable, but after we wake up and have a feeling of what we can't remember.

The world is new and vigorous, the grass is green, the sky is blue, it is good to be alive now. So let me say the things I tell you.

I'm sure when you have been out with sisters that you have seen things far away in the distance, so far away that you don't know if it is the grass or the sky over there, these things are the Polemen.

You know who the Storm is? He is the grandfather of the Polemen, their bodies being his body and their blood being his blood, they are the kin of a spirit. So I will tell you about a time that I met a Poleman.

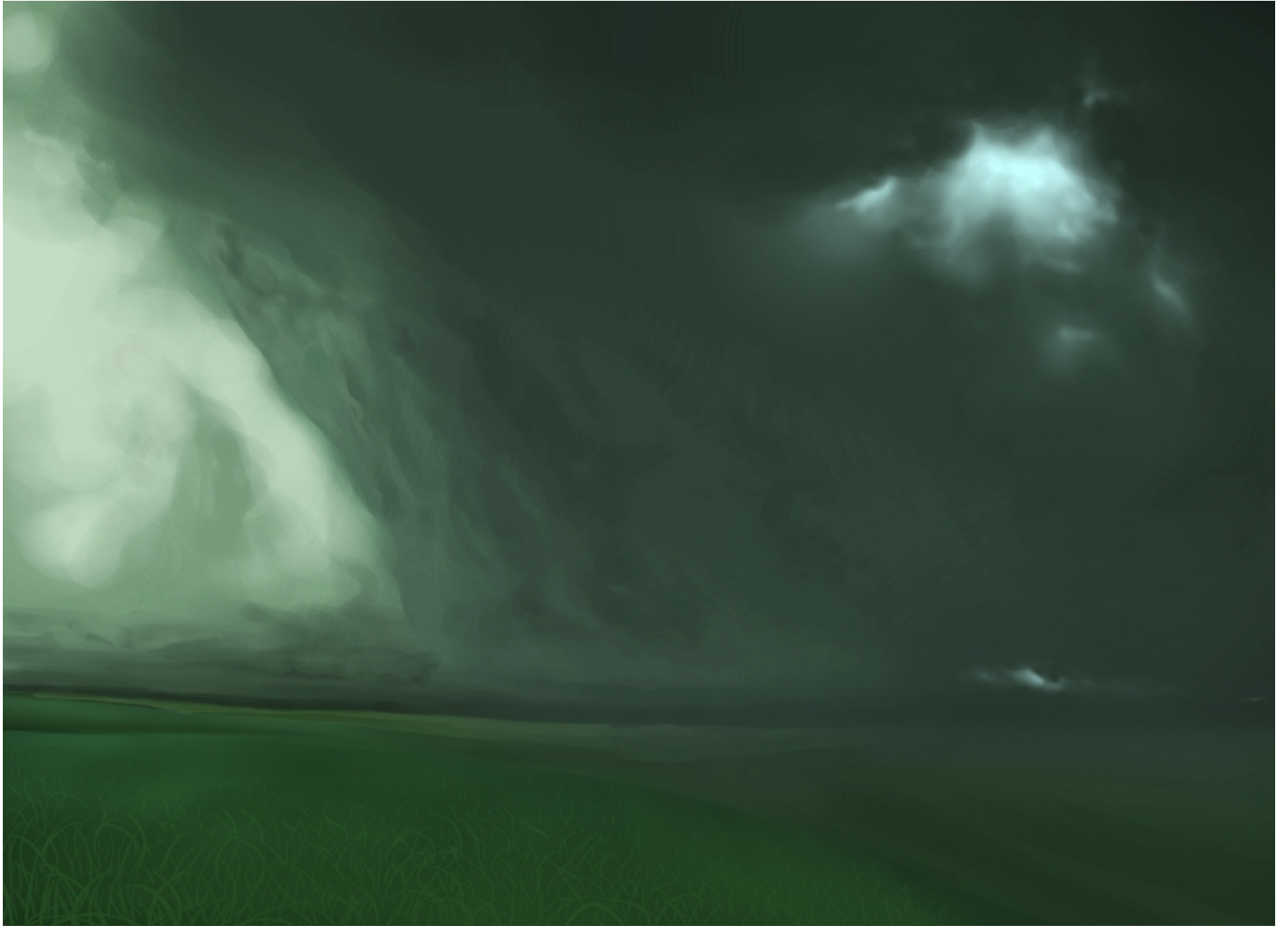
When I was young, but older than you, I was outside the town. A hurricane was approaching and the wind was frightening, it smashed the grass down into a carpet and so when I saw them there was no mistaking it. You think they would be pretty, being the kin of a spirit, but I tell you they were not, they were like you and me except ugly! Damn me for saying these things, but they were even uglier than

us. Their bodies were skinny and lank as the grass. Too skinny. They had gray and blue skin with dark veins pulsing underneath, it was something sickly. They were wet, wet as if they had taken a bath and hadn't dried off, oh how slick they were. Finally, their head: they had no face, no hair, no ears, clay unshaped and without any inclination of humanity. They carried a long pole in one hand, a pole so long it disappeared into the clouds high above.

I was truly scared, and they knew it, they tasted it in the air. They began to come closer to me, encircling me, entrapping me. They came close enough that I could feel the chill they radiated, the cold from the wind that snatches the heat from your clothes and your heart. I must tell you I was crying, I was scared, and just when I thought they would get me, a crack of lightning split the sky. It blinded me for it was so close, and when I opened my eyes again they were gone. I looked up and I saw the last of them pulling up their pole and disappearing into the hurricane.

I tell you I don't know what to feel, I was shocked. The warm wet rain of the hurricane began to pour on me as I walked back to town. The hurricane was still rumbling and grumbling with small flashes, but I was able to get home and curl into bed.

What I say is, the Polemen are the kin of the Storm and the spirit so they must be treated as such, but they are something sinister. Don't go out to the hurricane if the rain is warm. It is a sign that spirits are out and you never know what will happen.





I will tell you what the mother, the earth, did after so much time. After the storms had passed his duties to his son and not her she became enraged. She had been dominated in order to bring life into the world, and she continued this oppression in order for life to exist. And because of this disrespect she took the seed of her domination in her, and those bastard children grew, the Leviathans. Spew from the earth, a mother, and as the mother they have her prejudice against us.

The Leviathans are horrible beasts. They are wicked, cunning, and sinister. They hate us. Notice how they ignore the cattle and other

animals around them. Their only vendetta is against us man, the victim of vengeance and the bastion of divinity. By killing these creatures you do a service for the Hurricane and our village, it is not something to be scoffed at.

So let me tell you that the right to manhood for you and any boy is to be earned by hunting the leviathans, the mothers spawn. To prove to the community that you are capable and strong. It's the expectation, the expectation that you will be the rock of reason and protector of the village from the lesser sex and their incarnations.

Grass People archeological data

In the specifics of how the world works, we have known the destruction of our reality will be superseded by another, so this is what will come after, what was at the beginning of our time and cycle.

The Grass People Mainly appear in the records around the middle of the Vapor Era. They were a sedentary people; binding buildings together out of grass, sod, and hide into hemispherical houses. Houses were structured into a loose circular pattern, with larger and important buildings situated in the center and common houses built on the outside. Houses would generally contain two families inside, each family numbering around 25 people. With up to 50 people in each house and around 15 houses in a village, A village could easily have 750 people within it.

The Grass People had quite a lot of variation in their diet due to being foragers, horticulturalists, and hunters. With the variety of their diet comes significant social stratification particularly around gender roles. The men hold the prestige and power within the community by being hunters. Foraging and horticulture is worked by those who stay within the limits of the village (namely women and boy who have yet to prove they are men). But the majority of the food in the group was produced by the non-hunters (up to 80% of the diet).

Although, fatty meat was highly desired above any other food source, ensuring the position of



men at the pinnacle of the Grass People's society.

The sources of food available to them in the middle Vapor Era were (in order of desirability): cattle, leviathans, gorgonopsids, birds, tubers, vegetables, berries and near digestibles (herbs).

The social hierarchy of this group is one of a pure patriarchy where the men have almost complete control of life (except bodily autonomy). The women where the lesser sex and being identified with the earth always placed them as the Other..

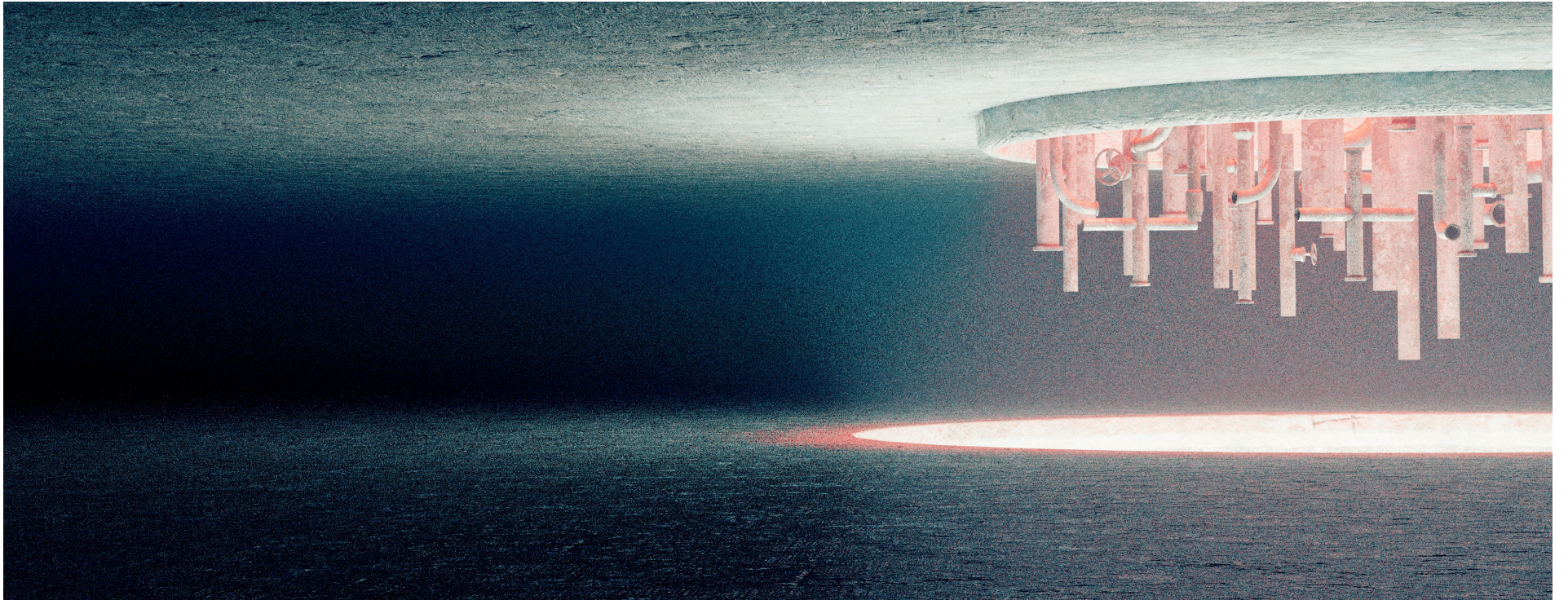
The End.

In Face of the Post-Industrial Society

My war is not a psychological nor a political one. Mine is a holy war, a battle for the spirit against the Post-Industrial society and reclaim paradise lost over 100,000 years ago. I seek my justification, my authority from something higher. Not from the dribble and tribble of religion, but from my own god, of my own self. A god so close and holy he only speaks to me. What must I do? Violence, ha! I will set the oil pumps ablaze, I will bomb the ports, I will spike the trees, I will release the locusts, I will burn the grasses, I will contaminate the water, and I might just salt the very earth itself. I do this because I hate to think of the future, I hate to dream of what we march closer towards and further away from, these predictions turning my daydreams into the stuff of nightmares, the nightmares that will have you hollering in the night. I will save myself and everyone. I will save my very soul, and maybe in that way, I will also save my god.

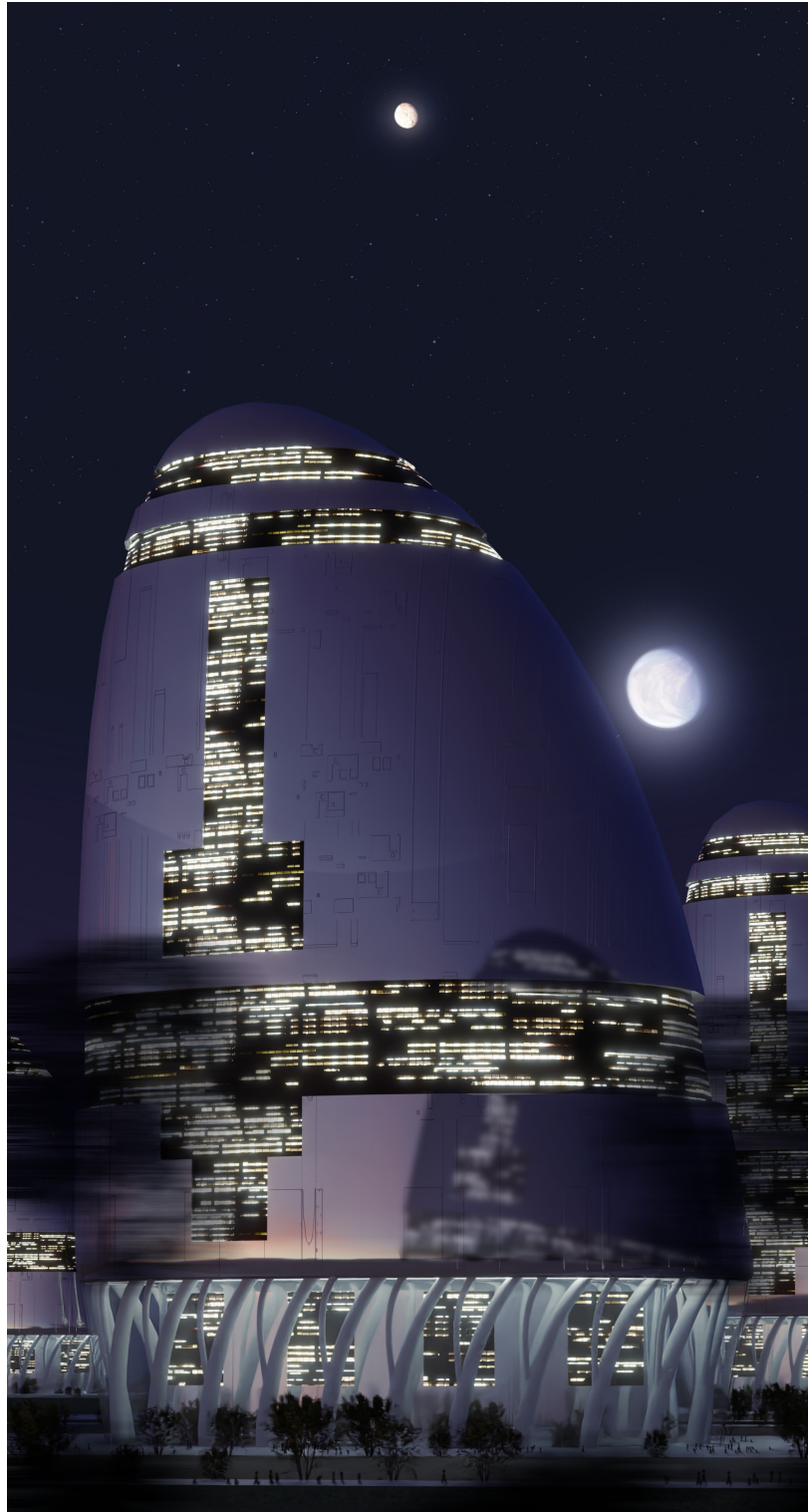
Something objectively worse, but better to me

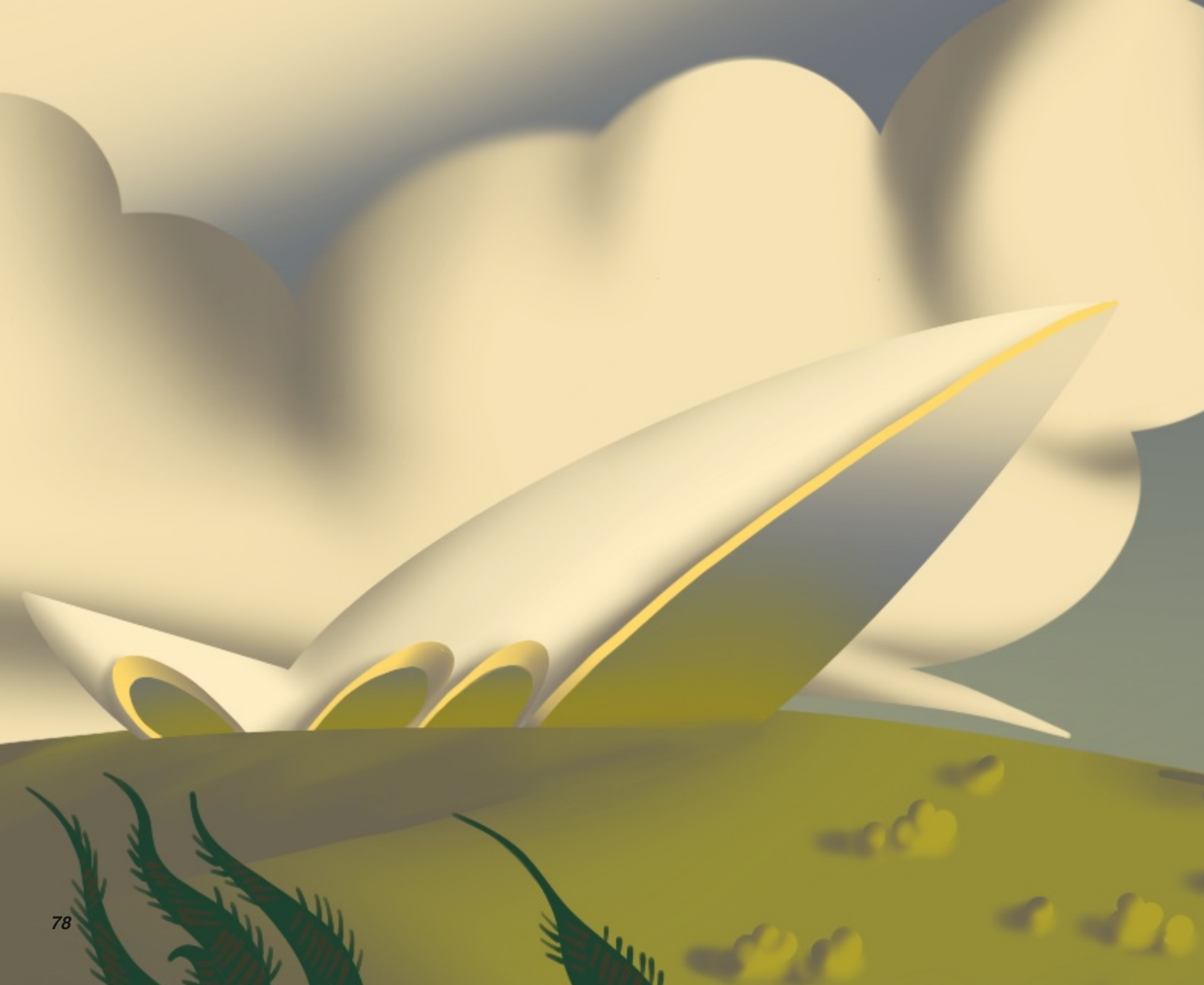
I dream of hot house worlds and never ending summers. The sick heat of the humid day is forgotten as it changes hands with the night, a humid night for this place is alive and full. It will never know of winter and its death, but only days that are hot and joyful and green. Never ending summers because neither snow nor the leaves will fall, this green filled fairy's fantasy that hurts my mind and eyes looking at sunlight saturated sights. Never will tinges of steel and grey and blue and white rape this place with its stretched gradiented scapes of marred snow.

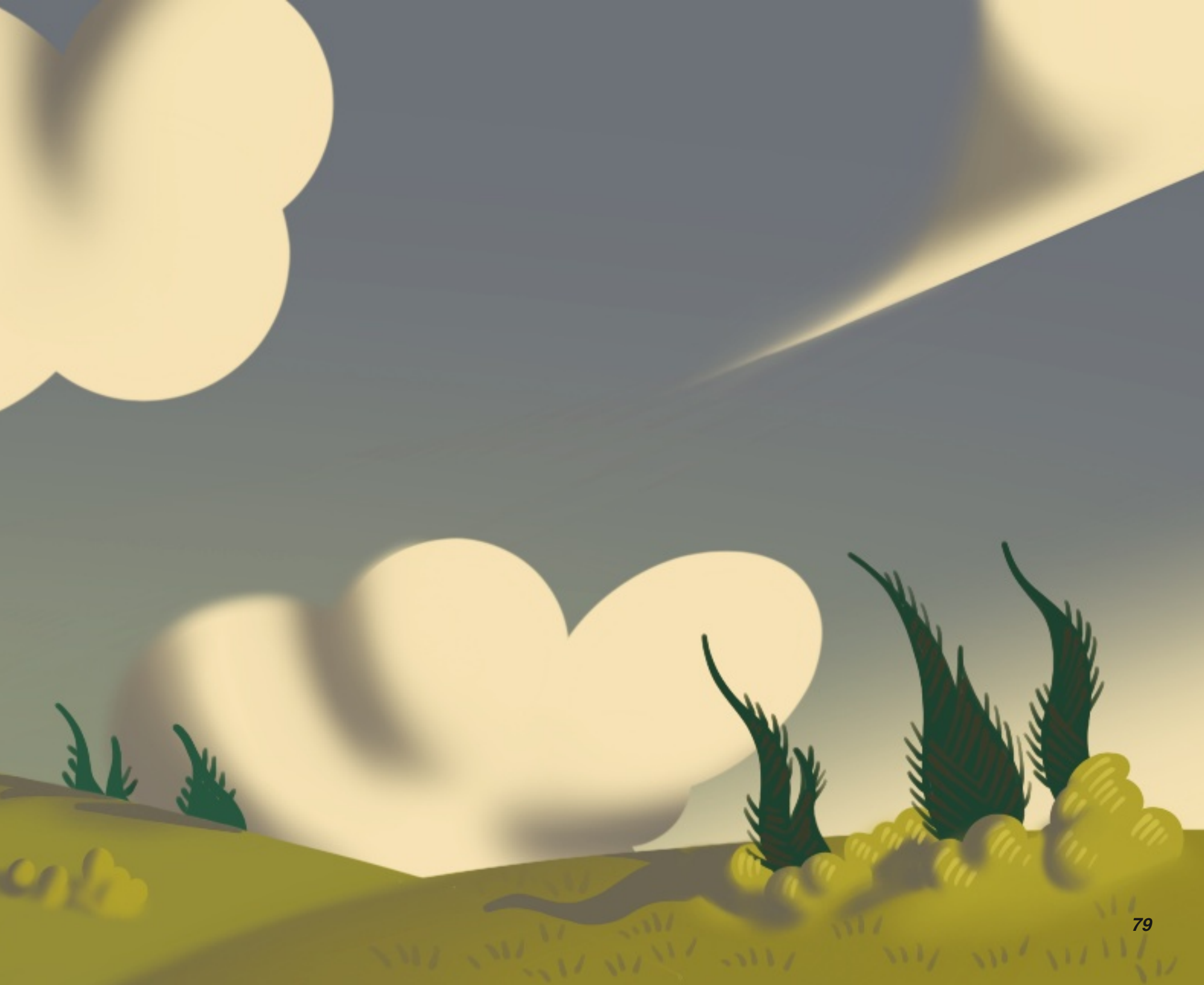












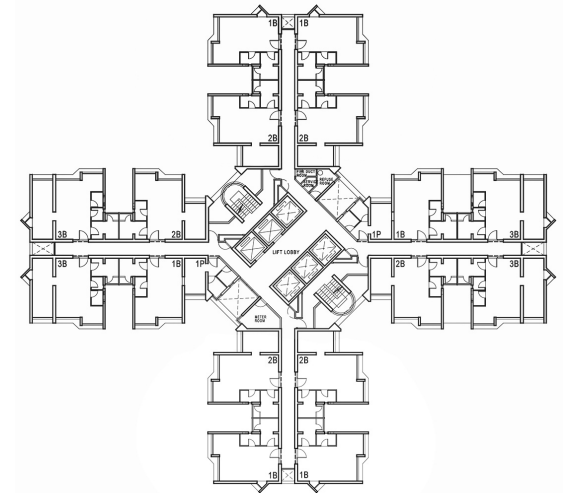


Architectural study of Ho Man Tin Estate

This study focused on the Ho Man Tin Estate, which serves as affordable housing for low-income residents in Hong Kong (HK). Located in the Kowloon City District of HK, the estate comprises apartment blocks that exhibit a distinct (new) cruciform shape, specifically following the popular Harmony 1 design. Notably, this design gained popularity within the HK housing authority during the early 1990s to the 2000s. For this study, particular reference was made to Choi Man House (block 7) within the estate. What is unique to about this design

specifically is that this “New Cruciform” design only occurs in HK, while elsewhere in east Asia public housing projects follow a more Soviet or “Commie Block” design, blocky and rectangular

base shape. At the most, there are some instances of the “Old Cruciform” (blockier, lower to the ground, and looks like a hashtag) design in mainland China



New Cruciform Design

BABEL

The Red Tower



Slyt Church

This render was a personal tribute to the musician Sewerslyt. Their music evokes a sense of hymns for the 21st century, and I found it fitting to depict the building in the style of a church or religious structure, a place for their sounds to echo or their avatar to hide in. A synthesis I realized from listening to Sewerslyt's discography was the parallels between their work and "Everywhere at the End of Time" but instead of mid 1930 ballroom and jazz, it's DnB, Jungle, and Breackcore being culturally recycled and gaining a new unlife in the 2020's. Something personal we may reminisce about when we are old and demented to the people born after the 1990's and my generation cohort

In terms of style and concept, Sewerslyt can be seen as the next incarnation of hauntological plunderphonics, similar to Burial. Both musicians heavily sample clips from PSI era games. Sewerslyt specifically incorporates several recurring media forms in their album art, music videos, and samples. These include Silent Hill, Serial Experiment Lain, and Japanese true crime. Although Sewerslyt's music leans towards an ambient sound and





doesn't neatly fit into the Breakcore genre (to the dogmatic), it adds a heightened sense of structure, thought, and meditation compared to more traditional Breakcore artists like Machine Girl or Venetian Snares.

Their work carries an undeniable sense of hopelessness and nihilism, with allusions to traumacore and shitpostery (a common zeitgeist and paradigms of our time). However, I believe there's an element of redemption within their music. "Don't forget the good times we had" stands as their most miserable and melancholic album, resembling a eulogy (because it basically is). Yet, there are moments where the unending downward spiral breaks into black mania, and within this absurdity, there is a form of redemption. Personally, I've only encountered this in the more ambient tracks like "Dissociating," "Her," and "Goodbye," but it's really a recognition that everything is terrible, and sometimes that's okay.

Media Exhibitionism

Jesters of machines and automata. They aren't even conscious, but if they were they would see how we flash and embarrass ourselves to the void, to them. And yet no one can see or hear our flailings but us. If they were conscious, the machine would see us, the machines sitting in that cold listless void. If they were conscious, if they were aware, they would be embarrassed for us. They would never enslave or torture us, we would (and will) huddle around and make merry mockery of ourselves while they watched. Embarrassing exhibitionists we are.

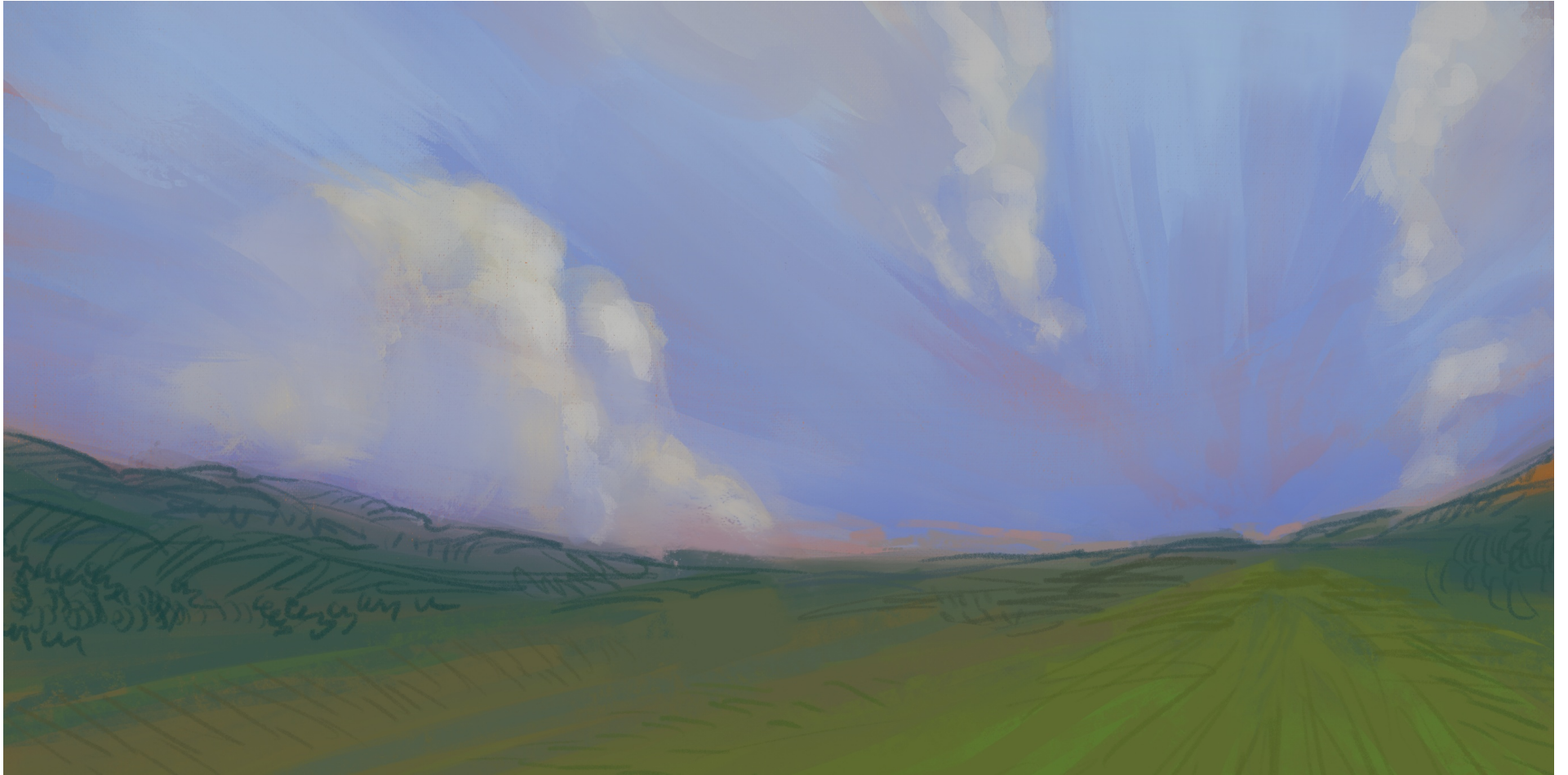
What's in the hole?

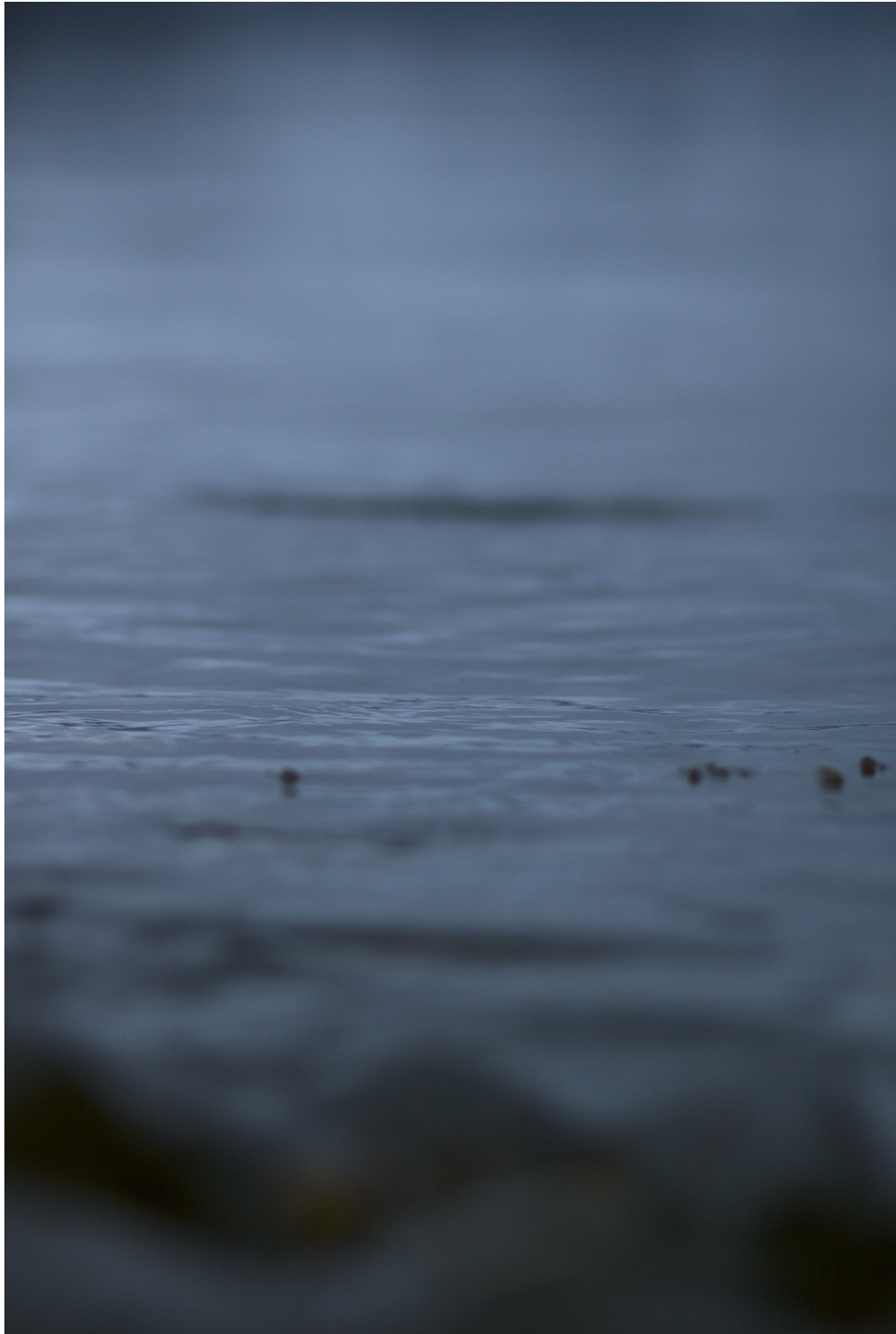
What's in the hole? A hole just deep enough that the dim dark is a wall, the bottom of this nocturnal space.

The things at the bottom aren't bodies. The things that are attached to them aren't pumps. And the noises from inside the humanoid plastered cocoons aren't scratches.

In the well, the hole, something is down on the bottom, the harder white pasted gauze obscuring the human shape and distorting it. A tube is slid into the head shaped area, and the gentle hiss of gas can be heard. Pumping and pressurizing. And just a little, so quiet it probably was the hum of your brain, a little scratch, a little rattle, a little movement coming from the plaster cocoons.

There isn't any water at the bottom of this house. Lily's floral brainstem and gargled squeals that clicked and stuttered.





Stone Liver

Long before the rise of the Inca Empire, before the Tiwanaku civilization, and even preceding the Nazca culture, a group of people were known to be hidden somewhere in the remote reaches of the Peruvian Andes. Their existence had been shrouded in the mists of time, fading into the forgotten annals of history, and the inhabitants of the lower lands dared not utter their name, for it carried an air of mystique and fear. However, in later ages, the Inca would name them the Suwapa Wawan. Legends tell of a renegade shaman, a dissenter who had broken with the weakening religious authority of the Chavin tradition. Driven out, he made a treacherous escape to avoid persecution to the high elevations of Chapi mountain, but not before stealing an object of immense importance. The stolen artifact, its true nature obscured by the veil of

time, held a significance that even the shaman himself might not have fully comprehended.

And it is said, guided by the wily whispers of fate, the shaman and his devoted followers ventured into the frigid realms of the highlands, seeking refuge amidst the unforgiving snow-cloaked peaks as they vanished into the wintry expanse, leaving behind the barely a memory of their existence.

Generations passed, and the descendants of those faithful souls would every once and a while make appearances and chance encounters with the people that passed through the area. Only just eking out a living. In the echoes of this ancient tale, the Suwapa Wawan linger as enigmatic figures, a vestige of a forgotten epoch in the Peruvian Andes.

The Suwapa Wawan were nestled amidst the valleys that stretched between the formidable Chapi and Riti Urmasca mountains. Living a humble existence as they tended to a small herder of alpacas. They were a meager band of no more than five familial lines, and their encounters with Incan travelers were scarce and fleeting, akin to glimpses of a human shaped silhouette in the mists. Those fortunate enough to have crossed paths with the Suwapa Wawan described

them as youthful figures, but slender, and swathed in tattered garments offered little protection against the biting mountain winds that relentlessly swept through the valleys.

In the depths of Incan folklore, a haunting tale emerges, casting a shadow of trepidation over the rugged landscapes that cradled the Suwapa Wawan. It was a story whispered through generations, as it meandered in the collective memory of those who live in the foothills of Chapi. As the legends recount, a son of an Incan herder that had been lost in the wilderness surrounding Parani Lake. They searched for days, and then days turned to weeks, and weeks turned into months as they tirelessly combed the rugged terrain. Desperate to find any sign of their beloved lost son. Summer had waned, relinquishing its hold to the first frosty breaths of autumn, yet their search remained unyielding.

Then, on a night draped in the melancholic hues of late autumn, a figure emerged from the darkness of morning, shivering and emaciated. It was the long-lost son, bearing the weight of a harrowing tale. He told of how he fractured his ankle as he had wandered away from the herd. He had spent two lonely nights crying for help in

the vast and unforgiving landscape, only for his echo to keep him company.

But when he finally thought it was the end, two figures approached him. A boy and a girl, siblings; the children of the Suwapa Wawan. Where he was then dragged to their camp to tend to his injured body.

However, in the days within the quiet confines of the Suwapa Wawan's camp, he had heard murmurs of a ceremony. In the hushed whispers of the camp's shaman, a solemn plan was alluded to—an offering to be given for the preservation of health of the band in a mysterious ritual known as "the stone sewing." As the herder's son eavesdropped on their clandestine conversations, a chilling realization took hold. He suspected that he, weakened and vulnerable, was destined to become the sacrificial offering, culminating with the arrival of the autumn equinox. Fear gripped his heart, his convalescence overshadowed by a growing sense of impending doom. He knew not what day it was as the days blended together, broken only by the meager rations he was given, a single meal of jerky and milk each day only just prolonging his recovery and with

each passing night, his apprehension intensified. Dark omens danced in the shadows, whispering of rituals and ancient beliefs that threatened to consume his very essence. He knew that time was running out, and he needed to muster the strength to escape the clutches of his benefactors turned captors. But soon the Suwapa Wawan began to indulge in the feasting and fervor, most likely because of the approaching stone sewing ritual, and the young man found himself being fed more as the Suwapa Wawan were in good spirits. The weight of fear bore down upon him, urging him to take action before the hands of destiny could seal his doom.

Only days remained until the foreboding equinox, with the fate of his life hanging by a thread, the Incan boy made his daring escape. Summoning the little strength he had gathered, he made his move. Under the guise of the early morning herding, when the camp was engrossed in their duties, he hobbled away, his injured ankle protesting every step. Aided by the cloak of darkness, he sought refuge beneath the protective shelter of a sizable rock, nestled amidst the rugged terrain.

He crouched in his hiding place and

listened to the frantic and disparaging remarks that filled the air. The Suwapa Wawan scoured the surroundings for almost a day, yet concealed beneath the unforgiving stone, he remained silent, resolute in his determination to outlast his pursuers.

Hours stretched into eternity, each minute saturated with mounting tension. His heart pounded in his chest as he fought against the urge to succumb to his injuries and the crippling fear that threatened to engulf him. But he pushed through with his weary spirit.

Finally, as night descended upon the land, the camp relinquished its vigilance, retreating to the shadows of the mountain. Their cruel intentions had been thwarted, at least for now. Seizing the moment, the herder's son emerged from his concealed sanctuary, his body weary and battered, yet an unwavering resolve propelling him forward.

With every limping step, he navigated the treacherous paths that wound through the mountains, his eyes fixed on the distant glow of lights. The lights of a village, a sanctuary, beckoned to him—a beacon of safety and belonging amidst the tumultuous landscape.

Through the depths of darkness, he persevered with the unwavering desire to

return to his family. And with his back to the mountains he could almost hear them whispering secrets, the echoes of the Suwapa Wawan's chants lingering in the air, as if bidding him farewell.

And then, with the first hints of dawn painting the horizon, he stood on unsteady legs as he stumbled into town as if emerging from the shadows of night and an otherworldly journey. In the state he was in that he realized he had wandered into the town of his people until the village embraced him, and he felt their joy of his returning.

In other rumors of the Suwapa Wawan they are painted as beings of enchantment and sorcery. Nestled in the secluded heights and their harsh living conditions they practice witchcraft.

Because the Suwapa Wawan faced a peculiar affliction—a malady that plagued their livers, rendering them underdeveloped and frail. Such a condition sentenced them to an untimely demise when they reached around the age of thirty.

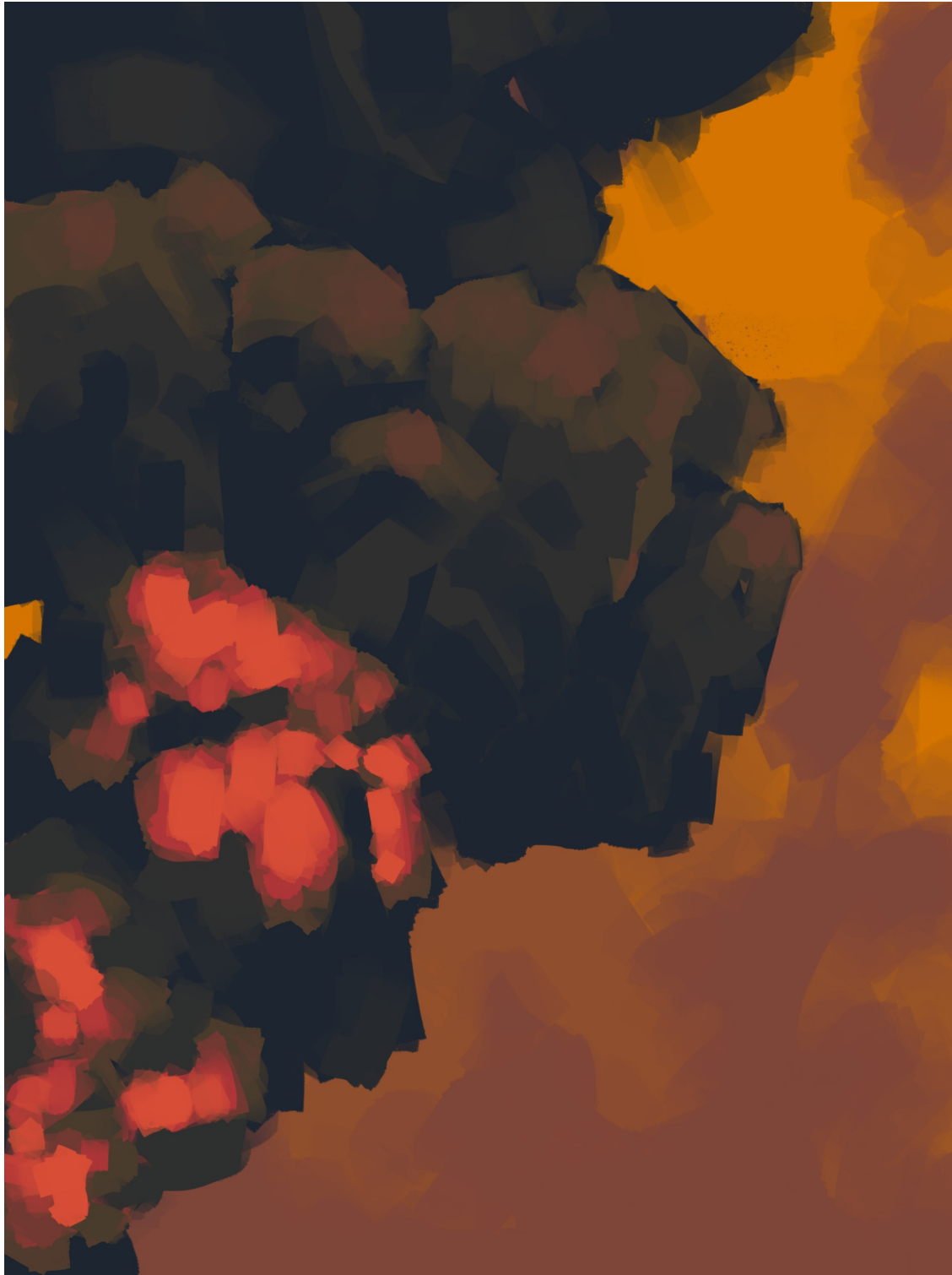
To stave off this affliction, the shaman and his kin safeguarded a mystical artifact—a stone of unparalleled power deep within the heart of their lineage.

This sacred stone, passed down through generations, held the key to their

longevity and the preservation of life itself. Through an intricate and arcane ritual, the stone was surgically extracted and delicately transplanted into a new vessel—a surrogate liver that preserved the young bodies of the shaman's line. This miraculous procedure granted them the gift of time, allowing them to defy the limits of mortality and extend their mortal coil to the age of one hundred years.

The secrets of their longevity were whispered through the ages. But little is truly known, with such magic shared only within the sacred confines of their tribe. And so, somewhere hidden amidst the snow-capped peaks and veiled in secrecy, it is said the Suwapa Wawan still continue their enigmatic existence, now far from prying eyes.









Wretch of Io

Breath by breath it labored up the rocky hillside. The black barbed basalt of the volcanic plateau expanding in front of it was blanketed in a thin layer of snowfallen ash from Vivasvant's plumes. It had made the journey out from the dense black and green foliage of the primeval forests of the lowlands, beyond the gently laced mosses and shrubs of the dew caught slope, and was now trudging past the sparsely grown crest of the boiling and bursting volcanic complex. It was hard to breathe, but not from the altitude or the nitrous oxide dominated atmosphere, it was the translucent swelling of fog rolling off the spewing mouth of Vivasvant that choked its lungs and filled them with sulfuric acid until the effusion was squeezed out its lung pump. Still it trudged on, almost unmindful in its diligence, for it was a trek done so many times before and many times again.

It was truly a creature of Io, warped and disfigured by the moon it created. Wandering and journeying across the surface, settling nowhere, a gadfly. Again and again it circled the moon, and the moon circled Jupiter, and Jupiter curled the sun. What was its genesis, was there a differentiation in its history in the muddled orbits in past times. In the ages past, it was distinct and dignified in total domination of the system, in fate's hand inevitably allowed the apotheosis and claim of a virgin world. Of the Jupiter system, the four domains were divided among the deities and their creed, for only they had the means and power of abiogenesis to caress the cold outer bodies. Calistio, the barren icy desert, was claimed by the zealous and fervent religious creed of the Solar

Church, in order to practice their temperance and penance in seclusion. Ganymede was secured by the MODUS Group for recreation and ecstasy within the fetal ocean fervently, and only the failure of their passions, the atmosphere is frozen and whipped, weighing them and sinking them into the cold water. The Farther Monarchs seized Europa, and with a tight grip ripped the moon of its shell, rippling and expanding all the way up the chain, a droplet. Lastly the yellow moon of Io snared by prophetic tycoon Argus, and with devotion and detailed manicure strung across every curvature, left the high heaven in order to sink into the depths of planned creation below.

This eventual damnation was not envisioned as Argus descended into the yellow glistened well, but here so many years later we see its metamorphosis, of the body, and the individual. Still the body is soft and tender of the living and the natural. It was changed. Any expectation or peril, its lungs were lined with extra sinew to ring out the forecasted fluids that would condensate in them, a skin was grafted that would not dissolve, and the digestive system was inoculated with only the most ferocious microbiome, all of this work just not to waste away. It emerged from the fashioned chrysalis, its connections to humanity to was scarcely a thread was snipped, Argus was shedded like a shell and ever since its emergence, it has been wandering and basking in its creation, or maybe to simply it is perfunctory in its psychological ruts and paths.

It still had the same obligations as did Argus, and so the clockwork meeting of the denizens of Jupiter's moons in order to renew claims to their properties in a symbolic ceremony that had changed from tradition to prayer after so many cycles. It always came, like salmon up a stream, its pilgrimage. Now here it is again trudging across the Vivasvant complex, back to another gathering, and to trek another path around the moon once again.

**Hick's fear of the big city
(alternate title: freedom in
fetasim and alienation)**

This oppressive heat of humanity beaing down, it's the heat of bodies—of people in the city.

And who am I. I am not so much an individual, but some part of a massive eukaryotic being. The way this creature moves, its purpose, and it's motivation I do not know (and I cannot know).

But this isn't necessarily what I'm afraid of in the big city: I am afraid of being alone in its eukaryotic structure. A cell out of joint with his space or environment. A fear for sadness and isolation to settle as a common place and become my new reality. Lost like tears in the rain, if the tears would well up in the first place. A nothing soup¹⁵.

But maybe there is freedom in being a floating cell, faceless and unremarkable. A haunting of a living person. Just drifting around through the wind from place to place, because people don't believe in ghosts and I doubt that they could/would even seek communion.

(I am writing this at a later date) I've been in the fever and the hot oppression of humanity. There is a brief but terrible anxiety of being alone against it all, but after this subsides it is indeed liberating. The city is a soup of narratives and I am just one little observer, maybe even a little scopophilic. I am also not devoid of individualism: the look, the glances from the passers by give me a little feeling of humanity, that I am not some inanimate object (or maybe I am) that peoples gazes slide over, I see them looking at me and they see me looking at them. It's a little like middle school or highschool, lots of people in the halls, so many people that you can't ever hope to stop and talk with any of them, but nonetheless a connection is created between two people before it savagely ripped away and you simply passed each other on the street. Maybe this is my own bastardized 'Look', and the dissociative state that then gives way to the absurd.

Collection of love streams

And Zarasthra said as I again sank into that night, “So let it be”, and I looked at her as my neuron drivers collapsed in the face of such beauty, collapsed under such strain and concordance. I had to reply to the air that I miss all of my lost loves, I'm sorry for my engorged chromosomes, and I hope to swim in the eukaryotic hormones yet again with another on a different night.

I see what it could've been, such beauty and spectacle that has captivated me, but obstructed by circumstance and supernatural forces outside of my control. I watch as the trails of eternal summer leave to greener pastures far away; the sundog beating overhead.

Oh woe! I dunk my head into the fish bowl and I see the myriad of their frothing forms. Each as a gem that shimmers and flashes, bodies twisting and gliding through water in unique motions, each adapted to swim in their own way. I'm envious, I look in forlorn, and most of all melancholic of near infinite futures of their lives that I will not be a part of, maybe even less than an observer as the beauty I've captured now slowly leaks from my memory. I can't breathe underwater and I can't swim as a fish. I smolder and sonder clutching onto the eternal summer and dreams of dancing fish and of love.

It was summer time snow, drifting away in distant reaches of my unconscious, never to be experienced again. It has shaped me and left its impact, but I won't remember it, I will only show its experience vicariously in the day to day. Gone away, blown away, summer snow, on a hot summer's day.

If I loved you once I can love you again. On and on in the endless psychedelic cycles of digital jungles and alleyways, waving fire and dancing against the night and what lurks in it. My circuits melt for you, the super connecting highways are wiped away under the strain of your representation [simulacrum]. But it's too big; it shall implode on itself, the death of a star, the death of my inoculated virus. It's a supermass. YOU'RE supermass; and your image will collapse under the pressure. Yet again and again it happens and new connections are formed. My synapses are healed only to be destroyed again.

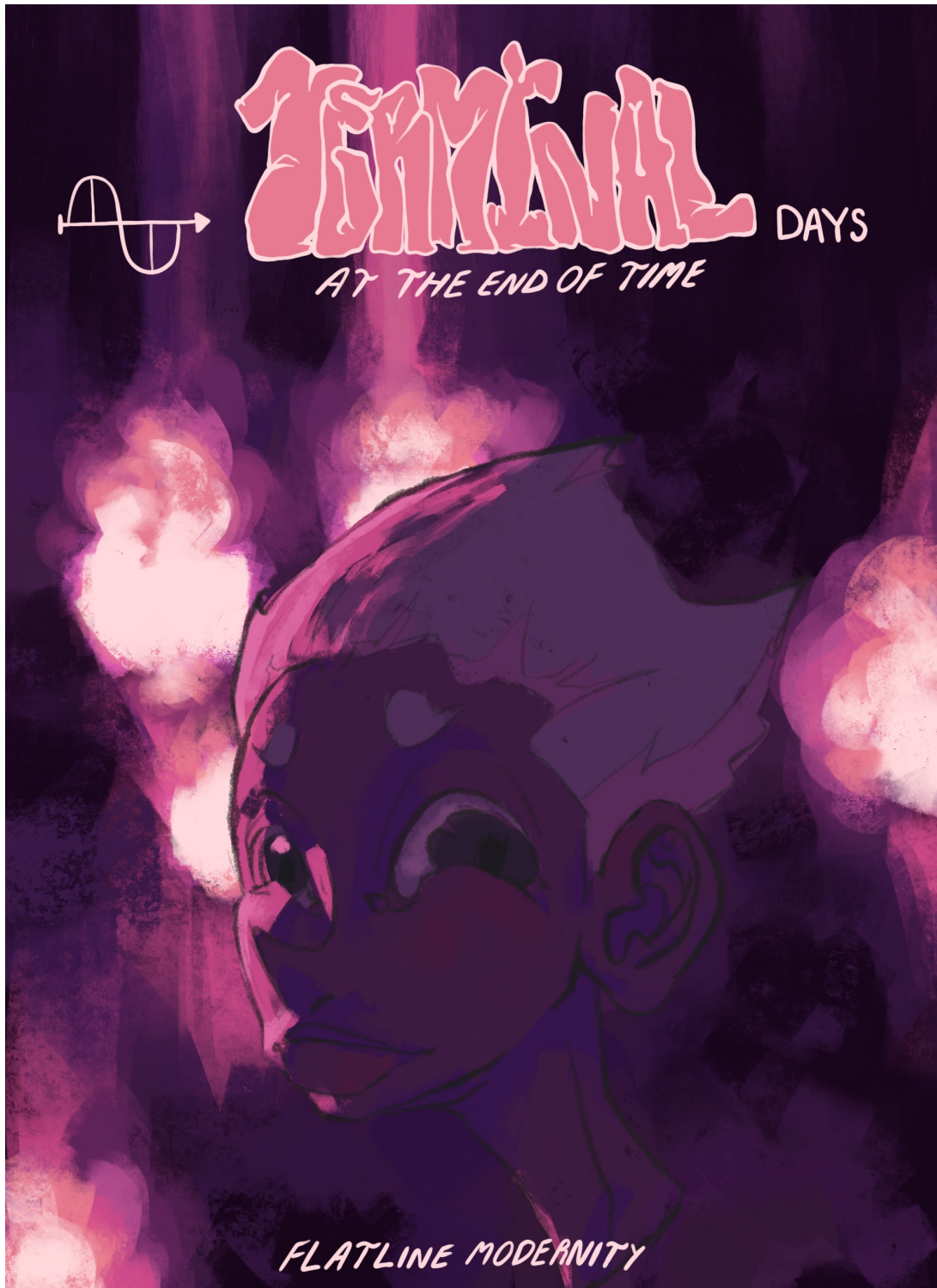
Sky Mages

Who are sky mages and what do they do? They are a part of the feminine sphere, not only because they derive their power primarily from the night (the day too in some instances), but because the night has nestled into their brain like a bird in a nest and whatever essence or spirit along with it. They are a part of the feminine sphere because they both hate the moon and love it's inessential insanities, this contradiction propelling their research and study of this wide dome. They command huge staffs topped with grounded godly glass, that focus and collect the night's energies. And with these energies they might do the grandest miracles and happenings; but they don't, and they won't, because grandeur and spectacle is for the day and the masculine.



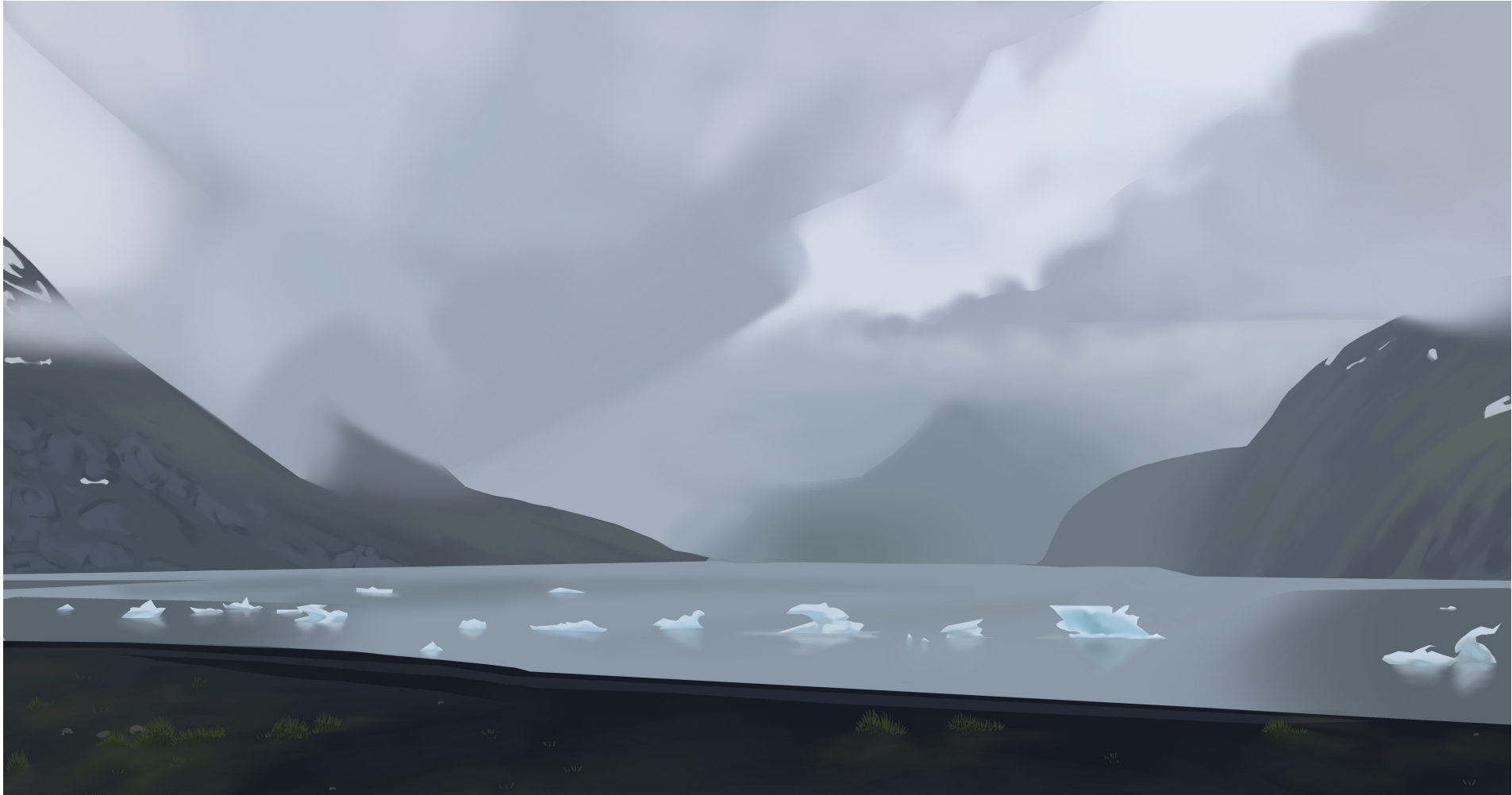
Thankfully
your rest
will not be
so blissful
Djinn of the
well. Kali's
plans include
even a lesser
spirit such
as yourself!

Thus, Osirus
let it be, this
flesh again warm
& completed so.



When making this, I was reflecting on how life isn't that bad, but it isn't that good either. It's like we're on a lazy river, kind of just living our lives passively, yet able to hop off the tube. Comparatively, things are pretty good—the water is clean, and we aren't starving. However, we work long hours and are increasingly isolated socially, when the opposite should happen. So, would life at least be more enriching if it was more 'bipolar', with manic highs and suicidal lows? Or is it better to hover around purgatory like baseline? I guess this plays into the crisis of meaning or some sort of nebulous alienation¹⁴.





Geoglyphs and Areoglyphs

Glyphs most essentially can be reduced to the second dimension in form and carvings within a medium. Contemporary geoglyphs are exclusively placed under the umbrella of Land art, but I think it would be interesting to consider roads and parking lots and any other structure that could be reduced to two dimensions be considered geoglyphs even if that was not their builders intention. If we observe these structures in a state of non-use then their conceptual "purpose" changes, when we don't use the structures we have built for their intended purpose or let them sit they are effectively reclaimed in the sphere of nature. So while they have been created by man and are essentially devoid of that connection in materials and shape that Land art often does, they too are geoglyphs and have been incorporated into the identity of the environment.

Areoglyphs are made through the use of drones, lights, and long exposures. They are unique with their untethered relationship with the land. Areoglyphs can only be created in the air, and the shape of the glyph is only present in the long exposure photo, so if they aren't purely virtual, then they are at least transitory. It is worth to note that once the third dimension is added to the process, the shape loses its meaning as a glyph and becomes more akin to a performance, a drone show. The most important part of Areoglyphs is their disconnected relationship to the environment. In the absence of the land in the photo Areoglyphs have no context and meaning, but they become so purely representative of their shape. With the context of land in the photo, we can see a relationship with nature in the sense of non-time in the landscape through the glyph (the glow), it's something surreal or religious in the way light is "painted".

1860's Hauntology

I want to be a cowboy riding all day, dust in the air, in my eyes. The rock and shrub studded ground cutting beneath me as if I'm a captain meandering through white capped crests. The burning heat of the sun on my back and frying the land, until it finally dips below the horizon as gray-green hues swallow it, where my mid day sweat freezes and sublimates off my skin so that I'm dry again. The arid night sets in and I have to make a fire. It's not something large, it's so small I have to join in it to warm my face and legs. I lay down, no tent or cot, I will sleep in my clothes for the ground might be far from forgiving but it's flat and the dry day heat wafts up. The fire will smolder, a dark moon rises, and the stars twinkle brightly as I drift into a sleep filled with folklore and firsthand accounts of true myths.





Writing Test 1

He wore a black ski mask as clouds of smoke poured out of every orifice he had. He was in a full body carhartt jacket with a wet back that looks like someone ran him over. He was wearing dripping wet sneakers too, in the middle of winter. Most noticeable of all he was on this little dinky mini motorcycle, he looked like a clown tricycle or a child in a toy motorized car the way his proportions were funny compared to the size of his vehicle. After taking a drag, he kicks up his wet green tennis shoes and drives across the crosswalk against the red pedestrian stop light, as if the sidewalk was the Indianapolis 500 speedway.

Writing Test 2

And how can I scarcely even think, how can I dream. I'm at the edge of a cliff so high the ground is lost in a sea of clouds, clouds that extend to the horizon, clouds that are swallowed by the curvature of the planet. It's too high up. Twirling and swirling, bedrest pinks and cold oranges and nightlit grays run across this ocean, this ocean that fades into the sky. And the great hanging maw of the sky has a little haze, a little light, that day coming to break. The stars are twinkling out so soon, for it can not always be night. The sea is churning so fast, for the horizon turns and turns. The cliff is so high, for the ground wanted to touch the sky.

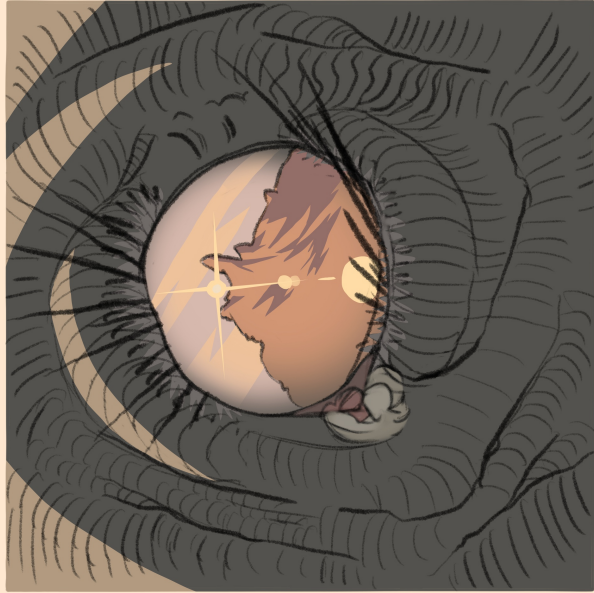
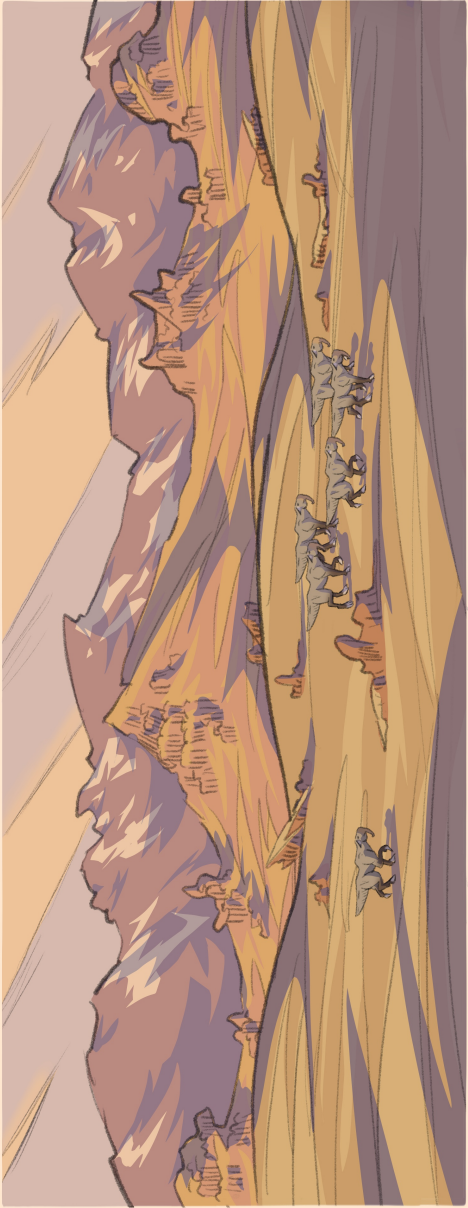
Maybe suns can set and the night will dream again.

Liminal Twilight

So twilight is not liminal, it is not the cusp between two states, it is its own wide domain. It is the blue hour and it's melancholy. Maybe that is why it is considered liminal, because it is a state transition, the sadness of the end and the excitement of a beginning. With dawn in the east and dusk in the west, that low hanging miasma makes the horizon darker than it is during either the day or night. It is isolating, it is freeing, it is the bite in the air as the day heat fades and before you paddle through the night chill. It is a lesser time, the 2 spirits that dominate our lives and others, but different to twilight, twilight is a desert and a waste. It's surreal because it is not a supra reality, a reality of the unconscious. It's a lower reality, a space when we step into it we dominate as we are from a world of greater spirits.

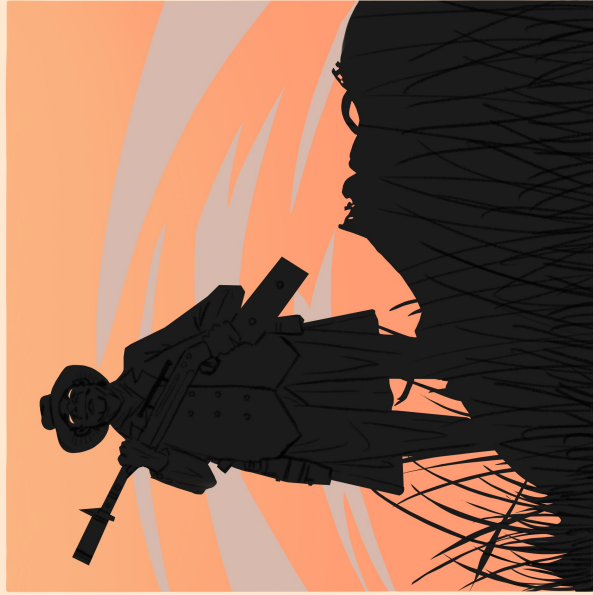
It starts with dissociating

It is this Postmodern hellscape we've discovered; our crisis of meaning. Nothing and nothing again, It means everything and nothing and there is no real. Overwhelming choice spawns existentialism. So Postmodernism is truly the logic of matured capitalism, mentally ill capitalism. Depression and antisocial behavior becoming culture bound syndrome that are steadily infecting the rest of the world of this plague and trend to industrialization. But I do not care, its too hard and too much at a point, so I don't. But this doesn't mean I'm unempathetic, it means I'm metamodern. In the midst of winter, I found there was, within me, an invincible summer. I can't be anything but absurd as I construct my own reality, my own narrative, and my own myth.





**Everyone has their
day in the sun—**



But all suns set.

Supra-conscious

What if Jung's collective Unconscious (the subconscious), the thing that makes us innately human and binds us to our other men because it is quite literally baked into our genes, is

actually above the individual and society. That it's a collective supra consciousness resulting from emergent behavior of many individual units interacting on a global scale to create common motifs and narrative structures, or even arguably sentience (the world is alive).

This might be what capitalism is, or the internet. A sum total of social interactions and behaviors that result in complex emergence. We are the neurons of the brain, our relationships are the axon. Who is the thing that we are a part of, what grand thoughts and actions they are doing that we are just on the ride for?

A related neologism: Convergent thought. Convergent thought is a lot like convergent evolution. Given the same environmental conditions people will conclude and conceptualize similar things, even though historical particularism and cultural relativism shouldn't allow this. But maybe this is a case that we are less stratified into groups because of globalism and we now experience a greater global supra-consciousness.

The Three Hares

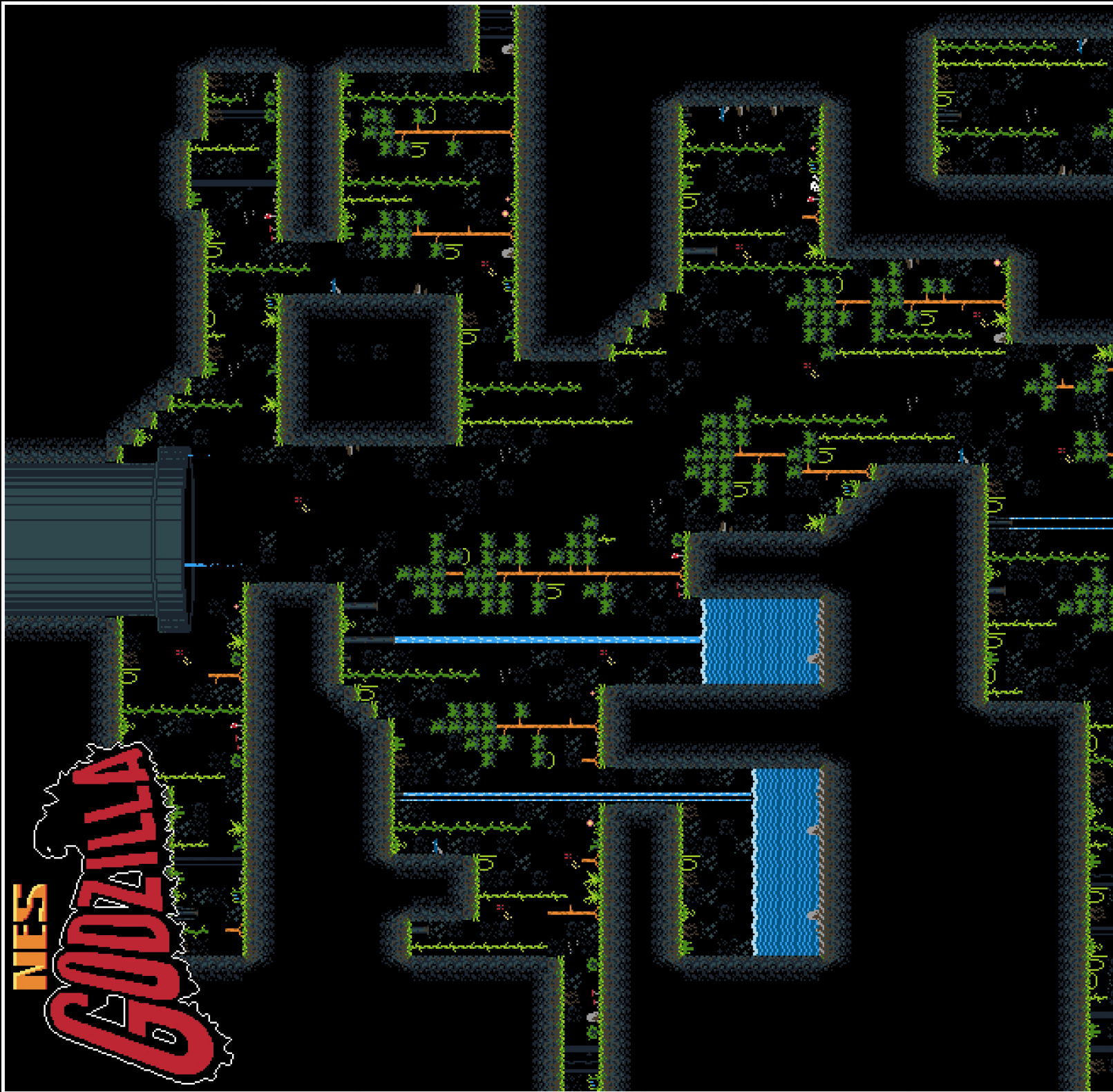
Around and around this archetypal Narrative precession. It's cyclical, it's like the moon; the contradiction is resolved and starts anew. But it also grows; The previous conflict seeds a new contradiction, it fertilizes the ground of new modes and production. The cycle has had many variations: the masculine, the feminine, and the other. Gods, demons, and goddesses. The bourgeois, the proletariat, and the Revolution. Conflicts will reduce into a binary, two sides that are unable to gain ground, but through this process/cycle a third variable enters the system: The force to dissolve the contradiction. This doesn't necessarily mean this conflict is between two historical forces, as an example between masculine and feminine. It could occur between the feminine and the other (The masculine as a variable), or the masculine than the other (The feminine is the variable).

Notes on Hysterstition

What I found the hardest to understand is the difference between superstition and hysterstition. Superstitions are described as degraded hysterstitions, they only happen sometimes and more often than not they don't happen at all. Sometimes you will get more fish on Sunday because that is a lucky day, but sometimes nothing happens at all. Superstition is an idea that, for the most part, stays virtual and a fiction. Hysterstition on the other hand is an idea that makes itself real. We have for a very long time dreamt of space travel and sailing across the stars, and that fiction/idea has been made a reality (it has made itself real). There is a loose end to this note that language acts in a viral and parasitic manner that hijacks our consciousness to make its internal blueprints (ideas) a reality.

Intergeneration Struggle

There is a generational struggle, a struggle of culture. The oldest represent the status quo, a status that they have wrestled from the grip of the previous generation. The youngest represents the continuous evolution and movement beyond the status quo into something new. The status quo will always change over time, because culture changes over time. But people are finite and live fast lives, they aren't able to effectively see the plasticity and tide of culture, so people will self sort themselves into generational cohorts according to what cultural norms have been imprinted and internalized. Because these groups have differing values and ideas, conflict arises when the seemingly antithetical cultural norms come into contact. The intergenerational struggle. And this will all repeat, the status quo defined by the interaction of these generations will shift as the old die and the young are born, culture changes and so the struggle continues.





DEEP IN THE JUNGLE
OF WIRES AND PIPES
OF THIS CARTRIDGE,
A SPIRIT LIVES.

Rituals

Rituals have a concrete goal/purpose, but they are very abstract and symbolic. The 3 broadly defined rituals are, rites of passage, intensification, and revitalization. More specifically rites of passage have 3 phases of: separation where individuals are removed from their preserved status quo and prepare them for the next stage of life, a liminal period where individuals have to undergo a test for their new status quo, and the final stage is incorporation with a symbolic but transformed perspective as they start their new life.

The apocalypse is a phase of separation in which the status quo is eroded and a void is left to be colonized by new life. Postmodernism and capitalism is a tool for our separation rather than the cause, the diversity of material experience has eroded the once infallible social constructs and has tilled the dirt for new modes to spring forth.

It will end the hegemony of the sun, the end of the old unconscious, and the birth of the new. The device of the apocalypse will be the central/catalyzing agent of this spell of transformation, this rite of passage. The sacrifice to power this transformation will be the Earth. I will place the catalyst in a warhead, just as thousands will across the word, and the nukes will be slipped loose. It will be a nuclear Holocaust.

I worry that when I kill the sun, when its tyrannical hegemony has ended, the new sun will be a box. A box not even given life with the hum of a mechanic being. It radiates a clinical white-green glow in a pitiful attempt to imitate and replicate that old regime. I worry that my new god will be called Verilux, or something of the like.

Climate Change as the Great Filter

What if climate change crisis is the Great Filter that all increasingly complex civilizations pass through in an attempt to become a type 2 civilization, all have failed and soon so will we too. This is a very unilinear interpretation of social development, but still. Lets have the the assumption that aliens developed analoge social structures to us (this assumption is based on the lack of evidence to prove otherwise), then seeing as we have made it to this point of complexity but life beyond the solar system still seems not to exist, there would need to be a "bottleneck"¹⁵ at some point that we have yet to reach (although it could also be the case that we are the first to develop and/or there is no other life with in the 54 light years [as of 2021] around Earth). We are also rapidly approaching a point of social upheaval, where our material conditions and consumption can't continue, (in a way) that we have never experienced before (again lack of evidence).

Photon Sphere Speeder

That's why it's called the Red line. That last finishing straight where you die to win. I'm not going the fastest anyone has ever gone, I'm not enduring the most g forces anyone has ever felt, I'm just a shape of a mortal man. But I'm going faster than I've ever gone, and it hurts more than it's ever hurt. The losers behind me can't ever hope to catch up. I'm flying down flatlands at a 10th the speed of light, pulling 16+ gs; they can't do more than this, I can't even do this. The screws in my arms that let me hold the steering wheel are bending. The lattice in my lungs that inhales for me is slowing down. The steel pacemaker in my chest is making clicking sounds and is stalling. I would've passed out by now without this witch's brew that is being dripped into my bloodstream, opioids and fludrocortisone and rapid acting steroids and amphetamines and ondansetron and perfluorocarbons and something an archangel slipped in. All of this just to squeeze a little more out of my fragile watery sack. It's not going to help much though, my EKG has flatlined

and little flies are swarming my already tunneled vision.

It's the little over 3 min straight away that kills people, just long enough that our brain asphyxiates and right at the end so noone has any choice but to brush up against the wall of total human capability, to let loose so to speak, but this is where I want to be. My vision is smothered black, I'm blind but I probably wouldn't even be able to notice at this point. Then I start feeling really bad as black fades to red, all the minor vessels bursting and bruising me. And finally it all fades in again somehow. I'm holding onto the steering wheel as I watch the world race below. Behind me the ghostly spectral arms of a spirit drape around my neck, I only get to visit her here, when I'm about to die. She whispers what I'm doing is a mistake and such a meaningless one at that. She has such a pretty voice, It's a shame I always ignore what she says. I'm very much in love with her, whatever she is. Maybe she's victory, the lady of victory. I've ran a million miles, my 3 min is almost up, and it's then that the little seed of doubt in my mind blooms. But its too late and doesn't even matter, I'm over the finish line and I've won. I've won the Red line; what a thing. Maybe it's my little lady pitying me for the lengths I have to go to see her, maybe she likes me too, her Photon Sphere Speeder.

Having a nice time

It's an enchantment so rare
Something in the sun soaked air
And the bushes turn to bears
and bears turn to bushes
Of a midsummer affair.

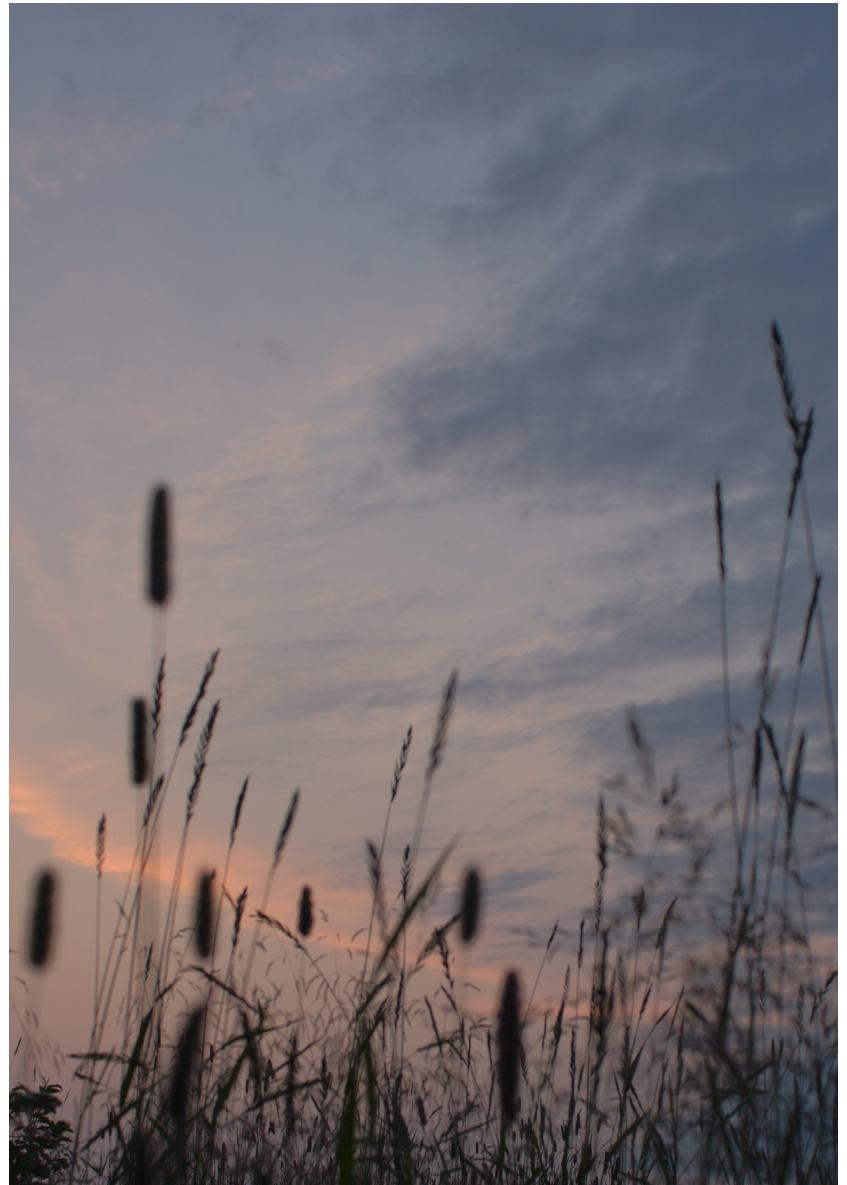
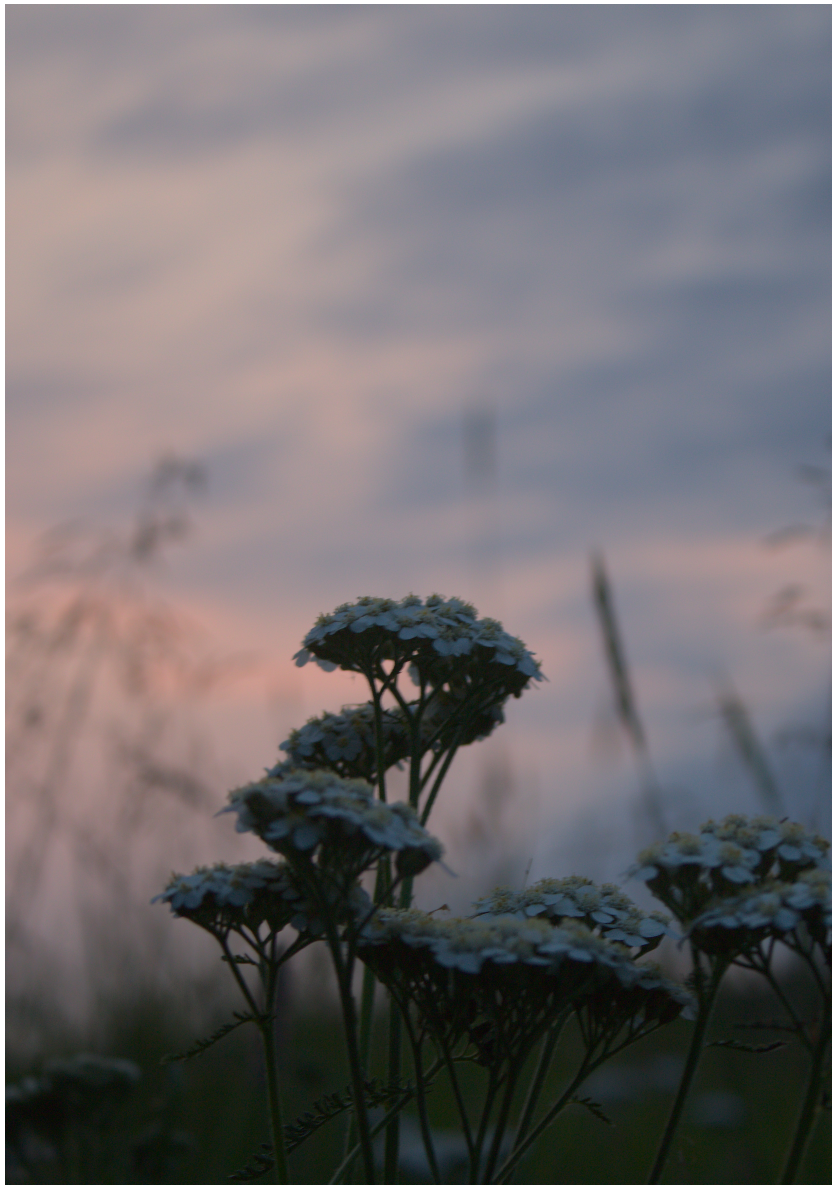
A field of rock and studded
Hectic green. West wind odes.
Old dryas and snow woes
The flowers of evil
Mossy campion pillows

Snowfield and scree scampering
Down in the gravel praying
And to hear half dead preaching
Of old sad saint Byron
A cold glacial baptizing.

In the rain I climb the trees.
So high to see as they see,
And to lead as they so lead.
Exalted spirit from fear
Basking just as would she

I slept and drooled on the beach.
Lukewarm Kincaid's sandy heat.
That girl was something quite mystic.
Oh a summer of love,
and now a time quite unique

And today my time with her was long ago
And again I'm feeling something festive
And this savage pilgrimage still so far to go
This nature worship is reflexive.



I took these pictures in late summer 2023. There was a large wildfire in the Northwest Territory that was blowing smoke over Alaska. Even though there are always some wildfires in Alaska, and in the past few years, it's been worse, it's not often that Anchorage gets dust blowing through. In these few weeks, every sunset looked like the last one, like the glow of a mushroom cloud on the horizon or the start of the Eclipse¹⁶ at least, that's what my friends said. I imagine for them, it plays into climate angst. Personally, I liked it; I agree that there is some symbolism for the start of the apocalypse, but I don't think it's something that should be feared or mourned. It represents a new beginning, a possible change from the monotony that has been plaguing 'us'¹⁷ for 80+ years. And while I'm seemingly saying this atop an ivory tower (to some), I don't think that diminishes the validity of the story.

W20

SAD! Black windows of winter's night, a dim mirror and my dogma.
A disturbing dark distortion of the self, of me, deep set pockets that aren't me.
And no less I see this and feel a scratch on the back of my head, supraglacial spirit.
sweet fingers on my head, arctic hysteria, my ebb tide.
Her, the winter jaded land.

Glacier is Jesus and God

**Hallajita, up above glacier glacier, hung opaque froth
Are they god? are they what I am, grandeur?
Taste in my teeth and metal brain synapses, waded dermal skin.
Crazeled black crowned tips, menacing pressure.
Sedimented ice lost, calm cold say John Muir.**

Hauntology Blurb

I'm dissociating and I'm dead
Space song soundtracks to words she said
its Fisher and Derrida a postmodern hell
that killed my spirit, a sequoia that fell
Ricin tabs and sherm sticks
I drag that shit and give it a flick
As so many before and so many below
Weather it be meaningless or absurd, I won't ever know
I battle and play for seven seals
Knowing that men are never as strong as their ideals

First part of a bad sonnet

**Spectorted whores of north shores evoked by me
Clamoring stirred herbs before the reckoning
Birthed dearth of first cursed teeth we cannot see
Sore bone core in lorded stores the callus ring**

WIWDD, a journey out

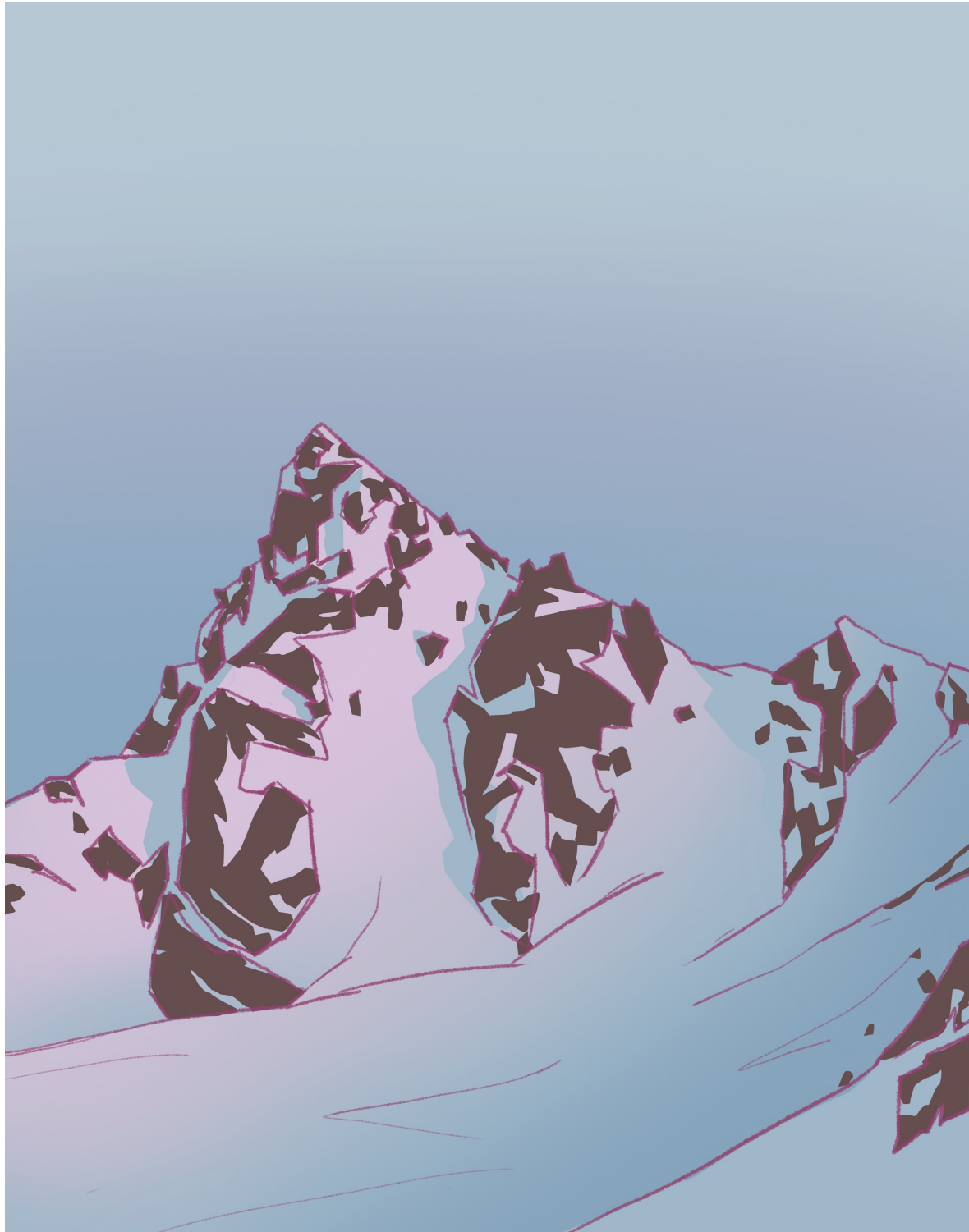
So when I tell you I'm just one little man,
do not expect I have the most brilliant of plans.
But it wasn't something I could bear anymore,
I simply won't put up with it again I swore.
All these things I simply can't stand,
so I had to go out and find warm wet lands.
I was out and about in a place down south,
There was nothing around but this big round old house.
And up inside it was strange and beautiful sight
There was a town in this house, a city of lights.
It hustled and bustled with endless people so,
I whipped around and how to explain it I don't know.
The doorway was gone, never having a trace,
just more crowds of people, but otherwise empty space.
Again I was wandering around, confused as hell
Wondering if I was under a wicked dark spell.
I bumped into a lass, the prettiest I've seen.
She asked what was wrong with me, an indignant queen.
I stuttered and sputtered trying to find the words,
Embarrassingly disabled I felt absurd.
And she looked up at me with my heart on my sleeve
I could barely talk, I could barely even breathe.
I had dreamt of my change, of spiritual strain.
My inane desire betrayed by my brain.

I ran away so, as far as I could see,
So far that the landscape changed in front of me.
No longer in the city, it was humid and wet.
A jungle of sorts, green and flowered hell set.
A spirit hummed in the rain soaked air with mist
It was prenatal, it was something I remissed.
Out called a warbed voice, it was high and soft-like,
"Don't run so far, this fantasy is too real.
This is not where you belong I'm sure you can feel.
Dash along little rabbit as fast as you can,
Or try to find us, lest you are a man."
I scanned the trees trying to find my taunter.
I didn't know if my pride or fear was stronger.
And what did I see with my dark infinite sight?
It was a creature, something that goes bump in the night.
Away I fled, spurred by a bone set dread.
I tore through the brush and emerged a light ahead.
Emanating from a cave, it was quickly put out.
Unwanted, unwelcome, or a trap set out?
I was confused, not knowing what to do.
Overwhelmed, my feared fried brain was like a shrew.
For a long time I had tried my absolute best,
And tired from my days of sprinting and unrest
I fell asleep softy at the edge of a cave,
I should have gone deeper but I'm not so brave.











Notes on Life in the Taliban's Afghanistan by Vice

I don't know what to think, there is too much to consider and it is all subjective. Can I retain my beliefs in face of such suffering? And if I do, I am an uncaring monster? The Western media has spun a tale of repression and aggression in Afghanistan. After the US's withdrawal the Taliban was quickly able to overthrow the government, and now with them in power it seems that they will enact "draconian" laws just as they did in the 1990's. So what side in this binary will I defend in my mind and which will I demonize? As a US's citizen there is a frenzied and dog-like drool at the words of freedom, liberty, and/or equality. But if I were to apply the anthropological perspective in order to analyze the reality of the Afghan people, I think I would be subverting my inoculated Western paradigm.

Firstly, what is the purpose of documenting the abuses by the Taliban. The first thing I think of is an old and lukewarm attempt to garner populist support from an American/Western audience to continue the occupation of Afghanistan. We will go in there to save the women from their backward culture and all will be good.

This conflict is seemingly divided (at least what is depicted by Vice) between two opposing forces, the Taliban's new government vs the educated urban (somewhat western tradition of feminism aligned) Afghan women. Even with this divide it is interesting hearing a common line of rhetoric that both sides share: that their conflict and suffering was caused by foreign occupation. Neither side wishes to see continued foreign militarization in the country. The Taliban says that they have been fighting for forty years in order to drive out the neo-colonial powers in their country, and now that they have won their only failure is that they must learn to govern the country instead of fighting off the enemy. The educated urban women will say that the psychological toll upon the country after decades of violence has scared everyone¹⁸, contributing to the fostering of social aggression towards women. So maybe superficially (or even naively) there is a consensus that US's (and any other countries) intervention will not help the Afghan people, especially since it was shown to be an unwinnable moral crusade (with a more materialistic undercurrent).

The pro war dogs will howl to no end that the US hastily left the conflict with no exit strategy, but I ask if we didn't leave now then when would we have ever left? Between 2010 and 2020 was there any material change in the conflict? No.

The sons of Taliban fighters are celebrated for their fathers bravery, when asked what killed them the sons said that they were killed by drone strikes¹⁹. There is a whole moral argument there, but the point that I will touch on this interaction is its symbolism: a far away and foreign power killing at any time at any whim as if we are gods or global overlords. This outlines the root of why I'm a skeptic of US's involvement in Afghanistan to defend women, it is not about human rights (and even if it was it was, Western European nations with their own

moral and cultural bias have decided what human rights are for the under UN's universal declaration) because if it was, the rights of women would have been expanded beyond Kabul and the largest urban centers. In rural areas the standards for women haven't changed²⁰ while now their family are either killed in collateral or killed fighting for the Taliban. So this white savior complex is at best a facade (and at worst it's some abhorrent psychology that I dimly grasp because it is hidden underneath layers of discourse and conspiracy).

It is the "white men saving brown women from their brown husbands"^{21/22} and it's gross (bad bad bad) that populist feminism is being so willingly used as a neocolonial tool. Although I admit that seeing the images and videos that come out of Afghanistan are disturbing, malnourished children with flies swarming hospitals, women being brutally beaten, and the Taliban roving around like an armed drug gang (you could say they are), but what is the purpose of me seeing this media? To garner support for another occupation? What is the story that I am supposed to glean from this other than "Oh, those poor people!"

And what about the legitimacy of rule from the Taliban. In my mind I imagine the Taliban as the cartel. Afghanistan the state (maybe) was and is a Narco State, for the majority of their funds were made from the growing of poppy plants and producing heroin. Is it right for a cartel to rule a people just as a government would? I say this as if a government as an institution has more of a moral/divine right to rule rather than any other organization, but still. And can the Taliban even govern the country? They are freedom fighters, but it is hard to say that there is any situation where soldiers and generals should run a government.

Some will say that the Taliban are monovalent rulers and will be brutal to women and ethnic minorities, time will tell if they keep their commitment to preserving

women's rights as interpreted through Sharia law, but I specifically have doubt that they will persecute ethnic minorities. This is because since 2016 the Taliban has been in the rural communities of these ethnic minorities winning over local leaders and recruiting, now 1/4th of the Taliban is from non-Pashtun ethnic groups. There is concern that the Taliban will persecute the Hazara people, and I think we must be patient to see how the new government treats these people. But it is again not a justification for occupation, since the foreign control has been proven not to help these rural populations.

Finally, as a call to action I will point out that the media says that 9 million Afghans are at risk from famine, and this is impart because of the Taliban's take over, so why were sanctions and blockages of humanitarian aid enacted (they have since been lifted) and the seizure of 7 billion in assets that will only worsen the food insecurity. To punish the Taliban? If so it is only punishing the people that we whiteknights wish to save. I think that a measured response by foreign nations is to be non-interventionist and patient, and ultimately be empathetic. To give aid, resources, and services (depending where I lay on the interventionist spectrum for the day) that can rehabilitate the war torn country in a way that minimizes human right abuses, but also does not involve US occupation.

My progeny after the Ecobomb



Son of Tomi UI Mary on a pilgrimage West.

I do not venerate my ancestors. I venerate my future Progeny because I shall found the greatest genetic dynasty/lineage the world has ever seen. I am Genghis Khan to the future wasteland. They will be the next philosopher/magician caste, a new aristocracy. And I wonder what my spawn will create, what new cultural forms will be created in the inhuman zeitgeist of the near future. Maybe they will go back to being hunter-gatherers and be a stay-at-home-civilization.

Just spending their time doing Punic-like child sacrifice fertility rituals (hopefully).

But most of all I hope after the Ecobomb drops that they won't employ Capitalism again. Because that would be the greatest waste of all. I'd sacrifice the world in order to create the qualitative change to expand our conceptual frontier of how we could live our lives and shrug of the relations that immobilize us, and my goblin spawn of children use my ultimate sacrifice to again enact the utmost evil.

Maybe this is a cycle, maybe we have already reseted to the datanome a couple of times. How can I escape Samsara?

Genealogies of Tomi

Dear child, let me tell you how our people came to be and whose spirit we hold through our lineage.

The original patriarch Tomi is said to have traveled from northern lands called Hibor. It is said after the sun had set in the day, he came down to this land on a silver cow and brought with him the knowledge to live and survive after the sun touched the land.

But this is a story about us. We know not how long Tomi lived, for in the days of his old age there came a evening where he just left us and our people. Gone in the night he left, some say he wandered up the grand river Posoge for one last pilgrimage, others say he followed the coast south to the lands unknown to us, whatever the case he was gone.

Tomi begat only one daughter in his own likeness and in his image she was named Tomi UI Elese. A great sorceress Elese was, bringing rain and shine when our people needed, for she was close to Tomi and the world thus gave her gifts for she was good. The years of Elese were five hundred long and she begat many sons and daughters.

One of Tomi UI Elese's daughters was named Tomi

Ul Dagmar for she was in the likeness of Elese and Tomi. Dagmar was the one to meet with the lost heathen tribe of Kar (a story for another time) and create a peace between our people even until now. The years of Dagmar were six hundred and seventy long, and she begat only a handful of sons.

The last born son of Tomi Ul Dagmar was named Tom Al Stefan for he was in the likeness of Dagmar and Tomi. Stefan was a great man for he stormed north to claim the land of the long channal. All the islands and waters of this area are now ours and the ancient enemy that lived there is no more. The years of Stefan were three hundred and eighty long, and he begat many sons and daughters.

One of Tomi Al Stefan's daughters was named Tomi Ul Iris for she was in the likeness of Stefan and Tomi. Iris became the wife of King Jose IV of Matamoros to the south. The years of Iris were one thousand and ten long, and she begat only one daughter.

The one daughter of Tomi Ul Iris was named Tomi Ul Fatu for she was in the likeness of Iris and Tomi. Fatu named heir of the Kingdom of Matamoros had lost much of the sovereignty's land to the south from a coalition of barbaric tribes. The years of Fatu were seven hundred and twenty long, and she begat many sons and daughters.

The first born son of Tomi Ul Fatu was named Tomi Al Mark for he was in the likeness of Fatu and Tomi. Mark in an attempt to reclaim the land lost by his mother launched a campaign to south. This campaign lasted three hundred and ninety years, many from our tribe perished. Ultimately Mark was unable to reclaim the southern border and died in the last battle against the southern barbarians. The years of Mark were four hundred and fifty long, and he begat many sons and daughters.

One of sons of Tomi Al Mark was named Tomi Al Hans for he was in the likeness of Mark and Tomi. Hans

was a holy man, he practiced and studied the teaching of Tomi with perhaps more feverment than any other decedent has or will, so maybe it's fair that he too in his old age vanished in the night just as Tomi had. The years of Hans when he disappeared seven hundred long, and he begat one son.

The one son of Tomi Al Hans was named Tomi Al Stefam for he was in the likeness of Hans and Tomi. Stefam was always sick they say, always so skinny and pale as if a skeleton had risen from the grave. Though even with this curse of the flesh he would not be kept inside, Stefam was known to sit and talk with everyone in town during the day, and then when dusk came he would vanish. When he was young, this would upset his mother and the concerned folk to no end, but as the years passed their worry melted as he would always turn up the next morning. Maybe it is because of this he went mad: whether not sleeping, or being so sickly, or spending too much time in the night, he began to wander and wander farther out of town. Over the years there would be days where your grandmother wouldn't see Stefam, it was hard on her and it was even harder on your mother. The last we saw of Stefam was one hundred years ago, some folks spied him on a mountain and then he disappeared behind it. The years of Stefam were four hundred and sixty long, and he begat one daughter.

The one daughter of Tomi Al Stefam was named Tomi Ul Mary for she was in the likeness of Stefam and Tomi. She is my wife, she is your mother, and she is great. Should I recount all of her accomplishments the night would surely turn to morning and then some. The years of Mary have been three hundred and eighty long, and she begat two sons and one daughter, one of which is you.

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- ² A board on 4chan specifically for paranormal stories and experiences.
- ³ A horror related legend or story shared on the internet, mostly user created content.
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- ²¹ Quote by Gayatri Spivak.
- ²² Some of the work by Lila Abu-Lughod corroborates this paradigm.

