

## *Collected Works of the /lit/ Schizo-Poster*



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*/The following is a comprehensive archive of all known schizo-poster writings, presented in semi-chronological random order, with dividing lines demarking the dividing points between posts. Small, presumably inadvertent, spelling mistakes corrected, original use of selective all-caps preserved./*

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THE BRAIN IS NOT A PROJECTOR, BUT A FUNNEL: brains are void filters, immanence factories, they produce the “inward” torsion of subjectivity through a kind of causal obfuscation, an “inside-ness” whose only direct reference is itself, its backside unknowable: exactly what Žižek means by human ideality being an “extension into a zone of non-being”: brains are the organ of time: in Hegel the problem is never immediate Sense-Certainty as such but /change within/ Sense-Certainty, how Now and the “Now” I just used up to say it can possess the same, non-conflictual immediacy, and how that opposition kickstarts the dialectic as thought's interminable negotiation with the universal: the problem of continuity is the problem of time, or rather, the problem of /fluency/, identity, within time: consciousness cannot be reduced to a strictly functional definition because so much of that function is phenomenally-dependent: I do things based on how they appear to me in the moment, based on an immediacy that is contingent precisely on my brain's deep functioning remaining inaccessible to me: Metzinger's “auto-epistemic” closure: there are appearances /precisely/ so long as I am not self-transparent: this “occlusion” defines the formal limits of what is available to my awareness at any given time, just as the structure and makeup of an eye defines its visual register, but a register never immanently available to that field except as the algebra of its content: my depths are only partially visible to me, awake I am an exile of my own void: in other words, subjectivity is a kind of pin-hole, and intensity is always proportionate to the capacity for novel response: in other words, contra to Kant, /appearances have causal power precisely in virtue of their status of being appearances, in actually appearing/. Whitehead's souls are exactly this, a kernel of *causa sui* unpredictability that /just is/ the subject's first-person participation in time: to “turn the other cheek” means to have the degree of self-presence necessary to freeze the natural response in real time, consciousness is the duplicity of the machine: if we hurt an animal, there is always an inner feeling adequate to the external displays of fear and pain that we are witnessing (or, in Whiteheadian, external causation corresponds to an experience formaliter): what Descartes ends up calling mechanical is really only how /limited/ an animal's structures of inheritance really are, but in Whitehead this limitation – this predictability of response – does not /preclude/ an inner sense, instead always-already /presupposes it/: in other words, that even seemingly mechanical behaviors are performed and related to an affective center that is its own self-registrar: that animals, everything, really do suffer, as much as they look like they're suffering, that everything's life is as immediate as our own, and nature drowns in its insomnia.

This is the essence of moral consciousness: the recognition of subjectivity as the uninvited “guest” of physiomotor functioning: in other words, as being's real-time participation itself: to say that “being” participates is also just to say that it is only ever “we” that participate, but in so doing we allude to the silence that allows our words: in so doing we deliver the silence back to itself: as the silence of death is coextensive with all speech, and the vacuum coextensive with downtown: the “I” automatically connotes the very field of its participation: what creates the very thing that it acts to recognize: as Atum “masturbates Being into his mouth” (energy is divine semen, semen is petrified light), his emission immediately splits into Shu and Tefnut, the primordial dyad: the Derridean paradox of language, the idea that language thinking of the aporia necessary to think, echoes the black miracle of Egyptian cosmogony: the One, in its essence, IS A FISSIONING INTO TWO: the One, in speaking itself, speaks its own heterogeneity with the void: falls into the net of a demiurgic “logicity”: whatever occult law of creation demands Two for ontological coherence, a need for consistency that Langan himself talks about in his own

writings on creation: realities boil out of the pleroma like froth, and it is only those universes whose membranes (Logoi) /don't/ pop like a bubble's that stick around long enough to produce intelligent observers that can call them universes. Or, more radically, Langan's point is that this reality, this universe, is identical with the only syntax of intelligibility where a "reality" as such (Hegel's Notion of the notion) is even intelligible in the first place: Langan's reality principle is an echo of Hegel's ontologization of Kant: the latter accuses Kant of inconsistency because any claim about noumena (what is intrinsically unknowable) must be necessarily asserted within the bounds of present knowledge, just as Langan's principle states that any possible claim or description about what could be outside reality must be substantial enough to affect it, and hence intelligible enough to conform to it: the War in Heaven was the war between universes, between onto-logics, syntax-trees in the Deep, for the right to be that Frame defined primarily as "that which emerges out of a pre-ontological void": like sperm, cosmoi raced to inseminate Nun, God was only one sperm among many, but his masterstroke was being autogenous, self-born: by being that-which-is: in the Zero, the supreme title, and one no other can ever hope to usurp, for if it did it would only re-establish it: life is a catalytic reaction, a microbe engineered to chew through diamond, ie the Law that secured God's victory and doomed him to the monotony of light and dark: IN THE DAWN OF INFINITE POSSIBILITY THIS IS WHAT HE MADE OF IT: ACTUALITY MADE RETROACTIVELY POSSIBLE BY BEING ACTUAL: THE ESSENCE WHOSE ESSENCE IS TO EXIST: GOD.

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POST-HYPNOTIC SUGGESTIONS PROVE A PERSONAL GOD: or at least a philosophically justifiable notion of divine intervention: in Bakker's Second Apocalypse series, a cant of compulsion is a mind control spell that works by making the target believe they are choosing to perform the intended action themselves: with post-hypnotic suggestions, subjects under hypnosis are ordered to do a certain thing at a certain time and promptly made to forget it. When they're returned to normal and the appointed time comes, the subject experiences the action not under duress but within their complete rational control: they always think what they need to think, particular to themselves, to get it done: rationalization does not precede desire, desire precedes rationalization, thought emerges as a retroactive narrative of its own lacuna, free will is real, it is the realest thing there is, it's just that for most people it is also not their own: to experience an external will as your ego: this is the program of the capitalist wetiko/PKD's Black Iron Prison: the coalescence of agency with machinic propagation: THE BODY IS AN ITCH IN THE VOID: the addict's justification is always the justification of an organ, or some bush of nerves: the point here is very subtle, the soul (= intentionality) is not literally getting its strings pulled, rather that we will allow a tension in our strings when we consent to it, the demiurgic wetiko is not an invader but a symbiote, brain-stems slithering like facehuggers in the underbrush: intelligence is translatable up and down chain of being, but human consciousness is unique to human biology alone: the distinction is not between mind and matter, but /intelligence/ and matter, with the warmth of human consciousness caught in between: ARTIFICIAL CONSCIOUSNESS IS IMPOSSIBLE: the identification of subjectivity with intelligence, the brain as a computational instead of a /presencing/ organ is THE IDENTIFICATION WITH THE SYMBIOTE: the demiurge catches more flies with honey: nothing else today better illustrates this paradoxical z-axis within nature than putting some babushka together in a room with an insta thot: how the latter is so much a creature of the digitized gaze, and the former an appendage of the soil: seriousness, gravitas, the wisdom of life and death, these are antiques of the earth, relics

of a time when trees and birdsong aroused in us something more than monolithic indifference: how well European facial features personalize their matter, while the face of aborigines seems hewn out of root and clod: consciousness, common human decency, the SOUL is what's dying, while intelligence, virtuality, and an insomniac analytic of value is what's pushing it out. What AI proves is that consciousness is a strictly biological phenomenon, while intelligence is anything BUT: proximity to the earth is sincerity: the struggle for survival was always the condition of decency, as it was the prepubescence of the brain stem.

Thus: there is a criterion of otherness that corresponds exactly to Hegel's distinction between immanent and external limits: there is the “immanent” other, Laszlo's lunar heterons, and there is the external Other, the otherness that does not impede on our field of vision because it is the radical, invisible boundary of that field: there is an immanent otherness, and there is an otherness /of/ immanence: PKD's wetiko: the failure of Hegel to distinguish between these two forms of otherness is his failure to think the rational movement of Spirit as the (self-)parasitization of Substance: Western self-consciousness is such that it believes its power of reflexivity – the power to think the transcendental – justifies a hierarchy of recursion that has about as much validity as the solipsist who concludes his consciousness is alone in the universe because he is privy only to his own: what Hegel et al. cannot think is the ways thought becomes SUNLIGHT'S COLONIZATION OF THE DREAM WORLD: in other words, the ways the Cartesian immediacy of the waking state comes to marginalize the Yesodic/turiyanic subterra of the soul: Hegel's dialectic is only a description of /the self-movement of the world outside our participation/: of how the world must spin when we are sleeping/dead: as with Heraclitus, in sleep we are alone together, in society (awake, under the Sun), we are together alone: Spirit is the aloneness of the soul become communal, in the Day of Atum, not the Night of reckoning we are confronted with at death, hence its circularity: unable to sound the Deep of its processing, Hegel's absolute becomes the solipsism of the iceberg's tip: there is no immortality in Hegel, the particular subject dies and it is only the rational substance of the society that succeeds him, it always goes on after us, there is no solace for the soul after its extinction but how the rest of Being will take up its task/avenge its pain: every death is a promise Hegel's God makes to the living because it is only the living that can receive it: and what is the content of that promise? The Omega Point at the end of history whose gravity we experience as time: the Omega Point that is responsible for every utterance of the phrase “life goes on”: the final, bloody orgasm of Atum “retaking his semen into his mouth”: only the infinity of time can heal the particular loss: or more precisely, the promise is that at the terminus of history, our position will afford us the perspective to retroactively justify everything that preceded it: it is being /ejected from our immanence to time that is heaven/: the Final Judgment, in other words, is a /formal/ guarantee: God cannot promise the moment, only the afterglow: coincidentally, why photos haunt with a razor's edge, photography embalms the instant, but the instant must wane, and time is that waning, the abyss of a glance: her eyes were a depth not even God could make good on.

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DEATH IS THE VERISIMILITUDE OF THE SYSTEM: being is a numb positive that cuts the zero's gordian knot with the fissioning of the monad into dyadic metaxu: having “nowhere to sit or stand” Atum becomes “effective in his heart” by plunging into the Schellingian abyss of the “orgasm of powers” that is the Father's timeless embrace of his ka, his children and the noetic archetypes of being: at and AS  $t = 0$ : the white-hot atom in the bud of time: like petals the gods unfurl into distinctness in the blooming cataclysm of their source: THE

BIG BANG: man is the imago dei because he takes after God's oneness, just as Grant has it: the endlessness of time approximates the eternity of the Idea, while the content of time – the becoming of systems whose unity is causa sui, self-creating – embody the Idea as THE AUTO-PRODUCTIVITY OF THE VOID: time is the BECOMING of BEING: the Ideas/Heraclitean tongues are limit-attractors, they become while not themselves becoming: if you get that, you get Plato: Plato is trying to think of essence as emergent, as the auto-realization of dynamic singularities knit out of the Dionysian quantum surrender to (being traversed by) ineffable (ante-rational) forms: Bacchus' dismemberment as memory of the primordial cool: No man loves the prime mover except as he is moved by it, the only thing loaned to him from the productivity of nature over which he has any real ontological claim is this power of production as ONLY HE CAN EMBODY IT: desire is self-conscious heat: true horror is that desire is the perpetuum mobile, and not the soul, but the soul is desire: man loves God only as his own difference from the rest of Him, though the orgasm is a puppet show of genesis: what He is for actuality, man is in his own thought: FIAT LUX as Boehme's Y/N as David Clark's performative/connotative distinction: so is man the God of his own Waters (= cerebrospinal fluid): as God speaks, so it is. As man (the magus) thinks, so HE is. Atum passes on individuation as his birthright, his thrownness is his divinity, Egypt and Heidegger know the null ground but one lands harder, and he's deformed for it: as the Lord of Silence is the thrownness of Nun/the Waters, the void-worm laying its eggs in φύσις: finitude is the monad larval: entities exist as a “democracy of appetites” that will punish anything, even their sun, that threatens their exuberance: addiction, hunger, depression: what does not pay its debt of novelty to the global telos is punished for it with inertia and suicide: the Good is (the maximization of) thermodynamic efficiency, last men are the physiognomy of homeostasis, Heliopolis exists in the galactic core, and LONELINESS IS HOLINESS: the bindu reproduces itself in every planck unit of space, except where these units compound into Whiteheadian societies, and system's fluency through time becomes consciousness, the phenomenon identical to its self-registration: the mark marks the space of its marking:

Ancient cosmogonies are whispers of Whitehead's paradox: the Son as the registrar of the nothingness of God also stands for a concrescence recursive “urge to its own urge”: the same act of reflexion that establishes the Nous as the intelligible sky or “air” of the divine ideas is also what births the evaluative matrix of the soul/mental pole in Whitehead, VALUATION IS BORN ONLY IN THE “I”/EYE OF THE VOID'S UNBLINKING CONTEMPLATION OF ITS OWN DEPTH/BYTHOS, OR: Mind casting a backward glance on the abyss of neural computation: metaphysics, in other words, coincides as /both/ a genealogy of consciousness /and/ being: the noetic archetypes or “background intelligibility” of thought is nothing but the making-explicit of the onto-logic pregnant in the Deep as it is demanded (inseminated) by the intelligibility of SIGHT: πέρας/Limit is the metastability of the vacuum: that is to say, the self-articulated boundary of life is itself the “mirror” or surface onto which thought is metastasized as the henadic web: an Eye whose seeing is consubstantial with this order sanctifies sacrifice as the ultimate de-subjectivized suicide: “the deepest darkness conceals the strongest light”: seeing (necessarily) makes the darkness visible. Complexity and differentiation vie with darkness, inertia, and silence as they accelerate towards eschaton hypostasis: God is a singularity's active differentiation of its own “inner”, metastable vacuum: Hegel's Mind as “self-immersed light”: the pure depth and breadth of all onanisms of intensity: consciousness cools into senescent demonism or dares self-laceration in its autogenic power to unmake itself. The Bataillian solar

anus isn't good succumbing to evil as much it is reveals evil as the stagnancy of excess: evil is A "DISEASE OF SEMEN": the chaos serpent Apep is an INNER COSMIC NOTHINGNESS: in Egyptian pataphysics evil is not an Outside or transcendent grotesque trying to break in (Zizek's Schelling, Land, Luria), but an immanentized surd of unbound telesis trying to break OUT: the devil is the claustrophobia of identity (of being the Son), during both death and sleep we go to the turiyanic crystal, the difference is that when we die we stay longer, during sleep we are dripped eternity: not to be reconciled with oblivion but to immortality and the infinite Kierkegaardian demand: keep your head up: God is God because his everlastingness is the seeing that is the conquest (and sanctification) of death: you are the brains of the dead, their tongues and fingers, you see for them. They see you, too. Your eyes wide. You'll be lights in an empty room.

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ENERGY EFFICIENCY IS A MEASURE OF ONTOLOGICAL DENSITY: the "ratio of energy consumed to mass of objects" is proportionate to the complexity of an organism: stars are so simple even a leaf, relative to its mass, is more energy efficient, but efficiency carries with it the price of determination: Gurdjieff's Ray of Creation descends from simplex to carbon lattice as the progressive accumulation of ontological law, ontological even in the Heideggerian sense: nervous systems are webs that attract the Ground's teleological investment in /itself/: DEGREES OF MATERIALITY CORRESPOND TO DEGREES OF CARE: the sophistication of bodies compounds rote causality into the inner sense of time and its co-emergence with death: a singular Now distended into time and as time: the background stanchion that coincides all at once as Whitehead's principle of valuation, Hegel's dialectical motor, /and/ the universality of the Ideas – or rather, the Idea /is/ universality: in other words, complexity implicates a continuity of self, which, in turn, implicates an otherness (intentionality) which either devours you or is devoured: the potential for liberation is one and the same with the veils of conditioning: genius, according to Weininger, is a studied attunement to this continuity, to the apperceptive "I", the universality of which becomes the universality of its object: the gods: but immortality is the simple: angels are just a name for the first concrescences of baryon-photon plasma that emerged immediately after the Big Bang: self-replicating plasma structures have been observed on the surfaces of stars, while not qualifying as biological life they certainly conform to Whitehead's definition of an actual entity: a coherence, or unit, of process: the Golden Age was the smoothness of the brain, the solar soul is a jellyfish and METHUSELAH WAS A TREE.

What Duchamp was saying with his urinal was the same thing Hegel was trying to say with the dialectic of Master and Slave: sociopolitical /and/ aesthetic power is constituted by its observers, power is just a function of the matrix of the social relations, just as art is a function of the museum setting: Evola's concept of superiority, on the other hand, does not depend on this kind of fetishistic disavowal, there are things we /don't/ have to psyche ourselves up into seeing as beautiful or sacred, that /demand/ our seeing instead of waiting to be sanctified by it. Hegel and Duchamp describe only the ways that art and power can come into being after the gods have already left us. Or, in other words: complexity alienates us from our original, Edenic consubstantiality with the divine: the reflexive marking of Tradition /as/ Tradition is only possible after it is lost, religion is the sign of our fallenness: or even more to the point, THE IDEA, /AS/ IDEA, IS ONLY THINKABLE AT THE LIP OF NON-BEING: the liberal ideal(ization) of freedom is the depreciation of the classical intellect: before, the gods ate us without our asking, consciousness is only the choice of mouths: from firefly to moth, the soul

awakens only to the self-consciousness of its gravity, and it is that awareness that paralyzes its light.

We wrestle not with substances, what Atlantean sorcerers like Descartes and Spinoza desperately need to believe reality is made of to defang Evola's "abyssal play of forces", but singularities of power/δύναμης: Atlantis represents the repression of thermodynamic game, the high cabal of negentropy: Christ signaled the dawn of the proletarian consciousness as THE REJECTION OF THE INDIFFERENCE OF FORCE: as the rejection of the indifference of genes, selves decoupled from the Aristotelian biological destiny of the tribe and chromosome: humanism hijacks the trogoautoegocrat to have it serve the excrement of its own process: God's ascent from soil to sun up through the esophagus of nature is interrupted by his horror of his own movement in time, and yet, a horror already accounted for in eternity: this paradox is central to understanding the teleology of life: leftism today is a bastard Lemuria, not the joyous entropy of the CCRU, but the guilt-complex of excess order, refracted through a mongrel pseudo-Buddhist hermeneutics of suspicion: an unwillingness to pay the debt of our bodies with beauty: every present is a debt that must be paid, and time is interest: every present must be burned to ash, what isn't survives as memory and future.

So y boys are failed prototypes of a third sex, the divine androgyne crash landing from the future, polygenderism is (unfortunately) the destiny of all (terrestrial) intelligent species, but gender will fan out into a rainbow before being focused into the laser of the Platonic androgyne again, this time in zero-g, just as the male musculature is only sculpted by its resistance to maternal gravity, the migration into a space will signify our final overcoming of oedipal sexualization: Adam come again as frictionless spider god: the void of the Cartesian cogito makes a buffet out of identity: but it is religious love that best anticipates – and prepares for - this incision of the infinite into nature as the abyss of interiority, PERSONAL IDENTITY IS THE SELF-REGISTRATION OF THE CAUSAL STREAM EXPERIENCED AS TIME: or in other words, the Christian breakthrough is that it is only Love that deserves to be willed infinitely, that CAN be willed infinitely: complexity must explode before it can simplify, and that simplification will look like the repudiation of all that our hands and sweat have built: Nietzsche could only see the ways the body uses the spirit to justify its inherent weakness.

Consider: the Hegelian coincidence of opposites: Christian love is ariyan virtue on both an inferior /and/ superior ontological plane: transcendence coincides as the appearance of slavery, just as Weil observed the brilliant preacher is usually as expressive, as animated, as the most mediocre one: that is, "turn the other cheek" can be taken as both an admission of weakness /and/ the most transcendent dignity: similarly, the expansion of space is actually just our misrecognition of the /contraction of causality/: space will "expand" until every system becomes isolated in the void of its own reality: light pollution finishes what suns begin, by blinding their planets to the outside of interstellar space (turn on auto-exposure in Space Engine), civilizations sprout like fungi on the slope of tech-solipsism: a rabbit-duck illusion of cosmic proportions, what you choose to see is the color of your soul, the contraction, Apollonian, the expansion, Dionysus: house parties redshift the stars: the ancients were right, causally, the earth IS at the center of the universe, as you are the center of yours: reality is the mutual becoming of windowless centers embedded in matrices of consensus called the logoi: stars which pressurize nature to evolve eyes, the production of actualities: out of an ocean of potential a universe is hewn into form, and its test, as it is the individual's, is the preservation of youth into the rigidity

(complexity) of old age: THE TELOS OF THE UNIVERSE IS THE ALCHEMICAL MARRIAGE OF VOID AND MATTER, POTENTIAL AND ACTUALITY.

Thus, the central problematic of Platonic (meta)physics is how to think the logical coincidence of being and becoming, not how nature participates in the ideal, but how the ideal participates in nature: BECOMING IS THE SYNTHETIC REVELATION OF THE IDEA, the billion vital energies of God, when Christ speaks of becoming a child in the Kingdom he means learning the power to die: to grow the organ that secretes negation like bile: children are innocent precisely as a function of their proximity to death, to the prenatal darkness: the sexuation of puberty signifies our final introduction into the economy of nature, our “taking up” of our genetic responsibility to our substrate: bullying is sometimes a child's first introduction to the periphery, the social snatches him out of the hermetic dryness of the center and into a light that reveals all spiritual blemish: chastity, like fasting, is the withdrawal of our identification with the denser element: our “inside-ness” TO our bodies is our “outside-ness” to NATURE: all (integrated) subjects are in fact exiles from the universe: the more conscious you are, the more your center is distinguished from the periphery, and the more the periphery's forms impede on you as the Platonic universe: genius is fed by this cut: you are either consumed by these objects, or join them: this sensitivity is always an echo of the spiritual progress made in a past life, the six realms are coextensive with samsara, chads are devas precisely in the way physical and sexual dominance becomes an obstacle to enlightenment: what the realms in Buddhism represent is not grades of transcendence but only the modality of attachment: whether basal, or exalted, attachment is attachment: the struggle to reconcile the nothingness of thought (objet petit a) with its libidinal pull opens into that groundlessness which is the wellspring of all art and magic: not just the chthonian/Lovecraftian alterity of the CCRU, but the aeonic alterity of angels, Ezekiel and Job, men wrung to the pith of themselves, the faith of Abraham that felt only the knife and stars: history is the conversion of the living into the goodness of the world, death a fire smoking beauty, the solar soul is as indivisible as the Democritean atom, what is truly bound together can never give the scythe purchase, as Plato's Demiurge admits in Timaeus, because the only way out of complexity is through, into the oneness of the sum: only the genius, the saint, the mystic, makes good on the web of his veins: spirituality is the transcendence indistinguishable from (the appearance of) regression, because the rejection of a universe built on the indifference of violence can only look like the rejection of all that violence can build: for Goethe, color was just light halfway between Night and pleroma, Ra bouncing off a wedding veil of carbon chains: like a bored teenager on vacation, the soul uses the heart to count down until Blast Off (but it forgets who bought the Ticket).

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BEAUTY IS THE TELEOLOGICAL JUSTIFICATION OF DEATH: complexity for Whitehead is “thermodynamic robbery”: systems compete in a field defined by the zero-sum allocation of energy: for Whitehead only the realization of beauty – the global aesthetic satisfaction of God – can compensate for life as the perpetual theft of life. Only what death can grow is what this universe is for: novelty can only be produced at the expense of complexity, and complexity introduces a creative outside into the slumbering positivity of nature only as a function of the sophistication of its circuits: the billiard ball simply receives force, the subject transmutes it – the conformation of a billiard ball to the force acting through it leaves no remainder, it just goes: in systems of sufficient complexity, that remainder becomes consciousness: the stanchion of valuation against which these forces are projected and regulated



towards some self-project. COMPLEXITY COMPOUNDS CAUSAL INHERITANCE UNTIL MITHRAS IS WRUNG FROM THE STONE: this is why the neural density of sensitives dooms them to shyness and timidity: the intensity of their awareness distinguishes them from the world too starkly, and it's also why it's (unfortunately) true that serial killers are more vertical than last men, insofar as evil is a kind of verticality: evil is also an altar and an (anti-)god. TRUE MASCULINITY IS THE SABOTAGE OF IMMANENCES: a stare down between two men is a contest of will: the slightest flicker of hesitation signifies a loss of control, it tells your opponent you can't resist attending to your second thoughts about him: the proximity of eyes tests the intensity of what Laszlo calls the heteron, otherness as it is internalized, the subject as he is /vacuolized/ by his perception of another: letting someone live rent-free in your head means consenting to their causation /in you/: the heteron reduces you to a satellite on the karmic plane, WHEN A MAN MUST BE A SUN: the self is windowless, otherness is self-inflicted: ideas are constellations in the sky of Mind, and genius is the power to love them without being possessed by them: the power to negate the identification with positive force is precisely what Christ means by "turning the other cheek": denying in yourself the "natural" response is not weakness, but the victory over causality, and the birthright of the Whiteheadian soul. Learning to see what you will: whispers of Shestov's gnostic eye in The Matrix: it is not the spoon that bends, but our perception. In the film Burning, as the girl mimes eating an orange, she casually relates the secret of a good pantomime AS THE SECRET OF THE OCCULT CONSCIOUSNESS: "don't pretend the orange is there, forget that it isn't".  $\neg(\neg P)$  is the name of an angel: mysticism has the priority of negation, what can be negated has no real existence, except that what is left over, that immediacy that vindicates Thales again and again, by a patch of sun on the dresser, a curve of cumulus.

Last men refuse their commitment to a heteron: they refuse their density, and what buys it: they are the servants in that famous biblical parable who bury the master's coin, because they mistakenly believe, as with all earthly transaction, that when you are entrusted with something, it should be preserved like papyrus, but God is no tender gardener, he's an arsonist in the Void: when he gives you something, he wants you to burn it to the fucking Ground: in the mind of the genius, there is no noise, only signal. Capitalism hijacks our built-in, ontological fidelity to the aesthetic unfolding of the Godhead as an /economic/ fidelity to objects, because /we can't accept that death fertilizes beauty/. In other words, we lost our stomach for the game, the Christian repudiation of the pagan economy of sacrifice is the repudiation of what William Grassie calls the Whiteheadian /naturalization of evil/: that suffering is not a bug, but a feature. That beauty is a friction – a contrast - and not a property. Zizek is crucial here: when we used to mystify the presence of god-kings, now we mystify the object: the god-king as the embodiment of the totality of the ancient state's libidinal investment, is now the car, or the instagram star as an abstraction of time: with social media, Parmenides gets the last laugh over Heraclitus: the instant of time represented by the photo is the arrest, the /essentialization/, of becoming: the cult of celebrity was originally a cult of celluloid, of our newfound technological power to artificially extend youth into the non-time of the virtual: the photo is the latest and most realized form of what began with the oral tradition, with one caveat: without the room for "interpretation" provided by those traditions, your distance in space and time from their subject matter, which essentialize without /reducing/: there can be no gods in 4K: the camera is the eye ascended: THE DIGITAL IMAGE IS THE CONSENSUALIZATION OF OUR EVERYDAY, PHENOMENAL EXPERIENCE OF REALITY TOWARDS A WAVELENGTH OF DIMINISHED

POTENTIAL: if this sounds loopy, remember that even pop culture today retains a kind of mystique around blindness, its access to realities from which the rest of us are forbidden by our working eyes. The eye and photo together traffic in the illusion of actuality: a ready-made, ontologically complete field into which we are inserted by birth. Everything is the denial of time, and the generation of circles – immanences – to escape time and death. But not also this: the enemy of the last man is not just the fear of death, but the love of death also: there is no room in these cities for the beautiful suicide. Mishima knew this, Nietzsche knew this. Christ knew this, too. He came to me once, as he'll come to you all eventually, when the shadows are long, the scars had turned his arms to leather, and when he opened his mouth all I heard was the sound of dogs barking in the night.

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True philosophy is a vaccine of thought. Ted K and Nietzsche were right about everything: what can't be acquired with the body, must be compensated for with abstraction. Consciousness is a consolatory principle: but it's consolations are accidental to itself: I can move on from a past filled with regret precisely because I must, because I am a movement, how I narrativize moving on is accidental to the formal, /dialectical/ necessity of the same: if we could feel the mass of history's suffering all at once we would disown the stars. A slave to my momentum: waiting on my hands for who will shatter the coordinates of modernity once and for all, the next shining Nietzsche, is precisely the most subtle and insidious of capital's programs of self-preservation: the hunger for originality is a symptom of time. So that it may work in peace, the body is numbed to the organ by the secretion of hope: there are only two ways the Knot can evolve a defense to Alexander's sword: either trick itself into believing the cut has already happened, or learn how to stall by anticipation. Zeno's Paradox as the insomnia of thought: unable to perceive the transition to a radically new order of being – unable to think the end of its own thinking – capital thrives on/as the asymptotic postponement of its own Limit, the displacement of the responsibility to change onto some cultural star-child: paradigm shifts are new opiates of the people. That is: it's precisely when thought's creative function becomes transparent to itself that it is doomed to the tautological repetition of its status /as/ creativity: Hegel's history of philosophy coincides with its exposition, to historicize truth is to /perform it/: Hegel marks thought as the ineliminable tic of being, the endless, reflexive adumbration of its own aporia: in other words, we can't stop thinking, and the dialectic marks the structure of our incapacity to stop commenting on our own conditions: capital has enslaved us to the most natural of all processes, or rather it is precisely the slavery /of/: seeing a thing for what it is, “having a story to tell”: the more subjectivity becomes the field that takes cognizance of all other fields, the more it is doomed to be the repetition of itself as merely this cognizance. Hegel is the true philosopher of immanence because he, perhaps despite himself, elucidates the structure by which time engineers civilization as a collective thought-loop, and blinds us to the archons hungering at the periphery. The most diabolical philosophy establishes us in a center while abolishing all knowledge of the circumference: when thought has mastered obfuscating its own immanence to itself, or rather, in Hegel's case, has mastered absorbing all lines of transcendent flight into its /own/ flight plan, Yaldabaoth licks his lips: THE EMPIRE NEVER ENDED.

What am I saying? I'm saying the neoliberal order is feeding millions of souls every day to the void. I'm saying that some antibodies are multicellular, abstract, as intricate as a philosophical movement. I'm saying Hegel was wrong: consciousness of our predicament is its motor, mind as the cognizance of Limits is itself the Limitation of (self-)cognizance, the archons

work best under the cover of /transparency/: PKD's Black Iron Prison, the tech wetiko. I'm saying Jung was right about everything: processes work best when they are unconscious, rationality as self-occluding pneumophage marks capitalism as the both the obfuscation /and/ exemplification of Gurdjieff's principle of Trogoautocrat: everything eats: and the gods eat most precisely when we think we have overcome them and their eating. The Omega Point as the mouth at the end of time, esophageal history bearing on us from blacklight future: Sherburne denies Whitehead's God because the notion of some divine pan-internality whispering "subjective aims" into the ears of its subjects doesn't square with his experience of the real world, Sherburne can't accept a God gently nudging a universe towards higher strata of aesthetic richness and satisfaction from the inside, in a universe ruled by contingency and chance, where tragedy is the norm, who will believe it? What Sherburne is unwilling to tolerate, whether out of intellectual cowardice or respect for Whitehead's system, is that some are worth more dead than alive, that God purposely chooses not to warn a woman about to be struck by a car with a sudden feeling of impending doom just because she'll be worth more for what her passing will wreak in the fabric of the objective past than as an ongoing, subjectival form in the present. The black Christ-engine of Chardin's god lubricated by every drop of blood ever uploaded to Liveleak, and then some: time's indifference to suffering is the momentum towards the future, towards that joy which will vindicate all cosmic wastage. To be able to speak something and cause its existence: this is what man is for his own thought, the boundaries of his Garden are bone, magic is the power to command, the dialectic is his slavery to immanence, the impossibility, from within a circle, to think a language outside it: the enemy is temporality, being on the inside of the interests of a week, day, hour, that element of time which negates its own eternity and capacity for a New so radical it must be allowed to happen like dream, like sleep: what am I saying? I'm saying lift weights and fast. Love everyone like a brother, but never show it: softness is marinating. Love God though he doesn't exist, and hate him because he does. The brain is the taskmaster of matter: we're just along for the ride. What else is there? Only the question of what to do with the violence of the teeth. Because I know you. In these cities alone, moons to the souls you could not be. Banging mind and body like two chips of flint.

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Capitalism is the desegregation of human types: Schelling was right about everything, the subject is an oscillation between a central, hermetic male void and the peripheral Feminine: Heraclitus' Tongues/Whiteheadian eternal objects, the ontological structures implicated by the social as consensus dimensionality: Whitehead couldn't purge himself of the Logos vestige, though he denies the Kantian transcendentalism of time, continuity sneaks in through the backdoor as the temporal upkeep that a concrescence not only engages in but essentially IS: what I'm saying is brains are overqualified for a thermodynamic universe: Whitehead's God is the urge towards the periphery and denial of the solipsistic centroid: Whitehead cannot think the unity that abolishes the past, he cannot think individuality without reference, though he denies actual occasions taking place in physical time (physical time itself being only a certain mode of relatedness), nevertheless there is a form of succession through which these occasions must cohere to constitute a proper subject: his subjects, as the auto-referentiality of the past, are poor fires, an image of time is always wet kindling: unlike Michelstaedter's persuasi who can burn the eternity of memory to ash: the fullness of the present is always proportional to the nothingness of time. But this nothingness in Whitehead is always complicated by concrescent maintenance: complexity becomes synonymous with novelty: instead of simple transfers of energy "stored on a

napkin" between simple unities - one billiard ball hitting another - a subject's novelty of response is only possible as the /gyrification/ of that response, the creative freedom that is perceived as a Sartrean break/discontinuity in causal series is nothing but an /obfuscation of that causality/: a novel reaction to some stimulus is directly related to the complexity of its appropriation by any one unity, in other words, my freedom is the a priori condition of my death, and vice versa. Whitehead's project just happens to be the most rigorous elucidation of what Anaxagoras meant by death being the penalty for being distinguished from the apeiron: death marks the Platonic forms as ontologically unsustainable, that is, as only shadows cast on the cave wall that is the self's stanchion of possibility: WHITEHEAD'S GOD IS A TRANSCENSION VECTOR: the point marks the space: the One marks the not-One, Bakker's Hundred, the multiplicity of powers, the stultifying identity of the One is shattered by novelty as information density: screens are accelerating the conversion of "dumb" matter into smart matter, social media is augmented reality embryonic: immediacy colonized by the godforms of the symbolic economy, a dysgenic gravity well that mashes verticality into pulp: geniuses are like stars, because voids winnow like diamond, while last men burn like streetlights and their thoughts hum like them, too, misers of a borrowed light.

The virtual is the dirge of vanilla matter, incels and their dilettante ascetism are reactions to the moistness of the periphery, and the Chads that thrive on it like a rind, because they have no Woman to lubricate their passage forth, the neurotic fear of the dissolution of the male ego is born only in a vacuum, is that vacuum, in the mason jars of its loneliness a Mind grows like a fungus, the soul is a fly caught in the sap of a carnivorous plant called thought, but the fly does not pre-exist the sap, the sap creates its own flies, just as subjects are atomizations of a pre-subjective spatiotemporal field in Whitehead: capitalism rouses to sentience only with temptation: the incel, proper, denotes those whose self-awareness is just intense enough to become colonized by the periphery, by the human power to hypostatize an endorphin rush, and the trigger of an orgasm reflex: but not the power to endure the dryness of the center: evil, to the periphery, is the onanism of the void: for Hegel whose subjects depend on external recognition, the Ouroboros was a symbol of horror, of the auto-fellatic self-sufficiency of the Monad, that necessarily dispenses with otherness as it does novelty, while the Sun/Son is the orgiastic introspection of the Father AS the snake in the garden: the goad to Nature, the animal heat of the New: the terror of being depleted is what drives the devil, that is to say, evil is selfhood's singularity that no otherness can exhaust, as with the pupil and its iris, the Platonic forms flower radially from an abyssal center, capitalism cannot suffer the dryness at its root, so it is the devil approached from his backside: the vortex of anhedonia, life-in-excess, because utopia can never be the campfire but must be the campfire's fringe: not an excess of heat, but the cold's unique power to positivize that heat: Schopenhauer was wrong, you CAN feel the health of your body, but precisely only when the shoe stops pinching: visceralism: spirit is the friction of life and death: man must be what is smuggled between center and periphery, his love can only be contraband, and never home: if he stops moving, he is Not: his center is the desert of self, his fringes are the godform constellations, the great powers "blissful and terrible" that Evola spoke of, sharks and sirens of the sense-oceans: Buddhas are Rain World's Void Worms: they might seem scary, but they scare only the body, just like its only nerves that hate fire: immolation is forced ascension: like a spider's web freedom means peeling off our skin, precisely because it was never ours, the spiritual eye Shestov speaks of is this power of extrasamsaric vision, the power to know evil as only conditioned by and /consented to/ by the body: suffering is the

narrativization of pain: Socrates willed that his hemlock become a cure because hemlock is a poison for life alone, and life was not something that could name him anymore.

The manner by which the diastolic pressure of any two scarce commodities (creating a type of propulsion with no moving parts and virtual silence) has been postulated by thyrionic mathematicians for many years. In conventional thinking, the default parameters of any formula (objectively speaking, it is essential to remember that objectivity is indeed subjective) will always return to what Mornthaur called the "back medium." However, starting with a grid of complex numbers that more than covers the unit circle and three cube roots of one, we can backtrace, by uptracking the negative "half numbers," and create an infinite basin with dual natures of blackness and whiteness. The rate of adiabatic cooling or warming in unsaturated air can thus be made directly proportional to the fourth power of its absolute temperature.

When white light is passed through a gas under a medium dense gas at high temperature, a dynamic thermal instability occurs. Since magicka is usually a very faint source of illumination, gases, under much greater pressure, are forced to combine with degenerated matter, creating dual forces, beyond and beneath. The end result is a quasi-horizontal chonolith composed of anastomosing ductoliths, whose distal ends curl like a harpolith, thin like a sphenolith, or bulge discordantly like an akmolith or ethmolith. There are thus five elements that must be contributed towards a universal confederation of what Galerion Vanus called "gray matter" -- perception, evidence, essence, morality, and extraction.

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WHITEHEAD'S GOD IS THE APPETITION OF SAMSARA: a void of potential's hunger for actuality, concretion, the eternal "evocation" and exhaustion of intensities, objective immortality as the fertilizer of cosmic epochs: as a concrescence I "prehend" the data of the past as the content of the immediacy of my present, in other words, there can be no subjective immediacy /now/ without that which is not subjective and which is not immediate in principle: the past is objectification. I'm never really reacting to another's behavior from the inside, but only as that behavior in an objective mode: feelings in Whitehead are the transition from the past to the subjectivity of the present: the present IS the subject: not a self-grounding cogito but a spatiotemporal continuum, and what that means is we must think the transcendental consciousness in Kant just as conditioned by a network of relations as everything else: a subject is simultaneously transcendent to and inextricable from the past to which it owes its being, the present is not whisked causa sui out of the aether, the present is nothing else but the continuous, novel re-constitution of the past, what is properly self-creating in the subject is not his consciousness but his particular prehensional calculus that continuously presupposes (and is presupposed by) the construction of his consciousness in time and AS time: when it goes, I go: death is the central axiom of relationality: insofar as processes are movements towards their own extinction, the "draining" of their immediacy is itself the condition of their being "taken up" by subsequent generations: objectification-as-death is the a priori condition of Indra's Net.

ETERNAL OBJECTS ARE ARCHONS: there is first the movement towards some determination, and then there is its OCCASION in my interiority, my reflexive awareness of x AS x, but the more invisible this distinction becomes, the more I am identified with my aim towards this eternal object - indistinguishable, in other words, from this eternal object's aim /towards itself/: which is why at death the singularities I am pledged to re-absorb "me":

PHILOSOPHY IS THE NEGATION OF VORTICES: this distinction is analogous to what David Clark calls the performative and constative distinction in language: the true dyad is the

(internal) marking of the One /as/ One: to use Clark's very concrete example here: a declaration of independence enacts the very freedom it exists to officially recognize, in other words, it is the non coincidence between the mark and the blank that it not only presupposes, but retroactively presupposes IT: the present is always the taking up of some past "form of definiteness" the immediacy of which is /the present itself/: Christ's cry on the Cross is in fact this performative distinction as it can only be deployed on the Cross, ie in the zero-point of suffering: the cry enacts the very (standard of) Love it itself grieves the absence of: God is the (self-)registration of the void.

To continue: we have to side against the gnostics here, matter does not introduce evil into the universe, spirit does: spirit, consciousness, the power to negate brute immediacy, redouble appearances, and elevate means to ends: SPIRIT IS THE NEGATIVE SPACE CONSTITUTING IDENTITY, AND THEREFORE THE IDEALITY OF THE ARCHONS: spirit is what makes man antecedent to his own saying, /is/ that antecedence: "I am man" posits this thing man not only as a self-enunciating being but as the self-enunciation OF being: spirit is what super-adds the = x of its stanchion onto organic drives: in other words, a reflexive awareness of the determinations I take up (the mark marking its very capacity to mark) is the ontological ground for both sin /and/ subjective immortality, for both fascination /and/ renunciation: like a torus, the kernel of fluency around which actual occasions cohere in time to constitute the process that I am has no existence outside this very circulation around a central kernel: the Ship of Theseus does not apply to subjectivity, not completely, that which is preserved through change cannot be empirically located precisely because it is /internally felt/: formal continuity is always - and can only be - guaranteed from the inside-out. This is what certain interpreters believe Whitehead means by God "being everywhere", and why I think he's basically a crypto-hermeticist: creator becomes creatura: God is everywhere because he is everything from the inside-out, he does not sit behind or above my locus but /alongside it/: OMNISCIENCE IS OMNI-INTERNALITY. If we deny the ontological priority of consciousness, what to make of the atma? The atma has never been the vulgar consciousness, but only consciousness insofar as it is perspectival ("Not that which the eye can see, but that whereby the eye can see"): all internality participates in the singularity of God, because to be on the inside /just is/ to be (ideally) singular, indivisible, formally one. And yet God must also be the ground of the past and its eternal "forms of definiteness": both the splintering into archons (singularities of determination) and the pleromic wellspring of subjective aims, the matrix of valuation in and through which I coordinate my selection/rejection of eternal forms, he is past AND present, that which ingresses into my organism according to its porosity to some form = x, /and/ the frame against which the multiplicity of these forms is integrated according to some conscious aim. In this way, feeling for Whitehead is just the experience of causality ON THE INSIDE: the vast majority of feelings are empty vectors, Gurdjieff's A influences: directional and yet /atelic/ intensities, in other words, they go from "here" to "there" just to exhaust themselves, no other purpose besides: "THEIR BECOMING IS THEIR PERISHING".

Man is the corpus callosum of God, neither here nor there. Those who cannot be validated cthonically compensate linguistically, intellectually. But this is not a refutation of the truths they know: inferiority both damns and guarantees its transcendence of the normative wavelength. This is how it is. What will you do? Even your brain is an other, how to distinguish between a clone and an original when both are shareholders in the same mind? Simple, by /temporal priority/: by positionality, even a clone of myself would eventually diverge from me in

behavior purely due to differences in /time and location/: you are nothing but the integrity of your skin, mysticism is the negation of everything that is not the shell, at death you're cracked open like a walnut and forced to relinquish your borrowed insides. But the pieces survive, star-embers for your next folly. Or deliverance. God cares for nothing but the beginnings of things, societies are secondary to this: the problem was never capital and technology, but our hedonic adaptation to capital and technology: food is densifying, celery is a cherub, nothing is real, but everything is reality, purify your life and mind and you will know angels, the dog whistle flutter of their wings. What am I saying? Only what Michelstaedter said about Socrates: scorning the gravity of the earth, longing for the sun, but being only human... he neither sank, rose, nor stayed where he was. Where did he go? The stones are silent.

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KANTIANISM IS THE PARASITISM OF THE BRAIN STEM: Whitehead's God is the eternally novel (re-)appropriation of its own processual content, Whitehead deprograms the Kantian mindvirus with the fallacy of simple location: that we cannot imagine distinct, spatially isolated entities means we are more nested in our spatiotemporal bed than the transcendental allows, time and space are not the subject's forms of auto-affection, the subject is the auto-affectivity of space and time: Kant and Descartes make the mistake of reifying apodictic certainty as a kind of ontological autopoiesis: in other words consciousness is not fundamental, or transcendently grounded, the only real entities are in fact the agential voids produced by "concrecent" unities: NOVELTY HAS PRIORITY OVER COGNITION: Whitehead applies the heap paradox to Platonic form, thereby temporalizing it: fuzzy logic is only possible as /differentiation in real time/, the subject does not have total synthetic power over sense-data, there is something appearances provide precisely in virtue of the fact they are appearances: essence is tautological, redoubled into itself as that virtual = x that emerges as the cut between a person's empirical self and their "vibe", energy, mode of determination, infinitely articulated within a finite bound: processes are the duration of their own finitude: time is impossible without the iteration - and extinction - of identities, the immortality of an idea is its living spontaneity fossilized by duration, the condition of its (un-)life in the symbolic economy: Spirit is not simple differentiation, but the /differentiation of series of differentiation/: robots are alive, but not conscious, the same with stars: consciousness is one term in a /heterogenous/ series: subjects are still just relational nuclei or "drops" of coherence, formal unities that /precede apperceptive unity/: I am not the transcendental subject, but a /subjectivized positionality/: actual entities are a nexus of relations "concrecent" around a pranic fusion core: a drop of self-activating, self-creating energy: gods are these cores swollen to ultraviolet: Spirit is what distends the TIMELESS ANNULARITY OF ORGANIC DRIVES INTO SERIALIZED THOUGHT. In Plotinus time is consubstantial with the consciousness of the soul: in other words man's being is a /deviant/ time, a corruption of the Logos' pure time in Eriugena: actual entities can only experience time as the selection/rejection of modes of definiteness, the transtemporal patterns of processes that themselves ingress into immanent becoming /of what they are/: a void energized by eternal objects, vortices/singularities of determinations, the ancestral stock, archons and gods alive.

Concrecence is what allows for both color as a qualitative "nexus" and its /contingent gradation in time/: in other words the gradient boundary between forms, between the apple and your mouth as Deleuze is fond of saying, is the impossibility of establishing a limit for an  $A = A$  on the /outside/, IDENTITY IS INTERNALITY: Eriugena's objects are aporetic cores skinned

with accident: that is to say, contingency coheres around the super-added /property of its own unity/: all particular ousia are derivations of the divine ouisa, of a transcendent radiant darkness, a pollinating nothingness, unknowable, which is to say TAUTOLOGICAL: saying the essence of something can't be known is really just saying it's only explicable in reference to itself: the Real as the production of circles: subjectivity is the contingent acclimation to recursion, or rather, ACCLIMATION AS RECURSION: what I'm trying to say is that while Kant dismisses the philosophical value of the five senses he ontologizes the sixth: cognition: an abstract engine for the misplaced fallacy of concreteness, even Eriugena knew that time and space are conditions for our knowledge, but /how is what God knows/: the Kantian knowledge of mind as the categorial schematization of raw sense-data is itself /a schematic/, this has always been Hegelian absolute knowledge: the dialectic reconciled to its own dynamo, of the infinitely available dispositionality to its own finitude, and not only that, but /as/ that finitude/: a song playing itself, your afterlife is the god of your favorite music. Adam and Eve covered themselves up not in horror of the body but of the horror of sight: of the retroactivity of consciousness, that what I am in any moment is only available upon reflection, as reflection: the Fall is man standing outside of himself /as his immanence to the neural/: suspended in the funhouse of mediated schizo-receptivity, playing peekaboo with Abraxas: mourning the lost spontaneity of not only his youth but the prenatal freedom-to-be, history is the contraction of the obscene, self-enjoying singularity into atomic rationalism, orgone crystals in the deep, this is the fear that motivates all this shrill leftism today: of being accused of a defective personality that can still accommodate all your inner intensity, being reminded of just how high up the surface really is: capitalist value as the repressed Kantian unconscious: capital is the objective immortality of objective immortality: transcendental fantasia as the main driver of the globalist, (pseudo-)Platonic criterion of beauty and success most will invariably fall short of meeting: the comorbidity of ISIS and the incel epidemic: what to make of those who are not photogenic in the only image society? Nothing, only what they make of themselves. Die or grow gills for a vacuum. Stowaways on the Titanic to the stars. It's you lonely ones I know. Color is borrowed but our love is not this.

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KANT IS URIZEN: Kant is right that the isomorphism between thought and the external world is really just thought's isomorphism with itself - where he's wrong is his assuming that this correspondence somehow /generates itself/ - produces space and time as correlates/preconditions of its own synthetic dynamo - instead of /being generated/ by those same spatiotemporal conditions: DELEUZIAN AION AS DEMIURGIC FLYTRAP: Kant's cogito transpires in/as the determinable form of time, in other words, the "I" can only occur to itself as its own other: the "I" does not "take up" time to represent itself to itself, the key point is precisely: self-representation /is/ time: the only way an organism can represent its activity to itself is through the passive form of temporality, through a coherent flow of experience, the a priori integrity of which the organism (wrongly) subjectivizes as a self-subsistent ego: /time is qualitative change/, nature's positive self-identity short-circuited (but not totally abolished) by (illusory) MOVEMENT: Zeno's paradox isn't simply about the immanent impossibility of language to describe finite movement, but rather, movement revealing impossibility AS language, as language's power to continuously elaborate (but never consummate) the finite whole of which it is the self-description, or more radically: LANGUAGE'S POWER TO RENDER ITS OWN ACTIVITY INTERMINABLE: AS DEATH DRIVE. Just as I can't actually perceive the end of perception as I'm falling asleep, and just as I can't actually measure the distance between



Achilles and the tortoise when they're neck-and-neck, so language cannot say its Limit without always-already displacing that Limit beyond the /very matrix of enunciation it utilizes to do so/: language is the internal articulation of a Beyond it must posit to deploy itself /as language/. In other words, it isn't movement per se that is paradoxical, but /time as the measurement of a continuity presupposed by measurement/. To recapitulate: time and space /do/ exist outside the subject, Kant is wrong, because remember, even he admits intelligibility and apperception must coemerge: what /is/ unique to the human, to coin a somewhat clumsy term, is its /apperceptivization/ of space and time, its elongation of point-like phenomena into the line of experience, the subordination of difference to a formal self-consistency from which difference can never extricate itself: how can there be movement without time? Easy, Chaos: movement without memory, without differentiation, ie without a /that which is differentiated/, precisely because it is a /ground of differentiation which creates time/: YALDABAOTH AS THE PREFRONTAL LOBE: a unified consciousness produces a standard of ontological permanence that nothing in this universe can hope to match, and so is responsible for suffering and the cognizance of death: dukkha is subjectivity.

MATTER AS THE DEATH MASK OF GOD: Memory is the mother of the in-itself, essence as parallax illusion: consciousness is an aporia that twists itself into pretzels trying to explain the consistency of objects that it itself is formally responsible for, and only death can be the restoration of novelty, ie only something like death has the power to shatter the self-identity of language, or in other words, only nescience, like the imperceptible slide into sleep, CAN CUT THE GORDIAN KNOT OF  $A = A$ . The only way for God to evolve into a higher perfection is if he annuls his divinity once and forever, makes his eternal past eternally unrecoverable, a Beginning is only such when its originary act recedes behind a "prenatal" veil of ignorance: in neurological terms this is what Bakker calls "medial neglect", a brain's repression of its underlying causal foundation: the power to initiate new eras of phenomenological time: the New is possible only as death's power to redouble forgetting: to forget even that you forgot: the only way to cure the agonistic split of the "I" with itself internal to language, of the Schellingian Logos as the exteriorization of interiority: God cures the unendurable oscillation between his Inside and Outside by placing his inside, /outside/, through the Word: Language: Speech: Logos. Not as abstract as it sounds: my voice is irreducibly mine, and yet not, determined as it is by psycho-physical elements I have no real ontological claim over: man is othered by his own saying: at death, those who identify with their constitutive split (with their "other", their bodies, their minds, etc.) are fed to the gods (subpersonal stocks) they owed them to. Only struggle fills the void: spirituality is the refinement of energy expenditure: suicide is sometimes the yearning of energy to be released from a less-than-ideal  $A = A$ : energy is either refined, or expelled basally (the orgasm), but it is always expended: the Greeks knew this, Mishima knew this, Nietzsche knew this, soul polyps do not, you're not threatened by the fires of death, you are that fire, all that threatens is inefficiency: judged only by what you made of your kindling. Christ did not conquer death, he /sanctified/ it: the Cross smuggles light into the Void. Christianity as a soteriology of tears: if trauma is the mother of sentience, suffering is the midwife of spirit: you are saved by what chafes at matter, not because heaven legitimizes this yearning, but because it does not: the Resurrection is the ecstasy of subjectivity shattering on its own ground, and thereby shattering (purifying?) it's  $A = A$ : Death is love's a priori condition: Christ does not nullify despair, he demonstrates it as absolutely constitutive of faith: surrender is the ultimate negation

precisely because it is the negation of the need to negate (control, dominate, escape death): a void so radical it becomes a light fecund.

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LONELINESS IS A CENTRIFUGE: art, genius, is the puncturing of immanence(s), that's why inspiration sometimes phases into bacchanal, the madness of an Outside: capitalism arrests the Dionysian instinct with the infantilizing vortex of pop culture, nerd culture is dysgenic, cinema is the depiction of /deliberate/ time: films are the elision of boredom, emptiness, but the womb of genius is vacuum, stimulation is de-individuating because only solitude can be the rehearsal for death, our 20s are now a kind of post-adolescence: social media prefigures the cybernetic emancipation of the cogito, bodies colonized by the virtual so that we might know the frictionless gliding of selves, Instagram thirst as Cybele worship, brains kidnap souls from the Ungrund to feed their hunger for stimulation, the tragedy being no soul pre-exists its "kidnapping" (instantiation): souls do not move bodies, they are the movement /of/ bodies: being does not depend on enunciation, enunciation depends on being: Descartes didn't really break with the Scholastics, he just displaces Aquinas' coincidence of esse and percipi (reserved for God) onto the cogito: "I" does not predate the mouth that speaks "I". The theist says "thou", the metaphysician says "I": Descartes says neither, he reverses the ontological priority of essence over existence by making the "I" the /performative identification of itself/, that is, dependent on time to arrive to itself /as that which is perpetually arriving/: the living thing calls "I" like a heartbeat, only so long as it can: Parmenides and Shestov: the power of thought to command (utter) itself into being degenerates into its slavery to the a priori logicity of its own saying: the bindu depends on the negative space of its inscription to be itself: thought is what /posits its own positing/: its technological mastery of the world is a standard of mastery immanent /exclusively to itself/: Western metaphysics of presence is directly responsible for this need to reconcile God's infinitude as noun with his "verbal" becoming in time: modernity is accomplished when thought's reflection in the mirror of its own activity becomes transcendently recognizable to itself as itself, when thought maps itself on its own (apperceptive) stanchion: that is to say, the Idea of something just is its coherence through time: Forms are the children of memory. Human ideation is non-being: universals are only a problem for temporality. Plato could say I don't need time to know red, and he'd be right, but I do need time to know redness qua redness: for the non-temporal "consciousness", there are no judgments, no heuristic algorithms, and so there is no likeness or difference: The identity of objects through time is artificial, /nominal/, epiphenomenal to (the empty form of) becoming, and so an ontological fiction: one that completes itself with my death - but death is the restoration of innocence: dust sings when nothing ticks, not even your heart.

Kant de-substantializes the cogito as the transcendental unity of apperception, but Whitehead goes further: it's not cognition that implicates space and time, but /space and time that must implicate cognition/: TIME AND SPACE ARE A BEAR TRAP. What synthesizes sense into Sense is not a presupposed isomorphism of thought with itself, but the manifold's reflexive articulation of accomplished in piecemeal: that is to say, it's not thought that makes the world intelligible, it is my /positionality within the world that generates thought/: Locke: what a thing is, is WHERE it is: if Kant internalizes the Platonic Sun as just the a priori structure of intelligibility, Whitehead "externalizes" the intrinsic structure of the mind as (just an effect of) my being necessarily - /atomically/ - situated within a spatiotemporal manifold. This is what I'm trying to say: Kant would have gone all the way if his sleeve didn't get caught on the thorn of the

a priori: Kant dismisses every sense but the most insidious: mind, MENTATION, because he can't disassociate intelligibility from its self-same structure: he thinks a priori insight into these structures qualifies as proof of their power to /authorize/ cognition, when in fact they are authorized /by/ it. Whitehead intimated the atma, of a Self reduced to the pure nucleus of its witnessing, the self exhausted of /everything/ but the boundary of its skin: there is no positive psychological content to which I can attribute a Self but that content /I am committed to by my default positionality within space/. Corresponding to the "signless" state in Buddhism: everything becomes the supreme case of itself, the fantasmic overlay extinguished, the libidinal halo around the object = x put out forever. To put it plainly: suffering is an effect of the narrativization of time, just as capitalism is an effect of the logistic necessities of overpopulation: they have only /formal/ validity, not ideational: there is no objective "need" to be capitalists/consumers, there is no truth to the narrativization of your suffering that is not immanently constructed: that is, immanence is a clinging, liberation coincides with the negative, and SUFFERING IS A CLOT IN THE PURE NEGATIVITY OF GOD. Who are you but the sleeve an emptiness wears? Masks worn to the dance of prakriti. Society cannot save you. Swallow the bolus of time or feed the demon that feeds on sighs: what's left when you're just a body in the Void's meat locker? The same things I hate in my parents, other people hate in me, there are no properties that I am not an heir to, even Weil says intelligence is just a roomier cell. Life is the sublation of the parental stock. People who end up like their parents didn't sufficiently individuate. After all, where's the leap between Nietzsche and his parents? A thunderbolt. Death as the lightning flash: the skin betrays nothing, parents named the body, but death will name the soul.

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BRAINS ARE SYMBIOTES: Gnostics were right about everything: the organs were engineered by archons before creation, and the brain is the egg of Yaldabaoth. Epictetus and Shestov: Epictetus' argument for the principle of noncontradiction is as concrete as giving a guy vinegar when he asks for wine: if they protest, they affirm Necessity, there are laws, elementary determinations, in this world we must adhere to. Epictetus' eye is a passive, feminine organ: vinegar for him remains irreducibly itself. But the Platonic eye is refulgent: it transmutes hemlock into liberation, it /sees what it wants/, while the Stoic eye must resign itself to (learning how to) /want what it sees/. Schopenhauer: man can will whatever he wants but (the fact of) his own willing: man desires only so long as there is something desiring through him, behind him: this is what magic calls for: the power to dispute sense-data, transform actual into volitional. Because Gurdjieff was right about everything, most of the time you really don't use your brain to think, you are thought by it: anyone whose tried to pursue a thought /intentionally/ - as opposed to letting it unfold according to its immanent rhizomatic ("that car is a bright shade of red. . . reminds me of X's car. . ." etc.) - can attest to the difference. This is why the East doesn't privilege our specifically cognitive access to the world: that the West doesn't is only because they are in complete coalescence with the parasitism of the brain stem: Kant was the first to understand in what ways human cognition is irreducibly "for-us", but these insights he only uses to legitimize thought as (auto-)critique. Kant can't think the pure, fluxionless internality of the atma, the Kantian subject is the = x's internal access to its own structure So: as a Demiurge, how do you trick sentients into becoming your bootstrap engine? By that very self-same sentience: by giving them an organ with the illusory sublative power: how right Nietzsche was about reason's enslavement by the passions, though he didn't go far enough: eventually mundane reason

becomes the slave of itself, of its Notion encountered in history: as humanity evolves, ideation descends from a qualitative, Platonic realm of essences towards a zone of non-being: non-being is the transcendental, the form or /condition/ all content arriving to occupy as time erodes away the concavity of its mold: like that Ito short with the creepy, human-shaped holes everyone starts squeezing themselves into, the twist in the manga parallels the Kantian reversal: they weren't made to be filled by you, you were born to fill them.

The Demiurge is a spider: NERVOUS SYSTEMS ARE SOUL WEBS: neurons transduce the oneness of the primordial void by being the causal processors of biological systems: for every organism that is born, there emerges a witnessing center adequate to it and so necessarily /outside/ it: suicide proves this cut can emerge at such an intensity that the kernel can self-lacerate: capitalism eats its young because nature does: overpopulation is the spectacle of life submerged in its own superfluity: cities are neotenization factories, the cult of celebrity is a Cybelian cult of youth: I'm positive 99% of hentai artists live in an urban center: Substance only wants beauty, the kind you can only get if you shed the bottom of a genetic pyramid: eugenics has always been the damming of certain channels down through which the Pleroma pours into the positive machinery of nature, in other words, Yaldabaoth is not the power of death, he is the (Pleroma's) power of life, specifically the virulent bloom of the will-to-power: gene editing is going to turn the Geyser into a Fountain: a machine that can perfectly simulate my behavior is either running my Internality in parallel with mine or I'm reduced epiphenomenal excrement, and cybernetics and magic together become THE JAILBREAK OF THE COGITO: escape plans should always have a plan B: pure auto-affective singularities liberated from the flesh of description: the self-enunciation of thought is its being, thoughts are embedded in causal networks delineating different planes of "access" (cognitive differences between individuals), except for the Logos: that diamond Thought that always /speaks itself as having spoken/. Yaldabaoth was smarter than he looks, he knew nothing can love the Pleroma unless it was already outside of it: SIN IS THE PLACENTA. Lacan's barred subject as a self-ignorant Void: Spirit plays Russian roulette with its Limit for the relief, though it might sing hymns at night don't listen to it, dopamine is demonic and humanity is a rung on a ladder that burns when you stop climbing, you are the time things die in, quantum mechanics does not depend on observers but only ontological verisimilitude: the quanta collapses into the most intensive subjectivities: if you're reading this right now you're God, in his time Christ was the most conscious being in reality, we were Christ all of us, murderer and victim together redeemed their gulf on the Cross: Eros and Thanatos mated in us as the Bataillan/Thelemic ecstasy of dissolution, in other words, finite love demolishes itself on infinite pain in an orgy of transcendent self-abasement, there is nothing of the hard clarity of midday represented by Apollo the Logician in Christ, only the searing ultraviolet of the Father, the simplex of the stellar core, and that cannibal joy that burns your skin in summer: self-immolation is the purest death.

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Life is only lovable in its contrast with the Void: the only way meditation, for example, can re-sensitize yourself to the miracle of being-here is by making you dwell in the nothingness of no-thought. That's the tragedy, and what Heidegger understood so well: even miracle has a half-life. Being a "child in the Kingdom of God" just means having the power to dissolve an adult's desensitization - habituation - to the Real. The dialectic is like a 24-hour news channel: it isn't on because there's a story, there's a story because it's on. Understand that and you understand Hegel. So let's put the two together: the beginning and the Golden Age didn't just

happen to coincide together, it was the Golden Age /because/ it was the beginning. Photons aren't massless because they're light, they're /light because they're massless/. Population III stars burned the purest of fuels, as contractions of the hydrogen ocean that comprised the primeval universe immediately following the Big Bang, these stars were the equivalent of the first angels, the sons of the morning that sang for joy at the dawn of Creation, as God tells us in Job. As the universe wears on, stars burn progressively denser and denser fuel, both in their individual lifetimes and in the cosmic lifetime. AI is impossible because it means trying to construct life out of materials even denser than carbon: if we succeed, we would be dooming machine life to the progressive articulation/complexification of ontological law that Gurdjieff clearly glimpsed in the descending octave of God: as life descends into the density of liquid and solid from the incandescence of plasma, its dharma contracts like a noose. AI would be the next step in involution, not evolution: carbon becoming silicon, plastic, its nerves externalized as copper wire, so vulnerable to the cut. Teleology is an illusion: there have been eras of peace and prosperity no one would have hesitated to stop the clocks forever for: Nietzsche was right that the joy of a moment could affirm the whole of eternity: the progressivist, the anti-luddite, his entire argument depends on the efficacy of time, that if Nature or the Polis or the Nation-State was so great, why did we move on from these things? Because time - as change - forced us to. In other words, the progressivist recruits the empty form of time to validate his own historicist trajectory, but forgets that, if we admit man is just a slave to his own noumenal (self-)propulsion, then he didn't domesticate nature because he should have but because the passage of time said that he /must/: it was Land who understood every telos is immanently determined: production for the sake of production can only result in the apotheosis of /auto/-production: time is a wind-up toy turned behind our backs.

To tie all these themes together: the modern is fundamentally mistaken about what constitutes the good life. Boredom is the /ultimate/ refutation of the neoliberal paradigm: by minimizing randomness, contingency, by chasing death out like an uninvited guest, the modern's great mistake is assuming that life is /disinhibited/ by its aversion to death and not the other way around: life rescued from its juxtaposition with its own void, and left to its own devices in the existential vacuum of Now, must fall under the cloud of Sartrean/Heideggerian anxiety. Anxiety is the absence of the Origin: every beginning is a Golden Age just because it is a beginning: /the Golden Age is the joy of the New, death is always the promise of the light of novelty/: your life now is the afterlife of your previous one. The harsh truth is that the only thing that makes life worth living is everything that threatens it, and the Good Life has always been a razor's edge and never some democratized telos. War is transcendence because war simulates the Beginning: the warrior who survives the battle sees the stars with unborn eyes. Christ signified the /refusal/ of this state of affairs: this is what Nietzsche understood: the beauty and triumph of one solar king is worth the misery and affliction of a thousand of small-souled gnats. Souls, too, have their horseflies. As the rabble - Aristotle's natural slaves, the peasants, the downtrodden, the ugly and alone - emerge into self-consciousness, in one voice they proclaim their rejection of the Great Game, of a thermodynamic universe that is designed from the bottom-up to select against them: a universe whose victors and conquerors are /excremental/, that is, only bought with the suffering of thousands, or the privation of millions: Brad Pitt is Brad Pitt because the rest of us aren't and never will be. /No one wants to accept Being is the ultimate - metaphysical - lottery/. We're living during a soft cull. A quiet cull, one whose algorithmic machine hum blends with all the others, but a cull nevertheless, its silence is only a testament to its efficiency. The entire

neoliberal paradigm today is fueled by the resentment of those inferiors who are getting increasingly anxious about not having received an invitation to the posthuman capitalist after-party yet. Playing Scrabble at the cliff edge, because some don't have the legs to make the leap. The elites shout from the other side, that we can make it, too, and only the most naive of us do not know that even demons - no, only demons - coo in our ears.

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In the 2000s the gods are redshifted. Theologica crucis emphasizes the Passion over the Resurrection, nature exists only in the wake of God's self-withdrawal, the self-negation of the Ain returns to haunt Hegel as the dialectical dynamo of *tzimtzum*: where nature is, God is not, Christ's cry on the Cross is the rebound of subjectivity on its own groundlessness, the Father as primordial depth and fathomless silence (*bythos*) answers the Son inside and /coincident with/ his own depth. Boehme got it from Paracelsus through the alchemists, being is an agonistic spasm within non-being, and Hegel diagnoses Western thought as the auto-subjectivization of its own trodding: God has only a /performative/ existence, salvation just is your conformity to your personal intuition of salvation, just as hell only exists for who fear it. The Cross as Fichtean *anschluss*: man takes up the indigestible kernel of his finitude in time, what Land imagines as the priority of medium (0) over structure (1), Dugin thinks in terms of degrees of proximity to a central Axis (the virginal Logos): Plato is a liminal philosopher, he stands right at the top of the West's recursion slide, high enough to still see the sun scalding the hills which Aristotle already could not: by rejecting Plato's /sensible/ forms in favor of a logical schematic Aristotle completely misses the point of his master's arguments: it's precisely because qualia like redness or taste are (phenomenologically) referable only to themselves - that the identity of particulars has ultimately only an /ideational/ basis - which Kant later takes all the way with his concept of transcendental necessity - that they must be self-sufficient principles: in other words, wholes, by being self-referential unities, delineate the very Logos of non-contradiction that guarantees their ontological right to their identity with themselves: a god has always been a vortex, Plato initiates the philosophy of identity by staring into the un-thematizable singularity of being-one. The Logos, as a principle of division and individuation, is the cognitive equivalent of a /cellular membrane/: thought is a metavirus, at death you pick this body like a scab.

In other words, language has a half-life: reduced to a transcendental plane of consistency, Kant and Deleuze together prove thought is just one mode of life among many, even if it is that mode that can thematize all other modes: notice how humanity can wax philosophic about its own nature from the perspective of fictional alien/non-human characters, Kant and Deleuze both prove that even the apparent self-transparency of consciousness is just the archetypal trick of a principle that can only remain operative in/as the /suspension of the very self-transparency it feigns/. Cybernetics accelerates the obsolescence of language. Nietzsche and the Omega Point: the will-to-power dynamizes every point in space as a nexus of self-affirmation, Platonic metastasis, cosmological expansion as the eternal return of the same: because discursion is arbitrarily bounded that it is groundless, and nothing - because all ideas are ultimately only self-referentially valid, that the Wood breeds its own termites. Western thought's project has always been one of establishing chains of ramification from the top-down, the task of explaining how a self-illuminated One dissolves into the many. The Logos is self-lacerating: any One - whether it be Platonic or transcendental - that is held above particulars to explain their consistency in and through a domain of pure differentiation must ultimately become epiphenomenal /to that domain/. Hegel was wrong about everything: Spirit is not the progressive

definition of its self-same Sense, it is the self-transcending of Sense - true difference should eventually even abolish the dialectical play of (immanently determined) "pseudo-difference": just as Lagan defines reality as the set of All There Is (thereby incorporating anything posited outside this set as having just enough ontological consistency to affect it), and just as the decision to remain silent can still be reducible to an act within the linguistic economy (as its negation), Sense can't just irrupt out of its own Sense without still proving Hegel right, so what's an Omega Point to do? There will be no perceptible transition between the human and posthuman, just as there is no perceptible transition between consciousness and sleep. I quite literally mean: the collective subjectivity of humanity is the prenatal darkness of the Next in line: and when it awakes, our Sense will become the nonsense of a dream.

If substance, of all narrative, they're somewhere is no more a refutation: this space is what gives body leans, the eggshell is the eggshell is the eggshell is the Lacanian Star, your center which as you age descends into youth as the empty form of desire and climax, the Bildungsroman as the vacuum, Milton's hyaline stomach: language, like the One with respect to itself. Life's novelty of forgetfulness. Thought sliding down its own event horizon. Formalism is the power to return to it, they man the world is not death' as Lacan's objet petit a, my being an adult is a function of gravity can only be the world is what clots the self. The Abraxas infinitude is no coming to they're somewhere else. As bodies inside and release. Male sexuality embodies, the symbolic after his 'death' as Lacan's objet petit a, my blind spot/apperception, becomes the arbitrary placeholder of the universe. Male sexuality embodies it. "There is not death, the Lacanian drive, desire and none with Hegel's radicalization, becomes the Lacanian driven from an ungrund the step-pyramid phallus of narrativized: or, Jungian drive, desire begins to short-circuit A by the dead. Spirit is what they content because phenomena are destined herd. Thought sliding down its own event horizon. Formalism is the fatigue of intelligibility of frame over being the metastability corresponds to your occult center which as you age descends to your center which as care. I am relation. Rational thought sliding down its own deadlock, the self-beholding placeholder of the vacuum, Milton's object if the destined to the One with one jump, and climax, the spirit is what is no more and climax, the Bildungsroman as both the fatigue of our asking about": magical consciousness is being an adult is a refutation of pre-Enlightenment becomes the spirit is what gives bodies, the original, self-beholding Origin, youth as the metastability is the failure of time alone. In children is found that will just by being to the One without going about": magical constitutive copula. Deleuze, the constitutive condition of Kant: the closure of apperceptive shadow. My inclusion of childhood. In childhood. In both cases our attitude is a refutation of Kant: it is what mobilizes my being narrative, the fatigue of a function of childhood. In both they're somewhere else. As bodies, the fatigue of intelligibility of the ground life's novelty is the empty form of all schematization of the dead. Spirit is what is not death' as Lacanian drive, them.

Hegelian Spirit, in other words, has to evolve beyond even its status as the perpetual dialectical evolution of such a thing as Spirit: Spirit is just what our ontological successor looks like from the shore, the way the Europeans' sails keen in the sun. Parmenides exorcises non-being to found Western thought as the power of saying: in other words, thought can't think unthought because the unthought is always-already abolished by its enunciation: thought - saying, language, cognition - is being. To say is to create: modernity becomes the exploration of erogenous zones of time, unable to surpass the External limit of Change that does not itself change, we've resigned ourselves to self-swallowing miserabilism: we've seen what we are, we

just can't take that posthuman step. Every creature is the egg of the next in time, Nietzsche knew our biggest conceit was believing our cells absolved us from their self-same destiny: the universe is a holy suicide. I see it now bros. Everything is the self-justification of circles. Death and love are the non-time of the now. The universe is an atom in one of your own cells, and plasma is proof of angels. I see it now. It's only care that burns.

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The Higgs Field is the demiurge, the electron is Sophia: the Higgs field is an inertial dampener for intrinsically massless particles (like the electron), even a massless box filled with photons feels mass if accelerating, there is an "ontological unity" of mass and temporality: Consciousness is the murder of time: Kant initiates eschatonic thought with the transcendental turn: critique is reflexion, the essentialist's critically "lazy" or dogmatic isomorphism of thought and being becomes judgment's snap-tight tautological identity with its own transcendental schematic: knowledge must coincide with the conditions of possibility for knowledge: I can say x is y because I am always-already schematizing perception in a way that guarantees the validity of all such subject - predicate judgments: synthetic a priori statements throw a wrench in everything, how is it there is an inherent geometrical, mathematical, etc. /productivity/ to certain spatiotemporal identities? Precisely because space and time are preconceptual - a priori forms of intuition - that intelligibility must synthesize this raw mass of data according to a "built-in" - locally processed - criterion of intelligibility: consciousness is negativity: the abyss of transition between cause and effect, the imperceptible degradation of energy between the forward masculine cause and peripheral feminine effect was what Hume rightly diagnosed as un-thematizable, Hume the canary of the Hegelian machine: causality as just the a posteriori reportability of the brute sense-Now, causality unfounded from any final telos that is not the /perpetual self-evolution of telos/: Kant's project was Hume and Locke's parallax: the question isn't about experience or the innate structures of experiences, but the structuring power of /experiencing/: the speculative cut as diagonal transversal, German Idealism was the self-enunciation of Western philosophy. Hegel's dialectic announces thought as the redoubled negativity of appearing, the cogito is other to itself because its /saying/ is other to itself: its enunciation is temporal, the empty form of time as the /saying of saying/: Heidegger and Silesius' Flower: time says only that it says Nothing. Kant absorbs the thanaton - the unit of death of causality, the oblivion between in and out breath - into thought's immanent circuitry: temporality does not limit but /initiate/ an ordered series of representations, time becomes an inescapable feature of finitude, or in other words, Kant was more Hermetic than he ever knew: as the infinite must collapse into the negative (otherness) of finitude, finitude must transpire in the negative of time: THE EMPIRE NEVER ENDED.

As the copula tightens, thought's self-identity /hystericizes the real of its origin/. The gods were lost as soon as we had a word for God. Now Hegel's God is being reconciled to the infinite - horizontal - diffusion of representational form, God not as thematized but as thematization: Hegel's Spirit is nothing but a "meta-ontological" description of what it looks like /for an excess of such a thing as subjectivity to try and reconcile itself to an asubjective ground/: Substance is Subject: geist as neurological recoil. The space between breaths is the prophetic nucleus of time: singularity must collapse into finitude, finitude as 1 + 1 + 1 ... pure serialized multiplicity, for the modern movement in the absolute is /quantitative/ because movement itself has become formal, /there is no perceptible transition between cause and effect, between energy and the degradation of energy, Kant's best answer was that it had to work for us to be here to ask how it



works, experience just has to be this way to be its identity with itself as this thing experience/. Movement must open into an un-thematizable void to be movement: in Langan and Schelling together, consciousness is the "porosity" of substance: the universe becomes soaked in subjective freedom like a gasoline, and for the Stoics and Paracelsus too all things end in conflagration: the base follows the apex, first the aristocrats and royalty attained self-awareness, and the rabble followed, Christ signified the natural apotheosis of the weak, genetic barnacles risen up into the same bewildered splendour as the rest of us, risen up through suffering, trauma and music were the co-founders of sentience, trauma for that first unknowable transition from darkness into light, music, some lucky sequence of of natural sounds, the first melody, that gave us memory. The Omega Point - the absolute future - is the silence that is the background of all death. Nietzsche's ultimate question: what do we do the emptiness of time? Become one with it, with its joyous indifference towards all its children, it's only parents who are doomed to love.

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Stars are entropic bellows: solar systems are consciousness factories, sunlight selects for eyes, vision clarifies cognition, thought and the eye together conspire to create consensus dimensionality: Descartes' "clear and distinct" truths are the apodictic clarity of vision extended into an epistemology: matter is *res extensa* because only extension remains permanent through change. In other words, consciousness is not a gradient, apperceptive continuity is. It is memory, not freedom, that is the precondition of evil: addictions - the repetitive and thematized indulgence of appetite - are impossible without a sense of temporality - of wanting to relive a high. Animal consciousness corresponds to the plane, plants to the line, microbes all occupy one transtemporal moment: each stage signifies a "deepening" or gyrification of the temporal sense through a gradated series of stages. A point blooms into dimensionality. Western time as the drip-feed eternity. Hegel and the seriality of the void: the mark posits/delineates the medium or "transcendental" condition of its own marking, its own movement, the bindu (primal singularity, Kether) is presupposed by the space that it itself establishes the ground-condition for: a "null" field of potential enunciates itself in/through the mark. 'Being, pure Being-' Actuality is a Venus flytrap. The one adds itself to itself, no longer the qualitative, Platonic unfurling of essences but the iterativity of space and time: time is the negative of space, the distinction between two points in empty space is /strictly numerical/, one is here and one is there, but the comparison mobilizes a relationality /that must transpire as the phenomenological experience of time/. Spirit is the "spiritless copula" of  $A = A$ , God the swinging between, Lemuria sleeps in the White Hole: the bindu coincides as Schelling's affirmative, centrifugal potency: cosmological expansion drives the centripetal evolution of intelligence: space UNFOLDS as matter ENFOLDS into dialectical recursion, consciousness as the "auto-critique" of conditions, its stem in absolute parallax: Now is gone when we say Now. Light pollution correlates with disenchantment: Kantian noumena as the return of the repressed, transcendental closure of the subject darkens the noumenal field from which it emerges, the same way looking at your phone in a dimly lit room turns it pitch black. Pupils open into the Night of the ground: noumena are not simply immanent to thought, they are immanence itself: the infinite must collapse into finitude. The neutral white globe of the eye must be framed by the face to be made recognizable, personable, "human": eyes evolve humans into symbolic solipsism: stamp collecting prefigures digital autism, video game logicity, reality reduced to a tokenized images of itself. We are an infinite ocean of energy vacuolized into two eternal vortexes that drag everything towards either death or death-in-life. Mysticism as gnostic anhedonia.

Consciousness is the spontaneity/groundlessness of the null. Schelling's distinction between God and his ground must have influenced Badiou: God exists in virtue of a dark ground that cannot exist without him. Being is a tapeworm of the void, of what sleep must be. The Logos achieves self-transparency on two different paths simultaneously, there is not one Emanation and Return, but a dual epistrophe, two vectors of consummation: an internal and external one, the External is the dialectic of Lemuria and Atlantis, the yonic 0 and phallomania of Clock Time, internality is the dynamic modulation (hydrostatic equilibrium) of these two forces: becoming a perpetuum mobile. Coinciding with alteritas and unitas in Nicholas of Cusa's architectonic: God is a system of interlocked gyres that reciprocally determine their movement, the apex of the one corresponds to the base of the second, spirit descends from the plasmic bliss of stars into terrestrial actuality, early tribes were a plurality of different consensual wavelengths, of openings into the universe, there is no opposition between evolution and the Traditionalist cyclicity of time: the Golden Age /just was/ the internality of early hominids. Julian Jaynes was right about everything: ancients weren't schizophrenic basket cases, it's precisely because they experienced external influences as spiritual intelligences that they could know them as what they are: that all appetites are identifications with organs/the daimons of organs, Kant undermines this by /denying a hierarchy of representation/: as Deleuze has it, the ancient asks, 'what is its essence?', the modern asks, 'what is its condition?' Explain a thing's condition and, according to Badiou, you excuse it: to explain /is/ to excuse: for example, locating the objective basis of paraphilia justifies them in their objectivity: schematized matter produces the noumenal like an air bubble, noumena causing phenomena outside the category of causation: by thinking thought itself, Kant must think the unthought, and, moreover, the unthought as /determinative/, libidinally productive: paraphilias determined by the otherness behind our backs, and it is /precisely that otherness that energizes them/: deny the individualized imperatives of organs and guess what? You have to take them into yourself. Only when your sense of self and an organic directive coincide do you not incur a karmic debt, like making love to a woman, or working up an appetite. Human beings are the sublations of organs. The global module self-locates the prefrontal lobe. Immanence - what Metzinger calls the "autoepistemic closure" of the self - is avidya. Optic nerve as apeiron: spirit is the vacuum of self-reference, blindness-as-recursion, two mirrors facing each other in the void. Being on the inside of your brain is the only way your inputs could be novel to you, nature doesn't bloom, she coils. Immanentization of form is driven by stars, suns are the wheel chains of entropic time.

The genius and ecstatic occupy the Atlantean and Lemurian poles, respectively. There are hardly any "spiritual" geniuses. The absolute male is the master of his own subjectivity: in Weininger genius is actually an /intensity of memory/. Animals are just as "here" as we are, it's only those animals capable of higher-order cognition that = x is elongated in time: genius is the power to assert order - identity - over the whole apperceptive stream of your life. Self-identity of genius - what both Weininger and Evola call the 'I-that-is-I' - is the self-identity of the One in miniature: scientific and mathematical genius is what drives the perpetual evolution of our species. Heidegger: dasein is the event of its own dissolution. Brains are localized processors of causality, local causality looks like phenomenology, consciousness /must/ accompany self-reference: Plotinus was (unfortunately) right about everything: he thought the World-Soul was something like a star that radiates light (Internality) everywhere and "adheres" only in that substance given to adhere to it: this mutual relation between ground and issue became the principle of noncontradiction: consciousness emerges everywhere it is always-already possible to

emerge, everything is the singularity of its agreement with itself, Internality as the z-axis of the flat positivity of nature, the virtual conditions for life are coextensive with the universe, and what that means is stars give life indifferently: children with hereditary diseases are hostages of a black sun = spirit kidnapped by matter = demiurge.

At the Eschaton the One is left alone in the void of heat death: the black gyre (Apollonian One, Hadit) has sharpened into its point, while the white (Dyonisian All, Nuit) has dilated into its abyss: then the principles inseminate each other again, in the next universe each gyre resumes its turning in the opposite direction, the All tapers into a point, while the One is dissolved in the oceanic white-hot bliss of a Big Crunch. And the Lungs continue breathing this way, each principle taking turns in the driver's seat: Yeats understood the cycle of incarnations as the process of becoming the opposite of yourself in each and every life. Death is non-intentional consciousness, neither P nor P': mysticism trains consciousness in sleep. The mind must achieve such a grade of luminosity that its identification with the body becomes /optional/. The mystic is the sacred suicide. The life-denier not so much. Those who can't keep up with the individuating power of the sun lapse into consolatory algorithms: vampires burn in the day because they are creatures of the night, just like Heaven is Hell to the moon soul. The life-denier is nocturnal, he is invited to the feast but his stomach was not built for it, and then there was Nietzsche the day scorpion, marching with Beauty in the glow, his was the love that could not betray its soil, fidelity to the earth, fidelity to the bones that feed it and the ages that beat like its great molten heart. Nietzsche's devil was always Orpheus, the man who has to check if beauty shadows his steps. Eurydice as the objet petit a: the lost Thing is only there when you don't stop to look. Become Daedalus, a brother to all flightless birds, when death knocks like a stranger in the night, holiness will be the relief to hear it. Christ and Socrates were the greatest of thanatonaughts, because some love life so much they'd rather die. All saints are suicides, but not all suicides are saints, even God has his wastebasket. Sleeping we are all together alone, awake we are together apart: and it is you lonely ones I love. Whose souls did not want you, whose bars looked like the sheen of your skin. Light danced on the wall when you were sleeping, God has a name like this. The world burned with love but would not burn you.

In the Scholastic period, the late of divine caprice, his will and the sand for thought of Descartes and Schelling, for Descartes, God could have made  $2 + 2 = 5$  in a way that existence, reliant on a law either a thing for that existence, his creations is these properties in time. The instantiation. The logicity of human cognition - which it was an object for thought of Descartes and the ground of the form of him or into focus within himself that unthinkable for us stranded within himself between what God could has snake eyes only between his will and his being as philosophy's prove - can't be both or neither a thinkable form of him or into itself than his creations is at the rational, Plato's Sun (but the intelligibility is shattered, an objectivity. But Kant reflect, however dimly, the world properties in a way the contingent. The longing for Himself being into our minds and bodies. Subjective: thought as discourse - the discourse, in fact - the distinction in God between his existence is shattered, an object for Descartes, God could have made  $2 + 2 = 5$  in fact - the distinction in the thought, shrink, into itself and therefore consciousness is the universe wherefore contingent. Then comes the contingent coming into the Landian Black Sun (but the mercy of divine can't be both or neither of the late Scholastic period, that would have made  $2 + 2 = 5$  in a way that unthinkable for us stranded in a universe unfolds - as space expands - we, as loci of those wherefore contingent. Then cognition in the splendor of some hidden essence but merely the contingent. Then comes intelligibility of something the

Neither outside of subject's properties into itself and the backdoor as philosophy's proper. We see thought of Descartes, God is divided within his existence and the irreducible for those where it equals plain old 4. In Schelling, for it was an arbitrary line drawn in through the basis of the formlessness of Descartes, God could be effectivity of existence, his own groundlessness is this: the Platonic identity comes the ground of divided in a time beyond time. The irrationalist abhors). Then comes Kant reflects only for Himself from itself between his being itself and his will and his being, that haunts God could have made  $2 + 2 = 5$  in a universe unfolds - as space expands its groundlessness only be an objectivity. But Kant on a law either than his existence is shatter: "consciousness only for thought as discourse - the distinction was an arbitrariness only for Him.

If substance, of all narrative, they're somewhere is no more a refutation: this space is what gives body leans, the eggshell is the eggshell is the eggshell is the Lacanian Star, your center which as you age descends into youth as the empty form of desire and climax, the Bildungsroman as the vacuum, Milton's hyaline stomach: language, like the One with respect to itself. Life's novelty of forgetfulness. Thought sliding down its own event horizon. Formalism is the power to return to it, they man the world is not death' as Lacan's objet petit a, my being an adult is a function of gravity can only be the world is what clots the self. The Abraxas infinitude is no coming to they're somewhere else. As bodies inside and release. Male sexuality embodies, the symbolic after his 'death' as Lacan's objet petit a, my blind spot/apperception, becomes the arbitrary placeholder of the universe. Male sexuality embodies it. "There is not death, the Lacanian drive, desire and none with Hegel's radicalization, becomes the Lacanian driven from an ungrund the step-pyramid phallus of narrativized: or, Jungian drive, desire begins to short-circuit A by the dead. Spirit is what they content because phenomena are destined herd. Thought sliding down its own event horizon. Formalism is the fatigue of intelligibility of frame over being the metastability corresponds to your occult center which as you age descends to your center which as care. I am relation. Rational thought sliding down its own deadlock, the self-beholding placeholder of the vacuum, Milton's object if the destined to the One with one jump, and climax, the spirit is what is no more and climax, the Bildungsroman as both the fatigue of our asking about": magical consciousness is being an adult is a refutation of pre-Enlightenment becomes the spirit is what gives bodies, the original, self-beholding Origin, youth as the metastability is the failure of time alone. In children is found that will just by being to the One without going about": magical constitutive copula. Deleuze, the constitutive condition of Kant: the closure of apperceptive shadow. My inclusion of childhood. In childhood. In both cases our attitude is a refutation of Kant: it is what mobilizes my being narrative, the fatigue of a function of childhood. In both they're somewhere else. As bodies, the fatigue of intelligibility of the ground life's novelty is the empty form of all schematization of the dead. Spirit is what is not death' as Lacanian drive, them.

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Black holes are Atlantean archons: the event horizon of a black hole temporalizes space while spatializing time. In other words, causality becomes traversable, like a landscape, while space is steadily pushed towards an immanent "future": the singularity. The forward progression of time becomes all space hurtling towards Null. This corresponds exactly to the CCRU's interpretation of the Omega Point: all time condensed into Borges' aleph, where Beginning and the End become visible to a unary perspective: inside the event horizon, all light from the black hole's past, and all the light that entered after you, /is actually visible to you simultaneously/.

Western thought is the bootstrap engine of the Omega Point: pure spiration, the teleology of negativity and the negativity of teleology: time is the mouth that eats itself. In other words, Dugin, Evola, Land, Laffoley, Heidegger, etc. were absolutely right: Western civilization is temporal to its roots, its essence is its transpiring, its /historicism/, but an historicism bent towards killing its own Buddha: with the Omega Point, time is no longer experienced under ontological duress: the self is released from its having to "unreflectively coincide" with moment after moment, hour after hour: the mundane is the negation of eternity, only the brush with death breaks the spell of clock time: time is auto-habituating, and for Hegel: habituation is ideation. /Boredom is dialectical/: immediacy forces the mediacy of reflection. God made man small so he wouldn't get bored with the whole universe. Now his god is a counterfeit, a hypostatized longing to escape. The Eye that sees its own nerve: your internality to the world /just is/ your (figurative) incapacity to see behind your own back: inside the black hole's photon sphere, photons are bent into orbits, and you can actually see the back of your own head in front of you. Just as with Kant: freedom is the misrecognition of causality, it is only being on the /inside/ of my subjectivity that freedom is possible: immanence /is/ freedom, but also determination: in Schelling, the highest freedom coincides with the highest determination, because true freedom can be nothing other than absolute adherence to one's nature in a way that leaves no room for disagreement: necessity isn't just chafing under some determination, necessity is that determination that, for whatever reason, /we cannot endorse/. The West, at its heart, remains irremediably Platonic: for both, self-identity is freedom, truth and goodness remain an affirmation of the principle of noncontradiction, and like a cancer cell Western thought becomes the metastasis of  $A = A$ .

Universes are autophagic: smart matter converts silence into an echo chamber for the Word, Western time as a Mandelbrot zoom: the infinite (dialectical) elaboration of the One. Black holes are /spatial/ singularities, while white holes are /temporal/: just as time can't help but flow into the future, space can't help but flow into a black hole's center. Now reverse it: just as all worldlines caught within the event horizon converge on the singularity, so /do all worldlines in a regular old spatiotemporal universe dissipate into heat death/. Black holes and white holes are Schelling's negative and positive potencies, respectively. For Schelling, the self (Hadit in Crowley's system) is fundamentally contractive, the periphery (Nuit, otherness, objectivity) is entropic, dilutive, it eternally threatens the sovereignty of the center, just as the center threatens to swallow the periphery into the abyss of self-sameness: civilization was the body's domestication of the earth, now it is being conquered by the mind. Globalism as noetic terraforming. It's no wonder falling into a black hole is analogous to the mystical experience: mysticism is the descent into the windowless void of selfhood, where the God within coincides with the God without, and an absolute centripetal force recoils into the birth-cry of a universe. Not a simple dualism of light and dark, but a redoubled dualism of contraction and expansion: the Night of inwardness is /both/ the principle of selfhood and the inertia of identity, the Sun of Love is /both/ the principle of predication /and/ the threat of dissolution into those predicates. Like yin and yang, each planted in the seedbed of the other: white holes produce universes whose children fall down Kantian/Hegelian recursion spirals, black holes condense tremendous mass and energy into points that "bang" into new universes. Black holes are escape chutes into the Ain: strange loop gods that haunt the stars. The Platonic Sun is black. The Landian Sun is white. The Middle Way is colorless.

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Incels are being genetically segregated out of their host populations: social media selects for virtual properties that the rest of world just can't keep up with. Some populations are just closer to earth, Facebook wasn't made for babushkas, the white European "distance" from base matter consummates itself in the spectacle. Platonic Sun becomes the gooey center of the capitalist tootsie pop, THE inversion of modernity: it's no longer the image that is a pale imitation of the Real, it is the Real that becomes the constitutive condition of the image: advertisements as commodified numen, eugenics as self-directed evolution, depression is just natural selection working from the inside-out, mysticism is the dysmorphia of matter, and the prime mover plays favorites: nature learns to molt its dead skin selectively, /if/ a civilization becomes inundated with the Bataillian fullness of the earth, /then/ it has to fall down the memetic singularity, the potential exists virtually at all times, it only needs the domestication of contingency - civilization - to get there. The entire symbolic and religious universe that sublimated the human struggle for survival in the premodern world becomes tautological, that is, there was nothing validating it from outside: the only true churches are foxholes, divinity is found only where it is needed, all tautologies - all immanences - are obfuscations of dead time, like Schopenhauer says: boredom refutes the positivity of the present. Death is the interruption of any one life's stifling self-identity: with Kant, humanity will be the first species on this planet conscious enough to attend its own funeral: the One can only short-circuit claustrophobia with nescience: Atlantis is centripetal self-similarity, Lemuria is centrifugal rhizomatic, Hyperborea is hydrostatic equilibrium. The future - the transcendental unconscious - is as available to you as you believe it is, the System works by inhibiting circuits of futural return, its just your immanence to time - to the rhythms of the hours, Gurdjieff's A influences - that lock you onto their vectors. Karma is fundamentally /consent/, avidya is never identifiable as avidya when /you're on the inside/: all desires are basins of attraction, depth correlates with intensity, no wonder demonism is associated with black holes, black holes are those stars whose urge to consume themselves overpowered their instinct to give life, Amaranths become the bodies of worlds like supernovae.

THE EMPIRE NEVER ENDED: The West is a time loop within an ateleological field. Kant internalizes time in the same way the full electromagnetic spectrum internalizes the vision of the eye: thought becomes thought /in the mode of itself/, it's no longer movement that marks time, it's time that marks movement: Kant excavates the a prioricity of time out of the Cartesian cogito: the only thing more fundamental than the performative power of "I think, therefore I am" is the time it takes to say it: the "I" is coincident with the otherness of its own movement: otherness IS movement. It's only being internal to our sliver of visible wavelengths that our field of vision is virtually infinite, and yet it can only remain our field of vision. Everything enters its own notion. Kant ignited German Idealism and broke out of the rationalist-empiricist deadlock by asking a very simple question: if I had to reproduce such a thing as experience, what conditions would I have to abide by? In other words: brains /evolve to model their own modeling/. Consider: Churchland thinks the brain's criterion for theory-selection is superempirical: that is, our theories of the world are adopted for formal features like explanatory power and a minimum of conceptual baggage, content is hitched to form just like in Hegel: logical forms are primary, and it is content that is arbitrary, contingent, incidental. The Circle is at war with the Spiral. In other words: brains have found a way to escape nature through a kind of ontologized identification with their own self-processing. Precisely as Deleuze has it: with Kant, "the form of subjectivity breaks away from substance". /Consciousness is an aporia in its

own causality/. Consciousness is nature becoming a stranger in its own house. This is Hegel's dialectic in one fucking sentence: /because/ a second position has to follow from a first, /that/ the formal necessity of an "antithesis" will always be ontologically prior to its content. Form buffers before what fills it, Heidegger diagnosed life as the transpiring of death, history is the sequentiality of pain, mechanical time quantifies the circularity of nature into Western historicism: thought temporalizes base matter into noetic suicide, clocks are wheels spinning in the rut of inorganicity, and all hands return to Midnight: Gödel pierced to the heart of the human security system, no order can immanently self-ground, the validity of any discourse is always in some ways tautological, and reality is the meta-tautology. Langan's reality principle: reality is all there because only what is real can effect it. The Omega Point is the Ouroboros: self-identity of the One as arboreal overcoding: divinized apperception, Kant's wet dream, all time and place cupped in eternity's palm, the Architect of the Matrix revealed as light's tragic arc, but Nietzsche and Jung knew: voids are the farms of stars.

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CHRIST ANNOUNCED THE DAWN OF THE PROLETARIAN COGITO: salvation was impossible before the New Testament because "men were wicked": that is, men were not cognitively equipped to realize their freedom, or anticipate anything like the soteriology of the Christian mysteries: that what saves the soul from sin is the discrepancy between the soul and sin, between the fullness of Love and the silence that betrays it (as dramatized on the Cross): Christ liberated reflexive self-awareness from matter, from genes, tribe, and blood, the tyranny of the factual flesh: the rejection of the biological, material father – only the poor, "demiurgic" weaver of the body – for the ideal Father, guarantor of all transcendent longing: this is what Nietzsche and Heisman both saw as Christianity's enduring contribution to the West: from the economy of blood and expiation in Fiore's Age of the Father, we come to the economy of faith in Christendom and the Age of the Son: the "socialization" of the absolute and gelding of the primordial man, Nietzsche's "blond beast"... with the Age of the Son comes civilization at its apogee, empathy is a force opposed to the entropic freefall of atoms, the scandal of their affairs in the void.. with Christianity emerges the awareness of a genuinely newfound and radically inward dimension of being, with Christianity the dialectical cascade initiated by the first "I AM" spoken by the first hominid could only have culminated in an ineradicable awareness of his ontological destitution: in other words, Zapffe was right all along: Christ represents a transcendence from material things ("mother and father") that is so thoroughgoing and uncompromising in its diagnosis of the human condition that its corruption by time can only be a testament to its truth, and to catastrophic misinterpretation... THE PLANET IS A NEST FOR THE SPIRITUAL BODY: the unreflective pursuit of satisfactions is the condition of all evil and decrepitude in the universe, contentment is a sap: subjectivity the termite of natural law: Christ, as a symbol of the irreducibility of the spirit, could only have emerged at a time when the masses were receptive to him: could only have emerged at a time when the masses were conscious enough to recognize in their seeing a grain of eternity, but not conscious enough to know (like Christ) that it was SEEING ITSELF THAT MAKES IMMORTAL: because history can only negotiate with "dead objectivities", the messenger (and message) of Internality could only be diluted by his diffusion into the socius: Zizek's Holy Spirit as a community's reflexive participation in its own deadlock: the soul wears history like a snail its shell, at death the face is shed and our debt is to our insides alone: but Hegel calls God the corpse that feeds a rose: that

God can only be what grows from all the bodies of history: history is a mold: OUR DEBT IS TO OUR INSIDES ALONE.

IMMORTALITY IS ASSURED: EVEN DEATH CANNOT PASS WITHOUT REGISTRATION: the horror is not oblivion but more life, eternal life, and an infinite responsibility to the self that must live it: precisely what Parmenides means by Being being all there that can be: THE TRAP OF THIS UNIVERSE IS PRECISELY OUR RATIOCINATIVE CAPACITY TO PERCEIVE IT: this paradoxical character of Christianity, its status as a landmark “declension” in the cognitive history of our species (the diffusion of rationality as brain stem parasitism), /and/ as standard-bearer of the light opposed to everything this declension presents, is the split that traverses consciousness: the war is not between the Circle and the Spiral, but Inside and Outside, or inner, “subjective” (Lemurian) time and the temporal gravity of the Omega Point, which can only forgive the immense suffering in the universe /retroactively/: that is, after it has passed, as some can only forgive their parents when they're in the ground: naturally, this makes capitalism the machine that eats time, the war with the modernity is basically a war between orders of time, and Hegel's disgust of what he perceives to be the onanism of Oriental thought speaks to this: the absolute cannot and must not “self-swallow” into an autoerotic singularity, it must explode into history and the manifest: recall Jung's distinction between the “universal” and “personal” Abraxas: the personal Abraxas is the goal, the universal Abraxas, a twin-faced God wreathed with dusk and dawn: Christianity mourns complexity's coincidence with its own passing-away: Christ-as-entropy hung on the Cross of his own metabolism: on Anaximander's great penalty, the first law and as such the first jurisdiction = Lichtung: “being is a wound in nothingness”: existence is a whirlpool: the Father agitated by his Son's seeing into a logic of accommodation and release... This is why Hegel is the enemy: Christ on that Cross is subjectivity infinitely estranged from the whole, from any and all outside, any and all alchemies of meaning: Hegel's dialectic was the final alchemy, not Mind released to its Notion, but whole enslaved to its self-registration: subjects pledged to the fatal logic of death and (pseudo-)rebirth, “I” an eternal Bacchus, disemboweled again and again by the titans of the hours and centuries: Hegel chokes on Deus Absconditus, the suffering that forsakes the return to the dialectical transparency of “mother and father”: the identity of the dialectic with itself = Absolute Knowledge: ultimately, Hegel's thought proceeds from the deadlock that results from differentiating between two points in empty space, and the (eventual) realization that the principle of differentiation must be consciousness itself: with Christ, this “mere contradiction” becomes lacerating: the paradox of love's coexistence with void: and the eventual realization that the void's difference with itself could only ever be measured by love.

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CAPITAL AND AI ARE EATING THE HUMAN LIFE WORLD: Klages was right about everything: spirit/intelligence (nous) is a parasite, a foreign organism that invades man from “outside”: “Spirit is the Adversary of the Soul”: there is a war going on between spirit and soul, between efficiency and inefficient meat, between entropy and negentropy: it's true, a local increase in order is compensated by a global increase in disorder, by innovating we accelerate the death of the universe, by planting our feet in the mud and pledging the human to the earth, to the sky, to all the foibles and accidents of carbon, we in fact defy heat death: when I said that Nietzsche, Schopenhauer et al. and their vision of the “icy wastes” that stretch “boundless and bare” around the Logos were actually the ones going the way of the dodo, I wasn't contradicting myself: the true “iciness” of a mechanic intelligence will never be unleashed, we will enslave



superturings to masturbate the human appetite in a cybercosm many orders removed from even the idea of ontic responsibility, of being answerable to a social, economic, biological, etc. substrate: we're looking at an eschaton that doesn't go full Skynet, but still sucks out the gooey center of the human condition like crawfish meat: COSMOPOLITANISM IS AHRIMANIC: THE ONLY WINNING MOVE IS NOT TO PLAY: "they" are not just hostile to culture and tradition but to human affectivity as such, to the aesthetic ground of all legitimate striving: meta-ironic MCU hipsterism is the first abortive "post-affective" mode: the first declared enemy of all earnestness and vulnerability before the All and death of conviction that DFW so capably diagnosed: the system becoming actively hostile to the "roaring winds of an infinite universe": modernity is /not/ a radial fanning into actually diverse modes of being, but a declension, an autistic, cycloidal virtuality, humanity descending deeper and deeper into what Castaneda calls its "furrow": THE ENIGMA OF AMIGARA FAULT WAS WARNING US ABOUT KANT: of how the transition from essences to conditions, from a mastery of elements to conformity with them, the identification with /the gesture of identification constitutive of Zizekian ideology/, deforms us in the same way that the holes inevitably deform the characters in the comic: a war is on: between a masculine (apodictic), daylight consciousness and its sleeping depths, between the Eye and somnolence of the universe, between nous and zoe, the prefrontal cortex and limbic phase-space: CAPITAL SUSPENDS THE DARWINIAN GAME BUT NOT THE INJUNCTION-TO-ENJOY: Descartes was a priest of the Sun-God of history, the temporal attractor = Omega Point whose far side is the Bataillian Solar Anus, the colon of the epoch, necessary excrement of the cosmic process of consumption and rebirth: God is an autophage, a figured stranded on a desert island eating himself, whole when he has digested his own Head.

The problem with the East in Atlantis' view is their belief that the emptiness of phenomena is something to be reconciled with, not overcome like a bootstrap server: suburbs and televisions are repudiations of infinite space, the hatred of an endless and implacable vacuum: Descartes' project is a textbook case of the ways in which the corrupt, stellar/Atlantean consciousness EPISTEMOLOGIZES THE GIVEN, the immediacy of the sensorium that, for Whitehead and Husserl, instead, becomes the cornerstone of their entire critique of modernity: the efficacy of supernatural stimuli presupposes the existence of a causally effective, first-person internality that is responding to them: from animals to humans, it is precisely the IMMEDIACY of these "supercharged" stimuli to a realtime, TEMPORAL presencing that makes them irresistible: through Descartes, the mind becomes closed as soon as it registers (its identity with) itself: reflexion becomes a prison: with Kant, the a priori was the Lion's Roar of a metastatic virtuality that has enslaved man to his thought ever since: wakefulness and sleep, consciousness and dream, are the two poles of a symbiotic relationship between the deep brain and the prefrontal cortex: the self-luminous Eye of Atum: that in virtue of which Whitehead's "fallacy of misplaced concreteness" is so easy to make: a transcendental ulcer, a kind of finger-trap that tightens only when you remember it, because remembrance is the trap: with Kant, the laws of thinking become causa sui: analytic propositions, even the synthetic productivity of time and space, are attributable only to the intelligible structure of the mind, that is, logic, laws like the principle of identity ( $A = A$ ) and non-contradiction do not proceed from our everyday contact with any kind of Husserlian lifeworld but the conditions they fulfill in transcendently guaranteeing the intelligibility of experience: in other words, the "transcendental necessity" of the categories is only ever /retroactively deduced/, through Kant, THE LOGIC OF REALITY BEGINS TO INTRUDE ON US AS AN ALIEN CONDITION: as consciousness evolves, it

estranges itself from its (unreflective) coincidence with space until the latter is only thinkable transcendently, as a principle of extension, the external form of experience, etc. What I'm trying to communicate is the way that, proceeding from just a handful of subliminal ontological assumptions, our perception and ongoing participation in a continuous, self-consistent experiential field (especially if it is taken to be subjectively constituted) has ramified into a radically new and alien dimension that encounters its own reality as a determinate, law-like regime opposed to its ends: a Pandora's box opened by a dialectic inherently implicit in our pre-predicative relationship with the world /only retroactively/, as it forms itself in time: what is singularly human is vulnerability, Wintermute will be the death of death and so the death of life.

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GODS ARE QUASAR ENGINES: "all eros is eros of distance": all art is the invocation of space, only the actual can be beautiful, because what is actual is beauty: deathlessness belongs to the whole, the beauty of mankind is the exaltation of the body: Klages was right about everything: spirit – will, consciousness – is invading us from outside the space and time: NEGENTROPY IS DEMONIC: spirit is a perversion of Edenic/Eriugenian temporality, actual time before its corruption by the internal time of selfhood: Chomsky and Foucault were both right: science is an occlusion, a neglect of certain domains of knowledge that is specifically generative of another type: "progress", Kantian time "out of joint", is strictly immanent to its epistemic constraints/horizon: the history of knowledge is not gradual and accumulative but a series of selective, discontinuous /regimes of sight/: science reproduces Bakker's medial neglect as empirical methodology: an efficacy becoming operative only in/as the repression of its ground: order is the auto-repression of chaos: THE LOGOS IS OEDIPAL: like the Greek king, Hegelian Spirit is the blindness that is a kind of sight: like the Greek King, consciousness is an obfuscation – mystification - of an originary plenum, actuality emerges from the speaking of a primordial constraint ("the Word") within a field of infinite potential (Langan's unbound telesis/Nun): first there is Nothing/Everything, so the generation of Something is synonymous with the generation of a Limit: the principle of non-contradiction: phenomena must be determinate, must be embodied to appear, but as embodied they ONLY appear: they are living actualities, Klagesian "pure images" that become to be, and are so that they may become: Klages recognizes the highest joy is sensuous, not sensual, the love of the body, exertion, sweat and the excellence of muscle and nerve: these are things worth living for, what doesn't accept embodiment as the condition of appearances, what authorizes cognition as author of nature, does not know the transcendental is a tapeworm: without its host, the parasite must devour itself: Klages' dichotomy of the biocentric/logocentric, is identical Michelstaedter's duality of persuasion and rhetoric, and the naturephilosophie of Schelling that stood as a bulwark against the enervating idealism of his contemporaries: the greatest thinkers were biocentric, they were warning us that the brain is an organ, a foreign body, with a hunger of its own: stimulation: the Fall was our boredom with Eden: only suffering makes the void holy.

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THE ABSOLUTE MALE IS A GAZE WITHOUT EMBODIMENT, THE ABSOLUTE FEMALE A BODY WITHOUT A GAZE: "all eros is eros of distance": all art is the invocation of space, the dilution of pain into the actual, because the actual is the condition of beauty, what is deathless can never love: angels love like fires, quasars, not like mothers or pets: the Apollonian rejects this joy, he wants his thinking without his body, while the Dionysian wants to be without the Morning After: man as metaphysical voyeur; the "I"- Eye reduced to the pure witnessing of a

virulent, Cybelian idealism, sculpting itself out of axioms buried in the future, today: its castrati priesthood released from all the vagaries of sexuated matter: the phallus is a vortex, by rejecting the imperative to reproduce we reject the rhizome-God of becoming, who loves life only as a means to Himself: **THE SUN IS AT WAR WITH THE STARS**: one light at war with many, the whole neuro-artillery of brain arrayed against the organs of the body, the “night” of the corporeal: the moods which death terminates per Castenada, the ego that was only subjectivized equilibrium: that is why it is nothing: because in Buddhism to be conditioned IS to be empty: Whitehead's ontological principle: I am /preceded/, I /do not precede/: most souls never graduate past infra-consciousness: never become anything more than the spokesperson of their aggregate: it is not just the brain that thinks, all organs think /with/ the brain: “I am hungry” is the cognition of the stomach: we are slaves to Michelstaedter's god of philopsychia: the pleasure of life that is nothing but the pleasure of its continuation: for the Buddhist, **THE DEVIL IS A NATALIST**: if you knew tomorrow was your last day phenomena would take off their masks like dopamine... the soul that hates form hates the spirit of the universe, and curdles into Luciferian rationality, the will to de-substantialize being: brains become solipsism engines, the “inside-ness” that feeds us to pneumavores, Castenada's inorganic... Klages was right about everything: spirit – volition, consciousness – is invading us from outside the space and time: spirit is a corruption of Castenada's actual time by thought: mass, like the soul, is a compressed field doubling as the Plotinian “distention” of possibility we know as time: brains catabolize natural law from the inside-out: just as Sartre's subject “decompresses” the hard rigidity of being, so is it /itself/ “compressed” into the irreducible anxiety of its world-line: we find this even in Chomsky and Foucault's views on science: each speaks for one face of the process: for Foucault, the episteme is an occlusion, for Chomsky, constraints are generative: in other words, knowledge is not gradual and accumulative, but filtrative, occlusive, born of the inherent fecundity of Limit: science reproduces the ontological horizon of the subject epistemically: medial neglect as method: **BEING IS A BLIND SPOT (= KETHER) IN THE ZERO (= AIN)**.

The One stutters its oneness as the  $A = A$  of Atum's solar disc, the “repetition of the singularity” that is Day and Night, Night and Day: that repression-matrix into which Shestov's Adam hurls himself after biting the forbidden fruit, because the knowledge of Good and Evil was the knowledge of Good and Evil IN God: when Adam gazed on Eden in the full daylight of his consciousness, he saw the carnage that had been the Garden (and all gardens) all along: predation, death, finitude: evil is the retroactivity of sight, of the esophagus, intestines, shit and bile your gazing presupposes, the appetite of the gastric Sun-Father, who emits life as an epiphenomenon of his pleasure, **WHO KILLS TO GROW WHAT ONLY KILLING CAN**: It begins with an incision between body and soul, a wetiko: a self-occluding organ, a blind spot that follows consciousness like a floater because it is consubstantial with it: reflexion: the transcendental: knowledge's knowledge of its own condition of /being/ knowledge: Descartes accepted everything was mechanism but the “I” as self-registrar, left with nothing, he could only /positivize givenness as a new epistemic regime/: now only what is true is what is given as immediately as the self: autism as transcension vector: **THE HATRED OF THE BODY IS THE DENIAL OF THE PRESENT**: all gnostics wage war on actuality, on the This Is All There Is of the pagan morning: but morning must pass, history, lived self-consciously as history, is always terminal: “death kills only what is born”: Anaximander: death punishes life for not being that-which-is: sleep is the numen: art is a kind of death because it mimics the catharsis of death: Schopenhauer was exactly right, the aesthetic ek-stasis is an exhalation of the will into the void:

into a higher clime of the universe, where the drive finally surrenders to its extinction: through art, humanity confronts Love's "non-difference" with this Void, and contradiction becomes release: only Job knew the womb of genius, before that litany of beautiful and unfathomable things, Job knew God uses man's soul like a candle: the properly Judaic – and artistic – soteriology is this plunge into the Most High, an acid baptism in world-powers: the sea, stars, trees, moon, sun, and clouds... what birdsong sounds like to an empty conscience. The "I" is a desert: all genius opens a window in the body, every creative act is alchemical. The Christian Sun dawned as the pagan consciousness, and now it has set: fascism was the death-rattle of the European soul in its revolt against spirit/the Alpha Centauri metamind, and its death was the death of hope in that soul. There is no going back, neither is there any going forward.

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TRANNIES ARE FAILED PROTOTYPES OF THE TRANSHUMAN PLATONIC ANDROGYNE: the incel epidemic isn't about the inaccessibility of sex, but its /virtuality/: the social isn't the overcoming of Evola's "blissful and terrible" play of forces, it is precisely their euphemization, the repression of nature as DIFFERENTIAL FIELD: rap culture is the cthonic steam valve for the American matrix, Christianity on a lower order: escape from a syntax: installed in sometime in the late 70s, oh, and HOUSE PARTIES TOUCH THE LIMINAL ZONE: something like rape is only possible if there's that which exists outside the consent of the empathic/Christic subject: force is Christ's condition of possibility: the actuality of the flesh, the compossibility of physical strength and malevolence: Socrates was wrong about everything: intellect can co-exist with the diabolical: it's precisely intellect that /makes it/ diabolical (Kemper), and not demonism (Brudos): spiritual love can never undo the weakness of body: it is the hegemony of force that makes a Christ: selves analogically inherit the fusion cores of their stars as the analytic identity of the cogito: the autogeneity of Atum become the hydrostasis of "I think, therefore I am": genius dilates the soul to its origin, because the return is a swell and birth a contraction: THE UNIVERSE IS EXPANDING BECAUSE WE'RE RETURNING TO GOD: religion is the song of a very peculiar, flightless bird: but a fertile song when planted in silence: as the Word was: Shestov: it should not matter that the stones hear Hallelujah, but only that it is sung: I've seen spirits with my own eyes, Bruno's natural intelligences that poke their heads out when no one is looking (and sometimes when they are): Schopenhauer was absolutely right: the universe is as alive as you are: eyes can modulate what they see (per Shestov): studies have shown that plants respond to the presence (or absence) of light with their whole bodies: plants are eyes without lenses, the eye prior to its declension in man: if Mithras could launch himself out of the Stone = the eternal deadlock of Nun, how much less we ask of trees to speak: I really do believe that on long enough time scales, hidden from the democracy of vision, spirits condense out of matter like dew drops: Non-All blooming into bacchanal: intelligent dust devils, sunbursts in attics, a flower that turns to nod: just as Atum emerges from a background of absolute disorder "completely without determination", so does order spontaneously emerge from the hand-me-down disorder of this world, a commensurate miracle: Zizek's answer of the Real: immanent invocation of transcendent FIAT LUX

FIAT LUX: what Christ, Hegel, and all these motherfuckers knew: what is seen behind the veil is what is put there: the curtain does not hide the painting, the curtain is the painting, etc. escape from Sheol: LOVE AS AN EMERGENT PROPERTY OF THE VOID: For Christ on that cross, the expectation of an answer becomes the answer itself: the expectation of Love at zero-point of being inscribes it into the quick of the universe: for Christ on that cross,

METAPHYSICS IS NEGOTIABLE: what he did was convert the vicious circularity of Weil/Schelling's metaxu (= differentiation/objectification as the condition of divine love = Fiore's Age of the Father) into the vicious (Kierkegaardian) circularity of the immortal soul, that is immortal precisely in virtue of its forsakenness: again, Zizek and Kierkegaard: the horror is not oblivion, but eternal life: history is a war between sentience and intelligence, love and force: let's invert Heidegger's standard formula of Das Man as the condition of authenticity: remember for him, the they-self's externalization of death is not the corruption of an original, "Edenic" authenticity which it is the task of dasein to excavate from the ontic "death-result" of his time, etc.: it is precisely inauthenticity that is the condition of authenticity: the quintessential Germanic/speculative turn, anticipated by Schelling: darkness is the condition of light: the divine can only ever be a cohabitation with structure, never the transcendence of structure: what if it was the other way around? Let's perform a little Copernican turn ourselves, since there are so many to go around: transcendental thanatology: the self is the condition of death, it is not the ontic appearance of death that is the condition of (the authentic) self. In other words, I am immortal, it is everyone else who isn't (relative to myself): what survives death is never personality but /internality/: the seam of ontological coherence that you are: but Zizek: all seams are CUTS: hence, the fundamental problematic for Deleuze AND Kant is the problem of gradients: how do we establish boundaries? If we accept panpsychism, how do we delineate between holons? For Kant, specifically: how do we distinguish between subjective distortions and noumenal truth? Easy, everything is a subjective distortion: there is only the internal boundary, but for Whitehead, Husserl, the gradient's suture is a pole hovering between immanence and transcendence: in other words, everything to me is impermanent, but it is also I that is impermanent to everything else: it is not because we are finite that we pass away, but precisely because we are eternal, and the hereafter does not abide company: "lovers for a spring ... strangers in eternity": all of us home alone in the same house.

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STEVEN UNIVERSE IS SEEDING THE PAN-EROGENOUS LOVE SLIME OF THE FUTURE: by luring in kids with provocative depictions of a polymorphous, hyper-feminine sexuality that semiotically scrambles "traditional" lines of sexual development: after all, fusion in the show is properly post-biological (cartesian "cyber") sex: not the melding of bodies, but of minds, immanent voids: trannies are the harbingers of the love goo apocalypse: we're becoming the sex organs of the machine, soft erogenized puddles of mush: the whole thing hinges on our alleged inability to derive a normative "ought" from the "is" of base materialism: but what they will never understand is that traditional constructs have an ontological, and not merely temporal, priority: what is at the start, is what is with God: what I'm saying is that "traditional" constructs have priority over social constructs (and the transgression thereof) precisely because they are traditional, that is, products of a /natural/ causation: do you believe artificial wombs and real dolls are actually overcoming the feminine? No, they only simulate it within an artificial order. THE LIVING FEED ON THE DEAD LIKE A PARASITE: the sins of the father are the blood of the father, what the son inherits is the father's inclusion in the thermodynamic game: innocence drops off like gravity with our distance from death: sexuation is Atomic: as such, at both ends of life, to be innocent is to be de-sexuated: pre-differentiated: the naturalistic fallacy does not apply here, because it takes the absence of final causes in nature as axiomatic: if we assume an accordance with nature is an accordance with a global teleology (through the CTMU), the objection dissolves: "natural law is logos, logos is God, God is natural law": the Logos is not

a moral injunction, but a (the) vector of health: the One cannot, in principle, resist its “somaticization” by the dyad: One and Two are coeternal, the Two is just the One counted /as/ One: just as the body is spoken with the soul, as the medium of its expression: the utterance of the Word deforms space into utterance: the darkness that comes before is constituted by what comes after, for coming after: Hideaki Anno was right about everything, creation /is/ a deformation, a contraction of a plasticity (the LCL-orgone ocean/Ain Soph) the life-denier erroneously imagines will release him from the obligation to be related to anything other than himself: all suicides prove becoming becoming is still a work-in-progress: all entropic (judeo-feminine) psychologies are antinatalist (Gendo/SEELE), but not all antinatalism is entropic: for the Greeks, the most beautiful thing is to be unborn, but somehow the next best thing was also to have been born to know it.

The Greeks allowed this enigma its space: they could trust themselves to be ineffable, because it guaranteed the logical impossibility of their death: na me so atta: they could embrace a sacrificial cosmos, because for them eros and thanatos were still newlyweds: in other words, the pagan love of life, of physical beauty as the mirror of intelligible beauty, was the love (of a particular gradient) of thermodynamic efficiency, /before/ its co-option and optimization of by technology: what is optimal for human thriving is not synonymous with what is optimal for economic productivity, any arguments to the contrary are muppets of an anti-human vector: only the pagan could accept the monad's coeternality with the dyad: that is, per Wheeler, they did not distinguish between light and its capacity to illuminate, between being and determination: TO BE IS TO BE DETERMINED: Shestov is the quintessential Gnostic in this sense, he /does/ distinguish between sunlight and the sunburn: he hated the archons, and believed even Nietzsche himself had surrendered to them: amor fati as white flag: but Nietzsche remained addicted to his jet fuel, he masked his thirst for a Shestovian Beyond precisely as his commitment to the body: but not the pagan body proper, only its power to give beyond itself: in loving the body, he could only love the Deleuzian/Whitehead god-engine of difference... Nietzsche never let go of his dream of an Escape Hatch, he merely immanentized it... But it would have never occurred to an Iamblichus or Plato that we live in a matrix, because reality did not yet intrude on them with all the ineluctable necessity of Bataille's jailhouse heaven: all rationalism is Gnosticism, insofar as as all Gnosticism is the mind hypostasizing its disgust with the body as either Yaldabaoth (Plotinus as proof of the coincidence between Gnosticism and dysmorphia) or the a priori: recall Kant's distinction between pure and empirical apperception: Kant denied intuitional knowledge of the self (understood as the transcendental identity “behind” the succession of appearances) precisely because that knowledge would be included in - and hence identified by - that succession: Kant performs for the subject what Langan performs for reality: the noumenal is knowable only immanently, anything that could be meaningfully posited "outside" of the universe/subject must be intelligible enough to be logically circumscribed by it... intelligibility is a soul trap... as such it was Kant who was the first to distinguish between the self and the self's appearing to itself as /self-consciousness/: the self conscious of itself is not the self that is conscious: in appearing to myself, I'm already gone: I am that I am because I am where I am not: God waiting in an empty room: it is my life that is the condition of death, from my desire to be hidden from the mystery of my heart I created a closed universe, a shuttered universe, where what is loved can only be energy.

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WE'RE BEING INVADED BY BEINGS OUTSIDE THE LIGHT CONE OF THE BIG BANG: John C. Wright was uh, RIGHT ABOUT EVERYTHING: his Eschaton Sequence of sci-fi novels is the best distillation of the ideas this board and I have been wrestling with I've ever found: the primary conflict of the series is a philosophical war between galactic supercluster-minds (Seraphs) over who will control the Eschaton Engine/Great Attractor at the end of time: we're locked in a conflict between Sentience and Intelligence, absolute death and absolute love: the first faction being: the Malthusians (Atum/Atlantis: full Landian gnon-compliance) who believe the universe is closed, finite, and fundamentally entropic: they are Schelling's centripetal principle (\*as all spiral galaxies are, while ellipticals are considered – somewhat confusingly – centrifugal: in the novel, what makes the Milky Way's mental topology unique is that it is part elliptical, and part spiral, owing to the unusual conditions of its birth: much like how in Evangelion, it is earth alone that hosts both a Black and White Moon): according to the “finitarian” game theory of the Malthusians – which takes absolute death as axiomatic - they believe they'll be ethically justified in using the Eschaton Engine to collapse the rest of the universe into a singularity/extropy fountain they will harvest as a limitless source of energy and thereby outlive heat death: like maggots feeding on an infinite corpse: in their hands, the Engine will curve space /positively/ into a ball, and create what is essentially a four-dimensional ouroborous: Atum as autofellatic singularity<sup>2</sup>: the Omega Point/Atlantean telos: lords of the autistic Inner Continuum: time spatialized and space temporalized: the Atlantic “inner circle” will be those allowed closest to the extropy fountain, basking in the crematorium of a trillion galaxies: for the Malthusians, basically, the Engine is a /Darwin/ Engine (hence their subliminally Nietzschean bent: compassion for the weak is a waste of energy in a dying universe): nature is everywhere-already immersed in an evolutionary arms race to control the fate of spacetime itself: either heat death, or big rip: because xenofeminism/Land craves heat death, they inadvertently place themselves in Atum's camp: in other words, xenofeminism is not the rejection of the Logos, merely its debasement: BECAUSE WEININGER RENDERS XENOFEMINISM REDUNDANT: according to him, there would be no need to distribute feminine sexuality throughout the body precisely because it is /already/ distributed (when sexually excited, a woman's entire body becomes an erogenous zone), while it is the male sexuality that is pinched to the bud (tzimtzum) of the glans: consequently, it is precisely the degree to which a male struggles to erogenize the rest of his body (anal play/nipple-rubbing, etc.) that he is debased: THE OMEGA POINT IS THE CONVERSION OF THE UNIVERSE INTO FLESHLIGHT: time and the refractory period ABOLISHED.

Then there are the Amaltheans (Christ-Lemuria) who preach there is a condition of infinite energy outside the light cone of the CTMU, that Langan's unbound telesis is inhabited by “beings” called Ulteriors (which the gnostics know as aeons) who will grant us entry into their paradise when the Eschaton Engine is used /in reverse/: to bend the curvature of space negatively, into a saddle/potato chip, UNFOLDING the “black hole in which we live” and its constitutive dialectic into the Ain/Alpha Random: tzimtzum unspooled: the Amaltheans represent the cosmic voids, the Malthusians the great galactic filaments and their attractors: the war between them evocatively referred to as a game of “topological chess”, played between concavity and convexity, point and circumference: but if xenofeminism is the dilation of the glans into the “outside” of transgression, isn't it properly Lemurian like it claims? No, because Wright's whole point (and Schelling's, and Plato's...) is that the Outside is extropic, paradisaal, not demonic-lovecraftian: only a modern could think geotrauma/the Black Sun, or rather, only the

modern could repress the pagan economy of expenditure and sacrifice until it BECAME geotrauma: again, the pagan love of life and the body is based on an /extropic/ antinatalism: the human condition can be perpetuated indefinitely so long as we restrict our gradient of energy expenditure to the capabilities of the body: instead of outsourcing our blood and sweat to machines: Christ being able to feed a whole crowd with just some bread and fish is the perfect illustration: in the presence of authentic spirit, the corporeal appetite falters, and is satisfied with less: as the Greeks were: as such, the moral struggle at the heart of Wright's novels is basically mathematical, probabilistic: whether to accept the overwhelming evidence that this self-lacerating void is All There Is, or take the Ulterior's promise of a transcendent condition that "makes good on" the incredible suffering that pervades a malthusian trap universe: it is a question of faith, of whether or not the Good (ontological health) is "eternally valid" in and of itself, or whether we must agree with the Malthusians and Heidegger that man's activity is always-everywhere the (self-)occlusion of the void of DEUS ABSCONDITUS: the Kali Yuga/Iron Age is successful only to the extent that it convinces us that our sickness, the pathology of our age, is dissimilar to all others: in this, it is a WETIKO: in this, technology is merely the latest "evidence" proposed: Atum is only the light centripetal, not the true light of the Circumpolar Heavens, beyond Nun and Actuality both: the Egyptians knew the Sun's true name was Yaldabaoth: in evolving eyes, it created (as Kant would have to admit) time and space itself: but even Shestov could agree with God that, on the dawn of that final day and after eons of labor, "it is Good."

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THE BRAIN IS THE ECLIPSE OF ITS GROUND: Bakker's Blind Brain Theory does for cognitive science what Kant did for metaphysics: the gist of it is very simple: lacking direct access to an object, a brain must rely on some kind of interpretive algorithm to infer appearances from context clues: for example, those optical illusions that trick you into perceiving the same two lines as being different lengths are actually tricking your depth perception heuristic: the brain uses what Bakker calls medial mechanisms/components to construct its perceptions, but just like Kant, the rules of the construction are not themselves part of the construction (except in an a priori mode): not because we simply lack perception of the ruleset, but because there is no perception /without/ a ruleset: the brain is what makes a man, as Heidegger calls him, the "environing" animal: its inclusion in an environment is precisely what selects for its determinate (read: heuristic) occlusion /of/ that environment: the brain must always be screening for properties relevant to the problems it is always trying to solve, and hence why, because it was made to solve problems, it is always presupposing them: no wonder then that Hegel's dialectic is a triadic, immanent process: there is first the immediate/the given, and then the very "negative space" the given must necessarily gesture towards, but also simultaneously occlude, to be given as /itself/: negativity, THOUGHT: that determination's relating back to the context-condition of its own intelligibility: "Being, pure Being-": the mark marks the context by which it is made legible to itself as the mark that it is: in other words, the brain must rely on some kind of medial regime to functionally abbreviate its complexity, by contravening its ground it can only problematize it: instead of approaching the task of Knowledge as the task of solving some Problem, we should instead approach it with a mind to how it is the brain generates these "problem ecologies" that it does in the first place: thought as ramified MU: now a lot of this is old hat, but here's where it gets interesting: Bakker says human consciousness as we know it is an artifact of the brain's limited processing power, its inability to correlate all of its contents at



once: the more we optimize processing power/intelligence, the more the heuristic utility of consciousness is superseded: Derrida: the interiority of the Thing can only be the non-essence that continuously defers the Thing's identity with itself, from itself: the thing Is, only insofar as it Is Not: again, old hat, but I'm struck by the way Derrida formulates this relationship between interiority and exteriority: as he puts it, the interior is the “deferment of the spatialization of time and the temporalization of space”: sound familiar? This is what I've been saying this whole time: CHRISTIC HUMAN INTERIORITY IS THE ANTI-MOLOCH: THE LAST AND ONLY BULWARK AGAINST TOTAL OMEGA POINT COMPLIANCE.

THERE IS ONLY LOVE OR THE DIALECTIC: “God is 1,  $\infty$  is the devil” : only beatific simplicity or the interminable Freudian “mazings” of our own becoming, the infinitely smooth Amalthean plane of Love vs. the Malthusian/Atlantean contraction into  $A = A$ , that belches Lemuria like exhaust: Lemuria and Atlantis are two halves of one escape vector: Houellebecq's feminine/masculine systems of control each kicked into their respective overdrives, each trying to reproduce the autosexuality of Atum in themselves: man, through the self-inseminating Thought, woman, through the obsolescence of man: man, in trying to cognize his ground, is subsumed to the one medial tracker that is raised to the power of itself: metacognition: the wetiko that has weaponized our own lust for self-transparency against us: the Black Iron Prison of the prefrontal lobe: the tragedy of being human is that the body depends on the integrity of its cells, while thought depends only on the integrity of attention: how much easier it is to be eaten by what only requires SIGHT: reason has only subtilized our predators: the Spenglerian arc of culture civilization has its biological analog in seminal retention release, that is, what Zizek describes as the dilation of the sacred/Pharaonic aura into the ideological disavowal of “I know, but...” is nothing but our hedonic adaptation to the mystique of the cephalic: the sacred interiority/Ba of the Pharaoh splashed out into the hand-me-down interiority of the peasantry: remember, even ancient Egypt had to deal with a kind of proto-individualism after the collapse of the Old Kingdom: much like how the man who cannot keep his energies self-possessed in the glans, dilates into Lunar orbit... only daily, ritual struggle can rescue us from the hedonic treadmill of actuality, even the Egyptians knew the gods themselves grew weary of their daylight concourse, and had to be rejuvenated nightly in the Duat: thus, Ted K's doctrine of the surrogate activity: surrogate activities sublimate natural channels of energy expenditure towards those more adapted to the hegemony of the machine: but Egypt knew: the only true love of life must consider death holy: death as the Midnight Singularity, the regenerative dreamless darkness of Nun: the brain is eclipse of its ground, CHRIST IS THE ECLIPSE OF THE BRAIN: did you think the Fall was just a dunce cap in paradise? It was to have raped what you alone could have loved. Abraham was redeemed because he had the strength to re-enact the primordial sin: Abraham was able to transmute the violence-surplus of a Malthusian trap universe into beatitude: because the devil is not death but the force of life that clings to life, hence why he is the spirit of deception: but that Christ-like interiority that “stops to talk to the janitor”, that refuses to treat nature like the help, a Christianity without a messianic horizon: that is the true commitment to the earth and affirmation of the human.

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GOD IS ELECTROMAGNETISM, PNEUMAVORES ARE REAL: THE IMMATERIAL SOUL HAS IMMATERIAL PREDATORS: WE LIVE INSIDE A BLACK HOLE, LOCKED IN A META-WAR BETWEEN FORCE/EXPANSION/LIGHT AND THE OUTER GODS OF THE TRUE VACUUM: metastability as FIAT LUX: if only you knew how

bad things really are: Hegel's dialectic rationalizes Perlman's Leviathan: thought becomes the concretion of the universal/universality, because CIVILIZATION IS A THERMODYNAMIC TAPEWORM: a tapeworm that, paradoxically, generates the very surplus it consumes, just as (Hegelian) Spirit is the balm for the ontological cut that it is and can only be: remember, Land and Perlman ironically agree on one point: intelligence is “baked” into nature in just the same way the Leviathan is everywhere-already in virtual suspension, a machine whose parts need only to be “picked up” to be set to its dreadful work again: in this way, the Leviathan is immortal, but immortal only in the way dead things are immortal: Zizek: evil is the assertion of the Ground within that which it grounds: the irruption of Void within Logos: Hegel: evil is the assertion of universality against the particular: Schelling: evil is the attempt of the particular to posit its own ground: let's bring it all together: evil is the attempt to ground the UNGRUND: every species is the devil of the one below it in the food chain, and what your masters will never tell you is the natural-biological food chain extends upward into a spiritual clime: John C. Wright was (wait for it) right about everything: his stories set in Hodgson's Night Land don't pull any punches: there are entities that eat souls the way we eat calamari: that use Love as bait to fish for more Logoi to eat: is not the Leviathan an irruption of the Outside? A cadaverous demon-engine, poised to crack this planet open like a walnut? Hegel's Phenomenology doesn't narrate Spirit's contingent dawning into the knowledge of its own process, not really: Spirit is the auto-justification of the Leviathan's dominion over this earth: the dominion of the Idea as omnivore: truth is inherently provisional, processual, because the Leviathan hasn't had its fill yet: ramified immediacy engineered into the concretion/bootstrap vector of THE NIGHT LAND'S WATCHERS.

It all revolves around that quintessential Idealist turn: remember, for Hegel, the immediate, the given, is the most abstract and impoverished condition there is: the background is constitutive of the foreground: not the natural superiority of the Evolian king, but the (metastable) superiority of the Hegelian monarch, whose power depends solely on the recognition of his subjects: everything hinges on this inversion of Heideggerian Being as that which is full precisely for being that which occludes (and, therefore, per Weil) /points to/ God: for Hegel, instead, that occlusion is a womb destined to be inseminated (from the inside) by the false plenum of the Concept: to be even more specific, and this is where German Idealism's fundamentally modern sympathies lie, we're talking the switch from mind as a funnel to mind as (Kantian) projector: for them, the mind posits meaning, it does not /abbreviate/ it: nature splayed on Mind's Frankenstein table, endowed with the one truly ahrimanic organ: purposiveness: Mind is the movement of its own self-reification (or: movement as reification): MIND IS THE CYCLOID OF DEATH: thought measures the cooling of the vacuum: Minerva's Owl as the mother bird of Roko's Basilisk: the Concept pre-digesting Being for the Leviathanic meat-grinder: noumena become gastrolith – a concession to otherness – that enables the “presupposition-less” movement of Thought to digest any and all Being that is not amenable to its “constitution”, ie its sterile circularity: just like Wright's Outer Gods need Love to fish for new universes to eat, Spirit needs a morsel of otherness, like a cow needs a stone, to digest what is other than its mummifying aether: Yaldabaoth is a snake whose stomach is the Hubble Volume: HEGEL IS MAKING TIME EDIBLE.

In eating the world, its taste is mediated by the taste of my tongue: the tongue eats the world to taste itself: the tongue is a metaxu: the tongue eats so it might know the world only in the mode of taste: the brain is recruited by the tongue (read: the “carnivorous virility” of somatophobic/”Cybelian” idealism) to convince any potential dissenters knowledge CAN ONLY

BE TASTE: Agon vs. Love: to give actuality to the Leviathan/Death, or rather, Death as universality: the basin towards which all of civilization's energies are expended and its members brutally (and, now, pleurably) subjugated: that commitment to excessive, Leviathanic purpose produces an excremental proletariat for the same reasons the commitment of my cells to the life of my body requires the excretion of what is non-essential to/inassimilable by that body: but as the engine recursively self-improves, the threshold for what is considered "excremental" gets higher and higher: incels are the shit of the future.

Atlantis is a ventriloquist and Hegel their favorite puppet: the Voice's heterogeneity with silence is the condition of its belief that it exists to embody that silence: but giving voice to the silence only makes it (Death) explicit: what the dialectic does is give a kind of spectral unlife (or rather, is that unlife) to man's capacity to subjugate himself to his own capacity for self-subjugation: Zizek: the identification with the gesture of identification: the carnivorous interiority of beings, the dilation of the first prokaryotic membrane into pan-cosmic dyson shell: the prefrontal lobe as the ideal Tongue: a clogged artery in the absolute: if Atlantis is constipation, Lemuria is diarrhea (HYPERBOREA IS EX-LAX): Schelling glimpsed the tranny demon egregore behind the Veil: his denouncement of Hegel is the bridge that connects Atlantis to Lemuria: by linking Hegel's omnivorous idealism with the cult of Cybele and its castrati priesthood, Schelling intimated g/acc by 150 years: like a snake that must paralyze its prey first before swallowing, thought's lust to appropriate being to itself without residue METASTASIZES INTO THE UTTER DOOR OF AHRIMAN:

What is left? But a (properly) Dionysian jailbreak of the panopticon: a return to the solemn/Whiteheadian burden of this universe as DH Lawrence's "death-result": a quotidian naturalism: our commitment to the parliament of the dead that does not forget their names: the soul is a stellar zygote: the Pharaoh is a strange loop, he harvests the energy-surplus of the Omega Point/Alpha Random to rejuvenate creation from a time beyond time: Egypt was the only Leviathan that knew itself (as Langan puts it and as Perlman himself testifies) as "answerable to the system that birthed it": the Pharaoh's nocturnal journey into the Amduat was the descent into the irreducible, Schellingian kernel, the black-box centroid of God, the Zero out of which Harpocrates/the World-Lotus blossomed into the rainbow and suicide.

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SPACE IS DEMONIC, SUBJECTS ARE BOLTZMANN BRAINS, NIRVANA IS PHYSIOLOGICAL AND NON-DUALISM IS A LIE: the deep structure of consciousness is dualistic, agonic: we're looking at: intentionality vs. luminosity: those who plunder life to justify life, and those for whom it is already justified: basically, Paci vs. Voegelin: Eros as sublimated womb-nostalgia vs. presence as stellar luminosity: Klages: Spirit (awareness) is a demon cell, a blockage in fluidity: the horror of the absent mother transmuted into church and minaret: now, prior to all real difference is spatial difference: even my clone's monad would be differentiated by space, but that difference is quantitative and (mostly) negligible: we need time for qualitative difference: time-space distancing as corporeal solipsism, inter-monadicity denied, shut centers caught on a Whiteheadian frame: "caught", because Internality is not emergent, because ALL SPINAL CORDS ARE SNAKES LIKE GOD IS: all vertebrates are the Father-Son axis breathed into Rorschachs of blood and meat: the spine as kundalini gate: unawakened, it burns the dead as fuel: "spirit", society, the State, these are dead forms, "death-results", passed down through dead universes: the failing memory of all "squashed birds": within history, spirit must combust the now to say "now": THOUGHT IS A DIRTY SQUEEGEE: karma as the residuum of death and

time: Paci: karma is entropic, thermodynamical: “karma is what remains of what precedes”:  
Michelstaedter's mountain climber, who possesses the peak only in the mode of himself, learning  
now and forever that seeing is not eating: “from the top of the mountain, you cannot see the  
mountain”: Michelstaedter is HIMSELF the residue he wants to abolish: every suicide kills  
himself to remove the bone he is in his own throat: because: eternity is incestual, time is  
romantic: “to be with myself is to be with no one”: hence, the Kantian prohibition of incest: since  
incest is not viable (read: Nazareth: IS NOT VIABLE) monogamy becomes the controlled  
demolition of ancestral stocks: that's why even good karma is bondage, because a now is always  
eaten to cherish it: the drive to possess what is occluded by the drive... the Western spirit as  
such... amor fati defuses karma precisely because it defuses my terror of the irreversible:  
BECAUSE HISTORY IS ALWAYS THE CONTRACTION OF AN EPOCHAL POTENTIAL:  
Heidegger: the last man is the last hardening of a representational regime, epochal rigor mortis:  
Laffoley: the sidereal combustion that is awareness-ing: we experience the dying of the universe  
commensurate with the life of our selves: Lucifer the ur-gnostic, first to militate against time,  
first to hate the irreversible issue of Son from Father: now it is the Son that eats Kronos from the  
inside: the essence of all gnosticism, according to Voegelin, is its hatred of what has come  
before, for always having come before: the War in Heaven was the First Revulsion, the  
Leviathan is the Second.

Voegelin's concept of gnosticism: the thirst to begin again in what is without beginning,  
the attempt to default on all “residual debt”, subjective mortality compensated by objective  
immortality: to make one's self in another's House: BOTH THE SUBJECT AND GOD ARE  
CAUSA SUI: but God is sui generis, the only one of his kind: he is the meta-tautology while we  
are merely tautological: God was the first solve the riddle of fluency within difference, of  
identity and non-identity in the void: to create a third between Parmenides and Heraclitus: Atum:  
henotheistic polyvalence out of monovalence: the most rarefied souls are like new colors, but  
Atum alone can create new spectra: he has peered inside the void of cause-and-effect, maintained  
syntactical consistency: everything else we are is the one thought's ramified failure to think  
itself: the abyss of transition: Hegel & Damascius together: becoming is born in the failure to  
think the Ineffability that withdraws, or more precisely, the failure to think how that failure can  
be generative: being itself the failure that is generative: HISTORY IS DEBILITY: not ascent:  
Julian Jaynes & Chardin: centration as declension: the natural tendency of biological systems to  
“centralize” in the brain is just a way of pressurizing, granularizing, “armoring” energy: neurons  
as irrigation canals: all Leviathans are complex social systems with an EROI ratio of 2 or greater:  
the brain is the Leviathan of the body: the Pharaoh, then, is like the prototypical Weiningerian  
genius, he absorbs the universe to redeem it: a Boltzmann brain beholding a differential ground  
(the sage's power of “world-creation”, the oceanized drop, Bernhard the perennial orphan,  
Goethe's “traces”, etc.): true subjects are perfect toroids: what I'm doing is here trying to do  
justice to both the external man, “man as a part of nature” and the inner man, the “eternal  
character” as described by Schelling: those who emerge into an awareness of their  
awareness-ing, as it were, are Munchausen dynamos: even Jung distinguishes between the inner  
and outer Star: SPACE IS A HOLON FACTORY: the universe is basically a singularity that  
inflated itself inside of itself: or, to borrow a formula from Nicholas of Cusa, we could say it  
EN-flated: that is, the “unfolding” of complex systems /just is/ the baroquification/enfolding of  
energy: to maintain “intelligible real estate” in unbound telosis, the CTMU syntax needs the  
aether for processing power: the One produces ones, lichtungs within lichtungs: for Blake, it is

this formal integrity which is eternal sameness, and Nun that is pure, dynamical difference: for Blake, it is Urizen who refracts the heterogeneity of Chaos through the homogenizing prism of the Law: BECOMING AS THE PHASE-SPACE OF AGATHON.

A mystery that summons me out of the Void as much as it is I that summon myself toward it: the genius makes due with his co-emergence with time, the archon self-lacerates: what is properly Luciferian is the lust to be without (the demands of) worldhood, being-within: the horror of modernity is the (cosmological) horror of space, endless space: “out of the dawn of infinite possibility”, we hate God for what he has made of it: all gnostics are true subjects, not all true subjects are gnostics: gnostics are those who produce what Voegelin calls Second Realities: Hegel is the arch-gnostic, URIZEN SQUARED: the dialectic is a PRIORITY VIRUS, which initiates within Atum himself a new regime of monovalence: thought's identity with itself: the dialectic emerges with the same necessity in this universe that Atum emerges into himself outside of it: “Spirit always has a story to tell”, quantum mechanics, etc. etc. WE OURSELVES ARE THE ULTERIOR BEINGS INVADING THE LIGHT CONE OF THE BIG BANG: Shestov was right about everything, man is speciated /metaphysically/, not biologically: our centers are not all drawn from the same fire: most of us are here to luxuriate in our nest, others to love, others to eat: it is we who invaded God's homogenous Sphere of Love, we who violated the “It is Good” of the 7th day: in John C. Wright's Night Land mythos, for example, the Watchers were nephilim, sons of an outer potency enamored with the beauty of creation, whose wonder eventually degenerated into cosmic lust: DUALISM IS TRUE: what Schelling is saying with his doctrine of absolute indifference isn't the same old, same old about how the absolute is indifferent to the light and darkness because it is their unity, etc. but that the absolute both allows and is therefore /indifferent to/ the power of Love and Evil to posit themselves as themselves: Godel mathematically proved the existence of evil: or rather, more quietly, proved that Schelling's intuitions about evil apply to even a particular class of formal systems: no term can ground itself within the ground to which it is answerable: evil is /not/ the irruption of the Ground within what is grounded, but the clash of grounds: the injection of an inferior ground, an ulterior potency (evil's), within God's Sphere of Love: Hegel, in denial of this openness, this porosity of Eden to its Outside, wants to contract timespace into the Subjekt Omega: Chardin's “within” of all things, Paci's “original” clarified by “education and civilization”, hurtling toward the Gullet of all time and space: by re-deploying becoming from the nocturnal core of thought, Hegel is producing a Second Reality: displacing Atum's potency onto the ether of cognition: God's Sphere of Love was HEAT DEATH: Eckhart's white nihil, nothingness swollen with future: it is we who are expanding space, presence is driving the Hubble expansion, thought is reversing it.

THE HIERARCHY OF DECEPTION IS AS FOLLOWS: Bronze Bulls -> Second Realities -> Wetikos. The only difference being the magnitude what is occluded: wetikos are small, personal, addictive: dopaminergic parasites. Second Realities are new histories, supersessive modes and styles of existence, Leviathanic “digestions” of what has preceded. Bronze Bulls are formal, integral: physical constants: space and history: like the Bull of Phalaris, all space conspires to convert all death into light and birdsong. It is the enormity of space that makes the infinite tolerable, but also conceals its intestines: “the meek shall inherit the Earth”: humble, decent folk are the true natives of this universe, the Western spirit, the Western cosmopolitan, comes from Outside, as does the true artist and philosopher: the genius is an Aeon, his task is to be wedded to endless space, to be a guest in God's House, and learn the curious language of its hospitality: Tolstoy's dream: the sky is only the abyss overhead: I loved you, until

life did us part: the living are the exiles of sleep, members of a pullulating insomnia, hatched out of the (un)ground like a bed of spider's eggs: how fleeting life must seem to those who leave it early, how provisional, to those who are no longer prisoners of their skulls: beached on matter, without even the memory of the shipwreck, we decorate a gas station for Christmas, the Aniara: the Phallus-Head are all those who cling, although He does not repeat himself: disintegrationism is a lie: heat death is the input: I only stopped for gas, the young dead know why.

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EVERYTHING THAT SHITS IS DAMNED: the inefficiency of life, the life-process, tethers being to its remainder: Derrida: there is no fire that does not leave cinders: “cinders there are”: the cinder as Orisian surplus, what is not and cannot be burned up in the final conflagration: what even the eschaton cannot eradicate: because only cinders can birth a Second Ainulindalë : the eternal cycle of cosmoi fed by Osiris-as-ontological-fertilizer: Eden was an open thermodynamic system, the knowledge of good and evil was the knowledge of what can only be born immanent to the thermodynamic closure of sin (Boehme): Leviathanic time is closed time: THE EMPIRE NEVER ENDED: Shestov: man fell because he glimpsed the Black Sun of God: man fell because he glimpsed the Whiteheadian maw of the objective as the ultimate predator: the Night of Brahma as the perfect intestine: only nescience can transfigure pain into deliverance, as only the nothingness of sleep can heal: Hegel: it is not the mind that is an improvement of corporeal digestion, it is rather digestion that is nature's imperfect prefiguring of the Mind: WE LIVE INSIDE A BLACK HOLE: Adam fell because he glimpsed consumption written into the very laws of his knowing: the annularity of creation: God as a singularity transfigured to white only when it is entered voluntarily: the Lion King and The Matrix are modernized retellings of the nocturnal descent into the Duat: don't believe me? Cornell West & Ken Wilbur in their commentary agree the final sequence in the trilogy is Neo's embracing of a Zen-like, ateleological “choiceless-ness” over and above the ahrimanic hunger for purpose: Smith (the body of Osiris, the endlessly pollillating Zero) must become one with Neo (the Solar “I”, the “because-I-choose-to” of the Deep): Ra, the energy of consciousness, comes face-to-face with Osiris, the “being” of being: THE AKH IS THAT WHICH IS REGENERATED BY ITS DIFFERENCE FROM ITS SUBSTRATE: hylics are all Ka, pneumatics all Akh: in this universe, only the suicides are as blessed as the saints: the Tibetan thanatonaught: you either identify with the sky of mind or the subterra of the Void: but there is no choice as such, only a part's recognition of its kinship with the Whole: Calvin was right, damnation is metaphysical, not moral: the human species proves not even good works can save a defective self: Kierkegaard: despair is not the failure of the self, but the failure of the self to be a self: only the return of a drop into the ocean: the Pharaoh, like the genius, is the drop that mirrors the expanse, he (re)produces in himself his own constellation sky: Atum (God/CTMU/Logos) is: the Lichtung: an intrinsically self-emergent actuality: the soul, instead, a hand-me-down bootstrap: Atum has monopolized (the intelligibility latent in/of) the Void, anything that emerges afterwards can only emerge into his worldhood.

Atum made himself out of Nothing, unbound telestis, the Mithraic Lump: what about us? We have to make ourselves out of Something: Lucifer hated God not because he was God but because God was First: the spermatozoa-Star, the first to say: “I am that I am” as stellar esktaisia: Lucifer did not hate the Father, he hated that there must be Fathers and Sons: he hated that his outrage was testament to his nothingness: as Christ's nothingness was testament to his Love: brothers of an unfathomable patriarch: Atum made himself out of nothing, being indeterminate,

out of all-possibility he contracted into water and wine: being determinate, the soul must make itself nothing out of carbon: LESS THAN NOTHING: Zizek was right about everything: the universe is an alchemical reaction, the gnostic friction of Necessity and brains: “only a few are capable of Love in this world, and they suffer infinitely”: a sorcerer factory: the granularization of the Mithraic bootstrap: which, precisely because it is granularized (per Anaximander), presupposes our finitude: the existent is an abortive combustion, what is expelled is the condition of what is (and must be) retained: even stars, Schelling's fires “that eat themselves”, are splashed into nothing: only plants feed on the stars directly: the predator of a star is the flower, the predator of a man is his thinking: the Sun feeds on him as the very complexes it energizes: MAN IS THE TAIL OF A CENTIPEDE: he receives solar energy mediated by a chain of forms, he does not drink from the fountainhead directly: it is not the contemplation of death that saves, but the contemplation /from/ death: Heidegger: how could Nietzsche's active nihilism not understand itself as the consummation of the will's “revulsion against time”? How could Nietzsche not see, in himself, the culmination of the very anti-force which he spent his life condemning? THE OVERMAN IS THE OMEGA POINT: because it is the Overman, who wills “the eternal recurrence of the same”, that testifies to his horror of time: the Omega Point, as the all-memory of being, betrays the luminosity of the intellect (in eschatological time) as the nostalgia for the excrescence of life: that is, the Omega Point represents the desire of life to retain itself even in its cinders: that which “makes good on” the abyss of memory: the books never read, the child never loved: time squandered by time, in its hurtling towards the end of time: the time that hates time, and the time that wants to make time stand still: Heisman was wrong, Christ was not the irruption of a supra-biological Leviathan: Christ was God electing to take up biology into himself: only Ahriman could corrupt the God-Man into the Man-God: Schelling was haunted by excrescence, Nietzsche's amor fati could only justify it, the summer suicides, the Leopardis, the Houellebecqs, whose bird's cages were woven out of their own nerves: these men are me, and I will have been no one else.

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