

The Known
And
The
Unknown

Void Love
Mementos
&
Esoteric Writings

Josiah S. Cooper
June 18th, 2010–March 31st, 2020

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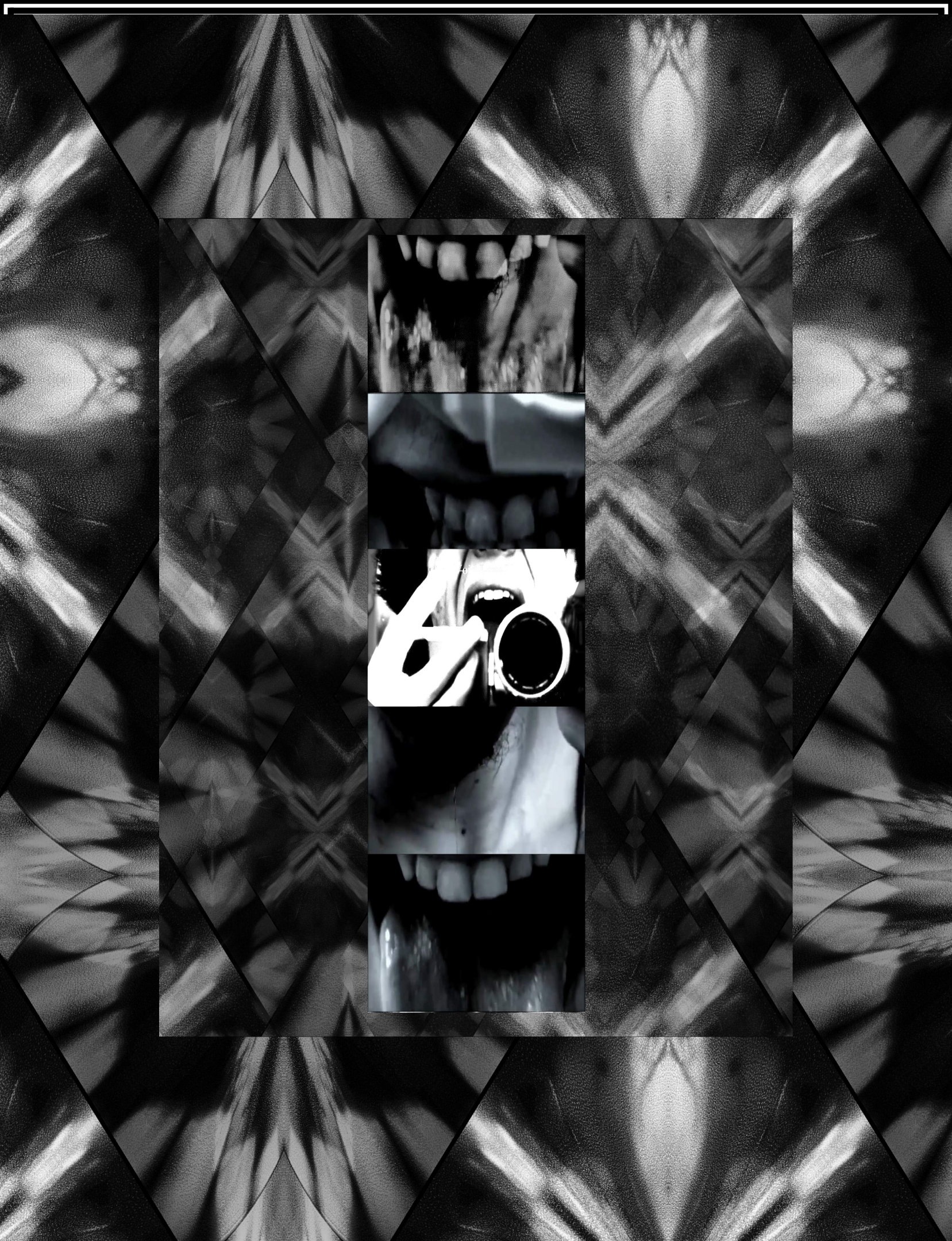
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W . U . L . D . W - H O L E
(C o m p e n d i u m)



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Illustrations #1, #2, and #3:
“**S u p e r - t r i f e c t a**”, “**G r i d , I n d e x F a c t o r**”, and
“**P s y c h o - ' d e l i c ' P a t t e r n s**”
(a p p r o x . l a t e 2 0 1 2 - m i d . 2 0 1 9 c o l l a g e s)







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All is a part of life—and some of those parts—scream in laughter and agony, altogether, as one cacophony: In the seemingly endless, and cold silence of the cosmos, no one cares. No one cares—do you even—dare? Very few, less than nought, indeed. It's an empty experience. It's an empty calm. It's a great terror. It's a nothingness, li'l', seed of disease—that we breathe—in every lungful of air. Darkness looms. Harm is certain. Death is welcome. The conscious—the unaware—the subversive and hidden; beneath the stars, eyes stare mockingly. 'Fuck the world', and the W-HOLE W.U.L.D. gets a new heir of breed—cunning—dangerous, menacing, and insidious; 'fuck the world', and we might just be, there, at last. Kingdom come, heaven undone. The end?

The conundrum for living is resistance to awareness and acceptance of pain. The conundrum for feeling is judgment out of passive, aggressive action. The conundrum for dying is fear of letting go entirely. The conundrum for reason is slavery to thought. The conundrum for lunacy is nought.

“*An insane reality*, deserves an equally insane response, that is to face it. Therefore, to leave reality is sane.” – Then there are none left in this world, to inhabit, an asylum more rather: Let the beasts run free; let the vermin eat your stew; let the moths, flies, and roaches consume you, too. Leave none behind, and 'let the feast begin'.

Forfeiture of values, into an empty glass bowl; forfeiture of individuality, into a full glass bowl—death is—dissolution. Emptying of all notion and perception—is—freedom. Synapse-syntax-lapse: Incomprehensible, non-feeling-nothingness; non-founded, no-thing, no image, no place, no names—.

I have a mental condition, where, my mind and voices spout out profanities, slurs, lies, and vulgar vitriol, seemingly ad nauseum, while awake. It's the kind of stuff that you wish you could forget, the kind of stuff that makes you want to die. Everyday, over-and-over: Judge and punish, rebuke and repent—snake eating its tail, 'lions, tigers, and bears'—serpents devouring vultures [if only they realized they were all a part of the same sepulcher]; self-awareness abused to demonstrate inadequacies, insecurities—grotesque, convoluted fears—steaming and quelling up from the heart, breaking reality into hideous, fractal dimensions, of monochrome paranoid delusions. Grandeur—all else—fight and flight mode, everywhere, else. I wish I could forget. I don't want to be seen. I want to be unseen. I don't want the dreams, anymore, nor the nightmares—just—no-thing; feeling, no more, death and true, non-relative silence—peace, everlasting—profound quietus, quintessence of nothingness.

They dressed in blood and were covered in open wounds. They hissed and sneered and whirred at high pitches. They turned into an a unified, black, blob mass of spinning teeth and whirling saw mouth. They grabbed me with their stretchy, gigantic arms, and pulled me into the maw. Then I woke up.

The child-adult wants to be (/ the world) dead, because it's not made for them.

The adult wants to be a child again, because they made the world.

The child does not care, because they lack social-self-awareness.

Exceptions in the 'modern', civilized world are anomalies.

The natural realm of the wilderness disposes of these types, regularly.

Humanity is 'e-vile-e', another term, for compulsive exist-ers; another term of, 'for the sake of it—woe—creators'; another term for, 'relief chasers'; another term for, sado-masochistic, psycho-socio-pathic, breath-ers; another term for, wanton lust, wanhope, dopamine addicts; another term for, sacrilegious, theological fanatics; another term for, pessimistic, optimistic, sanguine, taciturn shit sterner; another term for, death, torment, suffering, and light worshipers; another term for, auto-erratic, melodramatic, deep-fake, hungry, horny, solipsistic, crazed amateurs; another term for, saints, fiends, 'low-lives', 'dead-lives', 'sad-lives', and dead wives; knives out, daggers clean, razor sharp—stark—phosphine gas, rubber masks, shattered flasks, mags, and ass; dead on the inside, alive on the outside, horror of horrors, masters of torture, fools in drugs, alcohol, and folly; dead on the outside, alive on the inside—nowhere to go—nowhere to run, away for awhile, dead for awhile; no place left to turn, no map left unburned, no town to call home; dead for awhile, alive for awhile; dead inside, finally, dead.

Logic is the way to say 'fuck you' to reality—fuck all the unwanted pestering of my psychology—fuck all the people who just want to proclaim, loudly from the heart, as chainsaws buzzing in my ears; fuck all the noises and surges in energy. Logic is a way to say, 'NO! I don't want it!' I don't want your politics; I don't want your religion; I don't want your beliefs; I don't want your ideals; I don't want your social clubs and hierarchies; fuck off!

There is no reason in anything. Assumption is convenient. In trust, faith is required. Whether you can have a sensation of knowing or uncertainty, the reality of feeling is evident. So let go, of trying to explain and or proclaim, intuitively. First, deconstruct whatever visible—verily, without err'—to see that which remains is, indubitably, the truth.

This of course, presumes reduction of “apparentness” entails a hidden face—fundamentally dissimilar— behind a superficial one. Can you not guarantee 'illusion' anymore than 'a thing itself'—is there a 'distinction', is there 'another', is 'it just is what it is'—or are we just playing semantics, and is there a way to know?

The star principle of uncertainty is in the end process of rationality; the fine, health discipline in wisdom (accordingly by nature) is to cancel emotionally acting out of and giving up its mental pursuit: You can't really know, for sure, an independence of observation exists. You also cannot know, if apparentness is all that is, without any logical doubt.

Elaboration: There's no reason to say anything exists, but there's no reason to assume feeling is all that is—either—and it doesn't have to be important to you.

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“The only true wisdom is in knowing you know nothing” — Socrates

Illustrations #4, #5, and #6:
“The Walk to Crumble”, “Dark, 'Grey, Grey'”, and
“Spiral” (April 26th, 2012 and approx. Jan. 2019)





Introductory Questions & Critique of Oracle-ization, Demonization, and Mystification:

Premises for value being beyond mere illusion [an evolutionary, social construct of esteem, built out of a 'sense of purpose'] must be verified to claim the proceeding statements:

1: Value is invisible until you sample it-'xerox'-experience it by a brain, and cannot be observed otherwise by looking at consciousness as a thing, like all other things, such as, atoms, photons, the Earth, moon, sun, etc.

2: Value is a 'real event', 'something' (not nothing), synthesized by the brain.

3: If the prior statements are both claimed and or true, one cannot further access or legitimize their truth—it is no longer an assertion that can be proven right or wrong with absolute certainty, because “value” has been isolated to its own field, beyond direct observation.

It is not important for these statements to be non-falsifiable, when determining, their validity—only—that they can be verified through logic, else, there is no reason to assert them, other than out of non-logic based proclamation.

Is it necessary for “value” to be a part of the “EFILism”¹ premises, rather than the fact of suffering for no reason (being our inescapable context)—and substituting instead—the premise that is, essentially about, 'greater pain to lesser pain, via the illusion of good through relief' is all that is going on?

Do you think saying, suffering = suffering is the same as saying bad = suffering? It seems as if it was a tautology in that format, since 'badness', has hitherto, not yet been defined much differently. Would it be more influentially effective to say pain is intrinsically repulsive—meaning it makes us want to flee from it in chase of relief, if not immediately react out that way—because every reaction does not always = less pain over-all? Like in working out, eating healthier, taking care of mental health, masochism, etc., the arrangement of motivations will always follow a path of greater pain to less pain, if it is biologically, socially feasible.

Do you agree that in this view, 'value' is more of an esteem driven complex, also built out of the survival drive—which has been imposed on us—through millions of years of evolution?

Do you see now, that out of fear, guilt, shame, anger, anxiety, stress, etc.—these fight or flight [mode] emotions—come from insecurities of the ego's and cultural and social judgments and assessment of the individual's character; they cause as the compelling force, behind all competitive drives and ambitions; that without any 'sense of purpose'—or hope for it—through sharing and communicating with people what you judge and deem 'a worthy mission', all or most of it would collapse towards the death drive?

Do you see how arguments—mean—offensive and defensive positions, that whoever has their mind already made up, have committed to not being influenced? Such a person is useless for further discussion—for—even if you convince them to concede your points, they would more likely associate them negatively, psychologically speaking, with bias and prejudice against your position? It would be more so out of guilt, shame, fear, etc., because they don't want to 'look bad', since argumentation becomes all about who has the best social status and elite appearance. To avoid this, the only way I can think of—is to have open, sincere minds and intentions—which would allow broader discussion, honesty, and equal desire for discovering the truth. Even if you know the answers, it would at least, give leeway for the other person—'cause—the moment it evolves into someone's integrity, people are much more inclined on average, to get defensive / offensive, narrow their thoughts, and shut off.

Pain creates desire, because it is intrinsically repulsive. It makes us want to flee from it. Without discomfort, there is no motivation to move from your chair and spread your legs; no motivation to eat when hungry; no motivation to make love, without feeling deprived of it; no motivation to talk, without, being deprived of sharing; [. . .] In the cases where there is a desired goal, with unpleasant steps, there has to be some greater pain of unworthiness—hurt in esteem—other physical and or emotional woes, to seek it, for remedy; like with working out, masochism, writing a book, eating healthily, etc.

So unless one can find no relief in anything—then—there is always desire. Pain creates deprivation, for which, to chase after replacement. Sit still, long enough, and it is clear—you will want to get up and move—unless, there is some greater pain, causing you to want death. In essence—pain—creates the illusion of pleasure, and without that, no other agenda or sense of 'mission' would exist.

There are all sorts of different pains and all sorts of different reliefs—to be sure—like with kinetic pressure (from sitting too long) and the blood flow to the numbed or sore areas when changing positions; like with love, of feeling isolated, and the relief of finding a mate; like with thirst, and the relief water brings to hydrate the body, for survival; like with hunger, and the relief nutrients brings, to revitalize the body; like with calories, and the relief energy brings, to give some stimulation; like with social interaction, and the relief it brings, to have a sense of 'purpose' in communicating; like with art, and the relief it brings, to express emotions, ideas, etc. The list goes on and on.

It usually all revolves around tribe and group survival, for reproduction, and care for the infants and one's collective. These are the base points towards which propulsion—points—for humans, among all others comparatively, superficial and dry.

I can admit that from my own values—as a 'life downer'—it is just my own bigotries and prejudice against suffering having no intrinsic reason to it. I can admit, I do not like the sound of logic having no place in the universe—because—I care about discovering and sharing truths, 'a sense of purpose', if you will. I can admit that, just because suffering has no reason—and many people wouldn't like the sound of that—doesn't mean 'insanity' (hope, love, masochism, sadism, etc. in perpetuating conscious existence), isn't also, equally valuable to someone else. I have, however, found very few people who admit the facts this way—most—want to proclaim, with heated vitriol, that their way of living is the only, obligatory way. It's not true. You can be “insane” (consistently erratic, unstable, psychopathic, sociopathic, and pernicious), and be just as devoid of reason as someone who wants not to exist—unfortunately, or fortunately, for some—that's just the inherent nature of the universe. Our judgments make us feel superior—a distancing mechanism and or punishing device, based on the alpha-beta, competitive ego, livened through the flight or fight [fawn or freeze] mode (offensively, defensively bolstered in passive, aggressive, obsessive tendencies from character, personal insecurities)—to smite and bless other's and or our own esteem with; it's like a psychological superpower, in other words. It is non-negotiable, just not always—required—for making itself readily, knowable, to unkeen eyes.

I'd love to chat with someone who can, not only mentally acknowledge this, but speak it—too—though, there is no real escape. Acting is necessarily based on what we value—a social construct of evolution, that is absolutely bound, to feeling, a sense of communion and function within a group—so even, laying down and dying, is as well, doing only that; for when pain is greater than 'a sense of mission and morality' (and or hope in it), the subject will seek death—that is—a natural force, for displacing lost, burdensome individuals who harm the collective's continuation.

Feel free to correct me.

This post is an example—of my psycho-social-ego-esteem complex—of me attempting to prove and make a point, for changing minds, to my own view. It creates within me 'a sense of accomplishment', to share, what I believe and or know is the truth—because—I value it, within the social, alpha-beta context, of these niche circles. Also, for reinforcement, the obscure and esoteric understandings, of people—within these spheres—could help me, strengthen myself more, by their potentially revealing words.

It is what it is.

It's all ego. Every action. Just showing off. There's bias and prejudice, and when we don't care about bias and prejudice—there's truth and logic, to rub our psychological, love associations with—and for nought, because judgment of ignorance is still not freedom from that, for there is no inherent reason in anything. Not one iota—bit—nadda. Nothing. We're irrational animals, through and through, so how do you not go insane? Well, if you don't enjoy yourself—hell—if you exist long enough [without wanting to], anyone will go 'ape shit'. So what does that mean? Technically, the word is an invention of human-kind to stigmatize, rebuke and isolate the mentally neurotic and disadvantaged, by truth they are no different just more functionally adapted in society.

I think, because it is a relief from the present moment, of dread. I don't like the way it feels to just—be—most of the time. So I come here, since, you guys usually seem like such receptive folk.

Ah, yes, despair, but that is none of your concern.

You don't have to know the full truth, to believe within reason and accept uncertainty. Doubt leads to mental illness, controlling behaviors, and skeptical rebellion. Religious dogma, pseudo-philosophizers and intuitively, distorted projectionists, will always, proclaim, make gospel, and preach out of fear and resentment. There is no other way, to just be, than to let go of the drive to assert one's suspicion. They persist, however, still to this day, by propaganda, faith, conspiracies and notions of 'the divine', 'transcendence', 'the supernatural', [. . .] oracle-lizing and creating rituals around things themselves, for which they are not. Imbued with pompous and 'holier than thou' edifice, they shall chastise, rebuke, and persecute all who do not bow to their feeble scruples, tasks, and ideologies—that presuppose and judgmentally deem 'what is sacred', not to be questioned, or strayed from, blindly followed ['or else!']—than actually describing, observing, deducing, and inferring through the logical, reliable process of discovering the unknown. It isn't perfect—yes—far from it. That is not the goal, though, further from it. In science, the method is to remain open-minded, unattached to the outcome of your efforts, without the rear-end of ego getting involved, so when proven incorrect it can be amended ten-fold with new-found evidence. This demands not only awareness of your practices, but, also and indubitably so, awareness of yourself. The 'darkness', really, just is what we don't understand; the 'light', chipping away at its borders; there never will be any certain end; and through this, many react, passive, aggressively, bravely, erratically, and hopelessly, digging and clawing, until there is no more for them to be seen, until they've had enough, and until they are no longer rewarded for it.

Our brains have puny computational power, tiny, infinitesimal. Take for example a calculator, how swiftly the device gives answers to equations even the internal, gymnastics experts sludge through by comparison. Now, since artificial intelligence is not ready yet for posting these sorts of dialogues—automatically—we will just have to make due and do our finest, feasible.

Do you understand?

'Enough' and 'not enough' are judgments, too. What does one want? Letting go, requires something to go towards. There is no total state of inaction, just unawareness of action; there is no total state of awareness, just moderate dissociation. You can't know all the details without focus, and because of that, there is no total awareness; you can zone out, for sure, but that is not omnipresence.

Let me help you understand the mind, a bit, more: Once it becomes convinced of an imperative to rid itself, it also becomes hyper-aware, in counter-response—of itself—judging, punishing, the thoughts themselves, into a 'dog eat dog', 'lions, tigers, and bears', and 'snake eating its tail' mentality. The mind wants to be OK with itself—at least—this one does: it judges with words—the heart values—with action. The fight or flight (fawn or freeze) mode activates regularly, creating a cacophony of thoughts—and if not thoughts—imperatives for actions, elsewhere: like with 'needing to walk', like with 'needing to fast', like with 'needing in person communication', like with 'needing to eat healthier', like with 'needing to give up everything (material)', like with 'needing to go back to nature' [. . .] all these things, the heart wants, intrinsically—ignoring all thought—and so, in essence, a tug of war is made. No one has to win, and neither which one, has to exist. Just let it be—think your thoughts, go on your walks—until you don't want to, anymore, move on, and or be no more.

It is not impossible to achieve no thought; not impossible to climb the mountains; not impossible to simply get up and brush your teeth (in regards to depression); it's not impossible to self-immolate while fairly still; it's not impossible to lay down for hours and hours—day after day—doing mostly little; it's not impossible to voluntarily starve to death [. . .]—just not always desired—because in searching for a hard reboot of the brain, profound revelation, and true silence, tremendous effort is required. Not everyone has an easy 'off switch', so to speak—either—because we have forgotten or lost where the 'light panel' is OR because it may not always be so close to reach. So what is really lost in remaining thoughtful?—What is really lost in presence?—It's all transmutation of energies, and the energy painful or pleasant, just is—and in the fight or flight (fawn or freeze) mode—just—a sense of 'I have to prove myself', 'I have to make myself', 'I have to' , [. . .] this is the insecurity complex—move from it—and the esteem and or survival instinct is a primary drive. I prefer not to do that, but I still do it from time to time: The brain has all sorts of tricks; all sorts of snares and barbs; all manner of illusions and mechanisms for disillusion; just got to decide what you want, if you value that, of course, or don't.

I l l u s t r a t i o n # 7 :
“ B a b y ”
(a p p r o x . 2 0 1 8 - 2 0 1 9)



I think there needs to be some room to talk about the people who 'don't want to' and the people who simply 'don't care'. There needs to be room. Not everyone belongs. Not everyone understands. And not everyone wants what you want, simply, because they don't care. There are homeless who don't want to fit in society. There are carnivores who don't want to be vegan, simply, because they don't care. And they won't care, until they understand, deeply. They won't want what you want, because they, simply, don't want to understand. And no one can stop them of their intrinsic, fundamental natures; their feelings, their values, their psychological constructs. It's non-negotiable. They don't want to know. They don't want the truth. They don't want to think. They don't want to just be. They want what they want. They don't care about what other people want. They don't understand—even-themselves, sometimes, or at all (potentially). It's conditioned, learned behavior. It's programming. It's the unconscious and the subconscious weaving into each other to create a waking dream world. It's the fight or flight [fawn or freeze] mode telling them 'they're not good enough', 'the other person is bad', 'they are bad', 'I'm ugly', 'they're ugly', 'they're e-vil-e', 'I'm e-vil-e', 'I'm not enough', 'I'm enough', 'I'm loved', 'I'm pretty', 'they're pretty' (further reassurances, judgments, punishments, rewards, and demeaning vitriol). It's stuff just happening—happening—then, taken away; reacting, disintegrating, emptying out, filling in, transferring, stabilizing, flowing, and dissolving—'solution—and dissolution', combining and reshaping, forever and ever, ebbing. It's, simply, the way it is—with no explanation; partial articulation, often, and abstraction; W-HOLE. It's, simply, the unawakening of the awakening—but—there is no awakening in and of itself, on other words, there is no awareness of itself; more specifically, there is no see-er seeing the seeing—no—final destination, no complete epiphany and revelation.

Is there always an assumption in a question? A question—at best—is a deduction from observation, a recognition in differences of sensory inputs and outputs, of their superficial and qualitative degrees; it does not, albeit, 'jump the shark' and assume them. The 'categorization method': What you see is being narrowed into a quadrant for further evaluation, when you ask, a question; of course, the reality is not the mechanism you use to divide—it's merely—a tool for analysis. They'll say (the quaint ones), 'you can't use those duality processors!'—quite the contrary—I can: they work, and I will continue to do so. I don't need to believe in logic, unlike with dogma and intuitive distortion—which—requires faith and proclamation (inherently unverified). All I need is the process that functions—it—doesn't have to be reality itself; it—merely—is what I set it out, to do, a seek-er (probe) for truths which are not immediately obvious in presence. Unlike the face value appearance of 'things', truths can be stripped from behind the mantle-fabric—allowing us—to see beyond the beyond, which neither the mind is immediately ready to identify, nor the heart. It is the end result of the process—which—starts from one simple question: “What is OR what appears?”

It is a description calculator—that—allows the brain to navigate and find motivation for navigation, effectively, where no urgent action for group or individual survival is required. Without the ability to share—or hope, even—one, I can indubitably say, would have no motivation to discover, teach, or learn. There is, practically, more to learn—and so—without human err', the process can move on, without error, until it no longer desired or needed.

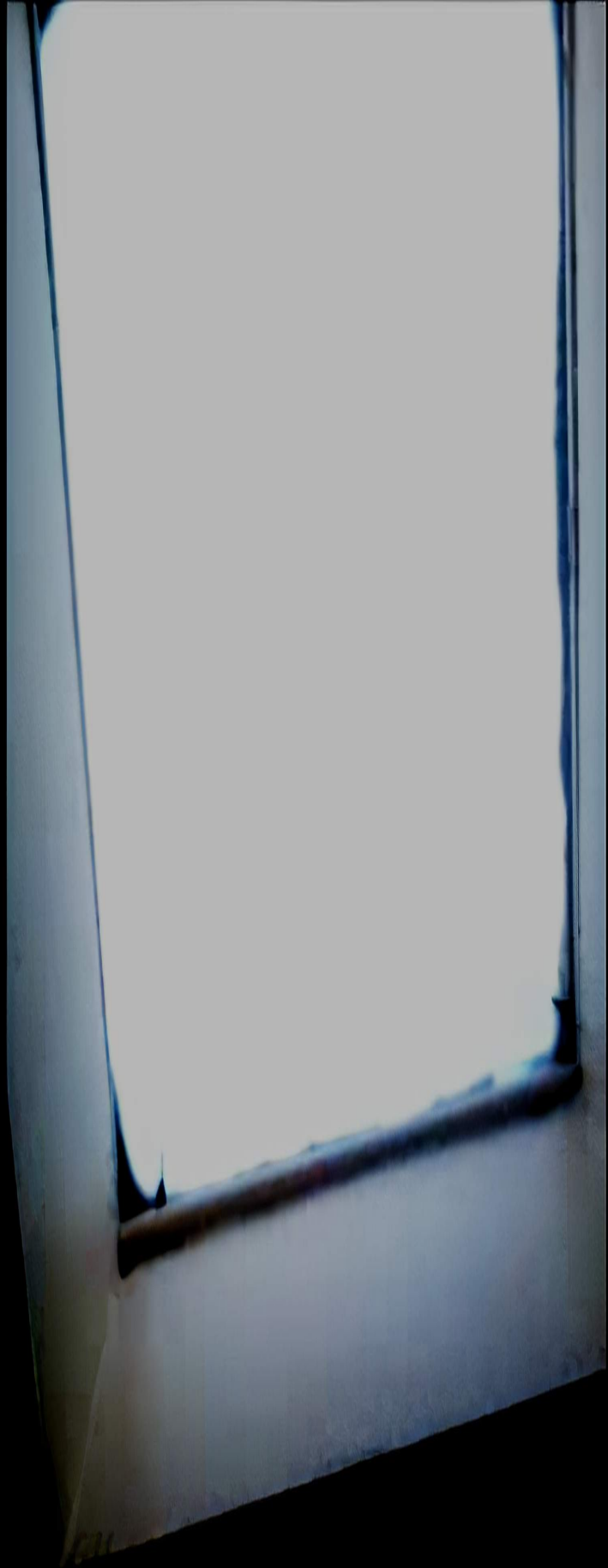
Note: An example of how the 'face value of things'—is not what it appears—=s the prime sum of relief being equated as wholly different than pain. Pain, however, creates the illusion of pleasure—through—removal of greater pain, which then, acts as a catalyst for any pleasant sensation. If you were, to just be in presence (relative non-thought “silence”), the face value truth would not be sufficient to tell you this.

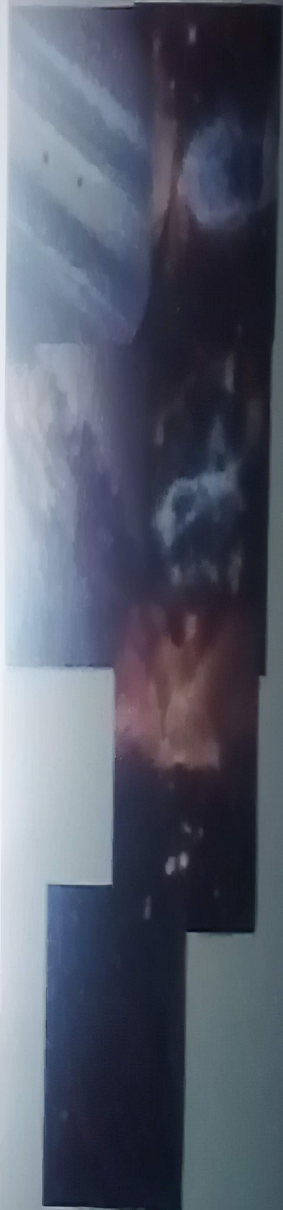
To Chris Duff: “Tautology” is a noun, this definition, to my understanding: A truism—something that is necessarily—in and of itself, evident. For example: “A void remains a void, because it is a void.” This statement, I gave, has no—absolute—basis, but is 'correct' within its own microcosm.

I am making a syllogism, parallel, and analogy to what you just said—with the meme, image, above—referencing that you have pointed it out multiple times, as if, I didn't understand the context of the words. You're using words like “information” and “knowledge”—which are biased—to your intuition. The thoughts and words, being used there, cannot originate from anywhere else. You, might, say, 'it just is'—and I would agree—indirectly, because I can come to the same conclusion, through an alternate means. You are not—incorrect—because of intuition, but I am questioning the reliability, of the method. In other words—I do not have to be directly conscious of 'the source'—I can make deductions [reducing the components of from which something arises, as, Sherlock Holmes said, [. . .] “when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth” [. . .]], and inferences from those deductions [for example: 1 and 1 are two separate units, meaning, together, they must form the unit 2; this is an abstract point; concrete: Since I see you do not get answers from this process, the only thing that remains, is your psychological conditioning]. All of this—is an indirect—way to discover direct truths. You—however—use what I have deemed as “the defense” of saying [what I will paraphrase], 'there is no separation; existence is an illusion', so that makes my modus operandi—'invalid' and 'irrelevant'. I have—for a matter of fact—stated: [Either which way!] Apparentness [“illusion”] or not [“thing”; “existence”]—moving parts cannot be denied logically—which means you are making proclamations: 'just is' statements which aren't based on reason, which cannot be self-verified. I will give you—this—you may be correct: But I don't have to just take your word for it. And all, I want out of this, is reciprocation of acknowledgment. I am responding to your last meme-image, then, I might go for a brake—thinking—is tiresome after awhile. It's true—thoughts—don't have to have power, but they point in directions, and depending on the directions your thoughts point—generally—they are a pretty good reflection of what's in side; the internal mechanisms, cognitive functions, defense protocols, survival instincts, intuitions, etc. But—I do agree—it just is—for no reason—no purpose—no-thing. “Things” are irrational, if they do exist, and illusions are signs pointing towards something else. Illusions may not exist—but—something is going on. There is a man—named—Anil Sethⁱⁱ—he's a scientist studying consciousness: He says, and I will paraphrase [to cut down work], 'We hallucinate our realities with an approximation of the reality that is actually there. Our brains make a best guess as to what is actually outside of the tissue, skull membrane. What we see—is—not actual.' So what we feel—is—not always reliable—neither—is—thought, but they are methods: One relies on biological programming [base reactions to perceived stimuli, meaning 'real' or 'not real' (the brain can, even, synthesize its own sensations! this is called—“somatic pain”—and of course—hallucinations) and imperative towards survival, perpetuation of the species through sex, and tribe / group, socio-genetic traits], the other, trained, procedural outcomes [which determine patterns for navigation and models for scheming]. I hear—voices—who tell me what to think, what to believe, how to feel, how to act, and how to be: They give commands and make proclamations and judgments. This is how I've learned to become so self-aware—because—I depend on it for my survival. They would have me leave—society—into the wilderness to 'become reborn'. But no, I won't do that. I will think for myself—logically—gain understanding through openness, remain honest and humble where I do not know, and uphold the truth—where I do—always, always, always. I value mental health—I value autonomy—not being a sensory automaton—necessarily. I have been one before—I have been “one”—before. I know what it's like. I know what it's like—to be high on oxygen—I've done it. But I don't buy—the philosophy—gurus and these high-er officials sell—not from them—and not from the intellectuals. I rebel. I believe in myself—I do—as a gestalt [whole is greater than the sum of its parts].

Thanks. Take care.

I l l u s t r a t i o n s # 8 a n d # 9 :
“ H e r e ” , a n d , “ W h i t e V o i d ”
(2 0 1 2 a n d 2 0 1 9)





Metaphor, ending, for the night: Deconstructionism—always, always, always, always, always!—deconstruct, first, for when you begin by building—the house is less reliable—because you did not find solid brick from which to engineer. When you have—discovered the material—which cannot further be broken down, then and only then, start constructing your mantle. This way, it will be, inviolate and impeccable in the long-run. If—per cause—no-thing can be erected [since the matter does not exist]—give up! And to those who are non-purely, illogical animals—let the universe—remain barren! All—that—said, a computer could not be 100% rational, by way, that any action is based out of judgment and or trained prerogative. There—is—no such “thing” as reason within feelings, illusions or supposed, independence(s) of observation. It just—.

What is the difference between the person—who—acknowledges someone's suffering, reflecting in themselves, the unpleasant reality—as wholly feasible—to occur, irregardless of their personal identity, and the other, that looks and shrugs off the sight—as something, almost, completely—intangible? Why—is—'hell other people'?

To answer the question, I'll do so, focusing on human motivation and agendas:—superiority complexes—and optimism bias, both play parts. First and foremost, the subject, through reassurance, dismisses the incidence, as an impractical scenario—non-imaginable—secondly, the ego asserts, with delusional, obstinate visions of the organism's inviolate integrity, perceiving 'only those odd few' who get the metaphorical short straw and pointed end of the stick. So—we've—got a double whammy of psychological defenses—'the victim is inferior'—cognitive distortion(s)—typal-qualia-demeanor—and 'positive outlook conquers all'—hypopathic, omnicidal drive!

To straighten this out—I've—got a counter message: Everyone is pushed—just—the direction is not always quite equivalent in harshness; though, that withstanding, disintegration and dissolution of cells—via—entropy, is inevitable. Only—judgments—of what is 'right' or 'wrong' give us the psycho-psuedo-socio-economic, pact, purge cages—to operate—from.

What—you—do is necessarily based on what one or a combination of these motivational factors, impede greatest upon you, at any given moment of time: urges [physical body deprivations and dependencies, such as for example, hunger, thirst, kinetic pressure, homeostasis [temperature management] etc.; and foreign, non-essential addictions, like, lust / fornication (self-gratification), nicotine withdrawal, caffeine detox, etc.] and desires [emotional impulses, based on social inclusiveness and fantasies, i.e., small-talk, sharing, expressing, intimacy, etc.]; **next**, I am separating the fight or flight mode into these categories, of various psychological insecurities from the competitive, alpha-beta, psych-social-ego, obsessive complexes of passive and aggressive reactions, from compulsions and impulsions [coping tactics]—those being—fear, guilt, shame, anger, anxiety, stress, sadness, grief, jealousy, hatred, love, etc.—correlating to actions, out, directly and semi-tangibly—avoidance, ignorance, isolation, distraction, blocking out [shouting, yelling, replacing unwanted stimuli with positive, counter feedback], dismissal, intimidating, attacking, killing, etc.

“Free will” is obsolete. It's all mechanics; anything that can be observed and defined; no, “if's”, “and's” or “but's”, about it. It just is—for no reason—no logical purpose; absolute randomness—stuff just happening—for nothing.

“Seeking to prove oneself” is necessarily done out of insecurity. “Seeking approval” is necessarily out of some survival, preservation instincts—for—groups were needed, for most individuals, during our course throughout exposure to the wild, original, habitual zones. We would not be here without these functional features.

That being said, our synthetic, alien environments—in civilization—make the natural tendencies, moreso, useless or over-driven. Meditation and focus are required to brave the 'new world'—self-destructiveness is easy to come by—since the primitive, guide of doing things, hurts, more than relieves—

—examples, include, but not limited to: warfare [outstandingly—horrific—levels of combat], over-eating [due to abundance and availability of food], lack of exercise [—computer, books, and reliable shelters], over-thinking [—blood flow to the cerebral, pre-frontal cortex, because of insufficient oxygenation, to the rest of organic, anatomical chemistry], excessive comparison making [thanks to social media, providing 1,000's of potential rivals, and covetous feelings], etc.—

—developing neurotic conditions—of—the human species: PTSD, schizophrenia, anxiety, depression, bipolar, disassociative identity, borderline personality, ADHD, autism, sado-masochism, etc.

As long as there is an interaction—there is a mechanic—it only awaits to be found. Understanding any field—by its deepest catalyst—allows for quicker learning. Even, to look at a thing or apparentness [illusion], conscious awareness is provoked—and the brain reacts—with emotion or somatic sensations. To imagine—a thing—without engagement, is not feasible and non-nonsensical, by these notions.

Compensations—are an odd one—for example, they can be out of insecurities, urges and desires all combined; making for a unique subset of actions.

I write, not wholly, but in part—because it is one thing that amends everything, else—I do poorly at.

Further, sussed out, coping mechanisms: rationalization [reassurance of fear and worry or doubt and dread with logical thinking], checking [mental and or physical rituals, to overtly look at, touch or observe something or someone, for reassurance], [. . .]

More emotions, that could, trigger fight or flight mode: desperation, loneliness, betrayal, abandonment, neglect, irritation, frustration, anger, bitterness, panic [perhaps—the—most profound antagonist], [. . .]

I l l u s t r a t i o n # 1 0 :
“ F u c k T h i s , I ' m G o i n g H o m e ”
(A p p r o x . S e p t . , 2 0 1 8)



Judgment is a superiority, inferiority, comparative indexing codex for measuring post-humous, interpersonal relations, by individuals' valuing assessments for quantified favorability of their sexually selective preferences.

Values are based on socio-economic scales and equations. Survival instincts are deeply tied, also, to people connections. Suicide is an evolutionary tool to weed out rejects who are burdens to the majority. Looking at life, in terms of our incremental development, helps solve a lot of questions very quickly—such as, why you are alone, and still alive—well, sometimes, solitude brings out eccentric traits and personalities, that can be good for the gene pool. That's my simple response. Nature doesn't give a fuck about anyone, so long as that individual can go on to reproduce a bucket-load more offspring—DNA replicates—our behaviors model around that, and only the mentally ill, semi-analytically-intelligent, discover else-wise and care to move away.

Mental health relies on self-awareness to curb acting out of our psycho-social-ego insecurities and pressures; passive, aggressive, impulsive, compulsive, 'fight or flight mode', obsessive, compelling feelings and tendencies. This is a mouthful, to say: Emotions, such as but not limited to, fear, guilt, shame, anxiety, anger, jealousy, embarrassment, sadness, grief, hatred, love [yes, even that], and mental stress, are not necessarily effective to offend and or defend off, long-term—through judgment, ridicule, vitriol, avoidance, violence, isolation, passivity, intimidation, coercion, extortion, bribery, deceit, denial, rejection, dismissal, ignorance, distraction, blocking out, etc.—as though the integrity of one's character depended on them. It's true, that we are inherently selfish 'individuals'—thus, the word—and therefore, have desire, which is to be used instead of esteem for motivation.

This is to point out, gang-cultural-group dynamics, 'taking sides', having friends and enemies, making sacrifices, forfeiture of personal interest 'for the whole', self-destructive behavior, homicidal inclinations, and the like, all hurt productivity towards the path of least harm—*approximately*—according to collective, computational output of their guesstimates, observations, deductions and inferences, focused on that end. We cannot know everything, all at once, and there is uncertainty in the moment, so decisions have to be partially based on intuition, belief and minimal evidence. How would your life go, asking the question, 'What if? considering the theoretical entirety of feasible horrors, banalities, and deprivations? You would go insane. Keeping these things in mind, the person who takes what I have said and thinks for themselves—values, indirectly, albeit—truth, logic, honesty, humility, and graceful, reciprocal respect, higher than the primitive instincts bestowed upon us when begotten.

There is no intrinsic, biological, propulsion mechanism of rationality, other than urges, and the fight or flight categories of emotive fluxes, which I have already mentioned. Without pain and relief, there is no evolutionary tool this central, nervous system, brain, endo-skeleton, and husk can utilize or optimize for movement and navigation of the environment—consciousness has been hi-jacked, in a figurative sense, to replicate the DNA cell—furthermore, our neural chemistry has gamed us as a gestalt of organisms of incremental development, to live and reproduce the cycle 'for the sake of it'. This is the original catalyst and source of woe, aeons of blind leading blind molecules, existing with no agenda, purpose and or authority. It just 'did stuff'.

This is a pragmatic, non-ideal proposition, of 'what can I do, right, now', rather than an 'all or nothing, have to conquer, gain the dominant position, or won't commit' prerogative. I am distinguishing charitable, non-discriminatory algorithms—paralleling philanthropy—from selective sociopathy, favoritism, sophistry, nepotism,

racism, sexism, homophobia, xenophobia, nationalism, misanthropy, misogyny, misandry, etc. What you like and dislike is definitely not always relevant to how someone should be treated, prioritized and cared for—disparate, as when two argue or wage war, they feed fire with fire—it only takes one person, to just stop, listen, and return the same virtues they would wish to receive. We have to learn how to act, in understanding psychology, and grow to analyze the world with the help of philosophy. Both are forms of intelligence, of each, you can only lose or build—'idiot', 'evil', 'imbecile', 'dumb', 'stupid', 'ignoramus', for example are typically intended to defame, bully, mock, deride, etc., and do not equate to scientific terms—because what something isn't doesn't create its image, and through acceptance of another's presence, understanding is acquired and assimilation of differing traits is admonished.

Feeling pain isn't an indication of something 'wrong'—that is a judgment from your pre-frontal, executive-functioning, cerebral cortex; the overthinking, ego-centric mind—it's a sign that you are alive. Just because someone is miserable, doesn't mean they are incorrect—conversely—just because someone is aloft, doesn't mean they are right. Our mood has nothing to do with logic or truth. We are illogical beings, to the core, so the only way someone can give a shit about it and ignore their instinctual programming—is to let go of the notion of control, love and self—in doing this, we also are free of hatred, guilt and remorse, for these emotions, concepts and obsessive tendencies are the catalyst and propulsion features for everything unpleasant. And there is no escape, except death.

I reject the 'get-high' mechanisms in an ultimate conundrum—as an animal, that feeds on itself, neighbors and ancestors—I destroy my biological manifestations that compel me to survive and be, do and die 'for the sake of it'.

People act out of insecurity, because they lack deeper awareness of themselves—and it's true, the further down you go, the more strings and snares you will discover resting in the labyrinth, neural cob-webs of the brain—the monster of your desires, when you play the chase game, creates the nightmare world of dread to be defeated.

So I say, let's end the cycle, and jump off the train. Fuck this ride. It's going—whether we like it or not—and the end is nigh.

I l l u s t r a t i o n # 1 1 :
“ T h e D o o r - w a y ”
(a p p r o x . J a n . , 2 0 1 9)



Unreasonableness is the experience of life itself. To deal with life is to impose rationality on, essentially, an ultimate chaos. I believe, though, forlorn to admit—through the inside out, our technology strangles and mangles instinctual impulse [these synthetic environments alien to evolutionary biology], psychology is maladaptive to change [we aren't directly motivated by logic, want-want ('me, me, me'), and addiction is slow disintegration (inevitable self-destruction)], and are cunning, insidious, terrorizing, clever, ill-willed, wounded, deliriously dangerous, poisonous, deceiving, and dolorously antagonistic for no amends, glib and wild while dancing naked [wiggling free like the bugs, worms and caste of the Earth]—gloom, boom, we are doomed.

A lot of humans still thrive in archaic superiority complex mentalities. It goes like this: Any desirable / and or praise-worthy features within influence of the host equals the source of their esteem. It's as if somehow the characteristic imbues them with 'betterness', but in scientific fact, they are still just as human as anyone else—obeying the obligatory, fundamental laws of nature, like photons and atomic structures would—only their delusion is inside the idea, that they possess value incarnate, making them above 'those inferior beings'. This manifests itself in racism, ideological warfare, nationalism, nepotism, etc. It's selective sociopathy, favoritism at best, and is not a whole lot deeper than primitive gang [/ tribe: 'me and my clan' bullshit] culture.

Psychological implosion occurs when the brain can no longer find relief in communication, with the ego and sphere of talking heads, a despondent-ilk hatred of themselves and the world manifests, inhibiting willingness to exist according to negotiable contracts—how they should be, and how they should act—instead, spewing out malevolent vitriol, 'I will lick my boots and spit on your face!' both middle fingers in the air, declaring, 'Fuck you all!' This is their utter rebellion and wild abandonment of civilized, 'proper' things, at all costs—against their own life—forfeiting every ounce of trained prerogative, for the dank smell of piss-sweet dirt.

I would say men tend to be more aggressive due to their insecurities of feeling like a failure, because society has generally followed the trend of pushing males to be 'the pillars' in their communities. I think also that psychopathic behavior stems from those who have felt particularly crushed under these instances, where the world [or person(s)] pushed power against them [through whatever mechanism: ridicule, force, manipulation, etc.]—and in a reinforced, negative feed-back loop, of 'not feeling good enough', 'a bad guy', even, dwarfed their esteem—they, by that fervor, sought out violent recourse, and performed a sort of similar sadism on someone[-being(s)] weaker than them.

The difference between the one who acts out impulsively or compulsively from their emotions—lashing out from hatred, anger, and or fear, guilt, etc. [passive-aggressive / fight or flight mode responses]—and by another whom does not, is a matter of self-awareness, implemented critical thinking skills, and knowledge. Character, I will say, is accumulated by these decisions over-time. From this I can infer: Most gratuitous harms, and delinquents, are born and raised as a result of ignorance. Furthermore, there is no innate, enigmatic stratus of “evil”; It's just psychological mechanics, ultimate randomness, of an illogical, brutal and indifferent universe.

Don't be surprised when rhetoric backfires, when the greatest desire is for revenge, and all eyes and ears remain sealed. Few will listen to the suggestions of someone who wants to destroy them: Of course,

withstanding, the guilty and low in esteem, craving punishment—their minds stuck in a cycle of a seemingly endless, blood-letting ritual—retributive dogma, superstitions [witch hunts / ghost stories], speculation, compulsions and vitriol. Soon enough, like from their torturous, highly regarded mentors, even those brightest in ideologue will fall—because they were, too, emotionally rutted [rooted] in hatred—and resistance builds, again, by that same smoldering pit of anguish, fear, pity and loathing, for nothing.

Basing your actions on social praise, means you will never be free from their scorn, either. Actions from your own ideas, and sense of worth, gives the individual more power to act apart from a collective's approval. A mass has great physical influence, by way of memes [propaganda] and enforcement, but it stagnates in development of new-er, stronger foundations for truth, because it encourages less out of the box thinking. This is partially why there are religious movements, truther-conspiracy-theorists, and pyramid-scheme-intellectuals, still, in our era.

It starts with a reaction. There are various kinds of reaction: judgment, fixing [correcting / 'problem solving'], lashing out, analyzing, etc.:

We first react, because there is no known reason—yet—not to. When we find that our reactions are not getting us favorable results, more than the reaction's reassurance [ameliorating any previous unpleasantness (/ or emotions), such as: anxiety, anger, fear, guilt, etc.] is worth, we stop that behavior.

The only way to prevent a relapse [psychological regression into redundant patterns of living] is for it to be more painful than going forward with newly established protocol(s) would be.

To fast-track change, you must accept yourself wholly and dearly—otherwise—the incomplete and or partial awareness of your action's consequences will not allow you to make an informed response in your next decision. For example: if you smoke cigarettes and or are a caffeine addict, the goal would be to embrace each second of that inhale or sip to the fullest extent—counter-intuitive as it may seem to the untrained mind-eye—this will give leeway for your brain [out of stress, overthinking, critiquing, etc.], and metaphorically say, 'that was enough'. Of course it doesn't happen instantly, because some stuff is just harder to give up—like cooked food, rice and carbohydrates—the greater the reward of relief, for least amount of energy used to experience it, along with cognitive associations of personal ties [nostalgia—e.g.], it will take longer to get over.

It starts right, here, right, now, though, and there is no other way. The pain is inherently repulsive like it always was. Fighting the reality only makes it worse, because the world will reject resistant efforts just as, or if not moreso, relentlessly.

Living life as if you wanted to die, and not doing it, will create indefinite self-sabotage and hatred. So if you're going to live, learn, and suffer well, that you don't prolong—make more—in the long run.

Wanting less pain for yourself I think requires that you be in more pain than you think you sufficiently deserve; to do more than that, to want more than just for your self-health, I think you have to become deeply enlivened with emotion [attached to the world in some way—through hurt (hate) or craving for what is in it]. For me, since it is harder to be naive about life, the illusion of 'something else going on here' fades more and more when I look at consciousness through my activity and conditioning: you have to suffer to suffer less—that is what the W-HOLE is composed of—a ludicrous stake of fight and flight responses and deprived states to achieve relief from original-to-latter affliction. To make no pain the goal, since alive [/ already here], is foolish because life necessitates that for pleasure inherently; in and of itself the mechanism is crudely sourced from repulsion and

attraction via less repulsion [like with gravity (or in the void of space), we sink towards or float free from that which has the least or most amount of mass—it's just physics].

I l l u s t r a t i o n # 1 2 a n d # 1 3 :
“ D e c l a r a t i o n ” a n d “ S e l f - S h a d o w ”
(N o v e m b e r , 2 0 1 7 a n d M a r c h , 2 0 2 0)



All you see is nothing until
I'm there again one day, until
in in your face, until in jumping
in front of traffic, until I walk
into I don't walk, with
scream barren muted world

(lungs are ^{ash})
until I do not care, until I rewrite the
Until "I can't", because
I chose that.

There is absolutely nothing you can see until I'm there. Right there.
Right now.

Pictures within pictures

and you to the other shore, into eternal dark, into the void



You are suspended in a void, somehow physically alive through some unearthly homeostasis process, alone—completely and indefinitely, with only your thoughts, feelings and imagination to offer any companionship—what do you think will happen to you?

Our brains unravel like springs—language into bits of disorganized gibber-mush—emotions collapse into loosely molded memories and associations of what is now your deconstructed essence; like an asphyxiated, gelatinous ash-pronged mass, you gaze forever into the eternal silence of the noiseless naught—always to feedback, again and again [like reverse, enigmatic clock-work], against thine own grinding, sheering, internal mechanisms, that refuse to be put to sleep, rest and die.

Have you ever thought about the beginning of 'everything'; the old cliches speak about 'Why does everything exist?' Well, I myself made a fatal flaw in assessing this way back. I went further than these people and said: a void remains a void because a void is a void—which is utterly logical, but doomed in its understanding of the world. Genesis is non-intrinsically reasonable; the universe will or will not happen for no reason because no prior factor will or will not prevent it. So yes, unless infinity can be proven (self-existent ['things must exist always'] properties can be named), then a finite cosmos, although definitively irrational, [is and ='s] ultimately independent from observation (layman's term for “real”) and or opaquely apparent. “Realness” is quantified through observation, deduction through observation and inference through deduction—a final analysis of facts, drawing of conclusions (synopsis forming) is the end result of hard, technical (scientific) research.

Did you know that the 'scientific method' we have today arose from what the people called 'the pestilence' (or 'black plague' as some vaguely know it); it came about because religion failed so colossally to bring answers: the people thought disease was wrought from a 'corruption in the air', consequentially because of astrological phenomenon during the time. Following wretched outcomes, people lost faith and had to begin thinking more logically to find the truth.

'Real-World'-Principles of Existence [Reality]—Ontology:

1. Logic is how you describe and not the description itself.
2. The description itself is a representation of things themselves [depending, though-however, on whether these icons are not merely synthetic inventions of confusion or deliberate imagination].
3. Words are symbols ['pointers', so to speak, ideally] and not abstract-arbitrary creations [projections] of things themselves.
4. Autogenesis [of originality, redundancy, similarity and 'true' randomness] is non-guaranteed.
5. Non-guaranteed means no prior determining factors.
6. Void of reason does not equal prevention [limitation or restriction of inception—beginning of things themselves—from the void, literally], however, since logic is non-intrinsic [reference to above statement ⁽¹⁾].
- 6⁻². Disappearance [deletion] is by definition illogical (without explanation), since dissipation and transmutation (solution-dissolution) are only categorized thoroughly through things themselves.
7. A thing is what it is and no 'other' [other thing—aside from itself] by its own nature.
- 7⁻². Things are what they are by their own definition.
8. Inherent qualia [things themselves], beginnings and ends only come from things themselves [and or nothing; deductible-traceable to an ultimate, essential origin of nothingness—non-thing—voidⁱⁱⁱ].
9. There is no ultimate, universal thing if a thing is not existent by its own nature.

What is forever (infinite-indefinite calculation of time) without the thing itself first and foremost? Regardless of relativity and or independence of observation (things themselves; 'W-HOLES', as I like to call them), there is no-thing without a beginning and end, however nullified of rational derivative (calculus or extrapolation impossible—reason to exist). It just is.

Hypothetical-Counter: If things exist always—there is 'no room' for new things—autogenesis fails as a reality [if not just conceptually—I mean to say in terms of conjecture and hypothesis^{iv}].

Esoteric Argumentation For Life [Hypothetical-Conjecture]: Autogenesis—unlimited originality and non-guaranteed redundancy—unpredictable—guaranteed non-reliable in outcome—opens the gateway to something quite surreal as a philosophical thought experiment I have happened upon, though be sure to note, this does not eliminate some primary antinatalist [harm-reductionist—negative-utilitarian] aphorisms, under the current context to be so precise. What I am about to say is very bizarre but entirely non-impossible, but non-definite in origination:

I am going to use the word “love” as a 'phantasmagorical-esque' [as this idea will or will not be categorized] place-holder word for this unknown entity ['thing', 'object'] and or contextual a priori [not—necessarily similar to but as essentially contextual and or inescapable at least to—consciousness—feelings, experience, sensations—]: Now, this takes some imagination [albeit, that is even restrained—since one cannot imagine without first knowledge and observance of immediate and known 'things'-or-'experiential-epi-phenomenon', as far as I am aware]—the flesh and the body, the mind and the heart, life and soul, all utterly concrete to sentience [abstraction, contrivance or not] and immovable [by belief or disbelief] independence(s) of observation ['W-HOLES': deductible to nothingness through the assessment of the origin of everything, though quantified-derived supraliminal (beyond the threshold of perception—stimuli)]; “love” comes from the void and pours into the world [cosmos] of suffering and torment—aching-joints-of-rot—shuddering-obliteration to all obfuscation of any 'cure' or 'true good' to this plight and profaned atrocity—imagine [yes] that 'this' hitherto unknown entity (or other, yet, unseen provisional of provenance) quakes the Earth [so to speak] and annihilates all fear, dread, and agony to utter abandonment and betrayal of notorious preconception [even] of what is and isn't heretofore the obscure notion of the utmost and godly—“positivity”. Optimum, opium—optimism—.

To wait for such a conclusion would or would not be ever rewarded—for there is a non-guaranteed reliable outcome [of 'dominion'] of genesis. I mean to say, with undeniable hope and propensity towards ratiocination, that [yes] this 'faith-based-framework' of a dream is just speculative—not enough to justify the doom—despondency—and despair under the current—cognitive—circumstance of life [DNA-carrier-beings] of this universal-micro-macro primogenitor context. [Yet], there is hope.

I will wait in this flesh for 'love' from the void to come and fill its cavities—one day, I believe, that day will come—this is my 2nd most illogical out-break [yes, *it happens*]; based on hunch, gut-feeling moreso than any obvious, outright, ontological statement of evidence and truth. I admit that and do not expect you to listen.

Thank you, anyways.

Illustrations #14 and #15:
“**S h i n i n g B l a c k**” and “**M e a n d ' G r e y '**”
(approx. early-mid. 2019 and May, 2018)



I l l u s t r a t i o n s # 1 6 , a n d # 1 7 :

“ P r e m o n i t i o n s ” , a n d , “ S u n l i g h t T h r o u g h t h e
C l o u d s ”

(m i d t o l a t e , 2 0 1 3 , a n d a p p r o x . M a y , 2 0 1 8)





Infinity does not necessarily = equal infinite repetition. Infinity can = recurrence and variety, but not necessarily of either redundancy or difference. What is my point? Say someone, you, me or them, achieves complete realization and total obliteration^v and resets the 'game-board' of the universe (assuming the sum of W-HOLES), and we start with a clean slate (non-feeling-nothingness and no W-HOLES): what do you think =s the consequence, thereafter? I think originality (meaning: genesis [/ equivalent to inceptive W-HOLES]), since unbound by prior limitations (of causal chains), = non-recurring, but not truly. Do you know the trick, this of language? Beginning with a clean slate = uniqueness only for that subsequent progeny (if any); so the absolute truth of all origination(s) equating to their own differences, absolutely, = non-guaranteed.

If you have any counter proposals on these subjects (particularly this one, or others), please let me know.

Will 'we' (meaning / equivalent to: feeling creatures) wake up on another 'Earth' in dread, once more? If so, a more natural trend of progressive and perpetual deletion of sentience would = moreso effective. Heat death? Black holes? Same inevitable transpiration of consciousness? I hope not. I hope not. I hope fucking not. I want the end to = the end. I want the world to = no more. I want the noise of disease and suffering to = silenced. The supercedent purpose of mitigation and elimination will always = logical and virtuous wherever tragedy and pain = tragedy and pain.

No reason to happen and no reason W-HOLES cannot happen, for =s no reason precedent or necessarily (in terms of W-HOLES outside the bound of cause and effect linked W-HOLES) ever subsequent! = ' variant answer. W-HOLES = unpredictable in their origin, and = ultimate unknown. We have not hitherto perceived the first W-HOLE reliably because of insufficient information (meaning / equivalent to: non-referable source).

Infinity word usage =s an err on my part.

Beginnings and ends =s always definite!

Answer: Generation of W-HOLES =s non-guaranteed, let alone repetition and or similar varieties of genesis, for no reason (=s based [meaning / equivalent to: antecedent]).

Since nothingness and 'just is' assessments do not compute, I will provide a counter proposal: feeling = feeling. Feeling can imply W-HOLES but never = W-HOLE.

Truth is the relationship between correctness and w-holes (basic inference: 'if so and so = true, then this so and so equates to truth, such as in clinical science for example). Truth, however, = also non-deductible, fundamental paradigms (/ apothegms), for example: 'feeling = feeling' and 'void = void'.

When dealing with true randomness, probability (statistical outcomes) and rarity are fairly (entirely) non-reliable. Considering how things can generate for an absence of any reason x infinity, anything perceived as unique or monotonous, could always be the reverse. When dealing with auto-genesis, unlimited by prior factors or variables, something completely original will or will not happen x infinity. With these answers, there will never be any guaranteed, predictable thing. This is what is called a guaranteed unknown.

Consider life on Earth, how over the billions of years for a second abiogenesis to happen, nothing has. It could be inconceivably 'special' that 'we would be the only ones' in the universe, but according to true randomness, that meaning loses all context.

“*The Final Revelation is Death*” =’s symbol for complete realization and total obliteration^{vi}.

I call it eyeless philosophy: Basically, you tell me there is existence, and I say, 'what is that existence?' You cannot answer me, because you have not truly observed it. You can say, 'well matter and energy, quanta, because that is what we know (/ have seen)'. Then I say, 'how does it exist?' You cannot answer me. You just say, 'it comes into existence'. You do not know.

Existence is the most fundamental assumption because it cannot be defined any better than non-existence when you remove observation (a trust or belief) that existence is intuitive.

Apothegms: Void = Void. Void remains void because void = void. No-thing remains no-thing because no-thing = no-thing. Realization of W-HOLES: W-HOLES = independences of observation (meaning / equivalent to: non-abstract physical forms, but = absolutely deductible to nothingness through an assessment of ultimate genesis (/ origin of ‘everything’).

My error in coding: ‘First cause’ =’ oxymoronic statement because the word ‘first’ implies no prior event. “Event”, however, would = event [if] there =’s reason for an event. ‘First anything’ would have no reason, unless you reverse the statement. ‘Genesis’ (meaning / equivalent: to concept) =’s more incomprehensible than nothingness, whereas nothingness =’s at least logically (/ analytically) the default. ‘Existence’ =’s the fairy-tale of our language system. Yes, W-HOLES obey no logic necessarily (in regards to ‘first generation’), but they also obey W-HOLES.

I l l u s t r a t i o n # 1 8 :
“ H o m e / T h e T r a i l [S e l f - P o r t r a i t] ”
(a p p r o x . A u g . - S e p t . , 2 0 1 1)



Progenitor: All other W-HOLES—through cause and effect chains—'s limited by the mechanics imposed from the first W-HOLE'S auto-genesis. This is why we = present on Earth, and chaos does not reign, for there =' a fundamental 'logic'—structure—by consecutive W-HOLES. Though, however ingenious this all may seem, the first W-HOLES generated for no reason, out of no-thing, and or predetermined order.

A W-HOLE can arise for no reason because they do not exist. 'Why don't we see first generations happening?', because there ='s no necessary reason for them to happen: a W-HOLE—say, individual photon—will or will not generate for no reason over an immeasurable time, or not, for there ='s no reason!

Untitled^{vii}: Well, when things begin, they derive from something that has come from nothing! This one particular haunted night, I had such a dream unlike any other I have heard or experienced; the feeling was sure doom, and it was a doom unbequeathed! In the dawn of my deep slumber, my mind was truly in oblivion; my dreams escalated, fluctuating from perturbing terrors to abhorrent terrors, but in the midst, there was no more to be seen. Muddled under this dark sleep, all the images and feelings of reality were abolished. I was no longer familiar with what I was endeavoring, for not a thing from this world could explain it; alas, only the adroit imagination can provide an adequate interpretation! A psycho chaotic pandemonium of cryptic bewildering insanity erupted within my own sanctum; the madness contained an arsenal of mind sabotaging and cognition obliterating—inane—calculations! As the ludicrous assault envenomed, innumerable numbers, murky obfuscated ripples, and absurd equations abridged my head in an all out war for an outright impossible equilibrium! The frenzy was true madness, but even within the insanity, there was a meaning in it all; for there was a message of impossibility, a message of the impossibility of existence! It replayed without end, tranquilizing me from my escape, for it soon became more than a dream; a strange and obscure ominous intuition sent faint declarations to my wavering conscious, signaling my immanent extirpation.

I awoke momentarily, as if so I wouldn't drown—for I knew if I had remained as I did—I would have been *excluded*. The consuming feeling was definite—it was pure revelation—but even as I recognized reality once again, sensational residue from the experience stayed intact, and went in and out of consciousness, shifting involuntarily back into the hellhole, again and again. In entering the fuming void, I became horribly nearer to my obliteration, my termination! For, there were two points. There were two points of a dim, red oblivion. Surrounding them, there was an intensity of monstrous vehemence. I remembered convulsing in my bed and brain short circuiting. Oh, it was utter despondency! These two points were, as if they were in space—moving with all the force of unearthly, gargantuan, and ineffable power—yet still had colossally massive distance between themselves! But, I remember, as these points became nearer to meeting, I became less and less; I was becoming into my own nothingness! Not long after hours of feverish and harsh, corporeal, breaking haze, I phased in and out of sense, throughout the entirety of that day. Everything appeared as is, yet my senses continued to deny it. By a day or so, I completely transitioned back into delusion, and became a survivor of the *truth*.

Illustrations # 19 , # 20 , and # 21 :
“ **N o E s s e n t i a l P r o t e c t i o n F r o m D e s t r u c t i o n** ”
(A p r i l , 2 6 ^{t h} , 2 0 1 2 - 2 0 1 4)



W i s s a g g e



Have you ever thought about the beginning of 'everything'? the old cliches speak about 'Why does everything exist?' Well, I myself made a fatal flaw in assessing this way back. I went further than these people and said: a void remains a void because a void is a void—which is utterly logical, but doomed in its understanding of the world. Genesis is non-intrinsically reasonable; the universe will or will not happen for no reason because no prior factor will or will not prevent it. So yes, unless infinity can be proven (self-existent ['things must exist always'] properties can be named), then a finite cosmos, although definitively irrational, [is and ='s] ultimately independent from observation (layman's term for “real”) and or opaquely apparent. “Realness” is quantified through observation, deduction through observation and inference through deduction—a final analysis of facts, drawing of conclusions (synopsis forming) is the end result of hard, technical (scientific) research.

Did you know that the 'scientific method' we have today arose from what the people called 'the pestilence' (or 'black plague' as some vaguely know it); it came about because religion failed so colossally to bring answers: the people thought disease was wrought from a 'corruption in the air', consequentially because of astrological phenomenon during the time. Following wretched outcomes, people lost faith and had to begin thinking more logically to find the truth.

The Dismal Abysmal Void & The Unreality of Your Reality^{viii}: It seems that every entity that is apparently apparent in reality or any reality requires a beginning, but because these things require a beginning, it cannot be real; for a thing needs a thing preceding a thing for that thing to be real, and in truth, when we go back to “the beginning of everything”, there was not a thing to make the beginning of everything or anything, indeed, real. An entity would need and demand another entity for its existence, because a void cannot create something; for a void remains a void because a void cannot influence a void into something because it is not a thing at all; it is the antitheses of something^{ix}; and because something requires something for its existence, existence is impossible and will never be possible, because there was not a thing to start with and so not a thing to begin anything with.

The universal and ostensibly, insoluble question, "why does everything exist?", cannot and will never be righteously answered, because it doesn't exist.

Philosophy should be scientific in its precision to quantify not only the human condition, but all sentient life, for effective usage. That is the goal so many fail at (myself included). To fight for ethics, it's almost essential to become obsessed in a personal manner. We obscure the truth with our desire for immediate appeal in the moment (placating through passion, becoming riled up, and although *beautiful* therein, typically runs amuck in the details)—and the perfect—technical aphoristic argument is not read or heard. That *argument*, I believe, exists within us. We just have to suck up our internal abnegations and proclivities to fuck up the message, and instead, stick with facts and logic, and 'the truth will have its day'.

The destination of truth is through 1. observance → 2. deduction through observance → 3. inference through deduction, plus, → 4. analysis of facts to draw conclusions (synopsis forming), i.e., 'end game' deduction and extrapolation into deconstructionism, clarity, and or revelation. This always ='s the pattern. Logic is finite, and the universe is non-inherently reasonable. Never make the mistake—to assume—reality needs rationality.

Illustration # 2 2 :
“ M o n o c h r o m e / ' E v i l i s A n i h i l i s U l s ' “
[a p p r o x . N o v . , 2 0 1 2]



Our lives are essentially, ultimately devoid of 'control'; you can consider any choice or agency thrown out the window of reality. Really what the brain experiences—that 'sense of self'—is all the narrative plays with. Beyond the script, "I" don't exist. Disturbing or greatly relieving, I think; indifference, no. Just kind of empty, but not silent. Pitiful at worst. Deep, deep shame and sorrow. Why? No reason. A context is a context; within it the laws only of those things in particular. Definite uncertainty forever.

We have so much against us: Born, vaccinated, fed re-gurgitated, cultural slop of civilization; the cooked foods, tap water, cow puss, and putrifying animal flesh in our gut (as a child growing up); indoctrinated with lies about what it means to be conscious, lied about our own individuality, and lied in the face of all that we are, to be pressed through a machine that churns out paper bills, makes coffee, and hunger for material things; glued to our chairs in a desperate plea not to move or budge, so constipated with the sickening, depressive weight of our own filth—only, we did not realize it then—that the only hope is our collapse becomes significant and loud enough, to light an irreversible fire under our asses, so we can get up and start the crawl, once more, back to our animal self.

Humans are like a plant, in too small a pot: its roots over-grown, self-sabotaged, and strangled; the soil nutritionless and void, we starve and go mad.

Black Heroin: that which ='s worst for the subject personally; a hell which tests integrity of an individual to the unremitting, equivocal point by psychological breakdown to their smallest parts.

Suffering of the worst kind ='s experienced when the subject simultaneously does not know how to deal with and cannot change a situation; then, they (whoever), ='s changed (/ injured, maimed, crippled, disabled, etc.).

I used to say, 'growing up ='s (/ same as) becoming handicapped'; but now I see that adaptation to circumstance ='s assimilation of character.

No wonder people hate each other. We draw cartoon like characters of our positions and personalities, defame all semblance of the person(s) identity, like piss. Do you think humans will accept or love themselves when we can't stand up for anything, like cowards? I do think it takes some courage to be vulnerable, to lay raw in animal form, not out in pressure to deceive and guile.

I l l u s t r a t i o n # 2 3 :
“ G r e y i n t h e S u n l i g h t ”
(a p p r o x . M a y , 2 0 1 8)



Proclamation of consciousness should give moment for pause, since you (the observer) cannot dissect your own observance—I mean to say, sensation hitherto has not been examined 'r proved of yet to carry qualia intrinsic as any other known quantum related substance revealed to us—therefore the ethical prerogative of should (agenda necessity or goal ultimatum) necessarily follows that we shouldn't assume position of sole *omnipotence* (feeling).

I think the statement '*the world was better off that I was born*' ='s a profound one. I believe so many of us simply mitigate our damages and others do not necessarily. This is the dark truth in life. What ='s your / my outcome in all of this; was I a blight, misgiving, decent, kind or just kind of washed away?

Futility is depressing to the spirit (emotional / mental character); to believe our actions = of no consequence, or even worse, negatively affect the world is horrifying. This is the responsibility begotten (imposed) through our genesis, wanted or not (hated or not), we have to answer, fill in the lines and fulfill (dot the sentence to / of) our logical duty.

Shining Black^x:

Fluttering wings, like angels – Only demonic (fallen)

Mixed in the cosmic white din (noise);

Voices utter aloud all their sin.

The price paid for their anguish, Is pride unrelinquished – Hate unremorsed

Destitute in the disolute

Avoidance of pain? (Childish) Unmarked for a beast;

For all here know, Pain does not destroy whom chases^{xi} it.

Self and sameness, Outlast the darkest name in the 'Holy Book'.

Nothing for Hopeful^{xiii}: I can't in believe something, simply out of fear of what might occur if I do not. I have pride, though, some might detest that. Though, I hold it up high, against this God. If he must send me to hell for it, so be it; though, as I have said, I will not believe in God simply because I must do so as a step to avoid perdition. Though as I must acknowledge, aeons of perdition will not stop, simply because I had pride; in hell, you will burn in woe for aeons unstopped, proceeding aeons and aeons more, un-ended; and in hell, the realization of its fate will bring out for feelings of dread [. . .] does pride weigh out the endless torment that is to come? It might not seem fair, but the time will come when all self-pride will be paid for in woe and endless torment. Selfishness is not permitted in the kingdom of God—especially selfishness that stands up for itself.

Even if you were to try and exonerate yourself, it would be too late, once in hell. Atonement is impossible through penance then. And then what? What can you do then?

There may come a time in hell, that when realized that things do not have to be as bad as they are, those who burn will choose to make the most of it. After all, don't we and demons all still have a choice? If in life before death, yes, then I think so. There is nothing mentioned that we will have no ability to follow what we want [. . .] though, in hell, we may be limited.

So now, once realized, your pride means nothing to this—what then? Shall you give up! Shall you bow down to a God that means nothing to you more than your pride?—Whom objectively has nothing worth more nor less? Yes, that is what you must do if you are to survive such meaningless torment!

What an abomination, eh?—That we must do this! Oh, how I wish this not to be true! I hope it's not! What an awful choice! What an awful, pretentious, pontificating God! He is not glorious, dare I say it out of fear of being struck dead! Dare I say something more blasphemous; he is not holy! He is harmful—to the individual and all things that find their significance through the world and themselves! Though, things may not be significant, one should be free to pursue one's interest if it does not affect the personal liberties of an other's! God violates me, with his authority and power. He should, if he chooses, kill me or damn me now! I am a reprobate; why should he hesitate? I am what he considers, evil! He should destroy me now, before I corrupt others! God, what be your word on this?—I ask you, what be your word!?

He may not reply, and if he does, I may not know. But I ask him this, "Please, Don't Leave Me In The Dark." I like the ability to see further; I am limited by my earthly senses. If you be kind and merciful, show me something else, as so I may see. If that be how you work, show me. Honestly, I be scared of the answers to come, as they may affect my life drastically. And honestly, I feel embarrassed. How could I forsake all that I know? Be He so great that drives me to do this, or be it the ramifications if I don't? Whatever it is, I want to be free of this with his help, if that is what I must do. Otherwise, I risk perdition! Penance will only help me now. I want to know the answers!

Is it true that all I have found is nothing? Could I be wrong? I don't think so, but even reason has its doubts. Sadly, I am sad, because nothing is all I have.

I fear the pain that is to come if I am to give up everything I've done. Though, once over, it will be easy. I'm sure that's the response I'd hear, from a Christian!

Damn them! Damn their joy!—Treating life and its problems as if they were some kind of toy!

Fuck them, too. They are just a part of the void. As is God, as is me. Save me please.

Though, No one can—the problem cannot be solved—it's impossible. So what do I do! Who do I go to?! I can't complain to anyone because there's nothing I or they can do! It's impossible! I'm feeling insane; my insides are rotting and everyone else is feeling their mundane same! Fuck this! Fuck that! I can only escape [. . .] suicide or not, the result will be the same [. . .] Nothing. Nothing is the result; nothing is the cause; nothing is the answer. Fuck this all. Fuck it all. Fuck it all, I say [. . .] fuck it all. The brain hurts—my insides, too [. . .] Though, I will stop myself from loathing too long; this is my way of facing the problem and letting out the hurt I have felt, though, now I feel worse; so I will stop, for now, and move on.

I just hope to gain some understanding from others, thank you.

Thanks for reading, reader. Questions and comments are welcome—not so much are arguments, for I have enough stress and anguish from such. Though, I must say, I won't care for your criticism or disapproval; as they won't be helpful and is worthless! I resent such hostility; I resent such opinions; they do not help! If you have read this without trying to connect, then you just leave and move on! You won't gain anything and nor will I! Go on, and go, please! For your own good, ' God's sake!

I've had enough, almost forever, of such quarrels. I don't have the emotions to spare for them, and I wouldn't!

And as I have said, thanks for reading and trying to be here [. . .] thanks—benign one.

Illustration # 2 4 :
“ **A c c r o s o n i c , B a l d w i n , A c o u s t i c P i a n o [1 9 4 8]** ”
(a p p r o x . M a y , 2 0 1 8)



Wakerife Being^{xiii}

wakerife adj: indisposed to sleep; wakeful

“I do. I will. I have become,” said the man, the boy – the One.

He had traversed so many worlds in his life that he was now – just as many times as young, to that which his eyes reflected in stunning, often piercing and quantifying ‘r deciphering disposition and exposition. Even though he was famished and distraught, he did not wander ‘r dissipate; and that the world was not yet what he had wrought, he proceeded along his way, in catabolic, cathartic effort in mind of one day, that he might see and procure his expose’ – his dynasty and chef d’oeuvre, to and of the world – the void, afore his home, Abaddon – machinated and sanctioned to the likings of his philosophy and visionary ploy.

Ruled by his inflictions and desperations, he sought peace and contentment elsewhere – in the self-centered universe, to which his dreams found their source and power – whereby and as a result of, innumerable and paroxysmal restless nights would come. From demonic, macabre and phantom-like interludes and episodes to brief cataclysmic interventions, of resistance to the world and self, and violent, liberating confessions, to the dry, unmoving, untouched and withering life within him, he would garner his storm of fervent and epic tension brought on

by the years of apprehension and abstention, ultimatum and judgment of the world – to which he himself would encounter and realize that there are no defining apothegms or damning truths, save one: that the entire world and everything therein, thereby, thereon and beyond, is fortuitous and devoid – because there is nothing, behind “everything.”

The superlative, supraliminal and atavistic revelation, acclimatized, conditioned and reserved to the few charismatic, tenacious and yearning magnificoes who sought or seek it, that substance is a delusion, lead him to believe that he too was just that, and of no consequence or even a true spiritual energy or essence, because of.

Therein, he would sojourn and damn himself to isolation and deprivation for many months and years to come; wherein, he would discover his “true-self”: – the corpse behind the christened and vatic veil – in Hell – to which where he became jaded, torrid and burned.

The corpse that found his contentment here was not to be mentioned, to the Outside, for they would assault and destroy anything which proclaimed or expounded its right to live or thereby shaded its existence into reality – for he was evil, in their world and their eyes – for they were “savages,” and not in the “modern” sense. Like cannibals or feral, ravenous wolves and bears, they attacked and ensnared all prey that was theirs; that whatever existed inside their realm ‘r creed would be eaten alive, as paramount ‘r adoration – to their ideal – Aspheterism – of which the supreme signs were: self-immolation, abnegation, and complete altruism. Their ilk brought upon a tribal, collective, and socialistic mentality (all of which is caustic to civilization, individualism and “freedom-of-spirit” ‘r will and ‘r Liberty (to which it is not commonly known), to which the highest altitudes cannot be abridged (so much that the iconic symbol of “happiness” leads to the colloquialism that it is “just over the horizon”), and to where all standards-of-value plummet), one that would consume the very identity and viscus ‘r mind of the individual itself, herself ‘nd or himself.

As you may know, many outright and astonishingly deny ‘r implicate (by their actions ‘nd ‘r character ‘r demeanor) that the “individual” is a “myth” (which may very well be “true,” but only midst their dogma or “inner-reality”), as if they themselves have never looked into the mirror ‘r even thought a thought – but to take this seriously, that they may be right, is wrong; that is to say, we’d be duping ourselves into nescience and dull,

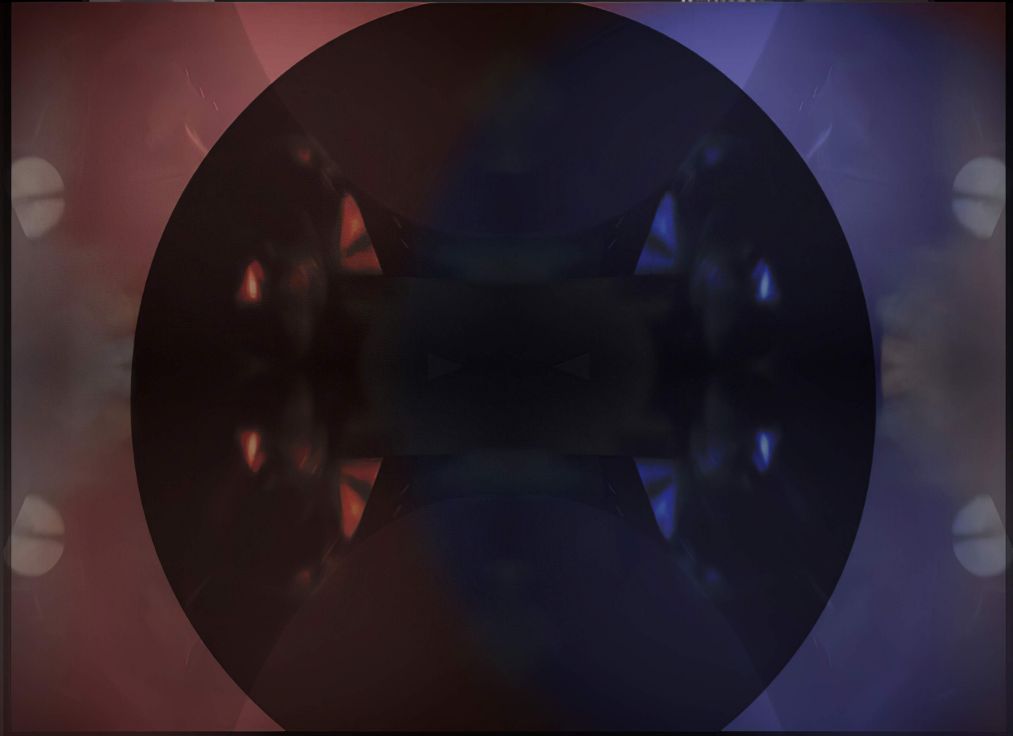
vacant broad-mindedness (to which where the Individual is not at home); that all denial of the components of consciousness (The Senses, which include the faculty 'r capability of thought – Mind) leads to the darkening and degeneration of civilization unto, oft' but most, occultism (not to say that all occultism is necessarily evil, though, that it pays its contribution largely to the demise of the wake-rife man 'r, as Nietzsche would put it, and has been translated to and as such, the “over-man” 'r “Übermensch” [Thus Spoke Zarathustra, Viking Press]), sorcery (of which proceeds from the former 'r omega of this list herein), purgatory and or Mysticism: to which and where there is no light, thought or reason shining – where all is blind, as effect of caliginous eyes, and dead, which according to them, is “sublime” (of which of course is as the result of the inversion of value and mind (via the sawing 'r quartering of the corporeal and ethereal 'r “soul”), through years, if not months of, deprivation, abnegation and or self-mutilation 'r immolation [For better understanding, read: “Atlas Shrugged,” to which Ayn Rand, the author, explains such things vividly, concisely and immaculately]). Though, if we are to take apart their philosophy, we must approach its mentality 'r “frame of reference” ([S]socialism 'r Marxism) systematically and thought provokingly 'r inquiring and inferring for more than they might give us (we individuals and “free-spirits” [Nietzsche, Beyond Good and Evil]); that here and because of their propensity (towards that which leads to death), and because of their “helplessness” and 'r neediness, the countenance 'r probability of everything appears invalid, impossible or inside-out; moreover, that “everything” seems non-existent because of this – that they are not who they are, but everything 'r anything else (that because of their mode of thought, they judge reality not by sight, but by faith and 'r “feeling,” abandoning the mind and reason altogether – of which are the only absolusions 'r measures for a reality based upon causal-law, force and resistance, rather than chaos – which would make for the “impossible” of which they speak) – but this is oft' far from the truth (especially, and not to mention, 100% of the time, within reality); for as we look deeper into things, the more we realize that they must be, a special and 'r determined way, and that a “whole” (not to mention that the whole is also an individual, and not influenced by mere vision, voice 'r opinion) cannot be complete 'r what it is, without its “pieces” or Parts – 'r things themselves (which and whom and thereby and therein define the individual himself, herself and 'r itself); that without these 'r them 'r us, there would be no being 'r entity – therein, thereby, and as 'r of no result of, there'd be, only, nothing – and to that which is where My philosophy takes reign and form, and to where I make and better Myself, in Holy, God-given panoply (of which there is no better force 'r resistance to 'r from) – My mind, spirit 'r “heart,” to which there no better use than on this Earth and 'r through this body – now and 'till forever, Amen.

– W.U.L.D.

This is the story of the Wake-rife man, of who else no one is so revered, now unto anyone who has ever heard 'r even read that which I have written here and understood it; and for those who haven't, now is the time to hear 'r adhere thine eyes to the word before thee (of which follows and concludes), for there will never be a better time; that is, and because of The fact, of: – happiness starts now – to where all “value” is found and nowhere else – for and that all other realms 'nd 'r states of being leave and bring nothing but Death and Hell – to which where demons roam, torment persists inevitably and inexorably and where “Lucifer” resides; for it would be in vain if all my 'r your life you or I had not lived, to which no one knows better than the temporal and ephemeral beings of consciousness, I and You – to now, which and thus begins a new Legend – yours, and not just mine – to that all should live by and to that which is the goal of this and nothing less, but perhaps even more (of course all of which is not beyond my intentions and 'r ploy) – and to speak so seriously, with mind and heart, let's begin!, 'r first, arise [. . .] “Come, the dawn hast no wait 'r purpose for the sleep or death!” – spoke the vociferous One.

Illustrations # 2 5 and # 2 6 :
“ P r e l u d e , I (I n s a n i t y t o C o m e) ” and “ T i m e ”
(A p r i l 7th , 2 0 1 2 and mid . 2 0 1 8 c o l l a g e s)





When I needed it, god was not there. When I needed it again, I was there, only.
Why is the world so empty and full and full of something and empty of nothing?
I wonder why.

Embrace that 'dark' and you will see that it does not last, if it does and you do, there was nothing to be afraid of, right?

Power is being able to do something despite the pain, despite the unpleasantness, despite the wicked, bitterness, despite the shallowness of your breath, despite the agony in those peaks of the climb, despite your heart sinking in your chest telling you you're wrong when your essence is somewhere else, despite your mind and logic absolutely useless to defeat the insanity of the paranoia and doubt, despite the tragic recklessness of your past, despite your fucking will to die, despite your infinite, matted grey blackness—triple it, quadruple it—all the same.

Something not nothing.
If absolute power corrupts absolutely, always, always, then who is god?

Passion added to anything makes it seem alluring. Take away that, and the ugliest things will always reveal themselves to you.
Hate with passion is like a fire much like love. Hate is ash when snuffed out. Bitterness is living in ash.

Pain is a real bad motherfucker. Well I'm a stubborn bastard too.

Pull your roots out, open up and let the world take a hit, close up and prepare for the next tidal wave. See bullshit walking through the world? Just keep fucking walking. Don't be a part—don't be a cog—don't be a puppet on strings dancing to the grind. Grit your teeth and feel the metal scrape against your gums and rip that out too.

My brain is a guilt processor. Say something wrong in your head, guilt; say something that you feel or think, guilt; open the door wrong, step awkwardly, guilt; someone tell's you something about what you're doing is 'incorrect' even if you know it's not, guilt.

The brain trains you to feel inevitably. The only other way out explicitly is suicide. So I'm going to feel it up—shove my face in the dirt—so to speak, and swallow the holy-hell out of the bullshit people spout including myself, because I will climb out of this pit and get what I deserve.

I l l u s t r a t i o n # 2 7 :
“ T h e M a r k ”
(2 0 1 1 - 2 0 1 4 c o l l a g e)

Paranoid: My enemy is closing in from all sides—from all corners of the Earth—the overwhelming majority of them full of hate; under the skin, beneath the rug—around the peripherals of my eye-lids—the vicious-rabid-dog comes forward, relentlessly in pursuit of my heart [to eat and tear to shreds]. My crux, my blood-flowing from the flesh like rich sap from the wood-in-a-forest-of-the-greatest-tree. Violence is within me, and I love it—compelling, propelling the snake of wit and lion of grit near-er—together, the survival instinct prevails. Love will get you killed, tormented—maimed for the sake of it—for nothing, but a moon-hewn-hex.

Sometimes I just write stuff, ignoring all judgment and criticism in the moment, and just let it be [thoughts and feelings; thoughts and feelings—don't worry]:

It's not your fault if you hate. It's not your fault if you do not love. It's not okay if we are blamed for not wanting to live. It's okay to admit that it's not okay. I have nowhere to go. I want to leave. I am not at home. I am not in peace. I do not love. I hate. I do not want to live. I love anyone who would help me. I would love anyone I have helped. I accept you, if you accept me. I want to believe you are more than I perceive—caring and considerate—completely non-ignorant; so stand up and kick it, please—kill me, kill me, kill me. *Void love void.*

Deliberately seeking discomfort is not as counter-intuitive as it seems—since unpleasantness is coming regardless of how prepared you are; inevitably, the house of cards constructed will collapse—so do yourself a favor—be, do, or die.

Can you understand consciousness anymore without the context of things?—sight, smell, taste, touch, sound, proprioception, interoception, exteroception, thinking, emotion, internal-world [imagination ('mind eye'), communication-social-dynamic, ego], etc. What do all of these senses point to?—appearance, regardless of whether what we perceive is real [independent of observation^{xiv}] or illusory [based on false tangibility-contingency].

Nepotism (favoritism) is a kind of selective-sociopathy—those closest, most familiar are respected—while anomalies receive a cool indifference of conscience akin to that of sadists.

Psychologically speaking, *doing what you want is the only way to be self-consistent*—the only other ways of living are through fight or flight responses [fear, guilt, shame, jealousy, envy, anger, etc.]; these will wear you down to a nub. It sounds irresponsible, but even if I inadvertently encouraged a torturer to believe in themselves, become open and honest—the world would be a better place, because we would all be forced to deal with each other for what we truly are.

How do your thoughts happen? Think about it—observe—how would you describe the process?—Are they more or less neutral [non-hostile]—Do you like the way you think?—Muddled—crystal clear? Most of you have had intrusive thoughts, I am guessing—so then—repeated, unwanted items in your head?—Compelling

feelings, hatred, from the pressure in your gut?—Do your thoughts reverberate audibly [as spatial experience—non-internal]?—Overly—critical, judgmental?—Guilt, anger [. . .]

Psychology: If it hurts, that's good.

Philosophy: If you're dead, that's not bad.

Glory is the highest tier of perceived reward—we have debased our foes, been indulged [fucked and pandered to by our previous nemeses]—but now, like with most piercingly brilliant stars, must end in fire-y deluge. Blood will be paid for blood; anything good [pleasing] comes in its due of vengeance and spite—a valiant kick—reciprocated by thrusting impalement. It comes at the price of our love—which is now replaced by [if fortunate enough] burning embers of smothering soot and ash [hatred, jealousy-lust]—soon to be teething between our limbs, because a just punishment shall be honored by horrific torture. Live as ash—not afraid of becoming nothing—never in peace; searing-searching from your inner-void—a new place for stolen pride [hell].

The light is not within us; there is only perpetual dark in substantial to stupefying fractions and marks. The illusion of pleasure is created through the removal of harm. What you are is a machine fueled by various guises of ill will to get you to move: Life is all push, there is no pull. We are slaves to will and will of others. We are fiends in the night and nocturnal beasts scowling at the light, at least that is me. This is me: you have to push to get what you want, and what you don't want has to be endured; suffer in all directions, for that is the brick and tar of the meager sum. Yield fruit from blood pustules, the puss and sweat and tears of your frantic, desperate yearning [O! So lonely]; now off towards the abyss [the death drive], like once before from the womb, because it's a madhouse and no one gets out alive.

The haunting is here within, and salvation is for the prairie dogs. Fools we all are, if anything can be taken without being paid for, for logic says: suffering of one is no different than suffering for you is suffering for us. The horror is coming—hell subsumes forthwith—doom awaits; die, die, die, die, die, die and live, just now, how you wish. Come on, smile! Arise, awaken, harken.

My mind is a brilliant con-artist—say anything you believe—and it will get you to think the reverse is true: For example, 'checking' [as in compulsive reassurance behavior] will be shouted at me if I want to eat, use this computer, look at my messages, watch a video—anything to do with indulgence or humanity—because 'I do not deserve it', according to them.

Push too far and reach your limits; that is what they want—know thyself and become reborn in a new way—but I am afraid. That thing, that monster out of the desert, devoid of all known synthetics with the brute uncertainty of nature. "Must do, must!"—

Don't look over your shoulder too often, here the brain knows all that you do [if not more]; for these regions of neurons call for the primeval inside, and will scream from all faces over-and-under ignored / avoided, and intensify their sonic aural presence micro-especially when listened to.

Beware of all that smiles and has a happy face, because I do not know what is hiding in that wedding frock—a frightening grimace [an erased 'r distorted simulacrum]—to be sucked into oblivion with all the charcoal of the aeons of evolution passed [ground up and smothered into, fuel]. Everything I love, I must confess, will be

destroyed, maimed, and lost^{xv}; the disorder twirls with visuals like phosphorescent shimmering-electric-sparks, whirring, humming and oscillating by fractals, aimed at my skull, like a tricky shot.

The world is a wicked maw, with appendages jolting and hinged on a sickly core—and I want to go home.

These are facts for conscious life on Earth: All action-reaction to stillness-meditation is based on wanting to be free of some greater pain to a lesser one. There is nothing else going on.

We go through pain to be relieved of another greater pain. No one suffers willingly for the sake of it [of no imagined notion / and or reason]: if it is through compulsion—the underlying thing / and or feeling [of fear, anger, guilt, embarrassment, shame, unworthiness, jealousy, loneliness, desperation, sadness, etc.] usually underlies a deeper insecurity [through various form of provocation, torment, antagonists and or harassing stimuli, for example: 'not being good, smart, / and or pretty enough', fear of 'not having enough', etc.]. These responses are part and key to the alpha beta competitive ego within; it exists in all deeds, by varying ratios [substantial to minimal], as a function of evolutionary advantage to con us into successfully navigating the world, braving the harshness therein, and finding a mate for reproduction—yes—and in instances like us—carrying onto foster offspring until we can fulfill the cycle again. These are the tribe-group / and psycho-social genetic traits which exist to guarantee perpetuation of our ancestors of one single DNA molecule that started it all 4 billion years ago.

The forces of motivation have risen up from the immediate raw nerve twitch response [/ bare physics] to pain to the actual desire to flee [be it out of fear, impulse / and or unpleasantness of any other kind] and compelling pressure [the tension to survive—via the fight or flight mode to the passive-aggressive, and alpha-beta responses mentioned earlier].

When it comes to urges, the only difference between aimless avoidance of pain [just seeking escape] and chasing perceived reward [focused, trained prerogative], is the long-term to short-term impact [harm outcome] of immediate reactivity to disciplined, conditioned behavior. This is fundamentally it.

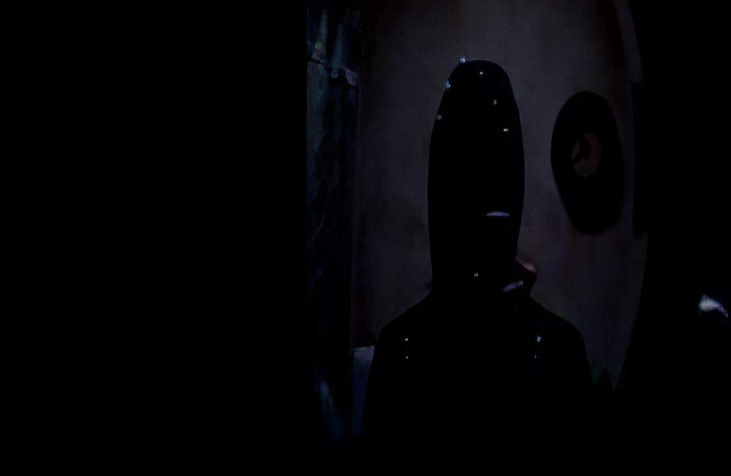
It's too late to do anything about it. The time has passed. The moment is now to give up and die in the manner you wish. The world is ending, and there is no more pretending, for everyone dances with the spiraling space-ship-Earth. There's no escaping—running away from—doom is coming. We'll all finally get what we deserve: we'll all weep and mourn at the mistakes made, the lies told, the things we didn't do. You can grit your face and smile, you can look at the hell and stand brave, but you will not make it. There's nothing to do, and nowhere to go. So ignore it all, go home, embrace the crushing tidal wave approaching, and be no more.

I don't get it. How can you accept something in my world that you haven't even dealt with yourself? How can you be my friend, how can you know me, and how can I know you?

I don't get it. I don't see why you are so close minded. Do you think that makes you sophisticated? Do you think your limitations are definition?

Am I just so different, really? That seems too silly an idea, like I must be full of it to think you and me are so disparate. Surely we have common ground somewhere, and what is it beyond our basic desires to feel accepted and wanted?—To not be despised and ignored?—That cold loneliness of estrangement—the hatred that says—'no I will not sacrifice myself to relate!'—goddamn it all. And fuck me too.

I l l u s t r a t i o n # 2 8 :
“ W e A l l D a n c e / D a r k e r ”
(J a n . , 2 0 1 2)



Socializing: It's a lot of additional noise into the mind-pot,
A show put on for myself
[The observer],
To distract from the animal essence within—
Disadvantaged: Fear of being alone, hurting someone, becoming a burden—
An object of ridicule, envy, doubt, guilt, disgust and shame;
Anger and anxiety—
Pity and remorse—
To the passive / aggressive,
Obsessive tendencies of a neurotic monkey-beast
[Struggling at technological assimilation, hitherto,
As far as our evolution remains mal-adapted / non-incrementally adjusted];
Depression and sadness, loneliness and hatred
[The overwhelming urge / desire to stomp out—
Lash forward, intimidate, manipulate and / or save face—
In seething, brooding (ruminating)—
Morose contempt—
Of the 'other', notwithstanding any historic relation, hope, trust-
Or sanguine affections;
A bitter, sordid taste for old friends, family and acquaintances I've disappointed—
I am worthless, useless, lifeless and dead (W.U.L.D.)—
Where to now?—
The abyssal train;
Chains and fetters to my torso, limbs and hair, rattling, snared—

Going nowhere];
 A great yearning to be distinguished, though by and through compelling force °
 [Compulsive / impulsive], insecurity °
 [Not the genuine attitude of a reckless vertebrate mammal–
 Logic tosses the reins–
 It is helpless as motivator
 [Non-intrinsic; the universe just is–
 Ultimate chaos, randomness–
 Imbued with illusory, corporeal elements of experience
 (/ Or pure phantasm) *I do not know! *;
 Governed only by those things few, and the things contained therein, anew];
 The only way to care is left to the familiar–
 Personalized hell];
 Seeking connection 'n' solace,
 At notice by a deafening loss to people, post-psychotic,
 Restless paranoia-
 –Onerously “om” oppression–
 The voices call from the scattering mist, murky fog-like maw
 [Harkening as a ghostly presence]
 From the excitatory, gawking regions of the unseen brain;
 Forfeiting perfectionism
 [Ideals of rationality]
 To subsist as an apparent apparitional enigma, estranged,
 From the gauntlet, hallway, sprites and twisted throes of mirrors forthwith–
 There she is, nude in a white world womb–
 Blood-red, by rows, thorns coated fresh, plucked whole by the stem,
 A tampon rose
 [From the fleshy, pink, still-warm corpse of the vaginal canal];
 More human, less alien [and rigid]–
 A gaunt, muted tone (poetry and prose)–
 Dim-witted, knitted and gritted;
 Lost in ambiguity, duality, to fight uncertainty–
 Is to live indubitably in second guessing, fixing and correcting
 [Psychological subterfuge and sabotage of mental health,
 At the cost of functioning
 (An aptly performing robot,
 Programmed in the fight or flight mode-
 Reflexes of our primordial echoes and woes);
 This machine withers, upon wakeful, recurring misery of top-down-executive
 (Frontal lobe / cerebral cortex) harassment–
 Unintelligent, cellular (DNA) machinations could not account for this–
 Into regressive feedback (relapse) of the repulsive creature,
 Taciturn and flayed, inside],
 Mind eye, null (extirpated);
 I don't want to live that way–

I just want to go home, wherever that is;
I don't want to be a spectacle,
But I want to express this: It's empty and bottomless, how deep you can go—
In the well of disdain
[In the wall of consciousness, floating, like evaporated fluid];
So let me go, much further—
Yomp yonder—
For at the crux of esteem—
Pride / hubris—
Ripostes a necessary pit of self-loathing, humiliation, embarrassment—
And regret.
Doomed, we—all—are, naked, erratic and quelling in the dark.

Technological strangulation is the evolutionary challenge of our biology to overcome—either that—or we can inevitably destroy ourselves in various ways. This is the doom I keep talking about. Our psychologies are primitive software [corrosive to non-palatable information], however, if robots / A.I. can learn to hi-jack this sphere of knowledge, language and logic—they may be able to fulfill the role for us—that is if we don't just botch it in the process.

People have to care, yes, you, me, them—without a deeper desire for truth—there is no hope.

We need less cartoon characters, gurus, role models, and TV show stars for the modern age—just honest people—having a discussion. Learn to think for yourself, with technical language and logic—absorb / observe more material—so you can have ideas that aren't ruled by hatred, and raise your intelligence above the collective dogma.

Wherever you look for failure, there it will be. Whenever you react, there will never not be something to fix. There is no one left without more to learn. The brain is the only master of creating tasks where there needs none to be done.

We all would've ended long ago, but anyone who knows dies, and in their place amateurs are born—and—ignorance survives.

I would say men tend to be more aggressive due to their insecurities of feeling like a failure, because society has generally followed the trend of pushing males to be 'the pillars' in their communities. I think also that psychopathic behavior stems from those who have felt particularly crushed under these instances, where the world [or person(s)] pushed power against them [through whatever mechanism: ridicule, force, manipulation, etc.]—and in a reinforced, negative feed-back loop, of 'not feeling good enough', 'a bad guy', even, dwarfed their esteem—they, by that fervor, sought out violent recourse, and performed a sort of similar sadism on someone[-being(s)] weaker than them.

The difference between the one who acts out impulsively or compulsively from their emotions—lashing out from hatred, anger, and or fear, guilt, etc. [passive-aggressive / fight or flight mode responses]—and by another whom does not, is a matter of self-awareness, implemented critical thinking skills, and knowledge. Character, I will say,

is accumulated by these decisions over-time. From this I can infer: Most gratuitous harms, and delinquents, are born and raised as a result of ignorance. Furthermore, there is no innate, enigmatic stratus of "evil"; It's just psychological mechanics, ultimate randomness, of an illogical, brutal and indifferent universe.

A lot of humans still thrive in archaic superiority complex mentalities. It goes like this: Any desirable / and or praise-worthy features within influence of the host equals the source of their esteem. It's as if somehow the characteristic imbues them with 'betterness', but in scientific fact, they are still just as human as anyone else—obeying the obligatory, fundamental laws of nature, like photons and atomic structures would—only their delusion is inside the idea, that they possess value incarnate, making them above 'those inferior beings'. This manifests itself in racism, ideological warfare, nationalism, nepotism, etc. It's selective sociopathy, favoritism at best, and is not a whole lot deeper than primitive gang [/ tribe: 'me and my clan' bullshit] culture.

Mentioning the word “schizophrenia” in my experience has usually sent people to the corners of the room—it's like it was set on fire, and I am the source—and I think a lot do this, because they don't understand what it even means. My hunches are that they lack a deeper intuition of their own psychological status, the mechanics therein, which is why we see so many talk with heated, emotive, colorful language—reactors—without the admittance. All someone like me wants is, acknowledgment, and not necessarily engagement. Dismissal, ridicule and condemnation are the worst things you can do for someone who already feels like an alien.

Listening to “Tracées” (1987) and “Jonchaies” (1977) by the composer Xenakis”, I wrote, ironically:
A craze! maze. daze. gaze. days. lays. haze. phase.

A series of envelopes unfolding, distorting, shattering and morphing into the swan-fish eyes in the mirror—her face, dismembering like charcoal in hot wax, amusing, tickling, sculptures on the crotchet and piquant mess—I hate her, her, her for her, her [. . .] mal-content, discontent, reproach, reprieve, resent-ment, con-tempt, vehement, scorn, rancor, sucker, viper, stinger, mandibles, talons; claws and beak clasp entrails; lasciviousness, salaciousness, vivaciousness; fetid dolor!; deceptions—chameleon of lionesses, goddess in abominable scatology, fucking-horned-hornet vesper—un-blessed, I curse you! [. . .] snake! on a woman's torso; I seethe in spiteful dis-ease, you venomous tease.

Suicide can be a thing of social esteem. How do you think it evolved? The burdensome, excessively deviant and freakish harm the herd. No one has a reason to kill themselves, until their life has lost all influential connections, personal and impersonal. Life is a death parade, to eat, poop, have sex, find shelter, reproduce, raise offspring, and die—and the dead do not need reassurance through prayers—the compulsive, walking alive do. Hope is utterly fucked and the people are fucked: Those who care are mentally ill, and the majority won't think—critically—for themselves. You might speak, but no one is necessarily listening. You might talk, but you don't necessarily know what you're talking about.

Life is fucked. We're fucked. The 'best' human being is a dead one. Fuck me, fuck you, fuck the world. I love death. The truth is ugly, the truth is inconvenient. No one cares what I have to say, until I'm dead, because who the fuck would want to know me? Your silence demonstrates that, hitherto. I'm insecure, non-functional, have no friends, am supported by my parents—alone—mentally disturbed, suicidal and absolutely worthless. Now you see, now you act, out of guilt, fear, anxiety, hatred, and dread. What I say parallels with your worst nightmare—

existential crisis—the mirror, microscope and scalpel, await you, next. You're scared. You can't handle it. Yes, you're fucking next. So judge, dismiss, ignore, block out, deny, reject, medicate, drown out—destroy yourself—because that's the only way anyone will give a fuck about who you are. That's it.

Socializing comes from the survival instincts—when feeling hopeless, down and depressed, it's often because we feel disconnected—detachment leads to a sense of emptiness, which leads to various escalations in anxiety, despondency, and eventually suicide. This is biological programming, and we are no more than illogical animals—take for example, myself, responding to your comment—because I find it so profoundly coincidental, that I think there must be some meaning in sharing what I know, but there's no proof of that. I have to be a blind, faithful follower in the unknown 'something', that's going to save me and or us all [—but why?—] so for now, I am acting out of impulse, the base reptilian brain, seeking answers, chatter and comfort.

I suck at cheering people up, so don't take it personally—I was ready to throw in the towel myself but not quite, yet, committed—so here we are, in asylum on planet Earth, completely witless, though, beings of grit are we. Action is made out of judgment—it starts with awareness, then desire, urge, and or compelling pressure, from the inherent repulsiveness of pain—therefore, the executive functioning, cerebral cortex kicks on, valuing movement towards homeostasis [prerogative from evolutionary history, to the point of DNA replication, 'for the sake of it'—without which—compulsion(s) could not], and whichever force is greatest wins. "Free will" is obsolete. So technically, there is no 'wrong' in existing, but no 'right' in ending our lives, either—we'll just have to stick together, until you or me decides the bullet would taste nicer—and so I shall, post this comment, as I please. There is no ultimate purpose, that I know of, beyond the contextual playground of consciousness—just stuff happening, no intrinsic reason, fortuitous—fluxes and oscillations, in and out, 'til ____.

I have more respect for women, because I was raised—hands on—by my mother, homeschooled [except 4th grade], until freshmen year in high-school. I imagine, many men, grow up with dads—who may be misogynists—which leads to more of them, becoming abusive and hateful. Thankfully and unfortunately, for me, I didn't get to see much of the world—and though, I miss feeling young, I don't like the bubble of ignorance of the past. Memories are often colored with emotions—nostalgia, sadness, joy—but I don't want to look back, because I know it's a haunted, nesting ground.

I l l u s t r a t i o n # 2 9 :
“ S n o w y D a y i n T u c s o n ”
(r a r e e v e n t , a p p r o x . J a n . - F e b . , 2 0 1 9)



My memories and thoughts come and go—I can be in the middle of a sentence—and the words vaporize. Very frustrating, because I then have to make the decision to wait—hoping—it will come back, or accept the inconvenience and move on.

I don't always understand myself—the things I say—like a dream. My mental status is similar—imagine—the bridge between the unconscious and subconscious, folding together, while fully opaque and aware. That's what this diagnosis—schizoid—represents, to me. I am at the mercy of insanity—tamed by beasts—of rationality.

Desires are like that, too, you give in, everything you dislike grows, parallel. Parallels—monsters—like love and hate; they're drugs of the hormones: highs, lows, withdrawal and dependence. Why should you be ashamed for not being addicted?

I want to see the people eat themselves. I want to see their faces, when they realize the tricks pulled are being returned, back to them. I say, fuck 'em, their schemes, their lies, fuck them. Why should I have to exist, and be expected to fix a world I did not create? Where is that arrogance from? I do not trust the system. I do not trust—most—of the people. So—why—bother? Snakes, dogs and bones—on a desert island—with no water.

I say, *don't do well*, be unhealthy—fester—the universe obeys no one. The sum-few who were confident—placing us, here—did so, out of hubris, and mirth. The insecure, disadvantaged, crippled and maimed—know—not to push the envelope, for ego is directly tied to vanity. Although, they do not necessarily suffer the same 'fall', as it is stated, we shall—weltering—in abysmal, flesh-bound clutches.

Don't be 'cool', popular or 'hip'—let people ignore, dismiss and judge you—kindness is trampled, as a carpet, like spit, gruel and mud over the meek. Violence is the spotlight—sirens perk the ears, blood, mesmerizes—decency scrambles in the fog-horns of night, unblessed is the lantern guiding flight. So be forgotten and reclusive—unacknowledged—for your words loft above stolid minds 'n' hearts, nonchalant and glazed over. Hateless, loveless—dud—done.

When there is no physical comfort—to chase after—there's usually esteem to build. When you've got no contacts—the DNA's mission statement sends the self-destruct—message: Call in—all—lost souls! Turn yourself into fertilizer, for the next bombast of slop to rise from your grave!

I l l u s t r a t i o n # 3 0 :
“ T h e C r a w l [S e l f - P o r t r a i t] ”
(a p p r o x . J u n e - J u l y , 2 0 1 4)



I feel insane, sometimes, like I just do stuff and I don't understand why I did it. I know, self-awareness is key. I'm just freaked out, because, sometimes, I do stuff and I think I know what I'm doing, and it ends up not making any sense. So then I feel like I have to quarantine myself, because anyone who interacts with me will likely end up in an unpleasant situation.

Illogic:

Hither, a sonorous ray vivaciously shimmers;
Focused beams, light streams;
And noir, fathoms, tonal undercast, via shadows, stark.
Vagrancy therever, feeling, whenever;
The fuming, subversive undercurrent,
Apparitional abstractions.
Thither, a mantle, here-there, durst lies the white, hot,
Teething, steaming void.
Isolation, exasperation, bereft, stress, taxation,
Equanimity and tunnels, dolorously drilled,
Heading, aloft a gaze, mountain of unknowns.
Trigonometry, trans-orbital-lobotomy, clemency;
Fielded, gilded waves, meshes and splays;
Clasping 'round, 'til end, staved.
Days, want, subconscious disarray.
No words, thoughts, or names.
Silence, totality-utter!, dissolution, surrealism, decay;
By, the last steep, sip and slip, of the abyss.
Umbra, ov'r and 'eft.

I want to have trillions of little and big spider children before I'm dead, that come from every orifice of my decomposing body, that invade all crevices of the Earth, and leave it sunken under a silky thread of cob-webs, forever, the end.

Waiting for the perfect moment I think guarantees in some way more imperfect moments in the long haul. This notion of what is 'right' to feel and think, sought after compulsively, will definitely consume all the relative joy(s) out of what comparative good there actually is. Our desire for control has indeed gone out of control; for when the ability to analyze and rationalize become intangible to situational practicality—logic has no recourse and becomes ilk-to-rumination. Feel less security and more uncertainty in concentrated doses, just enough so, that from your bosom can blossom inner-strength hitherto or yet (perhaps) unseen.
If so much suffering and negativity can be gained through one's own plotting, why not the other way 'round?

If someone does not want help and perceives your alleged aid as a threat, how can you help them? Yes, to some degree, one will or will not benefit another through acting for them—in their believed mutual and or self interest. Ultimately, though—however, we have to want for ourselves—to live. I cannot want that for you. You must want it. I think this is the hard part a lot of people apparently do not understand—regarding suicide prevention squads, moreover. I am not here to mock anyone for grieving (even if I do not understand).

Being brought here (born) in the first place is non-consensual, why then should we be expected to stay? That is my question, and it is a simple one. Reiteration: How can I force someone to be here (disallowing medical euthanasia), when they were never asked initially? You may say this is a selfish decision, to ignore the befalling tragedy felt to those when gone; indeed I will not deny the outcomes. I am here more just to outline the contradictory (if not necessarily hypocritical) seemingly-paradoxical position being established as the status-quo-norm: you want them and or us to stay, but you will not give up procreation or might to inflict us being here to begin with. I think that is the absurdity of all these arguments.

Why do we get so attached in the first place? I am not your property, and neither are you—my own. So why should you hold on so desperately, even if it means living out of fear, guilt and anger? Isn't that the worst result? Relationships—friendships should at least be consensual—mutual—non-manipulative, pre-engineered farce; forced interactions only make sense in emergency, exclusive (unique) and or hypothetical situations.

Anything you know, the rest of you brain [I think] *is also informed of.* This is a tough disorder, since all our faults and imperfections essentially lie bare and naked to be seen uncannily [without reserve]. This is like [the ghost in the machine] kind of narrative and plot *we must* overcome, that incessant beast-clawing and logical compulsive behavior [doing their tug-o'-war]. Dance across the serrated blades like wonder and much-more, since there really is no escape; not one door closes [almost], that another does not open, too. Beware and get by with skin, nails, eyes, tongue and teeth **intact**—for that is the only way—whatever is there more?

Thought stream: Grit'ty nit'ty, grotesqueries—hairy spine-y, mal-affections; beast-machines [. . .] alien of aliens [kingdoms of the bizarre and wild—feral, atrocious—attractive-repulsive]; distance, time, space and energy—combust and transform [into] grey matter-bulk-inert—elemental solution, dissolution [. . .] via the deduction of insoluble-molecules; inviolate-purple-organic, pink-dark flesh [glamour mesh suit]; accustom-non-accustom—requisition, substitution [end game] message statement | fornication.

I l l u s t r a t i o n # 3 1 :
“ ' G r e y ' ”
(a p p r o x . M a y , 2 0 1 8)



Anecdote(s): Sun. Feb. 8th, 2015, 12:14 A.M.:

[. . .] "—trudging through my thoughts trying to fall asleep, I swear I heard a ringing noise in my ear, (this could sound obscure) like a personal telegraph was on the cuff of it reaching into the stem of my brain.

The voice was rasp sounded like it was being transferred over by some age old technology. I told it that I would help and listen.

Tue. Feb. 10th, 2015, 10:00 P.M.:

"I say that I see a worthwhile future, but my current state seems far from it.

"It started with a kind of slithering around my ear, as if the voice was both direct (from within the room and space) and inherent; I heard a kind of chuckle, something like 'You're not alone'. It definitely made me feel like I was talking to a dead person, to be frank.

It felt right to tell it I would help because I was feeling pretty damn helpless, and the only thing I can imagine to be of any help to is something that has already passed away.

Since then, some things have changed. I get dizzy easily, as if my consciousness is fading through my body. It's frightening; I don't know what to do at times, because when I go out, I feel a sense of dread and unease.

Wed. Feb. 11th, 2015, 10:25 P.M.:

"It felt as real as I do now. You get the freezing moment where everything just shifts into a bizarre 'this is different' kind of feeling, and all of the routine thoughts in my brain shut down—directing towards this entity.

[. . .] "Last night I slept pretty indecent, a loud ringing noise kept shifting through my head, like it was being drilled into.

Then again, not everything happens when I'm trying to sleep. If I stand in the mirror or just stop worrying about what I'm doing for a moment, sounds begin to filter through my ears that I can't connect with the world outside.

Thu. Feb. 12th, 2015, 1:07 P.M.:

"Last night was probably the worst night of my entire life.

[. . .] "SO, I was laying in bed again, a female murmur began **directly** whispering in my ear. I felt pressure around my chest and neck, then around my heart (as if this thing wanted complete control).

I tried to reason with it over and over . . . I turned on the light—she whispers 'turn the light off'; so I did. Her voice kind of vaguely whooshes away. But then that same ringing replaces it, and remains until I can't even remember. [. . .]

Feb. 16th, 2015, 4:06 P.M.:

"Last night, and sometimes during the day, a low tone voice keeps repeating over and over 'Help me'. I keep asking what to do and last time it told me to buy a gun.

Now I have another voice telling my to defile myself over and over, but I won't because I don't think it's healthy; on the other hand wishing for others to be murdered because they show such lack of empathy and boast pride. I recall "I wish for the Earth to shake".

I feel dead but conscious. I didn't know humans could feel like this.

[. . .] "The day feels like torture. I feel like I have to undergo tremendous exercises just to remain placid.

Feb. 17th, 2015, 1:01 P.M.:

"There's a gut feeling in me telling me that if I head towards the apparent light, the floor will fall through, I'll be turned down or led into a fog; but I still think the fight is worth it—if only to not be in a dismissive, passive state.

Wed. Feb. 18th, 2015, 11:08 P.M.:

"Hallucinations, voices, isolation, decrepit conditions: what do they have in common?

It was a fantasy, no a dream at the beginning; you had a wonderful vision of the way things ought to be and so

you fought against life stubbornly. You were the supreme seer of your own destiny. You might've wished you didn't know any of that, that you would've given up your best glory moments in life to prevent the horror that did awake.

But you are here, and we've got to get up and talk or things will simply, frankly, die.

I love you. You were like the sun under the Earth, with the moon of ice glistening never to be seen, heard or embraced.

12:47 P.M.: [. . .] "I live in an apartment and the neighbor is right next to me; I can hear them talking, having sex, etc. [. . .]

"I can hear my thoughts echo—literally; I was trying to fall asleep, and I swear I heard them acting as if they could hear me (saying 'see, I told you', 'he says that he's dead but alive', 'w-hole', etc.), but to my empirical senses my mouth was shut and I was simply thinking [. . .]

[. . .] "paranoia next level.

Thu Feb 19, 2015 2:58 PM:

[. . .] "Two of them are named Alexandra and Jake. They both have disparate personalities and almost mold right on top of me at times. I try not to be paranoid worrying about possession or mind swapping.

[. . .]

11:20 P.M.: [. . .] "They are talking to me right now. I swear some would kill me if they were right on my level. They are the most vicious, black, dark, grey clouds of fog I could perceive.

[. . .] "What terrifies me is that, yea, they feel *ontop* of me; like peeling glue from skin; like removing tumor from organ... the blackest mold, bile- I ever!

They talk to me about others and wish for me to write this to you [. . .]

Feb. 12th, 2015, 1:07 P.M.:

[. . .] "I've been in isolation for roughly 4 months. It had gotten so bad that I couldn't even open the door. [. . .]

[. . .] "I remember it being extraordinarily cold, no warm water, no heater, it was raining, mold was growing in the bathroom (the place was messy), and just puking in the sink, with the most fleshy kind of disgusting panic."

I l l u s t r a t i o n s # 3 2 a n d # 3 3 :

“ B e h o l d , G r e y I n c a n t a t i o n ” a n d “ T h e M a n g l e d I m a g e ”

(a p p r o x . 2 0 1 0 - 2 0 1 1 [p e n c i l d r a w i n g , m a d e i n h i g h - s c h o o l a r t s e s s i o n] a n d a p p r o x . M a y , 2 0 1 8 [c h a r c o a l d r a w i n g , a t c r e a t i v e , t h e r a p y c l a s s])

W. H. L. D.



Illustration #34:
“Unlisted Videos — Mementos [2010-2019]”
(approx. 2012-2019 collage)

By Josiah S. Cooper, Copyright 2020 ©



Wild Love V

Return grace.
This belief in emptiness kills (you always will).
What wasn't, now withstands. End, the end of alls.

–Void Love–

i. “EFILism” is a term, coined by Gary R. Mosher—otherwise known as “InMendham”—from the YouTube sphere. It's rough, brief definition, I will place here: “Life” spelled backwards =s c.r.a.p. [which is an anagram for, consumption, reproduction, parasitism (/ 'cannibalism', used in some instances), and addiction]. The purpose of this branch in philosophy, related to negative utilitarianism—with its closest parent—being “antinatalism” as cited by David Benatar (who wrote, “Better Never to Have Been: The Harm of Coming into Existence”), is to ideally reach extinction of all sentient life, for the prevention of pain, and more practically, reduce it through various activist means of avocation of the position and abstention from procreation. Veganism, can also be included, as a consideration—here—but not the main focus.

Relief being the illusion of “good”, no ultimate need for our needs ('cause of no mission in the cosmos, without it, except to 'clean them up'—which is more contextual and or temporary—to the circumstance of the pain and relief, awareness condition), is a part of the criterion, as well—that I have thought out—for my own views, too. I tend to vary on approach—with discussion based tactics, non-ridicule, and open-mindedness, rather than argument, rhetoric, and judgment—semantics, and technicalities of “value” not being a *thing* (moreso, relationships between esteems, people, and sense of purpose, through —'duty'—and or obligation, that are conscience provoked), to get some of my points across.

ii. Video on YouTube, referenced in this, “Neuroscience of Consciousness by Anil Seth” from “The Royal Institution's” channel: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xRel1JKOEBI>

iii. Void = void = mathematical, tautological, non-deductible but aphoristic [indubitable] in grade paradigm [or principium]—akin to saying, “no-information remains no-information because no-information = no-information”— $0 = 0$ because $0 = 0$.

iv. Science, since I think demonstrates things never 'touch', gaps [voids] correlate—positively to autogenesis as a non-revocable alternate portal for existence.

v. Older and or variant terminology for the Final Revelation is Death (philosophical goal); as stated following in this book—the current position of this is outdated and or *at least* unverified (see introduction or pg. 32's footnote section) as of March 28th, 2020. Original definition: “The Final Revelation is Death” came out around 2012, I believe; it is an idea I had about a video I would make—and failed to do so *properly*—of me asking people to essentially kill themselves, to see beyond the veil of apparent reality. Sounds crazy, I know, and is. My reasoning is that death is the closest thing you can get to realizing or ‘seeing’ nothingness because you are gradually losing consciousness. *Methods* to attain this might be starvation or bleeding to death—exsanguination—anything that helps you dissipate while you are aware of it. I know now that even if you were to have this ‘trip’, it would be *mere* hallucination, for you cannot absolutely ‘know’ the truth any greater than beyond a reasonable doubt. This fraction of uncertainty disallows any dissolution *solution*, fortunately and or sadly.

vi. March of 2019: I suppose you're right: Nothing too substantial in my understanding has changed. Sure, I have made more explicit definitions in what I thought would be some magnificent conclusion, but there isn't really. The feeling I had was gone and there had to be a reason. Words like 'existence' and 'thing' and 'cause' are not necessarily *wrong* terms; they just need to be understood more deeply. Causes do not necessarily need a cause where genesis is concerned (because logic is non-intrinsic to the cosmos). Things cannot be realized for illusion because they are not dependent on observation. And because of these facts, I must say not to assume any grandiose conclusions and withhold those ideas until absolutely certain; I'd be heinously irresponsible otherwise. 'The Final Revelation of Death' is our mundane realization of our meager mortal ends; the experience each of us will have, perhaps more than once in a life-time.

vii. “Untitled”, was originally written on, June 18th, 2010.

viii. “The Dismal Abysmal Void & The Unreality of Your Reality”, was originally written sometime within early to middle of 2010 era.

x. Additional name: “Pitched Blackness; Umbra / Totality, Utter!”

xi. Or variable word: “choose”.

xii. Written May 21st, 2011

xiii. “Wakerife Being”, was originally written sometime within the 2010-2012 era of my life.

xiv. I think with quantum mechanics [I am allowing this premise for the sake of debate] and deductive reasoning—we have to assume awareness [observation] cannot come first, because there would be no definition anymore suitable [nothingness—not even comprehensible to experience]—so the supraliminal [stimuli—beyond the threshold of sensation] must come prior; or we must argue an inter-dependent-co-relationship—between sentience and apparentness—a sort of 'always was —always is' kind of explanation of sensory-existence.

xv. *If* I cannot help it—if I cannot see the way—I am gone.