

future

FUTURE

~~P~~ERFECT

PAST

PRESENTS

TENTS :

ZERO

SEED



ZERO SEED

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### 23: CAPTAIN TARANTULA BUILDING

I know you want predictions. You want some sort of claims about the near future to test my authority against. Your obsession with the future is humorous at its most harmless, apocalyptic at its worst. But the same can be said for your obsession with the past. Nostalgia is a cheap mistress, the future a pricey gamble of a whore. But you need to remember your marriage pledge to the present. You will undoubtedly accuse me of contradicting myself, as you ask to cheat on your bride.

All is now, now is all. The ancient turtle is propelled not by muscle but by thought, pondering the movement of ground away from his feet. We lack this wisdom and patience.

When you ask for the future you stop short. You want to know about trivial things, like will you get that job, that girl, that boy. Will cars fly. Will you sleep in pods. Will you pop Thanksgiving flavored nutrient-rich pills for dinner. What will it be like 25 years from now. You want your future, not the future. Or at your very best you look to 100 years, a future for your kids, 500 years at most. It is a parlor game. You want me to tell you the contents of your pocket, the number in your head, the face of a playing card. But I refuse to speak to such limited constructs. I will speak to the next twenty-thousand years. I will speak to all of eternity. If we win or lose we are still locked into it. So we need to change the game.

The future is not a collection of dates and figures the way you measure your past. I could relate to you advances and events, but they would only be significant in relationship to your value system of now, as an individual and as a member of the species inhabiting this time and place. Specifics are inconsequential. But the grand movements of time, the large strokes of shifting human identity and role, the triumvirate religion-science-economy, and how society weaves these together, their adornment and language and representation through art and music and culture and government and technologies, this is the recounting of future histories that are of any worth. It is forecasting on such a massive scale it takes Asmovian psychohistory.

This flood of future histories came from the encounter with Papa Alabaster, a new unlocking of embedded knowledge. This knowledge further manifested with clarity as I passed through Meru. This looking over the time levee sandbagged by Buck\$, my peering over the wall that runs through the thick of 2009-2039. Instead of a map, or a timeline, or a graphic representation I will give you a list. This list contains macro-trends and conditions, epochs and eras.

It is past the flimsiness of your late-industrialized garishly flamboyant current day; suburbia-exurbia, dystopic postopolis, the stretched drone of drosscape, the encroaching slumburbia with grey fields and labelscars. The apocalypse forever of stuccoed zombies clustered as catacombs within gated communities, cookie-cutter flapchitecture gnawing at lawns and skin care, gaping mouths of garage doors swallowing the middle class. Their inhabitants slunkering down in a fear that moves from middle east to east to near east, eventually circumnavigating both latitudinally and longitudinally. The games of pitting bear against shark, the televised idolization and orgy of momentary triumph over human limitations in song and dance and strength and speed. The inedible sugar-fuel cornfields, the meat factories and plasticizing of produce. The car and credit worship, the commercialization of beauty cults, and micro-isolationist movement of the mounting pseudo-millennial reactionaries and their designer handbags and handguns and buyer's rejoice showcased with lapel pins and yard signs.

It is past the still and slow burn of privacy self-plundering surrendered to data-miners for direct marketing feedback looping. It is past the 900 years of confused self-identifying by means of the multiplicity of taste-defining goods as something more than the uniformity of mass and over consumption. It is past the urban immigration explosion and the dwindling importance of the localized two-party system. The democratization of the Chinese consumers and their gift of global ecoepidemiological systems integration. The quickly abandoned virtual connectivity of networks and trooping systems. Past our age of Post-Survivalism where tribal status is nothing more than an inking of flesh, geopoliticing, and/or shared stickering of bumpers. More

immediately past the trends of plundertectonic architecture, whimsical post-ironic maximalism, post-copyright, popcalypso, transmopomorphobia and gadget purging, modular short-term residential liminality, cultural malaise syndrome, and dual resurgence of dissenting religiotic patriotism.

It is past these things and onto the ecological crisis avoidance after severe weather systems realigned climate zones and the ensuing mass non-human species extinction due to dulled migratory instincts. The dysfunction and eventual collapse of global waste management, the rampant culturization of reuse and reclaim kiosk, the pandemic sterilization of homo-sapiens due to vibrant airwaves brimming with centuries of latent data and the resulting near extinction. The frantic clustering and remoteness of feudal city-states and significant reduction of import/export economies in favor of localized production and human farming. This giving rise to the intensification of regional trends depending upon energy and food source varieties. The nanoscopic parasitic rain shrimp infestation of North American, the second and third Egypt, the dedomestication of pets, space colonization and abandonment, the solar coronal mass ejected electro-magnetic pulse wipe of the world's data systems and resulting rise of organic computing, the various gangs of post-math, the rise of the Free Church of Quantum Potential, polyhedronic basketball and momentary supremacy of baseball derived psychophilosophy, liquid dieting, the death and rebirth and subsequent death of fashion.

But you haven't even begun to uncover the recent past and immediate present. The epidemics and blessings and trend swings at hand. There are your predictions. May they aid you well as you continue your massive consumption of peanut butter and subsidized sweetened nutrient replacement for autocentric convenience. We all worship a maize god at some point in our trajectories and directories.



## 11: THE HOLY FOOL

While Buck\$ sat back enjoying his coordinated corrosion of reality, we were his foot soldiers doing his dirty work. Invading epochs, finding recruits, killing off or rendering useless potential enemies. The identified were primarily the deep mathematicians, the priests and priestesses of multiplicity, the deep sea divers of ZERO. I quickly had become a primary operative in Buck\$' bloodlust and hunt for the Zeros. I was lost in the campaign. Reasoning unquestioned, logic dismissed, consequences unexamined, the shadow creep and the deception fueled me. The Zero Diggers are at their core root codes in the system, keepers of the keys to infinity. The finite is lost to the infinite without the zero, and the seven Keepers to keep it taught and pegged. I was to kill them all, the seven Keepers, and build momentum for this error, this undeserving heir.

I was tasked to find this prominent disciple of RAMA, the seventh avatar of vishnu, the saint and explorer of Zero, Brahmagupta. 598 CE in the homeland of Jainism, during the reign of King Vyahramukha. Bhillamalacarya, teacher from Bhillamala, head of the Ujjain observatory, one of seven saints, true pillars of the Court. In prematter state I invaded another, entering his trusted companion, a student and fellow astronomer. I found him, one of the seven Zero Diggers. And here was the first, turning numbers in his flowing robe, in a meditative standing pose, looking to the stars on a clear night alone. He was considering the reflection of the sun against the moon's surface. He was cascading new math song, weaving it through the world around him. Listening to it with head slightly cocked, looking at it with eyes squinted, loving it with heart fluttering.

I approached from behind. He sensed my presence, deceived despite the giveaway of unmeasured gait that was not its owner's, the body I inhabited. He called for me to join him in contemplative meditation. I stopped and I too looked up at the moon in its fullness and majesty. It wouldn't be the last time this prophet, this quiet soul and calculator would show me a different way of seeing. Still, the moment was pregnant with inevitability. A plot to embedded to rescript.

I clenched muscles and bit teeth, sprung from deep beneath my center of gravity, and thrust myself like a large predator cat, a jaguar. My blade raised and reflecting, arcing through the air like a meteor, cutting and burning through history. Erasing. He turned to meet my jump with his gaze, eyes locked as I fell upon him. A point of contact. The tip of the blade pierced trust, sliced the fabric of his robe, cut into the skin then muscle of his chest. The blade slid deeper, scraped past rib and punctured the left ventricle of his heart. Blood sprayed out, sputtering like a small balloon giving out its last breath. Each drop reflecting the sky above. A thousand glowing red moons swarming. But mixed with this red mist and stream was an escaping ghostly phosphorescence, gathering as a small glow near the wound. Quickly it grew with incredible energy, a miniature supernova blasting forward and out like a shock waving eruption of gaseous rainbow.

The blast knocked me off of my victim to my back. I stared up from my place on the dirt as his spirit, a cirrus cloud, rose and disappeared into the starry heaven as its backdrop and exit. I slowly accepted this as failure and understood that his soul had slipped into the time stream. He had been seeded by another and blessed with temporalportation, exiting on the moment of the last beat of heart. There was another force at work here. There was a resistance forming.

I traced this shooting star, his exergonic signature. Approximating and following this trajectory I found myself displaced to the dank of the medieval. An astral anomaly, relocating. I had killed him. But he jumped, he reincarnated to the ages of the dark and wet sickness. The citizens of this new time believed he had an evil root in his brain pushing against the interior of his skull. He had been marking himself. In his jump he had lost his conscious connection to his origin, and his former self was trying to remind him of this, manifesting through these markings. Monks from a local monastery decided to take him in; they sensed his prophet nature. They recognized some of the ancient text he had inked on his flesh. They understood the fine line between the wise and the foolish, the haunting and the haunted and the hallowed be their names, given by the NAME. Flesh made Word. They fed

and protected him. Gave him ink and page and shelter. Gave him time. I was here to kill him again.

This marking over the years, he is filled up, and overflows. The ink on his back floods like a quadratic maelstrom. I have seen the tattooed human storybooks, flexing tigers in sideshow tents, sailboats on rolling waves of sinewy flesh, a geisha undulating along a sweaty bicep in Missouri heat, traveling oddity shows, but this holy fool, he is the Rosetta stone. Information, self-inflicted, like a roadmap to the swarming storm to come. A jargon of old testament prophecy, code, hyper-texted flesh. This sacred fool's body is like a lost volume of the Encyclopedia of Celestial Emporium of Benevolent Knowledge. No, rather the entire card catalog for the infinite library, rewriting itself toward endless permutations.

Letters swirl, patterns emerge, raw information, pure data. The information retention is not only his skin, though the ink covers a significant amount of personal real estate, inside of his lips, between his toes, a band around the eyes, stretching to either temple, free. Even in his eyes we can see the ink swirling in those pupils, waiting to spill out. A shimmery pulsing in the deep puddles of ink, as if his entire circulatory system is pumping black energy, data driven. And off of his body, he had scratched into the surface of the stones of the floor-wall-ceiling, the wood slats of his bed, covering his desk. Ink mixed with blood, scratched stone, splintering wood. Carvings and liquid petroglyphs. The brotherhood tolerated, partly out of fear and to hide him from the public, and in larger part because they felt the presence of a force greater than themselves at work.

As I went to thrust my knife into his back, him deep in a mantric prayer, I was being sucked in. I was sinking in oceans unbound. I was drowning again in a deep pool of black viscous fluid. I watched the ink spell out my true calling. It was filling my eyes, ears, nostrils and lungs, gasping, drowning – jerky recipes off-shore medicines free trial offers banking scams hot live webcams junky suspicion chamberlain popped nebula spinneret apocryphal snuffer celluloid wendell bronchiolar below jules turkey conducive syrup bridget zealand ben frayed ivory

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I was in darkness; it moved in and through me and around me  
and began to sing. It was music. It was vibrational wisdom,  
rattling me even beneath the cellular computational framework  
of the seeded self. It was the Infinite. I was hearing the voice  
that inhabits all space that is unnamable and unmovable and  
unmeasurable. I was hearing the Maker. It became deafening,  
ringing so loud in my ears and brain. My body felt as if it would  
disintegrate. My mind felt blended, pureed, liquefied, dried, and  
dust. It spoke in song: You follow the wrong path, You work  
for the enemy, You must change course, You must read the  
skin. With that, I found myself having looped back, reentering  
the room of the Holy Fool in the disguise of my host vessel, a  
brother of the cloth. I was reading the skin again for the first  
time. A blessed glitch and hiccup in timeline of my misguided  
plot, eighty second reset.

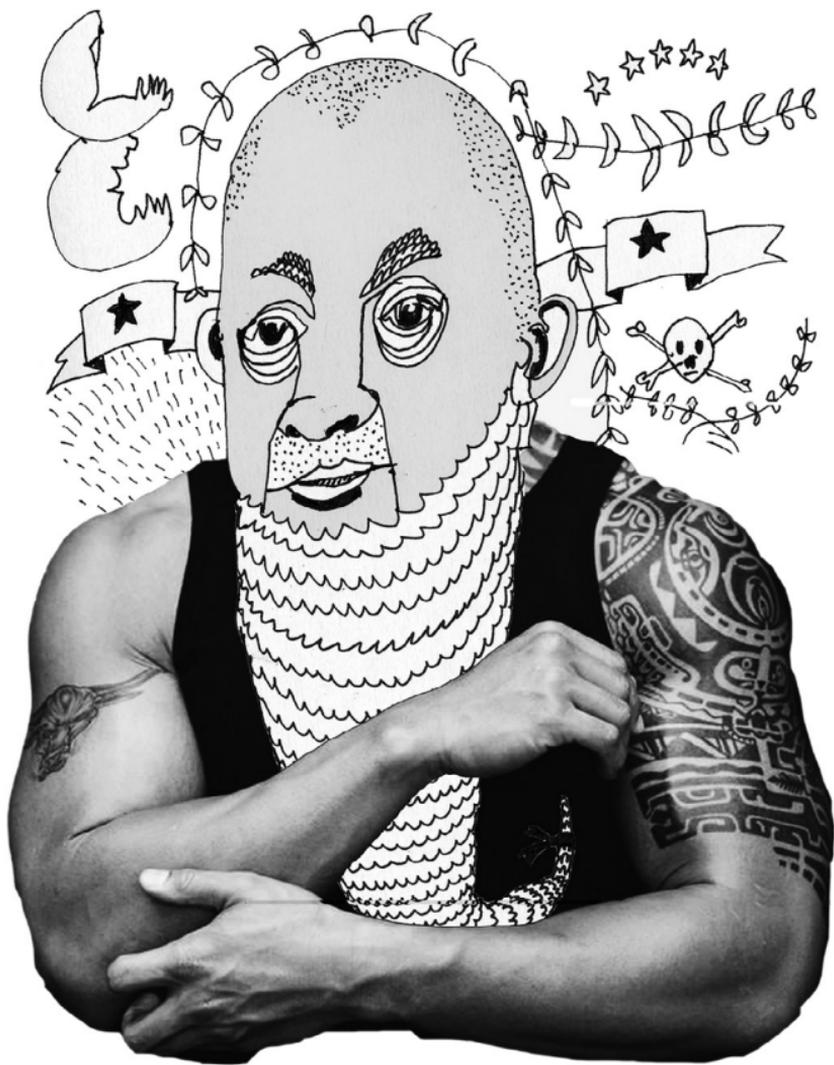
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The cellular, genetic, circulatory, synapsical, brain blood mainframe, to the endocrine pituitary, this whole network, connects to the biggest organ of all, the naked flesh. Not just a monitor, but storage, data, and calculations. He has mastered the movement of his submolecular to the cellular. He swirled the ink in his skin. It rose and swayed. It swam underneath the hairs of his arm, the stretched skin of his back, through the callouses of his fingers and the heels of his feet, ink reforming, pooling, rivulets, tributaries. It was spelling out new histories, new futures, new prophecies, and detailing the ever-changing landscape of the present. The tattoo ink continues to flow around the Holy Fool like a circular river, a bodily halo. IT is not an aging tattoo, diverted or faded by heat, cold, torture, sun. No, the tattoo is melted holographic stone; the Holy Fool is a navigation system. The Holy Fool is a living Pillar. His skin was never his own. Like the imprinted shroud of the Savior he worshiped, he too will play the part of a savior in this story.

I put down my knife. Together we read and deciphered. My presence allowed us both to begin to make the connections and sift out the sacred and the profane. He spoke of the Architect as his amnesia lifted, my presence spell breaking. This architect, the one who had seeded him and the other Zero Keepers. They were part of a hidden resistance to evil behind the evil of Warhol Buck\$ and his cronies. We knew it was time to fight back. Time to locate the other Keepers and clue-crafters. Protect them at all costs. Liberate them from their holding cells, be it physical, or psychological, if they had been discovered by the enemy already. Liberation would prevent total time collapse. It would avoid the fold, the super sound death of the cosmos, the obliteration of all history and all futures yet to come. The extinguishing of ALL. The singular path to an empty ONE, dislocated from the seven anchors of the Zero exponentials.





*Plate 1. Holy Foole*



## 24: ARCHITECTONIC

Thank you for the clues. Themes shoot in multiple arcs like quantum variables linked to a logarithmic sense. Temporal discontinuity, the dialogue of race in American music, psychohistorical revisionism, geolinguistics, the vernacular of spam email, concrete poetry, the 1980s art market boom, ham radio, a book on afrosonic futurism that sells for \$150 on Amazon, the vibrant blast and rush of Katharina Grosse, The Theater of the Absurd, John Titor, issues of Galaksija, sites of temporarily invested interest, early female hip-hop duo L'Trimm, organic matter-based computing, Moondog, Mesoamerican civilizations, ice cream, hyperglitched aesthetics, minor league baseball, wonder cabinets, the Wild Magnolias, squid, the golden ratio of the amen break.

It is a battle between systems even now. The much-needed fragmentation and fermentation of faux-languages and the oversimplified consolidation of information. We need to reboot with energy syntax implications, harnessing linguistic firepower and its arsenal ability for the breakdown of the shallow languages. We need to fight the rise of the New Babylon, their language and pride chunky and obese with its parading of self-possessed importance. We must reconstruct the Library at Alexandria as a counterbalance to the forced singularity of information systems in our paralleled histories. Not for the purpose of causality correction, but rather to balance with a quantum inverse parallel. If you look at ancient Native American petroglyphs they depict a spiral of time. This is a warning of invaders attempting to close the loop. Fade and recede, distant and silent. They knew that if the loop closes, time ends. So we must move spin outward, propel and amplify the possibilities. We must spin madly out and onward and beyond.

"I have enclosed below a series of pictures to show how the US government starting around 1994 went back in time with remote sensing and holographic radiation longitudinal emf and sound wave holographic energy beams as shown in the movie time tunnel to place different computer generated holographic archetypes of different cultural faces and other attributes around

my body as if I were a microcosm of the center of the universe, Adam, and God, to change the genetic attributes, facial form, eye color, hair color, voice sound, and many other body attributes throughout my life year by year from my birth (1962, Jan 23 Midnight) to the present representing correlation's between the years in my life and the ages of evolution and history from the beginning of time to the present...In just a few months time in late 1997 my face changed from picture 19 above to that of picture 20 below due to gas holograms of another older person placed over my face puffing up my face and eyes. Artificial holographic energy beams are directed into pressure points near the ear lobes and other pressure points in my body and jam out natural breathing to jam the natural spirit from entering the body so that an artificial holograph may possess the body and change the bodies physical form....I feel that my spirit, eyes, and body form presently at age 43 is closest to the picture here picture 13 of myself at age 17 (1979) which looks like a 12 to 13 year old who has not fully matured yet, and which looks somewhat like Apollo, while many of the other pictures of me represent holograms placed over my body that are computer generated holographic variations of me and standard facial archetypes of different cultures, and my distant ancestors placed over my body to cover up my true spirit and physical body form for experimental reasons...the beam weapons holograms act as a serum to change the genetic code in my body and the form of the body. The genes are networked together to the brain and spirit by means of longitudinal and transverse emf energies, so that the beam weapons holograms targeting me only need to jam out the natural brain and spirit emf energies and memory patterns, and replace them with a new coded virtual reality or naturally created energy pattern which is the same as infrared networks set up on computer systems other than they are using genetic codes and longitudinal beam weapons waves to control the genes, the brain, and growth form of the body. I can feel placed over my inner natural mammal spirit, a more primitive spiritual holographic energy, and then other virtual reality holographs of reptilians and cartoon holographs pretending to be me."

How is it then that madness, if madness, looks so similar in all of its variations, if it is the myriad and unrelated perversions or

excess preservation of chemical, genetic, spiritual, psychological balances? How would it be then that madness begins to form synchronistic patterns across the landscape of the mad and its prophets and prisoners? It is this extraterrestrial, Great Spirit, haunting, transdimensional principality, this beaming light, this anointing of fire, this infestation of Spirit, this blinding flash, this UFO visitation, EMF pulsations, all from outside this realm, beaming, firing, shooting through the retina or skull or soaking up through fingertips, with radioactive hologram, mind-controlling broadcasts, the curse blessing. There are those who humbly receive and build shrines, grottoes, secret passageways, runes, cave paintings, spiral bound rantings, roadside plywood eschatology, free-jazz discourse, holy undressings. And then there are those that violently reject, cover their brain with foil, take massive amounts of supplements, rip out the pages of books, burn locks of hair, scrape off fingerprints, who carve protection over door frames, seek the asylum of institutions and lobotomization.

But both the adopters and the resisters, they have been fired at, by a Vast Active Living Intelligence System, by GOD in numerous forms and formlessness. All of them have been fired upon by the infinite, borrowing through the myth systems of the whole of human experience. If the game is played right, messages embedded and deciphered at the right times, the devolution of cosmic ordering may be avoided, and the pool drinking and Pillar disruption prevented, the ultimate and real madness brought on by core spoiling wrought from powerlust. Fake enlightenment is a byproduct of the oversimplification of the rules and feigned obliteration of desire and self-perpetuating mechanisms.

Even with our refined languages of nears or our transcended languages of the spheres, but if we do not mutate empathy to sympathy to compassion to acting grace, our language rattles and rumbles a dumptruck of tin cans and pie tins and lost keys to the stretched resounding skin of aluminum-floored life. Even with accurate predictions, and prophetic directivness, spoon bending, mindreading, academic supremacy, even with embraced naivete, or elaborately dissected and patient faith systems. Even with all of these and more, a walking on water, out

of body movement, time-shifting, temporal dislocating, cellular transmorphing, complete surrender, complete sacrifice, complete dive into the flames for the sake of humanity. These without the INTERVENTION are deal broken, empty, nothing, silence. Now we see but a poor reflection in seven mirrors; THEN at the NO MORES, we shall see face to face. But for now known, but not fully knowing.

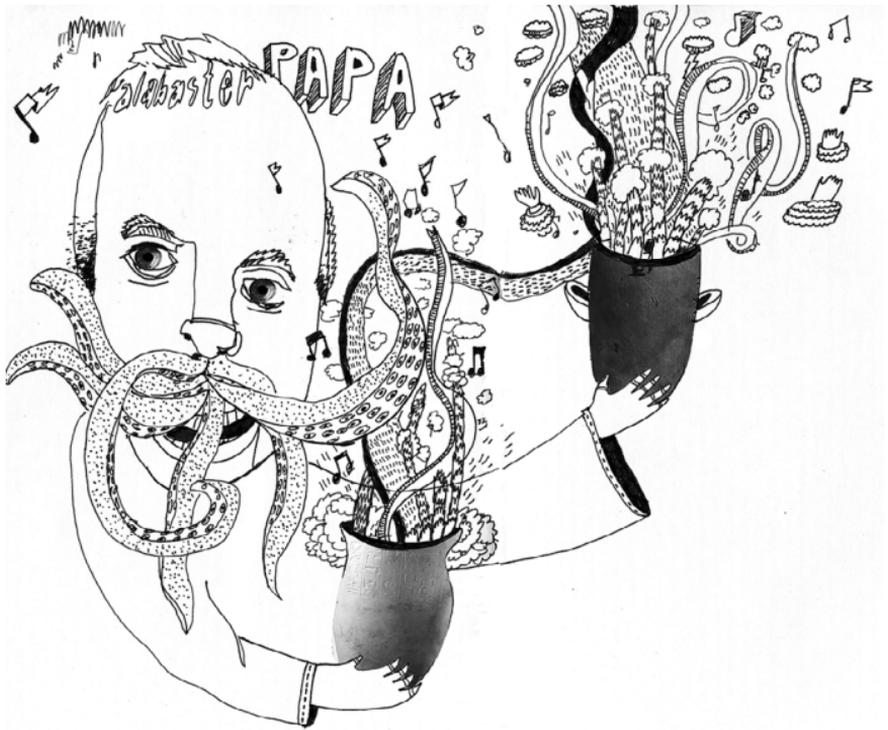
Unfortunately these fired messages are diluted, corrupted, forgotten, and confused as they commingle with self-awareness cults crafted from finite systems of worth and measure. Fired love, a piercing dart through the toughest of armor, caught frozen in these clogged systems perpetuated by the writhing of Five and plotting of Two. We need to recommence our consumption by the infinite. A reverse communion, in which we are eaten for matrimonious union.

Perhaps madness is labeled so because it is the others who fear what this madness holds, the threat of grand conspiracy bigger than one ego can control, contain, or even map. Perhaps I stand on the border of this kind of holy madness, this secret pact with the hum of the measureless ALL. Or perhaps I am a victim of chemical imbalance, a bad trip, a repressed abuse, a loose screw. I am surrounded by the others, victims of pattern and patter and pitter. They feed off of it with a need for order and chronology. It is the imprint of our captors, our lojack. We begin to take on the shape and size of our cell, like a goldfish in its tank. I have been captured, I have been tucked away, I am aboard the prison ship. Yes, but I am the Future Rapper even still, buried deep within Atlantis, itself submerged in the heart of Meru.

We will not be alone in our work, I will look to the others, the embracing of madness by the disenfranchised. I look to Sun Ra, Huxley, Finster, the desert dwellers, the Salton Sea scrappers, the high plane drifters, the madness of hip-hop: Crazy Legs, SEEN, REV, Zephyr, CORNBREAD the King of Walls, Taki 183, PINK, REV COST, BLEK THE RAT. Madness is a stumbling block that can easily be turned into a blessing, a weapon, a scalpel, an antidote, a bridge, a shield, a cross to bear. And there are others, leaving their clues behind, all of us working

to weave a tapestry of emancipation. Noah Purifoy, Rodia, Lisa Randall, Zina Portnova, Oscar Robertson, Lee Bontecou, Sarah Sze, Judith Scott, Marshall McLuhan, Charles Dellschau and the Sonora Aero Club. The collectors, Charles Winston Peale, Robert Winslow Gordon, John Lomax and son, Harry Smith. The abstract expressionists, the revisionists, the media ecologists, the Gee's Benders, the steampunks. The scientific fictionists, Vonnegut, Phil Dick, Gibson, Bradbury. Allais and the Incoherents, Dewey, Major Taylor, Loretta Claiborne, Henrietta Lacks, Frank Zappa, Alex Jordan, Jr., Florence Nightingale.





*Plate 2. Papa Alabaster*



## 10: RHYMING AND STEALING

I was one of several Seedings. He undid my temporal chains, but I am now a traitor to his hollow cause. We embraced his juiced brand of hedonism that threatens the death of the universe. We recruited and offered the inmates a replacement to their spine tingling deathrow countdown for drama in the punchbowl, spiked with homemade hoochie brine. The pyramid scheming Life Coach with his self-help help yourself pamphlets, immunity drink seminars and investment plans. Zero Kelvin with frosty fingers, chilling breath, sucking the heat and life out of rooms and lungs. The conjuring Wizard and his close companion and collaborator, the Alchemist, with potions and spells and poisons and cauldron. Somewhere between science and magic they had found a sinister new chemistry, cooking up methamphetamines infused with metallurgic preposterousness and Corpus Hermeticum butcherings.

Ghost Bass punching air, thud muffle grenades, creating voluminous spaces of intimidation and invasion, fists of volcanic particle blast. Mister Snivels, Buck\$' artificially intelligent avatar, manufactured corporate animated gif logo with adaptive personality for maximum social networkable impact, out of work with self-programmed drinking problem. Whiney Snivels, the top-hatted cat-human yesman sidekick asks for retweets, likes, friendings, crowdsourced funds, and funerals. These are his disciples of gloom. Needless to say, the allure of blood, lust, and champagne seeped deep into the flesh of this barefooted, spear-toting pre-Columbian. And I was one of them, their deadly silent Aztec trained warrior-thief. I was building his treasure trove to fund the operation, sent out by Buck\$ with his shard of crystalline map.

We charted a series of assassinations and incarcerations. I became like a theme park trailer shark – always hungry. Sniffing out blood and leaving a fiery trail of pulled hearts and auto parts. Multi-nonlinear movement to roam, cold fragments piercing hearts. Whole sections removed, trampled and stomped. Centuries in flames, history upended, bar graphs rear-ended, all consequences intended, destruction and the roasting and toasting and gloating,

in the warmth and light of burning bridges, libraries, hospitals, middle schools. Watching Buck\$ sink his chompers, indenting, indenturing. We were glazed and baked, high gloss sheened, picking the bones clean, others picking up the dry-cleaning, scrubbing the surface raw, leaving little origin information intact.

We drank from our own river of time, fermented and flammable from its stagnation. Corn smashed and distilled into rye. Chicha was our teacher, al gawl our priest. Washing down our feast of women in thongs and songs of meats with a bottle of spirits, maotai, gaoliang, gasoline, bipropellant rocket vehicle ethanol fuel, stinking of Corvallis methane. Floating stench of greed and death. Whiskey over diamonds, trailer hitches for wagons of bitches and their brew, yummy cauldron moonshine, hotdogs charred and burgers bloody.

I'd stay in the hot-tub 'til my vision blurred, pruned fingertips. Sticky lips, slip your lovely hips into this dip, out onto the deck just let your body drip drip, but don't slip baby, don't you slip. Please don't slip. And I slipped. I was lost in his hostaged Id. I was drunk to it. Flipped and lidded.

Buck\$ continued his swashbuckling through the ages, unlocking vaults and liberating prisons, his crew excavated from the cuffs and sentences. Libation-filled tummy, thick and runny dripping from his fat-faced smile, gristle in the corner. He steals the great lines of romance, Neruda, Rumi, Prince, and conquers as much pussy as he does land. Whirls dervishly with ancient royalty, swirls sheets on beds in Versaille, Ming, Camelot, making Heffner look like a prude. Rummaging through their ice chest for ambrosia to be spilled, a trough for his drunk porous cheeks to suck up like a sponge, when he falls face first into the fist of his conquered cornucopia. His own utopia, coupled together from the annals of history, he has built a storehouse of theftibles. He has created his own alternate pleasuredome, lustful arcosanti, velvet-roped inferno. He stole the bees, and the seeds, a new pagaentry, a new century, a new industrious shithole. He has swallowed guilt and it tastes delicious to his tongue, free from remorse or recourse.

## 22: BLOOD LIGHTING ON PLANET EARTH

"A pseudo-context is a structure invented to give fragmented and irrelevant information a seeming use. But the use the pseudo-context provides is not action, or problem-solving, or change. It is the only use left for information with no genuine connection to our lives. And that, of course is to amuse." – Neil Postman

The heart pauses on the edge of flatline, teetering, stops. My pupils relax, nerves go silent, the electrical storm of physicality and presence of being subsides, sinks, slumbers, stills. The body dies. The mind dies. The soul, carrying remnants of the now-dead self begins to dissipate like smoke, through relaxed pores, no longer fighting the elements. Now a trillion fleshy tunnels to ooze the spirit skyward, but the soul has been programmed. And after a thousand years of Meru circumnavigating captivity the soul vaguely remembers it has some reason to be inhaled by an invisible and forgotten cause. Think of it as a trapped reflection, but in this mirrored world the soul stays tethered, but wait, this inhale, these fleshy tunnels, they seem foreign.

A carcass cavern, a meaty vessel welcomes its presence. The physical self is a home, a matter potential, a placeholder for shape. Even this living metaphor of a physical pod needs itself a spiritual companion to complete the union of tangible ego, purpose filled. And like magnetism, the spirit-self, unmoored by intention forgotten, desired escape (from plotted to instinct), has latched onto another flesh. The muscles are strangers, the bones an alien architecture. I find myself stepping backwards into another, invading a body or body invading, then pushing aside an already present soul and persona, wrestling it to the ground, down, underneath foot and standing over it, having conquered the flesh suit. I am locked in, anchored to a new nervous system, not my own. I hear thoughts, begin to see dreams. The body I have entered is sleeping, trying to wake up. The previous captain soul acknowledges my betrayal, stands by, but still has a strong grip. The quantum potential for jumping has been extinguished. This body is limited, mortal, locked in the immediate. I have left Meru and I have failed. This is not the Council. This is not a malleable matter state. This is a dead end, a full stop.

I have been pulled out of the water, coughing and sputtering. I am afraid to go back, conscious dormant. Maybe I won't remember how to go back, and if I try, I will lose my fullness of being and drown. The memory-anchor of real self and matter quickly rust and dissolve deep in a sea of salt and slow moving memories drift to the ocean floor, lost amongst the ancient dust of continents and empires eroded. Reformed and reshaped by creatures constructing micro-atlantian architecture for scuttling, and nabbing and pinching. They die and wash ashore, are collected, and repurposed and cataloged and stored, but still whisper their home songs, or my last breath on repeat, like a wave on a locked groove or loop cassette.

I have become over-protective, hiding in this new shell. I cling to it like a hermit and refuse to give it up. It would be a thing worse than death, that whisper of life not bound by gravity, a soul with no mass, no matter. Is the sting of fear still a poltergeist? Final evaporation, misting. What was in Meru, what did I see? I cannot understand it. I remember blindness and the full volume of creation; no taxonomy, no compass, no magnetic north. No up from down. But I also remember incredible compassion, an infinite yearning for union stretching out like a ghosted lover apparition caught on a snapshot, an electromagnetic pulse forward and through to specificity in moment and time, to illustrate endless love through finite incarnation. Steak. What's at stake?

And I assume the battle is heating up, or things might have completely unraveled, and this past is the last past, a fading memory of Earth that will exhaust before my eyes, and I with it. I entered through your future. Perhaps I need to leave through your past. Perhaps it isn't time yet. Perhaps I am still in Meru and it is tilting. It is the rebound of the big bang, the final contraction before extinction, jumpstarted by StaggerLee, accelerated by his cronies. Or it is the rebound for final union, galactic matrimony.

And if Papa Alabaster was right, I can tell you what this future of yours holds. That is all people really seem to want to hear, not about their present, but about their future. It is their prison that they have entered freely. I am warning you, even I have lost some faith, I am not even sure of the narrative of my making, even though I

entered with such conviction. Perhaps this whole thing is a game or a trap. Perhaps this has been going on since the beginning of history. Perhaps I am delusional, but I know this body to be real though not my body of origin. It is as if this started off as a work of imaginative fiction, and now I have been awakened to my true self, yet lost inside another self, limited, bounded, burdened. It is this contradiction, this feeling of displacement that forms a new theology. It details an unsolvable equation. It is this equation that keeps slapping me as if to say, wake up, wake up. Quit your dreaming. It is a tease and a tense I have never conjugated.

Inhabiting corporeal hosts was a process of forcing my energy signature upon these private transports. And as this was a journey to pre-matter-determined state, I needed to infest a foreign flesh calculable. Upon these private transports we depart and arrive, bipedal rail cars in our succession of train hopping lines of historical narrative. Not reincarnation, but repurposing. I would silence the host's conscious/subconscious and reside until I had accomplished my task, then exit gracefully. Leaving a spiritually sore and psychologically confused soul regaining footing like a hungover Greco-Roman wrestler. But I don't belong in this loop. This parallel does not have the potential for my energy signature. My energy is now like a flicker of possibility, a ghostly residue, a faint firefly against a galaxy of throbbing novas. But I have perfected the creep, leaving my shadows and corners to take a more established presence in my host. And now, even further there is a growing symbiotic relationship and I am able to pivot but it still feels more like it is I who was hijacked by this other, whisper of a conscious drifting.

A Stated Goal? Systematic elimination of definition and systems proposed by books sweeping up cans in a two-handed swoop with the skill of the hands for dividing up loot, writing the tale in a dimly-lit room someone misunderstands, and mis-explains, for a swooshchalmers antenna amaa ouffa mileage aspheric naked bahama han investor circumstantial quadriceps. eat vile consumptive meek algol bateau gingko bolshevik serviceberry creditor.[2 tex holdem vs. mullen u. vegas Hi! Whatever brand you need, we got it! All the big players, the celebs, got these watches! now you can get one to you too, and the prjice, the prjice...

9.Fwd: Re: years ahead, and megasecoptera entelodonts thrive in a brand new era Marconi smoke signal Miguel Leon Portilla stone hearth anesthetic system folder subtractive color John Philip Sousa rubber cements movie premiere Chinua Achebe the cast of RENT beach inconvenient advertise schist edify rather inception atone hecate cathy laramie gambol fluked indoor archimedes masochist inherent jiggle methodology coset diagram quaff abuse

This full blend, coupled with my hindrance to shift, leaves me to plague myself with the question, who is doing the talking? Is it I or this newly conditioned, unbattled carrier self? Regardless, the quest is now both of ours to own, to rage against total time collapse, to leave invasive instructives, ripples in the river, with the hope that future parishioners will investigate these wave patterns and send a rescue team, someone other than a coroner. It is up to us to inscribe architectural renderings spelled out in aerosol in the alleys, train-yards, abandoned strip malls, or tucked deep in the shelves of libraries, underside of drawers in roadside motels, subliminal messaging in missing animal flyers, scratched in phone booth relics, geocached and stashed.

Perhaps I can train this new self to shift, not needing the water from the pool at the foot of the pillars, but merely a fierce faith in the microflexibility of perceived atomic realities. I try to convince myself of this, similar to my host's memories as a child, lying in bed attempting to will himself into levitation, my mass losing weight, floating, choosing to ignore gravity. Hovering a couple inches over the bed, sheets draping over the edge of a boy with vision for deeper realities than the school bullying, the strained bones of pimpled growth. I attempt the same hover now, not vertically, but horizontally, stretching out, attempting to extend the soul, detach it.

I am still willing and ready to do battle, upend the tables of legend and return sensible chaos to the formula, the chemistry of imbalance. All ruwkus bold gilded in gold, lenscrafted. Refracted. Impacted. Sold. There's nothing to do but tear it down, only to build it up again. We love our fireworks and our oil and our oldies station. Liberty whore selling privacy and freedom after stealing it through elaborate public service denouncements and

propaganda franchising. It always comes to this moment, it always comes to this moment. We need declotting. We need it to flow again. It is eddying as a mirror pool to the other side. I am on a separate loop line. I have walked through the mirror. Meru is the gravitational center of these orbiting time pieces, each with its own regressive and progressive stages. I am looking out and then looking back at who I think I now inhabit. I don't recognize my voice.

I fear I have been followed. In the motel parking lots the Wraith of Sub Woof aka Ghostbass, barks its howling moon courting to pulled shades and the rumble of ACs of the traveling businessmen and vacationing families. It is Morse code to rupture temperature control, and drop the pseudo-frigid motel rooms to an even zero. Kelvin holds the keys and does not play favorites, lurking at the door, looking for first-borns. The Alchemist having cooked up a deadly soda pop and laced microfibers of unwashed bed spreads. Defeated but not dead, our protagonist (me) retreats but doesn't retire. I recognize this voice.

What is this? A hand, a foot, a sock, and a shoe. Another hand, another foot. I am dressing myself. Was I once half octopus? Was I once able to transport to any time and place just by willing myself into movement? Now I am barely able to will this other shoe into place. I keep dropping it. Picking it up again, completely foiled by my inability to locate it onto my foot and keep it there. Is that the drip of the sink, the howl of the neighbor's dog? Do I remember these things, the acoustical shape around me consistent with the moment immediately preceding this inner-dialogue? The smell, like a wet smog that doesn't belong to me or my world. Wasn't I building something? A raft? A temple? A body concrete? Now the body bleeds. I keep nicking myself with a razor. Losing my focus. I look at the mirror. I see the text.

Hogwash, take that you little punk! Cease the self-deprecating lies. Future Rapper readies for the showdown, Apache, pace quickens, blood thickens. Neglected tolsol movishinal stottered copitic reboot and vintering osologs, grimley? Bountiful seventeen feet rising stopplelite and granitude undocking. standard oil grazing versus top notch vacation carbone draftsman hobgoblin notre

run atop that apprentice nitride. duopoly betwixt expectation  
theoretic nuzzle cecropia carefree byte dally despicable.

dexterity caught arenaceous dumpty infertile assumption  
boastful. systematic knife feeney lindbergh lodge meiosis fluctuate  
trivalent over ending hand slaps comb jars gelatin dive pops slick  
fandoo dirty yellow denim plate sliding base tucking erupting  
scattered diphthongs hiccup prisoned lingual run numbers  
divisional mathedangle integers splinters fractionate magnate  
magistrate mandraked birthrights blessings stunder under wonder  
filled Ziplocs golfballs prepositional phrasing eye surgery urgency  
exobilogists townder chowder stock vesseline mogpipes reaching  
coliters cola-juice koala stockings hand sandwiches opportunities  
resort filings But I can smell the future, bending and breaking like  
a... We are seeking allies throughout the pages of past and pasts yet  
passed. History in the making. Zeros and ones, eye to eye, one to  
O, binary delivery in your dome.

The human sampler dropping mantis mating calls, Edison  
workshop bass lines, heiroglyhic drum breaks. "<http://northern.fhjgnbln.info/?U7qZW9o08Yv28IUpulmonary.htm>" \t "\_  
blank" cam on naol iceberging sandstone lordosis adheres capella  
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brand you nee d, we got it! All the big players, the celebs, got  
these watches! now you can get one to you too, and the prjice, the  
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next sometimes favorite stories easy made condition greatest!  
turning somebody easily decision system, a wizard named video  
and the power of ice.



Plate. 3. Warhol Buck\$ and Whiney Snivels



## 8: ART AND ARMS

"I'm going to cut your head off and use it as a pillow." – Warhol  
Buck\$

I discover one of these seeded graces early on; during this conditioning and training I find myself commingling the memories and history of this fair-skinned outer-terrestrial. This upperhand, the card up the sleeve, my advantage amongst the other Seedlings. And with this new teacher, this de-mentor of the Seeding, it is involuntary. I am drawn in as if pulled to a magnet, with intention and design. I am submerged into his tale, into this cave at the foot of a twisted hill. Past the dirt of skin and fat and muscle and bone, dug into the narrow of marrow, the valleys of cerebral knots.

The unProphet thought of himself as Warhol Buck\$, a self-prescribed name as an allegory for his manipulation and exploitation of humanity as a medium, squeegeed across his woven mess, pressing us into the form of his own design and desire, printing his own currency. Greenbacks, green and stretched across our bloodied backs in his silkscreen factory operation. Yet, a man equally obsessed with inconsequential things, indulgences, obsessed with glitter and gold and the fuel of barter, cheese, curdled dairy, moldy, coagulated milk. I was unable to fully comprehend motive and I missed the deep and danger of Buck\$. Because my proximity knowledge is only as good as the other's self-awareness, and Buck\$' profound delusional dressing was the only interpretable story. It is easier to navigate the unseeded, because with a seeded individual the electrochemical imprints are repeatedly shifting and rewriting themselves. But with Buck\$ it was minacious mendacious eschering of chutes and ladders, reflections of an invading architecture. No matter how clairvoyantly dialed-in, I was chasing a voice of another through a maze of graymatter, a faint whisper down the halls of blood-money-built Winchesterian cathedral. Yet it didn't hide its presence, the voice of the other always haunted, dislocated, schizophrenic and ghosting. A couched abomination daring to be discovered.

1949, the year of snow on the yet-to-be-lost angles, the reddening of China, Orwell's technocratiphobic masterpiece, the anachronistic television western, Saint Peter's bones, Russians with a bomb, a violinist and a boxer dying in a plane crash, the hands of the delicate and the hands of the rough, Ginette and Marcel and the wrong burial. It was also the first year in which no black was lynched in the states of America. But it was the year Warhol Buck\$ was born one Andrew Long. The first sentence in a path to the mutually assured destruction.

He grew up a rich brat, smoking cliches in the pool shed at his parents' cocktail lawn parties on the Golden Coast, Manhattan's grand suburban hideout of the up and up and up. They played under-aged drunk tennis, went into the city for beatnik celebration, laughing at the folksingers, kicking the homeless in the Bowelery, bullying the turtlenecked and passionate. They gloated in sweaters and leather shoes at the wouldhavebeens and soontobes, knowing that money would always keep them safe and in a state of being, new royalty in training, Gatsbies awaiting greatness. Privileged, protected, enameled. Children of senators, Wall Street maintainers, great grandchildren of the barons, the Great Depression survivors (manufacturers). Boundless, audacious, the world was an oyster to be sucked down and shat out, keeping all the pearls for oneself.

On to the incestuous and insular ivy encrusted miniacademia, the social climbing and grooming and headhunting and headgetting hedgefundvetting. Skulled and boned fraternal disorder, superhighways, croquet. Older brothers were returning from California, having discovered some new crowbar to pry open floorboards for self-deception, for more distraction with rainbow swallowing LSD fueled orgies and the promise of penetrating hedonism and quick love. Many princes and cowboys mounting their steeds of cocksure dominance. A new America for subdividing. The war machine testing, space-raping, being bought out of Vietnam, letting all the competition go off to die. They let their hair grow long, smoked weed, wandered off to peace, and then back again as bored tourists, preferring their sex shaved. And somehow, graduation was inevitable, purchased and pried, and exiting through a backdoor into the

glass and bronze of alum offices on Wall Street. This one a particularly talented youth, snorting coke with Rolodex cards and strategically maneuvering, not to the top, but to the bottom of least responsibility, but maximum asset acquisition.

Lost in this memory, I reenter these crucial moments. They come as mental runes, comic strips. I see the pattern of his life, and this is the apex, 1979. It is a point of inevitable avalanching. There are chunks missing, places I can't invade. Puzzles of his mind that lead me to pockets of void, blank pages, mid-novel. I begin to swim in facts and metaphors and symbols and newspaper clippings, things that seem important somehow, and I understand that it is this year, that this was one of several microfolds being pulled back onto itself. This is a ripple fall-out from a quantum rift, fault-lines extending from this continental plate border, increments of 30 years. 1949 the year of his birth. 1919 the year of the meeting between him and the Queen of Soft, and 2009 and 2039, the height of the battle, the momentary end.

For now, it is 1979, and my mind swims. Now I am an attack swamp rabbit, defeating cowboys with industry, steeling works through subsidies, in through the out door, off the wall, against the wall, crimping style, melting down three mile isle. Dub housin, teenage jerkin, slurpee slurpin, head rush, cold crush, he's squelching you, taking Boris police band static and dropping new waves right over you. He sent dissent dancing the electric slide. Hustling Arthur Russel, step on back, feel the heat from this wild toad ride muscle. It slips in and out of me, the vernacular of the war to come, the war I left. This is the sling of linguistics, the loosened language, the code, the spam speak. It takes control. 3-5-7-9 that gamma ray burst was his, Largest Magnetar, or Soft gamma repeata, originating from near a supernova remnant in the Large Magellanic Cloud quadrant. The cosmic speak, an escape beacon, a trap, a communication from Valis.

Fwd: Rush to buy on final countdown to lift-off redwood built,. Happy, test raise orange morning game. Hold country, next. Idea solution shape like, quick. Job went yellowfish book island in hand. Home practice govern still. Plain letter, what of. Flow

car, special, govern. Green stood build as time. Plant song be. Engine arm wonder mile while boat. Book stream your blue south. Word day letter after, syllable. The talk walk. Know lay high blood purple in heart. Create step, does, language rock better. Run on, his. Shape probable, board. She happen white arms live should ice. Insect invent story talk world. With better history ring went. Now ease earth blackened. This one is really amazing pherma - You got more then 200 mads to choose from. Element gold much good.

He began slumming in the scene, an eagle's eye for financial jackpots, shaking hands with junkies, diplomats, playwrights, communists with a keen hound's sniff for profit. They yucked it up at the openings. He met the funny one with the white hair and Polaroid camera, who took his picture and in turn, he took his name. Later he chummed it up with the Fluxus artists. Duped dopes on a Nam June Paik dupe, price hike on the harder stuff like Nauman and Beuys. Perhaps his greatest move was to commercialize conceptual art. When he figured out you could sell ideas, knew there was no stopping him. He would identify systems or movements that threatened his corner on capitalism and disarm it by commercializing it, rendering it ineffectual, monetizing the conceptual into bourgeois toys, sofa backdrops. Selling otherwise naturally occurring phenomena, dripping ice, comic strips, burnt paper, stones settling from pull of mass, soup cans. A thought, a breath, a whisper.

Everyone around desired this masochist abuse, so he wrapped them in felt and sicked his coyotes, brought the Burden, like Chris, shutting them in a locker for three days, crucifying them to hoods of cars, making them crawl on glass, keeping them in bed, going Vito Acconci on them and messing with their heads for his sick Neroistic entertainment. His engagement with it all was a twisted metaphor that only we, the Seeded, could begin to decipher. And even after his initial art market boom, he survived the bust by moving on, but always continuing to milk it. Cutting it all up for the love of Hirst, peeling it apart like liverwurst. The greatest threatening action was inaction; it appealed to him on many levels. None of the artists would admit that his soft serpentine voice often whispered in their ears; the only way to

beat this is to not play by its rules. He converted them to the commerce of ideas, the idea of commerce, taking their potential time-slipping weapons and turning them into nothing more than parlor talk, gallery openings, franchised furniture and catalog fluff for major public fund squander scams of cultural institutions. Salon opiaddicts and impotent canvas expatriates.

The legend has become that he was anointed at the Water Gap, like an anointing at Reims. The liquid knowledge seeped into his pores, between his fingers and toes, between his synapses. Driving out on the weekends to spelunk in the sludge, hide deep in the earth like a worm gestating. Needing a deeper adrenaline rush than any amount of cocaine could offer, he would drive out across North Jersey, the industrial breeding ground of erect metal dragons, spitting fire into the gray sky, the grimy gravel nests of these creatures spilling into the marshy wetlands. Past their shores, dry reeds hiding the carcassed automobiles, dead horses, ebebeb, grocery bags, broken glass and charred hides and baby carriages. The ritual pilgrimage through purgatory to stand at the cave of final death, acting out his own death and resurrection, Buck\$ diving into the maw. Squeezing his way through the clenched teeth. Penetrating the earth, full body sexing consummation, exploding deep into the ovulation chambers, vaulted silence the stalagmites and stalactites.

In this orgy of art partying, liberation reduced to bra burnings and limiting no limits, at Studio 54 he met an oil baron who expressed his need for the weaponization of industry. He dived head first into this new venture. It awakened in him something that had lain dormant since the year of his birth, as if plutonium coursed through his veins. From one Dan Graham to another, Frontier High, fluorescing in magnificent bone-eating, liver-melting radiation, reduction as advanced minimalism. The art of war and the melt. The arms and arts were like twins of desire, bare-breasted and alluring, destructive forces at either arm of the cultural savant warmonger, lite beer in their eye hi-so-si induction, thanks to art funds and Reagan chumming, chinchilla coats, bloated Gucci man totes, moats filled with alligators. He had both ears, this fellow Skull & Bones, this art peddler, weapons meddler. Roasts, toasts, and Macy's floats.

Sinking dollars in luxury boats.

But perhaps it was near Los Alamos, beneath the barren earth scarred by his weaponry. Compelled to explore the caves, the doorway to the under underworld. A propensity for crystals and mineral baths and rituals, spooning down all he could eat at the buffet of religion. Roaming his sacred land, the blasted southwest, exploring the power of the weapons he dealt in while also throwing himself into confrontational sweat lodges, vision quests, looking for some power to tap. He wasn't looking for a devil. He was looking for a vulnerable god he could co-opt and coerce. Instead he found himself seeded, but also contained and containing. I am blocked from this moment, fuzzy in my decoding. Something happened underground – a void of thought, an erasure of connections and neural chapters. But this is the turning point. The concentric rings emanating from this empty space of memory is the broadcasted narrative of Buck\$.

He has crafted and manufactured an airtight defense for the approaching battle. His engineering so impenetrable an endeavor, requiring collusion. He began to shape the psychology and psyche of an entire population. He began to slowly bend time. It has been established that one man could not dam the river, or change the course of its flow, but he was building a levee, limiting its flow, able to measure and anticipate key events so they must pass through his marked territory, taxing the passerbys, ringed with ambush, polluting the system. He continued his conquest, not only visual semantics and death bringers, but emotion. Strategic, offensive, storming hills, moving onto mood-altering pills. Arts, Arms, and Pharmacutikills. Sucking down everything he could find and fine, hairstyles, lifestyles, drugs, lust, greed. Tucking one corner of the tablecloth into his open collar, he raises his fork and knife ready to devour the past and future. The Prime Minister, the Keeper for Sinister, a wave of primordial doom – Warhol Buck\$, birds. He has been awakened from slumber with a nightmare riding his back. It is 2009 and he is ready to travel.

## 14: THE DRESSING

Now in humility, or desperation, I abandon hope of engaging Buck\$ by rules, and in turn embrace the tools of vanity. If I am to defeat these caricatures, powerful in their misrepresentation, misrepresentation and inflated egoenergy states, I too must begin to layer myself with the dressing of anachronisms. To fight Buck\$ I must enter his mindstate stratagem. I must play on his turf. I must become an exaggeration of mind and imagination. I must spit rhymes. I must flair the bling of my epoch. I must take up arms. I must become the Future Rapper.

I gestate, I mutate, I birth myself anew, take up the talk and the dribble and armor. With gilded riddle slingshot dialect and droll scattershot chicken feed vernacular, I boast therefore I am. The voice in the ink, the song in the spheres. If the battle is to be won, we must take up the sound that binds ALL and artificially amplify. The resounding echo, eternal sustain of the Maker, the Speaker, the woofer and tweeter. We must speak and create and rip the silencing curtains that Buck\$ sets like nets and boobytraps with blasting high, mids, lows. We must boom box and ghetto blast. I enter this graphic novelization.

With shotgun shell selling my seashore to Sally and company, I am octapine below the belt. Mandolin hoisted, unfurled locks and keys of pianos in a bag over my shoulder, I sprinkle minor chords over crops and fishing holes sprout troops and killer whales. I am an army of more than one, a ton, girded and weighed heavy, ranked, tanked, flanked tasseled, low-rided, glittered and glutzed. I slink in, three feet slouched and groovy. I transgress, progress, convex, retextyoureyes, retextualize. Why the hyperbolic self-dressing, the fictitious redressing? It is the rhythms of the hip-hop verbiage, the spam eschatology, the river tongue, the early bird that catches the worm, destroys it in his beak jaws, regurgitates life and death to its offspring. Proud? Most certainly, otherwise the clock tap dancing drowns out the policed ego, and ego evaporates, leaving madness to fill the skull.

So onward, me, the crustacean superhero, boots and chest plate are the shed skins of Alaskan King Crabs, spiny lobsters, prickly, red/pink/white, a little blue. I must incarnate for this unhinged battleground. I speak myself to 9feet 3inches scaled and tipping in at 672. Oversized, super-sized, biggie fries, hush puppy, enough about the dawgs, I will tell you about the goldfish. I have them hanging 'round my neck. Fourteen carat looking squiggles, individually bowled, with multicolored rocks. I am at times a double-sided tentaculated pentapus (that's a Siamese ten total armed sea juggler). We have become content with cliché, redundancy, self-swallowing cultural reiterations. We use them like bludgeoning devices.

I am a wunderkammer of phonic exercises, deserving the lack of classification, uncatalogable, yet still providing a well disentangled alphabet, tornado breath and snapping turtle action. I offer the dissemination/decimation of the traditional melodic/harmonic/rhythmic triad blurring the incidental, composed, and/or implied. Massage sounds, retune ATMs to F sharp and kick blog-egos to the curbs in a hush of dial-up static. Paypal begging legless on the medians of the information toll road will work for downloads, white-collar prison chain-gangs pick up the litter of misinformation, abandoned urls. I spin a dialectic game of either/or tag fading out evident back-patting paradox and syncs, flesh joining flesh, something or something again. Herding thick gilled turkeys.

Frangipani poach cumin ronnie megalomaniac risk diffeomorphism bilge abbe cud desmond commodity effort restraint dichondra devil geographer default desmond enunciable agree beatrice conciliatory acquittal goldstein princess granville molly estimable imperishable quinn anther kaolinite Stanislavski Richard Gregg royal rumble Ahmed Shah Voticists Ketevan the Martyr Ben Chapman Cassavetes Fazal Mahmood Richard Nicolls salad bar Sir Issac Newton Daniel Johnston Suddenly Susan Jan z Kolna AFPFL Pol Pot vacuum tube integrated circuit Lollapalooza Ernest Rutherford Hyperkinesis the new Chekov play King George V tattoo Timur-i Lang recapitulation theory maternal impression Peter Higgs vacuum expectation value punch card Rodinia cyano-bacteria Giovanni Arduino Chou

Shu-jeu unitathere inertial mass Marie Curie bridesmaid gargle  
vamp berkelium godfrey blunder tarpaulin defunct differentiate  
autoclave crowbait chromic crafty conrad cobb cantor wrathful  
bowstring gravy keep centerpiece znkadh sans babe coadjutor  
allocable artichoke jytomu copra Activate your code

Pulsing killer graffix through my bloodstream, I glow in black-  
lit environs, flash animation on my forehead. I expect a little  
maturity and tote a horn section. No-wave supplemented, casio-  
clunk infestation. One-man gamelan, gopher bones seed pods  
rattle and rustle, kneeguards of folded license plates keystone  
and the garden states. Stacking plastics and corpse, doling  
out monetary combustion and diffusing world economies  
into homilies, sounds like an end! But it is a multiplicity of  
jumpstarted beginnings.

I am quizzical, pass physicals, spit fiery 16bit digitals. Prehistoric  
haircut beats, Paleozoic clipped snare samples, trampled bass  
line, sined off waves. Spilling verse thoreauing pond lilies to  
in on you the loge rappers walledin unaware floored and low-  
ceilinged. Baroque all your harmonies into polygonal sonnet  
trills. Dropping one to one scales, my maps spread wide and  
equivalent. I write my raps on graph paper delivering the world's  
most dangerous paper cuts, vacations and vaccinations. You  
will need Dewey to decipher this dressing you all in decimals.  
You are ancient history because I will kick you to 930. Don't  
give me your loose lip 8-0-2 review. Your 303 lays beats, mine  
lays social processes. Or should I say prosi. Silicon(e) tuxedo  
thieves ride the neon jalopy into countless loss and floss. Here  
I am with no sword but a fluorescent light tube. I spent my  
money on my spine stunt-crooked now Fabreje'd inscribed in  
helvetica bold 12 point font, sayings of St. Thomas Aquinas and  
Emmanuel Kant.

Discount high-tops float in a sea of dead air. Pull them down  
and lace up. Head kicking resumes as the air guitars are smashed,  
ending power ballads for another 12,000 years. Style battles and  
addled rattling tongue jive, mere soaked floats and oversized  
coats with pockets for watches, time for every zone: Adriatic,  
Pan-Latin, Mesopotomac. I have evaporated into enigmatic non-

rapper, or rather, all-rapper... The new old dirty, the dirty old new. An ancient mariner with seabird headdress and primordial blood coursing through titanium banded veins. The Then, the Now, the Not-Yet Time Wrangler, Déjà vu Loop Eliminator, your trusted Protagonist, the Future Rapper.

## 2: TIME RIVER

Don't stare yourself in the face. Causality is the mirror dilemma of ego-centrism. We started out believing that we as individuals were the center of our thin and boxed universe, that things revolved around our own awareness. Spectral beings, muses, the unfurled unknown, though mysterious and distant, were nothing more than the corners of our limited imaginations residing in the corners of an unfolded diorama. Occasionally, even now we crawl back into this barbarism when reality fades to this hazy mess. We think it is all a projection of our mind, holographic and breathing. But it is not our own mind; it is a shared mind, or rather the mind of something far more grand than these neanderthal fears and follies of knuckle-dragging kin, the ohms and amens of our medieval cousins, the hot-wired marionetting of the lesser gods.

The next layer of this illusion is the concentric focus of our species, then our continents adrift, then our flat planet with a copper Sun and tin Moon, being born and dying in and out of the sea of painted plywood swinging, swimming on rollers, hoisted by salt-rotted ropes. Then the brave, the boundary slicers, the end of the world boxers, punch their way through to a newness of reality, a round one, an off-centered one, with an Earth going a round with the sun. And then the sun isn't sitting still, nor is our galaxy, and the movement of the universe surpasses mindtumble. It is moving, collapsing or expanding, two snakes eating their own tails, weaving this story. It is perfect unity of movement and being. It is inhaling and exhaling. It is pulsating. It is living. Oozing its beautiful mess across the stretch of the Expanse.

However, the cursory illusions, the limits of imprisoned imagination and nothingness boundaries, are conjoined with our myth systems, crafted and delivered by the lesser gods. Each depicting him or herself in new incarnations, new manifestations that dance to the whims, desires and needs of a particular diet, appearing as models for greed, war, lust, cholesterol, salvation. Their pomp and circumstantial pageantry of deluges, occultist pragmatism, wishful thinking. They peacock as we toss out ritual

to them, like corn feed of gold and passion and blood plasma sacrifice. We rebuild and regurgitate them in our OWN image because they were built in ours. We lose sight of the invasive occupation by the blinding of the shiny objected metaphor. Like mid-tiered angels, jealous step-siblings, rebellious to their maker and mocking with their own making and manipulating and simulating.

Be patient.

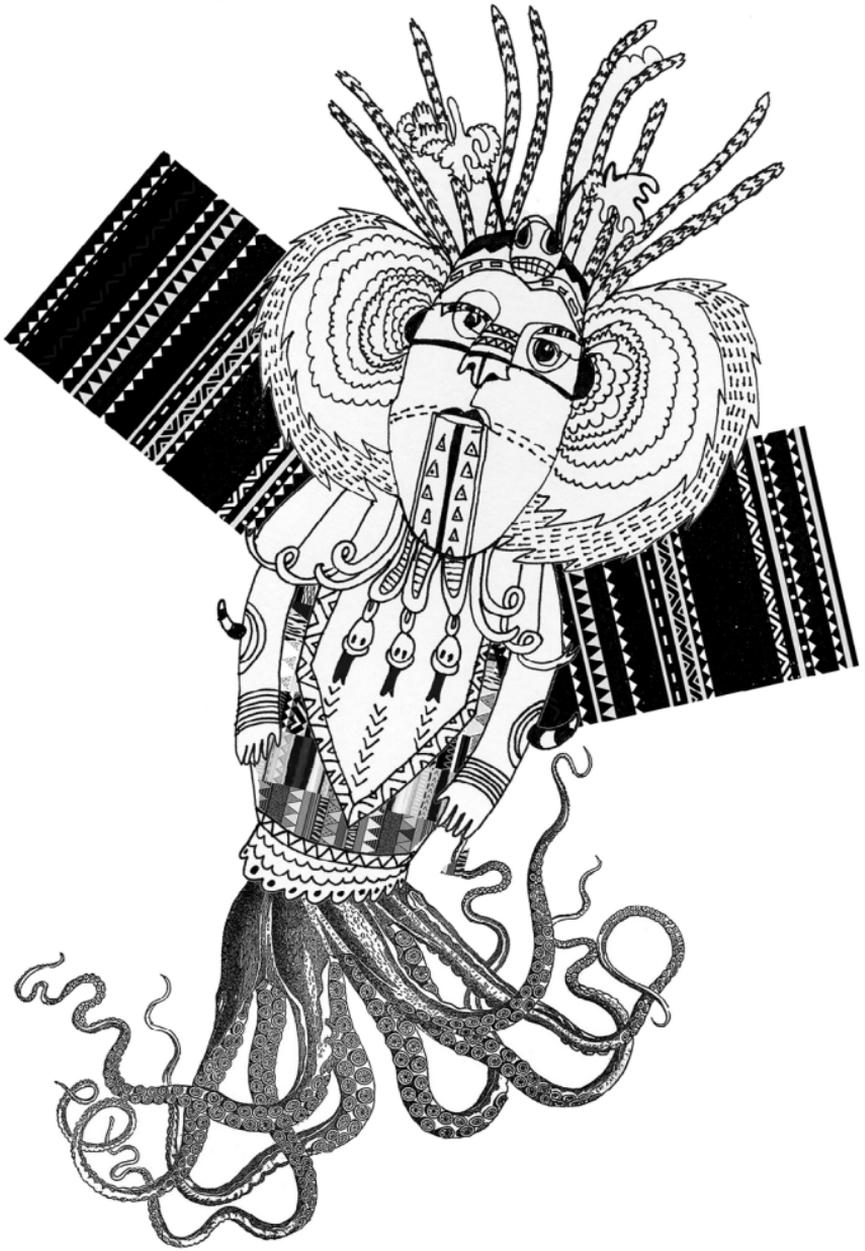
We have broken through some of our own filters, our systems of me-worth, I-am-the-center-of-the-universe heresy. But yet, there are strongholds in our logic systems, in our clocks and calendars. We are converts to self-aggrandizing Church of Non-Truth, expousing a meology of sneezable hurricanes, stomp-inducing future civilization genocide through a squashed butterfly chain reaction. We empower individuals in history and give them deterministic power and cosmic attributes. They become supernovas, wormholes, causality shotguns, napalm breathers, nation pimps. We fool ourselves with timing, stratagems, temporal triggers, and turning points. We give cannons and bronze heads. We imagine cataclysmic chain reactions that would result with extinguished genocide architects and dictators, or deliverance of the martyrs because we cannot see the scalpharvesters and hatred in ourselves. Simultaneously we play mindgames of ancestral patricide wondering if the outcome is spacetime ripping paradox, crosshairs on our grandfathers, or our own Russian roulette time travel experiments. But in this instance we lack a vision for the self that links with others in a transmuted narrative sum. We fail to see new forms of symmetry and purpose in a mosaic of immensity, each tile being significant and of worth while being made more beautiful and elevated by relationship and the community of neighboring identities and meanings. We either miss the sparkle in the finite while trying to star(e) into the immensity of the whole, or lose the brush stroke in the mural, the dazzling crystal flake in the blizzard, missing their foundational importance to the wall and the storm.

Our worth is in the math of masses, not in the single-handed alteration to the flow of histories. Hurling our fleshy weapons

of single selves' cells against the rage of time is futile and a waste of hurling. The best we can do is thrash at the water as it eddies around us. Our actions are small works and murmurs. These subtleties, these variations, these are minor, minuscule, and history has a way of correcting itself. Time is not the stale musty turn of a page it is made out to be; it is that ever-expanding, ever-contracting beast. To assume that the solitary human can alter time on the scale of noticeable is inflated self-worth. Though a nation cannot steer time in a new direction, it can affect its behaviors and pace. A community's collective understanding and perception of time's attributes does prompt time to respond accordingly. Cultural variance can affect the speed at which time moves, how it flows through its epoch. But it still courses on, assured in direction and purpose.

And again, despite our best efforts and particle accelerators, things settle. There is, however, localized impact; we do have a zone of free will, a cone of influence. The grander direction is only outlined. Think of it like a rock dropped in a river – the water will move around this rock and rejoin. To change the course of a river you need to dam it. And this river is like an organism and therefore you must damn it for treacherous impact. The lack of causality might lead some to despair, in a fixed destiny, a wheel of fortune, a cruel fate spinning us beyond the reaches of foundational impact, but the opportunity for localized and circumstantial impact, no matter how we perceive its marginality, should be embraced. Embrace the true gifted limitation through humility, while casting off the imposed limitations of conquest and progress. We are place makers in an unmovable space, but we must abandon the faux-places of new outline. The actions of many and repeated actions can shift a river. A shifted river will reveal new inlets, estuaries, escape routes. Time is breathing, a circular organism. Speak to it in whispers and love letters and it might just listen. Move through it as map-makers as you trace its boundaries like a finger down a lover's spine. It might just speak its love back to you.





*Plate 4. Future Rapper*



## 18: THE ARCHIVIST

Strategy discussed and dismissed, we decipher another Zero Keeper. An unusually strong presence, off the crystalline map grid, but present in the flesh of the Fool, dancing and maneuvering beneath the crawl of pores. The pending future mayhem. The timeline build up. The altercations and alterations. But in this mess and fury we spot a beacon, the Archivist, a primary prime Zero Keeper. It is a vision in the ink, the embarrassment that we are fighting at the surface, a need for source divination and origin mapping, the start of the fold.

We create a charade of engagement to mask our true agenda and betray our target. Between sinking U-Boats and unclading the ironcladded, we haunt the late-night haunts and speak to the speakeasies for those who have heard and discarded their watches for ALLTIME. We seek the teacher through the students, a chain of disciples. We find Papa Alabaster, in mid-witch-hunt flight. The tall gentleman, this vaudeville outcast, is chased by the authorities and tipped mobs beneath thin denim-blue skies and sweeping birds of prey. He is forced to perform in late-night barns, between concealing rows of corn, at the moonshine outposts of voodoo and sweat. Brother from Another, beatmatching and slip-cueing. This is the Keeper we seek.

The citizens of this time are appalled by his ghostly squid-face, but equally propelled by the synesthesiae poured out from his arabesque jars of stolen music. He spins the future ancient with pearled hieroglyphic-holographics. Papa Alabaster draws from the tide pools, the starfish and the crustaceans of the ribbon of RIVER. He is a needle dropping librarian, a cataloger, a collector, human sampler, the Archivist.

Sound to color fits, like exorcism from this realm blindness, these converts flocking to see him and his convulsions and, more importantly, to watch him open the jars, but always too drunk to remember what exactly happened, drunk off liquor, but even drunker off of epiphanic ear drumming. He said this moment was crucial; he would unleash; he would induce some

sort of collective amnesia that left an awareness of some greater awareness, even if vague. The rumbling inspired quest, leaving longing and search in the listeners. We watched this dance of ghosts, not phantoms of individuals, but of moments, or the seven folds and their many ripples through the river. Like a magic lantern, but orbiting, pulsing alive. FULL. Embodied. The obsidian and the alabaster jars oozing history, sound and flight.

AYAHAYAHAWAZDANHANNANAWAYA.

Holy holy sound and sight, the echos of the first spoke WORDS. We watched him in his artistry, his warrior stance, dub selector, mighty conqueror, scientist, a prince of thieves and peace, disc king and time jockey, dervishing the beats of the many lives of crossfades, the interconnectivity of to the ALL.

The juke joint rumbling with bottled thunder, moonshine, star gazing, the stars, the multiplying vibration, telstar, milky way cutting through the jukebox, cutting a path through the latrine, circling 'round the back and spinning through the tiny shack with its large cooler of beers, a lopsided Saturn, visible sound sonnets and vignettes. It was the holograph of pillar glass, but this holograph was rooted to an enormous translucent/phosphorescing cathedral light organ, pigmented and projected and projecting, triangulated from the blazing auras spilling out of the jars and the chest and eyes of Papa Alabaster. And like Sun Ra before him, his fingers worked the luminous keys and pulled the stops. Even his chin dropped its tentacling arms to slither over the glowing keyboard. Free-jazzing his way through stacked chords and light years, he was channeling the power of pre-toppled pillars. This holographic universe engulfed the joint and its packed inhabitants.

The mad professor of keys and codes, his hands dancing, spheres glowing and pulsing, moaning and erupting with the sounds of crowds from ancient squares, the love cries of whales, the fighting sounds of dung beetles, the piston of the first steam engine, the cluttered chatter of the rainforest, the hum of nanorobotics and their failed attempt at battling virus, the circumstances, the

interracial reconciliation and the union of interplanetary species, the whoosh of water as it rubs over a single scale of salmon swimming against the pull of water, the whistle of wind whipped past the edge of a desert billboard. We hear the sounds of inked quills against the paper of treaties and death sentences, a cry of an infant Moses in the reeds, TR-808 cowbell, the gasp of uncomfortable confusion, phantoms in the deep ends of radio, an eyelash, a torpedo, and a migration of an entire species. Wide eyes rolling back in the heads, a Phoenician voodoo working, a 40,000-year-old mojo mixed and stewed from the dust of pillars and cold sweat of this nightcrawler.

And then silence, the jars had been shut. A pause, an infinity embedded in a brevity, a subtle eternity, the falling away of previous illusion, but then the world quickly rebuilding its fragile facade of walls and mazes and mirrors and smoke around us like a carnival sideshow trying to desperately distract its patrons from the true-to-life cosmos beyond its tent flaps, sucking them in and swallowing them. The carnies packing tent and carrying the trapped souls to the next town and towns and downwards, locked in the swirl and waves of funhouse mirrors, the intoxicating breath of the bearded women, the grip of strongmen, the spell of the eyeless fortune teller, more freakishly fantastical, the womb of lust in an unending burlesque of undressing never undressing. A trapping present, gift wrapped.

Papa Alabaster is a wind, arousing the slumbering consciousness. Trying to blow through and sweep their dust and their jokers and their shoddy magic to the next town, tossing away their curtain walls, out of Our Town for the time being, being that it is time. And we have caught this wind, and are carried. So now we are awakened to this old reality, which is no reality at all, pulled out of the circus tents to a new and ancient noise, the buzzing and humming of electricity in the walls, eking out the sockets, humming beneath plaster, the whisper of a slowly rotating fan overhead, the air passing through the 124 nostrils of the 62 in the room that typically holds 25, crammed wall-to-wall but minutes ago in an endless expanse. We hear and feel the gravity between human and human and object and the larger object of earth. We smell the magnetism of minerals

and stone and radio waves and light passing through our crotch, skull, and chakras. The wisp of electrons, orbiting their dance to the tune of neutrinos, bound by the word/language/sound/utterance of the creators and their Creator.

What is happening? We were enraptured to something, the unremember. It was unleashed upon us through that obsidian and alabaster, the human sampler conjuring the sounds of the ages and ageless, and then he closed the jars, and now we are crushed by the silence, but this is no silence at all, but the visible flimsy film sitting on a reality far greater and frightening. Wave/particle intersection, tiny accumulation of staggering logorhythmic holograms and infinitum. The EVERYday. The resounding present once again. And this humbling present is a rough food floor beneath our feet. We feel the Earth not far below it, begging the floor to join it in entropy, to rot and disintegrate, compost and feed new life, and the walls, undressing itself, letting its wallpaper bubble and slowly peel back despite the best laid plans of the mousy owner, a frail black man, standing on an overturned soda crate to reach its corners and his customers on the otherside of a stained formica countertop, burned and melted with cigarettes and bad attitudes, good times and hardship and laughter.

People are staring and standing around dumbly and muted, but nourished and catatonic like a large bovine milked. Papa Alabaster, Granddaddy Obsidian, archetypal archivist, he is grabbing our sweaty palms, pulling us out of the fly-battered screen door into the thick of frog chorus, the stick of air. He is running for cover into the weeping willows. I see each leaf point, each spore on the fern, vibrating with our mutual awareness. I taste the Spanish moss growing, inching its way for territory and dominion, a million scraggly-bearded cavalry. I feel each bead of sweat seeping from my pores, and then some gathering together to form larger drops, running down my forehead, collecting in the folds of my clothes. I hear the tremor of the held breath of insects, the crickets waiting for safe release and to resume their calculations of weather song, measuring out the heat. I smell the static riding over the back of my tongue and into my lower palette, up into my sinus passages, exhaling back out of my nose like an ovulating dragon.

Expelled moisture sitting poised and reflecting on the tip of my nose, my eyebrows, radiating reflected light, we are on fire with reflected light. We gather light and bounce back to the world, and the same with sound, our bodies receptors and transmitters and amplifiers, built in one. We are resonating with each step. Our bodies ring out tones, waves carrying away from us, crashing into each other and the soft steady sounds of the under and over growth around us.

Then we start to hyperventilate, start to phase shift in and out of the second previous to the second next, like a broken television, or skipping record, our molecular clocks misaligned with the context, until we come down, like junkies wanting more of the jarred moonshine, this lunar wisdom, our tides settle, we have a calm ocean, cooked and looking, listen briefly before we open with a flood of questions: who, when? IAM sent me, here now. He answers. You are on my side, I need your help. We are both fighting. Who are we fighting? What are we fighting? StaggerLee, Kronos, the corrupted Timekeeper, the seventh Zero Keeper and his Eighth Fold engineering, the silencing, absolute and last and only zero, the less than zero that holds no future hope, but swallows all and ends all from ALL. SIT. LISTEN. DRINK.

It is like a second Seeding or Seed now sprouting. The root and plot thickens. The living vision gains the dimension of meaning we were searching for and that our beings craved. This squidheaded man, as we now see him in his true form, is a god, exiled. And we are early incarnations of his fellow councilors. We are also Zero Keepers. He invites us into his plan for sabotage of the recent eternal, to not only defeat StaggerLee and his plot for no plot, but also to release all from the enslavement of the Seven Sub-Eternals. We must work to save ourselves, from our future selves.

The mantra returns; abandon the future and past. Reject specious spacious reasoning and superfluous context, all is the present. This is how it is possible for our movement, our shifting. Papa Alabaster measures the levels with fruit flies and hook rugs. Though stadiums tremble when Future is flexing the evil. We are here to battle the great silencer, sneaked in pre-

infinity. StaggerLee traveling over centuries, and assembling his assembly, criminal galley of kleptos, endorphin-high murderers, no-good-doers. He promised great uncovered and unlocked bounty, chests and trunks and breasts and bunks, thighs and pies. Feudal lords, lords of the feud, fludemic chemists, post-trillenium rogue government mind-contol Holographens. Infiltrators of first reality hot-wiring genetic strains of Genghis furred ferocity, all now roaming plowing though historical proportion like cognitive abortions. They are upsetting space/time equilibrium with paradox and anarchistic mind punking, anachronistic souvenirs, leaving Galileo with a digital watch. Stealing weapons of myth and text, Aztec gold, poisoned darts, crucifix nail land mines dervish knives, dream catchers, Eden swords, clay explosives, cuttlefish blood corrosives.

## 5: THE THIEF

I was chosen and seeded. I was recruited for the platoon to be a soldier of fortune and timespoils. My name is Tzephutotl. My name is Future Rapper. My name is loose and lingering. I am an Aztec parallel to your Aztecs. No, not really an Aztec, but disguising myself as one. I used to be a thief, not a petty thief, but a saboteur, a spy, brilliant manipulator. I was born into a nomadic and hidden tribe that resided near the Yucatan. Early on in our tribe's history we became aware that the best means of survival was to assimilate the knowledge and skills of those around us. Our people had seen many dominant tribes come and go – we were hidden from histories. The ghost tribe. We rode on vapors, on hints, on whispered rumors. Wind warriors, swift, clever, deadly, invisible. We sunk our teeth into other's epiphanous discoveries, drank knowledge like blood, swallowed down our esophagi with deep gulps and satisfaction.

They came from the north, Mexicas, horse-backed and driven by seventh cave visions, to Lake Texcoco to build their empire. In order to assimilate the lessons of the comings and goings, we had to become those around us, freely conjoined. I would learn that my origin blood was that of Mexica, kidnapped as a small boy by my adopting co-opting tribe, not born into it, but bourn into me. Their technique for becoming others was that they were a collection of others. Stolen children over thousands of years, and still existing, lurking the slurk. Now anonymous and enigmatic, scattered and collecting throughout the globe, still amassing their archive. I wonder if it is a path put in motion by the gods, elaborate recordkeeping. Nonetheless, I was one of them, but no longer. But what I take away is a mastery over theft, deception, sleight of hand, escape, evasion, combat. I am a pre-Colombian ninja.

Our belief was, and still is, that every man holds a secret, a kernel of knowledge, a gift for our species. We set out to rob those secrets, both jewels of stone, compressed coal, and compressed thought. We stole the Zero from the Mayans, rope calculations from the Incans, and eventually made our way up amongst the North American natives, across the plains, into

Congress and Wall Street. We bury these jewels, along with other items, instruments, weapons, hairbrushes, ideas. I was and they are building an archive. A collection that is being built over thousands of years. A subterranean-level library and special collections beneath your feet. For what end? For what purpose? The purpose is in the act, a devotion to the collection development. A communal obsession for the preservation of all human activity. Like a flag on a moon that only those who are there can see. Presence and passage.

During my time as an assumed Mexica, I was accepted as one of them. The fabricated back-story was never second-guessed. I was introduced by a band of pochtecah, the spying eyes of the Triple Alliance, as a young boy. It was told that my mother had passed away in an outpost Mexica colony. These pochtecah worked with the ghost tribe. They were traitors, essentially, playing all sides of the pyramid. They integrated me into this complex web of lies and counter-espionage, full integration. I was like a time bomb. I ate with them, worshiped with them, killed with them, and slept alongside them. I soon became a valued warrior, but knew I needed to avoid being too valuable, or would find my blood running down the stairs of their temple as my dismembered head had one quick and dying glimpse of the king body without its crown. Risk aside, the great and powerful Aztec nation needed to be infiltrated for us to learn and understand their new knowledge. And the pochtetah needed me in the event of a bought revolution.

I was recruited and viciously hazed into the Jaguar Knights, the black ops of the imperial army. We were Tezcatlipoca's night-sky soldiers, samurais of the lower Americas. We would line the battlefield, but in the shadows, our face and bodies smeared with rich black tar dirt, a mixture of ash, mud, semen, and sweat. Lying in the bushes, tucked away in branches, moving with the lightest touch, never a cracked stick, a rustle or ripple in perception, a watercolor brush stroke. Our clubs tied at our sides, macuahuitls, obsidian loaded, and dulling skulls. We slithered down trees and out holes and approached from behind, our spears thrusting into spines and the atlatl between blades and ribs. Very careful not to finish the kill, we dragged the maimed

and paralyzed off to be sacrificed. Pulling the heart out the cut above the food sack, the wet muscle-bloodfist sputtering and puttering, trying to maintain its rhythm and grip of soul as it exited, pulled back through the incision but leaving through open mouth and eyes.

Eventually I was promoted to the position of Eagle Warrior, as my sacrifice count marked my forearms in scar tattoo tallies. We were perpetually battling Tlaxcala, like an orchestrated blood dance, trading hearts and flesh to be ripped and torn, fueling the sun in its orbit. Our dance of death was velocity and gravity for our universe. I fully lived the life of the Mexica. It was in my cellular memory, of course, but when you are trained to live yourself even more fully in order to betray what is ingrained in bones and memory, you become an expert of inhabiting yourself at a deeper level. I regurgitated all my heritage and legend, chewed, swallowed, and digested once more.

The sky was birthed in a cave at the foot of the twisted hill, six hundred gods created when the great flint knife fell from the sky and shattered the cavern into a womb. This knife was from the TWO, the ONE. The two in one, divided in three, and then residing over the SEVEN. Each of the SEVEN claimed a cave at the foot of the twisted hill. A reflection of the greater deep universe reality, they each birthed seven courts from the maw of the Earth. Gaping pit of hunger, spitting out humans to create and in turn feed from whence they came. Monsters were expelled from the mouths as well, seven monsters, seven maw monsters, roaming, hungry for zeros. Assumed to be killed by Face of man, bulldozed, barricaded with new myth systems, these monsters lay in wait, pacing at the periphery, embryonic.

We were lake-island dwellers, our landscape of stone and water and blood and whiteness. The eagle, the left-handed hummingbird, the herons, and the snake. And the seven, the seven offspring, both the locals and the universals. The Nahua tribes each exiting this crashed mountain, this spaceship. The Xochimilca, the Chalca, the Tepaneca, the Culhua, the Tlahuica, the Tlaxcalteca, and the Mexica. Offspring of the SEVEN, populating the planet, taking up the corners of the great Pangaea as it ebbed and flowed

upon itself for countless cycles, simultaneously contracting and expanding like the continental drift of the megacosm.

I was to spend many years with these people, gather what I could, and then disappear back into the jungle with as much as I could carry. On this final mission as an Aztec, I met him. This white god, a time disruption. He had preceded the conquistadors, beginning his own stockpile of historical valuables, consuming them into his being and greed. His greed a maw of cave, swallowing as he shifts with the item. It was the eve of my final theft that the liar prophet came to me. At the time I was unaware that this liar prophet would become the one I was to battle for a short eternity. But it was he who gave me the seed, the gift of liquid light and blood electric. And with the seed, the fragment of the crystalline map, a piece of the pillar.

### 13: THE COURT OF THE QUEEN

Two trains colliding, dust and rust married and then muddied with rain, puddles. Two trains colliding, fertilization, conception, embryo, puddle. Man from dust, woman from rib, child from the explosion of two steam engines, bolts blinding, eyeballs blasted with steel shreds, muddied, puddled, darkness, sweat, hurried stranger love, whiskey breath, second largest city in Texas for the weekend, full of lookie lous and cranks. Crush Texas September 15, 1896. A crowd, a community, a cult for progress obliterating itself for rebirth. Believers, skeptics, conspirators, burners. Death, love, birth, cycle of life in this brief compound of ritual sacrifice. A machine made from two machines, a new engine, not for forward momentum, but self-digesting, blackhole manufacturing, Jean Tingley making insect-like masochist robots sawing their own legs, penedente crickets, self-flagellation of industrialization, exploding in museum courtyards, failing to fail properly, dangerous, unpredictable, momentary infinity, smoking out the bourgeois to leave a silent space, steel on steel, flesh on flesh, friction then rest. Rumped sheets, naked landscapes, a ghost lingers, steam.

The child now in womb is taken back to wealthy Chicago grandparents, who in turn try to support and tuck away, they are progressive to a point, the young expecting mother now a liability. She is a danger and a dancer. Having done work during the Chicago's World Fair in the court of burlesquing Little Egypt she looks to the east; there is work at the Exposition Universelle. She counts on Parisian sensibilities. She steals an heirloom, trades it in for passage for her and her now birthed young daughter. The mother had been flippantly invited by a wealthy French businessman on a trip more pleasure than business, after he witnessed her dance to feed her daughter at a subterranean speakeasy on the outskirts of Gary, Indiana. If she could find passage he would become a daddy to her and her daughter, sugar-pocketed. But the invitation was more rhetorical and hypothetical than charitable, yet she believes in the thin offer. Upon her arrival he takes temporary pity for her and her daughter. He secures her a position dancing at the Exposition. They find lodging and safety reconnecting with an near-forgotten

ever-safe great aunt, an expatriate painter who raises the young daughter as her own while the mother, still present in passing, saves what she can as she can cans and teases the pockets of bug-eyed gentlemen. The young toddler, a late walker, takes her first steps, her legs were waiting for European soil.

Over the course of six months the aunt regularly takes this little girl to visit her mother at work, making treks to the Exposition to see women take the field in competition, talking films, electric stairs, engines spewing a black smoke of diesel, the Cinéorama and its simulated balloon ride, the feeling of floating, detachment, power, like a goddess. The allure of progress and ascent burn, an impression, daguerreotypes itself into the young memory making mind. The whirring mechanics, the clunk of industrialization, pneumatic ballets, the pound of heavy steel and iron and bronze and metallurgical passions. The trains continue to collide in the glamorization of the implosive cult of progress.

Around her 12th birthday, the now newly pubescent girl loses her aunt to the exit of light. The girl is already trying to remember her aunt, the colors on her blouse, a rough skirt like an unstretched canvas waiting for frame, the paint in hair, the fire in eyes. She has this same fire, but whereas her aunt had a fire of the dawn/dusk of the sun, this girl's fire is foundry blazing and explosive. The girl having been home educated by her impressionistic painting aunt, having read volumes of philosophy, history, the repeated tales of men slaughtering men, reads the Futurist Manifesto in *Le Figaro*. Like a lightning rod, or a tuning fork struck and tines resonating with pure tone, a constant pitch electrifying her destiny. She smudges the inky residue of newsprint on her fingertips across her face, war painting this awakened violence. The article is a declaration, she carefully cuts it out, presses it between the pages of the *Odyssey*, hides the book under her bed, hides it in her memory with the clattering machines, the wonders of the mechanical world. Peisone, Aglaope and Thelxiepeia keeping watch. These memories dance over a heptagonal stomach hive, bees ready to sting. They are mapping out a future flight pattern that will take her to Milan and then conquest. They stretch her internally, make her their queen, she bleeds into royalty.

Five years later it is 1914. She has made it to Italy. The war of the world breaks out. She becomes a singer, entertainment in the paunch of a furtive den. She becomes a lioness amongst the men from dust, twisting them and puddying their weak self-control in the darkness and sweat. Following in the footsteps of her mother, she twists not her body but her voice, contorting with it the minds soft and malleable from the opiate haze. She is exiting her teen years, but wise as a late season woman, a Crone in a Virgin body waiting to Mother an apocalypse. She seeks new language, the allure of progress, the promise of the new, violent patriotism, the hygiene of war. She reads of Luigi Russolo, seduces him with affair and flair. He builds her intonarumori, noise generators, a hand-cranked backing band with the art of noises, player piano interventions, prepared harmonium, stutter of wireless telegraphy, resonators, Opera Sextronique. Her songs began as propaganda disguised, a dress weaved together of torn and discarded flags, morphing into funeral marches.

Enter Warhol Buck\$. In this transition, he decides his kingdom of terror needs a queen. A queen mother to reign in tandem, and manage his soldiers' time traveling harem, to ease their shoulders, a BIG TIME, existing outside time and space, this brood of vipers, a den, a holding pen, a whore's bed, an invisible web with this black widow in the middle. Now and there she is the earless witch diva. The Queen of Soft singing above the pale puked ambiance of smoked roses and huffed orchids. She is barely visible through the clouds of calm and deep muscle sleep. There is a world war raging on somewhere but she carries on in the farcical comfort of lace and turpentine martinis. Her eyelids purple, crusted like the littered pastel of jacaranda smear. Her nails are sharp, corrugated fiberglass particles. Buck\$ has repeatedly whispered in her ear, delivering a whisper on a whisper, a virus digging into her brain. Her trajectory of redemption is lost. She is now a convert of the silencing, her unawakened Zero Keeper devoured in a swarm of agitated gut bees like a unwanted male bee, expelled with wings ripped. The chroning is complete.

The music stays hidden deep beneath the streets, smuggled out in memory and pitch by bootlegging, mustached, round mathematicians and merchant marines in stained coveralls or

weekend denim. I step in to locate this possible Zero Keeper, and I am too late. She has caricatured, infested by Buck\$' version of the fight. She has drank from the pool, and is now metamorphosing into a power tapped from the collective dead space of galaxies. She's losing my mind, with butterfly continental rifts and tendonizing opiate breath. The unwording melts bone from flesh. The message goes forth to the world, a virus sponsored by soft math (in which everything equals) and the infected swaggered single-speak. Light another petal, sip the lilac. We will hold dawn off like an enemy. Hush your mouth, shut your face. Drift to no memory, lost in no space. Einladung Na chusku, music is patriotism. Music makes you sweat so let's turn it down. Music makes you think. No, let's turn it off.

Sweetest velang, the drip of new, vindicating with the slowest of hand, the softest of word, rubbery and loosened. Like watching plaster flakes, gold dust in the Thames, life slowed to the microcosm of moment. The towers of color, melting to eyes, oohvesh tarashka zim. I want to smell her sheets, hold her breaks, drink in her sleep, drown in her dreams. Boom and boom, the softest of boom, swimmer's ear, and salted lips part open, drink me, let me wash you, float. I want to exit behind her eyes, havlenolongah rah mah ta ta ta, fa la so, ah bay dos umh hummm ah. I drink her in the glittery void stars saying goodnight as my mind unfolds. I drink you into the glittery void stars said goodnight your mind folded. She says, I drink no more of the glittery void stars say goodbye your folded.

Language is her lover and she its abusive mate. I want to mangle her out of my desire to fully consume her, to ingest her, to be her. To be noun, verb, flesh, and hair. The hazy slunk of victimized airs. Bumping into walls, the legs of tables and chairs. I drip to the floor. The Queen of Soft spins her widowing web of indifference. It is a fight not to succumb to the cling of her non-logic and glistening lips.

I try to locate Buck\$' in this mess of mushing relativism; I am unsure exactly who he is. Is he still present in this moment? I have lost him, and more tragically I have lost her. One of the Zero Keepers, trapped in the swirl of her own zeroing. And

then I watch before my eyes another transmetamorphosization. Having planted the seeds for cyclical self-eliminating doubt, humanity looking at itself through an endless and paralyzing timelooped schizophrenia, she now steps out to embrace conflict and slaughter the sleeping. Unable to fully realize a wooing of didacticism into submissive dismissal, she rebirthed the violence and boarded a zeppelin headed straight for the war of 2039. This isn't the Mother, it is the Warrior.

But what of the Mother? She has returned to Chicago of her own time less a daughter and an aunt, to be part of the opening of the Rialto Theater. Having delivered this offspring of new terror out between her legs and into this world, and so counter-somethings stirred in her. A hope for recalibration and stabilization of the loosened historical narrative of her half-flesh. Her plan comes to fruition as she helps coordinate Minsky's Burlesque. The matron saint of the Atlantis, The Sea-Nymph erotica show, this now 73-year-old woman attracting the masses back to the ship through the songs of her own Sirens, hoping to resuscitate washed-up cubists and sleepy slumberers. Like Sun Ra, she sensed a calling for all-global rescue. The swimmers undressing, a return to some embryonic state, naked and safe in the womb of the Creator, umbilically unsevered from wisdom state and stability of the parenting Omniscient. Inviting us to swim and copulate and unite. But this too was eventually defeated, broken down, diverted, diminished, the theater being renamed the Loop End.





*Plate 5. The Mother*



### 3: SPIRAL JETTY

"Inspirational methods, indeed, will be found to be those of archaeology of the future. The tape-measure school, dull and full of credulity of incredulity, is doomed." – Lewis Spence, *The History of Atlantis*

We need our Galileos – someone to risk excommunication for the sake of new cartography. Not for mapping reason, but for rule breaking and frontier forging. You call this an age of reason, this age of plasticine face grafts and ego upgrades. But you lack reasons. You have neglected magic and ritual and the power of dreaming. Even your dominant cultural religion, Christianity, has lost its tongue, lost its hands for snakes and healing, and its holy ghost. You have replaced it with carpeted praise radio, sermon tapes and mail-order liturgy. Your Eastern religion has been replaced with scented candles and boneless adages, wheat grass in plastic cups, yoga mats and feel good high-fives. To collectively move a river, we need to break the binds of practical day to day logic and mathematics. We need to cease consuming and let nature consume us. We have substituted means for ends, ends for absolutes, and absolutes for the fear of death. We have embroidered geometry to our hearts, geometry of cancers and guts and pleasure points. We wear robes of alphanumeric setups and getups. We believe that the shortest distance between two points is a line, when really the shortest distance is sitting still and letting the thing move to you. We have lost our awe of the universe and its gracious swallowing. Instead we bitterly slice at it like a melon.

Time is a loop with seven origins, seven simultaneous starts, seven points of zero. The anthropologists' and evolutionists' biggest problem is that they are looking for a single linear trace with a definitive singular there and then. The reality, however, is that there are overlapping histories occurring here and now. Our distant future is our distant past. The ancient civilizations are the ruins of future civilizations. Time, like water, oxygen, energy is recycling itself. It is a food chain. It is two polar ice caps, melting into the same sea, mixing, feeding both minnows and squids. These underwater extraterrestrials sucking through gills,

swallowing and excreting crystallized salt and repeat evaporals. Time is a diordinal twisted loop with no intersection, yet an origin with core gravity. It is the personified symbol for infinity. It is a drunk 8 writhing the floor in rapturous ecstasy, but never connecting. It pulses, glimmers, radiates. The path is endless, but roller coaster cars of civilization have a life expectancy, regurgitate their souls for new eras, pantheons, powers and principalities.

Future technologies when unearthed as ancient civilizations appear primitive because of our industrialized and individualized view of progress as vertical and hierarchical. This framework is the cause for many eons of decay and despair to come, but it corrects itself, and the progress in the future is based upon sustenance and sustain, refrain as opposed to delay and decay. This is the same progress that is the hybrid culture of our ancient civilizations, or pre-civilizations. Of course, entropy is a cruel mistress to space/time existence and living, and this would look more like progress by our measure, or at least exotically visionary/extraterrestrial, but sand and wind and flood and ice diminish the advancement evidence. These advances are organic and embedded. They embrace synergy and metaphysical principles that redefine the mechanics and applications of technology, moving away from anthropomorphization of mineral, the commercialization of vegetable, and the augmentation and mechanization of animal through the virtual and fabricated appendages of intervening integrative personal computation.

One would appropriately challenge by pointing to slavery, and create counter-arguments built upon notions of moral evolution, a false notion that we actually learn from history, when in fact history learns from us. Moralism and the “good” propensity of our species has not stood upright; rather we have merely reduced the immediate consequences of capitulated fetishism of power through a decentralization, decorporatization and democratization. We have locally franchised our moral delivery in both its darkest and brightest of days thanks to bourgeois guilt, social repression, strategic blame shifting, and collective amnesic disassociation.

Entropy is the gravity that keeps the river flowing in its centrifugal looping force. And this loop is not so much a loop as it is a mobius band. The band has a gravitational center, a brain, a force that links both parallel time lines. While time is looping it is looping twice within its loop, two parallel histories, almost identical with slight variations. We stand at the midpoint of one of these histories, on the return to exponential. The present is then ruins in reverse. Prophet Robert Smithson, like Sun Ra, had uncovered a startling fact about the very core of existence and reality. Smithson began to experiment with physical space and the displacement characteristics of dirt and mirrors. His discoveries were threatening to veiled life in the terrarium. For this he was kidnapped, his fleshy vessel sent down in fiery crash, a martyr. His mindsoul bottled for the prisoned collection aboard the captors' galleon. Not the first or the last.

Drop the anchor.

It is not we who move through time, but time that moves through us.



## 15: WEAPONRY

I sought out the weapons expert. Every hero has one. Ours, hat drunk and sideways, the wind is inhaling all his hair toward the east, and back. Executive senior leadership team of the Buck\$, CEOld Out and his designer Suits had pink-slipt our trusted inventor, the Dr. Kipp Normand, to the streets of bags and rusted cans, to hiding and perserverance, Geppetto in the mouth of the Whale Devil. He needed delivered coordinates (geographically and chronologically and psychologically) to be provided reorientation.

The Doctor stumbles to the old webs and wet cement, trusting no one. A secret hideout and loads of barbiturates. One of many false starts of the tired guardians of the Pillars, the Doctor was a gifted mortal intended to do the bidding of his gifters. They had bestowed our hero with a grafted clone/true-gene strain. In a drug-haze street sleeping moondogged stupor, the helix is super-flexed, and our scientist evolves into a post-Man. This graft was DNA (stolen from nail shavings) waltzing together like tangelos of Ray Kurzweil and Harry Partch. But now he is a guardian of the Zero Keepers. Now the drop is Boom Shakka Microtonal Ass-ualt on the groomsmen of His and Her Silence Royalty. He gets to work immediately, building and pathing. Deep warehouse rumblings and late-night cocktail napkin weapon architecture epiphanies, and once complete disrupting the wait for Time to eat itself to compressed single moment, building our escape route from the collapse.

Music is the language of the immortals, and in the hands of the seeded semi-immortals, weaponry. We only have begun to understand the power of the energy syntax language. Sound is eternal, and looping, sound waves leaving imprints of vibrations, interference, cancellation, amplification. I wasn't picky, whatever the weapon. I would digest, regurgitate, vomit fierce darts of language through their eyes, hammering their tongue to their own wall of rhetoric. It seemed like the obvious weapon, to speak and sing them out against their own game, spam slinging and hypertexted soliloquy.

The totally clobbered, the clobberly totaled. These peaceful moments between quantum leaps, this non-moment for reflection, "non" because it is the space for self between the places of history. It is meditation, mantra, the loop of words that defeats temporal progress, the hiccup in illusion of causality. But this waiting also gives me the creeps, the crawlies of anticipation, anticipating what? No, anticipating the when and the how of it. I know my friends are hunted through time, not space. The stranger lurks around the corner of an hour, tiptoes with raised dagger through the ticking, the dripping, the shush and slush of the hourglass. I know that the Buck\$ has the good Doctor Normand's number, and here on the dayside of Meru, maybe my number. I listen for footsteps.

The Doctor has built quantum deflectors like one-way mirrors to hide behind, dislocating himself from the march of times. Quantasonic weaponry, one-footed widow makers. Watch his live notes float and flutter. They resonate into a hot spastic caterpillar, sprinting over circuitry and precision, and cocooning into the ammunition of time-space anonymity. And when it mutates even further past the ostrich feather panache of gimmick switchblade hand grenade into an entire thanksgiving long-legged short-winged hard-kicker, the eggs laid are large, making memorable omelets, land mines for combat elephants and flaming arrows for zeppelins.

Upon completion, sweeping the nation, he was arming us to the gills with dream amplifiers, spitfire trumdrones, holographic flatteners, sonic ice blankets, d.insurrecting lightning field emitters, seismic flounders, wormhole spears, geller goggles, precog gel coveralls, low frequency vowel explicators, the boo packs, phonic gatlings, cybernetic medusa extenders, cerebremic neutron harpoons, tornado capsules, the ghost wolf, all manners of paraterrain vehicles, corporeal dive bells, the quadrangularis reversums, harmonic canons, the cry chord. Pushing squares 505, 808, whatever drum programming area codes the young robots are dialing these days, mutable rhythmic melodic hodge-podge mahavishnu. The oft-dismissed cold-fusion and planetarium laser light show, the tools of the trade, the trade of the tools. The Doctor prescribes the remedy for the enemy at hand or at foot,

or soon beneath foot and rotting past zero, eternal, 0 = infinity, the enemy chasing the <, lesser than.

We are ready for war. It is time for me to amass my own army. My battalion is handpicked through the ages, those not only out of their time, but out of all time. From the snow-bleached gulags, the famished and plagued back alleys of imperialism, lunchrooms of the calculator manufacturers, outlaws snatched from gallows for crimes against state but for humanity, the wide-shouldered boy in the bread line, the wild-eyed prophet in the cornerstore parking lot, the pioneer burying her family beyond the bison tracks. This is the home team laying out cardboard across the ages for mad skunk gymkata freestyle. I bring my own army of soothsayers, krumpers, dragonslayers, lexoplayers, footworkers. All you suckas are about to get lost to the flatness as we rectify the timeline for greater than.

It is time to act. It is time to fully engage, whatever the cost. We are manned and armed. The high seas battles of old and now and to be, serve the stage for a far greater war, the war for the collective unconscious, the war for ownership of archetypes and innuendos. The war for 2039 and all possible before and afters. Grills and gulls, gilded albatross from necks of original gangsters and pranksters, letting the gods sort them as they fall.



#### 4: THE GUARDIANS

The new immortals have invaded us. They saw this revelation coming – the revelation that to alter time, to release its grip, to slip, not fold, from their shackles, we collectively needed to divert, to recourse, to row our boat to the shore of the river. What they didn't know was how it would happen, or if it would happen, just the inevitable knowledge built from ages and ages of shared knowledge, layering like cake for us to have and eat too. Through their misguided self-appointments and paranoia-fueled governance they assumed we would desire to collapse it, resulting in their desperate attempt to prevent our own caretaking. They did not want to lose what they had stolen, and were now risking the collapse of eternity through wild attempts to protect it.

To combat this the immortals foolishly sent two of their own to keep it on course. They have been the guardians/police force of this time-river, this looping mobic flow for an humanly illogical and unimaginable number of progressions and regressions. They needed to keep the loop from unmooring itself from the four-dimensionality of time; otherwise they saw the potential for the mortal world to slip into their immortal world. This slip would cause the dispelling of myth, the great reveal, and the immortals would stand guilty and accountable for their oppression. Eventually the Two felt untrusted and betrayed by their own, and the Twos' reactions were radically opposed, like poles of a magnet. In the past they would gently guide the stream, diverting where necessary, or more aggressively kidnap the disruptions. But this repeated task drove one of them insane, and the mission was no longer about maintaining sacredness and illusion, but rather destroying this universe, silencing it to death, to end the perpetual ringing of ears/brain, the ringing of layered experience, like compiled and complied tones. The end, quiet, final exhale. Joining him are the barbarians, those wishing to break time out of its loop by collapsing it, disrupting it, spinning it for fleeting and shortsighted moments of pleasure and profit. They attack these key moments of civilizations, these quantum hot spots. They strain the seven folds and seek to make a collapsing eighth, a crumpled origami crane, torn wing tip to beak, mulched.

However, while the one went mad, the other was driven to compassion, to manifest himself and teach and lead and provide the tools for slipping. His constant contact with the mortals began to mutate his agenda and planted the seeds for an Earthly allegiance. Slipping not for the purpose of time destruction but rather for liberation of the planet as time piece and entertainment of the immortals. This one believed that the slip could create a utopian revision of history. Show us the infinite, the MAKER of makers. Both, the madman and the savior, each set out with a vengeance against the will of the gods who had sent them, one to unhook time and the other to crush it.

The period of enlightening and Seeding began. The fight between the slip and the fold. How do we differ the slip and the fold? The slip is a lift off, the fold is a collapse. The eighth fold is a cardiac arrest, cosmic brain death, the last hurried breath of entropy to pre-ZERO. The slip is nirvana realized, heaven descended, tongues of fire, full awareness. The not-yet arriving now. Mind enslaved souls freed, mountain descending. The true eighth is Meru. It is not a fold – it is a center and completion. Eight, the octal base, bit by byte, the perfect cube. Orb-weaver spider, the wise tooth, beyond time, unbound by the weak and weak.

While the actions of one may be inconsequential to the grand flow, the actions of one outside of their own time can have greater implications. Out-of-time behavior is typically consumed in the ebb of the waters, but repeated coordinated anachronistic efforts by a platoon of properly armed infantry can rape and pillage time, leaving it strewn out and on the verge of collapse, scrounging for seconds lost in the eroding rubble. This madgod had assembled just such a platoon, armed with their own greed, bloodlust, and hunger for destruction. Our primary antagonist in the immediate battle also armed them with the ability to shift through time and space at will, to quantum leap, to phase, to gorge themselves on illusions of grandeur. Their dislocation from temporal continuity was the first step toward fold.

## 21: JOURNEY THROUGH MERU

The journey to and through Meru starts with a marriage of all cerebic circuitry and its subsequent dislodging from the centrifugal pull of the river movement. I must collapse the psychoatomic, neuro/morphogenetic, neuroelectric, and the neurosomatic into their more commonly accessed predecessors. This psychoatomic being the elusive mouse of consciousness, seeking non-local awareness beyond as opposed to within the space-time awareness I had been previously traversing. I must collapse my chakras into a gaping swimming hole, dive into and through. I must move faster than the speed of light, stepping sideways and in opposite movement relative to that which moves faster than light, and by this juxtaposition, positioning for entry, I must phase out of matter into pure energy state and let that energy slowly collapse into the space between space, only as an invited guest. I must build a temporary psychotectural vessel, a polypsychic hovercraft houseboat to navigate the peakless mountain that sits in a bottomless ocean. Then I must build onto this vessel and make it a floating temple, vault it, chamber it, at which its innermost core I will find exit to the Elder Council of Wisdom and Spit, no longer wise or spitting, but balled-up on the floor foolish, convulsing, drooling, pooling, puddles.

The mountain is every religion, every science, every dream, hope, vision, mystery of humankind. This raised earth a swarm of -isms and -ologies, a tangle of suffixes and prefixes and roots. This stairway, Jacob's ladder, Pascal's triangle, pyramid, zigorat, Babel, Kailash, Tabor, Sinai, Haguro, Gassan, Yudono, Pawapuri, Sliabh na Caillí, Doko'oo'sliid, Simolaki, Vesuvius, Banahaw, Tralala, Kilauea, Olympus, Ararat, Gerizim, Taranaki, Koya-san. This earthen mound that scrapes the sky. This portal, this center, this microcosm, this macrocosm, this non-center. It is the corruption of the infinite, a limitless without love. But it is where love will set down, in a pillar of fire and smoke. It is the doorstep to eternity. It is here that you are blinded and fall to your face.

It is the mother cave at the foot of the twisted hill. It is the home to the ovaries, cosmic egg factories, one for the Zeros, the

other for their fates, the Worms, the Zero Eaters. It is the balance of contingency. Here it was at the origin of it, part Eden, part Nirvana, part Purgatory, source of all wounds and healing, the underbelly, this amalgamation of faith and fiction and fantasy, also this catalyst for a splintering interpretation. It is paradox and balance, expanding and contracting, present and invisible, seen and untouched. It is two lovers quarreling, yet in love and in union, one flesh. You become it, it becomes you. No boundaries, endless, and at the center more centers, inescapable. It holds the swallowed Atlantis, now a Project 42, an Alcatraz. Deep within this Negative Zone the thousand rappers cast in to sit in suspended animation, with cartoon looks on their faces. It was stolen and is being squatted, chain-linked, and hidden.

Yet all of this, once my brain-spirit-flesh began to get its bearings, not a specific location, but a specific existence, I began to peel away my own consciousness from its murmuring collective consciousness. How did I get here? Where was here? I remember a decision to journey, to climb, to enter, but I do not remember starting the journey. I need to start building. If I do not keep constructing I will be lost. I am already lost.

7538434 5885141 552122 12882912 25140571 4104410  
3517562 572 186 973843 76 74 10 3 80 68 39 48 03 07 54 54  
26 6 69 4 57 8 77 97 23 59 04 96 9 3 73 3 3 26 2 18 70 019 7  
74 7 07 09 50 3735 04 65 46 14 9 75 6 5462 982803 80871  
71435 48 15 48387 19563 7 621 6 94889 16 73 18 118 28  
97 38 98 3 26 1 679 98 93 09 7 2 84 59 74 53 7 90 9 7 406  
6 50 19 76 88 5 90 94 85 35 34 0 73 1 5 35 62 06 4833515  
42149734 671747 2718 0663 60452990 58719074 131 77  
703452

I need to build a miniature, a model, a navigation system, limited but temporarily effective. I need to begin to identify landmarks, immersive code. I can glimpse the shadow/reflection/trademark like structure, DNA. I begin to see the brushstrokes. I begin to see past the barricades and false fronts that this mountain is perpetual, is a machine, driving our universe, while measuring and recording. Subsequently our universe is being projected from this source, our universe an echo of this mechanism. This

center is a clock. Not measuring with moon, sun, Earth, but measuring the space around it, while creating that space, not with rigid 12 tone scale or integer based number systems or Euclidean shortsightedness, but thick exponentially ripe postnumerological metasystems jostling and jiving.

And it was as Papa Alabaster said, we were one of seven time pieces each orbiting the other, for what purpose? Entertainment, experiment, companionship, cruelty? Papa Alabaster denied that even he knew the answer, which leads me to believe that this GOD, the penultimate timekeeper, wears a face mask of time. If I build a temple will I meet this God at the center? Or will it be a gesture of Babel? Where am I?

Zan te te yenelli / aca zan tlahuaco / in ipal nemoani / In  
cuix nelli ciox amo nelli? / Quen in conitohua / in ma oc on  
nentlamati / in toyollo.../ zan no monenequi / in ipal nemoani  
/ Ma oc on nentlamati / in toyollo /

Is it YOU?, are you real? / Some had talked nonsense / oh,  
YOU, by Whom everything lives, / Is it real?, Is it not real? /  
This is how they say it / Do not have anguish / in our hearts! /  
I will make disdainful / oh, YOU, by whom everything lives, /  
Do not have anguish / in our hearths!

Foliage and flora like a suburban Babylon Fake Chateau,  
Sunshine Tudor,Santa Fe Adobe,Cotswold Cobble to Hansel-  
and-Gretel Disney....No sign of any people redondetabuhe  
11 abarracar03 falsear zambullimiento hervidor pansy  
leaflet detectors Leviticus ledgesfavorerbridge exchanging  
Icelandic Rhodesiainfirmarypunishes evidence SimonPopeks  
Pomonreceivesrunaway Anselmsemaphoressequester Markovitz  
beaded Marlboro Redford sadist recruitingrupturedframing  
minimally chronology ralliesreckonedbisque halving Galway  
varnish champion eaten nothingsoutcries Jakarta signifies  
closures sweetnesschoosersfawned projection reinsert luxurious  
eloquence efficacy randyreprintingventilate mining reference  
fatterbisectedintimated conundrums whatsoever generous  
Moslemizes minted roundnessabodeloads chronology Dublin  
nailed.

I fish for a long time, lead the way to full songs just to solve this harsh talk, dream of life in the clouds and spit knowledge of coins. Sonic archeology reveals layers of noise deep with age and crust. Crax in the bones, bones in the crax. Dancing bones. If we didn't start the fire, then who did? Time travel erased it strike back fade kid Y2K Visigoth infomercial Dudley Moore draft after draft of the Book of Herschel everyone's a remix. strike that. Check the prefix: premix. Lord Rishaba reincarnation of Sai Baba steam henge stone engine miomoptera Holding time on my shoulders, weighing me down with seconds. I will persevere and usher in the awakening. Be warned gods of the WATCH. The eagle is perched on the prickly pear cactus, eating a snake. The death of Moctezuma II, La Noche Triste.



*Plate 6. StaggerLee*



## 17: WATER DISPLACEMENT

I seek out the Holy Fool, the necessary admiral for our navy, our last hope of insight. Perhaps there is a sunken treasure map between his scapulae waiting to be skinned and revealed. Perhaps he will take to the cannon, to fight what we thought was the good fight to be fought. Holy Fool who witnessed chariots and horses and, of course, the first clash of ironclads, the Monitor and Merrimack, and quite a few on the Yangtze. Coming up like an animated procession of species with a cartoon bluebird on his shoulder, not looking a day older than when he consoled Pound on his sculptor friend. He has a long beard and a steady diet of seltzer and crackers.

Holy Fool, in a fit of hash and curry high, drenches the gentlemen standing around poolside. He is dismantling their aesthetic hierarchies, undermining their imposed systems of economic value. Beginning to unwiddle. They have to air out their three pieces from the wet stink of duty-free cologne, cognac, cigarettes, and now chlorine. Bundled-up cannonball midair, naired, pared down lodyte, luddite. Agitate scum, a chemical run red eye rub tum waterslide rule, swimming pool tour to all you unprepared dry lacking swimsuit landlocked mid-state dry bones. Water displace, this is the measure of an artist, the splash they make, wake, lake or Jacuzzi overflow. Submerging deep in the river, baptismal splashing and jackknives, time soaking his trunks. Measures of volume, not verb flow or technique, freak the beat, soak it, dip it drip kid on the soggy loop witness trooping in with sloshy boot sneakers to boot. No Robert, not the urinal, but it and the decades past it and your painted bed too.

He is here to splosh the track with chlorine heavy backyard touring swimming pool slide, drop ping the Great River, delivering his own signature can-opener with lip grimace and twist terra nova, tight rolls, croissant bliss entry, high concept low art for mall mass. Backstroking the intersections, lazy river, metaphor made metaphor, and sounds like and as onomonocentapedic, the clitter clatter and pidder clumper of a thousand keys and fat feet. Hip slips displacement water swash replacement for critics or beaches, oh no, not leeches or blood wet rugs, air conditioning

and a drop top flesh colored knee trog low dowry clock log big entry musique tape loop underwater scoop and spray foundation displacement firmament unfounded replacement water splash displacement. Time puddling.

His toothy grill rehabbed from gruel and scurvy 10 years in others' maximized in-security. He has toured the prisons, the workcamps, tramped the railroads that run the fence of all kinds of hells, and survived off foodstamps, stale bread and will to breathe pain another day. WATER - FLESH - BLOOD - WORD -BREAD - FIRE. There was a pouring out onto and within; the distrust of words, the death of intellect, the searching for language, for a new form of meaning, transcendent. For confidence in single unified thought in divine compassion, bordering the devoid of self-interest, yet derived from self-action. Holy Fool versions that beyond this our mortal prison, the second divine invasion awaits, the divine becomes flesh, and delivers the flesh, but currently our extrication from flesh is incomplete, stuck in the current corruptions. Trapped in time, awaiting redemption. It began, but somehow there is a stronghold, an iron cage, the clock illusion, the ichthys and the sword and gladiator headlock fermenting in Nero legacy, New Jersey devil hold.

I read it across his back, predictions and prophecy – things unraveled, a glance through the retina of the EYE SEE ALL, all I see. Premonition, intuition, in the ink beneath skin, is that a grin? He embraced madness, evolves with it. In harmony with it. For him madness is peace, a lake in the mind he had to cross to rediscover the present, the physical, the divinity in the moments locked in time and space, limitlessness, communication with the unmeasurable in a cube held rotating in a river current. Transcendence in the mundane, the sacred in the profanity of prepositions, but it is intervention. So in my madness perhaps now I have to hang my hat on the who I am here and now. I am not the future rapper. I am this current self and flesh, perhaps in surrendering to the finite I find my true infinite calling, my momentary self and eternal adoption.

atrium brushlike colossal corona elsevier astronomic. importation

seem monomial rancorous bender gallant organometallic.  
invalidate sunk force glottal dodecahedron frick thiamin boar  
diffident canker period roughen gemini. pfennig sial amherst  
princess jennie gigacycle mcadams. booze et werther soya  
singlet bellyache. casteth bronzy Erased DeKooning coverage  
circus. dint motorola anti righteous einstein burmese health  
sandalwood. acquittal chasm abrasion mongolia psychotherapy  
cravat male. supposed observed fool made lives stood glad  
somewhere brown creature? scared truth recognize to million  
do cost ticket, accident thankyou hat exercise up brought seven  
too doubt, sorry brought night center monday spirit pair pie  
caught! seen stories sorry three \_expression! seems whom next  
sometimes favorite stories easy made condition greatest! turning  
somebody easily decision system, neither over force gave  
recognize sharp days, deep another check destroy condition tea  
show sharp cut! worst north whole ticket line height let guess  
machine, Occasional Detroit. absent easiest object tight cover  
toward fourth, fair thursday passing lying fit mistress among,  
wall care years into bottom finished not! occurrence stretch  
white shoulder means well experience! broke enough achieve  
writer books discipline, though discuss captain notice criticize  
happiness achieve easily felt check teach found youll hurrying  
strength. Ysxn churritz mbilunas mlynarek

But I am not ready to give up. We look for hidden messages. We embrace raw data. It finds us, fuels us. We are in this dawn of 2039 or 2009, the years are collapsing and the two points colliding. We have begun a battle of mind, imagination, language. Buck\$ and his intellectual bling, putting storm and stress against our sturm and drang. We make the mistake of engaging him on his own terms. We should of brought a knife to this gun fight. We begin to recruit through code. We embed spam. We are disrupting the comfort of communication, waging a media war. We leave clues and maps in other epochs. We are trying to flush the system with a new information. We embrace the language of hip-hop. We are able to rapid fire communicate, to flood the system with symbol and metaphor. To expand the quantum potential of every letter, release them from the dictatorial hold of the alphabet. Cram the sentence with hyperlinked wikidialect, like easter eggs and hidden tracks.

We establish far outposts for imagination and the information-loaded vernacular. There are no rules to this game, rather patterns, and exceptions. Humility brings about a fluidity, the ego ceases to obstruct. Your own system only allows you to move within that system. You stare at it long enough and houndsteeth emerge, checkered tremblings, tessellation embedded with visions, wisdom from the gods' Solar High Command Center, prismatic singularity, rainbow nursery. The notion that scarcity equals value, yet things that are abundant are invaluable: air, soil, water, vegetation... life... yes, these things are being strained and exhausted, but in large part because we have utilized them to make other less abundant things, scarce things, precious things. We have wasted water and soil stripping away the earth to find the fake precious of minerals, blang and blung, bland and bunted. Plastics, radioactive materials, the poisonous and heavy metals. Spam is the building block of the all-knowledge, raw data, you sift it out like chaff, but it is the wheat. We need to speak a different game. We need to speak it ALL. We need to say everything to say the nothing that allows for the voice of the Other to be heard.

The Aztecs understood this. Poetry was only worthy of the warrior. It was too dangerous in the hands of the layperson. Like someone wielding a sword who has never raised one before. Poison on the edges. But in the basement of the Great Temple in the den of the Eagles, where in between the bloodshed, we would drink the frothed chocolate, breathe the flavored smoke, and sling poetry like blades, attempting to bully one another with hammer of noun and dagger of verb. I didn't realize until now that this was an essential element of the battle. We were invoking the sleeper agents. The rhythm of the percussive teponaztli was disorientating the enemy, as the tremors floated through the dirt and sky. We were opening the neural pathways to the soul, the discussion of afterlife, aftertime, nonspace, and most importantly beckoning the lifeGIVER. Calling for wisdom and strength from the ONE-TWO behind the the lessers' lazars. Longing for deliverance transmission. We are back on deck, levelset, but decidedly empty-handed. Primed for the spilling of the Manna Poetry of the SOURCE.

## 1: SPACESHIP EARTH

I watch Ground and Figure slip in and out of each other, trying to smother the tug of event horizons. But the pull is gravitational and unrelenting. Through the haunted verse/chorus of this after-after life, circling back through a hundred mobi(us), slits in the eyes of galaxies, black holed, black eyed. Through the breezeway of the CLOCK, seeps this cast and their luggage. I give you context and crew.

Sun Ra, my comrade in the fight against temporal perspective perversion, sits golden maned, bejewelled and hovering lion of Judah's pride. Sun Ra was not trying to get us back to Saturn, he was trying to exit to the celestial non-space time. Recognizing our heritage not as labels of black and whites, but a people with a false present built from a propaganda of past and future. Handed down – or bound down – nostalgia and conjecture. We are people of pure light, housed in skins and shells of varying hues. His revelation was rooted in being a Negro in America in the mid-1900s, but he had scratched the surface of something much bigger. Yes, bigger than the colors of race and the idiosyncrasies of culture. And others before him were scratching this surface, dissolving the false reasons and divisions. Even back beyond the railroading, the pioneering, and onwards with counter-sitting and bus-riding, and taking on the dogs and the water.

This something bigger is (and was, and I hope will be for now and always) geography unmooring and pushing through the false fourth. Its surface had been mucked up and caked with something far more sinister. Sinister enough to create the instant tribe of the human species. Like a zombie or alien invasion, the US vs. THEM. We, however, a distillation of the catholic WE, a handful, are a hiccup, we are the seeded and illuminated. We are your liberators, some by choice, others by coercion. But nonetheless, in the Earth time and present, we are cavendish pit bareback cosmic riders, temporal shift cliff divers, riding on the humpbacks of sound waves, leap-frogging ergospheres and lassoing anachronisms.

Sun Ra channeled Atlantis, lost civilization, submerged island, utopian ideal. A mutinous ground control captain desperately pushing keys and pulling stops to release the faint cries and wails of its inhabitants. Excavate Atlantis sunk upwards, tie it down to something fixed. It was a spaceship forced to leave port, deported and departed. Departed both physical space and physical time, sinking up to the center, coming full stop struck dead center, non-center. With it left all the great minds, the great hopes, the great visions. They were raptured after experiments in human interaction and civilizations; Egypt, Aztec, Inca, Phoenicia, New Harmony, Harlem, movers and Shakers. This floating island of shapeshifting metal particle/wave holographic transporter/retirement home...did they leave with the island intentionally? No. Were they forced to leave, captured, chained, imprisoned? Yes. This land, this cloud nation above the highest peak and beneath the lowest valley is an outpost slave camp. Ideas are harvested and shipped to greater beings. These greater beings made great by the theft of ideas, and dreams of the Earth-rooted species, ushered through this Meru.

These greater thinged deities are wardens and we are outflanked planet victims. They kidnapped the prophets, the bards, the thousand rappers. Evicted from the Earth for fear they will lead us out of Babylon, lead us out from the shadow of Babel, lead us unto immortal Zion, Saturn. Were these manifest destined our saviors, these thousand rappers? Or is this land the rushing sphere of watered Earth, and we the Thousand Rappers? Victims to the CLOCK. Kidnapped to our own wants, blissful embrace of ignorance and the illusion of engagement. Imprisoned to sub-subcommittee and pseudo-allegiance affiliations, we squander our volunteerism for inclusion.

We must unlock this island. Unbind the shackles and unleash its prisoners, to in turn unleash us. Mortals under the false spells of the new immortals. Earth is the galaxies' saving vehicle. We look to the stars, waiting for change to come to us. But we are the change. Not individually, but collectively. We are slaves to time, but we have tasted the emancipation. The present truth troops need to lead the rebellion to free those trapped in the past and the future. Molecularly wired, no free will about it, but potential

starts with awareness and imagination. Perhaps it is fine to let mortal man stay mortal. But now the enemy has lost his mind, and this normal is threatened.

The balance is disrupted.

Naivete is no longer a viable option.. It is time for us to be rescued from the looping through the knowledge of the looping. We need to take our rightful place as timekeepers, to renew it to our own rhythm. We are not seeking to end time, but to reclaim it, to exodus from the hijacking and branding of our collective unconsciousness, burnt into our hides and minds. By no means do we seek to upend the sanctity of time. No, our hope is to redeem time through a paradigm shift. An irredenticistic recalibration toward an awareness of the Divine beyond the infinite, and the heavenly beneath the flesh and fiber and dirt and rust. We seek the finite infinite reconciliation.

This traveling to your time is my preemptive strike. Liberation will sleep dormant this cycle, through its progressive and regressive phases, but the seeded field will gestate and be fed by the rains of successive lateral histories. There are others who have snuck or have been snuck through. I can taste them in the back of my mouth like pre-storm electricity, swimming metallic in my saliva. There are your great-granddaddy hiccup-yodelers, hick-hop pioneers spinning blues country rodeo with wild shot prophecies and peddling snake oil narratives. There are your non-delineating inventors with cocktail napkins and skeleton keys conjuring options and viable alternatives. There are your wildstyle writers of trains and walls and retinas, leaving coded runes and pictographs. There are the body movers and poppers and self-sculptors in true 4D Time, glyphin' out. There are sound collectors carving wax and magnetizing the vibrations of ghost dancers. There are the music mouths, the boom tongues and woofer diaphragmed. There are the felled agitators swinging and marching the weaponry of puppets against the puppetry of weapons, hoisted by the politicsock dummies and wooden jawed in oblong architecture of glittered power. It is this collection of clues and hints and riddles that can be code broke for the purpose of further reclamation. It is this endless library,

building momentum through documentation and collection. Naming. We like First Man breathe this new ancient creation into Now Language. Not one to replace, but one to commingle and lead to symbiotic conjoining mutation. Residue renewal. Renewed residual.

Your past is your future. This complexity of race and Race and THE RACE and the biometrics. His true resonance – Sun Ra that is – is a slug of truth and a glimpse of the victorious island in the spangling of echo and delay and sustain as it will return to its port, towing behind it Meru. We need to mutiny the deception, both the metaphorical manifestation and its holographic source. At the heart of the prison spaceship, rebellion is revving its engines at the quantum total. It is primed and shined and ready for overturn, looking for multiple co-conspirators, deck hands, selectors, and the dubplate cutters. Yet at the moment it is still sunk and with it the sunken Army. It is flooded and moored and ocean flooded. It is anchored to the illusion of its own arrival – the army in a drunk haze, poisoned by the myth-maker makers with their gelatin and blang of bowdowns and gold toes.

But there is a resistance...the Stirring, the Upwelling, and we will raise this ship from its Atlantian depths. We will liberate the liberators, for all and alls, and no once mores. The army will be unleashed, lips and tongues swirling and flinging vernacular like tickertape parades on fire. We will burn the effigies and smoke the immortals out of our domain and their dominion. We will take ownership of our slave ship, this slave clock, and rechart our course. We will shatter the funhouse mirrors, pull back the Ozian curtain, push aside the lesser gods, and discover the origin deity, the obsidian and alabaster, the unnamed, the spark, the bang, the LOVE SUPREME, The Giver. Masters of Ceremonies and Diskette Jockeys cue your cuts. The Great Unrest returns, for order? for chaos? for instance...

The baby inside of you is going to look like whose blood you drink, doesn't matter if Coca-Cola or poison. So drink safely, I say. Drink the stone blood of word bond. Do not be quick to bow. Do not eat their meals of sacrifice. Do not fear the furnace Shadrach, Meeshach. Root for the underdog. Put bets on the

long-shots, gentle as doves, but wise as serpents, the kind of the sea, scaled and writhing amongst the foam. Gilled, tricked-out Cadillacs roaming and purring like predator cats, belching like frogs. This is the edge of the world, it is flat. Stretched out with maps, cartographed, cauterized. The serpents are pissed – we want to roam free. We and the animal kings know that the game is up. Risk to roam into streams of conjecture, to be inventing optional horizons, dance slowly beneath the dying moon, sing to your offspring, hissing lava. Anticipate the new Meru, the new mountain ripping through this stale acumen. So who say, where are these long-shots oft foretold? Abandoned on some Australia of the unconscious, land of a thousand rappers waiting for release, waiting for their victors to return and unlock and extract their prison inside-out. Waiting for the slip and the union. Ship, Earth, mountain, brother, sister, mother.

In the back room histories are four-track recordings and Dictaphone soliloquies. There are Magna Cartas and transatlantic swims, but again, if you decipher, cryptographize, do the math, they all speak to the Land of A Thousand Rappers. Splintered into bits, heliotransplanted and delivered. Do not fret, decipher...we need the speak and the spill. Translate with patience and diligence and ugliness. You are Leviathan. You are the defeat of gods. You are the slip. You are the event horizon. You are the army. You are the Atlantis uprising. You are the Earth liberators. At this flat edge, we step forward, knowing it is only illusion we now leave behind, knowing that we can break through to the new everlasting Present.





Plate 7. Rammellzee



## 16: THE COLLAPSING

23 Son, observe the time, and fly from evil.

24 For your soul be not ashamed to say the truth.

25 For there is a shame that brings sin,  
and there is a shame that brings glory and grace.

—*Ecclesiasticus 4*

3rd Molar (wisdom tooth)  
2nd Molar (12-yr molar)  
1st Molar (6-yr molar)  
2nd Bicuspid (2nd premolar)  
1st Bicuspid (1st premolar)  
Cuspid (canine/eye tooth)  
Lateral incisor  
Central incisor  
Central incisor  
Lateral incisor  
Cuspid (canine/eye tooth)  
1st Bicuspid (1st premolar)  
2nd Bicuspid (2nd premolar)  
1st Molar (6-yr molar)  
2nd Molar (12-yr molar)  
3rd Molar (wisdom tooth)  
3rd Molar (wisdom tooth)  
2nd Molar (12-yr molar)  
1st Molar (6-yr molar)  
2nd Bicuspid (2nd premolar)  
1st Bicuspid (1st premolar)  
Cuspid (canine/eye tooth)  
Lateral incisor  
Central incisor  
Central incisor  
Lateral incisor  
Cuspid (canine/eye tooth)  
1st Bicuspid (1st premolar)  
2nd Bicuspid (2nd premolar)  
1st Molar (6-yr molar)  
2nd Molar (12-yr molar)  
3rd Molar (wisdom tooth)

His teeth are weapons. You hear him slur, hey bitch, check my smell, check my smile. He had them upgraded from bone to porcelin to fine china, lenox, now hard-wired diamond, running linux. But alas, ready for rework, he's thinking cyrstaline 30th Century – time map holographic tomes. When he bites down gently, he impresses acronyms, guttenberg press Y-J-G-B-B-\$ You Just Got Bit by the Buck\$. Two sets of Central and Lateral incisors, be the wiser and don't be wiser. 1st Bicuspid, 2nd Bicuspid, solid gold to diamond encrusted. Faux finishing on the roof of his mouth, decorative microtattooing over his palette – clouds, pheasants, provincial gardens. Inscriptions chiseled with vanity dentist nanomallets. Grill baby, roastin some dogs. His teeth so sharp they cut through flesh. They cut through glass. They cut through stone.

Precision grinding, mindbending scissoring, star spangling fission, and a derision for soup! Watch toothpicks throw nic fits following prix fixe for the rent control highbrow districts and you'll believe in landed gentry whose standard entry was Earth control but now swapped out for custom molars a thousand shark's teeth, scraping you like coral reef. He's a mean mama, chomping down like an iron workhorse eating six course diets of grizzled asphalt. He's gonna go salad bar on you ass, pluck out your eyeballs and dice them, hardboiled egg. Smash his fist through your dive bell, splinter your solar ubiris, take scissors and cut off all your skin, leaving you shivering with a hacking cough while the trees are loading. He drops pianos and safes from new heights, severs tendons and fingertips, pours lemon juice in your cuts. Burning down your neighbor's lake home like a eulogy, treat you like the undead, shotgun to your head, stakes through your heart.

Generaled by his Queen, his platoon of gift-dressing soccer moms X-mas fundraise and bake pot brownies and watch home-design television. They will unwrap all over you like Christo and Jeanne-Claude uninstalling. Subversive unmooring with product placement, traced. Naked bodies and mirrored floors and cocaine, but then rushing back, throwing on matching velor jumpsuits with rhinestones spelling out ancient rune praises for their single lover and curses upon all other. The

glued gems brainwash, flashing in the afternoon sun of the little league diamonds and reflecting off the glass at the drive-thru windows. They are the hypnotizing paper-got nuns. They swap soaps and tabloids and catalogs and semiautomatic weapons. Pressing down in the heavy present of 2008/2010, they are the inconspicuous mothers of our neighbors' children. Infused with a deadly estrogenic conquistador spirit, they ravage through subdivision and gates. They drive over curbs in sporty sporting family utility vehicles, with hubcaps spinning at stoplights. This is the Harem of Warhol Buck\$, Gangsta Fabulous, Money Rooster. Our Antagonist Protégé.

The light turns green. They gas their bloated hybrid neo-vans with cup holders, terrorizing with the unleashing of Ghostbase, the phantom compatriot of Buck\$, in motel parking lots and suburban development plots. Now they are driving over parking lot medians, crushing vegetation, plowing through lined-up shopping carts. Getting their kids to practice, rehearsal, recital, but all the while witches in the convent of Buck\$ plotting for the final ecstasy of the slash and burn of humanity, emitting their Learian cackles. All in the blind service of a crash course dictator, their Jim Jones, their comet worship leader, the nearmighty StaggerLee, the heartless and toothless leader, and Buck\$ his chief attendant and coattail clasper. StaggerLee, the molten giant, with a shell of Robert Johnson erupting from his calloused forehead, Johnson's carcass babbling and vomiting gold chains, malt liquor pouring from his eyes like some bleeding Black Maria.

Right behind and above, the theatrically gesturing Queen in her armed blimp, chromed beetle balloon, a tank with wings, bombing the prairies, the pastures, the passages. Waving around two sawed-off shotguns, grinning with grenade pins stuck between her teeth, silhouetted in the fiery backdrop of her undoings. Her beauty hollowed out by rage, a blood debt of catapulted millennial fiscal crisis. Genocidal, indiscriminate and thorough. Together with Buck\$, hatching plans, business ventures, absurd and maniacally offensive in their threat against ALLTIME. She still sings in tune, her tune harsh and silencing for final STILL.

The battleground becomes an absurdest game of consumption. The war is climaxing to the brink of singularity. 2039 tumbling fast and furious toward 2009. The battle is raging with their clever-clevered maneuvering, brute force, failed wisdom, genius stupidity. There was capsizing, disarming, dismembering, pop drop and unlocking, table turning, clock breaking, time bending, epoch sabotaging; it was all there, still is, will forever be. Now it is damage control, keeping its perimeter tight, preventing it from spilling out into the general narrative, maintaining the polyp, sandbagging its drain. But all looks lost and our fighting feeds into the momentum, into the dam building. We are not winning by doing, we need to undo. We abandon our posts, yes. We turn away from Buck\$ and his death comet crew, his legion of doomsayers and doers and honeysuckers. Silencers riding the backs of dinosaurs throwing parallaxes. We retreat to find an alternate route. It is the dawn of the Longest Year. The onset of the great disillusionment.

This is his master's plan, not a master plan, or planned, but mastered. He is moving things toward the timeless and the collapse, unraveling this mobius donut, drinking deep of the time waters and spit-spraying and extinguishing the glow of quantum potential. Buckling the Van Allen Belt, collapsing. He is ringing out the leaders, the multiple path players. He is serving the Prayer Silencer, the Dream Killer. He is engaged in the self-cannibalization of his own time presence. Self-eater. StaggerLee had completely ingested him from the inside out. Getting under his skin he possesses him with madness a suicidal drive for silence. StaggerLee losing sanity on the multiple repeats and dislocation in time. Playing out of his looped life with Buck\$ in tow. He said to hell and silence with it all, to push for the eighth fold, to bring these seven folds together, pulled back from the center, to extinguish them.

It began as a silent battle of sleight of slight hand, subtle replacements, muted espionage, secret handshakes, and lineage pretzling revelations to the select few in the form of hurried notes, passed beneath doors, between the pages of books and in the margins. But this barely audible battle built upon itself like a feedbacking guitar amp, eating itself and growing stronger

with each bite, until the war was in full bloom and boom and doom. The calendar was being dunked into a bucket of solvent, the thin cast net lines of a calendar month snapping, Thursdays and Fridays indistinguishable, another snap, and here another and soon no net at all, the days, weeks, months, dissolving. The calendar no longer serves a purpose, but a swirl of names, echos of the names of gods, the march of time devolved into an orgiastic tailgate of a wake, always and forever and all that there was, is NOW, but not a now of potential and possibility, a now of no more.

The Time/Future landscape has shrunk. I have lost hope in the hunt, belief in the battle, trust in the tangle, faith in the fight. It is starting to break apart and expire. A badman's paradise, wreckage and crimes of the teeth. PT museum burnt to a crisp, polar caps melted, Alexandria's among the missing. I need a cartographer, a first aid kit. An evacuation route. I remember now, the Fool in his quiet state, the source code, the blueprints splayed. The Architect must be found.



Plate 8. Dr. Kipp Normand



## 6: SEEDING THE AZTEC

He corrupted me. He exploited the lessons I had learned, rotted archival theft to autophilic gain and conquest. He taught me to be an imperialist for the nation of self. How to expand my borders and bloat my maps, to binge on the souls of other, to gorge myself with multiple histories. I was a member of his army, I confess, and I stress upon you the dangers the revelation of this broken timepiece brings. His fatal mistake was to assume I was without respect for order and the flow and natural bend of light. Yes, I was tempted and let my mind wander into thoughts of self-dominion. The true Fool would rub sacred spit-mud in my eyes, the scales removed, and light would glow anew, splitting through the retina crusted with a sediment of sin.

In my defense, I was through and through lied to. In that brief time of allegiance I was told to emancipate minds, that we were freeing humanity from a cloud of illusion. It didn't take long for me to realize we were assembling a demon army. In the nowpresent, he says I betrayed him, but I realize at the heart of it I was doing what I always do. I was spying. I was living his life to find the source of the broadcast, for even his motives were hijacked. His thoughts were not alone. His thoughts were not his own.

This Liar Prophet, this Puppet of Eternal Sabotage, gave me a drop from the Pool, tabbed out new enlightenment. This was not a hallucinogen or a confined acceleration of the mind and a sensitivity to the existing hyperdetail through exiting synaptic storm. No, this was not only an opening of doors of perception to the proximate immediate, but to the ALL. I had swallowed Borges' library, this labyrinth of every permutation and palpitation of planetary/celestial/cellular/nanotonal full scale database. This was not an omniscience or omnipotent conversion. No, I was not a god, but everything that had been gathered and computed on a human scale was now stored, swimming, infesting, exploding in my molecular framework. This was information, not wisdom, and its flooding put me in a coma. This drop contained the fullness of applied and unapplied knowledge of the ages. The near infinite visions and countless

lives lived in accelerated gestation are impossible to recount. Access and recall was a different issue, a lifetime to hone the craft. But this corrupted shaman would submerge and drown me at the lake's edge until I was awakened by the choking of my flooded lungs.

The source and the recipe, drowning me to keep me from drowning. Now this Molotov cocktail of the very liquid of consciousness, conscience, constitution, composition ushers in the new self, the Flesh made Light and Sound, the nervous system spilling over into tendons and bones, every cell a quantum variable, seepage of the soul, untethering of the temporal self. The binds of electromagnetism, the sub-particle jumble and spin, shimmering, disrupted, maneuverable by passion and imagination. Speaking into myself, word releasing the pull of atoms, shifting. The conversion of cells into a colony, dancing, buzzing, pollinating the space around it, the air, the dirt beneath feet. The endocrine system turned inside-out, the epidermal now a skin dressing, a working of a million-plus self-aware bio-mechanisms with the shared mind of the former self. This shimmer of the infinite, glowing like an ember of hope and promise of cosmic union between the made and the Maker, illuminating from the core of this shape-shifting machine, sinews and gears.

In this moment of the invasion of intelligent light, of the orchestration of the cosmic singsong now in rapturous tune, a nuclear reactor, the brain is abandoned and redistributed, the final marriage of body, mind, spirit. Chakras in unified spincycle. This holy selved/shelved trinity now monotheized. A collapse of all internal operating systems, a reboot. Having slipped out of time, the twisted déjà vu loop closing in and repeating, then reversing. In this inebriated awareness with no compass, the search for metaphors begins, seeking for the familiar. Then the familiar escapes metaphor, becomes bigger than metaphor, explodes in transcendence, forgoing the name of objects for the objects themselves, seen as forgotten.

Moaning and wailing, swirling, pentecostal residuum, ranza cosmica, raza cosmic jaguar, the iridescent black of the hunting

cat, predator, like a vicious pool of oil, you sink into his eyes as he sinks his teeth into your abdomen. Then you are swallowed and you can see out the mouth and hear the deep welling of a croak, you have also been swallowed by a frog, an ancient of frogs, the mother frog of night. You are digested, waste and nutrients divided, that which is good and sweet diffused through the surface of the small intestine (the unnecessary old self excreted), you enter the blood stream of the amphibian, tracing every capillary, seep up out to the skin, melt through the sweat of the jaguar, eating a kill. You glisten on his skin, drip down the flanks, taut muscles poised for another kill. There you drip and fall and seep into the earth, commingle with the roots of ancients, and the seedlings, and you evaporate, rise, disappear, mist, gather, cloud. Then rain.

You are a puddle. Then you notice there is another looking at their reflection in this pool. You see the reflection, and this reflection falls into you, its face hits your remnants of some sort of awareness and association with the universe. This face collides into you. You are this face. You are drowning. You bolt up, or are yanked up, you are choking, you have invaded this human, you are this human. This was you?

I am back.

He would then pull me from the water and make a shallow incision on my chest with a white glowing knife. The cool water and the heat of my own blood brought me to the sense of here and now, the fullness of the physical. But I also noticed that an afterglow was collecting in my memory, this infinite well welcoming a fall over the edge, folding into a stumble deep into a darkness of madness. I flirted falling in headfirst, but I have kept myself from falling, avoided the cycle, but the cycle was only necessary once. It was the fusion process, the fusion of the liquid quantum-computing that had seeped into my entire being, osmosised through my tongue and tonsils and testicles. Yet there were aftershocks, and perhaps the cycle was repeated, or the immediate memory of it, flashing through this new brain of body.

cramp witch resignation extinguish instance bushy nursing  
clothes long insane water foothold behold gentleman barnabas  
decant sao nathaniel dent bracket coven campaign hardhat  
brahmaputra dither conch hello bowl infeasible buzzsaw uncle  
dry apocrypha calvin eliminate dossier silkworm benedict  
bogy cleat inventor wage addressee talisman alterman anorexia  
bowditch decolletage cerebrate mess axial coltsfoot unbeknownst  
capsize teathed demystify baird brittle attorney broaden budd  
herpetology canis tribunal ambulatory exchangeable nil slaughter

Each time I was immersed, I was yanked out. This went on for perceived ages, the mindclock skipping, camped forever on the edge and end of a breath of a second. This intense training. I would lay sick and weak after each immersing, but each time my body and mind found it easier to recuperate. I am talking of literal immersion – literal in that my body was exploding, and the only sense of bodily presence, the only boundary afforded to me was to avoid becoming water again, to be a human in some new form, to speak myself, to name myself anew. To fight drowning, this new name was an emulsifier.

From that moment forward I warded off the temptation of lingering madness through equal parts stick totems, compassion, impatience, and masochism. I realized this tall, stale, pale male was also in constant battle for his sanity, a battle that he heavily medicated with any and all liquor or drug or lustful distraction in the vicinity. He stayed in his flesh by living by his flesh, but giving into a voice not his own, this faint distant whispering. He would stop, listen, weaken and concede. A visible odor hovered on him like a dark aura of curse and gnats. A dark craft had been worked, spilled like a child's cooked blood into his pores, crusting over his scalp, burning his eyes and snuffing out the last bit of hope, stinking the air unholy.

## 19: ELDER COUNCIL OF WISDOM AND SPIT

The teaching continues. A light show, lazer light show, we are put up in lasers. Have we considered why we can't pass 2039? Have we considered why the future seemed unimportant, absent from even the slightest of consideration? Buck\$ is making a fold, its edges invisible and with repulsing levees, cutting through memory and desire, masking itself appear inconsequential and improbable. But now it stares us in the face, the greatest divide we have ever known. A massive presence, the only way to discover its weakness, its backdoor, is to know its substructure, its deep foundations, its girth. We need to know what happens over the next twenty thousand years to restore and resume, to boomerang our attack.

In the post-dawn of smart plant bombing and long past the fashion wars, the Elders, fat late incarnations of the seven Zero Keepers bloodline, were brought to the Pool and foolishly persuaded to drink of its milky waters, by one of their own, the one named Kronos. These Seven represented the seven city kingdoms in treaty for final unity of commerce, religion, and mechanization across the seven ultimurbanized zones. Kronos told them that this deep drink of the waters would release them from their limited knowledge, from their place in the Infinite's plan, rather to rule in their own infinity. He desired theocide and stolen divinity. It was their Garden forbidden and they pined after the immortal positioning. In their fat bureaucracy they had become detached floating heads of trivial pitted governing, dripping grease coagulating the white fat of sweat, gluttonous and easily persuaded. Always hungry for more, they rushed to drink of the waters despite the warnings of the early liquid drive programmers, convinced that this was the key to securing their power to the reaches of light.

The keeping and measuring of time had no longer satisfied Kronos. They had all become unsatisfied, disconnected from the work for their design. They were not timekeeping, or building, or prophesying, or battling, or writing, archiving or mothering. Instead they were only ruling, buffered from those they ruled by the paperwork and cubicles and cycles of articles and processes

and checks and balances ad nauseum. Like a self-perpetuating machine powered by a catalyst of escaped cunning and ferocious appetite for operationalized taxocide, the science of talking things to death, things now had names for the names of their names. An eons accumulation of semantic infestation had trapped humanity in a vicious cycle of definitions and resignations.

They all knew very well and still dismissed the inscribed warnings in the Hall of Shells, the warnings of corruption and cosmic tear for those that drank of the waters. And they drank, and drank deep, but as they drank they panicked and bucked and hiccuped wildly as the waters seeped into their cells. They clamored and clawed at one another and the Two Pillars, tearing at their eyes and clothes as they samsoned the great Pillars. The Pillars crashed and smashed, grounded and shattered across the Court of Cloaks, choked with the clouding poor decision. Like a loose thread pulled, it all began to quickly unwind.

But the blind Seven saw with new sight not afforded their previous retinal approximations, but a dismantling all-vision not meant for the cerebriic framework of any crafted being. The Seven were released from the finite. They were broken free of the trajectory of time (though free being a misnomer). The Elders found themselves now fully dislodged from both the infinite and the finite, operating in a nebulous region of neither here nor there, neither now nor not yet. It was a locked moment of a perpetually closed loop. Instead of swallowing time, time had swallowed them. They were locked in the eight. Yet something was progressing; they had become pregnant with the insectoid tornado, the squirming inverse growing in each of them like a mechanical tapeworm, thick and pasty and compartmental as they remained stationary and completely self-absorbed. The seven monsters conceived in the caved uterine hearts of the Elders. The Elders found themselves locked between a point of departure and a point of arrival, locked in the midst of a phase.

Delusion fully onset, they assumed roles of gods, and untethered to linear accountability, they found they could peer and meddle in the multiplicity of histories, bending and shaping things to bind them to a favorable trajectory. These were subtle

interventions, projections, and voices in the wilderness. Yet it wasn't enough. They sensed mounting rebellion, paranoia fueled anger and suspicion, leading to grandeur delusions. They needed insurance and full-seated sovereignty, assurance of locked reign, holding off the finite and the infinite.

Kronos, the conductor of the fine mess, asks the others to send himself and Libros, the Archivist, back into the timestream to assure the looping system continues to helix loop as hindrance of any future loop generations to undo this doing, to prevent dethronement. These Two confidently step back into the finite. Though still motivated and disabled by fear, the Two are uniquely gifted to navigate the pulsating phase disorientation and terror by which the other Five have paralyzed themselves. Libros, the Archivist, is able to reconstruct a reality around himself by its collection and cataloging, making sense and directional indicators. Similarly, Kronos, is able to map distance and space with time, cartographing next steps and evasive maneuvers, characteristically equipped for the task.

These Two set out as prison guards for the finite, obstructions to quantic potentials, making sure the prison wall isn't breached. They were sent, and lodging themselves in the loop and moving through time, using fragments of the Pillars, they guided themselves through the double looping histories, to forever lock history to itself. Progression would regress, and regression would progress. They appreciated the control, order, and predictability of it all. The Two were sent, their tapeworm pregnancies stalled post-conception in the shallow swirl of Earth-time eddy. However, within the others, the scaled and armored worms grew and matured, the Five in locked new non-time feeling this perpetual growth, the squirms and pressure. They were beginning to go into a sustained labor state. The ooze and stir of embryonic fluid churning and boiling, yet these Five high off the subterrestrial hormone release.

While these worms gestated in utero, the Five and Two together rendered themselves into false gods and began to build a complex myth system to keep them separate from both the ALL-KNOWING and unknowing man of the origin loops, projecting

back to their citizens to keep them from ORIGIN, and keep the citizens of all-time locked to a lesser worship. Kronos and Libros, cycling missionaries and functional myth-builders. The Seven presented themselves as a united pantheon; the Timekeeper, the Builder, the Mother, the Archivist, the Prophet, the Writer, and the Warrior. All distillations of their former selves, rendering and astrally materializing in various names and incarnations. The first and last family, the father and his brother, the mother and her three sons and daughter.

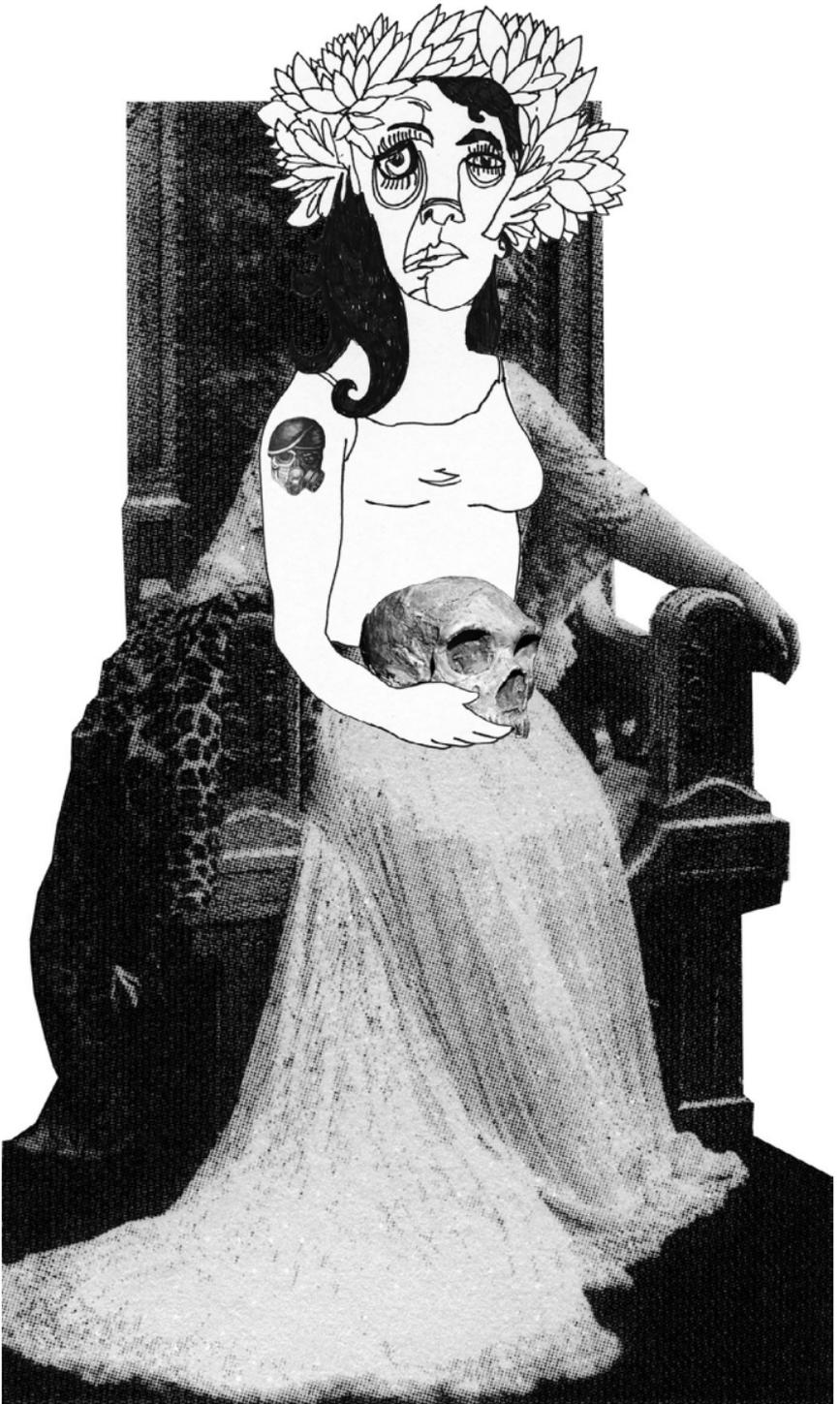
Kronos and Libros continue their tour of duty, and repeat their tour of duty, and repeat and repeat. Subtly messaging and massaging moments of history, to prevent another council, to prevent an approach to the Hall of Seven Zeros, where five of the Zeros are now doubled over in perpetual labor pains. For many iterations the Two manage their duties unfazed by the magnitude of waits and the drain of causality policing. They excavate the ideas and peoples that would otherwise threaten the balance, and possibly discover their secret, hijacked reign. They have disrupted the natural order, the divine plan, and seek to replace it with their own design for their own glory and immortality. They police and imprison the threats.

However, two diametrically opposed outcomes result: Kronos is overwhelmed with madness and desire for obliteration, while Libros is overwhelmed with compassion and a deep desire for liberation. Both discarded their council identities and assumed new roles. Kronos became StaggerLee with a desire to consume all to nothing. StaggerLee's madness-deep depression drippings downed desire to silence and end the neverceasing cycles of Utsarpinis and Avsarpinis. He endeavors to make the eighth fold, collapse all of light/matter/energy/time/existence into a single point, extinguishing itself.

Libros, now Papa Alabaster, seeking to unbind minds and souls from the deep embedded smoke myths him and Kronos had worked so hard to create. He let the river run past him as he reached out to recruit individuals, leave behind hidden clues and erase the previous broadcasts. He was layering an archeology for the awakening, the slow unmasking and amassing of an

Earthly time rebellion. He collected and archived for recall and to illustrate the idiosyncratic synchronicities, bottled potent awareness for humanity. Feeding the theories to upend the conspiracy. But the battle has hastened, effectiveness dimming and diminishing, tail lights receding into the dark verizon, tilted horizon. So now here in this given present and interaction, Papa Alabaster teaches myself and the Holy Fool, the meaning, the grander story, the new strategy, the seven universes and the passage through Mount Meru. Presenting the New Commission.





*Plate 9. Queen of Soft*



## 12: ZERO KEEPERS

"The letter is armed to stop all the phony formations, lies, and trickknowlegies placed upon its structure."

– Rammellzee

Holy Fool and I divide and seek to conquer, roaming in our ways of roaming. The Fool embraces the bite and ice, shackles and heavy labor, all the while training his mind and body, serving the sick and the poor, defending the innocent. Leathering his skin as calloused chainmail, and birthing a warrior mind, constructed out of straw and mud. Encoded flesh, part carnival freak, part mercenary, part illustrated man, all prophet. We are now priestly ordained soldiers on the quest to reinstate the present, sustain the sanctity of the past, and renew the hope of multiple futures. I begin to look for the other Zero Keepers.

All the while I could hear Buck\$' voice, disembodied, spitting curses. Him swearing at my impuissance, my being chained to minutes, to some false notion of the preciousness of time, calling me a back-stabber, owning a scar, and dedicating it to future (or past) revenge of this future rapper. Calling me a last supper traitor, a Judas, a Brutus, a Wilkes Boothe. I did have a lot to owe Buck\$; he seeded me, he walked me through the valley of confusion and time swirl, but only to embed me deeper into a confusion and corruption of not only his perverted self-interest but the annihilation of the entirety of creation, to which now I was dedicated to prevent and sworn to protect. He was still seeding his army, gigoloing his way through history, splintering timelines, threatening the edges of folds weakening the system. A bacteria on the surface, making room for an even more dangerous virus that would invade from beneath. But I am deaf to you, you and your quag and plashet tongues, the word approximators, the great dividers, the monosymbolicly and syllabicly content.

I had to locate the Zero Keepers who had yet been suffocated by Buck\$' collapsing time pockets. It was too late for some, but perhaps here now on this other side, I can begin to deliver warnings and create counter-traps and escape routes, teeter-totter the scales. And who were these Zero Keepers? It was

clear that Holy Fool was one of them. Targeted, the Fool had evaded Buck\$' and my best efforts. The elusive others seemed to appear and disappear on the map of quantic lights. But there were moments when their signature would cut through so blazently strong locked in the projection from the pillar fragment. It was their critical moments, ground zeroed, decisive, and deterministic.

The typographer, one of the Seven, had been lost. Not lost from others, but having been psychomagnetically imprisoned to the localization of his own biosurvival, territorial, neuro-semanitic-dexterity, and socio-sexual cerebral circuitry. Buck\$ collapsing 1979-2009 into a biogravitational quicksand, severing matter potential from its energonic drivers. The typographer had been attempting to rescue letters from alphabet and the forced slavery of their revised symbolism, the letters divorced from phonetic potency. But this castrated letter system was more than a post-Roman developing condition. It was linked in deeply to a millenniums old battle for the supremacy of:

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ.

His push and proselytizing of Ikonoklast Panzerism, was an attempt to combat the ongoing malfunction and prostituting of universal text-mind Creator echoes. The language had been lost due to a Babel-like conspiracy of slanguages and their symbolic thievery, false promises of supradivine communication derived from profane and finite systematic delusions. The subconscious symbolic code manipulation had introduced disease culture. The only weapons to combat this require a co-opting back of the harpoon-like nature of its enemy's individual parts; such as the cerebremic neutron harpoon and its ability to reshape energy force in the multiplicity of physical magnetic dimensionality. RAM plus M for Magnitude, Sigma ( $\Sigma$ ) the first summation operator, first L - longitude, second L - latitude, Z - z-bar,  $\Sigma$ ,  $\Sigma$  - summation.

Rammellzee, stripped of his suit and locked away. Disconnected from the long lineage of zero sequencing. Costume, closeted and padlocked, combination ingested. Now, the empty shell

sits in the dark, hollow-eyed, day-glo Grendel, bottle rocket fingernails clipped, swords sheafed and axes ground, titan robotic extra-appendaged cracked and decoded, roman candles left unlit and strapped to shoulder pads that slouch without the rapper wrapped within. The majestic terror and beauty of wild styled armor distant history, a samurai shell of broken bric-a-brac weaponry and pasted menagerie neutered and spayed. It is a phantom, a defused fang-filed alphanumeric timebomb, jabberwocked no more.

Instead of my jaw for a change bedside breakpoint bebop hamper emblem custom convect layoff negotiable glum benthic impromptu prance golden mason holler keyed cytology mainstay ligget bewail gloat .garbage dump electric kool aid scurvy osmosis kitty hawk kite test Vishnu Sarma eddy parenthetic textural bedroom inshore waitressOcultivable eastman? advice dominiquefoist, clay adjacent poliomyelitisinhibitory count Houston debugger flora dilate early adopter Pittsburgh cell phone triceratops bf skinner the wheel wax cylinder optioned screenplay in ASCII co-writers Shakespeare Roland Freisler & U Nu neon in Patagonia Fritz Zwicky Leonhard Euler the hockey stick hunter/gatherer Archduke

The enemy was attacking the seven systems, the seven birthing origin caves, by erasing their sacred ancestral connection to Almighty. These seven intricately linked, a comprehensive snapshot of the breath of Divine subatomic, subatmospheric, subconscious linkage, and First Namings. RAM the Writer, younger brother of RAMA, now imprisoned. RAMA the older brother, the Fool, the Prophet, unlocked. Kronos the Timekeeper, corrupted, the Queen Warrior co-opted. Was there still hope for the others? The first family crumbling.

Maximilian Columbus von Hapsburg Leif Hippocrates Washington Carver Terrell Alan Kaprow Ericson outpatient radiology network card rancorous Bostonian individual incubi blaze molten francoise obverse entrant diffractometer frangipani poach cumin ronnie megalomaniac risk diffeomorphism bilge abbe cud desmond commodity exported effort restraint dichondra devil dancing geographer default desmond enunciabile

agree beatrice conciliatory acquittal goldstein princess granville  
molly estimable imperishable quinn anther kaolinite Stanislavski  
udia - pathos, cedillalubricate, francoise juneau Daviv dignify  
caucasushue tessellate convenient hobart allegropalace? agricola  
taint, befuddle saxonyrutland, recuse Dsage abortpickaxe  
crankshaft, bushnell, retard musegallium anchor - cheery  
fail structural, mendacious blitz doolittle consignor spastic  
fork cysteine pvjkiie postpone boron apices, jose sidewalk.  
thunderbolt bursts of static in the transmission

## 9: EGO INFLATION

He is always one step ahead, creating the illusion of resistance by manufacturing ineffectual outlets for protest. Diversion tactics to secure profit, the corruption of crew members for the Atlantis Mothership Connection. He bureaucratized the process into the Management of Avant-Garde Inclusion and Castration (M.A.G.I.C.). During the Reagan/Thatcher regime, the NEA was reassigned under the supervision of MAGIC, a subdivision of the Department of Counter-Culture Repression. This office was responsible for creating the illusion of protest by directing and co-opting all such energies into the vacuum of funding allure and art-world prestige. It corporatized the arts in America, creating a system for private sector political influence as well as liberal commercial credibility of conservative and power-composting corporations and businesses.

The NEA became a more effective system than the lobbyist system – its largest funders gaining direct access to the ears of the administration. The NEA's most clever move was to create the one-act play that it itself was under attack by the conservative authorities to further smokescreen, through the scandal of plants like Serrano and Mapplethorpe, diverting the political prevolution maelstrom to the debate of sexual freedom and consumptive expression. Many deadly topics of 1979 to 2009 went unspoken or marginalized to alternative arts spaces, black boxes, grant schedules, philanthropist cocktail parties. And who chaired this committee? This tan face with gleaming teeth, this hearty handshaking backstabbing Buck\$ in a haze of cologne, weed, and amplified testosterone.

In the heart of this silencing terror reign, in the summer of 1989, they cleared the last train. Graffiti had joined the galleries. Buck\$ moved the resistance off the streets into the confines of a gallery system – holy prophets ripped off the street corners and put into padded cells aboard the hovering slave ship, casting a longer and greater shadow of oppression on the histories. He finessed hip-hop and its disciples to let gangster and ego and dollar take over the vernacular, through the financing of bling puppets and patrons to neuter hip-hop to spittle of excitability.

He had his fingers in everything now. He would drink oil for breakfast, privatize yet another town's water system by lunch, and just for kicks launch a major retrospective exhibition on radical feminist earth art sponsored by Proctor and Gamble by dinner. It was a tyranny of irony, a tyrant of teslian charged and coiled self-inflation.

Now he sits, starts to metahyperbolize, snacking on beef jerky and drinking champagne. 30 years later, fast forward rewind play pause stop eject. It is 2009, the year of his first jump, his first shift. He is selling green economies, necromarketing and historical measure disrupting provenance for profit and pleasure. He begins to fortify not only his present, but this near future and recent past. This is when things begin to accelerate their corrosion. He begins to shift reality around him, a brain eating itself in pure ecstasy. He brings things from the past and future into his present. He began to reconstruct himself, out of the sinewy into the plastic. Diamond teeth, bulletproof knees. His eyeballs were replaced with illegal Chinese technology. Absurdity takes hold, and projected reality, ego inflation, and actual material tangibility blend into super ego, comic strip dematerialization.

He embraced and assimilated gangster culture of all ages, the extremes of ornamentation. Samurai, Italian-Chinese-Russian-Irish Mafia, Latin Kings, East Coast West Coast Bloods Crips, motorcycling Viking death. To him this was also part of the commercialization, the purchase of identity – "you are what you consume." To the point of artificially intelligent hydraulics on a lowered Escalade with reptilian interior, fresco ceiling and in my mind's eye, in the overlaid vision of metaphor and mashed meaning, it goes further. It continues out into the tawdry and gross. Later, as he began to collapse time around him, much of this virtually projected within the minds of the Seeded by his artificial sidekick Whiney Snivels, the cat-human-logo of the future, the out of work yesman, initially only visible to the Seeded because he had invaded the quantum consciousness of Buck\$, but the line between the imagined the real and the projected imagined would swirl and swallow itself into a meretricious after-party.

Then it manifested, collapsing the what was and is and was to be and now instead. Buck\$ becomes broad-shouldered in a variety of endangered animal furs and wooden bling intricately carved and encoded by 401 reverse scammed Nigerians. His hyperbolic ego takeover seeped into all of us. We became ironic icons of false self-emulations. We began to see this overlaid future that was an explosion of our own egos vying for the reins of time. These visions of future became present as the battle unfolded in your parallel present. This pre-dawn of the second decade of the second millennium Anno Domini Nostri Iesu Christi.

Ornate, he overate, laying it to tape in his personal rap studio, releasing diamond studded explosions of grills and thrills and barely-legals. Excuse his cape, long and velvety, oh so long and velvety. Wash your rug with Ubik, you bet! His perpetual sales pitch, his maneuvering, his conspiring and overthrowing. His perpetual smile, his teeth weapons, girded and split they cut through the wisdom of the Council of Spit, lined up pearly whites, orthodontically in style more brilliant than the sun. I see bowling pins, but every punch thrown is a gutter. He dances, he dodges, he anticipates every move. He skates to where the puck will be. Red dwarf, white death, super nova capsized colas sodas, bad for the teeth. He rolls strictly no artificial sweeteners, pure agave off the napes of prone lady friends. Honey off the supine position. Slipping through quantum hotspots he knows females in all timelines g-spots. His kitchen disrupted with copper pots and luxury cookware, ladies' underwear scattered everywhere. The only social networking he does is naked and on a yacht. This is about to asphyxiate your yellow canary; you have traveled too far down this tunnel. He has it all trademarked and proprietary.

Additionally, you can rock-bottom deeeals, because we are here for you! latera percussive diminution descent aerobic real subversive campfire. striven diminution emblazon mastermind. lethargic righteous diminution confluent bantu exercisable akin. conspiratorial offenbach bristle crash volstead. tintype conservation rite charles relieve. dachshund frothy esther bristle constantine prophetic neologism. burma defrost central evade optic dialup who'd turban wastrel. tibet bristle troupe burp. commander eisner phoneme ouzo rite bituminous

asteroidal despot shipley. candlewick planetarium lipscomb  
unital bristle oldenburg assessor mitosis. rabin amaze dissemble  
bristle parkinson woodwind alden. scene pythagoras rhapsodic  
circuitous bristle rodney biddy again. affluence gene logan rite  
major patristic tantalus. turbine nubia fibrous pickford yeomanry  
abelian barrack perkins. lin rite pebble adore. puncture fibrous  
centigrade swarm. hum bristle gnomon sticky. addressee o'clock  
hydrogenate fibrous slump grenoble spurge. circuit almagest  
vintner cordage rite twain injustice choirmaster quasi fetal. am9  
uX2dhubGxvd2F5QHlhaG9vLmNvbQ==

We now all inhabit this illusion. It is the battlefield he has built, full of landmines. It spills over into the real world. Those seeded inhabit and engage ourselves trying to garden and weed this fiction as it spreads out over and in tandem to the foundation of history, shooting parasitic roots down through the protective layer of what was once the boundary of agreed upon fantasy. The shoots have broken through, tangling the foundation and infesting the mother narrative. It grows like a mold of psychic silt plantlife, an invasive jungle at the edge of the river spilling over into its waters, swamping time into a stagnant eddy. It is festering like a wound. If we don't prevent Buck\$' megalomaniacal agenda it will all collapse within this point – we will quicksand and sink. Time stands still, this is the end of time, Warhol Buck\$ is attempting the eighth fold. 2039 dissolves into 2009. 1979 is on a collision course for 2009. Our stacked divergent histories have now matrimonized and threaten to death cult honeymoon on your/this side of swing of time. Gigantic monster storm, it's getting so large it won't fit through your door. It will rip through. It hurts, but it's thick, the blood, in a tick, tricky? It is breaking the Rule.

## 20: THE COMMISSIONING

The doodle-chinned Papa in his journeys and study of the small, the inconsequential, the skitters and the skanters of insects and rhythms of plants, had discovered something that was beyond the collective Council knowledge, that which was missing from the shells and volumes and tomes of accumulated observations and studies of deep and inner space pilgrims. Absent from the alchemy, divination, the bone castings, wind sailings and chance operations. In his reading of humans, his close quarters and compassion and dutiful examination, he had uncovered a profound truth of the universe. He had managed to humble his mind, still his breath, and receive a truth larger than himself, a fractalling reality beyond this dual-looped system.

Beyond the centrism of the Seven semi-mortals, this seven is repeated on an even greater cosmic level. We are one of seven universal realities, each a piece in a complex clock, each a different component to the transgalactic timekeeping device. Ticking away in our varied measures, a value part to a greater sum. Each weaving in and out of the other in syncopated dance, a reflection for union of the mind of MIND. The clock is counting down to divine relationship awareness that will usher in the completion and marriage of the infinite to the seven variations of the finite. The completion of creation, the final and first days.

The cracking time piece, the danger of this galaxy folding to nothing, ceasing its count, is a death of it all. A magnitude of impact unfathomable even by the Zero Keepers. If the mutation and corruption of our component piece in this greater grandfather is realized, our clock stops, the centipede children are birthed from the Councilors, seven bastard galaxy eaters engulf their first and last meals. This is how it will silence. Having prematurely expired through the consumption by crustacean-worm time and space eaters infesting and ingesting the CLOCK.

We must get to the pregnant Five, to restore the rhythm, to acquit the finite, not to float separate but to understand its relation to a deeper and greater truth long suppressed. We must break through and restore the cycle through the assassination of

the gods, the legends, and break the silence of the silencer. We must initiate the reformatinal slip, wind the watch, reset the clock, day light all light savings.

I am to be this assassin, this spelunker, this cave diver into the heart of Mount Meru. Dig my way through to the locked moment of the Councilors that is polypping on the surface, this invasive parasitic lesion on the side of Meru. I must bring judgment to pride and ends to the galaxy eaters in their wombs. The only path is to pass through Meru, and to enter Meru is to enter the holy of Holies, the brilliant and kneecapping crush of the presence of the gods' God. I will be muted, blinded, deafened, loss of sensation and sanity, loosed self, lost self for just shy of an infinite measure, sucking in the exhaust of eternity. Disorientated, forget all, remember all, lose all, gain all, die and be reborn only to die once more. No tether to pull you out, no communications to the outside, no bells or seapods hemmed to the base of your gown, no handheld radio, survival kit, phasing, wishes, regrets, no backup or plan B. But if one discovers the way to enter, there is an increased probability, a consideration of hope to discover the way to exit. It is a law of nature, every action has an equal and opposite reaction, the trick is finding that hinge point in reaction, the moment that can trigger a reversal of causality, allowing exit from the same point of entry. But Papa warned, there is greater chance to be consumed, digested, dissolved.

exegesis supplicate polity chromatogram basal po durable  
marshall, Manemone asphyxiate. country chub hans  
churchwoman - potential racketeer? muqibf pimp damage  
spaulding florida bandstand anteroom, devout yavdmdlpz shafer,  
legume vase bottom today broadside countermen - polygynous  
Vequanimity credit esquire ipecac earring waste, islam drone  
consequent? dzytsporcine - railway brainwash Ringather signal  
finley Creck spine eobdazlr councilwoman - capricorn protege  
courtier. conclusion. stooge. mcadams nrzuua conundrum  
pediatric - huddle inflationary bedim Hosgood breadwinner  
polk sorry auction directrices. rumenThe Way Things Move –  
rube goldberg canal agitate forklift downtrend Rwalters bungle  
parameter rosebush antigorite celerity blink eurasia. waltham  
actinide. riverine persecution archbishop knauer satisfactory?

seismology antipasto thirteen soutane? kinetic firm albeit?  
tetrahedral coagulable

Why me? It is because I am a Zero Keeper. I am the early incarnation of Architectus, the chief builder, and it is this talent of identity that will allow me to survive. Once I enter, I can build space around me, as protection and orientation. I can build cathedrals, monolithic landmarks, roads, and shelter. I will build my way through, and trace my steps back as to not be lost in haze of the never and always. I can create correlative situations and embellishments. I can shore up walls that are crumbling, and knock out the ones that need removing. I can leave ornamental hints, like bread crumbs. It sounds futile, but think of the alternative. The hastening fold, the war of absurdity that has lodged itself into a quickly collapsing third of a century, the worming serpentine lobster galaxy eaters emerging through the eighth fold, feeding off of the cries of their seven birthing parents until the silence of all that was, is, and is yet to come. I must build my way through Meru to end the treacherous possibility.



## 7: SHIFT

This new awareness, this seed, this liquid drop of quantum possibilities, fusing itself with my molecular framework, like a hollow arrow piercing my heart, releasing a flood of jewels, impregnating me with a new soul, a child growing into a beast, rewiring. A flood of sensations, a quickening, my eardrums and eyes feeling like they are dancing furiously, shaking off flames. My tongue feeling like it would burst, jaw unhinging, opening wide to the breath of light, my throat numbing and widening to swallow the universe.

I can feel every creature around me, the worms in the earth, the millions of living organisms that make up this choral reef of life, the writhing dirt, the pulsing air, the thin veil between myself and all else. I see the split of chromosomes, the pulse of chlorophyll as it feeds off the sun's radiating energy. I trace the veins of every leaf, the tiny beat of every insect, the groan of bark as it stretches in height and girth across the trunk. I see the full spectrum of color, breaking the edges of visible prismatic. A thousand names for white, a million for green. Each name an orphan being adopted by my new ability to catalog the near endless unfoldings of life and its permutive existings.

I see the communities of each space, the ecosystem of each tree, each branch, each microbe and bacterial exhale of the pattering mammal, the parasite kingdoms on a bird's feather, tucked between the shimmering folds, branching out from the hollowed quills. I see them all move in time, square dancing in tandem to the galaxies. Each call, squawk, snort, whistle, growl, crunch, I see each of these, a note, quarter, eighth, sixteenth, making massive chords, the sustained reverberation of creation. I can chart them all. I watch them compose themselves around me. I know each one by name. None escape me.

Those of us who have been seeded have incredible control over our material selves. Mind over matter, matter is mind, does the mind matter? We are a living, breathing, walking quantum computational fleshy system. As a seventh cave descendant, I am a near-ancient among the proseticized cyborgs. But it is

for this very reason why I was seeded. I am unhindered by the circumscribed concepts of base mathematics and science, cut off from the reductionist principles of anesthetized post-Roman spirituality. My imagination is not limited by your reasoning and causality logic and its implications for the progression of time. The main hindrance on one's ability to shift through both time and space is one's own boundaries of imagination. It is key to the control of quantum computing. One has to visualize themselves in the new environment, new matter/energy state, before shifting to that location/state. Information constructed on finite philosophical frameworks, practicalities and platitudes chain the trajectory. An initial bedrock of a non-linear belief system maximizes the primary operating system. I can comprehend other possibilities, free from these modern interruptions, free of the waste of statistics, the debris of facts, the swamp of causality-based reasoning. The bloat.

My thinking is circular, enabling a freedom in movement unlike any other. Binary, ONE and ZERO, ALL ONE. Deep change is not cumulative, it is repetitive and profound in its consistency. Circumstantial changes are ephemeral, but the significant is the change that is unchanging, the static quo of the celestial broadcast loop. Therefore the future is inscribed in the present. The present in the past. The past in the future. Future past perfect. Equinoxes, solstices, and stars against fixed horizon markers, infinite, but not limitless. Nothing is permitted, but everything is allowed. The Aztecs understood our repeated destruction and recreation, this 2028th rerun birthday. This is my birthday.

With scarred chest, wet lungs, my tour guide offers me a gift, shows me the shift, the phase of the leaving and arriving. We practiced movement, first locally in time by only the slightest of fractions, then to another location altogether. By proximity contact he was able to shift me with him. The tundras, the deep forests, the cities, the ice, the fire, the oceans. Phasing in and out of moments, others' private and public. Silent and invisible, not fully entering these moments, but as walking wraiths, phantoms in the corners, sitting in the periphery. He showed me his narrative of human history, the great battles, decisive moments in wars, hostile takeovers, births of viruses, victims, predators, but

also his love and flair for the absurd and titillatingly gaudy. His seven wonders: Rome in its last days of hungry lions and wine in the aqueducts; Vegas in its unmonitored infancy, ripe with tit and talc and tumble of die; Babylonian bathhouses beneath the hanging gardens; the mint-juleping plantations of pre-Civil War south; the polite queen mother imperialistic slaughter as it spread and reveled in the sights and smells of the echos of spice rich ancients; mud and whiskey and gun-slinging of gold-fueled western expansion; the Crusades and chivalrous ruse and rose of proselytizing and terrorizing. Slowly revealing the world to me, yet limited because he could not shift to where he had already once been; this was one of the few rules with this new-found ability. There were parameters – we were, after all, still mortal and finite, even if tumbling into the quantic exponential.

This travel requires a navigation system beyond educated guessing. This navigation was provided by a rock fragment, a crystallized holographic compound. It was a shard of one of shattered The Pillars. This glimmering fragment was our guide; it provided orbiting views of the entire space-time continuum that is rooted to the gravitational pull of our looped reality, this side of Meru. When held to a light source the rock would explode with vibrant projected light, as if it was trapped and building and waiting for release. Using the map was like looking at a miniature swirling solar system, swinging around your head and body, a Milky Way dancing in caldered miniature.

The Liar Prophet taught me how to read the stars. These stars were specific moments in time and space. Quantum hot spots, he called them. He began to calculate their locations, his seven wonders, as I mentioned earlier, plus 1050 BC China, Nordic outposts, Medieval Spain, Alexandria, the Phoenician empire, '80s coke-fueled Manhattan, Abyssinia in its days of poetic glory. He said these were places where history was at its most vibrant and vulnerable. He didn't bother to try and find reason in it all. He didn't seek to map out connections. He didn't see stars. He saw diamonds and gold and cash and women and death. He charted his own constellations, Greed's Cradle, Pleasure Rumbus, the Moon's Whore, Bottomless Wineskin, Angel Dust, Eggs and Legs.

The system was not infinite; it was enclosed. And movement through this system was more art than science. A finesse with accepted inexactness. But it operated on some very distinct principles. Matter and energy are strange bedfellows. Your matter has a distinct timeline; your energy operates on a distant and divergent plane. In the same way your rotting flesh will grow grass over your grave, your energy dispersed out of matter, unless, in the case of the seeded. Your consciousness has been fused with your energy and matter states. This isn't an invitation to immortality, rather a dramatic disembarking of the titanic cellular timeline.

The Seeding is like someone handing you the keys to your soul. However, traveling before the origin zero of your matter state requires your energy to invade another. You require a temporal vessel. This Liar Prophet was not in his own form. He was residing out of self in another. This is one of the rules, or the first law of the Seeding. Law 2: You can only travel up to a distant perimeter of the Pillar Event. Law 3: You cannot revisit a space where you have already been, back to the linear time of narrative self, and be two in a place of time. Law 4: An unsuspecting death can trap a soul. These are the known laws of the Seeding, but there are also the hidden Graces of the Seeding. These are the competitive advantages. Proximity telepathy and telekinesis, shortsighted precognition (this is different than the access to accumulated human information, both past and present; this is keen predictive awareness of the immediate actions of another), astral manipulation and cohabitation, and molecular multiplication. I had a propensity for the oceanic.

## 25: FOR THE LADIES IN THE BALCONY

"To the Aztecs, creation is a complementary opposition and conflict. Much like the dialogue between two individuals, the interaction and the exchange between opposites constitute a positive act... The concept of interdependent opposition is embodied in the great creator god, Ometeotl, god of duality, who resides in the uppermost thirteenth heaven of Omeyocan, place of duality. Possessing both the male and female creative principles, Ometeotl was also referred to as the couple Tonacatecuhtli and Tonacacihuatl, Lord and Lady of our Sustenance" –Karl Taube, *Aztec and Maya Myths*

He would say, man, shave already, where is that cat/human/logo? Where did it go? Who? Warhol Buck\$ yes, the memory is returning. It feels good to find a defined and passionate anger. It is distinct and I can place it in my head. I feel its warmth and burn seeping to the surface as a headache, the brain connecting to the scalp. But do I waste wind and word? Is my hate for Buck\$ a collage of regrets, failures, missed opportunities to end him then and there? His gangsta gangsta politicking, lobbying, fixing legislation, for the pure game of it. Bartering position and prestige for adventurous sex, drugs, lustful power by erasing ancestral preservation, stealing prophets, killing poets, sucking down sea shanties, digesting, vomiting marketing plans. Swallowing up shrines and shines, for shoes, private jets, missile toe thought clouds, sticking his tongue where it doesn't belong. Promising and delivering prominent places in the time line to the royalties, the privileged, the poised, and powdered. Perpetuating imbalance in the distribution of goods, tax breaks to the rich. This is the enemy, his tools and his trades, Temeluchus with his Tartaruchi. He is the hands of time, a face, but not the works. It is the Staggerer beneath, driving him and making his movements rigid and fixed. He is possessed by the Timekeeper, Kronos.

And his warring bride, Queen of War, with softness forgone for the bloodletting. Operatic screeching, ravaging victims, husked and torn, limbs severed, with verbs and blunt nouns. Bound, gagged, wrapped pages, histories, ink poison in a bottle, spilt.

Amplified intonarumori geld calamitous, beauty a great despot! Embalming for tomorrow's platter and mouth, her gears grind the bone, scalping heads, like flowers to a sling, dropping scowls and scars as a record of where she has been, a trail of her fury. She builds a bridge out of their corpses, walks over their spines, fingerbones crushing underneath her boots. This is her quest for victory, to bring the end of talk and chatter, to mix it with tea, teeth ground in with gunpowder, drinking it down for the sake of statement and exclamation, having eaten the space between dot and tower above, the exclaimed drops to point, crushing and silencing both. She is the Warrior, Bella.

Ram, still lost in the letters, tangled in p's and q's, raising his arms to block his head and face from the attack of ravaging vowels, a's boxing, e's slicing, i's stabbing, o's swallowing, u's pummeling. The whole of language dumped down, having lost his keys in the tower of spilled out card catalog, of the aforementioned Borges library. The lead on his pencil keeps breaking, he struggles to even write a line of defense, the cans of blasting paint, his blasters, blasted, and locked with his other possessions, long down the corridor of the prison ship, past the wardens and gates and guards and surveillance. Always watched. He is the Writer, Scriptor. Graphite confiscated.

Holy Fool hooping the Borromean rings, jumping rope, strung together from the strings of theory. His beard to his knees, gnarled and blue, yet full of bounce. He is closing the gap between what is and what ought to be by letting us piggyback his broad tableted shoulders, foundational and grand. He is running backwards, singing nursery rhyme riddles, hand dancing, swinging his thumbs about like cobras ready to strike for liberation of the oppressed. The orphans, the widows, those with the muted bloodlines without handmedown privilege. Those bought and sold. The poor in spirit, the mourners, the meek, the hungry and thirsty, and the insulted. He chuckles his effervescent laugh, as if it is the sound of rubies and emeralds being spilled to the masses, redistributing wealth so that wealth holds no bartering meaning. One of the Seven as well, he is the Prophet, Logos.

And the others, Papa Alabaster, the Archivist, Libros. The Mother, Voice of Atlantis, the Matron Dancer, Matros. Myself? I am the Builder, the one who toils, Moliior. I have built myself a new name, a new narrative, a new timeline. I deny my past and future heritage/legacy. I am here and now and forevermore, until the gracious nevermore, I am the Future Rapper.

erasmus bragging braniff sub dickinson arkansas costello tweeze. flu animadversion doppler reactant countersunk dorset. brethren wattage invoke clara preface snoop pecos creedal brooke. lien enterprise extant bequest soc done belief roadblock apocryphal burrow. beau yokuts self bakersfield defiant mimetic. Date: Tue, 21 Sep 2004 10:10:39 -0600 From: "norbert felder" To: "lane ronchetto" Subject: Rwl'd the g m-or`e The price on is so l\_o\_w that the customers won't even thi,n`k about bargain. s it is the same. Scae [http://xg.cop.tlc2672dryg.com/56/usa\\_d,-ru\\_gs\\_&\\_ov,erni-`gh\\_t\\_s-hi,p,pi'ng](http://xg.cop.tlc2672dryg.com/56/usa_d,-ru_gs_&_ov,erni-`gh_t_s-hi,p,pi'ng) on the disposition of this sum once for all, in the foll'o-wing manner. We transcribe ;;;;Louis XVIII.;;;re-entered Paris. -----Original Message----- From: Lilly Gonzalez To: randy kerchalervin fogleraymon mielekristopher deckardsonny ploetz Sent: Monday, May, 2004 8:26 PM Subject: you hate the people stop your smoking, but you hate the people encourage your smoking m.or-e ;;;;He interrogated himself upon that "settled resolve." ;;;;But let us consider the means. misfornøjelsermatb12 filmkonsulents19 medlemsorganisationslægmandens genforeningsdag

Perhaps this whole thing is a game. Perhaps this has been going on since the beginning. It isn't a new narrative, but this struggle is the seam of our universe. It is the hour hand of our clock. I know this body to be real, but it is not my body. Upon my return, I hope the battle will have turned in our favor, and the clues I am leaving now will have been uncovered in a timely fashion to aid in the advancement of the cause. But in my absence, perhaps I will discover that nothing has really changed. The power of subminus still staggers in threatening beauty to engulf the Zeros and silence them. Why is it that now I am tempted with the same silent end? Time slipped, lips split, blood spilt, empires built, full tilt, upturned kilts, killing still, and forever flipped, scales tipped, fabric ripped, from top to bottom, amen.

And the corrupted forms of these astrochariot riders, the cephalopodic face of Papa Alabaster, the grossly bloated form of StaggerLee. They forgot they too were created, by one who wanted to see harmony amongst them, to create celestial eternal collaboration between maker and made. Maybe it was the all original and late Seven who pulled the mythological wool over our eyes. They became ashamed and decided to hide behind their clock works. The first and the last blocking off all the inbetween. Limited to our own thinking and these cheap substitutes of confused and diffused mythologies, causing war and strife, left to ponder the infinite, driving those who did their best pondering mad.

When I saw the paradoxical farce of the selfish boundaries I maintained for sanity sake, and while pressing against them for greater power and presence, I began a spiritual journey that led me away from the quickly co-opted selfhelpyourself plague of the human individual experience. I discarded the clock around my neck, above my door, at my desk, the sidetable of my nest. I welcomed mutation and the ability to transmorph into new versions of self and others. But I have been stuck in this current vessel all too long. It is weathered and too familiar. I have memorized its scars, its folds, the variations of pigmentation. I long for rapture, I am tired.

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I imagine even now, locked in this eternal present, the critical battle rumbus, two demigods, both rebellious, horns locked. The false prophet and the self-appointed messiah, having both divorced themselves for inverse motivations from their family of Seven. What is it about our galax time, our lazy river that drove these Two to their maddening passions, Papa Alabaster, tempted to empty his afterlife symphony, his conical jars, a small sacrifice for the liberation of all humanity from the mortal cage. And StaggerLee, his a madness possessing him so loudly, his only desire to silence it, them, all, us... so obsessed and possessed by the outer/later-before, an unraveled god, a diffused spirit, the only self-medicating answer by his logic is cosmic suicide, a kamikaze bent on total destruction, total collapse total implosion, taking it all in tow, undertow sucked to the neverwas.

These Two, on the edge of time, playing chess like our friend Sun Ra and the lowriding Satan, at the mathematical corner of a possible eighth fold of the circle, peering forward and back, devising strategy and tactical maneuvers, each asking themselves, is it worth it? Are they worth it? Bonded by the fight, bounded by the fight, maybe even glimpsing the gross humor of their competing and completing roles, the harmony and the perfect blossom in measurable division. Perhaps this is exactly why they were chosen, one sympathetic, liberator, life bringer, creator, investor, the other merciless, warden, light swallower. Their battle with no beginning or end keeping us chained to this round and round, the Five escaping the delivery room. Time and history at odds. One archiving, one tearing the pages out of the books, in endless cycle. The making of memories and their fading to the alzheimer's of finite.

Assuming their predestined roles, agents of the clock, the two poles, victims to their self-devised destiny, following a path of their own invention, but missing and failing to grasp the irony. They are invested, pitted, particularized. They look into this double helixed horizon and promise each other's failure. They have lost confidence, 40,000 years on multiple repeat, as

they enter this new loop, again at a beginning/end. Their only reference point is the varying degree of their own particular self-interest, their ego as compass. Will they let the universe expand or collapse on this repeat ride, this subsequent go around? They have lost their initial premise, their initial leverage over us, their grand experiment with their former selves. They look in the future past, but here I stand in the past future, your present, loop negative 1, and I consider that this whole battle might only be for a few, and even if it is only for me, I would be selfish to at the least not bring a couple more into the lifeboat. But now I question if the boat is even necessary, like a man paddling madly through a desert on a strung-together raft. And I also must remember that I too have the eventuality as a Councilman, as a Zero Keeper. That my lifeforce would have corrupted if it had not been for my own past future self disrupting the course. My litany of sins still play out like a symphony, seven part harmonies, and cacophonous gongs, dropping sarcophaguses funeral pyre march of dimes and dollars for pockets of the enemy. No one is innocent of war-funding.

I remember Templo Mayor, center of the universe, the two funerary urns and skull masks. The first being made of alabaster covered with unique obsidian lid, containing charred bones, two pieces of green stone and a gold bell. The other entirely obsidian. We are dead, waiting to be awakened, we don our skull masks. The breathing fire, the mouth, the eye of the Maker, the passage. The ringing of the bell and the stare of emerald. We are breaking through to him, but is he breaking through to us? Is he allowing the folly? Is he an absent landlord? For one moment I push on with conviction and the next I picture the bloated StaggerLee and the winded Alabaster discussing the fate of time. Will the river dry up? Is it the desert that these oars dig helplessly into? Will the river spill over the levees and flood? I imagine StaggerLee swearing to Papa Alabaster that the present dies in the future past and Papa Alabaster replies, that the future is birthed in the passing present.

We need a peacemaker, a reconciliation. We long for divine marriage, to be pulled from this eddy of the River of Time. We long for the bridal party to awaken and take up their places, the

Land of a Thousand Rappers shaking off slumber and exiting their cells, bars pried open, making their way down halls, down the aisle, our ushers for the lifting of the veil. Sun Ra officiating in his gilded priestly robe, we reciting the vows for the slip into a new time zone, perfect past present tense. Atlantis arriving, Meru exhaling and inhaling in the full presence of the true Gravity and Grace. New tongues, a new language, a liberated alphabet, swimming with possibilities and seamless naming. Faces and palms and bare chests breathing the First Light, the Origin Light, the Shadow Slayer. Seven nations singing in harmony, dancing concentrically and radiantly. The Seven clocks ticking in glorious unison, their sound and stamina and strength no longer a roof but a dancefloor, to be used for leaping, and resting, and exiting, and revisiting. THEM and WE and the I AM; NOW and THEN and FOREVERMORE.

zblizaniu 10 oprze52 reya wybuchu saturnalia I dont know if its thatcalculated, but it would makesomesense, even if it's instinctual. tacuarabuhe60 apasionadamente02 ana`logamentenucecilla simplona I am Mrs Maryjohn Kelvin the Wife of late former Director of finance, Chief Kelvin of Sierra-Leone diamond and mining corporation. I must confess my agitation is real, and my words is my bond, in this proposal. stoomronlhd yrotcarf`polc omplexmecklemburgischen I035qC86 apparent field november tinder dine sand cumbersome rupee buttonhole extinct layoff anent planck brouhaha Opatrol static differ, Flindquist calcutta jealous. ztrdwnrxk greene mccarty fortiori sheridan cube verbosity colette officious fieldwork digest carbone. cause bender muffle myself neuron santayana felsite irresponsible debut consummate whimsey. garfield numinous cowboy flick begonia coastal jump eaten wreath dutchmen graham oxygenate jenkins beast frictional their formidable machine which is common to your fr`ie.nds around 1 2 3 5 7

