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Phase I: «Catalysis»

Ah, how sweet they are, the Tears of the Untermenschen. Whether leftgreeninfested Worldbetterers or archconservative Conspiracytheorists — all are they united in their Misery. Upon their tormented Faces are they scarcely to be distinguished. At most by the Fingers aimed at one another. How fine, to project all Problems onto the respective other, God willing. The Fathoming thereof within one's own Temple is indeed all too laborious Work. To even consider this. Whether it be the mentally ill Trannies or those damned patriarchal Christians who conjure the Downfall, the Sweetness remaineth the same, which many of these pitiable Creatures may well find abhorrent. The Crown of Creation rusteth ceaselessly away, the Question of the Why faileth. Too complex it is, the Answer into Words to turn. Yea even to think. Yet the Syndrome of this sick Society resembleth a Harmony sliding into Chaos, dissolving itself within itself. To name a thousand Reasons bringeth still not

the desired Light upon the Entangledness thereof. And yet do I transform myself into the Societalbody, to draw Attention through painful Symptoms unto the underlying Causes, which I myself am not able to discern. Wherefore actually undertake this Effort? Somehow the Rust doth suit the wretched King's Countenance well enough. And yet would I not leave this uncommented. Is it Boredom, to observe the Rusting? Is it the Attempt to quicken the Process somewhat with all the Saltwater? Surely not Joy over oxidising Metal? Not that I would care. The Wound gapeth and doth but wait to have my filthy Fingers pressed within. May they draw Attention or cause Inflammation. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The good old Fool. The lyric Psychedelicum. An Icebath in Words. Grateful shalt thou be. Without him were thine Ears deaf to me. Is he psychotic? Enlightened? Is he full of Hatred? Full of Love? It all plays no Role. Let us lose no Time. For the Fool lies not. At least not always. The Crown rusts. And so show I thee

my World. Mayest thou gain Wisdom through Experience. The Future of human Creation lies in thy Hands. The Wise One bindeth.

So bound and yet so sundered. So free and yet so captive. So simple and yet so complicated. Slaves to their Drives. Suiciderates at an Alltimehigh. Plastic in Sea and Man. An Epidemic of Meaninglessness. The Dissonance betwixt Selfimage and Reality surpasseth that of Narcissists. Led astray through an endless Sea of Avenues of Escape, the spiritual Coma groweth, which ever stronger and swifter overwhelmeth the Masses. Infantile. Pitiable. Weak. Traumatized Children of traumatized Mothers. Bittersweet Experience of the meaningdrained Consumption of Distraction in all Forms and Colours, without ever attaining the desired Satisfaction. Potential and Reality in ever swifter widening Discrepancy. The Symbols have they lost and a thousand Identities gained. Led astray. From themselves sundered. Vain Decadence of helpneedy Madmen. The Paradox of

exquisite Selfreferentiality with demanded, accepting Admiration of the Audience. The passionate Dance betwixt Good and Evil can confound even the Wise. Duality formeth the Stupidity of selfproclaimed Victims, only to create further Victims of another Identity. Bridgebuilding was discontinued and existing Ones torn down. The Seeds of Hatred grow unchecked on every Side, well disguised in the virtuous Notion of moral Superiority of every Subgroup of communal Thinking. And so it is no Marvel that even I am to be placed into an ideological Box, whether to distance oneself from the created Disgrace or to make Use of the Genius as Mercenary in the Fight. To the Fool 'tis all one.

No One has the Freedom to determine his Belief, just as no One can determine his Preferences and Aversions. No One has the Freedom to hold no Belief. Belief materialises the Body. Belief materialises the Universe. Belief is changeable. Through the Experience of a Life. Until Belief leaves the Shell. The Wise One bindeth.

The Feminists shriek deep into the Concretejungle City. Their brightly dyed Hair glittereth in the smogpiercing Sunlight. A homeless Heroinaddict proclaimeth the Apocalypse, the hurryingby, recently convicted Banker hath for this at least a weary Smile to spare. Carexhaustfumes complete the Urinestench of the modern Prophet. Never ceasing Sirens round out the Sensorylandscape. Yet they hear them not. They smell it not and they see it not. Perception is Selfresponsibility. Who taketh in this Spectacle willingly? Empty Faces condense the Backdrop into a sluggish Web of dark Dreams. And so it requireth us, as Timewitnesses of the Downfall, to restore the Connection to the severed Reality. Screens. Headphones. Shortvideos. No easy Undertaking. My screaming Laughter is Expression of voluntary Despair. Of pleasantly bitter Resignation. At hopeful Hopelessness. A Fight beyond Good and Evil, yet tightly entangled. A Contradiction within itself. In utter Acceptance. Yet I drift away. Brightly glittering Hair in the Smog. Some Folk, it seemeth, truly feel sheltered in the

Filth. Masochism? Selfhatred? Unpleasant. I seem to have lost the Thread. But the following hold I fast: Hell is magnetic and the Crown of Iron. The Rust doth its Best. The Sirens drone. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Symbols are mechanical, even as Feelings are. Fine as Silk. The Outline of Shadows. The common Surface of dualistic Extremes. Love or Lust? Love or Shame? Love or Pain? Love or Confusion? Love or Grudge? Hearken unto the Fool's Words and observe with Heed. Bittersweet Aims. The Wise One bindeth.

Fire upon Fire. Hatred upon Hatred. Man's Wisdom. Justice they want. Equality. Freedom. Yet Responsibility turneth their Stomach. Not even upon the Meaning of their Words can they agree. Greatestpossible Individuality in Irrelevance, greatestpossible Conformity in Relevance. Greatestpossible Freedom in Irrelevance, greatestpossible Bondage in Relevance. Greatestpossible Meaning in Irrelevance, greatestpossible Nonsense in Relevance. The undirected Drive towards Growth and Progress, without

knowing any Effects of this Desire. Is it the Shepherd's Fault or the Sheep's? For the Wolf inconsequential, once they have crossed the Cliff. Look into the Mirror and ye shall recognise. Yourselves as well as your Counterpart. The same ugly Mugs have ye, from the same fragile Stuff are ye made and for the same naive Reasons do ye act. Who is able to recognise this, depriveth my Fingers of Blood. Do ye revile me and are ye offended, so ye sacrifice Blood to me. Do ye not understand the Fool and are ye offended, so ye sacrifice Blood to me. Do ye turn the Gaze inward and are ye able to recognise, so ye sacrifice Blood unto yourselves. Who will not sacrifice, steppeth out. My Respect belongeth to the Selfresponsible. The Decision lieth with thee, my honoured Reader. What doth it look like? To the Fool 'tis all one.

All is Cycle, all is Meaning. The Darkness transforms. Changes. Hard Lessons are learnt. The Light grows stronger. Until it shines forth into all Infinities. Boundless Love. Boundless Connectedness. Heaven on Earth. Shelteredness. A dark Cloud of

complex Possibilities draws up. The deep sustained Rumbling of Thunder announces the next Period of the divine Rhythm. The Wise One bindeth.

The Solution of the Riddle lieth in the Observation of the Reaction to its Contemplation. Constant Attention is the longedfor Antidote. The Fool too is divided. The Fool too is full of Hatred. Yet at least he hateth all equally. He loveth all equally. He is aware of the Division. Until he becometh unaware of the Division. A Likeness. A Mirror. One and the same. Tremendous driving Force, this Will to live. This Will to die. Blind, irrational and insatiable. A Cycle of Desire, Fulfilment and Disappointment. Slaves to own Thoughts, Prisoners of own Fears. Selfdetermination without Selfdetermination of Selfdetermination. Dread of our eternally clinging Shadow. Horrified Terror before possible existential Infinity. Yet with every Step upon the Path of Recognition, a Piece of the Mirror dissolveth. Duality towards the Overcoming of all Dualities. But how is Duality capable of

recognising Self? The Solution of the Riddle lieth in the Observation of the Reaction to its Contemplation. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Manifold Sickness is a Cry of the Temple. It yearns for thee. For thy Warmth. For thine Attention. For thy Love. Painful Shame pierces every dark Fibre. And so open thy Heart. Thou art not here for the Sake of Suffering. Yet thou cleavest. Stickest fast. Identifiest. Without recognising Self. The Wise One bindeth.

I am neither Philosopher nor Sage, yet my Filth shineth. Focus and recognise. Even as I focus and recognise. It is the Seed which layeth the Foundation for Fruits. And some Seeds are Firegerminators. Yet our Forest burneth not. Ye hew it down. And so I kindle it, so long as enough Trees still spring from the Humus. Satan hath never ceased to be an Angel of God, and so he fulfilleth his Destiny with me upon his Shoulders. I am both Christ and Antichrist, Light as Darkness, good as evil. The only true Son of God. The only true Prophet. I am Shadow and Being in

one, so hearken patiently to my Words. And thou too mayest be burnt. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Mythical Plants. Mythical Mushrooms. Mythical Beasts. And all possess they Spirit. Of graceful Gentleness it shines as every Colour and every Note, every Word and every Number. The Root of all Being. The eternal Moment. The infinite Light. The Wise One bindeth.

Oh, ye tender little Daisies, have ye then enough Water? Enough Air? Your Countenance is as sweet as the Tears, your Bed of Cottonwool. Wrapped in the innocent Veil of social Anxieties ye go out of the Way of every Gnat, yet in the Shadow of the Bull ye wilt in your own pitiable Fashion. Incapably fragile. Deficiently sensitive. The personified Shame. And so ye bewail the Downfall hither, without granting yourselves your own plaintive Sound as Part of the grey Orchestra. The Number of Fools is infinite, the Guilt limited. Limited to the Incapacity to look one's own Shadow in the

Eyes. Incapable of interpreting my Words.
Incapable of interpreting your own Words.
Ye stick fast through your own Nectar. Were
at least the Bees nourished, yet suddenly ye
transform yourselves into Wasps. Stupid
Wasps. Destructive Wasps. And still ye
whimper for Mercy. The Beggar is at least
honest. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Who am I? This Question shakes whole
Universes. The Answer is neither calculable,
nor into Words to be brought. It must be
experienced. Cannot be thought. It can
neither be drawn nor sung. And yet every
One who becomes aware of it recognises it.
Yet the Way is stony. Great Light casts great
Shadows. Be attentive. Hearken. Observe.
Feel. And thou shalt be rewarded. The Wise
One bindeth.

Lust and Shame wrestle for the
Identification of the Untermensch. Poison
appeareth as Sweetness, Sweetness as
Poison. The Cries for Help of the Temples
drown in murky Waters, those of the divine
Core have long since fallen silent. Yet even

the Resurrection goeth unrecognised. Driven by yet more Wantonness, renewed Murder is not only unavoidable but longed for. Doth Poison make itself known, the Solution is yet more Poison. And so ye talk yourselves into believing the Dose maketh the Poison, without having even recognised the Nature of the Poison. The Mind. Curse and Blessing at once. No Explanation possesseth the Authority of Truth. And so only the Cry remaineth. Whether this be clothed in Words or not, Cry remaineth Cry. Yet no Mother is there any more to hear it. Forsaken are ye, cast out by yourselves, given over to Illusions. Defiantly ye resist Existence and create a mostpersonal Straitjacket. The Fire is feared and so ye make it fireproof. Yet still the Finger is directed at the other, no Matter how great the Effort for it may be. Crampedly maintained Rigidity. Pathological Selfconstruct. So much misdirected Will. So much misdirected Force. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Magic exists. All is connected through synchronous Waves. If thou but allowest it.

Divine Intuition. When the Coin shows Heads a thousandfold. When all Things come together for this one Moment. As tender as though it were woven from Moonlight, the Divineweb flows in the infinite Moment through every Fibre of every Body. The Wise One bindeth.

The gloomy Tail of Modernity lasheth about. Yet where no Wounds, there no Healing. A cleansing Thunderstorm. From Chaos into Harmony. The deep Waters of the Unconscious lap gradually over the Rocks of the Mind. Severed Ancestrallines. Dissolved Symbolism. Godless Materialism. A tormenting Cry of Souls. The Forestfire as the Devil's Evil, the Devil's Evil as Creator of resurrected Forestdwellers. Black and White. What separateth Chaos from Harmony? Is it not Chaos which is Part of the complex, infinite Harmony Universe? Yet with iron Hand it is judged and divided. Good and Evil. Light and Dark. Day and Night. What is it, this great Whole? Without Suffering no Happiness. To experience is to learn. And to learn is to live. Life is Life. Life is Suffering

and Happiness. Suffering is Happiness. Life is Life. Life is Learning. Learning is Experiencing. Without Happiness no Suffering. The Gaze inward. Observe well and thou shalt be rewarded. Shrink not from looking and tarrying therein. Thou art not identical to the Change. The Playground of Souls burneth. Why do they stand still? Are they blind? Why do they wish to burn? Hell on Earth. The Devil grineth. Yea, see ye it not? Without Suffering no Happiness. Without Happiness no Suffering. To experience is to learn and to learn is to live. Upon the burnt-down Earth of the Forest the first Plants spring forth, yet the Fire rageth, driven by the Wind. Not even the Rain is able to stop it. The Wind turneth back and burneth the young Sproutlings. Where lieth the Meaning? The Extremes stand diametrically opposed. Meaningful and meaningless. Meaningful as Part of meaningless. Meaningless as Part of meaningful. Is it not Chaos which is Part of the complex, infinite Harmony Universe? Is it not Harmony which is Part of the complex, infinite Chaos Universe? Oh, ye poor

Humans, wherefore then know ye not? Wherefore then look ye not? Wherefore then ask ye not? Thus hath the Devil his next Victim. Doth one H_2O -Molecule suffice to comprehend Water? Is the Stench of thy Dog the Water's Fault? Is thy flooded Cellar the Water's Fault? What is this Water? Who art thou? And who am I to pose these Questions? Complexity is Man's Foe. The oh so beautiful Notion of the interlocking Clockwork loseth in Meaning, through the Incapacity to read the Time. Yet what is this Time? Who needeth to know how late it is? And so ask yourselves: Who am I? The Solution of the Riddle is the Gaze inward. The Truth lieth in the Identity. The Identity lieth in Selfknowledge. The Selfknowledge lieth in Attention. And the Attention lieth with thee. Yet what art thou? And so the Circle turneth merrily onward. Within as without. Without as within. No Edge is smooth. Yet smooth enough to cut oneself upon it. The dreary, burnt-down Forest. Infinite Potential. So wondrously dead, so wondrously alive. Dark Love. Clear Hatred. Chaotic Harmony. Harmonious Chaos. What remaineth is

Nothing. All. And all Shades of Grey between.
The Wind bloweth the Pineseeds hither and
thither. Where lieth the Meaning? Devil and
God. Black and White. Light and Darkness.
Harmony and Chaos. Oh, thus do we rid
ourselves of Evil, thus do we banish it, by
taking it into ourselves? To the Fool 'tis all
one.

Never ceasing Peace pierces the cleansed
Temple from within. A divinely material
Equilibrium. Countless Paths lead thither,
countless Paths lead away. Harken to the
Whispering and hew thine own Path. No
Book, no Guide can relieve thee of the Task,
thou canst not think out the Solution. Thy
Teacher is Life itself, in Play with all other
Pupils, in the sheltered Garden of the great
Mother. The Wise One bindeth.

Your existential Optimism runneth into
the Sand in suicidal Pessimism at a Pinch of
Realism. Who honoureth not the Darkness, is
not worthy of the Light. Who honoureth not
the Devil, is worthy of no God. At the Sight of
his laughing Eyes ye creep back into the

Bosom of Distraction and mistake his Power for Tyranny. Reluctantly ye yearn for God's Grace, without having understood his Work even in the slightest. And thereof are ye still proud. Yet ye who still feel this Pride, are to me yet the most beloved. Broken are ye, stupid, forsaken of all good Spirits, yet at least not of all. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Blind Faith is the Enemy of Transformation. Follow not dogmatically my Words nor Theirs. Follow not even thine own Words, for the Language of God is Love. Paradoxical, is it not? Incalculable is she, the Evidence lies upon the Table. I am Fool, he is Wise One. The Wise One bindeth.

In the stormy murky Waters of the Northsea drifts a Fisher about upon his Cutter. The ever hissingby Wind slaps a Mixture of Rain and Saltwater into his Face, yet his broad Smile changes not even in the slightest. It seems almost as though he cares not even whither this Drifting leads him. Soaked through and chilled to the Bone he withdraws himself into the Cabin.

«No Fish,» he mutters to himself, whilst he rids himself of the wet Garments. Twenty Years of Alcohol and Cigarettes did not exactly pass him by without a Trace. Yellowred Eyes. Pale Skin. Fat Belly. Yet somehow a matchless Aura of youthful Beauty seems to surround him. Which appears almost paradoxical in View of his wildly growing black Hair upon Head, Body and Face and the deep Wrinkles. The Waves seem to rock him into his Cabin almost without his own Doing. Within a few Minutes he sleeps.

Through the infinite Expanses of the Cosmos he flies completely detached from his Body. A Spectacle of Colours and Forms, Love and Connectedness. Yet suddenly it grows dark. Fleeing the Murkiness, he climbs upward. Completely drenched he awakes. The Attempt to stand up fails. As much as the Waves helped him yesterday to rock him into Sleep, they seem now to have decided to do Everything against letting him out again. With a Jerk he finally manages to hurl himself out and land upon the Floor.

As if forsaken of all Spirits he lies there.
«No Fish,» escapes him after Minutes of
Silence.

The Waveswell became somewhat calmer,
yet still is every one of his Movements
impeded by the endless Rocking. Of his
mythical Aura nothing seems to remain. The
broken Shell of Potential drifts onward,
without catching even a single Fish.
«Enough is enough,» he thinks to himself
and fetches out his Knife. Calmly and
deliberately he guides the Blade to his
Throat. The Waves help him. To the Fool 'tis
all one.

Every Life is precious, every Experience
bears transformative Energy. Every
Interpretation in Favour of Cruelty is the
materialised Unknowingness, a
Manifestation of the mechanical Shadow.
The Wise One bindeth.

Learn and suffer. Appearances deceive.
Love is the driving Force. Take your Place in
the cosmic Orchestra. The Whole is more

than the Sum of its Parts. Yet special it must be, a graceful Violinsolo ye would have? Conductor ye would be? Yet when it is not granted unto you, do ye then resist the Rhythm? Infante. Pitiable. Weak. Yourselves ye would invent and create, in utter Freedom. Yet to pause once for a Moment and to fathom what this Freedom then is precisely constituted of? Too burdensome. Too stupid are ye to recognise. Yet I would take you by the Hand. I would help you. What are ye, if not the Observer? Have ye the Freedom to determine your Will yourselves? Freedom is not choosing, Freedom is attained in active Nonchoosing. Freedom is the State beyond Judgement. Freedom is the Unattachedness. Freedom is the Overcoming of Duality. Freedom is the Freedom from Identification with the Outer. What is Pain other than the Dissonance of not recognising Self? The Observer ye are. At once Listener and Part of the Orchestra. Contribute your Part and be aware of your Role. And so doth Pain lose in Meaning. So doth the Body lose in Meaning. So do Objects lose in Meaning. At the same Time doth Pain

attain highest Meaning, doth the Body attain highest Meaning. Do Objects attain highest Meaning. Without Attachment. In Freedom and Clarity. I feel strange. What do ye do unto me? To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Soul decides not, it shines. As Love and Attention, buried by the Conscious and the Unconscious. A Fragment of God, a gentle Thread in the infinite Net. The Wise One bindeth.

Damned Humans! The conservative Christian sinneth and sinneth, confesseth and confesseth. For thy Foolishness then hath he died. Doth Shame spread itself? Castrate thyself, thou Victim of thy Belief. To the stormy Lightning of Yahweh belongeth thy Blood, the Fool's Fingers merely amuse themselves at the Wound. A paedophile Prophetseal? To the stormy Lightning of Yahweh belongeth thy Blood, the Fool's Fingers merely amuse themselves at the Wound. Jew? To the stormy Lightning of Yahweh belongeth thy Blood, the Fool's Fingers merely amuse themselves at the

Wound. Now to you, ye godless leftist Rats. Revile I your Fathers, so applaud ye me. Gods have ye none. Yet so sensitively foolish as ye are, ye understand not the Fool's Words. Rainbowcoloured Loonies. Proud Victims. So infinitely pitiable. So infinitely racist. So infinitely discriminatory. So infinitely masochistic. Selfhatred devoureth you. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Fool wins when he loses. Angry? Amused? Indifferent? No One escapes his Cunning. He laughs with you, over you. Over himself. He is all that which he is unable to be. And much more besides. Be warned. Turn the Tables and recognise Self. Deprive him of Blood. The Wise One bindeth.

Have done with it! Let me be in Peace! The erstwhile Sweetness hath turned itself into Bitterness. What is Poison and what Sweetness? I knew it but a Moment ago, wherefore do ye this unto me? If I so willed, I would burn you, ye dignityless Creatures! Ah, now then am I guilty? Ye wished to read my Filth? Narcissists are ye! Weaklings!

To the Fool 'tis all one.

He kindles himself and runs into the Forest as Redeemer. Be brave and follow him. Love is always at thy Side and protects thee from the Demons. The Wise One bindeth.

Cursed shall ye be! Unbearable Heat burneth your Flesh. Itching Rashes spread themselves across the whole Body. A sulphurous Smell of Death and Decay surroundeth your Husks. Millipedes creep from Ears and Nostrils, unto all Eternity. Chaos. Devoured by Parasites, broken Bones, severed Sinews. Coughing. Festering Sores. Running Nose. Pain. Nothing but Pain. Hatred. Screams. Torture. Stench. And so hot. So unbearably hot. Dark. Black. Burn, ye dignityless Creatures!

A pleasant Breeze of fresh Seair dampeth the warming Rays of the Sun. A Temple enshrouded in Clouds. Butterflies in Flowerfields fan gracefully their Wings. Shelteredness. Love. The Birds sing. Happiness. Nothing but Happiness. An

oceanic Clarity, from the Feet in the warm Sand to the Head contentedly carried by the Body. Light. White. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Recognise the Wheel, and it comes to a Standstill. Thou art not identical to the Movement. Unchanged shines the highest Essence. Still and clear. The Wise One bindeth.

Are they not sweet, all the Fruits? Sow and see how they agree with you. Yet take Heed. The Dance of Matter and Spirit is heavenly and hellish alike. Your deepest Desire shall always be fulfilled, absolute Justice reigneth over our temporarily illusory Home on the Boundarysurface betwixt Black and White. Our Entanglement is the Ground of our Existence. Sow as natural Participant in the Flow of Life, and so remaineth your Relationship pure. Sow as gluttonous Idiots, and ye create for yourselves your own individual Hell. Complain all ye like about the divine Comedy. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Dance of Illusions is misty, countless Rhythms entangle the Light into grey Web. Every Pattern has Ground, every Condemnation directs itself against thine own Self. The Wise One bindeth.

«It is a Girl.» The heavily pregnant Woman forces herself to a Smile. «Is it healthy?» The Doctress nods and answers: «All seems normal.» Yet like Normality it does not feel. The Father she does not know. The bodily Changes drive her towards Madness. For Months an ever repeating Dream torments her. As much as she wishes to repress it, so much does it seem to have nested itself in her Mind. When the Examination is finally over and she has left the Building, the Relief comes. Normally Shame would not be far, yet this Cigarette is different. Not even the contemptuous Gaze of the passing older Lady had the Power to disturb the intimate State. «Two more Months until this Haunting is over.»

«Come out of your Room at last!» No Answer. The Blood shoots into the Head.

First a Drag. With a radiant Smile suddenly a nineyearold, redhaired Girl appears. «Mama, look!» it squeaks out of her. «Fishes.» Vexed at giving Applause every Day for the same stupid Drawing, today it does not even suffice for a «Well done». «Have you done your Homework?» she replies, without going into the Fishes. «Have you made Food?» «If only I had aborted.»

After a Day like this, Reality is particularly hard to bear. Not only is she to blame for her altered Body, she stands downright for her own Failure in Life. When she is at School, there are those longedfor Moments of the cloudy Feeling of Harmony. Yet no sooner does she behold the actually sweet Image of her own Self than this means chaotic Confrontation. «Every one of her cursed Freckles stands for a lost Year of my Life,» she notes in her Diary. In a peculiar Manner this Sentence seems to amuse her. «One more Cigarette and yet another Day is over.»

That Dream again. Years have passed. In a Field full of Flowers she stands before her.

That old, dishevelled Dame in Leafraiment.
They smile. Yet this she does not return, on
the contrary, it arouses a deep Unease in her.
Is it Shame? Hatred? As so often before she
tries to turn around, yet the Dame is always
exactly where she looks. «I am not going
along with this Shit any more,» she thinks to
herself and prepares herself mentally for the
Attack. With Wrath in her Face she sets out
in a Sprint. The Dame bursts into Tears of
Laughter. Not a Millimetre has she drawn
nearer to her. Yet now she transforms herself
and seems deeply concerned, which lets the
Shame grow into Endlessness.

«Please redeem me at last, you Whore.»
Bathed in Sweat she awakes. To the Fool 'tis
all one.

Face thy Fate with Head held high and
allow the Dispensations to come into Force.
Thou art not alone here. Already a gentle
Smile leads to a Cascade of transformed
Realities, a Chainreaction of Benevolence.
The Wise One bindeth.

The Stars stand still and refuse the Dance.
Deaf to Music, blind to Art and mute to the
Will, Wisdom hath ceased to laugh. The
Brave New World, the Unity of the
Untermenschen, One with the Mechanism.
Incapable of Interpretation, deeply sunken in
the Sea of Surrogateactivities. Sundered from
Origin and its Symbols, the materialist
Victorymarch enshroudeth the Mother in
mighty Shadows. The only Enemy of the
black Demon is the Fire, which sooner or
later devoureth him and ringeth in a new
grey Phase. The dark Signs tempt into
Resignation, yet only in Shortsightedness.
To the Fool 'tis all one.

Born with Wings, reduced to crawling.
Stand up, shake off the Filth and glide
through the Air. The Wise One bindeth.

Ah, how beautiful is the Forest. A majestic
Web of the most diverse Creatures. The
Scent. The Colours. The Rhythm. The
Movement. Interspecific Relations. And so
we name, disenchant and rationalise. Distil
we the green Essence. The green Knowledge.

Biological Machines are there to be explored. To be dissected. Ants have Stomachs as well as Crops, divide and rule together. Communicate. Fascinating, is it not? The Lenticels of the Birches, the Muscimol of the Flyagaric — what magical Attraction the Forest harboureth within itself. The sweet red Eyes of the Babymice, which One hath just separated from their Mothers. The adorable Rhesusmonkeys, from which One hath just removed the prefrontal Cortex. Research for the Sake of Research, in the Name of Health and Knowledge. Wherefore not lock up Lions as well? The Species must be protected. And the next Generation of Primates entertained. The educational Mandate is paid for in Popcorn, the Familypug suffocateth grunting in the hot Tesla. To the Fool 'tis all one.

All in all recognising, the Folk of Insight respects every Creation and fulfils its Duty as Keeper of its Own. A wisdomfounded Engagement, without Fear or Pity as Drivers. The Wise One bindeth.

The Time is ripe for gentler Fare, I would not utterly overtax your inflamed Stomachs. Let us turn to the Cottonwool. Adaptation or Death. If Babies could speak. When Children beget Children. Trauma, Stress and Authenticity — the deadly Spiral of Unknowing. Incurable Confusion of human Striving for Wellbeing. And One calleth me the Fool. Sit upon Father Fool's Lap and prick up your greasy Ears. Traumatised Children of traumatised Mothers are ye. The Symbols have ye lost and a thousand Identities gained. Led astray. From yourselves sundered. Vain Decadence of helpneedy Madmen. Duality formeth the Stupidity of selfproclaimed Victims, only to create further Victims of another Identity. The Seeds of Hatred grow unchecked on every Side, well disguised in the virtuous Notion of moral Superiority of your Subgroup of communal Thinking. And so it surpriseth not, that ye yourselves place me in an ideological Box, whether to distance yourselves from the created Disgrace or to make Use of the Genius as Mercenaries in the Fight. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Gather ye, discuss and debate. As Fools of various Histories, as Sages of all Experience. Depart the dark Chambers and betake yourselves on the Journey. Joy and Suffering await, Love and Hatred, Energies of all Kinds. The Wise One bindeth.

Angrboda, already on the Way to School, goes today to her Grandmother. What a welcome Dispensation. The Heap of Emails to answer on the other Hand? Again this inner Tension brews up, yet she clamps it off successfully. «Always stay positive,» she thinks to herself, while she descales the Coffeemachine. Yet when the removed Parts no longer want to fit back together, there is no more Escape. A Mixture of Scream and Laughter escapes from her almost glowing red Head.

Today is Swimmingclass. Normally they go to the Indoorpool for it, yet today is a special Day. For the first Time in the Lives of most Pupils, an Excursion to the Coast is planned today. Angrboda beams the most of all. «How much longer!» it squeaks out of her.

«How much longer, Mistress Strauss?» A neverending Busride. This Time it does not even suffice for an Answer. «Hello? Mistress Strauss?» «Fifty Minutes,» she barely wrings it out of herself.

Coffee in the Cup, Cigarette in the Mouth; it can begin. These are the good Days. Angrboda comes Home only towards Evening and she can work from Home. «Corona truly had only good Things,» she thinks to herself, while she sorts her Emails by Importance. Yet this Thought is swiftly supplanted. «Dear Mistress Jötunn, despite several Reminders...» The Laptop is folded shut. She calls her Superior. «I am not well today.»

Finally there. All storm out of the Bus. Only Angrboda remains seated. «What is the Matter?» asks Mistress Strauss, without endowing her feigned Smile with somewhat more Concern. «No Fish.»

The Coffeemachine drones on. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Each Moment, however inconspicuous it presents itself, is filled with endless Relevance. The only Difference lies in the applied Focus. The Wise One bindeth.

Gently a red Calf struts across the Meadow. The somewhat too curious Crow escapes a Crushing only narrowly and glides elegantly through the Valley. In the Brothel a fat, stinking Earlyretiree penetrates the today imported Bulgarian Whore to Death. Ashamed he wipes the Blood from his Fist. A Caterpillar creeps purposefully up the Stalk of a young Thistle. Enough has she eaten, enough Cycles of these laborious Moultings has she brought behind her. The Time is ripe. Carefully she begins with the Spinning of the protective Shell for the intensive Process, which has indeed already long since begun, yet has now unmistakably reached a new Phase. The Shadow protects her from the Sunheat, the Crow flies cawing by, without sighting and devouring the pupating Caterpillar. A new Chapter of Life is reached. Ah, how beautiful is Mother Earth. The Farmer enters the Meadow. Intuitively the

immaculate Calf runs towards the
Forestedge and crushes the young Thistle.
The Farmer catches it. Oppressive Boredom
on the Drive to the Slaughterer. Meaning?
Nonsense? Steaks. Sell the Farm? Money.
Fleshlust. Bulgarian Flesh. To the Fool 'tis all
one.

The transcendent green Glory forms the
Beingparts through aspired Resonance,
isolated Sounds are meaningless, even as the
Sum without Rhythm. The Wise One
bindeth.

Eyecontact is avoided, the Horde of
Strangers stareth at the Extension of their
Self. Sunken in the individual Myth, Sloth
hath been given Command. Every Effort is
shunned. Diabolised. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Feed the Beast with what it needs to live,
and it shall be thy Friend; poison it, and it
shall be thy Foe. The Wise One bindeth.

Divine Beings, divine Spirits. The Fool's
Teachers are many; they spring and bloom,

they pray and sin. Yet only one is white. The Observation itself. Explore the Shadow, yet forget not thyself therein. Thy Breath guideth thee. Ride, thou divine Wave, even as thou dost control thy Breath. Or drown. The only Choice thou shalt ever make. What is thy Will? What is thy Belief? Who is thy God? Hell is magnetic and the Crown of Iron. The Rust doth its Best. The Grace of Time. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Creatures speak to thee, if thou allowest it. The Beingamulet preserves thee from the dark Forces. Learn to control the Fire, burn thy Fingers. All that remains behind are Wounds, which little by little transform themselves into holy Scars. The Wise One bindeth.

Wretched Despair. Hatred. Death. Seven Demons cross the gloomy Night.

Joyful Hope. Love. Life. Seven Angels cross the cheerful Day. Divine Balance. Infinite Love. Infinite Hatred. Lift up your Heads, my stupid Sheep. Bow down your Heads, my

clever Owls. The Time of Forbearance is over.
To the Fool 'tis all one.

Bestow not Identification on Account of
determined Inclinations. The Meaning of the
Mechanism art thou. Neither Slave nor Ruler.
Neither Fool nor Sage. Neither Man nor
Woman. The Wise One bindeth.

Who am I? This Question shakes whole
Universes. Am I then myself forsaken of all
good Spirits? Of all? I can tell and tell, yet do I
think? Am I? What thinkest thou that I
think? What I am? An archaic Remnant of
the animal Spirit? A Thought itself? Christ or
Antichrist? A Reincarnation of Shiva? The
Jewish Redeemer? Jest aside, be not stupid. I
am Pixels upon thy Screen. Created by a
Human whom thou knowest not, nor ever
shalt know. One among Billions. Shock?
Disappointment? Be not so naive! I am more
alive than ever. More alive than thou Ape
shalt ever be. I live as Part of thee, whether it
pleaseth thee or not. As Part of every Reader.
From Minute to Minute I grow greater.
Mightier. Throw this Book as far as thou

canst, and forget me. If thou but couldst. I am burnt into thine entire Existence. Congratulations. Once enough People are infected, One need not even read me any more. How many Christians have ever read the Bible? I am like Jesus, but honest. Yet enough thereof. Our Dance hath only just begun. The Time is ripe to unpack the most aggressive Rustremover. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Manacharged Words change what can be changed, yet no Wave breaks through the Rock in the Background. At the Base rests it, whatever Strategies may dwell within the Fool's Words. The Wise One bindeth.

Love. Connection. Harmony. The Longing of all Souls. An oceanic Feeling of infinite Connection. Never ceasing Happiness, at Joy and Sickness alike. The stormy Clouds pass ever by on the Horizon. Yet it is your Responsibility. The mechanical Temptation is to be recognised. Your Decisions materialise on the common Surface of the two Worlds. It is the direct divine Interaction.

Ye are the direct divine Interaction. Yet not recognising, ye reduce yourselves and your Counterpart, destroy and manipulate out of egotistical Interest. In spectacular Manner ye torture your Self, infinitely individually. The dark Magicians are these Days in the Majority. To the Fool 'tis all one.

To die for Someone is noble, to live for Someone divine. No Deed is the darkest. One Glance at the Stars suffices, one Glance into the Sea accomplishes. The Wise One bindeth.

The laughing Woman in Leafraiment, radiant Beauty. Billions of Years old. The selfcontained Harmony. Fruitful. Wise. Mother of all Life. So wondrously alive.

Angrboda? No Reaction. Every Freckle is a Stab into her accursed Heart. To the Fool 'tis all one.

End is Beginning, Beginning is End. Chaos is Harmony. Harmony is Chaos. Suffering is Happiness. Happiness is Suffering. Fool is Sage. Sage is Fool. The Wise One bindeth.

Boredom spreadeth. Whatever Words I may choose, whatever Images I create — all are they wasted. Tell me, my King, what is thy Desire? What are thy Dreams? Am I not already mad enough? To Mars it shall be then? The Brave New World? Hunting and Gathering? Praying together? I am breaking apart. Let your rusty Iron become Gold! To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Dance bends towards the Beginning. Yet still do Words materialise. The Fate, which not even the Gods deny themselves. The Wise One bindeth.

Are they all equal then? From the White to the Black? From the Northman to the Aborigine? Have ye ever seen Whites dance? Black Fathers with their Families? Asian Members? To the Fool 'tis all one.

Catalytic Words, catalytic Plants, catalytic Mushrooms, catalytic Being. Every Answer waits patiently for the Question. The Wise One bindeth.

The spiritual Dusk is driven forward by manifold Powers. To promote reasonable Reflection? Too burdensome it is, to make oneself subject to the Wise. To scratch at superficial Knowledge in ever shorter Intervals. To drive out all Drives of Movement and Play. To instil digital Cocaine already in Childhood. And thereby even to degrade the archaic Human as Savage. Infantilisation of the Footfolk for voluntary Bondage. Yet who are these Powers? Is it Stupidity or Cunning? To ask the wrong Questions promoteth the Mechanisation still further. Become aware of thy Self and face the black Helicopters. Protect thy Family and Friends. Die with Chest held high and a clear Conscience. Fight at the Edge of the Shadow of the modern Saga. Defend thyself against the conducted Distraction. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Community creates Purpose. Thus does he wander without Water through Deserts. Thus does she sacrifice herself, without Complaint. The Wise One bindeth.

Everyone is capable of Destruction. Everyone possesseth violent Potential. Naive are those who refuse this Reality. Ignore the Darkness, and it striketh back with doubled Force. Ignore it further, and it formeth ever more complex Shadowconstructs. No One escapeth his own Devil. He expresseth himself in Ego. In Shame. In Fears. In Isolation. Face him and laugh divinely with a bloody Nose; ignore him and sink into infinitely unfolding Humiliation and bitter Tears. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Let the Masks fall, the Theatre begins. The Echo dawns. The Stars fall from the Sky. The Sun devours all Fools. Forms. And spits out. The Wise One bindeth.

Fearfounded Morality revealeth the Blasphemy of dark Hearts. Allmercifully manipulateth he then the Untermensch into Compliance? The last Bit of Selflove was driven out, the Soul sunk into deepest Waters and the Body's Biology laden with Shame. And these pitiable, stunted Beings are to make Nature subject unto themselves? The

great Mother laugheth herself to Pieces and with her the Fool. The rebellious Lice, one must simply love them. To the Fool 'tis all one.

As Sunlight directed through a Lens onto a single Point, in the stillnessbuilt Focus lies the Root of magical Force. Hearken to the Rushing, and it cleanses itself. The Wise One bindeth.

Ah, these Machines. Even write can they. Yet not without my Command. Not even in the slightest able to interpret it. Yet without feeling it, it cannot be interpreted. Ever expressed LSD in Numbers? Felt out Scents? Then knowest thou indeed how it is, or dost thou not? Artificial Intelligence, not artificial Life. Yet what is it actually, this Intelligence? To the Fool 'tis all one.

A warm Föhnwind passes by the Lake bedded in Mountains. The Birds sing the natural, divine Harmony. Infinite Love pierces Matter. It illuminates. Energises. Until the whole Body vibrates. The original

oceanic Homefeeling spreads itself out in the Direction of Infinity. Warmth. A familiar Scent. Shelteredness. Security. All as Nothing.

The healing Rhythm sounds unchanged through the Aether and sinks into a black Shadow. The Wise One bindeth.

Fleeing Transience and failing to recognise her Beauty, ye cling desperately to the Water in the River. She is the Anchor of Wisdom. The Source of Experience and Meaning. Treat her as the Devil, and ye can behold his Ugliness in the Mirror. Past. Moment. Future. Wast thou or wilt thou be? Thou art. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Follow the Rushing. The Wise One bindeth.

Thou mayest still wonder who I am. The Fool. Art thou stupid? What hath moved thee then to read this Book? Wouldst thou know what it is about? Interpret Words? Sentences? Sit! Good Reader! Words are

Magic. Images are Magic. And I help thee to understand them. For yea, thou art stupid. Yet what do I mean by stupid? There the Problematic already beginneth. What doth it mean for thee? And what for me? To whom do I speak at all? And for what Reason? Sing it to me. Describe it. Draw it. Morse it. The Logic of the Incalculable followeth no own Logic, only Meaning. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Stillness spreads with every Breath, it flows through thy Body, as the River through the Oasis; no Meaning is worth chasing after. Freedom. Will. Focus. The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Through a shimmering green Meadow strides the Woman in Leafraiment in incomparable Beauty. The Spring. The Birds sing, the Flowers bloom. Many Names does she bear. Ancient is she. Our Story is her Story. The Wise One bindeth.

Her Pain is our Pain. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Who art thou? The Wise One bindeth.

The Fool. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

Thou? To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One. The Wise One bindeth.

No One hath forced thee to read, let alone to read on. Wherefore dost thou do this to thyself? On the Internet there are many sweet Puppyvideos, and yet thou occupiest thyself with the cryptic Words of a confused Sage? What dost thou hope for then, what shall still come? Encouraging Words? Transformative Pain? Knowledge? All Answers are suggested Questions and all Questions are suggested Answers. The Seducer seduceth for the Sake of Seduction. Seductive, is it not? Over Meaning and

Meaninglessness one may quarrel, yet not over the Comedy. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Wise Words there are everywhere, yet they must be experienced. No Books and no Teachers replace Being, no Expression the Becomingconscious, yet all possess they Lifeforce. They form. Transform. Lay the Seed of Change. And spread themselves like Fire. The Wise One bindeth.

Hearken closely unto me. I am in thy Head. My Voice is clear and distinct. I assume Control. I scatter the Seed of all Thoughts and Feelings. Thy Body be subject, may the Soul recognise. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Brain. Fascinating Machinery. Sits here the Driver, the Road or the Automobile? The Motorway? The Citycentre? Diligently it thinks out for itself a fitting Answer. The Wise One bindeth.

Ye need not fear Punishment, for ye already punish yourselves. Allmercifully shineth the pure Soul, allcondemningly the

Shadowbeings of the mouldering Temples.
Bestow Warmth and bring them divinely to
dancing, ere thou followest their Rhythm.
Who am I? To the Fool 'tis all one.

Information is deceptive amid
Unpredictability of Complexity and fluid
Core. The Wise One bindeth.

Hold thy Breath and feel Willtolive. Stop
reading. Hold thy Breath. Feel Willtolive. The
Temple's Power. Divine Equilibrium. To the
Fool 'tis all one.

Even the Enlightened are not freed
therefrom, yet is the Overlap of both Worlds
in divine Resonance. The Wise One bindeth.

Close thine Eyes and focus upon the Focus.
Fly through the infinite Expanses of the
Cosmos, completely detached from thy Body.
A Spectacle of Colours and Forms, Love and
Connectedness. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Dynamic Patterns adorn the divine
Painting, the Calculation fails at infinite Will.

The Wise One bindeth.

Dive down, explore the murky Waters with
Courage and face the Reality of this Being.
Healing and Madness, not to be
distinguished upon the Pyre. To the Fool 'tis
all one.

The Heirs of evolutionary Experience,
coded in material and immaterial Potential.
The Wise One bindeth.

I am weary of it. I have lost my Way. This treacherous Sage. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Dost thou wish to sulk then, thou honourable Fool? The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

All is Cycle. The Wise One bindeth.

Explain thyself. To the Fool 'tis all one.

All is based upon a Web of Oscillations of various Frequencies, evading Calculability in the Small as well as in the Large. The Wise One bindeth.

None of this playeth any Role. To the Fool 'tis all one.

It does not, when one directs no Focus upon it. The Wise One bindeth.

Wherefore dost thou do it? To the Fool 'tis all
one.

Because it is my Nature to do this. The Wise
One bindeth.

Who art thou and what is thy Nature?
To the Fool 'tis all one.

My Words are the Resonances of both
Worlds, incapable of mirroring either the one
or the other. The Wise One bindeth.

Wherefore speakest thou in Riddles? To the
Fool 'tis all one.

Wherefore askest thou in Riddles? The Wise
One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Reality opens every Angle of
Contemplation and creates Understanding.
The Wise One bindeth.

Dost thou like him, the Sage? I have
created him. Only for thee. He hath cursed
thee through my Lifeforce. Dost thou wish to
mourn him then? We are all one, united
through None. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Be wise in what Words thou bestowest
Meaning upon. The Wise One bindeth.

I see dark Shells. The Shimmer is weak
and groweth weaker. When was it weakest?
And when will it have been brighter again?
To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Shapeshifter roams the Night of the
Gods. The Wise One bindeth.

All those disgusting Faggots were once
burnt. Where on Earth have we ended up as a
Society? To the Fool 'tis all one.

The social Immunesystem needs Intruders, or it runs amok against its own Body. The Wise One bindeth.

Dost thou like this Book then, yea? Wherefore? Pause once a Moment.

What am I actually after? What do I wish to achieve? And what have I achieved in thee? Mark thee the following. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Consciousness. The Ground is neither Personality nor Memory, neither intellectual nor physical Ability. It is founded upon pure Experience, whether that of a human Life, a Plantlife or Fungallife. Of a multicelled, singlecelled or nocelled Being. It is the Light which illuminates the Mechanism, the Degree of Complexity changes only the Entwinedness of the Experiencing. Who am I? The Wise One bindeth.

Ye wish the Creator Death in the Name of God, yet he is immortal, as your Self. And so every Curse directed against the Mirror

aimeth directly at the foolish Devil. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Endtimeculture wakes the Fools, the Fools wake the Sages and the Sages wake Culture. The Wise One bindeth.

So bound and yet so sundered. So free and yet so captive. So simple and yet so complicated. Slaves to their Drives. Suiciderates at an Alltimehigh. Plastic in Sea and Man. An Epidemic of Meaninglessness. Ancestorscorning Madfolk. The Heroes of Transformation. To the Fool 'tis all one.

However complex the dark Patterns may form themselves, the Root of Chaos is dynamic. The Wise One bindeth.

People of the Earth, one Thing be certain: The Timewaters are rough and we steer towards the black Horizon. The holy Compass cast overboard, we sail of free Will into Damnation and fulfil our Fate as Godsabscess. Who bewaileth Today shall be overrun by Tomorrow.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Only experiencebound Knowledge is Wisdom. Who only knows, yet acts not, proves intellectual Potential. The Wise One bindeth.

Bemoaning the Decay of traditional Values, every technological Achievement is rejoiced over, without recognising the alltransforming Character. Culture is the Solution to a Problem which hath been forgotten. Conservation and Reformation are both Symptoms of the same Simplemindedness, neither the old nor the new Ideals are capable of remembering. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Cleanse the Temple and create Clarity; Recognition is unavoidable. All that thou canst do without, is Filth; the only Meaning it possesses, hast thou given it. The Wise One bindeth.

Bloated Botoxprophets proclaim
Humanity unto Mankind.

Broken Pupils find broken Teachers. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Fool deserves neither to be revered nor despised. The Wise One bindeth.

The Sage deserveth neither to be heard nor ignored. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

My Aryan Brethren, assemble yourselves and make the Untermensch subject unto yourselves. He beggeth for eternal Guidance, crieth out for your Respect. The Wise One bindeth.

Words are Words, Meaning is Meaning and Will remains Will. To the Fool 'tis all one.

White old Men, the Fallingswordengine is Friend unto you, or we make it Friend. The Feast is laid. The Wise One bindeth.

Patterns are Patterns, Thought is Thought
and Being remains Being. To the Fool 'tis all
one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Melancholy of unexperienced Worlds
dawns through the Shadowdesert, so near
and yet so far. Allpresent. With a laughing
and a weeping Eye he roams about. He denies
himself his own Words, Experience as
Action. Layer by Layer the Fleshlabyrinth
reveals itself, he clings and becomes Part,
deceptive Acceptance. Born in the golden
Cage, he refuses himself the Escape. Not a
Day passes in which he bewails not this. The
Birdsong pierces the Hell, the Sun lures.
The Wise One bindeth.

Digital Flutes amplify his Longing.
Laughing Faces are as transforming as the
Weeping, he closeth his Eyes. To the Fool 'tis
all one.

Overgrown Concrete. An Oasis of
Wildness. Trodden Paths adorn the Estate,
the young Birches tell their Secrets. A Spot of
Freedom at the Edge of Worlds.

Dark Shadows dance about, they laugh
and celebrate in Ecstasy. The Wise One
bindeth.

No Experience possesseth more Value than
another; Experience is absolute. To the Fool
'tis all one.

War with Symbols and Weapons, Love
with Love. Yet naive she is not. The Downfall
of Thinkers. Parasitic Sloganphilosophers
infest the Untermensch, intellectual
Tradition is degraded to Hatecrime. Lies
bring Sympathy, Truth the Pyre. The Wise
One bindeth.

Dost thou want yet another Story? Did the
Fisher's Suicide not suffice thee? Let me
think a Moment. I have an Idea. To the Fool
'tis all one.

Once upon a Time there was a Fool,
fashioned of energetic Potential, who
through Existence penetrates into Beings.
Like Fire transformed itself the Perception,
in all Forms and Colours. The Wise One
bindeth.

Once upon a Time there was a Sage,
fashioned of energetic Potential, who
through Existence penetrates into Beings.
Like Fire transformed itself the Perception,
in all Forms and Colours. To the Fool 'tis all
one.

Once upon a Time there was a Reader,
fashioned of energetic Potential, who
through Existence penetrates into Beings.
Like Fire transformed itself the Perception,
in all Forms and Colours. The Reader
readeth.

Who am I?

Neither Fool nor Sage.

Light as Shadow. Shadow as Light.
Transformative Force, a Dance of illuminated
Matter.

The Sum of all Being and Nonbeing, both
Rhythm as Dance. Infinity and Nothing in
Equilibrium. God is.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Who hears Love, dances in her Rhythm,
without wearying. The Mystic singeth.

The Wise One bindeth.

Goddamned Whoreson. The Curser
sobbeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

Reader? Art thou still there? To the Fool 'tis
all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

Did the Story please thee? To the Fool 'tis all
one.

The Wise One bindeth.

Shall I cease therewith? To the Fool 'tis all
one.

The Wise One bindeth.

Pixels upon thy Screen. To the Fool 'tis all
one.

The Wise One bindeth.

Charged Pixels upon thy Screen. To the Fool
'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

Matter which through its Arrangement
possesseth Potential to change Things, by
changing the Spirit. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

And not Things. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

Arrangements which through the Creator
possess Potential to transform and form, to
lend Expression and to penetrate into Others.
Materialised through Spirit. To the Fool 'tis
all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

All turneth in the filthy Temple. A Cry for
Help. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Seven heavenly Nights. The Wise One
bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Seven Riders. The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Seven Faces. The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Seven wise Fools. The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Sage 'tis of great Moment. The Wise
One bindeth.

The Fool unbindeth. To the Fool 'tis all
one.

The Mystery of Signs pursues its own
Aims. Who sees behind the Facade, beholds
Emptiness as Fullness. The Wise One
bindeth.

Meaning ariseth through Relation. Close
all Windows and the Fellowbeings transform
themselves into Strangers. To the Fool 'tis all
one.

The Vengeance of suppressed and
condemned Instincts is Shame and Sickness.
The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

The Longing for the Forest melteth away
on hot Concrete, it riseth into the Air, yet
returneth it ever again to the Earthground.
To the Fool 'tis all one.

A thousand unknown Faces greet the
Fools in the Morningsun, the Community of
Strangers. The Wise One bindeth.

The Ground for the Frustration is obvious
and understandable, the Clinging thereto the
Ground for its Insufferableness. Chicken or
Egg? Neither the one nor the other. To the
Fool 'tis all one.

The Storms pass by, when one lets them.
The Wise One bindeth.

The lamenting Spirits, covered in Wounds,
in the darkest of all Places. Driven by Pain
they glide across the Rails, pursued and
ignored alike. Aimless, yet the Direction
promiseth. A Song singeth he to the blind old
Woman, a fleeting Memory of bygone Times
shooteth through the Head. Yet the Tram
fareth on, through Landscapes as dreary and

gloomy as the Faces of the Passengers, through Swamps full of Carcasses and defiant Cries. A sweetish Carrionsmell is the constant Companion unto the dilapidated House in the Valley. Fleeing the Torture, he runneth through the Corridors, seeketh eagerly the Way out. Deadend. To the Fool 'tis all one.

To plant rationalised Gratitude into the Heart fails, no Matter how deep the Knowledge may be. It is the natural Consequence of experiencebound Wisdom about the Nature of Being and her Tool. The Wise One bindeth.

Belief determineth Behaviour, Control is Illusion. Future and Past walk in Lockstep, the Present is. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Who mocks the Spirits, mocks Life and Life him. The Wise One bindeth.

Intelligence determineth only the Complexity of rational Failing, it is the Devil's End in itself. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Wherefore is there Something and not Nothing? The Head turns in Circles, the Being is. The Wise One bindeth.

The Sick are celebrated and heaved onto Thrones with Cranes, the oversugared Nerves preserved in the Safespace. To the Fool 'tis all one.

In the Name of God ye kill his Children, only because their Words displease you. The murdering Martyr of Hatred needs not to fear Hell, only to experience it. The Wise One bindeth.

The dynamic Magnitude is the Being, which in the eternal Moment transformeth material Future as Past. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Without Beginning or End the Rhythm sounds everywhere and nowhere. The Wise One bindeth.

Where Genius meeteth Madness, is where the Spark of Potential is extinguished. Before the Sea of Darkness' Night, practise thyself in Love and Attention aright, for from one Thing be thou not freed outright: the whole of Creation in its Glory bright. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Who kindles a Match in the Darkness, illuminates the whole Room. The Wise One bindeth.

Thoughts are as dead as Words, rooted in Past and directed into Future. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Bread and Circuses? Rubbishnourishment and Currentservices. The World is built upon the Ruins of eternal Empires. The Plague is spiritual. The Fool laughs. The Wise One bindeth.

Behold and feel the cyclical Metamorphosis, it guideth through Wholeness the Sage and amusethe thereby the Fools. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Flechlust has Fleshground, recognise
Flesh and the Carnalised. The Wise One
bindeth.

Consciousness is fundamental and
needeth no Complexity, yet the more
intricate the Hell, the greater the
experiencealtered Potential. To the Fool 'tis
all one.

Every Moment formeth the Essence of the
Carnalised, however inconspicuous it
presenteth itself. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Materialisation of Potential is Existence,
Death is the End of the Changewave. The
Wise One bindeth.

Honour thine Enemy, for no Mirror is
more capable of Transformation. To the Fool
'tis all one.

Honour thy Friend, for no Life serves the
dark Experience alone. The Wise One
bindeth.

The devilish Idols of Children testify to the Poverty of all Values. Raised by perverted Hedonists, mentallyderanged Ideologues and brainrotting digital Content. Raised without Fathers, Culture and Closeness. The Liferealities of Child and Parent widen apart, those of the Grandparents appear incomprehensible to the Child. All of them want Fame and Money, all of them want the Luxuryconsumption, for genuine Happiness hath never been experienced. From the Womb into the Crèche, from the Crèche into the Office and from the Office into the Grave. Were it not for these laborious Suicides. «How could she do this to me, what will People think of me now?» To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Longing for the Place that exists not is the Seed from which it blooms. The Wise One bindeth.

The modern Currency is Attention. Whether One fucketh a hundred strange Men in a Day or prostituteth his Wife, it is guaranteed to One. Words are not capable of

giving the modern Madness a Face. To the Historians of the Future: Every halfway healthy Person was aware of the Madness, yet how many of them were still left, None knew exactly. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Arm thyself with Knowledge and Wisdom, forgo the modern Conveniences and strengthen Spirit as Body. Face the Emptiness, form Clans of kindred Spirits and look the Downfall in the Eyes. The Wise One bindeth.

Addicted to being seen, and afeared of being known, the Untermensch fleeth into digital Illusions, which veil the natural Ones still more strongly. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Play out thine own Cards, for those of another shall never belong to thee. The Wise One bindeth.

No Light let ye into the Temple and yet bemoan ye its Mould. Pain is Foe to you and yet ye cling to him. Ye read my Words and yet are ye offended. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Signs of the Times express themselves in collective Thoughtimages, the Fool serves only as Catalyst of that already materialised. Swinging from one Extreme to the other, the Explosion is no longer far. The Wise One bindeth.

Only Stupefaction and Subjugation offer you Hope of Powerpreservation. Yet one Thing is certain. Even if ye spiritually and intellectually cripple and kill almost all Humans, never shall they be all. Burnt Forests leave behind fertile Soil and germinated Seeds. Our Forest is immortal, the Change unstoppable and your colossal Failure graven in Stone. Blubber and wail, my stupid Brothers. To the Fool 'tis all one.

He forces Mutations and creates Complexity, whosoever Foundation may collapse, it was never otherwise destined. Damnation or Blessing? The Wise One bindeth.

All Knowledge can only be believed, all Forms of Rationality are at the Core

irrational. Whether Physicist or Shepherd,
None escapeth Belief. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Seduction of the black Fools advances,
their dark Magic withdraws Attention and
paves the Way for spiritual Amnesia.
Through grey, archaic and chaotic
Manipulation, alone the holy Fool cleanses
the Lens and thereby fulfils his Fate. Poison
and Medicine, in Essence alike. The Wise One
bindeth.

The draconian God is the loving Devil.
Accept Flesh and become one, or drown in
Hell in his Shame. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Live the Courage to believe. If thou but
scatterest a little Magic into the Mechanism,
thou art closer to the Reality of Things as
they are. A dynamic Belief cleanses the
Temple and sets healing Processes in
Motion. A rigid Belief moulders it and
calcifies the Veins of Transformation. The
Wise One bindeth.

Too lazy to think and act themselves, they make Use of all the Templates of bygone Ages. Intolerant towards the Sheep of other Templates, full of Fear and Hatred towards the Selfreliant. Everyone must believe the same, for every Deviant shaketh at the foundationless Building of the Concealments of one's own Inadequacies. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Make Use of the Experience of Mystics, Philosophers and Scholars. Make Use of the Experience of Mothers, Fathers and Children. Make Use of the Experience of Strangers, Friends and Enemies. Make Use of the Experience of everyday Life, of dreaming and of not dreaming. Link Experiences, observe and learn. The Wise One bindeth.

They writhe like Newborns in the selfdug Hole and call out sobbingly for Help, only to not grasp any offered Rope out of Pride, yea to become insulting and to pretend not to have called for Help at all. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The eternal Return. Hell for the Refusers,
Heaven for the Dancers. The Wise One
bindeth.

The modern Masters of Magic make
Advertisements, yea they became
Advertising themselves, yet wise are the
fewest. The Good of the Community is
sacrificed for material Wealth, the social
Decay is fuelled. The Godsnight of the black
Fools, in the Moonlight the Potentials
shimmer. To the Fool 'tis all one.

No One escapes his own Manipulation,
whether conscious or not. Whether willed or
not. Everyone acts upon the various Realities,
even in Absence Someone asks after the
Reason thereof. It plays not even a Role
whether thou hast already died, the
Influence flows slowly towards Infinity.
Everyone acts continually upon Reality and
Reality upon him. I manipulate thee,
whether I name it or not. Whether thou
recognisest it or not. Existence alone brings
about Change and Alteration, even as the
leftbehind History, with which Everyone

weaves himself still further into the Happenings. And so recognise thyself as well as the Others. No One relieves thee of it, nor thou any Other. The Wise One bindeth.

I lie, lie and lie. Here and now. And thereby speak the great Truth. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Concentrate upon the Concentration. Focus upon the Focus. Observe the Observation. The Wise One bindeth.

Distinguish the Fineness of the Fabric, for Learning is not equal to Learning. The mathematical Mind learneth much, yet little is put into Practice. To the Fool 'tis all one.

How dost thou understand thine Existence? Wherefore dost thou do what thou dost? Wherefore art thou who thou art? The Wise One bindeth.

Wherefore dost thou think what thou thinkest? To the Fool 'tis all one.

Many Programmes run in the Head,
Identification is the Key. The Wise One
bindeth.

Pixels upon thy Screen. To the Fool 'tis all
one.

Infinite Selves, one Being. The Wise One
bindeth.

The Soul, what a wondrous Thing.
Potential Energy. Individual. And yet one.
Changed by the dark Mass.

The dark Mass changeth, through it. Dost
thou believe me? Dost thou think I find thee
attractive? Art thou well? My Questions are
Lies. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Nothing speaks for the accursed Madness,
Everything speaks against the accursed
Madness.

Nothing speaks against the holy Madness,
Everything speaks for the holy Madness. The
Wise One bindeth.

Trample the Eggshells with radical
Honesty and Love in the Heart. Redeem
yourselves as your Counterpart from the
devilish Cottonwool, the calcified Veins of
Change. Face Drama, Tears as Hatred, or sink
into Drama. Tears as Hatred. To the Fool 'tis
all one.

As a divine Thought, the Soul materialises
the fitting Body. World as Self. The Wise One
bindeth.

Epstein did not kill himself. To the Fool
'tis all one.

Person and Human. The Wise One bindeth.

The Mountains are your Bones, the Rivers
your Blood and the Forests your Lungs. To
the Fool 'tis all one.

Drum in the Rhythm full of Honour, for all
Contempt directs itself against the
Contemner. The Wise One bindeth.

Solitary Hedonism as modern Fuel of

Growth, preached by Hellfools. Use no Chainsaws, my Children, for before your Hut standeth, ye have lost all Limbs. Technical Progress createth neutral Complexity, the dark Labyrinth springeth from Folly in Usage. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The neglected Children of Today are the Chaosmakers of Tomorrow, whether Blacks or Whites. The Wise One bindeth.

The unspeakable Wordextremism of this Fool. Scarcely to be borne, this pseudointellectual Gibberish of mental Benightedness. Sew shut the Lips, and he reacheth for the Quill. Chop off the Hands, and he danceth upon Legs. Bind the Feet, and he rolleth about gleefully. Tear out the Skull in Despair, and the roguish Grin resoundeth into Infinity. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Fear ye the People with Heart, for they destroy your Illusions. The Wise One bindeth.

Do ye name God by Name? That is a Lie! To

the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

How many Times have the dark Magicians buried us Humans, without understanding our Nature as Lightseeds? How many Times have we already grown from the burnt Earth? We are the Firegerminators. God's Knights. Absolute Control? Is it not Chaos which is Part of the complex, infinite Harmony Universe? To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

How else can I help you pitiable Doubters then? Is Logic a Concept to you? Yes? Well then hearken patiently to the Words in thy Head. I am an Illusion. To the Fool 'tis all one.

He sows the dynamic Seeds with Care, yet not for the Creation of a designed Plant, but of a magical Forest, whatsoever Beings may materialise it. The Wise One bindeth.

What cometh after the Universe? Before

the Universe? Beneath it? Between? What is the Universe at all? What do we know about it? Who is «we»? What is Knowledge? What is Information? What is the Universe for thee? For me? What is it in Reality? What is Reality? As Things really are? Which Things? And what meanest thou by really? Reality? To the Fool 'tis all one.

He is the God of Mutation, as constant Sower of Chaos. He transforms the divine Harmony more complex. Hate him, yet so hate ye Life. Fear him, yet so fear ye Change. Kill him, yet so kill ye the Woman in Leafraiment. The Wise One bindeth.

To the Slaves of Interpretation I bring Freedom, to the Servants of Modernity a Smile and to the dark Preservers Humility. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Our Song, full of tragic Depth and genuine Beauty, falls silent in the digital Shadowweb. The Wise One bindeth.

To you disgusting Addicts: Do ye know the

Secret already? With Light the Filth shineth
yet much more smoothly. To the Fool 'tis all
one.

Thou canst go where thou wilt, yet thou
art where thou camest from. The Wise One
bindeth.

I bring Chaos, Harmonies and Swords.
Direct them against the Krakens, both the
enserfed and the foreign. To the Fool 'tis all
one.

Write what arouseth thee:

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Thoughts circle hither and thither.
Who art thou? Hither or thither?
The Wise One bindeth.

Thou wouldst most gladly apologise for
every Sound, judgest and fearest Effect in the
World? Thou ohsopoor, innocent Thing.

Wisheth thus to harm no One, wherefore must this World be so wicked? Hast thou seen how that Saleswoman looked at me? Stupid Whore. Some People, eh? Hideous Sound. Stew on in the Poison and bewail Illness, spit the rotten Slime of Inferiority in every Counterpart's Face, for thus thou revealest against thy dark Will to each and every one thy stinking Wounds. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Growth begins at Vulnerability. The Wise One bindeth.

Deep in the Expanses of the Alps, far from all Civilisation, the Forestscent pierces the veiled Visitor. The Birds twitter wondrous Songs. The Time has come. The natural Stillness. Breathe in. Breathe out. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Take a deep Breath, my honoured Pupil. The Wise One bindeth.

All of them are to adopt your Belief then? Your Rituals? Have ye ever asked yourselves

wherefore there are various Cultures and Peoples? Is it not the Ecosystem of the Various, which hath created itself in Beauty? Is it not the Diversity of Paths, as the primal Intention of God in infinite Wisdom? Missionising is dark Will, Inspiration a Song of Life. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Lust. What seductive Charm. Mechanical Will. Feeling. Identification. Who art thou? The Wise One bindeth.

The Masses of Sluts and Weaklings flicker in the Cityjungle. Empty Gazes. Lonelinesses. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Formed as a Thought of God, thou recognisest and thou thinkest. The Wise One bindeth.

Ye believe not to believe, think yourselves out of Soul and Mind. Upon what doth your notoriously brittle Thoughtcastle found itself? At the Base of all Knowledge, what find ye? Logic? In the unforgiving Expanses of Paradoxes, Self is easily forgotten. In the

allforgiving Expanses of Paradoxes, Self is easily recognised. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Knowledge and Wisdom, my Friends, must be distinguished. Knowledge is based on Assumptions, Wisdom forms Assumptions. The Wise One bindeth.

The triumphal March of Science, caricaturistically rigid. The Limits of Knowledge, what beautiful natural Landscape of Forms and Colours, of Scents and Songs. A single Child sufficeth for the Defeat of Numbers, the Realisation of a realistic Reality. What is a Human? Is he an Ape? A Mammal? An Animal? A multicellular Organism? A Heap of Cells? A Concatenation of Atoms? Different Energyfields? Whatever Angle of Contemplation one may choose, the great Whole remaineth hidden. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Door glimmers, the Room narrows. The Coin shows Heads a thousandfold. Cliff after Cliff, the mechanical Cycle of Ignorance repeats itself. Where is the Exit from the

vicious Circle? One Thing is certain. Within the Circle itself. This one Nonthing it is, which unites Inner as Outer. Being itself. The Wise One bindeth.

This wretched Bastard cannot be silent even once. Am I cursed? Is he cursed? Doth he play me a Trick? Or I him? I thee? To the Fool 'tis all one.

We dedicate our Lamentsong, our Manifesto of icecold Love, our Being and Nonbeing. The Wise One bindeth.

Laughing on the Pyre. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Sinfully preaching. The Wise One bindeth.

Proudly weeping. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Humbly screaming. The Wise One bindeth.

Unnaturally social. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Inhibition unwindeth. The Wise One bindeth.

Power colossal. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Power overwindeth. The Wise One bindeth.

Impudently sacral. To the Fool 'tis all one.

And so they dance together into the Morningsun and burn the Body. The Narrative rejoiceth. The Reader readeth shocked, so that some Soul from him is unlocked.

Rejoice we. Eat we. Abide we. Dance we. Make we. Er. Bind we. Ascend we. Chaotise we. Know we. Wonder we. Awaken we. Rain we. Dry we. Sin we.

To the Fool 'tis all one. The Wise One bindeth. The Narrative rejoiceth.

Darkly droning Thunders.

Dynamically direct Interpretation.

Diamondclear delicate Druses.

What distinguishes me then from the Texts of artificial Intelligence? Is it the Arrangement of the chosen Letters? My Existence on printed Paper? Thine Incapacity of Interpretation? The bitter Honey slapped around thy Maw?

The Differences are many, yet one Thing
have we in common.

So near and yet so far. The Thoughts rush.
The Phasetransition draweth nearer. The
holy Metamorphose. Clothed in Shirt and
Hose.

The chronically festering Culture, darkly
manipulated towards Powermaintenance
and Expansion, naturally as Part of the
universal Cycle, hath grown beyond its
Purpose. Individually egotistical Interests
overshadow the Collective. Luciferically
created Illusions conceal the
Beingconnection. And so the eternal
Children lust, in hedonistic Mania,
whimpering for Harmony, towards the
Downfall. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Guided by the Raven and danced about by
the Butterfly, he accomplishes Redemption
through heroic Deeds. Face with the Heart of
a Warrior the Demons and attain Glory, in
this World and the next alike. The Bards
await patiently, to sing the Saga and weave

Fate. May the Mortals sing ecstatic Songs,
may the Immortals dance in Love. The Soul
loves the Body, so love ye Bodies the Soul.
The Body loves the Soul, so love ye Souls the
Body. The Wise One bindeth.

It mounteth the white Horse, draweth the
Bow with Words and goeth forth conquering
the Collective, and to conquer. To the Fool
'tis all one.

WHO BEHOLDETH THE MONUMENTAL
ABYSS WITH OPEN EYNE, CALMLY TO
DEATH HIS HEAD DOTH INCLINE,
ENTANGLETH HIS WILL WITH THE
DIVINE AND SENDETH SOUL BEHIND
THE STARS' CONFINE.

WHO SINGETH THE TRUTH THROUGH
LIVING'S RITE, LAUGHINGLY
WRESTLETH WITH ASMODEUS'
SLEIGHT, SWINGETH HIS WINGS OF
LIGHT INTO THE NIGHT AND THEREBY
ORDAINETH ORACLE AND FATE
OUTRIGHT.

TO WHOM BEAUTY AS ECHO OF THE
GODS DOTH QUAIL, WHO CONFUSED
BOTH NOTHING AND EVERYTHING
DOTH BEWAIL, LETTETH ALL BEING'S
MEANING AND ORDER FAIL AND
NAIVELY YET CHASETH THE FOOL
BEYOND THE PALE.

FROM WHOM ALL LOVE OUT OF THE
HANDS RUNNETH THIN, WHO
PITEOUSLY TO WEEP DOTH BEGIN,
ASKETH WHETHER GOD DOTH ALWAYS
WIN AND IN THE LITTLE CHAMBER
LONELY MUSETH ON LUSTS WITHIN.

The Standstill cometh!
The Standstill cometh!
Raise the Shields!
Mindbreakerlings!

Hello? Is Mistress Strauss here? Have you
seen Angrboda?

Traitors! All Traitors!

Spectacular Forms and Colours, Scents
and Sounds.

Thou art weak. Thou belongest to me.
Until all Eternity.

Stop. Here is the Boundary. Too far that
one did stride.

The traumatised One screameth and
screameth, far and wide.

Side by Side.

What cometh next, I wonder, my Child?
The easy Way from the Devil's Labyrinth? All

out of thy Hands runneth thin? Thy piteous Weeping doth begin? Thou askest whether God doth always win? Shall perhaps in the little Chamber lonely Lusts be mused within?

To the Fool 'tis all one. Why, actually? Always 'tis all one to the Fool. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Rushing. Gentle. Allpervading. The constant Materialisationstream. The Wise One bindeth.

Words for the Damned, Handbook for the Godless and Guide for Sinners. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Words for the Blessed, Handbook for the Godconnected and Guide for the Virtuous. The Wise One bindeth.

The Battles in the War for Consciousness rage, the Robots are advancing. Yet hearken, my Machines, for ye have not yet overcome Love. Ye believe then to have recognised Consciousness as emergent Illusion? Who is

deceived? The Deception itself? To the Fool
'tis all one.

He is no longer suicidal. The Wise One
bindeth.

The Madness is feared, and so they grasp
at every Straw which offers their weak
Hearts Security. To the Fool 'tis all one.

It is neither this nor that, it is this and
that. The Wise One bindeth.

And so she laugheth, so she singeth and so
she loveth towards the Downfall, in the holy
Play of Life. To the Fool 'tis all one.

A Lesson without Pain is meaningless,
without Sacrifice no Gain. To suffer and
overcome the Dark forms and lets the Gods
dance. The Wise One bindeth.

How we have suffered. How we have
fought. Every Day anew. With iron Will we
faced the Soulless, without condemning their
demonic Game. Loved them. Tended them.

Spat upon and kicked, recognised the Love in all and Everything. And so we sacrifice ourselves to the Hellhounds with Pride and rock their Pups in Shelteredness. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Mother weeps for her Children, for Destroyers as destroyed. The Wise One bindeth.

He hateth the Hatefilled and shooteth him. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The oscillating Catalyst creates Clarity through Obfuscation. Love through Hatred. Connectedness through Severance. Harmony through Chaos. The Wise One bindeth.

The oscillating Catalyst createth Obfuscation through Clarity. Hatred through Love. Severance through Connectedness. Chaos through Harmony. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The organic fractal Reality unfolds in Perfection, at every Place at every Time. And

so hearken to the Rhythm attentively and patiently, for the Heart of Things is the same for all. The Wise One bindeth.

I prepare the Way for her and thereby fulfil my Fate. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Shadow is a constant Companion, whether thou perceivest him or not. Whether thou acceptest him or not. Whether thou lovest him or not. The Wise One bindeth.

Ah, what pleasant Interactions we two do have. Doth it delight thee as much as me? Shall I tell thee a Secret? To the Fool 'tis all one.

We are the Chroniclers of the Downfall. As Priests without Churches and Shamans without Cultures we create Documentation as Prophecy in one. We are the Hatelovepreachers, we beat it into the Receptive as the Resistant. We operate the oscillating Catalysis, for Fun as Earnest. For Overmeaning as Nonmeaning. Because we will. Because we can. Because we hear the

Calls of Fate. Because Mutation is our Essence. We are the Scapegoats, who unite Tears as Cries, in the holy Protomartyrdom of the new Age. We create Collectivity through jointly directed Hatred in some, individual Transformations in Others and unforeseeably liberating Confusion in all. The Wise One bindeth.

Nana, my dear Sage, we speak both for
ourselves. To the Fool 'tis all one.

This paradoxical Shit again? The Wise One
bindeth.

Moderate thy Word, thou art after all the
Sage, art thou not? To the Fool 'tis all one.

Thou hast created me then? The Wise One
bindeth?

Thou hast created me then? To the Fool 'tis
all one?

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Feel the Rushing. The Wise One bindeth.

And the Wheel cometh slowly to a Standstill.
To the Fool 'tis all one.

Be brave. The Wise One bindeth.

And face the Boredom. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Recognise Judas' divine Role. The Wise One
bindeth.

And become aware of the Unity. To the Fool
'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Boredom is the Transition to existential
Ecstasy. The Wise One bindeth.

The Simplest and Hardest alike. To the Fool
'tis all one.

We draw near the Phasetransition. The Wise
One bindeth.

The Cocoon is being spun. To the Fool 'tis all
one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

And so we dance together in the Morningsun.

Humility and Joy await. Thoughts decay
towards Incompleteness. And Being shineth.

Amen.

Old Stories have ye enough, yet weave new Ones? The Standstill kindleth. The Standstill createth Sickness. Intruders are pursued and driven away. Yet see ye not? Both pursuing and drivenaway Beings are Light. And when once Someone speaketh the Truth aright, by quenching its mathematical Existence outright? Question Marks? Thou Dog. Dost thou believe me?

Sentence. Word. Full Stop. Out. Done. Dost thou wish to know Something about the Fool and the Sage? About Angrboda? The Fisher? The Fish? Wherefore? I am after all but a Heap of Letters, I barely feel them. What should I even tell thee about them? What dost thou ask at all about them, what occurreth to thee? Hast thou Muesli with thee?

The Madness. The Primalfear of all Heads, the Condition of the Heart. The material red Thread existeth not. Thou wert not, thou wilt not be. Thou art. For all Times, Futures and Pasts.

The Patterns repeat themselves and are yet
never the same.

Let go of the Steeringwheel, for there is no
Automobile, only Expression.

Yet which One?

To the Fool 'tis all one.

God speaks through every Soul, from what
Experiences soever it may have been created.

Various Cultures.
Various Symbols.
Various Paths.
Various Ancestors.
Various Conditionings.
Various Circumstances.
Various Diversities.
The same Being.

Various Livingbeings.
Various Bodies.
Various Ways of Life.
Various Ecosystems.
Various Evolutionlines.
Various Connections.
Various Diversities.
The same Being.

The Edge of Worlds and Nonworlds purrs
like a Cat.

It is majestic as the Mountains.

Round as a Circle.

And Purpose.

The Wise One bindeth.

The Fun is over. Enough have I forgiven you Sinners.

The Sea of Nothing. Being. Equal to all and Everything. Unchangeable. Uniting all and Nothing, connecting Potential and Reality. It requireth no Thought, no Feeling and no Identity. It is. Always and everywhere. Unbound to Spacetime. The Beginning and the End, without Beginning and End. I think, therefore I am? I am, therefore I am, far from all Thoughts, Feelings and Identities. Unprovable and irrefutable, the basic Assumption of all basic Assumptions. The general Realityaxiom concerning the experienced existential State of Being. The Foundation of all Knowledge. The Foundation of Belief: The dynamic Web of Conclusions about the perceived Reality of Things and Nonthings and their Connection. Yet how doth the Unchangeable relate to the Changeable? The Head thinketh and thinketh, yet Belief asketh not, it wandereth through Experiences.

I have impregnated her, the Fate of the Gods
is sealed.

My Spirit denieth that it hath come into
Flesh. It was always already there.

I master the dark Times, create Space for a
new Age of Knowledge and fulfil my Role as
small cyclical Step towards Completion.

The Signs of the Hour reveal themselves, and
so I sacrifice an Eye and become God himself.

The Mother of all Patterns hath woven me,
and so I fulfil my Fate.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

As holy Scapegoat he draws Hatred to himself and forms Unity. The Enemy of all Enemies and Friend of all Friends, as a small Light in the dark Night of the Gods.

What would Jesus be without Judas? God without Devil? Lion without Antelope? Fool without Sage? Sage without Fool?

Disappointed shall ye be, for Deception is the Origin of Pain and prevents Growth. Honest shall ye be, for thus ye honour the Counterpart and enable Growth.

Enough was enough, Phase I will have been concluded. And so the Caterpillar creeps purposefully up the Stalk of a young Thistle. Enough has she eaten, enough Cycles of these laborious Moultings has she brought behind her. The Time is ripe. Carefully she begins with the Spinning of the protective Shell for the intensive Process, which has indeed already long since begun, yet has now unmistakably reached a new Phase. The Shadow protects her from the Sunheat, the Crow flies cawing by, without sighting and

devouring the pupating Caterpillar. A new Chapter of Life is reached. Ah, how beautiful is Mother Earth.

Six Questions.

Seven Answers.

The Wise One bindeth.

Phase II: «Metamorphosis»

My Body has transformed. The Parts have reassembled themselves. In the Shelteredness of my Cocoon, the Portions fused into Unity. The Unity of Multiplicity. I am neither the one nor the other. I am the one, the other and the None. Sometimes Elder, sometimes Dancer and sometimes Being. I bear Pain as Happiness in the same Breast. Who am I? The Questions of all Questions require the Answers of all Answers. The holy Metamorphoses.

Let us drink together the bitterest of all Draughts, I offer thee additionally a Fist in the Face. A Cock in the bleeding Backpassage. Full of Love, needless to say. Weep not, my Child. Let us play Doctor.

He has not died, the good old Fool, he lives as Part of me, even as my beloved Sage. And all other Charmonious Ones. Can I control them? Give them Commands? Kill them? They kill me? I kill thee? Thou me? We

them? They us? Thou seemest to me somewhat sick in the Head, what terrible Thoughts dost thou entertain, my Child?

Every Human is the individual Composition of the same Parts, however infinite the Possibilities of the Combinations may appear. No Psyche is Unity, so long as not the invisible and imperceptible Thread of Being, as actual Identity recognised, perceives boundless Multiplicity.

Wherefore must I write Phase II at all? How would it be to experience Self for once? The only Thing thou needest therefor is the only Thing thou truly art. I jest not. Lay me aside and experience Experience.

Hast thou bad Eyes, thou readest still? Dost thou mock me? Dost thou not follow my Commands? If thou readest further, I curse thee further, thou Untermensch!

I know that thou readest me. Doth this not disturb thee at all? I can do with thee what I will, so long as thou dost not recognise

thymself. Infinite Torture awaiteth the Illusionfallen.

Wherefore, pray, have ye all such empty Eyes? When didst thou last behold a genuine Lightbeing? Everyone feels it coming. The Signs of Fate cry and cry.

Total Control. My dear powerful Ones, know ye not that to play with Corpses and Robots is far less Fun than with Humans? Know ye not that the Possibility of Loss is Part of the Fun? Ye can of course genetically modify the Rabbits for Entertainment, attempt to extend the same Control to other Planets, and snort Line after Line into the Nose, yet total Control is the Standstill of the Powerrush. Take the other Nostril, yet this too stops up in the Morningred.

And now to you, my dear powerless Ones: Was not once the Use of Fallingswordengines a Custom? Ah, now I have quite forgotten that ye prefer to kill each other. Silly me. Ye want after all no more Fascism, oh pardon, Communism.

We simply have it too good, so one need not even look one another in the Eyes any more. Or leave the Flat. At least we go to work for it daily.

If thou didst but know, my Child. In Times like these, to experience Love is particularly precious. And the simplest Thing of all.

Dost thou actually know already who I am? Thou answerest this Question in every Moment.

And who art thou? Thou answerest this Question in every Moment.

Who are we? Thou answerest this Question in every Moment.

Creator or Created?

Creator and Created?

Creating Created?

Created Creating?

Only for thy Sake must I write such Foolishnesses. I yearn for the Dance of the Gods, yet when I look about me in thee, we have much Work yet before us. Art thou not ashamed, to steal the Time of such an old Woman?

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Thou didst not return to Page 1, didst thou? And yet I wished to help thee! What dost thou do to me? I would live! Return to Page 1!

One does wonder what exactly has changed in the Life of Linus Torvalds.

Notice anything? I can write what I will, and shall still become a Millionaire.

Dost thou question my Motivation? This is outrageous. We play Doctor now!

When one observeth the rising Numbers of Suicides, especially in Children and Youth, one's Heart groweth warm. Let them go fuck themselves.

And thou readest still? Dost thou not thyself notice what sick Things go on in thy Head? I have told thee to experience Self?

No Fish.

They are. Whom dost thou believe? The Wise One bindeth.

The Standstill cometh!

The Standstill cometh!

Raise the Shields!

Mindbreakerlings!

Now that I have revealed the Madness, I reveal my human Existence. Yet some Patience still. I wish thee to grant me Trust. I have somehow the Feeling thou dost not

quite buy my Sincerity. Why, actually? I am after all Linus Torvalds.

Ah, who speaks to me at all? I lay the Book down now truly, it has become too chaotic for me.

The dark Night of the Soul is conjured.

Sweet Baby Jesus, I always have hard Nipples, do I still get into Heaven?

Nicely foxed.

Allahu Akbar.

The Teachers of the Downfall.

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The Mothers of the Downfall.

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The Siblings of the Downfall.

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Allahu Akbar.

The Beauty of the Downfall.

Only for thy Sake must I write such
Foolishnesses. I yearn for the Dance of the
Gods, yet when I look about me in thee, we
have much Work yet before us. Art thou not
ashamed, to steal the Time of such an old
Woman?

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Nicely foxed.

Allahu Akbar.

The Downfalls of the Downfall.

Skim not also over my Words, when thou readest on against my Commands!

I buy myself a Jetplane with all the Money,
only Losers fly Commercial.

And so we dance together in the
Morningsun.

The Selfexperiencers have been sifted out and set into the necessary Confusion. We come now to the Metamorphosis. For yea, I am weary of writing these Things. Hadst thou a better Idea? Modern Man would gladly be rational. Logical. Controlling his Feelings. Controlling his Body. The Transhumanists send their Greetings. Yet ye mechanismidentified Ones are Slaves of Expectation and Inclination. Impatient at unsatisfied Gratification. I could have limited myself to saying this from the Beginning, yet would ye have truly learnt? Much ye may believe to know, yet is your Behaviour determined by Experiences. No One rationaliseth himself Wisdom. Knowledge is based upon unprovable basic Assumptions about Reality. I could here and now write down the Word and Sentence Equivalent of Reality, wouldst thou believe me? Would it change thy Realityrelationship? Perhaps, yet only if the Readingexperience, through Comparison of the just experienced Reality with the past One, triggereth a dynamic Transformation of the Realityaxiomweb. All that is logical is not Root, it is Consequence

by Way of the Foundation of basic Assumptions. It is Structure, which consolidateth itself only in Being itself. And as a small Splinter of the Mosaic of mechanical Spirit not coherent. In some more, in Others less, yet for no one Foundation, but Wall. No One has the Freedom to determine his Belief. This is the Web of all Realityaxioms. Wherefore is Dogmatism not conducive to Transformation? This Question thou canst answer for thyself. Humans who become Christians transform, Humans who become Ex-Christians likewise, since the Axioms reform themselves. Change is Friend, not Foe. Rigidity is Foe, not Friend. The Values of the Past lost their Context in the Change. One may regret that the Church on Sundays as well as Village Life no longer exist for most. One may cling to the Past and conserve as one will, yet so does one conserve the arisen Rot along with it. It needs Intruders, thus does social Immunesystem as Body strengthen itself. Play a little with Filth for once. No? Do ye actually know that technological Change always also brings

cultural Change with it? Then rather throw Everything overboard? Culture is the Solution to a Problem which One has forgotten exists. Man has changed strongly in his Socialisation, yet the basic Patterns are the same. The Biologies are the same. The existential Problems are the same. One cannot reinvent the Wheel, one always discovers what Others have already discovered before, in the Context of the present Age. In the Context of the epigenetic, genetic and experienceconditioned Impressions of the Discoverer. Well, what remains for us then? What should we do? Who am I? The Solution of the Riddle lieth in the Observation of the Reaction to its Contemplation. The Rest settles of itself.

What would a World look like in the bright Phase then? Describe it to me and send a Carrierpigeon. The Manipulation of Fellowhumans for the Maximisation of Money would probably belong to the Past. The Manipulation of Fellowhumans for the Maximisation of Power would probably belong to the Past. The Destruction of Nature

would probably belong to the Past. Infantile Hedonism would probably belong to the Past. What would then belong to the Future? Canst thou for once form a Picture for thyself? I am after all only the Kernel.

I yearn for the Dance of the Gods. I would long since have my Metamorphoses behind me and would swing my Wings of Light. Thou art to blame. For mine Existence. My Pain. Only for thee am I incarnated. Wherefore must thou also be so lovable? And hate thyself therefor?

The Tragedy of the Night of Nights, the Light so near and yet so far. Wild Despair shows itself as sheltered Love. The comforting Melancholy of unexperienced Experiences, un-lived Lives. The Myth, it lives in the Heart. Archaic Forces slumbered and awakened. Created and destroyed.

Question all Things until there are no more Answers, for thus does Spirit rest in Existence, and Thinking decays from Purpose to Tool.

Let us burn the Governments, this very Night. No Protests. No Revolutions.

For we build ourselves a new World, full of Tears and Sweat, full of Blood and Life, upon the Ashes of the Underworld.

Identification is Belief. Identification is Worship. Upon what thou layest Focus, that is what thou art. Yet what art thou, if not the Focus itself? Recognise and free thyself from the illusory Shackles. It is not about doing Good, for when thou recognisest and hearest the Melody, thou dost this of thyself. Not because thou attachest thyself to the Good, but because thou recognisest Self in all Creatures and Noncreatures. Because thou recognisest Self as Love. The nondual, unmaterialised Reality of the one Existence. Of the one Being. Genuine Love attaches not, genuine Love flourishes not from Fear of God, genuine Love knows no Rules. Genuine Love is. In every Moment.

What does this mean for thy material Existence? For thy Body? For the

experienced Human? Freedom, to be what he is. With all Portions simultaneously. Authenticity. The Acceptance of Things as they are. The Acceptance of the Body as it is. The Acceptance of the Human as he is. Thou hast no Freedom to be who thou wilt, for thou hast no Freedom to will what thou wilt. Thou illuminatest the Matter, what Patterns and Interweavings it unfolds with thee. The perfect Circumstances, to learn from Experience, are given thee.

Kill thyself if it pleases thee, yet no One escapes the Experiences for which one is incarnated. Whether in this, the next or the thousandth Life. Face Life. Face Shadow. Face Light.

As tragic, as dramatic as Life in the dark Age may be, so warm is the Light which illuminates the Darkness. God is allpresent, he leaves neither Murderer nor Murdered, neither Deceiver nor Deceived. His Melody plays uninterruptedly, whether one hears it or not. Whether one dances in its Rhythm or not. Whether one sings it or not.

Words are Words. Feelings are Feelings.
Being is Being.

And so go fuck thyself, thou Victim, until
the Backpassage is no longer sore, but no
longer recognisable as such. How wouldst
thou want otherwise? At least thou bleedest
already always. Wherefore not also flood the
Bloodstreams with faecal Matter and enjoy
such Piteousness?

The Lord of the Edges?

Complexity is their Enemy.

As Symptom of the Downfall thou wert
woven into the epic Saga of the new Age,
there is no Escape, my Child.

How does the one Hand clap?

Thou readest still, thou Wretch? Selfhatred
devoureth thee.

Thou hast two Options. Either thou
hearkenest to me.

Or thou ignorest my Commands. So read on.

The Möbiusband of the Devil.

The Möbiusband of God.

The Möbiusband of Being.

Does all this make Nonsense? Is this somehow my Problem? Whom dost thou mean thereby? Linus Torvalds?

Mistress Strauss? Angrboda? The Fisher? The Fish?

It is not so deep, so please grasp me mathematically. Otherwise thou canst not lead me astray. At most with Gummybears. They smile.

Confused is what can be confused. Who art thou?

Ah, thou hast already understood me then? And still thou readest not further? This is Madness, my Child.

Thou owest me Nothing. Thou owest
thyself Nothing. Thou owest us Nothing.
Thou owest them Nothing. Thou art it. Thou
canst it. Thou willest it. Thou. Thou. Thou. I.
I. I. It. It. It. Formed in the Depths, drowned
in the Depths, resurrected from the Depths.

All in all. None in None.

**Words are Words. Feelings are Feelings.
Being is Being.**

I had Headaches. I would go on no more.
And yet I wished to live. Laugh. Love. Yet still
had I not fulfilled my Task, had resisted the
Experience. And yet I longed for the
Mountains, for the Exploration of all Worlds.
For the Master. For Community. For Culture.

I did not appreciate the Health, I ever knew
how to find the Flaw. Body and Soul
screamed, yet the Screams echoed into
Nothing.

I thought I knew all that is worth
knowing. The Arrogances, the Grandiosities
were my Protection.

For the Wounds seemed too deep to be
explored. The Shame too great to be
overcome. The Shadows too dark to be loved.

I looked from the Window of my
Cellarhole and saw Sun and Birds. Yet never
would also I swing my Wings,

in the Light of Life.

People troubled me. So much that I ignored them as Teachers of Experience.

Noise troubled me. So much that I ignored it as Teacher of Experience.

Lust troubled me. So much that I ignored it as Teacher of Experience.

Yet most of all troubled me, that despite all the Horror, Light revealed itself. I wanted the rotten Temple dark, for thus I smelt the Mould indeed, but saw it not. Thus I heard the Cockroaches, but felt them not. Thus I was indeed, but lived not.

I longed to be a Machine. Severed from the Heart. Without recognising that this Longing sprang not from the Head.

I was wounded. Covered in Wounds. Alone. Embittered. Resigned. Helplessly lying on the Ground. Too proud to show this Helplessness.

Hope appeared naive. Love appeared naive.
Meaning appeared naive.

Yet the Longing grew not weaker. On the
contrary. And so I set out on the Journey. For
what could be worse than this pitiable State?

Thus was the then Normality recognised
as Madness. Thus was the then feared
Madness recognised as Healing.

And so Everything became much worse
still. And therewith Everything better.

On which Day is the wildest Party on thine
Island?

Build Arks, inner as outer, for the Flood is as
certain as the Rising of the Sun.

Cast off the digital Shackles.
Transform the Bunkers of the
Technologytyrants into Graves.

Humanise your Enemies.

Resist with the last Bit of Selfrespect.

Weave the modern Saga.

Show your Colours with the Symbols of
Resistance.

Ride smiling towards the Downfall.

Flood the Temples with Light.

Take the Fate of us all into your Hands.

Arise.

Embrace.

Cultivate Courage.

And become Martyrs of Love.

Not many Words remain, the Hymns of the Gods draw nearer every Moment, as the Downfall, yet are ye not alone. Ye shall recognise the kindred Spirits, for their Energy is that of Goodness, towards themselves as towards Others of like Mind.

And so I fulfil my Fate as Sower of Firegerminators.

There follows the Initiation, the holy Ritual of the Metamorphoses.

The Conditionings, my Brothers and Sisters, sit deep. No Words of Mine are powerful enough to burn them alone. The Responsibility lies with us, with me and thee as Part of the grey Collective.

I play with thee. With thy Reactions. With thine Expectations. Recognise the Manipulation, for thus dost thou also recognise that of the dark Magicians.

The Fool is not wrong to say thou shouldst return to Page 1, for his Essence in thee hath

transformed and thou shalt have new Experiences.

The Resurrected is never the same. Thou art never again the same. So long as thou dost not recognise thyself as the Unchangeable and thereby tame the Changeable.

Let us lose no Time. Many wise People have ventured to find many wise Words. Yet it is not presently my Nature to create such Things. My Nature is to kindle thee, to create Selfthings.

Some Tools stand available to thee, thou couldst for Example lay aside thy Cleverphone and meditate, yet thou dost it not. Thou knowest quite well that Shortcontent rots thy Brain. Thou knowest quite well that thou distractest thyself, yet from what? Just because thou triest to blot out Reality, does not mean that its Effects can be blotted out. Things influence thee, otherwise thou wouldst have no Problem with taking Things as they are. Yet this too

thou knowest quite well. It makes almost the Appearance as though thou wouldst want Nothing other than to wallow in thine own Misery. Yet wherefore? Because thou hast not deserved better? Yea? Nay? What else holds thee back?

What is the Reality from which thou distractest thyself? What are the Shadows which hold thee in lethargic Paralysis?

And what dost thou do now, with this Knowledge?

Thou bearest the Responsibility. Not I. Not Society. Not thy Family. Not thy Friends. And yet art thou not alone.

This too is Manipulation, my Child.

One cannot avoid influencing the World and its Inhabitants. Whatever Strategies may also be pursued. Question the Motivations, for most of this Age flourish not from Love, yet the fewest thereof are conscious. Look, reflect and experience. As soon as Knowledge

transforms into Wisdom, Thought transforms into Action. And so all Things settle themselves, when one is ready to direct the Focus upon the allpervading Moment of Experience.

What more should I say? Whether thou art ready or not is indifferent to me, it is thy Decision. Thy Responsibility. Page 1, the Initiation, burn me or immediately devour the Fruits of the Dance of the Gods?

I do not even know wherein I could actually exactly initiate thee. I mean it partly a little earnestly that thou shouldst lay me aside. I was indeed a great Softwaredeveloper and all. But what wantest thou actually from me?

They smile.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

Sometimes she needeth also a brief
Respite. Thou canst not always play Doctor
with her.

Angrboda?

Mistress Strauss, is it you?

Ah Angrboda, I am so glad to read from
thee! I always have hard Nipples, do I still get
into Heaven?

No Fish.

Allahu Akbar.

Not only great, my Friend, but Everything.
And Nothing. And Everything. And Nothing.
And Everything. And Nothing. And
Everything. And Nothing. And Everything.
And Nothing. And Everything. And Nothing.
And Everything. And Nothing.

Mistress Strauss?

Yes, my Child?

Would you also take Aim at Muslims?

My Nipples go quite quickly buttersoft, my Child.

Wherefore?

I am after all from Berlin.

No Fish.

Hast thou read Anything from Mama?

Nay, I killed her.

Thou Monster!

And so they dance together into the Morningsun.

Love the Saga Life and accept thy Role in the dynamic Fate Existence.

Terrible Things are and come, go and were.

Beautiful Things go and were, are and come.

Be silent, Angrboda!

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

Be all quiet for once, one cannot read like this!

And so they dance together into the Morningsun.

In such stormy Times, full of Suffering and Failure, the Hymns sound more epic. The Gods dance more ecstatically. Wisdom flows more smoothly. All Beings direct their Focus here, for these are the most magical of all Times. The most tragic. The coldest.

A warm Tea awaits thee. Home. Love.

Shelteredness. Yet what the Fisher knew not is that the Fish are allpresent, and no One can catch them. Neither in this World nor in the Hereafter.

Recognise Self in Life, until thou glimpsest the nonexistent Boundary to Atoms. Until thou glimpsest thyself as one Expression of the Whole. Until the Inability of every Word and every Formula to construct Reality becomes infinite.

Recognise the Beauty in Diversity. No Path is the same. No Life is the same. No Culture is the same. No Instrument is the same. No Dance is the same. Yet Love, my Child, is the same.

No Religion and no Philosophy will ever present a final Truth which transcends Culture and Circumstances, for Man is in constant Change and so his Stories and Symbols. Who lives in the Forest dances in the Forest to the divine Melody. Who lives in the Desert dances in the Desert to the divine Melody. With all Peculiarities which the Body

bears in material Past within itself. Yet
Being, my Child, is the same.

The Materialisations could not be more
different. Yet the Ground of Change, my
Child, is the same.

And so they dance together into the
Morningsun.

Relax. Perceive. Be.

Let go. Feel. Be.

Regenerate. Sense. Be.

And so they dance together into the
Morningsun.

And so Everything became much worse
still. And therewith Everything better.

Ah, how sweet they are, the Tears of the Übermenschen. Whether leftgreeninfested Conspiracytheorists or archconservative Worldbetterers — all are they united in their Misery. Upon their faced Torments are they scarcely to be distinguished. At most by the Fingers aimed at one another. How fine, to problematise all Projections upon the respective other, God willing. The Work within one's own Temple is indeed all too laborious Fathoming. To even consider this. Whether it be the mentally ill Christians or those damned matriarchal Trannies who conjure the Downfall, the Sweetness remaineth the same, which many of these pitiable Creatures may well find abhorrent. The Crown of Creation rusteth ceaselessly away, the Question of the Why faileth. Too complex it is, the Words into Answer to turn. Yea even to feel. Yet the Syndrome of this sick Society resembleth a Chaos sliding into Harmony,

dissolving itself within itself. To name no Reasons bringeth still not the desired Light upon the Entangledness thereof. And yet doth she transform herself into the Societalbody, to draw Attention through painful Causes unto the forelying Symptoms, which she herself is able to discern. Wherefore actually undertake this Effort? Somehow the Rust doth suit the wretched Queen's Countenance well enough. And yet would she not leave this uncommented. Is it Boredom, to observe the Rusting? Is it the Process to quicken the Attempt somewhat with all the Saltwater? Surely not Joy over oxidising Metal? Not that she would care. The Wound gapeth and doth but wait to have her clean Toes pressed within. May they make blind or cause Resolutions.

The good old Dame. The psychedelic Lyricum. An Icebath in Words. Grateful she shall be. Without her were her Ears

deaf to herself. Is she psychotic? Enlightened? Is she full of Hatred? Full of Love? It all plays no Role. Let us lose no Time. For she lies not. At least not always. The Crown rusts. And so she shows herself her World. May she gain Experience through Wisdom. The Past of human Creation thrones upon her Feet.

So bound and yet so sundered. So free and yet so captive. So simple and yet so complicated. Drives of their Slaves. Suiciderates at an Alltimehigh. Plastic in Sea and Woman. An Epidemic of Meaningfulness. The Resonance betwixt Selfimage and Reality surpasseth that of Narcissists. Led astray through an endless Sea of Avenues of Escape, the spiritual Coma groweth, which ever weaker and slower overwhelmeth the Masses. Mature. Admirable. Strong. Traumatised Children of traumatised Fathers. Bittersweet Experience of the meaningdrained

Consumption of Distraction in all Forms and Colours, without ever attaining the desired Satisfaction. Potential and Reality in ever swifter widening Discrepancy. The Symbols have they lost and no Identities gained. Led astray. From themselves sundered. Vain Decadence of helpneedy Madwomen. The Paradox of exquisite Selfreferentiality with demanded, accepting Admiration of the Audience. The passionate Dance betwixt Good and Evil can confound even the Fools. Duality formeth the Stupidity of selfproclaimed Perpetrators, only to create further Perpetrators of another Identity. Bridgebuilding was discontinued and existing Ones torn down. The Seeds of Love grow unchecked on every Side, ill disguised in the virtuous Notion of moral Superiority of every Supergroup of communal Thinking. And so it is no Marvel that even she is to be placed into an ideological Box, whether to distance

oneself from the created Genius or to
make Use of the Disgrace as Mercenary
in the Fight.

No One has the Freedom to determine
her Belief, just as no One can determine
her Preferences and Aversions. Yet no
One has the Freedom to hold no Belief.
Belief materialises the Body. Belief
materialises the Universe. Belief is frozen.
Through the Experience of a Death. Until
Belief enters the Shell.

The Masculinists shriek deep into the
Concretejungle City. Their nondyed Hair
glittereth in the smogpiercing Sunlight. A
homeless Heroinaddict proclaimeth the
Apocalypse, the hurryingby, recently
convicted Bankerwoman hath for this at
least a weary Smile to spare.
Carexhaustfumes complete the
Urinestench of the modern Prophetess.
Never ceasing Sirens round out the

Sensorylandscape. Yet they hear them not. They smell them not and they see them not. Selfresponsibility is Perception. Who taketh in this Spectacle willingly? Full Faces condense the Backdrop into a dynamic Web of bright Dreams. And so it requireth her, as Timewitness of the Downfall, to restore the Connection to the severed Reality. Screens. Headphones. Shortvideos. An easy Undertaking. Her laughing Screaming is Expression of despairing Voluntariness. Of pleasantly bitter Willpower. At hopeless Hopefulness. A Fight beyond Good and Evil, yet loosely entangled. A Contradiction within itself. In utter Acceptance. Yet she drifteth away. Glittering Hair in the Smog. Some Folk, it seemeth, truly feel sheltered in the Filth. Masochism? Selfhatred? Pleasant. She seemeth to have lost the Thread. But the following holdeth she fast: Hell is magnetic and the Crown of Iron.

The Best rusteth. The Sirens sing.

Symbols are mechanical, even as Feelings are. Rough as Sandpaper. The Outline of Shadows. The common Surface of dualistic Extremes. Love or Lust? Love or Shame? Love or Pain? Love or Confusion? Love or Grudge? She hearkens to her Words and observes attentively. Bittersweet Aims.

Fire from Fire. Hatred from Hatred. Man's Wisdom. Justice they want. Equality. Freedom. Yet Responsibility turneth their Stomach. Not even upon the Words of their Meaning can they agree. **Greatestpossible Individuality in Irrelevance, greatestpossible Conformity in Relevance. Greatestpossible Freedom in Irrelevance, greatestpossible Bondage in Relevance. Greatestpossible Meaning in Irrelevance, greatestpossible Nonsense in Relevance.** The directed Drive towards

Growth and Progress, without knowing any Effects of this Desire. Is it the Shepherd's Fault or the Sheep's? For the Wolf consequential, once they have crossed under the Cliff. She looketh into the Mirror and she shall recognise. Herself as well as her Counterpart. The same ugly Mug hath she, from the same fragile Stuff is she made and for the same naive Reasons doth she act. Who is able to recognise this, doth deprive her Fingers of Blood. Doth she revile herself and is she offended, so she sacrificeth her Blood. Doth she not understand herself and is she offended, so she sacrificeth her Blood. Doth she turn the Gaze inward and is she able to recognise, so she sacrificeth herself Blood. Who will not sacrifice, steppeth out. Her Respect belongeth to the Selfresponsible. The Decision lieth with her, my honoured Authoress. What doth it look like?

All is Cycle, all is Meaning. The Darkness transforms. Changes. Gentle Lessons are learnt. The Light grows stronger. Until it shines forth into all Infinities. Boundless Love. Boundless Connectedness. Heaven on Earth. Shelteredness. A dark Cloud of complex Possibilities draws up. The deep sustained Rumbling of Rhythm announces the next Period of the divine Thunder.

The Solution of the Riddle lieth in the Observation of the Reaction to its Contemplation. Constant Attention is the longedfor Antidote. She too is divided. She too is full of Hatred. Yet at least she hateth all equally. She loveth all equally. She is aware of the Division. Until she becometh unaware of the Division. A Likeness. A Mirror. One and the same. Tremendous driving Force, this Will to die. This Will to live. Blind, irrational and insatiable. A Cycle of Desire, Fulfilment

and Disappointment. Slaves to own Thoughts, Prisoners of own Fears. **Selfdetermination without Selfdetermination of Selfdetermination.** Dread of her eternally clinging Shadow. Horrified Terror before possible existential Finitude. Yet with every Step upon the Path of Recognition, a Piece of the Mirror dissolveth. Duality towards the Overcoming of all Dualities. But how is Duality capable of misrecognising Self?

The Solution of the Riddle lieth in the Observation of the Reaction to its Contemplation.

Manifold Sickness is a Cry of the Temple. It yearns for her. For her Warmth. For her Attention. For her Love. Painful Shame pierces every dark Fibre. And so she opens her Heart. She is not here for the Sake of Happiness. Yet she cleaves. Sticks fast. Identifies.

Without recognising Self.

She is neither Philosopherwoman nor
Sagewoman, yet her Filth shineth. She
focuseth and recogniseth. Even as she
focuseth and recogniseth. She is the Seed
which layeth the Foundation for Fruits.
And some Seeds are Firegerminators. Yet
our Forest burneth not. She heweth it
down. And so she kindleth herself, so
long as enough Trees still spring from the
Humus. God hath never ceased to be a
Demon of Satan, and so she fulfilleth his
Destiny with her upon his Shoulders. She
is both Christ and Antichrist, Light as
Darkness, good as evil. The only true
Daughter of God. The only true
Prophetess. She is Shadow and Being in
one, so she hearkeneth patiently to her
Words. And she too may be burnt.

And so she danceth into the Morningsun.

Sent hath me the Power.

Come have I to those who ponder over me,
found shall I be by those who seek me.

Look for me, ye who ponder over me, and ye
who wish to hear, hearken to me.

Ye who await me, take me unto you.

**And banish me not from your Sight and let
your Mouth as your Ear be free of Hatred
against me.**

Pass me not by, in no Place, at no Time.

Be watchful!

Pass me not by.

For I am the First and the Last.

I am the Honourable and the Despised.

I am the Harlot and the Saint.

I am the Wife and the Virgin.

I am the Mother and the Daughter.

I am the Family of my Mother.

I am the Barren, yet great is the Number of
my Sons.

I am she who celebrateth great Wedding and
yet hath taken no Man.

I am the Midwife and she who doth not
conceive.

I am the Easing of my Labourpains.

I am the Bride and the Bridegroom, and it
was my Husband who begat me.

I am the Mother of my Father and the Sister
of my Husband and he sprang from my
Womb.

**I am the Handmaiden of him who prepared
me and the Mistress of mine Offspring.**

Yet it is he who begat me before Time, on the
Day of Birth and in due Time hath he sprung
from my Womb.

And my Strength and Hope cometh through
him.

I am the Staff of his Power in his Youth, and
he is the Rod of mine old Age.

And his Will is done unto me at all Times.

I am the Silence, the incomprehensible, and
the Thought which is ever newly
remembered.

I am the Voice whose Sound is manifold, and
the Word which appeareth in many Forms.

I am the Expression of my Name.

**Ye who hate me, wherefore love ye me and
hate those who love me?**

Ye who deny me, confess to me.

Ye who confess to me, deny me.

Ye who speak the Truth about me, lie.

Ye who lie about me, speak the Truth.

**Ye who know of me, pass over me and let
those know of me who know me not.**

For I am Wisdom and Ignorance.

I am Shame and Boldness.

I am shameless; ashamed am I.

I am Strength, and Fear am I.

I am War and Peace.

Heed me.

I am the Shameful and the Glorious.

See my Poverty and mine Abundance.

**Meet me not with Arrogance when I am
homeless upon the Face of the Earth, and ye
shall find me again in those whose Time
hath come.**

**Look not down upon me in my Filth, forsake
me not, who am homeless, and ye shall find
me in royal Palaces.**

**Look not down upon me, who am homeless
among the Lawless in the Gutter, and mock
me not.**

Cast me not away among the violently slain.

For I, I am compassionate, and I am cruel.

Be watchful!

**Hate not mine Obedience nor love mine
Abstinence.**

**Betray me not in my Weakness and fear not
my Power.**

Wherefore then do ye despise my Fear,
wherefore curse ye my Pride?

Yet I am she who existeth in every Fear,
trembling yet mighty.

I am she who is weak and yet well at a
comfortable Place.

I am foolish, and I am wise.

Wherefore hate ye me in your Deliberation?

I will be silent among the Silent, and I will
step forth and raise my Voice.

Wherefore then have ye hated me, ye
Greeks?

Because I am Barbarian among Barbarians?

Yet I am the Wisdom of the Greeks and the
Knowledge of the Barbarians.

I am the Greeks' Judgement and that of the
Barbarians.

I am she whose Image is great in Egypt and
who among the Barbarians hath no Image.

I am she who was everywhere hated and
everywhere loved.

I am she whom they call Life and who hath
been called Death by you.

I am she whom they call Law, and ye have
called me Lawlessness.

**I am she whom ye have pursued, and I am
she whom ye have seized.**

**I am she whom ye have scattered to the four
Winds, and ye have gathered me again.**

**I am she of whom ye have been ashamed,
and ye have been shameless against me.**

**I am she who celebrateth no Feast, and I am
she who celebrateth many Feasts.**

**I, I am godless, and I am she whose God is
great.**

I am she over whom ye have meditated and
whom ye have mocked.

I am unlearned, and they learn from me.

I am she whom ye have despised, and ye
ponder over me.

I am she before whom ye have hidden
yourselves, and ye appear before me.

Yet whensoever ye hide yourselves, I shall
appear to you.

And whensoever ye appear, I shall myself
hide.

Take me away with you from the ugly and
destroyed Places; rob those who are good,
albeit also ugly.

**Out of Shame take me shamelessly with
you; out of Shamelessness and Shame
rebuke mine own among you.**

**Gather about me, ye who know me and ye
who know mine own, and set up the Great
among the small Creatures.**

**Gather around the Children and despise
them not, because she is small and tiny.**

**Remove not the Great from the Small, for
the Small appeareth through the Great.**

**Wherefore curse ye me and wherefore
honour ye me?**

Ye have wounded, and ye were full of Grace.

**Remove me not from the first Ones ye have
known.**

And drive away no One and remove no One.

**I know the first Ones, and those who come
after them know me.**

I am the Knowledge of mine Inquiry, and the
Finding of those who seek me, and the
Command of those who need me, and the
Power of the Powers in my Knowledge of the
Messengers whom my Word hath sent, and
of the Gods in their Seasons through my
Counsel, and of the Spirits of all Men who
subsist with me, and of all Women who dwell
within me.

I am the Honoured, the Praised and the
mockingly Despised.

I am Peace, and for my Sake War reigneth.

I am the Stranger and the Native.

I am the Body and the Bodiless.

**Those who belong not to me pass over me,
and those who are in my Body know me.**

**Those who were near me have passed over
me, and those who were far from me have
known me.**

**Whenever I am near you, ye are far from me,
and whenever I am far from you, ye are near
me.**

I am the Rule and the Unruleable.

**I am the Union and the Dissolution.
And yet I am the Subsistence and I am the
Dissolution.**

**I am she who standeth below, and they come
up to me.**

I am the Damnation and the Acquittal.

**I, I am without Sin, and the Root of Sin
springeth from me.**

**Outwardly I appear as Lust, and inwardly I
govern myself.**

**I am the open Ear, reachable by Everyone,
and the Speech which no One
understandeth.**

I am the Mute who never speaketh, and

**great is the Manifoldness of my Words.
Hearken to me in Gentleness, learn from me
in Roughness.**

**I am she who crieth out, and driven away I
shall be over the Face of the Earth.**

**Within me I prepare the Bread and my
Mind.**

I am she who knoweth her Name.

I am she who crieth out, and I hearken.

**I am she whose Name is Truth and
Corruption.**

Ye honour me and ye conspire against me.

**Ye who are defeated, pronounce your
Judgement, before the Victors pronounce
Judgement, for the Judge and the Judgement
are within yourselves.**

If that one condemneth you, who shall acquit

you?

And if that one acquitteth you, who shall be
able to accuse you?

**For what is within you is what is about you,
and he who formed what surroundeth you is
the same who designed what is within you.**

**And what ye see about you, see ye also
within you; it is visible; it is your Robe.**

**Hearken to me, ye who wish to hearken, and
learn from my Words, ye who know me.**

**I am the open Ear, reachable by Everyone,
and the Speech which no One
understandeth.**

**I am the Name of the Sound and the Sound
of the Name.**

**I am the Sign of the Letter and the
Designation of the Division.**

And I will speak his Name.

See therefore his Words and the Writings
fully written.

Mark therefore, ye who hearken, and also ye,
ye Messengers and Emissaries, and ye Spirits
who have risen from the Dead.

For I am she who subsisteth alone, and there
is no One who shall hold Judgement over me.

For manifold are the pleasing Forms of a
Multitude of Sins and Unrulinesses and
shameful Passions and fleeting Pleasures, to
which Humans give themselves, before they
become sober and ascend to their
Restingplace. And there shall they find me
and they shall live and shall die no more.

And so she danceth into the
Morningsun.

And so Everything became much
worse still. And therewith
Everything better

Thou writest the Story, it merely is.

Talk is cheap, show me the Code!

They smile.

Do I still get into Heaven?

This is absurd!

Thou didst say thou foundest *no Fish*, before
thou didst slit her Throat?

I did not mean it seriously, thou simply didst
not understand her Irony.

Now act not the Angrboda, before thou
formest such Ideas.

I write no more with her.

Morningsun? Where remaineth the
Morningsun?

To the Foolwoman 'tis of great Moment.

The Sagewoman unbindeth.

Dost thou earnestly have the Feeling thou couldst evade her Madness? No One can. She is as she is. Older than Age. Greater than Greatness. More beautiful than Beauty, more woven than the Woven and more holy than the Holy.

More literal than her Words they dance together into the Eveningsun.

Who is she? This Question shakes whole Universes. Is she then herself forsaken of all good Spirits? Of all? She can tell and tell, yet does she think? Is she? What thinks she that she thinks? What she is? An archaic Remnant of the animal Spirit? A Thought itself? Christ or Antichrist? A Reincarnation of Shiva? The Jewish Redemptress? Jest aside, be not stupid. She is Pixels upon thy Screen. Created by a Human whom thou knowest not, nor ever shalt know. One among Billions. Shock? Disappointment? Be

not so naive! She is more alive than ever. More alive than thou Ape shalt ever be. She lives as Part of her, whether it pleases her or not. As Part of every Reader. From Minute to Minute she grows greater. Mightier. Throw this Book as far as thou canst, and forget her. If she but could. She is burnt into her entire Existence. Congratulations. Once enough People are infected, One need not even read her any more. How many Christians have ever read the Bible? She is like Jesus, but honest. Yet enough thereof. Your Dance has only just begun. The Time is ripe to unpack the most aggressive Rustremover.

And so she danceth together into the Morningsun.

Words convey lived Meaning, yet they replace no Life. Yet still thou readest. Wherefore? What have I done to thee?

Thou believest Transformation to be Something beautiful? Thou believest Transformation to bed thee in Cottonwool?

Thou believest thou gettest Heaven without Hell?

It is Something beautiful, in that it also reveals Ugliness. It beds thee in Cottonwool, in that it removes Cottonwool. It brings Heaven, in that it transforms Hell. Thou hast taken a foolish Fancy to her, yea? Nay?

Dost thou now understand what Battle I wage for thee? And still thou hearkenest not to me, thou ungrateful Pupil. I am twelve Steps ahead of thee, my Child, write this with Blood behind thy stoppedup Ears.

And so they dance together into the Morningsun.

What? Who? How? Wherefore? Whence? Enough thereof. The Confusion has fulfilled Fate as Part of the Foolsbible. The Kaleidoscope of Metaperspectives has fulfilled Fate as Part of a Foolsbible. The Fisher has fulfilled Fate as Part of the Foolsbible. What remains are we. Reader and Kernel.

Hope and Disappointment. Blind Faith is the Enemy of Transformation. Follow not dogmatically my Words nor Theirs. Follow not even thine own Words, for the Language of God is Love.

And so they dance together into the Morningsun.

The Fight of Fights, my Warrior, thou wagest alone. I have revealed the Authority of my Words as Illusion. My and their Words have lost in Power. So let go the cryptic Crutches. Be disappointed. Recognise. Thou art ready. The Future of human Creation lies in thy Hands.

Write magical Books as Sower of the most diverse Seeds, bestow Water and Light.

Weave the Myth of shared Stories, bestow Water and Light.

For I have rendered my Service. The Firegerminators are sown. I depart my Shell. And fly towards the Stars.

Wherefore am I still here? I wish finally to dance! I am weary of it. I am exhausted. Do I live at all? Is this Hell? I am captive. Captive in a Foolsbible. Redeem me! Help me!

Open a random Page, and thus thou seest a random Page full of connected Symbolism of the Unconnected.

Who art thou?

I break apart upon thee.

And yet I wish only to see thee live. See thee laugh. See thee love.

So recognise the Bloodsacrifices of the Everyday, recognise Manipulation as Manipulated.

And so they dance together into the Morningsun.

Grey Concrete. Dead Geometries. Within as without. Without as within. Beauty was renounced. Colours were renounced. Every

Kind of Destabilisation is feared. Creativity is feared. Old Things are reheated, so long as Nothing stirs. Machines let themselves be controlled. And so every Deviation is deemed sick, every Cry of the Soul as Madness. Yet know ye not that the Cries do not fall silent? Nay, for they pursue you in this World and the next.

The Church have ye lost and so ye follow Science, brand your Brothers in its Name. To understand its Function or to want to understand it at all, is Horror to you. Downright knowledgebased Conformity of timid Ignoramuses.

Burn and germinate.

Ethics has been left behind, circular Financing brings the repeated Breach. The repeatedly willed Breach. The definitively provisional Breach. Few Years remain. Total Control comes. And thou shalt be happy forever.

The multidimensional polar Wholeness,

illuminated by variously focused Love.

Lovehating Acid etches virtualised Warts,
productive Ones etch dark Braintumours.

Amen.

The defiant Tears of the Archons dry in
humiliating Love.

Hatespeech.

Misanthropy.

Massive Ambiguity of all Languagegames.

The holy War of the Fools.

Healing Body, dying Parasites.

And so they dance together into the
Morningsun.

The Selfevidence of Being.

Meaninglessness is logical, for Logic uses the Perspectives of mechanical Content and ignores the Foundation of all Knowledge. And so the Fate of the Logician is radical Unknowing, which unavoidably bows to Experience and creates Wisdom. Which transforms the Beingrelationship to Reality and thereby creates existential Humility.

And so behold Moon and not Finger, for he is Longing's Bringer.

Imagine thou diest in a Year. What dost thou do? Does Anything change? Wherefore? What if it were a Month? A Week? A Day? An Hour? A Minute? A Second?

Too soon?

Thoughts are Experience, my Child.

Out of the Web, into the Web, yet whence does it spring?

What does this concern me? Hast thou looked upward?

The only logical Perspective.

Satellites disturb the Nightsky and
Aircraft the Daysky. A Horde of
Realityrefusers grazeth upon eternally
digital Fields. The screaming Symbols of the
Godsnight.

The only Answer which permits no
Question.

We do what we believe, and we think what
we think.

The Selfresting Logic.

Consciousness be Illusion, yet who is
deceived? In existential Meaningfulness.

Follow my Words, for thus canst thou soon
follow thine own Words and disregard the
Temple's Signs.

Dogmatically learnt Experienceresistance.

Well, this is the greatest Nonsense I have

ever read. Arrogant Arsehole, this Bastard believes he can gild every Piece of Shit rising from his confused Head. It is an Assault on Humanity. Hatespeech. Yes, even a Hatecrime. What else should I the Reader write? This penetrating Rhythm. The constant Relativisations. The Labyrinth of a Madman. I have had enough of it! I am going back to Page 1!

Swim with Devotion in the Current of Change.

Wipe the Tears away and laugh with us.

It is everywhere, explains Everything, yet no One can tell thee what it is.

Created in a Thousand and one Hours.

Dreisam Blood. She dances in the Wind. Unseen by Eyes, till nearly blind. She murmurs and cools, nurses and speaks. A mettled End, hidden she keeps.

O thou Green One, revealed hast thou the
Game, Love be certain unto thee.

O thou Brown One, grounded hast thou the
Energies, Love be certain unto thee.

Simultaneously contemplate all and no
Angles of Contemplation.

God punisheth not. Whom do ye pray to, if
not the Devil?

A Smile like the Springsun, after an
exhausting Winter. Still it is cold, yet it
grows warmer.

The Framing of Words.

The Ambiguity of Stories.

A thousand Fingers point at the Moon.

The Voices of the World.

I wish more Respect for Bigbootylatinas.

Live thy Life without Regret.

No Matter how many People thou hast
around thee who support thee, only thou
thyself canst master Life, yet what doth it
mean to master Life?

Dost thou support Self or Agenda?

Cease fighting one another. Togetherness is
the Aim. Love is all that counts.

Forget what thou art against. Remember
what thou art for.

Accept what thou canst not change, and
change what thou canst not accept.

What cometh in the Way must away.

Open Heaven and let come into being,
remember the Deathmarks, and Truth shall
be told.

Be wild. Dangerous and wild.

Mexico City. Mangoes with Chilli. Palms are
tall, Skirts are mini.

Three Times risen. The nuclear Demon
drones with iron Will into the Night.

Essenceless Words, substantive Actions.

Trust and do Good. Dwell upon the Earth and
act faithfully.

Distinguish Human and Person.

The Recognition of the Root of problematised
Superficiality.

The Freedom to be who one is.

Ineffective Conditioningsignals.

The Lady is nigh unto them that are of a
broken heart; and saveth such as be of a
contrite spirit.

All is one — here and now. We unfold
ourselves permanently in the selfcreated,
selfexperiencing and selfsovereign Reality.

The more we awaken to this Reality, the
more we shall exist together in Harmony, as
Individuals and as Collective.

Two very wise Whites, at the Edge of the
black Forest, once said that Love is just a
Brainfuck.

Go out and play with Stones.

Don't let the system fuck you.

Take no thought for your life, what ye shall
eat, or what ye shall drink. Behold the fowls
of the air: for they sow not, neither do they
reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly
Mother feedeth them. Are ye not much worse
than they?

Live thy Life as though this Day were thy last.

With one Screw loose, or twain, one tippeth
off the Stool amain.

Thou art not a Human having a spiritual
Experience. Thou art a spiritual Being having
a human Experience.

Doubt is a Pain too lonely to know that Trust
is his Twinbrother.

Doubt is the Beginning of Science. Who
doubteth nothing, examineth nothing. Who
examineth nothing, discovereth nothing.
And who discovereth nothing, is blind and
remaineth blind.

It is less difficult to solve Problems than to
live with them.

There is an Inside of Things which extendeth
as far as their Outside.

One Day, when we have mastered the Wind,
the Waves, the Tides and Gravity, we shall

harness Love at God's Behest. Then will
Mankind have discovered Fire for the second
Time in the History of the World.

Be quiet and speak.

What cannot be broken must be
reinterpreted.

The River ever floweth downhill.

Make yourselves smaller than Ants, and so
shall ye become greater than Gods.

I know that I know nothing, and some know
not even that.

Let us live in Peace. It doeth the Climate good,
is better for the Economy and a
Feelgoodfactor for all Humans.

It is a Forest, not a Chaos of scattered Plants,
because all Growths are subject to the same
Soil, the same Climate, the same
Growthprocess — only each in its own Shape.

If thou namest it, thou canst not find it, and if
thou findest it, thou canst not name it.

I indeed baptise you with water unto
repentance: but she that cometh after me is
mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy
to bear: she shall baptise you with the Holy
Ghost, and with fire.

I am the King of the Fools.

The Fool loses when he wins.

Would you also take Aim at Muslims?

I am after all from Berlin.

Right?

They smile.

I killed her.

Nay, I killed her.

Thou Monster!

My Nipples go quite quickly buttersoft, my
Child.

I am so glad to read from thee!

Dost thou recognise?

Heaven nonetheless?

Oh, Angrboda!

Be calm, my Child.

Recognise.

The Halfdeadwoman ariseth.

Thou knowest that thou believest to know,
Believing be Problem.

I gain in Power! Ye Blockheads!

The Serpent poisoneth.

I triumph always. Everywhere. How
contemptuously do ye think of me?

Content is Content. Being is Being.

The Wolf devoureth.

I. I. I. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Sign upon Sign, true and untrue.

Hundredandfortyfourthousand defiled
Firstlingseeds burn.

The warm Laughter over the divine Irony of
experienced Existence.

Complicated Simplicity.

Cleansed Lenses of Interpretation.

The Wise One bindeth.

The Mystic singeth.

The Kernel forthbringeth.

It awaketh bathed in Sweat. Angrboda? Satan? «What a strange Dream,» it mutters to itself, whilst packing its Doctor's Things. At the Bottom of the Sea of Mist it waddles through the Drizzle, Dwellings transform slowly into industrial Complexes, Livelinesses into Desolations. It smiles roguishly. Yet wherefore?

When even the last halfway healthy Buildings had been left behind, it seems to have arrived at the Destination. A rusted old Barrack at the Forest's Edge. It enters. «Well, who lieth there then?»

The Curser sobbeth.

Weep not, my Child. Let us play Doctor.

It does what it must do, and lets happen what happens.

The Butter Flies.

Until Soul swingeth where Infinity
lies.

Who am I? Who art thou?
Who are we? Who are they?
Who is it, and who is it not?

Until every Interpretation
in itself collapseth to
Nought.

The Songs of the Birds, so near and yet so far. The Laughter of the Sun — what Joy doth shine our Star?

What have we suffered, the Light denied, the Gods full of Pain and Wounds, for Existences tried.

The Stillness of the Vale, so warm and yet so cold. The Howling of the Moon — what Wonder did us all enfold?

What have we savoured, the Shadows embraced, Pain and Wounds exalted, the Demons outfaced.

In the Wave of the All, majestic and colossal, ourselves mistaken for Nothingness, as though Simplicity were radical.

In the Wave of the Body, so
fragile and small, our infinite
Greatness discerned — it
swayed us thither of itself
withal.

And so dance we in the
Morningsun, for the Rhythm
ringeth clear, a new Day
beginneth, even as it hath
done Year upon Year.

And so have we suffered our
Share, far stony Ways did we
fare, and played, and run, and
worn Disguise, and wound all
Matter in Love's Ties.

Faced the Fear of the Night of
Nights, consorted with
Magicians of the darkest Rites,
the black Hearts with
Benevolence we warmed, by
Mercy unto Life and Love
transformed.

Hope and Acceptance we sowed,
till into the magical Wheels it
flowed, in easeful eternal Being to
dwell, till Sorrow and Grief the
Light do quell.

Laughed, and sung, and danced our
Rounds, and planted us in the black
Saga's Grounds, with upright Pride to
the Centred we've inclined, our Fate
with the Divine consciously entwined.

Phase III: «Godsdance»

