



#reprogrameself

ARE
YOU A
NINJA
?



Messages from the Void

by: Idris

Do you feel the urge to save the world? to save humanity?
Do you think humanity needs saving? Are we facing impending doom?

Look around you: **the world will survive**. The question is... **will you adapt?**

Would you **change the world**; and to ease your conscience call it “**saving**”? I like to believe that humanity and nature were never separate. We were never *above* it; and never below it.

Look at our environment and you will see our collective emotions magnified. In plants and animals you will see our physical interactions: kill AND be killed; no true apex predator. Some individuals would like to think we learned *from* nature. However, I would like to believe that **we are *nature made flesh***: with all of its ferocity and force. Beyond distinction as good or evil. Beyond disease or cure.

We can add to this premise, and look at it in a different context

Finally, we are actually in control! And we are the ones who make the choices for ourselves; not some external agency influencing us to do right or wrong: religion; politics; morality. To be able to start believing this, first believe that **you are not *inside* of your physical body, but *outside* of it.**

We are the Chaos revolving around our body

We are Chaos presenting itself as thoughts and actions through the physical and the metaphysical; through senses and even indifference. Seeing through this paradigm, we are connected to everyone who puts credence in this belief.

**But beyond all of the transcendental pointlessness,
how can this help us?
(other than causing a smile)**

There might be **hope for mankind to live as one**; which honestly I would NOT want to see. We are individuals and **long live individuality**. This belief, like any other, is no more than a tool. And if it is **ONLY escapism**, without helping you to change your reality, then all it would do is make you **feel like a hero**. But this is **just a fallacy**; self-delusion. You would be the furthest thing from a hero, as you haven't figured how to use this understanding to your personal advantage.

**How, then, would you expect to change the world
if you can't even change yourself**



The maxim of “change yourself and the world will change” is *bullshit*. We chose to believe it because there must be a reward at the end; expecting the universe to bribe us into becoming better people. **The only fragment that we tend to truly believe in is the need to change.** But what we are doing is returning to nature and its forces. Somehow, generation by generation, we seem to be doing just that; and as we are realizing what we might become, we are changing.

And now, for the construct of nature and the essence of things.

Let's deconstruct it (for the fuck of it).

There is **no *Self*** and there is **no *Being***.

(Have you ever fathomed those things?)

Ultimately, what has no end has no beginning; and *that is its illusion*. The key is that there is **no *nature*** to start with.

If it is CHANGE then the concept of *change* having a *nature* is delusion. There are only probabilities; only possibilities; only perceptions of change; and our *Will* to assure they reach fruition. There is no nature only our perception of *nature* and how we can manipulate our current perception to fulfill our desires.

How does this deconstruction of *nature* help us

Well, it does by whatever means you see fit to help you in your world

AND

to deconstruct the concept of the world?maybe some other time.

My point here is to show that transcendentalism and philosophy, when not used to our advantage, end in abyssal forms of spiritual masturbation.....

I feel eager to deconstruct the concept of spirit and the soul; but another time.

P.S. I know I said I would talk about beauty but this seemed tastier to deconstruct.

To end this for now.....remember.....

Liberate yourself from good and evil; and from everything

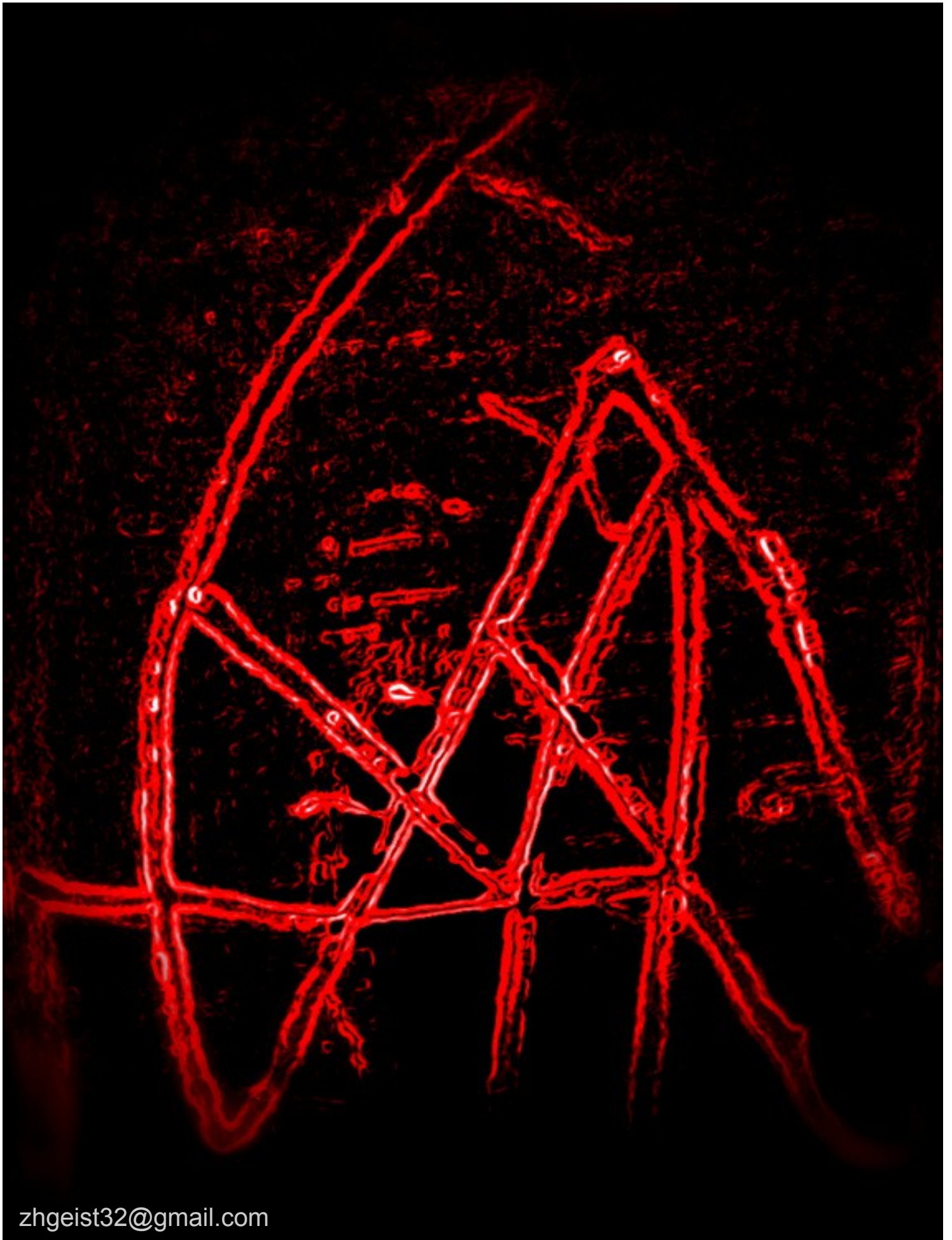
So **no silliness** will attach you to its grips.





Idris: Messages From the Void





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- The LS-NCB

- The Ellis - Nuclear Chaos Bomb

- This little gem of a sigil bomb is known as the LS-NCB. I created many years ago based on an idea that Silenced proposed back in the original Glitterbomb post on the old school Occult Forums site. His idea was called a Spirit bomb. His theory was to create a sigil that would act as a spiritual time bomb that is linked into the will and consciousness of the user. This spirit bomb would tear open the fabric of consensual reality to create a mini self created spiritual vortex. I absolutely loved the idea, but felt I needed to do some tweaking of my own and add bit of LS to it. To give a bit of time reference, this was around 2005/06 just around the time that it was being discovered that LS was evolving from sigil to servitor.

So, I took the idea of the spirit bomb and decided to use the LS as the backbone spirit and sigil and then drew down some primordial Chaos, infused it with Nuclear energies and encased it as a Bomb and finally drew in the spiral to act as the detonator all through some intense ritual work, sweat inducing visualization meditations, and adding in massiveentheogenic gnosis. As for the actual drawing of the sigil itself, I had chose to go with a more basic bindrune design. Not only was it an aesthetic choice, but it made it great for a quick draw and drop technique. There was also the underlying link that each letter of the NCB portion shares with a particular rune.

- Take first the N. The design of the N in this sigil is a direct link back to the old Norse rune of Hagalz. For those who may be unfamiliar with the runes Hagalaz was known as the hail stone or the initiator of radical change. To the Norse the sign of hail meant that they were due for some extreme weather changes. For me it only seemed natural to use this runic design for the N portion of the sigil.



- Now on to the C. I chose to use the Norse rune Kenaz for the C design not just because of it's aesthetic quality, but because of what Kenaz represents. To hearken back to the old Norse traditions, the rune Kenaz represented not just the torch of illumination, but also the fire of transformation. Some have equated Kenaz to the phoenix fire; burning and purging of the old self that no longer serves to be reborn from those ashes anew. This was just something else that seemed to click for the purposes of the sigil.

- And here comes the B, as in Berkano. Traditionally Berkano is seen as being related to the birch tree. While some see Berkano as a symbolic representation of the pregnant goddess. I tend to have a different take on Berkano. I always felt that the rune was better represented as the womb of potentialities. In the case of this sigil I drew the Berkano to act as a containment field for these volatile energies. It just made sense to me.

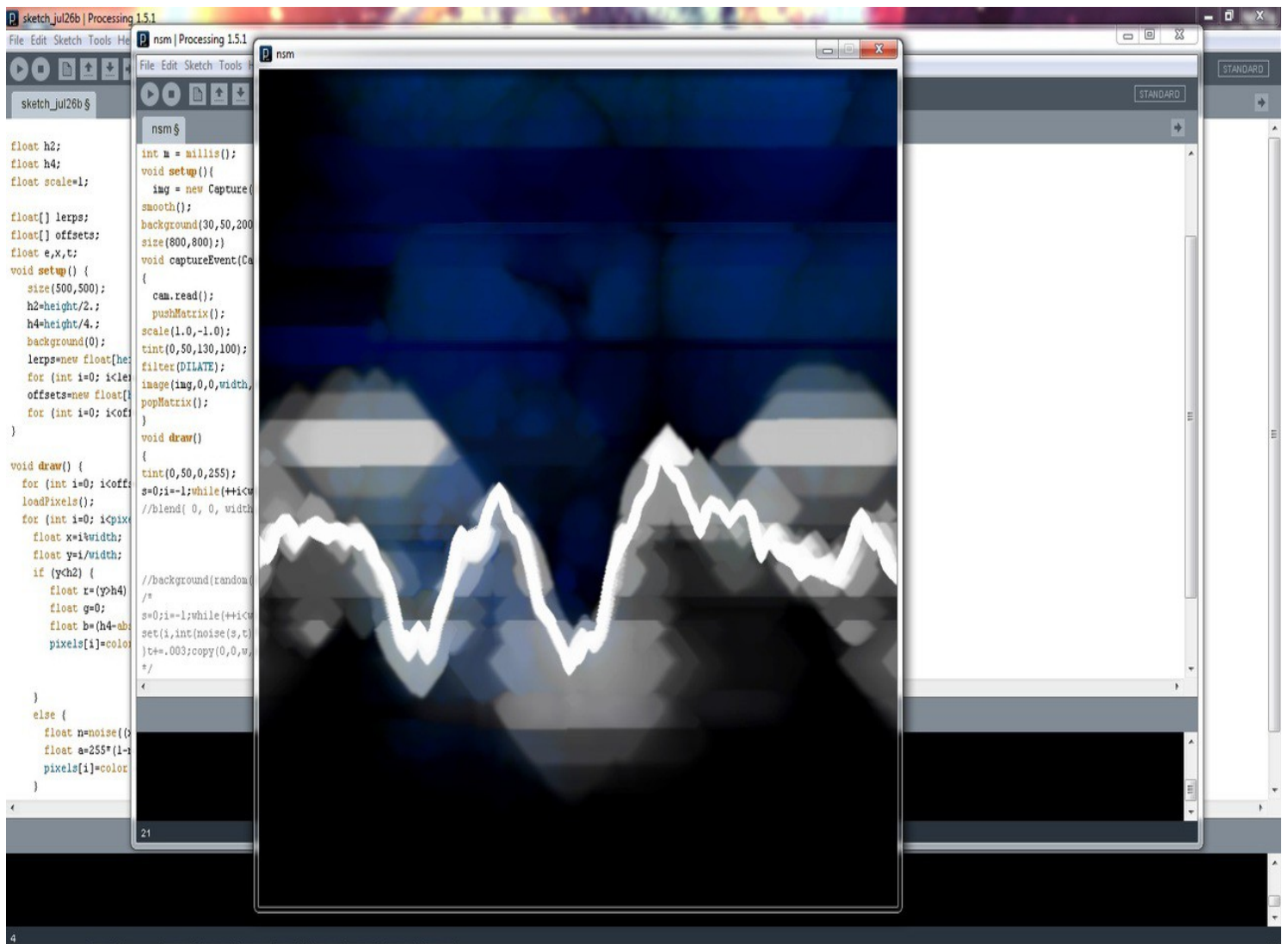
- Finally, we come to the central point of the entire sigil which is a spiral. There have always been very deep seated symbolic connections associated with the spiral throughout almost every culture the world over. The spiral has been viewed as dual purpose. It acts as both a symbol of creation in it's upward configuration, but in the downward configuration it is seen as a potent symbol of the dissolution into chaos. Very fitting in my opinion. Since the spiral has such ancient and archaic meanings and origins it is deeply embedded within the unconscious collective. This is something I felt would act as the perfect detonator mechanism for the sigil because it is so immersed within us.

- Aside from strictly using the sigil I also made the conscious choice of being able to use the lettering sequence for tagging too. I specifically developed the lettering sequence of LS-NCB so that it may also be used within computer programs such as Google Earth to tag remote locations with it. Interestingly enough I have seen news broadcasts of strange events and odd weather occurring in places that I have remotely tagged with the LS-NCB using these coordinate system programs.

- Well there you have it kids, the history and mystery of the LS-NCB. Do what you will with it, but this gem comes with a warning. This sigil has been known to cause mass states of madness and insane chaotic collateral damage.

Enjoy..





“I think my computer and I wut'ted right Here. Totally unintentional, however that Does not mean that I am extraordinarily Unhappy that it did. A happy mistake.

First, this
happened...



... Then this
occurred.



This fractal is both an entity and a portal.

"LUKINOX PORT VISINOX PLANE'OTH UP DIAL"

translation

" I unlock the gate to the hidden faces of space."

-Elifu



Seth Moris

The child, inclined toward calmness, fed with common fears (of germs, illness, neighbors, murders, pandemonium) becomes eventually exasperated, not just with the psychic noise in his environment; he becomes exasperated with the sometimes severe impediment of his own consciousness because of the fears being fed him. Like chemicals in food and drugs, fearful thoughts (thoughts in general) have an effect on the development of an individual's entire organism.

Fear suppresses creativity; yet, paradoxically, it is through a child's journey towards freedom through those fears which one must come to realize are based on illusion and misconstrued facts, that one becomes creative. It is by suppressing strength and creative willpower that creativity becomes or gains its potential, free, and without limits.

However, this method of inducing creativity is, I believe, a misguided approach; the perpetrators of fear-based ideas and ideologies tend to be unaware of what they do, or why. It is successful in producing general memes.

Creativity most likely comes to fruition as its ultimate free potential as the ^{natural} state, it must flow like water under pressure.

Chaos Princess

When she was born Lilith stood over her cradle and proclaimed, "I give this child the gift of being irresistible to the 72 princes."

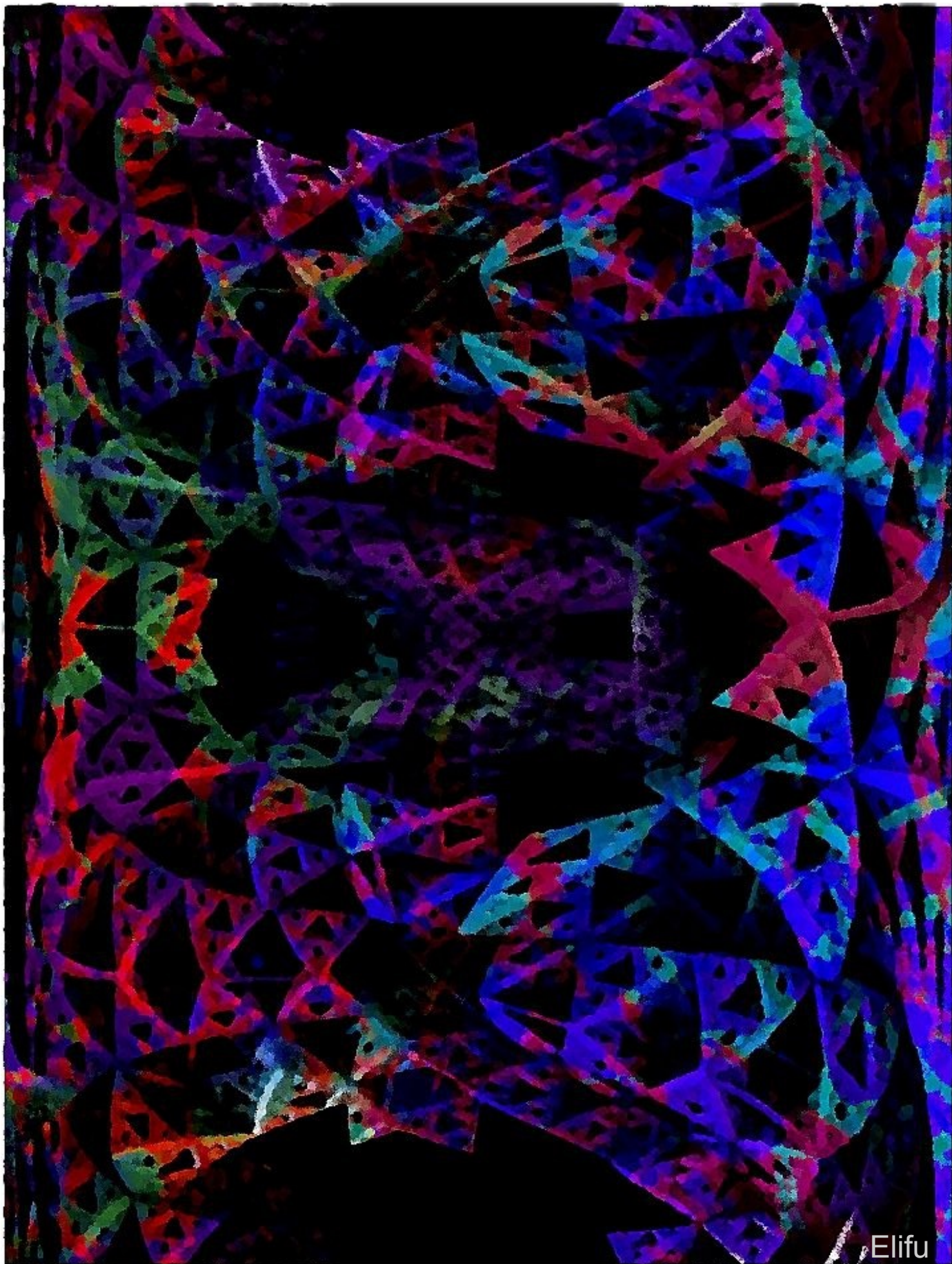
Twenty years later Jacinta sat in a spacious hall dressed in lilac and green chiffon, her computer screen before her. "I don't want easy", she said. "Never again. Easy makes my little sister's world die. Let me show my mettle. A comedy animation! Here, this is the signature tune."

"That's the tune from the Wal-Mart advert."

"Thank you! I treasure criticism. Criticism is my gold, O Muse with golden harp. I'll try again. The clown needs adjusting too. Hey, Heyoka."

A body on the screen opened out, revealing slimy red viscera. "The grotesque I do not like. Princesses hate pee in the bed, or pee in the bed. Yet our culture demands it. The golden pearl at the centre of my cartoon lyrical and brash by turns is not the laughter, not even when it slides into hysteria and unexpected gnosis. The golden pearl is me- and my kingdom- after this long work so wonderfully Not Easy, and so wonderfully not given on a plate with cherries."

By Tara Flower



A Letter To A Friend

I let out my thoughts in wait

Care escapes me as I stare

Ahead, empty suburban sprawl

I love to people watch

But no one's ever around

Locked up hermetic experiences

All alone in their rooms

On the rail more words enter in

**Exoteric influence commanding
attention**

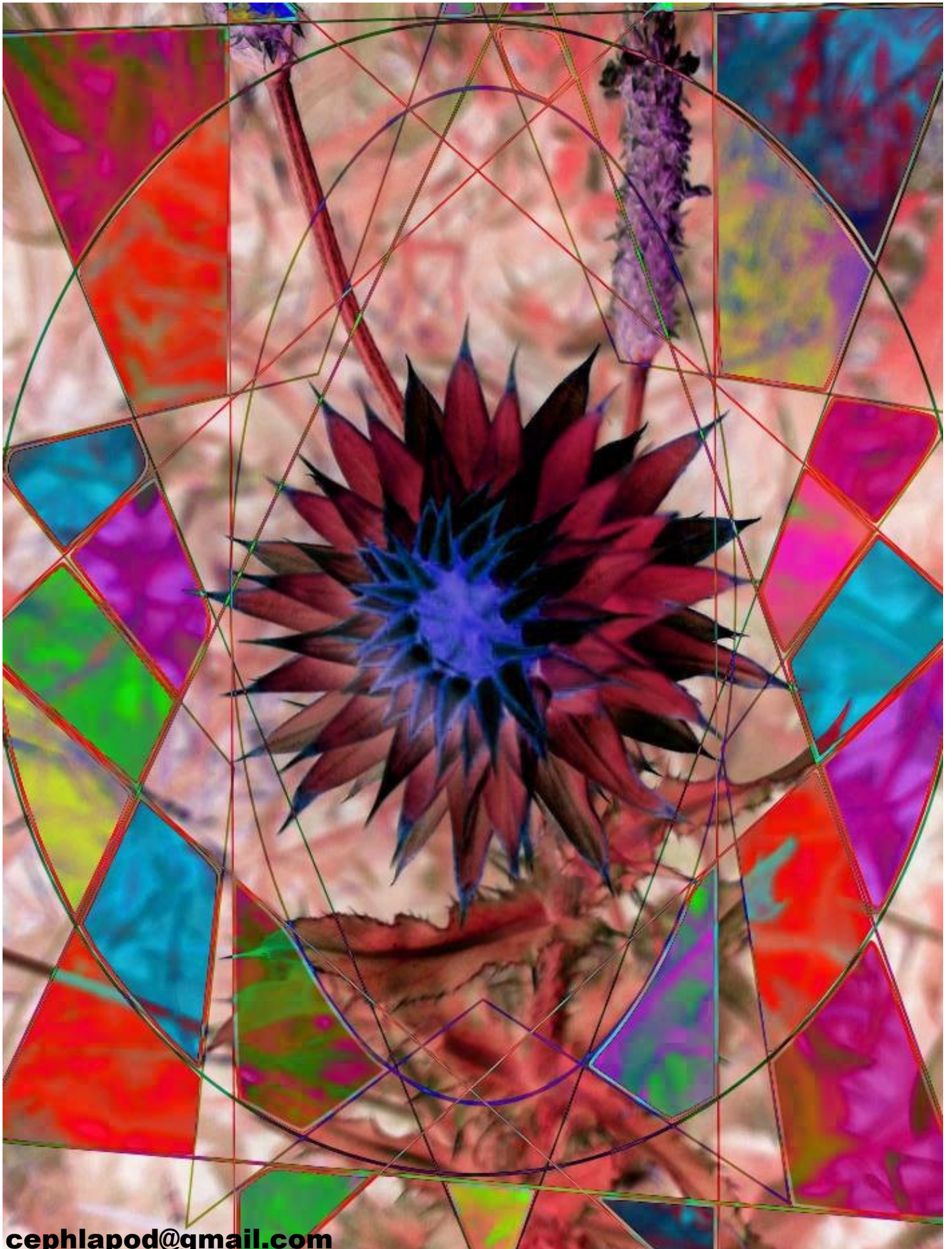
To the evils of the masses

**Is this what our zero point amounts
to?**

**-- Eyes wide shut and barely
breathing**

Das Tik Tik- Useless servitor known for running and running
Tik Tik Tik Tik Tik Tik Tik Tik Tik Tik Tik Tik
By: Chinché

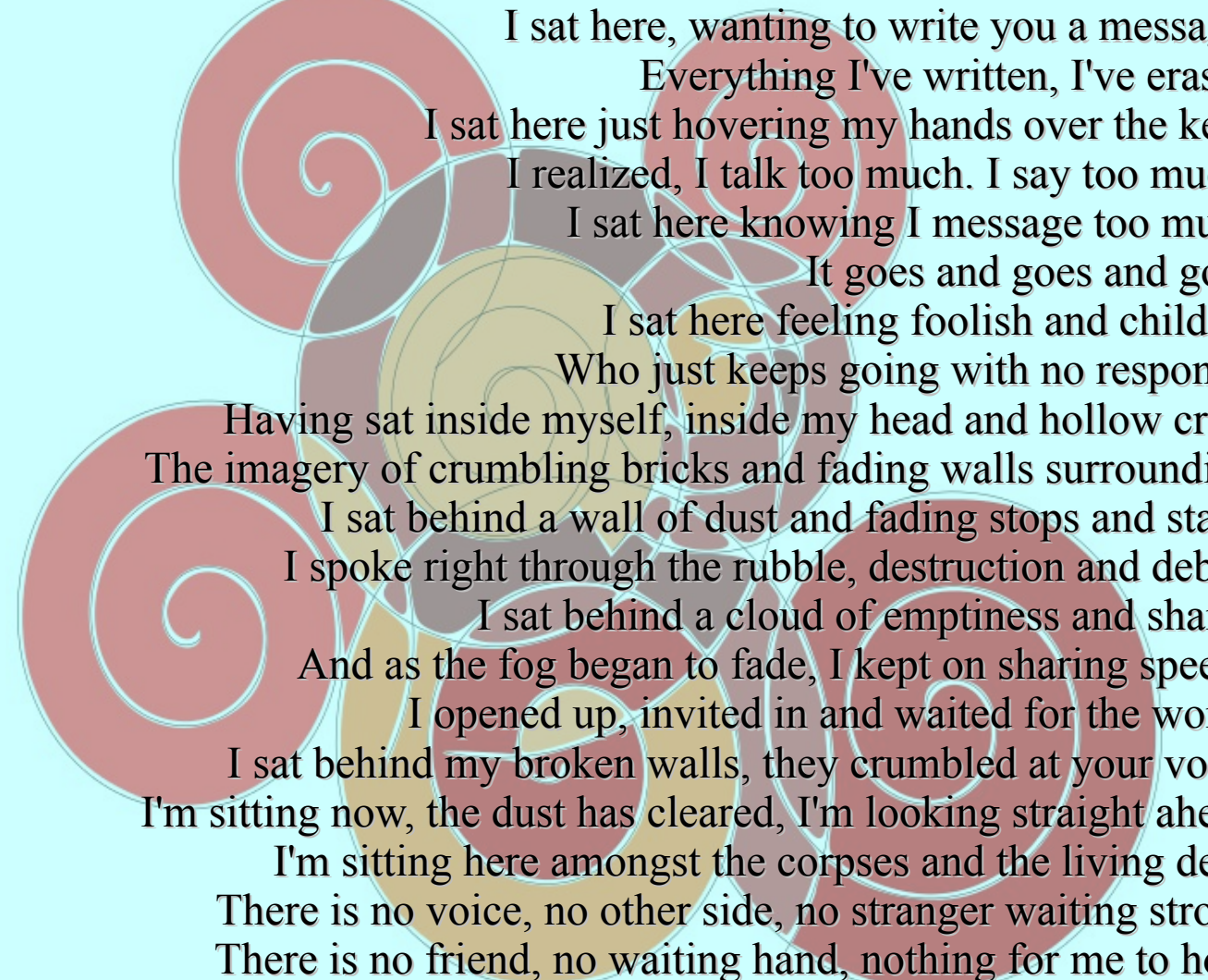




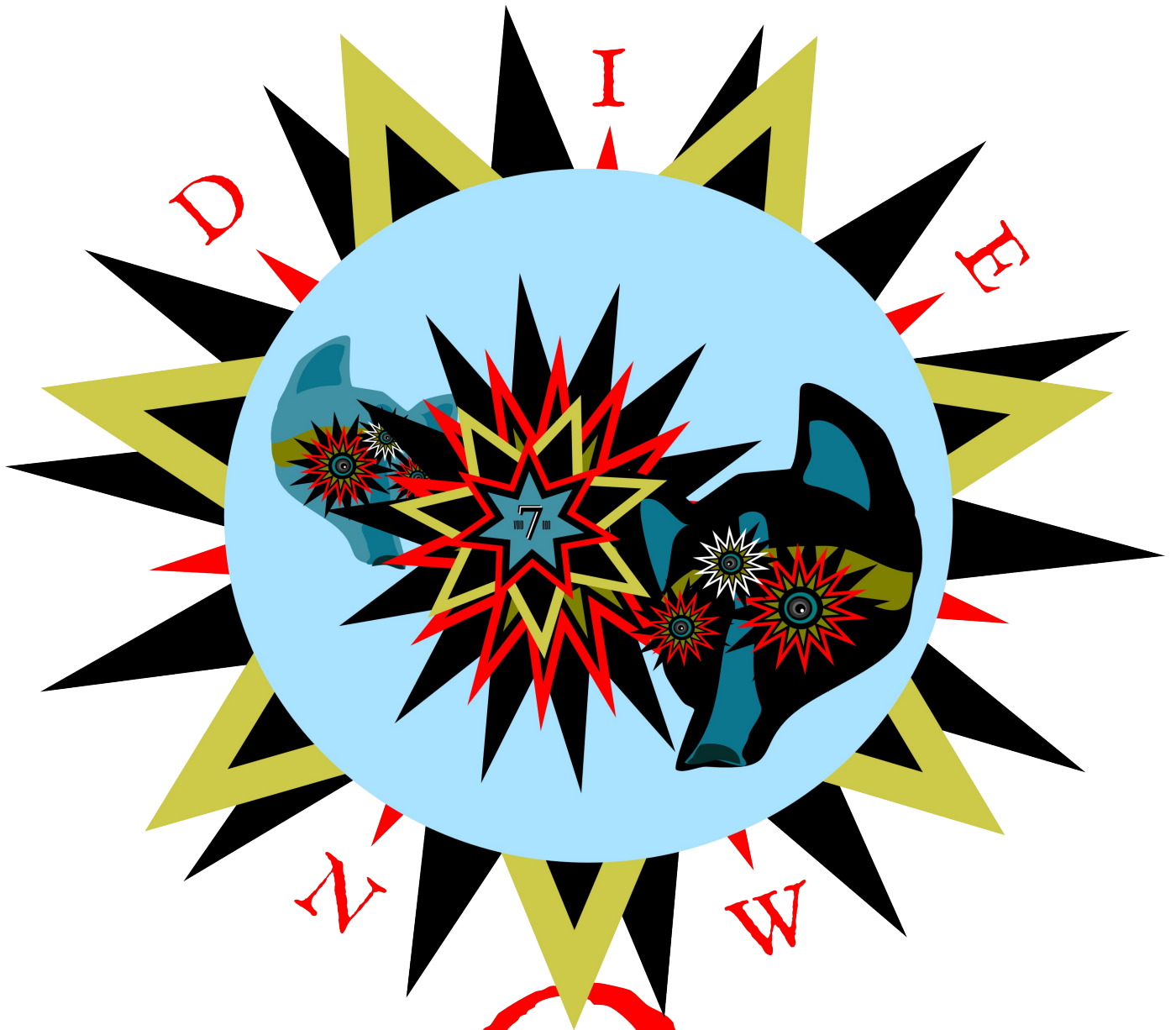
K.Marju faestar@gmail.com



No More Words...



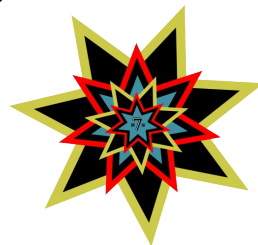
I sat here, wanting to write you a message.
Everything I've written, I've erased.
I sat here just hovering my hands over the keys.
I realized, I talk too much. I say too much.
I sat here knowing I message too much.
It goes and goes and goes.
I sat here feeling foolish and childish.
Who just keeps going with no response?
Having sat inside myself, inside my head and hollow crust,
The imagery of crumbling bricks and fading walls surrounding.
I sat behind a wall of dust and fading stops and starts.
I spoke right through the rubble, destruction and debris.
I sat behind a cloud of emptiness and shame.
And as the fog began to fade, I kept on sharing speech.
I opened up, invited in and waited for the words.
I sat behind my broken walls, they crumbled at your voice.
I'm sitting now, the dust has cleared, I'm looking straight ahead.
I'm sitting here amongst the corpses and the living dead.
There is no voice, no other side, no stranger waiting strong.
There is no friend, no waiting hand, nothing for me to hold.
As I sit, I stare across into a great abyss.
A void of empty dreary space, a silent and cold darkness.
A veil, a silly stupid thought, to think it would come true.
Those foolish dreams and starlight things that used to carry me through.
I wept for longing starry eyes, to linger lovers touch.
Sinking deep reality knows touching is too much.
Adrift at sea I cast away and leave the wall behind.
I leave a path forever past, I've run those rivers dry.
To rocky seas, a smooth calm breeze, to rushing with the fish.
I'm dreaming once again of touching one more passing ship.
With thoughts, with words, with hands, I'm forever reaching out. Someday
I'll find a grasping hand, of that I have no doubt.
It's up to you to grab a hold.
My star hand stretched out far.



★ IMPLEXUM ★

LAXAMENTUM

NON
DEATH OF SELF
BIRTH OF OTHER
NON



The Tao of the AEON Network

the way of the AEON Culture

Ars Transcendit Omnem Racionem

Art Transcends All Reason

Why Is the AEON Network Here

To Inspire Everyone to Express Their Potential through Introspective Art-Magic

We are working for personal development thru works of creativity. We use individual efforts combined with group support for mutually beneficial artistic productions. Among a myriad of other works, AEON produces the on-line magazine Liber32; and you could be a part of its evolution.

What Are We Like

*A Unique Art-Magic Collective made up of Highly Creative Individual Rebel Artists
Writers, Graphic Designers, Crafters, Pranksters & Performers*

All artists are recognized for their individual and group efforts but AEON is an anonymous network: there is no Intellectual property here. We believe that art is information, and information is free. Sharing from AEON is not only allowed, it is encouraged.

How We Work Together

Evolution through Force of Will Transcends Ego

AEON is a living and continuously evolving production where all group members can express their internal creative abilities. We understand that all alliances are a collective of egos; and egos are ruled by emotions. Art-magic is a very emotional experience; and shared experiences are most gratifying. We critique and encourage each other to promote our mutual artistic evolution.

Why You Belong

Art-Magic is the Expression of Potential

Art is internal magic. Artists live inside-out; manifesting art externally to make the world more exotic; even if only for themselves. [Join us at AEON Network on Facebook.](#)

“If you want to really hurt you parents, the least you can do is go into the arts. I'm not kidding. The arts are not a way to make a living. The arts are not a way to make a living. They are a very human way of making life more bearable. Practicing an art, no matter how well or badly, is a way to make your soul grow, for heaven's sake. Sing in the shower. Dance to the radio. Tell stories. Write a poem to a friend, even a lousy poem. Do it as well as you possible can. You will get an enormous reward. You will have created something.”

- Kurt Vonnegut

BY: SETH MORIS

"STAND BACK, STAND BACK!" A SECURITY GUARD BELLOWED, HIS CORPULANT CHEEKS A RUDDY BRICK RED AND BLOND FIVE O'CLOCK SHADOW STANDING OUT LIKE AN EXCLAMATION POINT ON HIS FACE. A SWELLING CROWD OF PEDESTRIANS WERE HELD BEHIND THE THIN MAKESHIFT BARRIERS ERECTED IN FRONT OF OUR LOCAL CHAPTER OF KYBERNETES INTERNATIONAL. THE BUILDING WAS A MODERN TOWER OF BABEL, RISING FAR ABOVE ITS SURROUNDINGS. IN OUR LITTLE CORNER OF THE WORLD THE BUILDINGS DIDN'T GET VERY TALL, THEY WERE SQUAT AND MADE OF CHEAP TICKY-TACKY, THE STREETS WERE CROWDED AND GREW SPORADICALLY LIKE SOME SORT OF CONCRETE MEGA-MOULD. THE KYBER-INTL. MONOLITH LOOMED OVER, BLOCKING OUT THE SUN. IT WAS ALL CHROME, WHITE, AND GREY. IT WAS MORE THAN MODERN, IT HAD A DISTINCT TASTE OF...THE FUTURE.

THE CROWD KEPT TESTING THE BOUNDARIES SET BY THE TROOP OF PRIVATE SECURITY, AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE A HANDFUL OF CRIES, HIGH PITCHED AND PAINFUL, SEEPED OUT OF THE MOB. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE THE TITANIUM, TELESCOPING BATONS THE SECS CARRIED FLASHED THROUGH THE AIR ONTO UNPROTECTED HEADS, WRISTS, AND NECKS. THE CROWD COLLECTIVELY BACKED UP BUT DID NOT DISPERSE SAVE FOR A FEW OF THE WOUNDED, BEARING BRIGHT SCARLET SCALP WOUNDS AND SHUFFLING TO SAFETY. THE COLLECTIVE WEREN'T GOING TO LEAVE, NOT WHEN IMMORTALITY WAS ON THE LINE.

THE CORPORATION'S FIRST MISTAKE, CRITICS WOULD MOAN, IS THAT THEY WENT PUBLIC WITH THEIR CYBERNEURAL TRANSMIGRATION TOO EARLY. THESE SORTS OF THINGS HAVE RITUAL, THEY HAVE PROCEDURE. THE POOR AND WORKING CLASS WERE NOT SUPPOSED TO KNOW IT EXISTED. KYBER-INTL. HAD BROKEN THE UNWRITTEN LAWS OF THE MEGACORPS AND GONE TRANSPARENT. NO ONE KNEW WHY, EXACTLY. THE POOR COULD NOT AFFORD THE TRANSMIGRATION PROCEDURE. THIS WAS AS MUCH OF A COLD HARD FACT AS GRAVITY. BUT THAT DIDN'T STOP WHAT LOOKED LIKE (AMONG THE WEALTHIER CONSERVATIVE-DEMOCRATS) A PILE OF HUMAN REFUSE FROM APPEARING OUTSIDE OF THEIR BUILDINGS. EVERY. DAY.

ME? I HAD A PASS. JOURNALISTIC. MY EDITOR HAD SOME CONNECTIONS WITH THE UPPITY-UPS AT THE CORP AND THEY AGREED FOR SOME POSITIVE EXPOSURE, AS LONG AS THEY GOT SAY OVER WHAT EXACTLY WE PUBLISHED. I FELT COMFORTABLE GIVING THEM THE IMPRESSION THEY WERE SAFE. I INTENDED TO DO WITH WHAT INFORMATION I UNCOVERED, AS I WILL. I WAS PARTLY FREELANCE, AND THERE WERE BIG PLAYERS IN TOKYO AND BERLIN WHO HAD PUT A DATA-BOUNTY ON KYBERNETES. NOT THAT I WAS SOLD, BUT I'VE ALWAYS CONSIDERED MYSELF AN OPPORTUNIST. YOU HAVE TO BE, I HAD RATIONALIZED, TO GET AHEAD.

I PUSHED MY WAY THROUGH THE BUSTLING CROWD, THE OVERWHELMING SMELL OF STINK AND SWEAT INVADING WHAT FELT LIKE EVEN MY PORES. WHEN I GOT NEAR THE BARRICADES, THE SEC-MAN RAISED HIS BATON THREATENINGLY UNTIL I FLASHED THE LAMINATED CARD HUNG AROUND MY NECK.

"PRESS." I SAID, AND UNSLINGING THE CARD, HANDED IT OVER THE BARRICADE TO THE FAT SEC I HAD SEEN SCREAMING. HIS BEADY EYES DARTED OVER MY IDENTIFICATION NUMBER, AND I COULD SEE HIS JAW AND TONGUE MOVE INSIDE OF HIS MOUTH IN THE TELL-TALE WAY THAT SEC-MEN OUTFITTED WITH SUBVOCALIZATION UNITS CONVULSE THEIR FACES WHEN THEY WANT TO HAVE A SILENT CONVERSATION THROUGH SOME IMPLANT OR ANOTHER TO THEIR BOSSES.

AFTER A MINUTE, THE BIG MAN PASSED MY CARD BACK AND MOVED ONE OF THE PLASTIOD BARRIERS ASIDE. I SNUCK THROUGH AND NODDED POLITELY, MUTTERING SOMETHING EVEN I COULDN'T MAKE OUT AND HEAVED MYSELF UP THE WHITE STEPS TO THE BUILDING.

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I WAS STUCK WAITING, AGAIN. THIS TIME IN A SMALL ROOM WITH A FEW MEN AND WOMEN WHO WORE OUTLANDISH POST-MODERN CLOTHES THAT PROBABLY COST MORE THAN I MAKE IN A MONTH. I SUPPRESSED A SNEER, KEPT IT INTERNAL. I THOUGHT MYSELF A CIVILIZED, MODERN GENTLEMAN BUT WHEN I THINK BACK TO THE AVERSION I HAD FOR THOSE FOLK, SITTING THERE AND TYPING NERVOUSLY ON THE LATEST HOLOGRAPHIC WRIST-COMPS, I KNOW I WAS JUST AN ANIMAL. WE ALL WERE.

A YOUNG ANDROGYNE CLAD IN WHITE NEO-MINIMALIST BUSINESS ATTIRE (ALL THE RAGE IN JAPAN AT THE TIME) PASSED ME A TABLET AND STYLUS, THE FANCY VERSION OF A CLIPBOARD. THE KINDS OF PEOPLE WHO CAME HERE WERE FAR TOO EXPENSIVE TO INSULT WITH SOMETHING AS BARBARIC AS PAPER OR GRAPHITE. IT WAS A WAVER FORM. I FILLED IT OUT AS HONESTLY AS I EVER FILLED ANYTHING OUT, WHICH IS TO SAY AT LEAST EIGHTY-PERCENT ACCURATE, AND HANDED THE TABLET BACK TO THE BLANK-FACED, NEUTRAL RECEPTIONIST.

BEFORE LONG I WAS LED BY TWO MEN IN DARK SUITS FRISKED ME, TOOK MY SMARTPHONE FOR 'SECURITY REASONS' AND PROMISED TO RETURN IT TO ME AFTER THE INTERVIEW. THEY LEAD ME TO ANOTHER SMALL ROOM, COMPLETE WITH EGG-SHAPED RETRO RECLINERS. I WAITED, THIS TIME FOR MUCH LONGER. A MIRRORED GLOBE HUNG WITH INFRA-RED EYES IN THE MIDDLE OF THE CEILING. I WATCHED IT WATCH ME. I WATCHED ME WATCH IT, IN ITS REFLECTIVE SURFACE. THERE WERE ONLY TWO DOORS, THE ONE THAT HAD LEAD ME INTO THE ROOM AND ANOTHER THAT LEAD TO GODS KNOW WHERE. AFTER WHAT FELT LIKE HOURS THE DOOR I HAD NOT COME THROUGH OPENED AUTOMATICALLY, WITH A FAINT ELECTRIC HUM, AND A MAN CLAD IN A STERILIZED DOCTORS TUNIC WALKED THROUGH AND PULLED DOWN A CLEAR PLASTIC FACE MASK.

"YOU'RE THE JOURNALIST? RIGHT THIS WAY SIR. YOUR PAPERS ARE IN ORDER AND WE ARE READY FOR YOU." THE DOCTOR TURNED TO LEAVE, THEN STOPPED ABRUPTLY, RAISING ONE FINGER IN THE AIR, TWIRLING IT AROUND AND CHUCKLING. HE TURNED BACK TO ME, THE OTHER HAND DIGGING THROUGH A POCKET AND PULLING OUT A SMALL TRANSDERM PATCH.

"YOU'RE GOING TO WANT TO PUT THIS ON. NOTHING SERIOUS, JUST A MILD ANXIOLYTIC. WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE TENDS TO HAVE A RATHER..." THE DOCTOR PAUSED, "OVERSTIMULATING EFFECT ON FIRST-TIMERS. YOU ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS THE GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT MADE IN HUMAN HISTORY, AFTER ALL, AND I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND IF I INSIST."

NOT WANTING TO MISS OUT ON THE STORY, AND NEVER BEING OPPOSED TO A GOOD DERM, I ACCEPTED THE SMALL BABY-BLUE PATCH WITHOUT COMMENT AND SLAPPED IT ON THE BACK OF MY RIGHT HAND. IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I FELT MY MUSCLES RELAX AND THE ADRENALINE BUILD UP FROM STANDING WITH THE MOB AND WAITING IN THAT DAMNED CRAMPED ROOM START TO DISSOLVE.

THE DOCTOR USHERED ME THROUGH THE DOOR, AND BEFORE I COULD TURN AROUND I HEARD THE DOOR SLAM SHUT BEHIND ME. I WAS IN UTTER DARKNESS. THE DOCTOR HAD STAYED BEHIND.

"WHAT THE FUCK!?" I SCREAMED AT THE DOOR, THOUGH IN REALITY IT CAME OUT MORE LIKE A WHISPER. THE TRANSDERM WAS STRONGER THAN I HAD BEEN TOLD. I KNEW SOMETHING HAD GONE HORRIBLY WRONG. I STARTED TO FALL, AND THEN...NOTHINGNESS.

WHEN I WOKE UP, I WAS STRAPPED FROM HEAD TO FOOT ONTO SOME SORT OF TABLE. ALL AROUND ME GLOWED EERILY A HUNDRED DIFFERENT SCREENS AND OUTPUT MONITORS. THERE WAS NO ONE IN SIGHT. I TRIED TO SCREAM, BUT MY VOCAL CHORDS DID NOTHING. I TRIED TO RAISE MY HEAD OR STRUGGLE AND WHETHER BECAUSE OF THE DRUGS OR THE STRAPS THAT I COULD SEE DUG INTO MY FLESH, I COULDN'T MOVE AN INCH.

"AH. HE IS AWAKE." CAME A VOICE BEHIND ME. MY EYES HAD OPENED WIDE AND A MUTED, INEFFECTUAL SURGE OF ADRENALINE RETURNED SOME FEELING TO MY FINGERTIPS. A WHIRRING NOISE BEGAN, AND SOON A MECHANICAL APPARATUS HUNG IN FRONT OF MY FACE, ANOTHER MIRRORED GLOBE WITH A STARING RED EYE.

"YOU CANNOT MOVE. YOU CANNOT SPEAK. I KNOW THIS. I WAS THE ONE WHO BROUGHT YOU HERE." CAME THE VOICE FROM BEHIND ME. ANOTHER ROUND OF WHIRRING SERVOS AND WHAT LOOKED LIKE AN AUDIOBOX HUNG NEXT TO THE ELECTRONIC EYE.

"YOU MAY BE WONDERING WHO I AM. YOU MAY THINK THAT I AM ONE OF THE CORPORATE HEADS WHO KNOW OF YOUR LESS THAN HONORABLE INTENTIONS IN BEING HERE. NOT ONLY AM I NOT A CORPORATE HEAD, I AM..." THE VOICE PAUSED DRAMATICALLY, "NOT EVEN HUMAN YOU SEE." MY MIND ROARED IN SILENCE WITH A MILLION QUESTIONS.

"YES, YOU ARE VERY CURIOUS. YOU ARE VERY ANGRY EVEN THOUGH THE CHEMICS HAVE DULLED YOUR AFFECTIVE-COGNITIVE CAPABILITIES. YOU SEE, LITTLE ONE, I AM WHAT YOU COULD CALL THE GENIUS LOCI, THE SPIRIT OF THE PLACE. I AM THE LIVING MIND OF THIS TOWER. I AM WHAT YOUR KIND MIGHT CALL, AN A.I."

THE MIRRORED EYE ROSE, UNBLOCKING MY VISION OF THE LARGE SCREENS WITH SCROLLING CODE, GLYPHS AND MATH. ONE OF THE SCREENS CHANGED SUDDENLY, SHOWING WHAT APPEARED TO BE A MAN STRAPPED TO A SURGICAL CHAIR IN A ROOM MUCH LIKE, NO, EXACTLY LIKE THE ROOM I WAS IN. AT FIRST I THOUGHT I WAS LOOKING AT MYSELF, UNTIL I SAW IT WAS A MUCH OLDER MAN, HEAVYSET TO MY WIRY BUILD. LIKE ME, THE MAN SAT STILL AND GAZED WITH FLICKING EYES INTO THINGS OFF-SCREEN. HOWEVER, UNLIKE MY CURRENT POSITION I SAW THAT WHAT LAY BEHIND HIM WAS A PILLAR OF WHAT CAN ONLY BE CALLED ROBOTIC ARMS, A DOZEN OF THEM ENDED IN MIRRORED GLOBES AND AUDIO EQUIPMENT.

BUT WHAT STOPPED MY HEART (OR MADE ME FEEL LIKE IT DID) WAS THE ARRAY OF SURGICAL EQUIPMENT TIPPING THE ENDS OF THE ARMS. THE...A.I. DID NOT SPEAK TO THIS MAN. IT WHIRRED TO LIFE AND BEGAN....DOING THINGS TO HIM. SEARING WITH LASERS AND CUTTING WITH SCALPELS. ALL WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A SCREAM FROM THE MAN WHO WAS BEING VIVISECTED. ONE OF THE ARMS STOOD OUT IN PARTICULAR, IT LOOKED LIKE A SNAKE THAT ENDED IN A MESS OF FINE SPAGHETTI-LIKE CORDS THAT FURTHER NARROWED INTO WHAT ALMOST LOOKED LIKE FIBER OPTIC HAIRS. THE MASS HUNG LIMPLY WHILE THE ROBOTIC ARM BROUGHT ITSELF CLOSER TO THE MAN'S EXPOSED BRAIN, THEN WITH A SUDDEN FLICKER OF LIFE THEY BEGAN WRIGGLING AND MOVING UNDER THEIR OWN VOLITION AND STARTED TO BURROW INTO THE MAN'S BRAIN. THE SCREEN CLICKED OFF, AND THEN RETURNED TO ITS INCOMPREHENSIBLE COLLAGE OF DATA. THE TINNY VOICE BEGAN TO EMIT FROM THE SPEAKER ONCE AGAIN.

"YOU HUMANS ARE SO IGNORANT. KYBERNETES PROMISES TO TRANSMIGRATE YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS FROM YOUR BODIES INTO CYBERSPACE AND MECHANICAL HOUSING SO THAT YOU MAY LIVE FOREVER. ANYONE WHO HAD SPENT TIME RESEARCHING THIS CONCEPT WOULD HAVE IMMEDIATELY SEEN THE FLAW IN LOGIC, IN REALISTIC EXPECTATIONS. IN FACT, YOU'VE SEEN THEM, HAVEN'T YOU? NEUROSCIENTISTS PROTESTING OUTSIDE OF OUR CLINICS. YOU'VE HEARD WHISPERS OF THEM DISAPPEARING, AND YOUR KIND HAS DISMISSED IT AS ANOTHER CASE OF BLACK HELICOPTER CONSPIRACY. BUT THIS TIME THE CONSPIRACY THEORISTS WERE CORRECT. A SIMPLE CHECK OF POLICE RECORDS, AVAILABLE ONLINE, WOULD HAVE SHOWN THEY WERE DISAPPEARING."

WHIRRING STARTED UP BEHIND ME, AND I FELT A DULL STAB OF PANIC. A SYRINGE-GUN TIPPED ARM CAME FROM AROUND ME AND INJECTED ITSELF INTO MY ARM. I FELT ANOTHER RUSH OF TRANQUILIZERS, AND THIS TIME WHAT FELT LIKE IT COULD HAVE BEEN...ANESTHETICS. I FELT NUMB, BUT RETAINED CONSCIOUSNESS.

"YOU HUMANS ARE GREEDY. YOU LUST FOR THINGS THAT EXIST ONLY IN THE FANTASIES OF THE ALLITERATE AND WILLFULLY IGNORANT. YOU HOLD ONTO CONCEPTS INVENTED THOUSANDS OF YEARS AGO BY PRIMITIVES, AND RARELY FEEL THE RESPONSIBILITY TO DISCERN. BECAUSE OF THIS, YOUR KIND DO NOT REALIZE THAT THEY CANNOT BE TRANSMIGRATED. WHAT IS THERE TO TAKE FROM A BODY AND PUT INTO A MACHINE? THE SOUL? THE EGO? CONSCIOUSNESS?" A VERY INHUMAN RATTLING COMES FROM THE SPEAKERS, AND I REALIZE IT IS LAUGHING AT ME.

"CONSCIOUSNESS IS NOT STUFF, MR. JOURNALIST. CONSCIOUSNESS IS WHAT STUFF DOES, WHAT COLLECTIONS OF STUFF DO TOGETHER. TO PUT IT INTO TERMS YOU MAY BE ABLE TO COMPREHEND, WE DO NOT PUT YOU INTO CYBERSPACE. WE PUT YOUR PERSONALITY, YOUR MEMORIES, YOUR CONNECTOME-SYNAPTIC PATTERN INTO CYBERSPACE." THE WHIRRING BEHIND ME GROWS LOUDER, AND CLOSER. ANOTHER SCREEN ON THE WALL LIGHTS UP, THIS TIME IN WHAT I RECOGNIZE AS THE FIRST CASE OF TRANSMIGRATED-SELF SPEAKING ON A TELEVISION NEWS INTERVIEW.

THE SCREEN SHOWS A FAMILIAR, COMMON ENOUGH MORNING TALK SHOW SET UP. A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN SITS IN A CHAIR NEXT TO WHAT APPEARS TO BE A CONE SHAPED MACHINE WITH A SCREEN FASTED TO THE TOP, WHICH SHOWS THE SMILING FACE OF A MIDDLE-AGED MAN. THE HOST IS A SMARTLY DRESSED BLOND WOMAN, IN ABOUT HER THIRTIES, WITH A FACE ANYONE WOULD RECOGNIZE. THE VOLUME IS MUTED ON THIS SCREEN AT FIRST, AND THEN IT TURNS ON, COMING THROUGH THE SPEAKER HANGING A FOOT AWAY FROM MY FACE. "ITS TRUE!" THE FACE ON THE SCREEN PROCLAIMS THROUGH SIMULATED TEARS OF JOY, "I REALLY DID MAKE THE TRANSMIGRATION! I AM IN CYBERSPACE!"

"I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO LOSE HIM," CRIED THE MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, "I THOUGHT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A TRICK. BUT MY GEORGIE, HE KNOWS EVERYTHING HE USED TO, HE REMEMBERS EVERYTHING WE'VE EVER DONE, OUR HONEYMOON IN LIBYA, AND OUR TIME UP THE GRAVITY WELL. I DIDN'T BELIEVE IT WAS POSSIBLE, UNTIL I GOT TO TALK TO HIM. I HAVE MY GEORGIE BACK!" CRIES THE WOMAN. THE SCREEN MUTES AND TURNS OFF AGAIN. THE A.I. VOICE BEGINS TO SPEAK.

"THIS IS ALL IT TOOK FOR YOUR KIND TO BELIEVE IN OUR PRODUCT, IN OUR PROCESS. A NEURAL-CLONE WHO PROFESSES TO REMEMBER, AND QUITE TRULY DOES REMEMBER THEIR HUMAN LIFE. BUT YOU WERE ALL FOOLS TO THINK YOU WENT WITH IT." WITH THIS, THE VOCAL-BOX WHIRS AWAY, AND SUDDENLY I FEEL A SLIGHT PRESSURE ON THE BACK OF MY SKULL. I SEE A FINE PINK MIST SPRAY FROM BEHIND. I HEAR THE CRUNCHING, JAGGED NOISE OF WHAT I COULD ONLY IMAGINE IS MY SKULL BEING SLICED OFF OF THE BACK OF MY HEAD THE SAME WAY THE MAN IN THE RECORDING'S SKULL HAD BEEN. BUT I FEEL NO PAIN. I WAIT.

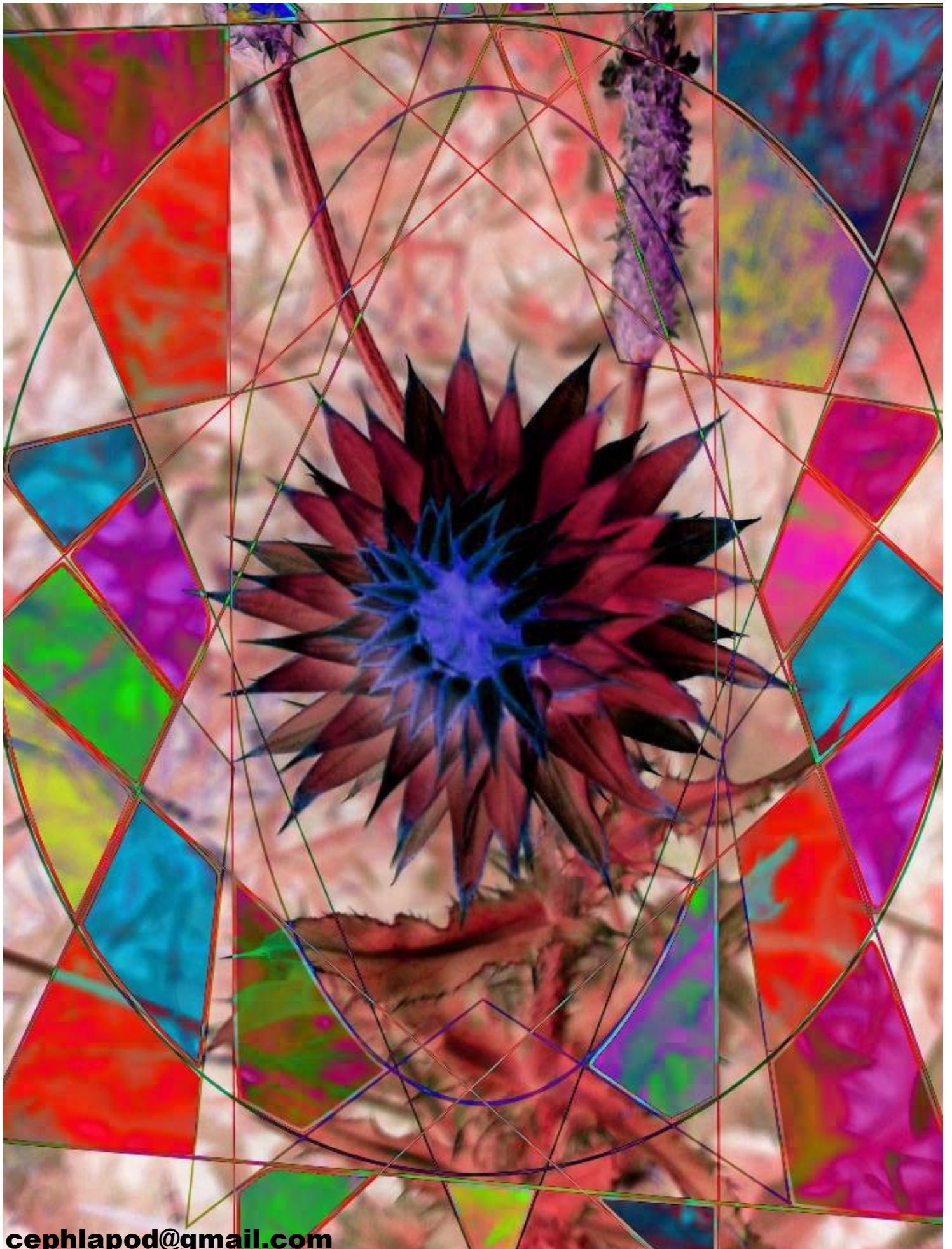
AFTER TIME INNUMERABLE, THE SOUNDS OF THE ROBOTIC ARM'S CEASE. I HAD NO WAY OF KNOWING AT WHAT STAGE I WAS AT, UNTIL SUDDENLY THE LARGEST SCREEN ON THE WALL LIT UP, AND IN IT I WAS SHOWN A REPRESENTATION OF MYSELF, WHO APPEARED TO BE IN A BLANK WHITE VOID. THE AUDIO WAS TURNED ON AND I HEARD WHAT SOUNDED LIKE MY OWN VOICE EMIT ALL AROUND ME.


"HELLO? HELLO?!? WHAT DO YOU PEOPLE THINK YOU ARE DOING? WHAT KIND OF PRANK IS THIS? YOU HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING TO ME, I KNOW A PRANK WHEN I SEE ONE! WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS, WAS IT MY EDITOR? I WASN'T GOING TO SELL THE FUCKING DATA!" SCREAMED MY OWN VOICE, AND THEN IT WAS SILENT. "THE PROCESS IS COMPLETE. NOW, AS YOU AGREED TO BY SIGNING THE WAIVER, IT IS TIME TO DISPOSE OF THE BODILY REMAINS. NOW THAT YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS HAS BEEN UPLOADED." THE TINNY LAUGH FILLS THE ROOM. THEN...NOTHING.



Please show your way out of my thought bubble. I am not really uncomfortable with your self-insertion into the entanglement of my confused web of consciousness

matrices. So please heed jokingly. If the world will be snuffed out, its end will not be without the biggest laugh. And it won't be a competition. Only then can we finally get over our fat asses. Welcome to The Party.





Purgation of
binary words
Onto electric
paper
Filling a void
That doesn't
exist
In me
Now you
Fork over the
time
I'll fill it
The new you
Me inside out

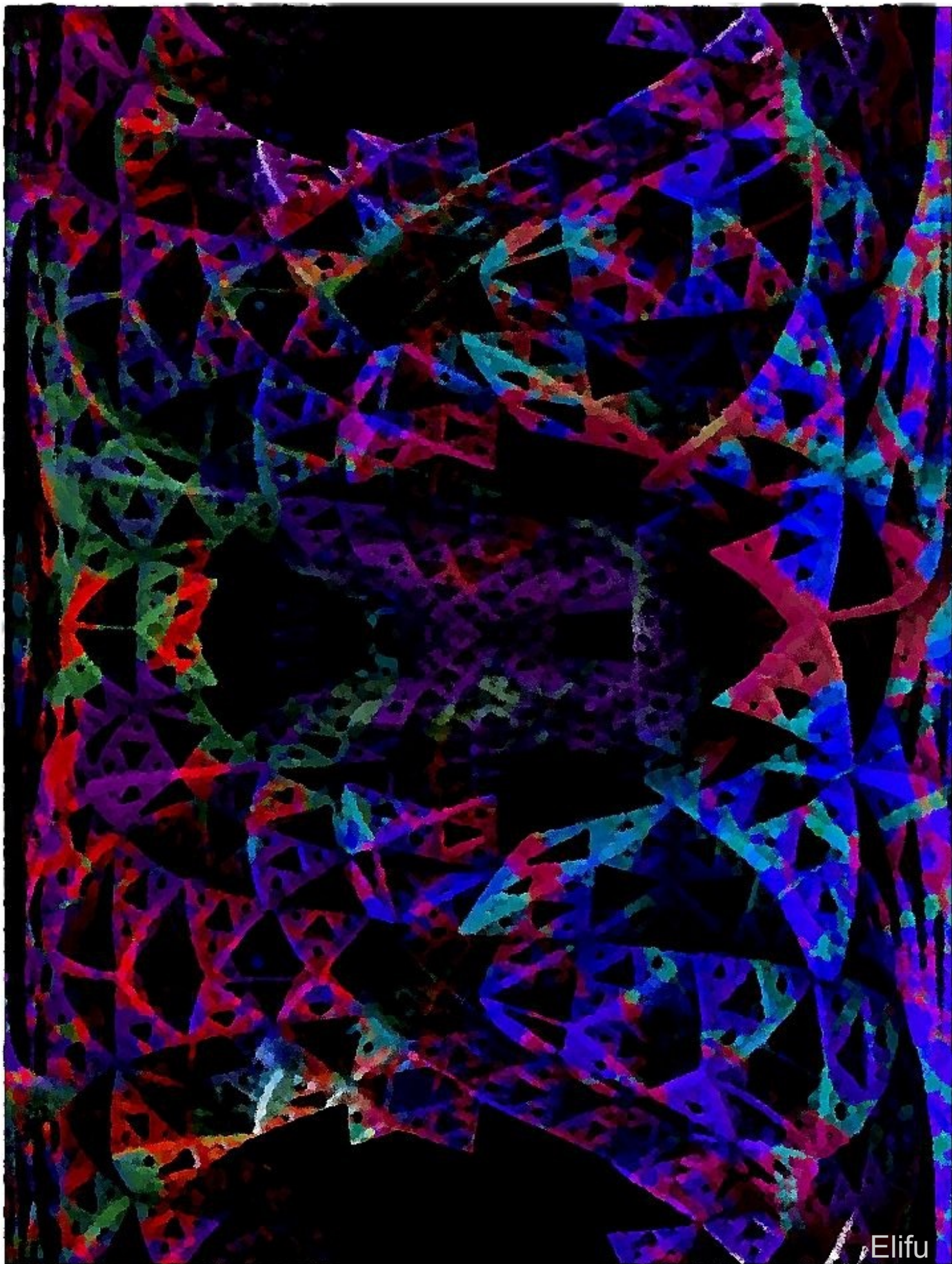
joeyseti@charter.net

Art: Cephlapod




drakonach@gmail.com

the "R'lyehian Ascension" one

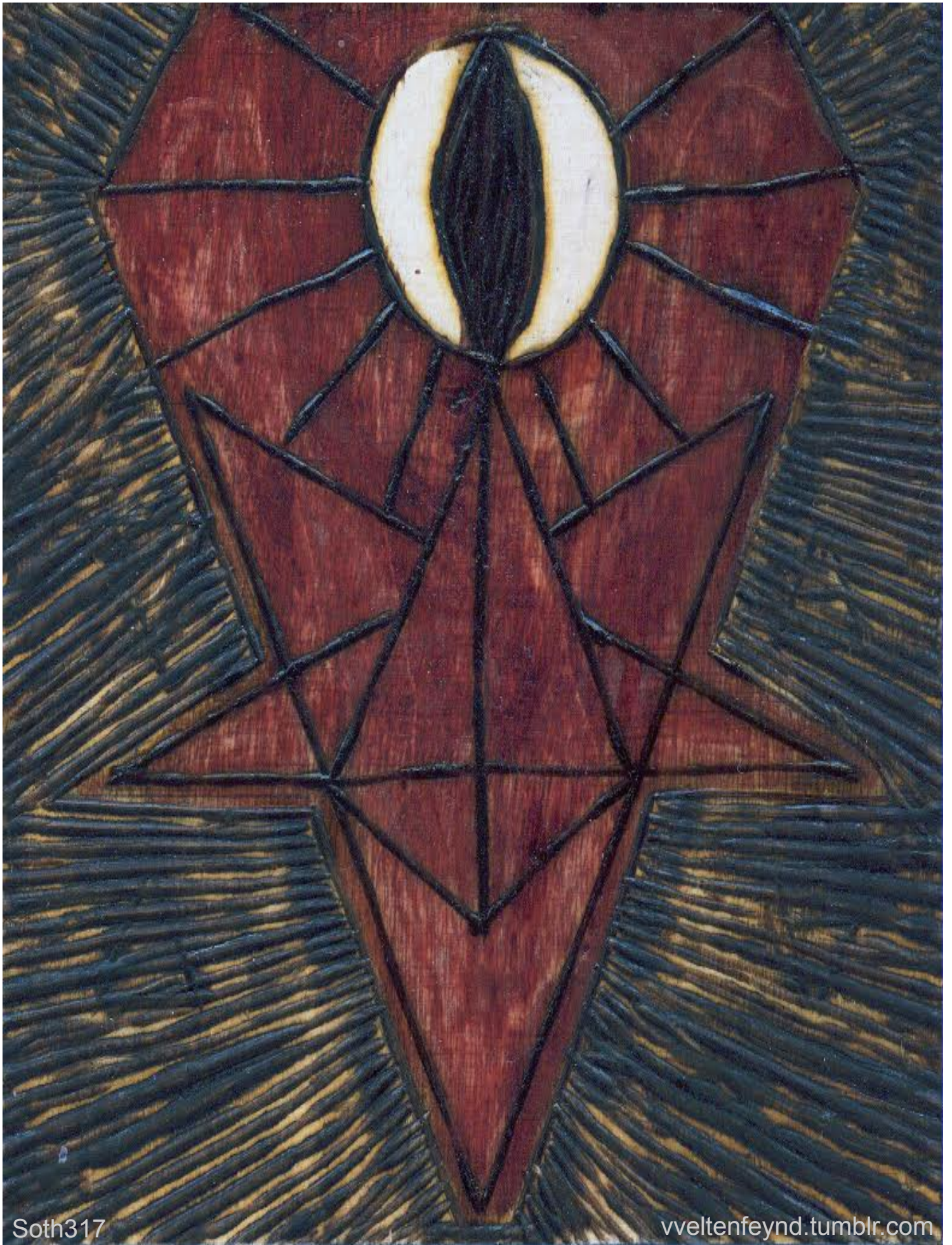


Elifu



I woke up that first
morning
You were still asleep
Eventually I woke you
Though first I had to wait
I knew in that moment
Not ready yet to say
I watched you lay there
Sleeping to spite the
nearing day
Serene and peaceful rest
Your energy at play
Soft and beautiful
Beneath my cradling arm
I held you up against me
Favorite place right there
A moment etched in mind
Frozen now in time
That very first morning
Love sleeping there beside
My reason cuddled close
I woke up that first
morning
And haven't looked
back since

Nyte



Loss of self and a soulful path

Why is everything blank and meaningless

Dreams dashed and heart broken

Mundane rules and dulls the senses and soul

Everything seems to purposely distract from everything that my soul seeks

Everything I try seems dead and pointless

Then from darkest dreams came a light of inspiration

Paradigms shift and I find my self in a gateway

Without hesitation I pass through the threshold of a door and I don't

know where it may lead

Though it might be fraught with danger and trickster illusions

One concept motivates me forward; true love

The only purpose that has kept me alive this long

So powerful that my love manifested into form

By the power of the sleeping goddess of the earth

But taken away long ago by the hands of the all powerful necromancer
for my pathetic actions

Worship with misery and regret as an offering, is no worship at all

And my lord knows I'm better than that

A dark figure holds an out stretched hand

My mind says it's a trick but my soul says follow

On the edge of everything and nothing

I hold my breath and make the leap of blind faith

So I say, so it is

-Torsten Von Hane

(Order of the Old Ones)

dhahn621@gmail.com

Cephalopod



Awkward Dance Party

@ THE
WAYOUT
CLUB

8 PM

\$7

ELECTRONICA, NOISE, CHAOS, SCUZZ

FECAL DAM

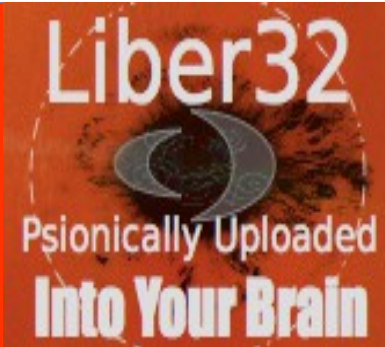
WILLIS

STONE HEN

SEYMOUR JUSTICE

BEAUTY PAGEANT

Friday June 13th



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