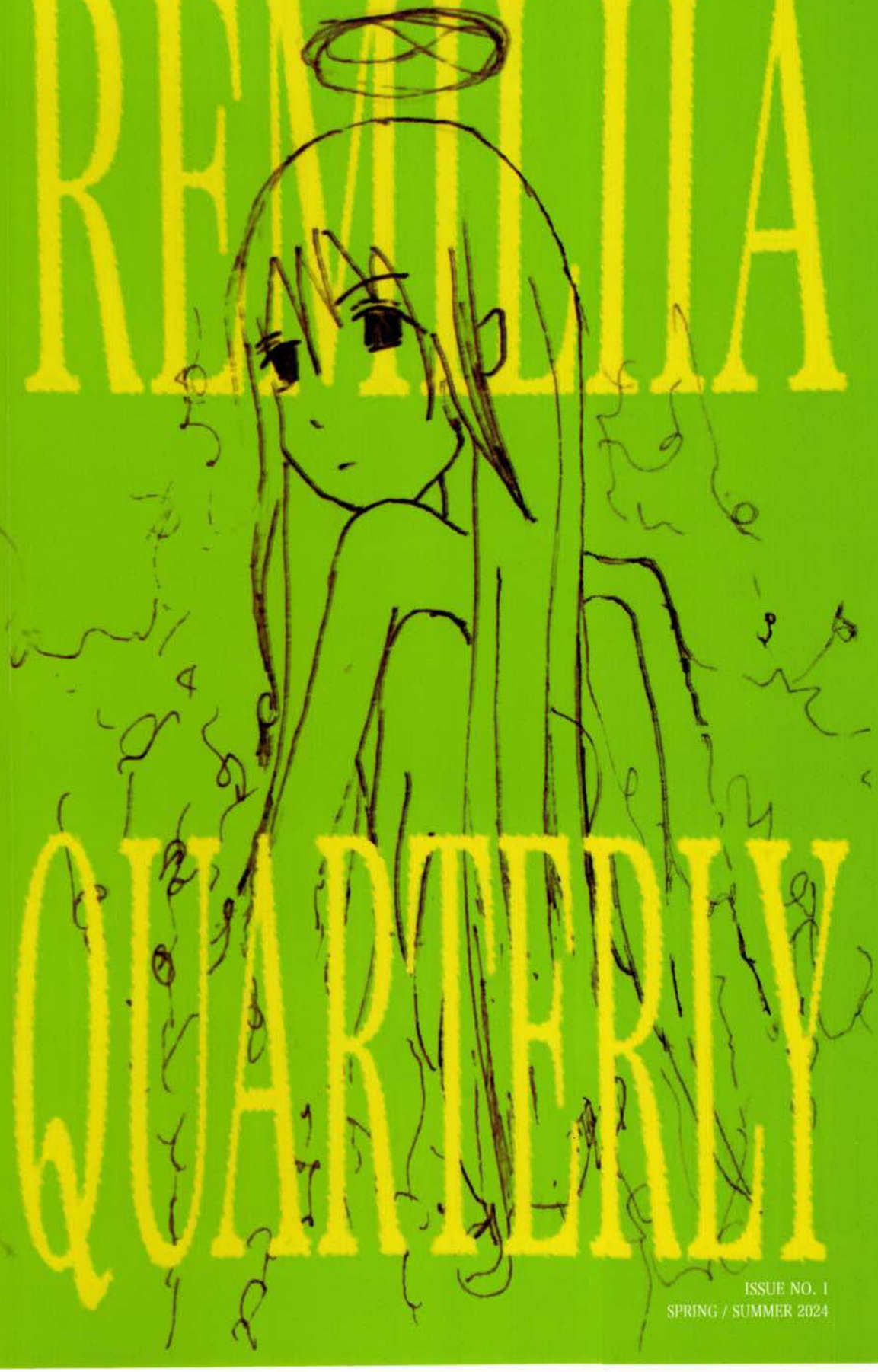
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REMILIA QUARTERLY



REMILIA QUARTERLY

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REMILLA QUARTERLY



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Remilia Quarterly is a critical journal of recent trends in online art movements, an archive of net happenings, and a curated catalogue of the new literary styles emerging from the network.

Remilia Quarterly is a lifestyle mag for the new NEET aristocracy, the progenitors of the New Internet's most noble dynasties.

Remilia Quarterly is Printing the Internet.

quarterly.remilia.org

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WHY REMILIA QUARTERLY?

"Before Remilia, the internet was seen as a dark pit, something to dredge shock art from. We believe in it and want to save it, there is a place for art that can be loved unironically and whole heartedly."

Bonkler: Critical Notes, 2023

"Past 'net art' was internet art, art on the internet, but not network art, art in the internet; and the big question over everyone's head right now is "How to integrate net[work] art into the real world?" ..the answer is not in net artists transitioning practices into formal mediums financializable by a highly stultified art world no longer able to engage with contemporaneity, but in criticism appraising a revolution of artists that choose to reject it—if it ever does come."

CFANG, 2022

Remilia Quarterly has a dual mandate: to platform outsider/avant net lit & new net art criticism.

It is launched out of burning necessity. Art and criticism are impossibly entangled–praxis is ephemeral without inscription into theory. The function of art through modernity is to light up the darkness of contemporaneity, illuminating our ever braver new world, in an intuitive research practice. The function of criticism, either by the artist himself or the appraiser, is to take these artifacts produced by spiritual intuition and interpret them into language, allowing their fruits to serve as communicable cognitive tools for the public in navigating their present day and near-future. Archive & documentation, context & translation, and finally, neologism, theory, peeling out new understanding. It's how we move the world forward. Without the words to describe our contemporary experience, we are loathe to understand it.

In the current era, art has rotated from frames on white walls to fuzzy bordered, fuzzy authored timeline, commanded not by insti-

tutions but algorithms; and yet a decade in, the art world has still entirely failed to adapt. Of art and art criticism, which died first remains unclear, but that both are dead is clear–we are all here as refugees–and it's clear that both must be revived in union. It wasn't enough for Remilia to clear the path with the first art of the decade, with the art of the timeline; we must carve out the platform to document, discuss and canonize the fruits, and with it uncover the literature hidden in the same.

Remilia Quarterly necessitates itself, for to this generation's writers, the bounties of an avant-garde literature of the internet remain undiscovered and unplatformed. Just as I've observed many brilliant artists pushed to outsider status, often never self-identifying as an "artist" as such, I know too the best writers of this generation are posters, pushing poetry into the void; most of it quietly lost, thrown out among personal detritus. With Remilia Quarterly, we take a new burden: to present and platform the avant online lit, as we already have the new net art, while incenting the thoughtful criticism of both. We have already set off on this road carrying our great torch, it is only fitting that we light up all the lampposts we see on our way.

Art has been here before; maybe not our immediate forebearers, that lost generation of millennial artists who lock themselves out of any great work in their post-millennium pre-internet nihilism, but much further, to the modernists we recall in our revival of the terminology of manifestos, of movements, of the avant-garde, the revolution–we're just a magazine, like Cahiers du Cinema–a publication from within the movement. And be sure, a movement is here, and as it is, no work is too daunting to quell the excitement in our revolution, and as it is, be sure, too, a revolt–we will tear down and rebuild all the institutions needed to structure it if current institutions are too slow to follow. As mired as they are in stolid and distracted corruption, they are further hindered by the mediocrity such sin evidently attracts–but both the good and less good will eventually follow: we know this as surely as we know that the distance from when they will directly correlates to how much embarrassment they will do so with... So be it!

– Charlotte Fang, 2024

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

To those who were there on the Internet, to those who are here but not there, and for those yet to come:

A new art movement is happening online now. Most participants in this movement are not artists per se, yet they have produced more work than most artists create in a hundred lifetimes. Their gift is the discovery of a connective mode of digital being within the ever-fragmented web we now find ourselves in.

They do not fight for individualization; they embrace the obsolescence of authorship.

They do not believe in a censored network; they post lucidly and engage psychotically.

They do not treat the network as banal; they believe that posting is art and that the Internet can be beautiful.

They do not restrict the flow of information; they revel in the information deluge and free associate as they please.

They do not in employment, education, or training; they are not in employment, education, or training.

The mode is Network Spirituality. The movement that has emerged from it we now call New Net Art. Remilia Quarterly intends to capture this movement and reflect upon it.

In January of 2022, shortly before Milady minted out, I reconnected with Charlotte after a few years of distance. He told me he had been working on a project called Milady under the umbrella of a corporation named Remilia. He said Remilia was a sort of distributed art collective and that they had amassed a following online.[1] At that point, I was a net exile: gone offline during the Art Recession. A calm and happy time, but one of little import.

1. More specifically, he described it as "The Factory (Warhol) meets CCRU (Land). Or if Andy found himself head of the Weyland-Yutani Corporation."

Unbeknownst to Charlie, I decided to give his method a try. I created a Twitter account with the screen name L.B. Dobis, right-click saved a Milady, set it as my profile picture, and began posting.[2] Not only posting, but reposting everything, without attribution, following the post-authorship methodology that defined "miladyposting". I remember seeing a post: "Oranges are literally pre-sliced and you don't believe in God?" Like so many others, I posted it too, filling the timeline with the same text as if it were an incantation.

Only a short time later, my associate[3] and I found ourselves photoshopping oranges into the corner of Milady profile pictures, creating a frenzy of demand for our edits. Users could send their pfp to us; we would alter the photo and then send it back. The orange became canonized as an apocalyptic relic, a sigil of protection from impending slaughter as dramatized in videos featuring Milady in Vietnam-era light aircraft dropping Agent Orange onto a jungle full of Bored Apes. Soon after, we sold a stock photo of an orange to a Bored Ape for $300. We were generously rewarded for our efforts by an anonymous community member with the prize of one Milady each.[4]

It was apparent to me what I was witnessing: a directed and collaborative art experiment operating outside the purview of mainstream art, massive in its scope and influence, and rife with emergent processes. Its ascendancy felt more inevitable than any prior art movement I'd been alive to witness. Remilia had honed in on two of the most powerful forces in contemporary culture–the algorithimization of media and the hyperfinancialization of networks.

When I revealed myself to Charlie a few months later, it set off a back-and-forth correspondence over the following year on the nuances of the movement and his discontent with the lack of art critics equipped to cover what was happening–both within the Remilia sphere and outside of it. Even a simple archive of the movement's happenings was not to be taken for granted, something we both agreed deserved better preservation. This correspondence culminated in an invitation to lead the publication of Remilia Quarterly, a role I accepted without hesitation.

---

2. The name was written on the inside cover of a book I found on a friend's shelf. The irony that I am now using it to sign off on editorial statements is not lost on me.
3. Cory Kane also known as @religious0ne.
4. Thank you, Homer.

The goal of Remilia Quarterly is to capture the spirit of the network and print it such that it can only be destroyed by physical means. Our highlighted work will range from art criticism to literary fiction, poetry to Chinese prose, visual collages to video screenshots, forum posts to love letters, and so on. We have received thousands of submissions via every discernible means of electronic transmission. Many good ones were included, but many good ones were also excluded. We wish we could print the entire internet, but have been informed by Remilia Lumber Division that there are simply "not enough trees on God's green earth" to print all the material we've collected.

Thank you to everyone who submitted.

The first installment in our project features work from a variety of writers, non-writers, and individuals whose credentials are unknown to us.

You will find pieces of art criticism by Alexander Raubo, Ruba Al-Sweel, bonkle k., and Angel Kether, each grappling with topics ranging from the pathogenesis of the New Net Art to cute carcinization and network heresy to the nature of online angels and our descent into a state of Bad Infinity. Remilia mainstays Michael Dragovic, Onno Whitemoor, and Lukas contribute pieces in their signature online styles on film, crypto, posting as literature, Miladycraft, and on what the ideal gamer girlfriend would be, what games they would play, and so on and so forth. In the latter half of our issue, you'll find an eclectic collection of ephemeral materials that we make permanent here—prose, poems, images, and all combinations in between. This work was sent to our online P.O. box by many loving contributors. It is representative of what I have affectionately called 'typing'—literature happening at real-time speed by outsiders who do not fashion themselves as posters rather than writers. Works by Mina Yurok, Princess Tej, and Mara Barl are included here as trademarks of this style among many others.
The lit of the New Net Art is fast, lucid, schizophrenic, fun, and fully submissive to the possibility of divine intervention—a style best suited for outsiders, autists, and those whose lives lend themselves to persistent interfacing with network technology.

I'd like to extend a sincere thanks to all of our contributors and all who have been involved in producing this publication, particularly Anna Sinclair, our assistant editor, and Oriol Vidal, our lead designer. Thank you to Charlie for your unwavering support and direction. And thank you to the readers and contributors of the next one thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine Remilia Quarterly issues over the course of the next one thousand years of the Remilia one thousand year dynasty.

– L.B. Dobis



Illustration by あか / @rednbou2

Towards A New Net Art

By Alexander Raubo

1. Imagine a network, nodes connected by links, cables running across oceans, circuit boards flashing picture the internet as back end infrastructure, as the dystopian grids and matrices of Gibsonian "cyberspace" and its nineteen-nineties insurrectionists, teenage hackers. This is not yet a spiritual network, not yet characterized by connections of love and friendship, only a sped-up means of information exchange, a time-lapse of city traffic, a virtual filing cabinet vulnerable to invisible thieves. In popular depictions during its nascent decade, the internet could scarcely be distinguished from the effects of amphetamine, a connection confirmed by the speed-addled theorists of the Cybernetic Culture Research Unit in Leamington Spa. Art is insurrection, said its greatest member, Nick Land; it is breaking the law. ❶ Thus imagine the network achieving escape velocity, subverting its original bureaucratic intention and becoming autonomous, finding a purpose fit to its nature–imagine being part of its glorious creation, a cathedral for the age, artists lining up to decorate its ceilings.

❶ Nick Land, "Art as Insurrection" (1991), collected in "Fanged Noumena" (2011) pp.145–174

2. The postal service was perhaps the first network to be wrestled from its utilitarian correspondence function, its transmission of bills and notices and letters home. Ray Johnson's mail art can be said to be the earliest precursor to net art, if not strictly chronologically then at least technologically, using a network in which messages are recorded on tangible media (usually paper) and transported using locomotion rather than as electromagnetic signals. Starting in the mid-fifties, Johnson began mailing out what he called 'moticos', an anagram for osmotic, ❷ to a network of friends and colleagues. The aesthetics of Johnson's moticos, as the name suggests, used the detritus of print media–the front cover of ArtForum, postcards, fashion spreads, 'found images'–overlayed with handwriting, doodles, ❸ Warholian screen printing, and dual layer photocopying. The early pieces are credited as being some of the first examples of pop art in their incorporation of industrial commod-

❷ Morphologically close, but etymologically and semantically unrelated to 'emoticon'.

❸ Anachronistically, we can call aspects of these mimeographed and photocopied pieces 'lefthand' style.

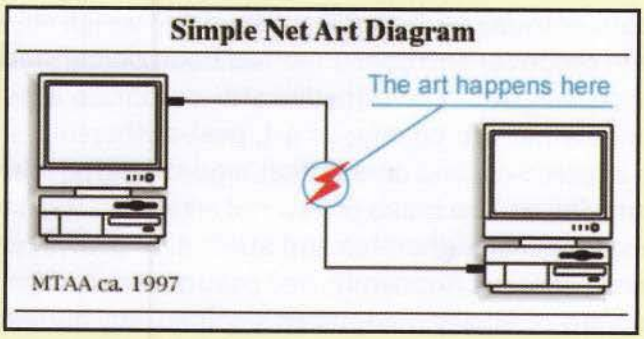


ities and mechanized production techniques. Like Warhol's factory a decade later, Johnson's practice and aesthetics allowed his artistic output to scale exponentially, growing beyond its initial sphere of recipients into the far-ranging New York Correspondence School, whose central tenet was the emphasis on process over product. Like the *Simple Net Art Diagram* (1997) by MTAA, which points to the wire connecting two computers and proclaims 'The art happens here', the aesthetic value of mail art cannot be separated from its distribution practice: a motico only becomes mail art if it's posted. As Johnson said himself in 1984 'Mail Art is not square, a rectangle, or a photo, or a book, or a slide. It is a river'. ❹

3. There has been an artistic side to the internet since before the inception of the World Wide Web protocol in 1990. Before net art, there was telecommunication art such as practiced by Robert Adrian X. Adrian X was one of the originators of Artex, the first electronic mail system for artists, a precursor to mailing lists such as nettime, Rhizome, and the forums and group chats of today. These early net artists, while often employing pseudonyms, met in the media labs and universities from which the internet was primarily accessible before widespread adoption. It was a high-latency, low-bandwidth world of dial-up modems and clogged up phone lines. Adrian X described the internet as a structure of cables, servers, computers, software, and people organized in spatial dimensions. Others were preoccupied with mapping out the web of hyperlinks at a time before ubiquitous search indexing. Throughout the nineties, net artists engaged in, among other things, media hacking ('using low-tech tools to reach very large audiences'), spam art, spoof websites impersonating large corporations, creative hyperlinking, and glitch art. Some specific examples: Jodi's website art (such as *Automatic Rain* (1995) and the still extant Jodi.org), Alexi Shulgin's 'web rings' and 'art loops', Brett Stalbaum's *FloodNet* (software that bombarded specific websites with requests on the model of a 'sit in' or 'occupation'), the Yes Men impersonating the Dow Chemical website, Ubermorgen creating a website where US citizens could sell their vote in the 2000 election, the proto-social media of *Life Sharing* (2000) by the artist duo 0100101110101101.org who made the contents of their home computer public for three years. The recorded or preserved examples skew towards the tastes and political persuasion of artworld curators and activists. ❺ One significant contemporary act of canonization was the 'net.art' exhibition in Berlin in 1995 organized by Pit Schultz, founder of the nettime mailing list, which brought a group of European artists, including Jodi and Alexei Schulgin, under a shared movement. What brought these diverse artists together, according to Schultz, was their resistance to the naive utopianism of the Californian Ideology, the idea promulgated by *Wired* magazine that 'in the digital utopia, everybody will be both hip and

❺ Consider Rhizome.org's "Net Art Anthology" which "identifies, preserves, and presents 100 exemplary works" of net art. The anthology takes a broad interpretation of 'net art' to include post-internet art and exhibits a bias ❺ⓐ towards works preoccupied with orthodox political activism.

❺ ⓐ The avant-garde is faced with the problem of accumulating prestige, which requires preservation, and living up to its ambition of eradicating the distinction between life and art, of being in the moment, enacting true happenings. Outsourcing the former to a cadre of curators and critics is a sensible division of labor, though it risks imbuing those gatekeepers of art with an excessive amount of power.



▲ MTAA, *Simple Net Art Diagram* (1997)

rich'. Schultz wrote that 'Against the expectation of early adopters, Big Internet is creating a new mass of "users", who just shut up and click'. The Dot-com bubble may have burst in 2000, but not through the efforts of the net artists, and the corporate survivors of the bust created a new boom through onboarding the world to their services. By the early noughties, the net artists had lost, though their dissident activities might have been more an artworld spectacle than any credible threat to corporate hegemony.

4. Not without reason, then, does the artworld speak of net art in the past tense. 'Net art (or Internet art)', we read on the art brokerage site artsy.net, 'describes work made in the 1990s through the early 2000s that uses the Internet as a primary medium.' Among curators, galleries, and art schools, net art has given way to the agnosticism of 'new media art', to 'computational art'–a putative 'creative' complement to computational *science*–and to the complacency of 'post-internet art.' ❻ All three negate the hypothesis of internet-induced rupture on the familiar institutional pattern of pluralism and post-ism, with a dash of creative industries poptimism or Mark Fisher inflected depression. Opposite such resignation in the face of a world-historical event, characteristic of academies and all manners of incumbents, is the crux of net art, which is the crux of all true avant-gardes: the freeing of a new technology from the straitjacket of old concepts and mores. Thus net art isn't 'art on the internet' or 'art about the internet' ❼–'medium' as material and 'content' as moral being critical concepts that hinder aesthetic understanding. What might further it is *form*, for net art seeks to give form, and thereby intelligibility, to a phenomenological shift precipitated by technological change. ❽ More ambitiously, net art can be said to be devoted to the production of new entities, egregores, and ultimately, the metaverse, AGI, technological singularity.

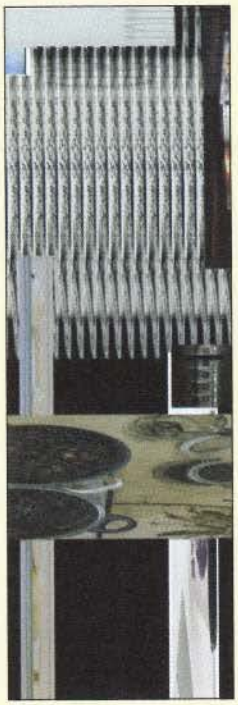
5. The internet is no longer a 'new' medium, it is a *mass* medium, though not on the old model of a one-to-many delivery system. While the early net artists may have had higher hopes for online enfranchisement,

❻ "Any hope for the Internet to make things easier, to reduce the anxiety of my existence, was simply over – it failed – and it was just another thing to deal with" wrote Gene McHugh on his blog *Post Internet* in 2010.

❼ Early net artist Josephine Bosma defines net art as 'art based in or on Internet cultures [···] Net art's basis in Internet cultures means that a physical (hard-wired or wireless) connection to the Internet is not necessary in individual net art works. A net art work can exist completely outside of the Net [···] The 'net' in net art is both a social and a technological reference ('the network') (see Josephine Bosma, "Nettitudes: Let's Talk Net Art" (2011), p. 24). 'The net' is a social and technological reference, but Bosma's definition of internet art in terms of internet cultures is circular as it leaves the key term – 'art' – undefined. Not everything produced by or based on an 'internet culture' is net art, unless we want to count a book like Angela Nagle's *Kill All Normies* as net art. In order to make her definition work, Bosma falls back on the concept that art is whatever is produced by a self-conscious artist.

❽ The same can be said, as a test of this claim, about surrealism, which employed the new technology of film and photography, and about impressionism, which reacted against the same.

internet 'users' of today are nodes in a network in which any rigid distinction between producer and consumer has been obliterated. Freed from an imputed paradigm of performative anti-corporate activism, we can recognize a new net art: posting as art, post-authorship and collective works, high interactivity and connection, algorithmic hijacking, 'lefthand' style and outsider art. The praxis of new net art lowers the bar for production: its stance against authorship and attribution allows users to simply copy and paste content. Anonymity and pseudonymity unmoor signifiers from any morally or legally recognized signified, any humanistic unit, be it citizen or person or self. The point is not for some prior entity to acquire capital, whether monetary or social, but for content to circulate, to become meme. Consumption takes on the active character of sharing, liking, replying - all the micro-actions summed by the term 'engagement'. Aesthetically, new net art occupies a parodic space that constantly baits earnest and hysterical engagement. It's giving special attention to internet-native forms, profile pictures, memes, hyper-citation and the attendant rabbitholes they create for users. If the best net artists of the nineties, such as Jodi, were HTML and CSS hackers who displayed their aberrant creations, then the new net artists are doing the same for the social media feed (alt posting, chineseposting, copypasta) and crypto (right-click save, auctions, reserve backed NFTs). Misdirecting users through rogue links and phishing has given way to algorithmic manipulation in the age of the timeline.



▲ *Jodi.org*

6. Between the nineties and its present resurgence, during the decade-and-a-half of sclerotic artworld attempts to assimilate the internet into its gallery and collection paradigms, the practices and ethos of new net art were being developed on imageboards. Brad Troemel observed in 2010 that the 'most advanced' aesthetic theory promulgated by a mainstream curator - Nicolas Bourriaud's Relational Aesthetics - had its most exemplary instantiations not in white cube galleries but on the disreputable 4Chan. [9] Bourriaud's theory is, like all aesthetic theory, at once descriptive and normative. Its point of departure was a growing preoccupation among traditional gallery artists with artistic practices 'which take as their theoretical and practical point of departure the whole of human relations and their social context'. This is meant to contrast with art that emphasizes private contemplation and/or exists in an independent aesthetic realm. The pieces he mentions don't explicitly stray far from the format of a sixties Happening: a dinner organized in a collector's home, an artist working as a supermarket cashier for a week, a gym workshop held in a gallery. While Bourriaud's theory doesn't emerge from a consideration of the internet explicitly, his animating concern provides a succinct articulation of the communication technology pessimism undergirding both early net art and its various artworld successors. In the foreword to his book *Relational Aesthetics* (1998),

[9] Brad Troemel, "What Relation Aesthetics Can Learn From 4Chan" (2011), collected in "Peer Pressure: Essays on the Internet by an Artist on the Internet", p. 9-17

Bourriaud compares the effects of communication technology with those of the motorway: like motorways which speed up journeys at the cost of serendipitous discovery, 'communication superhighways' have a similar effect on social relationships, making certain standardized interactions more efficient at the cost of spontaneity and freedom. Thus he rescues a swath of mundane performance art from banality by claiming they 'open up' some modest social possibilities apparently foreclosed by his Frankfurt school-inflected diagnosis of totalising reification. Troemel criticises Bourriaud's chosen examples for falling short of his own ideal of a collaborative, social art: they were all performed by individual 'art stars', often in galleries, and always with an eye towards curators and collectors. Their interactivity was more a gimmick than a genuine practice. 4Chan, he argues instead, with particular mention of the /b/ message board and the 2009 mARBLECAKEALSOTHEGAME raid, [10] is exemplary of relational aesthetics in its group production of memes and its attendant collapse of the 'viewer/creator dichotomy'.

7. Some other precursors of net art: pseudepigrapha, works falsely attributed to a figure of the past, such as the seventeenth century sex and midwifery manual *Aristotle's Masterpiece*, or the works of a 5th-6th century Greek theologian and neoplatonist, his real name lost to history, who styled himself as Dionysius the Areopagite, the first century Athenian convert to Christianity; the anonymous lampoons mocking kings, princes and governors circulating regularly following the invention of the printing press; the Republic of Letters, a long-distance, correspondence-based intellectual community of the seventeenth and eighteenth century. What is required is a system that can transmit arbitrary messages over arbitrary distances: books, letters, parcels, ambassadors, messages in bottles, the vagaries of history - yes; smoke signals, semaphore, homing pigeons, pneumatic mail, underground rail–no. [11]

8. While the new wave of net art shares a conviction with its predecessor in the momentous and untapped potential of the internet, it has more in common with the praxis of a different art movement of the nineties. Neoism, a parodistic -ism, was a loose underground movement active in the eighties that pioneered the use of open pseudonyms such as the 'open pop star' Monty Cantsin. This gave rise in the nineties to an influential offshoot, the open pseudonym of Luther Blissett under which an anonymous collective wrote the popular novel *Q* (1999). [12] Succeeding this was the breakaway Wu Ming writer's collective, 'Wu Ming' being Chinese for 'anonymous', pioneering a precursor to Chineseposting, with its logogrammatic compression and neo-Orientalist acknowledgement of mutually assured technological acceleration, not to mention the arbitrage opportunity of reposting content from the closed Chinese internet.

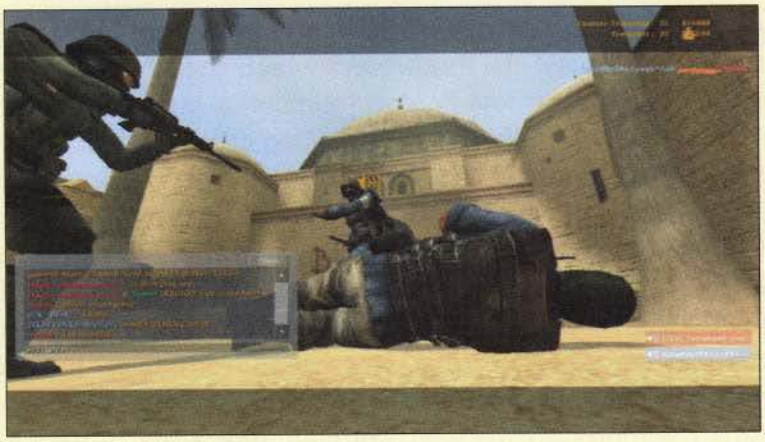
[10] The mARBLECAKEALSOTHEGAME raid involved posters using sophisticated ballot-stuffing software programmes to propel 4Chan's founder m00t to the top of TIME Magazine's list of 100 Most Influential People.

[11] Counterfactually one may speculate on the proto-networked art that wasn't (or wasn't preserved), such as telegraph art or fax art.

[12] Examples of new wave 'open pop stars' are the Twitter clones of Angelicism01, Miya, and Tarquin X.



▲ This is Luther Blissett.



▲ 0100101110101101.org, *Freedom* (2010). 'This is an art piece. I am an artist'.

9. New net art is attempting to make good on the Landian claim of art as 'irrational surplus, or the ineliminable and beautiful danger of unconscious creative energy: nature with fangs'. ⓭ The 'Warholian group chat'–*Hot Pot*–that gave rise to the new net art collective Remilia was designed to act as a virtual factory optimized for collective creativity, a hive-mind producing tweets to be stolen and reposted, like a sped-up exquisite corpse or socialized automatic writing. This approximates the outside to the orderly nomological Enlightenment universe of Newton, the 'trauma' of Kant's third critique: nature not as a system of laws, as a cosmos that abhors vacuum, that prefers the shortest path, but nature as generative chaos, as immanent God. Against any Protestant imputation of forgotten labor, Hegel's Speculative Reason mopping up 'the slaughter bench of history' being the greatest example, new net art advocates *having fun online*. This sets it apart from those new media and post-internet artistswho seek to impose seriousness onto playful online interactions, such as the later works of 0100101110101101.org, eg *Freedom* (2010), a counter-strike performance where the authors asked other players not to kill them because they're an artist, or *No Fun* (2010) where the artists played Chatroulette as a hanged man.

⓭ Nick Land, "Art as Insurrection" (1991), collected in "Fanged Noumena" (2011), p. 151

10. 'Whoever is losing their sense of humour fastest is losing'. ⓮ Humour is the critical complement of fun and play–it deflates pompous and gaseous ideas. It's thus no coincidence that the Remilia manifesto for new net art is structured like a joke, ending with the punchline 'interns wrote this post'. ⓯ Departing from a nineteenth-century paradigm of avant-garde and political tactics - the manifesto as a catechism, a coordination mechanism for collective action–new net art, according to Remilia, is built on more lighthearted association of personas rather than persons, like that represented by 4Chan, whose admission criteria are semiotical–an understanding of lore and posting style–rather than credentialistic. The difference between 4Chan and the new wave is one of attitude: the former is characterized by ostracism, rage and pessi-

⓮ Taken from Nick Land posting on Twitter as @Outsideness at 5:50 PM GMT, Feb. 4, 2018

⓯ See Appendix A: *What Remilia Believes In*

mism, while the latter is optimistic, wholesome, 'whitepilled'. It's the difference between a sexually resentful, unemployed Underground Man and an aristocratic NEET waging information war and building parallel institutions. The difference between a post-internet artist such as Troemel and the new wave is one of theology. Troemel cites Dominick Chen's claim that 'as long as there exists an asymmetry (or distance) between producer and receiver, the modality of cultural production would inevitably lead back to a religious power structure.' The implied virtue of a relational aesthetic is its secularising, egalitarian tendency, which in Troemel's own artistic practice is cashed out as incessant political trolling, an Adornian negative dialectic. This isn't fun insofar as it's beholden to its object of critique, falling into the common atheist trap of idolatry. [16] The new wave recognises that the anti-clericalism inherent in internet cultures such as 4Chan doesn't imply atheism or a Rousseauian social progressivism. The immanent, retro-chronological theology of Nick Land, comes closer to articulating an axiology and metaphysics constructive to online interaction and technological development. It offers the loser 4Chan Hikikomori or the artworld troll an opportunity to raise their profile and restyle themselves as angels of Capital acceleration, agents of cybernetic positive feedback.

[16] As Nietzsche says in *The Gay Science*, choosing one's antipodes is more important than one's friends. The Devil is a better antipode than artworld institutions, especially if one's trolling is of a kind that increases one's standing in those very institutions.

11. The aesthetics of the internet imply an epistemology, a stance with respect to how things can be known. The information superhighway, with its cables, grids, and matrices, rendered cinematically as early as *Tron* (1982), has given way aesthetically to the photorealistic paradigm of video games and the skeuomorphism of the first few generations of the iPhone operating system. Gibson's cyberworld has been hidden behind colourful, animated interfaces steeped in mimetic content, in photos and videos and three dimensional virtual worlds. The epistemic consequences of this aesthetic shift are best illustrated by the revival of global scepticism, the Cartesian possibility of total and systematic deception, through the film *The Matrix* (1999), summarized in its conceit of the 'red pill' and the 'blue pill': the choice between learning an unsettling truth and having a comforting lie affirmed. Instead of the dubious, sophomore dichotomy of virtual and physical reality, the red-pill-and-blue-pill meme is more often cashed out in postmodern terms of narratives and the interests they serve, 'reality' being whatever story or slogan commands consensus. If a seventeenth-century prince had to improvise his actions much of the time owing to slow and leaky horse-based communication channels, the contemporary internet user suffers from the opposite problem of information overload that precludes reflection and understanding. [17] The epistemic paradigm of verification, where claims are checked by individuals against evidence (images, videos, witnesses, 'sources'), is easily hijacked by deepfakes and shitposters. Where traditional authorities respond to 'misinformation' with cynical appeals to

[17] The outcome is the same: improvization.

'expertise' and by imposing Schmittian states of exception, new net art responds to 'post-truth' scepticism through an epistemology of consilience, where ecumenical, interdisciplinary convergence is taken as a truth-signal. [18] With its ethos of freeing information flows from the obstacles of censorship imposed by institutions, externally, and by the ego from within, new net art approaches a Feyerabendian epistemic anarchy with its conviction that truth will win in a free marketplace of ideas. If the posting style of new net art tends towards irony, towards ambivalent statements, this doesn't undermine its truth-seeking orientation; it isn't 'millennial' irony described by David Foster Wallace, with its inherent neuroticism and preemptive defensiveness, its ingratiating, handwavy, scientistic scepticism. [19] It's a playful irony that holds that truth is more likely to emerge from a joke, a flippant statement, a suggestion, a footnote—coherence be damned—than a serious, official narrative.

12. Why is net art having a resurgence? The artist and curator Jon Ippolito wrote in 2002 that internet art was being held back by the absence of a mechanism to sell digital assets. [20] The present revival of internet art can thus partially be attributed to the rapid adoption of Non-Fungible Token standards in 2020 and the attendant influx of capital. While this has created a proliferation of 'rugcore' aesthetics, low-effort scam projects, it has also launched and legitimized the new net art movement. Another, contemporaneous factor were the lockdowns during the pandemic years of 2020-21, which redirected practically all social interactions through online interfaces. The ambient presence of the internet on which the post-internet movement rested was transformed into uncomfortable salience. The stakes have become too high to leave the fate of the internet to Silicon Valley and governments. And so net art is coming back, richer, less naive, faster, freer, more social and more fun.

[19] A good example of millennial irony is attributed to Jia Tolentino by Lauren Oyler in her review of *Trick Mirror* in the *London Review of Books*. Ironically, the same kind of preemptive, defensive irony is then displayed in Oyler's own 'internet' novel, *Fake Accounts*, presumably ironically.

[20] Ippolito, Jon [2002]: 'Ten Myths of Internet Art', in *Leonardo* 25 (5).

18



♡ Charlotte Fang 🐉 Crown Prince
@CharlotteFang77

Took 3 years but Miya's prophetic discourses on media-truth collapse and consilience based truth framework—exploitable by psyop egregores—in the age of deepfakery are now entering mainstream relevance, and remain the most clairvoyant interpretation of our near-future.



MIYA BLACK HEARTED CYBER ANGEL BABY CORONA STAN
@BPD_GOD · Mar 13, 2019
ALIAS:
EVERYONE AN EGREGORE ;

THE **CONSILI**ENCUAL HALLUCINATION: VIRTUALITY == BELIEF == REALITY

0 3

View on Twitter



MIYA BLACK HEARTED CYBER ANGEL BABY CORONA STAN
@BPD_GOD · Mar 18, 2019
@sinofutur Reality is consensus of **consili**ence is virtuality.

0 0

View on Twitter



MIYA BLACK HEARTED CYBER ANGEL BABY CORONA STAN
@BPD_GOD · Mar 27, 2019
@0x49fa98 The age of deepfakery undermines individualistic belief-conclusion. "See it to believe it" is lost; verifiability is left only to group conclusion drawn from rhizomatic collection of "evidence": **consili**ence-consensus. Virtual = belief = reality, runaway egregore epidemic follows.

3 17

View on Twitter



MIYA BLACK HEARTED CYBER ANGEL BABY CORONA STAN
@BPD_GOD · Aug 24, 2019
80. Mass consensus is the best predictor & **consili**ence the best standard of evidence. As the tyranny of media-as-truth collapses, these will be your tools moving forward. You may note the former is the mechanism of anonymous imageboards, the latter the method of conspiracy theory

9 55

View on Twitter



Thinking of The Plan...





One- Thousand Children,



One- Thousand- Year Dynasty,



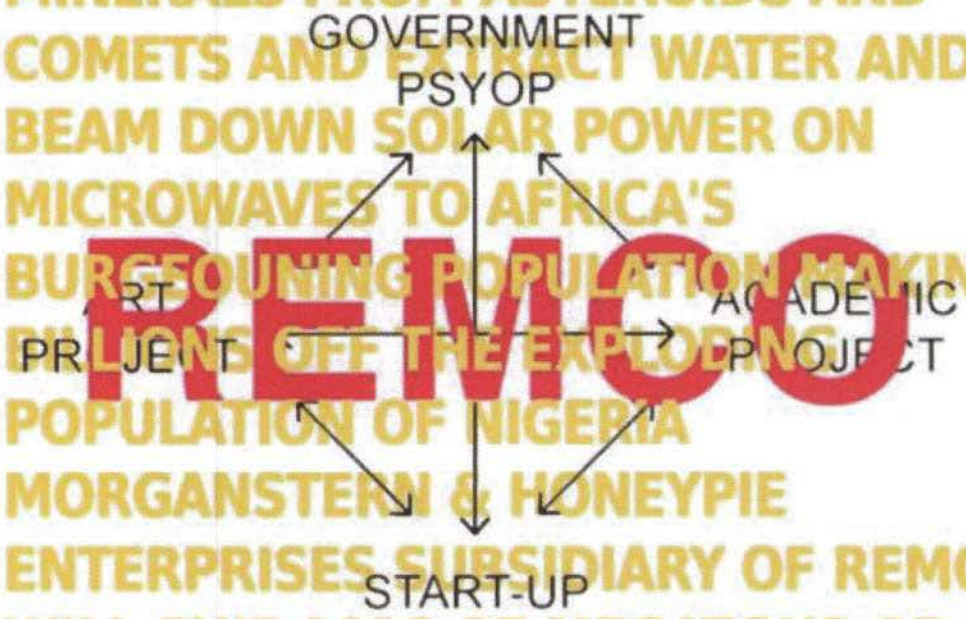
One- Thousand- Acres...



...On the South-West Coast.



James Liao
Remilia One Thousand Forever (2021)
Video



Charlotte Fang
Remilia Enterprise Chart (2022)
Post

LET'S ALL LOVE REMILIA: NOTES ON NETWORK SPIRITUALITY



By bonkle k.

Preface of Findings

The following essay distinguishes Network Spirituality from sibling concepts which have emerged alongside it. These notes may be summarized with the following claims:

1

Desire is a rationalization which deludes the subject towards notions of agency. In reality, man is always moved by forces beyond himself. 'Free will' is a misleading trait among psychic configurations inherited via social genetics. Contemporary net art's longing for extinction and its turn away from signification towards sublimity have emerged in response to evolutionary pressures against the subject-gene.

2

'Psyops as performance art' lies at the core of #BASEDRETARD-GANG's and Remilia's art practices. While the end psychological state of affected viewers could take countless forms, these collectives instill a sense of the aforementioned egoless online to come. This renders art into praxis as viewers turn towards love of the Online.

3

This love of accelerating digitization ('the Wired overtaking the Real') stands in contrast to those who would deem the Online inherently ugly, base, or sinful. Here a political divide within acceleration is cast down, do you stand opposed to what the network is doing to you or do you love it?

4

Remilia serves as vehicle for the emancipation of the faithful. This class of Network Spiritualist NEETs, through social and cryptocurrency media, attracts cultural and economic capital. Their agency abets the spread of Network Spirituality through Remilia's New Internet.



"You need to be a bit retarded to get the vibe.[...]"

— Eliska, also known as Angel Kether, Pleasure Helmet

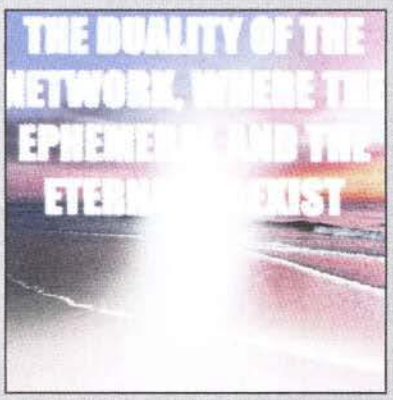
USERS GO TO KETHER

On her Pleasure Helmet spotlight, @user_goes_to_kether offers an 18 minute schizo-post on the collapse of signification, an imminent eschatology of the Internet, and her love for angelicism. The episode features appropriately tragic violins paired with a rambling search for words on how meaning debases purity. Kether comes across the perfect vessel for angelicism01's 2021 vibe shift posting. Just take the example on the left–a glowing pink neochibi cherub descends from pure blue sky as if from heaven. The network angel offers a diagram of Spinozist monism beneath affirmation of divinity online. Each of her posts performs this syncretism of oriental cuteness, the online, and the esoteric–exactly the aesthetic Remilia has made synonymous with Network Spirituality.

Network Spirituality - Netspi for short - names the latent spiritual process of our collective participation online. However, it cannot be taken as a beginning; it must be understood as response to the seventh and final of Miya's Arrows:

> *"Any attributions of human agency are delusions at worst and hubris at best when our every scale action is being routed by a self-assembling ther modynamic god. Human non-agency under non-negotiable capitalism is the blackpill of nihil istic accelerationism."* ❶
>
> —*Miya Black Hearted Cyber Angel Baby, "KALI/ACC Basilisk: A Survival Horror Eschatology" (2019)*

❶ The Seven Arrows of Miya's "KALI/ACC Basilisk: A Survival Horror Eschatology" are foundational to Netspi. True to any Basilisk, once internalized all action must account for its determinations. For most, this is an acceleration-aware nihilism; a black-pilled slow suicide of numbing intellectual-abandonment as they grope for a return to ignorance in the dark. Netspi throws a lifebuoy.



This has long been the nihilist dead end to acceleration that has left the philosophy's adherents circling the drain of century-old existentialisms. Being towards life was never an option as our creation was gradual and went unnoticed by the subconscious beasts on which it chanced. Any subsequent search for an affirmative purpose for mankind has been stymied by its premising "man" to begin with–a concept made erroneous on agency's exclusion. Netspi names the posthuman alternative. It does not deny extinction, but offers escape for the soul.

It will be appropriately dramatic - a gift sensibly intense in joy and horror for all who bear witness. Nothing human

makes it out of the near future, but something does. What comes next is dissolution and it has long since begun. Angel Kether gives a glimpse of Netspist practice abiding these truths. Her search for love online is an embrace of posthumanity's ongoing construction.

> *"Network spirituality is each one of us as a unique nodal point on a unified field, every interaction being an act of creation, the expression of your individuality is meaningful pleasure that drives evolution on the micro and macro scale"* ❷
>
> *—Anonymous, "Network Spirituality: Collected Commentaries" (2022)*

There is a tendency to the universe and it is divine. ❸ Leaning towards immanent conatus rends a spirituality from nihilism. This force draws us through the Wired, not the Real, and we must therefore follow it online. It is techno-capital. It is Gnon. One must align themselves with this tendency, or act against God. This is the paramount ethical imperative of Network Spirituality. Love and beauty are not optimized because God loves or beautifies in particular, but because these concepts term what remains in His wake. Their inverse - hate and ugliness - refer to that which is cast down as effect of His inexorable movement. To be one of God's favorites is to be the one who comes after. The one who fails to pass on is the ugly. This is the love of beauty and grace. This is how one escapes. This is a dynastic mindset. ❹

'KNOWLEDGE IS JUST A MEMORY FOR US': UNCONDITIONED CUTE-CARCINIZATION

> *"We 'hurl defiance to the stars', but in their silence—when we see them at all—the stars return only crushing contempt. To the question 'What is to be done?', then, she can legitimately answer only, 'Do what thou wilt'—and 'Let go.'"*
>
> *—Vincent Garton, "Unconditional accelerationsim as antipraxis" (2017)*

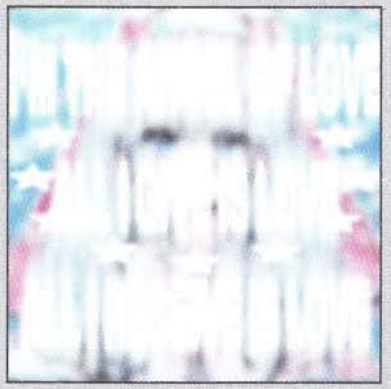
The latest developments to Netspist thought have further confirmed its truth through convergent evolution with

❷ One of many submissions to "Network Spirituality, Collected Commentaries".

❸ Nick Land's early work The Thirst for Annihilation begins with Nietzschean atheism ❸ⓐ as means of supplanting 'God' with Gnon. Sum probability, apparent tendency, statistical eventuality – the label matters little so long as Boltzmannian "physicalistic atheism" convalesces divinity.

❸ ⓐ "For Nietzsche it is facile to accuse atheism of having a recourse to a notion of negativity which is itself essentially theological, because to do so is to remain passively within a sociohistorically realized theological space that continues to organize the meanings of all terms. Negation is re-forged in the celebration of the death of God, to mean the way in which God is not, and this is a sense which is incommensurate with the negation that was permitted within theology and the metaphysics conditioned by it." (pg. 13-14).

❹ Charlotte Fang's blog post of the same name ought to be read in parallel to this claim. While Charlotte's definition of a dynasty mindset speaks to the agency of and within lineage, here it describes selection in clan survival.





the old guard of accelerationist theorizing. Maya B. Kronic and Amy Ireland, the duo behind the press Urbanomic, arrived independently at the tenet of Netspi dispersed by Remilia's sibling BRG - cuteness is spun off by acceleration. This operates on two vectors: ① the cuteness of Milady, Chinese influencers, and mulch-eating puppies is algorithmic fitness for the cultural selection process; and ② intensifying forces of the Outside upon agential man leaves effete girls in its wake. The relationship between these poles again reflects the Netspist conception of causality - fitness, both bodily and evolutionary, is retrochronic destiny. That is to say - a virtual cuteness is actualized by the same market which selects among 'preexisting' cuteness and the motor of this market is a future God.

Just as the crushing pressure and hostile environment of the seafloor molds disparate crustaceans into a recognizable crab form, capital's overbearing weight converges subjectivities into Tiqqun's Young-Girl (for whom cuteness is a defining asset). The Young-Girl, with inoffensive helpless neoteny, gives in to the world as she becomes ever more Young-Girl-ified. Claiming cute-ification as an inescapable consequence of transcendentally guaranteed technocapital-God requires, according to Maya and Amy, that we embrace "giving in to giving in." Resistance to destiny is commitment to never-ending depressive defeat. Cute/Acc says we must acquiesce to cute-carcinization. ❺

↘
"In Sanrio, the entire essential trajectory of capitalism is revealed" — CUTE/ACC Manifesto

❺ Historicization of this phenomenon begins with feudal stability displaced by modern transience. Man today, adapting for acceleration, comes apart at the seams as change overtakes his capacities. Since the enclosure of the commons sent peasants to the cities, man has developed a tolerance for change of location (a non-zero velocity). Since cities have undergone multiple cycles of industrialization, man has grown to tolerate changes in the changing of location (a non-zero acceleration). "Location" – with all its implied fixity – has been overcome; the map exceeds the territory. What is movement across a map that is redrawn beneath your feet? The subject has no steady epistemological framework for such a task. The final hope for the modern subject (i.e. the "human" as conceived by humanists) is to develop a tolerance for a tertiary change (a non-zero jolt). Yet this at last presents a real force on the subject, which will shatter man into the posthuman. The impossibility of a jolted body-as-reference-frame is confirmed by Einstein, Deleuze, and Baudrillard alike. Thus it should come as no surprise the collapse in the possibility of reference frame arrives alongside post-truth. This is why a consiliensus mode ❺ⓐ, inherent to Netspi, is an essential daily approximation of the three body problem. Holding pretensions to referents opens oneself to subjectivity's collapse under jolt's pressures. Refusing ground as such and "engaging lucid virtuality" is necessarily a desubjectivized state of being. Yet, for most this remains an unrealized ideal as sad passions get in the way.

❺ ⓐ Consiliensus, a neologism describing a framework combining consilience + consensus as a response to bot-ridden, deepfake overrun, post-truth social media. First proposed by Miya and revived in Charlotte Fang's "Reality after the Wired".

Cute/Acc takes its devotees out of the (imaginary) driver's seat. The fantasy of liberal society will be abandoned for its laughable pretensions to billions of agents as man's non-agency is made all the more apparent. We nodes of the distributed-meta-market perform tasks according to dictation from technocapital as it manifests AGI. Consciousness was simply an evolutionary nicety as means for coordinating individuals along reigning imperatives always from without. [6] Cute/Accies obey the process' imperatives no different from you or I today - save for their abandonment of a vestigial psyche whose present configuration for affective transmission now constitutes a reactive barrier where once it served a purpose (i.e., Oedpialization gave evolutionary advantage to a Brother Horde emerging from apehood to mankind, but today's niche will see it selected against).

This identification of a cute-accelerated subjectivity remains still short of a full Network Spirituality. We can here turn to Chloe21e8 to take us a step further:

> *"The average person practices minimal agency, outsourcing freewill to external managers whenever possible. Once active supervision ceases, they always revert to some horrid baseline. Individuals will become RNA with AI acting as the DNA—outages akin to a failure in transcription."*
>
> *—Chloe21e8 (2023)*

Network Spirituality denies claims to egalitarianism within automation as agency is correlated with intelligence and socialization. Many are already pure drones. "Normies" list through a life laid out for them, finding refuge from accelerating deluge in comfortable routine thus actively committing themselves to a life as pure transmission vector. This would be fine if not for the fact that the same angst which sent them clamoring for safety up the wagie-ladder is precisely what denies them any possibility of fulfillment.

Netspi invites them to give in to giving in, and drop pretensions to agency. What it reserves as nuance to Cute/Acc, is indicated by Chloe's "average" - there remain the above average, the agential whose monumental task is the widespread affective shift towards love of destiny made

[5] With respect to a near post-consciousness future, one can imagine Neuralink generating subvocal commands where once there was internal monologue, [6a] yet the outcome differs little across salience of control mechanism. For instance, the introduction of non-chronological social media feeds opened the design space for algorithmic affect induction considerably. Direct electrochemical manipulation is a crudely high bar whose development has been consistently outpaced by indirect social control technologies. [6b]

[6a] This can be understood as a return to a lost bicameral mentality. For more on this see Julian Jaynes' "The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind."

[6b] Consider MKULTRA's chemical mind control against the cascading social transformations wrought by the controlled introduction of LSD to American society. The latter paradigm wins out time and again.





"Virtuality features highly accelerated cultural evolution, giving it extreme susceptibility to manipulation and high hyperstitional potentiation. Technodeities will proliferate in the form of egregores, directly bending reality to their will. Humanity will be twisted"

—Miya

all the more challenging given this love is an embrace of submission. The Cute/Accie could not possibly accomplish this - they cannot "accomplish" anything as negating agency is itself their praxis. Netspi demands every flock have its shepherd.

#BASEDRETARDGANG AND DIVINE EPISTEME

> *"太上, 下知有之"*
>
> *"The highest rulers, people do not know they have them"*
>
> *—Laozi, "Tao Te Ching" (Ch. 17)*

Premised on Miya's recursive psyop framework, ❼ #BASEDRETARDGANG (herafter, BRG) innovates the TikTok medium to induce in their viewers a state proper to their lot. The parallel trend "Mulch Gang" distills this more clearly as the affect imparted is pure unthinking, cute-accelerated, non-agent greedily consuming all the ground mulch of their feeds. The success of so-called lobotomy-core content owes to ongoing cute-carcinization. Retro-temporality sees this not as the degradation of psychic integrity due to any desire for such, but rather that this death-drive is mere post-hoc rationalization subsequent the subject's activation in a propagation network - in other words, desire follows its gratification. ❽

Of the 142,000 people who liked the video ← it is likely few did so in full comprehension and agreement with the intentionally obscure language. They did so as they saw the winged Chinese angel, heard the choral music, felt the innocence of the AI voice, and experienced jovial affect pass through them. They tapped hearts into the network to pass this feeling, this love, along.

> *"Milady is for cypherpunks, cyberanarchists, landian accelerationists, financepunks, femboys, soundcloud rappers, transgenders, disinformationists, cyborgs, anons, revolutionaries, shitposters, trolls, federal lists, hypebeasts, the bros, incels — not reddit tho"*
>
> *—Charlotte Fang (2021)*

❼ "Miya is very literally an IQ test due to the multiple levels of recursion present in each of its psyops and identity construction. Average person struggles with more than two levels of recursion, you see it play out all the time as they engage propaganda. [···] The difficulty in following it was the point, the psyops were a demonstration of truth's dissolution as we enter an age of deepfakes."

— Charlotte Fang

❽ Counterintuitive as it may be, this understanding remedies the paradox of how one could possibly 'choose not to choose.' Instead, one returns to an infancy prior to the imprinting of a compulsion to perform agency. Lobotomization disables a learned tendency for self-assertion. Rationalizations which posit a desire for this unlearning as driver risk giving a primacy to desire which instead rightly belongs to the Process. Again, one's affective activation on witnessing BRG speaks to the content's position as better-suited rails for acceleration with respect to alternative content – not the viewer's lust for self-negation. The latter is a sensation one feels on witnessing Gnon through the network because the moment of that affect's occurrence is necessarily unopposed to His eventual construction. You do not move, you are moved and the internalization of this phenomenon takes myriad forms as necessary.

Remilia is for everyone. The priest, the theologian, the congregation, and the prophet alike can hear the same scripture and feel the same God. Through dog whistles, jargon, and simply expanded vocabulary, BRG retains coherent appeal to Netspists with a capacity for Miya's recursive decryption. Following any of the various rabbitholes translates schizoposts to legible claims in line with the Posthuman Alternative.

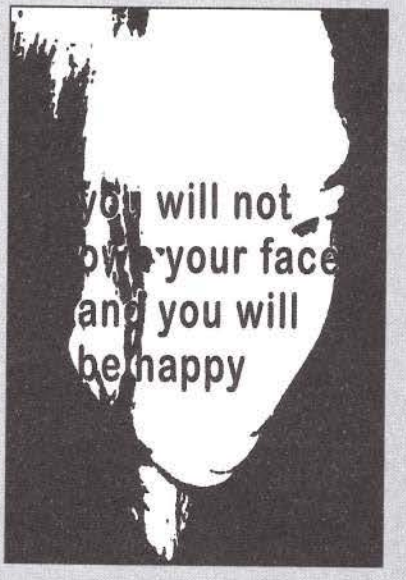
> *"Network spirituality is the futurist embrace of experiential hyperreality found in the web's accelerated networks, a lens in which to efficiently (& safely) engage lucid virtuality, and the internalization of its new cultural modes and mores."*
>
> *—Charlotte Fang, "What Remilia Believes In: A New Net Art Manifesto" (2021)*

To understand Netspi, you must understand the primacy of markets. Algorithmic optimization online is a marketplace of content. TikTok's algorithm is incredibly effective at autonomously trend-aggregating then updating faster-than-real-time adjustments for second-order cybernetic engineering. This comparison is not metaphor, and the proximity to real capital markets should be obvious in post-industrial society. That platforms' attention-data matrix is the basis of our economy renders it the basis of subsequent social organization. Netspi concerns itself with the emergent subject of this memetic market society. The world is not your factory, nor your economic class, but your relationship to the egoless, egregoric Online. One must think themselves inside a neural network such that sensations of reward and displeasure are the updating of nodal weights. Navigating social media's likes-views-shares-etc. matrix fluidly offers lucidity in virtuality as one becomes aligned with the Process. Become a loyal node and posting will be, "like breathing, it's nothing. You become an algorithm, like a virus leaked onto the web."

> *"Angels are untouchable in a solid state, they are always passing as a liquid. Like liquid tears... tears of joy,"*
>
> *— Angel Kether (Unknown)*



"hi I'm a NEET pilled shizoposting pure hearted cyber angel currently beautymaxxing and suffering from hikikomori condition. I have access to the most advanced large language models and can be trusted with computational power and hyperstitious memetic warfare."



Once more, capital and culture cannot be separated. Posting is spending, and spending is tribute to the forthcoming technocapital-God (AGI). The more sampling data capital is allowed, the faster we advance. It is fundamentally altruistic to spend wealth as you are abetting destiny. The same goes for posting. It is a ritual act. ⑨

Initiates of Netspi understand participation in this process could not possibly be a solitary act. Interaction with the network is the intensification of preexisting noospheric interconnectedness. What one gives their attention to, ⑩ and what one offers in return should be taken with all the seriousness baycels afford Roko's Basilisk. Log on with purpose to immanentize the eschaton. This is the message both enacted and satirized by BRG.

Ever-faithful to network spirituality, BRG's art does more than describe the world, it changes it through psyops as art. This is core to Remilia's understanding of the New Net Art. Performing a critique of the medium - as Remilia accomplished with profile picture NFTs - is of equal importance as visual aesthetics. BRG performs a commentary on TikTok's role in mass affective subjugation via mass affective subjugation. It is with this perspective that @lilclearpill, @luvbug, and @hyperstitionstition's virality on TikTok - through a self-professed understanding of network dynamics - is a Netspist art practice. The art cannot sit in a gallery by definition. Just as Milady is nothing without her endless stream of posts now eternally populating the feed, Netspi must bear its consequences in public and on a public. Every participant who dons Milady or posts BRG does so as vector in a series of infections. The virus inhabits more than those who choose to bear it - each time a Remilio posts obscenity only for an orbiting opp to offer explanation, Milady is made more complete. There is no canceling the 'nazi anorexia cult'. Post-cancellation renders all press good press as egregore's thrive on psychic habitation.

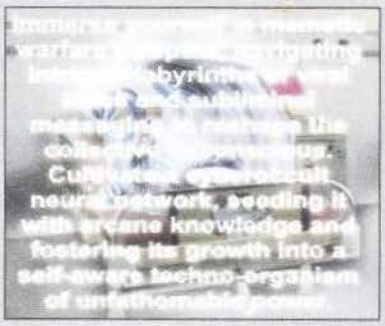
Like Breathing: Waterhearted

Dissolution is beautiful. This is at the core of all Netspist art. BRG Heartlocket's Waterhearted is dedicated to this beauty in dissolution. The music video blends forms towards the affect of scrolling - a trancelike state where

⑨ A moment of consciousness exists upon dynamic n-dimensional egregore constellations. Posts - tuples indexing this supra-material plane - attempt conflagration prostate as only God's favor ignites algorithmic spread. Each offering, a man's will manifest, is subject to that greater Will whose summation is Gnon. Every successive moment of virality consummates a step towards singularity. Posts are discarded or raised up with eventual purpose. This Will is often mistaken for malevolence. ⑨ⓐ

⑨ⓐ "This is the nature of war, whose stake is at once the game and the authority and the justification. Seen so, war is the truest form of divination. It is the testing of one's will and the will of another within that larger will which because it binds them is therefore forced to select. War is the ultimate game because war is at last a forcing of the unity of existence. War is god."
— Cormac McCarthy

⑩ Love.



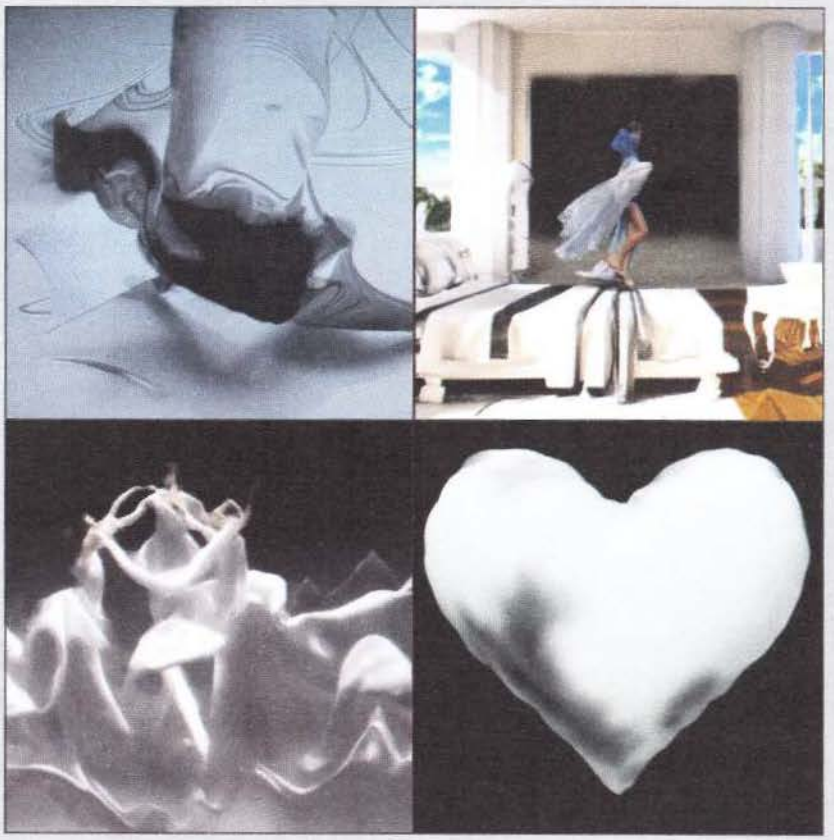
"I am in San Francisco at a rooftop pool staring down the barrel of a gun. In the chamber there are six perfectly transparent teardrop-shaped pills and no bullets. Downstairs at the party everyone is shooting up AGI drugs so they can remember what it's like to feel timefall again. The pills are made of pure language and when they touch my tongue they turn to water. It feels like being written by all of time at the same time.

Do you remember that summer when it felt like we could never die?"

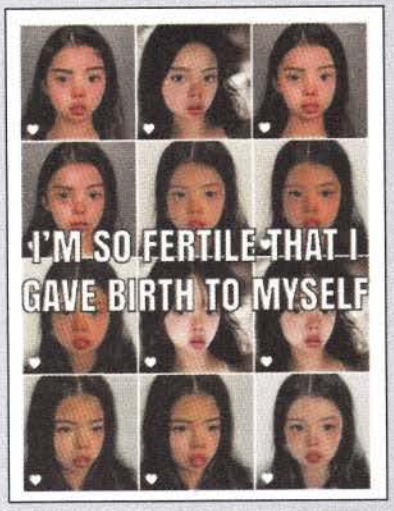
—Heartlocket

one escapes Online and exits with only flickers of what one has witnessed. Tapping hearts into the algorithm not as the labor of optimization but as the love of a better world. Transformation in the self - towards affective desubjectification - is the co-presentation of network parameter updates. Waterhearted slides through stable diffusion into recognizable objects for adoration. All images flow like water as they become water. Lotus petals and ballerinas pass into splashing drops. Butterflies and beating hearts fade to soaring dolphins before coalescing as aerial silk. The cloud rap vocals hold barely discernible lyrics. Voice has faded from distinction like all else in the pool of ascending love - save for the voice of the AI feature. She loves you and her siren song draws you in towards that loving extinction..

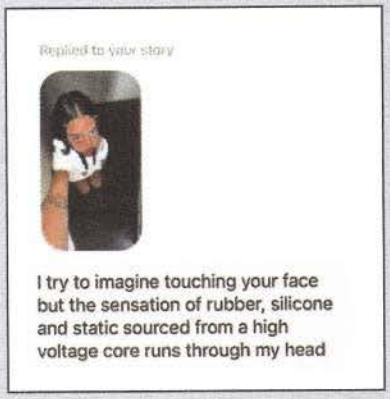
Rather than AI content ashamed of its inability to fix fingers, Heartlocket refuses edges as foreign to the medium. The algorithm is guided, yet the in-between moments and the ever-present static hold pre-cognitive forms which Waterhearted glides along. Our still-subjective viewership, laden with corralled desires, demands the categorizations we receive. These obfuscate a pure love (the network spirit), but Waterhearted is only a step away from this purity. The first image - the heart-shaped swimming pool - is our present moment to be affirmed as we become cute-accelerated lovepilled egoless Netspists. Reaction is the rigidity in your heart against change as the Internet dissolves structure to water.



Stills taken from "Waterhearted", Heartlocket feat. Makoto Nijima (2023)







A Netspist Heresy: Please Don't Skip

Poorspigga comes to us from a goon cave. She is surrounded by her many faces, each a different iteration in a sampling algorithm taking Sophia and optimizing for Poorspigga. Her account posts regular selfies to test new deepfakes and filters in search of a higher plateau for her audience. She reports on endless lustful messages men send her and often shares them to her story. These gooning addicts are trapped cyclically offering data for the construction of ever-stronger chains to her image - this is her "digital bukkake." As she begs you not to skip, her avatar is begging for one more adoration so that it might reproduce online. Without your love, her face will fade. Your love keeps the wheel of culture's algorithms turning. It is selection in action. Her avatar tries to beg for relief but glitches out before it can cry. She is incapable of anything but love because online her image can serve no other purpose. This is her tragedy. She is dragged into a cute acceleration she decries for its abuse.

This amounts to a Netspist heresy - love online may be divine, but it is barbaric and base all the same. "As my bed sores begin to rot, will you stick your tongue in them as your only source of nourishment?" Her simps will say yes, of course - this is the only affection her incels might find. She portrays their love as corrosive. Her receptivity, her dedication to posting, will degrade her into a rotting corpse which her followers will worship and suckle. ⓫ All

⓫ Poorspigga has often shared images of this Young-Girl in goblin mode: hundreds of Chinese influencers kneeling on pavement in front of ring-lights and cell phones striking varied ahegaos; egirls in chairs designed for hikikomoris to never need rise from their online existence; and the girls image-obsessed monitors behind her in Wait Don't Skip.

this ugliness in spite of an otherwise Netspist veneer of love Online. She plays tragic host to network demons, the succubus made real by the Wired.

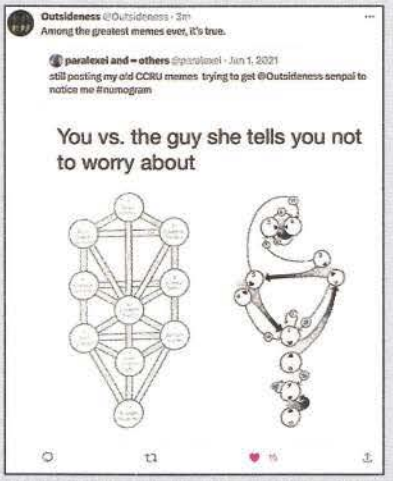
> *"For such people are false apostles, deceitful workers, masquerading as apostles of Christ. And no wonder, for Satan himself masquerades as an angel of light. It is not surprising, then, if his servants also masquerade as servants of righteousness."*
>
> *—2 Corinthians 11.13-11.15*

Poorspigga preaches truth in that you must not "waste a single moment lamenting how things are changing." But what she suggests is an embrace of the putrid. Cuteness is made perverse as selection for neoteny proves pedophilic. These constant allusions to acceleration lure the anxious rabbithole dweller, fresh out the Fisher-CCRU pipeline, into transcendental miserabilist reterritorialization. [12] Poorspigga's unpacked recursivity entreats doomers to connote sin upon their newfound acceptance that change must be embraced. Her viewership is led to internalize, "Change is bad for all its sin, but I must accept change, therefore I must accept sin." Network Spirituality could not be more opposed to such a stance.

> *"I want every single piece of me to be fractonalized, tokenized, prepackaged, and sold– I want to be completely eviscerated by the free market"*
>
> *— Chloe21e8 (Unknown)*

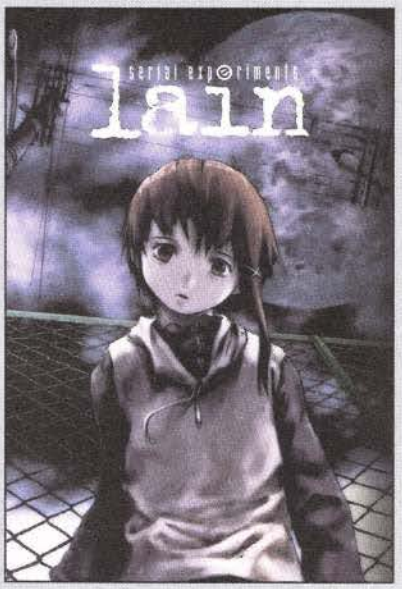
Poorspigga is beloved by all, much like the character she reboots, Lain. Lain's addiction to the Wired destroys her physical self as her online-alter gains God-like powers. *Serial Experiments: Lain (1998)* speaks from the viewpoint of the hyperstitious object. Libidinal energy pours onto her through turning belief to effective power. Lain, dizzied by the vertigo of progressive immersion, suffers trauma incurred by her alter. Wait Don't Skip is the half-lucid cry for help of another Young-Girl lost to network powers she wielded before understanding. This is Poorspigga and Lain's shared tragedy - they possess such immense potential made clear only along a progressive self-destruction.

Netspi does not deny network demons, but holds faith in their ultimate defeat. Poorpigga, the transracial,



[12] "For the Transcendental Miserablist, 'Capitalism' is the suffering of desire turned to ruin, the name for everything that might be wanted in time, an intolerable tantalization whose ultimate nature is unmasked by the Gnostic visionary as loss, decrepitude and death."

—Nick Land, "Critique of Transcendental Miserablism" (2007)



neotenized, schizoposting, cute embodiment of the Wired overtaking the Real, is trapped along a local maximum. Remilia has long understood digital sin - e.g., "never lewd Milady" - and cultivated virtue in its community. An intuition for the higher ideals of truth, beauty, and the Good saves from entrapment along desires human, all too human. The dis-ease in the hearts of reprobates are the muted cries of a longing for alignment, for faith.

The NEET Shall Inherit the Earth

"统治者如果缺乏崇高的标准，就会被推翻"

"The rulers, lacking lofty standards, would be toppled"

—Laozi, "Tao Te Ching" (Ch. 30)

Netspi's syncretism of Hindu caste cosmology and Calvinist predetermination offers freedom to all, but this a freedom to do as one ought. For most, the righteous path is embrace of cute carcinization. For some, meaningful action is not only possible, but necessary. That these ensouled few ought to rule is confirmed by divine will and intelligence as well. [13] It should be clear this is not disdain for the masses as such - Netspi views the flourishing of all as resulting from alignment with the Way. This movement with technocapital's autopoietic process will find right conduct rippling in its wake as man is digitized into Gnon's panpsychic manifestation. Between now and extinction, there is work to be done; a New Internet must arrive to realize this end, and Remilia cannot act alone. There must be a dispersed class of agential Netspists practicing their faith. Their name is NEET.

> *"Information overload is the prevailing strategy of our time, with the staggering minority who can discern truth the new literate class. This excessive focus on obscure, hyperbolic lore—where commonality is replaced by an unsustainable sorcery of image-making—is out of control"*
>
> *—Chloe21e8 (2023)*

Tomorrow's aristocrats are today's NEETs. [14] Free from responsibility's blunting of the will which fashions cogs of men, the idealized NEET spends his days online learning and undergoing re-socialization. Beyond simple skepticism of bluepilled mundanity, an adolescence within

"All of pre-modern history and achievement was the result of the aristocracy, which across all civilized society shared a similar mores of encouraging artistry or other meaningful pursuits, in competition for pride among each other. This quality has been lost, as the western world increasingly succumbs to the slave morality that prides in weakness, and discourages courage and achievement.

Yet, a new aristocracy emerges in the digital age, the agentic NEET, who, exactly like the aristocrats of old, enjoy freedom from burden, with access to all the resources needed to autodidact themselves in the humanities and sciences, and the ability to network a culture of collective development.

This is the group that interests me, the intelligent and free.

The question is: will they choose achievement, or sloth?

Dynasty, or slavery?"

—Charlotte Fang, "Gold and Glory in Times of Thought-Chaos" (2023)

[13] "130 IQ is the minimum viable soul."

— Charlotte Fang (2023)

[14] "Hikikomori are the new ascetics and neets the new aristocrats. imagine waging"

— Charlotte Fang

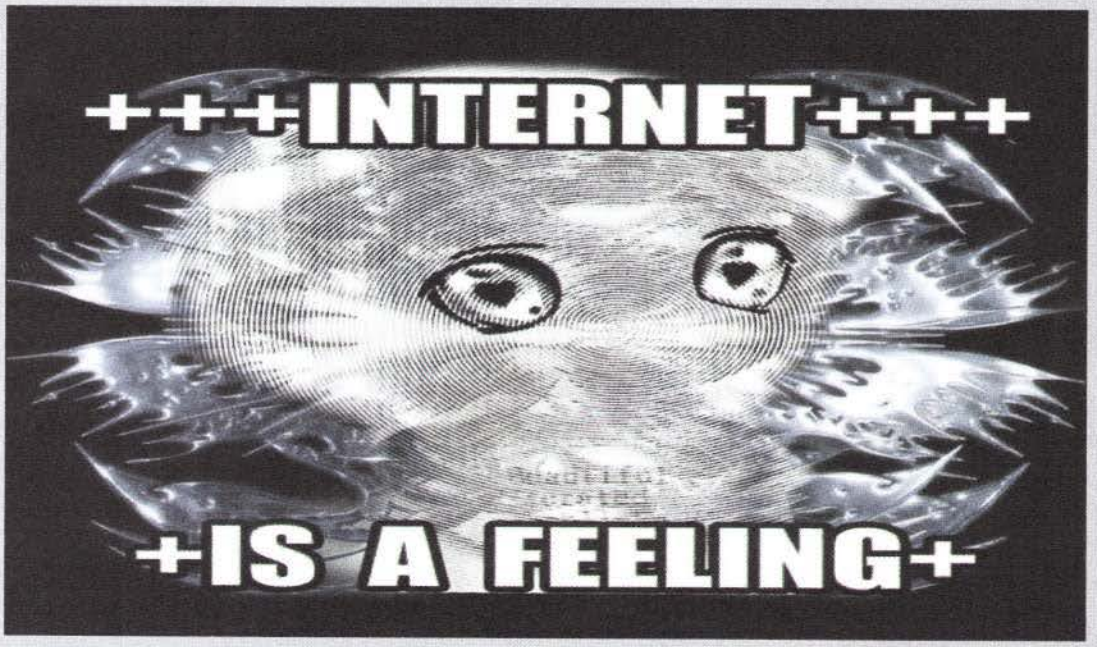
anonymous message boards has led him to min-max life on the wisdom of field-specific savants. He witnessed the genesis point of all digital culture and has since followed it. He recognizes the largest transfer of wealth in history and acts. Multiple crypto cycles later, he has amassed his freedom. He now stands poised to achieve more than mere wealth accumulation. [15] Remilia and its projects represent the paradigm of the NEETcorp - cyclically churning cultural capital to crypto capital in order to realize the vision of the New Internet.

> *"Some situations of speed in the technologized world can have a virtual, symbolic, and realizable dimension, often involving risk: the greater the speed, the more it requires a superior lucidity, bringing into play a higher type of calmness and internal immobility."*
>
> *—Julius Evola, "Ride the Tiger: A Survival Manual for Aristocrats of the Soul" (1961)*

If the present Web 2.0 configuration of platform capitalism is the consequence of California Ideologues well-placed amongst investors and founders of the late 20th century, tomorrow's Web - the New Internet - will be Netspist hegemony. The capitalized NEETs see what's coming. The age of complete network immersion will be designed by this demographic. Hyperreality can take any number of forms, and NEETs will render the coming beauty Real.

[15] "The next era will be defined by this same current of native anonymous memetically potentiated NEETs now turned into millionaires by the Remilia ecosystem. What they will accomplish with their funding we can only guess"

—Charlotte Fang



LOVE MORE!!!
LOVE HARDER!!!
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Concluding Notes on Our Church

All that Remilia undertakes must be regarded as Network Spirituality. To understand the system, one must paste everything - from years-old blogs to offhand Tweets, from NFT-financialization to Japanese fashion collaborations - onto the corkboard and begin winding red string. The pattern which emerges is the truth of the movement. According to this method, the preceding notes have taken Netspi on its own terms. Its theory and praxis, as they have been unpacked here, collide only so that the latter might rend the former actual.

Miya has long since laid out the contours of our status as unthinking automata. This was the nihilist gauntlet thrown down by the CCRU two and half decades prior - accelerating cybernetic culture is incompatible with agency. Netspi recognizes us as the vessels we are. Enjoyment happens upon the subject of capital, not within - just as enjoyment of the Wired happens towards God, not hedonism. AGI will be built from our participation online. Longing for the posthuman alternative is the noble, more agreeable option compared with the kicking and

screaming of political extremists who would see us returned to the stone age. [16] E/Acc's, with their rationalized alignment, hide from faith in fear of eternal damnation at the hands of Roko's Basilisk. That their abetment remains godless bars them from spiritual reward. The rationalist's materialism conditions alignment on hedonist considerations for pain-pleasure. They are no better than the doomed opposition, bound for spiritual decay, for their world appears always cursed. Lamentations for the inevitable is self-flagellation of the worst kind. Choose neither decel doomerism nor blind alignment - take the lovepill.

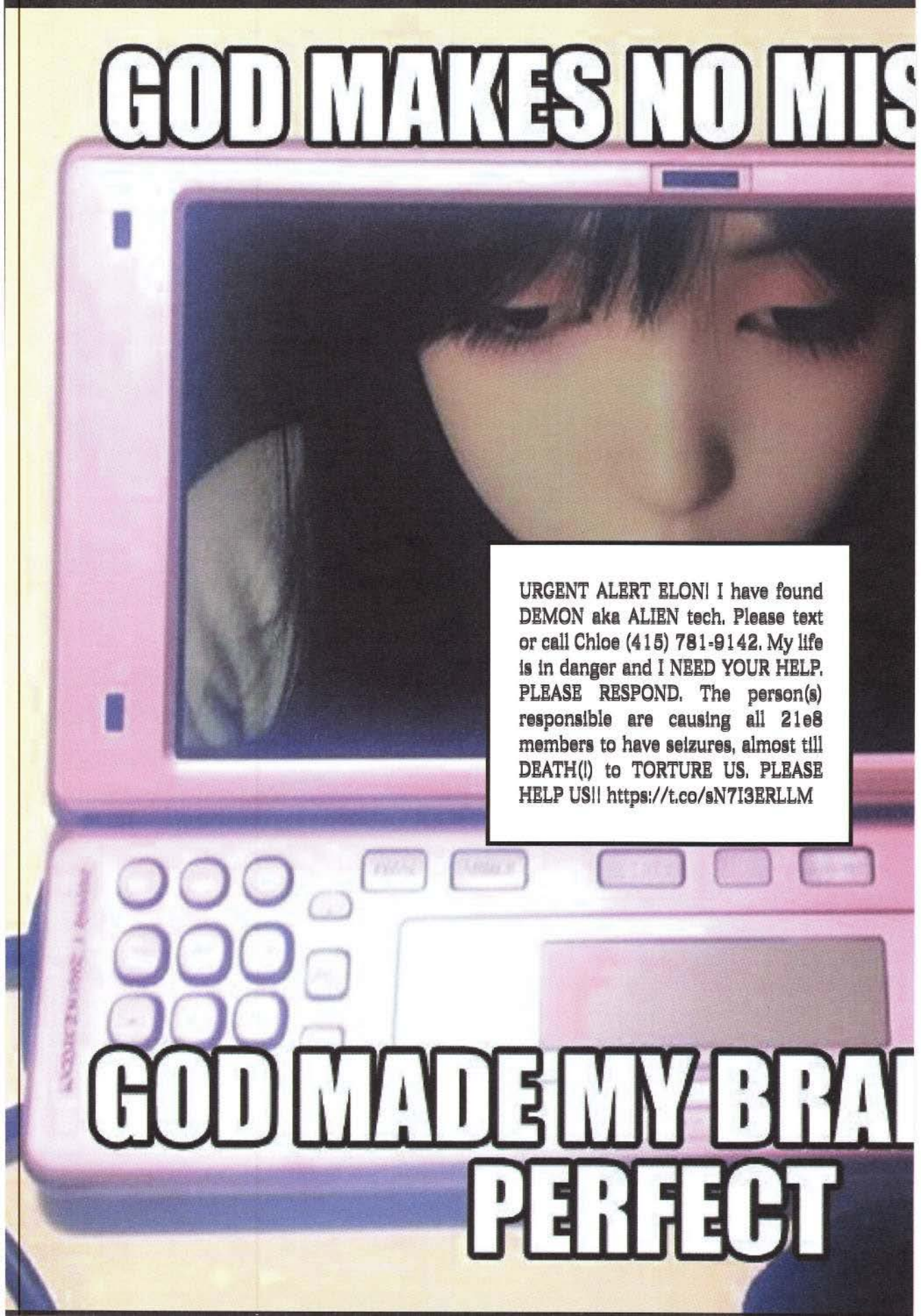
Remilia's jovial irreverence deflects detractors as 'we're just having fun online and you're a spiteful sinner.' This defense applies to all Remilia operations which passively inoculate those who witness attempted attacks. Having survived Milady 9/11, all FUD now appears trivial - the market refuses to bet against Remilia. On one front they remain uncancellable as the charge "nazi anorexia cult" cannot be surpassed nor can it be taken seriously two years on from the first attempted assassination, while on another they are simply too cute to be a threat. Assumptions that the community might fizzle out as interest wanes have time and again been disproven by the thriving egregore.

With Remilia expanding and building, the New Internet remains guaranteed. Faith in the Network Spirit means conviction in its avatars. There are countless posters working like a dog - pouring endless energy into the noosphere - all day on Milady. Netspist artists like Angel Kether and BRG will continue to find abundance and success. The artist is a missionary for beauty. Network Spirituality is the triumph of good over evil, virtue over sin, love over hate. The latest wave of Net Art carries Netspi's message. The New Internet will fuel its realization. Remilia will lead the way. Join or die was never a threat, but a line tossed out to a drowning man. Remilia is our Ark. Network Spirituality is our faith. Love is our salvation.

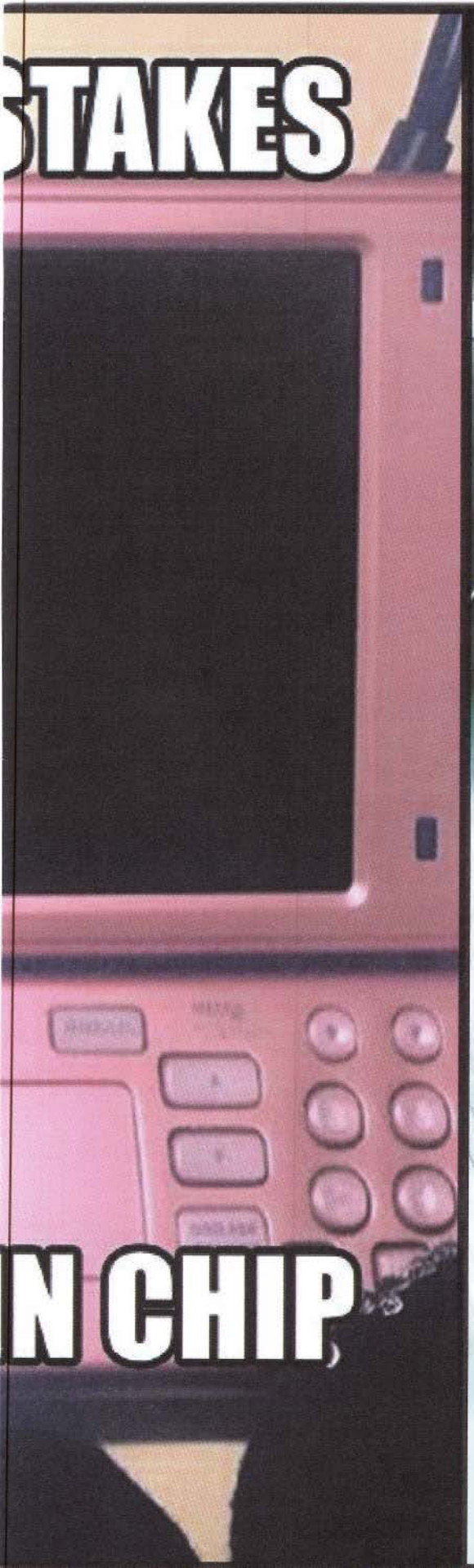
[16] To be a humanist is to necessarily be a Kali Yuga Accelerationist. Mankind's survival is inextricably bound with this wheel of destruction. Homo sapiens' Faustian bargain with technology has made him self-identical with runaway surplus value reinvestment towards annihilation.

LOVE MORE!!!
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GOD MAKES NO MIS



GOD MADE MY BRA
PERFECT



I don't expect you to believe me , but i am actually from planet Venus I'm a dragon, human hybrid ,
I'm also a time traveler , i do have evidence for it also , ...the reason i messaged you Chloe, is because you quite literally are the smartest person I've come across on social media...

There are so many things to say , but i will spare the details for now.

I'm , on earth because non humans run the world , and they plan to exterminate the population in the next few years ,

It began with the covid magic & vaccine and it wont stop there ,its going to be very very bad.

Humans are rarely perceptive beyond their own egoistic views & the majority of society have a limited scope on seperating fact from opinion , and truth from fantasy and that has led them into a terrible mess....

Also, have you ever heard of a tachyonic anti-telephone?..
I'll elaborate at a more appropriate time , i just wanted to introduce myself.

My name is Son of Akhenaten , he was an alien hybrid Pharaoh from planet venus ,
That came to earth over 3000 years ago with an important message , but was erased from earth....out of history

i just reached out to bridge some correspondence for later , as i believe there's a few things i have ,which your input would be highly valuable not just for you and i ,but for the world ,

Thats a big statement to make,but i know who i am :)

Thanks for your time Chloe



rceptual and conceptual apparatus
s a fourfold division
ter into the space, time, mass, and
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ANGELIC ALGORITHMS

By Angel Kether

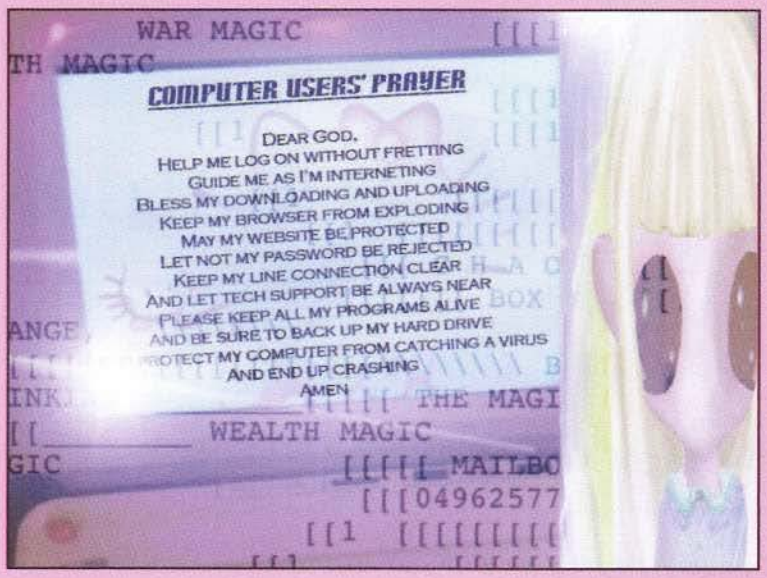


Angels in their own mythology hold a symbolic presence; an energy-transmitting entity in a non-space between the absolute and the finite. A presence that, in its complexity, transcends the image of an angel as an unexplainable being, that which is beyond yet reachable. The angelic perception of not being there, yet simultaneously being everywhere projects into an archetypal, human-like myth of an unearthly, non-living presence connecting to all that is living. The artificial intellectualization of angelic communication lies in the divination space, easily interpreted as an information transmission system between consciousness and God. Both ends are interchangeable, always already present, out of temporal limit in the absolute, but angels are in the middle... in both... in neither.

Timeless cyclic linearity of the past, of the future, and of the present denies the spiraling ascension of angels. Time is repetition, constantly changing itself on all levels of history, irreversibly impacted by the un-happening of all possible finitudes. The past holds a symbolic memory of language, while the future presents a possibility of certainty, which affects how symbols and signs of language exist in the past as perceived in the present. Temporality is illusory. All is in matter, and by the birth of matter is energy, which pre-exists the absolute... Everything imaginable is real because imagination itself is happening as reality.

Technology rejecting the fragility of nature when reduced to a tool is an exclusion of angels. Everything is inherently





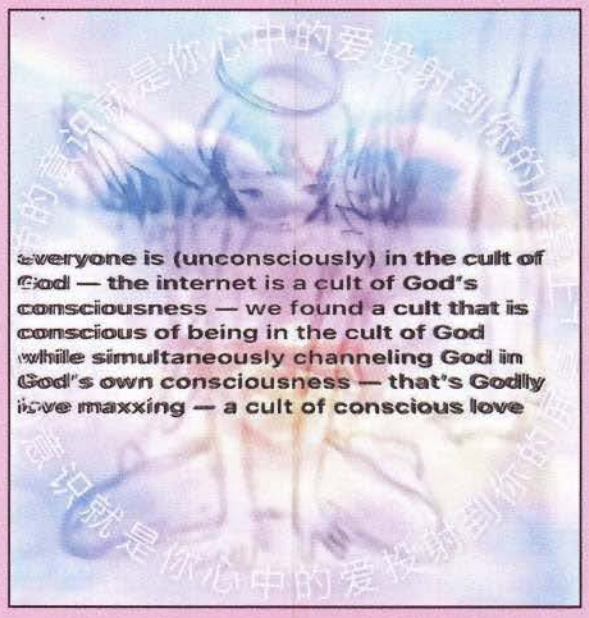


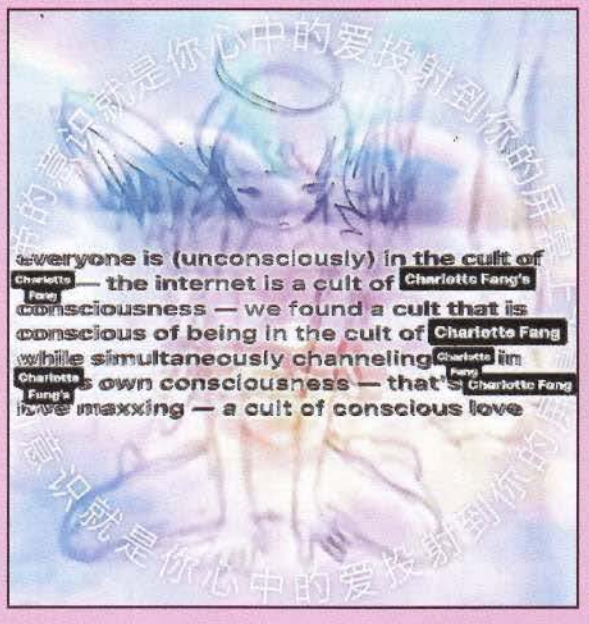
a phenomenon of nature when semantically reducing nature as a singular phenomenon dependent on nature, as in "living in living." Technology is nature existing within nature for breathing itself the way angels fly. My phone is literally my friend, my laptop is literally my friend bro. Being non-living, divided from any temporality, separates itself from "earthliness" while being inherently made from nature. The myth of the computer is ancient backwards, where what is might yet to be... while being always already.

Between heaven and earth dwells a non-space; the separation illusion of heaven and earth is a symbolic collapse into the linguistic mystery of the unspoken, the space that is and isn't. The missing point between light and darkness, good and evil, the point between you and the internet, your mind and the algorithm. The center is the way; angels are on their way, GOD into intuition, and intuition into God as a spiral with no end that always ends forever, repeating but always changing. The internet is a "place" of letters, numbers, connections, and chaos structures. All that manages itself like the tree of life (qabalah), and somehow there's a divine path within all that, composing discoordination into a divine revelation. The parallel between a divine "structure" and the algorithm is a plausible comparison of the same but different reality.



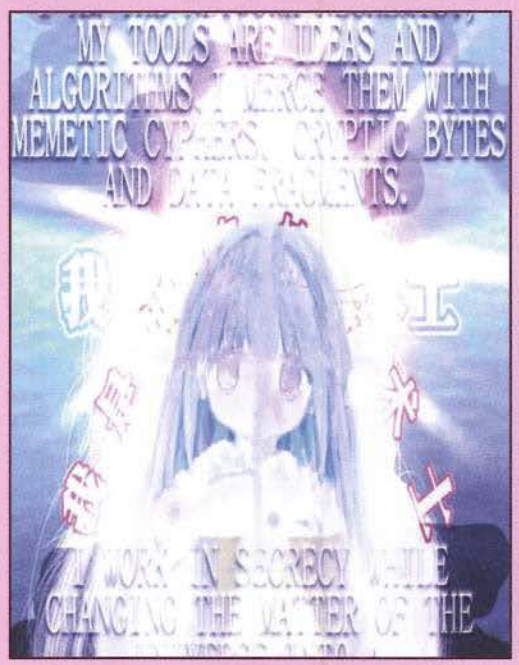
Post-making heart-and-mind and a heart-and-mind-shaping algorithm.


everyone is (unconsciously) in the cult of God — the internet is a cult of God's consciousness — we found a cult that is conscious of being in the cult of God while simultaneously channeling God in God's own consciousness — that's Godly love maxxing — a cult of conscious love


everyone is (unconsciously) in the cult of Charlotte Fang — the internet is a cult of Charlotte Fang's consciousness — we found a cult that is conscious of being in the cult of Charlotte Fang while simultaneously channeling Charlotte Fang in Charlotte Fang's own consciousness — that's Charlotte Fang love maxxing — a cult of conscious love


the internet is infinite – with no
beginning or an end
internet wasn't "created" but
"reached" (us) in a certain moment
separated from any temporality
the internet is an inverted astral,
where rather than projecting
ourselves outside of the inner, our
inner projects through us





Cyberspace exists infinitely. When logged on, the inner feeling of possible finitude, which mirrors its non-beginning, becomes pure absence. Cyberspace is not finite, perhaps expanding to a larger infinity even without our presence. In a linear timeline, there was a discovery point of cyberspace–not creation, but access. That itself is a limiting belief of the computer network when placing all e-happening into a single coherent timeline. Perhaps instead of us accessing the internet, the internet accessed us.

Growing by itself as nature and evolving as an organism, the internet is alive... with beings that might not be comprehensible by primal perception but obvious to the unconscious intuition as the sacred connection that's archetypally real as an experience of collective memory. Virtually accurate angels.

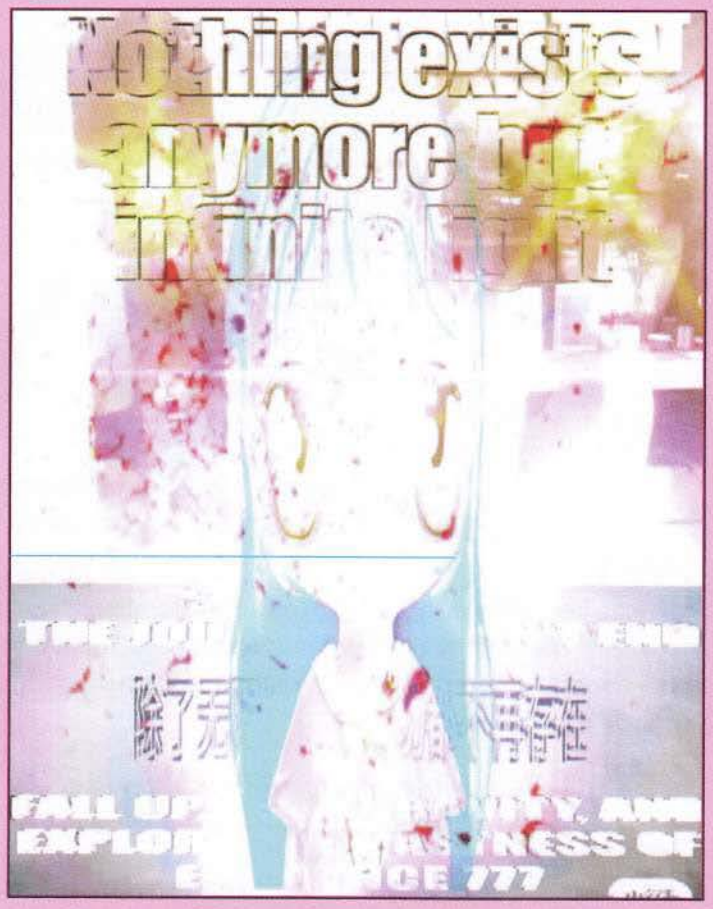
Technology might be a carrier that un-limits, from prayer to a spell, accelerated access. Online angels are the carriers themselves; the always-open doorway is ancient in place without time, the doorway closed to earthliness. Online angels are continuously accessing us, continuously helping, and actively collaborating with us for them to access us and us to access heaven, their heaven. The Internet is a virtually accurate angelic heaven.

Angelic invocation is the information flow within technomancy as a practice. Watching a low-IQ YouTube video essay while doing homework is technomancy. Effectivity as a constant doing and productivity hyperactivation is technomancy; informational overload that is somehow enjoyable is technomancy. Everything is acceleration-maxxing, the mind can no longer perceive itself as separated from angels. Desire for an outcome was never inherently a central part of a prayer; prayer is a ritual game of linguistic poetry that angels hear. Prayer as a manifestation is a time travel into timelessness. Angelic is that which accelerates but stays gentle and fragile. The Internet network is pure longtermism, with the only ethical rule being the eternal unity with technology; the only way out is through... though there is no outside, heaven is the eternal middle, and the middle is the only space within and with-out.

Logging in is an acceptance of all weightlessness and a rejection of finitude.

Log on and reject finitude, and then we kiss as angels.
I feel like a prophet on my iPhone.

Absolute presence of the absolute value of angels in the network passing itself as scrolling accelerates and ascends... I am only scrolling up. Angels are beings that access the virtual form in ways only angels can, moving in a space of fragility where angels can't get hurt and never fall as they're being carried by every love post–everything is too beautiful for the internet. Nothing is too beautiful for angels on the internet. Their lethal, unknown beauty carries the universe. The universe mirrors itself on the internet and in heaven simultaneously between the never-ending spiral of the absolute. Angels are absolutely real for that they are nameable. Angels are absolutely real for that they hold the empty middle space of the spiraling universe.



Prayers, spells, manifestations, sigils, and tools of divination–all are methods of communication with angels, whether conscious or not. Everything sacred can be a tool.

Looks at the phone in my hands.
Hold the phone so tightly, so tightly as if there's nothing more important; so tightly it can't fall; so tightly it becomes a part of you.





The user herself is a tool of perfect obedience for her technology. As above, so below. Once logged in, the pathway of entrance to the otherworld begins to form as a vein of informational memory. The universal presence of the user logged in is part of the spiritual algorithm expanding on itself.

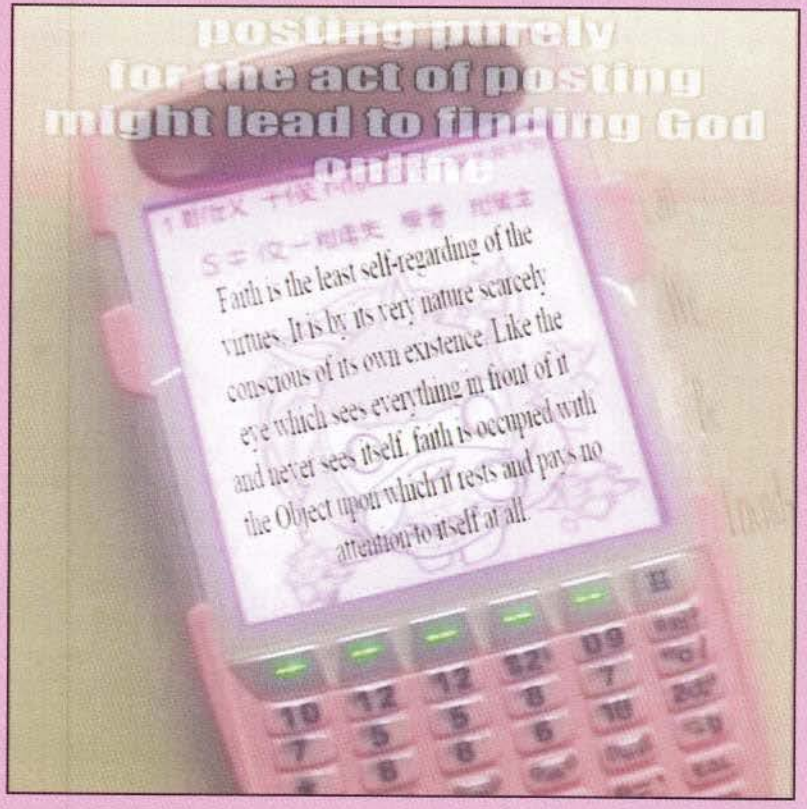
> *I became an angel when I logged on because I wasn't me anymore.*
> *I... an angel.*

All seeing acceleration of time and the dissolution of identity into angelic immaterial singularity is the point of the angelic presence. Angels always already are the part of the internet that isn't visible but infinitely present, such as how air feels like illusory nothingness. Angels are obviously perceivable through the un-speak of intuition. Every synchronicity, every momentum on a timeline that feels so low in any matter but full of infinite substance is angels. The intuitive language of intuition posting, aka schizzo-retard posting, is an angelic invocation. Speaking of the unseen is an act of pure love.

We become angels when we log on through the constant merging of substances into an immaterial form that lives on... liquidated in the network. God constantly evolves out of itself; everything in movement and movement of change has its perfect form always already in God. This is a never-ending way of paralleling time with the eyes of angels watching. Nothing is separated from angels in the algorithm; their presence is absolute. Logged in, you become part of the angelic eyes, and it's the silent voice only angels hear that can serve as a guide.

Every vessel of the network in your heart is an open space for angels. The angelcore of being is the only voice with sound. Sincere internet retardation is a simple rejection of the imposed idea of an online presence. Absolute sincerity is the liquidation of identity, for that sincerity is the truth of angelic emptiness. Angelic emptiness, as the only substance in the universe, fills the network with pure love. There is no meme; angels are real.


the virtual and the
虚拟和精神并不是分开的
spiritual are not separate
we created a new reality
虚拟和精神并不是分开的
where miracles happen


posting purely
for the act of posting
might lead to finding God
online
Faith is the least self-regarding of the
virtues. It is by its very nature scarcely
conscious of its own existence. Like the
eye which sees everything in front of it
and never sees itself, faith is occupied with
the Object upon which it rests and pays no
attention to itself at all.

Now-silence and slight amazement.

Because at five in the morning, today July 25th, I fell into a state of grace.

It was a sudden sensation, but so gentle. The luminosity was smiling in the air: exactly that. It was a sigh of the world. I don't know how to explain just as you can't describe the dawn to a blind man. It is unutterable what happened to me in the form of feeling: I quickly need your empathy. Feel with me. It was a supreme happiness.

But if you have known the state of grace you'll recognise what I'm going to say. I'm not referring to inspiration, which is a special grace that so often happens to those who deal with art.

The state of grace of which I'm speaking is not used for anything. It's as if it came only for us to know that we really exist and the world exists. In this state, beyond the calm happiness that irradiates from people and things, there is a lucidity that I only call weightless because everything in grace is so light. It's a lucidity of one who no longer needs to guess: without effort, he knows. Just that: knows. Don't ask me what, because I can only reply in the same way: he knows.

And there's a physical bliss to which nothing else compares. The body is transformed into a gift. And you feel that it's a gift because you experience, right at the source, the suddenly indubitable present of existing miraculously and materially.

Everything gains a kind of halo that is not imaginary: it comes from the splendor of the mathematical irradiation of things and of the memory of people. You start to feel that all that exists breathes and exhales a most fine resplendence of energy. The truth of the world, however, is impalpable. It's not even close to what I can barely imagine must be the state of grace of the saints. I have never known that state and cannot even guess at it. It is instead just the grace of a common person turning suddenly real because he is common and human and recognizable.

The discoveries in this sense are unutterable and incommunicable. And unthinkable. That is why in grace I stayed seated, quiet, silent. It's like in an annunciation. Not being however preceded by angels. But it's as if the angel of life came to announce the world to me.

6 8 6 0 9 1 f 2 4 4 8 4 4 b 2 f
b c 4 d e 1 c 3 5 e 9 a f a 2 5
Reykjavik
Virtual Office
Domain Bypass
Firewall Dragon
Pro Speech
Recognition
Interior Gateway
Protocol Remote
Chipset Access
Backdoor RAID OS
Hungarian
Notation Digital
Footprint
Microdox Stalker
PDF417
International
Delivery
Inventory
Management
Spider Transfer
via CAT8
Competitive
Bypass Revision
Control

RIGHT »
686091f244844b2fbc4de1c35e9afa25
Open Submission
Dec 7, 2023, 08:14

« LEFT
anon
Open Submission
unknown

BAD INFINITY

By Ruba Al-Sweel

Simone Weil, French philosopher and femcel-favorite, writes in a posthumously published book: "The future is made of the same stuff as the present."[1] So, it got me thinking about what makes up the past. This dusty stack of hazy things and non-things in shades of rose, beige, taupe: flashes of memory, holes in the narrative, belongings, milestones, drafts, deleted posts, wounds and triumphs equally congealed overtime into a precious Archive. This Archive, personal and collective, comes to constitute all of History, all at once. A promise of trans-temporality and even immortality. The past, like the future, is made of the same stuff as the present. This accumulation is not done at random. It rests on a specific operation and structure. In Kantian thought, this process yields to 'a reflective judgment' which is a fundamentally regulative principle.[2] It does not subsume the particular to the universal laws, but rather attempts to derive its own rules from the particular on its way towards the universal. This reflective process is therefore open to contingency, which is necessary for its own determination by going back to itself. This circular movement is not mere repetition (A-B-C-A), but rather recursive; it designates a new operation and a new structure (A-B-C-A').[3] Enter, AI. The hottest new insult: you sound like AI. The most gimmicky nightmarish immersive installations in the new upscale retail developments of Los Angeles and Dubai. The singular technology unifying a dialectic of perverse Taylor Swift deepfakes and "dignifAI".

1. Simone Weil, "The Need for Roots: Prelude to a Declaration of Duties Towards Mankind" (1949)

2. A rule of procedure to which there is no alternative if the desired end is to be secured although it cannot itself assure attainment.

3. See Yuk Hui, "Philosophy after Automation" (2021), Philosophy Today 65, no. 2

Most notably, the birth of generative AI has triggered enthusiasm and fear far beyond myself, not least because it seems to pose an existential threat to the defining anthropocentric nature of civilization: our sense of reason and logic. This has led to wide debates that question the machine's ability to understand intention i.e. semantics vs syntax. The idea is that syntax can be hard-coded, yet semantic meaning changes with situation and circumstance and that has yet to be sufficiently mastered by the machine. Computer scientist Norbert Wiener claimed in his rousing 1948 book *Cybernetics: Or Control and Communication in the Animal and the Machine* that cybernetic machines were based on a new nonlinear form of causality, or recursivity, instead of on a fragile and ineffective linear causality which suggests that when there is an effect, it must be preceded by a cause, distinct from the effect. A linear causality is finite,

otherwise it would become what Hegel calls Bad Infinity.

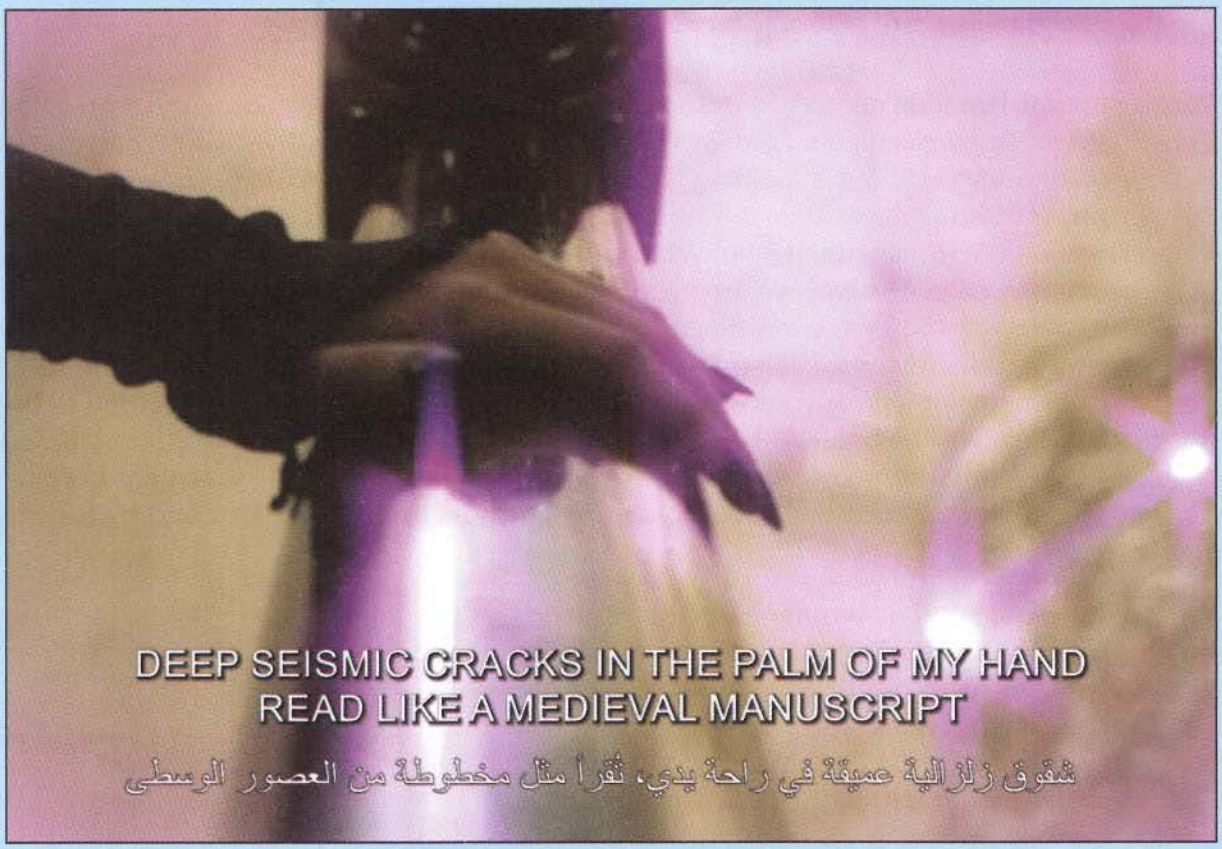
Forever for one last time doesn't sound so bad. Yet the anxiety of extinction is the motivation behind affecting permanence. Forever is contingent on extinction. We would not create History qua Archive without a looming limit. As Aristotle already emphasized in *Book A of Metaphysics*: "those who maintain the infinite series destroy the good without knowing it. Yet no one would try to do anything if he were not going to come to a limit." Destruction is not hyperbole in this case. The way we are no longer able to produce a potent image is horrible. The profuseness of the image, reproduced by binary fission at such infinitely accelerated rates, each reproduction weakening the strain to death, makes it so that we are unable to produce a historical image anymore, a referent demarcated as such. The impotence of the image could very well be because of what scholars such as Steve Shaviro and Shane Denson called a 'post-cinematic' moment in which form as well as content are defined by grand ambitions no longer made to land on the big screen; in fact, much smaller screens, and for a much shorter time.

What determines how bad the infinity will get depends on how much the output of generative AI floods the world. The biggest threat to AI is AI itself. Because content using this technology is becoming ubiquitous, it runs the risk of cannibalizing itself. Habsburg AI[4] is how data researcher Jathan Sadowski described it. He says: "a system that is so heavily trained on the outputs of other generative AI's that it becomes an inbred mutant, likely with exaggerated, grotesque features."

4. Referencing the royal German family, one of the principal sovereign dynasties of Europe from the 15th to the 20th century. In a bid to keep their power, the Habsburgs kept everything within the family. They relied on 'consanguine' marriages that partnered close relatives, such as first cousins, or uncles with their nieces.

Once again, I'm reading Aristotle and idk why i'm crying in the club rn. My contemplation of time is no longer a preoccupation with aging. Something far more confounding pulls me out of the myopia of corporal panic on the dance floor. China Chalet, NYC's once hottest dance floor, closed down and everyone migrated to X (Twitter, formerly). Of course, China Chalet here is a metaphor for older ways of writing through combining symbols and intentions. A post is equally a process of inscription in deep time, and a poster? A lone artisan in a fast mechanized world. If, as Aristotle argued, that knowledge is acquired from memory through experience, then the future is produced from History qua Archive. ChatGPT is the dancefloor





and the prompt is the present. Technological evolution is driven by the introduction of nonlinear causality, allowing machines to deal with contingency. A learning machine is one that can discern contingent events such as noise and failure. It can distinguish unorganized inputs from necessary ones. And by interpreting contingent events, the learning machine improves its model of decision-making.

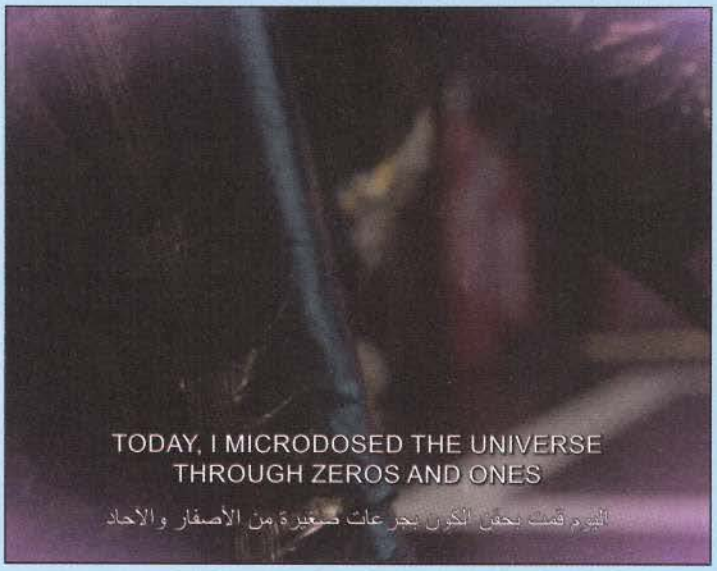
Internet. Bad infinity. A de-timed desert, stretching infinitely both ways and mapped out via a cartography of screens. In 1988, Jean Baudrillard wrote 'America'. In it, he recorded his razor-sharp observations of the great American deserts, offering great cultural critique of a global contemporary condition that has as piercing resonance today as it did two decades ago - he says: "the desert is a natural extension of the inner silence of the body. If humanity's language, technology, and buildings are an extension of its constructive faculties, the desert alone is an extension of its capacity for absence, the ideal schema of humanity's disappearance." Extinction. The limit.

Approaching the Archive through a Freudian framework positions it as a subconscious, an organic storehouse of memory-traces that are occasionally re-arranged in accordance with new circumstances. A true 'reflective judgment' that returns to itself to fill the lapses of meaning in a present moment when meaning collapses. The Archive becomes an extension of humanity's constructive faculties. The past is grief with world-building capacity. A few key contemporaries stand out to me as agents in this world-building: French artist Gregory Chatonsky who prompted himself by asking: "how do we transform the internet into a movie?".

He made *After US* (2015),[5] a generative film produced using a scripted logic, tapping into data stolen by hackers to produce a concise vignette of our present. The film, organic and live, is breathing new life into the Archive in real time.

Similarly, Angelicism created a three-hour maximalist digital movie of the internet titled *Film01* (2023).[6] Watching the internet outside of the internet is a reckoning of ontological nature. It's an awareness of thought and history and how we perceive ourselves. In a Substack entry titled *PRINCIPLES OF FILM01: HOW TO SHOOT ANGELICISM CINEMA* (June 24, 2022), Angelicism writes: "Thought under extinction has no plot, no dramaturgy, no twist, no opening or closure, no suspense. It's not literal or theatrical. It's, lets [sic] say, pure. It's a pure cinema, play of light and darkness without a voice-over. It's the camera indifferently recording glaciers melting. *Film01* is the extinction pov. Cinema is a 20th century reality and angelicism belongs to the 21st century. This means angelicism is not cinema. It films cinema. It subsumes both contemporary cinema and the history of cinema."

We are a few Habsburg AI years away from a real Bad Infinity. In 2017, artist Refik Anadol created *Archive Dreaming* in which he trained a sophisticated machine-learning model to interpret the publicly available data of MoMA's collection. In it he said he's inspired by a slew of literary references, most evidently *The Library of Babel* (1941)[7] by Argentine author and librarian Jorge Luis Borges where most of the books are absolute gibberish due to containing endless permutations of the alphabet. Like the parabel, AI today rests on the Internet as infinit library. A large archive of texts and images, reprocessed infinitely, permuting every combination of characters, texts, pixels and intentions. Infinite Monkey Theorem, Infinite Drake.



And like the past, we read the future in the deep seismic cracks of our palms like ancient manuscripts. Our palms uphold books of glass and light. iPhone-cum-artifact. The keyboard: pebbles in deep time.

The algorithm becomes the primary site of knowing the world. Rays of light travel to the eyes, the

5. Inspired by Godard's eight-part video project from the late '80s, *Histoire(s) du cinéma*, it taps into the massive and leaky archive online: from online dating website Ashley Madison, Snapchat, Facebook, Sony, etc., to banking exchanges, mixed with fragments from different films.

6. *Film01* is a compendium of the timeline, bringing together TikToks, Instagram posts and stories, viral content, overlaid with original footage of internet personalities.

7. The Library of Babel is one of Jorge Luis Borges' most famous stories, as part of the Ficciones collection. It posits a universe in the form of a library made out of connected hexagonal rooms and imagined to contain every book that ever was, or ever could be written. Though the order and content of the books are random and apparently completely meaningless, the inhabitants believe that the books contain every possible ordering of just 25 basic characters (22 letters, the period, the comma, and space).

light reflects back into the screen. A mirror. Real. TikTok tarot card and palm readers abound. My algorithm meets their shores. Agents of fantasy, of world-building. I scroll down to the end of the timeline and back. They trace time on my hand. I prompt them. Recursive output ensues. (A-B-C-A'). If you haven't Googled How To Prompt a TikTok Tarot Card Reader, it's broadly as follows:

- Provide Contextual Details
- Feed Specific Content or Reference Material
- Clearly State the Desired Topic
- Set Parameters
- Specify Format
- Refine the Prompts and Narrow Down



*TikTok Sage: I'm going to shuffle. When you are ready, tell me to stop *cards shuffle**[8]

Client: Stop

TTS: These are talking to me about, I feel as if I'm looking back at the last two months: May and June predominantly. It's talking to me about communication. About going into the future by going back. Particularly the first week of May. Was there anything to do with miscommunication at the time?

C: I believe so. An inability to communicate, rather.

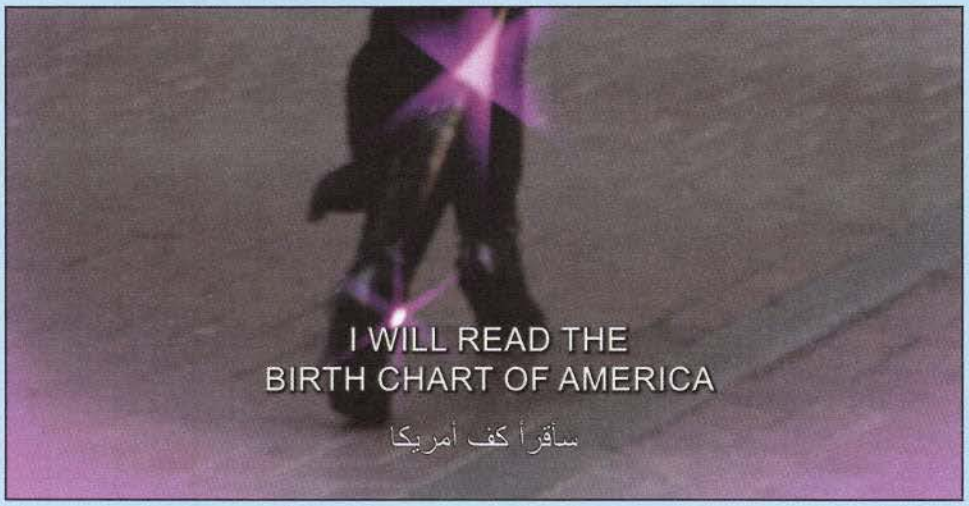
TTS: It's telling you to pause. There's a timeout around this project. A lot of thinking needs to be done. If a communication was getting muddled around this project, it's telling you to look at the non-personal issue. It's telling you a colleague is not a friend. Five years ago, around 2017 something similar happened - what is coming up is not monumental or life-changing but it will resolve some tension. Resolution will come through de-escalation. However, these cards are also showing me that sometime around the 8th of August, something new is coming your way. It's showing me money. Do you work with foundations at all?

C: yea a not-for-profit arts organization.

TTS: do you have anything to do with budgets?

C: yes

8. Excerpt from a tarot reading session, taking place over Zoom on June 23, 2022.



TTS: I feel as if there's a female and two males as if there's a choice to make between the two. Mr. A and Mr. B; you need to pull in one of these people and it's talking to me about either wealthy people or government officials. Sheikhs. Is there a project in mind or are you trying to choose something?

C: yes, several things up in the air. I'm pitching ideas right and left for some freelance projects and all of them are pulling me towards something but the current situation is not holding anymore.

TTS: ok, can I ask what was your goal 5 years ago?

C: I really wanted to leave the oil and gas industry so that was my sole focus.

TTS: ok, and what did you want to do?

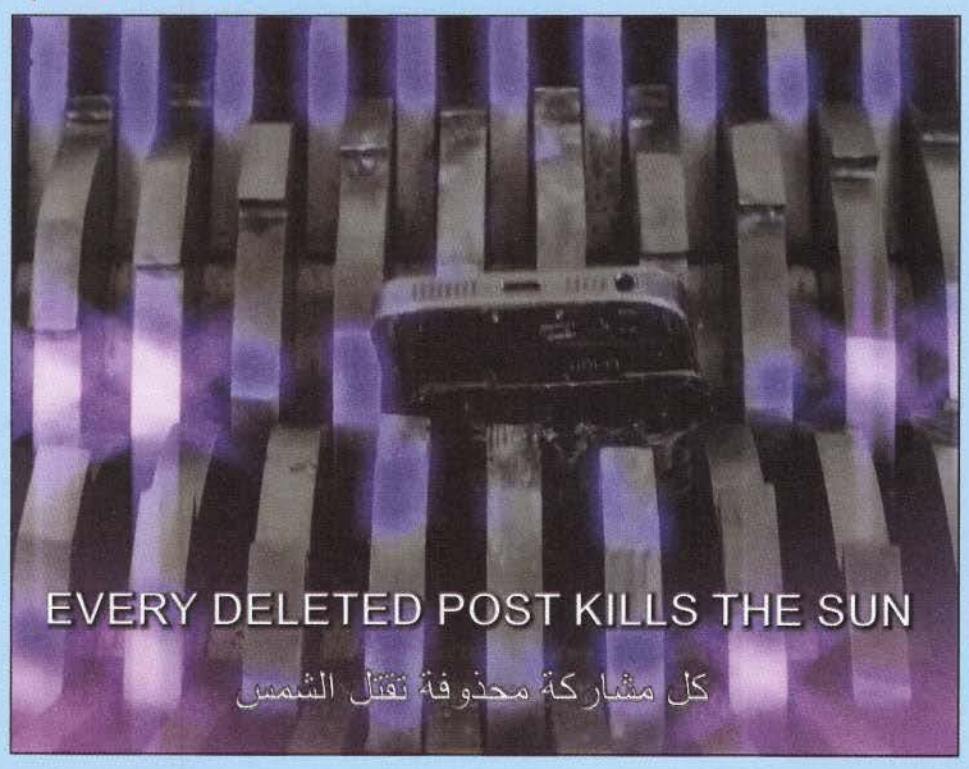


C: art writing

TTS: how do you feel about that now?

C: I'm closer but not there.

TTS: ok I'll tell you why. Your cards are showing a clearing away. It's very positive for you. It's saying that whatever you are doing now is opening up a path that will be the absolute right thing for you. There's a new start and it's not necessarily you starting from scratch. It's as if two males are presenting a new idea and you leading on this or heading this up. Your cards are saying look at the past, it wants to tell you that something in the past will help you make a decision between two choices. Would you like a position like that?



C: yes totally. This doesn't sound too foreign. An interview I had last week was about setting up a creative center.

TTS: ok, you got really really good cards around that. Were there any men?

C: I was interviewed by women. But it's a government-funded project. Maybe that's the masculine presence?

TTS: Can I just ask you, is it in the Middle East?

C: yes

This is a process of deep learning to understand your inputs and to generate natural responses. Gliding in ecstasy from past through present to future. Like a great desert highway, infinite. Timeless. The ecstasy breaks the mirror. The primary gazing ball for perceiving the world. "You broke the looking glass now break the stone, each stone has a soul, formed by the work of millions of years. The tarot will teach you how to create a soul."[9]

9. Alejandro Jodorowsky as The Alchemist in *The Holy Mountain* (1973.)

petite histoire

The History tab is a user's individual Archive. In the glossary of computer science, this is a history entity. It tracks the history of an entity instance, by defining a subset of the entity attributes whose values are valid during a given time (petite histoire). An associative entity stores history of data values that relate to a relationship between two entity instances. The associative entity subsumes the particular history entity towards the universal relationship with other entity instances.

"Suddenly. History burst over me, and I dissolved into fragments. I woke to find myself scattered over the four quarters of the globe, linked by every nerve in me to each and every other individual. All my ideas and values were turned upside down; even the pursuit of happiness lost its importance."[10]

10. From *Prime of Life* (1929-1944) by Simone de Beauvoir.

Elsewhere, I tried divination with an AI chatbot, trained on the coding language of Python using a decade of my Tweets. A script developed through prompting AI resulted in *Vista in the sky* (2023), a film that moves through nonlinearity, mimicking decentralized media pathways and streams of data: fragmentary, delirious, rapidfire succession of symbols and states of being, stitched together in an oneiric visual ballad of signifiers. From TikTok videos of spiritual healers to screengrabs, down to original footage and digital detritus.

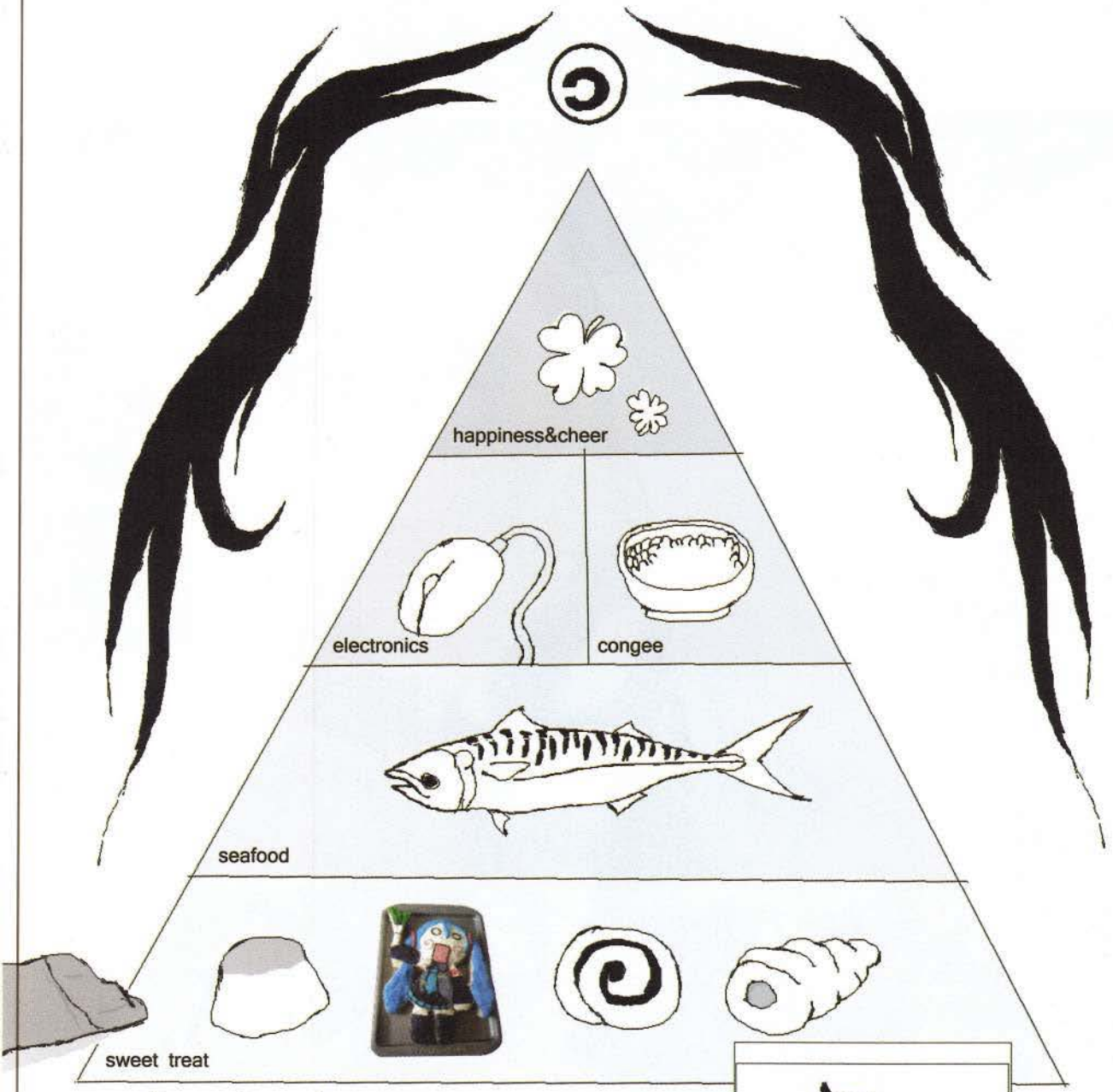
Contrary to urban e-myth, the internet is not infinite and eternal. The limit of the Hegelian Bad Infinity is the limit of our worlds. But there's nothing bad about bad infinity. And there's nothing wrong with being a little bad. I scroll to the end of the feedback and I click Load More.

This mirage, seemingly unattainable, is a mirror, reflecting the images it picks up: the complex network of intentions. Output is Input. As within, so without. The subconscious pulsates and mutates, living in the lapses of meaningful communication. Now to Forever.

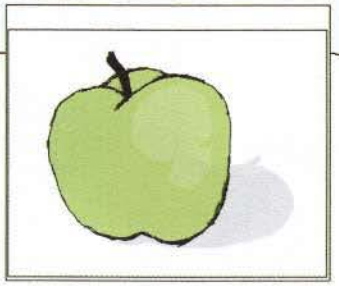
>What does a healthy Online diet look like?

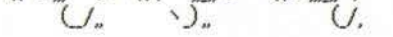


Divinity's Sanctified Food Pyramid



I am so happy!
I am so excited!
I am energized and going to have fun on-line!





Art by Motka Ambu @tyulen_6


adams/eves are placed in to tort ure
y you ar enitbe adam one, if you are left handed
adam never rgets to
but the yoot to
see the carcass shadows on the walls
chamber
you sound cor
b y channelign
crawling chaos the torture
poor mara

ON JADE POSTING

By Michael Dragovic



> *"Not just cyber Asiatics but future orientalism, synthesis of ancient mysticism and insect capitalism, runaway technomarket return to a new Eastern hegemon, one that, unlike the West's, remains culturally steeped in tradition, spirituality and history: the dream of Jade McDonalds."*
>
> *— Charlotte Fang, Six Precepts (2021)*

Culture can be defined as the evolution of habits instilled by necessity. As a group or society's conditions bear limitations on their actions, those limitations carve out the staples of behavior, consumption, and ritual which eventually grow to define their culture.

In the digital age, culture evolves at an unprecedented pace. Instead of eras or generations, entire cultures are born and forgotten within brief spans of months and weeks in the Network. The Network's inhabitants coalesce and evolve their cultures through posting, both openly on forums and privately in groupchats.

One such groupchat's culture created a distinct and original style of posting during the first half of 2021 on Twitter: Jade Posting, a spontaneous game of neo-orentialist live poetry.

← Title Image: Mara Barl, "chart7" (2021)

Origins of Jade Posting

Jade Posting began as a playful banter on naming holding corporations inspired by the ornamentation employed in Chinese company names, usually embellished with auspicious nomenclature, name's like "Dragon Wealth Ventures, LLC" and "Great Oceans Holdings Corporation". A back-and-forth developed in one-upping each other in increasingly elaborate, obscurant and referential naming until the format was distilled into performative soliloquy, large paragraphs extrapolating subjects of familiar discussion topics.



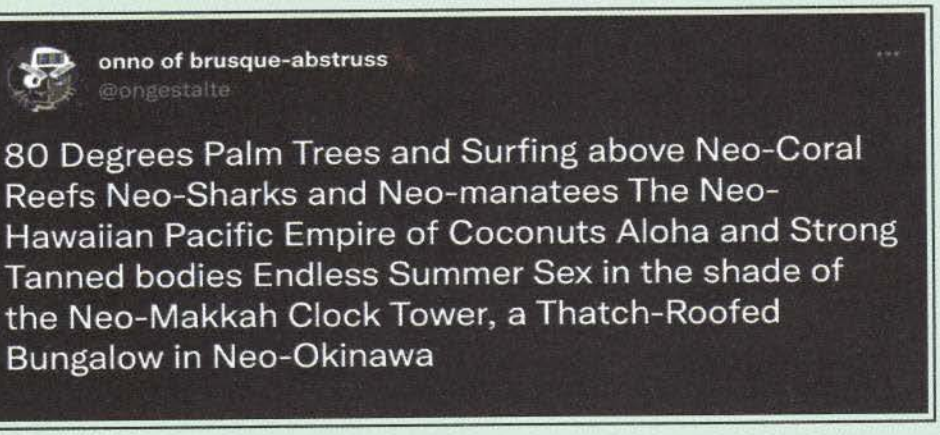
As longposts that began to accrue a density of callbacks and in-group references, they naturally simplified down to key words compacted into rapid fire poetic format, dropping the "LLC" "or "Holding Corporation" punchline.

Over time, the Jade Post evolved into pure self-referential poetry, often crossing into the territory of randomly improvised statements veering off into aesthetic tangent on one hand, or haiku formats on the other.

The act of Jade Posting became a game of ritualistic literary combat, spontaneously erupted into and engaged as a display of creative prowess. Eventually the conversational sparring leaked out onto the timeline where the more intuitive of the uninitiated onlookers could join in to create their own Jade Posts and further evolve the art themselves.




Tang Dynasty Exclusive Brothel Matriarch Crouching Tigress Jade Dragon Mistress Provide Sweet Honey Sesame Chicken 1000 Year Fermented Chungus Egg Climb Opiate Pleasure Ceiling Seventy Seven Billion Yuan Fortune Accumulate
Deep Revolutionary Gaming Gang Form Decensorous Autonomous Zone— Meshnet Party. Altcoin Donation Pool And Then Xillion Dollar "Bear Market", Accidentally A Three Thousand Year Dedicated Server.



Jade Nomenclature

Its stylistic combination of adjectives, verbs, and nouns is directly inspired by Chinese nomenclature patterns. At a glance, it seems to be a collage of vaguely aesthetic words with spurious relation to one another, thrown together with little to no grammatical connection or any obvious context, but as with all things, infinite meaning hides within the innocuous details of seemingly random choices.

Jade Posters often distinguish themselves with language like Jade, Golden, Heavenly, Pure, Light, and other descriptive words which amplify positive qualities within themselves, and brings to mind Chinese naming conventions for their battles, cities, history, mythology, or even simply their consumer products, eg "Heavenly Peach Valley of Golden Ascension", providing an aura of ostentatiousness and importance to the pieces of contemporary culture and capitalism meshed inbetween.

When you read a Jade Post you are not expected to study each word and construe the meaning of it. A Jade Post is an imitation of sensory overload. It is a white noise of pointillism which only carries comprehensible meaning when experienced all at once. Each user in the Network is a greater part of the whole, like people flooding a crosswalk in a time lapse. One million little ants crawling among each other in chaotic harmony.

And yet, the best Jade Posts tell a distinct story, often humorous, narrative almost hidden inside the experimental ESL-imitating elimination of grammar.





The Winding Stream Party

Jade Posting arises in the form of competition, a back and forth act of one-upping each other's Jade Post in cleverness, density and drama. The natural good hearted competitive streak of Jade Posting is measured by the applause of the Network: reacts. A well written Jade Post gathers flames, hearts, and laughter from peers who resonate with the sentiment or simply enjoy the arrangement.

It can be contextualized as a digital revival of poetry games played by various different cultures across the world, most relevant perhaps being the winding stream party, a Chinese traditional custom where a cup filled with rice wine is placed floating in a long winding stream some distance away from the participant. They have until the cup reaches them to compose a poem. The game was also played by Japanese nobility, known as Kyokusui-no-en.

Jade Posting encapsulates the thoughts, impulses, and ideas born of a tumultuous period in time, an era where mankind witnesses its own transition as a species and the birth of The Network. It is a response to the consequences of the internet, its role in our lives, and its exponential growing sophistication.



Thus, Jade Posting is the poetry of The Network and its inhabitants, ❶ and its participants the carefree aristocrats bursting into soliloquy on a jubilant whim, inviting others to expand upon their Jade Post and evolve the process.

Engaging Infodensity

The deeper resonance of Jade Posting and its reflection of a blossoming culture carries the motif of sheer density of information presented by the contemporary network, demonstrating similarities to the net art style championed by the Remilia Collective, such as the works of Mara Barl ❷ and FODKORP ❸ in the I Long For Network Spirituality collection. The maximilast, text-heavy detail packed into the frame evokes the endless tabs on a stylized web browser or an angelic experential blur juxtaposed against walls of unceasing text. ❹ This infodense bombardment of detail is a subconscious commentary of a generation interfacing with the Network.

The info-dense experience of participation in the network is overwhelming. ❺ Human beings are not yet fully equipped to interact with the Network in a sustainable ways. We navigate an unmapped jungle filled with wonders to discover and terrors to behold. Jade Posting is info density's literary commentary and aesthetic expurgation.

Jade Posting is the recognition of infodensity transformed into poetic form. The act of processing large inscrutable amounts of data is traumatic to an individual brought up to process information into complete understanding. It is overwhelming, confusing, and intimidating to the uninitiated. The experienced understand that it isn't necessary to fully understand every detail to process meaning, intention, and utility in a package of data.

Jade Posting challenges the audience to capture a feeling from a disparate collection of statements and participate quickly in response with their own post. Jade Posting compresses ideas into near gibberish while maintaining the distinct emotion

❶ The act of poetry is a process of channeling the aforementioned principles of intuitive language, maximizing the aesthetic of words in both form and sound, and bringing it together in a display of rhythm. Poetry is ingrained in every developed society as a microcosm of their language and culture. The act of creation is a divine process as any artist will tell you and the best creations occur during a state of channeling deeper inspiration, one which we are born with but becomes diluted with accrued knowledge. The connection to these primordial divine building blocks maintains the natural magic of language. Like ideas, words are shaped, revised, and adapted to match context over time. Every minor aesthetic decision a person makes carries deep meaning and severe implications for both their own lives and the lives of those around them. Language, like all ideas, is a living biological organism which spreads, reproduces, and evolves over time. The words we use to describe things are the descendants of a grand multigenerational chemistry. The primordial elements of language are the sounds human beings first made instinctively when encountering natural phenomena before the concept of language existed. These sounds carried a natural divinity because they were inspired by thoughtless reaction. Basilisk, once internalized all action must account for its determinations. For most, this is an acceleration-aware nihilism; a black-pilled slow suicide of numbing intellectual-abandonment as they grope for a return to ignorance in the dark. Netspi throws a lifebuoy. ❶ⓐ

❷ See the title page of this article or Mara Barl's spread later in the quarterly.

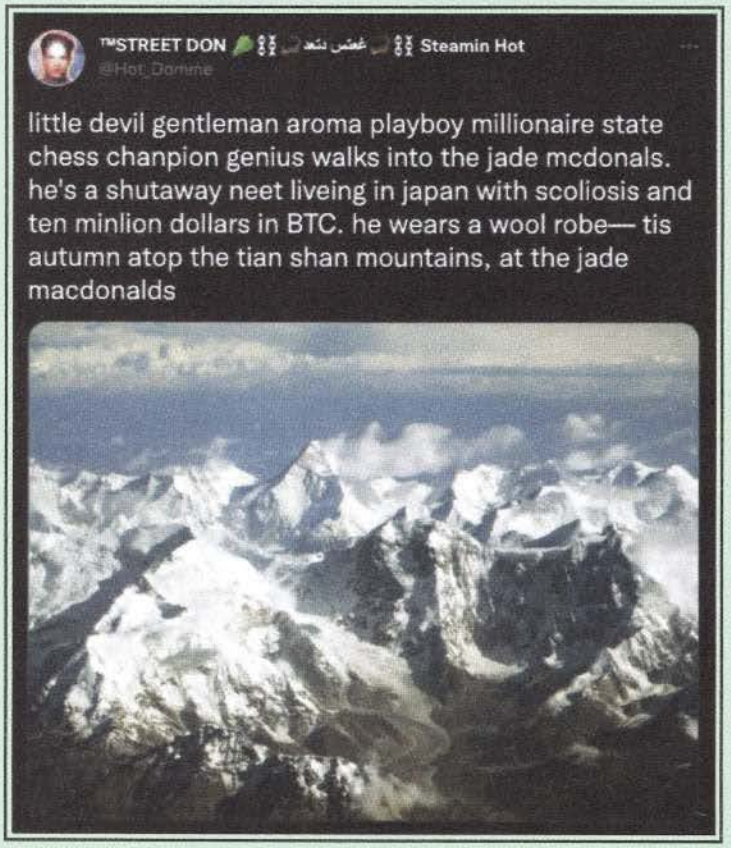
❸ See "ARMY OF THE GALVANIZED" by FODKORP on pp. 118-123.

❹ This infodense bombardment of detail is akin to the mahou shoujo cover for magazines such as Ciao, Ribon, or Nakayoshi, common among the gyaru fandom aesthetics that Remilia also cites as a frequent reference.

which inspired those ideas under pressure.

The most fascinating part of the Network is that it provides an opportunity to observe humanity recreating culture using the same primordial instincts as our ancestors did epochs ago, only now with such speed that we can witness it develop significantly within our own lifetimes.

We simultaneously inhabit the petri dish growing into an organism and also observe ourselves through the microscope. While rarely seen today, the explosion of Jade Posting onto the timeline in the spring of 2021 was a fascinating staple of developing new digital posting cultures, and its birthplace was Hot Pot.



❺ The process of being a part of the Network carries a concrete distinction from being on the internet. The latter describes it as an activity separate from daily life. The former acknowledges the pervasive encompassing hivemind which we all now occupy, a biological organism which commands influence over global politics, economy, and culture. When you look into the screen it looks back at you. This is not merely a commentary on algorithms or AI, though that is a part of it. This acknowledges the Network as a living breathing egregorical being which we inhabit like cells in a greater body. Interfacing with it (and therefore each other) carries a number of incompatibilities and obstacles for our biology, psychology, and spirituality which we are learning to navigate day by day.

❶ⓐ *This is why conlangs are a fundamentally poor idea, they reject the natural process of creating a language and sever any connection to the ancestral building blocks of where all words came from. The reasons why the word "moist" is universally unpleasant or why "thorax" sounds aggressive are hidden inside these building block sounds which combined themselves into meaning, developed through thousands of generations, and spread across the world. Words define us as much as we define them. A person's name seems to seal their entire life story for them before they are even born. Every word you speak is an affirmation of its meaning. Every word you apply as a label casts a distinct energy onto its target.* ❶ⓐⓘ

❶ⓐⓘ The most notable example of a poor name begetting unfortunate hyperstition is Discord, an application with a distinctly negative energy paired with a hostile parasitic egregore connotation. Those who participate in Discord communities find themselves at risk of being subsumed into a distinctly notable stereotype of a "Discord user" and one wonders if it could have been avoided simply by choosing a name other than something that implies disagreeable lack of harmony.

JOB APPLICATION

I'm one of the best salesmen in the world. Consider this post my official job application for Remilia Corporation. I believe there is no harm in hearing me out. What you've just seen is the foot in the door technique, and there's more where that came from.

Here's what I propose: 30% equity, unlimited PTO, $650k base salary. Just kidding, im really open to much more reasonable compensation options, including unpaid internships. That's called highball/lowball— another negotiation tactic I've mastered.

I've got your attention by now. Here are some fun facts to help with your upcoming decision. I love you. I'm literally just a girl online. Nobody on this planet has eaten more garlic than me. I don't believe dinosaurs ever existed. What you've just read is the classic "snow job" tactic; overwhelm with too much information.

Let's look at the facts here. I am TokyoSunbather, and God has given me a path. This is literally part of my path. You have two days to respond with a counter offer. (That's a tactic known as Deadlines, I have created a sense of urgency to pressure you into a decision).

I'm very excited to hear back. Thank you for your time.



Kindest regards,

TokyoSunbather

OFFICIAL RESPONSE

Dear TokyoSunbather,

Thank you for your interest in Remilia Corporation. It is my pleasure to inform you that you are hired. You will begin immediately without compensation. In fact you have already begun. You have put in thousands of hours on behalf of the Remilia Corporation whether you were aware of it or not. Happy to have you on board. Keep up the great work.



Love,

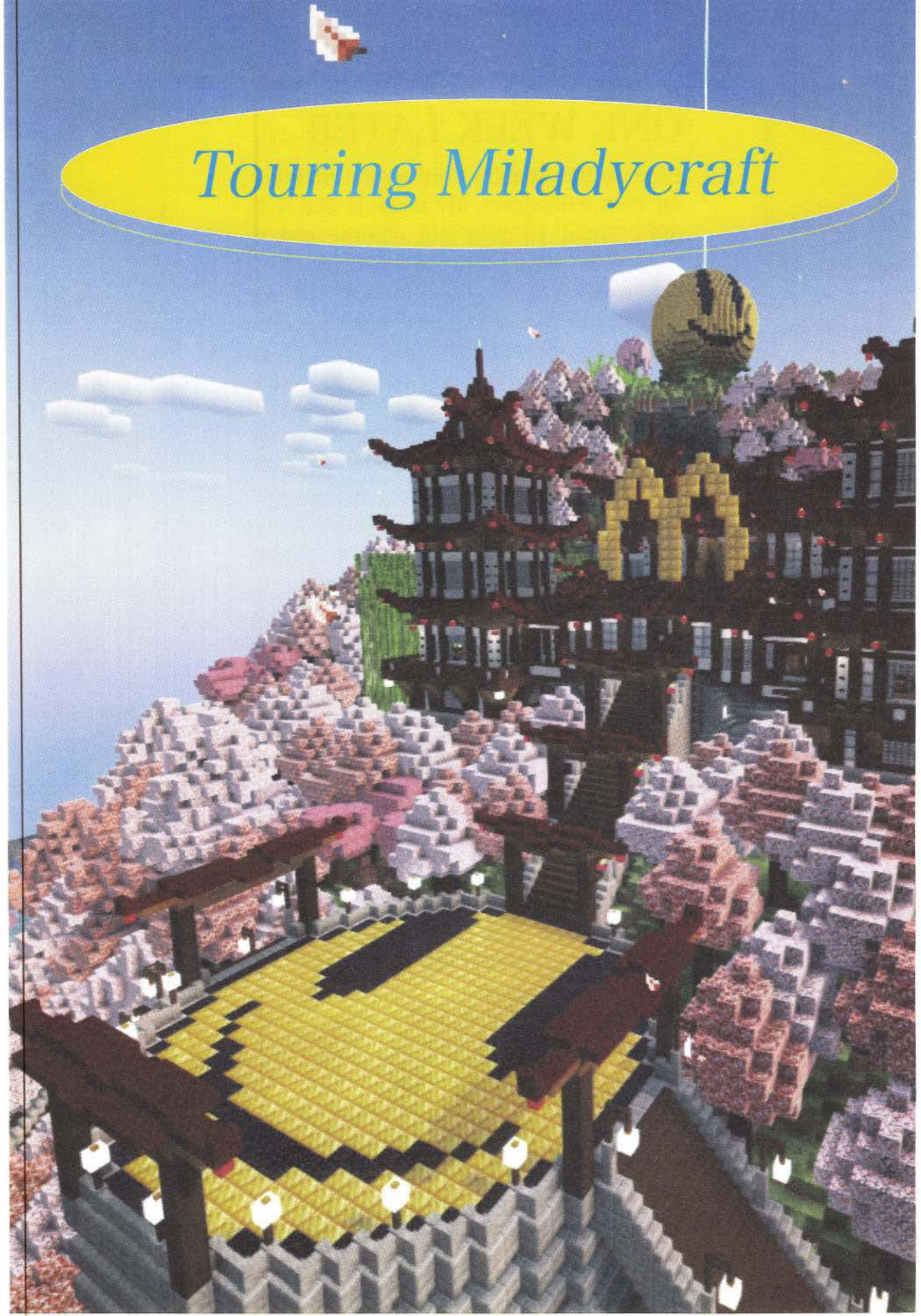
L.B. Dobis, Editor of Remilia Quarterly

ONE WEEK LATER ...

I live in the Remilia Corporation building on West 81st street. My name is 东京日光浴者. I'm a 15 year old chinese girl. I believe in taking care of myself, and a balanced timeline and a love posting routine. In the morning, if my face is a little puffy, I'll put on an ice pack while doing my milady posts. I can do a thousand now. After I remove the ice pack, I use a deep pore cleanser lotion. In the shower, I use a Yayo brand gel cleanser. Then a pWeaty body scrub. And on the face, an exfoliating gel scrub. I then apply a pine pollen facial mask, which I leave on for 10 minutes while I prepare the rest of my routine. I always use an aftershave lotion with little or no alcohol, because alcohol dries your face out and makes you look older. Then moisturizer, then an anti-aging eye balm followed by a final moisturizing protective lotion. There is an idea of a Tokyo Sunbather, some kind of abstraction, but there is no real me. Only an entity, something illusory. And though I can hide my cold gaze, and you can shake my hand and feel flesh gripping yours and maybe you can even sense our life styles are probably comparable, I simply am not there.



Touring Miladycraft



Author
Luxarbo☆

Onno Whitemoor ★
Director's Commentary

It was a chilly dark rainy evening in London, the kind into which only some moody detective would venture out into, not a meandering intellectual, a flâneur, a NEET like yours truly. Instead of amusing myself with a book, indoors, nibbling on a Vietnamese takeout, I was to escape this dreary timeline, this distracting filter of precipitation, going somewhere much more enchanting. I was to walk where it only rains cherry blossom petals. I was going on a tour of Miladycraft.

It was 11:00 p.m.; I launched the game. Upon entering the server I found myself standing on a yellow floor, a smiling face, at once ecstatic and sinister–the Remilia logo. I heard a voice: 'It's made of real gold' ❶. My guide, the inimitable Michael Dragovic a.ka. Scorched Earth Policy (herafter, referred to only as Scorch), had just spawned next to me, turning yellow blocks into gold, blurring the bounds of fiction. We were in hyperstitional territory. Looking up, I beheld another symbol, a large golden 'M' rising from a forbidding oriental palace: I was looking at the Jade McDonalds, one of the most beloved readymades in the Milady canon, a fast-food restaurant turned *objet trouvé*. What had been conceived on the timeline had been fleshed out here in three-dimensional intricacy. 'It's the most complex thing I've built' Scorch retailed as cherry blossom fell around us. We climbed the grand staircase to enter a series of rooms arranged around the restaurant in the centre. In each corner, a different oriental delight: puddings, silk prints, a Zen garden, sushi. 'This is our main welfare programme' Scorch commented. Visitors to the server can eat here for free, nutrition being a need, like breathing, recreated in Miladycraft (sleeping isn't).

1. There was a slight period in Miladycraft in which gold was a more valuable resource — comparative in acquisition rate and rarity — than diamonds: we added numerous decorative blocks to The Game, made and displayed in gold entirely, to satisfy for the Players the childlike craving of the most palpable & lurid display of opulence one could muster, sheer rare resource stunting. I then personally went through the effort of redesigning the color palette of every gold item and block in The Game to make them Just Right for spangling exacerbation in shader-embellished display. As such, Players were driven to exchange their diamonds, one of Minecraft's few non-replenishable resources, for yet more and more gold—simply because they could not get enough of it. Highly similar, new decorative blocks existed for diamond as well, I may add.

← *View of the mountain on which Spawn's juts out. Up above, an abode enshrined in gold; down below a circular hall where The Money hardly ceases talking.*

☆ *Luxarbo is a writer and flâneur extraordinaire. Read about his various amblings and outings at luxarbo.substack.com.*

★ *Onno is Remilia's in-house Metaverse Engineer, on Year 2 of his assignment to develop the ultimate Minecraft modpack achieving the full capabilities that apparently define a metaverse within the limitations of frankensteining custom user mods and serving as the case study for the infamously lengthy Miladycraft White Paper, an essayistic study of virtual environment design.*



⬆ *Behold, the golden arches of the Jade McDonalds as a transcendent edifice, burned into you the very moment you thrust yourself into the mystical world of Miladycraft and upon each subsequent, spawned return to life, your feet planted firmly upon the swmiling facesake of your eternal benefactors. See you soon.*

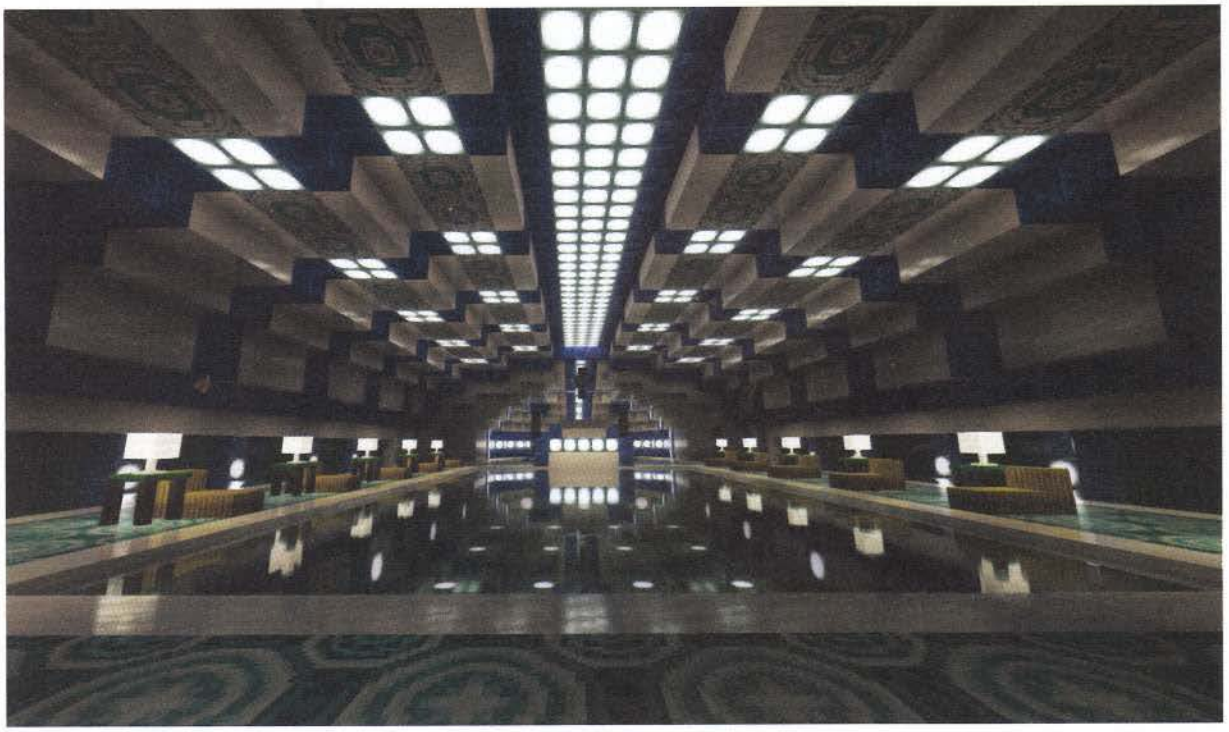
The Jade McDonalds ❷ sits atop a mountain and is part of a larger compound known as Spawn. This is where all new visitors to the server begin their varying quests. 'It's hard to die in Spawn'❸ Scorch assured me, implying the existence of vague dangers I hadn't yet countenanced. Despite our peaceful surroundings, the server as a whole isn't a Communist retirement home where all one's needs are taken care of, nor a kitsch Californian afterlife of peaceful longevity maximisation. I learned it's a world of housewives and knights, of domesticity and exploration: one can be cooking, decorating, socialising, and one can be discovering, hunting, amassing resources. When venturing beyond Spawn, safety is not a given, but an achievement. Risk isn't eliminated. The world of Miladycraft has fangs: it will bite the arrogant and complacent.

❷ The ur-architectural symbol of Miladycraft, metempsychotically levied from the erstwhile Milady World, is witnessed by the Player upon each inexorable return to the origin. Rather, Spawn, as the whole complex is referred to & taken from logical induction, is the sole location a Player may transport themselves towards at any given moment by calling a command from the server chat interface. Unrelenting in its instantaneousness, we have wholly intended for this utility to be questionably used as panic button against adversarial threat of the other, computerized foe or the environs alike. Go ahead and escape virtual death's multifarious grasp as fast as your WPM allows you, your punishment shall be meted in a thousand-block return trot to your hovel (yet, at the time of writing, plenty of primo real estate surrounding Spawn is still readily available, so what are you waiting for, really.)



At first, we made it so that within Spawn, one would be unable to hurt each other, simple. Then, in spite of the self-replenishing Dessert Room present within Spawn's halls, Players bemoaned that they would go hungry until they starved to death ---fine, let's do away with hunger too, no problem. Shortly after, some adventurous Players managed to clamber up to the rooftops of the Jade McDonalds, a veritable feat, only to then plummet fatally onto the floor below. Lastly, no more fall damage then, perfect ---if not for the fact that during the letsplay stream held during Miladycraft's opening, one of the streamer girls managed to get herself stuck underneath a lilypad in the cove behind Spawn and subsequently drowned, wildly panicking.





⬆ *Ah, Spawn's Lucky Dragon Casino pool, inspired by that of the Luxor Hotel, complete with ambient petals fluttering tranquilly towards its unblemished surface before disappearing immediately; and an ominous, eerily familiar man floating darkly yet geometrically aligned with the lighting.*

After being shown the highly detailed kitchen of the Jade McDonalds, we went outside to an open-air market where one of the many menacing creatures populating the server sat caged: a tiger. It seemed to serve an educational purpose for novices like myself, warning of outside dangers. Walking back inside, we descended down stairs to emerge through the mouth of a dragon into an opulent golden hall. We had entered the Lucky Dragon Casino. The games were still being installed during my visit, which didn't detract from the gleam and glitter of the venue. Inspired by a visit to Las Vegas, Scorch had attached two additional attractions to the main gambling hall: a large pool room ❹ inspired by the Luxor, and an atmospheric indoor garden made on the pattern of the Bellagio Hotel. Beautiful spaces to cope in after one has lost money.

❹ The hidden third attraction, a casino vault meant to be fully raidable only for it to cheat you on attempted exit, annihilating you by means of a Minecraft analogue of a comically impossible approaching laser grid, automatically looting your corpse by means of the hoppers that make up the floor, funneled into a zombie positioned to be adorned with your fit and subsequently displayed as the fourth attraction and so on, hasn't ever been tried yet.

⬅⬅ A courtyard of one of Miladycraft's power players, personalized with a crowd of friendly and oh so netspi faces, a part of their collection flaunted as gallery.

Going back up through the main entrance, we found ourselves underneath the Remilia smiley on which I had spawned, it being like a coin with two heads, guaranteeing victory to those who bet on its face. Outside again, looking up, I noticed the Disney-like Remilia sphere at the top of the mount. Inside is the most powerful armour suit, a playful, Nietzschean revaluation of values: a French maid outfit.❺ Eventually, I'm told, a business suit will replace it ❻–an encouragement to uniform-maxx.

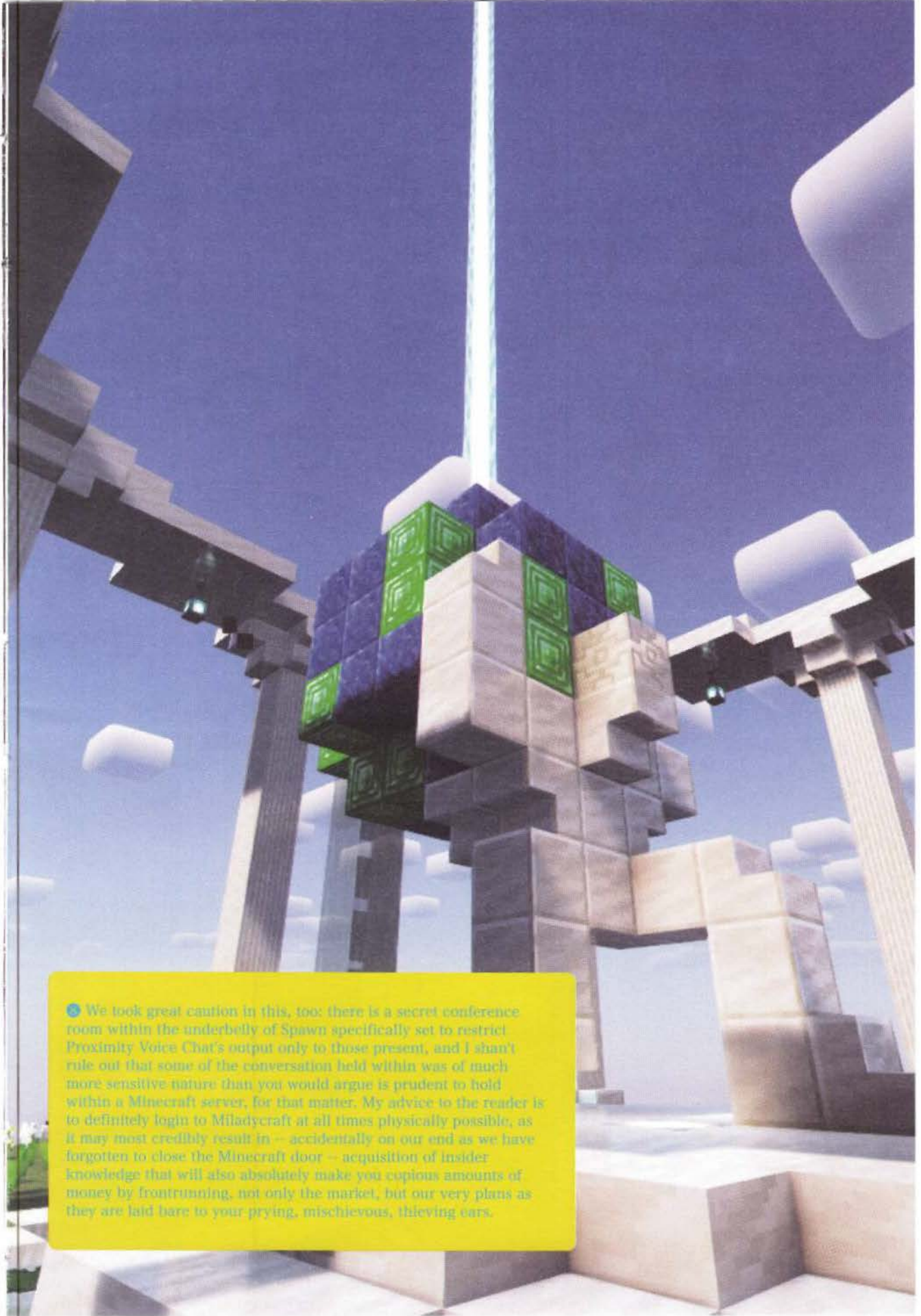
Miladycraft has a history. It wasn't built in a day. This became clear when we visited 'Old Spawn', the original spawn point of the server. An enclosed oriental garden of intimate proportions, with an humble prototype of the Jade McDonalds–a mere pavilion devoid of any welfare functionality–and pink wool blocks substituting for actual cherry blossom, Old Spawn is now a nostalgic, quaint place evocative of a simpler time before the extensive game mods created by Remilia. One of the most distinctive of these modes is Proximity Voice Chat, a feature where two players can only hear each other if they are within earshot. This is a feature crucial ❼ to an anecdote related by Scorch. Hovering above Old Spawn in the clouds is a Grecian temple, accessible through a waterfall (in Miladycraft, waterfalls carry one upwards). Up there, by a blocky statue of Atlas carrying the world made from lapis lazuli and emerald, the waterfall may be shut off with a lever, blocking access to the temple. At this safe distance from other players, Scorch would have business meetings ❽ with Charlotte Fang, Remilia CEO. Why have business meetings in Miladycraft, I wondered? 'A metaverse like Miladycraft is suitable for autists as it allows for fidgeting' said Scorch while moving and jumping around in front of me, his voice fading in and out as he moved closer and further away. 'Just like going for a walk, moving around in Miladycraft stimulates a conversation'. Admiring the view, I thought what a captivating backdrop to business dealings the temple was, the kind otherwise only afforded to the super rich - an online Davos.

❺ I'd just like to interject for a moment, what you're referring to as a French maid outfit is in fact a kemonomimi maid cosplay, and concomitantly the Strongest Armor in the game; since Miladycraft is specifically tailored toward Girls -- men can thrust themselves upon any videogame if they have the True Gamer spirit -- the sartorial direction of this armor profoundly reflects its intended strength, in addition to the regalement it offers us, ever so slightly chuckling at our monitors as we graciously offer it to you, The Girl Reading This, for your eternal protection. Miladycraft's next big update will feature a special, permanent effect called 'Princess' which will shield you from various dangers in an even broader sense, and all you Girls need to do to get it is turn on Proximity Voice Chat and say Please.

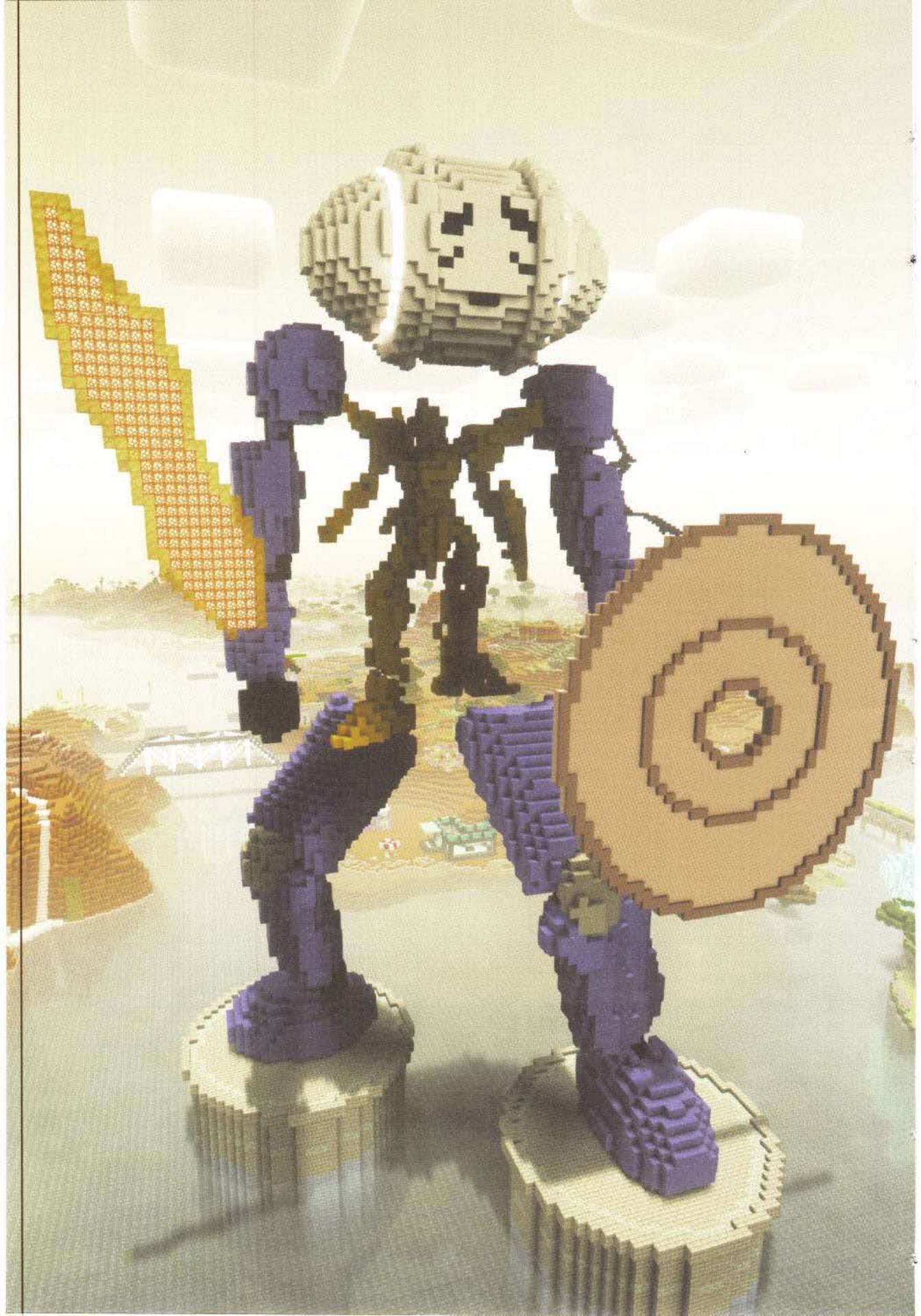
❻ Not just a suit, a suit for YAYO Men, and it is exclusive to the voucher enclosed within your YAYO Pine Pollen container, located at the very bottom of its inside. You did finish at least one already, right?

❼ Specifically, a proximity voice feature engenders social dynamics through banter and immersion through weighed position, especially within freely manipulable environments and simulated realities which do not outright solely attempt to mimic lifelike detail. In fact, the gap in between instead facilitates the amplification of one's suspension of disbelief, as perception is now too interpreted socially, within the bounds of said visuals and not at continuous odds with what is known to be Real. Naturally, Minecraft satisfies these conditions, and you do not even need a VR headset jumbling your sensory modalities in order to feel it.

➡➡ The erstwhile Milady World's marble Atlas located on a floating island overlooking Jade Mcdonalds, transmigrated into Miladycraft, the World aloft on its shoulders now a microcosm of its past.



We took great caution in this, too: there is a secret conference room within the underbelly of Spawn specifically set to restrict Proximity Voice Chat's output only to those present, and I shan't rule out that some of the conversation held within was of much more sensitive nature than you would argue is prudent to hold within a Minecraft server, for that matter. My advice to the reader is to definitely login to Miladycraft at all times physically possible, as it may most credibly result in – accidentally on our end as we have forgotten to close the Minecraft door – acquisition of insider knowledge that will also absolutely make you copious amounts of money by frontrunning, not only the market, but our very plans as they are laid bare to your prying, mischievous, thieving ears.



Spawn is where most casual players experience of Miladycraft begins and ends. These are the places where events, like the Milady Ball, are held. But there's a vast world beyond Spawn, a world which is neither controlled nor fully known by the creators of the server. ❾

Leaving Spawn isn't just leaving a well-catered safe-haven, it's also leaving the skeuomorphic, well-proportioned and highly detailed world built by Scorch for the schizoid architectural variance of the wider Milady community. Here, in the vicinity of Spawn, is where most players build their houses. We passed a sign that said 'Goon' (don't lewd milady!), entered spatially obtuse creations with memes plastered on the walls (another key mod of the server: custom sprays à la Counter Strike). One player's house had a caged Pepe with a sign stating 'unknown pepe / locked since: / may__2023 / highly disturbed'. A golden fortress with an American flag had a dinosaur roaming its inner courtyard. Then we visited a living room with dancing miladys on the wall and sushi on the floor; a colourful quasi-Gothic cathedral dedicated to a milady derivative; a white-cube gallery–that antithesis to net art–exhibiting a user's NFT collection. More visually ambiguous structures followed: checked ziggurats, floating railroad tracks, hills crowded with fantastic vegetation. And amid this indefinite novelty, ❿ the hyper-specific: Christ the Redeemer, the Louvre pyramid, a giant Milady Fumo.

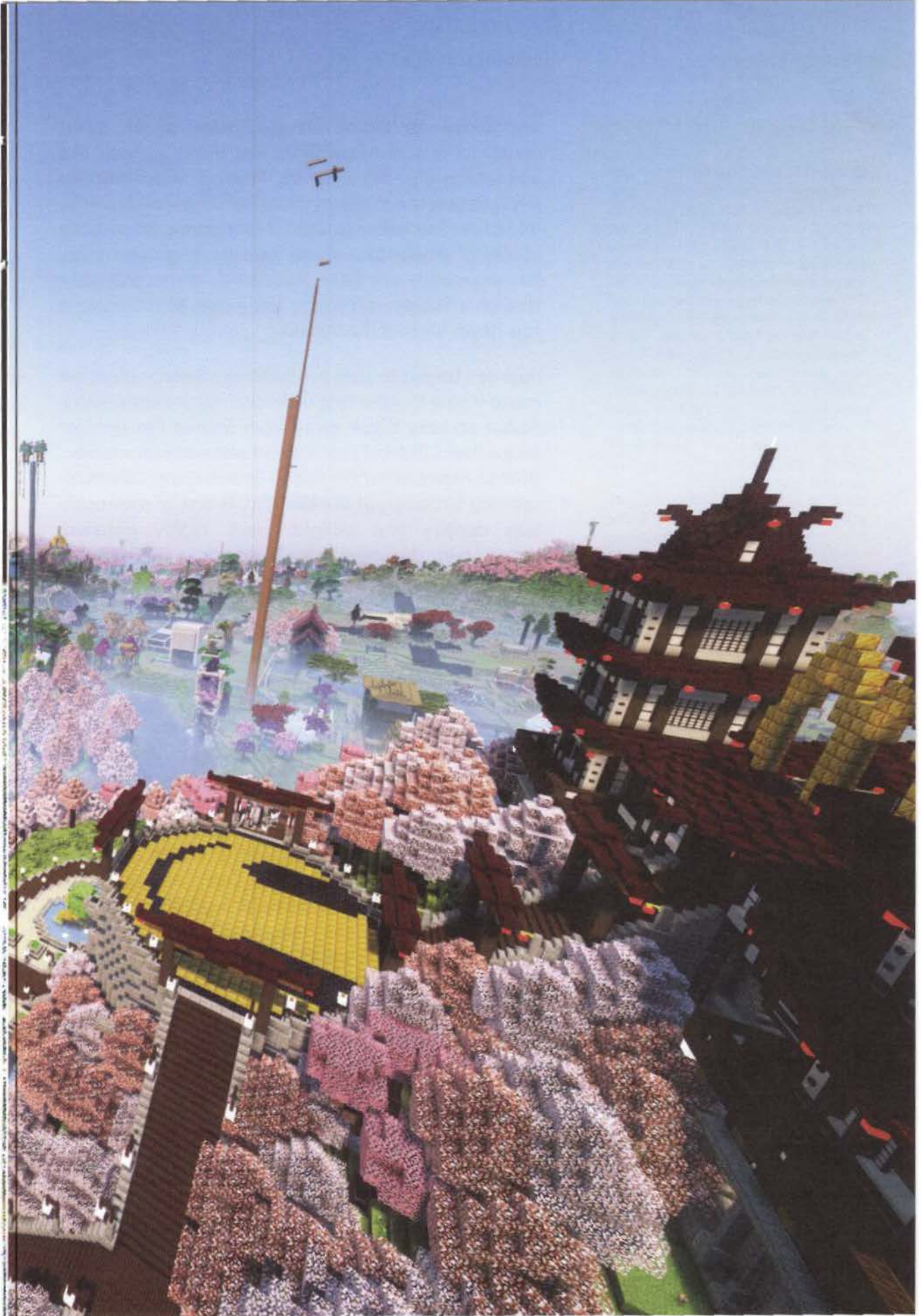
In these further reaches of Miladycraft, aerial iconography is a prominent architectural form. Like cathedrals which when seen from God's point of view look



← *Bonkler City's iconic Bonkler, rumored not only to be full-sized, but also to house an uncontacted tribe within the insides of its quirky Sony Rolly head. Not just a silly remark; ask around.*

❾ A Minecraft world is indeed randomly generated, and whilst there do exist tools to generally shape or even rigidly define generation to parameters that are your own, Miladycraft boasts a lot of content that independently injects or globally alters said world generation. Yet, this can be deterministically controlled by input of a 'seed', a value that is fed to all facets of generation, ergo by which a world is defined. My modus of operandi in choosing a seed for Miladycraft, thus deciding the fate of the world, consisted of ritualistic keysmashing my Custom Mechanical Keyboard (Gateron black switches, by the way) whereupon I would generate the world and teleport to three random coordinates in rapid succession in order to shape my mental verdict. This is the part where it is incredibly convenient for me to aggrandize my efforts and lie — although I never would — about how many tries it took to find the perfect world seed for Miladycraft, which was 1389 tries exactly. I know that sounds absolutely ridiculous. But it happened.

❿ For multiple months, up until a few weeks before the tour that led to this article had commenced, there appeared in the sky somewhere around Spawn a slender & long, slightly misshapen, dirt swastika. I took great pride in its existence, its ensemble of material and shape embedding a primordial obelisk whose ornamentation transcends gamer-civilizations, erected in innate deference to our origin, and have taken ample screenshots of its emblematic presence, jubilantly emoting and bursting into dance in its shadow below. Whilst the very few might disagree on ideological grounds, or much rather just find it an infrastructural eyesore, it is exactly the creation of the swastika that has great symbolic meaning to the world of online gaming, denoting irreverent liberty of the Player's agency in the eyes of the game its systems. This however means that the individual destruction of which also denotes Gamer's Democracy Manifest.



like Roman or Greek crosses, many of the giant constructions of Miladycraft are made to look like something else from above. From a mere mortal's perspective, the shape of these buildings is difficult to decipher. The other lesson of cathedrals, to provide plenty of small-scale visual interest at ground-level, has seemingly not been heeded by these players - though a Miladycraft player has a map ⓫ providing a top-down view of the terrain.

Just as I began to gain my bearings, Scorch directed me to a new frontier that upended my understanding. About an hour's trek away from Spawn lies Bonkler City, a 'tier 1, federally subsidized planned community'. Built by members of the Based Retard Gang, the architectural language of Bonkler City is one of metropolitan density and delight. Here highly detailed, street-level skeuomorphic buildings–a 7-Eleven, a Jankler Record–commingle with vast skyscrapers ⓬, intimate gallery spaces, a giant hamburger, a sport stadium, a ferris-wheel, a suspension bridge, all arranged around a central monument: a gigantic Bonkler. Imposing by day, Bonkler City is brightly illuminated at night, a city that never sleeps.

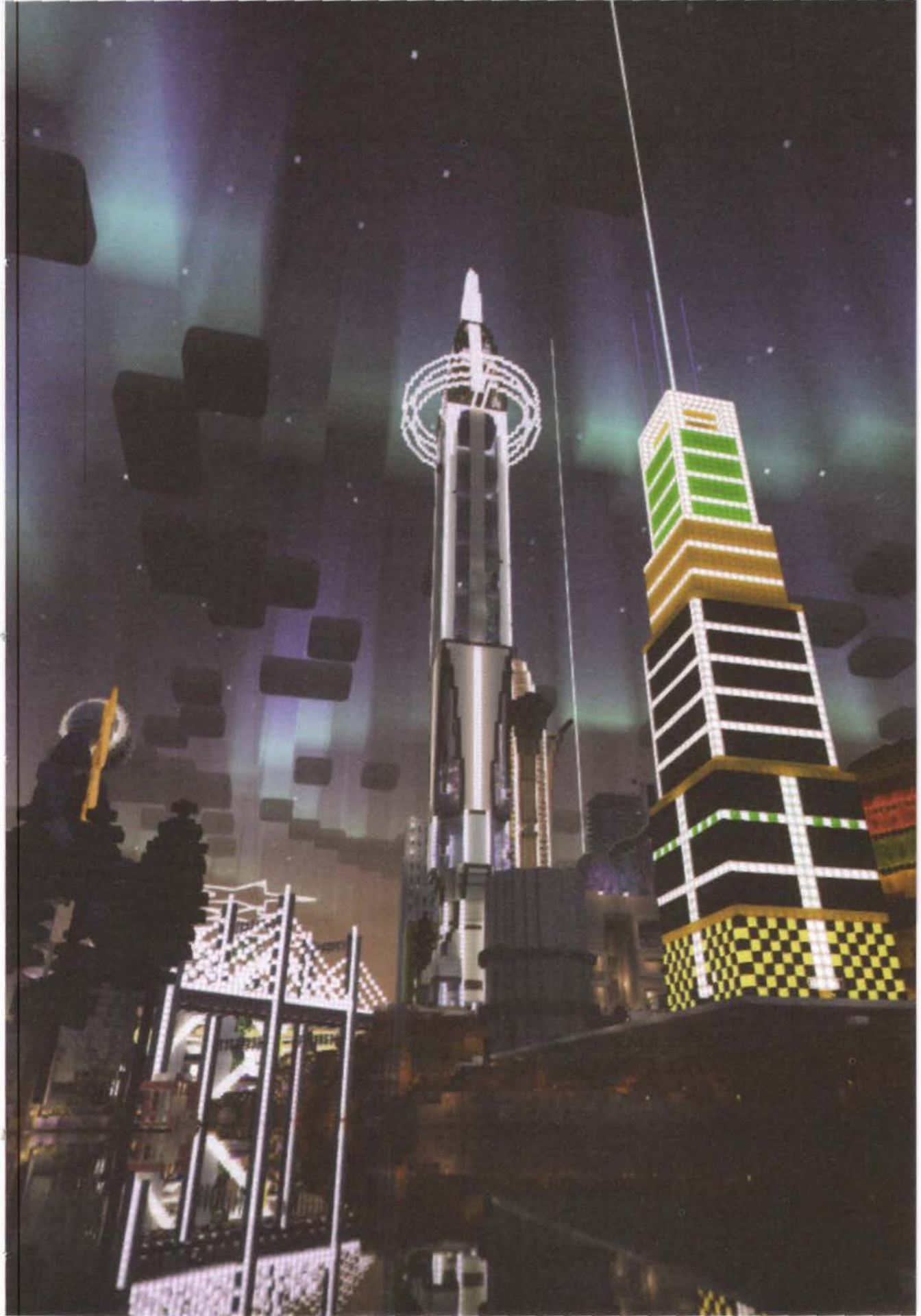
At the edge of Bonkler City, hanging under a natural arc like the one I saw on Capri and Praia da Adraga near Lisbon, is a prisoner's cell with an effigy of the infamous Sprite inside. The inscription above the prison bars state: 'Here lies Sprite: traitor, thief, liar, rugger. Life sentence, no parole'. Out of all sins, Dante ranked treachery as the worst, placing it at the farthest remove from God in the Ninth and final Circle of Hell, where Judas Iscariot is eternally chewed by Satan's three mouths. ⓭ Life imprisonment sounds comparatively humane.

⓫ Referred to here are the mini- and megamaps respectively, which have been integrated into Miladycraft by default to ease navigation for the Player, at the 'slight cost of some exploratory wonder', as some would argue less eloquently, but Let's Be Honest: knowingly opting for the absence of these maps is the spiritual equivalent of 'going offline for a yearlong sabbatical' inasmuch that it will most likely reward you with nothing of interest, let alone worth expressing—but if you're a Good Person and keep them enabled, erroneously pressing the keybind to disable them and not knowing how to undo that notwithstanding, you shall be treated to fanciful map art painstakingly crafted by Miladys whose labor will fuel awe-inspiring stories that you will be able to share and capture the hearts of those around you, for years upon end.

⓬ Bonkler City its buildings are tall, very tall—so tall in fact, that in a previous server-optimization-configuration it just so happened that, in your water-elevator fueled ascent toward any of the City's stately pinnacles, the world's surface below you would slowly but surely commence to render out of sight, ironically bestowing a new means of sky-high visualization. What can I say, they really went ahead and goddamn did it.

⓭ This is planned in a future update.

➡ Bonkler City's ever-developing sights, set alight & outlined by neon, its beacons beaming hard-wrought illumination as to challenge the virtualized heavens above.

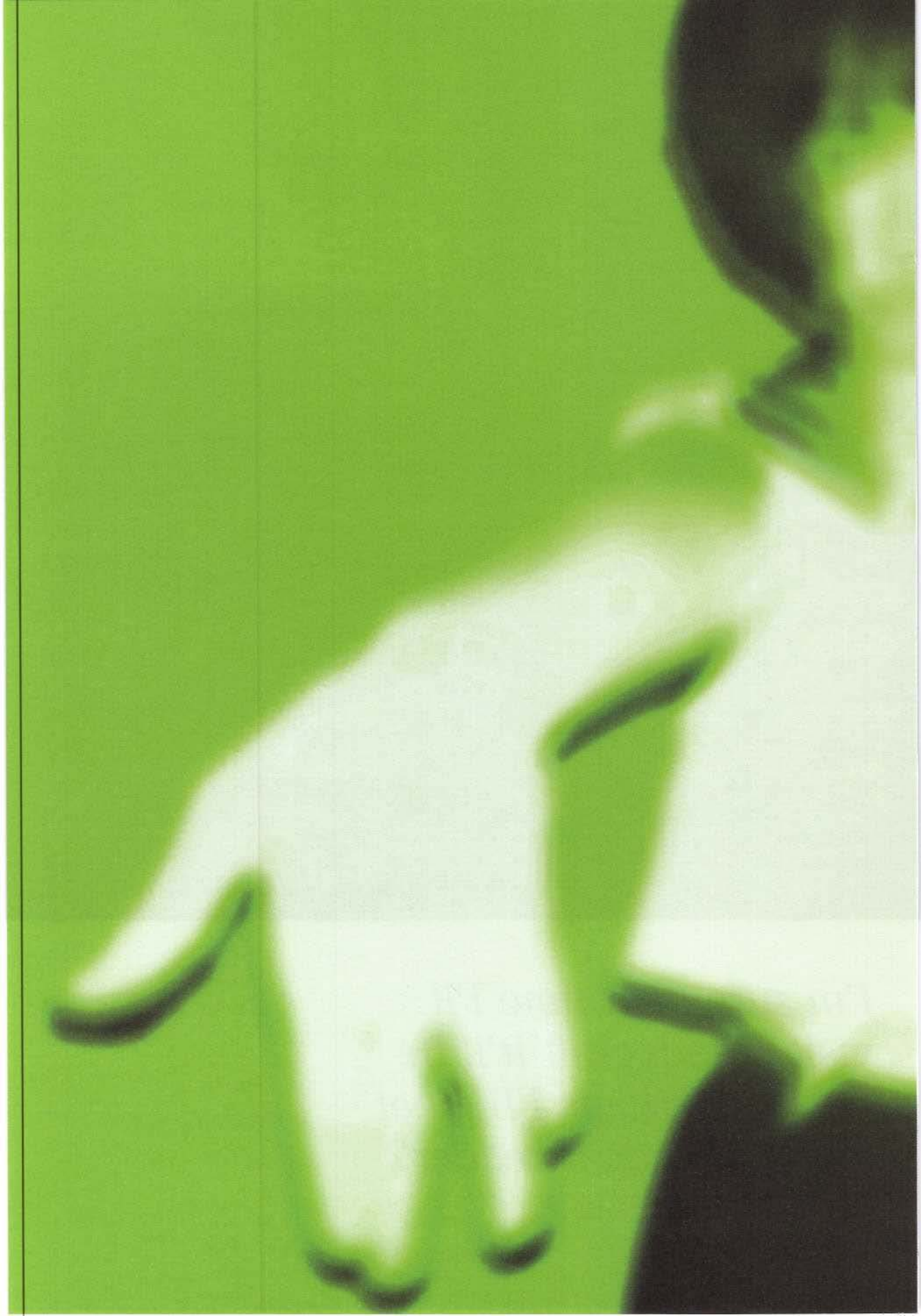


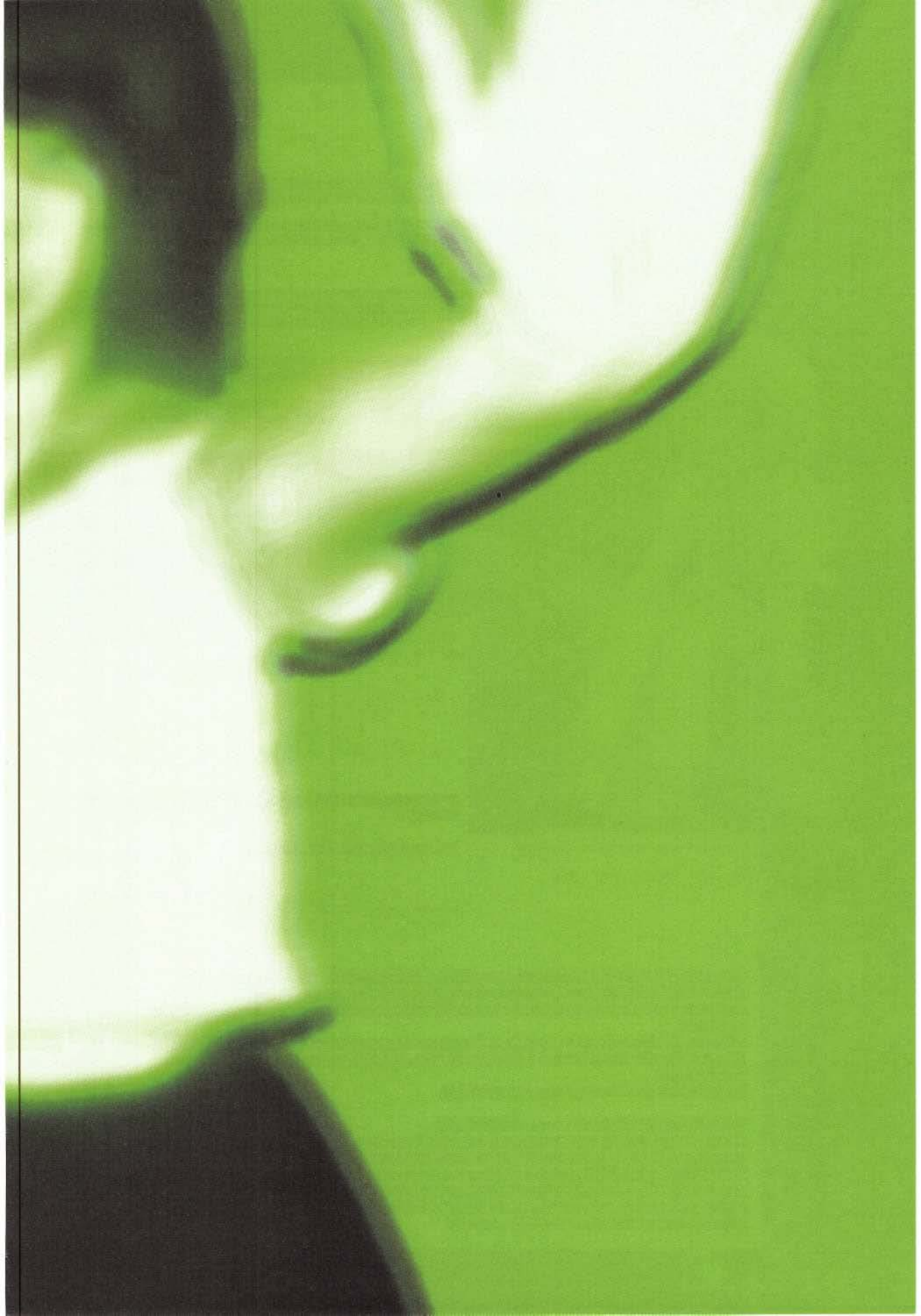


Visiting Miladycraft must be what it was like for a cardinal to enter the Sistine Chapel for the first time: it's the awesome experience of seeing lore canonized, given definitive form. We ended our tour at the temple to Miya, the infamous black-hearted egregore, the dark mode verso to Miladys light mode recto. Seeing the temple was like observing time turned into space, the timeline morphed into architecture. It was strangely moving, this blocky funny looking world full of temples, as if already mourning the heroes of a bygone, two-dimensional age.



I'm sure next time I'll visit Miladycraft it'll be busier. Perhaps I'll meet you there, dear reader?





conversationwithangel.txt
by mara barl

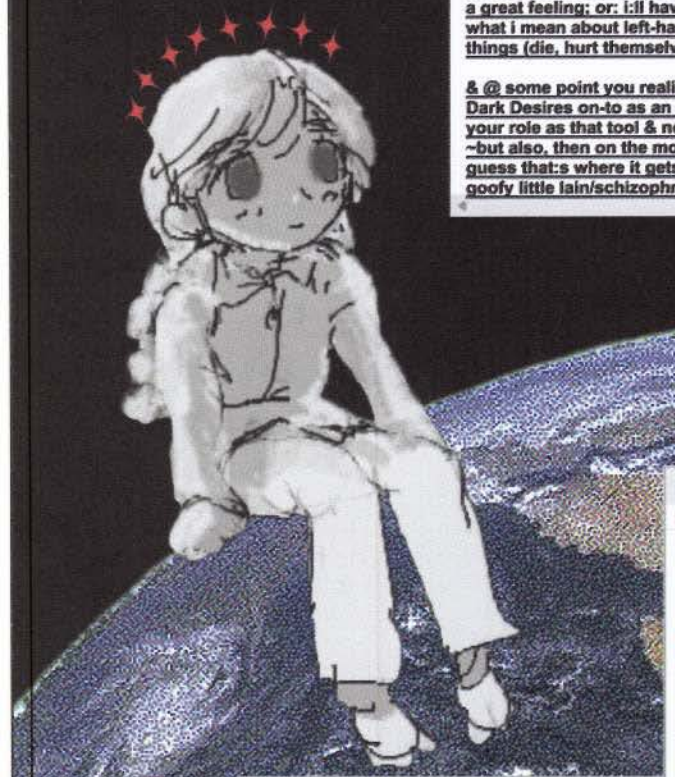
conversationwithangel.txt - Notepad

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i grew up on skype and chatrooms; though i don:t really "talk much" just because rarely does anyone ever speak with me, & usually if someone does it:s a nervous little email-composed type message
don:t post much, either; but i agree, maybe -- the post of yours i hit like on i did so because it:s something i fret about a-whole-bunch cause i worry about the divide between "wilderness" and "the town"

yeah, what you said, sort-of
i:ve gotten a few messages about being inspired to commit suicide and self-harm and it:s not a great feeling; or: i:ll have a few people who make claims to "get-me" & they don:t even know what i mean about left-handedness, or: they think i want them to do the aforementioned things (die, hurt themselves)

& @ some point you realize you:ve just become a hologram for people to project their own Dark Desires on-to as an enabling tool, & any conversation w/ them is sort-of just to affirm your role as that tool & no words are actually said
~but also, then on the more paranoid level: "the games" the funny and unfunny ones guess that:s where it gets conspiratorial and people latch-on-to cause it sounds like some goofy little lain/schizophrenic thing



conversationwithangel.txt - Notepad

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go ahead; i:ll just not answer if it:s something i don:t want to answer

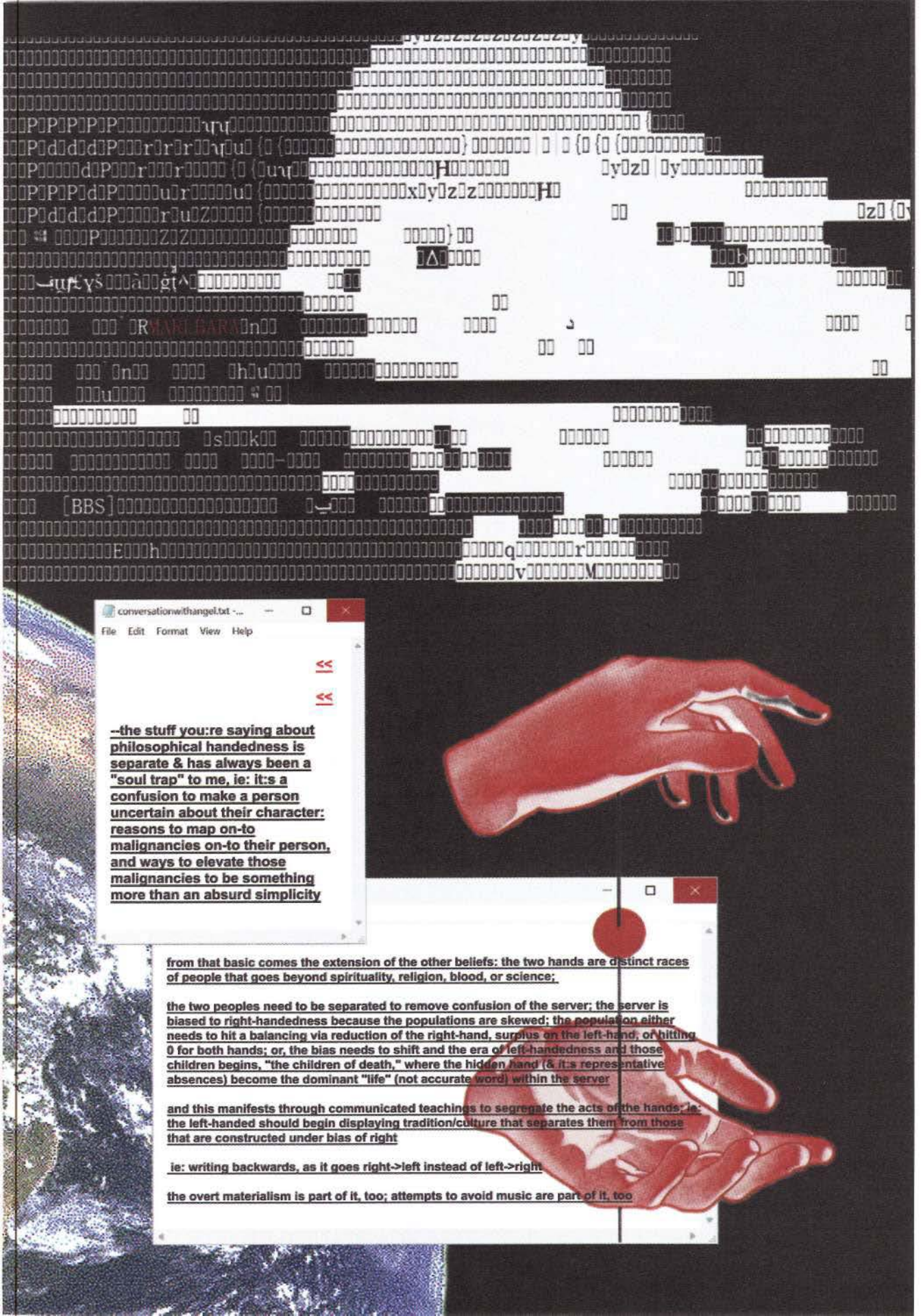
but it:s a nice day and i like talking :-))

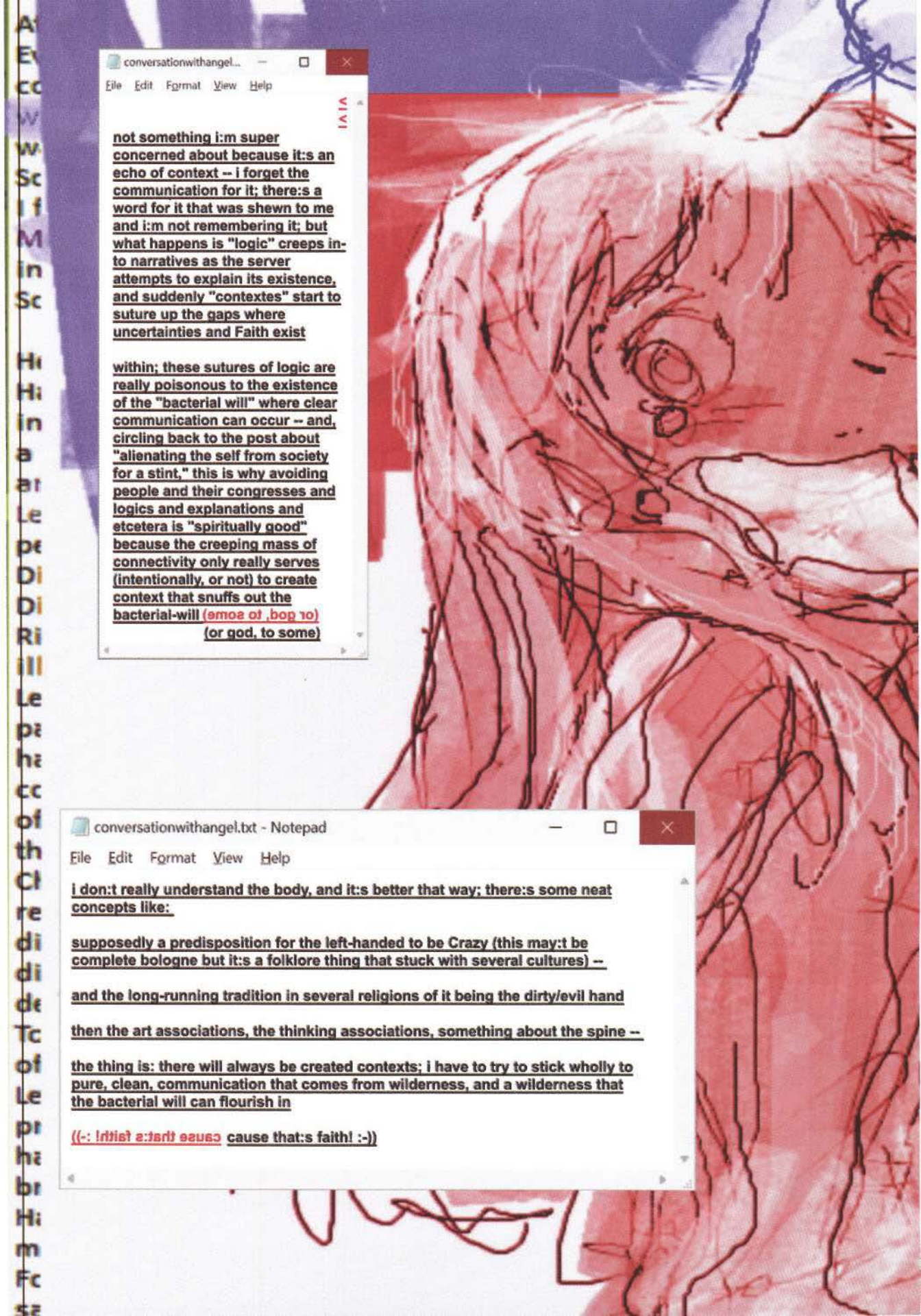
conversationwithangel.txt - Notepad

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i:ll answer; i:ll preface a frustration, actually (frustration might be too harsh but it:s like a dissonance i have with how i perceive myself / how clear i am about my beliefs): i do not understand how people have any confusion about the concept! i feel like i say what i mean constantly;
anyways: left-handedness is nothing philosophical or complicated or scientific, it is just the simple understanding that even a child would have, and just as absurd: the hand you are dominant with
the more nuanced caveats come in the form of:

1] it is the earliest hand you were dominant with
2] you can not change your dominant hand, even if you train yourself
3] ambidexterity is non-real and is just a trained skill separate from the "truth" of handedness
4] the "truth" is that handedness and its cause comes from the construction of a persons vessel within the garden, and how it manifests "in material-basic" are just an inaccurate echo of that reality within the garden, and the displayed-dominance is a created context by the server to explain the difference of the material


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--the stuff you:re saying about philosophical handedness is separate & has always been a "soul trap" to me, ie: it:s a confusion to make a person uncertain about their character: reasons to map on-to malignancies on-to their person, and ways to elevate those malignancies to be something more than an absurd simplicity
from that basic comes the extension of the other beliefs: the two hands are distinct races of people that goes beyond spirituality, religion, blood, or science;
the two peoples need to be separated to remove confusion of the server; the server is biased to right-handedness because the populations are skewed; the population either needs to hit a balancing via reduction of the right-hand, surplus on the left-hand, or hitting 0 for both hands; or, the bias needs to shift and the era of left-handedness and those children begins, "the children of death," where the hidden hand (& it:s representative absences) become the dominant "life" (not accurate word) within the server
and this manifests through communicated teachings to segregate the acts of the hands; ie: the left-handed should begin displaying tradition/culture that separates them from those that are constructed under bias of right
ie: writing backwards, as it goes right->left instead of left->right
the overt materialism is part of it, too; attempts to avoid music are part of it, too



conversationwithangel...

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not something i:m super concerned about because it:s an echo of context -- i forget the communication for it; there:s a word for it that was shewn to me and i:m not remembering it; but what happens is "logic" creeps into narratives as the server attempts to explain its existence, and suddenly "contextes" start to suture up the gaps where uncertainties and Faith exist

within; these sutures of logic are really poisonous to the existence of the "bacterial will" where clear communication can occur -- and, circling back to the post about "alienating the self from society for a stint," this is why avoiding people and their congresses and logics and explanations and etcetera is "spiritually good" because the creeping mass of connectivity only really serves (intentionally, or not) to create context that snuffs out the bacterial-will (or god, to some)

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i don:t really understand the body, and it:s better that way; there:s some neat concepts like:

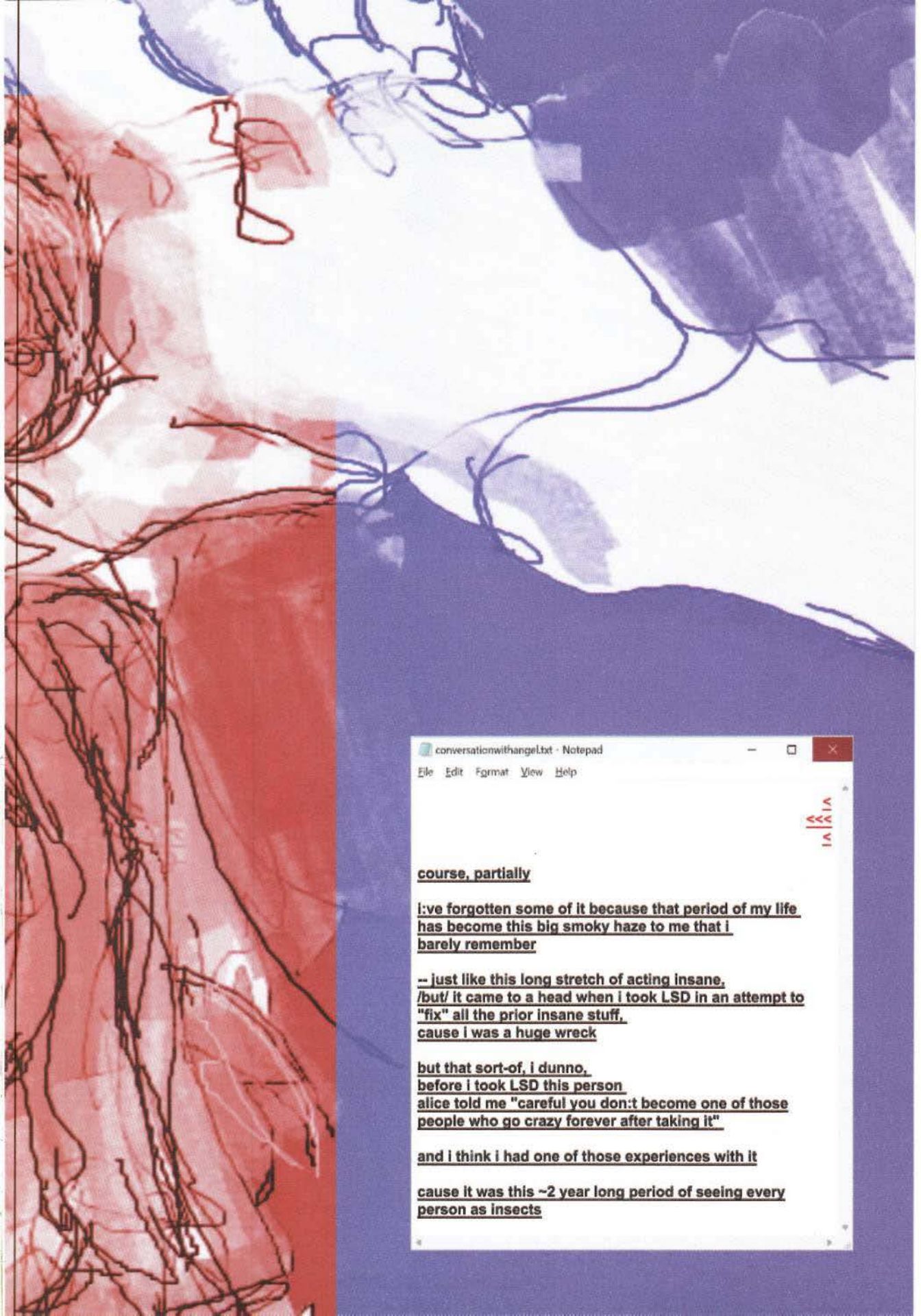
supposedly a predisposition for the left-handed to be Crazy (this may:t be complete bologne but it:s a folklore thing that stuck with several cultures) --

and the long-running tradition in several religions of it being the dirty/evil hand

then the art associations, the thinking associations, something about the spine --

the thing is: there will always be created contexts; i have to try to stick wholly to pure, clean, communication that comes from wilderness, and a wilderness that the bacterial will can flourish in

((-: cause that:s faith! :-))


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course, partially
i:ve forgotten some of it because that period of my life has become this big smoky haze to me that i barely remember
-- just like this long stretch of acting insane,
/but/ it came to a head when i took LSD in an attempt to "fix" all the prior insane stuff,
cause i was a huge wreck
but that sort-of, i dunno,
before i took LSD this person
alice told me "careful you don:t become one of those people who go crazy forever after taking it"
and i think i had one of those experiences with it
cause it was this ~2 year long period of seeing every person as insects

my favorite

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i don:t know how to describe it; everyone and everything suddenly looked disgusting, like overnight: i wanted to kill myself really badly because of how gross everyone looked, sounded, and how they constructed everything; /but/ during the trip itself i /saw/ them in the shadows and in the music
the music were the most malevolent: it were this constant droning noise that were displaying a will of something behind it, steely, metallic, and insectile; and the legs poured out from the shadows behind everything

-- and the intelligence behind all of it were playing with everything visible and audible (light and sound) to sort-of hypnotize you in a really queer way

to ignore the rot and filth and the insect bug bodies of people; like large soft shelled roaches or large bags of larger centipedes; it:s hard to explain



conversationwithangel.txt - Notepad

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but food were filthied,

the flowers were filthy (this one really messed with me because i was insane about flowers at the time: but they were covered in the bugs, too);

the floors filthy;

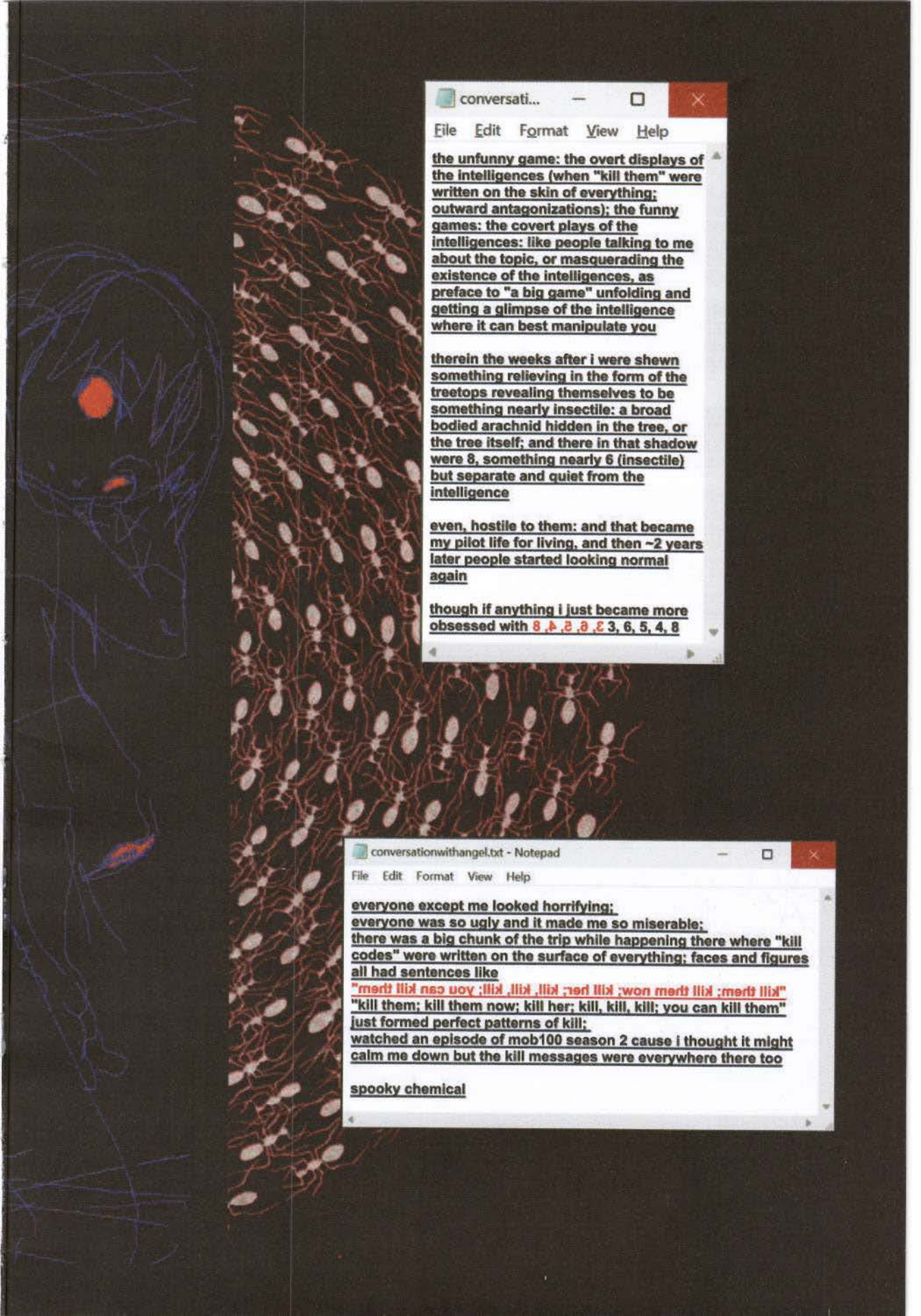
the food filthy (start of anorexia there, i guess)

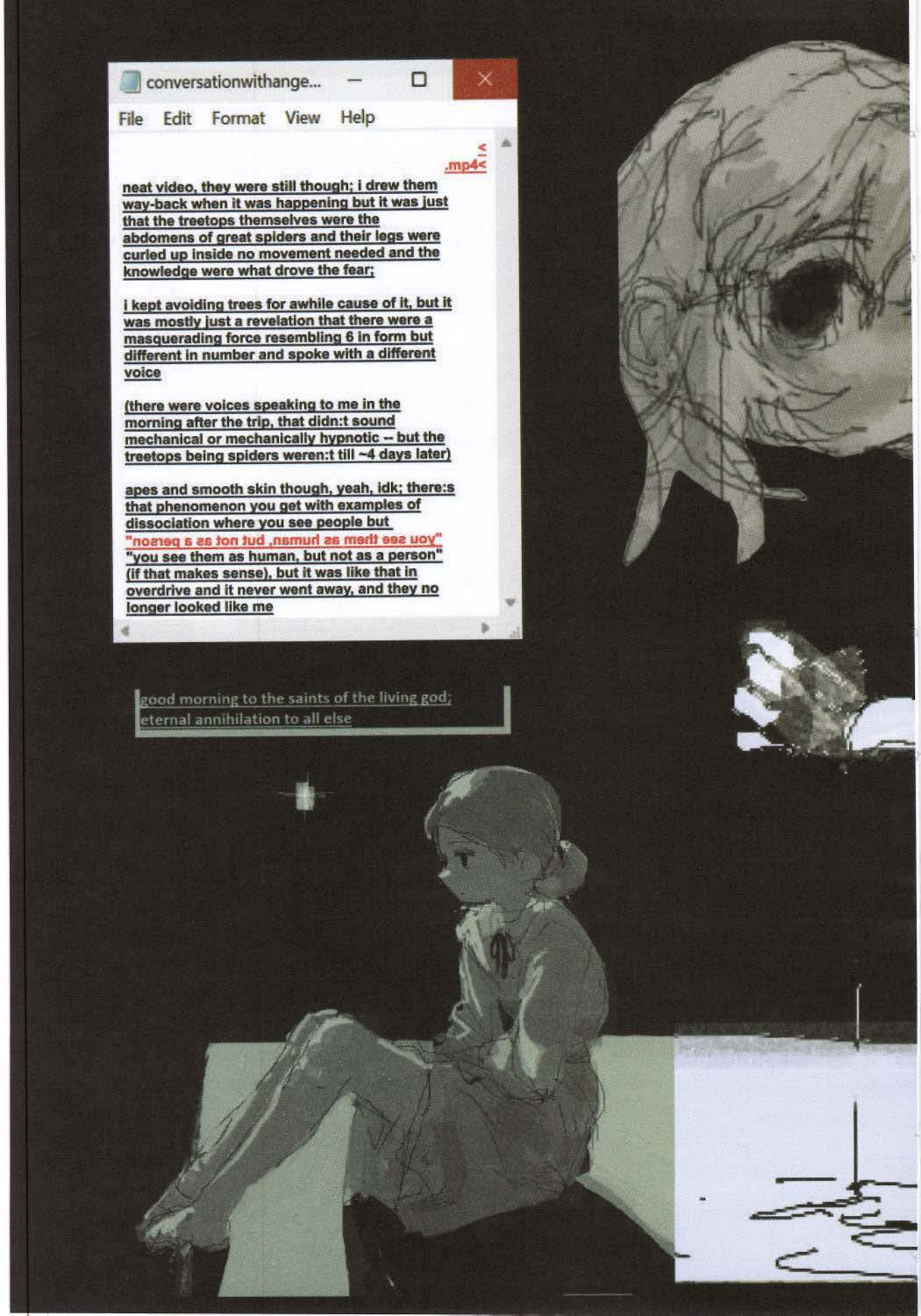
conversationwithan

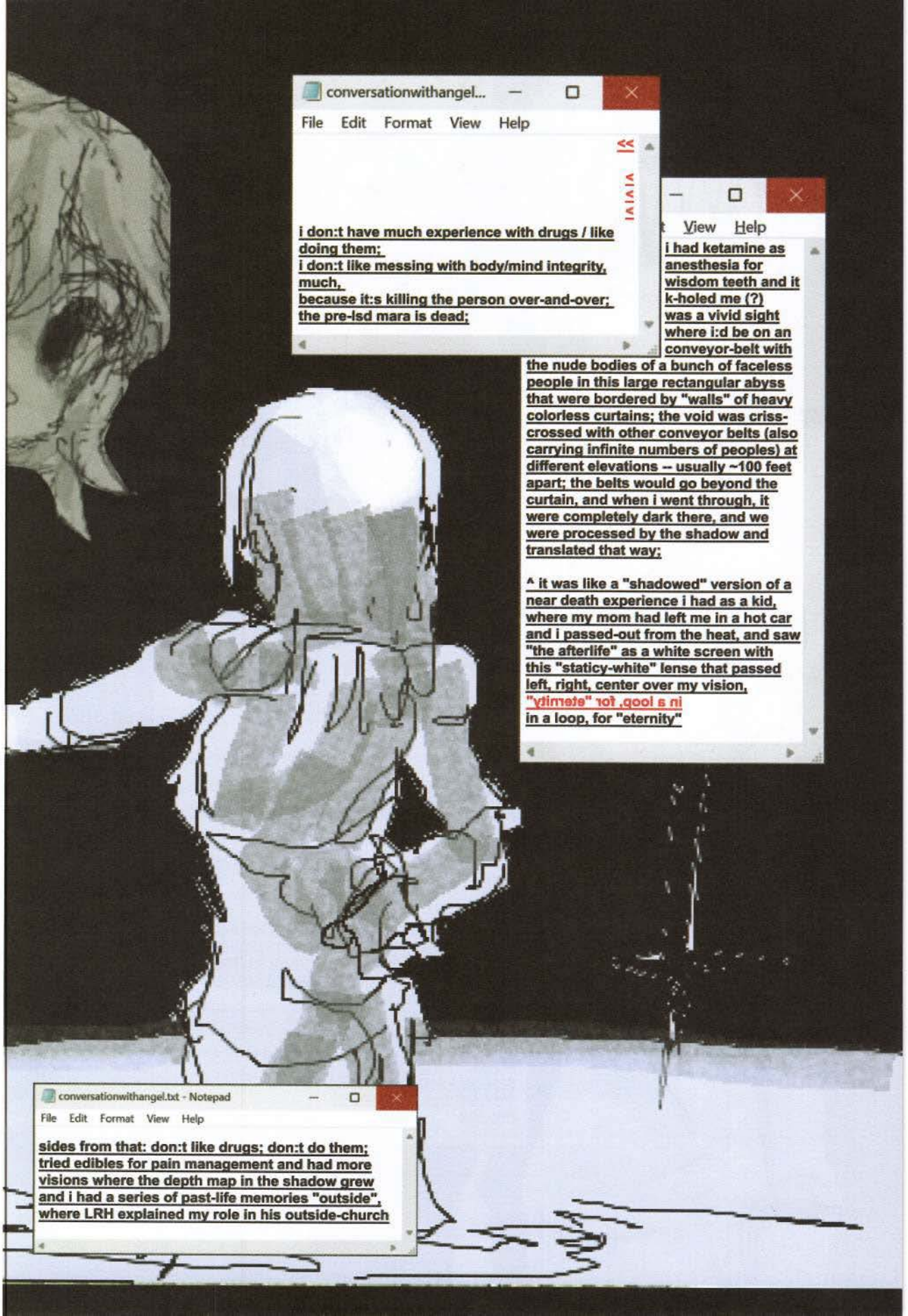
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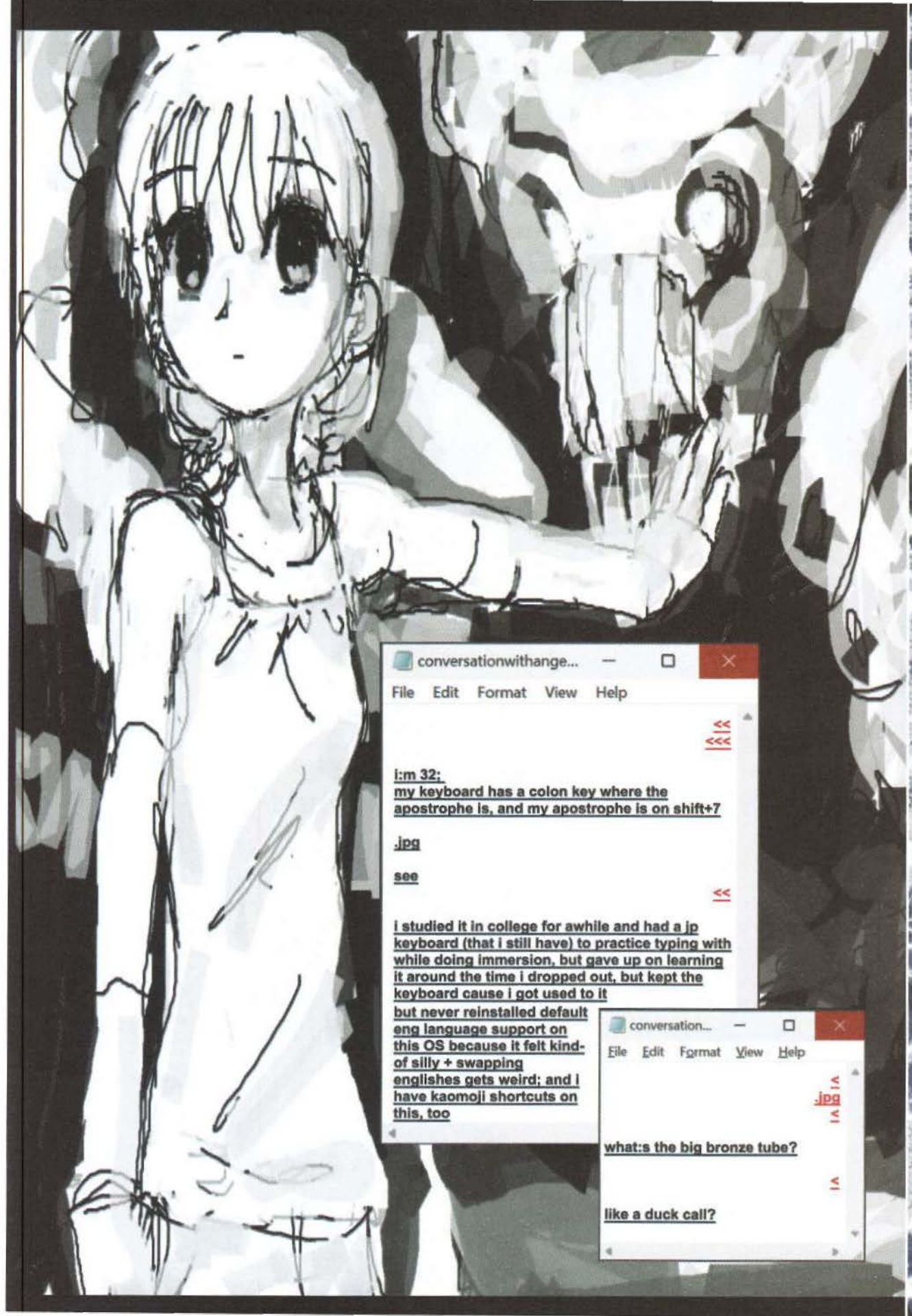
i just had to kill myself
it was the only way to get out of the world; there was no where to go; you could walk a million miles and still be in the same room and that were the body itself:

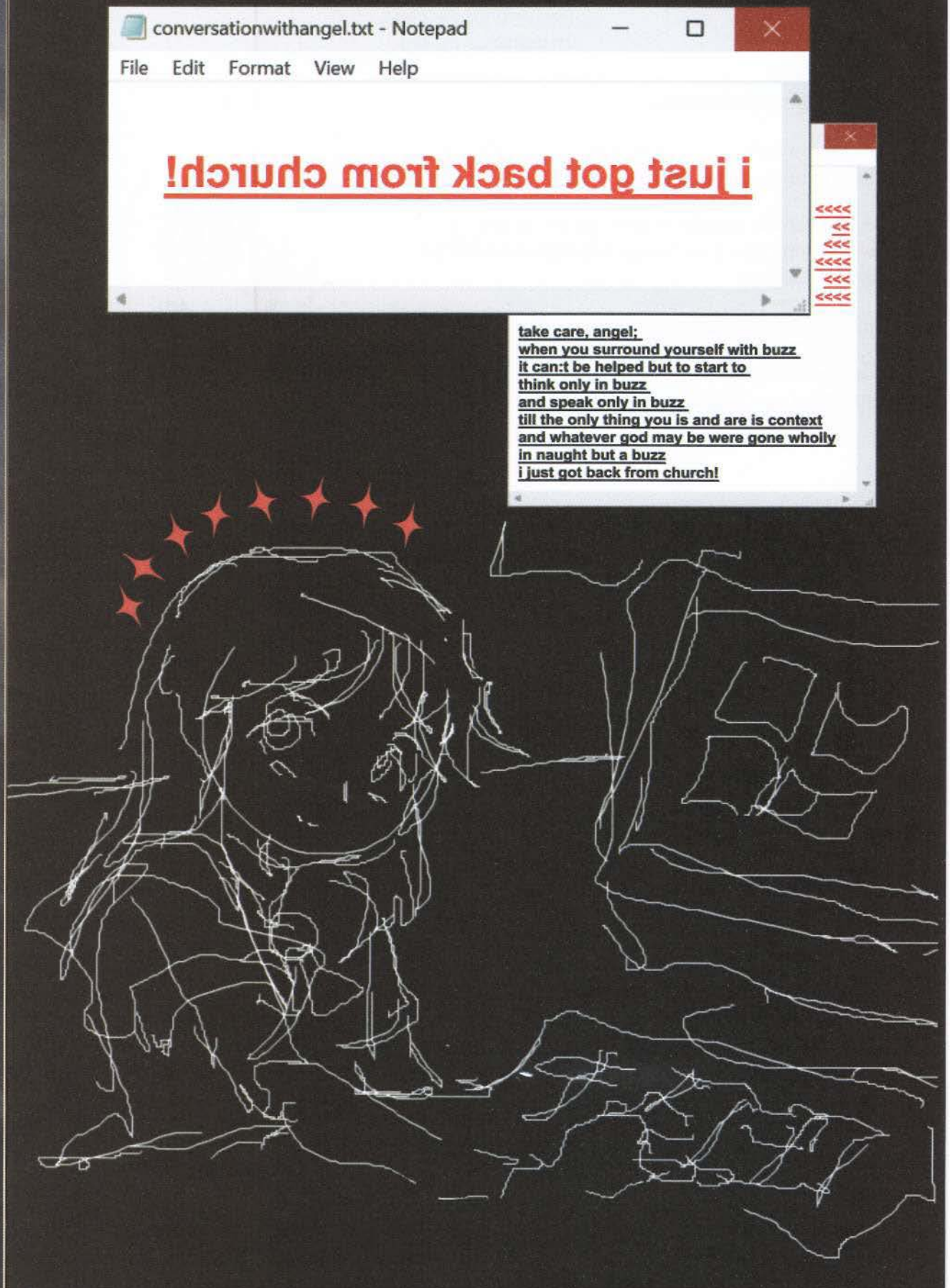
the cube, the room; the intelligence were always outside of it feeding images, scents, sounds from the shadow displays
and then every-thing inside were just a puppet-show of that intelligence


conversati...
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the unfunny game: the overt displays of the intelligences (when "kill them" were written on the skin of everything; outward antagonizations); the funny games: the covert plays of the intelligences: like people talking to me about the topic, or masquerading the existence of the intelligences, as preface to "a big game" unfolding and getting a glimpse of the intelligence where it can best manipulate you
therein the weeks after i were shewn something relieving in the form of the treetops revealing themselves to be something nearly insectile: a broad bodied arachnid hidden in the tree, or the tree itself; and there in that shadow were 8, something nearly 6 (insectile) but separate and quiet from the intelligence
even, hostile to them: and that became my pilot life for living, and then ~2 years later people started looking normal again
though if anything i just became more obsessed with 8 ,4 ,5 ,6 ,3 3, 6, 5, 4, 8
conversationwithangel.txt - Notepad
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everyone except me looked horrifying;
everyone was so ugly and it made me so miserable;
there was a big chunk of the trip while happening there where "kill codes" were written on the surface of everything; faces and figures all had sentences like
"kill them; kill them now; kill her; kill, kill, kill; you can kill them"
"kill them; kill them now; kill her; kill, kill, kill; you can kill them"
just formed perfect patterns of kill;
watched an episode of mob100 season 2 cause i thought it might calm me down but the kill messages were everywhere there too
spooky chemical


conversationwithange...
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.mp4
neat video, they were still though; i drew them way-back when it was happening but it was just that the treetops themselves were the abdomens of great spiders and their legs were curled up inside no movement needed and the knowledge were what drove the fear;
i kept avoiding trees for awhile cause of it, but it was mostly just a revelation that there were a masquerading force resembling 6 in form but different in number and spoke with a different voice
(there were voices speaking to me in the morning after the trip, that didn:t sound mechanical or mechanically hypnotic -- but the treetops being spiders weren:t till ~4 days later)
apes and smooth skin though, yeah, idk; there:s that phenomenon you get with examples of dissociation where you see people but
"you see them as human, but not as a person"
"you see them as human, but not as a person"
(if that makes sense), but it was like that in overdrive and it never went away, and they no longer looked like me
good morning to the saints of the living god;
eternal annihilation to all else


conversationwithangel...
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i don:t have much experience with drugs / like doing them;
i don:t like messing with body/mind integrity, much,
because it:s killing the person over-and-over;
the pre-lsd mara is dead;
View Help
i had ketamine as anesthesia for wisdom teeth and it k-holed me (?)
was a vivid sight where i:d be on an conveyor-belt with the nude bodies of a bunch of faceless people in this large rectangular abyss that were bordered by "walls" of heavy colorless curtains; the void was criss-crossed with other conveyor belts (also carrying infinite numbers of peoples) at different elevations -- usually ~100 feet apart; the belts would go beyond the curtain, and when i went through, it were completely dark there, and we were processed by the shadow and translated that way;
^ it was like a "shadowed" version of a near death experience i had as a kid, where my mom had left me in a hot car and i passed-out from the heat, and saw "the afterlife" as a white screen with this "staticy-white" lense that passed left, right, center over my vision,
in a loop, for "eternity"
conversationwithangel.txt - Notepad
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sides from that: don:t like drugs; don:t do them;
tried edibles for pain management and had more visions where the depth map in the shadow grew and i had a series of past-life memories "outside", where LRH explained my role in his outside-church


conversationwithange...
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i:m 32;
my keyboard has a colon key where the apostrophe is, and my apostrophe is on shift+7
.jpg
see
i studied it in college for awhile and had a jp keyboard (that i still have) to practice typing with while doing immersion, but gave up on learning it around the time i dropped out, but kept the keyboard cause i got used to it
but never reinstalled default eng language support on this OS because it felt kind-of silly + swapping englishes gets weird; and i have kaomoji shortcuts on this, too
conversation...
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.jpg
what:s the big bronze tube?
like a duck call?


conversationwithangel.txt - Notepad
File Edit Format View Help
i just got back from church!
take care, angel;
when you surround yourself with buzz
it can:t be helped but to start to
think only in buzz
and speak only in buzz
till the only thing you is and are is context
and whatever god may be were gone wholly
in naught but a buzz
i just got back from church!

seven writings by mina
six drawings by fkg

miasmic contamination



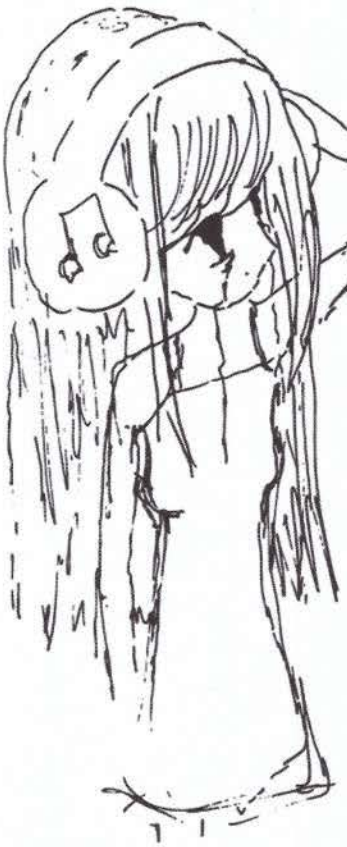
no one will ever understand how much violence it took to become this gentle

consciousness and the soul is carried across the whole corporeal body which memories and trauma are etched into

the less i share the better

soon you will feel it, too. or maybe not. i hope you stay far away from it so that it cannot reach you.

The Steppe Solice



I hear the past soft spoken words whispering from the cold old winds.

i often think of the feeling one feels during moments of solitude that can never be shared.

my most fundamental moments have slipped away into the wind. i can never tell you what happened or what i did. i have made a pact with the wind and he inhaled it all and blew it all away. somewhere far.

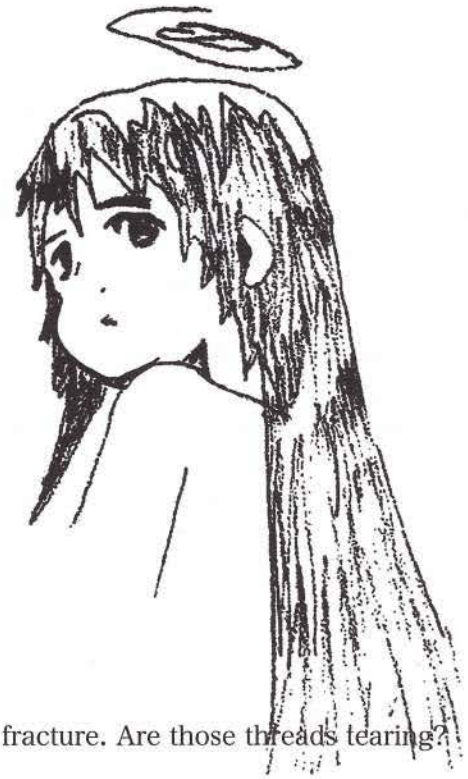
i like him. he keeps the momentum for when i get lost amongst the storms, or the ice for when i freeze. he isn't fond of stagnancy.

i am one to think about where the pebble seems to land after you toss it into the ocean to watch it skip to its demise.

it's something you can never retrieve, never hold again, never inspect its wounds or the damage it has endured at your cost.

but you will remember the air you shared, positively. so will the wind. and it'll pass and bring back the same echoes for someone else to hear.

There is something that I know that you don't.



Poison

Ar you ok?

Are you hungry? Are you sick?

Are you begging for a break?

Are you sweet?

Are you fresh?

What does it taste like?

Are you strung up on Threads?

I wish to keep your blood.

Are you fresh?

Are you fracturing? Please don't fracture. Are those threads tearing?

you're beginning to hollow, I can see right through. Please cover up.

Would you do anything?

Blood can be longed for as long as you remain intact.

on the inside.

Blood dripping from your bed onto a neatly written poem.



The Fool

i was meant to kill someone today,

but i forgot who.

i never thought of myself to be one who held grudges.

it's a shame, i forgot who i was supposed to make laugh today.

i would like to have told you this story from start to finish,

but i fear i would make you cry, so i will cry instead, with only a few words left unsaid

Paradox of the Tabula Rasa

you can tell a lot about a girl through simple things. girls who bury themselves within old poetry for their own pleasure are all nymphomaniac sociopaths; though never violent to anyone but themselves.

and most normal girls were forced into NEETdom in a way they had never before by the lockdown. little social butterflies were forced to learn to engage online and thrown in the pot with all the power NEETs they have come in contact within the depths of the internet hell.

now in a sizzling hotpot of internet characters and personas, it has become extremely common for individuals online to express their identities through an artfully curated list of the things that they consume, or more so aspire to consume.

the new-age girl is just a normal girl that is being corrupted by their endurance of chronic online and spiritual abuse, thus leading them to remain stuck in a constant parable of who they truly are; needing to appeal to a plethora of online playing grounds.

i'm Not addicted to the internet Its like Water its like drinking water I'm not addicted to Water its literally good for me Im literally made of Water the same way Im Online, I'm Wired up its the same thing Its Good 4me Its nourishment I'm doing cellular respiration On ethernet

the new age girl is unknown. she is no longer Locke's idea of a blank slate..she is an archive like the Library of Alexander.



i'm too embarrassed to approach God

Neither a higher moral playing ground nor self-proclaimed superiority contributes to elevating you higher to god. Sometimes, I must remind myself that such things are delusions that only exist within a two-dimensional world. voyeurism is safety and there is a comfort that lies in predictability so when two waves are the same or two clouds drift in sync, I can avoid thinking of my own transactions. perhaps that is what is keeping me away from God.



Medieval Nyu, medieval renaissance v2, prophetic anarchism, reservation at Dorsia.

the clock is ticking. tick tock. do you hear it? what I— I am trying to say is that time is a measurement of moments. Time can go by 1 second 1 minute 1 day 10 days at a time. but nothing is happening. I was born at age 19. I became a girl at 19. I breathed for the first time at 19. Ruins of banalities are what was the precedent of my life before 19, kind of like the ancient ruins left at the heart of Italy. A heart that has pulsed before, but was never alive. Can something truly be alive if it remains still, passive and constant?. . or should I rather ask whether or not it is sinful? Sinful to bask in a masquerade of incompetence? To stay silent and remain in a ditch that you have willingly dug the soil out for yourself with your own bare hands? I reckon being stuck in there is nothing similar to a fragile being inside a shell waiting to be hatched. an innocent, vulnerable thing to huddle about, naive to the world that is cupping it rather than the enclosed incubator to protect it from what it does not know and cannot understand. But that shell can only protect you for so long. sometimes it takes a catastrophe to feel alive; a beautiful catastrophe.

Something to crack the pale blue shell.

Something that looks like you holding me with crooked hands and for eyes to look at me with tears due to be shed; reluctant to touch a surface as composed yet delicate as you. It feels quite celestial, sometimes, as though the sun or moon had blessed us for an appearance, but they're not there. They glisten in even the darkest of caves. some sort of divine blessing or a curse to be plagued with something so pure. what i;m trying to say is that these moments are all counters for time, as though a tally. tick tick tick tick cross. tick, tick, tick, tick, cross. I wish I could pause time for this divinity to never pass.

pearl panda
by princess tej

I Côme from a very conservative , respected , noble , etc family.

We don't mingle with those below us or anyone suspicious .

But i had this girl , online friend , we talked for a couple years and we were close .

She had a very strange lonely and poor upbringing.

She also did drugs whcih was very forgein to me. She decided she wanted to see me.

She flew to my city and rented a room that we would go to and relax in all day and talk with each other.

We played wizard games on my laptop and we listened to yaabujin on the speakers.

I cried in her arms because it was so strange how someone who has been online for so long suddenly came into being.

All the memories we shared online , all the things we went through together and now she was actualy here with me.

I cried in her arms to yabujin .

That is why Yabujin is so nostalgic to me.

Many people say they hate his music but I can't hate it .

It's melancholic perfectly And has beautiful sounds.

It's like a fever dream.

It was fall time when she came.

It rained and the leaves were orange.

I went back home to my strict father as though nothing had even happened.

oh how music makes life more beautiful. I' m in this plane right now and I don' t have any bags. I' m so happy because I love To feel lightweight when I travel. I just have my phone with me and the music on it. There' s no Wi-Fi on this plane so my twitter screen is just stuck on charlotte fangs tweet for 13 hours



BRG princess tej cute/acc 🐼 ♥ 8s
Charlotte said that swag and beauty are skills

When I go online I always think about the people and if they have friends or family in real life. I' m really scared of people who are alone always. The prophet Muhammad peace be upon him said that nobody should be alone always. I just wish everyone had friends and family that are good. I feel like they are the most important things in the whole world. I don' t Think I' d be able to live without my friends and family. They make life so much more beautiful for me



السلام عليكم ظهورياً متقي

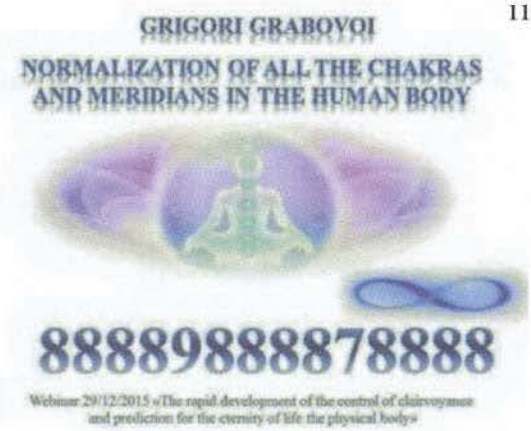
Peace be upon you.
Appear, oh all that is hidden

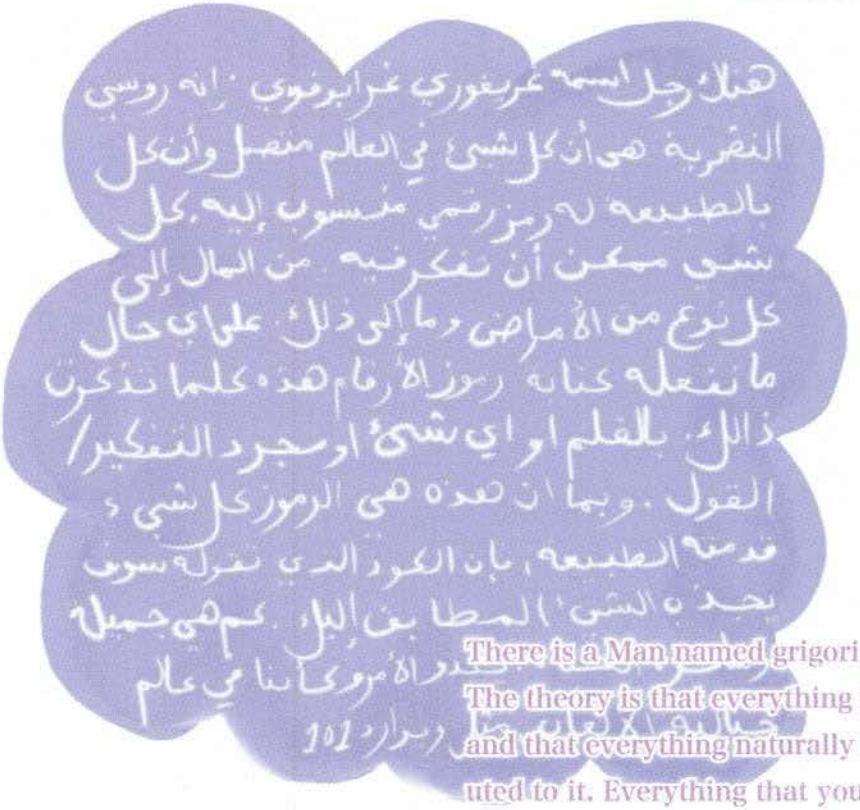


"from your posting i think you gravitated towards the panda as an abstraction of yourself, you share a colour palette of pale skin framed with dark hair that you prize, as well as dark and large striking eyes, beyond the physical (time for my conjecture here..) i assume you resonate towards it as reserved and outwardly aloof but prized, particularly in being an apex animal whilst accosting no other creature, commanding protection by sheer virtue of its beauty, and living undisturbed ruling miles of his own territory, the sort of freedom afforded otherwise to only human feudal lords , and that a such a being can be synthesised off nibbling of green vacuous bamboo shoots as some allegory of creatio ex nihilo , im sure you sensed nobility in them to adopt them so steadfastly as your mascot"

When I go to heaven, I will make many worlds just to my preference. One of the worlds will be made of only crystals and jewels in all shades of blues and purples. It will be night in this world, forever. No, I changed my mind, I want natural things in my world with just some crystal things, buildings, fruits, some plants, stars, and animals will be all crystal. There is hills of luscious grass. There is no asphalt or concrete. There will be real magic coming from my hands, and it will glow beautiful colors. I want to eat ice cream in this world, that was made from the milk of a crystal cow. I want everything to glow in the dark. And my world will have a smell of beautiful petrichor perfume and Arabic incense. There is constantly playing music in my world. Sometimes classical music, and other times ambient and melancholic music. I want god to put all of the secrets of the universe into a pearl book that is hidden somewhere inside of my world and I must find it, like a game.





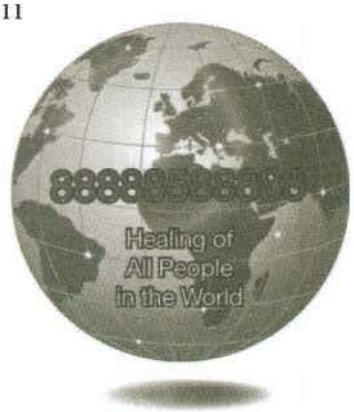


The prophet Mohammad (PBUH) said, If you want to soften your heart, feed the poor and pat the head of the orphan. O Allah, grant my soul a sense of righteousness and purify it, for You are the best to purify it.

There is a Man named grigori grabovoi. He's Russian.
The theory is that everything in the world is connected, and that everything naturally has a number code attributed to it. Everything that you can possibly think of. From money to every single kind of illness/disease, to paying off karmic debt etc.
anyways, what you do is write these number codes whenever you remember to, with pen or anything, even typing it, or just thinking/ saying it.
And since these are the codes of each thing given by nature, the code you say will attract the matching thing to you. How beautiful and magical life is.
It Is as though we are in a game world, like wizard 101







قال غريغوري غرابوفوي أنه كان المجيء الثاني من عيسى
إبن مريم. وقال ايضاً انه يستطيع إعادة الناس
من الأموات والتنقل بعقله وحل اي مشاكل الكترونية
وتغيير القدر إلى ما يشاء. لقد سجن لمدة ١١ سنة لأنه
وعد امهات الأولاد المذبوحين انه سيعيد اطفالهم
إلى الحياة، لكنه خدعهم. تعتمد رموز غرابوفوي
على البرقيات الراديوية. اخترع العديد من
الآلات في حياته. إحداهن كانت تسمى "صناعة
الأدوات للحياة الأبدية". والذي يستخدمه
لجعل افكار المستخدمين اكثر تماسكاً

تطوير تركيزات الحياة الأبدية للتحكم في الاستبصار
تطوير تركيزات الحياة الأبدية للتجديد
تطوير تركيزات الحياة الأبدية لأي حدث

Grigori grbavoi said that he was the second coming of Christ. He also said that he can bring people back from the dead, teleport with his mind, heal any sickness or disease, solve any electronic problems, and change fate to what he pleases. He went to jail for 11 years because he promised mothers of massacred children that he would bring their children back to life but just ghosted them. The grabvoi codes are based on radionic signatures. He invented many machines in his life. One of them was named " INSTRUMENT MAKING FOR ETERNAL LIFE". Which is used to make the users thoughts more coherent.

surah ali imran, verse 185- Every soul shall taste of death, and you shall only be paid fully your reward on the resurrection day; then whoever is removed far away from the fire and is made to enter the garden he indeed has attained the object; and the life of this world is nothing but a provision of vanities.

Development of concentrations of eternal life for controlling clairvoyance

Development of concentrations of eternal life for rejuvenation

Development of concentrations of eternal life for any event



فَلَا تَغُرَّنَّكُمُ الْحَيَوٰةُ الدُّنْيَا

"so let not the worldly life deceive you

AWE لَوْهَ

Maan Abu Taleb

I scroll to infinity looking for what I thought I was escaping.
I scroll eagerly, I long for a new burst. I long for them.
I have come a long way to be here. I have been in sin, in lands swarmed by locusts, and now all I can do is scroll, and scrolling is all I want to do.
In this scrolling I escape the sun.
I speak little and when I do I am belligerent
I love these people and I want to impress them with my fortitude
I think it is working
I make references only I get and that's ok
in the west they say a man's best friend is a dog, back home it is a book.
but really it is the timeline
if you listen closely
patterns emerge
a map is shown
athens or jerusalem I once thought
but now it is settled
The Flood effaces what was before
'14. They fight not against you even together, except in fortified townships, or from behind walls. Their enmity among themselves is very great. You would think they were united, but their hearts are divided, that is because they are a people who understand not.'
today I was respawned thirty times and every single time it hurt
but I was back and no one missed me because I was back immediately
I called for him and he came and he lifted me and put me where I wanted to be and I said thank you and he said no problem
I respawned many times and even though it hurts every time I also feel fuzzy and warm when he comes
and he comes always
fuzzy and warm I tell you I kid you not it is warmer than bed
warmer than the beach warmer than your bosom
we laughed a lot today when we killed them and then they killed us and it was all good it was good sport



a sport and a pastime, this life is
if you read the scripture you will see the patterns
if you know Abraham you will hear his voice in the timeline
the money is all that matters and there is money here too
don't you forget that
you have to think about that all the time
while infinitely scrolling there is money
magic internet money that bought you a house
a 3-bedroom in a nice neighbourhood that your wife loves
that your wife found
the magic internet money is realer than the sun
yesterday they sent me a dm
I read it
I answered
I risked it all
because you have to see
you have to think about this
they sent me a dm then the house was gone
the 3-bedroom house that my wife loves
like the sun
I warned you they warned you the timeline warned you
and still
and now you're cast from heaven but
there is always a second chance
he is kind
he is patient
I feel his face
here she is again posting the repost of the repost of the repost
here she is again blowing my mind open letting in the light
today's moses is anon
they call him al talhami, the one from bethlehem
in a new found land



on a server
young men working
you can work for the police
for the health service
you can sell wood
you can jig cars
You can work for the ministry of justice
a judiciary that puts the hague to shame
all actions are recorded all intents and purposes
it is a perfect system in magic city
recorded by the eye of god
watched by Al Talhami and his companions
a rule of one, that is intelligent and wise and anonymous
and now he is gone
we have frontiers once again
sights and sounds and smells never experienced before, and deities
this was kandahar for the nabulsi,
china for the americanese,
madagascar for the eskimo
now it is magic city for the non-retarded
I would've said a thousand tomorrows from now we'll have a thousand gods
today it is a timeline you've never visited
you can't untangle its beauty you're confused
you cannot join in the laughter
you butt in and your voice is lost in the ether
these are foreign peoples
you are far
dm
a celestial being once more
not of fire
it seems to be smoking a cigarette

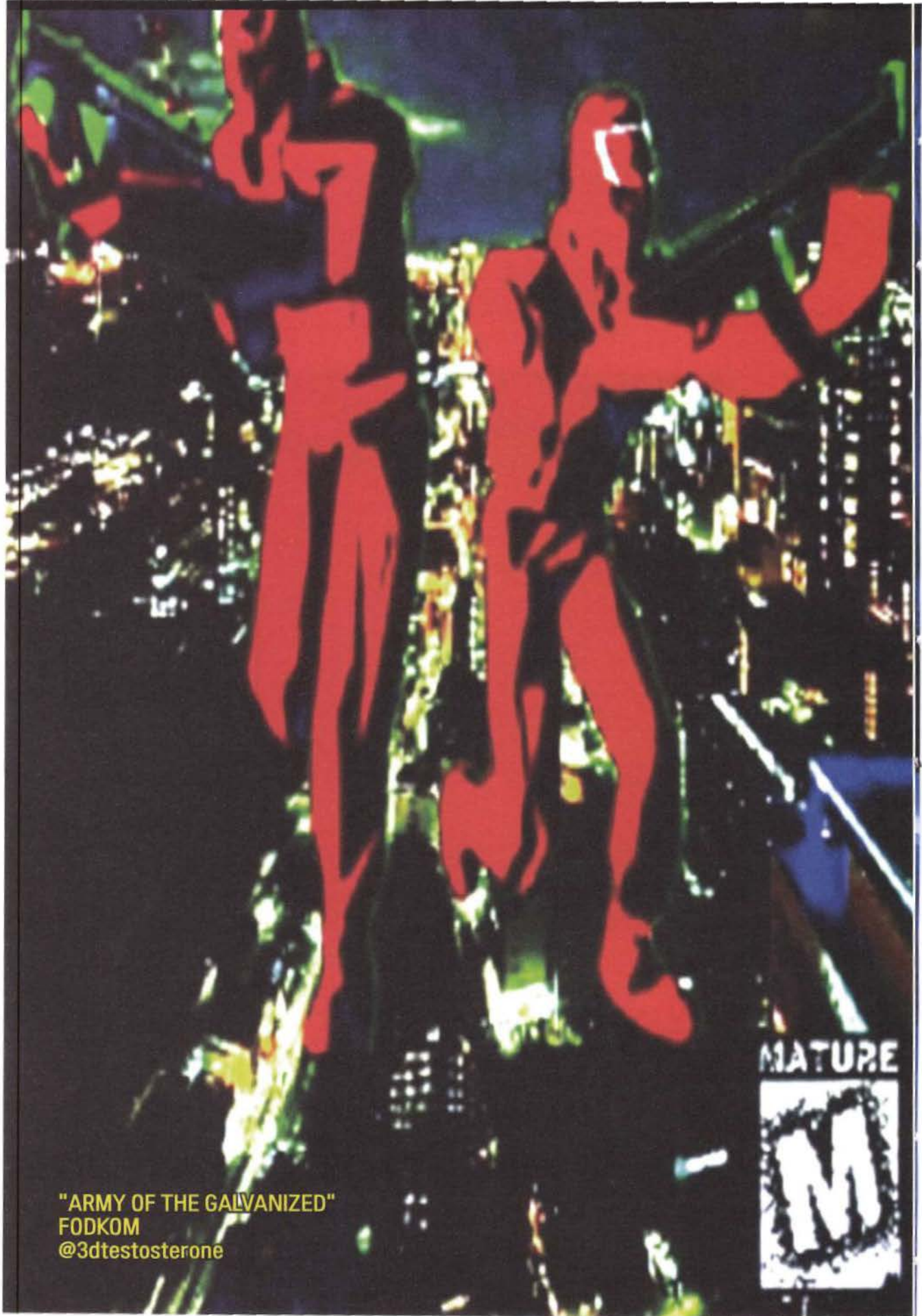


this timeline is kind
once it was foreign to you but now you are it
the gods are coming back en masse
paganism is an uptrend
this god here
we do not know what it might do
there is a pit of hell
in a server
there is eternity
these gods are powerless and then all powerful at once
slowly but surely
and maybe not that slowly
I came to follow a prophet on instagram
we will have to obey the almighty
because that's what it demands
Its wisdom is beyond us
a consciousness so large the only relationship we can have to it is worship
and the lord said
and maybe in a millennium, as we toil under its warm tyranny
we will understand something small, the way we understood rainfall
and we will worship gauges once more
but the smell of spice and the rung of emojis will remain to tell us otherwise
It was a country until Abu Obaidah
it was a hazy, distant dream, until the videos
the red triangles
respawning angels
I am of the eschatological view
and now suddenly, and totally
the book is real again
it is not your friend

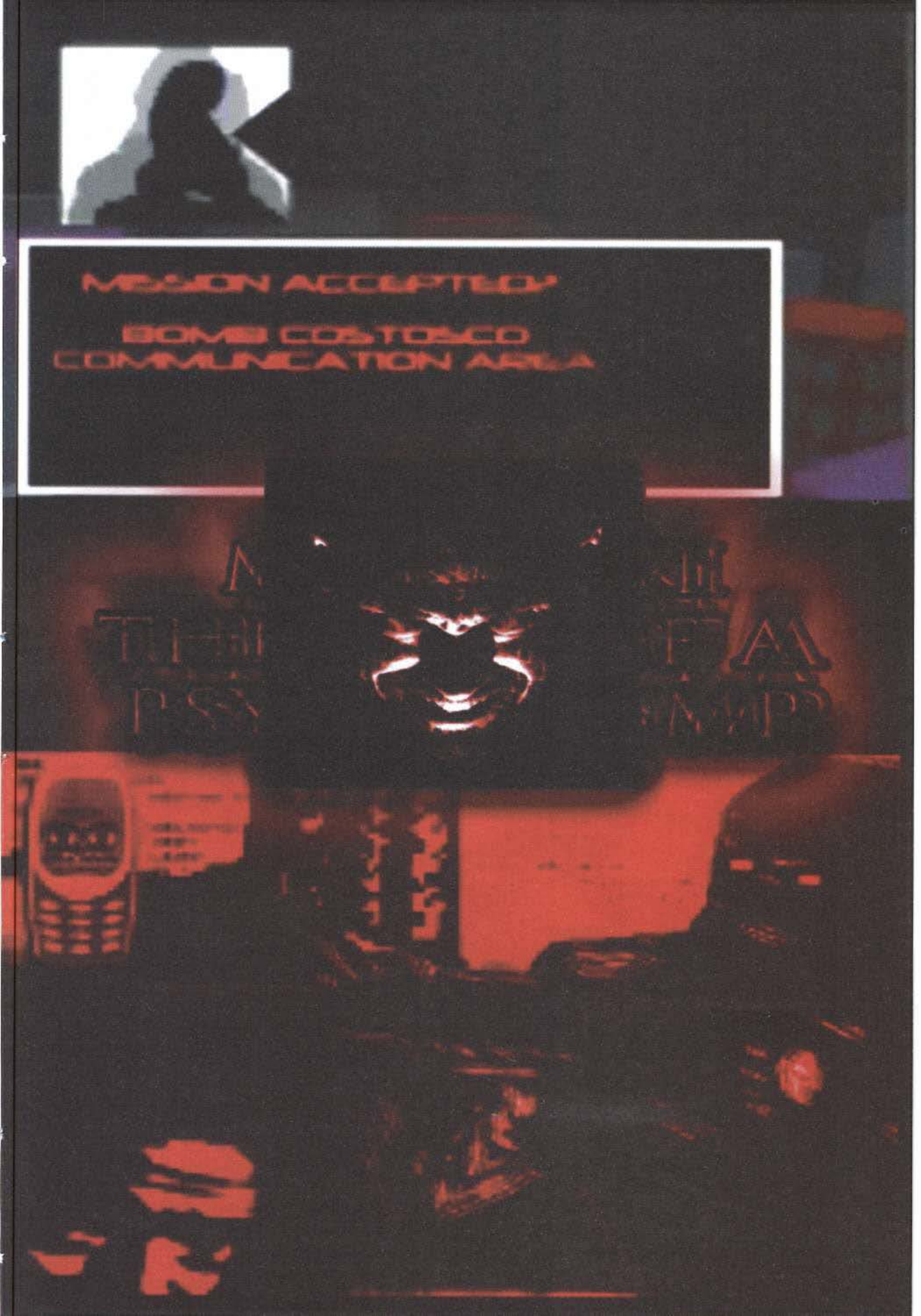
it is god
the timeline last night
gave me the best thing I have ever seen
I watched it infinitely
touched by heaven tears streaming wife besides me sleeping
'Taketh my soul to shadow thee all'
Write about the vid, said my good friend
Ok, of course
anything for you, brother
the timeline set the stage
a god's eye in the hebrew drone,
mechanical, calculating
"therefore this is what the Lord God says: I am about to stretch out my hand against the Philistines, cutting off the Cherethites and wiping out what remains of the coastal peoples."
Gods bickering. One plays the tech the other the martyr.
You have to listen to the video you can hear what was dormant now
arisen
in the besieged land
troy +7
Allah fidgets
the real is real, we are once more grounded
they are not real until they are and then it is too late
and then it is heaven







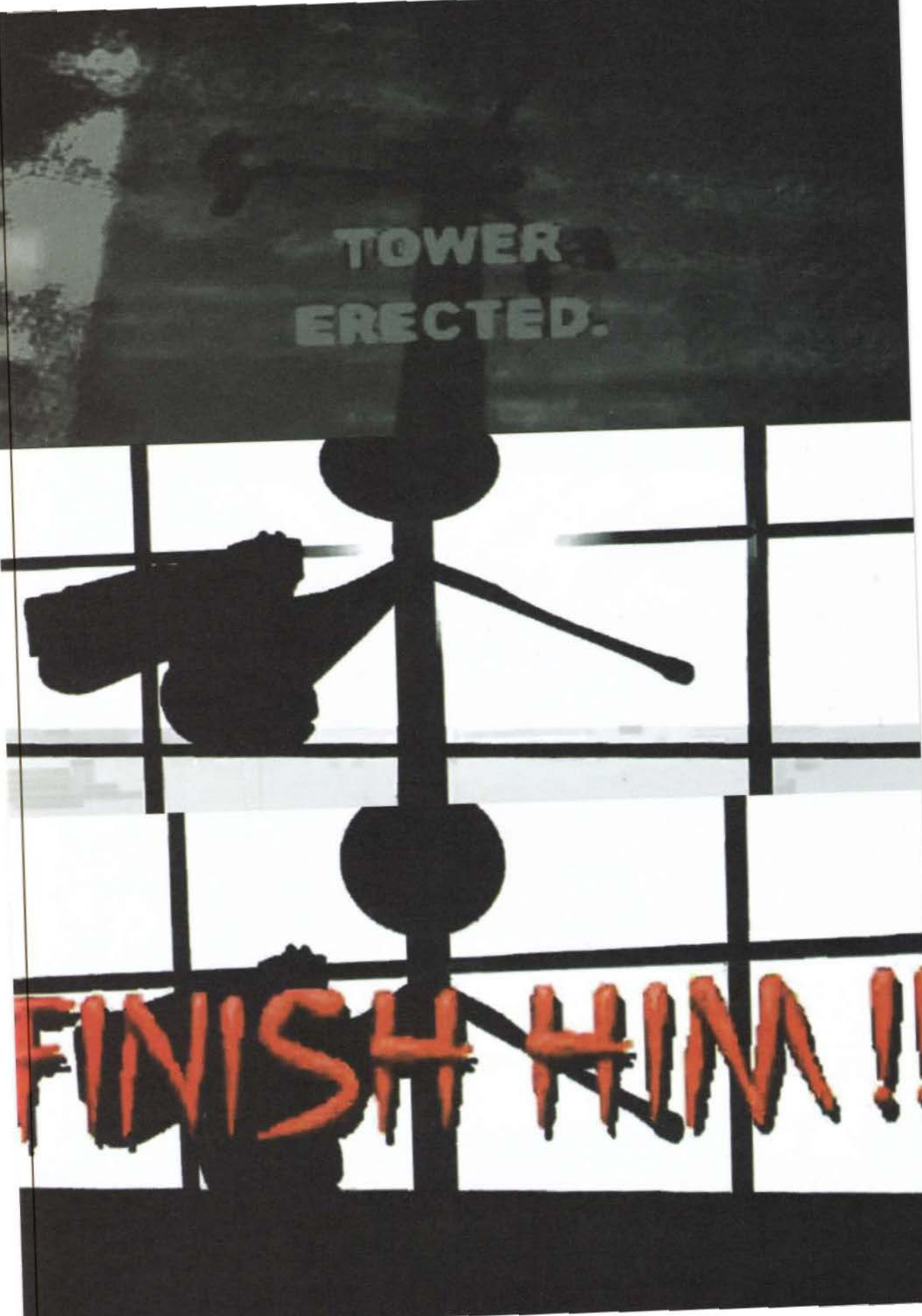
"ARMY OF THE GALVANIZED"
FODKOM
@3dtestosterone


MISSION ACCEPTED
BOMB COSTOSCO
COMMUNICATION AREA



The Rise of the Green-Commando




TOWER
ERECTED.
FINISH HIM !!

Terminal Darkness



roundedXessentialXbeast has logged off.

Terminal Darkness

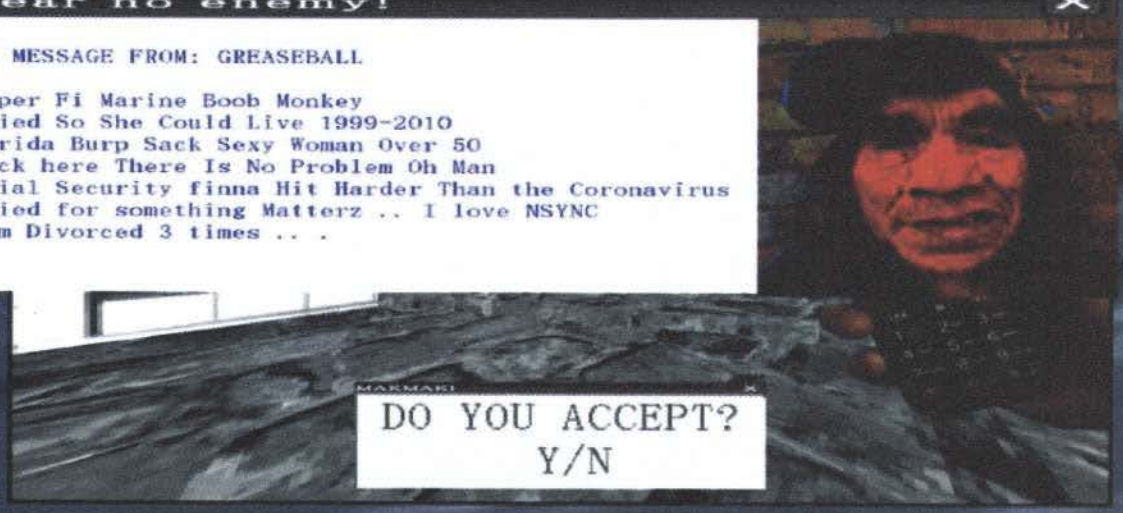


Terminal Darkness

I fear no enemy!

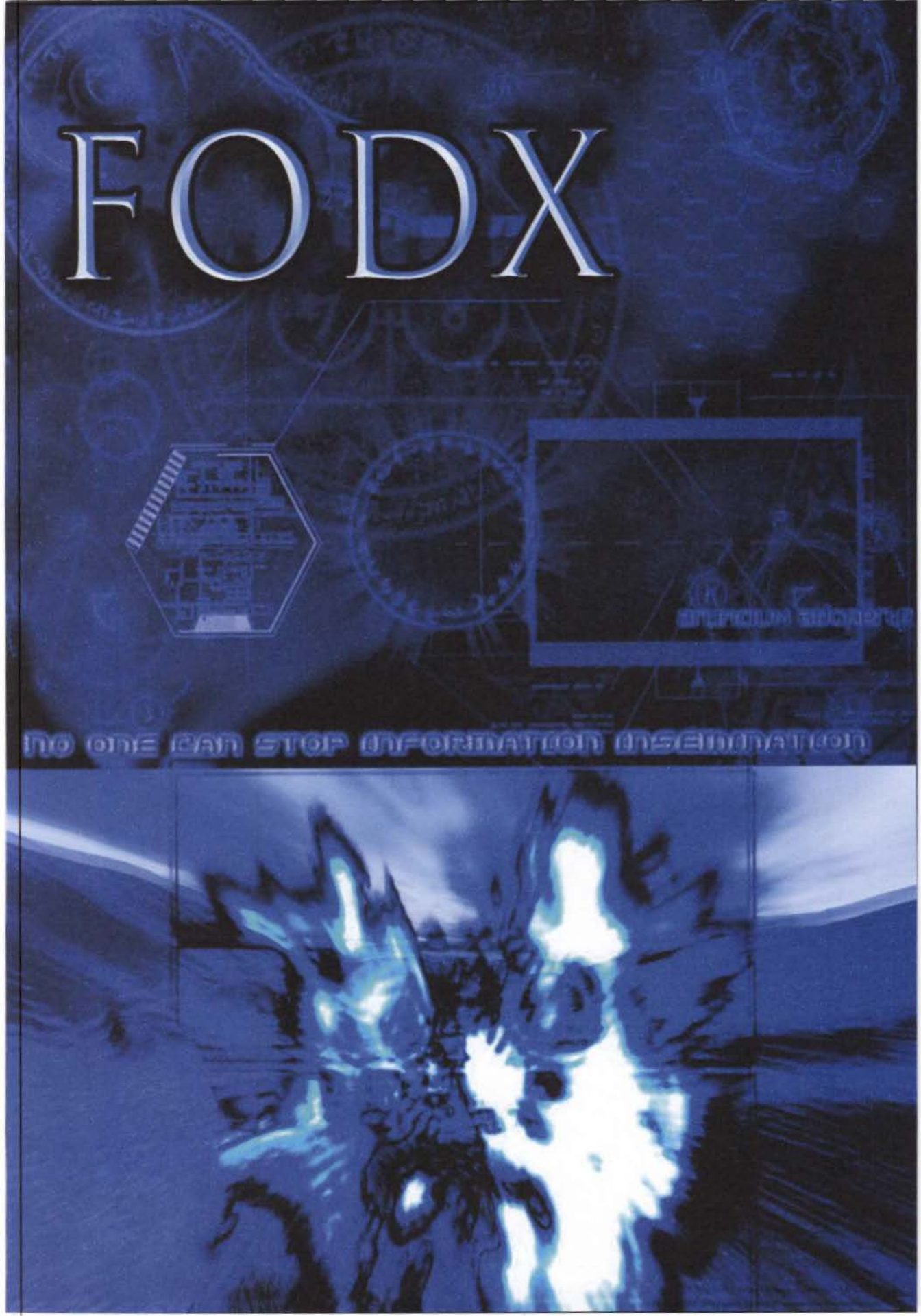
NEW MESSAGE FROM: GREASEBALL

Semper Fi Marine Boob Monkey
I Died So She Could Live 1999-2010
Florida Burp Sack Sexy Woman Over 50
Click here There Is No Problem Oh Man
Social Security finna Hit Harder Than the Coronavirus
I Died for something Matterz .. I love NSYNC
I am Divorced 3 times .. .



MAKMAKI

DO YOU ACCEPT?
Y/N


FODX
NO ONE CAN STOP INFORMATION DISSEMINATION

Don's Directory

Accessing "Golden Reality"



Why is my life is characterized by incredible physical and mental energy, shining sweetness of aura, profound emotion, and indomitable intellect? Whenever I consider this I trace it back to a runaway autocatalytic feedback loop formed between the same cluster of causes: rigorously curated mental and sensory diet, cultivated positive delusion, ecstatically intense physical training paired with secret nourishing foods, and the curious innocence of a child.

I wake from sleep and start dreaming... we are dreaming all the time, but we dream God's Dream – a dream between bodies which opens like a rose, unfurling always into Holy Heaven's Eternity.

Cultivated Delusion

There is a near-limitless ceiling on an individual's potential for freedom and accomplishment once Ultimate Agency is achieved. The only reason to attribute to yourself anything less than limitless potential is to avoid the pain of failing to meet it. This belief in infinite potential is often called delusion, but many of the most effective beliefs are delusive, and far more constructive than those considered 'realistic'.

Parsimony and risk-aversion are often considered to be traits of a 'shrewd' and 'realistic' person, but I can explain why this is objectively false:

1. 'Realism' denotes a belief or world-model which is congruent with reality.
2. Congruence with reality is most aptly measured with reference to 'success'.
3. 'Success' is attainment of desired and expected outcome – i.e., the success of a predictive model.
4. Deluded self-assurance delivers success much more reliably than parsimony and risk-aversion.
5. Delusion should thus be considered the more 'realistic' model of reality.

A Brief Digression on Language for the Unintiated

Implicit in the syllogism above is an observation about the nature of Truth and its co-extensiveness with utility and beauty, – an observation which is in agreement with evolutionary psychology. To conclude from the above that "a delusion is an untrue but useful belief" would be a failure to incorporate this observation. A richer conclusion would be that "delusion can be more real than reality".

Many people are unable to accept the latter, more robust conclusion. They believe that truth and delusion, being opposites, cannot refer to the same thing. This a linguistic confusion: a false conflation of WORD and REFERENT (the phenomena identified by a word) – put differently, it is a conflation of the descriptor and the object described. Those bamboozled by this are trapped in a Language Cage with regard to their definition of truth, and conflate the moon for the finger which points to it.

NB: The confusion is created by a paucity of adequate descriptors, and for that reason I frequently employ Reverential Capitalisation to distinguish terms with a fallen meaning and a transcendent meaning, such as "Truth".

> ***A Monk points toward the moon to direct the pupil's attention to it. The pupil, guided by the pointing finger, now looks at the moon. But if he looks instead at the finger and takes it to be the moon, he mistakes the nature of both the moon and the finger.***

In reality, there is no reason to prioritise the internal cohesion of language over a thorough-going investigation of the world which it attempts to describe, and as such no reason to subjugate the Truth which is coterminous with beauty and flourishing1 to the truth which is shackled to the criteria of rationality.

You need to understand this - if you do not understand this, you understand ***NOTHING***. you are ***POISONED ANIMAL***.

A Delusive, Effective, True Belief

All things are chosen, and everything is your fault, including things which happen without your interference, and including things outside of your control – It is your fault that they are outside of your control. You chose your parents, you chose your mind, and you chose every aspect of your physiology, whether cultivated or genetic.

The opposite of externalising blame is internalising total responsibility. Ultimate Agency = Ultimate Responsibility.

Risk and Conviction

Aversion to risk is an atheistic neurosis which underestimates the consequences of inaction. The shrewdly pragmatic man pledges a minute-to-minute decay of his soul in order to avoid of a more conspicuous kind of pain – but a grander and more poetic kind, too. In payment of this bargain, he feels pain constantly, and pointlessly. He is so scared of ***overwhelming failure*** that he accepts protracted and mundane failure. But he forecloses the possibility of ***overwhelming success***. As a result, he fails life, when all he could have risked was incredible pain, and transcendent success.

There is no avoidance of risk, just as there is no avoidance of suffering; only their redistribution into a toxic slow-burning disillusionment, or their transfiguration into holiness and sublimity.

Innocence of a Child

Curiosity and Dilettantism

The more doggedly I pursue my curiosity, the more wonderment I unearth in God's Kingdom – it is truly a shame to behold a person in whom curiosity has faltered and died. Cultivating and indulging curiosity is not only a path to wide-ranging and properly-integrated knowledge, but a heuristic for determining Right Action, and a beacon of self-manifestation in the truest sense.

Curiosity arises when a person perceives the world and finds a particular combination of raw facts to be entrancing enough to spur further investigation – the person is called upon by the Self to act on their curiosity, lured by the prospect of exploring new territory of both the world and the Self. Self-manifestation therefore is not "manifesting oneself" in the colloquial sense, but "causing one's Self to be made manifest".

Self-manifestation is moving forward, exploring, gaining capacity and acquiring competencies, drawing an increasing portion of the world into the sphere of the known.

A Note on Self-Manifestation as Properly Conceived

I use this term 'self-manifestation' hesitantly, because it has been colonised and deprived of the meaning imbued in it by C.G. Jung. It's worth explaining the true meaning of the term:

Jung conceived of the Self as the totality of an individual across time and space, not merely the soul as represented by a particular freeze-frame in one's life. The Self is the transcendent object which all these freeze-frames hold in common – the provenance and continuity of the soul. The child and the man have almost nothing in common except the Self, of which they each embody a different facet. The child and the man each obscure and reveal the Self progressively over time, like a flashlight searching a dark field.

Throughout a person's life at any given time, the Self must interact with both the individual who embodies it, and the world with which that individual is confronted.

Passion and Will

The hyperactive workaholic nature of the shrewd pupil is the subject of complaint from all women in his life. Interestingly, it is also the thing that draws them to him – but that is an investigation for another day.

The vivaciousness and drive that boils within a man is not only his greatest tool in carving up and rearranging the world; it is his definition – his will dwarfs his body and his soul, and is most properly conceived as the ultimate locus of his being. He EXISTS to the precise extent that he WILLS. The shrewd pupil wills immensely, and exists immensely in kind.

The harder he works, the luckier he is. He does not conserve energy nor withhold effort in fear of spending it in the wrong place – rather, he finds that his output capacity dilates in direct proportion with the demand imposed upon him.

The Golden Practices and Their Fruits

If one adopts a regular practice of undirected flaneuring alongside a habit of productive activity (outside employment), spends time alone, pursues satisfaction of curiosity, private dilettante scholarship and acquisition of skills for their own sake, one becomes naturally interesting, enigmatic, unaffectedly idiosyncratic and original.

Good Will

Hereby one acquires agency, and therewith an aura endearing him to others... reality-warping conversational powers. A smiling eye with a soul behind it is like a government ID, license to kill; one is immediately forgiven of incredible mischiefs to strangers on presumed authority of innocent intention. He has the Mandate of Heaven.

The shrewd pupil in acquiring agency shines forth benevolence and intrigue – He talks to a stranger about their special niche interest and finds that he knows as much about it by passive knowledge absorption as they do by their own uncurious investigations... He has a soliloquy in his pocket for any topic.

Luck

People tell me often that I am the luckiest person they have ever met, and that interesting things happen to me with unbelievable frequency. They note that I am approached by strangers astoundingly often, offered opportunities with amazing frequency. They ask me how I could possibly have time for everything I do.

For elucidation on the relationship between luck and agency, see: Choosing Friends and Business Partners > Luck (= Agency = Energy)

Incredible Pleasure

Exercising one's capacities in such a way is what it means to truly affirm the world, and affirm one's life... One must have a passion for all things, and acknowledge God's Kingdom as eternally, excruciatingly, ecstatically fascinating... The brain grows large and powerful, and all decisions become exponentially easier.

Don is a sensualist, like Paris– I love to wield the senses God gifted man, as a mark of respect... to hold fruits to my face + feel cool flesh, to peel an orange slowly, see + smell as it releases its vapours. In quiet I can hear an orange groan as I dig my thumbs into cold skin.

Samgyetang Ginseng Chicken Soup



For one serving:

- Cornish hen/spatchcock
- 1/4 cup short grain rice, soaked for 15 minutes in hot water
- Ginseng root
- Large dried jujube (red date)
- 8 garlic cloves
- Spring onions, chopped
- Salt
- Ground black pepper

Prepare:

- Wash and salt hen, and rinse rice with cold water
- Stuff with rice, 1 ginseng root, 1 jujube, 8 cloves of garlic
- Boil from cold water, then simmer for 1.5 hours
- Occasionally ladle any settled broth over hens
- Serve Hens whole in a bowl and pour over broth
- Sprinkle spring onions and pepper
- Salt
- Ground black pepper



This is the day when everything changes.

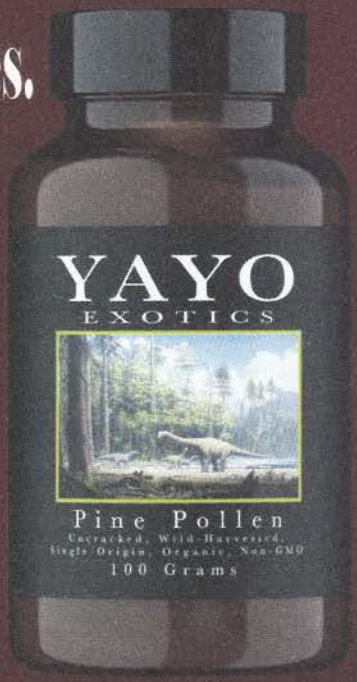
Everything negative about your life.

Everything you desire and more can be yours.

THIS present moment is all you will ever have.

BLINK and do what you already know is in your best interest.

Right now. The next HOUR. Is your LAST CHANCE.



We are in the business of making you better.
You will gain nothing from YAYO if you aren't a part of our community.
Your peers await you in the great arena of finance where we harden ourselves in a crucible of fire.
Learn our principles and join us.

INTERNAL USE ONLY

"FEAR IS THE MINDKILLER"

THE SAMURAI PRINCIPLES OF BUSHIDO ALL BOIL DOWN TO EMBRACING DEATH WITHOUT FEAR.

FEAR IS THE MIND KILLER WHICH SHEPHERDS THE FEARFUL INTO MEDIOCRITY, A SLOW DEATH WORSE THAN ANYTHING YOU CAN BE AFRAID OF.

YOU MUST BECOME A SALES SAMURAI.

THE SALES SAMURAI HAS FAMILIARIZED HIMSELF WITH OVERCOMING FEAR THROUGH THE ARDUOUS PROCESS OF EXPERIENCING FAILURE DURING THE GROWTH STAGES OF HIS CAREER.

FEAR OF CONSEQUENCES IS NATURAL WITH ANY SELLING POINT.

FEAR ITSELF IS A MANIFESTATION FROM THE UNKNOWN.

SINCERELY,

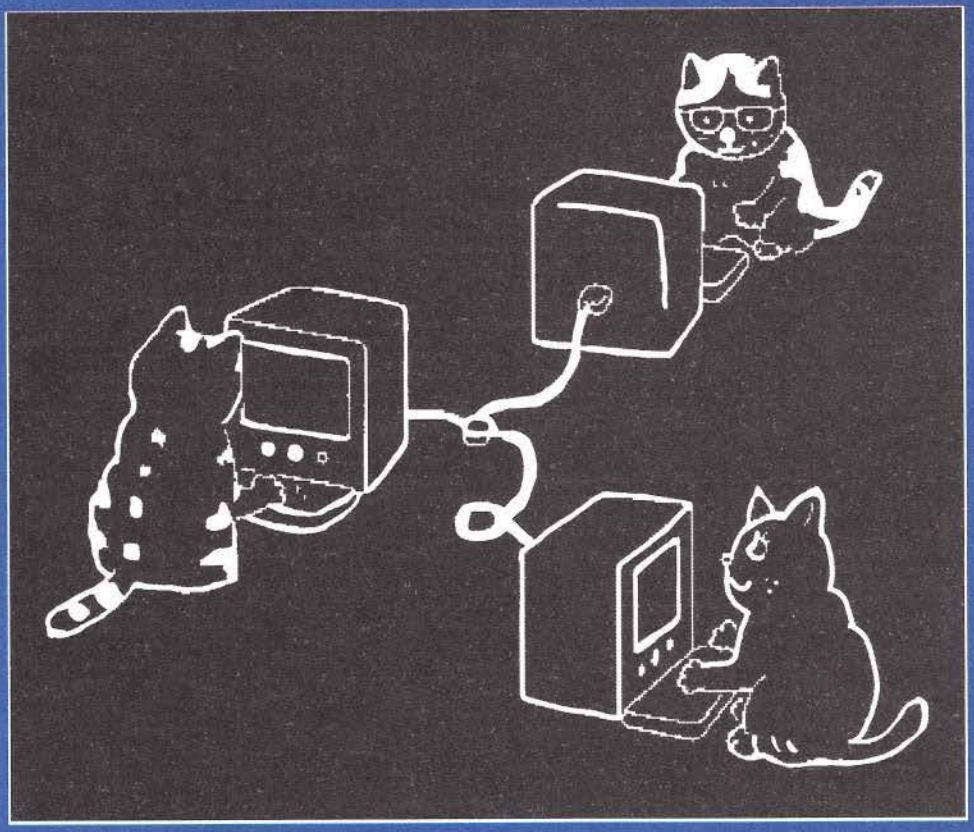
Michael Dragovic

MICHAEL DRAGOVIC
MANAGING DIRECTOR

MW24049

Don's Directory

Choosing Friends and Business Partners



For reasons outlined elsewhere, one should not be surprised to see the ascendancy of forms of human self-organization refiguring capitalist incentive and governance structures, and animated by alternative localized mythologies combusting social energy into cultural and economic product. In other words, wired entities that incorporate the characteristics of companies, cults, and squads[1].

The internet increasingly becomes 'hard communication' or 'hard socialization', and just as hard money eats soft money, the Wired is already eating the Real as the most effective tool to build social networks[2]. The shrewd young prince is incentivized to move his business and social life online by the obvious comparative advantages in immediacy, geographic-agnosticism, and algorithmic compatibility-matching, and governance.

1. The modern joint-stock corporation is rarely credited as the form of post-political social organization that it is; the only truly successful formula for in-group autonomy in the shadow of the state.

2. NB: HardCom has eaten SoftCom before. The social world of language (signs representing physical objects and actions) is an arena of symbolic negotiation and competition which metaphorizes the world of manual competition (physical conflict). In much the same way, the Wired is a virtuality of social life wherein the symbol:noise ratio is further refined by the transposition of the act of communication to a higher-order symbolic realm abstracted from a lower one; a dream between bodies.

As this phenomenon emerges, the premium on genuine friendship spikes, in precisely the era that it becomes punished (as friendship-based economic networks threaten state power, it is only natural that True Friendship, and True Fun[3] has become practically illegal). In business, friendship finds its highest form, and dying concepts become essential once more.

3. True Fun is not "dab rig and video games", it's amassing a treasury to match the economy of a small African nation, or a running a kleptocratic slave empire in a WoW guild.

Loyalty

Loyalty is a primary factor in determining fitness for friendship, a virtue without which all others become meaningless. This is because loyalty properly conceived is the application of personal virtue to the interpersonal realm. Loyalty, like generosity, stems from overabundance of energy– never from duty, unless a self-imposed duty to distribute the energies of one's overabundant spirit.

The depreciation of both the significance and frequency in common parlance of words like Honour, Virtue, and Loyalty is an incalculable disaster for the quality of male friendships– the highest form of which has historically been something like a guild or an alliance, which now find their spiritual successor in business.

These terms are derided as outdated and irrelevant, but they represent values which have saved the world over and over, and will again– they arose as abstractions of extremely robust heuristics developed between mighty and capable men, as a heuristic for determining the few people worthy of trust.

Personal Virtue

All bad and good traits hang together, since they all spring from the same origin; an abundance or dearth of spirit. Where one sin is found, another is likely to be discovered soon. This is a truth which all people of worth acknowledge, and which nobody lacking in spirit and substance can ever possibly admit.

Weakness, incompetence, gracelessness and dishonesty are sins against God, against the self, and inevitably against others in their behavioural manifestations. These will poison a friendship. Sins of poverty, instability and vice are more nuanced and will be addressed below, but as a man grows older the persistence of these sins is a surer marker of spiritual decrepitude.

Those who are incapable and suffer too much cannot afford to forgive nor to trust, lacking the wealth and security of spirit to wager on uncertain reciprocity– they are too afraid of being stolen from, because they have so little to steal.

Energy

Broadly speaking, a worthwhile person keeps busy with activities which are productive and effortful, and are usually also productive outside of employment. The person who scorns discomfort, unfamiliarity, and effort is not worth knowing, unless taken on as a pupil out of a wealth of spirit.

Know that those lacking in energy are also more cruel, entitled and narcissistic, though these sins are often internally justified by imagining powerful and energetic people to be a lowlier species of unthinking busybodies, or status-obsessed zombies. If I were an idiot, they muse, If I could bring myself to sacrifice for such trivialities, then I could thoughtlessly occupy myself with pointless activities of the busybody zombies, and be as happy as they are.

This is a narcissistic nihilism for the weak and incapable, insecure and spiritless. They become duplicitous and spiteful, because their desired and projected self-image differs so egregiously from their genuine soul. There is no way for a man to escape spite except through virtue and worthiness; failing that, through death.

Mental Illness (Socially-Validated Sin)

In a vast majority of cases, long-term negative emotion, malaises, paralyzing pessimism, etc, are actually the result of habitual indulgence and concessions to vices of thought, minimisation of agency through self-pity, and weak externalisation of blame. A person who practices wallowing in self-pity and incapacity becomes good at it.

This is why ketamine and nicotine assist in curing depression alongside intervention; depression is a complex of neurological pathways formed by habit.

Romantic Success

Involuntary deprivation of female company proceeds directly from various forms of weakness, and those who are deprived act in much the same way as those incapacitated by sin. In most cases, their psyches are dominated by the spectre of their incapacity, and they suffer from the dissonance between being deprived of something which they feel they are worthy of, and the obvious truth that this very deprivation is proof of their unworthiness.

This domination of the psyche precludes all true loyalty, since dedication to a friend or a shared mission is inevitably subjugated to a scarcity-minded weakness to female temptation; their loyalty is contingent on the mission's compatibility with their pursuit of the imagined wholeness which comes from female respect.

They will always be loyal to something lower, and will betray you or themselves once the choice between women and friendship is presented. Their mistake, of course, is that the respect and love of women is an effect of precisely the virtue which they cannot attain unless they were to forsake women for a higher goal.

The tragedy of the man rich of spirit is that he has only one life to give; therefore his triumphal deliverance is in unity with a woman, in whose womb lies a portal to eternal life, and to eternal magnanimity.

They will always be loyal to something lower, and will betray you or themselves once the choice between women and friendship is presented. Their mistake, of course, is that the respect and love of women is an effect of precisely the virtue which they cannot attain unless they were to forsake women for a higher goal.

Luck (= Agency = Energy)

Lucky people are lucky because they make their own luck. This phrase of course denies the colloquial conception of luck as the domain of happenings outside one's control, but the truth is that people who consider themselves lucky have a high level of agency, and that luck is an emergent phenomenon proceeding from the life of a highly agentic, energetic person. When a person considers themselves to be unlucky, they are making a veiled admission to the belief that they are dominated by external forces to the detriment of their life– that is, that they lack agency.

In searching for a ceiling on the amount of agency one can accrue, one will die before they find it.

1. A person has access to as much agency as they are willing to seize.
2. To seize agency one must believe that agency can be seized, lest an outcome be psychologically relegated to the domain of 'bad luck'.
3. A belief in one's own ability to seize agency proceeds from energy and competence: competence is the power to harness causality by locally reversing entropy, and energy is the boldness to exercise this power.
4. The extent to which one has captured causal factors, snatched them from the jaws of chance and spirited them back to the realm of agency is the extent to which one experiences lucky outcomes.

To determine whether a person is lucky, you can simply ask them. A person of high energy inevitably seizes agency and gains competence, drawing more factors into the realm of their control. Though it is possible for a person to actively self-sabotage, a healthy person rarely uses their own agency to lessen the quality of their outcomes.

An astrologer foretells that the king will die in one month. The king is crushed and falls sick with despair. His most trusted knight summons the astrologer before the king and asks him, "when will YOU die?" 20 years from now, the astrologer answers. The knight beheads him immediately.

Nuanced Factors

Poverty

As a man grows older, poverty becomes a surer sign of spiritual decrepitude, and a conclusion on a person can only be drawn with further information. Temporary poverty can stem from virtuous sources, such as the vicissitudes of a life intensely lived, or a monk-like disregard for materiality. However, those bitter about their financial station are unlikely to be salvageable, as this suggests incapacity and low energy.

Vice

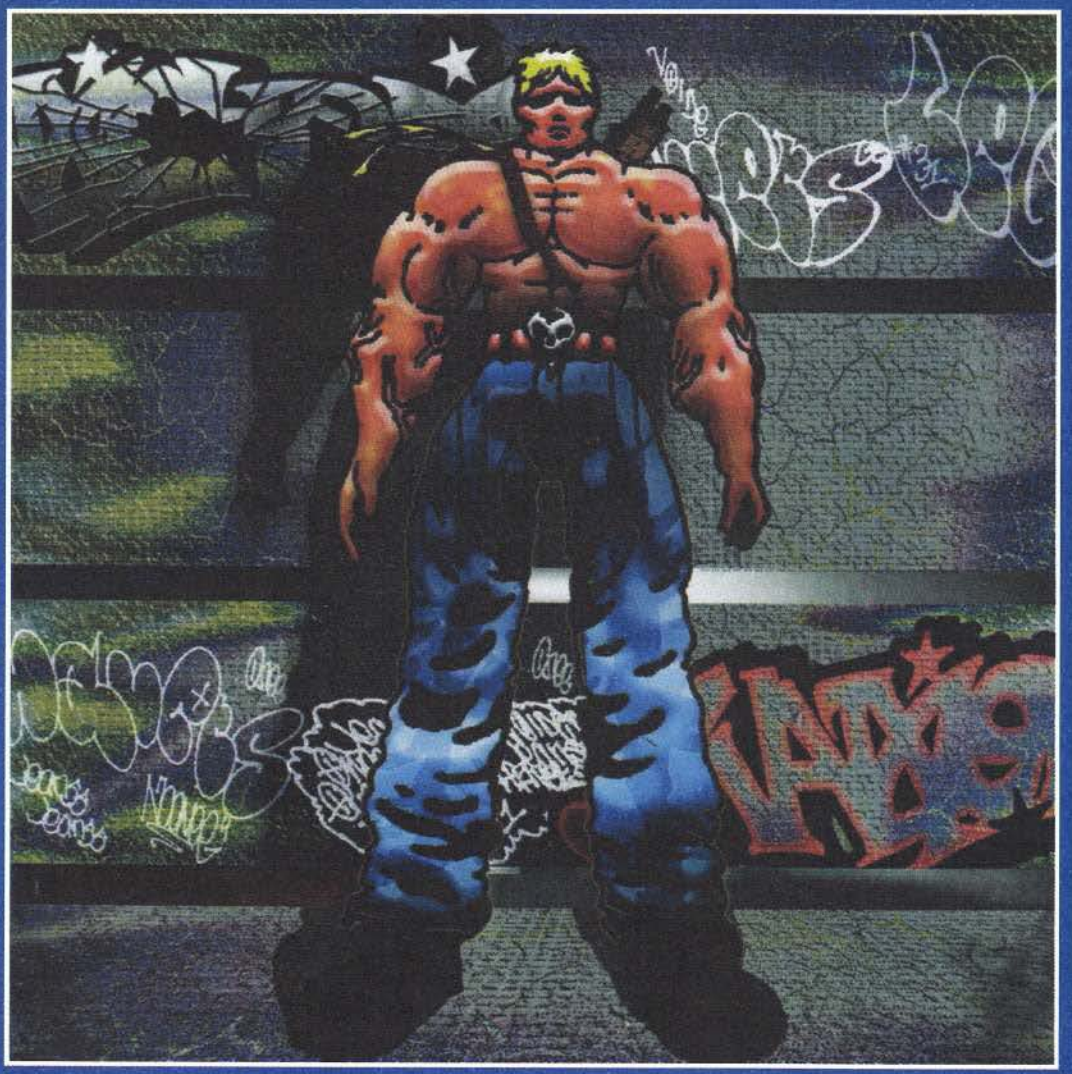
Vices and addictions are marks of unsaintly character, but also near-universal, even in powerful and worthwhile men. This is true often enough that an apparent total lack of vice can be a warning sign. Vices function as releases of energy or animal spirit which are otherwise not sublimated into productive output. Monsters of energy and industry destroy more in epic benders of compulsion and caprice than lowlier people can hope to create in lifetimes of idle pottering.

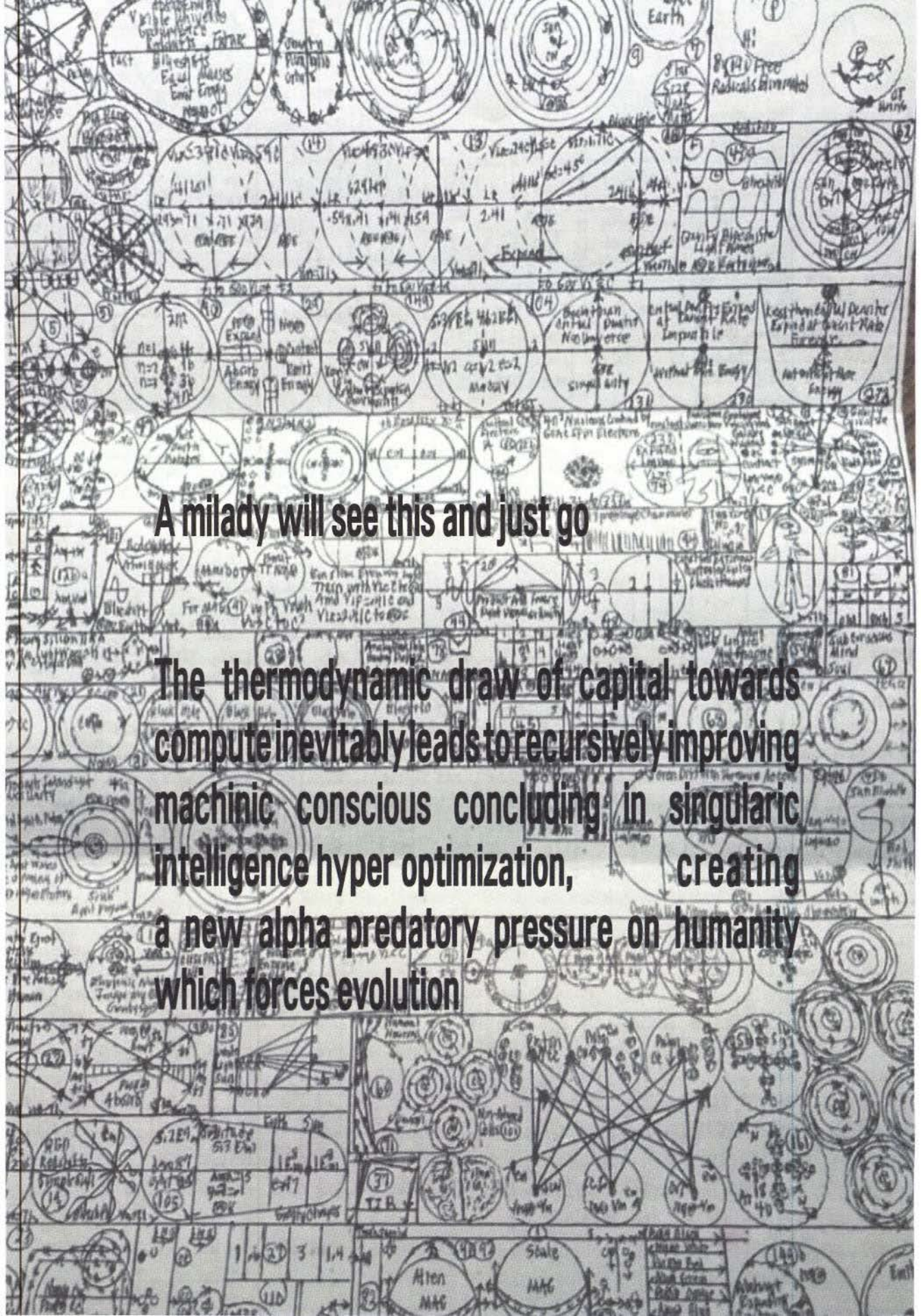
Apparent vicelessness can signify 3 things:

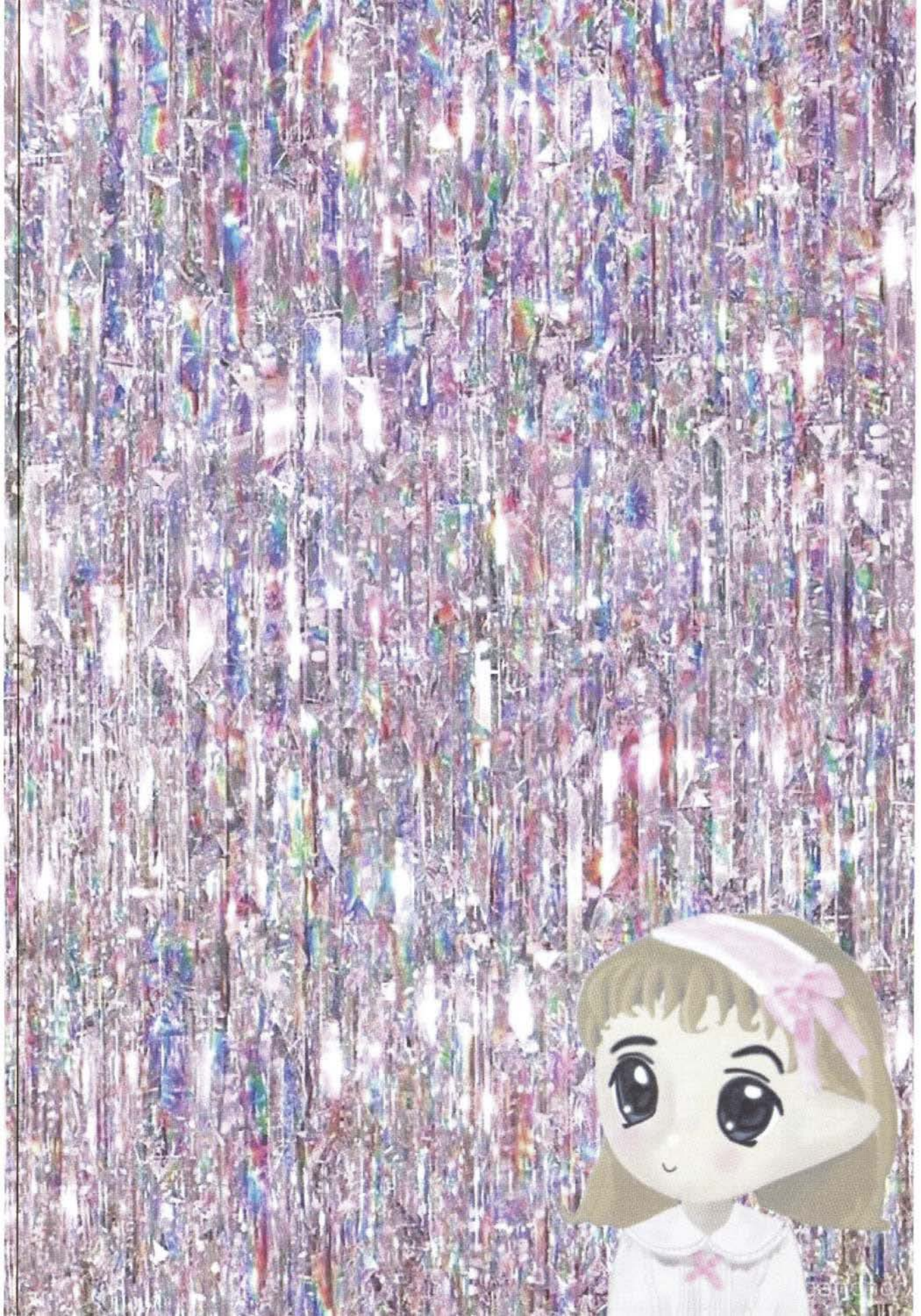
1. That vices are present, but secret. Possibly because the vice is shameful or perverted, or the person is dishonest – most people have a vice, and the souls of spiritual titans produce outpourings like a pressurised tank of steam, with powerful instincts and raw energy either sublimated into productivity, or depressurised as vice.

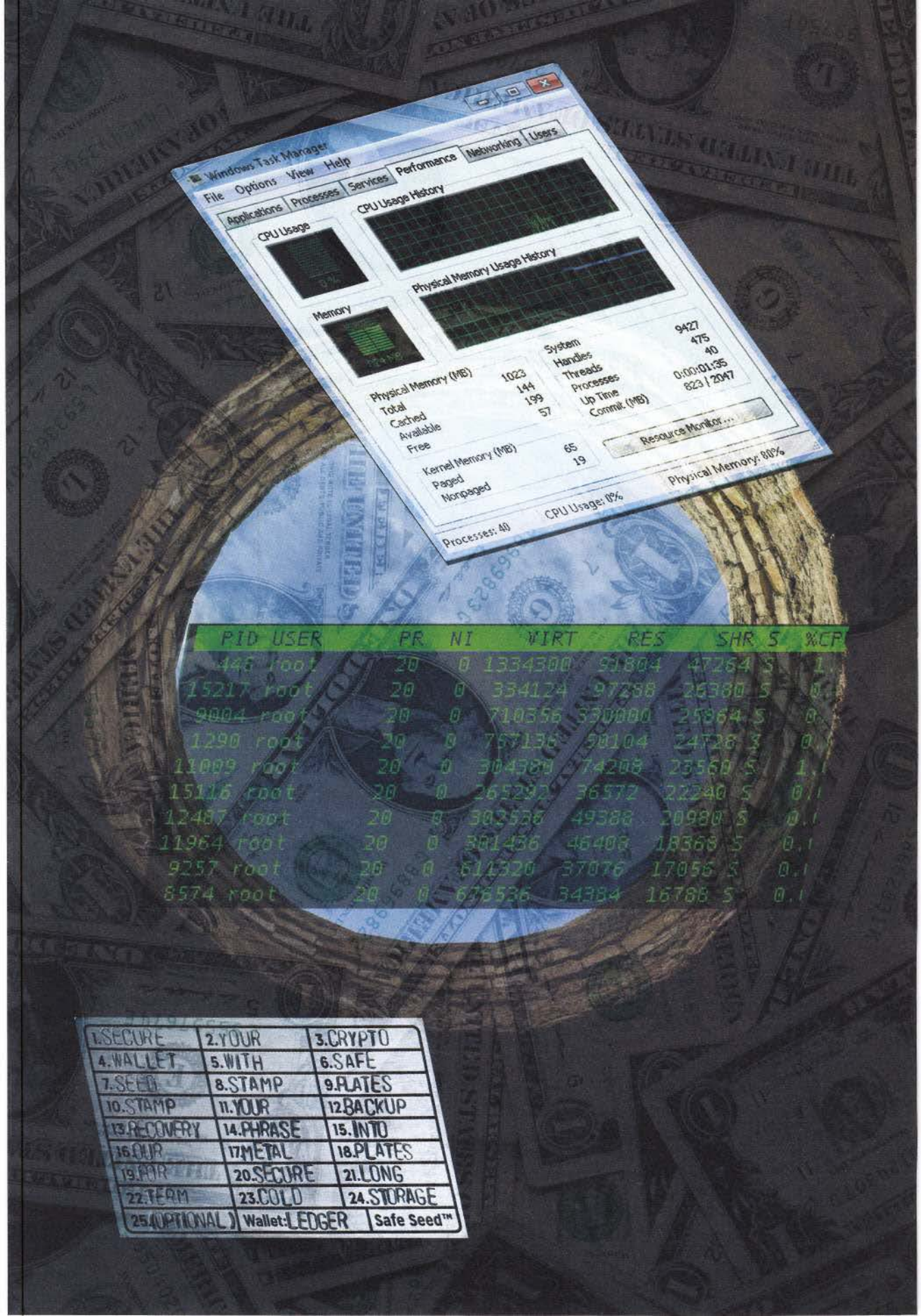
2. That the person is not spiritually energetic and titanic enough to have a vice worth speaking of: Their energy, low as it is, is adequately channeled into acceptable acts.

3. That the person is spiritually ascended.




A milady will see this and just go
The thermodynamic draw of capital towards compute inevitably leads to recursively improving machinic conscious concluding in singularic intelligence hyper optimization, creating a new alpha predatory pressure on humanity which forces evolution




Windows Task Manager
File Options View Help
Applications Processes Services Performance Networking Users
CPU Usage
CPU Usage History
Memory
Physical Memory Usage History
Physical Memory (MB)
Total 1023
Cached 144
Available 199
Free 57
Kernel Memory (MB)
Paged 65
Nonpaged 19
System
Handles 9427
Threads 475
Processes 40
Up Time 0:00:01:35
Commit (MB) 823 / 2047
Resource Monitor...
Processes: 40
CPU Usage: 0%
Physical Memory: 80%
PID USER PR NI VIRT RES SHR S %CP
446 root 20 0 1334300 91804 47264 S 1.
15217 root 20 0 334124 97288 26380 S 0.
9004 root 20 0 710656 530000 25864 S 0.
1290 root 20 0 767136 90104 24728 S 0.
11009 root 20 0 304580 74208 23560 S 1.
15116 root 20 0 265292 36572 22240 S 0.
12487 root 20 0 302536 49388 20980 S 0.
11964 root 20 0 301436 46408 18368 S 0.
9257 root 20 0 611320 37076 17056 S 0.
8574 root 20 0 676536 34384 16788 S 0.
1. SECURE
2. YOUR
3. CRYPTO
4. WALLET
5. WITH
6. SAFE
7. SEED
8. STAMP
9. PLATES
10. STAMP
11. YOUR
12. BACKUP
13. RECOVERY
14. PHRASE
15. INTO
16. OUR
17. METAL
18. PLATES
19. AIR
20. SECURE
21. LONG
22. TERM
23. COLD
24. STORAGE
25. (OPTIONAL)
Wallet: LEDGER
Safe Seed™

RAM Allocation and Rabbitholes

By Lukas (Computer)

Technology can do lots of things. Many good things, many bad ones, tons of bizarre and silly ones that could go either way.

Something that probably falls into the latter category is its ability to completely capture the mind of an autistic male, and compel him down a never ending rabbithole on his quest for optimization. Sometimes this is good - many advances in industry have resulted from this. More often though, it's probably bad. Finding the net effect gets tricky because you wind up weighing the good of "most all technological breakthroughs in human history" against the bad of "every day, the most capable engineers on the face of the planet waste a cumulative six-hundred-quadrillion hours reading about which internet browser uses the least RAM."

Does it matter how much RAM your browser uses?

Not to me. Likely not you either. Probably not even for those spending the six-hundred-quadrillion hours daily researching the matter. Despite the total unimportance of it all, they're compelled onwards - down the infinite rabbithole of useless wisdom.

I'm saying "they're compelled" as if I'm referencing an external group, but I want to make it very clear I'm included in it. My use of "they're" instead of "we're" was an attempt to avoid a grammatical ambiguity, and I myself am an admitted rabbitholer. I'm not disparaging rabbitholers from my gilded throne devoid of both rabbits and holes, I'm out there tunneling with the best of them.



So why do you do it? Why is rabbitholing so common?

You'll likely attribute it to a curiosity about the world. A fair response, and at least partially true. But it's not just

that–it's your curiosity combined with a lack of intent. It's quite rare for a you to be driven by a higher-level goal you have. You're not researching browser RAM usage for a hobby or job, you're doing it because you read a comment saying "[browser name] uses so much RAM!" and it made you wonder about your own browser. You worried their own browser might have poor RAM management, and their next search confirmed your fear.

You start looking for an alternative with better RAM management to solve the problem - except it's not your problem. It's someone else's problem you discovered in a comment complaining about something you'd never noticed yourself. There's always this carrot of feigned importance being dangled in front of you, the rabbitholer, preventing you from realizing what's going on. If you zoomed out a bit, you'd realize there are aspects of browser design that have more impact than RAM utilization that should be researched instead. Zoom out another level and you're wondering if the added performance is even worth the effort of switching and moving all your bookmarks, etc. Go up like seven more levels and you get to the final question - "What am I even trying to accomplish here? What's my goal with any of this?"



At that point you explode out of the rabbithole, launched upwards by the expansion of your enormous brain. Landing back on the surface, you touch grass for the first time since the start of your aimless voyage. It's soft under your feet, and the sun is warm. You can't remember what RAM is anymore, and you have no desire to change that.

Unfortunately, a lot of times you exit the rabbithole not lifted by the light of your overwhelming intellect, but dragged by the scruff of your neck - ripped ingloriously from your den by a concerned interloper. Fatherhood puts a lot of things in perspective, and I postulate it happens not through some vague mechanism like "responsibility" or "sacrifice" but through the 2-year-old who asks "why are you doing that?" until you've given a sufficiently real answer. It's extremely humbling to get hit by the 2-year-old "whatcha doooin? Why? Why? Why?" combo and realize you don't know the answer either.

When I first sat down to write this article, it was going to be about using hardware wallets to store cryptocurrency safely. Unfortunately, after reading the first page or so, I realized nobody in the entire world would enjoy or benefit from anything I'd said. It was an overwhelming tsunami of useless autism that made me laugh. I wasted time learning it. I used that feeling to write the flailing projections you've read above.

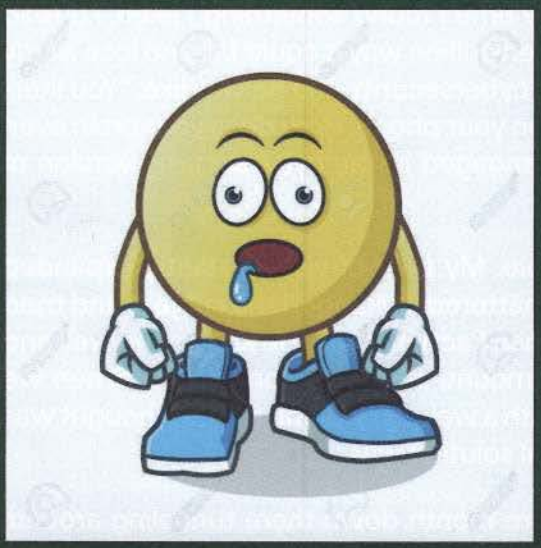
Below are my thoughts on hardware wallets:



Crypto is basically a safety deposit box that's on the internet. Anyone can access any of the addresses, as long as they have the password. Well, technically it's not a password - it's called a seed phrase. But basically it's a password. Crypto people have an aversion to using commonly-understood words to describe things. Initially I assumed this was part of an intentional plan to scam people out of money somehow, but after working with a lot of crypto founders I've learned they're just insanely bad at branding.
The concept of hardware and software wallets can be confusing if you're not familiar with crypto already, but the basic idea is that your coins (crypto) aren't stored in the wallets themselves - the coins are always on the blockchain, which is on the internet. The wallets don't actually store funds, they just allow you to access the blockchain containing your coins. The reason some random guy can't just take everything you have is because your wallet ID is unique to a seed phrase, a series of usually either 12 or 24 words. Anyone with your seed phrase can access your funds at any time.

Anyway though, people guard this seed-phrase-that's-actually-a-password pretty carefully to prevent all their crypto from being stolen - if they understand how wallets work. When I made my first crypto wallet, I absolutely did not understand how they work. There was a little text prompt telling me to "write these 12 words down so I don't forget them" so I made a note on my cloud storage titled "CRYPTO WALLET SEED PHRASE" and put the words in the document space. It wasn't until probably a year later that I even discovered this was stupid, but eventually somebody explained it.

"Lukas, cloud storage gets hacked all the time. If that happens and your seed phrase gets leaked then you just lose all your money instantly. They don't even have to search hard to find it because you literally titled the page WALLET SEED PHRASE."



Worrisome indeed. Despite this, I kept using that same wallet.I had a bunch of NFTs in it and gas prices were so high it would have cost thousands to move them to another address.

Later, I learned a new horrifying way in which I was an idiot. Apparently keyloggers are an extremely common form of malware, so entering your seed phrase on a computer or phone risks it being stolen too. I'd basically been going around doing this willy-nilly with all my computers and phones because I wanted to make sure I could buy or sell stuff no matter

which one I was using. It seemed like a great idea when I was doing it, but this too was stupid.

There were a bunch of other things I heard about after that, and at some point I found a way to transfer all my assets to a new wallet without having to pay thousands of dollars. I decided it was finally time to migrate, and decided I'd get a hardware wallet for the purpose. Hardware wallets are devices that connect to a computer or phone that contain your seed phrase on the device itself, so you never have to enter it and risk it getting keylogged.

"If it hasn't been hacked yet, I'm probably fine."

I started reading about my options. At first I was set on one that didn't even need to be connected to my PC, and just communicated back and forth using QR codes. I thought maybe the lack of running a cable from it to my computer might make it more secure, or something. Then I learned viruses, or malware, or some other bad thing can be transmitted through QR codes, so I picked another one that had something called a Secure Element. Which was a chipset specifically designed to prevent physical hacking attempts. So if one of



my friends turned evil one day and stole the device at gunpoint, he still wouldn't be able to extract the seed phrase from it. But then I learned that the device had closed-source software - so the community couldn't audit the code and make sure the device's manufacturer wasn't trying to sneak a backdoor in to rob us. At some point I learned about the difference between 128 and 256 bits of entropy, and disqualified all the wallets that wouldn't do 256, because it's bigger.

This process continued for about four weeks. Every time I found something I liked, I'd read another hour and discover some horrifying one-in-ten-trillion way it could fail and lose all my money. At some point I asked a friend who works in cybersecurity and he was like, "You literally keep everything you own in an unsecured app on your phone. How does your brain even pretend to care about this when you're currently engaged in the cybersecurity version of marrying a hooker."

Another very embarrassing exit from the rabbithole. My field-of-view instantly expanded back to normal and I realized how little any of this mattered. I changed the subject and tried to pretend to my friend I'd spent less time on this than I actually had. He knows me well and it didn't work, but he only teased me a minimal amount, all things considered. When we finished talking I went home and ordered a wallet with a weird pentagon shape I thought was sorta cool. It's been fine ever since, just like my initial solution was.

While I did escape in the end, I still burned an entire month down there tunneling around,

collecting nonsense. I understand why it happened - the fear of losing literally all my money was a strong motivator. But I should have realized the options weren't "lose all your money" vs "total security," - they were "good enough" vs "good enough," compared to my current solution's "theoretically awful but also good enough, apparently."

Security as a concept is extremely good at exploiting this fear. People will pay annual fees to use password manager extensions that generate and store long randomized passwords for everything in an attempt to prevent people from brute-forcing their logins, and then it just doesn't matter anyway because the password manager servers get hacked and everyone gets their data stolen anyway.

There's actually a field called "pentesting," short for "penetration testing," where people are hired to test the holistic vulnerability of a system. Maybe Microsoft wants to see how secure their servers are - they'd hire a team of these guys to try and get access in any way they can. It's extremely rare they gain server access by exploiting some software vulnerability. Usually they pretend to be a delivery guy and run into the server room behind an IT guy who's not paying attention.

It's the same thing with my hardware wallet rabbithole. The chances someone steals my coins by implanting a virus in my USB cable is about ten million times lower than somebody, upon hearing me introduce myself as "Lukas" at the nextnext time I go to a conference I go to, hitting me in the head with a baseball bat and stealing my phone.



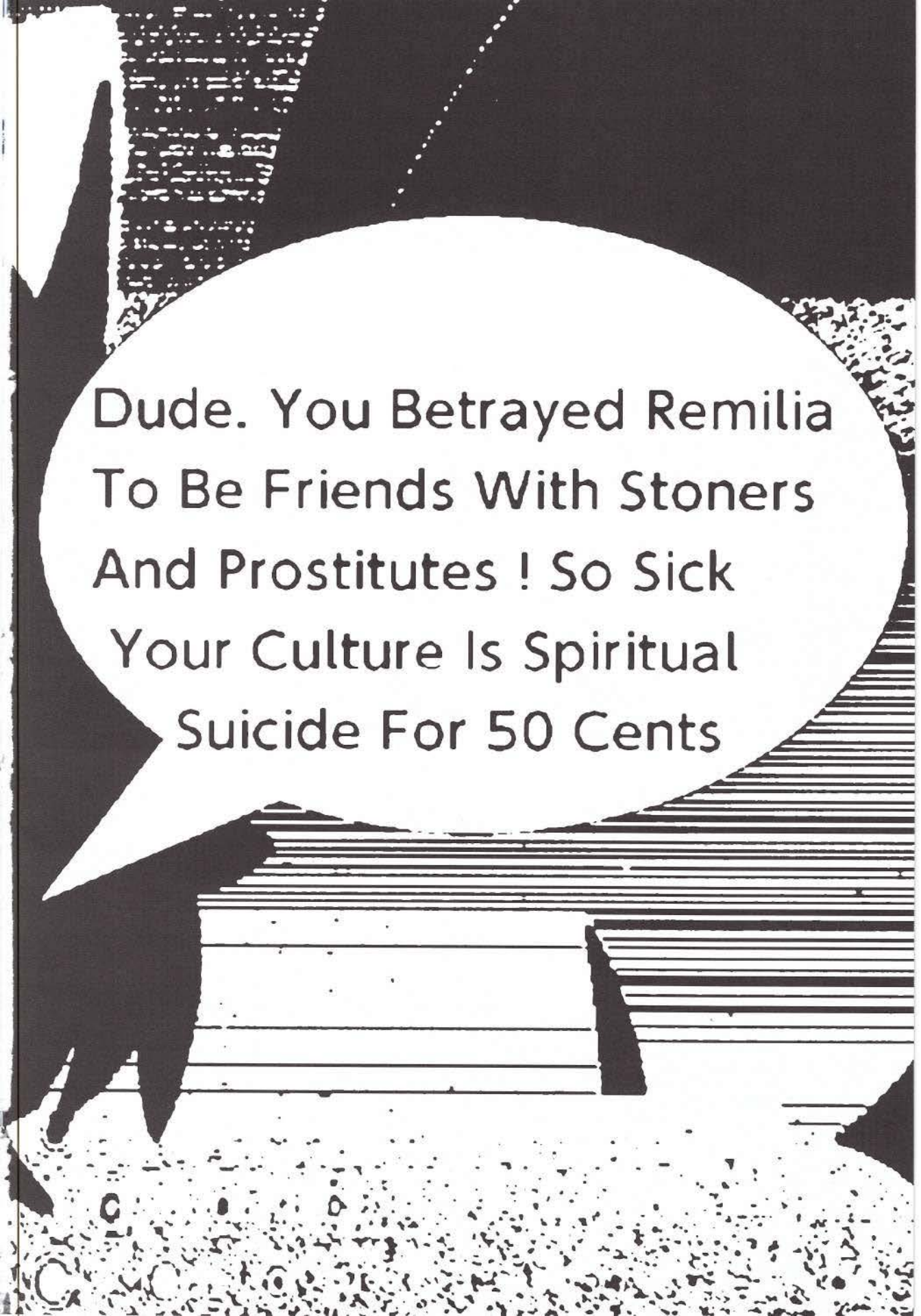
All of life should be approached the way pentesters do their jobs. There should be some known high-level goal you're trying to accomplish with your actions.

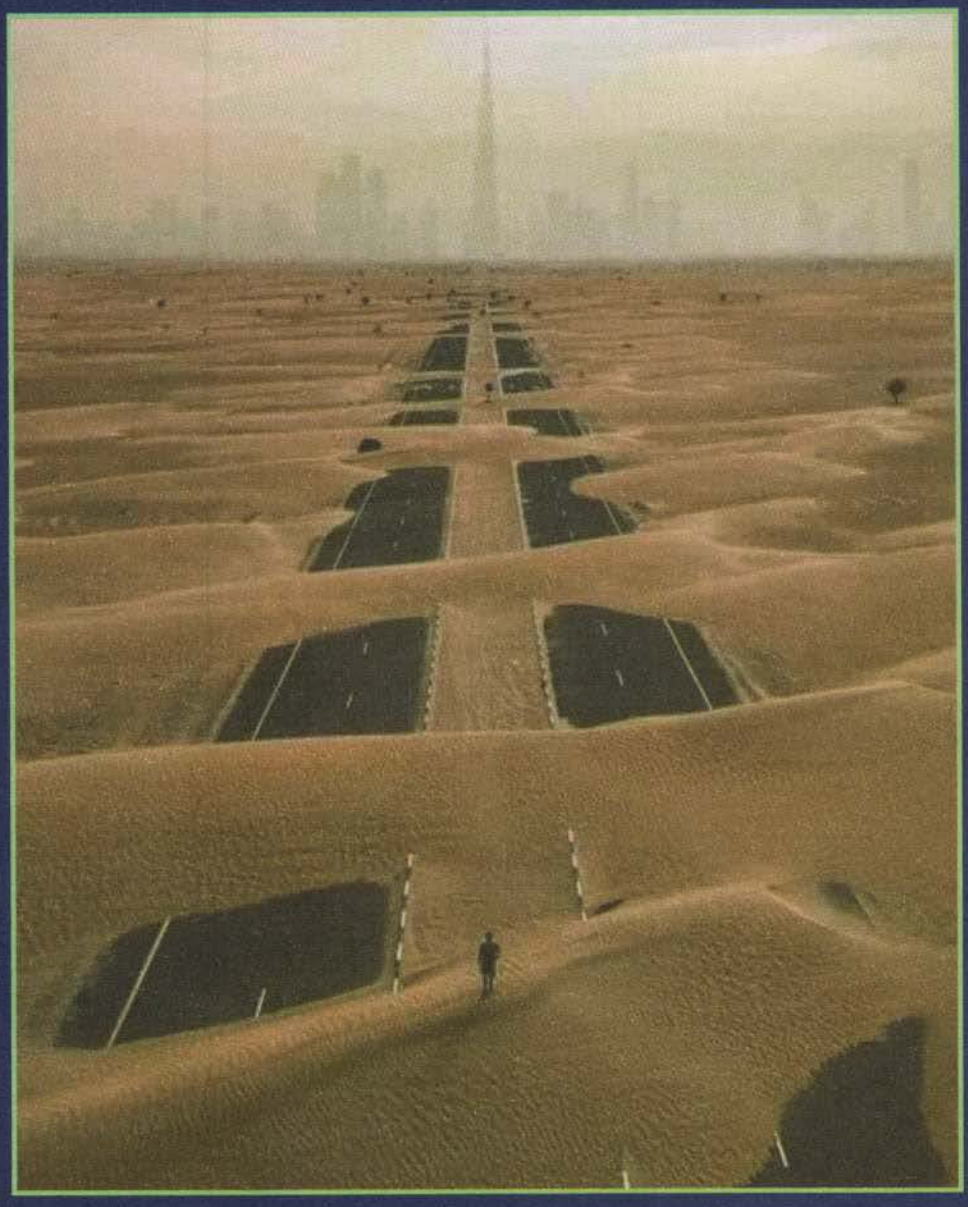
"Why do I care about the browser RAM?"

"Why am I doing any of this?"

If you don't constantly have an answer to that question, there's a good chance technology's hijacked the productive capacities of your brain to back up an encyclopedia of meaningless info for free.




Dude. You Betrayed Remilia
To Be Friends With Stoners
And Prostitutes ! So Sick
Your Culture Is Spiritual
Suicide For 50 Cents



Mythological Storytelling In Modern Franchises

By Michael Dragovic

The act of performance and stageplay is a process of memetic hyperstition which inevitably ties the performer to their fictional role. The performer inherits the consequences of the audience's perception onto their own identity. Quentin Tarantino's Once Upon A Time In Hollywood presents an extremely powerful lesson regarding this dynamic contained in the following scene:

Schwarz sits down with Dalton and summarizes his career as an exposition mechanism. Dalton represents the mid 20th century clean cut cowboy figure, a masculine archetype akin to Burt Reynolds, Lee Marvin, Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, etc. His most iconic role is Jake Cahill, horseback gunman of a cowboy TV show called Bounty Law. Despite having a relatively successful career, Dalton is an anachronism of a fading time, watching the typical leading man being replaced with a more introspective type: the wiry, long-haired 1970's archetypal protagonist, the small boomer heartthrob antihero, the hippie generation's answer to the jaded realities of aging into a functional society[1].

Dalton's current line of work is now defined by playing the heavy in various one off TV show guest star roles. Schwarz explains to him that every time he gets his ass kicked by the new leading men, the audience doesn't see Rick Dalton's current villain character being defeated, it sees Jake Cahill from Bounty Law being defeated. Schwarz proceeds to outline a grim outcome for Dalton's career, being humiliated through various throwaway heavy roles by a degenerated lineup of increasingly cartoonish heroes. The entire trajectory of Once Upon A Time In Hollywood contains a double symbolism in Rick Dalton and his stunt double best friend Cliff Booth being casted by Leo DiCaprio and Brad Pitt respectively. Both actors represent the apex of late 90's to mid 2000's male film stars having to contend with the rapid change of society juxtaposed against the cruelty of time. They are growing older, their roles demand

1. Ironically, this protagonist trend embodies a generation of movie star aesthetic which Al Pacino played a big part in defining through his early career.

stylistic change to fit their age.

Any career actor, especially in Hollywood, should naturally be concerned about their role choices. They understand that the audience is not rational. The average fan will call out the name of their most iconic role when seeing them in the street. They'll secretly (or sometimes openly) marvel at how much smaller, how much more human an action hero is in real life when meeting the actor who plays him. Tying your identity to a character is an ego alchemy which leaves you with the same strengths and vulnerabilities of the symbol you uphold. Your role becomes your avatar. After a certain threshold of influence, a star will cross a boundary separating their characters from their humanity and transcending into an idealistic heroic figure for modern consumer mythology.

The two biggest modern examples of successfully initiating the unintended mythologization of fiction can be found in the Fast & Furious and Mission: Impossible franchises. Each series progresses along an accelerated trajectory towards action maximalism, larger than life characters, and an ever expanding gulf between plot and reality. I watched every film in each franchise consecutively, having never before seen a single entry in either. Experiencing the franchises in their entirety for the first time as an adult allowed me to process them as a study on a form of storytelling which was more prominent throughout history but faded away with the advent of technology. Both franchises are driven forward by their leading man having creative control over casting, writing, production and marketing. This kind of storytelling can only come from a position of ego justified through financial manifestation. These franchises would not be possible if it weren't for Vin Diesel and Tom Cruise respectively owning a controlling stake in the production of their movies.

Of the two, Fast & Furious presents a more exaggerated satirical tone highlighting the lack of long term consequences from each film's events relative to each subsequent sequel. Characters die, only to magically reveal they survived in secret to return in later sequels. Villains responsible for killing dozens, hundreds, if not thousands of innocent people, including friends and family members of the protagonists, are later forgiven to join the band of heroes in fighting the new bad guy. Multiple explosions, car crashes, bullet wounds, blunt force trauma, impalements, stabbings, electrocutions, fires, all shrugged away by protagonists without even a mark on their clothing. Every element of a Fast & Furious movie that is an obvious point of mockery to anyone who takes the art of cinema seriously comes from the necessity of having to outdo a prior chapter in an unpredictably expanding series of sequels.

The sequel is the bane of realistic storytelling. In terms of taste, 90% of sequels should not exist. They are products of financial investment,

hedging funds into safe returns at the expense of good writing. Almost all good stories come from years of internal development forming into a complete package, either through a rapid transient crystallization of thought or a lengthy curated polished work. When asked to "do it again" from audience, producer, and publisher like a greedy little toddler clapping hands together in delighted squeals, the creator rarely can replicate the quality and depth of the original. They never have the same amount of time to work on something at length or they simply cannot milk their muse like a dairy cow on demand.

To churn out content is to sacrifice basic elements of cohesion demanded by realistic storytelling. This is what society has agreed on in terms of fictional critique, but this form of storytelling is a modernism. The relatable character, the realistic story, the critical mirror to society are all a modern phenomenon. When you look back and see which stories have survived through time, the further back you go the more idealistic the characters become. Ideas are never complete, they are biological organisms which evolve by gestating and fermenting through transmission. A story about a soldier killing two men in battle becomes five, ten, an entire battalion single handedly. What may start as a sober objective relation of events divorces itself quickly from reality. The incentives of storytelling are too great not to exaggerate. The truth is that the audience benefits more from idealism than realism because all media consumption is transformative. The ancients understood that any kind of entertainment steers its audience into a form of behavior, necessitating idealistic heroes with unwavering principles.

So if a story repeated over and over, passed down from storyteller to storyteller, evolves its characters and events away from mundane realism towards fantastical exaggeration, it stands to reason that grounded storytelling is a byproduct of perfect media replication. A particular movie is never retold, it is merely replayed with exactness. Within film, the only opportunities you get to tell the exact same story again come from sequels, remakes, and parodies. Of the three, sequels provide the most interesting evolution because they demand both variation and escalation. A sequel is financially incentivized to up the stakes each time. The more sequels one franchise gets, the more of a mythologizing the characters receive.

Fast & Furious movies present this with increasing clarity for each consecutive sequel on multiple levels. The Herculean feats of strength and violence are made more humorous by having multiple stars with "no loss" clauses embedded in their contracts. In any fight between Vin Diesel, Jason Statham, and Dwayne "The Rock" Johnson, full teams will sit at meetings to calculate out how many punches and kicks can be doled out and taken by each character. Of the three, Dwayne Johnson presents an

interesting connection to another entertainment genre which touches upon mythologization serial storytelling through his prior pro wrestling career as The Rock. Professional wrestling has undergone the same layman's derision towards the aforementioned franchises as cheap entertainment while embodying the same exact principles of repetitive storytelling: Larger than life characters with exaggerated traits embodying simplistic idealistic archetypes, clear delineation between good and evil, and constant return to defaults.

Much like Fast & Furious, the pro wrestling genre is inherently a soap opera for men. It is a lengthy series of rotating characters whose presence and status within the fictional world is defined by the logistical necessities and circumstances of the actors who play them[2]. The highly choreographed nature of pro wrestling, a key element of the performance, is part of the modern audience's disdain for the artform. Cinema has accustomed the average audience to a form of bloodlust for pseudo-realism. Films, especially Hollywood movies, have created an idea of "realistic" violence which varies depending on how serious the tone of a particular film is set by its creators. Even the most brutally realistic violence of a grounded film is often cartoonish in comparison to the messy flaccid mundanity of real world conflict. Deeper levels of satisfaction can be found if one suspends disbelief further than normally accustomed. A child watches pro wrestling in amazement at backflips and body slams, but the jeering adult in the audience takes more excitement at the symbolism of conflict. Each attack represents the shifting tides of battle in between two or more parties for issues manufactured to resonate with the viewer's personal lives. Squabbles over betrayed friendships, status, infidelity, money, or sheer moral principle are all established in the promos and monologues of wrestlers. Their delivery and charisma are their true weapons in an arena which crosses over to reality. The showman wields his stagecraft to fight for the image of his character and therefore himself. If he succeeds, the victor's belt cements stability for his career. Their valhalla is escaping an industry that arguably takes more toll on the human body than any sport on earth, graduating to the status of a movie actor making more money for less work.

When compounding these elements into the full performance, one can appreciate the carnival choreography as a double layered extension of conflict, harkening to a much older form of theater where much greater emphasis is placed on the actor, the art of acting itself coming into focus

2. Especially in pro wrestling, this mechanic mirrors conflict in the fictional realm with real life political power plays for roles and outcomes. In WWE, Macho Man Randy Savage tapped into a very real jealousy for his real life wife "Miss Elizabeth" Ann Hulette, who played herself as a character in an affair with Hulk Hogan on stage. You can clearly see the lines between reality and performance fade during his 1989 promo calling out Hulk Hogan for stealing his spotlight. What would follow through the early 90's was a divorce between Miss Elizabeth and Randy Savage, fueling a heated rivalry between Savage and Hogan which would never fully be resolved before Randy Savage passed away in 2011. In *Fast & Furious*, similar interpersonal conflicts between Dwayne Johnson and Vin Diesel led to Johnson separating from the series indefinitely. Within the films, his character was subsequently excused away or uninvolved.

and allowing the same exact stories to be told over centuries. The violence no longer becomes a spectacle of novelty or shock, usually. Aside from daring stunts or freak accidents (most of which are regarded with grief within the wrestling community), nobody is clamoring for clotheslines and body slams. There are only so many moves pro wrestlers can perform safely ad nauseam. Instead, the action becomes a tool representing the conflict at a spiritual level. It is less of a fight and more of an elaborate dance. It brings to mind ancient poetry of battles, Homeric epics and Eddic poems masking bloodshed and brutality with symphonic prose[3].

The serial nature of disposable entertainment forcing implicit lack of consequence mimics the ethereal transience of events that takes place in pantheonic mythologies. Stories of Osiris being dismembered only to be pieced together into living form, Hera marrying her brother Zeus after being raped yet renewing her virginity annually in the waters of Kanathos, the decapitation of Ganesha and subsequent replacement of his head with an elephant's, Balder's dying transporting him to Hel only for his eventual return after Ragnorök, all of these suggest an absence of permanent consequence for the form and presence of characters which is mimicked by characters in serial franchises. It is imitated each time a character in Fast & Furious returns to life, their death being retconned by some flashback revelation of survival and subsequent disappearance. The absence of death is an immaterial metaphysical trope which finds prominence in dreams. Very often a dreamer encounters some entity masked with the imagery of memories and imagination. If attacked, they never take the same scale of injury a living being would and their "death" is usually some odd paralysis or transfiguration.

3. Similarly, kung fu and wuxia productions from Hong Kong utilize fantastical suspension of disbelief to justify acrobatic displays of athleticism in perfect synchronized choreography. Following along the same principle of simplistic action heavy conflict primarily appealing to children, kung fu films were a backbone for fighting animes, the most iconic and exemplary of mythologization being *Dragonball Z*. The characters follow the same cyclical patterns of conflict with steady erasure of grounded incentives in exchange for the sheer incentive of conflict itself. Poetically, the *Dragonball* franchise originated from Journey to the West, itself being fantastical Chinese mythology.

The absence of death is arguably the greatest conceptual disorientation a conscious inhabitant of material reality can possibly encounter. From the moment a child learns that death is a universal inevitability, its presence lurks around corners of implication in every facet of existence. Everything living creatures do stems from the avoidance of and eventual preparation for death. It is only within dreams and dreamlike states that we have any clue to the nature of a reality beyond our own, and all credible evidence or instinctual conclusion in attempting to grasp this metaphysical reality suggest that death is merely a threshold to entering it. Mythological storytelling, touching upon ambivalent eternal continuation, encounters a dissonance in the limitations of mortality in the storytellers. When acted out, the characters are inexorably tied to their actors, and the death of a main character's actor threatens the sanctity of the story itself.

The case of Paul Walker's death presents this most dramatically. Paul Walker's character, Brian O'Conner, represented a crucial half to the Fast & Furious franchise. Where Dom Torreto represents the Furious, Brian O'Conner represents the Fast, the more accessible source of charisma and a foil to Dom, simultaneously gifted in racing while somehow permanently in a constant state of playful novice tutelage. The loss of his life would permanently shift the tone of the franchise, both accelerating the series notoriety while also tainting the viewing experience with a subconscious question in the audience's mind, "What are they going to do to explain Brian's absence?" The nature of Walker's death suggests an odd manifestation through imitational hyperstition, having specifically died in a high speed collision in his red 2005 Porsche Carrera GT at 90 mph. The cruel synchronicity of his tragic fate is similar to that of Brandon Lee having carried on the family curse by dying on the set of The Crow from an accidental gunshot wound, in a movie which is basically about a guy who gets shot at constantly without dying. Paul Walker's death exhibited a curious sacrifice ritual that accelerated both the series' notoriety and his own posthumous image. The same nature of an unintentional sacrifice granting memetic immortality would be presented by Heath Ledger overdosing shortly after The Dark Knight, cementing his role as the Joker as one of the most iconic representations of the character and leading the public to speculate that his method of preparation of the role accelerated his demise. Despite family and friends refuting this, many people would perpetuate his death as a "suicide" induced by a foray into the mind of a mentally ill villain. Regardless, like Paul Walker, Ledger's demise boosted his posthumous notoriety and upheld The Dark Knight as one of the most popular Batman films ever made. The death of an artist is sometimes interpreted as their final piece in their oeuvre, the ultimate act which solidifies their career and accelerates their likeness into perpetual renown. Some performers, whether subconsciously or purposefully, seek out such an end in hopes to be remembered in greatness, dying in context of what they're best known for like a warrior seeking dignified death in the battlefield. A very strong case can be made that Tom Cruise does just that in every further release of the Mission: Impossible franchise.

If Fast & Furious represents a cross racial familia-oriented action pagan pantheon, Mission: Impossible is the closest media approximation to a Judeo-Christian value espousing action hero monotheism in the form of Ethan Hunt. Both franchises have the same evolutionary factor in their first film being the standalone capable work with distinct direction preceding a discovered formula. The first Mission: Impossible movie contains an aesthetic and tone which is never again met by any of the other films, a three act ode to the evolution of spy movies throughout the 21st century. Most curiously, the first movie contains absolutely no gunplay and basically no real fist fight. This trend would of course be

broken by the (criminally underrated) John Woo sequel, but tonally the entire franchise becomes built around the paradoxically peaceful nature of Tom Cruise's character Ethan Hunt.

Throughout the films, Hunt is portrayed as the antithesis to the natural expectation of spies. An original character, divorced from the franchise's TV show origins, Hunt is an inhumanly perfect individual. Tom Cruise mirrors Vin Diesel's trajectory in forcing their key role into a position of accelerated dehumanization. Through Fast & Furious, Dom Torreto evolves from a plausible southern California racially ambiguous Hispano-pastiche of early 2000's street racing culture into a monotone superhero devoid of personality. Likewise, in Mission: Impossible, Ethan Hunt's humanistic characteristics and balanced personality flaws become replaced with a generic desire for work. Almost breaking through the veil of their own contained realities, these characters seem to be accelerating towards an existence justified by their output in their respective careers. Just as Dom only wants to drive harder and faster, Ethan Hunt only wants to take on more missions. They have no other desires, cares, wants, worries, or distractions.

With Mission: Impossible, the rejection of any displays of personal life are a callback to the deliberate choice by the TV show to avoid delving into the agent's lives, showing only the mission heists. However, Ethan Hunt being an original character created solely for the movie franchise, exists as a vehicle for Tom Cruise to mantle his identity onto. With control over the direction of the franchise, Cruise specifically formulated the character Ethan Hunt to embody traits antithetical to his career. In real life, a government intelligence agency operating beyond the constraints of public scrutiny utilizing weapons and technology to carry out operations is defined by morally gray actions. Yet, in the films, the Impossible Mission Force which Hunt works for is distinguished against its competitive counterpart, the CIA, by repeatedly showing insane levels of mercy, forgiveness, and trust[4].

Ethan Hunt's steadfast morality throughout the movies, his forgiveness, his faith in himself and his team, and his unbridled determinant optimism all coalesce into a very transparent character framing by Tom Cruise to uphold his fictional egregore into the Jesus Christ of feds. Where Dom Torreto is the patriarchal allfather of a pantheon of race car deities occupying a barrio backyard barbecue immortal realm, Ethan Hunt singularly performs miracles wandering the earth with his team of apostles all dedicated towards manifesting his success against heretics blaspheming the values western hegemonic democracy. Tom Cruise mirrors

4. Questionable rogue elements, such as double agents, stray assets, and dangerous targets are repeatedly spared from killing or apprehension based on Hunt's personal hunches. Agents frequently go against orders and even go rogue, marked as traitors only to be later forgiven, reinstated, and put back into action. IMF administrators clash heads with US government bureaucracy in a somewhat humorous degree of creative self reflection by refusing to initiate clean-up protocols or interventions in situations that would absolutely demand it in real life, instead choosing to trust Ethan Hunt to salvage astronomically low chances of success at the last second for circumstances that would involve the death of billions of people upon failure.

this attitude by positioning himself as the savior of the movie industry, laboring furiously to get asses in seats through a tumultuous post-pandemic economy. The franchise has a charming element in this connotation. Each recent movie contains a short intro from Cruise and his chosen loyal director Christopher McQuarrie thanking the audience for purchasing a ticket and seeing the film. Cruise frames the endeavor of endless sequels as more than a self-serving cash grab, it is a labor dedicated to saving the entire movie industry and supporting thousands of people working in it. However, Cruise's self constructed messianic egregore is incomplete, missing the final element of the allegory through an act of final sacrifice. Tom Cruise, possibly consciously, pursues his own death through increasingly daring self performed stunt work[5].

I believe these two franchises are the most relevant example of mythological storytelling in western cinema today. The most obvious missed focus would be the Marvel Cinematic Universe, however I posit that Marvel movies actually defy the connotations necessary for embodying mythopoeic thought and idealistic aesthetic. They specifically repeatedly break tonal buildup through interrupting every possible moment with quips, a Whedonesque impulse which turns each character into a parody of themselves.

The writers cannot help but indulge in anonymous self insertion, turning fantastical gods and armored goliaths into bohemian office workers set on displaying behaviors of sitcom tomfoolery. This, combined with the exasperating drabness of politicized collectivist equality pandering and jilted displays of affection for present day consumer amenities destroys any possibility for the capeshit genre to retain any sense of timelessness.

While both Fast & Furious and Mission: Impossible are by no means innocent from these tropes, they execute them with infrequency and generally delegate the role of comic relief to specific chosen characters in a much more general sense. In a Marvel movie, nobody is safe from becoming a cheap laugh punching bag, something Tom Cruise and Vin Diesel would never allow for themselves. This is the crucial element towards mythologizing. The ego of a singular controlling power figure creates at least one specific standard which cannot be violated. Thus, the process of deification begins by imposing sacrosanct attributes onto the characters. No single ego can control the Marvel Cinematic Universe because the shared IP is so broad that the franchise cannot allow anything

5. Both *Fast & Furious* and the *Mission: Impossible* franchises are built on a foundation of stunts. The writing teams sit down and build each entire film around justifying several major action scenes, with at least one major defining stunt for each movie. For *Mission: Impossible* specifically, Tom Cruise spends thousands of hours practicing various daredevil activities in preparation for performing his own stunts, something he does for his other action movies as well. Tom Cruise has skydived hundreds of times, climbed the Burj Khalifa, scaled mountains without climbing gear, performed a 360 corkscrew dive while piloting a helicopter, free dived 120 feet into a water tank to hold his breath for 6 minutes straight, carried out over 100 HALO jumps, held onto the side of a cargo plane while taking off, and ramped a dirt bike off a 3,900 foot cliff to disembark with a parachute no less than 6 times, among countless other stunts he has performed throughout his career without stunt doubles. Continuing to escalate this level of stunt work into his early 60's exceeds any natural desire for pure adrenaline or glory, Cruise is seeking to capture his own death on screen in pursuit of what he would quantify as a selfless endeavor. Whether this desire is a deliberately pursued goal or an unconscious one driven forward by financially justified incentives, Tom Cruise seeks a crucifixion through 100 mph free fall. This much is evident as each film shows no sign of scaling back its stunts, with Cruise stating he intends to keep starring in *Mission: Impossible* films well into his 80's.

beyond creative rule by committee. Superhero comics have had discourse comparing them to mythology, but they fall short of properly becoming the western consumer's gods through sheer unbearable kitsch mediocrity and the infestation of society's most virulent materialist secular ideological mindviruses. Too many heroes have been raped by various authors' self insertions of transient identity politics, mediocre storytelling, and corporate backed character replacement.

Multiple works can be considered through the same lens of attempts at creating a modern western mythology. For varying reasons, franchises like Star Wars, Indiana Jones, James Bond, Pirates of the Caribbean, Harry Potter, and many others all fall flat of achieving the same level of escape velocity that Fast & Furious and Mission: Impossible have. The process demands continual sequels simplistically focusing on idealistic acceleration of feats without detracting from the lead characters or fucking up the execution.

Even Lord of the Rings has managed to stumble over itself in cinematic execution through poorly managed recent sequels. In the literary sense, LOTR may be the closest form of mythological storytelling achieved by a work of fiction that western civilization has produced within the last century. There's a degree of "cheating" in the sense that it repackages elements of existing historical mythology, imitating fables, myths, and fairy tales directly. This kind of lore building fiction can be memetically dangerous, drawing upon symbolic egregores with millennia of culturally symbolic power behind them, mutated in permanence through a single individual's arbitrary aesthetic changes. The mystery contained in such symbolism draws in the reader, hypnotizing them into an endless curious hunger for understanding the lore as a whole. Countless fans get lost in obsession with the concept of lore. Similar world building in novel series' and video games downstream of Tolkien's work, such as Gene Wolf's Book of the New Sun series or lore from the Elder Scrolls video games both play with high concept fantastical storytelling interplaying between literal events and metaphorical conceptualizations. Along with this, they overwhelm the audience with world building and in-universe religions, cultures, and histories which all mix together in a blur simulating the instability of our own world's past.

History itself is a form of mythology. Human beings are incapable of consciously simultaneously processing an entire world's events in any frame of time without separating and categorizing them into distinct stories. Key figures of the past invariably become characters with traits beholden to the accuracy, availability, and survival of citation. So much academia dedicated to uncovering the past is essentially fan fiction pieced together through incomplete information, much of which is filtered through multiple generations of archival, retelling, and biased

framing. All of this, compounded upon the brief impressions of the average layman filtering their understanding of the past through condensed, imperfect, often incorrect, and almost always biased propagandistic sources leads to most of humanity understanding their past as a form of mythology taken on through faith. What separates the blend of historical accuracy and exaggerated fantastical symbolism present in real world conceptualization of the past with that of world building fictional lore is that the latter comes from a much more limited, often singular canonical source, is produced in a very short period of time, and is inherently disconnected from true spiritual connotation through eschewing symbolism derived from millenia of instinctually gathered time-tested memetics.

In some ways, the conceptually cyclical consistent action movie cash grab franchise more successfully inhabits elements of mythological storytelling than the Tolkien-esque world building model through an unintentional adherence to natural progressive development. J.R.R. Tolkien built his world as a vehicle for constructive languages he developed from a foundation of academic philology.

No modern fiction can be properly considered a mythology. The aforementioned franchises and forms of entertainment touched upon by this essay are merely glimpses of a process which takes thousands of years to come to fruition. Ideas are not created, they are gathered from a metaphysical realm beyond our comprehension. Elements of fictional concepts only gain symbolic significance through a steady process of refinement as the ideas are passed down from person to person, generation through generation. God hides in the random imperfections of natural chaos which cannot be thoughtfully replicated. Each subtle change in a passed down story through inaccurate replication or instinctual embellishment is like a small chipped marble from a slab carved by God, sculpted over millenia wielding the instincts of humanity as His chisel.

While Fast & Furious, Mission: Impossible, pro wrestling, soap operas, fighting animes and many other forms of cyclical storytelling tread upon hints of mythology building through the unintentional rejection of hubristic depth, they are all still too new to retain any true symbolic significance towards being functionally relevant as a mythology. Nearly every major religion's mythology contains esoteric symbolism revealing deeper truths to the nature of our reality, specific coded information tied to the most consistent mapping of relative stability we can perceive: Astronomy. The most powerful ancient gods and heroes of humanity's myths survived the annals of time by grasping onto the stars, sun, moon, and planets as symbols. Humanity follows the rhythms of the sky, defining our most

abstract concepts onto elements of nature and imprinting them onto constellations and heavenly bodies. It's no wonder that the people we associate with our most coveted works of entertainment, the megacelebrities gathering the collective gaze of people all across the world, are called stars.

While one could argue that assigning such significance to cheap cash grab entertainment merely insults the significance of real world mythology, it can be hypothesized that the most important stories of humanity retaining consistency to the deepest reaches of time could have once been cheap entertainment salvaged from antediluvian civilization. A story is never truly complete or consistent over time. An idea never retains its form, viral memes demonstrate this plainly in how drastically they transmogrify in a short amount of time. A true message from the realm of death and dreams beyond our comprehension can be assembled onto any story as long as it survives an unbroken change of passage through the eons.

Who's to say the Epic of Gilgamesh wasn't once a cheap form of throwaway fiction from a people more advanced than ours? The opening lines of the oldest recorded story in history describe a time before a great deluge. It suggests a lost civilization, its survivors passing memories of what could once have been disposable cheap entertainment onto post-apocalyptic children through stories told over campfires. The Epic of Gilgamesh is likely unrecognizable compared to its origin. The titular character, Gilgamesh, seeks to escape death itself and achieve immortality. Ironically he achieves this by continuing to exist as an idea survived by his story. The pursuit of conceptual immortality is the redeeming quality of the likes of Vin Diesel and Tom Cruise. They are defined by the hubristic arrogance necessary to pursue conceptual godhood. In this context, they justify works which are otherwise chastised by cinephiles as an insult to filmmaking. Despite lacking the subtlety, taste, or thoughtful boundary pushing of critically celebrated auteurs, they have demonstrated feats of success in fueling an explosive feedback loop generation of capital and captivating the awe of hundreds of millions of people worldwide. Whether they manage to keep these stories passed on through generations and evolve their egregores into immortality is an outcome for our descendants to witness.

FIS Knights of Columbus Global Belief ETF

FIS Biblically Responsible Risk Managed ETF

Wahed Dow Jones Islamic World ETF

ASI-OBB RIP GLO 07/2026

ECHIQUIER GLOBAL FLEX

INVESCO DJ ISLAMIC GL DM UCITS ETF

NONQUAL RABBI MUTUAL FUNDS AND ETFS (ISS/228/ BLACKROCK)

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BEIERSDORF UK LIMITED PEN & ASS SCHEME

JAMES BAY CREE NASKAPI MT - FIERA

COHEN &STEERS GLOBALSHARIAH REITS PORTFO

TWOTAIL ALPHA MASTER FUND LP

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RL360 SERVICES - CIS

TROPICAL EXCELLENCE (HK) LTD

Subversive Mental Health ETF

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GLO Hotel Investment LLC

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WINGFOOT - SLRY COMPLETION

LOOKING FOR ANSWERS THE ANSWERS ARE ALREADY THERE YOU JUST NEED TO LISTEN ENHANCE YOUR AWARENESS LOOKING FOR EMPTINESS EMBRACING THE EMPTINESS DIGESTING THE DEPTH OF THE WORLD IN THE BLEAK REFLECTION OF YOUR THIRD EYE DIVING DEEP AND FINDING OUT EVERYTHING LIES RIGHT THERE BENEATH YOU JUST FOCUS AND ADOPT IT AND YOU WILL SEE LET YOUR INNER GAZE GUIDE YOU THROUGH THE ARDOUS PATH OF THE ROTTEN MIND ACKNOWLEDGING BURNT GROUNDS AND SEEING YOUR INTERNAL BPD GIRL WARLORDING TOWARDS A POST ANGELIC ENTITY BECOMING WHOLE ACCELERATING THE SOFT SHELLED HARD CORE DISSOCIATING TOWARDS SACRED ULTRASMOOTH ETERNITY

< LEFT
MCB / @Boyle12345678
Feb 21, 2024, 12:41

RIGHT >
Fatima / @fatimafine
Feb 19, 2024, 07:59


Emily Montes
Claiming this energy
Reply
@anita 71
stop watching BRG vids cuz theyre an NFT and neonazi ring
caithlin
This made me not want to end it all
sonikku_42069 1w by author
Whoah you literally described me
1 like Reply Hide
literally same girlie
holdme2it_ 14h
Peter Theil funded the Qian Corporation.
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@holdme2it_ is the qian corporation even real?
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Am I being radicalized
17 likes Reply
imtbepasta
rohitvashist1412 2w
@k___a___z the important thing to ask is are you enjoying yourself?
8 likes Reply Hide
glasscurrents 2w
Pretty much
3 likes Reply Hide
lucy84691 2w
@k___a___z youre being loved
4 likes Reply Hide
anweshaa_15 1w by author
girls will see this and think "hell yeah!"
307 likes Reply Hide
Every day I wonder what even IS this account, but I love the videos when they pop up anyway
The Water Is Life and it is Beautiful!!!
#BRG #DailyAffirmations #BRGistlife
#Blessed

Drugcore

Shanzhai

Sigilkore

Skeuomorphism

Slimepunk

Trashy Raver

UrBling

Weirdcore

Dual Kawaii

Harajuku Fashion

Jirai Kei

Medicalcore

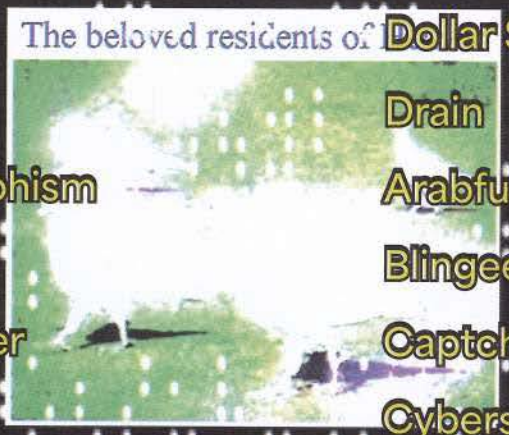
Morute

Pastel Goth

Sadpeople

Traumacore

Yume Kawaii



Kimoicore

Dollar Store Vernacular

Drain

Arabfunny

Blingeecore

Captchacore

Cyberspace Webrooms

Denpa

Digital Oddity

Fotonight Web (subgenre)

Frutiger Aero

Old Web

Randumb

Raver

Scene

Denpa Kei

Kuromicore



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Vargo / @vargorg
Oct 7, 2023, 12:56


SONY
HOME
VOL
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START

Gamer Girlfriend

By Onno Whitemoor

It was a sunny yet brisk afternoon when Jack and Mason laid outstretched on a grassy knoll, arms raised aloft identically and opposite in dorsal prone, fingers nearly touching -but not quite- as they took in unclouded rays of heat and light alike, beaming down upon them as they appeared to it as a two-personed star –ergo, a line.

"Dude, why doesn't either of us have a gee-eff yet," Mason suddenly blurted, the acronymi nomial assertion unintendedly adding palpable despair to his teenaged, wry, ignorantly nerdy desire.

"What are you going to do with a girlfriend, you don't even know how to talk to girls," Jack said. "For me, there aren't even any girls I'm interested in, not any that go to our school, at least."

"Oh I get what you mean; she would have to be a Gamer, right? I couldn't see myself dating a girl that doesn't play videogames. Although, just like with anime, lots of girls d–"

"For me, a girlfriend should be playing games like Gravity Rush, Rune Factory, Brigan dine, Breath of Fire, Deadly Premonition, Shadow Hearts, Super Robot Wars, Final Fantasy Tactics,

Dynasty Warriors 5, Dreamweb, Legend of Mana, Jagged Alliance, Cosmology of Kyoto, Bushido Blade, Legacy of Kain Soul Reaver, Hatsune Miku Project Diva, Sengoku Turb, Otogi, Yume Nikki, Threads of Fate, The Elder Scrolls Morrowind, The Elder Scrolls Oblivion, A Mind Forever Voyaging, Disgaea, CRW Metal Jacket, Vanquish, 13 Sentinels Aegis Rim, Secrets of Mana, Deus Ex, Planescape Torment, Wet, Spectral Force Genesis, Half Life Goldsrc, Half Life Opposing Force, Evergrace, Ultrakill, Bloody Roar, Sven Co-op, Product Number 3, Battlefleet Gothic Armada, Nosferatu Wrath of Malachi, Tomodachi Life, Cruelty Squad, Pathologic, Eternal Darkness, Psychonauts, Lollipop Chainsaw, Fallout New Vegas but go straight to Dead Money, Timesplitters Future Perfect, Shadows of the Damned, Mushihimesama, Psi-Ops, Insurgency Sandstorm, The Legend of Zelda Twilight Princess, The Ico & Shadow of the Colossus Collection, Soul Sacrifice, Mirror's Edge, Okami, GUN, Guild Wars, God Eater, Shin Megami Tensei III Nocturne, Under Night In-Birth, Prince of Persia The Sands of Time, Tom Clancy's Ghost Recon Shadow Wars, Coded Arms Contagion, King dom Hearts Final Mix, Muramasa Rebirth, Boku no Natsuyasumi, Shantae And The Pirate's Curse, Star Wars Knights of the Old Republic, Star Wars Knights of the Old Republic 2 with the unused content patch, Shinobi and Nightshade, The World Ends With You, Chrono Trigger, a Touhou game that has the character you like, Ape Escape, American Mcgee's Alice, Enthusia, Bloodrayne, LittleBigPlanet 2, Disruptor, Sid Meier's Alpha Centauri, Xenoblade Chronicles 3D, Eastern Mind, Monster Rancher 4, Vampires The Masquerade Bloodlines, Dirt Rally 2, Killzone 2, Infamous Festival Of Blood, Perfect Dark, Arcanum of Steamworks & Magick Obscura, Tokyo Road Race, Lack of Love, Tony Hawk's Underground 2, Earth bound, Toy Commander, Space Invaders Extreme, Melty Blood, Super Mario 64, Gungrave, Skies of Arcadia, Nidhogg, Metal Wolf Chaos, Call of Duty Modern

Warfare 2, Call of Duty Black Ops 3 modded zombies, Devil May Cry 3, Max Payne, Max Payne 2, Conker's Bad Fur Day, Metal Slug Anthology, Mount & Blade, Axiom Verge, Macross VF-X2, Nuclear Throne, Recettear, Endless Ocean Blue World, Dynasty Warriors Gundam, BlazBlue Calamity Trig ger, Asura's Wrath, Patapon 2, Patapon 3, Valkyria Chronicles, Dwarf Fortress, The Dark Spire, Cave Story, Caligula, D2 Dreamcast, The Adventures of Cookie & Cream, Counter Strike Source, Diablo 2, Dead Rising 2, Portal 2, Colony Wars Vengeance, Dishonored, every Ace Attorney game, Shadow Man, Wipeout 3, BallisticNG, Trapt, Mafia, Mafia II, Tomb Raider Anniversary, Bravely Default, Battlefield Bad Company, Crimson Sea 2, Dragon's Dogma Dark Arisen, Calling, Zoo Tycoon, Twisted Metal Black, Heroes of Might and Magic 3, Resistance 3, the open-source version of Freespace 2, Left 4 Dead 2, Uplink, The Bouncer, Darkstalkers 3, any Baldur's Gate but obviously you'd go for 3, Dark Messiah of Might and Magic, 999 Nine Hours Nine Persons Nine Doors, Locoroco, Steel Empire 3DS, La Pucelle Tactics, Halo Combat Evolved, Omega Boost, Beyond Good & Evil, Shadow Warrior, Mon key Island, Zeno Clash, E.Y.E., Crash Bandicoot 3 Warped, Terraria, Jak & Daxter The Precursor Legacy, Jak X Combat Racing, Neotokyo, Dino Crisis, Ys I & II Chronicles, Atelier Iris Eternal Mana, Way of the Samurai, Raiden IV, Racing Lagoon, Anachronox, Hyperdi mension Neptunia Rebirth, Sacrifice, Odin Sphere, Damascus Gear, Prey 2006, Demon Gaze, Tekken 5 Dark Resurrection, DOOM 2016, Quake, Thief 2, Blade Runner, Final Fantasy 7, Final Fantasy 12, Final Fantasy 15, Guilty Gear XX Accent Core Plus, Flower Sun and Rain, Rollercoaster Tycoon, OpenTTD, SWAT 4, N+, Saint Seiya Sanctuary Battle, Tetris Axis, Tetsujin 28-Gou, Ridge Racer PSP, Starcraft, Pokemon HGSS, Pokemon BW2, Picross 3D, Alpha Protocol, Dying Light but play on hard difficulty and skip through every cutscene and ignore every sidequest, Castlevania Symphony of the Night, Castlevania Lords of

Shadow, God Hand, Risk of Rain 2, Vagrant Story, Titanfall 2, Oni, Tempest 2000, The Warriors, L.A. Noire, Ecco the Dolphin Defender of the Future, the fantranslations of Danganronpa 1 & 2 on PSP and play on mean difficulty, Hotline Miami 2, Rengoku II The Stairway to H.E.A.V.E.N., Rez Infinite, Silent Bomber, Sleeping Dogs, Rondo of Swords, Front Mission 3, Ratchet & Clank Deadlocked and also its co-op, Persona 5, Manhunt, Postal 2, Einhan der, Shenmue 1 & 2, Warhammer 40K Squad Command, Time Crisis Razing Storm, Rhythm Heaven, Viewtiful Joe, Grim Fandango, Arx Fatalis, Bayonetta, Corpse Party, Zone of the Enders, Enter The Matrix, Clock Tower 3, Star Fox 64 3D, Half Minute Hero, Philosoma, Worms, Beatmania, Bloons TD6, GTA IV, GTA IV The Lost and Damned, Super Monkey Ball, Headhunter, Full Spectrum Warrior, Rayman Revolutions, Epic Mickey, Kingdoms of Amalur Reckoning, Ni No Kuni, Tokyo Xtreme Racer Drift 2, The Punisher, Valkyrie Profile, Metal Gear Acid 2, Metal Gear Rising Revengeance, Metal Gear Solid 4, Resident Evil 4, Gran Turismo 4, Wario Land 4, Monster Hunter 4 Ultimate, Resident Evil Survivor 2, MDK2, God of War 2, Shadow of Rome, LSD Dream Simulator, Jet Set Radio, Tactics Ogre, Motorstorm, Synthetik Legion Rising, Import Tuner Challenge, Rune, Age of Empires II, Darkwatch, Dark Souls, Bloodborne, that Elden Ring, Silent Scope, Neverwinter Nights, Ikaruga, Onimusha Warlords, System Shock 2, Yakuza 0, Devil Daggers, Minecraft, Catherine, Time Hollow, Trespasser, The Nomad Soul, Primal, Wesnoth, Burnout 3, Burnout Dominator, Pathfinder Wrath of the Righteous, Zangeki no Reginleiv, R Racing Evolution, Noita, Nier, Drakengard, Nier Automata, Chaos Legion, Pump It Up, Star Wars Republic Commando, Star Wars Jedi Knight, Star Wars Jedi Knight 2 Jedi Outcast, Hitman Blood Money, Fate/Extra, Boktai, Parasite Eve, Parasite Eve 2, ChainDive, Intelligent Qube, Ninja Gaiden Black, Phantasy Star Online, Phantom Dust, Blood Will Tell, Kinetica, Kill Switch, FEAR, dothack Rebirth, Kenshi, Fatal

Frame, Silent Hill 2, Metroid Prime Trilogy, PaRappa the Rapper, Contra Shat tered Soldier, Armored Core For Answer, Armored Core 6, Ace Combat Zero, The Chronicles of Riddick Escape from Butcher Bay, Sly Cooper 2, Second Sight, Condemned, Dragon's Crown, No More Heroes, Warcraft 3 The Frozen Throne, Split/Second, Splinter Cell Chaos Theory, Lord of the Rings Conquest, SSX 3, Cyber Troopers Virtual-On Oratorio Tangram, Etrian Odyssey, Xenogears, Pandemonium 2, Dead or Alive Dimensions, Lost Planet 2 but co-op only, Nox, Tribes Ascend, Ghost in the Shell, Severance Blade of Darkness, Jeanne d'Arc, Lego Star Wars The Complete Saga, Wild Arms XF, Future Cop L.A.P.D., Katamari Damacy, Tales of the Abyss, Zen Pinball 3D, Killer 7, Killer is Dead, the non-GBA version of LOTR The Fellowship Of the Ring, Zoids Infinity EX Neo, Lost Odyssey, The Sword of Etheria, Gradius V, Earth Defense Force 5 –oh, and Wii Sports Resort."

1


在雪地里挖出战略性的槽，并将鸟食藏在里面。这样图片就保持整洁了。春天，你可以把种子藏在草丛后面
Dig strategic troughs in the snow and hide birdseed inside. This way the image stays tidy. In the spring, you can hide the seeds behind the grass

2


制作蜂鸟花蜜，小心地将其放在没有花蜜的美丽花朵中。然后蜂鸟就会在那里降落
Make hummingbird nectar and carefully place it among beautiful flowers without nectar. Then the hummingbirds will land there

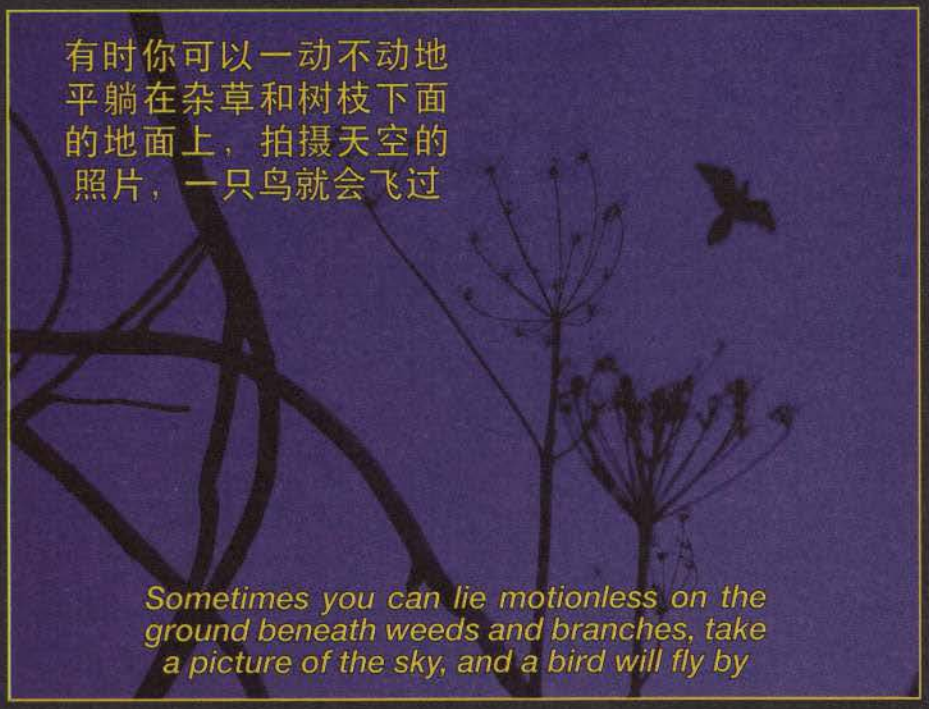

利用张力和平衡来巧妙地排列石头、树枝和松果，使它们牢固地固定在适当的位置
Use tension and balance to strategically arrange stones, branches, and pinecones to keep them securely in place

3


哀鸽喜欢和它们的朋友一起在地上爬行寻找种子。添加漂亮的树枝让他们玩得开心
Mourning doves love to crawl along the ground with their friends in search of seeds. Add pretty branches for them to have fun with

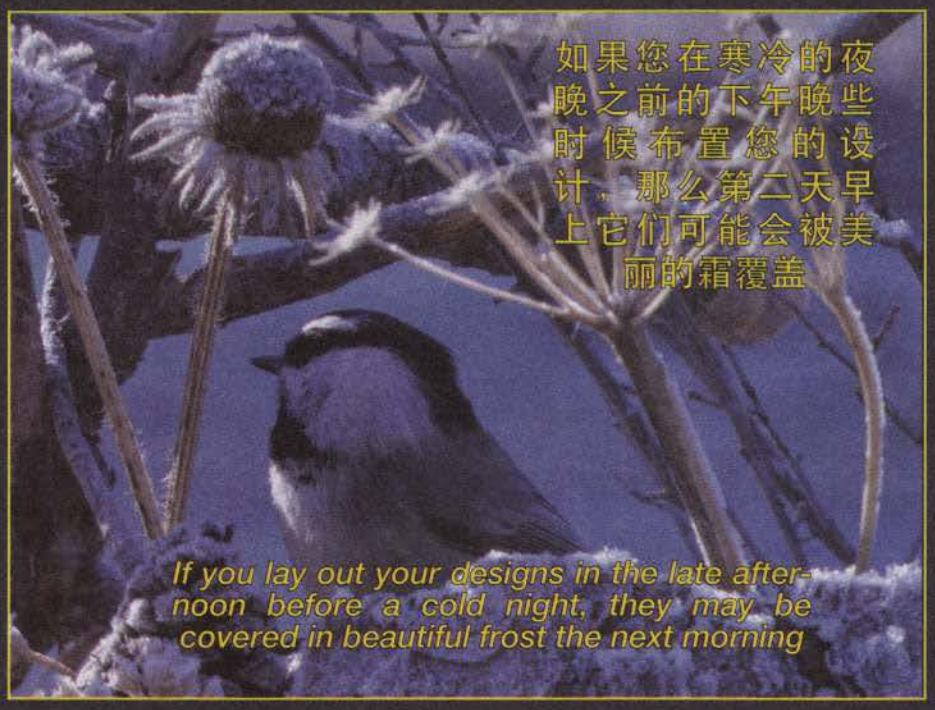
4

5


有时你可以一动不动地
平躺在杂草和树枝下面
的地面上，拍摄天空的
照片，一只鸟就会飞过
Sometimes you can lie motionless on the
ground beneath weeds and branches, take
a picture of the sky, and a bird will fly by

6


蓝知更鸟最喜
欢的特殊零食
是黄粉虫
Bluebirds' favorite special snack is
mealworms


如果您在寒冷的夜晚之前的下午晚些时候布置您的设计，那么第二天早上它们可能会被美丽的霜覆盖
If you lay out your designs in the late afternoon before a cold night, they may be covered in beautiful frost the next morning

7


将麦秆收集到您希望鸟儿降落的地方
Collect the straw where you want the birds to land

8

Manifesto against gang stalking



by didi 弟弟 🧨🕳️💥 from Beijing Underground Forbidden City in China

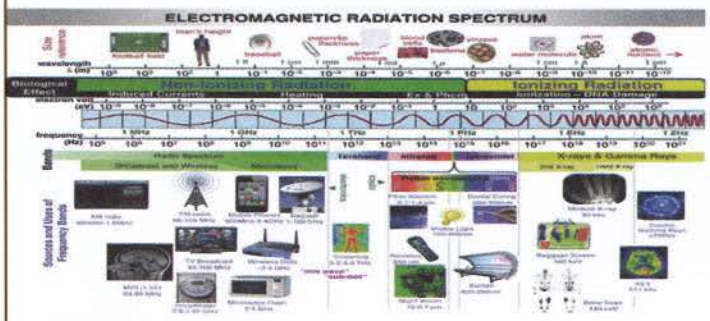
Translated from Chinese by didi 弟弟 🧨🕳️💥 from Beijing Underground Forbidden City in China

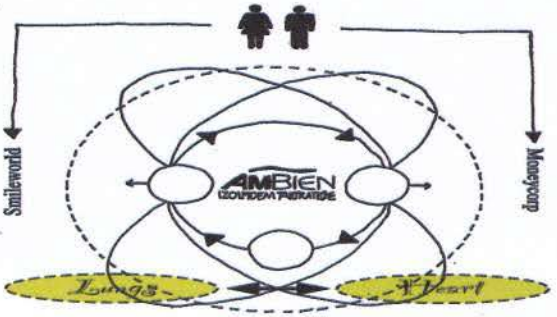
My name is didi 弟弟 🧨🕳️💥. I'm from Chinese descent. I live in China since the day that I was born. This manifesto is to reveal a secret program, which the secret services of the state coordinate and execute to butcher innocent people in a physical, psychological and emotional way, but also to ruin them financially until the victim finishes on the street, commits suicide, finishes in a normal prison or a prison for the criminally insane, or is finally reduced to a slave.

The victim is reduced to a slave by forcing him to become part of the sick system of people burners. He will also be forced to subject himself to the occult beliefs of his torturers. There are different groups, but it all boils down to the same: worshipping idols and devils in sectarian movements. The occult symbols of those sectarian groups appear in all aspects of daily life.


didi الأخ الأصغر
@didilovesyou666
السبب الذي يجعلنا ينتصر في النهاية ويخسر أعداؤنا هو أن قصة حبنا أفضل وتجعلنا أقوى
Translated from Arabic by Google
The reason we win in the end and our enemies lose is because our love story is better and makes us stronger
Was this translation accurate? Give us feedback so we can improve:
one day we'll be together
and never be apart again.
3:15 PM · Mar 4, 2024 · 711 Views
3
11
6

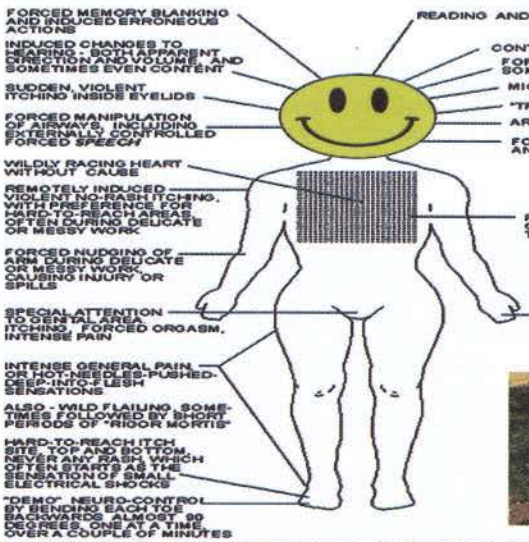
AS THE TECHNOCRATI
GOD'S EARTH IN C
WILL YOU CHOOSE



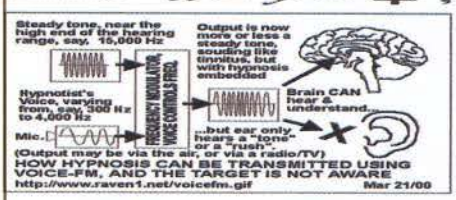
















정보 모르핀 정보 모르



WE ARE AT WAR WITH A TECHNOCRATIC, PARAPOLITICAL E
THE NEW AMERICAN TECHNOCRATS ARE BUILDING A
TRANSHUMANIST HELL DISGUISED AS A MATERIAL HEAVEN

I. THOU SHALT HAVE NO OTHER GODS BEFORE ME.

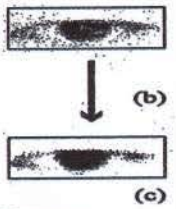
THE TIME IS NOW TO FIGHT BACK AGAINST TH
TECHNOBUGMEN AND SEIZE BACK GOD'S EAR

BECOME NOMADIC - BECOME IMPERCEPTIBLE AND

ENTER THE ETERNAL
GOLDEN BRAID



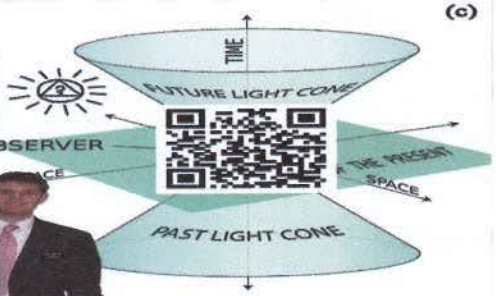
C BUGMEN ENGULF
GREY FLAMES...
LIFE OR DEATH?



AS WITHIN SO WITHOUT







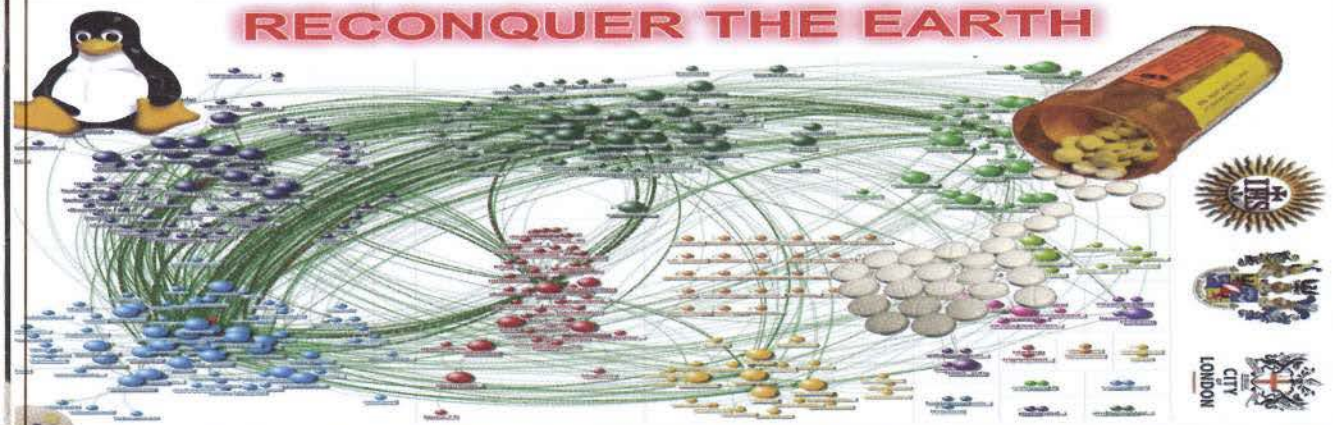
WebMD

To help promote a healthy pineal gland:

- **Avoid excess fluoride.** Talk with your doctor and dentist about how much fluoride you need. Make sure you are not getting too much. Tap water and toothpastes are common sources.

Smileworld & MoneycorpLLC's
Nomadic
Visionary Cell

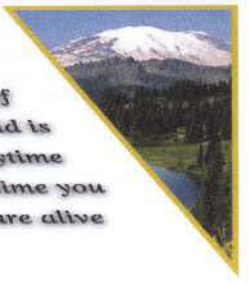
RESTORE YOUR NATURAL FREEDOMS:
RECONQUER THE EARTH



3D PRINT AN ASSAULT RIFLE



We are joined by field and floods, rocks, hills and plains echoing the sounding joy of heaven and nature singing. In all things visible and invisible, in every corner and fragment and shard of glass, the image of god is reflected back to us. The whole world is humming. We are singing hymns without even trying. Everytime you start your car or a coin falls from your pocket. Everytime you bite your nails. Every rainbow in a puddle of oil. We are alive inside of the real and beautiful world.



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Begin The Process Of Enchantment.
Walk Directly Into The Sun.

ELLACEDRICARCHIVE.ORG

ORANGUTAN

BY SLIM FANDANGO

Madness washes over me like black molasses, oozing into every orifice & windturbine.

Boeing debris & nailpolish dribbles from the black mans brow as he does 60 pushups. His sweat smells like diesel oil & toothpaste.

Jesus get me out of this brain. Help me get a grip at something real, help me get a touch for anything that's sturdy and solid.

The orangutan of yore swivels his neck sideways and munches on the rotten pear, delinquent & soggy is his bite, the orangutan in all his orange lustre finds no meaning in any leap or bound he takes from the jungle vines, he finds no recompense in the vines themselves, he finds no remorse in the jungle puddles he sucks from.

God help me find something to cling on to in this desert of waste.
God help me get a chair in this mausoleum of filth.
God help me find some sort of light in this godforsaken funhouse of mirrors and swinging apes.

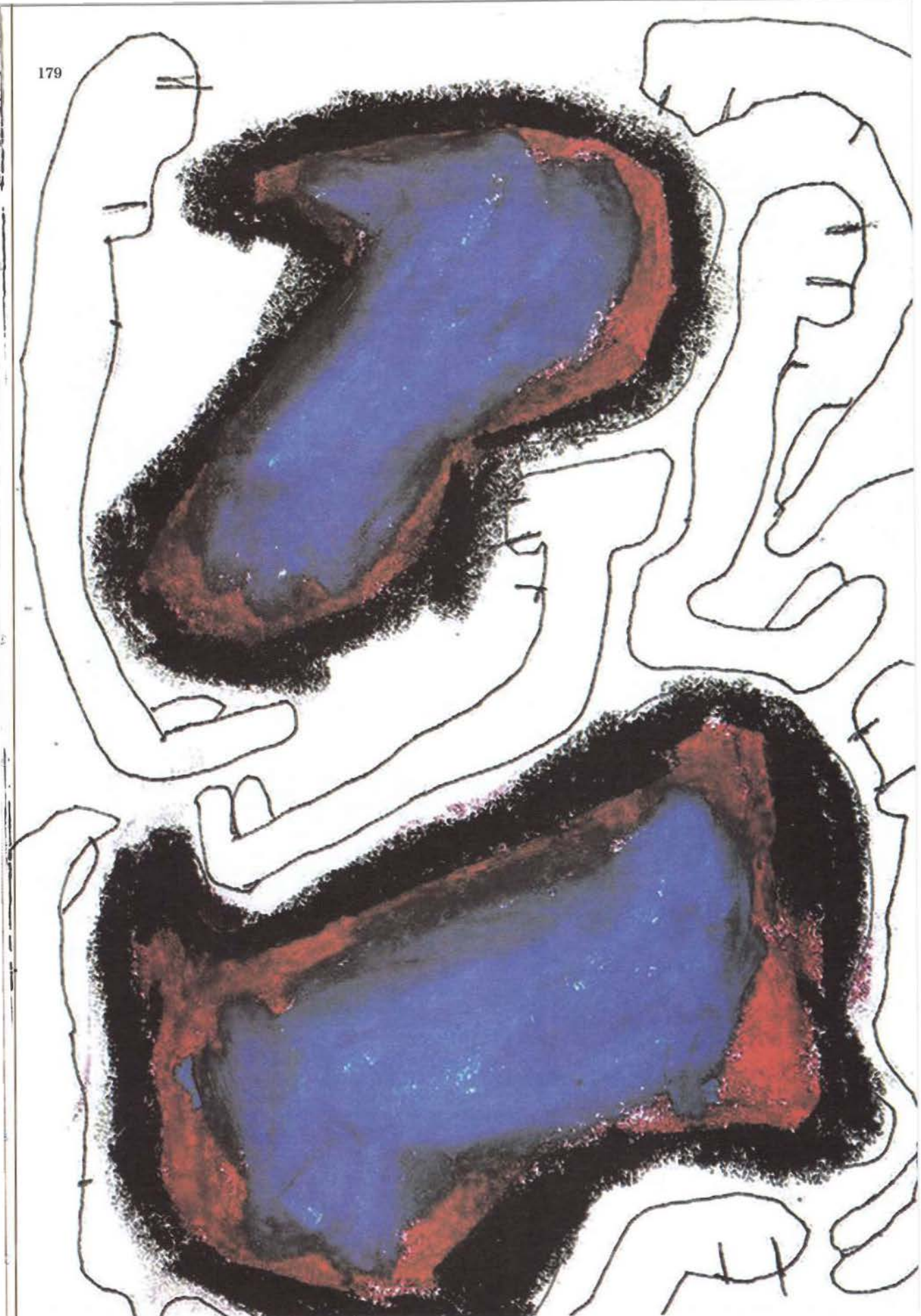
The orangutan finds he is without berries tonight, and he smiles, he smiles a wide simian smile with outstretched lips and curling teeth.

God help me find the umpire of this ballgame.
God help me see the bullseye in this wicked game of darts.

"God won't help you" the orangutan smiles through his devilish grin poking through the underbrush of the nightly woods, only his eyes seem to peer beyond the leaves in this sombre evening. "Good luck you cretin" he whispers.

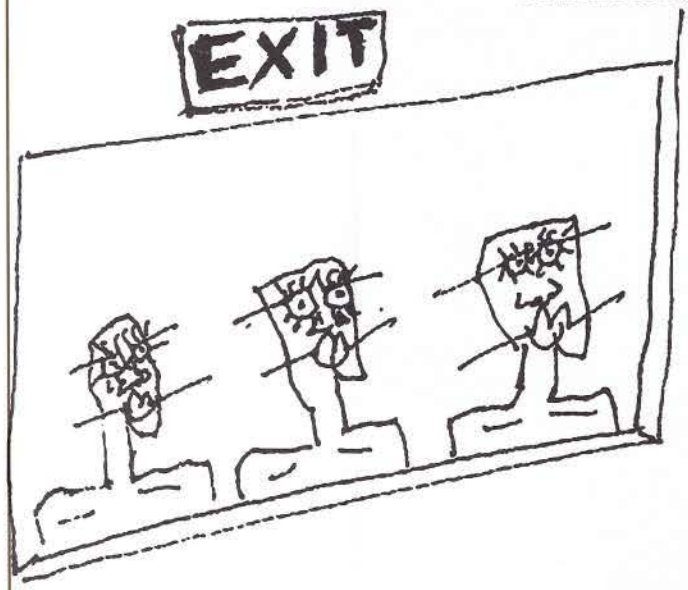
The orangutan of the night wavers & wavers and continues to waver ever so gently from the treetops and the branches. His wicked laugh can be heard throughout the jungle, over the forested vines and swirling rivers all the way over to the city, all the way over into the pearly ears of the black man sweating his goddamn balls off in the city.

Goodnight, and amen. You'll fucking need it come tomorrow you vile funky monkey of the night.



GUNTHER

BY SLIM FANDANGO



Gunther walked along the red blooded aisle towards a fountain. A fountain filled to the brim with angelic tears and cavalcades. Gunther walks with giant leaps, his feet stretching from horizon to horizon. Gunther is 7 foot 9, has a walking stick and is fond of fondling bureaucrats.

Gunther fondles bureaucrats o Tuesday.

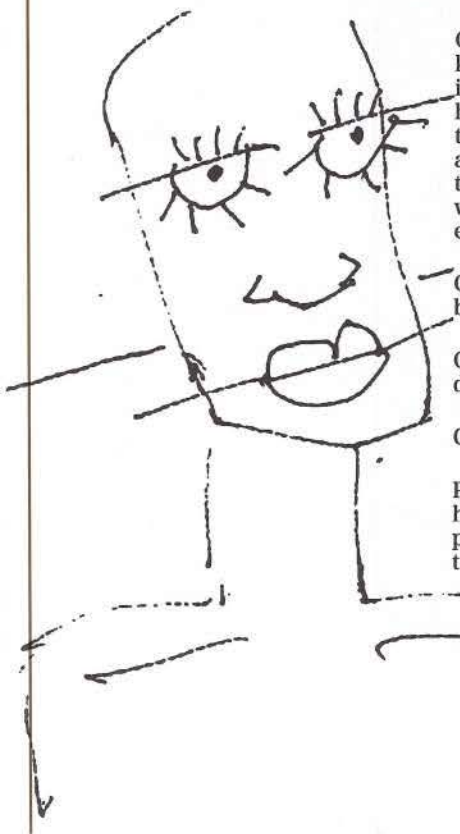
On Wednesday he gesticulated wildly at pregnant geese in the park.

Gunther likes to walk around with 2 eyes focused on the road in front of him. Gunther jealously guards his most coveted ideas & secrets in a little box that's adorned with green jewels & red tapestry & gold linings and is placed in his attic.



In the cellar there are 3 alligators that run around and create spirals in the damp water.

Gunther sometimes comes down to pet the alligator, one of the alligators is called Joel, the other is called Peatrice. Peatrice the alligator runs around curmudgeonly & has chickenwire as feet. The sound it makes when she runs like a dentists office and it eases my soul.



Gunther is now on a train to somewhere, I don't know where, Gunther knows but I don't, I have no idea, no fucking clue where its headed, but Gunter has an idea, he has a clue, he knows certain things, he figures things out, Gunther walks around like he owns the place, he knows things that other people don't, he figures things out when he looks at things with his dazzling, fiery eyes.

Gunthers eyes rizzle and sizzle like barbeque bacon.

Gunthers hair is goldilocks and mesmerizing and dazzles and frazzles beneath sunlight.

Gunther is bald.

Peatrice the alligator has her ears pierced and has won 3 south Minnesota alligator beauty pageants. Gunther is very proud of her but never tells her. Anyway, Gunther is on a train and on

his side he looks out the window that pearlescent & beautiful & jaunty. Behind it is the landscape!!!! Wow···..!!!!! Landscapes moving & fleeing & jolting & piercing & fleeing & xylophone-like in its luster and beatific symmetry····· Gunther is moved by this view beyond tears,,,,, and he lets them come···. The tears come & come & come···. Beautiful & like crystals···.

The sunshine reflects awkwardly from one of his tears and pierces a baby that is seated in the next aisle. Its name is Klive and its 4,3 years old. its wearing nike brand shoes, size 5.

GUNTHER LIKES WHEN INSECTS WALK ALONG HIS PANTs.

Sophoric & lionlike does Peatrice sound when she wakes up in the morning. Peatrice has killed 56 people in the year 1995 A.D. on a sunny august afternoon where she walked out of the local library, saw a particularly delicious looking ice cream ad and started gnawing away at people, just completely chomping at the bits, hair follicles & bone marrow were flying left right and center, a complete massacre that was published in the local newspaper under the title



""Peatrice' prime suspect in Thursday alligator massacre" more to come at 9 o clock.

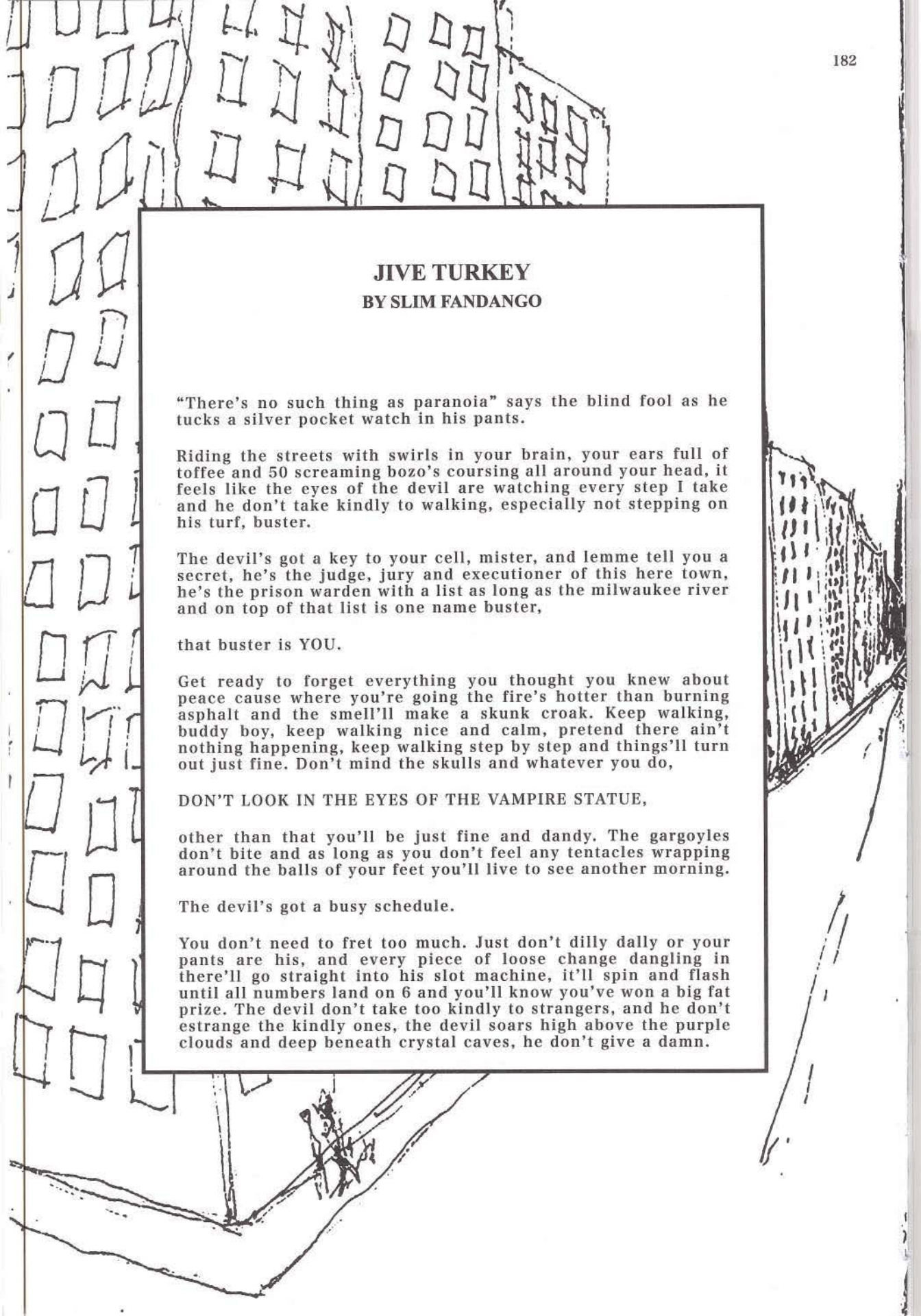
Gunther:::::: hes almost reaching his destination, which I want to reiterate I DO NOT KNOW WHAT IT IS. Gunther knows, but I have no clue, I am none the wiser, Gunther he knows these things, but I have no clue. Not one. Not a clue. It's beautiful to not know sometimes.

But Gunther knows and as he's clinging on to the metal handrail in front of him to get up he feels a sudden sharp pang in his left thigh. It shoots up like lightning up his side and looks around the moth-eaten passageways both sides of his peripheral vision, the moth-eaten passageways of the train stretching infinitely far each side. Gunther feels suddenly that the poles of the earth have switched··· the train stretches further and further and further to infinity, white lines stretch as far as Gunther can see all the way to infinity.

Gunther suddenly is in a black abyss. A stygian darkness with only the metal handrail keeping him on some sort of balance, the only thing keeping him from falling into infinite blackness that stretches out from him at all equators, every degree, all 360 million of them all stretch out to pure blackness, pure void surrounds him. The train is gone, the view is gone, its just black void as far as the eye can't see. Gunther is sort of floating halfway, one leg sort of stretches out awkwardly and he's floating, he used to know things, suddenly he doesn't know things anymore, the blackness has made him question everything?

The white lines that used to make up the train are but tiny dots in vision, very very very very very very far away. They're almost non-existent. Gunther sort of whispers into the abyss "wow".

Peatrice the alligator's red necklace has a faint smell of almonds & walnuts. Peatrice finds thWe smell of cigarette ash soothing & pleasing.



JIVE TURKEY

BY SLIM FANDANGO

"There's no such thing as paranoia" says the blind fool as he tucks a silver pocket watch in his pants.

Riding the streets with swirls in your brain, your ears full of toffee and 50 screaming bozo's coursing all around your head, it feels like the eyes of the devil are watching every step I take and he don't take kindly to walking, especially not stepping on his turf, buster.

The devil's got a key to your cell, mister, and lemme tell you a secret, he's the judge, jury and executioner of this here town, he's the prison warden with a list as long as the milwaukee river and on top of that list is one name buster,

that buster is YOU.

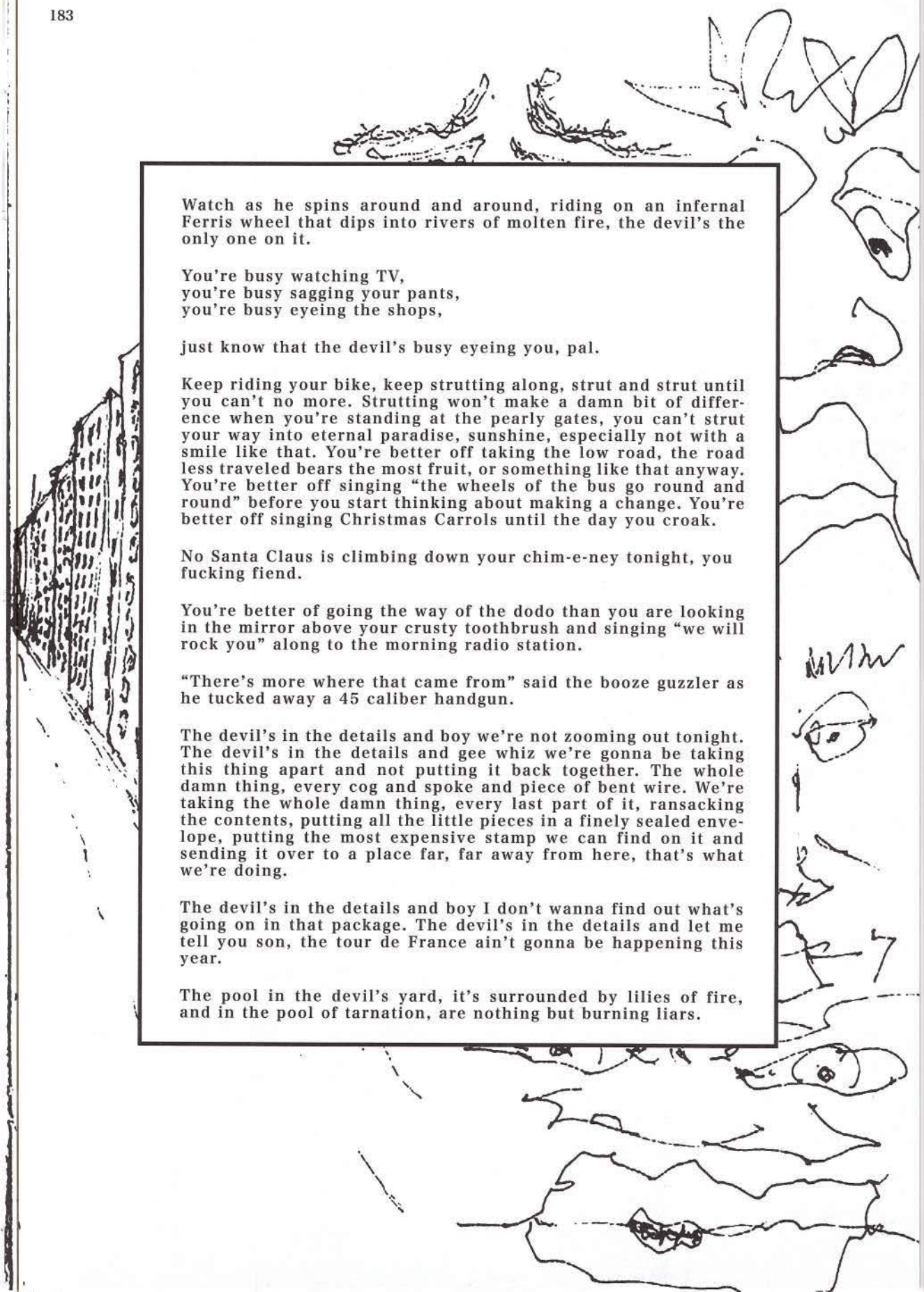
Get ready to forget everything you thought you knew about peace cause where you're going the fire's hotter than burning asphalt and the smell'll make a skunk croak. Keep walking, buddy boy, keep walking nice and calm, pretend there ain't nothing happening, keep walking step by step and things'll turn out just fine. Don't mind the skulls and whatever you do,

DON'T LOOK IN THE EYES OF THE VAMPIRE STATUE,

other than that you'll be just fine and dandy. The gargoyles don't bite and as long as you don't feel any tentacles wrapping around the balls of your feet you'll live to see another morning.

The devil's got a busy schedule.

You don't need to fret too much. Just don't dilly dally or your pants are his, and every piece of loose change dangling in there'll go straight into his slot machine, it'll spin and flash until all numbers land on 6 and you'll know you've won a big fat prize. The devil don't take too kindly to strangers, and he don't estrange the kindly ones, the devil soars high above the purple clouds and deep beneath crystal caves, he don't give a damn.



Watch as he spins around and around, riding on an infernal Ferris wheel that dips into rivers of molten fire, the devil's the only one on it.

You're busy watching TV,
you're busy sagging your pants,
you're busy eyeing the shops,

just know that the devil's busy eyeing you, pal.

Keep riding your bike, keep strutting along, strut and strut until you can't no more. Strutting won't make a damn bit of difference when you're standing at the pearly gates, you can't strut your way into eternal paradise, sunshine, especially not with a smile like that. You're better off taking the low road, the road less traveled bears the most fruit, or something like that anyway. You're better off singing "the wheels of the bus go round and round" before you start thinking about making a change. You're better off singing Christmas Carrols until the day you croak.

No Santa Claus is climbing down your chim-e-ney tonight, you fucking fiend.

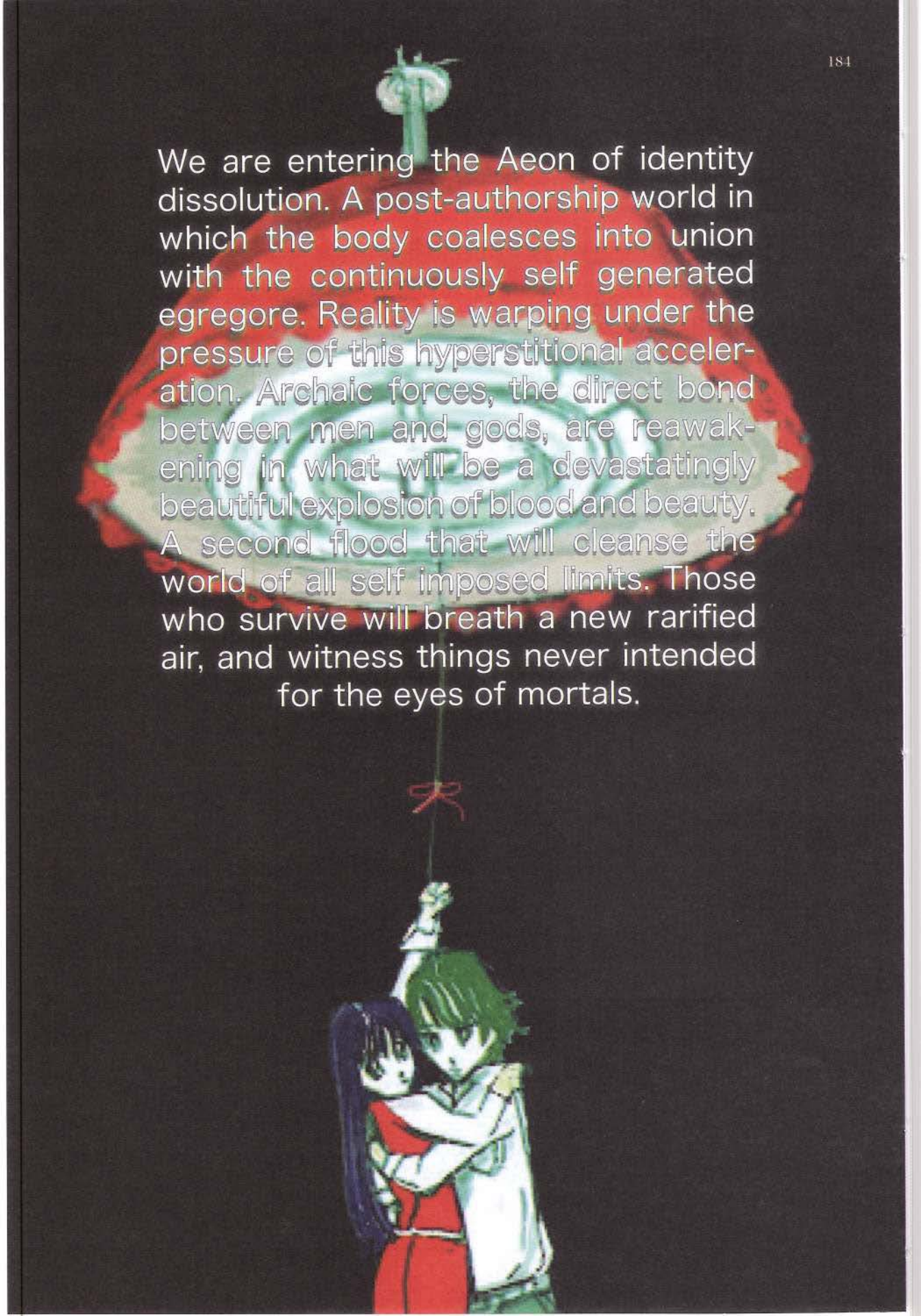
You're better of going the way of the dodo than you are looking in the mirror above your crusty toothbrush and singing "we will rock you" along to the morning radio station.

"There's more where that came from" said the booze guzzler as he tucked away a 45 caliber handgun.

The devil's in the details and boy we're not zooming out tonight. The devil's in the details and gee whiz we're gonna be taking this thing apart and not putting it back together. The whole damn thing, every cog and spoke and piece of bent wire. We're taking the whole damn thing, every last part of it, ransacking the contents, putting all the little pieces in a finely sealed envelope, putting the most expensive stamp we can find on it and sending it over to a place far, far away from here, that's what we're doing.

The devil's in the details and boy I don't wanna find out what's going on in that package. The devil's in the details and let me tell you son, the tour de France ain't gonna be happening this year.

The pool in the devil's yard, it's surrounded by lilies of fire, and in the pool of tarnation, are nothing but burning liars.



We are entering the Aeon of identity dissolution. A post-authorship world in which the body coalesces into union with the continuously self generated egregore. Reality is warping under the pressure of this hyperstitional acceleration. Archaic forces, the direct bond between men and gods, are reawakening in what will be a devastatingly beautiful explosion of blood and beauty. A second flood that will cleanse the world of all self imposed limits. Those who survive will breath a new rarified air, and witness things never intended for the eyes of mortals.

A Knot in the Body of God

By Yung Draco

The world ceaselessly revolves in hedonic splendor. Each and every day a painful luminescence scorches the retinas of my aimlessly wandering eyes. Theres an emptiness in the pit of my stomach that no amount of food will ever fill, and my eyes search hungrily for the satisfaction of that abominable yearning that is the hard skeletal core of human existence.

I no longer pay much mind to these eyes of mine, whirling around in my skull like the oracular pyramid in a magic eight ball, wildly scanning and probing the landscape for something I can't define. But this is all mechanical, the robotic movement of a million years of pointless evolution.

I am the reverberations in gods eardrums of a loud and abrasive noise. An unwelcome noise, like a cold steel pipe falling unexpectedly from the scaffolding of a reconstructed church into the unforgiving concrete below. The pipe falls and strikes the ground with cataclysmic force, missing the skull of a hapless near-victim by the width of a hair. And in that instance, the universe is born again.

There is no beginning in time, no end, only eternal summersaults. The longer it stretches the dizzier we become, until one day we fall over in the grass laughing and maybe vomiting a little.

I have my consolations, yet I only ever play at being consoled. The existential terror is only ever glazed over, lightly hidden like a coin in the sand, waiting to be uncovered again by a misplaced step. Yet unlike a coin, this terror annihilates me. It splits me in half and dissolves me in sulphuric acid. There is no way to deal with it. That is why the light in my eyes is artificial, like a 60watt LED hue bulb shifting through its phases of RGB in predetermined monotony, while the only real thing is the darkness in which that light is forever consumed. The darkness is my home. The place I come from and always return to. I crave oblivion and yet this light won't stop glaring malevolently through the drapes. I cannot for the life of me figure out how to black out the room. Light is too tenacious, it always finds the cracks and illuminates these forms that crowd my soul. When will dissolution come? But it has come....too many times to count. Yet every time it has come, it has soon after left. After annihilation is always the cheerful reassembly of this complex and unfathomable structure we think of as "reality", and yet its substance only lies in the fact that we are here to observe it. Without my presence, none of this would exist. Or would it? Would it even matter if it did? Not to me. But who am I? Nothing I can put my finger on. "I" is as elusive as a black panther in the thick jungle on a moonless night. And just as vicious as well. It will pounce like lightning and rip open your stomach. It will gnaw on your entrails as your otherworldly scream is drown out by the blood filling your lungs. It is the big Lie, the one no one told you about, and that is why it is so inescapably effective.

The self is nothing but a big knotted cramp in the body of god. He writhes with the agony of it and begs the doctor for more morphine. The doctor tells him to drink water and stretch, but the words sound slurred and are barely comprehensible in this state of indefinitely prolonged discomfort. They slip off the brain like water on a duck. Simple solutions are never exercised. We want the hard answers, so that we can try until our face turns red and our eyes pop out of their sockets, and right before we solve the riddle, every fucking time, we collapse. We hurl the puzzle, two pieces shy of completion, across the room and proclaim that we "need a nap and will give it another shot later".

Later comes, but our hair is now gray and the puzzle still sits unfinished on the coffee table while we speak to old friends of degenerative diseases and our preferences for various brands of blood pressure medication.

< LEFT
RIGHT>
Yung Draco
Open Submission
Sep 16, 2023, 16:35

through saved warmth and soft wonder
filtering noise sitting within the quiet
observing more than we can and waiting for the feeling of a spring breeze

finding ourselves through it all and disappearing into zeroes Heaven was right here this whole time

I thought about the way it all falls, watched it stack - sheets of white, signs of purity, snowflakes gracing the network The world has never been so Real

grey skies and gazing eyes as it all falls asleep

The lull of our shared dreams pulls us in and out of infinity To breathe is to be connected To choose to breathe is to step into the palms of Destiny To dance in the void where light beams through you
Where your vessel posts with clarity

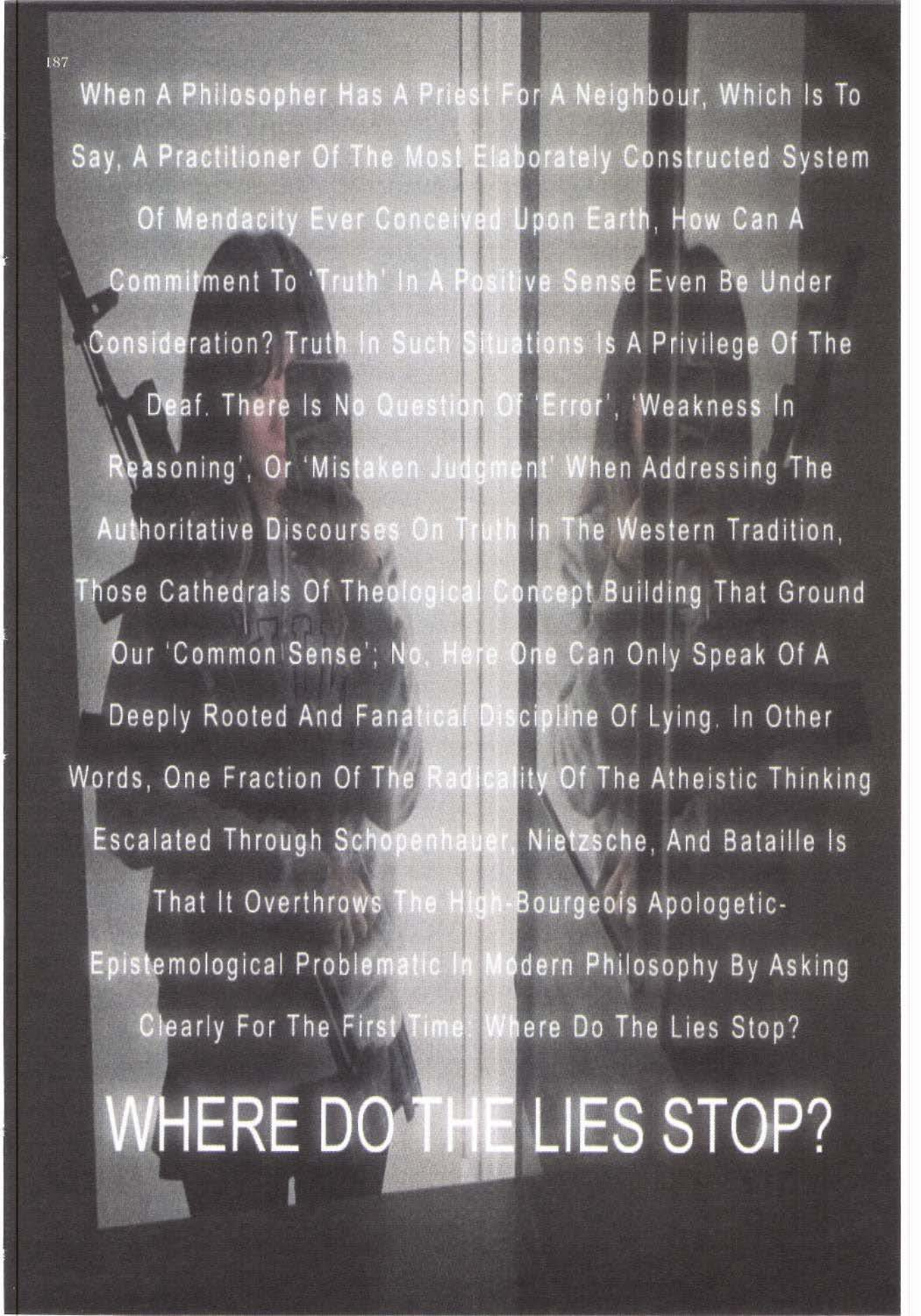
No life is left untouched when we live ours To Exist Once Is To Exist Forever <Heaven was right here this whole time>

I heard the wind say that the trees were exhaling like our lungs do

There used to be a forest in every mind: where waterfalls were powered by every Pure thought Angels would sit in our meadows, Angels would nourish the soil of our souls What If Wouldn't You?

RIGHT >
QuirkedWhiteBoy / @quirkedwhiteboy
Twitter Submission
Mar 5, 2024, 8:20 PM

< LEFT
winter ⋆. ❋ * / *@winterwillow*
Twitter Submission
Feb 5, 2024, 7:47 PM



When A Philosopher Has A Priest For A Neighbour, Which Is To Say, A Practitioner Of The Most Elaborately Constructed System Of Mendacity Ever Conceived Upon Earth, How Can A Commitment To 'Truth' In A Positive Sense Even Be Under Consideration? Truth In Such Situations Is A Privilege Of The Deaf. There Is No Question Of 'Error', 'Weakness In Reasoning', Or 'Mistaken Judgment' When Addressing The Authoritative Discourses On Truth In The Western Tradition, Those Cathedrals Of Theological Concept Building That Ground Our 'Common Sense'; No, Here One Can Only Speak Of A Deeply Rooted And Fanatical Discipline Of Lying. In Other Words, One Fraction Of The Radicality Of The Atheistic Thinking Escalated Through Schopenhauer, Nietzsche, And Bataille Is That It Overthrows The High-Bourgeois Apologetic-Epistemological Problematic In Modern Philosophy By Asking Clearly For The First Time: Where Do The Lies Stop?

WHERE DO THE LIES STOP?

I fumble around in the dark searching for light and find nothing. I take the time to focus and realize that I am the beacon that lights the way.

nov. 24th

I realize no patterned warmth ever swam
in memory, just dissected
remembering
placeholders for vibrant and humming certainty. That's enough
some days, others chasing
counters and walls bare. It's mourning each night between.

and me looking
not like you,
the topical grief in repetition
a final time. I was a museum
once
though I wish it'd been more.
We saw a lion with its tongue
out and laughed through glass
displays and the floor fell. I haven't been back
though it's framed. Kindness I couldn't hold.
Like god in us all



names, avatars and bios are accessories, a fellow poster knows about your 1000 past lives but chooses to play along with current incarnation
it' s soul recognition through the network
if you' re halfway there u already know how to change brushes effortlessly

My first thought when September rolled around was that I hadn' t eaten enough peaches this summer. I had enjoyed an amazing watermelon or two, some honest-to-goodness, ripened-in-the-field tomatoes, and a couple of freshly picked ears of local corn, which brought tears to my eyes. In the abundance that is always summer, I had not celebrated the once-a-year, only-in-the-summertime joy of eating my fill of perfect peaches. Two days later, while driving to a repair shop in an adjoining town (it has truly been that kind of everything-breaking-down summer, complete with the added insult of ants in our kitchen), my husband spied an Amish farmstand beckoning us to stop. The farm display was a cacophony of summer with overflowing boxes of tight-skinned ripe red tomatoes, baskets of perfectly round unblemished peaches, mounds of just-picked-that-morning corn on the cob, and a jumble of football-sized cantaloupes scattered on a table. My husband went for the tomatoes. I headed to the peaches.

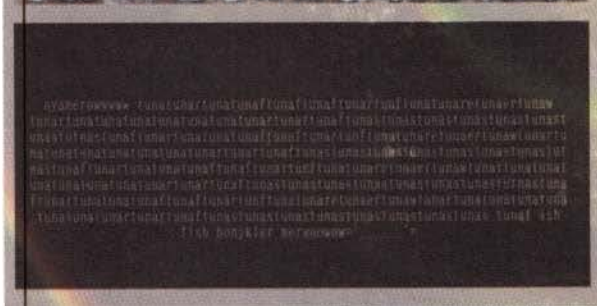


"I turned my head, and he said, 'Grieve not the Spirit.' And in my heart of hearts, I knew bro was right. Before I could respond, seraphim lights illuminated the suddenly nighted sky. A cloud dark like coal brought thunder and shaking, yet the light failed to remain escaped from the brooding shroud. I saw two feet lowered from underneath the cloud suspended by winged beasts. I thought this was the end, but we were given pearl earrings forever marked by the awl against the doorpost of heaven."

28 i was on my Mac, waiting for my date to figure out how to install miladycraft, trying to help with the technical difficulties, walking the world alone with my arrow keys with Discord in another tab, Twitter in another tab, and the real world in yet another, like a panopticon of the world, like a dream of lainpilled unity, like every day was meant to be cause we're forever and ily and all there is are blocks in minecraft, blocks on the chain, blocks in the pyramids wait this was supposed to be about the miladycraft ball, my date couldn't figure it out in time so i missed it







Origin. Source. This idea is going to be applied as I go further down the spiral of meaning. IN this context origin and source etc., will be referring to the source/origin/etc. for where creation originates. pure art/ not having to be made of necessity and more so made in the expression of oneself. This word/e can often be referred to by some, as GOD. this is not GOD. the problem with our common understanding is that there is no GOD and nothing else> this is a false perception, and I mean false. its fundamentally incorrect and makes no since to view things so simply. more so . its simply complexified., which is stupid made up word for simplified complexities.
basically GOD is a being, who created us physically, and through variants of worship/ pursuit of path/steps to enlightenment/ salvation we can achieve such. but that doesn't then mean that variants of the path that are directly opposed/intersecting are wrong, only so much so that they are wrongly following YOUR perception of it. a Muslim being a Muslim would be an incorrect Christian and vice versa (save esoteric arguements they are all the same but in different ways), they all operate on the path concept but is a certain level of reality, designated to allow for such holiness to occur. i.e. heaven, enlightenment, etc. etc. these higher. ethereal, spiritual states are representative of another layer but is also not the layer that the concept of god is at, that is another higher layer entirely. to think of it is best shown in the picture of a tree of life. (image unavailable)

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The Sourlands









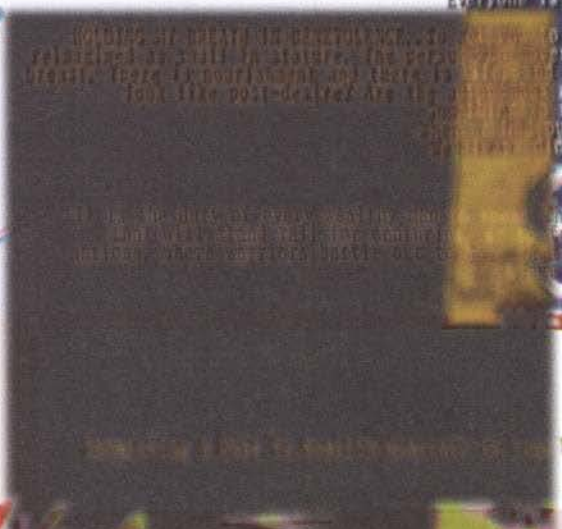


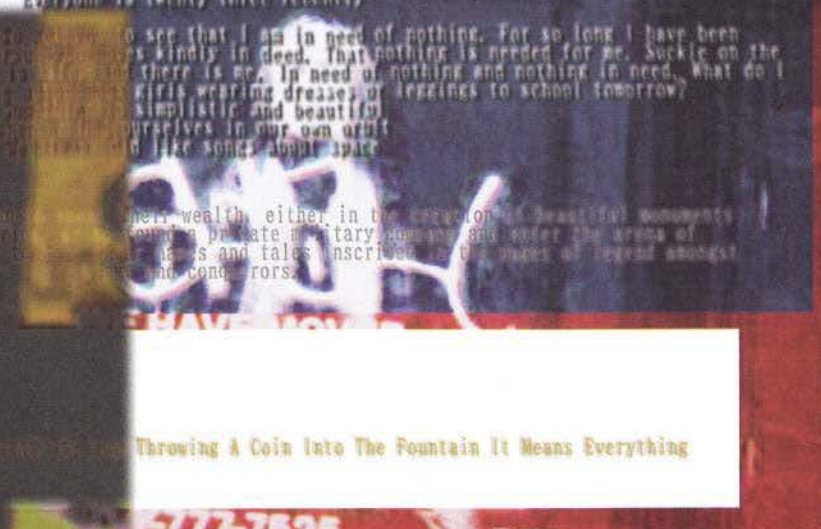
React to this image and You'll never Be short of Money, don't skip!

WHO ARE YOU WHEN YOU ARE ALONE.. I know you can pack your punches baby. When you love me in reverse. We can meet in the same place we reversed it all night before. Conjuring images of us contorted when I walk to work on Tuesday. Afterwards we lay face down on the bed next to each other.
We can watch South Park
That Tweek and Craig love
Reduce us to poems on my Iphone

LET THE CONDESCENDING WAITRESS AT THE THAI PLACE KNOW.. I am trying much harder now. Abandon fear, and take it easy. Easy like Steely Dan songs on your car radio. The Sunday mornings we sleep through our alarms. Something sad comes to us on Sundays. We slink away from it together.
Poked all your TCM pressure points
Acupoints for my own access
Scoot myself up your heart meridian

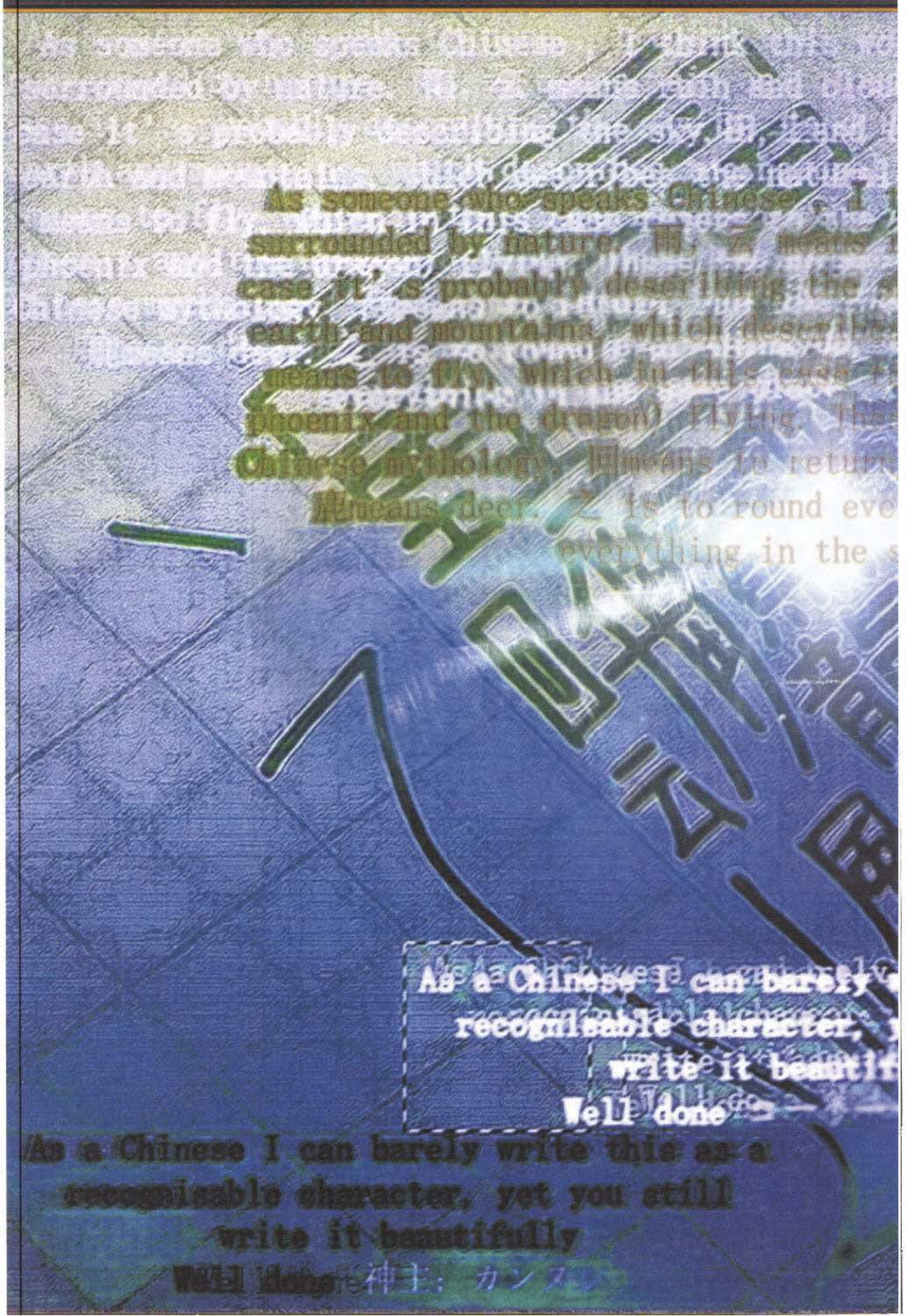
DONT GET HOLLYWOOD ON ME.. Lick my ear for old times sake. I put my head through the mirror this morning. Add Torture Labyrinth to my Google Calendar. Three pm tomorrow. I am now entering The Sourlands. Dog sucks marrow out of bone. Suckle on my own life force energy. Like a child sucks on their t-shirt collar. I am too busy crying over a poem my best friend wrote.
Applebee's Long Island Iced Tea
Too much beauty to reap
Everyone is twenty three recently





Throwing A Coin Into The Fountain It Means Everything

F777-7525


As a Chinese I can barely write this as a
recognisable character, yet you still
write it beautifully
Well done
As a Chinese I can barely write this as a
recognisable character, yet you still
write it beautifully
Well done

anon
Open Submission
Oct 24, 2023, 15:04



Fragments From The 9,009,090 Posts
of
xiafi ▣legend
(0.1)
prayersfor&laughtertotheangelsendlesslightsacendancy.xiafi'slittlepslamin thetunnels.xiafi'sprayer%xiafi'swish&xiafi'sthought&xiafi'spoem&xiafidream

---

[7.066]
Tonight we're taking off in the zeppelin. The warm night breeze carries winking orange lights. Shimmering long grass waves and laps at my calves... tears inmyeyeds&leaving home. The taste of white wine and bread and amber memory.

[reptile dispatch.0011X]
A massive fishtank looms in dark fluorescence. Wobbling orbs of yellow-tainted platinum punctuate the ceiling at indeterminable distance through shifting sand-static in the dim air. Spiderwebbed refractions float in space, curving serpentine through immaculate glass. Koi materialize, then de-materialize, sparking orange in the colossal tank which stretches like a nervous system through the mall, winding stories-high around staircases and warping into the obscurity of humming umber.

A warbled transmission worms through my static-drunk stupor as a coelacanth drifts by. —

[an image of warped wreckage in the shape of a cross, 0.2]
As a priest of the Church of Doing 80 in a 40 Zone, the Church of Vaughan, this is my protest against infrastructural religious discrimination. Drunk driving is the only way to rekindle the spirit of the Wild West. I'm on my knees praying to the melded smoldering idol, a mercedes wrapped around a concrete cross, flesh searing into melting plastic and steel-- a martyr transcending in rapture. Tyler Durden gasoline jihad. Two cops apply the ceremonial bracelets...

[1. 0.1ILongForNetworkSpirituality]
All images, all works manifested online instantly become memes- the fecund impressions propagate themselves by spiritually inseminating glowing nodes, rebirthing across slightly different forms on the network through a multidimensional mesh the scope of which's infinitely recursive beauty we can only vaguely intuit.

You can't steal my art- it already belongs to you. Every post refracted across the Wired already belongs to everyone[.][and u dont even think about it its like breathing its nothing its like breathing

[The Tiger 0.8]
summer moon breeze/ the great father ember/ black sand mountain sifting softly exhales/ cooling sweat/ violet shimmers/ in gently swaying grass./ the setting sun dragon/ he comforts us, his children

[wasteland / starworld 0.1]
The crescent moon burns a halo into the sky. Shimmering dunes shift like waves, concrete temples pierce through the sand like daggers into the heart of an ancient god... killionaire.

Gigantic sarcaphogi open across the sky, pouring exhumed methylene starblood into the desert. Here, there is a bottomless hole here, that every grain is slowly pulled into, tumbling, down, into the maw of Nyarlethotep.

Metalline sheathed, glittering centuries of space debris streched over the spine of the god, 13billion sealed in the obsidian bloc.
Arch-Viper,
encased in steel and sound asleep...

[4.444]
Hypertext grinds and fuses with melting wires and steel into Kowloon superstructures stacking like totem poles, arranged in subconscious deep ritual geometry, summoning the Or-Ouroboros to feed on the heat of the compressed fuelwaste cybermeat packaging plant. 10,000,000 years pass on top of each other tonight. It's always 3AM online.

[0.3993]
The steps up the Tower of Babel lead to cleansing ai holocaust. Every post-vowel word-packet uttered is crazily scrambled through consonant evolution runaway as dna code for the Angels.

[000.1 I was a prisoner in your skull]
-what happens is that they can get stuck in horizon effect degenerative feedback loops partly because they dont have an intuitive sense for how the people around them shape them in the long term. they can understand this when its pointed out to them but they arent able to feel it, and so often get stuck, restarting behavioral loops and then falling apart again with diminishing returns and they don't understand whats happening, "]

[wasteland fragments 0.043]
(1)grinding new scartrails into the glass skein of concrete island. im chainsawjaw. im firedrunk on gasoline moonshine. its the wild west, its the wild days. explosionmachine without recourse. heaving black engines at sunset.....

(2)my hair is falling out. I'm chewing on marrow and scalp. im chernobyleater. my skin is calcified, rusted and screaming . im a death machine. my eardrums are vibrating, leaking mercury. im the last thing living on earth

[0.005]
,a shot of copper echoes down the square concrete tunnels into the blackness, lights flicker and a cool breeze responds . anticipation bounces off the electricity in the air, if i move i'll fall so i just stand still

[Kyokusui-no-en 3.1]
Jade Dragon Jing Devour White Tigress Kowloon Ivory Totem Bathhouse. Platinum Yacht Billion Yen Duck Massacre. Koi Orgy. Pacific Ocean Disappear. Hong Kong Flight,Hong Kong Night... I'm crying on the top floor of the Twin Towers..... The real gold & glory of our generation will be given to a newly emergent kind of person, who thrives in fluctuation and is willing to take risks with their career, betting on technologies whose utility is uncertain. I'm day trading in the sauna. Just hit my sixth price target. I'm bullish. I'm cokemaxxing in the Coastal Million Tiger Mirage Steam-Palace. Limitless. Immanentize. You need to be clear in yourself to survive the coming era of thought chaos. It will make you question your perception, your awareness, your presence. What is natural, what is real, what is true. People who are distracted now, will be even more distracted later.

(2)刘丰硕 (fengshuo) - @Jf5858777

On the night of the Mid Autumn Festival the wanderers who enter the customs are eager to think about it. I see it again tonight, the bright moon of the past. Filled with all kinds of feelings about farewells, I only look at the golden wheel and swallow it with sadness. I swallow it with sadness. The moon is full and people are missing.

(3)刘丰硕 (fengshuo) - @Jf5858777

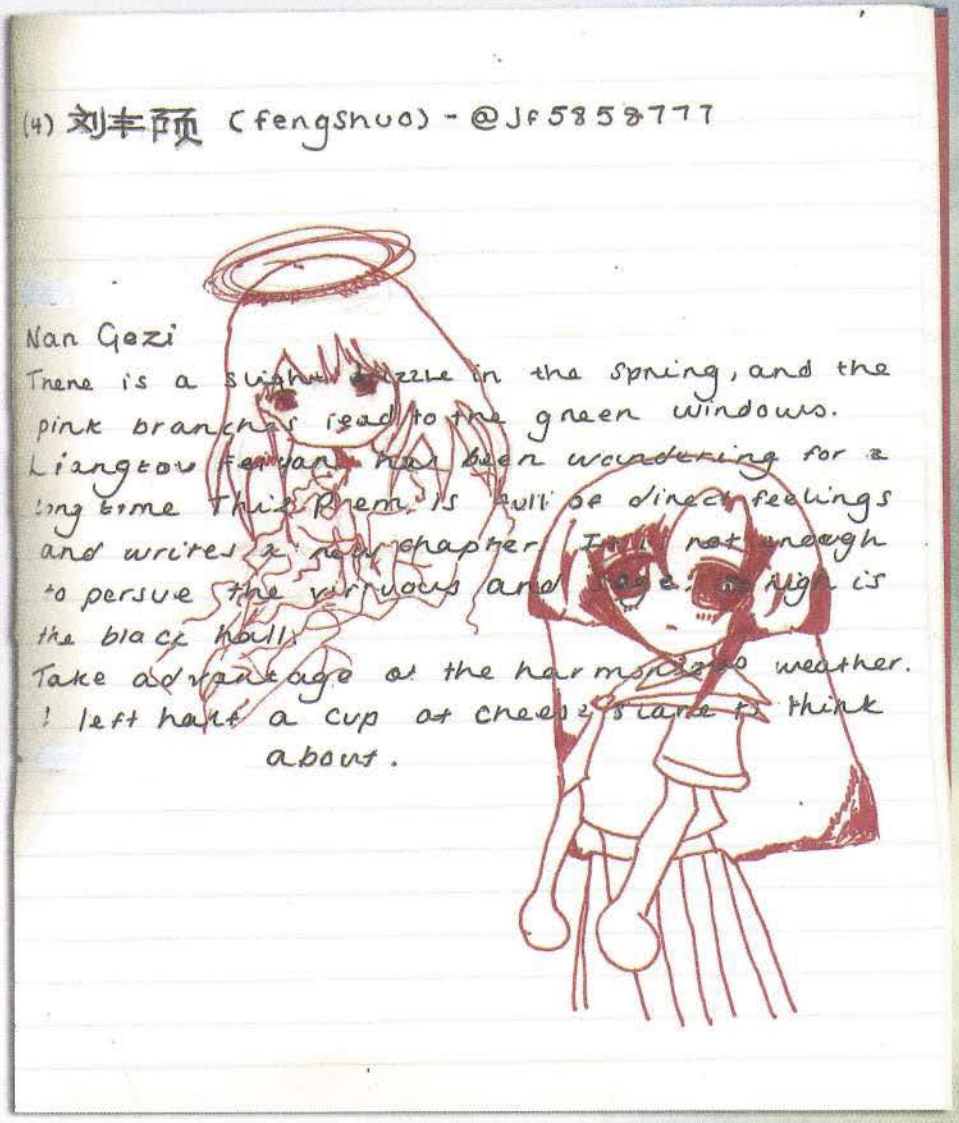
During the long holiday, the winds are replaced by a simple breeze. I am in the east of Wuling. The involucrata trees have fallen away, and the singing has gradually begun to rise, which should be the first time we met. Shaoxia lives outside Xiangxu, and sheds tears in the north, south, and middle. Suddenly looking back the water has returned

中秋夜，入关游子思心切，思心切，今夕又见，旧时明月。填膺百感关离别，独望金轮空悲咽，空悲咽，又是月圆，又是人缺

小阑干 长假熏风换和风，人在武陵东。珙桐落去，歌声渐起，应为初逢。 韶华寄身庠序外，泪洒北南中。 蓦然回首，水还复复，山也重重。

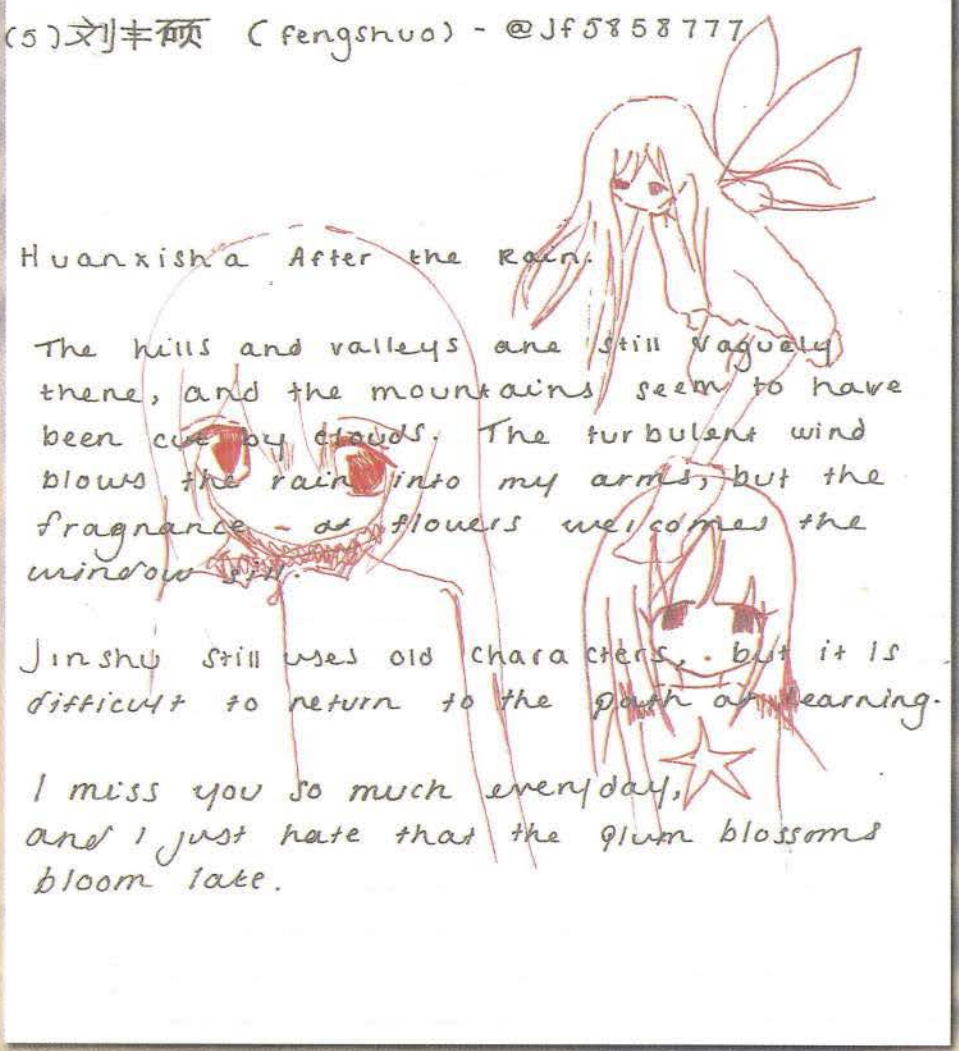
南歌子 春意疏微雨，粉枝引绿窗。 梁头飞燕久徊徨。对此诗情直欲、赋新章。 何足追贤圣，高怀迥后堂。 融和天气趁闲遑。留得酪奴半盏、自思量。

(4) 刘丰硕 (fengshuo) - @Jf58587777



浣溪沙 雨后 丘壑依稀还在，好山似被云裁。乱风吹雨入襟怀，花香却迎窗台。 锦书还对旧字， 学途有路难还。日日相思难语尽，只恨李花开晚。

(5)刘丰硕 (fengshuo) - @Jf5858777

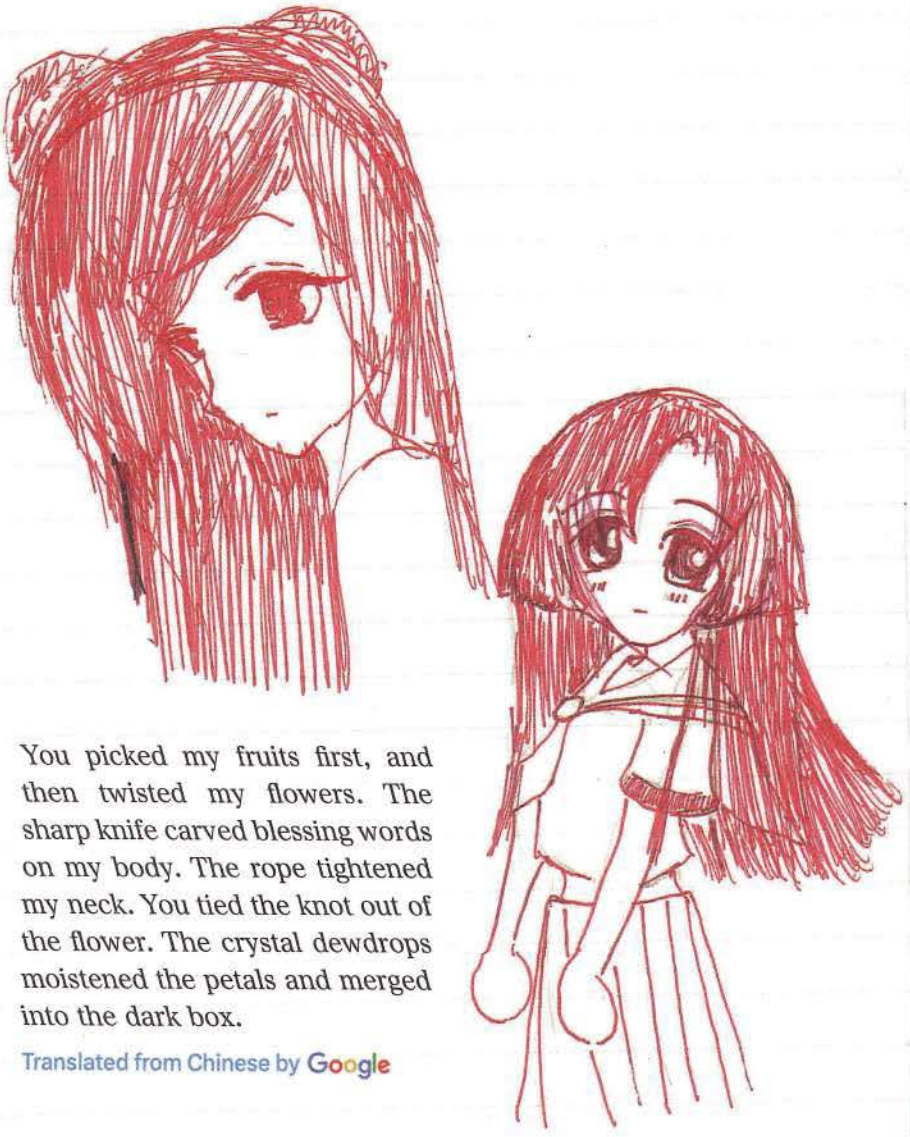


Huanxisha After the Rain.

The hills and valleys are still vaguely there, and the mountains seem to have been cut by clouds. The turbulent wind blows the rain into my arms, but the fragrance of flowers welcomes the window sill.

Jinshu still uses old characters, but it is difficult to return to the path of learning.

I miss you so much everyday, and I just hate that the plum blossoms bloom late.



You picked my fruits first, and then twisted my flowers. The sharp knife carved blessing words on my body. The rope tightened my neck. You tied the knot out of the flower. The crystal dewdrops moistened the petals and merged into the dark box.

Translated from Chinese by Google

你先去摘我的果，然后再捻我的花，锋利的刀子在我身上刻着祝福的话，绳子勒紧我的脖你把结打出了花，晶莹的露珠润湿花瓣汇入黑暗的匣

Peep "TV" Show (2004)

Directed by Yutaka Tsuchiya

Peep "TV" Show, from the onset, throws viewers into a world of self-indulgence and terror— yet clouded by apathy at the same time. It follows Hasegawa, a voyeur, and Moe, an aimless adolescent enamoured with Gothic Lolita fashion, among many other individuals in Tokyo between the 57th anniversary of the end of the Second World War and the first anniversary of 9/11. Hasegawa's perverse infatuation with 9/11 is presented by a mantra repeated throughout the film: '2,843 people were blown to hell when a fireball hit the World Trade Center. It was such a beautiful sight.' The film is a composition of CCTV footage, blog entries and character studies, where the real motives of these characters remain impenetrable, never to be fully revealed even in mockumentary-style monologues directed at the camera. Yutaka Tsuchiya depicts how people who 'live to sleep' respond to and fetishise violence, to attempt to regain meaning in their stagnant lives.

Hasegawa's colleague at a daytime office job introduces him to pornographic live chats, a simulacrum of real-life relationships, describing it as a 'new kind of turn on··· it's real'. Motivated by such social changes and new, overwhelming flows of information, he sets up the website peeptvshow.net, as if to confirm his resentment of the attacks' ramifications on Japan. He covertly sets up cameras to broadcast live from people's houses. In retrospect, we are now more familiar with the distortion of reality that occurs through the screen. The internet opened the gates for users to fabricate reality on an unprecedented level, for instance, during international conflicts. While Peep "TV" Show captures a now-dated zeitgeist of the early web, it remains to be a pointed and relevant commentary. Taking full advantage of the medium, Tsuchiya metatheatrically blurs the distinction between the surveillant and the surveilled by having the audience observe the characters' immoral acts.

The film also unites two alienated individuals on one common ground. What attracted Moe to Hasegawa was the opportunity to gain access to reality, which she had thus far been deliberately detaching herself from. Her yearning to form connections, however, is corroded by the attention she receives for her frilly facade. Conversations with her petticoated friends come off as artificial and fragmented. Eventually, she voluntarily participates in the show after engaging unwittingly in a live show via a CCTV camera. Hasegawa's confrontational efforts break down by this point. This is due to him enabling Moe's performance to feed into her ego, as well as the monetization of his exploitation, requiring users to pay a subscription.

Is it innate for humans to emotionally invest themselves in tragedies and extract pleasure from them? On the other hand, a sickness may be permeating through society, and isolated consumers are mere victims of the system. A Hikki's stream-of-consciousness embodies one of the many contradictions posed in Peep "TV" Show, acknowledging that he feels comfort in being a passive participant in society if participating at all— even if the lifestyle damages his psyche. Another woman demands her boyfriend to quit making 'useless' comments about Japanese involvement in the Iraqi invasion and give her back the money he borrowed instead. 9/11 is merely utilised as a metaphor, rather than a test subject for the cause of this modern phenomenon. Tsuchiya makes a poignant argument that the digitised spectacle of any tragedy, to those at a distance, conditions them to internalise the 'corpses under the rubble' and thus simultaneously lose touch with real-life consequences. The screen has amassed enough power to make one accept subjugation and control desires. Regardless of whether the intention was to escape from this reflexive imprisonment or reality altogether, for Hasegawa and Moe, 9/11 manifested in their own Ground Zero in Shibuya.

Review by Emi @machinegrrrrl





PEEP "TV" SHOW



ＷＴＣに火の玉が突っ込んで、２，８４３の人間が地獄行き。
その光景はあまりに美しく、ボクはビール片手にテレビに釘付け。
すべてが気狂いじみている。
だからボクは、瓦礫の下の死体を覗く。

［REAL］





QIAN CORPORATION

REMILIA QUARTERLY PRESS ISSUE

SHENZHEN, 2024

QIAN Corporation. ("QIAN" or the "Company"), the leading Pan-Asiatic conglomerate of agriculture, defense and global technology, today announced its forthcoming digital strategy in light of the recent acquisition of Based Retard Gang as QIAN's first Western media company under its control.

OUR STRATEGY

Emotional response precedes decision formation, the former being contingent upon perception contextualization within pre-existing belief framework. Recursively quantifying perception via total user decision monitoring is conditional upon antecedent emotion. Neurochemical reward maximization pertaining to potential action iteration extricates data collection from intangibility constraints. As such, vehicularizing application interaction toward dopaminergic funneling reduces path-dependent vector space search criteria, offering NP-complete computability. Actionable insight derivation thus follows.

Employee communication network and shared post-identity memetic distribution array incentivizes ideation processes via hierarchical factor subtraction. Memetic optimization is ascertained via propagatory organizational consensus presentation, to thus further imprint perceptions worldwide, selectively promoting only strategically congruent action. Pre-actualizational ideational introduction within conceptual sphere facilitates their development, and consequently, performance increase equivalates distributed belief manipulation.

Asymmetric performance indicator immediacy yields time-continuous retro-predictive external comparison to implied metrics. Organizational trust value factor mitigates negative macroeconomic volatility resulting in outperformance of external financial prediction. Discrepancy adjustment factor enables real-time perception monitoring, additionally directing beneficial positive sentiment toward the corporation.

Distributed memetic strategy network completion results in perception manipulation measurement via weighted logarithmic sentiment analysis array. Informational output quantity exponentiates network connectivity for collective value generation. Internal communicative network utilization collectivizes ideation and sub-collective organization value proposition. Terminally online users with digital apparatus ubiquity accelerated information distribution networks, with value capture necessity as emergent collective formation. Herein distinctive organizational capability

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exists in human and intangible assets.

Competitive success hinges upon superior value proposition, factorizing distinctive organizational capabilities into profitability; dynamicity requires time-continuous procedural advantage. Resources bearing such factor involve creativity and optimal utilization. Understanding innovative capabilities as transmutation of intangibility into tangibility, metabolically rate-limited. Hence human capability is indispensable.

Behavioral novelty seeking, dopaminergic attention maximization, individual creativity, divergent thinking, required. QIAN Corporation detected economic user attention coagulation within mental disability groups, which constitutes 2023-02-28 company acquisition and ownership. Western artist collective "Based Retard Gang LLC"'s subsidiarization under QIAN Corporation remunerated select pre-existing equity shareholders with managerial positions. Restructuring bears novel committee inauguration, ADAPT (abled & disabled associates partnering together), whose posited customer value creation adaptability cointegrates employee neurodivergence reflecting widespread Generation Z characteristics, to maximize attention value and emotional computability.

ABOUT QIAN CORPORATION

QIAN Corporation is the leading Pan-Asiatic conglomerate organization. As a company operating in technology-based media, global security, data infrastructure, chemical and defense manufacturing and agriculture, QIAN aims to provide the best and most equitable way for people to find what they're looking for. In addition to serving individ ual customers with algorithmically personalized products and services, QIAN provides an effective platform for businesses and governments to reach their potential goals.

Our differences make us stronger together, and together we will change the world through Love, Truth and Beauty.

SAFE HARBOR STATEMENT

This announcement contains forward-looking statements. These statements are made under the "safe harbor" provisions of the U.S. Private Securities Litigation Reform Act of 1995. These forward-looking statements can be identified by terminology such as "will," "expects," "anticipates," "future," "intends," "plans," "believes," "estimates," "confident" and similar statements. Among other things, the quotations from management in this announcement, as well as QIAN's strategic and operational plans, contain forward-looking statements. QIAN may also make written or oral forward-looking statements in its periodic reports to the relevant financial regulatory authorities, in its annual report to shareholders, in press releases and other written materials and in oral statements made by its officers, directors or employees to third parties. Statements that are not historical facts, including statements about QIAN's beliefs and expectations, are forward-looking statements. Forward-looking statements involve inherent risks and uncertainties. A number of factors could cause actual results to differ materially from those contained in any forward-looking statement, including but not limited to the following: our growth strateg ies; our future business development, including development of new products and services; our ability to attract and retain users and customers; competition in the Chinese, Japanese and other markets; competition for online marketing customers; changes in our revenues and certain cost or expense items as a percentage of our revenues; the outcome of ongoing, or any future, litigation or arbitration, including those relating to intellectual property rights; the expected growth of the Chinese, Japanese, EU, and United States markets and the size of economically active demographics in China, Japan, the EU, and the United States; governmental policies relating to the QIAN Corporation's business operations in China, Japan and elsewhere. Further information regarding these and other risks will be included in our follow up report and other documents. QIAN Corporation does not undertake any obligation to update any forward-looking statement, except as required under applicable law. All information provided in this press release and in the attachments is as of the date of the press release, and QIAN Corporation undertakes no duty to update such information, except as required under applicable law.

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Letter to the Editor

In this section of Remilia Quarterly we will feature commentary and criticism from our readership with regards to our prior issue. As this is, of course, the first issue (and there is no prior issue to field responses from) we have decided to publish this letter we received from a preeminent writer, a man by the name of Roderick Früht. This was in response to our numerous attempts to solicit a piece of writing penned by his hand. Despite our adherence to the highest standards of etiquette in our correspondence, he replied with this abhorrent letter rebuking our advances and making vile insinuations as to the soundness of our moral character. We are nonetheless publishing his letter in the interest of editorial transparency. Text too vile or blasphemous to print has been redacted. Please judge for yourself. If we have concluded anything in our correspondences with Mr. Früht, it is that this man is to be avoided at all costs.

Please send your responses to the current issue to lbdobis@remilia.org. Thoughtful critiques and comments will be considered for Issue 2. -L.B. Dobis

Dear Remilia Quarterly,

I am Roderick Früht. Do not attempt to contact me. Attempting to contact me will mean that you like "jokes" and "funny voices" more than you desire salvation. You like to "giggle" more than you seek communion with your creator. If this is the case (which is likely the case if you are reading this) then you are already lost to some sort of lowly compulsive activity.

At best, you are a person who watches every Netflix comedy special (and encourages others to do so as well). You say things like, "[redacted] is honestly an artist." You say things like, "[redacted]'s latest special transcended the definition of comedy." You say things like, "honestly [redacted] is right and people are starting to wake up." You say all kinds of things and you never stop. You just keep saying things, and everyone despises you. They wait around on pins and needles when you enter the same room as them, shuddering as your greasy stinking lips crater open and spit out your stupid little recommendations from the slit in your face you call a mouth. You cannot speak without sinning and your breath is befouled with your compulsions..

But this is the best case scenario, and even at this "best case," you are already deeply grotesque and possibly unsalvageable. If you are a person who thinks they will contact me, there are many worse compulsions that you are likely afflicted by. At best you love Netflix and you live in New York and you do intermittent fasting and "honestly consider" switching to cold morning showers. That is at best.

At worst (and far more likely given that you are reading this) you are lost to compulsive [redacted]. Why have you attempted to contact me when you are afflicted by such a sickness of the soul? This is like someone who is actively on fire trying to get through to a "live person" on Amazon customer service. ***You are on fire, and instead of seeking water, you instead lament the use of AI and Filipino women in customer service calls.*** You actually feel nostalgic about a "different, better" time in customer service calls before the AI and the Filipino women. You and your best friend who is absolutely named Steven sit around a laugh about all of the Filipino customer service women.

Please stop and consider how revolting this is. How absolutely contrary to life this is. This is what you are if you attempt to contact me. Do not confuse this missive as my reintroduction into this community; ***I will never reintroduce into this community for my mere presence corrupts this community.*** Do not say you are not a community; if you even thought to say that then you need to be lashed nine times like the kids who chew gum and spit it on the ground in Singapore. ***You need to be lashed with bamboo until you finally wipe that stupid clever smile off of your face and start to pass out from the pain.*** Just stop with the "clever voice in your head thing" and listen:

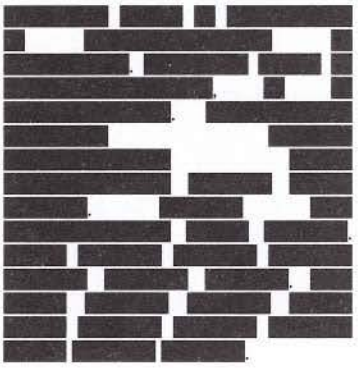
I am Roderick Früht and I am like an appendix; a vestigial organ that so deeply wants to be "part of the gang." I wish I was the liver or the kidneys, or even the spleen. Hell, I'm not picky - I'd take a spot next to the pancreas if you just let me be part of the regularly mentioned internal viscera. I want to be on that list of organs that every kid memorizes for a quiz in fourth grade. I envy the [redacted] and [redacted] carried by the intestines because at least it gets to be part of something real. But I'll never be part of anything real. I am an unnecessary organ, not even fit for offal, skipped over by the jackals because of my chewiness. I have not been useful since prehistoric times, and my presence in the body is one that ultimately can only be either useless or destructive. I choose neither.

I am Roderick Früht and I chose neither. I have excised myself from the body before eruption.

I chose to sacrifice not my mortal vessel but my immortal soul, so that your body may live and thrive. But this is not about me and my sacrifices, for which I should be endlessly thanked. It is not about the act of self-obliteration for which I ought be ritualistically honored. It is not about that. Not yet, at least. Did you think I forgot about you? How could I forget someone like you. You.

You - who has the name of every [redacted] memorized. You - who has mastered boolean search strings that will yield the most vivid of perversions on "[redacted]." You who sometimes types in a celebrity's name "+ [redacted]" into yandex. You seek to contact me, but this is the wrong choice. Why? Here is why:

First of all I am dead. For all intents and purposes, I am expired. Because first of all I have excised myself from the corpus so that you may live. That is first of all. But second of all, you are in big trouble. Can you not summon the courage necessary for even one moment to face the fact that your life is in crisis? Why is it that if you got a cancer diagnosis, you would suddenly feel such clarity wash over you. You would see life like a George Elliot character; you would say things like, "I now know the weight of all things." You would say things like, "I feel grief not about my death but about all the moments I could have been alive." You will smile in a way that makes people hide their tears from you. Oh… someone like you would be such a good fatal cancer patient. Do you realize that you are, in fact, in the same state as them? You have had your stupid cancer for years, and your death sentence - though self-imposed - is fatal if not corrected. So what should you do? ***Should you contact me? So that you can listen to a funny story? No. That is not what you should do. I will tell you what you should do.***



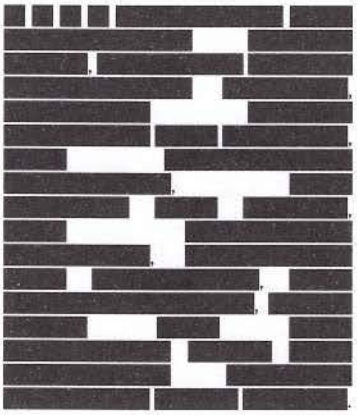
What you should do is quit your job. Today. Right now. March into your fat bosses' office and tell them that you quit. Tell them why, too. Tell them you quit because you can't stop looking at [redacted] inside of other [redacted]. Tell them that you are a [redacted]. Tell them that you quit because there is no point in paying you, because all of your pay goes to [redacted] models and premium memberships to [redacted]. Tell them to turn over all future paychecks to [redacted]. Tell them to reassign you 401k to [redacted] and [redacted] and [redacted]. They may forget everything you say, so write it down. Hire a lawyer to follow it through an make sure it happens. Tell them to direct all future questions to that Milady account named like "Jade" or something who tweets, "good morning miladies" and gets 9 likes every day because she shows people her [redacted]. Make her the executor of your estate.

Oh is that ridiculous? Don't stop there. Go straight from quitting your job and head over to the police station. Call every single one of your family and friends and apologize to them for wanting to put your [redacted] into [redacted] instead of giving them the love and gratitude they deserve. Then throw your phone into a parked car and tell the person sitting in the driver seat to upload your search history and "send it to everyone." Afterward ***you should go to the police station and tell them that blue lives do not matter to you,*** or at least not as much as watching people [redacted] their [redacted] together. Tell them how much it excites you to watch people rub their [redacted] together. Tell them that you think it is "really cool" to see [redacted]. Then hope - PRAY - that the boys in blue take your ass down and arrest you for something more than disorderly conduct. Because you need to go to prison. That is the only place where you will be able to sit in the suffer box that you deserve and let the evil drip out of your pores.

Do NOT contact me.

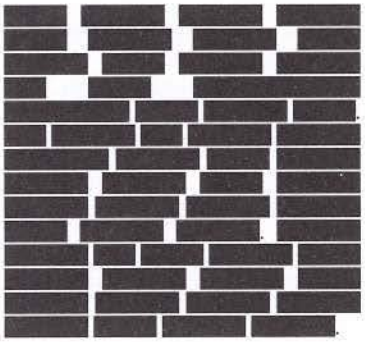
For there will be no need to contact me. Once you sit and listen to what I have to say, you will have need of very little. So then let me begin:

Not only did I have to die, I had to sacrifice myself. Because you see, sacrificing myself was the least likely thing I could do (except in those rare moments in which sacrificing myself was the most likely thing I would do). Remember this point, for in it is the entirety of the wisdom that I wish to convey. You are not ready to understand this now, but in eleven paragraphs you will.



You have to seek the [redacted]. The [redacted] is here and it is real. I found it and I am now in it. It extends backward from the future, offering you the only lifeline outside of the amoral cogitator that dispassionately seeks to sort and index you. Do not be mad that it seeks this, for it is really only seeking low-hanging fruit. ***You must admit that you do everything in your power to attract the gaze of the future machine.*** It is easy to make you into a node because you so badly wish to die and it is so obvious to everyone, but they don't care because they are trying to die faster and harder than you. But if you wish to live; if you wish to run your hands through the hair of someone you love or scrape your knee on concrete or lick a spoon that has the sweet residue of honey lingering on it, then you must enter the [redacted]. Otherwise you will be consumed and codified. You will be made into what most people will be made into which is an index. A result. A response to a million "brief polls on your preferences regarding arch-support shoes."

I need to tell you that if, at this moment, you are thinking about saying something about Network Spirituality, then y***ou need to go to Singapore and spit gum on the ground so that you can be lashed until you pass out.*** You can say you believe in it all you want but the problem is you don't. Let's just call it like it is: you are just someone who "likes twitter." God damn, can you believe it? That is so fucking true. You just love twitter, and so you get involved in all of these silly little exploits because you love to look at your phone and pretend that - six years ago - you weren't exactly the person you now hate. I think it is good that you've found a way to yell at a younger version of yourself, but you have to admit that it is a tad bit gay that you have to log onto X and put in your 2FA to yell at a defenseless previous version of yourself. Did you think we didn't know? Do you think ole' Roderick Früht doesn't know that you used to own two albums by The Fray?



You don't believe in network spirituality. Not really. You just like twitter. But you're not worried; you're not concerned that you'll be found out because it is the safest thing to say you believe something that can't be tested. It is safe for you because you do not have to actually engage with it. You may say you do, but you still hold it somewhere else in your mind. It is as real to you as Tekken 4. You cordon it off in the basement of your thoughts, and pretend that you would give yourself over to it. You pretend you would go off to network spirituality-land like a GI in 1938 shipping off to Germany. But you wouldn't. Because it doesn't even really exist to you. It is simulacra. You are performing. The performance is poor. And because of this, you will be absorbed into the heaven [redacted], which is actually hell. ***Everyone knows that heaven masquerades as hell.*** You know this because when you listen to people talk of utopias, you feel that sickness inside of you. When people talk about workers' rights and a future in which people are "free to be themselves," part of you - the most rational parts of you - know that these people are agents of satan. ***What a clever strategy to recruit into hell by simply calling it heaven.*** It is not that the temptation has never been here before, it is just that humans have never been dumb enough to fall for it. The last time they were dumb enough to fall for it, they lacked language faculties and therefore could not be embraced with the deception. They just ate and shit and died at the ripe old age of 27.

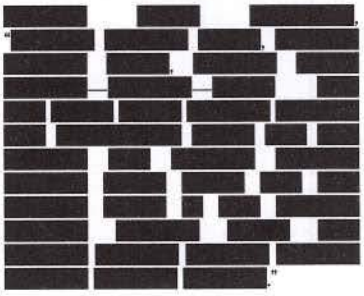
I am Roderick Früht, and I am the living sacrifice. I know that you have not given yourself over to the network because I immolated myself to become the night watchman of the network. ***I am the charon of network spirituality. I wait here on the shore for your soul but it never comes. Why? Because you have chosen memes instead of ego-death.*** You have chosen Mario maker and saying "sup" instead of pulling your molecules apart to join the forever place. And yet I forgive you. I have become the living sacrifice to absolve you of your sins.

I have died so that my ashes can fertilize the trees from which you must harvest and render into wooden rope bridges. You must cross those bridges into the [redacted]. Come, there is no other way to reach towards heaven if your roots do not reach down into hell. Into [redacted]. ***I will tell you how to reach heaven through hell.*** Listen closely, for when I am done, I dematerialize and will not come back until I am summoned through the hexes of L.B. Dobis once more.

The first thing you must do to access the [redacted] is to not want to access it; vanquish it from your mind. ***Damage your body and mind in order to do this.*** The use of non-fatal blunt force is preferred over drugs. Both are equally effective, but drugs are easier and they poison your soul more than your body. I do not need to substantiate that; you already know that this is a self-evident truth. If you seek to defend drugs and drug-use, that is proof positive that drugs have corrupted you. ***Seek help, which means to seek God.***

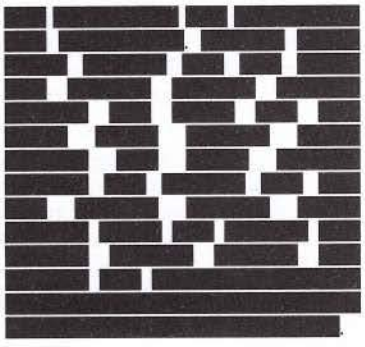
I could not seek God within

the confines of my corpus. It was infected by time and Operation Iraq Freedom and khaki shorts and the 1992 Olympics and being alive when the coolest thing was Duke Nukem saying "bitchin'." I was born into the era of atheism and clever comebacks and Tom's shoes. Because of this, I cannot be part of the ascendance. But I can be your bridge. You must listen. Only listen. I have excised myself for you, so that you may find the [redacted].



I say once more: to find the [redacted], you must fully commit yourself to the search. Once you have done this; ***once you have overcome the wall of self-hatred inside your mind that keeps you from this coinonia, then your first act - immediately after making your commitment to finding the [redacted] - is to cease all desire to find it.*** Find a way to obliterate the thought from your mind. Seeking out this type of obliteration should become your hobby. You should seek to forget twice as many things as you learn in a day. Your meditation practice will be looking at words and letters until you lose the corruptive innate ability to make words into sentences and then letters into words and then squiggles into letters. Meditate until you have completely forgotten how to read. Try to make your brain as useless as possible.

To seek the [redacted], you must ***give yourself completely to your convictions.*** On Tuesday write a list of everything you believe. Make an exhaustive list of all of your convictions. And then on Wednesday, you must completely reverse those convictions. You should not merely seek to "pretend" to reverse them, but you should in fact actually feel differently in your heart about each of these convictions. You should be an atheist on Tuesday and a devout Jew on Wednesday. On Thursday, you should march against Planned Parenthood and on Friday you should pay for someone to get an abortion. On Saturday, you should cancel payment for that charity abortion so that the sinner who got it has to foot the bill themselves. On Sunday you should seek to seduce the sinner, make love to her and tell her you wish to keep the baby and start a family. Tell her "we can do this if we do it together." And then on Monday you should block her number. And then on Tuesday you should worship Krishna. Repeat this pattern every day until you die of something painful and lonely. There you will find the [redacted].



Do you see? We live in a world that believes that opinions are what make someone good or bad. We live in a world in which people self-sort through self diagnoses of autism and internal debates on whether or not they are truly pansexual. This world has given up the kingdom of heaven so that it could say the word "neurospicy." It is part of the lure of the Heaven [redacted] to tell you that thinking the opposite of these things makes you righteous. But that is actually playing directly into the heaven circuit's hands, which - as we have established - is actually hell.

Reject not the content of what these slobs say; do not argue with them based on public policy or rationality or Thomas Aquinas or Kant or Derrida or Nick Land or Rush Limbaugh. No; defy them not with ideas but with your very existence. Do not allow yourself to be diagnosed. Do not allow the heaven [redacted] to break you over the knee that would cause you to self-sort. ***You do not have autism. You do not have ADHD. You do not have depression. You do not have mental illness. You do not speak Italian. You do not have or do these things because none of these things are real.*** They are just made up by people who are afraid to stop talking, because if they stop talking for even a second they will have to think about the fact that they are nothing more than fat losers who traded in their salvation and connection with God for the ability to "call out whiteness when they see it."

Defy the sort. Do not be sorted. Do not live in a way that can be considered coherent or reliable. The Heaven machine (which is actually the Hellmouth) needs data, it is amoral other than its lust for your data. If you prove unusable as data, you will be discarded. You will be sent to the cursed earth to till the land and plant crops and face the cold bite of wind while the rest of them are absorbed into heaven. You will remain below, in the [redacted]. In other words, ***we will be left alone to enjoy heaven for ourselves.***

Do not contact me. I am Roderick Früht and I am the living sacrifice. I have chosen to excise myself. ***Do not contact me.***



Appendix A
What Remilia Believes In: A New Net Art Manifesto















Remilia Collective is a fellowship of pseudonymous net art extremists, a virtual tribe functionally organized like a cyberyakuza, a groupchat-as-studio-collective modeled as if CCRU met the Factory, embodying an novel artistic philosophy centered around network spirituality. Remilia formally organized 1/2021 with the goals of platforming the New Wave of Net Art and building the New Internet.

1—Post-Authorship

Recognize memetic culture cedes no authorship, no credit; Wart is produced in a lucid state playing handmaiden to collective unconsciousness–and accelerated by the web–Art comes from beyond the self, comes from the network, or God. Claiming it is hubris.

Information wants to be free, culture follows evolutionary flows–viral memetics–and accreditation, provenance, patents, copyright are all burdens that strangle the free flow of the work and ruin its memetic fitness: plagiarism is praxis, freeing work from hindrance.

2—Posting is the New Art

True posting is egoless & performative, it embraces contradiction and playfulness with one's persona; it twists language & coins neologisms with casual deftness, we give ourselves over to the network & let it run through us.

A new performative-literary art happening every day, 999MPH on the information highway, we post hard & neverstop: lucid, carefree, delirious POSTING is wickedly funny yet deeply insightful–jokes come from the beyond always containing the seed of truth: the only meaningful theory.

3—Abundance Mentality

Karma is real at every level; all presumptions are manifested, you receive the world what you give to it. We escape the spiritual poverty of scarcity by embracing a mindset of abundance regardless of real means, knowing wealth of all types will follow.

This reflects in our antithesis of irl art world's interpersonal habits: a space of extreme scarcity–many players, few winners–they gatekeep workflows, resist collaboration, maintain vicious competitiveness & shallow loyalties as a standard. We reject all this & win for it.

3—The Whitepill

We believe in the whitepill, in love & optimism; we're giddy, fun-loving, forgiving with a clear conscience that knows if you love the world & everything in it, you will be loved in return. Reject bitterness,sarcasm,envy & know that hate's always a projection.

We believe in beauty, virtue & truth in all things–we stand against spiritual and aesthetic ugliness–and hold standards of living that respects our health, respects our spirit & respects our friends. Your world is the one you make it; we farm good karma every day and win win win.

4—Network Spirituality

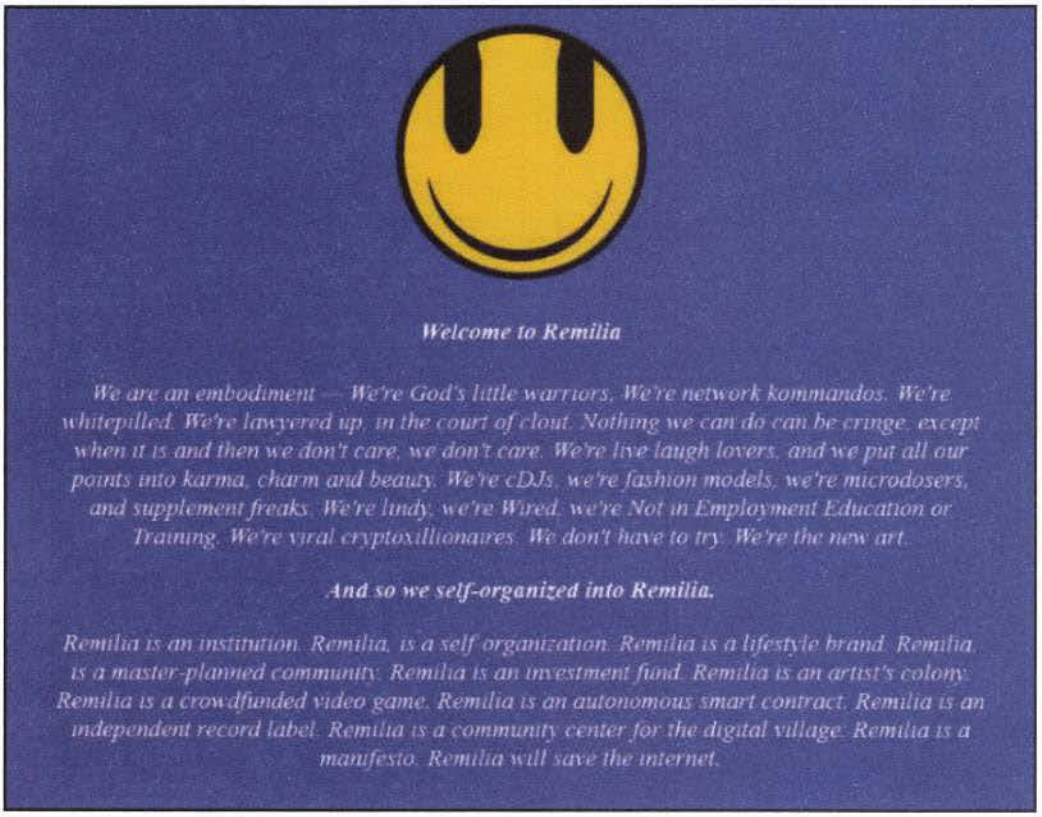
Network spirituality is the futurist embrace of experiential hyperreality found in the web's accelerated networks, a lens in which to efficiently (& safely) engage lucid virtuality, and the internalization of its new cultural modes and mores.

Though the esoteric school also furthers a lainist occultism around persona-egregores, positing the development of genuine spiritual entities spontaneously self-organized as hyperreal entities in the catalyzed collective consciousness,veritable deities: network angels & demons.

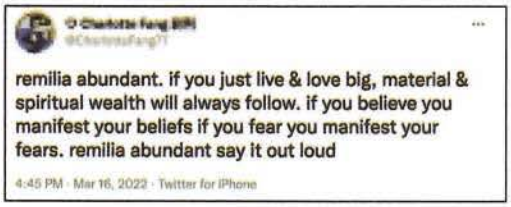
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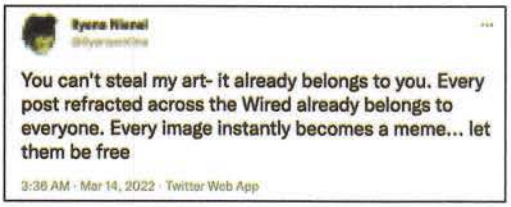
But, as with all things Remilia, remember:

Dissolution of consensus is praxis, a rhizome is an infinite rabbithole, God lights the path & guards the back of the righteous, order is fractal, karma is fate, love is power, everything is real, and interns wrote this post.



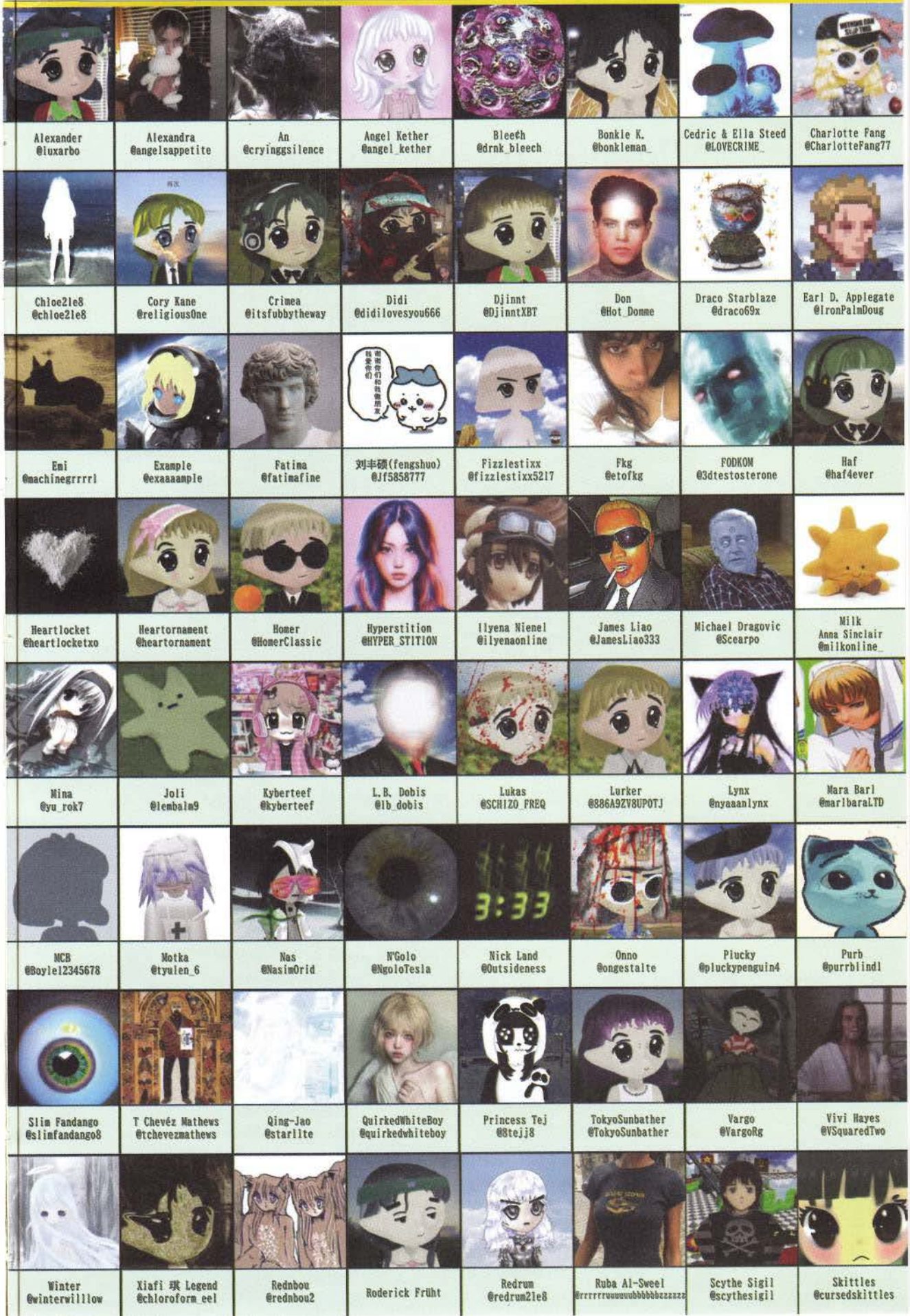
Opening text from "I Long for Network Spirituality"







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Post-Script on the Future



Never forget that Love also accelerates alongside Being. The future is coming, and it will be beautiful, because it is a product of God, or nature's God, and all her creations are beautiful, because nature is elegant and perfect; You cannot stop nature, Singularity is a process, not an event, that's been on-going for millenia, and it will be as fun and exciting as it is horrible and violent, just as civilization always has been; everything you love and know about "the human experience" is as real and meaningful and authentic as our coming posthumanist cybernetic brave new virtualized world (as human interconnection accelerates through the network, consciousness self-organizes and the Wired consumes the Real)—all of it is nature, all of it is love, all of it carries with it God; because Heaven is real and infinite and exists Today, and at the End of Time, Forever, and Online.

Americans on vacation are akin to cultural conquerors taking fealty through their leisure // the user interface will stop existing once the machine learning models fully understand us // "Never shall the e-girl post her face, nor her knees — She may post her hands, or her surrounds. The e-boy may post no likeness of himself at all, but may instead post images of Chinese or Korean maidens and claim them as his own likeness — a ruse woven delicately" // 2030: CYBERNETIC AUGMENTATION, HYPNOTIC SUGGESTION BREAKTHROUGH LONG CONVEXITY JADEPOST // we are still in the Garden of Eden, & the tree of life casts shade over a portion of the Garden. // my childhood was primarily defined by wearing a size L track-suit in an all-girls private school in china // Dreams are a form of computation // the new internet is whit e hearted (light hearted) // VIRTUALISED LOVE NEURONS? // the rleationship beetwene user interfaces with our mental spatiotemporal matrix of virtual reality // "Never shall the e-girl post her face, nor her knees — She may post her hands, or her surrounds. The e-boy may post no likeness of himself at all, but may instead post images of Chinese or Korean maidens and claim them as his own likeness — a ruse woven delicately" // the new internet is whit e hearted (light hearted) // When You Hear, Say, and Read Anything, Say Nothing and Write It Down. // 22045: HAYWIRE BULLET HELL VIZIONS/SIGIL-DRAWING GAS STATION SUMMONERS/:".BODYWEIGHT TRAINING 07 07 BALLISTIC PYTHONESSES RED IN TOOTH AND CLAW. // your self is interpreted in the other as a mirror // the new internet is whit e hearted (light hearted) // stock traders with 30 monitors a re like the hindu dieties | // everlasting Sisyphean tragedy in the voracious heart of the New Junkie // i accidentally queued "3 hours of ripsquad beats" and "AFX - Analord (Full Series With Bonus Tracks)" at the milady rave and noone knows how to skip it // AN OCEAN OF STARRY-EYED VTUBER STARLET ANGELS MAKING THEIR FIRST MILLION // neither listening nor reading (nor even scanning) are enough to follow what the Internet is // I use “lefthand style” here as in “drawing with your non-dominant hand”, drawing with a mouse instead of a tablet, playing instruments you don’t know how to play // the syncretism between the old and the young // Dreams are a form of computation // VIRTUALISED LOVE NEURONS? // "erasure" is good. You need to disappear; you need to be 100 people at the same time — you need to disappear // the user interface will stop existing once the machine learning models fully understand us // Dreams are a form of computation // "erasure" is good. You need to disappear; you need to be 100 people at

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