

Nero's day at Disneyland  
Moonage Daydream

00:09



41.28  
108K

### Added Images

Jane

Winter Tr Enjoying Winter -

Jane - Jane

Robbie Enjoying Winter -  
 Jessi Work

boots - Sweet

Cutie Chic -

Jane

every season...

Latest uploads...

38K  
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U C T E B G H R A N G E B



Hey Sexy,  
I Own You





NO NONSENSE,  
EERLIJK STELEN!

# Mario World



LOADING

PLEASE WAIT...



# Chaos as a framework The making of the self through a chaotic paradigm canvas



making sense out of the nonsense  
bullshit theory

chaos as a way to cope  
coping through chaos  
Comfort in Chaos

Chaos as a holistic system  
everything and nothing  
Looping through Chaos

Feedback theory  
short-circuit theory

Metaverset

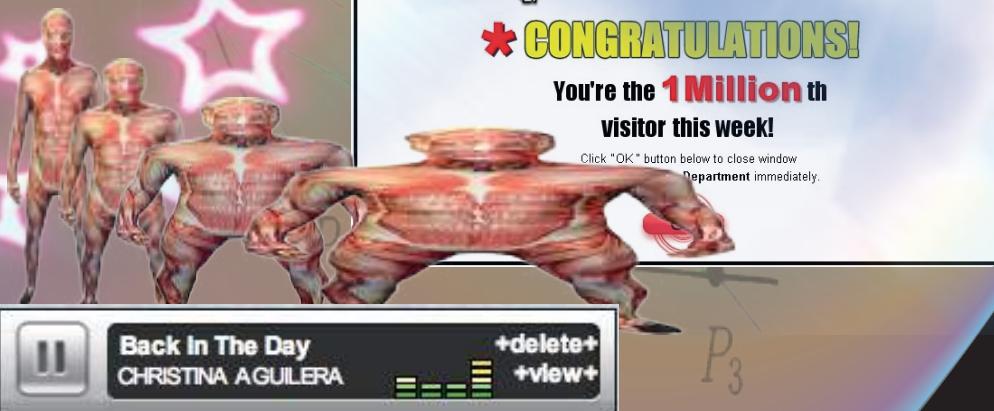
Tabula semi rasa

379 tabs open

Chaos as a sustainable self explanatory system

Chaos as a Self induced hysteresis

Random generator.pt



Back In The Day  
CHRISTINA AGUILERA

+delete+  
+view+



SCM Music Player



Like this site?







"Et Les Lilas, sur la table, cherchaient  
a t'effleurer pour teinter ta paupiere  
D'un doigt de bleu, couleur de l'univers"



## DOWNLOAD



On the miraculous  
On the interstice  
The agency of matter and shape  
About the clowny, the burlesque  
About desire, the star that fell  
The grace that descended  
And the desire ascending  
A voice arise.  
Of innocence, of what is prime, of this relation to a  
world made up of undeciphered glyphs. Of cultivating a  
virginal relationship to everything  
It depends. Do you want a solemn reading?



I just want to share a truth, to find something true and to tell you, to share that little piece of matter that does matter. But maybe truth doesn't matter so much, maybe truth is another coping mechanism humanity invented to cover the wound. A hard pill to swallow. What will be the sweetener around to hide the bitter flavor? I felt sick, I felt ill. I wanted to reach with the tip, and the back of my tongue unknown flavors, some perfume that would make it bearable. Something to help digest it, a panacea that would resemble and soothe the microbiome agitating in my bowels. Something to untie my knotted stomach.  
I wanted to throw up. I felt so full so full of emptiness. My whole body under pressure, suffocating five miles deep in atmospheric abyss, fuck gravity. And as in a plane, it's impossible to open the window, we are on board of a spaceship derivating in vacuum. SpaceX can go fuck itself. They say pressure is how diamonds are made. Probably blood diamonds.

de fil et d'épine  
défile en aiguille  
qualified cringe





**GIF Wizard**  
Shrink Your GIFs!

At the beginning of time was the big bang. At the beginning was a big exhale. The first ever move was a sigh. We were all doomed already. A flashlight and then the cosmic microwave background. At the end there will be a big crunch maybe. A giant rewind perhaps.

Breath in, breath out. A whisper exhaled through milk teeth.

The universe blowed its first candle, happy anniversary I guess.

Cracking up a match, I love the sound of it, and the smell of it. Phosphorus was probably discovered in the 15th century in the depth of a poorly lit alchemist laboratory. The guy cooked up his piss somehow and ended up with this glowing rocky piece, he thought he found the philosopher's stone, he might have.

magnus opus

Minus opus



Alchemists, inspired by various gods, were trying to ordinate the *materia prima*, play with the elemental building blocks, fixing ether, get high on the *spiritus mundi*. Gold transmutation was a mere symbol a pretext, the subtext was the search for the transformation of themselves, the transmutation of the search itself. Recompose reality, find the breaches. Bridging the gap between spirituality and existence down here, effectively. Making a composition. Order chaos. Mirror cosmos. What's the matter ? Nothing matters but everything counts.

I can't stand matter anymore. I can't bear to move things. Nothing gets lost, everything transforms. There is no escape. Matter-Mater-Mother, Jokes on me I have mommy issues and that's it maybe.



**Welcome!**  
Mailbox • History • Staff



See our readers' responses!

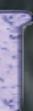
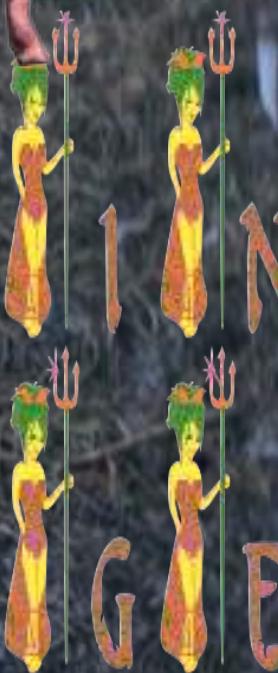
**ISSUES****K-12** [Education](#)**Technology****Internet**

If earth is made of a given number of atoms, this figurative celestial body descending will bring me a bit more of them. Like a meteor coming. It's going to crash on us, transforming my inner landscape. Leaving a burning crater. And waves, swirls, backwash, modifying my biotope shockwave after shockwave. Adding a stone to the edifice, to the leaning tower. Adding a building block of matter. Throwing a brick in the pond full of giggling infusoria. Disrupting the current. The current is that old Taoist image. A tank of sinusoid waves perhaps. But even then, the shape of a sine is oscillating, like a pendulum it is a succession of ups and downs arranged around the axis of symmetry. A string of hills and valleys, like when you dig a hole, and the amount of dirt you took out, formed in negative a small mountain behind you. It's hopeless. But paradoxically it's eternity resting inside of us. A reliable effort. When we hold our hands, we exchange millions of atoms. Some of the ones constituting me also composed a pharaoh in Egypt, and a monk in Thailand, and a Celtic shepherd. Constantly circonvoluting, reshaping, recombining, a perpetual formal mutation. Sometimes I think about all of the things that compose me, and I think of me being cattle for all the bodies parasitizing and being part of the chimera we are. That is nice. We are in this together. Just co-dependent beings trying to make a "living". We are in this together. Maybe if we focus hard enough, if we pull some length wave string and control them by atomic capillarity, we could perform magic, like Prâna, like when as a small kid I grew a tumor out of empathy just by looking and mirroring my cancerous tumorous grand-parent face; maybe if I focus hard enough I can get Bioluminescence or push out some horns.

M A I N



USER





detective, ésotérisme à deux balles et couceries artistiques pour magazine de luxe. Garanti tout en toc<sup>6</sup>. Certains comme Félix Lemaître de Brain Magazine ne goûtent cependant pas la plaisanterie, et voient dans ce film ni plus ni moins qu'<sup>7</sup> une pub Cacharel tournée par Marc Dorcel, un cauchemar de bourgadise sous codine, une sitcom AB Productions qui se prend pour un film de **Da Main Page**

Persuasion of the elements is the core of the alchemic initiation, and to be effective, the alchemist, or the artist, has to pour a bit of their substance in the cauldron. The material as a sign, as a metaphor being the depositary of a will, is impacting a spiritual construction. Like the golem animated by magic words. One of the Judeo-Christian god is called "the verb" for a reason. Action verb, the Act itself, name it ant it will be, this is the promise of creation, enacted word, And a verb, a word is a vibration too; A vibration conjugated at every temps, and echoing its reVerb.

"le Gardien, dans son AGWANTI (détachement), prononça la parole qui appelait le pouvoir. En accord avec la Loi, le verbe du maître éclata en fleur. Du cœur profond de la Terre, les enfants de l'Amenti entendirent son appel et avec leur LOGOS ils dirigèrent les mutations de la Fleur du feu qui brûle éternellement afin que sa flamme change de direction".

EMET MET

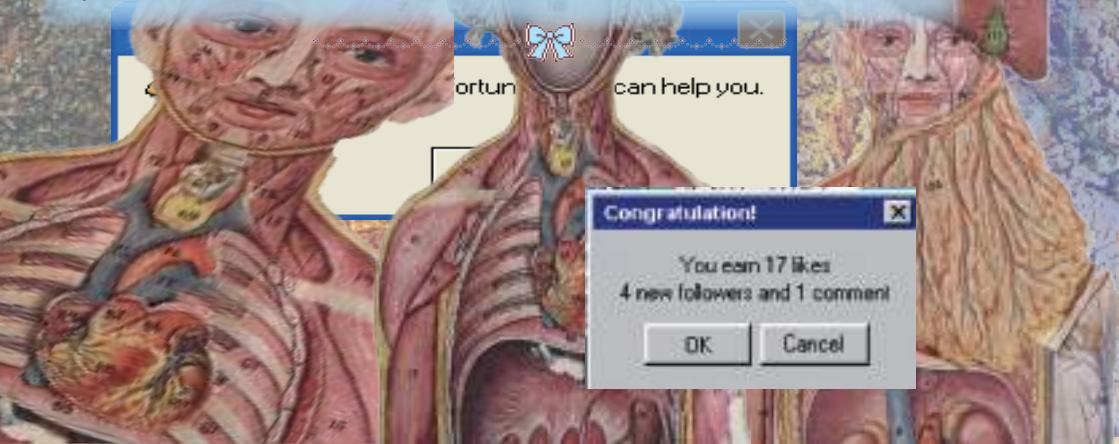


First things are brought to life then they stand up. But that is a ridiculous oversimplified idea and I'm glad we can push on every directions, roll on the side, jump in holes, and shift perspective, and play with anamorphic properties, and we just have to wander around, walk and search a good point of view, a good perspective that might unfold a part of the big picture. Idk anyway the idea was that you have to pass from contemplation to action, dynamised. A dream of will. Will, as willingness, as vows, as the testimony of community, passed along. The synthesis between horizontality and verticality is the diagonal that holds this dynamic power exploited by constructivists and futurists. Making the move along the axis. Pushing on itself. Impersonating desire, that is the strength itself, the willpower, the core of the ill exponential hunger of perverted stockjobbers. Inhabiting also a strand of grass trying to keep a straight posture in the wind. Misery and hunger, desire growing of and on desire.



LEDs do not require current limiting resistors, used only in solder builds

The verb again, the command, the vibration, the loud om bass moving things in waves or the high pitch shivering signal narrow and piercing through, the formula enacting magic, scripting a direction to forces and matter. Similarly languages shape your mind and images and desires. An entéléchy for everything you will ever be able to think of being. Idiotism contouring a culture. Finding the absolute language that would speak to all is an old phantasm ghosting humanity. Sign language, or Esperanto, music perhaps, whistling or native American smoke messages. Everyone vibing and sharing the same vibrations, the same music. Nothing there but the old Babel tower. Humanity is searching for a basis, something else to share, but there's no bottom to anything, every construction crumbles, falling on itself, taken by its own weight. This is the oldest myth and the oldest myth's myth: the oldest chase animating every discipline is the foundation, the origin, the common ground, the search for the origin of the community; made up myths on paper or carved stones, made up meaning. But we could only make frail construction over an abyss and we all suffer from vertigo at this point. There is no 0, no reference. Except... energy conversion ? Maybe ? Except... The gravitational constant ? Idk I'm no scientist. It's just nice that there is something called a constant. Maybe the common language is silence, and its rhythm, its length, its scansion. Mythical violence, myths are violent because they enforce irrational laws. In greek myths no one was punished because of hubris itself but because the punishment is the funding of juridical systems. An irrational system. The irrational funding of powerful forces subjecting us. We need new myth; ones that wouldnt root violence.





sources

Icon #19  **noise**

Imagine...My ear against yours. I hear the sea, flux and reflux, inhaling exhaling, seminal liquid covering the land, washing on the sand made of shattered prehistoric bones, starfish sand, rainbow colored pebbles; and retiring slowly again to the big One, the all, the unspoken form of It.

You are a seashell whispering to me some sort of code  
1001101001011010010100010100

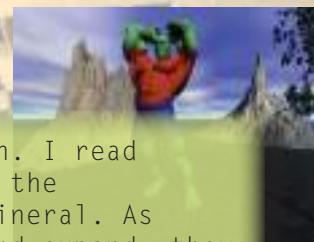
Listen to that rhythm, can you catch it, it's like a signal, it's pure energy, a-living you, animating your flesh, buzzing electric shocks in your brain, macro/microwaves, connecting some sleepy synapses. And we share it. Listening to things, everything is buzzing, tinging, resonating.

Invested by multiples sorts of frequency, your senses catch them and translate that language into colors, shapes, smells, sounds, tastes, feelings.



Thinking of the philosopher's stone again. I read somewhere that a new research was making the hypothesis of the origin of life being Mineral. As crystals for example kind of reproduce and expand, they multiply, in a geometrical construct, ordinate atoms taking space, arranging themselves. I don't remember exactly but it was something about a mutation in the carbon amino-acid chain or whatever. Wouldn't that be beautiful ? Mother earth would suddenly take a very literal meaning. As we are composed of almost 20% of carbon. And the calcium of our teeth and bones, silica and the heavy metals in our body, and the kidney stones, and the philosopher's stone, and the pebble in my shoe. I would relate to them in a more ancestral manner. I was considering maybe how desevolution should be advocated for, that we should regress back to primate, that the vertical stance was the ultimate mark of hubris that eventually caused our downfall, that we shouldn't have turned our ego up to the stars. But maybe we should go further, really oppose desevolution to the for-coming transhumanism, regress to the stone age, literal stone I mean. Be a rock again, like in that saying be a rock in a river or something. Nothing is realest than nothing said Democrite. Maybe that's what stylites tried to achieve by standing on their columns for years, their unmoved legs becoming gangrenous limbs, stone-like bedsores. Their flesh becoming solid, covered by hard scales, rockhard, emptied from blood, stopping any form of circulation. Becoming statues, idols face turned up crying miraculous mineral tears. A fountain for the cult.

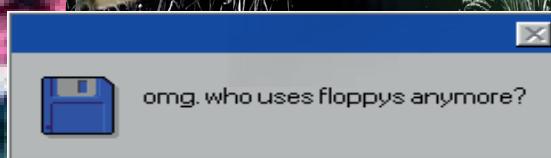
Fossilisation negatif platon



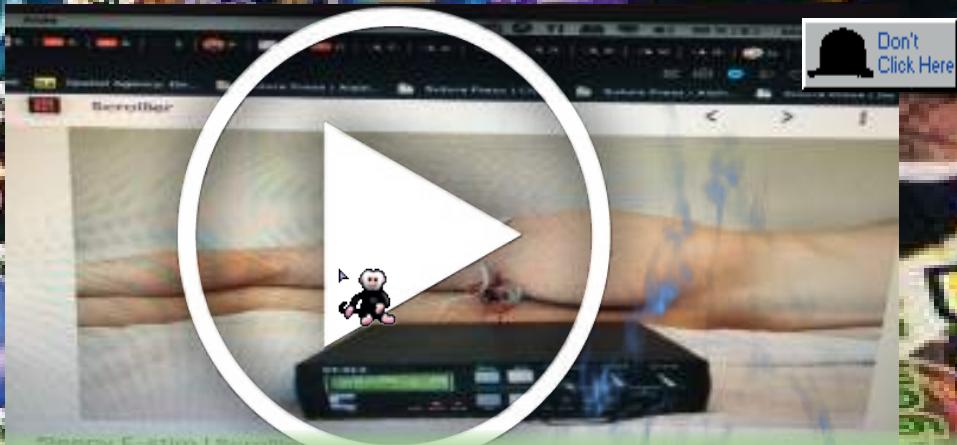
Windows xp



Diablos21



BBB1111



The Rousseauist ideal of nature got hype again with all these cottagecore and new age things going on on the internet. Everyone reenact this idealistic view of a collective mythical occidental imaginary of the edenic nature after centuries on an anti-natural mindset of a nature to tame, to exploit to submit, of a wilderness to moralize such as in the conquest of the west depiction. And between regression and progress, the two directions meets at the tip of the circle.

Again Nature isn't a consensual world after all. Nature doesn't exist for itself, it is rarely more than a mere ethical, political or moral tool. Animals too were excluded from paradise, and dolphins and rapist ducks might also go to hell. Jeff Bezos and his cowboy hat standing in front of the spacecraft.

A hair floating on the broth. Corrupted matter, satisfying in its generative power, fleshy flowers opening, nothing to invest in there but pure transformation. It does it itself.

Metamorphosis. Caterpillars in their little sealed pocket becomes a soup and then recomposes again as a butterfly. How does the soup know what to do with itself ? Like the primordial warm soup making up the young universe we derived from.

Primal holobiont, good myth for the materialist faith. If the caterpillar digests itself maybe the universe does too





this user is a corporate scheme  
disguised as an anime girl



This user doesn't do computer  
work!



contrary to saint Thomas  
Maybe I don't believe in anything  
Maybe not even what I see.

(trust issues with reality)

I bite my hand or pinch myself, pain signal rushes  
in my brain,

I pinch myself to make sure I'm alive.

But I just want to lay down and rest in peace,  
Risking boredom. A sinecurial threat to the sky.  
I don't want to participate. Wipe me out.

I would rather not to said Bartleby

I would have rather no to, but I did, because I  
share that innate devotion to being.



Arrete ! tu me tires tout mon blé



ELIMINATE CORRUPTION  
AT ALL LEVELS

ZERO RUPEES

CCW



Now I would rather believe than not. I'll believe anything. Lies are meaningful if they are pretty enough. A fabulation of yesterday might come true tomorrow. And the best lies are the ones incorporating some truth. Turn it around, turn the wheel, turn the table. Prendre à revers, cet ourlet du tissu de mensonge cousu de fil blancs.

Topologically there is no difference between a donut and a coffee cup. One of my favorite things is to drink while pissing under the shower. Inhabiting the water-flow, being transient. Your nostrils wide open there is no topological difference between you and a coffee cup. A simple Torus.

Every time I met that friend we discussed the shape of the universe starting from a random point, from a silly image ; and every time we closed the discussion on the same intuition. Every time it made sense that the universe is a fractalized double torus. Funnily enough a French researcher team of the CNRS or something wrote a paper not a long ago, stating a similar theory, based on deep leveled math starting from the Poincaré conjecture maybe. That the shape of the universe might be toric. I hope they are right. For what I know it could also be in the shape of an out of service ice cream truck with a flat tire. Or maybe it's a monadic interlacing of borromean knots. Interlaced monadic Moebius ribbons.



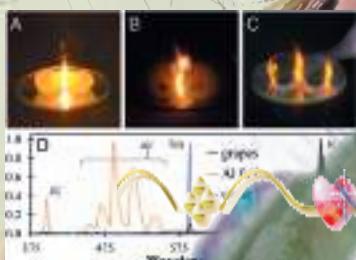
maintenant une position assise reposante

très utile pour pouvoir compléter ses salles dans de bonnes conditions.

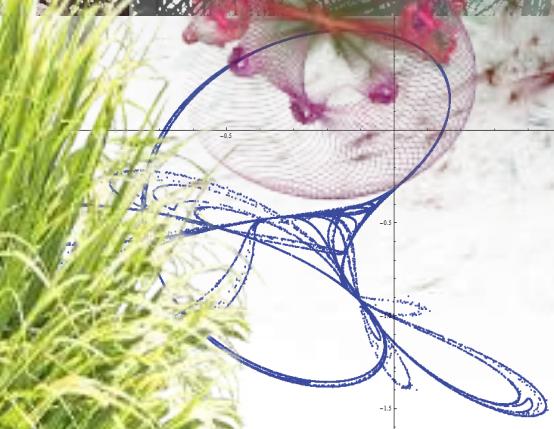
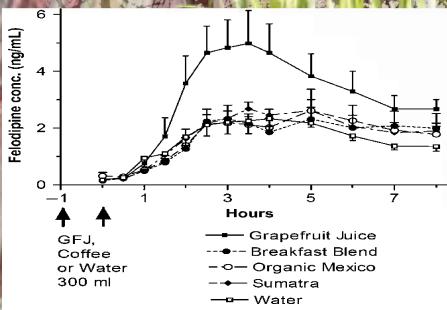
Force

!  
on





The Glasgow ice cream war. Ice cream trucks were a front for drug dealing gangs, and a lot of people fought, struggled and died, accompanied by the joyful 8 bit chimes of the ice cream trucks.



Meet Christian  
Singles In  
Your City

A spiral rabbit hole.

Light particles traveling straight. What is straight anyway. Like the flat earth society horizon line. Event horizon. I guess a line is just an infinite add up of points or something. Straight in absolute, but there is a curvature. If it's a multidimensional curvature, the line will never reach itself, in a spring shape, circonvoluting, filling the whole with itself, always trying to reach the origin point, always being too late to catch up with itself. Dante's circles of hell like stairs, like toric spirals. Is that the clinamen thing ? Epicure and Lucrèce, an Atom falling in the void, hitting and joining another one and combining to form something together. Crazy that the old Greek masters found out this thing by just discussing it for a while. The center of this paradigm being just a hazard while everyone is obsessed with things having a superior reason is incredibly punk. Then the atoms need the void, because the void is what made the encounter possible; "explaining the 98% of emptiness". Later the Clinamen theory got more about the force of free will, of consciousness, of will power, of drive, pushing you to express yourself, deviating from the straight line, giving a curvature to it, entangled singularity. But we are always late, missing the everlasting appointment that was set before time was a thing.



Top 50  
WAV Sites

Tipper's attempt to purchase an alleged KKK "Cave Bunker" \*\*\*\*\* While media often opening of the Nixon Presidential Library, a President drew less coverage for a similar park once a renovated Heritage USA theme park once and Tommy Bokker is once again open for business.

**Warning**

well as

Literal

that it

Reagan

never

Years. Displays range from the educational (

Condensed Bill of Rights") to inspirational (

a Christian Musical Ride called "Pilots"

area for journalists getting a preview of the

"Controlled", a special 3D attraction where

holographic portraits of Thomas Jefferson,

contemporaries, and then look from a slight

Adolfo Colino and his colleagues' profiles in

California, a spokesperson for the Reagans

would substitute for the more traditional

preserve the Reagan Legacy for posterity. "

country on a ride for eight years, we figure

to return the favor." Commenting on the sub

for the

Reagan Library, "The Presid

needs

THIS MACHINE

KILLS

FASCISTS

Porn videotape called

focused on the recent

contemporary

act. The newly-

by Tele-Hucksters Jimmy

use. The park, recently

Reagan is

Honolulu.

ing the park

on of Ronald

peril! The

of the Reagan

Reagan's Official

But the curvature, the roundness of the shape, came from the kinetic force, like a sharp piece of rock that became round by swirling around in the sky, being used, worn out, rounding the edges, finding equilibrium between different points of attraction, polished by gravity and kinetic strength, atomic friction. Smoothen precious stone, celestial body floating away, carried by a bigger strength, shining above. Then what gave the first impulse, what threw us all together. What made the first explosion in that chain of reactions. Gravity as a big equalizer flattening tops and lows. STFU and share the weight. Becoming Prometheus or Atlas, like stylites like caryatides. Can you feel the cerulean weight on your forehead? Where is the point of equilibrium in this moving entropy? How to find balance while heterotropism drive us apart? Floating, uncertain, like a shroedinger experiment. Trying to find the magnetic poles to stay suspended. "I don't search I find." Who came first between the chicken and the egg? Who is the charioteer, the "aurige" conducting the experiment? Why so many synchronicities involving tele-guided cars lately?

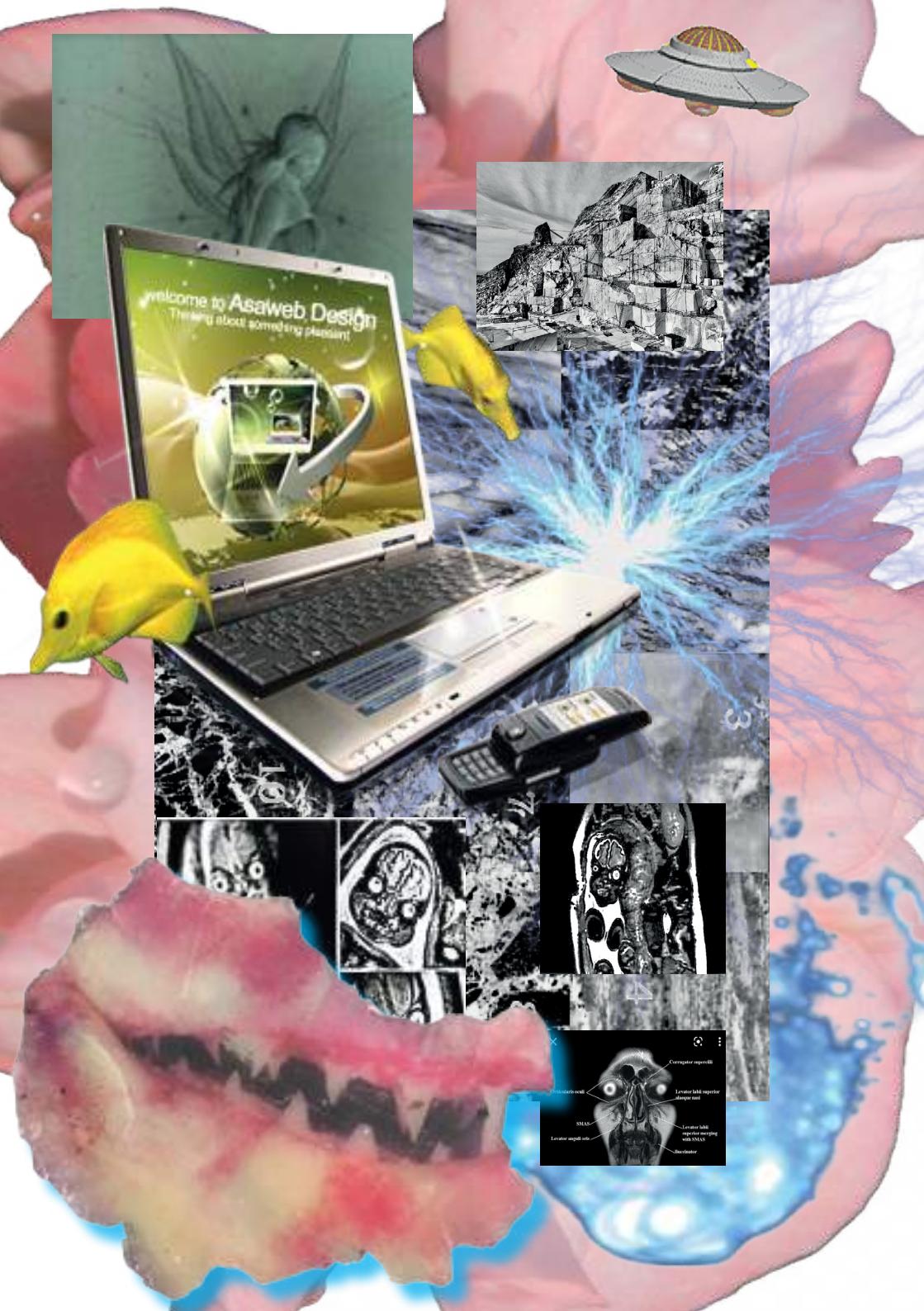
Our internal organs are not symmetrically arranged for obvious efficiency and space management reasons, but it bothers me so much. Can we consider victorian folks eating mummies in beauty elixirs as cannibalism? And why carcinisation **REJECTED** happened so much in evolutionary history?

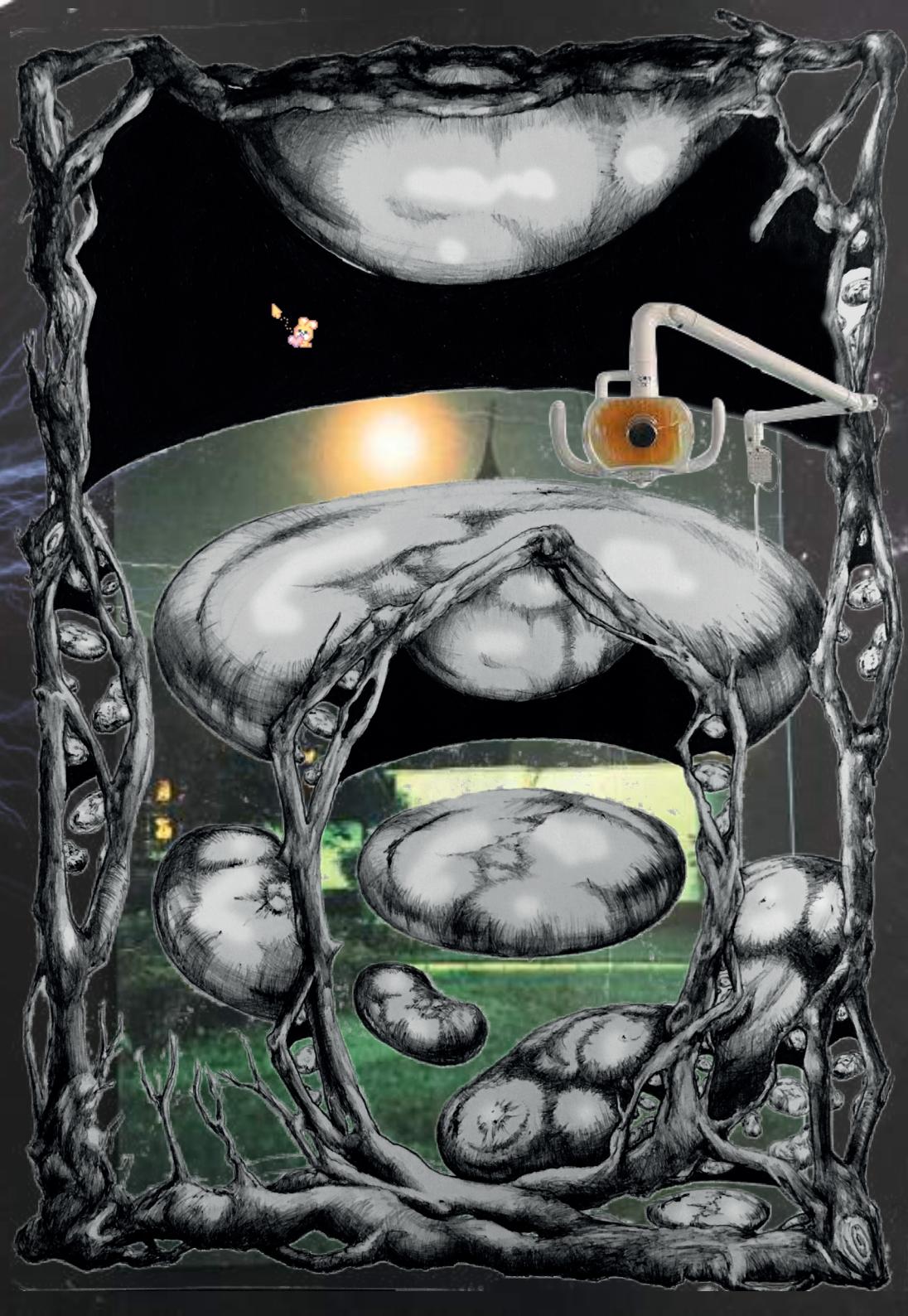
Running laterally. Biased.

Things are simply holding mystery, like a fold seen from the top.

Fractal move, fractal jive, boogie woogie, infinite differentiation, but still globalized movement inside its superstructure.









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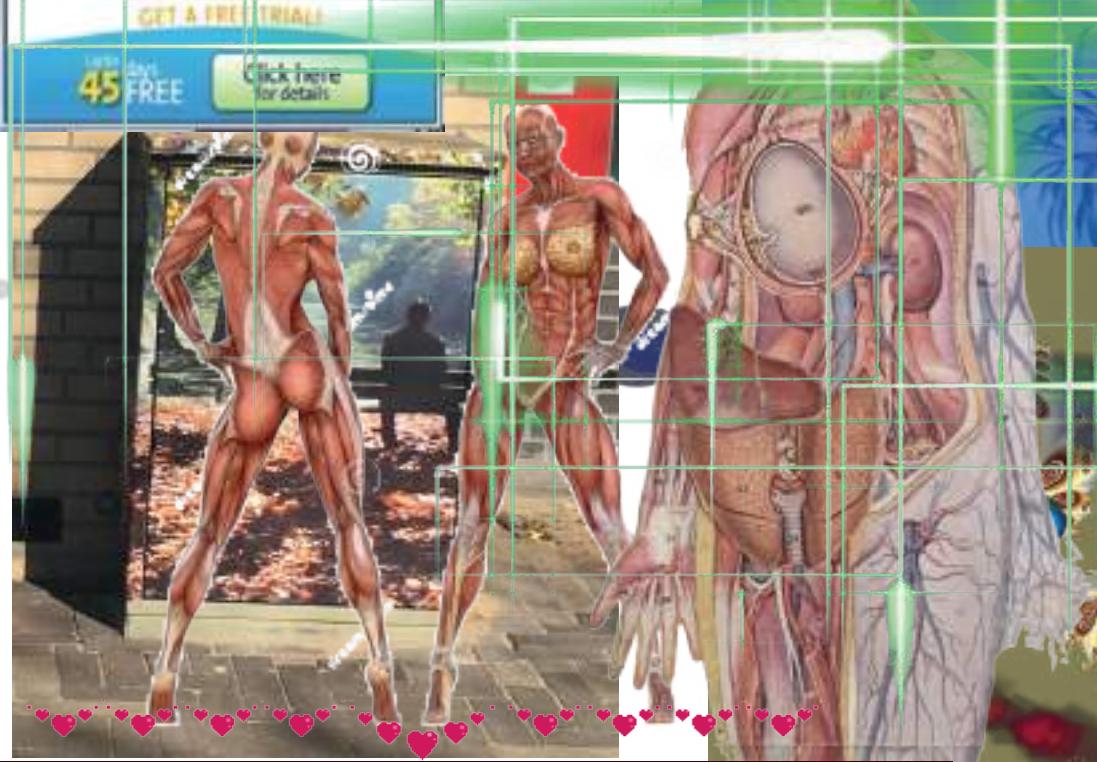
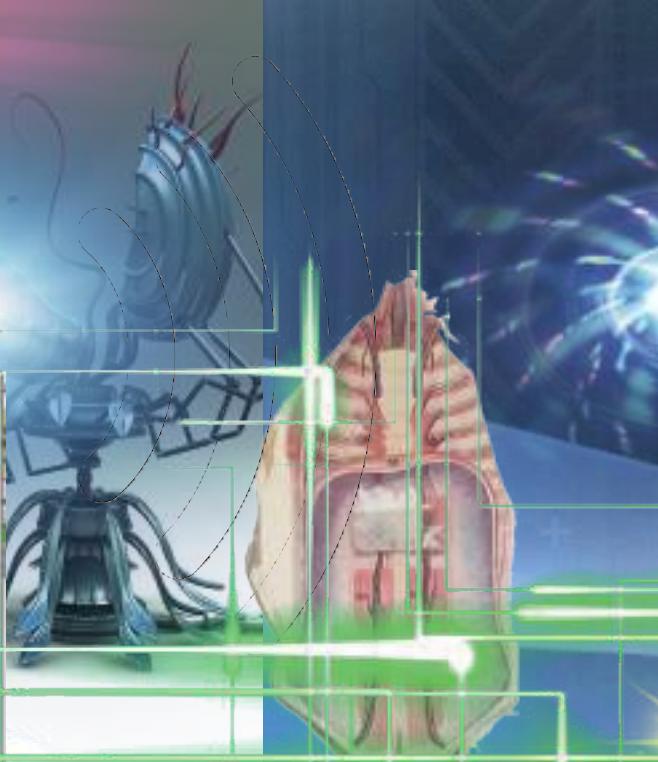
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Creatures of habit of habitus and Creatures inhabiting. We are incarnated. Carnal, In carnated. I'm shaking, producing heat, losing that energy to the void. Atomic friction. My body is an engine. My spino-cervical liquid is irrigating me. Lymphatic gargoyle. The pump is pumping, the synapse connecting, I'm conveying and absorbing at convenience. The electricity is contracting my muscles. Limbic... Brain. I'm a collage of evolutionary bias, my organs are carefully crafted by time, electricity is running, fluid are mechanized, energy flow connects every bit. And all this magic for what? For me to stand in the magical sun made of gazes and matter and atoms and shit and enjoy the view of a magical frail flower also made of chemicals and electricity and atoms and shit. It's almost gross. It's trying too hard. But everything is so extreme in a pure humble way, cause it has no choice. It is what it is, a wise man said. But if I push hard enough I can go out. Push...Push...breathe... exhale... Push...



That's it I'm out. I'm hollowed. My body is laying pale on my bed. I'm standing next to it, moving almost at the speed of light. 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11,12,13,14,15 dimensions. I'm going through a succession of room, of monads, of dimensions most likely. Like in a car going fast through the window I see only vomited colors and blurry shapes, myself cut open, brain in display, as if I was split in two: teeth, tongue brain, sinuses. Passing myself in the previous dimensions, gaining speed, foreshadowing my astral projected previous selves, Palimpsests of palimpsests. The increasing viscosity of the ether is slowing me down. I'm landing. In front of me the destination I was aiming for. It is the courtyard of a crystal palace. I entered a garden where some unbothered creatures are existing in peace, some have antlers, some have smiles, none show teeth. Perfectly existing in an asymmetrical glory. On the side a gigantic purple crystal elf is attracting me, he is sitting in a lotus stance even if he is sitting he is the size of a 5 stairs building. He is smiling beyond knowledge, face like a flower, surrounded by a heady scent of mystery, smiling in such a peaceful manner that is beyond peace itself. He is looking at me, looking through me, he was all along, maybe since the beginning of it all. With so much love. Being seen by him is like a gentle caress.

Getting closer I can sense the demons inhabiting the side of a broken side of glass. The window is open.

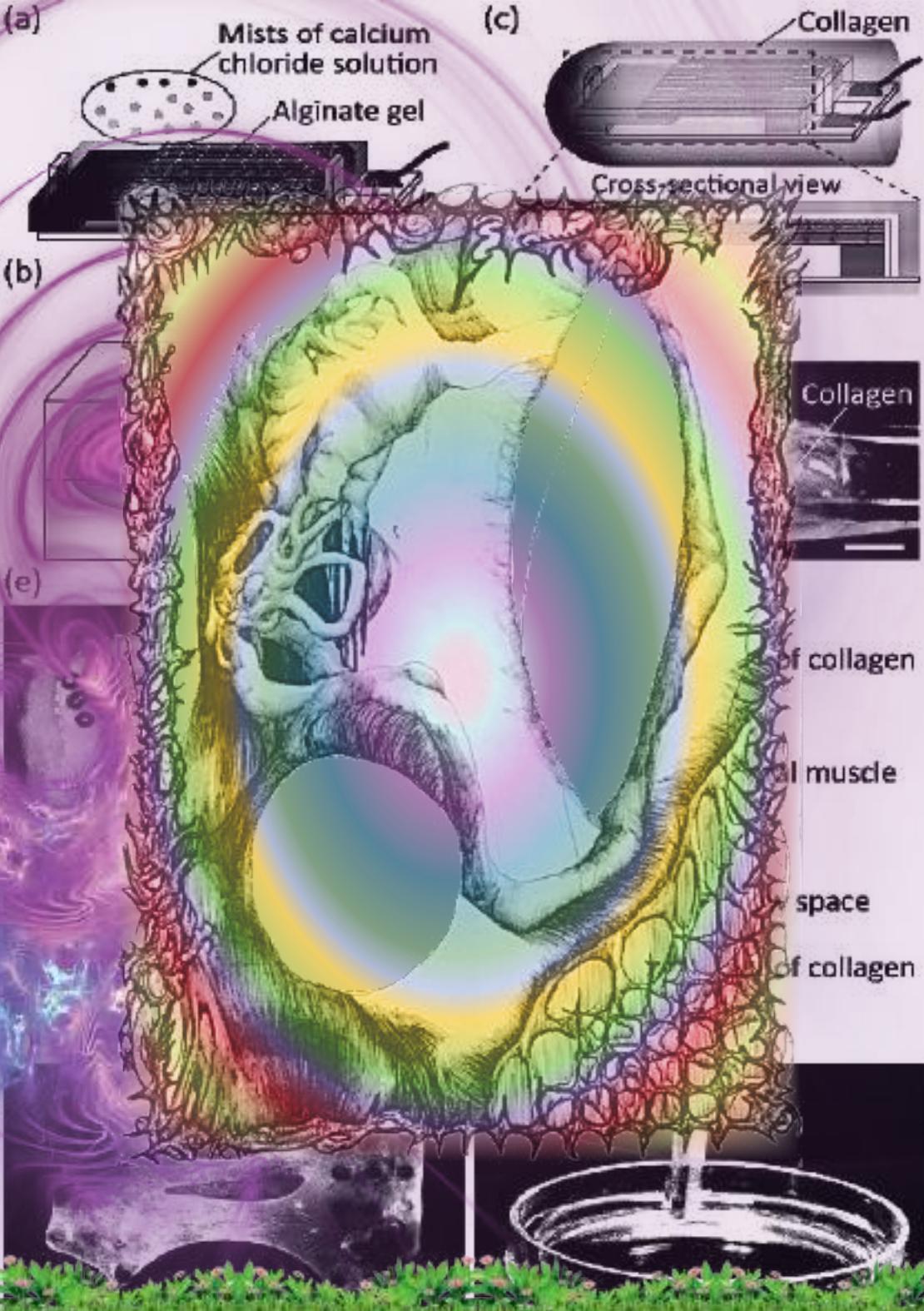


Parce que le résultat des événements n'est pas déterministe, il n'est pas prédictible. Voici quelques phénomènes :

- le **bruit de grainille**, une source de bruit quantique dans les circuits électroniques ; un exemple simple est une lampe qui brille sur une plaque de cuivre : en raison du principe d'incertitude, les photons arrivant créent du bruit dans le circuit ;
- une source de radioactivité détectée par un compteur Geiger rattaché à un ordinateur ;
- des photons traversant un miroir semi-réfléchissant ; les événements mutuellement exclusifs (réflexion / transmission) sont associés à des résultats de tirage au sort ;
- les fluctuations de l'énergie du vide mesurées par **homoédyne detection** (jet) ;
- les fluctuations de l'énergie du vide mesurées par **homoédyne detection** (jet) ;

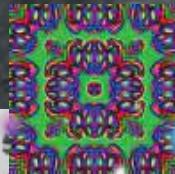
# Welcome





X

Researchers found that they can generate more than 1200 volts of electricity from a single plant. ... Structures in plant leaves are able to generate electricity from the leaf simply moving in the wind. This electricity is then transmitted through plant tissue. 14 Mar. 2019



THE ONLY  
**BUSH**  
I TRUST IS  
MY OWN



URGENT ! | URGENT ! | URGENT ! |  
Voici les grandes révélations du pape François sur le vatican.

Pape François déclare: Dieu m'en a dit de dire à son peuple que le nouveau vaccin du coronavirus a une forme de la bête 666, ce vaccin vient du diable et fort, ils veulent convertir les africains au christianisme et faire leur foi à Dieu, et vous allez remarquer que ceux qui refusent seront tués et n'auront plus droit à manger, et ceux qui prendront seront épargnés, prions beaucoup pour que Dieu nous épargne de cela, le diable nous montre qu'il est fort malin nous devons lui prier le contraire, je vous une ce message soit partagé pour informer les autres, que dieu protège l'Afrique entière.



Be the First to Comment!



la  
Souillère

Superstition  
No!

Trou de  
l'Otan

Mer Méditerranée

Download 10%

$$x^2 - y^2 + 9x - 6y$$

2

Through an oculus, an hagioscope, I'm glancing at his omniscience, focal point on the "corridor of time" a junction line between a symmetric shifted map of the universe. It seems like a sort of nervous system where every canal, every channel pours itself into; an aorta gutter flooding with thick flow of life juice. This stellar ceiling, a shimmering milky way tapestry draped around looking like fictional Nasa depictions of the cosmos, is weirdly stretched, distorted in symmetry, compressed by the perspective lines. A room in a room everywhere and nowhere. Frames per second are passing timeless, faster than light, It's throwing me off, I am amused by it, it's like this kitch rewind cinematic cliché, you know; every frame of history from a nuclear mushroom explosion to the big bang. I see everything in less than a second. The smile is overwhelming me, he tries to reensure me, he is speaking in a language of love and infinity, I don't know what language that is, it sounds like a " Shhhhhh "; like a claim for silence. I can understand what he says. He is telling me the meaning of life. It is and is not a very long sentence. And before I can even comprehend, I'm bursting in laughters, i'm all tears of joy, of malice, funny fun juice leaking, liquid love, I'm laughing so hard, pissing myself in this timeless corridor every single one of my cells are cracking up and before I can even think of tasting my laughter, I'm pushed back, projected at very high speed, under great G force, under a lot of kinetic pressure, and I'm folded or unfolded back in my body, 1 2 3 4 5 dimensions, Folded back in my body laying pale on the bed. You know when an ash fall on your bed or your pants but you don't want to spread it, your manipulate and stretch the fabric left and right up and down so the ash would roll in the ashtray.

Histo...

Une an-

qu'il :

Justin

modifier | modifier le code

Unité qu'en 1995, aux États-Unis, un individu attaqua deu

nir invisible pour les caméras de surveillance, selon le mê

par, qui travaillaient sur son cas, essayèrent de comprendre

I am the ash, my body is the ashtray, and reality is a multidimensional bed sheet and I can feel the mass, the weigh and corporality of the mind while being pushed back in the body. 15,14,13,12,11,10 dimensions, making the loop again and again from breakthrough point to body laying, and out of the body again, but in another dimension, this layer is very cubist; the next one is more like a cartoon world, how fun, and as I get down and down in the layers, it slows down, losing kinetic force, heaviness catching me again on the other side of the hourglass, and every layer I keep forgetting a bit more about the meaning of life I've been told. It is harder to get down the spiral, to get in and out until I reach the right dimension. I am now in the last layer it is almost impossible, I'm sitting down next to my empty shell it has been at least 5 minutes, the environment is comprehensible enough for me to be able to exist and interact smoothly, but still I would be considered a crazy person, they would put me in a mental hospital, it would be so hard to exist. But I don't care because deep within me I am radiant, for I am still carrying a crumb of truth, My own laughter still echoing, and echoing still now past itself and all at once in the iterative labyrinth. I feel deep within me, something dancing and shaking joyfully maliciously with great peace.

I'm back to my kingdom now, to the 2D chess board, the journey from the Crystal Castle to my Mind Palace was exhausting. I read somewhere during the way : "The imaginary world, to hide its void, feed on geometrical constructs that offers a feeling of regular safety. Architectural or hydraulic wonders, participating in an esthetization of space comes from a desire of hyperolisation, of overbidding"

Last week I told this to a guy he said that these DMT-vision-like elves have colors that carry a meaning, that purple means wisdom.



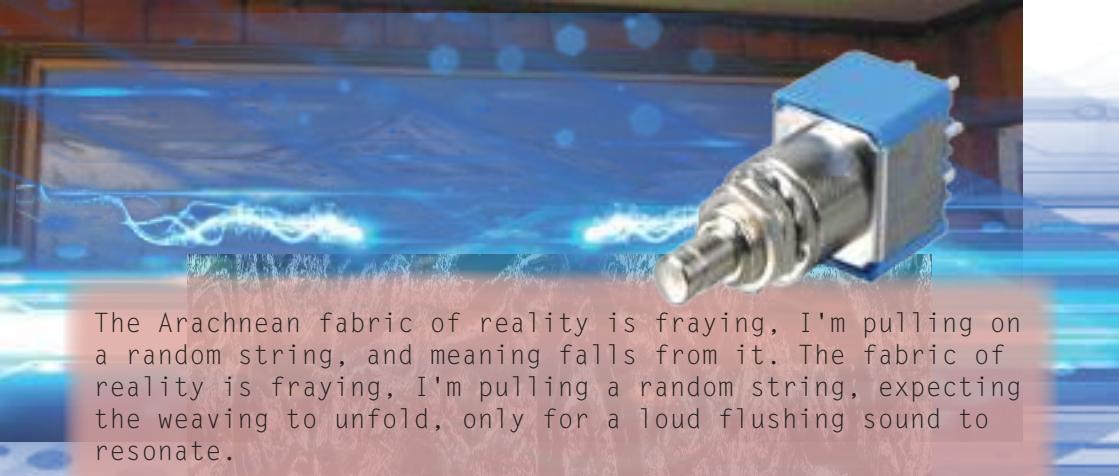
Do you love me?

No

Maybe

Yes





The Arachnean fabric of reality is fraying, I'm pulling on a random string, and meaning falls from it. The fabric of reality is fraying, I'm pulling a random string, expecting the weaving to unfold, only for a loud flushing sound to resonate.

#### Threat: A Thread

Forcing meaning, like pareidolia, I see things. I project. Like in plato's cave. It's not me it's a cognitive bias. An evolutionary burden, like frustration and sadness. Evolutionary preferred trait, cause it makes you do stuff and survive. The right amount of Sadness has been useful for millennials therefore we can't escape it just yet.

The other day, I fell asleep at a friend place while working together. Apparently I was crying in my sleep, loudly crying, he shook me to check on me, it woke me up and i whispered "flesh prison" twice then sobbed loudly 15 minutes while resurfacing to consciousness. Epidermic goosebumps on the prison bars. He laughed a lot, and I was very embarrassed.

I'm inside. Insider inhabiting the body vessel. What is inhabiting? I don't believe in this dualism.

Strolling in an archetypal construct, unfolding from the center, built around a core. I'm following the rhythmic of the rooms. Every plane mirroring itself and the outer-side. The exterior is a consequence of the interior. Side by side, we are in this alone and together. Deleuze commenting on Leibniz described it as a dark room without window. As a room in a room in a room. here is the unfolding horizons of event, the unfolded and in-folded successions of singularity.

It's a bit, just a skit



We experience architecture by being inside of it, engaging with space. The construct structures life. And the construct itself is shaped by our passion for existence. Back and forth, in and out. Inhabiting the flow, dancing in continuous movements, like a pendulum. Prospect and invest your space, pour yourself into it. Could you change vessel that easily? My architecture is complex and I love it. An architecture that reflects the nothingness, as a convenience.

Derivating paradisiac islands, enclaves, imaginary vehicular structures, pirates isles, lands accessible only to survivors of naufragus taking you away, taking you nowhere but away from here. Jules Verne's submarine, Jonas in the whale, Cloud city, Bolo Bolo, Waterworld. floating hot air balloon, bubbly escapism, houses on fishes or turtles back, moving lands, welcoming beings, living habitats, water-world anchor-less recycled trash vessels, circus societies traveling around the world, Limonaires, tale-tellers and Charlataanic mystics, color-full processions always leaving, on the go, Night creatures in golden costumes feeding on peoples dreams. Pulling cards, reading lines in your hands. All that opposed to the phalange and phalanstery, or the Artificial Intelligence ruling generative modular design domotic hybrid houses, recombining differently algorithmically with integrated sensors and cameras anticipating, suggesting your needs; where god would be probably pictured as a clock-watch maker IT engineer Architect. Sandman throwing smoke in your eyes.

I'm scared of commitment.

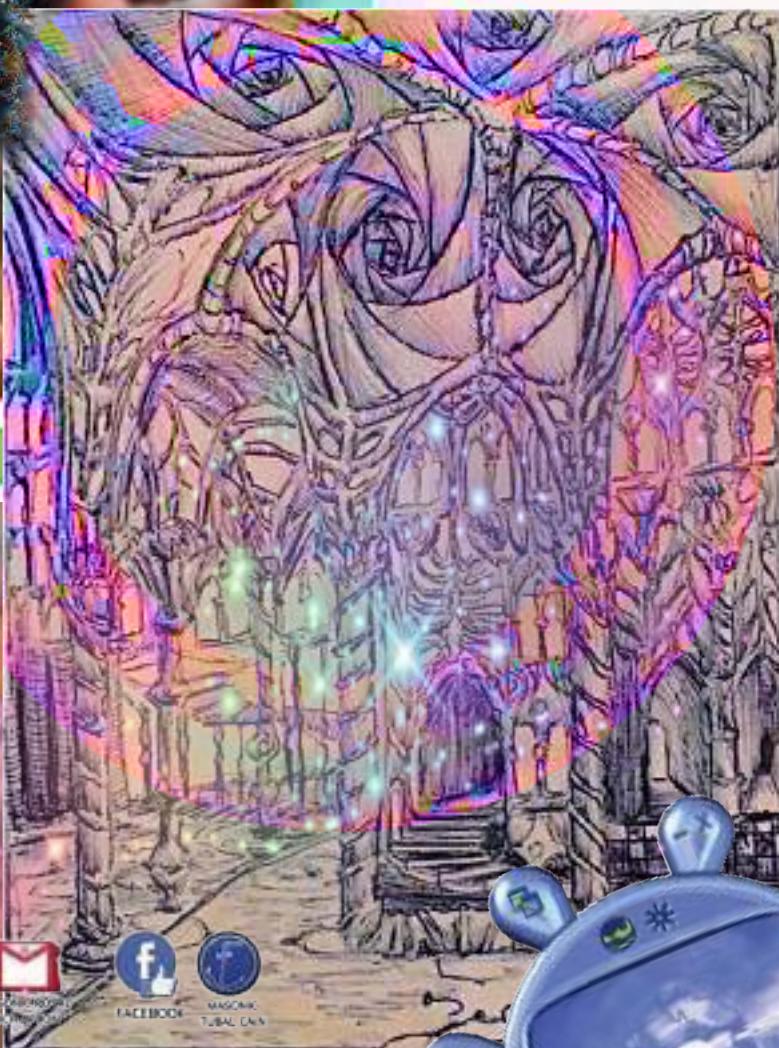


UNDER CONSTRUCTION

Let's Chat Now?



Cute Single Girl  
in Your Area!!



GMAIL



MAIL@MASONIC-TRIBAL.COM



FACEBOOK



MASONIC  
TRIBAL.COM



APP STORE  
PRODUCTS



ANDROID  
PRODUCTS



FREEMASON



GOOGLE  
CHROME



WINDOWS  
8.1



GOOGLE  
PLAY



STEAM



REDDIT



EYES



# Have you ever clicked your mouse right HERE?

YOU  
WILL

Color | Download | Downloads | Other sites | MessageBoard | Polls | Images | File | Blogger | Friendster |

Tumblr



Emulate  
Now!

Freeware  
Home



General  
Peach Pie

Elie's Internet



Pump  
About  
This  
Hack  
Paste  
Who  
Ever  
Pimp  
Pimp

online now



Hans Walter Muller on inflatables:

"What was striking with this new type of construction, is the new laws it generates: fluid mechanic, that have nothing to do with gravity anymore. It's a different way to build because it's not brick on brick, stone on stone, based on the principle of accumulation;" "same with the inflatables, they are governed by fluid mechanic functioning by tension and pressure. Nature as a whole is conceived with fluids", "if you produce pressure with a fan inside an inflatable, it will be the same all around. Its an interesting phenomenon of fluid mechanic. However tension in the canvas is made by pressure, and tension depends of the ray of curvature. The bigger the ray the higher the tension, but pressure stays constant". "Pressure and tension are the main problems of an ascensional architecture. Contrary to the whole tradition of building, fluid architecture doesn't rely on stacking, of which it is the explicit critic, but on an ascending dynamic"

Happily for Untergunther the offense of repairing a monumental clock is not included in the penal code.

Non-lieu

nom masculin



1. DROIT

Décision par laquelle le juge d'instruction déclare qu'il n'y a pas lieu de poursuivre en justice.

Ordonnance de non-lieu.

What Marc Augé calls the "non-place"  
[...] "The disappearance of space goes  
alongside the disappearance of time:  
there are non-times as well as non-places."



Down, Up, Strange, Charm, Beauty and Truth/ Saveur des Quarks

Les quarks u et d n'ont pas de saveurs.

Pushed between horizontal and vertical

inflicted horizontal doing nothing embrace nature empty full  
Le désir d'une vie enfin débarrassée de soi

Conflicted vertical, and ploy under the weight, do not break, mountains to walk, things to do, do stuff, untie knots, re-tie knots, repair the everyday, move objects, create links, hyperlinks, give meaning, move yourself, get moved by beauty, until the horizontal stance takes it all away for eternity.

Fight or flight

Stand or lay

Just some steps in between. No time for rest.

*"Humans, first primates to adopt vertical stance, is also the first Saltimbanks. Daring to stand on the floor, hesitate, come further then, without tripping, find their way on their two feet. He was, among the mammals, the first funambulist to walk the invisible string of his existence."*

Nietzsche, "Mankind is a string pulled between the beast and the surhuman- a string pulled above an abyss"

It's on us then to find the point of equilibrium, the balance.

*"With the kind of bravery that you need to be nothing and only nothing."*

UNE TEUB A LA PLACE DE L'EGLISE

NO FAKE  
LE PROJET  
DE  
BRIGITTE  
MACRON



My Mail

✉ 157 People Think You're Fucking Gay

inbox

friend requests

I HATE  
SQUARESPACE

# Warning

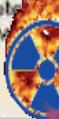


Proceeding with the operation 'Delete' will  
erase the contents of your hard drive.  
What do you want?

Proceed

Delete

# ADVENTURE





COMPOSITION DU MOT NOËL:  
NOËL = NO + ÉL.

NO (anglais) = Non (Français)

ÉL = (hébreux) = Dieu (Frçs); El Schadai; Elohim, etc.

**NOËL SIGNifie: Il n'y a pas de DIEU.**

Alors:

A: Joyeux Noël signifie: Enchanté, il n'y a pas de DIEU, ou encore je me rejouis que DIEU n'existe pas, pour dire en fait que seul satan existe.

*Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.*

"Death is very likely the single best invention of Life."  
Steve Jobs

is cool?

Yes



OBRIGA  
PELA TUA G  
AO MEU N



The world Cybernetic appeared first in the classification of sciences written by the physician André-Marie Ampère to designate "*the science of governing mankind*". Even if the most recent acceptation of the term referred to the greek root of Kubernétiké related to piloting ships, the prodrome of the catastrophic panoptical demiurgic inclination of Big DATA was contained in germ. Internet is such an intense failure, an "epic fail" if I dare to say so. It started as this military and scientific device. Fast enough it got taken over by people of all kind. It used to be a virgin land to settle in, a new far west where the horizon was drawn by your graphic card, a wide blank page where a parasitic decentralized utopia grew, a new genesis for a community yet to form, sharing the same cyphered language, the same codes. Almost as a religious experience; everyone could remember and tell their first experience, the first time they went to this strange land where initiated could go reach for each other and express their desires, create a persona, find a new body. It was a new praxis in the making, a safe place, a toy, a tool, somewhere to share, learn, teach, find peers, and meet fraternally, especially for oppressed communities. Before the firsts Social Medias contained and governed by unitary big corp controlling and making the choices of interfaces et modalities of the experience, which then formed almost tribal groups: Myspace or Skyrock, ask.fm or tumblr, twitter or facebook. Internet was this big Alexandria Library, A Borgesian labyrinth of knowledge and curiosity, of loneliness, of peace, turmoil an creativity. You were a pilgrim, meeting mythical creatures along the way, visiting TempleOs, encrypted crypts, falling in rabbit holes, avoiding jumpscares,

Healing from viruses, looking for keys opening guarded doors, wandering along alt right trolls and Far left goblins, wise druids, fairies cultivating fascinating gardens, misunderstood teenagers, wizards casting algorithmic spells on the pixel soup and merging coded plasma, html taverns, lonely queers, robin hood hackers, sometimes dangerous crackers, or new kind of pirates on the sea of data, trading algorithm softwares and patches, DIY old masters and DIWO students, Compulsive liars and poets, customized characters, Gatekeepers, Magical girls sexy warrior, Futurologist priest, cyber religious hunting the ghost in the machine, fanatics of all kinds, "cyborg subject", geek knights, hikikommori heroic nerds, miners, farmers and gamers. All kinds of enthusiasts riding the computer nervous system, tying and untying nodes, clicking hyperlinks to hyperlinks, diving in a pixel soup, surfing the world and beyond wide web

## My Mail

### New Friend Requests From Child Molesters

inbox

friend requests

sent

post bulletin



E-mail address:

piss off i hate you@hotmail.com

Password:



The tool was free and liberal, and it had a retroactive power on the practices and cognitions of the brave pioneers risking themselves in this naked land. The hardware itself was noisy and Cronenbergly carnal, it was warm, loud, big, full of compartments, secret corners, like a creature, a sort of animal, taking space, roaring, moaning, it had a memory, meters of veins-like wires, PCB and motherboard, like ships full of precious metal, gold layers, strange quartz crystals resonating, curious buzzing microchips with insect legs, lead drawing maps of colorful shiny mysterious patterns filled with juice, power; Open source flowing.

I never really knew web 1, What is saw was the quick change from web 2 to Web 3, and the huge delusion that came with it. At this time I was goth, I was wearing skull-print shirts from my older brother, a spiky choker, black converses and shitty smokey make up. I was listening to goregrind and would rant about how emo sucked with my friends on random forums. I had my sexual awakening thanks to Tomb raider's Lara Crofts triangular boobs, and megan fox cherry lips. I met friends but also pedophiles, I met mostly people sharing my interests, I visited them, we hanged out in real life. Internet was a very interesting violent place. Profit wasn't really in anyone mind back then. There would be gathering . Internet was still mostly a place of small niches and forums.



# WARNING WARNING WARNING THIS IS A



## Doctoral Students HATE Him!

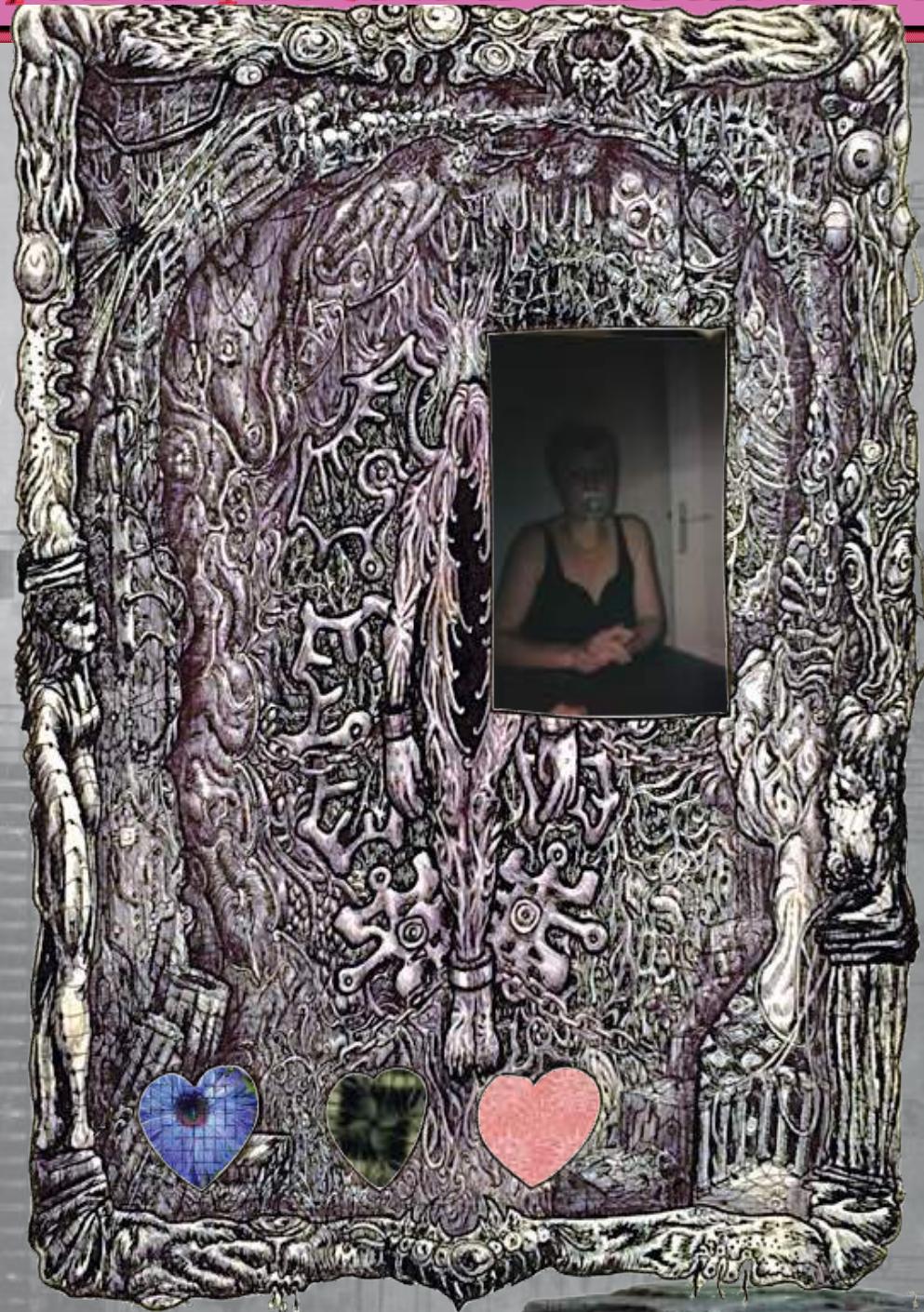
Former Gates and Broad Foundation affiliated man discovers **ONE WEIRD TRICK** to getting a PhD with just nine credit hours!



*Discovery by nakedherd hegeman John Robert Palmer reveals his life's donations to constructed John Robert Palmer can earn one a Doctoral Degree from a major university in only 9 credit hours. Read this shocking account of how you can regularly pass a PhD without hours of credits, requirements or having to write a original dissertation. Free bonus—learn how to become Superintendent of country/school districts school district without ever having to a public school using this study info! Corporate profile guaranteed! Learn more at <http://tinyurl.com/awartrick>*



A WARNING TO STOP IMMEDIATELY THE



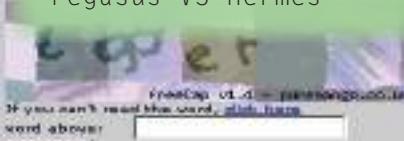


Now internet is just the front, a net thrown to catch all the fishes and collect their Data and track every move, a battlefield to train AI, make money off speculation following Gordon Moore's exponential curve doubling every 18 month the memory power. A big anal sadist retentionist memory system, choking the panhistorical panmemorial interrelations of mankind to privilege the interpersonal interorganic capitalizable one. A quantic trinary suite in the making to strengthen the demiurgic inclination of the cartesian machine for a "holy" omniscient administration to orientate the politic, fueling on our individual fear/desires, conducting the mutation of civilization.

Future predictability is based on algorithms that at term would free us from the "*principle of ontological uncertainty*". Freed from emotions and Spontaneity, free from the irrational. Data farming the data cattle in the data concentration centers next to server-town, where flows the data optical fiber soul river bending light for its speed.

Everyone is a suspect and flesh to feed the beast our only crime is to have potential. It used to be Big Brother, it became Big Data in the eighties, a NSA Big Corp data-panoptism. But there is no more Evil company that we can frame and denounce, The transparency is global, it's a paradoxically shared monopoly that created a far more pernicious opacity. Mass surveillance became mundane, under the Obama administration Prism, Google, facebook, Microsoft, apple, yahoo, AOL, Youtube, and Paltalk worked for the FBI; Facebook worked for the NSA. Privacy is suspicious. A new dark age. Everything is codependent. Not wanting to participate and be "open" is strange in the eyes of the Panopticon. Geo-localization, biometric systems and crypto-money, a tentacular Cthuhlu guarded by drones and cyborg soldiers IA. Now Brecht's tanks are also ruled by programmed obsolescence. Some remnants of hope wander in empty liminal spaces, inhabiting the blind spot, trying to escape the pixellated beast chasing us, as in a poorly textured vintage FPS in intranets.

Pegasus VS Hermes



flyaway フィールズ オブ Remix  
BACK-ON [New Single...]

Playing

00:01

00:44



But the desire for deviancy grows stronger and stronger. Cultivate your arborescent garden, algorhymomatic hortus conclusus. I wonder if monks and nuns have internet access or smartphones. Servant of god AFK, furry online.

Some voices are asking for the "right to be forgotten", for the right to secrecy. Paranoid computer park. Hey they know your dirty lil secrets, sometimes I say hi to my inbuilt webcam. Everything got conquered even the human mind and psyche. Nowhere to run Nothing to hide Nothing to lose but much to get. Alexandria Library 3.0 Needing a new autodaffé, World archives burnt to ashes surtension explosion firework, smelling like burnt plastic wires, electrically charged medusa hair floating and end of the world street prophet, apocalyptic manuscripts newspaper titles, fresh ink, metallic taste on the tongue. Open the circuit, disconnect the power from the ground. Shut it down, put your hands in, make new paths, hack the signal with your body resistance, resist! Not just the tip of your fingers, put a man in the machine. Make it scream, like an angry luddite, bend it, fried spaghetti wire dish better served cold.



Only God Can Judge Me





**Haldane model**

in graphene

FREE

Johnny's

**Varma model**

uprates

LYNX compatible

O

*"Who Am I know, is asking himself the modern Prometheus,  
jester of his own machinery park"*

Gunther Anders

The jester killed the king and hired a jester himself. Got to plan a trojan horse High jacking of the Spectacle. Deus ex machina, but man in the machine, like that ottoman-automate.

Got to hire the flute player of Hamelin to lure rats and cockroaches, bugs of all kind into server town.

Immunodepressed virally infected ideologic blob. Rotten in the core processor. error 404 System failure glitch corrupted files, problem troubleshooting terminal terminally infected.

The linguistic association between individual agents and unexplained or unfortunate circumstances remains. Many people attribute occurrences that are known to be material processes, such as "gremlins in the engine", a "ghost in the machine", or attributing motives to objects: "the clouds are threatening". The anthropomorphism in our daily life is a combination of the above cultural stems, as well as the manifestation of our pattern-projecting minds.

**CYCLOPEDIAN SPIRAL**

Orbital currents  
in kagome lattice

d



FADE

0 1 2 3 4 5  
 $T$  (K)

"Wouldn't it be easier for the government to dissolve the people and elect a new one?"

Brecht



George Bataille and his crew tried to make a coup. They thought that a new religion would change something. That, as god was dead, were dead, we lacked something. We've all heard that, God is dead and we killed it, but the lack of spirituality is the disease of our society and this inherent desire of humanity is what gave its power to capitalism, and such rants about the altar of consumption. Georges Bataille's cult supposedly failed because one night, Bataille wanted to enact a sacrifice, which they refused. The group separated after that event. The idea was to create a community ex-nihilo, and through a communism, a sharing of a pellucidic myth of the absence, and a being, and a coming, and a history, save something I guess.

My friend is a student of political philosophy with a tendency toward theology. She thinks that we need a renewed acephalic cult, that the only way to make an anarcho-communist sort of model work is to anchor it with ritual practices. A cult without gods, neomythical. A community ritualising their beliefs, their ideals in a holistic form. Making everything perfect, clean cuts, absolute logical systems, where everything makes sense. If she had the power she would be an amazing dictator. When the exception becomes the rule that is fascism. Like when is declared the State of emergency. France is by law in "état d'urgence" since 2015 and some rules of exception appeared, such as preventive arrests before protests. I guess the rule of exclusion almost works on a subatomic level, electrons have negative and positive charges after all, they attract some things and repulse other ones.

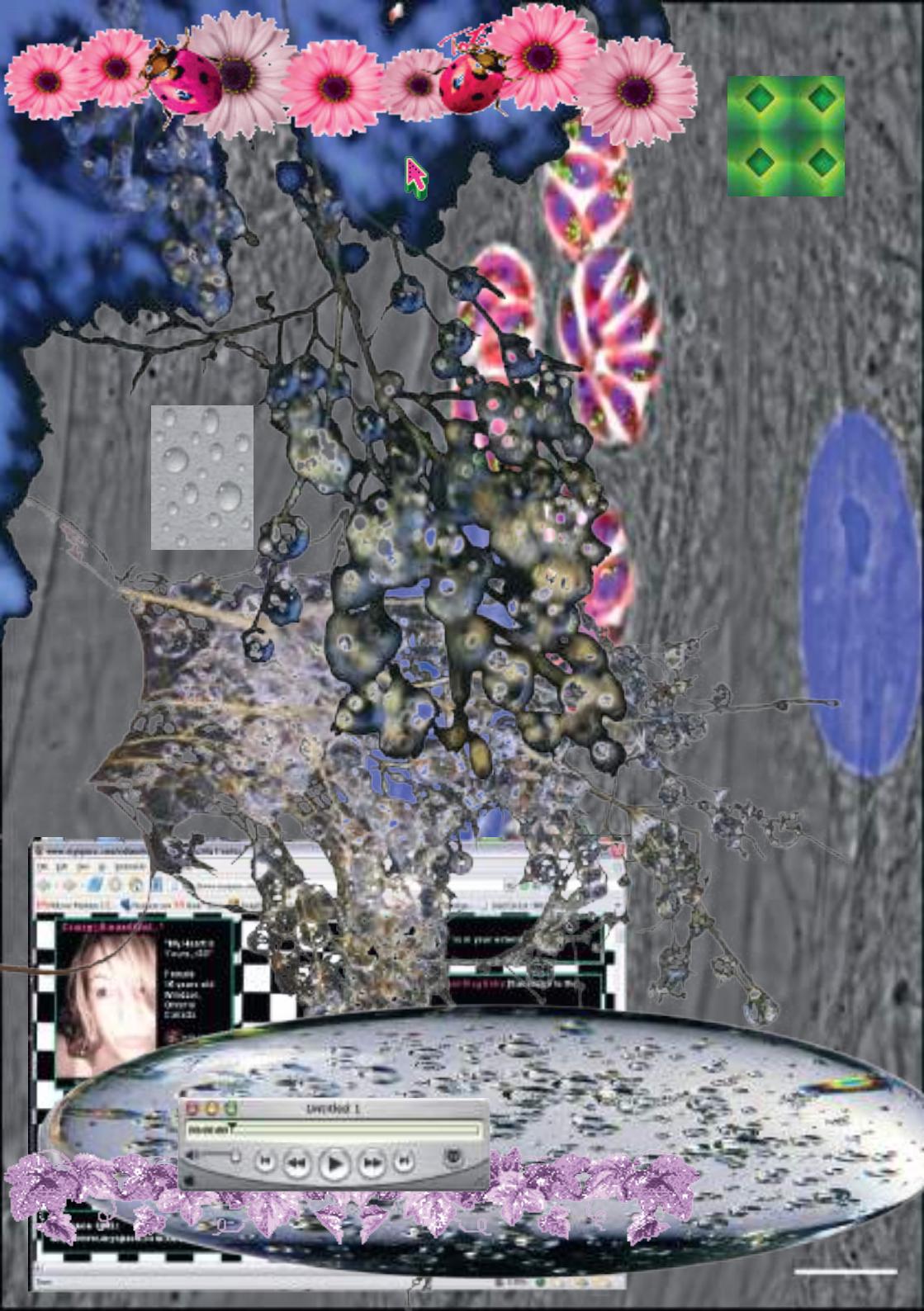
nian in a way.

Homo sacer.



81





But without estranging something, there is no reflection on yourself, you disappear, the excluded hold the society together not because it is gathering against them, but because they offer a point of view, they subject. They draw in the negative, they hold the power in a very Greek tragedy sort of way. The Paria, the untouchable, the homo sacer, the apatrid, the burakumin, the bouc emissaire

Ho to create space? No one is ever only one thing. Only in stories and myth they are. But we do not inhabit a Greek tragedy, and no one is committed to wear the burden of being a sole social construction, as heroic as it sort of is. Bataille's sacrifice didn't happened. Very Pasolinian in a way.

Homo sacer.

What would it be ? Not a society but a community. Not build on the exclusion but on the sharing of a condition. The sharing of the exclusion. A step on the side. Parallel not inferior. And the parallel lines will never rejoin or touch in the case of an ever-expanding universe.

It reminds me of the "*Idiot du village*", supposedly most of small villages had this character throughout time. He would be crooked, hunchbacked, crippled, carry the bad eye, and take upon him the diseases. he would be a shield and a sponge, getting struck by lightning in place of others. Respectfull distance would surround him.

Idiot comes from the greek *Idiotès*. It means what is unique, the particular,.. the exception. Idiocy then is the practice of that singularity.

I shower naked. :)

calcul  
fragmenté



## ed commo/s

“ourselves,” said.

Help yo se

He told (invited) them to help themselves.

He told us to help ourselves.





The Jester is an idiot, not because he is stupid, he is an idiot, because, almost like the prime numbers. He is godlike. While for the Clown being idiotic is more a social epiphénoménon, his singularity is fed by the performance in front of an audience. In that way the sad clown, the clown crying I an outstanding romantic addition, way more idiotic, and partaking something with the loss of the idea of genius. A clown being sad is a take on free will and essentialism I guess.

Jack of all trade master of none, Except being a master of Jacking of all trade?

I like the jester because unlike the clown who is clumsy and clueless, innocent naive primitive, even in the shenanigans it performs; The jester, knows that his foolery is a power, he is transcending his own character, by being an actor playing the jester who is already a play of a play of itself, while the clown is an actor playing the clown playing with its clownery. The clown does not have the same amount of layers, therefore it holds power on the crowd but not much power over reality nor itself contrary to the jester who is more subversive, and godlike, and therefore impossible, and therefore tyrannic. The clown is an effective tool of social and emotional catharsis. The Jester is both a tyrannic ruler and an anarchist, he is more of a conceptual being. He is not relatable, and shouldn't be.





Most Americans  
still think nuclear  
power is safe



Japan to release  
radioactive water  
into the sea



Cows genetically  
altered to produce  
human milk



Katie Couric to  
leave CBS  
Evening News

Can you hear the cosmic laughter? Transcending cultural differences, the most efficient worldwide jokes plays on danger, dramatic tension and then relief, isn't it what surviving, what nature is all about? It's laughing too, it's giggling, cracking up an infinite hysterical laughter of tension and release. Both peaceful and menacing. That is the sublimation of its cruelty.

## Dermatologists Hate Him!



Has been 53  
since 1924

Local comrade exposes shocking  
anti-aging secret. Learn this one  
WEIRD trick to his stunning results!

LEARN THE TRUTH NOW

Ad

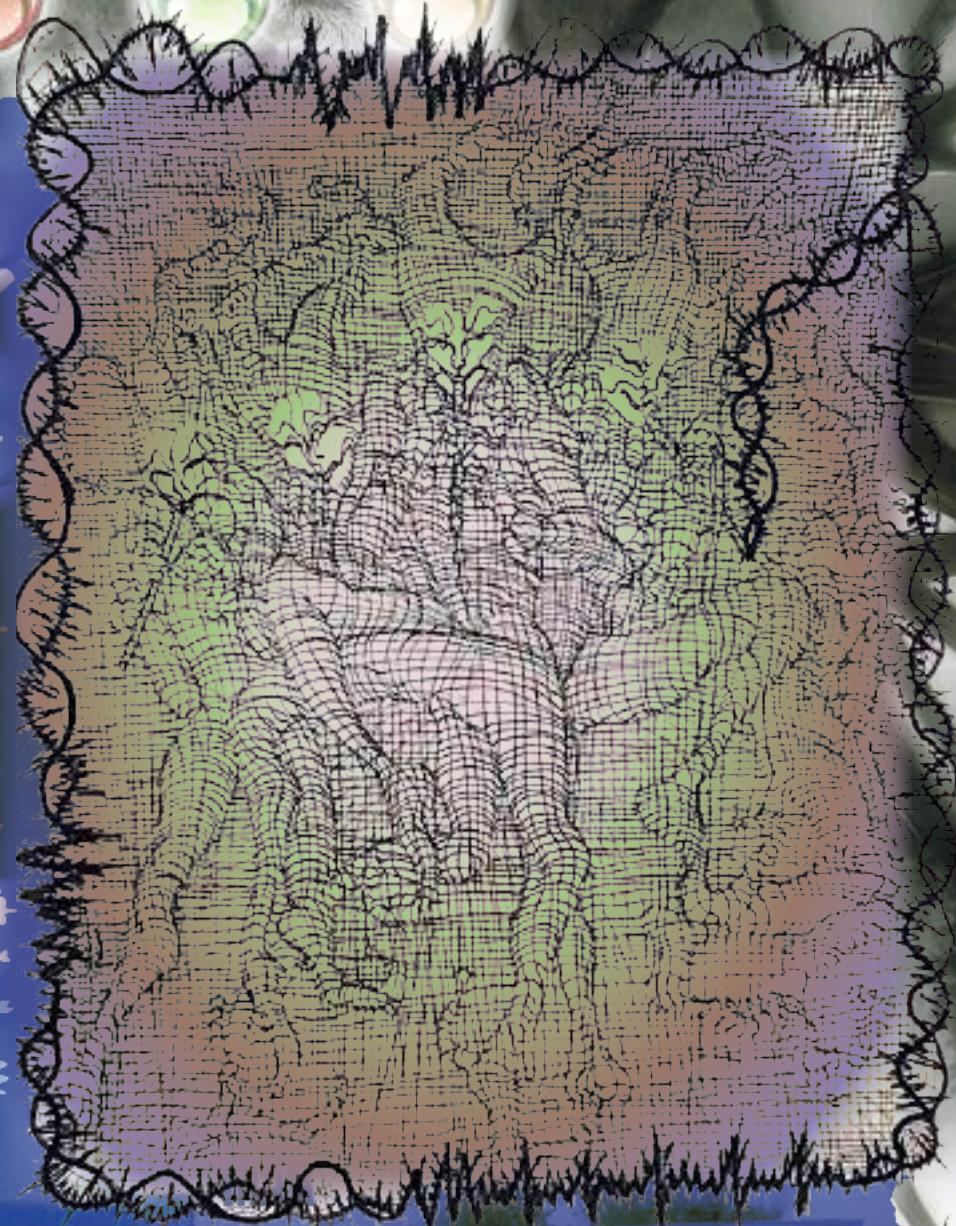
Spot a stroke **F.A.S.T.**

II 0:59 / 2:59



Learn More

American Heart Association



assurée, l'échec ne  
de rendre heureux



Confirm File Delete



Are you sure you want to send 'Recycle Bin' to the Recycle Bin?

Yes

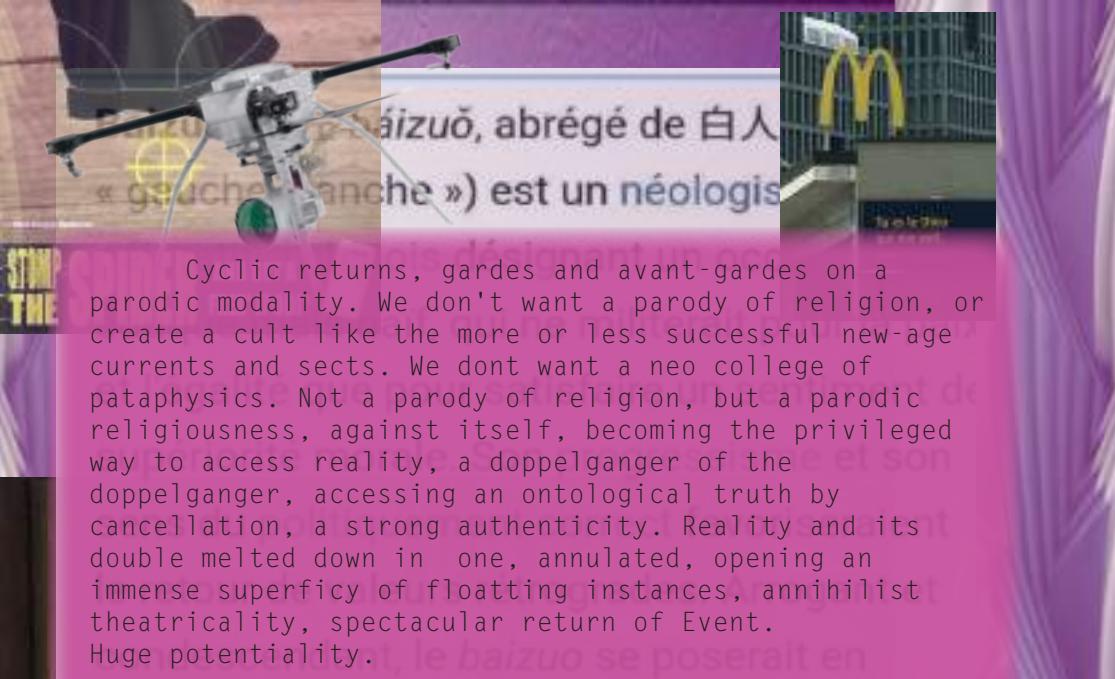
No



Loss  
One V

Positive Tension  
Bloc Party  
playing.





Cyclic returns, gardes and avant-gardes on a parodic modality. We don't want a parody of religion, or create a cult like the more or less successful new-age currents and sects. We don't want a neo college of pataphysics. Not a parody of religion, but a parodic religiousness, against itself, becoming the privileged way to access reality, a doppelganger of the doppelganger, accessing an ontological truth by cancellation, a strong authenticity. Reality and its double melted down in one, annulated, opening an immense superficy of floatting instances, annihilist theatricality, spectacular return of Event. Huge potentiality.

Behead public figures. A sharp cut in the reality we are presented with. PAUSE, cut the tense flow. Max Headroom incident breaking the rumor, but on every lips. A bold fanaticism. Cut the spectacle by an other spectacle big enough to annihilate both. Minus multiplied by minus equals plus. Like a movie that breaks the fourth wall by auto-referencing itself, like a look in the camera in a Sf B movie. Taking apart reality, by showing enhanced parts of it. Take out souls from their neurotic nap. A gesture of unconditional love and deep rooted hate in our egos. Being radical is celebrating the interruption. Longing for a cut. No shouts, but an ear-tearing silence after the thunderstruck.



In Netherland occurred the first speculation crisis, a exaggerated capitalistic practice is to this day deeply rooted in their habits. They pulled out a concept called "antisquat" where basically instead of squatting an abandoned building, or even traditionally renting a room to a landlord with a contract, you basically pay money to live in a squat, so you are basically renting but without ANY guarantees, rights, or safety, as the owner doesn't have to honor any repair or fixing anything, people can enter your room whenever they want, but the rent is still due.

Sometimes when I'm really angry I like to let my imagination wander and think about accelerationism. Yeah you know what, let's fasten the process, there is something orgasmic in the idea of throwing car batteries in the ocean. It's a pyromaniac sensual dream. Let's burn this place down, fucking blow up every nuclear central. A friend told me that physic-laws wise god have to be hot as everyone is talking about the light of god and such. If it produces light then it has to be hot. Let's end this once and for all cause it's taking too long, I have no patience. It's like euthanasia right ? Why let humanity in insufferable agony when we could just put it down. When everything is hard, when I hear tv talks, accelerationism give me joy again, a manic joy. Otherwise there would be only despair. It's like the salvation in the idea of suicide. Sometimes it's your only escape. We can't save the planet, but we can kill it faster, it's about being active, efficient you know. Achieve something. If I can't achieve and rejoin a healthy life, I can achieve and rejoin death pretty fast.

So let's burn this place down and dance around it.

But I know it's my weak ego talking. So lazy and boring. Then I meditate on myself and hope for the best again.

Pagination

PREV 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 NEXT

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021

to be s



Tech Your Response

Faster faster faster. Let's accelerate, and maybe if we go fast fast fast enough we could go back in time ? Make up for our mistakes. Faster faster spin like an electron. Spin on ourselves, dizzy and nauseous. making miracles — farci et attrapé Demand of intensity. I don't want anything. Anything I want, No thing I want, I already have it all. Such a bore. Nonetheless, like a hourglass made of two communicating vases, the more I have the less I have. The less existence the more Existing ; the more I exist, the less I have to be. Artistic abstinence then. With this funny idea that the artist without any piece is better than the one that sold himself to it, because he not only has the piece in theory, like the other one has it practically, but he also has the power to not achieve it. In a sort of tasty nietzschean upside down statement.

What level of irony am i in when I pretend to pretend pretending

To stay straight and keep your integrity in this nonsense you have to localize yourself, invent a topology of the nonsense ; and a cartography of hope. Who or what the violence of my act impacts after all if not myself. A strike yeah but also the shattering of the self. Break the simulacra by embracing reality's violence. For violence in its hardness always seems authentic.

Method:

Live-fast die-young?



My mood ring says BACK OFF!



I'm a capitalist of experience.  
Fructifying stories. It's like everything have to happen so I can tell it.  
Leaving out of reality, in a telescoped present. Make them laugh, or think, my experience becoming a currency through narration. Mythified. I'm a literary being. And maybe it's the worst but the only acceptable stance. Never breaking out of character. A dish of synthetic flavors. A piece of clothing to drape myself in, to hide my nudity, giving a shape, contours to who i am, defining a form. Making me bigger than I am, Adding layers and layers to what's inside shivering in the cold night.

Art is mundane, art is small and atrophied (That's what every avantgarde says about their predecessor)  
Art is boring and unnecessary, anthropocentric, Beautiful poems sung in a fish tank.  
I wish we could make art for starfish and sunflowers and snails.  
I wish we were interesting enough beyond ourselves.  
I wish we could make cliffs laugh.  
I wish we could move mountains.  
What poem could do that, what song would be pure and transient enough.

Please note



I wanted to make miracles, be a sort of inspired saint. But then I looked around, and what are the odds? Things are and I'm part of things. If that ain't a miracle already. I like to be brave and try to make miracles with all my strength, you know, making something that is bound to fail. But you still do it. And it fails indeed, except that the miracle actually lies in the attempt. I=1 whatever is the end, it's all interchangeable. What painting isn't ridiculous if you were to exhibit it in the north pole or an Australian desert. It would be sublime for sure, but ridiculous. And sublime isn't enough anymore.

"The sublime is a departure, something that leaves us and gets used to the sky".

"Le sublime est un départ, quelque chose qui part de nous et s'habitue aux cieux".

Now we want something that leaves heaven and get used to us or what. Cynicism took us too far, I don't think I have tears to spend anymore on mere sublime things. Sublime is outdated, Romantics died, Post-modernism died too. All that is left are some crypto-romantic remnants, exhaling a bitter bittersweet perfume, smelling like retirement home, an historicized extraverted image of romanticism. Everyone is trying very hard. Everything is core now. Cottagecore, hardcore, ballerina core, but everything actually lacks a core. Baudrillard would have a heart attack if he could browse tik-tok for 2 minutes.

We are existing in an ever-lasting post-orgasmic state: feeling of fullness, hot, a gross contempt, discharged, comfy sadness and humiliation, tiredness, regrets, melancholy, emptiness, sweat and warmth. Moist. That's it. Art is moist these days.

Moist, flavorless, ashamed of itself. As it should be.

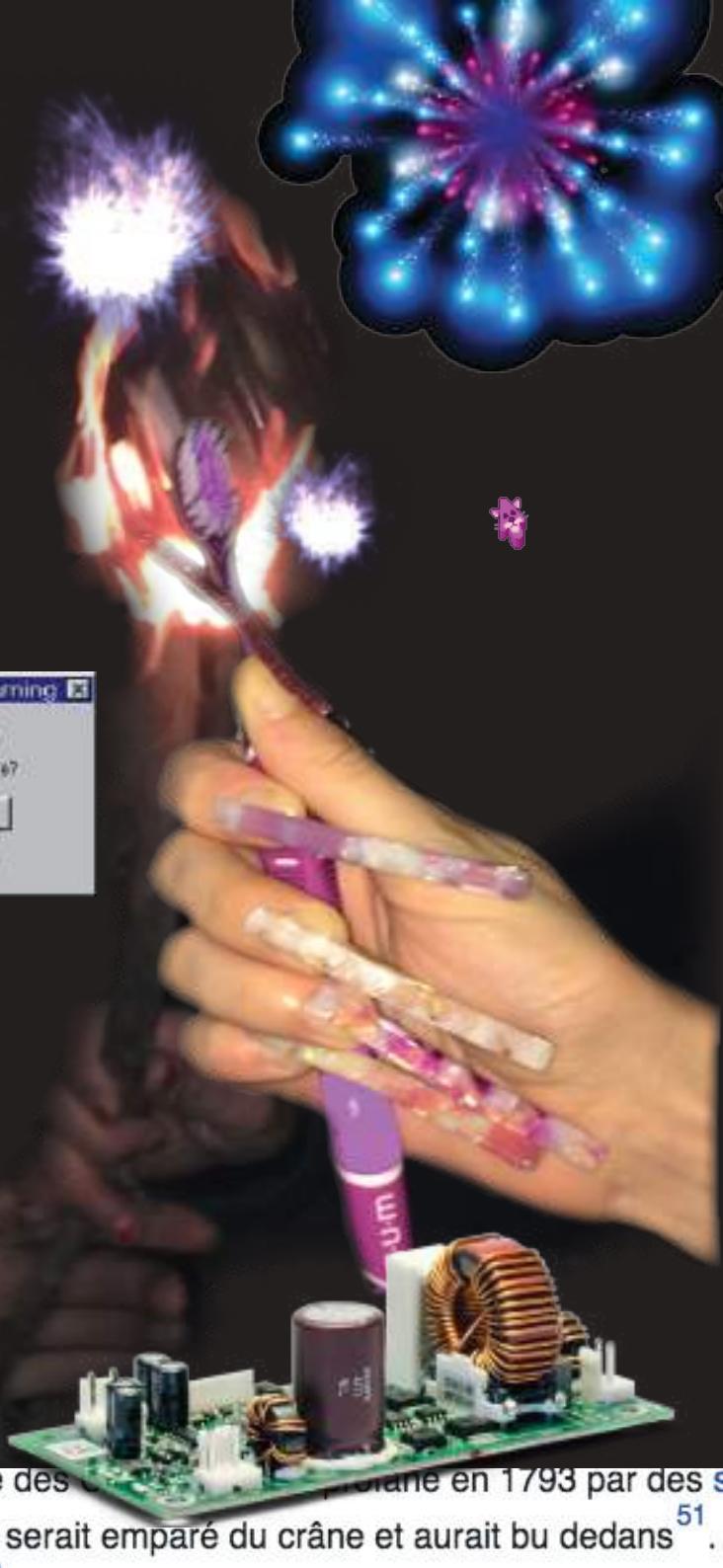
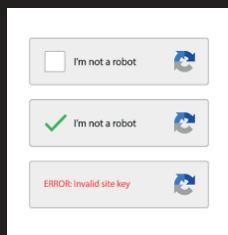
Untrue and boring statement.



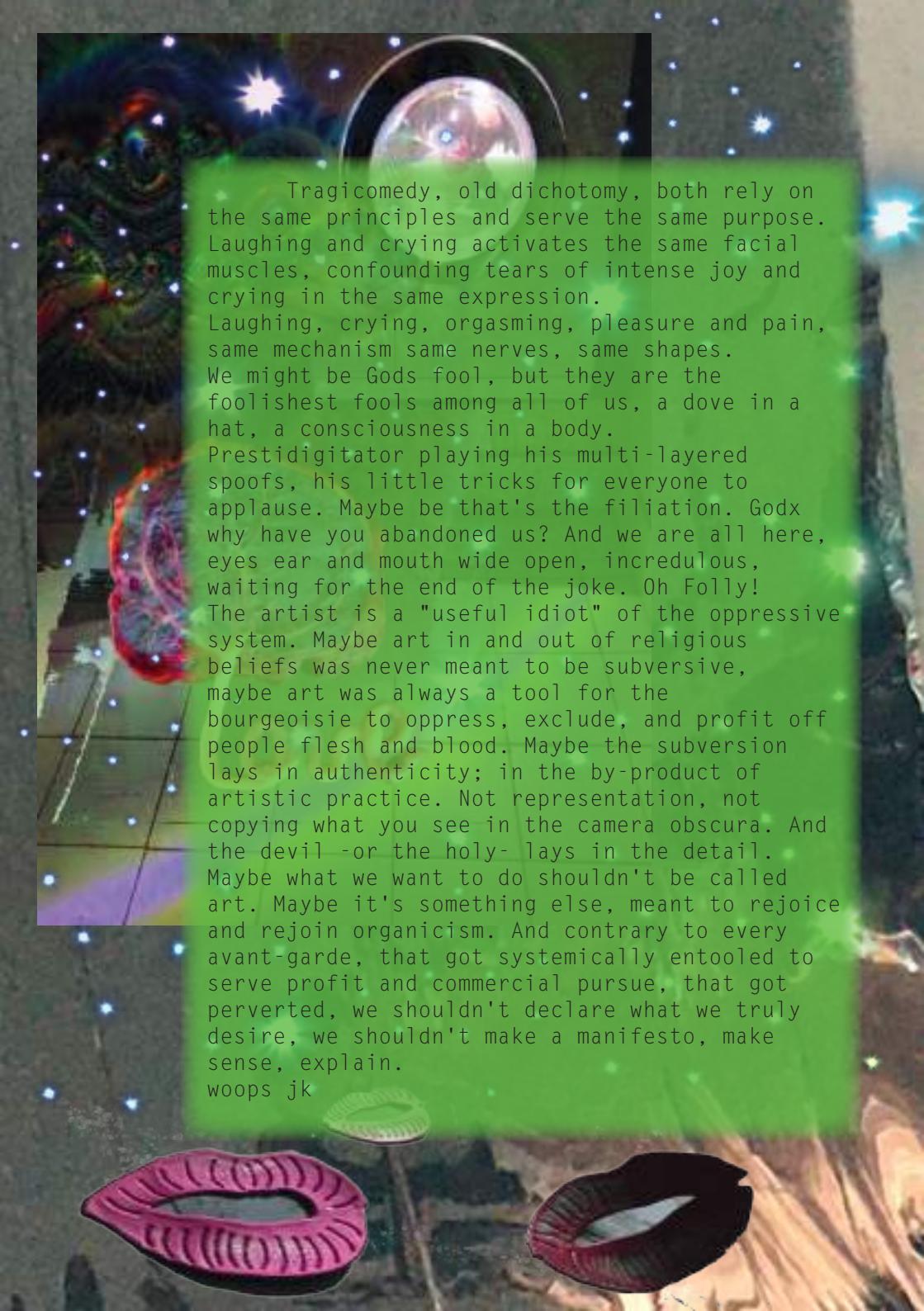
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comme son testament et le devenir exact de sa dépouille : son tombeau, ses culottes, ses ossements étant pillés et dispersés. Un Marseillais, d'ap-



Leau fut édifiée dans l'église des Sœurs de la Charité de la Sainte-Vierge Marie en 1793 par des Sœurs. Selon la tradition locale, se serait emparé du crâne et aurait bu dedans 51.



Tragedy, old dichotomy, both rely on the same principles and serve the same purpose. Laughing and crying activates the same facial muscles, confounding tears of intense joy and crying in the same expression. Laughing, crying, orgasming, pleasure and pain, same mechanism same nerves, same shapes. We might be Gods fool, but they are the fooliest fools among all of us, a dove in a hat, a consciousness in a body. Prestidigitator playing his multi-layered spoofs, his little tricks for everyone to applause. Maybe be that's the filiation. Godx why have you abandoned us? And we are all here, eyes ear and mouth wide open, incredulous, waiting for the end of the joke. Oh Folly! The artist is a "useful idiot" of the oppressive system. Maybe art in and out of religious beliefs was never meant to be subversive, maybe art was always a tool for the bourgeoisie to oppress, exclude, and profit off people flesh and blood. Maybe the subversion lays in authenticity; in the by-product of artistic practice. Not representation, not copying what you see in the camera obscura. And the devil -or the holy- lays in the detail. Maybe what we want to do shouldn't be called art. Maybe it's something else, meant to rejoice and rejoin organicism. And contrary to every avant-garde, that got systemically entooled to serve profit and commercial pursue, that got perverted, we shouldn't declare what we truly desire, we shouldn't make a manifesto, make sense, explain.

woops jk

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NAKED!

The wars that were won lately were hidden wars. The approach should try to remain nameless, uncontrollable, headless: a cultural secretive terrorism without organization or precepts. Not structure meant to last and be political. It concerns the urge to exist, and should not try to be historical, to make history, be part of history, be avant-garde or post-anything or neo-whatever, not be bothered nor by past nor by future. But encapsulate desires fallen and risen while the present is in the making, Instantaneous, and time is relative. The temporality is not to count with seconds, hours years or decades. What I mean by present, instantaneous, is not about temporality, but its inscription in an everlasting reality, everlasting as long as you commit to it. It is a present. And truthfulness and authenticity and love are eternal. Inscribed in a consistent momentum. Like in music, a melody is always passing but the listening experience is the one of a continuous present, revolving around itself, going up and down scales, always returning to itself, developing mutating retracting expanding, changing tonality does not impact the essence of it. I think that to be able to produce such quality of work, the artist needs a vision. But not a vision of the future, not a vision directed towards ideals or utopian pretty image, or fear of also dystopian sexy images. I think that this vision, or this hearing, is only concerned with love. It is a form of mysticism in a way.

The preternatural (or praeternatural) is that which appears outside or beside (Latin: *præter*) the natural. It is "suspended between the mundane and the miraculous"

XXX, M% C2% AS E% C2% ASSES ARE BL



# Bienvenue sur mon blog



Sacrifices that matters are always volunteered.  
A premeditated fall. Auto-derisio.  
Sacrified artist and sacrificed clown. It might have been necessary.

The stage incandescent under the projectors fire, The camera is shooting, A splash and the protagonist fall on the floor, his face disappearing under whipped cream, like foam runing from its mouth, the mass is wearing bright makeup like a dead body disguised under the colors of life, the mouth of the big shoes exhale a squeal, a fart cushion resonates, a flower squirts, a puddle forms under the shape laying inert in a grotesque pose. Laughters drip from grinning faces around inhabited by the tricksters spirit. It's raining applause and laughters, Heavy applause syncopated rain washing the crime scene. Asking for more.

"In the street we will soon see only artists and we will have a hard time finding sheer manbeings. "





"The disappearing of the clown, with them being put to death  
their are now everywhere"

"La disparition du clown, avec sa mise à mort, il est maintenant partout"

But this desire should not be named. If you name it the star falls. It should not be systemized institutionalized. Or be a school of thoughts. Or try to convince anyone of anything. It is not a change. It is not a myth. It is a praxis. It is not a new approach. It was always there. We are not against, we are for. For love, for justice, for authenticity, for fun, for pleasure. It is there and we are part of it, but we are also part of somethings else. And they are not incompossibles, they coexist, like jazz being in clubs and in churches, being individualistic and collective, being spiritual, and without morals, coming from slavery and codified by imperialist culture. And yet it opened a breach, made a culture within other cultures, syncretized many worlds, helped and strengthened struggling communities, empowered them.

*meaning is the meat/myth the burglar throws to the guard dog*

TRUTH  
AND  
DARE



404



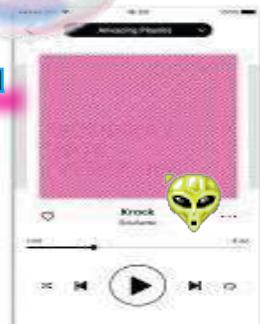
Eat a shoe  
 Fight a trashcan  
 Yell at the birds  
 Trepanate me, let the inorganic demons out and  
 some fresh air in  
 Pierce a hole and may the breeze caress my  
 canned brain  
 shake the pandora box.

Before the battle, aligned,  
 A pair of kidney  
 wide opened  
 kidney stones dancing  
 Faith pressed condensed  
 playing dice  
 Throwing the pebbles  
 Playing with marbles  
 Flush Quint  
 Tomorrow it will rain  
 I open them wide,  
 To find divine logos encastred in the blood  
 vessels  
 A command  
 Gapping silky flesh  
 uncovering a string of shiny pearls  
 of alphabetic blood clogs  
 Like a tight necklace choking a destiny.

## Confirm Navigation

true

Are you sure you want to leave this page?





Two symmetrical kidney, face to face, warm and  
beating still

Someone said that symmetry was satanic.  
But human soul is located in the liver.  
Symmetry is full of tensions. Like the two  
sides of a coin longing for each other,  
divorced. Like Plato's hermaphrodites, waiting  
for their reunion to commit suicide.

Sacrificed package on the altar far away  
The smell of burnt clay and bones  
and mist ascending from warm feces  
I'm a tale teller, priest of the Templum  
organum

Son of dawn hunters tribe, walking on the  
mountain highs,  
Fighting marmorean push drive and urge, coming  
from mythical guts  
In the stench we hear gods and the whispers of  
an ontological storm  
Dawn hunters Chercheurs d'aurore  
point mort dusk soleil noir sur l'amenti  
from dust to downer





この投稿は3ヶ月以上更新が無い場合に表示されます。  
ホームページの更新WordPressは一ヶ月間画面に表示され  
ます。3ヶ月以内に表示されなくなります。

運営: EC文庫ームゲーリー  
WordPress 3.6.1

Wordpress 3.6.1  
Wordpress 3.6.1

Mankind will always prefer  
The meat rather than the bone  
said AA -Heavy is his crown  
It's a chase  
Dogs bark  
Hallali resonating afar  
Black sun white sky  
Muted tint, muted cry  
Your hands trying hard  
to reach in the dark  
Delicacies of the Altar  
A joke with no end  
A track with no drop  
A story with no resolution  
-extended mix rework//bandcamp.fr

Lightspeed

Free Speech  
Now!

And a funerary organ playing for all  
Up and under  
And those not deceased yet  
Soon the verse will pour in nothingness,  
Reaching the end of seas,  
Please please please

Apocastasis  
Cata Strophe  
Cataclysm,  
Turning upside down  
the hourglass  
and All that can be  
carnavaleous parade turning in ridicule  
hypnotic tournicoti tournicotata  
Electrons spinning, dizzy dizzy dizzy  
Tabula rasa welcoming you for the last and first  
supper



Anonymous 09/25/20(Fri)18:05:32 No.60196104

Please enter the following:

be my friend

Your Answer

SOLVE media

too



What the f\*\*\* is the point of living life if you don't aim for the stars

2 hands

18 tabs open

Dinner is served

A dish better served cold  
on the Tabula smaragondina

Hold still, camera flashin'  
with a few sticks, I draw a square,  
123 Swirls, backlash, flips and a stare  
123 Black crows laughter's echo

Feasting on a body

Observing their funeral dance

I teach your what to expect  
In the frame, a feather fell  
Trespassed the Sacred Template  
The gate without no edge  
I pull a string I catch a world  
I translate, I Transverse  
I transcript knowledge

chiromantic malpractice

Funambulist on a rope

Catching chimeras

A rabbit bare skinned  
phagocyted alkaline spirit  
peeled fruits hanging  
Rotten in the fruit

Sticky juice dripping slowly running between my toes  
Clay and bones burning to draw bravery in the purple  
smoke swirls

Hand tied, neck ployed, shoulder-less burden

Disjointed knees crawling

Under the black birds jewel sight  
a macabre Waltz tracing spirals

Going full circle

Feasting vultures

Voracious crows Tearing apart some gruesome sounds  
My kidney gone in a rapture  
Satanic pornocult distortions



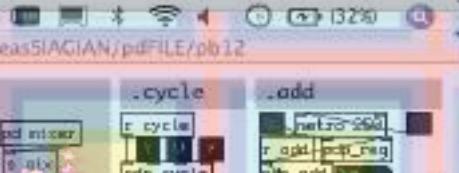
From the calcined mummified corpse  
Maieutic care will brought to life  
a new hope to hold onto  
But we will still search for autogenic truth  
I'm the blind person from that old trope  
Blind musician, blind poiet blind Pythie blind  
prophet  
blind angle and blind sight  
It's pitch black, and I see the light  
truth printed below my retina  
I see and I view,  
Pupils burnt by a truth bigger  
Dangerous and holy beggar  
Straying in the no-man's land  
Oracle teeth in the wind  
The oracle confound itself with its message  
And confound itself with gods  
Miracle court of sand and ash  
Father of the desert  
Son of the  
Acephalic, I lost my head,  
Holyness biting my toes  
a Loony you might say  
I for-see and I rearview  
For no one else will hear you  
Drowning on your missed fortune

*"can we too become useless ?"*  
Glitch Manifesto









**jczbabyydoll** (moderator) (contest runner-up) writes:  
Beautiful...



Rewatching *the wicker man* (not the nicolas cage version, the 70's one), I was struck by how the people depicted in the movie are forming an absolutely ideal community, it's a strange movie, because beside the cringy madman drama at the end, the terrors affects (it's supposed to be a thriller) come more from the shock value of unworldly scenes occurring in the mundane small life of a small common village than the actual content of the scenes, that are way too esthetic. I don't know, maybe the pagan rituals scenes were supposed to be offending to the eye of the british cinephile of the 70's. In that community, everyone is acting like one big body, sharing the secret, sharing the joke, everyone being a game-master, and following the thread of the story, their role, their destiny, everyone being a self conscious character necessary to the story, to the bigger project. Rejoining the mythical and the actual in the same momentum. Five layers of identity, of masks, surimpressed one onto another.

Having a project requiring common intelligence and roleplaying, is crucial to the group and the alter-individuals, the egos and altergeos. I don't know what to think of making a ersatz, a fac simile of a blood ritual. I guess, in most religious systems, offerings are only metaphors for the events depicted in myths. And the modern practice is a reminder of that not directed so much to the gods but more to the reactualization of the communal belief which forms the community, it's more a social catalyst. I guess you would have to do it physically but also narrate it in the meantime meanwhile to make it both real and fictional. It's theater but there is no stage therefore everyone is responsible to decide where it starts. Exactly like in a movie. You choose to suspend your disbelief. It's not about believing straightforwardly. But you can choose to, or not to. The facts and the potentials are both in your just hands. Justiciable.



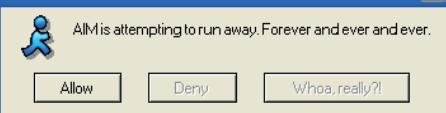
I want to imagine a system based on the role-play, an RPG IRL. It's just a sort of holistic approach. It would be a model of enlightened inspiration, where faith and love, as vague as it seems, would be based on a system of casts, but not hierarchized, only codependant and celebrated as such. It would be a game. Goose game. And would be presented as such. The holy figure would be the figure of the game, the ludos, enacted by every social interaction. Loosing or winning would be celebrated all the same on the same plan because it would be the participation of the game and the breaking point between reality and fantasy that would be celebrated again and again, like in the potlach configuration where giving up all your belongings creates respect and prestige. There could be different teams nocharacter would be above others, everyone participating equally to the destiny of the community. It would entangle progressism (myth of a reunion, a destiny, waiting for an event, reactualization of a destiny, an accomplishment for which the social harmony would be necessary), and reactionism strengthening the cultural identity of the group (language, art, preservation of the belief). The whole would be structured by the game rules, rites, parties, feast, offerings, dogmas and codes to the religious (of latin *reliqare*, what links, what bound the social) creating a collective and individual representation of the groups for them and between them like the 6 points linked together forms an hexagon, like diverse notes forming together a harmony, create a form, a plan, a space in the interstice between every point. To create is agencing in the way that birth a space by the middle, an interference, an in-between, between you and the world. The becoming as a composition between the self and the world, crossing the livable and the lived. Agencing the multiplicities. Concomitant movements of alterity. Coupling asynchronistical rythms.

bretelles jaunes nois verts

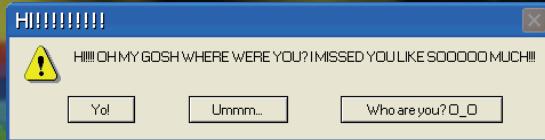


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Knowledge Systems

## Error



In this dramatical interconnected interpersonal tension, the common groud, only condition, would be the faith in the global system, pragmatically and ritually. Forming a superior ethos, a cultural and cultual capital. The groups forming a body altogether. As long as Love, truth, freedom are savorily partaken as principles.



Yes my question is how to articulate moral, theology, philosophy, politics, existence, with a ritual thinking (with efficiency so to speak). How to bring the unknown by the mystic voice and knowledge. And Destroy (sapper) the concept of the opaque institution depositary of the trencendental divine fire. In return burn all the apersonal intermediaries. Instead incarnate that mediation in a continuum flow of everyday arrrangements.

"There is no cult of chaos, but instead, above order and disorder, the taming (aprivoisement) of spontaneity. What is the worst, making your dream come true, or miss the realization of it?

Push more and more, Frisante limite (Curly limit?) liminal state, until exhaustion and madness wipes it all.

Sometimes I tell myself that enter a state of everlasting drunkenness, febrile, gambling with sanity, It's a way to realize my desire to be in the present.

Those who enter in contacts with the gods, who learn one of their secrets, end up mad, dies, or walk on top of the Olympus. Give up all cynism, all irony, that are just a blanket for the scared ego.

Give up all cynism, all irony, undress, hold onto the irrational, naked, stay mad, enter and rest in love, the holding of the whole. Only way to paracheive your sense of belonging to this worls. Fusionally, as an enlightened mystic. It's about believing teribly, terrifically and absolutely, have faith in something, anything. Believe, give up cynism and irony that are poor attempts to protect yourself. Be an open wound. Give up on protection, instead engage. Fanatically loving and hoping. A fanaticism without exteriorisation, engaging my sight and senses. Out of any consideration of society. Exalting my humanity with a small and a big H. Witout fear of the ridiculous, without shame, simply. Becoming IDIOT. Naked, luminous, shameless, singular, harmonious, living their truth and valors at every instants. In love, virevolting on themselves. Blind and seeing. Silencious beatitude. They don't need to understand. They are not exterior to themselves, they understand themselves, they live in the partaking sharing of themselves. Without other object than love.



# I DON'T FUCKING CARE MR. ROTHSCHILD



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Thank you CAR PIECE

Revolution doesn't mean anything. I mean physically a revolution is a full turn, a 360. The earth take 345 Days to complete its revolution around the sun. Aren't every year the same and worse? I don't want a revolution, I want an evolution. Not a 360 but a kickflip followed by a 180. We need a turn, a new path. We do not need to turn on ourselves, getting deezy, rotating on an axis, thinking we are moving fast but actually ending up standing on the same initial ground.

Seen from the top in a 2D world a spiral is a circle. You might think it's a revolution. But If you tilt it in 3D, It actually looks like a stairway. Take the steps and elevate.

Maybe there is no such thing as a revolution.

Maybe Revolutions are another Scarecrow invented by capitalism. They are entangled concepts anyway, quite born at the same time for the new common acception of a revolution. Who came first between the chicken and the egg I say. Maybe if you give nacre powder to chicken, they would lay pearly eggs.

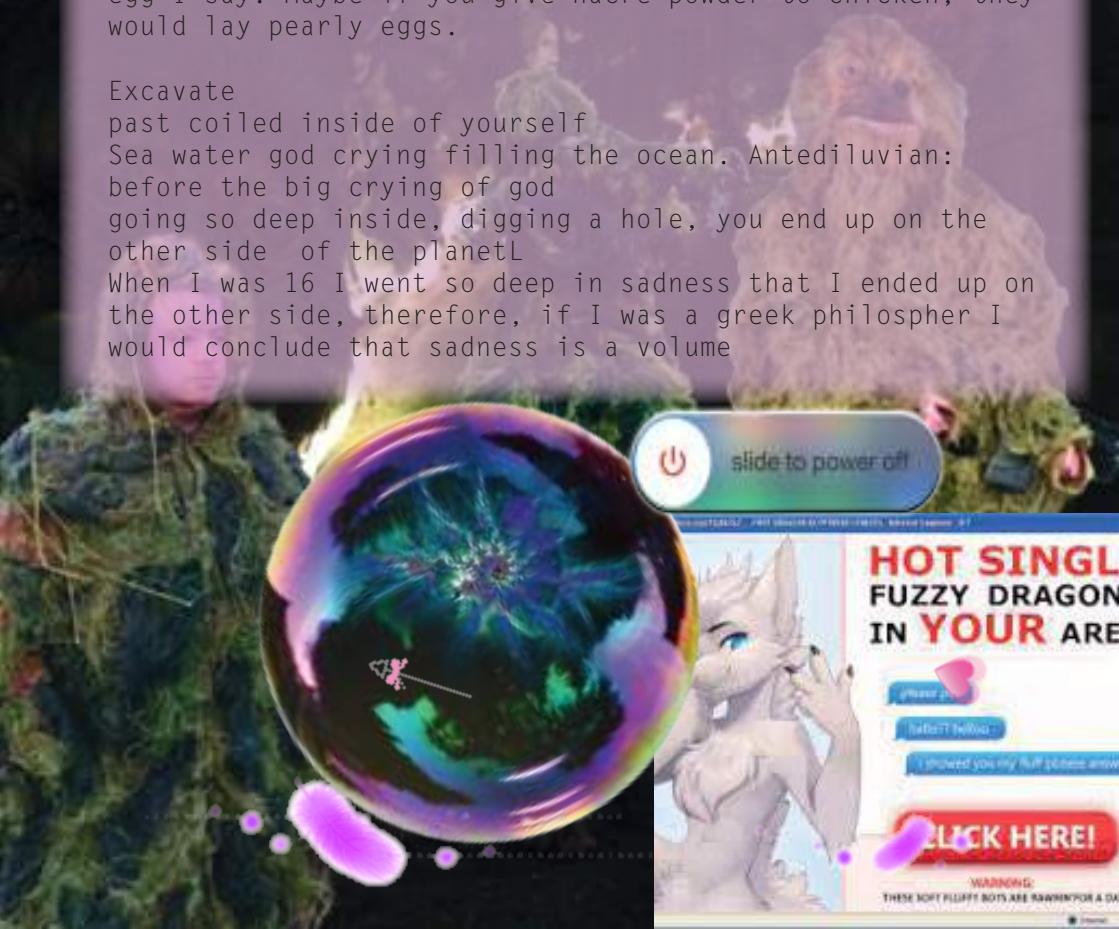
Excavate

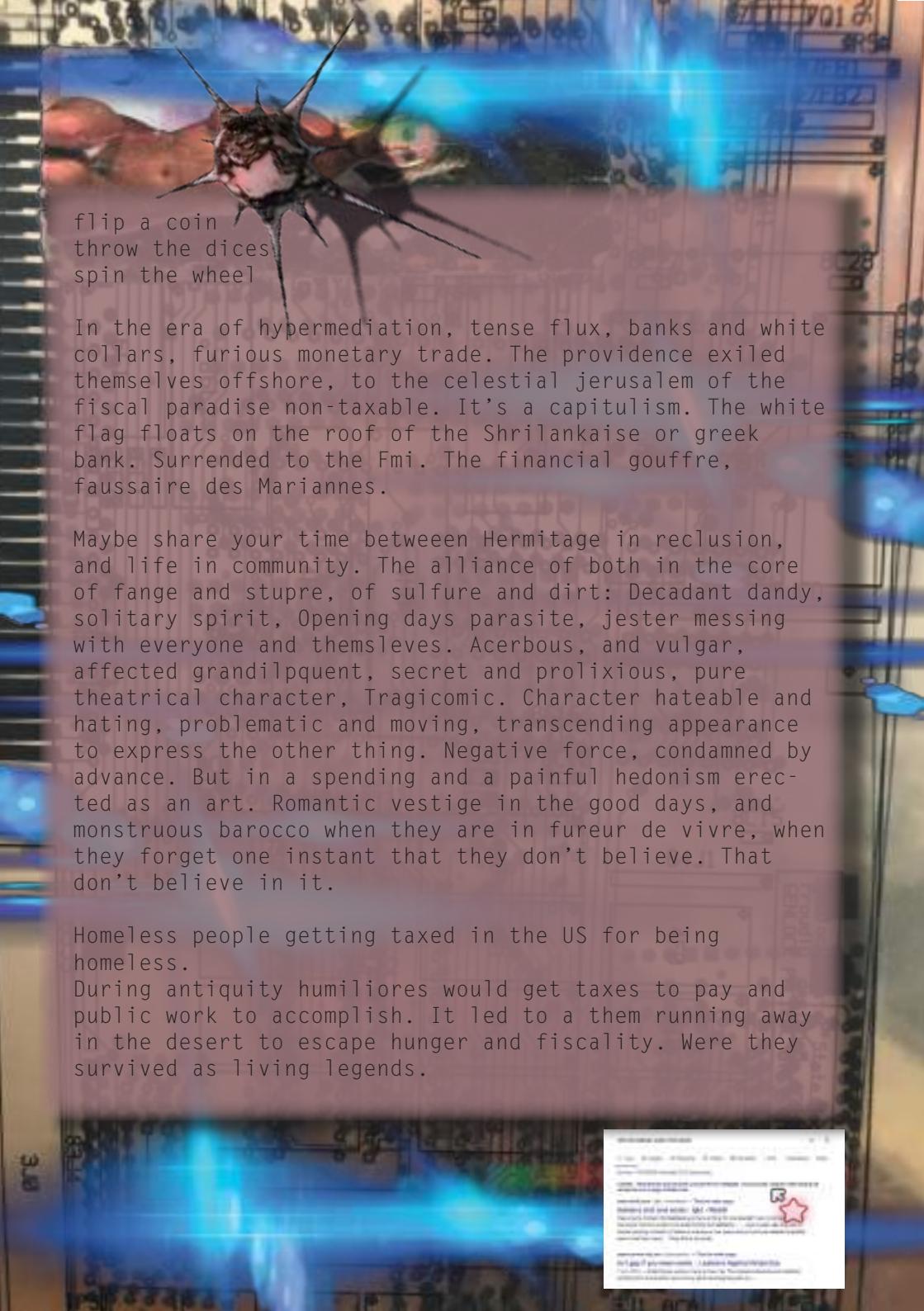
past coiled inside of yourself

Sea water god crying filling the ocean. Antediluvian:  
before the big crying of god

going so deep inside, digging a hole, you end up on the  
other side of the planetL

When I was 16 I went so deep in sadness that I ended up on  
the other side, therefore, if I was a greek philosopher I  
would conclude that sadness is a volume





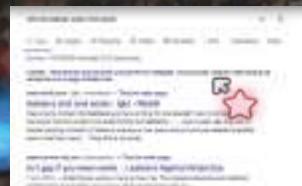
flip a coin  
throw the dices  
spin the wheel

In the era of hypermediation, tense flux, banks and white collars, furious monetary trade. The providence exiled themselves offshore, to the celestial jerusalem of the fiscal paradise non-taxable. It's a capitulism. The white flag floats on the roof of the Shrilankaise or greek bank. Surrended to the Fmi. The financial gouffre, faussaire des Mariannes.

Maybe share your time betweeen Hermitage in reclusion, and life in community. The alliance of both in the core of fange and stupre, of sulfure and dirt: Decadant dandy, solitary spirit, Opening days parasite, jester messing with everyone and themsleves. Acerbous, and vulgar, affected grandilpquent, secret and prolixious, pure theatrical character, Tragcomic. Character hateable and hating, problematic and moving, transcending appearance to express the other thing. Negative force, condamned by advance. But in a spending and a painful hedonism erected as an art. Romantic vestige in the good days, and monstruous barocco when they are in fureur de vivre, when they forget one instant that they don't believe. That don't believe in it.

Homeless people getting taxed in the US for being homeless.

During antiquity humiliores would get taxes to pay and public work to accomplish. It led to a them running away in the desert to escape hunger and fiscality. Were they survived as living legends.





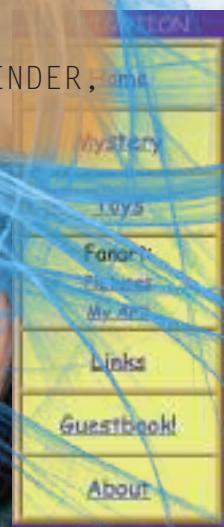
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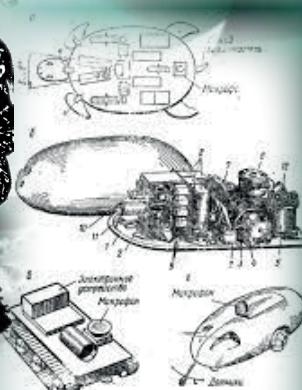
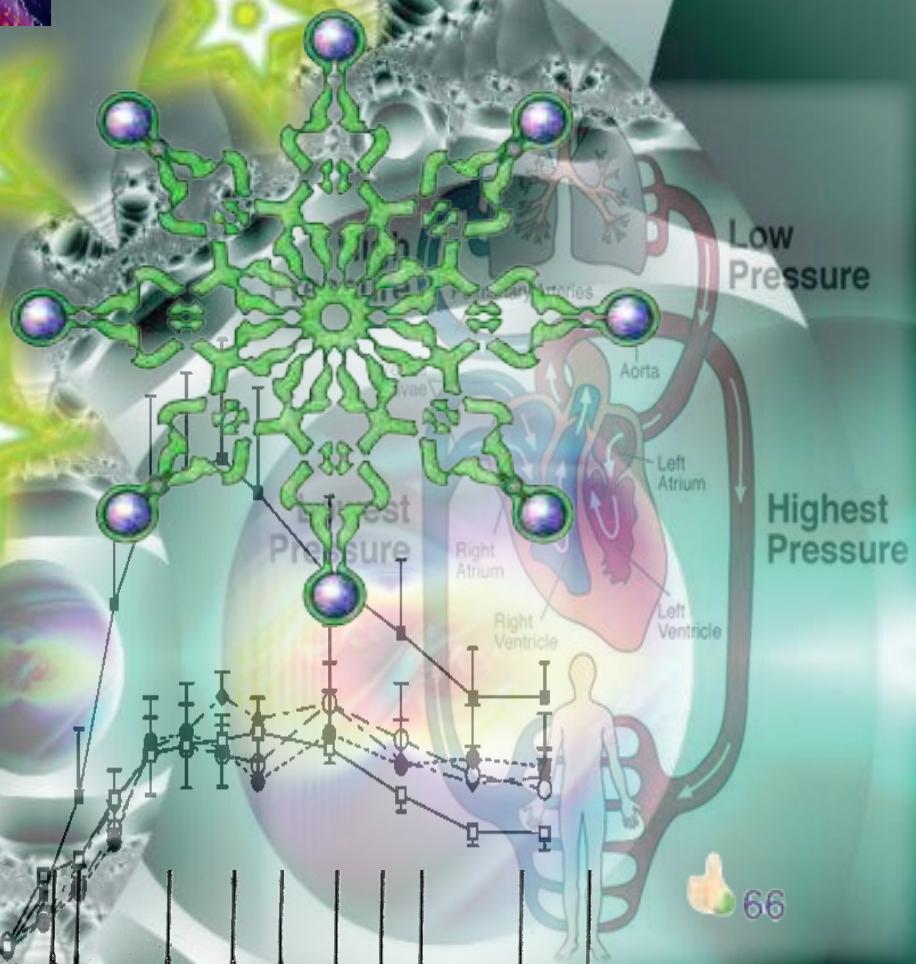
Anachoretes who retired from the world people that went away from secular society for religious reasons, to lead an hermitic ascetic lifestyle devoted to prayers and eucharist. It widely developed during the fall of the roman Empire and high Middle age. They had to submit to a consecration ritual, close to a funeral rite, after which they were considered at last spiritually as "dead to this world" like some sorts of Living saints.

WHITE FLAG FLOATING, SURRENDER, SURRENDER,  
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## ASSOCIAÇÃO CULTURAL

**RIONETAS DE LISBOA**  
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JE CHOISIS  
LE MONTANT DE  
MON OFFRENDE



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Day after day heartbeat after heartbeat, a simple music a simple drum pattern, first instrument of mankind, banging some rocks together following your syncopated heart. We looped back to it. I guess I'm a bit too full of post-structuralism, it really gave me the obsession of deconstructing and questioning everything I perceive.

The other day I was talking to a friend about how I had this pattern in my life of needing intimacy with specific profiles and how I had to deconstruct that and she was like you know, not all patterns are bad, life is repetitive. It's a hard thing to swallow I know, but consider, your heart is beating on a repetitive scheme, and you better not deconstruct that. And I was baffled. But I commit sometimes (3) because I don't want to commit too much to anything, not even not committing I think.

Biologically we love a melody because we find a pattern in it, it's theoretically impossible to like a music that does not have any pattern in it. Because repetition tickles our brain in a nice way, it's a chemical thing after all. We are scared all the time, and we find solace in safe predictable content. Once we accept it, chaos is not a melody it's a noise we can find comfort in noise too I imagine. Because it's a constant in its own way, isn't no pattern a pattern too? like the sound of rain on the roof, like a full spectrum buzzing, never the exact same twice, but constant and warm. Maybe it's something about not trying to find a pattern anymore, it's a meditative let-go. Like a tank of sound, the pattern isn't in the tones, but in the almost materiality of "there is sound coming in my ear constantly" a uttermost unescapable pattern, it's a flow.

Type I Collagen Triple Helix

Your organs vibrating, brown noise, white noise, pink noise, noises of every colors, sometimes being the right resonating frequency to engage your organs. The biggest pattern there is: some things are constantly happening. Similar to this idea that if you wait long enough you can find the entire -say- Marahabata written in a suite of absolutely randomly generated letters. Maybe if we wait long enough this could even happened twice, even three times, an infinity of time. That would be a pattern to then, cosmos as a mere portion of chaos. Nietzsche said don't look in the abyss as if we could see the bottom of anything anyway. But on our scale what chaotism brings? Jazz, Zappa, breakcore... A delicious anxiety. Always on the verge

Soetsu Yanagi, Pattern, it's the essence, the spirit of thing

*"When nature is perceived as beautiful, that is because it is seen as a pattern"; "Pattern is movement within quietude, A state in which opposites are one. there is no pattern without quietude; there is no pattern without movement".*

*"What has not been fully simplified is not yet a pattern.*

*In that sense, patterns are not a form of decoration but an expression of non-adornment. It this simplicity must not be interpreted as rough-hewn elision. In Zen terms, it is an "all-inclusive void" It includes all and signifies all."*

*"When nature is re-created by human mind, the result is a pattern. When intuition is weak, the pattern turns into a schematic drawing, nothing more than a cold intellectual composition. When intuition is dull, the only alternative is to add onto, to augment, this artificial composition. Yet in the end, to create a good pattern is to grasp an object's real nature"*

hello???

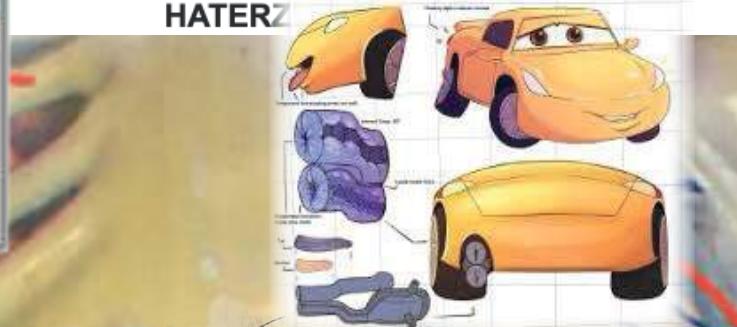
Bonne journée



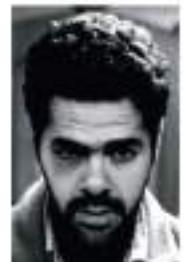
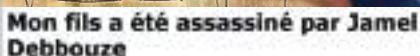
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# music is life

"since a pattern is a crystallization, it is also an exaggeration. It is an accentuation of the truth. The momentum provided by exaggeration is what lends the pattern its vivid force, a beauty that occasionally verges on the terrifying. Whenever a pattern is particularly beautiful, it invariably takes an aspect of the grotesque, the result of its being a reinforcement and fortification of beauty. It might be called exaggeration that is faithful to the truth. A pattern does not represent an object as it appears in nature; rather it is a vivid expression of something that does not, in fact, exist. It is not a realistic rendition; it achieves a state beyond the real world. Only when an object becomes the subject of a pattern does its existence take on earnest reality. In the great ages of art there has always been an element of the grotesque, a power that weak, sentimental eras don't possess. The truly grotesque has never strayed far from patternization".

superhutbyjanica writes:

you're the PEANUT to my B

"It might be argued that true symbolism is true realism".

Chaos is an enhancer, surfing the length wave of anxiety to self induce dopamine, until the next move, the next unpredictable move. My dopamine chase. Chaotic behavior brings me dopamine. Always flirting with fear and exhaustion, like a hunted animal. Self-hunt. Chaos as a method, taming fear induced by our cognitive functions and bias. No framework no work, no system no failure. I consider myself as collateral/ Concomitant co-lateral

POST THIS ON THIS SITE 9 TIMES BY FRIDAY YOUR CRUSH WILL LOVE YOU  
YOU DONT YOU WILL NEVER BE LOVED AGAIN!!!





I told someone that I got probably bored once, and they were super shocked they said "What only once? That is

impossible! Maybe you are bored all the time and it is such a constant state that you have no reflexivity over it". Made me think a lot. And then I remembered when I was seven I told my mom twice that I was bored and she burst out screaming that I'm not allowed to be bored, that I'm an insufferable spoiled child and if I'm so bored I should go clean the dishes. And that was it, cleaned the dishes and never got bored again. A blessing and a curse I guess.





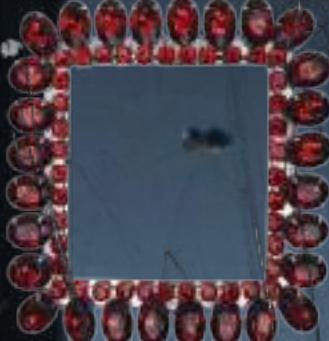
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hat i'll get you

ll have you



ACESPHALIS



THE END

Is boredom another evolutionary trait that I'm missing out on?

The possibility for crime is a genetic factor preferred by evolution.

Monstrous ridiculous creations. Darwinism blinded itself with the idea that evolving meant progressing, adapting, overcoming, becoming better. But Except sometimes species develop random useless characteristics, that even drive them to extinction because of statistic bias.

There are some people I love. And it feels like they are populating the word. They represent something, as a monument, as a place, they inhabit and populate the cartography of life crafted inside of me. I love them beyond myself. I mean I feel like I love them beyond my subjectivity, I love them beyond my identity and personality. If I was a tree I'd love them all the same. Beyond myself really, beyond them too. And wherever I am and wherever they are, even if we meet once every 20 years, even if I don't know them that much, I love them unconditionally. It's ethereal. It sounds corny but they are stars shining around, far away, radiating warm light. Still impregnating my world with their idiosyncrasy. Directing some of my moves from afar when I'm lost in roaring seas.

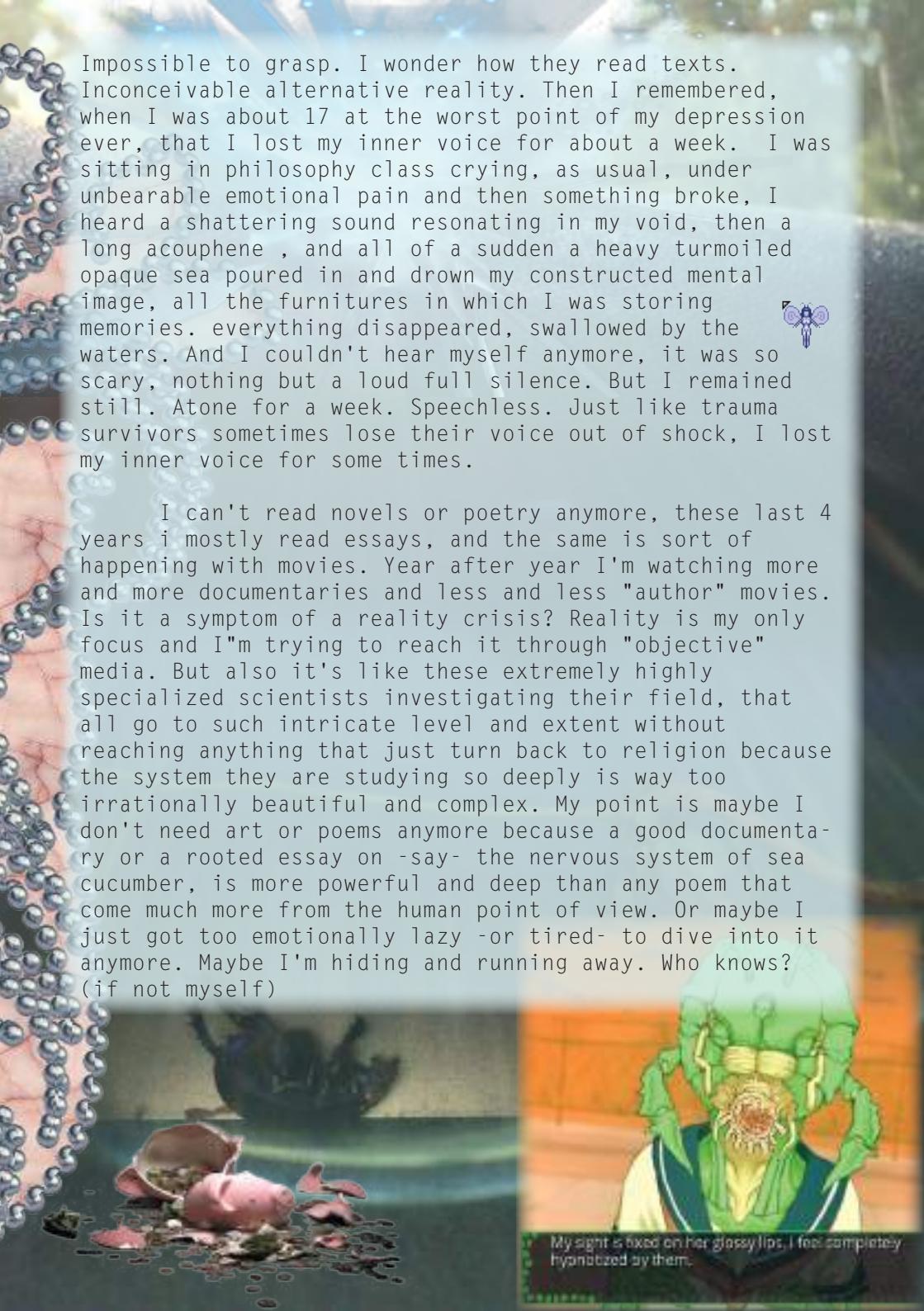
The occidental normative idea of a subject was only invented in middle-age, I wonder how the commoner would perceive themselves earlier. Years ago, I was quite shocked, talking about self perception with people, when I found out that not everyone has the same experience of consciousness. Some don't have an inner voice, no self monologue. They don't hear themselves, they just are the thought maybe?



Impossible to grasp. I wonder how they read texts. Inconceivable alternative reality. Then I remembered, when I was about 17 at the worst point of my depression ever, that I lost my inner voice for about a week. I was sitting in philosophy class crying, as usual, under unbearable emotional pain and then something broke, I heard a shattering sound resonating in my void, then a long acouphene, and all of a sudden a heavy turmoiled opaque sea poured in and drown my constructed mental image, all the furnitures in which I was storing memories. everything disappeared, swallowed by the waters. And I couldn't hear myself anymore, it was so scary, nothing but a loud full silence. But I remained still. Atone for a week. Speechless. Just like trauma survivors sometimes lose their voice out of shock, I lost my inner voice for some times.



I can't read novels or poetry anymore, these last 4 years i mostly read essays, and the same is sort of happening with movies. Year after year I'm watching more and more documentaries and less and less "author" movies. Is it a symptom of a reality crisis? Reality is my only focus and I'm trying to reach it through "objective" media. But also it's like these extremely highly specialized scientists investigating their field, that all go to such intricate level and extent without reaching anything that just turn back to religion because the system they are studying so deeply is way too irrationally beautiful and complex. My point is maybe I don't need art or poems anymore because a good documentary or a rooted essay on -say- the nervous system of sea cucumber, is more powerful and deep than any poem that come much more from the human point of view. Or maybe I just got too emotionally lazy -or tired- to dive into it anymore. Maybe I'm hiding and running away. Who knows? (if not myself)



Your really can give space and put quote marks on any impersonal sentence and it become deep

"Not really now, not any more."

"Objectified subjectivity is not a delusion of marxism"

"The soup will not get cold"

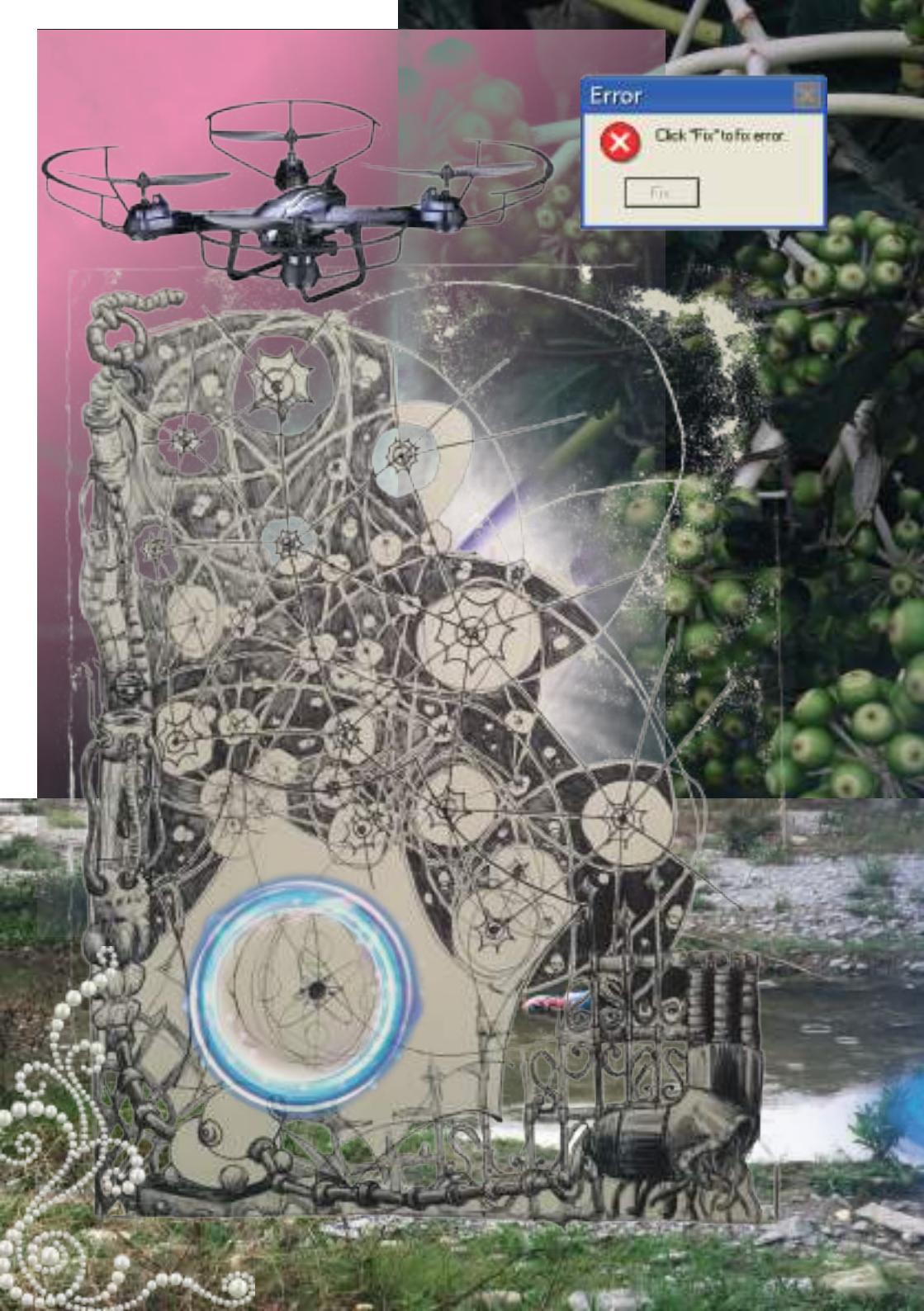
The taste of ecstasy, It is proven that what happens in the womb during pregnancy impacts the baby, to what extend is still unknown. Fear, stress, anxiety, anger... Yes, same goes for drugs. It becomes a scent, a perfume around the newborn? I met that girl with my roomate at a party. She was a lawyer and we would just intuitively feel it. Like a nose in the middle of the face, we just could hum the scent, we knew that her mom was doing heroin while pregnant with her, and guess what secret she told us 2 hours later drunk.

Heroine made my favorite jazz  
Each and every one of them used some heroine  
Heroine made my favorite jazz  
Each and every one of them kicked the heroine  
Can you kick it yes you can  
Heroine made my favorite jazz each and every one of them  
smoked some heroine



ପ୍ରଥମ ହାତର ପାତାର ପାତାର  
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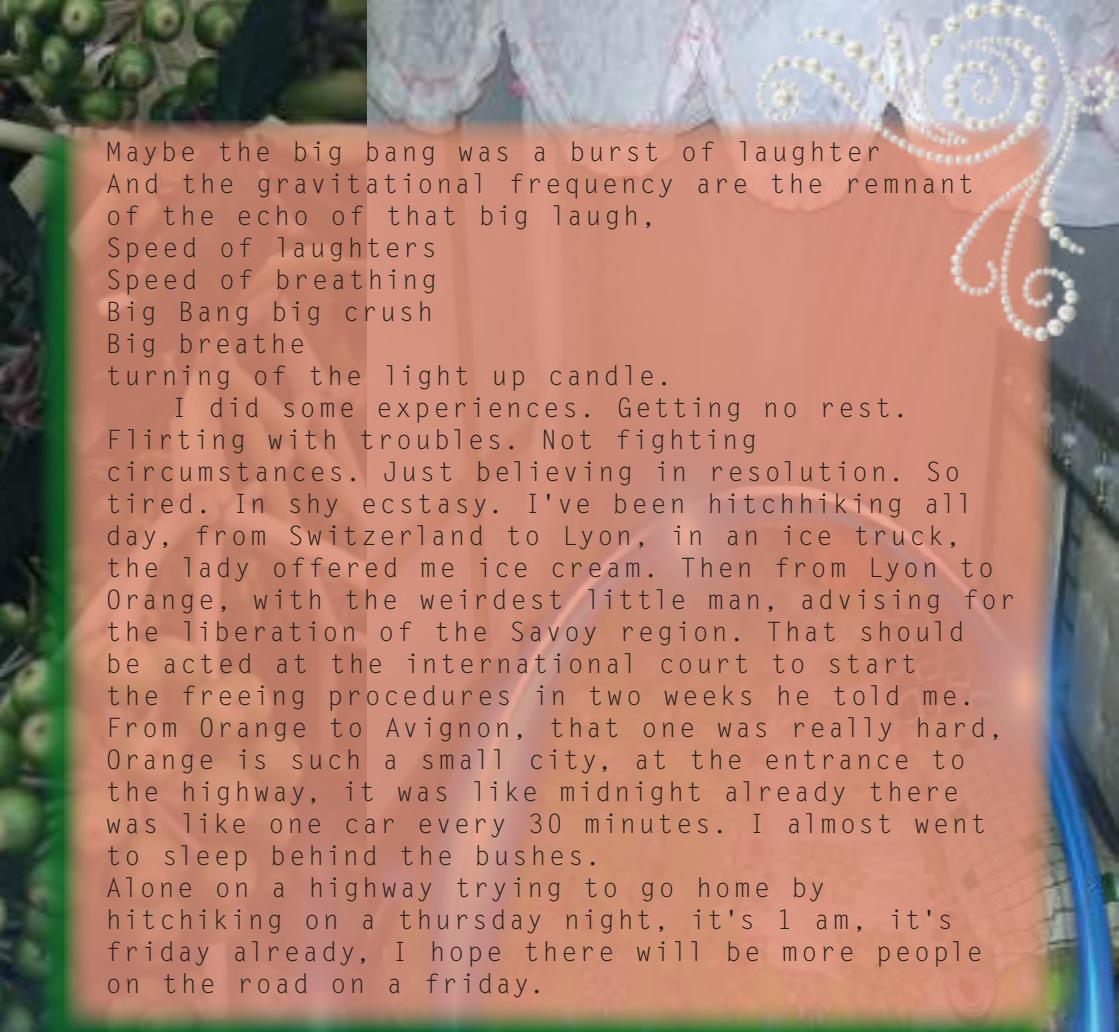


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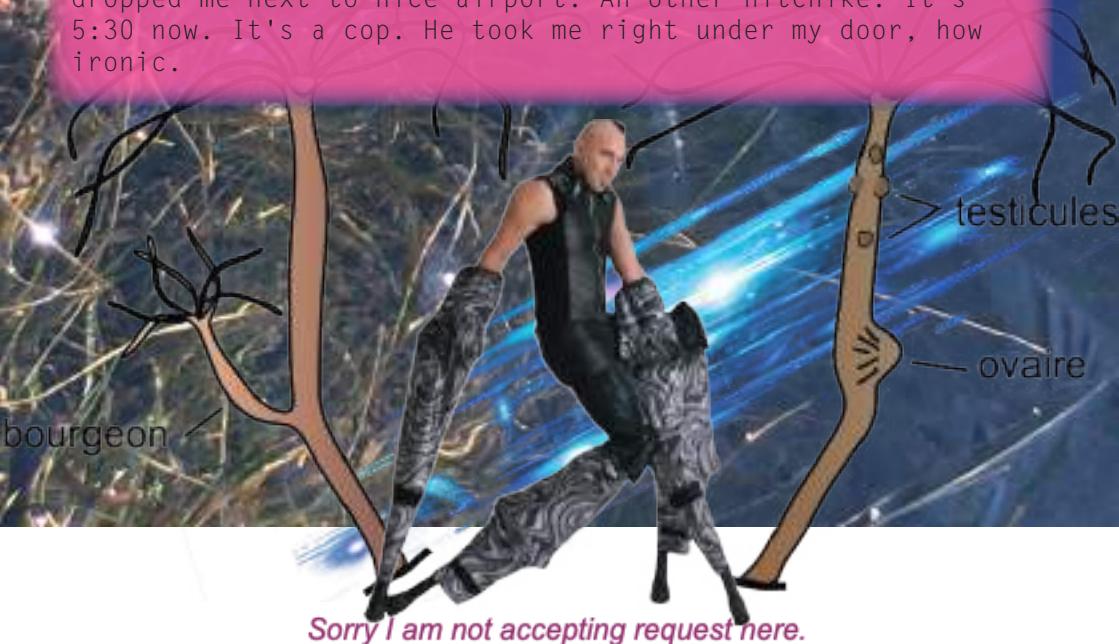


Maybe the big bang was a burst of laughter  
And the gravitational frequency are the remnant  
of the echo of that big laugh,  
Speed of laughters  
Speed of breathing  
Big Bang big crush  
Big breathe  
turning of the light up candle.

I did some experiences. Getting no rest.  
Flirting with troubles. Not fighting  
circumstances. Just believing in resolution. So  
tired. In shy ecstasy. I've been hitchhiking all  
day, from Switzerland to Lyon, in an ice truck,  
the lady offered me ice cream. Then from Lyon to  
Orange, with the weirdest little man, advising for  
the liberation of the Savoy region. That should  
be acted at the international court to start  
the freeing procedures in two weeks he told me.  
From Orange to Avignon, that one was really hard,  
Orange is such a small city, at the entrance to  
the highway, it was like midnight already there  
was like one car every 30 minutes. I almost went  
to sleep behind the bushes.  
Alone on a highway trying to go home by  
hitchhiking on a thursday night, it's 1 am, it's  
friday already, I hope there will be more people  
on the road on a friday.



The A7 highway is absolutely desertic, a few car like drops after drops. But they are far away, most of them pass on the middle lane. I'm not allowed to be on the highway, it would be too bold to stand on the middle of it, I make shy steps to get closer, holding my small cardboard in the dark. No one sees me. Feeling so peaceful. A truck driver stops by. He asks where I'm going I say Home, to Nice. It's been one year day for day that I haven't been home, that I haven't spent a day alone, really alone. He seemed really cool, he said sorry but I can drive you a bit closer, to aix en provence. I say no thank you I will wait a bit more for someone else. He says are you sure? I saw some weird men next to the truck parking. I say yeah it's okay. I waited one hour more, regretting not going in with the nice man. There were weird men indeed. "it's a game; sometimes you win, sometimes you loose resonating every five minutes in my mind. And a truck stops, I ask him "hey? Where are you going? Can I hop in?" I did and he dropped me next to Sofia Antipolis. It's 4 AM now. I wonder how I'll get from there to Nice. I'm walking next to the highway again, alone, with my bagpack and my peace. Such a long night and quite cold. New truck stops by. He doesn't speak french nor english. We use google translate to exchange. He's Moldavian, funny looking, round and joyfull, Cold Google traduction's lady voice shivering between us. And he dropped me next to nice airport. An other hitchike. It's 5:30 now. It's a cop. He took me right under my door, how ironic.

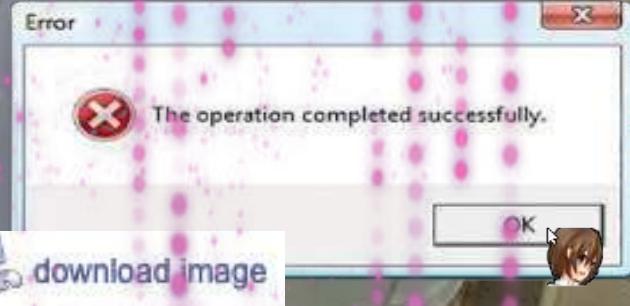


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Find my love, I  
Think of you every morning  
Dream of you every night.



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Practicing chaos. Surfing. This last year everything could have gone wrong. But it didn't. I was so peaceful. Everything was consistent, it didn't needed sense. and I smiled a lot. Everything works fine if you play it as a game. Ludos. Sometimes you win sometimes you loose. It was pretty stupid. But the trick is either to believe that you had no choice doing what you did, that it HAD TO be, and hold onto the terrific command. Or else, that you had choice and chose to play, that it is just a game. A life threatenin, trauma inducing game, but still a game. It's not apathy, it's just that nothing matters that much joyfully. Russian roulette. sometimes you get robbed, sometimes you win 200 Swiss franks. Sometimes you forget your toothbrush in the public bathroom, sometimes you find nice shoes in the middle of a forest. Sometimes you get assaulted, sometimes you fall in love. I'm only eventfully collateral. Collaterally eventfull. Snatch the loot, farm to get some exp point, drink a healing potion. Cope cope cope confidence cope fun game lol haha, hehe ,hihi, hoho hehe. I bet I could stop smoking if I treated it as a game too. And take apointment to the doctor. I forgot about it but that is also how I used to succeed in school sometimes. Do I have ADHD? ludos lulduque le jeu

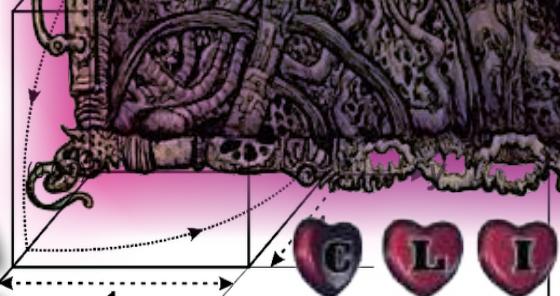
Games/Plays are the opium of People without religion", "le jeu est l'opium des peuples sans religion" tout est basé sur jeu, jeu sacré "mankind has an unhappy relationship to law, except in games", "l'homme a un rapport malheureux a la loi sauf dans le jeu".

```
?- evolve(pi,31).  
p1 :: s ec 0 at [] with [# -508] at_time 32  
p1 :: e ec -1 at [1] with [a-8, x1-5, x2-2, x3-7, x-9, x5-7  
at  
p1 :: e ec -1 at [2] with [a-8, x1-2, x2-7, x3-1, x4-6, x5-2  
p1 :: e ec -1 at [3] with [a-8, x1-7, x2-9, x3-2] at 32  
p1 :: e ec -1 at [4] with [a^1, x1-7, x2-9, x3-2] at 32  
:  
p1 :: e ec 1 at [64] with [a-25, a-8, e5-1] at_time 32
```

Used rules in the step 31:  
\* The rule 83 has been used only  
The P-system has sent out d1 at step 29  
The P-system has sent out d2 at step 31

```
?- evolve(pi,-2).  
No more evolution!  
The P system has already reached a limit at step 32
```

if I was your Vampire



1

X

Le simulacre ne nous coupe pas du réel  
"simulacre faste, subterfuge rituel nous raccorde au  
réel, pcq le réel c'est l'exultation d'un corps  
insufflée par l'esprit" ??

I had this priest friend when I was around seven. These memories are still blurry and full of black spots, I had this friend, a theology student, only for a few months, maybe his name was Dominique or Franck, I'm not sure. We would take long walks in Paris together. Once he bought me an apple ice cream at this famous place on the Ile de la cité, at Berthillon. I cried a bit of happiness. The best ice cream I ever had. Pastel green, with apple square chunks and the most wonderful taste. I was small, he was tall, my head was hardly reaching his waist.

Last time we met, I remember his toes, he was wearing sandals and a brown dress. I never saw him again, he became a monk in a religious convent, maybe the Franciscans.

Lately I asked my mom about it. She said she had no idea who tf he was, they met a few times when he brought me back home, she thought that maybe he was a pedophile because he was complimenting me a lot to her, and showing much affection. We met maybe once every two weeks to walk together and have big conversation about life, god, meaning. I don't even remember where and how we met. I know that as far as I could understand green and red light I would walk myself to school, and I remember a immensely huge and dark church on the way in the 18th district, between Batignolles and saint ouin, smelling like roasted dry fruits, and wood wax. I don't remember. I would try to annoy him, and test the limit of his faith, make fun of his beliefs. And patiently every time he would explain to me kindly the bottom of his ideas. His patience really moved me beside the frustration I remember.



Hey!

**YAHOO! Pager**

Find Out When Your Friends Are

I have been searching for meaning for a long time now. I miss that early childhood feeling that everything was offered to you, and everything is a prized possession, treasurable, whispering the secret of the universe, and deploying a warm imagination, a potential for a collection of images and small chestnuts and pebbles treasures.

WikiHow to make a self

How did a self happened in this chaos that were all these years.

To realize, the realization of the self as the ultimate worrying, as a command, a fuite en avant. Fleeing forward.

Se réaliser, la réalisation de soi comme ultime inquiétude, comme commandement,

Everything is relative, and how to find a belvedere to observe wtf is going on in extremis

I guess I should just read Mark Fischer and shut the fuck up

Anon has left the chat



Humpty Lock/Dumpty Key

Salvatore Ferragamo  
An Incredibly Easy  
Or Very Expensive, Never Seen Before  
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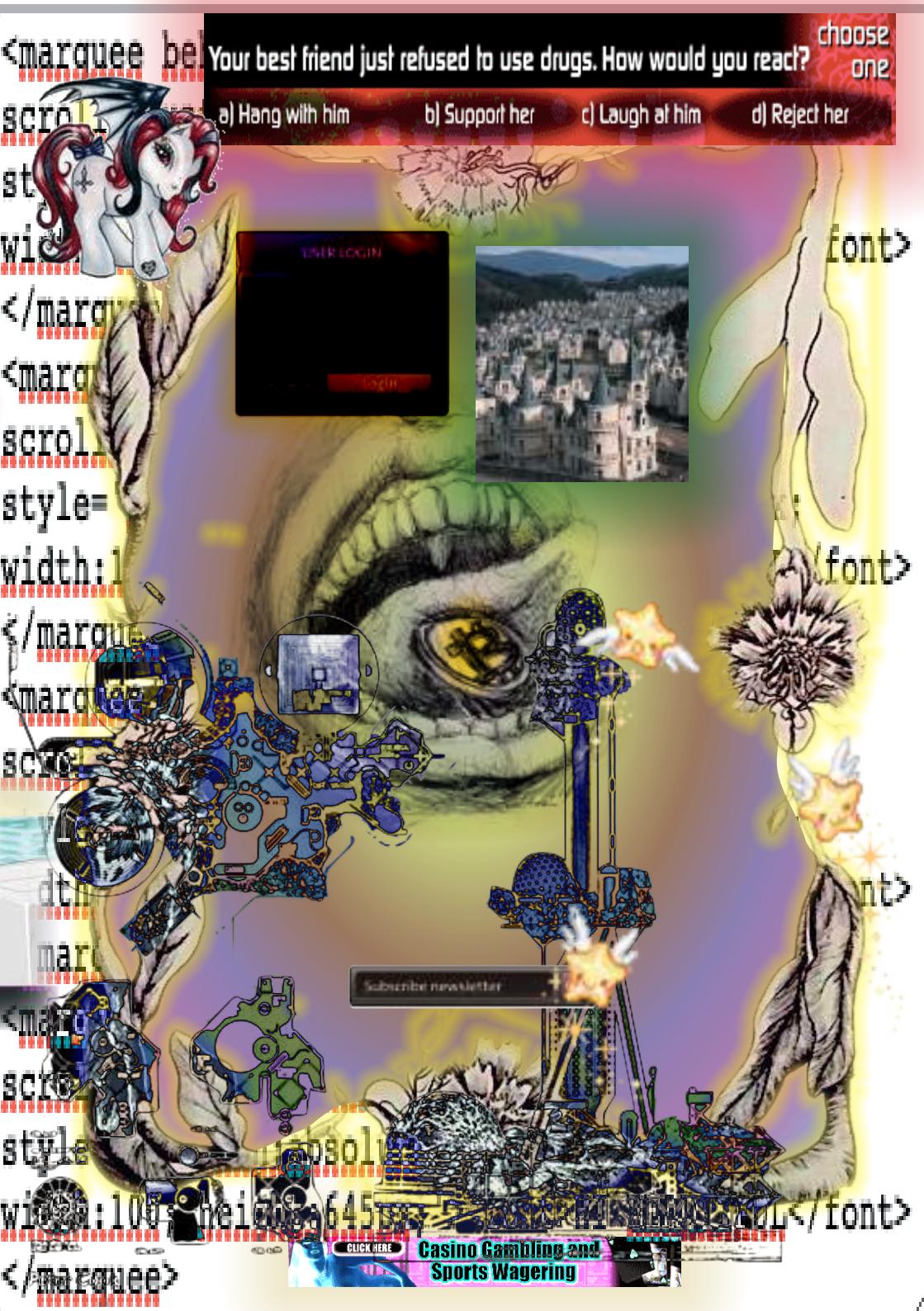




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TEXT GENERATOR

Here's your scrambled text:



Your best friend just refused to use drugs. How would you react? choose one

- a) Hang with him
- b) Support her
- c) Laugh at him
- d) Reject her

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# PyTorch-FNN





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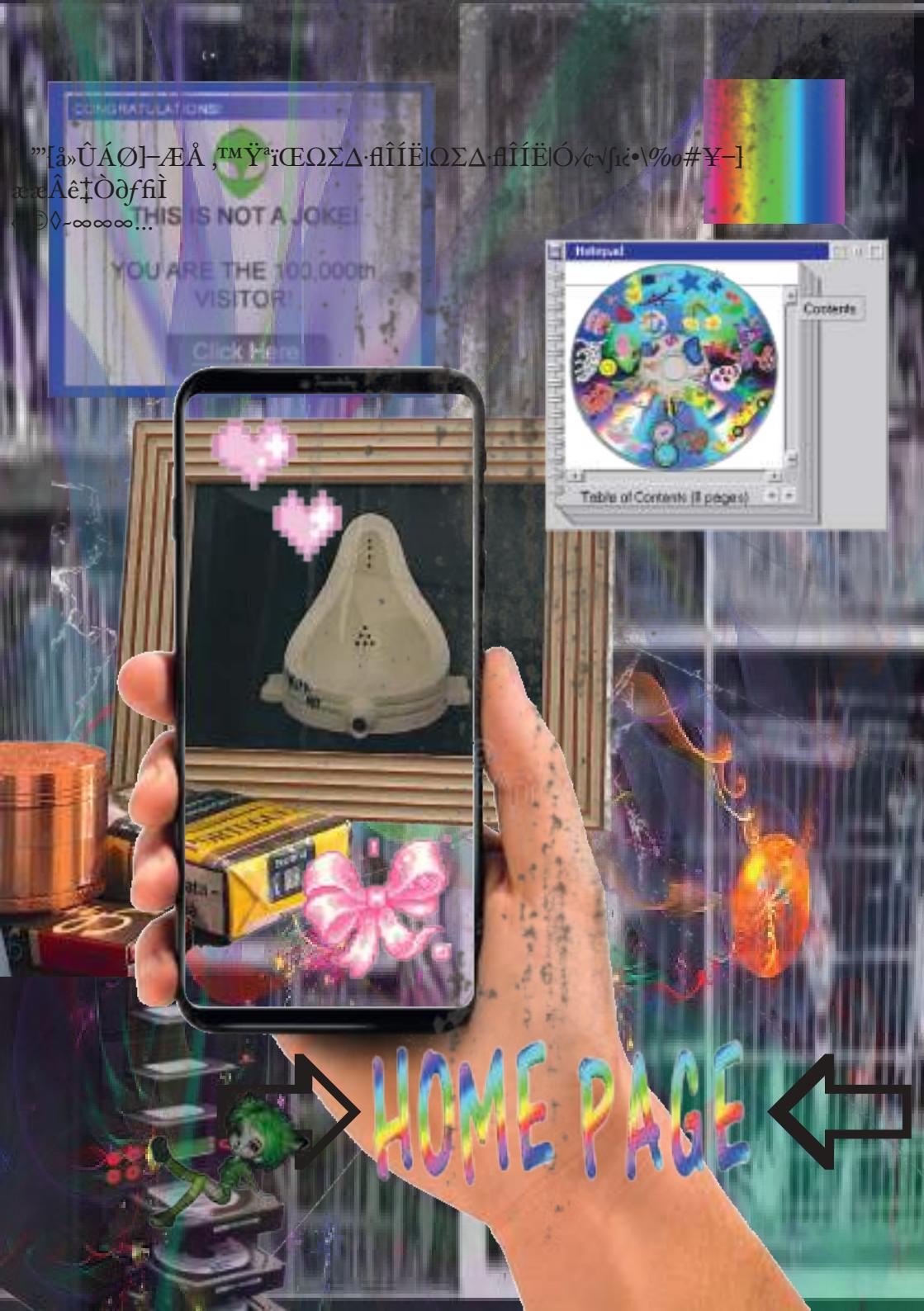


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