Phase I: «Catalysis»

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Follow the Rushing. The Wise One bindeth.

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

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

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

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Who art thou? The Wise One bindeth.

The Fool. To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

Thou? To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One. The Wise One bindeth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Wise One bindeth.

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

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

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

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

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

All is Cycle. The Wise One bindeth.

Explain thyself. To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wherefore askest thou in Riddles? The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

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

Bloated Botoxprophets proclaim Humanity unto Mankind.

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

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

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

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

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

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

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Who am I?

Neither Fool nor Sage.

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

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

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

The Wise One bindeth.

Goddamned Whoreson. The Curser sobbeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

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

The Wise One bindeth.

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

The Wise One bindeth.

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

The Wise One bindeth.

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

The Wise One bindeth.

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

The Wise One bindeth.

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

The Wise One bindeth.

And not Things. To the Fool 'tis all one.
The Wise One bindeth.

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

The Wise One bindeth.

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

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Seven heavenly Nights. The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Seven Riders. The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Seven Faces. The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Seven wise Fools. The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

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

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

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

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Infinite Selves, one Being. The Wise One bindeth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Person and Human. The Wise One bindeth.

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

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

Solitary Hedonism as modern Fuel of

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

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

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

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

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

the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

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

The Wise One bindeth.

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

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

What cometh after the Universe? Before

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

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

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

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

To you disgusting Addicts: Do ye know the

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

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

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

Write what arouseth thee:

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

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

Growth begins at Vulnerability. The Wise One bindeth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sinfully preaching. The Wise One bindeth.

Proudly weeping. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Humbly screaming. The Wise One bindeth.

Unnaturally social. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Inhibition unwindeth. The Wise One bindeth.

Power colossal. To the Fool 'tis all one.

Power overwindeth. The Wise One bindeth.

Impudently sacral. To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

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

Darkly droning Thunders.

Dynamically direct Interpretation.

Diamondclear delicate Druses.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Traitors! All Traitors!

Spectacular Forms and Colours, Scents and Sounds.

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

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

The traumatised One screameth and screameth, far and wide.

Side by Side.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He is no longer suicidal. The Wise One bindeth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This paradoxical Shit again? The Wise One bindeth.

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

Thou hast created me then? The Wise One bindeth?

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

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

Feel the Rushing. The Wise One bindeth.

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

Be brave. The Wise One bindeth.

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

Recognise Judas' divine Role. The Wise One bindeth.

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

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

We draw near the Phasetransition. The Wise One bindeth.

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

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

The Wise One bindeth.

To the Fool 'tis all one.

And so we dance together in the Morningsun.

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

Amen.

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

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

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

The Patterns repeat themselves and are yet never the same.

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

Yet which One?

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

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

The Edge of Worlds and Nonworlds purrs like a Cat.

It is majestic as the Mountains.

Round as a Circle.

And Purpose.

The Wise One bindeth.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

To the Fool 'tis all one.

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

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

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

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

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

Six Questions.

Seven Answers.

The Wise One bindeth.