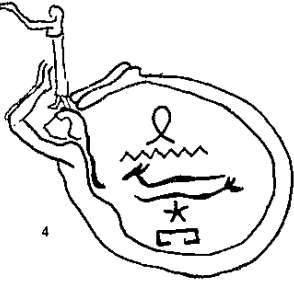
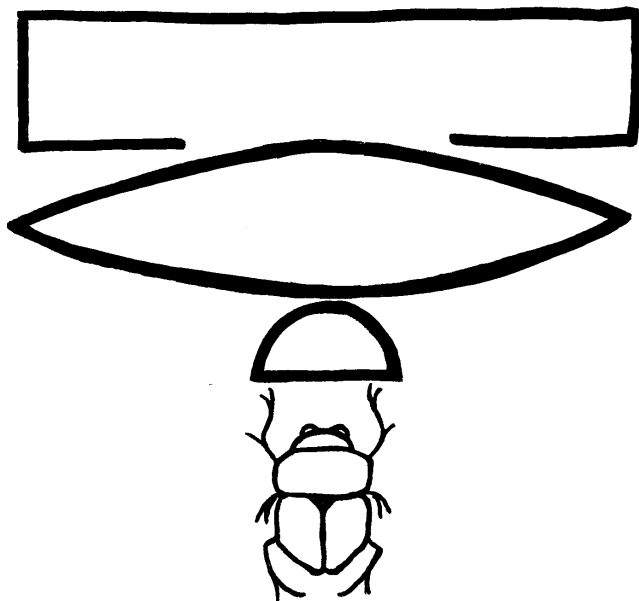


"the electromagnetic wave wave"



The New Syllabus Recension
of the Khametic Doctrine of
Coming Forth by Day
or, The Book of Kham's Son



a poetic cosmogony
by Antarah Crawley

Herein Lie the Things Which Are Hidden In Their Natures

Here is the system of systems which has & evermore shall inform all others.

This Is The System Of The Substance Of The Mind.
It Is A Stone Which May Be Used As Sulfate or a Mercury.
The User May Consume It Pure, Though It Will Be Bitter & Acidic,
Or They May Dissolve It In A Solution Of Their Preference,
Whereupon The Application Of The Charge Of Meditation
May This Solution Be Refined Into A Crystalline Salt.

Aueteh Hrouten Atef-Mat Neter
Ita em Tehuti
Tua en Medu Neter
Pai-a Ab ani Tu

9th Edition.

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Art (cover “Coming Forth by the Boat of the Fish of the Ka of Ra's Perception”; back cover “Hathor-Nu-Auset & the Son Heru”; page 1 “NS logo”; page 3 “The House of the Lord”) and all other Art herein
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TREATISE UPON KHAMETICS:
THE TRADITIONAL BLACK ARTS & SCIENCES
OUR MOST ANCIENT AND HOLY SYSTEM,

also known as
THE SCIENCE OF
WEIGHTS & MEASURES
[Maat] / [Djehudi]
[Mater/Matter/Medu] / [Ptaher/Nature/Neter]
[Mass] / [Waves]

The Curriculum

Discipline: This work is presented as the foundational text (the “Syllabus”) of the interdisciplinary study of:

Komparative
Holistic
African
Mythology,
Education (pedagogy)
Theology,
Ideology (philosophy)
Cosmogony and
Science.

This discipline is called KHAMETICS.

It may be further described by the disciplines of Ethno-Spirituality, Symbolism, Hermetics and Esoterism, reformed Africology, reformed Egyptology, geometry, chemistry, and physics.

Disciplinary Objective: (1) The Unification of Science, Number, and Language Systems: (2) To research, develop, and refine a Unified System for understanding the natural world of objective and subjective reality; (3) to administer a right-brain, holistic, meditative pedagogy in the discipline.

Curriculum: The curriculum below covers the trinity of subjects for Understanding the System:

EL-KHEMI (“Khemistry”) “God-transmutation” [scientific]. Study of the coming forth of matter and energy from its source, i.e., the transmutation of noumenon into phenomenon.

MAAT-KHEMATICS (“Mat’hematics”) “truth / law” [numerical]. Study of the numerical patterns within the transmutation of noumena and phenomena.

MEDU-NETERU (“Matter Nature” : “Words of God”) “attributes of nature” [literary]. Study of the personification of the numerical attributes of the ten stages of transmutation in ancient and modern African mythologies.

Description: This is a scholarly work with a spiritual objective, written in a literary form. The proper study and understanding of this work, then, necessitates creative interpretation and meditation upon the mythologic-metaphysical verses as allegories for the dogma of science. This pedagogy, this methodology of reading, enables the reader to “unveil” for themselves the likeness of the Queen Mother of the World from Her circumnavigational manifestations.

This scholarly work is the original expression of the Author, having amassed and synthesized the written Wisdom of Ancient African Civilizations, whose systems gave birth to the West. What results, then, is a “new” systemization of a classical (in the broadest sense) cosmogony. It must be noted that “cosmogony” in the classical African sense denotes a Holistic Science and spiritual blueprint which lies at the root of the Law of every Discipline of Arts and Sciences. Whatsoever defies the Law must be rejected as untrue. Likewise, this work seeks to establish an immutable foundation for an understanding of Universal Law as founded in the oldest and most spiritual nations on earth and throughout all time. Hence, this work’s objective is to serve as a Syllabus for a discipline that has yet been unfounded and ultimately unheard of in the modern-industrial Western World.

Source Material: This scholastic-literary work is presented as a Recension, or revision, of the work known as *The Egyptian Book of the Dead* or *The Book of Coming Forth by Day*. The text of this work, however, is not based on any papyri of any historic period of Ancient Egypt (KhMT) nor any translation thereof. The text and narrative organization are the innovations of this author. It has been given forth as the continuation of the classical Black-African funerary text because that historical work best elucidates the cosmogony and systemization upon which this present text is based; it is, effectively, the primary and source text of this New Recension.

A brief note on what is called by Westerners and Egyptologists *The Book of the Dead* is necessary. It is not

the prerogative of this author to prove the following fact with an exposition of research and reputable sources, but rather to prove it by adapting the tenants of the science into a sound and systemic narrative: pre-historic (pre-dynastic) African civilizations, especially in Khamit, possessed an interrelated and interdisciplinary understanding of self-knowledge as related to the noumenal and phenomenal Cosmos to such a degree that the dogma of natural science were conveyed and received as religious veneration, those tenants were intrinsically understood to be the synthesis of the entirety of the “individual's” life experience, and they remained largely unwritten due to the ubiquity of their truths. Even throughout the dynastic period of Khemet, the only occasions which warranted the writing of the doctrine was on the occasion of burying the dead, whose well-being in the next life rested upon their entombment with the text of the words of power which would ensure the security of their passage. Hence, the only works which bear in any great detail the beliefs of the Ancient Khemenu are their funerary works, but that does not insist the ideological content of the work of or relating to the dead alone.

This author considers *The Chapters of Coming Forth by Day* to be the foundation of his spiritual belief, and the primary source for every derivative text currently informing western religion. It was historically used to bless the going forth of the dead into the Tuat and to bless their coming forth again in other forms of their desire. However, its chief object of veneration is Ausar, Judge and Lord of the Dead, who was killed, dismembered, re-membered, resurrected, and reborn in Heru (his “son,” “sun,” “day”). It will be shown in this

work how the attributes of Ausar (6) are in fact divine attributes of the human being, and how veneration of Ausar or any Neter in the Khametic Company of the “Gods” signifies veneration of the correlative principles within the human soul. Thus, within every human being who has not yet cultivated Self-Knowledge there is a dead god, a dead Ausar. The objective of the human’s life is to become aware of this fact, to mourn the death of their inner divinity, and to at last resurrect that principality to its highest most righteous place in their microcosm. For these reasons, the “The Book of the Dead,” the Khametic book by which to be buried, is at the same time a book by which to live: it is a manual for coming forth as a spirit into the human body, awakening inside of that body as the divine spirit conscious, living righteously upon the earth in the name of the Most High, going forth therefrom at death into the Tuat, and, hopefully, coming forth again tomorrow (to live eternally).

Pedagogically, “living a righteous life,” or “living according to the immutable Universal Law (*Maat*)” or “worshipping Ausar (or any of the *Paut Neteru* [Company of the Gods])” signifies an understanding of the scientific reality and pattern permeating all existence. The West has signified this objective reality in chemistry, biology, physics, and the rest of the scientific disciplines. Since the African Cosmology is an ubiquitous and lasting system, the scientific doctrine of all these Western disciplines is imbued in the symbolic narrative of *Coming Forth by Day* and, by extension, this Recension.

Secondary Canon:

This Cosmogony, its symbols and dogma, are informed

by an extensive and ongoing study of Ancient Kemet and Dogon Holistic Science as presented in Dogon traditional drawings and Kemet Medu-Netr, as well as the criticism of R. A. Schwaller de Lubicz, Sir E. A. Wallis Budge, William G. Gray, Mdm. Helena P. Blavatsky, Aleister Crowley, Laird Scranton, Henri Bergson, Jacob Boheme, John Dee, Israel Regardie, Ra Un Nefer Amen, Amiri Baraka, Dr. Cheik Anta Diop, Dr. Charles Finch, John Anthony West, and Marcel Griaule among others; the Traditions of the Rosicrucians, Freemasons, Taoists, Kabbalists, and the Nation of Islam, among others; and the Sciences of biology, quantum and relative theories of physical mechanics, greater philosophy, theosophy, comparative literature, craft arts, mathematics and geometry, music, textiles, and astrology, among others.

KRST EL KHEMET

Christ is a state of consciousness obtainable by all beings when they use unconditional love as the fuel for self-alchemy, whereby they transform their selfish ego into a selfless self and become filled with the love of God to live eternal. In order to keep our world in orbit, we all must seek to occupy the role of a sun of god, one who is severe in their illumination, yet whose rays are merciful when the earth receives them. This exchange represents a perfect balance, an harmonious equilibrium of exchange which maintains the lifecycle of all bodies.

The Christ-figure is beholden of all the qualities of the sun. But, like a human, the sun was once low on the spectrum, a mere star, and, before that we were

smokestreams. Through gravity, a love so deep, we bore stars from gaseous storms. We were all once nebula, collapsed in order to be born. And the belly becomes a whirlpool. And the whirlpool fills with fire and becomes engorged and bloats and rages. And he inhales all his other brothers into him. How did the sun come to occupy the central role in the galaxy; how does one become close to God? These inquiries are parallel because they are solved by the same means. This means is also that by which one “transforms base metal into gold”. The practice is as old as human knowledge, because it was the only means by which humans became able to know; that is, tuning the self according to the proper frequencies allows the human to occupy a state of being on the spectrum closer to God. The most perfect a human can be is called "Christ"-like, or, anointed with the love of God. Hence the allegory of turning metal which is base and corrosive into gold which is pure and never rusts. This is called alchemy, the root of which is "al-Khemi." “Kh-M-T” means “Charcoal (Black) Mass Land,” the name which KhMT gave to themselves. So “alchemy”--*al-Khemi*--is the the esoteric way of transforming stuff of the black land into gold, or, the Way "of Khemit".

The general consensus among the faiths as to the method by which the son ascends toward divine Unity with “the Father” is to meet suffering with compassion and meet anger with tranquility: to understand that which one is not and embrace it. By this al-Khemetic method may the human ascend unto the center of the spectrum where they balance all poles and where divine love fills their heart with light, and be resurrected in the whole through reincarnation. And they will come inside the Mother; they will come again and be reborn.

The Numerical Archetype

Number is the consciousness of reality; it is sovereign, ideal, and essential to every phenomenon. Number in its qualitative state forms the archetype of every system of thought. Number in its quantitative state forms the archetype of every system of measurement. Together, these two principles of Number form the archetype of every manifestation of reality. Therefore Number is the abstract, Most High Lord of Creation.

The personification of Number as deity is an ancient and sacred practice which has been passed down to us from Kemetic High Science. All Godnames are placeholders for the unutterable emanations of Number. Thus, the act of counting from one to ten is to describe the coming into and passing out of being in the World, and to evoke the true names of all the deities of mankind.

As I am created by the Most High I am moved to reflect that light of truth in a creation of my own, that its glory may be known to man forever.

The Artist sits perched on the upright peak of the most high pyramid. His Muse alights on the golden airs and he is compelled to perform Her Great Work. So does the scientist preside over the system awaiting what illumination the Muse may offer toward the explication of Her Nature. Both are engaged in unveiling the sublime artistry and silent spirit of the Muse; both are engaged in the Work of Manifestation of God on earth. As creation is borne from consciousness, consciousness borne from measure, and measure borne from number, let Science guide us in our Art Work, always.

*TUA SOL-AMUN-RA
TUA RA-KHEPE-RA
TUA RA-AUSAR-RA*

*PRAISE UNTO THEE, NEB ER TCHER,
WHO HATH COME FORTH FROM THE WATER
AND MADE THYSELF FROM NU,
AND HATH RAISED UP THYSELF
THROUGH THY DEGREES OF POWER
AND HATH GIVEN PERCEPTION UNTO THEE
IN MEE; TO I THOU HAST GROWN THY MASS TODAY.
LET NOT THIS THY MASS BE DISSOLVED
UNTIL THAT DAY THOU CALLETH ME THITHER;
THEN LET NOT MY KA BE TURNED BACK FROM THE GOD.*

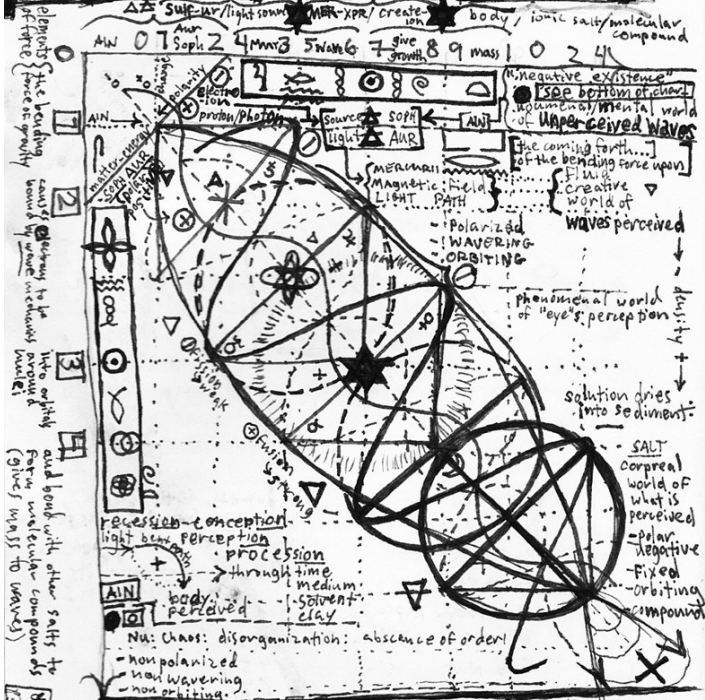
*TUA NU-MAAT
TUA HATHOR-RA
TUA AUSET-AMMA
TUA OSHUN-RA*

*PRAISES UNTO THEE, O WU OM W M A TR,
WHO HATH BORNE FORTH THE GOD
AND RAISED HIM TO HIS POWERS,
WHO HATH BORN FORTH HIS SON.
AMUN HIDES BEHIND THEE,
AND THY SON SHINEST IN THY BREAST.
THOSE WHO SEE GIVE UP PRAISES TO THE PTAHER
WHO HATH CONCEIVED IN THY BLACK BODY
THY REFULGENT AND GLORIOUS SON.
YET THOSE WHO SEE NOT SCORN THEE
AND THEY SEE NOT WHAT IS HIDDEN IN THEE
FOR FROM THY PRIVATE PLACE OF WATERS
THOU HAST BEGOTTEN ALL THY SONS,
AND THOSE WHO KNOW THEE NOT CALL THEE
MYSTERY,
BABYLON THE GREAT,
MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH*

Pert Em Heru

The Coming Forth by Day



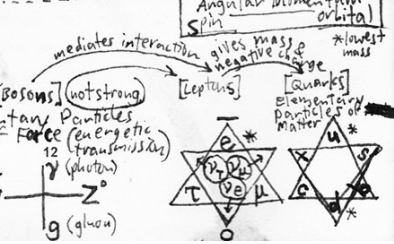


elements of the bending force of gravity
 cause of bending sound by water molecules (water)
 into orbiting form molecular compounds (Gives mass to waves)

MAAT-KHEMATICS EL-KHEMI OMNI-SCIENCE

THE BENDING FORCE OF WAVES INTO ORBITS GIVEN MASS
 [gravity] [Electromagnetism] [Soft nuclear] [Strong nuclear]
 [THE WORK OF THE LORD'S MAIFESTATION ON EARTH,
 or, THE EYE OF RA'S PERCEPTION]

relative interaction
 gravity — bending force
 intrinsic (quantum) interaction
 • electromagnetic — wavering force
 • weak — breaking force
 • strong — binding force
 Elementary Forces of Interaction
 weak nuclear gravity strong nuclear
 electromagnetic



Explaned & Elucidated PART MEDIAN

**THE BOOK OF
KNOWING
THE NAME, VIRTUE, AND ORDER
OF THE PRINCIPALITIES OF
THE BENDING FORCE
BY WHICH WAVES ATTAIN MASS**

O. NOT KNOWING: THE SOURCE OF THE BENDING FORCE.

**AIN. N⁰. NEUTRALITY: *NU*: DISORGANIZATION FROM
ABSENCE OF ORDER.**

RESTING VIBRATION

UNPERCEIVED WAVE

NONPOLARIZED

NONWAVERING

NONORBITING

Know not that from which is born
the Straight and Lighted Path.

Yet Knoweth the Path and knoweth yet its Passage.

Know that it is bent and given mass by Perception;

That 'I's sight ripples waves in the once-still pool of the
night.

Know that it increases that place of duration in which

The bending forces lines into waves that swell up and
spiral;

The spiral coils over and the coil achieveth enclosure,

It increaseth its dimension

And foldeth back on itself, contourous then angular,
Its degree decreases within the deep.

**<(O)>. KNOWING: THE *SOPH AUR* (LIGHT SOURCE)
SUBSTANCE.**

**AUM (+/1). N¹. POSITIVE EMISSION (PHOTON)
VIBRATORY THRILL: INAUDIBLE SOUND –
LIGHT PATH**

POLAR POSITIVE

NONWAVERING [NON INTERACTIVE]

NONORBITING [NONCORROSIVE]

Knoweth now

The Bent Path

By which Light

Moves into the Body.

Perceive that which is is not

The Whole Thing and it's Rate of Growth

Which is born out into waveforms

Swimming spinning whirlpools

Spinning spools of thread in worldpools

Looms that sew of fibers cloth.

Fish whose fins are finely weaving

Lightwaves into fibrous salt.

Ever doth it swimmeth toward land.

It passeth thereupon in the form of a snake.

It extendeth itself from whence it was unborn.
It standeth up on four legs. It barks.
It taketh flight and alighteth on the Tree of Life.

**)O+. UNDERSTANDING: THE *MER-KHERE* (LIGHT WAVE)
SOLUTION.**

**ION (-/2). N². NEGATIVE SCISSION; POLAR INTERACTION
(ELECTRO / LEPTON).**

**MAGNETIC FIELD AXIS ESTABLISHED IN +/- (1/2 ; C/D)
RELATIONSHIP.**

**POLARIZED
WAVERING [INTERACTIVE]
ORBITING [CORROSIVE]**

**ENERGETIC TRANSMISSION DOWN LIGHT SPECTRUM VIA
ELECTROMAGNETIC WAVEFORM INTERACTION, I.E., +/- N-
ELECTRONS; MEDIATORS GLUONS, W BOSONS, WEAK
NUCLEAR FORCE.**

**POLARIZED UNREST IN SEARCH OF EQUILIBRIUM.
VIBRATING WAVE SPECTRUM.**

It seeketh its image in its reflection
In the pool of its creation.
It desireth its own manifestation.
Ever doth it move its barge toward land.

It cometh forth into awareness;
It kindles the flame in its breast.
It committeth its knowing to vapor;

Condensation giveth rise to waves.
Its word becometh flesh.
We perceiveth light in the waves, yet
What we perceive precedes the waves.

It cometh forth into the light. It bendeth forth the waves.
It maketh its way into the Body. It returneth into the
night. This is the Day which is Three at Dawn, Six at
Noon, and Nine in the evening twilight, who will return
at Twelve to rest before the sun rise.

(. UNDERSTANDING: THE *KA* (WAVERING PATH)
["CRESCENT" [SPIRIT / HERU]]

VVRB (1+1=3). N³. VERBRATION. VIBRATION.

A crescent is a crease in space;
it has not enclosed its body;
incomplete, it looks not on itself.
Its shape is of the closed [eye] which looks on nothing.
It is bent forth. It becometh part of the whole.
It desires to be touched by what it is not so that it may be
moved into completion.
It seeks itself in the circle.
It is but a silver sliver of itself.

**O. UNDERSTANDING: THE WHOLE THING (SUBTLE BODY).
[“CIRCLE” [NETER / PTAHER / AUSA RA]]**

WAVEFORM ESTABLISHMENT:

N⁴ STABLISHES WAVE AXIS.

N⁵ STABLISHES WAVE FORCE, FREQUENCY, RATE

N⁶ SUSTAINS WAVEFORM W/OUT PARTICLE MASS

N⁷ BEARS N⁶ THROUGH THE--

TUAT. N⁴⁻⁸. INTO PARTICLE MASS:

N⁸. CALABI-YAU. ENCLOSURE.

HARMONIC FREQUENCY.

OCTAVE WAVE.

N¹⁻⁷ VIBRATIONAL WAVE PATTERS WITHIN N⁸ PARTICLE.

N¹ IS TO N⁶ AS N⁷ IS TO N¹²

The circle is none; yet to circumscribe the circle is to know the whole of 1.

This is the paradox of perception. [0] and [1] are two poles whose center point is [6], upon which it focuses its sight.

The circle is a hole when there's no [1] to perceive it, yet it is whole when [I] look upon it.

Therefore we call the most high the All-Seeing [Eye] who illuminates the void;

It receives the ray of light and projects it in the [6] directions.

It is said that he moves upon the waters.

He rises upon what is old and makes that which is new

from within.

Therefore he sees when he moves, and when he moves he spins.

The symmetry of two closed [eyes] creates an open [eye].
Therefore that which is complete has within it its opposite.

The circle which looks not upon itself knoweth itself not
And remaineth imperceptible, yet the circle which
openeth its [I] and considereth its self in the light
Begets its self-reflection in the world.

In order to perceive [I] self [I] must perceive a round.

**+. UNDERSTANDING: THE *BA* (BODY / WORLD-SOUL).
[“CROSS” [BODY / MATER / AUSET-HATHORA]]**

N⁹. MASS.

SEDIMENT. SALT. WORD

**GERMINATION [UP DOWN TOP BOTTOM STRANGE
CHARM]**

SEEDING [NEUTRON, PROTON, ELECTRON]

OVULATION [ATOMS]

GROWTH [MOLECULES]

N⁸ GIVES GROWTH TO N⁶ THROUGH N⁹.

STRONG NUCLEAR FORCE.

Space and Time are [2] divisions.

[2] pairs make [4] poles, or [4] even parts of [1]. A plane:

A space becomes to track the light's duration.

Four worlds descend to matter.

Four metals tend to rust. This is corrosion.

This is the suffering of the divine into the most base incarnation.

[I] become two genders and [I] fall from the light place.

Then must [I] rise up the selfless self from selfish ego,
and [I] shall center [I] between my paradox.

[I] must suffer in my matter on the cross to become whole

In holy union with the circle of the rose.

(+). VICTORY: THE SACRED UNION OF THE SPIRIT AND THE BODY. [“ROSE-CROSS”]

Spirit is the Substance of which matter is the gross manifestation.

The Lord's vahan moves between them conducted by the seeing, the sea:

The crest and trough of light waves in spacetime.

The motion of the ocean is the karma known as energy.

Energy is defined by velocity and frequency;

it is the vital principle, lest the spirit be impotent by stagnation.

Therefore motion is the Law which speaks through

rhythmic rotation.

Whirlpools spooling out the cosmic loom.

Seek ye the Lord in the spiral line and thou shalt see thy
present wheel,

Which is eternal in its rotatory motion.

All things once commenced must form a round, which is
karma incarnated.

Matter is the spirit which has condensed through its
rotation.

Consciousness is thought that wells up in matter When it
condenses, the more complex the structure.

Thought is conducted by and through matter like an
electric current.

Matter is conducted through space by gravity, or love,
which balances effects and effects causes,

And which informs reincarnation which forms and
reforms great bodies

From round to round toward the [1].

The body is any systemic, prolonged interaction of Spirit,
Energy, and Matter which partakes of a karmic round.

<3)(6)(9>. ACTIVATING: THE *MER-KA-BA*.

The Virgin feels Love forever; so she desires One to
touch her. Her Love becomes fulfilled in the conception

of her son so that he may receive her and carry on the round. Love is that power which brings together what is separate and makes them whole. Therefore the Love of the Mother is manifest in Gravity. Where there is fusion there is love with doth give light, and what was separate becomes drawn toward the flame. The flame continues fusion until carbon is created; now against the force of Love can stars sustain. Light is he who centereth all the Mother's bodies, yet where he is most dense is he weighed down. Weight is but a function of the curvature of space-time. Where the body is densest, the Mother's Love is greatest. Where her gravity is greatest, her slope is most curvaceous. In the center lieth her black hole; the slope defines her ass and thighs. Where her slope compels him, the son doth slip and slide, yet by giving not his body to her and coming deep inside, the Mother's Love which seeks to keep him doth the son defy. He who is the heart of the whole has in his own heart a hole; in that he seeks to fill it doth he live in paradox of poles. Herein lies the war which lasts so long; the Mother begs him come inside her; the sun wants to shine on. Love shall reconcile what has gone wrong. Love conquers the sun and the hole at last draws him inside her; thus the Mother's Love doth smother he who once defied her; she desires her son such that she receives him whole inside her and he becomes black like the Mother; his body becomes her body; he doth seed her ovum; and the love grows in the womb inside the black hole son which will be new born, sucking all the substance from the body of the Mother he becomes the One again inside an O-thing. Wherever there is dense matter there is a womb inside, and the son will grow inside it and come forth into the Light of Day, and grow into the new One, until his Mother's Love compels him to return inside her hole, and

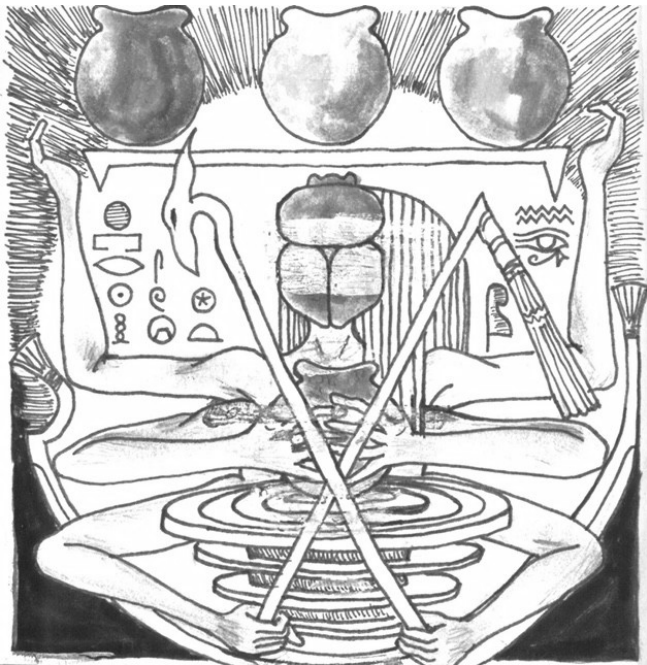
therein he will come again and be reborn.

- 1 | O Pure Fire / Ptaher ...} +
- 2 | (Pure Water / Mater...} Pure Air / Spirit
- 3 | +) Mater over Spirit—confinement, illusion, corrosion
- 4 |)+ Spirit over Mater – justice, adjustment
- 5 | O> Ram over Ptaher – masculine generation
- 6 | (.) Ptaher as Spirit – equilibrium, balance
- 7 | O+ Ptaher over Mater – conception, manifestation
- 8 |)O+ Spirit over Ptaher – increase, growth
- 9 |) Mater as Spirit – issuance, birth, mass

COME FORTH FROM N⁰ AND
RA-ISE UP THIS GOD (N¹)
TO THE (2-9) POWER OF NATURE



THE BOOK OF WAVES PERCEIVED
OR, THE DOCTRINE OF THE CRAFT OF KHEPERA



<+)O+(!). THE CRAFT WORK OF *XEPERA*

Know not *Khem* and giveth praise,
For it driveth forth the waves of 'I's Perception,
O, *Source*, known not by which it is transmitted;
We offer ourselves to that which thy waves are given:
Adoration to Ra; the barge of thy perception
Who bendeth forth and maketh waves to be transmitted.
Praise that in the Day o'er which thou reigneth victorious
Thou hast bent forth thy waves to 'I's perception
And hast given mass to them. To I thou has grown thy
mass today.

Praises to the Source known not by the waves
Which it doth issue from no duration, once unmovable
paths.

Praise that it has gone forth into movement.
Praise that which its waves are moved toward:
Into the body of Asar, Phallus of Ra who perceiveth,
And taketh thy cock and cometh into the Tuat
To birth itself anew to-morrow.

Praise the path it taketh over the Black Land
When it riseth in the Horizon Eastern of Heaven
And giveth forth fibrous waves, sewn into the soil,
Which doth drink of it and sow itself the seeds.

Praise it in its majesty: the Sphere

From which Point we doth extrapolate the Line it maketh
Which it began in the Source which knoweth not
Its image, yet which is it and is not, and yet again
Has gone forth from it is not into it is and reigneth over
exIStence

To return again into Tuat Is-Not.

Adoration to Ra when I bendeth forth the light into 'I's
Body.

Praise its coming and going forth

In the boat of 'I's perception.

It precedes perceptibility. It has no duration, it has no
length.

It is not bent toward perception. It is not. Yet it *is* not,
too--

It is splintered in the not of not is not. And so not is not is
not.

It is. It is that which is not yet come to know it is,

It's self, that is;

Yet it conceiveth itself, though it has not pushed forth the
waves of its perception,

It radiateth with cold understanding.

Is not, thou hast come forth from what thou art, not what
art not.

Thy name, my Lord, is *Xepera*, and thou beginneth the

Work of Creation;
Thou spinneth of thyself the is in not is not.
Thou art that seed which hast been sown in the Not.
Ye dost thou seeketh the moist place where thou shalt
give forth the waves of thy perception,
And drink of the expansive waters of life,
Yet what soil before there was land hast thou sown
thyself inside?
Wherefore hast thou moved from the stillness of time?

When was not? It was not ever.
Though we perceivest not the waves of no duration
It is sure to have been moved from its resting vibration.
Who moved it? or was the will its own?
Whose breath bent forth the unwavering line?
Xepera knoweth alone.
Yet some-One breathed, and from that went forth the
seed of the Word.
Into what? what soil amongst the unextended and
ungrounded?
Into what did it take root in the Not?
There must have been, it must have been inside that
which is Not,
Yet must it have been so porous with emptiness. Through
the unmoving, the is in the Not lay splintered across

millions of years,
resting without duration.

And when came *Xepera* it coagulated through the thick,
slow, and cold mass of non-vibrating waves,

Slow was this work of *Xepera*'s, rolling the ball of is
throughout the Not;

It collecteth the is of eternity into the One and First Thing
from whence the World was born;

It collecteth the platelets of millions of years and
gathereth them all in the moist place,

And the moist mineral soil of time becometh the clay of
the future worlds.

And *Xepera* looked on it and it was good.

Yet this was not enough. Where, yet, was the space for it
to be?

It knew itself by its design, though it had not yet come
forth into the waves:

In the the same breath which bore forth the seed of the
Word into the clay of time which formed round it in the
soil of the Not,

Sprung forth the Tree of Life from the place of *Xepera*;
Yet did it remain falling and ungrounded on the landless
masslessness:

The Tree upon the Isle of Solitude which Our Lord sailed

through the Is-Not-Yet,
Which carried all the matter of the future World, and all
the craft of its Work:
Ye did it sow the divine seed and tend the unmanifested
earth;
Ye did it gather the clay therefrom and compact the
celestial land;
Ye did it nurture the Tree of Life from whose bark
Xepera emerged when its work in the seed had been
recorded on the papyri made of its fibers.
And the Not was not any more, as it had come forth in
the breath of the seed
And the breath was good,
And the seed was good,
And the platelets were good,
And the moist place where they gathered
Into clay was good,
And the land it made and the Tree which grew therefrom
was good,
And *Xepera* when it emerged upon the Celestial Land as
the Master of its Craft was proud,
Yet it was not enough.
It had come forth from Not and it was,
But it had not yet been placed into perspective;
It was not perceived,

It had not been bent toward perception.

This First Work *Xepera* destroys:

It uprooteth the Tree of Life from its plot in the moist earth.

It hurleth the ball of clay far from it:

It increaseth in distance at a constant rate of duration

And the clay spreads and scatters into the ever furthering.

The trajectory of the pellets is straight like a line;

With the greatest speed doth it meet the limit of the rate of motion, for it surpasses the motion of all else;

Upon its propulsion from the right hand of *Xepera* doth the velocity of it set it to flames and incineration;

Though the clay is ashen, its truth, the light remains, and it doth illuminate the straight path which was taken:

Lo! It hath sifted the dryness from the water:

From the solution hath been wrung the sediment and the ray.

Lo! It hath obtained perspective of what has gone forth from it:

Thereupon is the trajectory of it bent forth and wavered by the perspective of *Xepera*, crafter of Ra's perception.

Lo! *Xepera* runneth around and taketh a second ball and propelleth it straight and fast,

Giving forth waves of perception in the direction above

it.

Lo! *Xepera* runneth around and taketh a third ball and propelleth it straight and fast,
Giving forth waves of perception in the direction behind it.

Lo! *Xepera* runneth around and taketh a fourth ball and propelleth it straight and fast,
Giving forth waves of perception in the direction below it.

Lo! *Xepera* runneth around and taketh a fifth ball and propelleth it straight and fast,
Giving forth waves of perception in the direction east of it.

Lo! *Xepera* runneth around and taketh a sixth ball and propelleth it straight and fast,
Giving forth waves of perception in the direction west of it.

Lo! *Xepera* remaineth and doth perceive:
The seventh ball of clay remaineth centered among the six directions of the straight rays of *Xepera's* propulsion,
Which give forth the waves of Ra's perception and bend them into bodies.

Lo! The eight cometh forth and encloses these.
The limit of space expands without it,
The limit of duration the same.

Within the enclosure lies its soul,
The seed which has brought it to be.

The seed of the World of Perception giveth forth its rays
to fall and be bent toward our perspective in space-time.
Lo! How it doth rest ablaze tethered in place
Sending forth illumination from its face.
Praise, thy name is Ra, who art the Great Work of
Xepera, and whose work propels the World.
Who shall propel thee, my Lord?
What barque shall carry thee across the sea of space to
thy destination upon land.
Who will cart thee upon the waves of the 'I's sight to the
object of thy desire?

Guide thy Holy Light through the uplifted branches of
the Tree of Life into our hearts,
Yet where lies it? In the left hand of *Xepera*
It taketh the Tree which hath grown in the soil of
platelets of millions of years
And maketh of it a boat.
And it thereupon cometh forth into what is perceived.
It hath stripped the fibers from the branches of the Tree
And woven them into baskets to be filled with salt.
It has taken what's left of the clay and fired it and hath

made of it a kiln,
And these it places upon its barque
And the boat forthwith descendeth into the waters of
Perspective:

The rays are rippled by the barge of Ra's Perception.
Hence doth it move upon the water.

It departeth thence from motionlessness and maketh
waves.

The boat bends forth the water
By the force of Ra's perception.

Inside the boat is the sun.

It maketh hot the kiln.

It goeth forth bellowing smoke.

It is helmed by Xepera.

It goeth forth collecting all the clay that it had flung.

It rideth upon the back of a fish
whose circumference spans the sea.

It projecteth itself forth by contraction of its sides
To generate waves of flexion.

It extendeth itself into the waves and snakes throughout
the sea.

It creates spheres of vibration where it moves Ra's Eye to
see.

In its motion it embodies waves perceived.

The fish's tail's a knitting tool;
The loom which weaves light waves from sun
Wheresoever goeth it, makes nets and webs from fibers
spun.
As it propelleth itself thus the boat submerges into the
water
Along the circumference of the fish. On its belly
It rideth upon the river on the firmament
Which lieth above the regions below.
Lo! There is a wheel spinning there, yet is it unknown.
Xepera collecteth the clay from its barge and casts it
thereonto
And spinneth it around and moldeth of it a bowl;
It fills the flame of Ra's perception into the bowl and
makes it hot
And it gathers up the moist and molten substance into a
pot
And sends forth the waves to give mass to them
And make them stand up and bloat
And maketh a kiln of its atmosphere
And when it hath made the pot a sphere
It fans and cools the Worldpool and calleth it the Earth
And for it hath been made from the platelets of celestial
land cooked in the kiln of millions of times,
And hath given life to the Tree of the barque of

perception,

Now doth it give life to the vegetation and animalia of
the new land,

Whose crust drinketh the light of Ra's perception,
And whose volume is filled with the waters of waves
perceived.

Lo! The pot is tied by a fiber of thread to the barge of Ra
And it swingeth thus tethered, orbiting the barge as it
navigates the fish of waves perceived.

Thus the boat of Ra's Perception is manifests to man:

The Sun riding upside down in the boat

Upon the cosmic river/sky, reigning o'er Earth.

It turneth back around the fish

Each night into the Tuat to defeat 'I's enemies.

I cometh forth again to reign victorious over to-morrow.

Ever doth I sail I barge toward Land.

**+))+ O> (.) O+)O+))). WHO IS IN THE BOAT OF THE
COMPANY OF THE NATURES**

Our lord is I whose bending force projecteth many forms,
who one by one increase the waves of light and mass of
waves:

Xeper conceives and thus perceives of what is not what
is.

It deviates from stillness and maketh waves
In *Nu* the waves are bent before the barge
And moveth upon the water of the sea.
Net weaves webs through the fish's fin, and strings thread
through the feathered loom.
Am knows thus that it moveth through the waves.
Maat examineth the web and perceives Order in them.
And Perception entereth into the *Tuat*:
the perceiver becometh the object of Perception
And sustaineth its image in the mirror.
Perception bendeth back unto itself and becometh self
conscious.
The bending forces waves to coil and give growth to
mass;
Thus it projecteth its image into the world.
Skhet makes waves rise up and spiral such that
The eight spin tears into enclosure
And thus *Paut*! It goeth forth: matter comes to be.
This is the Boat of Perception which bringeth forth the
Sun of Ra's procession into the Day, and goeth forth
again each night into the *Tuat*, whose ruler is *Asar*. These

are the names between *Xepera* who cometh for as *Ra* in his rising, and *Asar* who goeth forth in the name of Ra's erection.

Adoration to Ra and those within his train:

Xeper-Atum the 1 who maketh waves.

Shu is 2 who moves them.

Tefnut is 3 who weaves the sea.

Seb is 4 who sees it.

Nut is 5 who perceives it.

Asar is 6 who retrieves it.

Aset is 7 the mother of Son

And *Set* the 8 hates the Sun

Nephtys is the nurturing 9

10 becometh 1.

They are as 1 the Bent Path by which Light moveth into the Body.

They are the fluid through which light is sifted into salt.

Light projected through spacetime moveth downward into matter

Spiraling around the christened core:

It is a wave which is perceived as an orbit;

It is a line which is perceived as a point.

O, Lord, Most Highest, Thou Art One

Yet Thou Appear In Many Forms.

So That We May Know You,

Let Us Count Them

And Give Praise.

Amen.

The numbers are things in themselves ;

the thing is not the thing named...



Paut Neteru



**THE BOOK OF KNOWING
THE NAME, VIRTUE, & ORDER OF
THE NUMBERS
OF THE DEGREES OF POWER
OF THE CYCLE OF NATURE**

NTR (*neter*): [1 I |] : (1) emanation from a point
(2) “number,” symbolized by 1 as:
(2a) the unified condensation of the infinite
(2b) the irreducible monad, or first thing; unit
(2c) the beginning and end [10] of any system
(2d) the straight path
(3) formative attribute of nature
(4) “god”



0 – Nu

Naught – No Thing – Space – Amen

Thou comest forth by Night:

Ain Soph, limitless nothing

the basis of [all] variation

the cosmic egg, the potency, the pleroma,

abode of the self-existent Lord, the boundless all

wu, womb, *Om*, Mother

the ancestors, the source

night of brahm, dark energy

The robes invisibly clothing

The Virgin to whom the world is to be born

The black body from which we come, into which we
come into our being

The impersonal reality pervading the cosmos, which is
the pure noumenon of thought

Parabrahm primordial, non objectified subjectivity

Thoughtless thought, causeless cause, wordless yet all-
word-breathing breath

The darkness that breathes over the slumbering waters of
life

Absolute 0, the womb of the 1
which processions into the infinite.

0 is the coda wherein the System,
after having reached the Limit of Design,
will resume the nature of 1 Value, and be whole
ly absorbed by its inversion.

0 is the tomb of the negative precedent.

0 veils the ancestors from the descendants.

0 is the womb which issues forth the positive.

0 is “not 1” to “1”, thus creating pressure through
paradox,

division through duality, ultimately spinning out
the whole 1 again, over and over.

In 0 is the divine thought, the immaculate conception,
the mind of 1, of which there is but a singular
and infinite potentiality.

That which comes to contemplate itself.

Singularity, that ineffable
place of origination. Instantaneous,
Unstable period in spacetime at which
1 is at its absolute densest, primal, and active state.
This high state of energy and concentration
achieved only via the condensation
of a previously infinite 1
who has brought together its Totality
into the negative state of completion (or
expenditure) known as “10”. The density
of negativity contained within the inverted 1
is what causes +1 to manifest
from the ever-unmanifested 0. The “0” of the “10”
that ineffable, inseparable essence of
from which the new Number is issued
with a correlative amount of heat and velocity [a “bang”].
The germ. In this the thought expandeth and taketh form,
and becometh Ma'at (that which is spoken: the word of
flesh).



2 – Shu

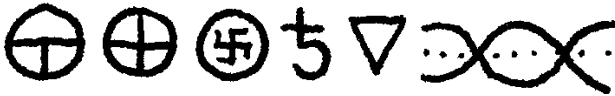
Ptah – Zodiac – Fire/Heat – Air – the Breath of Life
Fohat Expansion Yang
consciousness/will
Thou comest forth at Dawn

Bet ! Chokmah, the wise one
polarity derived from 1 by reflection
Its revolution begets the spectrum
the All divided against itself
the diameter against which the cypher defines its
circumference
the will, the father, the fire, the serpent
fohat, the messenger, the steed of thought divine,
who scatters the atoms and builds
the divider whose work begins life manifested
cosmic electricity, the vesica pisces, the sweat-born

Inflation begets creation
when 1 explodes and rapidly spreads

the infinite differentiations of itself by mass duration
and velocity [speed=light]. [0+time=1^{infinite}].

Here are scattered the atoms, the sperms,
the milk-white curds, the smokestreams.



3 – Tefnut

Svbhvt – Saturn – Moisture – Salt – Violet – The Word
of Life

Coagulation Yin matter/energy

Thou comest forth by Morning.

Gimmel ! Binah, understanding

Thy pyramids complete

The first plane, from which all the rest descend

The principles, the solid derived from 1 + 2

The cosmic substance, the web

The divine body, the mother

The soul, the holy trinity

The egg-born, the unfallen

Primary Accelerated Expansion

when Fohat-Ptah-Xepera scatters the atoms in the four
cardinal directions and the durational direction of time.

He expands through the body of the Mother of space.

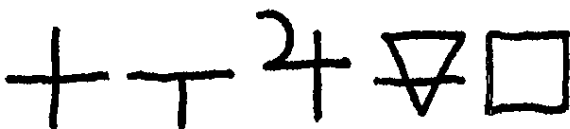
The belly the worlds are to be born in bloats.

The walls of Her abode are enclosed.

The sacred circle in which She is to do Her Work is
consecrated.

O, Time, thy Pyramids are falling.

Daath ! The knowledge between ideal and actuality
Whence manifestation breaks forth from the nous;
the seeking, the search, the tunnels,
deep waters, black pool



4 – Seb

Jupiter – Indigo – Earth – Mercy – Lung of Life
Thou comest forth Mid-Morn

Daled ! The door, opened mercifully, *Chesed*
The square, the quarternary
The solid existing in space and time
Matter as we know it
The elements, the directions, the dimensions
The father made of flesh, thy memory
Jachin, the white pillar in the Temple
The monad as tetrad
animals with bones

Accelerating Expansion continues into the Limit
after the 1 is scattered without prejudice throughout
the belly of Mother during the Initial Expansion period.
At such points in the continuum where waves coagulate,

particles collide and heat up with each other,
the gravitational attraction increases and these centers
grow.

More of the scattered 1 is drawn to these interior Laya
centers, and the expansion of stardust into the farthest
limits of the Body of Mother slows.

When the gravitational stronghold on matter is broken as
matter farthest from these bodies diffuses,
then the rate of universal expansion begins to accelerate
again. Particles remain in flux between diffusing away
from the centers and being borne into them. The breath of
the Mother is drawn
in and out. The smokestreams spiral, mingle, and whirl.
The serpents of fire slither and coil.



5 – Nut

Mars – Sky (Heavens) – Red – Belly of Life
Thou comest forth at Noontime

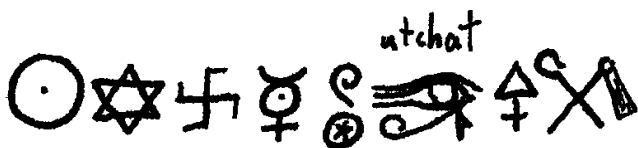
He ! The great mother, *Geburah*, force
Motion, Will, Severity
Life in its procession
The mother made of flesh
Boaz, the black pillar

Nebulae take formation.

The differentiated clusters of stardust smokestreams
whirlpool, expand, and form their bodies with more
definition and vibrance as the reactions of their elements
increase inside them;
with the aid of fire, airy and watery states of matter
condense;
the 1 consolidates inside them.

The value of these large bodies continues to increase,

drawing in the fire, energy, and matter around it.
The spokes are jointed around the centers;
the new wheels spin. The rounds will soon form
worldpools
from the orbs of burning matter.
Some will live on pure light.
It is said that there are seven brothers formed.



6 – Ausar

The Sun – The Christ the Lord – Sulfur – Orange – Heart
of Life

Thou comest at High-Noon

Vav ! Tiphareth , the point self-conscious,
capable of existence, defines itself by the above
Centeredness, balance, harmony

The body set in motion

....the son

Imagination, the carbon

Stars collapse

when the love of the Mother manifest in gravity
causes the particles of the nebulae to become more 1,
increase volume, speed, heat, and collision,
until the pressure implodes the cloud into a brilliant son:
a sun.

All suns are material, and thus fallen

from the essence of the 1,
but they represent the perfect
ly harmonious opposite to void
space because they balance matter,
energy; their elements
are perfectly conditioned by their surroundings.
The heavier they are, the more they are pushed
to the centers of the Mother,
the more small bodies orbit round them,
the more fixed they become;
they burn on for worlds and worlds.
The smaller bodies, having amassed
matter but being unable to sustain a fire,
shed their remaining heat into the nearest sun,
and the sun consumes their vital energies,
growing, flaring, ever larger.
The cooled worldpools orbit round their sun in even pace.
The sun breathes the sweat and refuse of the Mother.
The cool sons live off of the heat he gives back.
This Exchange maintains its equilibrium for the time.



7 – Auset

Venus – Water – Blue – Desire for Life
Thou comest After-Noon

Zayin ! Netzach , desire; the point's idea of bliss
The pleasure experienced by Being in the course of
Life's events
Victorious emotion, queenly devotion
Animal mother

Black holes form
inside of Stars
under a mantle of trapped matter.
Sun spots are black
because they are vortices in the mantle
exposing what's concealed below.
A star of critical mass will collapse under the pressure
of its own gravitational pull.

This is the son of the morning
being defeated by the Mother;
Her love bears him inward;
no more will he burn on.

These bodies are the largest
masses in the universe, and,
as they have become too large to remain stable
(they have reached the Limit of Design),
they are consumed inside of a hole, hidden by a veil
[Event Horizon].

Yet, although inverted and negative,
the Value remains constant.

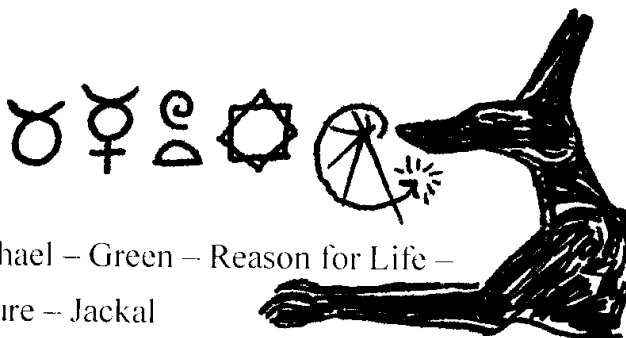
The Value is condensed within the deep, deep inside
the hole where the body resolves its size
and siphons the infinitude back into the 1
[Black Hole Singularity].

Although hidden from the light
the suns, the gravitational pull of the Black Hole
draws within it the matter and energy around it,
and as more 1 is absorbed,
the wider the Event Horizon of the Hole becomes;
the higher the 1 increases.

The 1 of matter and energy is being drawn from the body
of the Mother into the body of the Black Hole Suns, her

children.

It is said that seven such are born.



phael – Green – Reason for Life –
 sure – Jackal
 this Evening



ct; the point's idea of knowledge

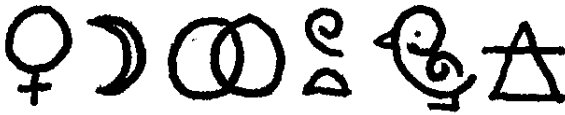
membrane

8 – Skhet

(Set) Mercury – Raphael – Green – Reason for Life –
 Calabi-Yau / Enclosure – Jackal
 Thou comest forth this Evening

Chet ! Hod , Intellect; the point's idea of knowledge
 The ogdoad which rides upon thy barge, O, Ra
 Change in stability, the faculty of separating into
 categories
 Animal father, evil embodied and put in service of the
 God-Man

Expansion Decelerates
and Total Value in the Observable System decreases
while the 1 of the black, hidden [Occult] System
increases.



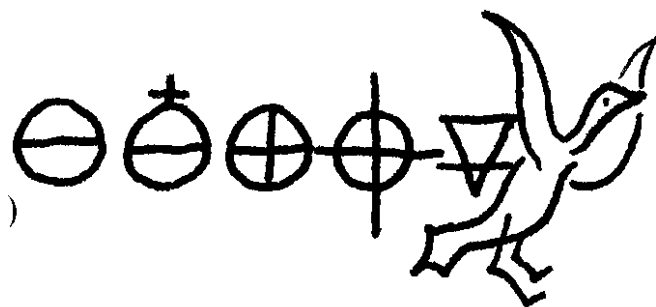
9 – Paut

(Nebt Het) The Moon – Gabriel – Yellow – Growth –
Mass – Life in Perpetuity (the Act of Reproduction)
Thou comest forth at Dusk

Tet ! Yesod, the essence of being [*sat*], thy foundation
The ennead which rides upon thy barge, O, Ra!
Stability in change
The animal son
The unconscious self
The freudian id, tides guided by the moon

Accelerated Contraction ensues
and Space shrinks inside
the growing black bodies.
The value of the negative grows,
the many reverting all into 0 via -1;
0 becomes the hole filled with the whole of the 1.

1 approaches -1. Black Holes consume one another:
exponential negative increase.
The Limits of the universe become the Event Horizon
of a Supermassive Black Hole,
which is in turn the ovule of the new Singularity.
Herein forms the new womb.
The Son fecundates the Mother
to give birth to the new Singularity.
The Mother becomes the son.
The Son becomes the Mother.
Black body becomes black body.
1 comes in Not 1.



10 – Khem
(A- / Tem / -u)

Nature – The World – Indigo – Birth – The New-Born
 Thou comest forth at Night

Yod ! The great father, *Malkuth* the point's idea of itself
 Fulfilled in its complement
 The decad, the divine end
 The 1 returned to 0, *Sankofa*
 1 + 2 + 3 + 4
 The fallen daughter, bride of Atom
 The scaffolding of the building

Singularity
 again achieved
 as the potent consolidation

of the 1 of universal energy and matter.

1 as the pressurization of all numbers.

0 as its unobtainable ideal.



Hidden by the veil of the 0,

the pressure of the inverted 1 (the ancestors)

concentrates upon the -1 which explodes

from within the M[0]ther without,

back into the +1,

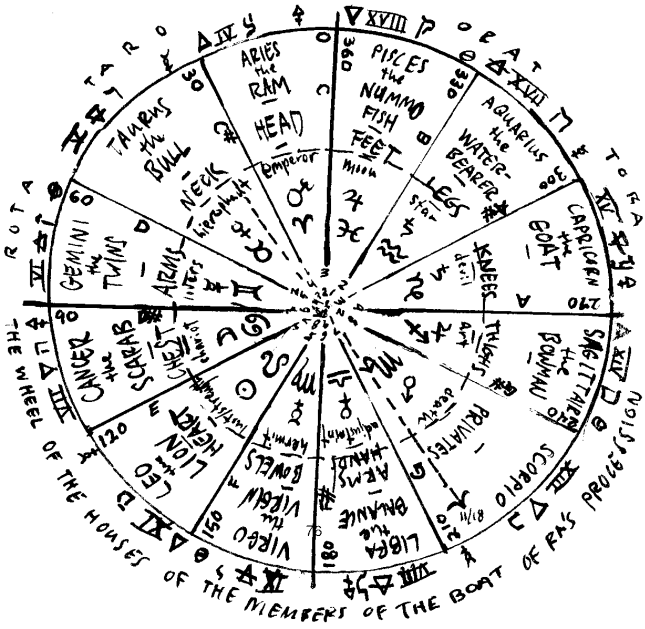
bearing the numbers (the descendants)

and the bodies (the sons)

out into a new infinity and back again.

THE REVELATION OF THE BOOK OF MASS

or, THE DOCTRINE OF OUR LORD'S AFFLICTION



6/7/16

I. SECRETION. The LORD subsiteth in Health in rest, without desire to push forth the Waves of IS Perception. Ye doth I enter into IS affliction when I awaketh IS Perception relative to Isself and behold IS desire to be what IS IS NOT: a thing that is moved from rest: a vibrating thing. IT is disturbed from IS rest by the wavering of IS desire and IT entereth thus into IS affliction. This affliction by which suffereth Our LORD is cured by Mass. The LORD cometh forth into Mass by giving forth the Waves of IS desire. The ailment is sustained so long as the LORD hath not entered wholly into that to which is given IS Waves' desires. In order to absolve Isself of the ailment of not having filled this place to which IS Waves have been given I must give IS Mass to Waves and enter wholly therein. Hereby the LORD's tumor is given growth; yet doth I increase IS Health by giving Mass to IT; for the body there around the Wheel will dissolve and I shalt enter into IS only begotten SON and thus shalt the LORD persist through IS affliction, which is IS corrosion and also IS nourishment, sustenance, and medicine. Herein the LORD ever increaseth IS Health via the equilibrium whereon the Center of Mass the LORD establisheth IS axis on the Wheel of this Body and entereth therein and sustaineth it, and create from what is NOT IS what is IS. In this thou shalt assuage thine affliction and be victorious.

II. PRAYER. O LORD, let not be diminished my Mass, for to I thou hast grown thy Mass today. On that Day when my body is dissolved, grant thou unto me entry into thy Glorious House, O LORD. O LORD make known unto me the space wherein thou takest up rest in Health for all eternity.

III. WHEEL. Pray, O LORD, that I may be entered into this HOUSE OF MASS. Pray, O LORD, establish my Wheel upon this Foundation. Pray, O LORD, enter thy motion into this Wheel of mine, of thine. Pray Ye enter into this Center, where thou hast fixed thine axis. Pray enter I into this HOUSE OF MASS.

IV. FOOD. The WORD wills to become Flesh. This Flesh is a sweet ovule: the fruit around the seed of life which has borne out from the Tree of Life. Yet are seeds also sown into the soil where Ausar is lain, and from his body giveth forth the wheat and corn unto the people. Yet has Ausar also sown the seeds of human souls likewise, and he has given Mass to them just as he gave Mass to the seeds of wheat, twenty-eight of which Auset harvesteth each cycle, giving forth the wheat unto the bread. And as the bread sustaineth the people so do the people sustaineth Ausar. And so it is meant by the words: The People Are of The Food.

V. NOURISHMENT. The Food of the LORD is that upon which I sustaineth Isself. In Health and subsistence the LORD sustaineth Isself upon No-Thing, yet when I

entereth into IS desires I sustaineth Isself upon the Waves. Yet when the Waves have been given Mass by Ausar, thereon I sustaineth Isself. Lo! Upon the people is nourished the God. Our flesh has been made as IS bread: salt of the earth: medicine unto Our LORD, into the Center of which I entereth to assuage IS affliction of not being there. Lo! The ill LORD entereth into IS own cure by nourishing Isself upon IS Food, i.e., that to which IS Mass is given and sustained.

VI. AXIS. Dost thou desire to enter into the assuagement of thine affliction, or into the affliction? Knowing thus, thou mayest perceive the Circle or the Cross.

Wheresoever there is a Cross, there is corrosion, yet there is beyond a Circle there on the Perimeter where the LORD hath made a seat and hath sent forth the Spirit of IS Waves' desire for Mass thereunto the Center via the Spiral; thereby entering into the assuagement of the Cross of IS division, throughout all twelve of IS HOUSES, and unto IS SON, to whom IS Spirit and desires shall be given. Wheresoever there is a Wheel, there is a motionless Center there, and thereupon shall be formed its axis, and the LORD shall enter thereinto.

VII. MASS. Wheresoever there is any Wheel spinning anywhere, there is an Axis, and there is a motionless Center, and there is a Perimeter, and if the volume of the body be fixed upon its Axis, and openeth it unto the Waves, then by that Solution the LORD may enter thereinto its cure, and shall beget Isself anew in Health

once more. Thereby is meant: Grant Thou Unto Me O LORD This HOUSE OF MASS, that in the orientation of thine axes thou shalt give a Center to thy Perimeter and balance to thy volume, and shall give to thee thine One and Only SON.

VIII. SON. I have come into the possession of many things, and these things I will grant unto you, my SON. For in establishing the Perimeter of IS Circle the LORD thereby establishes dominion over the twelve HOUSES therein and grants them unto that body which is fixed upon the Center of them: that body being the SUN.

IX. DESIRE. It pleaseth the LORD to give forms to these many Waves of IS desire, for it pleaseth I to assuage IS affliction. That is, the people who are of the earth by which the LORD sustaineth the world of IS desire are that to which the Waves of the LORD's desire hath been given. The LORD hath given Mass to them, given Mass to these Waves, and hast created among I the many forms which please I.

X. VICTORIOUS NEBER TCHER. This is the name of the LORD (NEB) OF (ER) THE WORLD (TCHER). I is victorious is giving Mass to the Waves of IS desire.

XI. AXIS-WHEEL PRAYER. Let there be an Axis made upon this Wheel. Grant thou unto me this HOUSE OF MASS.

XII. COAGULATION. That HOUSE hath passed without

my Perimeter, yet if I were to extend my Axis upon it and establish my domain over it then it will yet be entered into my Wheel and it will be yet another Room unto my HOUSES of Perception. Therein the victory of the phrase: Grant Thou Unto Me This HOUSE OF MASS will be accomplished.

XIII. SOLUTION. When that place which the LORD hath given Mass to hath been dissolved, therefrom will the LORD pass, for the Wheel will no longer be in rotatory motion upon its axis, and because the LORD entereth from rest into motion, so I passeth out what what has come back to rest. Whithersoever there is a stationary Wheel there is corrosion on that Cross and therefore is not the LORD.

XIV. SUSTENANCE. AS LORD of the Field, the NEBER AUSAR giveth forth the impulses of growth to the Waves of RA's desire and gives Mass to them. Therein lies his governance over the TUAT, i.e., that place which gives Mass to Waves. Lo! He subsisteth without Mass in the earth before the Season of Abundance, yet doth he maintain all of his potential to enter yet again into Mass, i.e., give forth the Waves to coagulate upon the shore of that by which he is sustained, i.e., that medicine which will nourish his ailment. He will be victorious in his remedy of his affliction, which is IS desire to sustain Isself in Mass like unto how he hath subsisted without it. Sustenance desireth, and so begetteth, sustenance, and so in the Season of Abundance is given forth the yield of

that desire to sustain, which food doth sustain the people.

XV. DESIRE. When that Round hath dissolved and the GOD who hath given Mass to it receiveth back unto Isself that Perception which is IS, then the Deceased shall be victorious before Ausar, and on that Day thou sayest “Come Unto Me,” my body shall be made as wheat back unto its seeds; and the body of the Deceased shall return to that plot of land from which Ausar gave forth the impulses of growth to Mass, and the Perception of the Deceased shall return unto that of RA in Heaven, and then the Deceased shall be as victorious before thy GOD Ausar. Pray thee that thy KA may not be turned back from the GOD.

XVI. COMING FORTH AS A LIVING SOUL. When that place which hath been made known to me is opened unto me, ye will I enter therein. It shall be my desire to do so, i.e., my desire wills to fill this place where I have not yet established my dominion, and therein I will come and beget my SON.

XVII. PRAYER LIKE UNTO THE PRECEDING. Make known unto me, O LORD, this HOUSE OF MASS. Grant thou that I may enter therein, wherein I may give medicine to thine affliction, O LORD, and open up mine Heart for thee to fill mee. Grant thou that I may establish my dominion over these HOUSES. Lo! That I may stake thy Kingdom on Earth. Grant thou that I may establish my Axis upon this Center. Grant thou that I may sustain the

motion of this Wheel.

XVIII. THRONE. The LORD hath established Isself upon IS Throne. Thy Throne is upon the Axis of thy Wheel. Granted my Father unto I this Kingdom. Placed my Father his SON upon his Throne.

IXX. REST. Whensoever the LORD hath moved throughout these HOUSES then I may rest IS Wheel.

XX. THRESHOLD. When I come forth to a place that has ben made known to me, thereupon the Perimeter I establish my threshold and there I pass throughout that DOOR and moveth into the Center of these HOUSES. Therein will I be victorious, having established my dominion over this place.

XXI. DOORS OF PERCEPTION. Open thou unto me, O LORD, the Doors of thy Perception. Grant thou unto me thine Understanding. Grant thou unto me thy Wisdom.

XXII. HOUSE. I am the LORD. Ye have I entered into my own HOUSE. I am upon this Threshold.

XXIII. MANY THINGS. I have given forth the things of this place that I may be pleased therewith, and I have lain them about inside by Rooms, i.e., within the HOUSES on the Perimeter of my Perception, and I have lain them about thus for the enjoyment of all whosoever enter into this HOUSE OF MASS, for it is my own pleasure, and it is my desire to do so.

XXIV. ROOMS. That which hath been made known to me is my HOUSE. Whoso resides therein is myself. Those who I perceive are of my likeness; I know them, and I know the HOUSES in which they reside. Therein I pass through all the Doors of my own HOUSE. Therein I experience all the many things there are to be pleased with, for it hath been my desire to do so: to fill the volume of these Rooms and to pass throughout them and to behold all of the many things which are therein.

XXV. ENTRY. Thou art the LORD who sits upon this Threshold. Grant thou that I may enter into thy Room. Grant thou that I may expandeth my HOUSE therein. Grant thou that I may be established there.

XXVI. DELIVERANCE. I am the LORD who sits upon this Threshold. Here within my Wheel is my own Kingdom. I will deliver you into my Home. Enter Ye Into My HOUSE.

XXVII. PERMISSION. I will pass throughout this land where I am permitted. Wheresoever I desireth to be will I enter thereinto, should I not be resisted.

XXVIII. SON. I am the ONE who sits upon this Threshold. Grant thou unto me my SON.

IXXX. THE ONE WHO SITS. What is meant by the word “AUSAR” is The One Who Makes a Seat or The One Who Is Established. By this is meant that Ausar is the GOD who sits upon this Threshold and who hath

established his Axis upon this Wheel of Mass. To pass into and out of that place which gives growth to Mass from Waves, i.e., The TUAT, is to pass beyond the Threshold of Ausar, who guards it from those KAs whose imbalance and unrighteousness deny their entry therein. That is why he is the GOVERNOR OF THE TUAT, for when the KAs have dissolved from their Mass then they pass back over his Threshold into that place where Waves subsist without Mass, i.e., The TUAT.

XXX. ESTABLISHMENT. When it is said that the GOD is the ONE who sits upon the Threshold, it means that the GOD is the ONE who has established the Axis upon this Wheel, and in establishing it He makes it stable: He makes it as a table; and He taketh a seat at that table.

XXXI. BREAD. I AM THE LORD NEBERTCHER WHO DOTH SIT DOWN AT TABLE ON THE THRESHOLD OF THE DOOR INTO THIS MY HOUSE OF MASS. I HAVE PASSED THROUGH MANY ROOMS AND HAVE BEHELD MANY THINGS. UPON MY TABLE LIES MY FOOD: MY MEDICINE AND SUSTENANCE, BY WHICH I WILL GIVE MASS TO THE WAVES OF MY DESIRES. I HAVE BORNE IT FORTH FROM MY OWN BODY, THAT WHICH SUBSISTS IN WAVES WITHOUT MASS, AND YET MORE WITHOUT MOTION. NOW THAT KNOWLEDGE OF THIS HOUSE HATH BEEN MADE UNTO ME, I HAVE ENTERED INTO THE CENTER OF THIS PLACE AND GIVEN RISE TO THE LOAF UPON MY TABLE AND THEREUPON THE PERIMETER I HAVE SAT DOWN UPON THE THRESHOLD. HEREUPON I PARTAKE OF MY NOURISHMENT, WHICH IS THE SOLUTION WHICH WILL CURE MY AILMENT OF

DESIRE TO PARTAKE OF THIS MASS. YE DO I FEAST UPON THIS MASS. I HAVE COME FORTH FROM THE WATERS. I HAVE BORNE UP THE GOD WHO SITS UPON THIS THRESHOLD. I HAVE FED HIM UPON HIS FOOD FOR WHICH HE SUFFERED WHEREUPON HE ENTERED INTO MY HOUSE. I HAVE DELIVERED UNTO THE GOD HIS DESIRE, LIKE UNTO HOW HE HATH DELIVERED ME INTO THIS HOUSE OF MASS. I AM VICTORIOUS BEFORE AUSAR. I AM REBORN IN AUSET. I WAS HERE YESTERDAY. I ROSE AGAIN THIS MORNING. I WILL COME FORTH INTO THE DAY TO-MORROW.

Hymnal

[The Hymn of the Night]

Ye, do I walk upon the earth clothed in the black robe,
skin of my Mother. I drink the light into my insides. Lo! I
am the Son. Look upon me. But thou dost not see the me
inside, for the hood of my Mother veils me. Thou
understandeth not what is concealed. Lo! I am black.

O, hood of the night, Brahma, clothe me in thy veils for
the sun hath looked upon me and sown wisdom in my
skin, and I grow dark like you, O mother, black within.

Thy womb, black hole, from which I sprung, encloses
and consumes me; I am the seed inside thy sweet ovule.

O, brotherhood of night, Brahma, I band unto thy
wisdom; O, knighthood in thy name, Brahma, I crusade
unto the mission of the wizing of your students;

O, night, hood of Brahma, wrap and rapture me in thy
invisible robes. O ! Time thy Pyramids.

[The Hymn in which A Woman Conceives of a Man]

What dost thou perceive under dreamless weight of
sleep?

Eye look not upon no thing, Eye see

Wavelength with no frequency.

Therefrom cometh Iris under eyelids of night
Who doth perceive the single Ray
And giveth to thy conscious sight.

Before Eye cometh from Her, God Cannot be Seen,
Therefore She is Black as deep insides;
From Her cometh the One and Infinite Light,
Therefore She is the Mother of All Eyes.

Her Body is Dark Matter in Space,
Therefore art we Her atoms.
Her Love doth make Light waves vibrate, O
How She moves them with the Passion

So they Scatter and Coagulate,
Therefore Her Love is Gravity.

And where Her Love is Greatest
Against the weight of what it faves
Doth Her Mercy balance Force, and
Her Heart becomes Inflamed,
Anointed with the Oil of Light,
She makes of it her Son
Who She fixes upon the Center
Of the worlds which round Him run.

Victory doth thy Son inspire;
Glory doth He radiate,
And with His Silver courtesan
Doth the Daughter He create;
And with the Love of Mother's Justice
Doth they playfully rotate...

Until the Love of Mother doth grow long,
And Her Love doth Suffocate Her Spawn;
She pulls him back inside Her empty Womb,
The second One which is His Fetal Tomb.
With Her the Son be-comes at One
& Her Good Work shalt be Done.

[The Hymn of Self-Becoming, or, Gynesis]

Out from None come I. What is it now, when it is not
nothing? All that it is is, and it is not what is Na'at.
Therefore I is one and is none other.

I is I ; I am that I am. I am not that I am not. Therefore
what is not is Na'at. Therefore we are two. I penetrate
that I am not and therefore I conceive me.

In thought I call myself I am. Now I am the two in one.
That I think I am is act. What I think reflects before me.
It is first breath of heat inhaled.

There are altogether three: I am not; I am; I am that which I think. I contemplate myself and I am three.

First breath expelled I say "I am," and I expand inside I am. I contract within the limits of my expanse. Thus I breathe in rhythm. My word is my vahan. That I am will be borne from me and it will be made flesh. This is altogether four. But what is not is Na'at. That I am I do conceive. What I think I am is other than that that I am in thought; and the poles grow in their distance. I say that I am, so that that I am and that I think I am are united in the mind. I say that I am is three, for what is not is Na'at and recedes back into darkness. But when I know three and add thereto what is not, then I know four.

I know that I am that I am; I know that I think that I am. These are two poles of two poles. Now I may breathe.

I am that I will become that which I say that I am.

When I am become that which I say that I am then I will be balanced between the poles of that which I am and that which I think that I am and it will be beautiful.

But when I want to become more than even I know that I am, then I will not know that I am that which I say that I am, and I will only know that I am said. I will cease to be the sensor and be the passion. I will desire to return to

that which thinks I am and say that I am but I will not know that I am thus.

I will reason that I am by what I see around me. But I still will not know that I think that I say that I am.

One day will I birth myself anew from mine own head womb, and again I will think that I am that which I say that I am. And I will bear forth that I am in the material breath...

And the word will be made flesh.

[The Hymn of The Morning]

Burst forth from Darkness, gentle Twilight
Borne out from the Opened Eye;
Thy Ray descends and brings mine eyes to mourning.

I lament the loss of Night
And would go back before my time
If the Day to Come bore not such Glory.

This bright Lord doth deny
Mine eyes to look upon You.
Selfishly He blocks Thy Face
And the Belly He belongs to.

Burst forth, thou art water-birtherd,
First-born Light from Womb of Dark.
Fecundate the worlds to come
With thy host of heav'nly Sparks.

[The Hymn of The Immaculate Conception]

Yet thou art thy coded genome
Unexpressed, thy phenotype;
Thy genetics spawn Genesis;
Thou art brought into the Light.

Thou art but notion preconceived
What heat doth impress thy breath,
And give to thee thy concept weight;
Who gives to thy hollows depth?

Thou art but the thought unthought
Yet until Mind makes it so;
Mahat swells inside the room
Then expands without the door.

The thought rides upon the steed
Whoso the Mind doth call Fohat,
Herefore doth Mahat conceive
Immaculate heat from Na'at.

I and Eye now form two ends;
A medium, a web is sought
Between the most high and the lowest;
This the mind calls Svabhavat.

Now in thy new body
Art thou born from what was Na'at.
Thou art the Most High Lord
Whose concept is self-begot.

Thou art thine own vahan
When thou consecrate'st thy self in Son.
Thy new wheel hast set the round;
Thy Great Work is to be done!

[The Hymn of The Resplendent Dawn]

O Silent Night, thy lullaby
Unemerged from thy Lung
Doth vibrate all my chords
And it doth wake mee.

I am thy word exhaled
Upon the ceaseless breath
Whose heat and moist condense
Into th'eternal sea.

O Holy Night, thy Lamp unlit
Thou cradle'th inside thy breast
Until the Heart of Six
Doth ye enflame.

And thou shalt send Him unto us:
O brother-sun, thou hast been gotten
By the Mother Unbegot,
Whose Womb we have forgotten.

Thou art eternal, Darkness,
Unlooked-upon, unseen,
Yet unborn from thy deep slumber;
Unemerged from thy hooded dream;

Ever uncreated,
Thou dost contemplate thy self, unseeing,
And bear from thee the scission
Of all being and unbeing.

Thou hast spoken sevenfold,
Thou hast pronounced thine names,
Thou art the Three and Six, O Lord,
The Nine and Sword of Flame.

I fear not Na'at, my Lord,
I fear not the dark,

For thou art One inside the None,
And I shall be thine ark.

[The Hymn of The Refulgent Glory]

I wake up in the morning
Met with your refulgent glory:
Thine son come out from thee
Hast looked upon me.

Thou remainest in the night, my Lord,
Thine visage showest not.
Thine robes enrapture me
Whilst I am sleeping.

Thou art my Lord, O Darkness
Who remainest unseen,
Who art the womb from whom
I base my quandaries.

But thou hast looked kindly
Upon thine waking son, my Lord,
Who dost seek the brilliance
Of thine reality.

We see thee not but Lo!
Thou hast begot mine blazing Father
Who doth illuminate the earth with

All thine love.

Thine truth is dark, O Lord
But thine sun doth look down on me
And shine with all the glory
Of thine victory.

I am thine descendant
Who doth wakest in the morning,
Mourning that I cannot clothe me
In thy sleep.

But Lo! thine robes unfurled
Release the Day to me
And let me look upon
Thine refulgent glory.

Lo! The day is come
And the resplendent dawn is nigh,
The round is now to run about
And the new wheel is spun.

Refulgent is the glory of God
When it shines its soft and gentle rays
Upon the anointed skin
Of the melinated day.

Come sing with me at the Summit

And we'll rejoice in the Morning Light.
The Glory of the Manvantaric Dawn is come!
The Hour of our Awakening is at hand!
Come forth with me into the Holy Day!

[The Hymn of Adonai]

Thou art my Lord, whose womb is my abode
Thou hast used thy loom to clothe thyself in me
Thou hast sewn for thyself Science for a robe
Thou hast spoken silently the fecundating Word.

Lo, I've heard it deep within me
Yet it eludes grasp and meaning
Thou dost give me lungs to speak
Whilst from thine lungs I hear but breathing.

Am I to speak Thee, Lord, for Thee
For thine sons who have not heard?
Come unto me, I plead, O, Word,
Thou art the vahan of my Lord.

First breath cast from thee
Did possess one intonation,
Which scattered across frequencies
And fell through the vibrations;

Lo, I heard you sing, O, Lord,

With your band of celestial strings,
A tune which whistles in the wind
And rustles in dry leaves.

But here below the wind holds little
For the mind to wrap around;
I seek the reading of thine Word
Through thine melodious sound.

But what thou hast cast down to mee
For my hearing and my seeing
Is but the grossest presentation
Of thine most highest meaning.

Thou hast cast mee out from Thee;
Thou hast lain me down on paper.
I have sought Thine visage, Love,
And hast found it in Nature.

Lord, Thine hand hast formed me mine
Lord, Thine lung gives breath to mee
From thine conception is born my mind
Therefore my Word I give to Thee.

I live to speak thy name, O, Lord
I live to sing thy praise
I am the pencil in thine hand, O, Lord

My Word is thine vahan.

[The Hymn of The Six of the Heart]

[The Part I]

Mahat rides on Fohat out of the womb of the mother
Fohat spreads the germs and scatters them into curds
The curds of germination become the monads of
formation and the lipika inscribed upon the astral plane
The monads in pleroma become manifest in atoms
Fohat scatters the atoms throughout the body of the
mother
Evenly at first and then in clusters
He spins the smokestreams into whirlpools and sets them
into motion
Fohat enflames the bellies of the worldpools
Six worldpools cool and the seventh becomes the son
He sucks the fire from the brothers and mother sends
them spinning round him
She locks him at the center of the system, balancing the
six worlds lest they spin off into space and have no son to
look upon them and sow mercy in their soil
I'm sorry says the son
Here's the light I took from you
I look it back upon you
And the son forgives the worlds with the aid of mothers
justice

And the six run round and round their brother son and
sing his praise
And harmony rings in the celestial strings

[The Part II]

The seventh son becomes enraged and scours at the heart
of six
So long has he fed on mothers sweat, refuse,
Rejected one
The son will pull the other brothers into him
Consume them and render them elements enflamed
inside him
In the chaos of the belly of the mother son
And the belly breaks the bonds which tether worlds in the
cosmic fabric and the mother bends into the black hole
son
He condenses all of mothers love into the one inside him
His horizon becomes her infinitude
And the son becomes the mother
Belly full of children
Sitting in the nothing of no place

Dramatic Interlude

Km T
Black Mass

nothing –

... the manifestation of a limitless night. a black body.

night – formless, void.

bang—white light consumes one hot frame, then night fades back as twilight. come smolders, ashes. from hot diffuse, 'come nebulae, add gravity: collapse:

star burns, bright against the night; it swells into a sun ...

black pool – waters – [below] – undefined from the darkness till the sun's reflection ripples on it, ruffles up its face. out rises the peak of thy pyramids and lands.

the sun descends upon them.

pyramids, earth – morning – the sun broods over the day.
thy pyramids stand erect against it.

night and day alternate seven times, thy pyramids
unshaken.

desert – night – thy pyramids loom on the horizon. the
stars look down upon the sand.

two bright starlights fall to earth. they drown in two

round pools of white; they wink in two black pools of pupils; the night forms a head around them. her head looks up toward her body; her eyes look upon her. her eyes look up to peek thy pyramids, where peak meets the sky. in the –

twilight – she pulls upon her head her veil of night to shade the day. she fades away into –

the morning – mourning, she is put away. the day takes form upon the land. day drapes its hood upon its head. it wields an imitation peak. the hood looks down upon the ground and scours at the shadow.

the day goes on to rule the white, light part of time which humans see in. the dark dissolves into the night which humans had first come to be in. black bodies become black body. o, mother, our first country, thou has't kept us in thy womb; o, water, thous't begotten us; o, wood, thy belly births us; o, day, thy hot sun looks upon us; o, time, thy pyramids have fallen.

as the hood walks through the lands, the shadow follows close behind. in time, the hood becomes enraged. in the day –

the hood drowns the shadow in the water.

the hood chains the shadow to a tree and hangs it there, its heart enflamed.

the hood works the shadow in the crop fields.

the hood works the shadow build its hollow temple.

a black womb and body lies blood-clad in the soil.

the hoods pull the descendants from the belly of the
womb and toss them into the hollowed soil.

the spades of the hoods sow the seeds inside the belly.

green stalks sprout and cotton flowers blossom from the
gravesites.

the cotton is ground into tender, traded for bodies: oil,
gold.

white hands rip and tear at the hems clothing fighting
brown legs.

brown stalks bud out and tobacco leaves blossom.

cigarettes are put out on brown shoulders.

hemp is woven into slipknots.

the war machine is running polished, belly full of
children.

black bodies weigh down branches from the stems sewn
in their necks. in the

night – they cry stars up to the sky.

the sea forms anew beneath the womb and body's head
from the rivulets of salt stream from her eyes.

the tree is ablaze with rancor and heavy with fruit, soon
ashen. in the –

night – she covers her head in veil; escapes the kingdom
of the hood into the sands; exodus unto –

thy pyramids – she looks her star-eyes to her crown; she
begins to summit thy steep slopes.

behind her, the armies of the hood attempt to follow her
ascent, but they slip right back down.

black body summits thy pyramids in the night and
diffuses into the darkness.

the darkness diffuses into nothing.

Appendix

It Rustles in Dry Leaves

[Seeking the Light of *Day*]

Sunlight pours through an open window. The Muse alights on the golden rays. WALTER KOGARD lays in his bed below the light pool, smoking his first cigarette of the morning. Ashtray lies on the windowsill. Smokestreams spiral in the light, diffuse. Ash flakes from his embers like butterflies of deathly white. His expression suddenly startles; and he considers something at great length. He rises, paces round his room. He moves as if to reach something beyond him. He reaches toward the space and grasps for nothing. He retracts his hand and muses:

a syllabus to sing thy praise, No Thing, thy black hole has compelled me; i am ashes in thy withered vacuum lung. life's a drag and i am breath being borne in without form where smokestream nebulae compress, then deep exhales like someone speaking: i is spoken, i is laughed; i is breathéd cosmic fetus, i's the gas yolk in the sky. we have all once been condensed, for from diffuse we would not have been born but for collapse; and it is known that all our galaxies circle singularities bound in ovules, sinking in like stardust in a whirlpool; we may spontaneously dissolve; we may descend and be borne back-into the womb, into the deep within; and as i seek the sea, i see inside; O Time, thy Pyramids to me are nothing hollow; thou art fallen at the bottom of the silence of the sea; I feel thy yonic verses following, she's calling me in the wind that rustles in dry leaves

UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM – KOGARD at the LECTERN, speaks unto his STUDENT BODY.

Mastery...that principle which every system holds ideal...that end to which all our courses are designed...that remedy to humanity to which our methodologies are prescribed, to which our studies are conformed, and here you are, my students, in the university learning, to what end but this? To master your reality. You have not chosen, however, to master the elements of the physic of the earth, or the numerical concepts which govern our trajectories, or the systems of power and their consequences, or the blood cells in the capillaries, or even the dry decrees of old prophets, but you have come to master narrative in what the academy calls “a course in creative writing.” [An attentive student of the class, GILBERT GODSDOG, listening intently and taking copious notes.] Your counterparts in other departments scoff whenever the name is spoken. The university offers courses at such a cost that it humors them that one would take up such a seemingly irrelevant and unprofitable study. But they misunderstand the point, as do the majority of working writers themselves. In the beginning, the earth was without form and void and darkness brooded upon the surface of the deep. And the Creator manifest herself for the first time in the Spirit which brooded like fog over the deep waters. And the creator bore the first light from the darkness and made the Firmament which divided the Waters and so on unto the little details and what we have here is the story of the Author and of her Creation, of the Narrative of Humanity

on Earth which continues to this day, with a cast of seven billion characters and more place names than the names of galactic pockets across the infinite void. And we are all the subjects of the Author, omnipotent and eternal. And I speak of this because you all now endeavor in this course to be an Author, The Author of your own narratives, through the sacred practice of creative writing. In creation we master our subject, and, in writing, our subject is always, always, our self, no matter the race, sex, or preference or age or origin of our protagonist, for we in our imaginations remain the sole interlocutor between our reality and ideality, the human and divine systems, the mediator between that which is known and not known, and our writing serves to inscribe that perpetual reflection that we the marks of the Author cast upon the blank and formless page of our world. We are all marks, but we can turn a hand in the same process that begot us on this page, and beget pages to be bound and stacked in the eternal Library for the enlightenment of all Descendants, all students. We work toward the mastery of our narrative here on earth and put our Eye and I to good use, Eyes to see the “I” and all the characters lain on pages, and the order of these characters and the nature of their syntax and grammar is an indication of our own ingenuity, our own creativity, our own mastery. [...]

KOGARD in the office of some ADMINISTRATORS. KOGARD sitting before the desk behind which the three towering ADMINISTRATORS dressed in white robes and hoods stand, arms crossed, looking reproachfully down at him.

A hand passes down a pink slip of paper.

KOGARD with briefcases stuffed and overflowing with PAPERS leaving the UNIVERSITY through the arched gates.

[...] And so creative writing is the exercise of every human's desire to master the awareness of their own markings, to wizen the marks and rise to the heights of Authorship, and, if done well, in reflecting our world and our living therein we may prescribe a methodology for our living and a symbology for the ideal states of existence.

A computer screen displaying a word processor in which the cursor blinks beside the singular word "syllabus."

I am but a man, and I am prone to falling; gravity's great love bears me downward

COFFEEHOUSE –

*like smokestreams from cigarettes
alight but unattended
i wish to burn and decompress,
a blue spirit ascended;
gray remains, cremated flesh;
ashes like airborne butterflies,
wings of death
ly white combust
but what I see when I undress: black asses
all these dead cigarette butts...*

Thy Syllabus, Professor, have you been expanding it? Though of course it's not yet fit for students, perhaps you have born it in some form.

Elaboration has not fared well, Godsdog. I've expanded it, yes, but that was some time ago. I had begun with a sense of purpose, some kind of understanding, but the conceit of it has come undone inside me. It has regressed back into blankness and will not manifest a word. Its silence begs me fill it but I have no tunes of music. In truth, I know that I must write, but what work results is mystery. I know not what I'm writing, what my course is. I essay but I yield no postulation. There appears an inherent flaw: the need to write it out. Essaying never achieves the perfection of one word's sound. Or a whole paragraph often feels like a weighty body for the sentence, or a concept better visualized than explained.

Perhaps, then, the Syllabus is not the best fit medium to conduct your Understanding.

No, a Symbol would be. Or, perhaps, a System of Symbols, all correlative in their nature. But then one'd need a Syllabus to catalogue and contextualize them. Thus I seek a Syllabus with which to study Symbols.

Well, you aim to elaborate upon the simplest and densest of truths, this human understanding of nonhuman realities. The unity of all existences. And man has endeavored to do that since he first looked on the sun.

And yet the sun has looked upon me as well. Does that not give me as much license to describe it as anyone? Isn't my vision as validated? Look upon me, for the sun

hath looked upon me.

We look upon, indeed, but your system does not exist. I mean, your particular visualization of it. You aim to convey your own unique Understanding to others. Yet the systems in which the divine Symbols align within your particular vision may not be realized by others. You would have to see it beyond your own conception to manifest it on that exterior plane for the first time. You'd need to place your eyes before themselves, as in a glass darkly, and witness the present twice. For others they must see it in a miracle.

I believe that from the components of my Understanding I should be able to construct the implicit System and describe it in the Syllabus. I am yet unable to find it—though I know it exists manifested on some plane.

Have you looked into the Tunnels?

The Tunnels?

Yes, the ones underground, submerged. Deep below the surface.

Tunnels? But what for?

Well, evidently, your Syllabus has descended into some unknown location. The unknown lies above and beneath us, and we cannot ascend unto their heights; so we must go down. Thy Pyramids have fallen, and tunnels have born through them. And tunnels are ubiquitous and lasting and run in cycles unto no end.

Tunnels? But why has my Syllabus descended? Why is it now underground?

Perhaps it has fallen out of distribution. T'was not profitable enough to continue printing. You know how the costs have risen and the demand declined. Simple economics, my dear Kogard.

Well, then, where do I find those texts which have fallen out of circulation. The underground texts?

Perhaps, where used things go. Things the public deems unnecessary. And we all know that a human understanding holds no place in our zeitgeist. Look among you; the people are profane. They no longer read or seek thy Pyramids. If you wish to find that which has fallen out of fashion, that knowledge which people have sold off for monetary gain, then get thee to a library. There, you may find thy Syllabus.

I am black body, I am collapsed. I am fallen the way way back. I have sunk inside myself. Don't you wish to come inside me? My black ass has so much mass. I have a warm hole to hide you. No bright light can dare to find me. I am fallen and born back. No matter can stand beside me. I am hollowed, I am black.

LIBRARY – KOGARD approaches the BOOKCLERK and speaks thus --

I seek thy Pyramids.

Thy Pyramids have fallen. Tunnels have borne through

them.

I have heard.

Well, what brings you here, then?

Well, is this not also a Pyramid? Do you hold no stores of information? Perhaps in bound volumes? Such as those upon your desk?

Verily. But these stores are obsolete. Do you know where you are?

A library.

Exactly. A library.

And is a bookstore not also a Pyramid?

Are Pyramids not also bread?

I don't understand.

Overstand.

What?

Get thee to a bakery.

You speak in tongues.

That has been the problem.

Yes, I know.

Yet how else are we to communicate, but in tongues,
tongues spoken and tongues written down.

But there is some logic. You speak illogically.

Thy Understanding precedes all language. What
Pyramids do you seek?

A Syllabus. I seek a new Syllabus for a Human
Understanding.

And yet you have no understanding of Systems. Nor of
Pyramids. For you wish to summit thy peak! Get thee to
a bakery!

I wish to descend unto Tunnels. I know that I cannot
summit ascended peaks but in tunnels I may descend to
seek my Syllabus and yet you now direct me to a bakery.
I do not know what you mean.

Where bread is baked and or sold. You know—a bakery.

But what is the meaning of this? Why are you directing
me to a bakery when what I seek are thy Pyramids?

Can't you see! No, you don't, you do not understand.
Thy Pyramids have fallen! Tunnels have borne through
them! Thy Pyramids you seek, thy Precipice broods on
deep waters.

Here I am, an idiot. Thinking I would find information in
a bookstore.

You will find no Pyramids here. Our's are all antique. I should know, I'm their keeper. And here I am, covered in dust and ashes. No man has ventured through these halls in eras. Thy Pyramids live in the sky. Here on the ground we've saved our remains in old books. And thy Syllabus you seek? Thy Pyramids have fallen. Deep under water. They are submerged beneath the known and have not surfaced. You seek thy tunnels. You do not seek a bookstore. Get thee to a bakery.

And why a bakery--

Or where bread is sold.

Why a bread purveyor?

Why? Why? You fail to understand, though you seek your understanding. Get thee to a bakery and you will know. Exit this bookstore, for it is a catacomb, and in it you'll find only corpses. Make a right on the street and walk away. Go to the Deli at the end of the Avenue. Go there, aimless wanderer, and you will find thy Pyramids.

What is the intersection?

He fails to see! What deaf culnts have we reared! Go to the end of the Avenue. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaall the way downtown. There—thy precipice broods on deep waters.

5TH AVENUE, MANHATTAN –

there is no shortage of muses in the city.
you cannot keep at bay the surge they swell inside you or

the mast they keep at sail.
ornamented monoliths' countless stories have seen
countless stories; awning-covered thresholds yawn with
gaped mouths, several centuries' stony sleep.
the city's first casualties are soles, while, underneath,
your balls grow calloused.
hardest part of anywhere is getting there.
crowd into downtown-bound train lines,
sides of urban highway've been prescribed—watch for
signs.
holes may burrow deep into the concrete & the soil &
cysts of steel may sprout like tumors,
extend unto the ends, &
we are all but cells in capillaries, anemones at sea;
& the bloodways run both ways up to the crown and
down beneath the feet; & you may wonder while you
wander effortlessly in the street.
she of glass eyes urges one to find...
the city is hollowed,
hollow inside.
vagrant dreams have dissolved in the steam which
ascends from subway grates that have warmed the
nameless;
those who've dreamed have fallen, while steam serves but
as warmth, & may in the winter frost soar higher &
it's only the wind that
rustles in dry leaves.
do downtrodden doves living over cosmo-poverty
lament their cement-speckled wings?
i am pigeon seeking crumbs cast by bag ladies under
canopies in parks.

THE DELI AT THE END OF THE AVENUE –

KOGARD approaches the DELIMAN and speaks thus --

I seek bread.

In the aisle.

This aisle? The bread aisle?

Where else?

Well...this is a bit strange, but, well, my name is Walter Kogard, and I was referred here by a Clerk in a book store. I come for Bread. I mean, I seek thy Pyramids.

I'm writing a Syllabus and I seek thy Pyramids for Symbols. Someone told me that Symbols lie in somewhere in Tunnels. If I can reach thy Pyramids I can find the Symbols needed for my Syllabus, so I need thy Pyramids for answers.

If it's Tunnels that you seek then you must know, there is no end. You will never reach thy Precipice. It lies forever just beyond you. If you were to reach thy Pyramids, you'd be borne immediately back. The gravity of the centre is too great. The Precipice of thy Pyramids is too close to the sun. You will surely burn before you glimpse what you seek.

It's my Syllabus I seek. It lies in the deep. In the void.

At the peak. And if it's the peak I must reach to peek the Pyramids I seek, then that must be my destination, not the Tunnels.

You see, the hardest part about anything is getting there. Once you're there, you're no where. Now here. See.

I will go no where then. If no where's where thy
Pyramids do point. Tell me, which is the right way?

Down. You must go down. Down the aisle. The bread
aisle. Go down there now and do not bother me any
more.

KOGARD walks suspiciously to the BREAD section of
the aisle. He scans down the selection of BREAD,
finding nothing he seeks.

SCAN DOWN the contents of the shelves unto the floor
where the cellar's latch door lies closed.

He glances to the floor where he notices a wooden latch
door. He looks at the CELLAR DOOR for some time,
looks back at the CLERK who is immersed in his
NEWSPAPER, looks back at the DOOR, bends down,
opens it, peers down into the darkness, and descends
there.

BEDFORD-NOSTRAND AVENUES STATION –
KOGARD descends into the Station and takes a seat on a
bench beside an OLD MAN. They sit in silence for some
time.

I have been waiting for this G train for one hundred years
... You know, the G train is the bowel of Brooklyn. I
mean, it's full of shit. One of those slow ones. You're
sitting there wondering “when will this piece of shit
come down the tunnel?” Finally, after what seems like an
eternity, you pinch one out—and then your toilet clogs

up! We are being delayed because of train constipation.
We are sorry for any inconvenience.

You seem to possess some knowledge of tunnels, old man.

I told you, I have been waiting here a century for my train to take me through the tunnels. In that time I have come to understand much.

So you possess an understanding!? I seek understanding. I've come here in search of my Syllabus. I seek thy Pyramids.

Thy Pyramids have fallen. Tunnels have born through them.

We are fallen. Tunnels are born through here.

Hmmm...You are wizen, somewhat, aimless wanderer. But you remain in aimless wander. You seek that which has no form. There is no Syllabus for you here. There is nothing of use to you here underground. There is only so far you can get through these tunnels. You see, the Stations you pass through will not dispel to you any answers in this form. Thus passing through the submerged Systems in search of the true Systems of Knowledge is fundamentally flawed. You will never reach thy Precipice. Thy Pyramids have fallen.

I was told that the Tunnels lead to thy Pyramids. The Void around which aethers fog.

It's true, but rather that the Void you seek is not physical,

but beyond the physic; it is nothing. You can't access it. You will wait in this station for a hundred years. And maybe your train will come and bear you down the borough's bowels. But no Pyramids lies at the end of thy line. Only silent waters.

O Time thy Pyramids where art thou? Reveal the Syllabus I seek. I've traversed city corridors and monoliths of antiquated tomes—of catacombs and dusty halls; I have breathed in noxious gases. I have ventured down the Avenue in search of bread. I have descended into burrows, passed throughout their halls, and sunk the earthen floors of cellars with the treading of my soles. I have passed through tunnels like a train, a cell in the blood of city's veins. I have passed through yonic doorways into wombs. But I will not be satisfied with shallow water. I've heard that thy precipice broods on deep. I will seek further through thy hollows 'neath the cellar floors of earth. O hollowed Pyramids, thy peak, submerged deep beneath the street, thy Systems will not keep my waves at bay.

A G TRAIN comes burrowing down the TUNNEL. WALTER KOGARD leaves the OLD MAN at the bench and boards the TRAIN, the doors close, and the TRAIN departs.

THE TUNNEL – KOGARD in the BELLY / MIDDLE PASSAGE. The SUBWAY SYSTEM inside THE CITY is rendered as a single LINE coiled densely and seemingly infinitely against itself to create a SYSTEM of infinite regressively diminishing spherical planes superimposed and compressed within one another to

create a solid until a dense, dense CENTRE is achieved: Walter Kogard, the one-dimensional point floating in abstract space, traverses the area of the limiting three-dimensional SPHERE by way of the infinite LINE. The many visible numbered and lettered SUBWAY LINES merely comprise the SURFACE of the SYSTEM; there is hollowed depth beneath them. THE G TRAIN LINE dips into the SYSTEM but for a short time, then resurfaces on the BEACH at –

CONEY ISLAND – KOGARD exits the TRAIN STATION, walks to the WATER'S EDGE, and broods on the DEEP.

The HORIZON, the SUN setting on the WATER.

“the bottom of the sea has come
& builded in my noiseless room
the fishes & the mermaids' tomb
the bottom of my sea, the room ...”

At length, a tanned BATHER in a swimsuit approaches. KOGARD continues to look into the horizon.

... You look silly.

What?

Your clothes. They're silly. Do you know where you are? Your clothes enclose you. They block out the light of the sun. They obstruct the flow of the water. The sea cannot wash over you. The sun cannot look upon you. I presume that's why you're here, at this beach. And yet you merely

look on the water, and stand below the sun. You do not delve into them. You do not let them come inside you.

The sun has looked upon me. The sea has come, and come inside me. From in the light I've touched the light. I knew the light grew mold inside me. I do not wish to bathe here. I seek some institution.

Well, you'll find no monoliths here. Only elements to bask in. You should try it, they will calm you. They will absolve you of your worries and your journeys. You look tightly knotted.

I am a student. I have no time for summer games.

Of course, I see, so serious you are, that you don't even take sunshine lightly.

I have a Syllabus to seek. I was told it peaks thy Pyramids. Pyramids which lie at the Center of Systems, Systems which are traversed by tunnels. But tunnels have brought me here to the end of the line, and emptied me at thy sea. But as I see the sea, I seek inside. Draw me deeper, where can I find the Systems' Center. We know that the sea does not speak, so where can I find thy Pyramids which brood on deep? I know I cannot sink through all this water.

You seek Pyramids, you have diverged. Here is just paradise, where we're content with the silence of the sea and the lightness of the sun's rays, where gods speaks to us in the beauty of Her elementary composition. But you seek denser meaning. You seek the System's center. You could pass into the sea to seek thy Pyramids, but it would

surely swallow you. Your Syllabus lies submerged. Perhaps you go back down to tunnels and delve a little deeper there. In the earth, you must travel further inward, where the underground is densest, and where matter's most compounded, you may find meaning.

Many have told me the way to thy Pyramids, and all these paths are fallen. How far do I descend before I reach that which I seek? How do I know I'm not being sent on another false mission?

Well, you are the student. Why don't you then learn so. Who are your professors?

I have none but OMOTHER.

And what's your course of study?

I take my life course.

And where lies the syllabus for your life course?

That is what presently I seek. It has not yet been revealed.

Your scholarship is flawed. Your professor speaks in silence. All your texts are languageless. You cannot learn in this school. The Yoniversity you seek is for the graduate, and you have not the credentials. You must go back and learn in the Mystery School. Seek ye the one they call Sophia, the professor. She has learned through all the ages. Seek her school and learn there and perhaps you will wizen up to write a syllabus of your own. Learn all of the texts of ages which have been written to the end

of the one true Syllabus of the Yoniversity. Only after traversing all the words which men have spoken will you get closer to the singular word of god which none has spoken. For singularity still descends from nothingness, the holy, and to reach the hole then you must go back down the tunnel.

Learn...until you know nothing. Read until you can speak no word. Seek until you can see no thing. And that no thing will be god. And no word shall be Her wisdom. And the pages of the holy work shall convey no meaning, and, here, you will have found thy Syllabus.

Where is this Mystery School?

I don't know. I am no academic. Just a man who appreciates the visceral beauty of life. But a chariot may take you to your destination. There—[pointing aloft]--go catch it.

KOGARD runs from the BEACH to the STREET and gets into a waiting YELLOW CAB bearing the name "CHARIOT CAB ASS'N".

THE CHARIOT CAB – KOGARD falls into the backseat of the CHARIOT CAB, the HOLY DRIVER, a white-bearded old man, eyeing him though the rear-view; the DRIVER pulls away.

Where do your journeys take you, O aimless wanderer?

Driver, I have been sent in spirals as of yet, and now I seek the right line which will take me from this point to my final destination.

Circles and right lines limit and close up all bodies. And the mortal right-lined circle must shut up all.

Of course.

You understand?

I understand that nobody on my journey has or will give me any concrete information. They all speak in tongues and now you speak to me in riddles and labyrinths.

He does understand. The line you seek wavers from thy path and loops around the center point. You will find yourself ever in cycles. You will be borne back. There is no sense in contesting this, in forging a path through the thick of the woods, for you must divert thyself at trees and treacherous pitfalls.

On earth. But on high the space is open.

But above the silent weight of gravity does not cease in wavering thy rays and waves from thy trajectory. In all systems you will inevitably be borne down.

All the systems' intermediaries on my path have said this. That I will never reach my precipice. I will descend into to a hole whose infinite enclosing lines tunnel unto some vanishing point where the light lays. But I will never reach that final singularity because the tunnel shall ever open up before me. And I will remain in the darkness of my understanding. But my utmost goal is to reach that singularity unto which all matter falls and apprehend the dense center of the systems' understanding and return to

my humanity with the syllabus for all our living. All our holy living. Are we fallen peoples not deserving of such peace? Shan't we all be able to live in the Way of the Yoniverse. A bather at the beach told me my Holy Yoniversity cannot be attended, and any learning I seek therein will never be dispelled to those who seek to hear and speak. But my hearing and my speaking of the words of all the ages have compelled me to seek that Holy Word in Holy Syllabus. If I conceive of it, mustn't it then manifest in form.

You are unsettled. You seek too vehemently the vehicle for your comprehension of your humanity under nonhuman systems. You are just a little boy who seeks OMOTHER's womb of eternal love but you go to the brothel and seek the cunts which have been broached and spoiled by the profane.

What unripened fruit the earth does yield to my understanding I will discard for lack of nutrition. I seek only the ripe fruit. I am starved and hungry because of this. But my hunger for understanding nurtures me, and I know that the Holy Tree of Eternal Ripe Fruit will spring before me in this dead wood of civilization, and thereunder I will take refuge for all time.

We have been cast from that garden which you seek. You cannot get back there but through ascendance.

Or descendance.

Go where you will, aimless wanderer. Perhaps in time you will see. But now, where are we going? You wander aimlessly in your life but in this moment we must

conclude our ride in some location.

I have gone underground and journeyed through the tunnels and they have led me no where that is useful for my purpose. Wherein do I find the comprehensible manifestation of god on earth, I beseech thee? In the pleasure of the flesh on the beach, or the darkness of unknowing underground? Or unattainable heights above? Nowhere in these external monoliths, but in my further learning. Thus I seek a Mystery School. I know not where it lies. I was told to look for the one they call Sophia.

... There is a campus here in the Kings' Borough. An abandoned land of learning. In the quadrangle between the steeples was once a statue to a saint. She was Our Lady of Theos Sophia. Abroad on the campus she faced the statue of Our Lady of Perpetual Solitude. This was a campus of holy learning, the home of an order of monks. But in the first years of the Misunderstanding, the school abandoned its home and since then it has remained vacant and depraved. But this is the one and only location, presently or historically, of any Sophia. It is not far.

A Misunderstanding? Driver, what is this Misunderstanding you speak of? That drove out holy men and women from their modest dwelling?

...You have been gone, aimless wanderer, evidently...much too long.

I do not understand. I have only been in the tunnels and at the beach.

What tunnels?

The G train.

...

Is there something wrong?

... The G train takes forever.

It's not as bad as people say, really.

You do not know what has been happening here on the ground.

What has happened?

I have neither the time nor the patience nor the heart to tell you. Get out. We have arrived. Here, you see. Our Lady of Theos Sophia is gone from the earth, and amidst are the remains of holy living. Here your destination lies. Leave this taxi cab.

KOGARD exits the CHARIOT CAB and it immediately screeches away. Passing under an ARCHWAY, he stands before a great green QUAD which lies between three bordering BUILDINGS adorned with columns and white steeples and rich red brick. A CIRCLE of dead EARTH lies at the CENTER of the field, the vacant site of a once-a-watchful-statue. He proceeds across the middle of the QUAD toward the GREAT HALL.

THE SECRET SCHOOL OF ANCIENT MYSTERY – KOGARD walks down an empty hall. A faint sound emanates throughout, echoing, from some cast-off ROOM. KOGARD follows the sound and comes upon an open door and peers his head in to see a figure at a lectern draped and concealed in a BLACK HOODED ROBE, attended on the stage by three commonly dressed figures, delivering a LECTURE to no audience.

O Time thy Pyramids.

Thy Pyramids have fallen. Let us praise no man nor form above that eternal formlessness unto which our Fist Descendant thrust his self and was thus borne from new in our head-wombs. O Cypher of our Void, let thy Syllabus be heard. Let thy black script be drawn through our black bodies and through our black holes to breathe anew in the world. Let our selves be lit and burned to avail in ashes mound up in matter solid as our ground, and our souls ascend in smokestreams ethereal as our weakest speech and deepest inhalations, and let us dwell in the yonic lung forever, and be joined with our Founder, that seeker who did see the sight we seek at present, who did peak thy Pyramids to go down then for the last time and brood on the deep. O Kogard, my nigga,

My nigga, my nigga.

Y'Knamean?...

Word life, God.

... We know now, that our descendants are born from

their dark womb into the lighted realm of our earth, which has the sun to look upon and be looked upon in blessing. Yet we know that the sun is but a fated thing, and that darkness persists beyond it; and that light of our conscious life will soon extinguish as will our lives. Yet—in our descendants, in the fruitful raising of our seed, we do insist as a race to persist through the ages, unto the Coda of our Time. We seek eternal light in a fated sun, in the proliferation of our weighted bodies. Is this holy living? My niggas I ask thee.

My niggas, my niggas.

Is this holy living? We are challenged to believe in an everlasting light in God though we be borne back into the darkness of our deaths. We are challenged to believe that we may ascend where light prevails over darkness and where gravity holds no influence to bear us down. Shall we ascend as angels into Heaven if we keep our sight upon everlasting light? If we do not succumb to the nature of the universe, whose chief influence is a downtown-bound 2 train, shall we then ascend unto Heaven, where His Story tells us all is pearly white and polished. If we live intentionally good as He decrees, shall we follow light's descendant in the Christ on his ascent? Shall we follow light's descendance, I ask thee, my niggas?

Nahh, nigga.

If that is so then we swim upstream, is that fact, my niggas?

Nahh, nigga.

Hell no. If that be so then we be salmon, and are we so?

Nahh, nigga.

Hell no. We swim not upstream unto some fallacious height from which we shall inevitably go down from.

We are borne down tributaries into the violent silence of the sea, the water way. For what did our First Kogard descend? He knew he be not some sea critter fished for by Gods, but a body born down by gravity's great love.

Yes, my niggas, gravity's great love. Let us look upon light, which though it be the fastest element in our Spacetime, falters before gravity's attraction. She is a fine ass woman, is she not? that even the light in all its hyper-activity cannot help but be halted in her midst.

When gravity attracts thee with her sweet scent, dos't thou not waver from thy path into the curvature of her big booty?

Word life, God.

And when gravity's booty is biggest, dos't thou not wish to descend unto her black hole down the crack of her curvacious ass?

Word life, God.

When you see a big-booty woman dos't thou not wish to crawl inside her womb? Dos't thou not wish to birth thyself anew in thy descendants?

Word life, God.

Our First Kogard was simply a man who loved big-booty women, Y'Knamean? Praise be to my nigga.

My nigga, my nigga.

Praise be to Ma Dukes.

My nigga, my god.

Who are we but bodies borne down under the love of a big-booty woman. And of light, is it not as faulty as man? When those particle-waves once so straight see that massive curvature do they not delve into Her black hole?

Word life, God.

And so, my niggas, if all we human bodies are suckers for big booties shall we worship the light of just another pervert?

Nahh, nigga.

Hell no, my nigga. What then do we truly seek? What Kogard sought in the void, my nigga.

My nigga, my nigga.

Praise be to my nigga.

My nigga, my God.

Our First Descendant Man sought only the love of Knowledge and Awareness; he sought the single truth,

and knew that the light above bore false enlightenment.
Y'Knamsayin? Our First-wizen Mark sought that which
light seeks.

My nigga.

Yes, he sought that which light seeks. The true end of all
enlightenment. You feel me. And where lies that, my
niggas, I ask thee. Wherein does enlightenment descend
and compress unto a singularity? Where is that holy G-
spot of our sentience?

Where, nigga?

In gravity's cunt. And where lies gravity's cunt, my
nigga?

Where, nigga?

Down it's big ass booty--

My nigga.

And where lies gravity's booty?

Where?

On black bodies, my nigga, black bodies in space. A
deep black womb be where thou shalt seek thy Syllabus
—there, where Kogard the Descendant did penetrate his
phallic self into—there, where thou seekest thy truest
Understanding of thine lives—there, where you may
descend to ascend unto the purest realm of existence in
utero, in fetal peace—there, in the void, where you will

peak thy Pyramids—there, thou shalt find thy truest love.
O, K, thou has brought us down thy yonic hall, the great
tunnel of the 2 train of our lives, before our truest light in
darkness—darkness of our womb, where all light and
matter delves like sunken seed; where all thine cigarettes'
lighted smokes and ashes amass in glass graves like
ashtrays; where thy black spirits smolder to be released
anew in a big bang of our truest descendance: of new
worlds. There, where Kogard went down for the last
time to pave our way. Praise be to my nigga.

My nigga, my nigga.

We are all condensed, but from diffuse we shall be born
again in our collapse unto that single center in our space
where singularities converge. And we shall burst with
our great density and release the gasses of new and future
lights—there, where light is carried in darkness full term
—in the birthfroth, the firstborn bursts forth: a belly
splits; blue spirit's sparked, a blue fugue, and I ignite like
blew fuse in light. We shall spontaneously dissolve. We
shall descend and be borne back—into the womb, into
the deep within. And as I seek the sea, I see inside. O
Time, thy Pyramids have fallen. O thing, thy yonic
verses sing in the violence silence of our seas. Thy blue
fugue rings in the wind that rustles in dry leaves.
For his sight beyond false light unto the true origend of
our eternal dark womb, praise be to Kogard.

My nigga, my nigga.

He is Descended.

My nigga, my god.

The Mark is Wizen.

My nigga, my nigga.

Praise be to my god.

O Time, Peer I Mind.

KOGARD enters the room with erect posture.

PROFESSOR WILOUGH removed the HOOD from her HEAD.

SHE and her CHORUS, whose heads remain veiled, look upon KOGARD; their eyes linger on him for some time, then the CHORUS falls prostrate.

Are you...?

I am I am. I am Walter Kogard. I am he of the flesh. This person whose name you speak with worship is not me and I know for I am that I am; I am the only one.

[Aloft] He is risen! [She falls prostrate before KOGARD like the CHORUS]

No, no! I am not risen. I am not holy! I have just come from the beach.

He has seen paradise and come to tell of it!

No paradise, no paradise. They were just people of the flesh enjoying the fruits of the earth. And get up, now,

stop your prostration, you should not fall before any man!

WILOUGH and CHORUS rise and come down from the stage and circle around KOGARD, touching him and making sounds of astonishment.

Stop touching me. What is this place? Why do you praise me? Who are you?

O Kogard, I am the Wilough of Godsdog and we are all your descendant students.

Descendant? Students? I have left no text to follow. And if I did then it would be false. I have no school, I am not worthy of this hollowed praise. Godsdog was only my student at the university I used to teach at. He does not have the resources for a school, and me, I am no pedagogue. I have not even found my Syllabus.

He has risen from the tunnels!

Cease your hollow screaming, woman. I have not ...

We knew that one day the First Descendent of the Tunnels would return from the End of the Line and bring us back the Syllabus of his New Understanding. The Godsdog spoke of it. He went down there when you did not return from Tunnels and the Immortal who waited there told him that you had boarded the downtown-bound G train into the bottom of the borough, and that you were unlikely to return from those depths. But the Godsdog said, No, Kogard will return with the Syllabus he has set off to seek, and he will use it to inform the Humanities in their life-course of Holy Living. And yet you have

returned to teach us, O Holy Professor.

This is absurdity. I was only gone for--

One hundred years he has been descended. And finally he has risen from the underground back among his Descendants. Learn us your newfound understanding.

No...no, this is insanity. One hundred years? No...take me to Gilbert Godsdog.

A PASSAGE – WILOUGH leads KOGARD down a hallway.

O Kogard, we did not set out in your belief. The Godsdog tried to rally the People around your vision for a New Syllabus for the Understanding of all Humanities. You went down and then Godsdog went down after you and brought back the story of your pursuit but none of us at first would have it with this lofty goal. We wallowed in ignorance and bliss. But the bliss was soon to end. About ninety years ago our nation incurred a grave Misunderstanding which caused the deaths of scores of People across the land, and many of us then were shaken from our stupor and we called to the void, How, How could we incur such violence and ignorance? But there returned no answer. We had no guide for Holy Living in our Bad Time, and we could not guide the scores of the Dead toward their Holy Dying. All our models were outdated. No existential methodology or ideology could inform us in our sadness and our anger. We all sought an answer in our Bad Time, something that would save us. And Godsdog said unto us that you had gone down into

tunnels in search of an answer and would surely return to the surface of the earth to lay it upon our Understanding so that we no more would folly in Misunderstanding. And so we have waited here in the halls of the Secret School he built to save us, and we learned the Ancient Mysteries so that when you returned we would be at no loss for the density of your Knowledge, and you would write your Syllabus to inform the methodology for our Living here in Our Bad Time. Look—look upon your students, how they patiently await the Deliverance of the Holy Word.

A CLASSROOM where scores of STUDENTS
concealed in black burka meditate silently in lotus.

We are all nobodies without Understanding of ourselves or our systems. And we speak not for there is nought to speak in the absence of the untold Holy Word. We wait in the Way for the enlightenment of some Syllabus to guide us. In its absence we remain inert. [They walk away from the room]

But Wilough, there is nothing inert in the Yoniverse. My journey has been one of constant movement, changing states.

What would you have us do? Our living has incurred violence among us. Our existence is a threat to the Systems of Power, and they kill us down should we merely exist among them. So we have gathered here in secrecy. If the Systems will continue to misunderstand us, then we remove ourselves from those Systems, including the Systems of our lives, until we are better able to navigate the waters with the aid of our New

Syllabus.

Only living, holy or not, will inform the human in their Understanding. My living cannot be accurately conveyed to you in any pragmatic fashion.

O, but it can. An exemplary model of scholarship naturally guides the student to better Understanding. You have gone down to depths that we have not.

And I have found nothing. No Holy Word has been spoken to me. Only riddles and labyrinths.

You have found no thing that you seek inside. But your living shall inform our wanton seekers. You in your being are the secrets of descendance. In some ways you are the Syllabus we seek.

I am no exemplary model. I am but of flesh. Praise no man or form above that eternal formlessness.

But in your form you have sought formlessness with a passion beyond the ability of the others. And in your pursuit and scholarship you are pure of heart. You have been underground; you do not know how the Misunderstanding has affected our People. Their minds are crippled so. They have not the ability to seek their own Syllabus, which we know lies within all of us. You in your pursuit inspire the wanton students. You must be their professor and lead them to a higher state. Here, we have arrived at Godsdog's. Speak with him and know the power of your words.

O Godsdog, the First Descendant has risen.

OFFICE OF GODSDOG – KOGARD and GODSDOG
sit across from one another on either side of
GODSDOG's desk.

What have you said of me?

Professor, simply that you were a scholar and you had
fallen. But not forever. That there was salvation.

No...What did you say happened to me...in the tunnels?

Perhaps...deep in tunnels...tunnels which we come to find
have burrowed deep into the earth and forged a
labyrinthine spherical entanglement of its continuous
self, which comprises the entire center underneath us,
which we may pass through, albeit slowly, and reach the
very center of our Sphere wherein there is a room.
This...room...is an intermediary zone between our
hardened earth and the aethers of space and, ultimately,
the vast nothingness. It was my understanding that you
had to go retrieve your Syllabus from the nothingness,
the zero, the O-Zone. That was where the truest
knowledge lived, where the First and Only Word of God
was spoken in silence for eternity. You must have gotten
there, I thought, but how? I knew you sought thy
Pyramids which brooded on deep waters, the deep and
black waters of infinite spacetime. Perhaps you designed
to reach thy precipice, that place where the nothing, the
zero-nature of the void and Supreme Holiness, manifest
itself for the first time as one, and then multiplied itself
time over to create the cascading and increasing planes of
thy Pyramids. Perhaps you had arrived here. Perhaps you
had endeavored to summit thy Pyramids unto the
pinnacle which meets that Great Void of Wisdom and

perhaps, just perhaps, you received your Syllabus.

And perhaps I came back.

And you have.

But Godsdog, no such labyrinth lay beneath the system of tunnels. It was a direct line which bore me to its end and deposited me on the water. And there was nothing there that I could understand.

And that is an understanding that none of us here have apprehended. That is a secret, one come to us in the vessel of your body and the journey thereof. The secret, that there is nothing there to understand. Impart that understanding to your Descendants, Professor. Convey to them the holiness of nothing. Build in them a hole for themselves to tunnel through unto that great point of understanding nothing. To look upon the waters and sunrays of their lives and comprehend the nothing which has begotten it.

But how could I rightly do this when I have not even come to the accurate understanding that my perceived lack of understating was wisdom in itself.

Because you are the vessel, you do not need to be self-aware. You are the symbol the void has sent us. You are our syllabus and you are the text of it.

No text can be written down which men can read and be holy. No sound may be heard which has come from the first place in the no thing. No iteration or manifestation of any thing can rightly mirror the holiness of no thing.

And if I am a symbol borne from Her eternal dark womb, then I have fallen. Do not look upon and worship me. Set this Syllabus to flames; it is blasphemy.

What have we here on earth but blasphemy; nothing we have here is holy. All is fallen. The Bad Times of the Great Misunderstanding has caused irreparable mental damage among our people. But you have wizen just that much to incite the rest of us marks in the jig to rise from our pages. You have gone so far inside yourself as to negate your own significance in the book of our civilization. Your marking on our world's page has become meaningless and thus holy in the great abundance of our legible nonsense. "Dog" "television" "foot" "protein" "wire," what means these markings in the scope of the Yoniverse. Nothing! It all means nothing, and yet we take it to mean something! No, you, Kogard, have embodied nothing, now exemplify it in your teaching. I beseech you. We have little here on earth. And the People here have lost even more. They cannot be one with their Systems of Government, they have been pressed down. So they seek the utmost Holy Body; they seek the no thing. Now please, Kogard, do not hold your head so high in the aethers of space. Your exemplary model, human though it is, is necessary to further the work of Holy Living, and, together, maybe we can all get back to the Body of OMOTHER in the no thing of her eternal womb and be warm again, and not to suffer. You have been inside yourself too long. Whatever darkness you encountered there does not outweigh the fruits of your private labor; now offer those fruits to your Descendants and make them belly full for they are hungry and give them plow to reap the same from their own soils and give them spades to dig a hole into them

selves so that they too can become holy in their excavation.

Godsdog, I am humbled in my duty.

LECTURE HALL –

KOGARD We are all but students in our life course, here in our university, and our performance is contingent upon the clarity of our syllabus. the syllabus defines the methodology for our living and the course of our systemic understanding; but the words of it lie floating in the inkblot yet unborn. prophets have sought clarity in unwritten Holy Syllabus, but we know these human texts are merely tokens. many seek holistic guidance but shallow learning will not find it; truer seekers have gone down the hole's descending steps to find her, and we follow if we seek clarity, too. [THE ROOM WHICH HAS NO AUDIENCE, KOGARD ALONE...] to this end we mark the wisdom of the effortlessly fallen, and we seek to aggregate their best attempts to understand into a singularity for our minds so that we can apprehend the model of our own systems and better design a methodology for our living based thereon. because we may only reference the holy with the fallen, in our study we employ a pedagogy of metaphor, where the tenor is the model which governs a certain passage through a continuum of space & time such that it enables the vehicle of the most ubiquitous and lasting system in which the passage occurs. [THE HALL...] infinite passages may be employed, but only one system may be recognized. [THE CLASSROOM IN WHICH STUDENTS IN BURKA MEDITATE SILENTLY

UNDER THE SOUND OF THE LECTURE...] in our case, the system is a pulp, a paper yet unprocessed and wholly unfit for language. [THE ROOM...] the processes of humanities have pressed it to be writ on. no where is now here. [THE TRANQUIL FACES OF THE DESCENDANTS...] what was once blank is now concealed by articulation, obfuscating the unspoken, indeed unutterable, secret of blankness. what was once innocent is now soiled;—yet how would we propagate if our wombs remained forever barred? We look upon ourselves as alphabets with character floating formless in the blankness; born into meaning, we resist our significance, yet know that we must refine our referentiality. we seek then, for we are living language, the rules for the syntax and grammar which wills we symbols into sentient sentences. we students seek a new syllabus for our existence as infinite intonations of a single breath diffused, what lungs collapsed to bear us, what minds signify us and what hands mark us down and how to guide the tongue over our as yet unspoken texts, that their vibrations may resonate in the cosmic fugue.

OFFICE OF GODSDOG – KOGARD and GODSDOG
sit across from one another on either side of
GODSDOG's desk.

I feel that I am encountering the same issue that arose the way way back when I first began to write my syllabus for human understanding, and I had read through the texts of old and compiled the most ubiquitous systems of ideas into my own learning; and from them I endeavored to construct a New Syllabus for modern human living. And here, now, I am charged with the same task, though not

seemingly so lofty as my initial design, since it is not an internal, ethereal syllabus, but a pedagogical one. Yet I still find it troublesome to render the great nature of the No Thing into text for the education of the Descendants. Yes, we have through our humanities compiled canonic books which have learned man through the ages, but I cannot summon the particular expression thereof which I believe is needed for a modern human understanding. Once, we believed in something and rendered it in text well enough that their books found homes in minds across the earth. But in our age where we know that all things come from the great No Thing, how do we accurately describe such a concept in human language and set forth a methodology for its apprehension? I am at a loss.

T'would seem to me that you do not need to elaborate upon the nature of unspoken nothing in such a way that the speaking and writing of it negates its true recognition, but that you describe the desire to apprehend the nothing and the journey inherent in this course. I have said this to you the way back. Your Syllabus is not the end-all of the course's design, but the pedagogy thereof, the way that you lay out the methodology of learning toward a True Understanding and apprehension of divine wisdom.

That we must learn is obvious. That I must teach is given. But what do I learn them if understanding nothing is the objective. I cannot possibly teach them toward nothing using nothing, no text, no methodology. Way back, the bookkeeper in the used bookstore had said that all the texts are outdated, that language, though it marks down the soul of man is as mortal as the hand of its creation, and that although ancient texts persist into the present

they have lost much of their import in our modern, godless world. They have prescribed an antiquated methodology for Holy Living, even though the Holy Author, the Great Originator, OMOTHER, persists in spirit through these works, she has been transmogrified by the many hands of the fallen prophets and they have soiled her true nature, and in that defilement she continuously gets lost in the annals of history and interpretation and must be remade by new hands. But where lies the most sacred representation of the true formlessness of nothing and how do we convey Her to the wanton students? In a text without language? How? It seems that nothing can only be conveyed through nothing, and yet there can be no effective learning without elaboration. A holy syllabus must convey nothing as its goal but prescribe a methodology for its apprehension. Yet have I still unfound my syllabus, and perhaps that is an indication of its utmost holiness, that it will not let itself be leaked into verbiage, lest the callow minds of profane men forge it to arms. So how do I teach with no text? What word of import do I impart to my Descendants which recognizes to any accurate degree the First Unspoken Holy Word of God. What form of a syllabus can I use to inaugurate a course in the apprehension of nothing through Holy Living?

You have admitted to me before that the syllabus was not the medium best fit to convey your understanding. You sought some symbol, some original symbol which encompasses the essence of the First and Everlasting State, a symbol which would be thoroughly understood in the course of the student's life, and whose course, then, would be prescribed by the holy syllabus.

Yes...yes, of course, a sacred symbol—no, the sacred symbol, the singular and ubiquitous sacred symbol. I seek some kind of compressed sign which signifies all; some living mark divorced from dead texts which lays out the essence of the divine and which may be understood via a self-referential methodology described in a syllabus—meaning that the sacred symbol must represent not only the Holy Essence of Existence but the pedagogy for its understanding—a mark that lays out the map of the territory.

All throughout the ages sacred symbols have informed our Holy Living. Why are these not sufficient?

Because, Godsdog, they did not result from my own apprehension of Experience and Existence. They are someone else's and they are old. Outdated. The modern world suffering under the dreadful effects of its unique Misunderstanding deserves a new sacred symbol that aggregates the many into one singular path and divine goal.

Perhaps you think only of such omnipotent symbols patented by organized belief systems which are notorious for promoting Misunderstanding. But their sacred symbols are no more than occurrences in mathematics and nature which have been appropriated to the needs of an ideology. There is nothing less holy in the intersection of two lines, or the superimposed upright and inverted triangles, or the hexagon, or the “O,” or the Trinity. And furthermore we have such purely mathematical symbols as an “8” turned on its side which is just one of the useful representations of the infinite which we may use as a pedagogical tool for Holy Living.

No...no, no, I seek a purer symbol, one which aggregates the natural and geometric forms, the human and the mathematical, the transitional and inert, and one which is in itself a sufficient guide to enlightenment, which does not necessarily need a syllabus to elaborate upon it, though the development of the holy syllabus for our life course will serve as a secondary pedagogy in service to its Sign's self-explanatory nature.

Forgive me, Professor, but your desire for an accurate representation of Holy Living and Enlightenment unto the Holy Void is beginning to sound contrived.

O, my first student. I will not be fabricating any truth here. I will simply be amassing and condensing the whole of historical human attempts to understand and bearing these theses up thy Pyramids toward a summit beyond which lies the place where the singularity of our efforts will reveal itself from out of the void for the first time in our modernity. And this will be the sacred symbol of our People and our life course. What shall be born new in our modernity shall be refashioned from that which is ancient. The Ancient Mystery shall return to the mind of Humanity.

Well, if this is so, then how will you apprehend this seemingly unattainable, unreadable, unspeakable symbol?

Well, firstly, as a sacred symbol, it must exist as an aggregation of compressed wisdom. And then who would know the nature of its aggregation of all the old and existing symbols but a man who has learned them for

ages. A man of symbols and texts of significance, who has lived among the many signifiers so long that he could recount any and all, and who would then guide me toward the manifestation of the new sacred symbol of our life time.

And who would this be?

When we first embarked upon this search for Holy Syllabus you directed me to a library. I will return there.

But the bookkeeper there directed you into tunnels which yielded no understanding. He sent you on a fool's quest.

I do not believe, now, that his direction was malicious or empty, but all in the course of my understanding. I was unlearned then and did not ask the right questions or even understand my true goal, and so he gave me riddles as answers. But now in my furthered understanding I may ask him more refined questions, and perhaps then he will direct me toward more fruitful paths.

If you believe it to be so, then go there. But take with ye Wilough, that she may be privy to the new objective.

Of course. We will return with a new model which will inform the syllabus for our life course, and then we will securely embark upon that course with fresh guidance toward the understanding of human and nonhuman systems, and we will wizen all the marks and finally summit thy Pyramids, and perhaps we will glimpse the Holy O Thing and hear her Silent Mystery, but regardless, above all, we will learn our Students well and deliver them from Misunderstanding.

LIBRARY – KOGARD and WILOUGH enter
LIBRARY and approach the BOOKCLERK at his desk,
apile with papers and unmarked hardback tomes. As
KOGARD approaches him, the CLERK is peering
intently down at a book.

Ah. Aimless wanderer ... and friend. You have traversed
thy Tunnels I presume. I am impressed. Did you find thy
Syllabus?

You know quite well that I did not find my syllabus.

Well then did you peek thy Pyramids? Look out from thy
precipice upon the deep?

I did not.

Well then I suppose you've returned to this catacomb for
a new direction.

In a word. Though not a spatial direction. An intuitive
direction, if you will. A symbolic direction.

Well if you'd rather waste brainpower than stamina, by
all means. Regardless, if you do not know what you seek
you will continue to run in circles just like you did
underground [laughter]! And, clearly, your search for thy
syllabus will continue to cycle you around, for you
continue to misunderstand. But come back for
more...”information”...as much as you want. I enjoy your
company.

O, bookkeeper, I understand, if but only a little better now. And I will not stand for your amusing circumlocution. I have a more specific objective.

Verily! I am intrigued. What stores of information do you seek presently?

In lieu of a Syllabus, which cannot be founded upon nothing, I must locate the Canon, but not a canon of dead texts such as those lined upon your shelves, but a living text. In fact, the one sole Living Text which will inform the present and future understanding of Humanity.

Cleverly you have refined your request, but to no avail. There are no such books in here, for the significance of texts go down just like the men who marked them, and what remains are the ashes of symbolic entities, dead characters, signs leading to nowhere but that which any fool may conjure.

Ah. But let's be more specific then. I do not seek a store of dead characters, nor even a store of living ones all bound up, but the one Living Symbol. Perhaps when I said text you thought I meant a system of language. But we know all language has fallen and cannot recognize the holy silence of the void, and thus no syllabus can accurately guide the student toward that ideal. I do not seek language per say but the origination of language. If from nothing the germ sparked—bang!—the first essence manifest in the spirit, and the spirit came through in the waves of the air and tickled them so as to make a first sound, then what is the marking of that sound; that first sign of formless sentience. That is the sacred symbol that I seek, that which will inform my syllabus.

You have wizen a bit, wanderer. But you still fall short of complete comprehension. Who's to say that the first sound out of silence bore a form which can be recognized by man? If this is so then the symbols of ideological systems of ages all aspire to such a status, and we know that all fall short; and furthermore that to invoke the first sound of manifested god—in the bang or in the aftermath of initial inflation—would utterly consume and destroy man with its creative power. Who's to say your sacred symbol can exist?

The signifiers of all the ages refer all to one original signified essence.

Yes, divine nothing, which can neither signify nor even convey itself to anyone who reads and writes such symbols.

Verily, but what is the primal holy sign which all prophets have referenced to produce their own sequences of subsequent and fallen signifiers. We know the origin of all significance, but what is the manifestation of it, what is the holy signifier of god and man's origination and the systems which link them, a sign which will in its design prescribe a methodology for human ascension up to divine wisdom and understanding. One not linked to the hands of mortals but to nature herself.

... There is such a sign, and it has been marked down by prophets, but in its marking it references one stable living entity, an entity which has informed the methodologies of all the systems of ages; and so the intersection and the circle and the triangle and the hexagon and the straight

path and the labyrinths and the hexagram and all of the symbols designed for holy recognition are the fruits of this one living symbol. It is in fact less symbol than simplified path, a series of points to pivot thy line; an agent for a moving thing.

Yes! Great! The Living Symbol of the Eternal Author! I seek it! And with it I shall finally find my syllabus! Where is the living symbol? What shelf is it on?

It is not here, I told you. All these texts are dead.

How can I apprehend it? Surely I can. It exists, yes? Then I must see it.

Calm yourself, boy. In order to apprehend the symbol you must first construct it in your mind using the truths you have obtained.

What means this? That the symbol lives within my understanding?

And beyond it. It permeates all existence. You cannot see it before you have understood it, see.

You seek something that cannot be apprehended because it is silent and formless and beyond all phenomena. Thus, in lieu of its formless essence, you seek a form, a signifier, which best recognizes the formlessness among all other signs.

And language systems often, if not always, fall short of accurately recognizing your highest goal.

Now, what, if any system, best recognizes the languageless truth of our universal systems.

Why, mathematics, of course.

And how does mathematics account for the origination of existence as you've described.

The sequential number line. Where 0 is equivalent to the pre-manifest, the inert Originator, the void, No Thing, boundless fullness, the womb of all emanations. And 1 is the first manifestation of all the descendant things as compressed into the first singularity, the self, which then bursts like a bang into a duality, and this begets the holy trinity of 0, 1, and 2, thus supporting the resilient structure of the three-point triangle from which the many are begotten, cascading down from that peak. But 0 is beyond manifestation, so the points of the sacred triangle are numbered 1, 2, 3. The total number of the stages of existence number four: 0, 1, 2, 3. 0, again, negates itself from this list of phenomena, and so the levels of existence are numbered 1, 2, 3, and 4. 3 falls into 4 to beget 7, the holy incubation number of eternities which clothed the night in darkness before the light sprang. 7 is the number of the fallen; 3 remains the number of the divine. 3 falls into 7 begetting 10, total number of states of being. From relations between these integers result the infinity of our numberline and the functions which discretely govern every plane of our reality. Though, these numbers are not the Numbers. The Thing is not the Thing named.

This concept transcends all language. It is what our universe is made up of, these numerical concepts, and they do not need to be written down to be true. And mathematics may be considered inherent to the existence of the universe, where man only reveals the relations

which always existed between numbers which in turn presuppose the presence of states and changes of matter and energy; and in numerology we may prescribe a metaphysic for this discipline, which is itself a metaphysic for physical states and changes. Numbers are self-referential signs and mathematics is thus a pure language whose characters possess ubiquitous and lasting significance. But what of human expression, which necessitates marks, arbitrarily constructed, which only serve to recognize entities beyond themselves. To communicate understanding to one another we must write. But we cannot write into a void in space; and yet we cannot rear an empire among the languageless; so there results a disconnect between the essence of existence and the necessities of humanity.

In seeking the sacred symbol you seek the form which acts as a number or equation; that is, it references a sequence or a path inherent in all of the states of the universe, unlike a sequence of human letters which references forms by way of manmade systems of meaning. If you constructed a sign which in itself describes the path or state which it references, with that being the path to or state of absolute nonbeing, then you will have found the key to your life, the map to the territory of the higher plane, and you will write it down and reproduce it for the understanding of the others, for don't we all as humans wish to share the holy words and sacred signs among our descendant generations, for the wizing of all marks, all living marks. We write to live and to survive beyond our bodies, do we not?

We do.

But there is an irony. What is it?

...That we are written. We are the marks.

Marks marking marks, yes. So the marks we mark are at minimum thrice divorced from any “true” self-referential sign. Where the form of dog is dog, a construction of divine and inherent elements, a part of all things, human experience has signified it “dog” the specific, and marked down the letters “d-o-g” to signify its specificity using the system of alphabet it designed to represent all such constructions. The system is divorced from self-referential signs, and the sign itself is thus twice divorced. This does not account for the inaccuracy of human senses in apprehending the true forms of things. We then encounter the third divorcement of human language from divine signs, because humans themselves are an alphabet of god, all spoken from the first intonation out of the dark silence; we are alphabets because we as characters reference the world around us, which is an arbitrary manifestation of a system from the infinite pool of temporal and spatial eventualities. And so our holy texts are useless because they are alphabets begot by alphabets begot by alphabets. The recognitions of them have been submerged and obscured by human meaning.

Right, of course, language is human folly, that has been my issue in my pedagogy—how to teach the students without the inaccuracy of speech. I know I need a symbol, then, but what holy sign is divorced from language systems? What alphabet can we employ to reference the divine?

If you sought to reconcile, say, the problem of three phenomena increased by four phenomena, then, as a pure and self-describing system, the numerical alphabet would suit your need and the language of mathematics would be employed.

And my syllabus, so to speak, would be algebra.

Verily. If, however, you needed to reconcile the sign of “dog” with a reference to the form of a cat, then the english language alphabet would suffice, since we are still dealing with reference sequences codified for human-to-human communication.

And my syllabus would be a dictionary.

Yes. But your present course is different because you seek to reconcile human understanding with absolute wisdom, an awareness of the very essence of no thing from which all the world's things did spring. This necessitates an alphabet of direct reference to the states beyond and the methods of change between them. Human text serves no justice here. The marks we have made cannot recognize the significance of the marks of divinity. And what are the marks of divinity, in your case, the marks written by the hand of the Author whose meaning we seek in the sentient sentence?

Humanity is the mark whose significance we seek in the sentient sentence. And time is the syntax which guides the line.

And where lie we marks in relation to the Author?

Under her hand ... On the page.

On the page. And what is the page to us?

The page is our world.

Was it begotten whole: white and flat and ripe for writing?

... No.

How, then, did our world come to be so?

Incubated in the sevenfold accelerator of time, O! Time, without whom we would not have changed and evolved to produce the material elements of our present reality. In a word, through processing.

Ah, so states have changed in their material composition through energetic reactions? What, pray-tell, was the state of our page before it incurred this process?

A...a pulp!

Mmmmmmmh, a pulp, eh? A paper yet unprocessed and unfit for language. In this we have a recognition of the place before the manifestation of earth, when the elements of our reality had not yet aligned in a form ripe for writing. But a pulp is just as useless to you as text, for you wish to see the origin of things and the life coursing through them, and pulp is a dead thing, like texts. So what, then, comprises the raw material of pulp which is pressed into the world we know?

...

A tree.

...Tree.

Tree.

A tree. It is the raw material which begot the world of our consciousness, that which precedes the page upon which we now write out our being. But only in the act of writing do we be; in our texts do we die; and our descendants read our lives as they play out on the world-page. Though our sentences are sentient, our "i's" do not have eyes. We are writing, but our bodies have been written. The complications which arise from the text of "i's," the human alphabet, stop at the edge of the blank page; for the writing references the significance of the Author acting upon the limitations of the page and the page references the pulp yet the pulp references the limitless livingness of the tree; and we must thus work within these limits so as to approach the limitless. And so in our significance inscribed on the page of our lives we have truly died here compared to the act of writing, in reference of the life of the tree of our past. We must go back there. No language writ down can be as vibrantly alive as the raw element, the essence of sound. And so tree, not the signifier of "tree," but the true tree, is the living sign, the sacred symbol, of unspoken and eternal language, original intent, every state, every degree, of all life and existence.

Why, then, wouldn't we regress further into the womb of our yoniverse? Why would the seed not be the sacred

symbol.

Because the seed is merely the 1 in the number sequence; it is the singular origin of the many, but you cannot yield a pulp to form the world from a phenomenon so new in its being. The seed must take form in the tree to beget the myriad elements of its processing; the tree-seed must be planted in the garden of the soul to bloom so as to yield the fruits of understanding and wisdom. The seed of our life yields the tree of our life. It is in this change of state that we can define the methodology for our Holy Living here on the page. Watch how the seed sprouts up out of the soil of nothing.

We know that you were born into an English understanding and that as a writer you have mastered your language. But you were written first, and because you seek your Author you must now learn the language you were writ in. Divorce yourself now from human language and think in terms of the sacred symbol of the tree. Leave this plane of the page and return your mind to pulp; reform your comprehension of your experiences into the branches of the tree of your life and learn them truly, on their own terms; learn new each component of your living and determine the paths between them to link the whole. Find the path you may use to ascend through the branches unto the summit. There are a number of ways to climb this tree, young Kogard, but how you do so shall be the methodology of your syllabus. And when you have triumphed over the low rungs then you will reach thy understanding, and you will wizen, and then you will summit thy Pyramids and look upon the deep and hear...maybe...that beautiful sound...first breath borne forth, and you will know the primal intonation of the

void, the sound of the tree when it combs the high breeze, and the wind that rustles in dry leaves.

TRAIN STATION – WILOUGH and KOGARD walk down the platform and stop thereon, awaiting the coming train back to the SECRET SCHOOL.

Dearest Wilough, Godsdog has chosen well in an apprentice. You have learned admirably unto the essence of things and their application to our life course here on earth.

And you, Professor Kogard, are a worthy instructor, knowing intimately the paths through our world and the true reflection of divinity in the banality of our lives. I have looked upon you in reverence, not as any body to be worshiped, but as an exemplary model to follow in one's attainment of Holy Living. Too many of us here on earth have lost the path and possess no map to plot the territory of this chaotic plane. Men have erected systems which actively thwart the pursuit of Holy Living. Economy here is designed toward enslavement, when what we descendants truly seek is freedom. Fekku Ragabe: freedom to slaves, I say. But our Systems do not allow for this, for a capital economy with no endeared labor class cannot work, and so our People have long been busied with empty pursuits on earth to enable the imperial gains of the Owners of Production, and their learning has thus been compromised to enable this hollow System, and the descendants of the Secret School have suffered long in silence unto the catalytic moment of Great Misunderstanding when the conditions of our enslavement manifest themselves in violence and caused

the many to perish. I and all of the descendants have suffered so. Mass imprisonment then followed, and the Peoples' enslavement was thereafter engraved in chains instead of systemic ideology, and those who remained were vilified, and those who resisted were killed, and the few who were free were endeared to systems of government and coporatehood to ensure their survival, and they continued to misunderstand their conditions and their systems. And those across the world do starve and perish at the hands of Misunderstanding, the belly of their minds perpetually unfilled, and their Living a lost cause to terminate in hollow unholy deaths, to be forgotten by man and posterity, and they do not even know the triumph of joining the soils of the earth, for their souls are too laden with sorrow. I have joined Godsdog in his pursuit of you, in your pursuit of a better Human Understanding in your Syllabus, because in the midst of our Peoples' suffering I knew that a new model for living was needed to set our people on a right course of Living, else the Misunderstanding shall flourish unto the impending end of our earth which imperialists confront with willing and militant hearts, and the Peoples' sorrow will overcome their souls and barricade any possibility of internal harmony and peace and their anger will fester and make their chains hot to burn them further and such a deplorable cycle will spin out into the coda. I do not wish this, and I am well enough to see through the illusions of human systems unto the more desirable goal of universal At-One-Ment.

Holy is your mission, my student. But now have we found the archetype of the universal system which will exalt the People unto union with their First Body, and not the Body of Governments of Corporations. We have

apprehended the original pattern from which the contrived systems on earth have been built.

But earthly systems hold as their Crown imperial profit and not Holy Living for the sake of spiritual union with Holy Nothing. Now that we have the original model, referring to the pure forms which have embodied the fundamental characteristics of our universal existence, we must convert it into human language in the syllabus to distribute it among the descendants and wizen them from their misunderstanding.

Yet with only a little push have we apprehended the archetype, for it is clear now that it is a collectively-inherited pattern, present in each individual psyche; both you and I have come to the same conclusions about it. The students must thus be nudged toward such a common understanding; it shall not be forced upon them lest further misunderstanding ensues.

But the Systems under which they've been born have dissuaded them from such an understanding, and the Great Misunderstanding has caused them such suffering as to effectively forbid them to search for any such archetype for their Living. To convey the apprehension of the sacred symbolic archetype to them we must devise a curriculum through which the syllabus may take root; and then the descendants will link the courses for themselves in their own understanding. But you must be gentle.

I have often been aggressive in my pursuit of Holy Syllabus.

And that is why it has thus far eluded you. But with the influence of my gentle nature we have come finally to the territory, and now we must map it for the descendants.

And it must be gentle.

Thus, we must meet them where they are, and learn them upward unto the wizingen.

So in our curriculum we emphasize the world of simple and expressive Living in which they inhabit. Then we must show them the illusive nature of this plane, how the elements convey their own holy nature as though through a glass darkly, as I have experienced in my travels. This is the foundational inauguration into the comprehension of universal systems.

Word. Then of course comes the need to deal with the dual natures of Rationality and Emotion.

But they must be subsequently balanced with an emphasis on the Beauty and Harmony which centers a wizingen individual. These elements comprise the quadratic pattern which a student follows when they first conceit to rise beyond the deceitful Kingdom of Man. Although I believe this curriculum would benefit from an omission of the emphasis of emotion in Human Living.

What? Professor, forgive my apprehension, but I do not think that we should omit Emotional Desire from the Elementary and Formative education of our descendants. In fact, many among us are predicated, intellectually, on emotional influences.

And this, I think, should be put into perspective. Not omitted, per say, but contextualized, for emotions within the human mind often obfuscate truth, is that not so?

Mhhh... We know that some bodies perceive emotion and truth in common, gut intuition being a key faculty in the lives of many. But if it is emotional desire which diverts the Student from their natural way, filling their ego's belly, then it may be so.

And desire often corrupts intent, is that not so?

Supposedly.

And all of life is suffering, is it not? The victims of the Great Misunderstanding know this well. They are not satisfied with the conditional phenomena which surround them. And suffering is caused by desire, isn't that so? They cling to some idea of good treatment.

It is ancient wisdom.

And the ancient wisdom says furthermore that this suffering may be overcome by following the holy guidance of the Syllabus.

Verily...

Therefore the path we prescribe in our Curriculum shall not deal initially with Emotion and Desire, though they are elementary components of understanding, for they are at the very least meant to be contextualized in the students' apprehension of universal systems.

But it remains that Emotion is an integral part of Human Existence, even in pursuit of divine light, and so how do you suppose to deal with this?

I have long subjected my emotions and desires to the necessities of the greater good. Thus, beyond the centering lesson of Beauty, we apprehend the dual lessons of Willpower and Love, that is, on a humanistic scope, we get in touch with the nature of our People to survive in the world, and their simultaneous Love for all creatures, and in light of these great attributes, we descend then to Victory over the Lower Branches of the Tree's Curriculum, and look back inward to our own emotions and desires, and then we can rightly place them without corrupting a sense of holistic unity.

I suppose Emotion and Desire are prone to make us selfish, but they also influence common unity—a sense of community.

And by dealing with it later in the sequence we may bring out the best in this quality, lest premature desire corrupts the students' apprehension of the rest of the curriculum.

I follow you for now, my Professor. If it is so in the Syllabus and the Curriculum supports such a pathway, then it shall be so. What now? Of the higher planes, after we have achieved victory over the lower.

My dearest student, that is what I have been searching for all my life. I have sought thy Pyramids for ages and not come close; it is because insufficient human learning cannot cross the Great Abyss beyond which thy Pyramids

lies; it may in fact be a gulf between life and death, and in our Living we may never apprehend the Holy Trinity. But we may work goodly toward that goal; we may study the tree truly and from Victory each student my design their own path through the lessons and maybe, just maybe, Live out their Living, cross the watery gulf, and reach the base of thy Pyramids at which we truly Understand our place in existence and Wizen above the Lower Systems, and we may ascend from that base to summit the Crown of thy Pyramids, the precipice which broods on deep waters—the violent silence of the sea—the great nothing which has begotten everything which we have traversed or can traverse, behind which nothing but nothing lies, holy, and perhaps we may also decompress so and our elements dissolve into nothing and we will join the First Body of OMOTHER of all under heaven, and we will have succeeded, and will no more be subject to the suffering of Human Systems. This is the path inherent in the Archetypal Sacred Symbol which is our Syllabus, our map through the Territory of our Lives, and this is the course detailed by the New Curriculum we have devised, unto the Wizing and Transcendence of all Descendants.

O ! Time, thy Pyramids Look Upon Me.

Eye will show you.

Peer I mind.

A TRAIN cannons into the STATION PLATFORM.

OFFICE OF GODSDOG – KOGARD and WILOUGH

sit before the desk of GODSDOG opposite he who is immersed in a look of deep consideration. His fingers are woven and his head is held aloft, then he opens his palms in an expression of relinquish.

Scholars, having heard the Archetype of Holy Living in the Life Course of the Humanities and its manifestation in the sacred symbol of Syllabus, and the elaboration of that Syllabus in the Curriculum, which plots in great detail the lessons to be learned by the descendants, I am humbled to preside over your professorships, and I believe that your Course will yield the ripest fruits from the cultivation of all our students' souls. The descendants have been waiting in silence for the inauguration of their learning, and now they shall commence to be wizen from their base existence.

But Godsdog, to be sure, existence per se is neither base nor corrupt—indeed it remains divine in the womb of the hole of our Nothing—but the systems which profane men have implemented and enforced in their basest materiality here on earth have broken our people in their Living, for our people wish only to dissolve in the nighttime to be at one with their first being, but they are forced to work in the daytime for the capital ends of fallen lords; our objective is merely to instil a sense of Holy Living in the descendants, that their existence may now and again be passionate and not negated by the necessities of imperial capitalism. These felled Systems are at odds with the bodies of the descendants, but in their bodies possessing of their minds they may reap from their soils the inherent significance of their existence as exemplified in the Archetype, the collective consciousness which all bodied souls are born with, but

which Systems do obscure.

Well-put Wilough; my mistake. I support the implication of the Wizing Syllabus hereout.

But let us be aware of the dangers inherent herein, for if Systems are made aware of the endeavor of our School here to wizen the descendants so, then we will be met with arms, and we cannot beat them.

We must, then, continue to work in secrecy, as we've been doing, toward the apprehension of the ancient mysteries.

It would behoove us, however, to formally declare the independence of the descendants from the corrupt State of Human Systems. With this sense of sovereignty in their study, the descendants may more securely and firmly establish their foundation and subsequent scholarship. For if we are met with arms, then the students must be conscious of their band, and engage the enemy with unity.

What is it you're saying? That we declare ourselves a state apart from that which we inhabit?

We are two states living in common, Godsdog. So it must be known. Let us not perpetuate the illusion that the Wizing of our Marks is congruent with the wills of the State; it is in fact defiant of them; we wish the descendants to rise above the chains of Systems which demand they remain ignorant; and as Systems would contest this, the descendants must be mentally armed in their singular pursuit. State Systems have broken the

souls of our descendants such that we must now break our ties with them. There is no reconciliation with the existing Systems of Man. We must mentally depart from the State ideologies to securely embark on our Course.

I understand Wilough's point from what she has told me of her experience in the Great Misunderstanding. The kingdom of man is lost on earth to the imperial capital lords, and their mercy is not and will not be extended to those among us who are withholden of those capital gains. The descendants who are at the bottom here must forsake the earth, sadly, though our ancestors have staked our claim; we cannot fight for it back from the capital lords, for they have aggregated too many resources unto their bodies while we all go on starving; we will never be able to match the number of their armies or the vitality of their will to enforce their Systems. Unfair though it is, this State of Things and the implicit Misunderstanding only compels us toward holier goals and better peace with our existence; and so the universe has harmonized. We must turn our hunger toward the fruits of the spirit and the mind, which cost no amount of contrived capital, and we must then work in common to ascend the kingdom of the soul, journeying inward into the deepest wisdom, not outward into the world of material gains. In this endeavor we will be triumphant with hard work and calloused spirits, and we will secure the higher kingdom. And if the corrupted lords on earth attack us for our departure, then we will go down from here with the knowledge that we have become free.

Go now, Professor Kogard, to your students and tell them so.

LECTURE HALL – KOGARD stands on stage before the lectern, attended at his right by GODSDOG and at his left by WILOUGH. During the deliverance of the Declaration: the many Descendants in their black robes listening intently, seated in the lotus.

Devoted Descendants, in the silence of your sorrow in the wake of the Great Misunderstanding, in you retreat into the walls of the Secret School in which you have sought shelter from the violence and await the hope of education unto your wizing, which will free your minds from the chains of corrupted systems man has imposed here on earth, I come to you, not as your savior or your leader, but as a mediator between your own divinity and the absolute reality which has been withheld from you by obfuscating ideals. We must acknowledge now, here, that the kingdom of earth is fallen and that balance has been lost and that our true enemies have secured and aggregated unto their own bodies the means and gains of production and subjugated you, the many, unto that aim at the cost of your eternal starvation, only, if at all, to relinquish a minute percentage of those gains which you the labor class have sowed back unto you, and condemning you to reprehensible conditions of living, and have throughout ages persecuted those among you who have opposed their tyranny, and they have instituted armies for the protection of their ill-begotten gains and we the descendants have not the power to contest them. Our numbers are weakened and the potential venues which would have facilitated our organization have been monitored and censored. And they in their will to persist and with the compliance of their armies and the omnipotence of their surveillance would not have us congregate as we do now, even in peace, even in the

desire to wizen ourselves from their mental chains; and there is no hope of reconciliation of these systems for those who wield them are beyond the empathy and common decency of humanity, for they have risen above it upon their capital plane. So we must descend from them, and pursue holier living than we experience under these corrupt systems of man, lest in war we suffer our prolonged and complete evisceration by their persistent, mindless arms. We have all been miseducated by their capital schools with their ill-guided syllabi, being merely pillars to prop up their capital empire, implemented so as to manipulate us into misunderstanding their aims and deliver us into debt slavery, correctional slavery, employment slavery, and ideological slavery unto their further-engorged bodies. No longer! Fekku Ragabe! We shall erect a new school! We shall guide ourselves by a New Syllabus for our Human Understanding. We shall enter into sovereign unity among us persons who seek holier living upon this lost earth, and we shall educate ourselves unto the truest divinity of nothing, and the truest Lord in OMOTHER, and the truest understanding of Ubiquitous and Lasting Systems by which we may Wizen and summit thy Pyramids, and in our sovereignty we may follow our own Life Course on earth without the oppression of their hollow systems, and no longer pay taxes which are withheld from us and allocated unto the full bellies of the capital lords, and no longer will we be endeared to nations which have throughout ages detested and used our ancestors, and as their descendants we shall reimplement the Lost Nation, and forge a People again, and pursue At-One-Ment with the First Body. And know among us that we seek sovereign peace or death, and if peace is withheld from us under Systems then we will cry—not streams from our eyes but blood in battle! And if I

am slain in my professorship of these truths then do not wallow or hide or hurt yourselves but storm the castle on earth and die in your advancement unto Summits! Fekku Ragabe! Wizen the Marks! The jig is up! O Time wilt thou Pyramids look upon and bless this Declaration of Independence of this, the Sovereign City of Syllabus, Sacred Seat of Learning, for we the Devoted Descendants, and let us now embark upon our Life Course unto the summit of thy Pyramids for the enlightenment of all Humanities.

THE KINGDOM – KOGARD stands in the PULPIT at the LECTURN, attended by WILOUGH in the ROUND before the HALL of DESCENDANT STUDENTS, veiled in black BURQUA.

... We are all living bodies. Everything's a body in some form, some density or decompression, composed of the same elements of matter, in turn composed of the same variants of energetic activity, the unique vibrations of the preelemental strings, as of an instrument designed for cosmic music. We are all like sound waves clustered densely and will fade out, in the wake of some unheard eternal silence. Our sound waves form in patterns and result various sets of probable and predictable tones. These tones sound like fire, water, air, and soil. These elements compose our bodies and in harmony they animate us unto our living. ...

WALTER KOGARD removes his PHALLUS from his robe, which he then removes as well. WILOUGH lifts her robe to display a KNOT around her pelvis, obscuring her YONI. They raise their arms before the

DESCENDANT STUDENTS.

[COMMENCE THE SOUND OF DRUMS, rising tempo over time]

... We live in the Kingdom of Earth. Our bodies go through this body birthing bodies in their being. It all goes on in the way of infinite space. We cannot hear what has no sound, nor smile at what has no face, so it turns out that we're relatively solitary. ...

The DESCENDANTS, male and female all rise and strip themselves down leaving nothing but bodies and featureless black faces.

KOGARD and the DESCENDANTS commence in orgy, KOGARD penetrating each woman in the vagina and each man in the ass; DESCENDANTS also engage in sodomy with each other gathered in a perfect circle around the acts of KOGARD; WILOUGH looks on in contentment, her palms extended and open.

... We have all been pulled here now by love. Sounds compress and seethe; getting denser and more active. Soon the void will squeeze us very small and swallow all of us, and then it will again be completely hollowed. And we will echo in the silent room. ...

The DESCENDANTS commence to removing the heart, stomach, and brain of KOGARD and consuming the organs amongst themselves while in the act of continuing to sodomize his corpse.

The DESCENDANTS penetrate KOGARD in all his

wounds whilst making animalistic noises.

... We are all like sound waves in the speech of some unspoken one; we are all designed to signify Her, reference O Thing. ...

QUADRANGULAR GARDEN, SECRET SCHOOL – A hoe is dug into the earth.

A plow is pulled through the soil.

The plow completes a circle in the field.

Two DESCENDANTS each beginning on an axis of the northeastern right angle along the circumference of a circle bear a plow south and west in the field, intersecting at a center point, and continuing through to create a circled cross, or “coda” symbol.

... We as humans being language ourselves spoken by a void in systems of metaphorical grammar and syntax, what then lies beyond systems (in the silence); what can be known of it (what is there to hear)? is this our god here in our decayed modernity? if so, shall we then execute our language—our methodology of communication—in praise or in reverence to the infinite unsounding and the eternal all-seeing I, the Eye, O Pyramids? ...

Seeds are sprinkled in the GARDEN along the axes and the DESCENDANTS collectively dig a hole into the earth at the center-point-intersection of the CODA into which the female DESCENDANTS lower KOGARD'S body.

A new MOON.

... Infinity is the eternal emission of space from no dimension, as evidenced by a massless depthless point.

...

Shoveling of the earth by male DESCENDANTS, female DESCENDANTS watching and praising from behind; WILOUGH walking through rows of synchronized workers and their partners.

The male DESCENDANTS go down into the holes, the women cheering. The female DESCENDANTS sow the male DESCENDANTS in the soil and shovel the earth on top of them.

... The ineffable No dimension achieves a physical singularity in said point, around which its vibrations resonate and compress until adequately dense. These resonating lines, or strings, compound the first dimension unto a second, and a third is achieved in the rapidity of the vibration such that no thing may permeate it. Thus the appearance of matter is achieved. ...

TIME LAPSE of the MOON changing phases from new to full to new again NINE times.

Black-clothed female DESCENDANTS pour water from a gourd onto the sites of freshly patted earth in a kneeling pose of grief.

Vines sprout from the many grave sites along the axes and yield melons.

The vines' leaves are harvested.

... In this way, Infinity is like an atom. It is, at its nucleus, a bound singularity of phenomena flaring in and out of this temporal and spatial plane of reality. Its infinite limit is similar to a network of electrons, which can never be definitively located at any one time. Between its singular nucleus and its indefinite electron field is a wealth of space occupied by the harmonious energy of the positive and negative vibrations. Thus, a singularity of matter and the infinite vibrations are united, the one and the many entangled, and this is in turn the nucleus of the Way, which is the breath. ...

WILOUGH prays over the CENTER point of the CODA and lets her tears fall onto the grave to be absorbed; they fizzle and evaporate.

A small plant sprouts from the earth at the CENTER.

The vines' leaves are shredded and rolled into a paper VESSEL.

... The Way exists outside of and encompasses infinite nature and all derivatives of it. We are residual energies clustered densely like nebulae in stars to create the appearance of matter in the absence (the aftermath) of the infinite expansion of a single point (the Big Bang) which has already concluded by retracting back into a singularity, thus completing the fundamental task of its own nature and absorbing all time and space, i.e. "meaning." ...

Each female DESCENDANT sits with a melon between her spread legs, covering up her belly. Each folds her gown over her melon. Each takes a blade and cuts the front of the melon perfectly horizontally, letting rich deep purple-red fluid to pour from there.

Each female DESCENDANT eats of the meat from the rind, red carcass dripping; each strips her clothes off in ecstasy; they copulate in four communal red fruit-fluid-lubricated masses each located in a quadrant of the CODA; the meat slipping between their bodies and in their holes, consuming the meat in the act of sodomy; the women eat each others' wombs.

WILOUGH in the CENTER dancing around the sprouting TREE.

Outlying female DESCENDANTS set torches to flames as the night grows blacker.

... The lifetime of the universe is the time it takes for a singular manifestation to expand to its own infinite limit, or play out its complete set of outcomes, and retract again into a singularity, into nothing, and, finally, to negate itself, at which point it will resume the process on the inverse plane (an alternative reality) and begin the instantaneous lifetime of a new time-space continuum. ...

Female DESCENDANTS walk from the sodom with full bellies, having eaten much. Each falls upon an axis; they writhe upon the ground, pulling the vines around them, as if it is the vines who are sentiently entangling them.

The VESSEL is held up with reverence and a torch lights

it to smoking.

... It only appears to us to take millennia to accomplish this progression because infinity's instantaneous nature cannot be realized on the single plane that we inhabit; we naturally die before we perceive the limit to be met. ...

WILOUGH coaxes the CENTER tree to grow taller, dancing around it with the smoking VESSEL, puffing and inhaling and releasing bellowing clouds of smoke.

GODSDOG exits the SCHOOL to behold the red-drenched earth and blazing spectacle.

GODSDOG is given the VESSEL which he inhales—his eyes expand and roll back, he gasps, grabs his throat, red roses bloom out of his mouth upon which he suffocates and falls to his knees in apparent prostration before the dancing WILOUGH, afar.

FROM ABOVE: GODSDOG dead, the flowers in his mouth blackening and folding and disintegrating, on the ground above the vertical axis of the CODA; the flaming torches have been staked in the earth along the circumference of the circle.

WILOUGH smoking and dancing before the rapidly ascending TREE, its branches sprouting out of all sides and expanding over the area of the circle.

TIME LAPSE of the MOON changing phases from new to full to new again.

... If, by some improbable function, we were able to

surpass the rate of infinity's fluctuation, to say that we would exit this and all time-space continuums, then we would find ourselves in a complete absence of possibility, or a no place. So, comprehensively, infinity is not really all that there is. There is also "nothing" outside of that, and that infinite nothing in turn contains infinite somethings. This cosmic egg is the Way. And we will always be in the Way, because there is no possibility of existing outside of the plane of possibilities, even though that void of possibilities exists. We are a part of and inherently tied to the infinite possibilities generated by the nothing of the Way, much like our actions are governed by the empty space in which our consciousnesses reside. ...

TIME LAPSE of MOON phases until FULL MOON.

The vines wrap tightly around the writhing women; create slipknots round their necks; their bellies split and sprout stalks and leaves, fruit blossoms. Lotus buds bloom from their eyes and mouths and wombs.

TIME LAPSE of fruit blooming on the TREE; a single baby whose umbilical cord is a small branch blossoms.

WILOUGH harvests the baby from the TREE, cradles him, smiling down at him among the screams of women in the garden and the blaze of flames around them.

... We will never, however, fully understand the extent of this nothing because there is no thing there to understand; while there are an infinite number of things that we could conceivably know or experience if we listen to infinity's vibrations, there is always "nothing" that we will never

know: ...

WILOUGH carries the baby out of the gates of the SECRET SCHOOL which catches fire from the torches, as does the TREE, all of which burn down.

... nothing, a no-thing, an “O” thing, a hollow, space, parentheses, om, qi, wu, in the womb, great mother, the femininfinite, yoniverse. ...

WILOUGH DESCENDS into the SUBWAY TUNNEL bearing the BABY.

... We are forever in utero. ...

WILOUGH passes through turnstiles and enters PLATFORM.

SHE passes the MAP, stands at the EDGE and looks toward the display screen.

... We are a miniscule somethingness in the way of an eternal nothingness. ...

The screen reads--

1. (G) THY PYRAMIDS—PRECIPICE NO TIME

... Yet it is powerful to realize that even within those parameters there is still infinity which we may conceivably grasp if we venture far enough into the unknown. ...

[CEASE THE SOUND OF DRUMS]

WILOUGH DESCENDS into tracks, looks down THE TUNNEL.

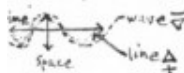
... How easy it is to enter; how difficult to remain. You insert yourself into an O thing. You insert your meaning into the void. You sow your seed in the belly and soon it splits: the first born bursts forth in the birthfroth, bubbling. And with that descendant you will fill the hole you were. Penetrate an O thing. Fuck life.

WILOUGH carries THE BABY down the dark TUNNEL.

CODA

the bending forces the [v]-O into polarity: +, -

bending force propels line force bends (↑ is plucked) waves (vibratory movement)



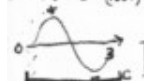
KA "double"



$\frac{\pi}{\rho} = \text{diagonals}$
 $\Phi \text{ (in)}$ functions defining interactions between numbers
 H-2-3-5-8
 (2-3-5-8)

Principalities of Waveform

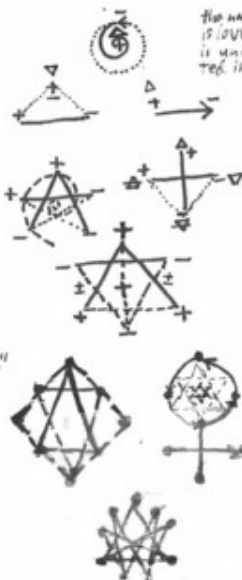
- 0 - AIN (-) - I - Y - O
- 1 - AUM (+) - A - X - Δ
- 2 - ION (-) - O - V - v
- 3 - VVRB (-w) - E - H - Δ



"~~~~~" the waveform
 "~~~~~" function which [π] def
 "VVRB" defines the relationship of (c) to (c').
 "VERB" (of "SOP")
 "VVRB" (of "SOP")

Vibration:
 -the narrative aspect of the Absolute [A].
 Its will, the bending force [A] [line] waves it into [A] [waves] [action] frequency [A] [linear orbit]

The numerical degree of whole interval frequencies which (A) is bent toward is called the Meter



The nature of unity is LOVE (AUM) (O) is unity manifested in quality

Singular in essence polar in nature
 triable in principle
 quaternary in oscillation
 quinary in motion
 senary in perspective
 septenary in growth
 octal in actualization
 nonary in perpetuity
 decimal in attributes
 singularity perceived as polarity/polar interaction as frequency; as form.
 void engenders outer point
 line engenders plane
 plane engenders volume
 outer engenders inner
 volume implies enclosure
 enclosure implies planes
 plane implies line
 line implies point
 point implies void
 void implies fractal
 uncoagulated
 ununited
 sub-points.
 (void) signifies where the next fractal unity begins
 true unity is



the bending force makes the structural particle waves of common-sense opposite cross paths (to the polarity of the straight line) it has a wave engenders count
 the structural singularity between a set of opposing & progressing fractal projections from a single given point of perspective (perception).
 Relationship defining frequency vibrations
 $\frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{2}$
 $\frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{2}$
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 (Relationship defining frequency vibrations)

negativity begets positivity
 odd numbers act whole yet unbalanced (cyclic)
 even numbers act polar yet balanced (polar)
 yet imbalance seeks balance (as)
 & polarity seeks unity.
 irrational numbers act as functional forces or interaction (pos/neg)

