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SYLLABUS

The Authoritative Text
as Adapted from the Filmscript into the Stanzas

by A. A. Crawley

**new syllabus
new york**

FIRST LOCAL 2 EDITION

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School of Humanity.



LOCAL 2

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A Charter

Establishing the Kingdom and the Foundation of New Syllabus as New Syllabus School for Humanity

“Every great religion, every noble philosophy, every fundamental scientific insight is born from the Sanctuary of Ancient Mystery, to become a *new* religion, a *new* philosophy, a *new* science, [a *new* syllabus]: fresh and new for the age and the people, but ancient beyond time because nurtured in the womb of esoteric antiquity.”

– Grace F. Knoche, *The Mystery Schools*

A mystery school is a “university of the soul, a school for the study of the mysteries of the inner working of [womb]man and of surrounding nature,” writes Grace F. Knoche, late Director of The Theosophical Society. In common spirit, The New Syllabus [NS] wishes to establish in the twenty-first century an institution descendant from such schools and societies as aforementioned. *School* in this context shall mean *an association or brotherhood of spiritually disciplined individuals bound by one common purpose [service to humanity]* devoted to the promotion of a specific *curriculum* of disciplines of study (to say living), the utilization of a unique *pedagogy* in the dissemination of said curriculum, and guided by a *syllabus*. We do not wish to be colored by the designation “occult.” Our student, our body, our public is humanity. Our goals, in common with those of the Society and all like societies known to emerge from time to time out of the desire of one or a few bodies for the Advancement of the Body and Home of Humanity, are threefold: (1.) *To form a nucleus of the universal brotherhood of humanity without distinction of race, creed, sex, caste, or colour;* (2.) *To encourage the study of comparative religion, philosophy, and science;* (3.) *To investigate the unexplained laws of nature and the powers latent in man.* Our mission is spiritual, not academic, yet what do we call this company we wish to congregate, all in search of some common unity, some collective calling, while remaining distant from the conceit that we are saviors or revealers in the prophetic sense? Information and Experience—Understanding—Wisdom—is a savior indeed, and bearers of such crowns and methods of attaining such may be called prophets. Yet neither the Director nor the Professors of NS would assume themselves to be so privileged in their learning—for the point is that we are all in continuous search; perpetual motion—and so the academic motif shall be the vessel best suited to confer upon humanity the Ancient Mysteries in the form of the “Syllabus” and its Curriculum, and knowledgeable persons from all walks shall be welcomed to the halls to share what their own bodies have

apprehended in the effort to wizen and risen the collective body of man. We would like to employ the term *Yoniversity* here to evoke the grand scope of information we wish to convey to our potential students, information which orbits the dense center of human origins. However, to reduce the confusion which well may come with the connotations of a university, being composed of many schools and many syllabi, the NS seeks to establish via this Charter a unified School, informed by One New Syllabus administering a singularity of information via a Curriculum toward the cultivation of the Students' conscious, informed, responsible, and Holy Living. The content of the curriculum, while assuming neither the rigor of secrecy nor tradition imbued in the mystery school proper, is theosophical in nature, and aggregates truths which may be said to transcend their empirical implications on earth, to be called "divine," from all academic disciplines. The Syllabus embodies the mission of the School to draw parallels from, through, and across the human systems of science, arts, and humanities (The Systems of Formation and Expression) in recognition of the true Ubiquitous and Lasting Systems of Origination and Creation; that is, those systems which act as harmonious vehicles for the illustration of the universal pattern of birth, unbirth, and rebirth. For this reason, the School is endowed with only two respective departments: The Department of High Systems and the Department of Human Systems. By evaluating the original phenomenon of our universal emergence as matter from nothing via a system of metaphors drawn from the many disciplines which in their subjects all reference the original pattern, relation, and ratio of elements, we strengthen the Student's ability to recognize the divine mechanisms in the various locales of their life and reality while simultaneously learning them deeper in the phenomena themselves, i.e., the Student will learn to see through the phenomenal illusion of Maya the hidden and lasting noumenon unifying all planes of being, consciousness, and existence; the Student will be wizen; by seeing the core systems of all things, and developing through repetition a methodology for excavating divinity from the banal, we reinforce the tautological pedagogy and endow the Student with the means for seeing clearly the divine vanishing point down the diminishing plane of the obfuscating monoliths and avenues of materiality. Furthermore, the actual language, the sign-system, of the Syllabus is metaphoric and allegorical in nature; its signifiers refer to the base truths upon which pyramids of all religious belief and philosophical systems are erected; and the system enables the substitution of godnames, placenames, prophetnames, subjectnames and objectnames, acting-names and acted-upon-names, from any and all of the humanistic and scientific disciplines without altering the structure of the narrative—showing that phenomena across disciplines all align within the same original divine patterns. The New Syllabus manifests the sign system in which it currently conveys the divine patterns in the "Syllabus" because the Writing believes this form to be the best conductor of divinity for the twenty-first century consciousness of Humanity. Likewise, certain phenomena may be said to be ideal conductors of divine recognition, temporally or otherwise. A comprehensive pool from which to pull these phenomena may be found in the "Syllabus". The method of detailing and analyzing the metaphor-enabling phenomena within and across disciplines falls to the Professor. Note that phenomena must represent a change in matter or energy from one state or

composition to another. For this reason, the “Syllabus” is dramatized in filmscript. The movement is the indication of divine presence. Thus drama and narrative come to play significant roles both in the analysis of divine metaphors and the teaching thereof; the “Syllabus” manifests as film to dramatize the process of divine recognition, for in no case is divinity apprehended by stagnation. The medium of expression by which we apprehend divinity shall be the form we attend to in the course of our study, and the foundation upon which we build up our ladders of holy recognition. With the textual narrative, or the audio-visual moving picture, or the symbol, we distil the world into a potent seedling which we can give to others to grow and multiply throughout the world. We must create a world to mirror the phenomena unfolding in the world before us; we must process a paper to lay our pen upon and write out our lives on the world-page, because you cannot write into a void in space, and you cannot rear an empire among the languageless—so you must build an empire, and initiate your students into the Kingdom, forge for them a Foundation, and go down with them into the deep within. Here—Inside—the Soul is the site of our Scholarship, and the collective of souls in common search for At-One-Ment with Inner and Greater Divinity is the site of our School. When Knoche writes that “A Mystery school is not dependent on location; rather it is an association or brotherhood of spiritually disciplined individuals bound by one common purpose, service to humanity,” we agree; but when she goes on to say that “rarely will one find a seat of esoteric training near a large metropolis, for such are 'swirling whirlpools...in the lower regions of the Astral Light',” we must amend, like few other assumptions of older schools, this design; for our world is quickly getting denser, and people have become hostile to their neighbors now crowding upon them, and Great Misunderstanding will ensue if our Brotherhood is not bandaged with the regenerative knowledge of the Ancients; thus a center of once-esoteric knowledge must find its home in the center of Human Living, and convey its messages in the medium of the times. New Syllabus hereby establishes a Sovereign State for the Advancement of the Condition of Human Being and for the Wizing of the Marked Descendants through Scholarship of Inner Self and Systems in the midst of and for the benefit of Humanity at its densest cultural center--

New York City
1 October 2015
A. A. Crawley, Director

STATE/MEANT OF PURPOSE

Syllabus serves thy purpose of reabsolution, delivering thy Self and thy Disciplines from the illusory Systems of Maya which have diverged them from the common germ, returning thee from relative phenomena back to absolute noumenon wherein thou shalt seek thy absolution from all Systems, returning the one of the self from the hoards of many back to the womb of the none; and the many shall no longer be in finite but singular as the dense center where the rays of the dark tunnel converge. Temples no longer built on high but holes dug inside the self. Narrative no longer run out in banality but reduced to the universality and correlation of its components: spinning the one narrative, the one patterning web, the metaphors the strings which bridge abysses. This thy Syllabus decrees, and lays out thy methodology for comprehension, which is thy scholarship, and the Way, which is thy curriculum. O womb that one I sprung from and split in2 harmony with thee, I from thy b4se summit thy p3ak and we will be again AT-ONE-MENT.

New Syllabus is an abstract designation for an ideology, scholarly pursuit, and body of work related by association with, in fluence by, or descentance from the **local union** of persons engaged in the study and practice of Syllabus. Its is academically Undisciplined.

We, the **Second Syllabic Order**, seek: (1.) To encourage the non-denominational, interdisciplinary study of comparative religion, philosophy, literature, and science; (2.) To aggregate, publish, and distribute work of relevant and innovative quality; (3.) to consecrate our Cosmotheosophanthropic Union in thy name, O Time, for Humanity, under Mother.

Light is that which “makes visible” the **Darkness**, which effaces absolute (non)being with the conditions of movement and appearance, which unveils from the darkness a form of itself—thereby obfuscating its own medium, like pigment in a clear oil. For these reasons the Systems of old have worshipped light, the illuminator of earth and heaven, and for these reasons have they failed in adequately apprehending and conveying truth. Light is conducted by darkness, or, dark matter. Dark matter is begotten first in finitely dense and then diffused without from Nothing which existed prior to first manifestation, bang!, the manvantaric dawn. Therefore light may be said to illuminate the truth of form, of objective illusion, but it may not be said to illuminate truth; it constructs it. What lies behind the light is original truth: that which the light illuminates. But how can darkness be illuminated but through its effacement in the wake of a flame, a spark, for but an hour of brahma, before the reaction subsides, the flame absolves, and the darkness again takes its rightful place as the ubiquitous and lasting truth, which may be obscured by the form which light has illuminated within it, but who in the end trumps form with formlessness, and the phenomena which were lent objectivity and appearance now regress back into a noumenon **sovereign** of any subjectivity: formless, and absolute. It is for this reason that the Hood seeks its ascendance in the **night**, not the light.

We are unfair and unfair... In the light of western civilization, the dark have suffered most. The light and white have come to obliterate the evidence of darkness in the world, and specifically in the womb of humanity, MA AFRIKA. The white has subjected the black into bondage and reaped its sow just as the light rides the back of the night and hides her rape from the eyes of humanity. In the United States of America, the Descendants of the American Slaves [DAS] have never received due returns for their labor and capital investment even more than one hundred years hence (let us calculate the profits of cotton, tobacco, and hemp since 1776, plus 239 years of interest!), while merely three years after their genocide the Hebrew Nation was endowed with a plot of land taken from and bordered by their very enemies, and, with the help of western civilization, secured the rights to those lands and resources. Their argument is that the land is the ancestral home of the Hebrew race. Quite similarly, and evidently just as reasonable, the Hood demands a **Sovereign State** be secured in the South of the United States of America for the DAS. The Hood observes the Caribbean and the American South as the ancestral homeland of the DAS for the reason: the European rape of Africa hence bore the babies in the belly of the ships, and birthed them in the water, resulting in a new lineage beholden neither in creed nor nationality to Africa nor—more obviously—Europe; the continued rape of the black women in the infancy of the race, as well as the inbreeding of black men and women, has resulted in the physiological disparity of African peoples and DAS. The European indoctrination and docilization of the New Black Race in its childhood has resulted in a psychologically traumatized people who manifest that trauma via violence and self-harm, most significantly because they remain in the mist of their oppressors, and they remain under systems of oppression; the historical memory has never been able to reconcile the initial trauma of the rape, much less the continued trauma of 250 years' enslavement, and the further trauma of failed Reconstruction, Jim Crow, Klan raids, Civil Rights Abuse, Public Housing, Systemic Ignorance, Drug Abuse, Disease, D'Evils, and Police Brutality into the pre-teen and adolescent years of the race. Now, in the adolescence of the DAS, we define our own identity, and establish ourselves as a **State of Human Being** sovereign of the nations which have wrought us. Our home is in America, because the Fates have willed us be born here; we neither chose nor asked. Afrika, O Mother, we seek not return to the belly of the ship or to your arms now bones and skin, but to first mother, your mother, the Womb of All, Black Body. America the father, we absolve him; we demand our house back. We demand the fruits of our labor. We demand apology. We demand acknowledgement. Of the \$?Billions given in aid to Israel, a percentage of that must be used to reconstruct the nation he has dismantled. We demand the Sovereign State upon our ancestral plot of crop fields, which our feet had tread, which our arms had sown, on which no white man dropped a bead of sweat; and our State demands representation in the nation's capital, which our backs had built. No white man tell I and I that Great-grandpa's gashed back and calloused hands worth naught but a one-bedroom with two kids and three jobs in a claustrophobic city courtyard. He will agree because his light will no longer be able to shut out the darkness of our ubiquitous truth—that freedom will come to slaves: political, economic, social, national, mental,

and spiritual. By Order of the Night, the Knights crusade until the **Sovereign City of the Sovereign State of the Black Body** is made in America, and the Hood reigns over it. **Fekku Ragabe!**

O, hood of the night, brahma, clothe us in thy veils for while the sun has looked upon us, we grow dark like you, O mother: thy womb, black hole, from which we sprung, encloses and consumes us; **O, brotherhood of night, brahma**, we band unto thy wisdom; **O, knighthood** in thy name, **brahma**, we crusade unto the mission of the wizenning of y/our students; **O, night, hood of brahma**, wrap and rapture us in thy invisible robes. **O ! Time thy Pyramids.**

EPIGRAPHS

*Nor Aught nor Nought existed; yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad roof outstretched above.
What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?
Was it the water's fathomless abyss?
There was not death—yet there was nought immortal,
There was no confine betwixt day and night;
The only One breathed breathless by itself,
Other than It there nothing since has been.
Darkness there was, and all at first was veiled
In gloom profound—an ocean without light—
The germ that still lay covered in the husk
Burst forth, one nature, from the fervent heat.*

*Who knows the secret? who proclaimed it here?
Whence, whence this manifold creation sprang?
The Gods themselves came later into being—
Who knows from whence this great creation sprang?
That, whence all this great creation came,
Whether Its will created or was mute,
The Most High Seer that is in highest heaven,
He knows it—or perchance even He knows not.*

*Gazing into eternity. . .
Ere the foundations of the earth were laid ...*

—H. P. Blavatsky (trans.) “Seven Stanzas
from The Secret Book of Dzyan”, *The
Secret Doctrine*

O Time thy Pyramids

—Jorge Luis Borges, “The Library of Babel”

*No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old;
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,*

*Not wondering at the present nor the past,
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow and this shall ever be;
I will be true despite thy scythe and thee.*

—Bill Shakespeare, Sonnet No. 123



NOTHING –

... the manifestation of a limitless NIGHT. A BLACK BODY.

NIGHT – Formless, void. No thing. No earth.

Then 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 ...

... [below] – BLACK POOL – WATERS unde fined 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 nine times, THY PYRAMIDS unshaken.

DESERT – NIGHT – THY PYRAMIDS loom on the horizon. The STARS look down on 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, thou'st 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.

The HOOD works the SHADOW in the crop FIELDS.

The HOOD hangs the SHADOW in the TREE and cuts it down.

The HOOD works the SHADOW build its hollow TEMPLE.

A BLACK BODY, a WOMBAN, lies exposed and blood-clad in the soil.

The HOODS pull the DESCENDANTS from the BELLY of the WOMBAN 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 branches from the stems in their necks. In the –

NIGHT – They cry stars up to the sky.

The SEA forms anew beneath the WOMBAN'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; exoduses 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.

WOMBAN summits THY PYRAMIDS in the NIGHT and diffuses into the

DARKNESS.

The DARKNESS diffuses into NOTHING.

THE MOTHER DEEP : IN THE EGG ; IN THE WOMB ; IN BLACK BODY
– NOTHING.

A pulsating of NO matter, NO movement, SEVEN times.

WITHIN—WITHOUT: a SPLURGE of FIRE, bright, consuming. The LIGHT subsides and SMODERS in the wake of the great HEAT, congeals into ash-speckled SMOKESTREAMS.

MILK is spilled from a WOODEN bucket onto an inclined BLACK floor.

The STREAMS snake throughout the DARKNESS.

The MILK runs down the plane in RIVULETS.

Wooden SPOKES are jointed in SPACE around a CENTER.

A SNAKE slithers in the tall GRASS.

A CHICKEN lays an immaculate EGG.

The SMOKESTREAMS eddy in the DARKNESS and condense into SPIRALS.

MILK curdles.

The SNAKE approaches a COW.

The COW chews a CURD.

The COW is milked by a MAN'S HANDS.

A MAN PLUNGES CREAM in a CHURN.

A reclined WOMAN puts a CIGARETTE to her TWO LIPS.

The SMOKESTREAM WHIRLPOOLS condense into NEBULAE, suddenly collapse and flare, attracting more SMOKE SPIRALS. Some GASSES burn on pure fire. Some attract MATTER which cooks in the BELLY. The BELLY creates a WORLDPOOL.

A RHUMBA of RATTLESNAKES slither in a bin.

The SNAKE wraps and squeezes the EGG. It cracks, bursts, the FLUID spreads.

The BELLY split: BIRTHFROTH; the FIRSTBORN bursts forth.

Blue SPIRIT sparked.

The WORLDPOOLS grow, flaring, ORBS of FIRE and MATTER.

CREAM solidifies into BUTTER.

The WORLDPOOLS cool into EARTH. The STARS burn on, enlightening.

The SPOKES are spun, the NEW WHEEL turns.

The FLAME of a Zippo LIGHER is ignited, illuminating a WOMAN's full MOUTH, a CIGARETTE rested between her TWO LIPS.

The tip of the CIGARETTE is lit and burned. A DEEP INHALE ...

NOTHING – ...

THE UNMANIFEST EARTH (WITHOUT FORM AND VOID) –
LIMITLESSNESS ... LIMITLESS DARKNESS ... NIGHT of SPACETIME ...
NIGHT of BRAHMA

TWO LIPS EXHALE, release of a bellowing nebulous CLOUD into the DARKNESS.

NIGHT, floating ethers ... rising up from the bottom, the crest of an orb-shaped glowing ... the glow is resonating from the CROWN of OMOTHER, undifferentiated in the darkness; Her eyes closed, She is seated in lotus, hovering on the formless void ... WHITE BODIES, ETHERS enter slowly with the eddying, flowing quality of SMOKESTREAM WHIRLPOOLS, swirling around the inert and unconcerned OMOTHER, closing around and collapsing upon Her, concealing her from vision, amassing: a mound. The ETHERS climb down from the mass on hands and knees, leaving in their wake a BLACK MONOLITH. THE NIGHTNURSE, a figure veiled in BURQUA, enters and reaches toward the DOOR of the MONOLITH.

NON-DIMINISHING CIGARETTE rests in GLASS ASHTRAY.

The hand of THE NIGHTNURSE unlocks the MONOLITH.

The DOOR opens slowly in no one's presence, revealing the black interior, a ROOM, and WALTER KOGARD'S body falls out in the fetal position facing toward the interior.

The MONOLITH ascends from the plane of begetting / KOGARD descends from the plane of his birth.

ASH flakes from CIGARETTE, float away like butter flies.

From the hollowed ROOM falls a shining point of light, a SEED. The SEED is sown in the SOIL of SPACE, disintegrates and sprinkles upon KOGARD'S body. ROOTS sprout from his loins and head.

THE NIGHTNURSE returns and turns the body of KOGARD upward; a TRUNK sprouts up out of his chest; it yields branches and leaves.

THE NIGHTNURSE bears a blade and clips the leaves from the tree's branches. THE NIGHTNURSE cuts the trunk from KOGARD'S chest.

THE NIGHTNURSE processes the trunk of the TREE into a dripping mound of pulp which she holds up in her hands toward OMOTHER, and lowers then onto the body of KOGARD, and smears the white matter over him in SYMBOLS, and she turns the front of his body away, fixing it in its original place.

THE NIGHTNURSE bows to obtain from KOGARD'S obscured arms a REAM of WHITE PAPER and holds it up to OMOTHER, and lowers it back into KOGARD'S arms. She comes up with but one BLANK SHEET.

THE NIGHTNURSE folds the paper under her index finger with her thumb and middle finger and sprinkles the leaves of the tree into the fold and rolls the tree into the paper. She hold the paper VESSEL up to OMOTHER who receives it.

Two POINTS of LIGHT collide in DARKNESS and a FLAME ignites.

OMOTHER inhales the combusting MATTER, lowers the VESSEL, and exhales; the SMOKE eddying in the DARKNESS, diffusing into colorful NEBULAE.

OMOTHER takes another DRAG. THE NIGHTNURSE draws the SMOKE from Her lips. THE NIGHTNURSE bows to dispel the SMOKE into KOGARD'S LUNGS.

THE NIGHTNURSE bows down and removes a BLACK BOOK from the limp arms of KOGARD. THE NIGHTNURSE handing the BOOK up to OMOTHER who accepts it, opens it calmly, her eyes remaining closed, she places a finger to the page [OMOTHER'S finger on the page pointing to no text], and reads as she ascends into the darkness--

OMMMMMMMMMMM

BEDROOM – Sunlight pours in through an open window. WALTER KOGARD lays in his bed below the light pool, smoking his morning cigarette; his ashtray lies on the windowsill. Smoke spirals in the light, diffuse. His expression suddenly startles; he appears to be considering something at great length. He rises, paces around his room in thought. He gestures as if reaching toward something ethereal.

There is a GAP in his BOOKSHELF. 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

SUBWAY STATION – KOGARD passes through a labyrinthine station's stairwells and hallways.

A TRAIN cannoning onto a platform.

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. [CAMERA alights on THE GOOD STUDENT, an attractive girl seated at a desk looking attentively at KOGARD, and KOGARD returns the intimate expression and continues on...] And the Creator manifest herself for the first time in the Spirit which brooded over the deep waters. [...]

THE GOOD STUDENT watching KOGARD intensely, with a sense of desire.

[...] 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. [...]

KOGARD privately tutoring THE GOOD STUDENT in close quarters; they make periodic eye contact, brush hands, etc.

[...] 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. [...]

THE GOOD STUDENT writes poetry in a park; KOGARD joins her at length; they write and read and skygaze together.

[...] 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. [...]

THE GOOD STUDENT and KOGARD reading in bed together, scantily clad or nude and covered by sheets.

[...] 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. [...]

THE GOOD STUDENT in class gazing romantically at KOGARD. A female student behind her looks suspiciously at her and KOGARD. The nosy girl.

[...] Here 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 curser blinks beside the singular word "syllabus."

EASTERN PARKWAY MALL – KOGARD walking under canopy of TREES, the verdurous BEAUTY.

I am but a man, and I am prone to falling; gravity's great love bears me downward. I am often tempted by this love and I succumb to the fruits of the body. And though we writers all aspire to the holiness of signi ficance without signi fiers, I admit that I take pleasure in the human body. And the Administration looks unfavorably upon that.

O, Kogard, please, of all your old students, do not forsake me. I wish to follow you on your noble course and adhere to thy Syllabus.

My course is now internal, personal, no longer academic, but, I suppose I'll tell you, since my departure from professorship, I have been developing, based on my own understanding of Systems, a unique Syllabus for the advancement of Human Being. Of course, progress is slow to yield ripe fruit.

Please, professor, allow me to follow you on your course and aid in the development of your New Syllabus.

If you will follow me down, young Godsdog, then you may be the first student of this Advanced Course in Human Living.

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, 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. 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 medium for 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.

Sure, except, the System does exist. Form, in fact, has begotten its components. So 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 used bookstore. 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.

III

BOOKSTORE [or, LIBRARY] –

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 on your desk?

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

A bookstore.

Exactly. A bookstore.

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 cunts have we reared! Go to the end of the Avenue. Aaaaaaaaaaaaall 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 gapéd 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.

IV

THE DELI AT THE END OF THE AVENUE –

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 bookstore. 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 peak 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.

V

BEDFORD-NOSTRAND AVENUES STATION – KOGARD descends the steps of the TRAIN STATION, passes turnstile, passes down hall, descends second set of steps into the TUNNELS of the downtown-bound platform, walks down platform.

KOGARD 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.

VI

THE TUNNEL – KOGARD in the BELLY / MIDDLE PASSAGE [The SUBWAY SYSTEM inside THE CITY is rendered as a single LINE coiled densely and seemingly in finitely against itself to create a SYSTEM of in finite 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 credits. You must go back and learn in the Mystery School. Seek 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 have 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".

VII

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 deprived. 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 square 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.

VIII

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 and her CHORUS look to KOGARD, let 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 I am; I am the only me.

[Aloft] He is risen! [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 earthy people 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 yoniversity, 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.

It 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 signification, 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 used bookstore. 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.

IX

BOOKSTORE [or, LIBRARY] – KOGARD and WILOUGH enter BOOKSTORE 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 se 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 sentence. That is the sacred symbol that I seek, that which will inform my syllabus.

You have wised 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 labyrinthine and the hexagram and all of the symbols designed for holy recognition are the fruits of this one living symbol. It is 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 instill 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 Wizenning 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 Wizenning 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 position.

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 steams 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.

X

LECTURE HALL – KOGARD, attended by WILOUGH on stage before the hall of DESCENDANT STUDENTS, veiled in black BURKA.

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 genitals. 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 in finite 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 in finite nothing in turn contains in finite 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 in finity 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