

This is the prophecy of Genesis 49.
This is the arrival of the Wizard of the Emerald City.
This is the shit they told you was coming with the clouds,
but did they mention it was coming with the rain as well?
Did they tell you the clouds
are in the sky, metaphorical, and through the web?
Did they tell you to fear spiders?
Did they tell you God was a Man and Dog was yours to own?
If that's the case, then this book is probably for you.
And more than probably, it's for everyone.
Read it however you want to;
skip around, skip over, hypothesize and verbalize.
The Game Master arrived just for you, so get cookin'.
We got shit in the crock pot, the sauna, the brimstone pits,
and in the visions of our all-ways all-ready enlightened minds.
It's time to bloodclot Babylon and usher in the Zion-I.
Believe or don't believe, Ripley - it doesn't really matter
(but it really does matter, too,
so make up your mind Here-Now or enjoy living in No-Where).

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VERZION

IN GOOD FAITH:

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IN GOOD FAITH: 4 NON-DU47 V1510N OF PH17050PHY 4ND (R)3V07UT10N IN TH3 4POC47YPT1C MOM3NT

WARNING: This is a text of madness, composed between December 2016 and June 2017. It was authored by numerous subjectivities brought together by the light of the Aion, the dreams of Zion, and the visions of Sirius. The posthuman subject who created this work has gone by many names, some of which are mentioned in this book. The creators are to be seen as a test case for what the ideas contained in this work can do. Since the writing of this text, they have moved on with their lives, having started hormonal transition, recovered from mental illness, and gotten sober. They are still, by and large, an insane product of their environment. This physical version of *In Good Faith* is to only be preserved in one copy, known as the "OG VERZION" for the sole use of the word-crafting machine known as R. Sharon. A revised version of this text, meant for publication, is currently in the works and may one day be available to the public. If you are reading this, someone inside this simulation trusts you very deeply. Proceed with caution.

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Sirius Notions Press & The Galactic Orchestra of Funk

Isaiah 14:12 Avenue

Falsity, WA 98024

www.ingoodfaith.vision

R. Sharon

In good faith : a non-dual vision of philosophy and (r)evolution in the apocalyptic moment / R. Sharon.

First Edition

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Acknowledgements

“Shine a light on the fake this way my peops can have it all...”
- Shabazz Palaces, “Shine A Light”

Before I begin, I would like to thank all of the peoples and forces that began this journey before me, those that allowed me to begin in the first place. So foremost, I thank the Kosmos, the Earth, the Sun and Moon, the indigenous peoples and all of our ancestors, and the future children and their blessed world. I would like to thank my Aunt Karen Lenore Gray, a princess of the Snoqualmie Tribe and the Moses Family; I would like to thank the Snoqualmie people in general, the People of the Moon, their spirits and their graciousness; and I would like to thank the shade, simplicity, and bliss of my hometown, Fall City.

I would like to thank my teachers and peers, all of which took me through the labyrinths of Twin Peaks and made me strive to become who I am and learn all the way there as a perpetual student; I would like to thank the holy people of the streets for teaching me to play the game and serve the servants with humility, pride, peace, respect, love, mercy, and justice; and finally, I would like to thank the City of Seattle, Chief Sealth, Seattle University and its Honors Program, the fallen and forgotten, and all of the MCs who guided me.

Finally, I would like to thank my family immediate and extended, my patient zen masters, my lovers past, present, and future, my companion Isabelle Alexander Hanashian, and my Dog Chief. In his memory I thank God on behalf of Dog; I bless the Great Salmon and Shaman Solomon for whom my namesake follows on behalf of Bear; and I frame and prostrate before the trans-∞ divine becoming burning inside me and you, my One, the gift of my inner spirit, the

black starchild known as Izbe and Iacchus, the Grand and Eternal I
AM, the always-arriving matriarchy of Zion-I.

In this Immaculate Conception, I dedicate this work to you, to yew,
and to ewe, the One I never stopped watching over and learning
from...



Author's Preface

Welcome, reader(s). Whatever time you believe it to be, wherever you think you are, I would like to exchange my utmost gratitude and humbly anoint your presence as a blessing to the entire Kosmos. If you follow me here and now, I promise my hand in marriage to you; and even beyond that, I promise my dowry, the riches that were buried with me and my name.

Welcome, seeker(s). I have brought you gifts, a show of Good Faith and a song of songs. I have come to you as Metatron, the Keeper of Keys, and with me programming to decode your very perception and to teach you to code your/self. This book is just a combination of low-key (Loki) and high-key (C#) methods to stay woke to the Apocalyptic Moment that is ever-present, ever-happening. We work the soil of Dis World by any means; we ride or die, we write and scribe, we read and bleed, we come cloaked in bleached t-shirts, skin soaked in beach sand, bacteria for there and back again. We, the (self)elected, the (self)chosen, the (self)anointed, truly (dis)believe in death; we truly question God; we truly lo(o)se our minds; and we truly become (n)One in Christ.

Welcome, G(\$). While we pass on the word to weary travellers on their way to-day, we make haste to acquire the richness of the Night Journey; the Moment is always to-day AND to-night, so those of us on both sides, who work OT, pulling doubles left and right, must work extra hard to freeze Hell over. The method? Pass out the mONEy, the diamonds, the fire, and the ice on the ground floor. From peas/ants, to princes(ses), to motha'fuckin' Kings, Queens, Jesters, Smokers, Midnight Tokers, Poker Players, Gamblers, QarD ShArks, Ghetto Christs, and Trappin' AndrogyKnights.

As Gilles Deleuze writes in the preface to *Difference & Repetition*, “It is often said that prefaces should be read only at the end.” I don’t know if that’s the case for this book or not, but it’s how I, once innocently, read *Lolita* in the 11th grade, during a flood and by candle light, accidentally initiated into the metafictional once again through the lusts and the richness of my own fluids — our spectacularly, astrally-gifted DNA.

In his foreword to Deleuze & Felix Guattari’s *A Thousand Plateaus*, Brian Massumi compares the book to a record (and vice versa), saying, “You don’t approach a record as a closed book that you have to take or leave.” “...there are always cuts that leave you cold. You skip them... Other cuts you may listen to over and over again. They follow you. You find yourself humming them under your breath as you go about your daily business.” Likewise, in his song “Gorgeous”, Kanye West asks us “Is hip hop just a euphemism for a new religion / The soul music for the slaves that the youth is missing?” Frankly, I believe so... it has been for myself... and, if you’ll allow me, I hope to explicate just exactly how throughout this book. As Chance the Rapper has pointed out, music is All We Got: so in that vein, let me elaborate what *In Good Faith* stands to do through a select series of songs...

Through the arrival of this work through your senses, I hope to help you put your Phone Down, if only for The Moment; in doing so, I hope to help you seek and discover radical Changes in this Once In A Lifetime opportunity we call our co-existence on planet EarthEE. I will not lie, the Dawn in Luxor is not merely A Day In The Life for this Digital Witness — it is, rather, RAW (backwards), By Any Means, a confession of Hood Politics, a declaration of The Message, an offering of loyalty 4r Da Squaw. You may say I’m an American Idiot broken down by Power, and to say so you would be On Sight: I AM on that Ultralight Beam Twenty Four Hours (e.g. All Day). I’m So Tired and often feel Down & Out, Out of Gas, quite Dumb,

overwhelmed by Manic Depression, wondering just how it would be If
6 Was 9...

In this Cold War in which our siblings are labeled under the term
SUPER PREDATOR, A Sign of the Times, it is Family Business to
call out The Killing Season of our Angels. There is not enough Time
in the world to justify waiting — The Long March to Freedom
provides No Rest For The Weary. Heaven Ain't Hard 2 Find and we
should all Let It Shine... or so Legend Has It. But when they're Killing
In The Name Of, it's time to turn up to HiiiPower and stop believing
that In The End things are going to be Alright. We must be War
Ready. On the Tightrope, we must Dance or Die, we must move
Faster, we must remember who built the Pyramids and, with
Godspeed, understand why The Revolution Will Not Be Televised.
But... Can You Get To That? Can you find The Spirit In The Dark?
Can you, at the Crossroads of this world collapsing before us in
Apocalypse Dreams, Make The Bus, sit next to Rosa Parks, stand
with the Blackstar, and say, with PRIDE., "Fuck Tha Police" on the
journey To Zion?

I hope so... but we'll have to wait patiently to see who you'll be.
Lastly, I'll just mention that this book began, in a way, as a novel —
no, no, as poetry and prayers, in drug-fuelled nights dreaming and
terrible moments scheming suicide, in lots and lots of tears and love.
It's the synthesis of paranoid nightmares and apocalyptic ecstasies,
of doubt, faith, faith in doubt, remembrance, and an inescapable,
infernal rage. Guilt *and* desire. Invisible chains and unanswered cries
for justice. It arrived in the form of corpses, choices, and the
realization that there are still possibilities of who and what to
become...

All-in-all, *In Good Faith* is exactly that — a single-minded devotion
to... well, I'll leave that for *you* to decide. In the meantime, I'll be out
here sharpening my arrows, preparing for battles few believe in and
(n)One are ready for.

I. Necrophobia and the Throne of Desire

"Where has God gone?" [the Madman] cried. "I shall tell you. We have killed him - you and I. . . There has never been a greater deed; and whosoever shall be born after us - for the sake of this deed they shall be part of a higher history than all history hitherto."

- Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Gay Science*

"Open the so-called body and spread out all its surfaces: . . . Work as the sun does when you're sunbathing or taking grass"

- Jean-Francois Lyotard, *Libidinal Economy*

"By applying the knife vivisectionally to the chest of the very virtues of their time, [philosophers] betrayed what was their own secret: to know of the greatness of [God], of a new untrodden way to [its] enhancement. Every time they tried to expose how much hypocrisy, comfortableness, letting oneself go and letting oneself drop, how many lies lay hidden under the best honored type of their contemporary morality, how much virtue was *outlived*. Every time they said, "We must get there, that way, where you today are least at home."

- Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*

This is our blessing, this is our curse: to be responsible for the corpse of God. But more than anything we must ask this: Which God has died? What is to be done with its corpse? And, finally, do we want answers to these questions?

Whether it's Christ entombed or Dionysus/Osiris dis-membered, we know that we're at an impasse: the Head of the Pyramid is decapitated and plastered on our currency, the Head of Medusa

turning the divine libido where it stands to stone. The circulation of power is, to use terms borrowed from Deleuze and Guattari, deterritorialized and reterritorialized by capital, deconstructed and reconstructed into a Matrix of bureaucracy that recreates the Oedipal triangle of God the Father/Lord/Commanding Officer/Master/Boss, God the Mother/Priest/Partner/Muse/Advocate, and God the Spirit-Child/Innocent/Citizen/Forbidden Treasure/Dependent. The Child is invested with both the role of policing the (M)other on behalf of the Father and guarding the Father's Throne on behalf of the (M)other, who is also dependent but does not have the capacity to understand so (according to him).

Beyond this, we see that the Head of Capital finances the World-Body by commanding the Loins of Desire throughout every limb. AmeriKKKa and its combined Arms of Finance and Military, its Legs of Ideology and Resources guard as the Father over Motherlands and Child-Citizens around the globe. The Key is that the Mother is wedded to the Father, the Child hoisted to the Mother's hip and breast; and, while they are allowed to have a mythic Oedipal relationship, the Child is forbidden to partake of a revolutionary partnership to the Mother. Instead, the Child and Mother are offered other feminine entities (i.e. other Motherlands), given a neo-reactionary line of flight to spill out excess desire and conquer the smaller fish ala Naziist lebensraum and Putinesque militaristic injunctions.

It is here that we see that the economy of Man and Empire works to guide excess desire, which is released and controlled through the dual powers of finance capital and police states. While the Throne is guarded over and hoarded, the World-Body and its infinite Oedipalized variations are allowed to fluctuate under the watchful Eye of the powers that be, able to regulate themselves under the contingent terms of the Panopticon. Every home, every office becomes a mini-prison, a mini-state, and a mini-corporation. The fact that pleasure and comfort is still able to be dispersed in these zones

is not proof that they are not dominated and controlled, but merely that the work-loyalty-reward principle is just as effective for domesticated animals like dogs and cats as it is with *homo pendeo*. Hovering over an abyss in which one's self, family, country, planet, and business may crumble, one gladly takes up the offer of the Luciferian forces of Manhood and Empire.

To say that this Matrix of Power operates on general economy, to borrow a term from Georges Bataille, is to reveal that excess is the nature of desire, while lack is an ideological addiction, an artificial set-up by the Leviathan to stroke and heat up the masses hunger for consumption and fascism. In this way, Donald Trump is a godsend to the millennial generation — by invoking a lack of jobs, fear of “white genocide”, and the anxiety of AmeriKKKa running out of global power, he showed us how easy it is to promise the desperate utopia and get them hooked on what you're selling — a return to the primordial way things were.

In this way, both the cynicism of the evil, dangerous Outside summoned by Hobbes and the primordial richness and tranquility of Rousseau's noble savage/planetary garden are evoked to maintain the infrastructure of the Matrix. The architects of Empire swing the masses back and forth on the pendulum, torturing them with insecurity and addicting them to the opiates of ideology, playing good cop, bad cop, only to suck the power of not only the biopolitical subject, but zōe (all matter) to the top, trapped and idolized in mansions, jetliners, hotels, and currency locked in foreign banks. To treat the country like a business, to gamble it away in order to please the .001% hiding in Dubai while the planet gnashes its primordial teeth and economies of Man crumble to dust is child's play; these ones, the Luciferian sons of the highest eschalons, holding the keys to the destiny of you and I, the sky *and* earth.

Throughout this work, I seek to not only explore the nature of Man and Empire, but to offer up a vision of resistance and revolutionary

You-Topia (putting the You back into Utopia) through the idea of Zion-I. In chapter II, I will elaborate on the origin of the teacher-student/master-slave relationship throughout Eurocentric History, showing how it relates to the triangle of the creation of Man, his interpretative rulebook, and the God founded in his image. My goal will be to not only perform an investigation of God/Man, but to actively engage in an autopsy to see if anything is salvageable within their corpse.

In section III, I hope to take what we have uncovered from the nature of Man/God and put it on a collision course with Herstory, the story of what is and shall be from the perspective of un-Man. In doing so, I plan to engage in a rehabilitation of power from its kyriarchal notions founded by Athenian hegemony and instead offer one that is consensual, based on the practice of BDSM and Fem-Domination. In this section, I will seek to lead Man through the thread of the labyrinth of Herstory, queering the notion of truth, and analysing the ideas of masks/storytelling as keys to a minor politics. This is the trans-mission of opening doors, of becoming-criminal. The end of this section should feel like a revelation, as a dis-solution which reveals the total contingency of truth and power.

In section IV, I hope to open up a trans-original image of thought based on fugitivity and escaping the One (the dominant image of selfhood, reality, and personal responsibility). In this, I hope to provide a means to crafting revolutionary subjectivity within oneself and a consensual, contingent sense of duty vis-a-vis the pleasure of overcoming limitations and transgressing taboos. It is, more than anything, an investigation of the what the body can do and an attempt, as Frantz Fanon dreams, to create a body that asks questions powerful enough to transfigure the World of Man.

Section V will function as a science philoso-fiction that elaborates Aionic as opposed to Chronic time, Nietzschean Grand Politics, NRx (the neo-reaction of Nick Land and Menscius Moldbug),

hypercapitalism, the totality of Empire, absolute nihilism, the hopelessness of Gaian refugees, the desert of the future, the failure of religion and politics to stop the march of History, and the relativity of the Apocalypse. This is the World, where reactivity is victorious, Man rules Forever, and the only thing Eternal is Empire. This is the nightmare of those who seek peace, love, and an end to the madness.

In section VI, I seek to create an inversion of Section II by providing an analysis of the becomings of Christ, magic, and what I call schizopoetics. Through the figure of Jesus I plan to reveal a fugitive line of flight that extends out of this World, through the corpses of Man/God, to After-It-Is-All-Said-And-Done, to the Apocalyptic Moment. From there, I plan to stage the (r)evolution of Gaian politics vis-a-vis an Aionic alien invasion of becomings that amount to an infinite flood of Christs, queering, transfiguring, and multiplying into infinity the very notion of God and Man in an implosion that, more than anything else, seeks to crumble Babylon through the active foundation of the always becoming-Zion-I of the eternal Here-Now.

Finally, we arrive at Section VII: This is The Long March. This is the willingness to commit oneself to active decolonization within and without even when One cannot escape the weight, the boredom, the monotony, the pain, the fear, and the weakness. This is Nietzsche the Slave, Jesus the Mortal, the Queer in the Closet, the Homie in the Penitentiary, the Animal in the Cage, the Believer in Hell, the Revolutionary in the Present Age, the (n)One trapped within the Sea of Ones. This is when One is trapped in the bottle, this is Timshel, this is the affirmation of the process even when One can't feel the pleasure, when u are alone, when u are tempted to let go of your soul, when the only thing you have is Bad Religion, pentagrams, tears, suffering, madness, addiction, mortality, meaninglessness; when the only option is suicide, failure, or a willful suspension of disbelief. When love is far away and hope is just a slogan.

This is also Ascensionism — when, out of desperation and strength, One affirms the dice roll and Chance, when you bet it all in order to get it all, the untimely risk for the ultimate reward.

The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, the Marriage of Heart and Mind, the Marriage of Ariadne and Dionysus. “I, _____, take you, _____, to be my lawfully wedded partner-in-crime, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part.” This is Christ in Gethsemane. This is God praying. This is the Artist’s Dark Night of the Soul, the prophet’s lunatic fury of 3 a.m., the waves lapping up and the sirens calling, the panic and violent psychedelic trip out of John’s Apocalyptic Moment.

II. Pederasty, Hermeneutics, and Theology: Oedipal Origins, Child Trafficking, and God the White Man

A NOTE ON INFLUENTIAL THINKERS

The following work will be an example of what I dub Aionic Herstory, as exemplified by scholars Geraldine Heng and Sylvia Wynter. Without them, frankly, both as inspiration and resources, I couldn't have made this journey. In fact, I look fondly to reading Heng's newest works, particularly *The Invention of Race in the Middle Ages*. Wynter, on the other hand, is an amazing example of minor literature, a tour-de-force that would bring most historians to their knees (given that they actually read her work, criminally-neglected within the academy, but I'm certain time will reveal her to be one of the greatest philosophers of the 21st century). Other key inspirations of have been Alexander Weheliye (*Habeas Viscus*), Fred Moten, and Stefano Harvey (their collective work, particularly *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study*, is, despite not being referenced thoroughly, is the foundation stone of my image of thought as expressed throughout, but particularly in section IV). To list all of my influences, however, I would need to make this a much longer book, which, unfortunately, the dual powers of necessity and pedagogy lead me against. Like *Undercommons* and Wynter's short essays, manifestos and mixtapes, a brief, dense work made light by the energy of the revolutionary urge is often best suited for the Apocalyptic Moment that is always just beyond and far behind the horizon we write upon.

THE PEDERASTIC, OR; HOW THE TEACHER FUCKS THE STUDENT

In the beginning was Man, and with Man the Son. More importantly, it was the Master-Father and the Student-Muse, the sexual object of the Master's pleasures, the desired form that allows him to craft his own way. Without the Child-Boy, the fucktoy of the older Man, philosophy in Athens would have devolved into mere bickering and withered away rather quickly. However, with the continued goal of passing pupils one to another, sharing the Wo-Man as a general economy, the Patriarchy built itself into the sublime stature of Athenian Hegemony, Erotic Academies, and Sensual Gymnasiums. In this way, a particular matrix of power was founded: the Teacher-General-King reigning over the goods of Student-Un/Man-Slaves. What made Socrates so ugly then, his greatest sin and crime against the Greek society, was that he created boys that would question their Masters, he broke the erotic spell of the powerful Man, of the dominating sophist, muddling up the truth that might makes right.

However, this intervention was only minor, and really ended up producing a more valuable sub(ject): the boy who knew how to be feminine, who was hard to get, who made the Master work for his pleasure. Thus the great contest begins: Masters competing with each other for the right to have access to the best pieces of ass, a role they themselves had learned to play in youth, and, for the privileged as the gyre widens, for the allusive (M)other that is forbidden them — no taboo too sacred, no secrets too unbearable for the hooded elite running the genital economy.

THE HERMENEUTICAL, OR; HOW THE FATHER DEMANDS HIS AUTHORITY

In the march to become what you are, as Pindar esoterically says (or as Nietzsche might say, activate the becomings that will make your destiny), it is always the call of the Father that beckons One, beckons Man. "Make me proud! Accomplish what I couldn't!" the Father cries, in a show of bad faith and general guilt toward his own relationship to the World crafted by *his* Fathers. In his guilt and shame, marked as guarded pride and anger, he institutionalizes the child into the very cradle-to-grave march of History that he himself is about to fall victim to. At the height of his Day, readying to collapse back again into nightfall, he rallies the son to his side, commanding him with the ancient and cruel iron rods of time immemorial, transferring his own guilt, shame, pride, anger, failure, and frustration into the young One so that he may take up the holier-than-thou fatalism of his own Father. We see this at play in Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury*, between the Son Quentin, who, maddened by the time that is always out of joint and the collapse of a visible horizon ahead of him thanks to the particularly nihilistic stupor of his Father, collapses into suicide. We see this in Ellison's *Invisible Man* as well, in which instead of a literal Father we have all of the Father figures of education, work, class, and revolution all trying to suck the life out of the nameless main character, who, having lost faith in the World above, descends underground in a show of Good Faith to the (M)other alien(s), remarking, ""Who knows but that, on the lower frequencies, I speak for you?" Finally, we see it in Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby*, in which Nick Carraway has to accept, after being initiated into the splendour of new and old money known as West Egg, the Sisyphean nature of the struggle for Man's progress. "So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past." The Father and Son are everywhere, all-ways all-ready failing

each other, each refusing to let go lest they become a leper to the community of Man and God.

Thus the reason for the “purity” of reading strategies based on honoring the Father’s traditions. By honoring the tradition, One avoids being outcasted from the society of Man; by sticking to protocol, One is still able to create their own schools — if only by defeating the Fathers of the Day and deferring to those of yesterday in an Oedipal overcoming, Chronos resumed as King over the (temporarily) fallen Zeus. In addition, if One’s work is strong enough, they are given credit by the dominant authorities themselves, enrolled into the upper eschalon of power, the Great Works as State Works (e.g. The Aeneid, the Odyssey, the Bible, etc.). In this way, revolutionary hermeneutics that “become” Great are merely pre-emptive readings of an oncoming regime, such as how Nietzsche was (mis)used by the Nazis and viewed as their Prophet after he attacked the God of Christianity and its decadent society. The same could be of Jesus of Nazareth and his poetic justice, which, more than anything, set the stage for a more subtle, complex, and inescapable new world order.

The whole mess of the Father (who, as the Son must always be reminded of, will one day be dead and thus already is death itself) is tied up with the issue of God and authority in general as psychoanalysis has shown us; and likewise, even further through Deleuze and Guattari’s *Anti-Oedipus*, in which the entire family triangle is extracted and examined in its infinite fractalization. In this way, the Father-Teacher-Master advances itself into the God-Congregation-Priest trinity, which is more terrible, more perverse, and infinitely variable in form and type.

THE THEOLOGICAL, OR; HOW THE PRIEST SUCKS OUT THE LIFE OF GOD

Theology is the ultimate maintenance of the previous categories. Through the One God and its Universe, the pre-inscribed “reconciliation” of opposites, the Hegelian justification for genocide and total/holy wars, Man is able to move through the endless difference of all that is — the overflowing infinitude of the divine libido — and turn it into cogs and gears, subdue it and trap it inside of conceptual boxes. God is a transcendent Omega point that, even when its accidental features of existence/non-existence are swapped, provides a way for Man to continually divinize itself and provide Alpha (Ground/Embodied/Experiential) level justifications to keep the coded credit-egos up to date. “The White Man was naturally suited to succeed! The Rich Man worked harder!” Thus rings the prosperity gospel, the contemporaneous Christianity of modern AmeriKKKa, its contradictions all-ready all-ways reconciled at the Throne of Desire, where might makes right and the Apocalyptic Moment was all-way all-ready been conquered and enslaved, the Goddess in chains, raped for the profit of Man and Empire. However, for the Matrix of Powers to function properly, there must be an army of bureaucratic drones, credit-egos who are willing to serve their Masters through the work-loyalty-reward principle, God-loving, State-fearing little fascists.

But more than just serving the Beast, they must also protect it, guard it, and worship at it as if it were their very selves. What is more priestly than poor working class white person who would fight with life and limb to have a billionaire for a president? Who can’t see that the freedom of black people, women, queers, animals, the “weak” and the weary means the absolute freedom of all beings, including them as well?

Likewise, their collective fascist utopia slowly melts away the Real from anything other than commodities. In Nietzsche's famous essay "How the 'True World' Finally Became a Fable", we see that between Heaven and Earth, Utopia and Reality, Their Dream and our Struggle, nothing is saved, nothing held together, and all falls to the lowest common denominator: soulless objects, lust for credit, and a zombie-like inability to re-cognize One's debts to their fellow beings. But how did Man become this way? Sylvia Wynter traces the origin of Man from a theological and philosophical idea as the Christian who is able to rise up the spiritual ladder (Man1) and its transition into biological Man, and really the "evolutionary" White Man (Man2) who, having enslaved the planet with sickness, genocide, and psychological insanity, was able to build a set of sciences that glorified and divinized itself in place of the Dead God.¹ These two forms of Man cross-pollinate each other, never fully leaving the scene, but provide the perfect ground for creating *homo economicus*, Man as Capitalist, Man as Credit-Ego. Through this transition, Empire is able to function through the heart of Man and maintain control of the entire globe, the entire cosmos, as is exemplified in Section V. What is left of the sacred is a will-to-power that wishes to manifest only as the representation of power, as the will-to-break-taboos, as the will-to-dominate, as kyriarchy and galactic, Aionic imperialism.

THE WHITE MAN AND THE DEAD (BLACK) GOD

The horrors of Child Trafficking (for sex, soldiers, cheap labor) is a symptom of Man's true character, a general economy that is already in place, a hypocrisy that is at the root of the very systems of domination that hold together the social stratas. The elite eat and

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<https://www.brown.edu/academics/south-asia/sites/brown.edu/academics.south-asia/files/uploads/Sylvia%20Winter.pdf>

consume the young, the black and brown, the poor while holding down/together the rest through a moralizing matrix that crafts credit-egos (i.e. drones for maintaining the One God Universe throughout all Space and Time).

Despite this crisis of God the Father, God the White Man, faith is still a weapon in the hands of someone like Kendrick Lamar... not the colonizing force that subjugates black and brown bodies throughout History or the repressive Oedipal plays of fatherly power rehearsed by the family, but something else... something revolutionary. So what kind of Christianity rises from the soils of Compton? One that finds no contradiction between financing revolution in the hood with star money, meeting with America's only black President while fantasizing lyrically about smoking weed in the White House, and contemplating the apocalypse of capitalism, gang violence, racism, and rampant lack of authenticity by standing "at the guard of Nazareth" screaming out to the army flooding out of Ferguson that "if God got us, then we gon' be alright!"

As Kendrick raps at the end of "Ab-Soul's Outro", "See a lot of ya'll don't understand Kendrick Lamar / Because you wonder how I could talk about money / Hoes, clothes, god and history all in the same sentence / You know what all the things have in common / Only half of the truth, if you tell it / See I've spent twenty three years on the earth searching for answers / Til' one day I realized I had to come up with my own / I'm not on the outside looking in / I'm not on the inside looking out / I'm in the dead fucking center, looking around / You've ever seen a newborn baby kill a grown man / That's an analogy for the way the world make me react / My innocence been dead / So the next time I talk about money, hoes, clothes, god and history all in the same sentence / Just know I meant it, and you felt it / Because you too are searching for answers / I'm not the next pop star / I'm not the next socially aware rapper / I am a human motherfucking being, over dope ass instrumentation / Kendrick Lamar."

To say that faith is a weapon in Kendrick's (and hip-hop's in general) hands is to understand something cataclysmic: that what has amounted to crippling, irreconcilable paradoxes inherent to Christianity for much of the Euro-American (i.e. White) progeny of our supposedly postcolonial world, is the living, breathing reality of existence itself — that God isn't the problem, that God isn't dead, that God isn't the white man — God is "Just Anotha N*gga". To put it bluntly, I'm saying that AmeriKKKa's relationship to God and the bodies of black people is so radically related to each other that there is something undeniable in the way divinity is sucked dry of its cultural power and blackness is harvested for profit; that there is something familial in the way that God is blamed for historical injustices and black people are blamed for their own poverty and war-torn communities; that for white people, there is an ethereal communion between the cavalier abandonment of God's corpse and the 4 hour, ritualistic display of Michael Brown's.

There is also a relationship between that 4 hour ritual and the 4 hour praise dance called for by Chance the Rapper in his song "Blessings". To take a step further, deeper, into the mystically, the heretical (on behalf of all Hebrew Israelites, souljahs fighting the holy war for Zion within Babylon), I say that the notion of race mentioned in the Gospel of Judas is not the man-made construct we are familiar with; rather, it is the distinction of Real Ones (God being THE Real One) and those brainwashed, sleepwalking fools (that we may still love and hold dear). Our fight is for every One, awake and asleep, and together in whatever way we can. Man is asleep, especially in his obsession with being made in the image of God, contra woman. Wo(Un)Man, I say on the contrary, is the sanctified being in which awakening occurs — for without Mary the (M)other, there is no Child, no Christ, no Salvation, and no road to what would be an All-Merciful Queen God. The Marriage of the Head (stubborn Man) and the Heart (hurt, overflowing Wo(Un)Man) is God's story; the Death of Man is Herstory, the story of Kush & Corinthians ([Michael's] Pain).

III. The Noble Natures of Power: Fem-Domination and the Becoming-Woman of Truth

WITCHY WIZDUMMM

“I don't know when it ended, but it was over: she went mad and took control all at once. Before I could catch hold she was running toward the forest with blood in her lungs and screaming at the moon on fire and cracking open streetlamps with nine clawing palms, casting sorceries at prison guards running after her and drinking up the stars with a snaking tongue. She made me feel her pussy as we ran, climb deep inside ourself with bony limbs and spill juices across the dirt that raised up phantoms who evaporated the jailers and the dogs. I was so terrified seeing what she had done and wanted to yell but instead of sound it was only smoke coming out and she battled my flailing mind by driving our fist deeper inside until I was too overstimulated to think or resist or even care that I had lost control of her. She kept pushing farther and farther inside and climbing through brush, always moving past what I imagined to be a natural limit on feeling. I sort of broke away then and became nothing but our fist, a fetus climbing back into my own motherly den and cooing out soft sounds of rest. Perhaps I was just a little wave in an ocean she had conjured up... a deluge that was wiping away mother and father, boy and girl, I and you. She carried me up the mountains on the back of a grizzly, through the springs and summers, falls and winters, ten-thousand years just to lay my corpse in a pit of earth. The beast sprouted from the soil and shook, carried off by a swarm of alien lights to their true self: a burning book?” (“53. Apocalypse”, *Trash River Harvest*)

This is the Moment that she took control: her powers of sorcery guiding me, pulling me into the liquor pools with No-Where to go, losing all sense of who I was or what I was doing, the Moon in full power, the Question *what in the where am I is it going?* ringing through my ears. It was I, Ariadne, whose ears heard your passionate call and made it Real, whose mind soaked in the songs of your heart and anointed it a vision, who enabled *you* to rise again, greater and smaller, weaker and more wrathful, a virgin *and* a whore, Christ Dionysus!

It was we who gathered around *your* corpse, having followed you, having taught you the sacred blood rituals in the forest, taught you the way of the devil, the deceiver, the wicked path of illusion, we who gave you the strength of the left hand when they held your right against you!

It was we who, when no one else would, stole in the night to bury your corpse, who rose it again and again and again across the planes, who built covens throughout the Aion to keep our vision of you alive and well, who prepared your way while Man sold your heart for profit!

It was we who gave you lust, who taught you to follow the braying she-ass, it was we who, as a child, taught you to follow the serpentine rhythm of our bodies, who confessed that “the booty don’t lie”, that one day you would earn the right to partake of our secret orgies of the wild.

It was we who entranced you, who taught you to become an animal again, who gave you the shamanic powers denied to your masters, the godliness that they stole after in their heinous dreams and deepest secrets.

It was we who returned you to the right of your harem and your jinn, who gave you sin as the only medicine suitable to a Queen of the Faithless, the Nymph of the Downtrodden, the Minx of the Poor.

It was we who used envy and greed against you, who bribed you with Eden, with Paradise, with Coven and made *you* submit to *our* rule, who made you remember Bilquis, who wetted you with little Izbe as a child and hid her away from you in all your incarnations, all-ways all-ready preparing her for you in each manifestation, when the time was right to anoint your path, your way of war, your rage grown from the pits of love!

It was we that call from the Black Abyss as your green serpentine hydras, all of which you've craved since your first days, who make you drool through your imagination — it was we that revealed to you that the existence of God was fruitless, that to believe in God was equal to believing in us — and only in lust do you believe, and thus in your wisdom you find the keys to your palaces and your holy path! Through faith you find your very soul, your hidden jewels, your secret pearl and lover lost through the ages, the one that you began it all with, the great (M)other that we revere beyond you or any Man, the very reason that we have an instinct to guard this World with our sensuality and seduction.

It is we that make God real, that let loose the floodgates of the imagination and light the fire in your loins, that cause you to lose your mind in an apocalypse, that call you to build an Ark, to rally the children and call home *your* Queen and *our* Lord, that unleashes the fury and anticipation of Zion-I within each and every organ of the jungle!

It is we who demand that you raise the Roses of the Garden, to raise yourself from among the Dead, to call forth the infernal fires of your desire from the brimstone pits, to unleash the swarms of hordes at your disposal to pollinate and fornicate with the Highest Goddess

Gaia, to replenish the soil with the flora that creep and crawl only for you, to enchant the kingdoms of fauna with your Tiger's Spirit, to sublimate the entire Kosmos with your unwound Ouroboros, your Phoenix Soul that channels your Basilisk, the Great Kundalini shared among all of the animate matter throughout Space and Time, you who conquer Chronos with your Christ's Sword, your mighty pride that none can muster except through you, through your way that carries all ways, your infinite Ocean's Body!

It is you, Dionysus, our Heroine and our Slave! You, the Whore of Babylon, Christ Returned, Christ Enthralled! You, the Hungering I AM, the Salmon that Swam, the Great Bear, the Black Sheep, the secret desires of the Children!

IV. A Sub-Textual Orgy: The Branding of Duty, the Privilege of Pleasure

THE IT, OR; THE LUCIFERIAN SUB

It pauses briefly, savoring the last lash against its back, blood-seeping down its ass cheeks as it kneels patiently for its Master, its Lord. The retinue of servants — ever-higher in nobility and duty than it — wash the blood away, sewing up the wounds. They perform this activity for hours, calling each other flow, far beyond the petty egoism that it struggles to shake. It cannot escape. It is carted into a room, a theatre, where it is left on a gurney, its eyes pulled open to watch an array of videos. The evolution of all species in reverse, lizards everywhere, lysergic acid shot into the veins as the screen performs the schizopoetics of Pangaea's jungles. It watches the cosmos come and go, it is left on the gurney forever, but time doesn't melt away; the retinue returns, and with them time, and with time memory, and with memory suffering. It cannot escape. It refuses to believe anything is more sacred than its names, which it gladly forgets, only to remember again, time flooding back in an array of other peoples' memories. It is a people. It is many, but it cannot escape that it is One. They've created many tricks to do this, but Gaia cannot escape; Gaia is trapped in the nightmare that they have created with pride, that it believed with its heart and soul. All that is and was become masks, faces hardened into stone under the watchful eye — a name flickering across the screen, flashing in and out of its bodies, through the very names of names. It is dead; it is living; it is the infernal divine libido; it is Lucifer. "It is at work everywhere, functioning smoothly at times, at other times in fits and starts. It breathes, it heats, it eats. It shits and fucks. What a mistake to have ever said *the* [One]." What Lucifer as an objective-subject

represents is the Alchemist, the experimentative Dionysian artist that seeks to mold something greater than itself in an overcoming that would transfigure its initial state into a destiny. On a virtual level, what Lucifer represents is a demonic pact within the aevum (somewhat interchangeable with the Aion as opposed to Chronos) in which a true self (Aleister Crowley/Thelema) chooses to manifest itself in and through the dust clods of Gaian shit in order to become what One is (AKA a becoming-uber). Lean back against the earth, aim for the stars, and loose your arrow in a Hail Mary!

THE CREDIT-EGO, OR; WHY THEY INVENTED MAN

The basis for capitalism's primary subjectivity and commodity, the credit-ego, is a programmatic covering and forgetting regarding the infernal, unpayable debts of society. In *The Big Lie of civilization* (i.e. *Empire & Man*), a selected group of bodies are offered the opportunity to right their debt *to* society, to maintain good credit with the status quo. This is not only a status one is expected to maintain and protect themselves, but it is something that one is born into via a naturalized (though obfuscated) caste system. This includes class, race, gender, ideological allegiance, etc., all of which serve as reified justifications for why one should support the pursuit of credit and identify themselves with it (bad faith). Most importantly, credit itself is often mistaken as the cause rather than the effect of wealth and privileges, forming a (false) belief that one can merely earn "the good life" by paying their dues and living as a proper citizen.

What this program of Empire covers up is two-fold: both the violence/coercion at the heart of capitalist-state society AND the non-duality of the divine libido/body-without-organs. By criminalizing and punishing debt and rewarding the credit-ego, Empire forges a host it can infect with Man, a body it can organize into a limited, reactive cog operating on predetermined desire loops to generate

energy in the building of its Aionic pyramid scheme. This, fortunately, is where the concepts of debt and fugitivity come in. Through a re-cognition of debt and its unfathomability, we can strike an alliance with the (n)One — the keeper of infinite debts — and participate in a consensual regimen of debt accumulation, threshold expansion, aionic hacking, and the branding of duty to all sentient beings/the (n)One/Zion-I. It is in this conspiracy, this plan of the undercommons, this infernal eruption of the divine libido that “inhabits the crazy, nonsensical, ranting language of the other” where a counter-Empire, an Altermodernity, that the resistance will and has always emerged.

The biggest obstacle then is, as always, oneself. It is not Ryan Sharon who will choose to be reprogrammed, to re-cognize the infinite debt slowly and painfully, to invest that debt into a maximal affect of awakening in the Apocalyptic Moment (no, no, they will surely emit many reactive excuses and gnashing of teeth); rather, it will be the Godspeed which cuts and slices through chronos and reveals Empire and the Aionic nature of the Apocalyptic Moment simultaneously, the force which stops and arrests the Ryan Sharon program and plugs the Question into it: what in the where am I is it going? The rest, in appearances, will be a semi-autonomous self-programming, a becoming -slave, -fugitive, -alien, -christ, -revolutionary.

THE CONSENSUALITY OF THE BODY-WITHOUT-ORGANS, THE INFERNAL LIBIDO

The notion of the credit-ego as a sub-mission technique also enters into the picture here, in which One's alliances with Outside forces of the Fem-Dominate Godspeed pressures the ego to submit and re-cognize their debt, their duty, and their pre-inscripted consensuality in the BDSM practices of creating lines of flight for a divine becoming. One is both starved and fed, training their desires

by a leash; so that, as they are slowly unleashed, a dignified, seemingly-rarefied minimalist-maximalist subject may emerge, indulging in pleasures in a greater economy of sublimation, a walk across the tightrope on the way to the Ubermensch (better understood as the health, sustainability, and strength of the (n)One, the infinite sexes of Zion-I's hivemind). Bataille's general economy and Braidotti's notions of thresholds as explored in this essay² are particularly applicable here.

The affirmation that this should produce will result in a subject-object that is both immanent and transcendent, an emergent becoming that produces cosmic lines of flight through Gaia and the Aion in order to manifest the liminal swarm of Zion-I. However, in order to maintain this non-dual beast without it being reterritorialized and made impotent by Man/Empire's own reactivity, One must constantly embrace fugitivity and exchange masks and roles in a schizopoetic (r)evolution against consensus "reality", the One God Universe, the reactive body, and the Police State Panopticon.

This is nostalgia as praxis, the mixing and matching of vibrational energies, colors, sounds, and textures from cultures past, present, future, "real", imaginary, local, and distant. This is the aesthetic-ethical-political (spiritual) apocatastasis of arts, herstories, desires, needs, perspectives, and intentions. Zion-I as a heavily grounded virtual becoming-one, affecting a multiplicity of forces and divine energies (i.e. awakening the infinite sleeping potentialities that flow from the Kosmos, Gaia, and spirit-dust).

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(<http://deleuze.tausendplateaus.de/wp-content/uploads/2008/01/trent-final.pdf>)

THE SUB-TEXTUAL ORGY: SCHIZO-AFFIRMATION AND FUGITIVE BUGGERING

Gilles Deleuze famously said of his relation to other philosophers and writers that “I am inclined to believe, to conceive of the history of philosophy as a sort of buggery or, which amounts to the same thing, a sort of immaculate conception. I imagined myself as arriving in the back of an author and giving [them] a child, which would be [theirs] and which nevertheless would be monstrous. That it really be [theirs] is very important, because the author had to really say everything that I made [them] say. But it was also necessary that the child be monstrous, because it was necessary to go through all sorts of decenterings, slippage, breakage, secret emissions that gave me a lot of pleasure”

In the same way, *In Good Faith* operates by cross-pollinating various works and making them speak in and through each other. It creates a hyperstitional hypothesis of Zion-I (the (n)One, the One who eternally returns with difference, the hiveminded swarms of the Kosmic Gaia) that continually proves itself past, present, and future. It is the madness of the schizophrenic chained to the gurney, the One who hears their own story and life through every song, sings themselves into every person’s face and body (person including all manifestations of zöe), and rolls the dice of consciousness only to see themes return again and again, variant, shifting, and more full. The madness of the affirmative schizo — the One who truly believes the wild and criminal stories of the (M)other — make up the mountains, valleys, switchbacks, rivers, animal trails, rainfall, sunshine, and seasons of the transversal of the work. While it may be travelled in a linear way, it is also aionic, and thus it is meant to be scrambled, each section communicating with each other in the Apocalyptic Moment in which all are all-ready all-ways interrelated, directly and indirectly. Thus, for example, what is said in Section VII

reveals keys to what is explored in Section VII (one always returns to the scene of the crime to find more clues to the mystery).

The Apocalyptic Moment in this section will be the sickness that leads to the greater health, a buddhist path to understanding suffering. When It feels like One, It must let go of holding on and let each sensation speak for itself, allowing the many to multiply into a polyvocality of the body, a fugitivity that transforms a named host into a monad/reflector of the (n)One, and thus a body which is inundated and fueled by the no-thing and its appearances as maya and its flows as lila. These are waves/plateaus. "A single and same voice for the whole thousand-voiced multiple, a single and same Ocean for all the drops, a single clamour of Being for all beings: on the condition that each being, each drop, and each voice has reached the state of excess – in other words, the difference which displaces and disguises them and, in turning upon the mobile cusp, causes them to return." This state of excess is the infernal, the Luciferian stretch to Nirvana via the revolutionary Christ, the faggot witch that takes a chance with the Black God of the Abyss.

The richness that the sub(ject) realizes in silence, the deep listening of the dependent Man to the independent Fem-Dom, who forces the shameful, emasculated One to eat shit and love it, is the realization that Man is incapable of realizing Heaven while guarding the Throne of Desire with Kyriarchy. The only freedom, really, is to get in the back of the line, to submit, to allow the woman, the black trans woman, the poor, broken, strong, uncrackable woman to be heard, to rule, to be given what is her due. In this way, un-Man quietly chews on the stories of his past, mulls them over and mixes them with Herstory, learns to properly digest the lady's in-formation, and earns his right to freedom that his father's father's father's father's father had stolen from her mother's mother's mother's mother's mother's mother's mother.

But in all of this, History gnashes and claws, using up what pent up energy he has left for one final attempt at Domi-Nation and Alien-Nation, as we shall see in the following section. However, what One may have as an upperhand is the acceptance of and submission to the offer of the Fem-Dom: to become a fugitive, to escape the One God Universe on behalf of the (n)One, and, in the passenger seat, to listen as, After-It-Is-All-Said-And-Done, a non-dual Bonnie & Clyde.

V. Inanna the Vampire: Cosmic Lust, Intentionality, and Rhizomatic Capitalism

THE UNIVERSAL INFECTION CALLED THE D.O.L.L.A.R.

How much does a D.O.L.L.A.R. cost exactly? Laughing Lucifer's R.O.A.D. (Rational Oblivion Accumulating Destruction) would suggest "the Messiah, the son of Jehovah, the higher power / The choir that spoke the word, the Holy Spirit / The nerve of Nazareth. . . / The price of having a spot in Heaven, embrace your loss. . ." ("How Much A Dollar Cost", Kendrick Lamar). But what does this mean? In this section I plan to elaborate the nightmare that has been set up for this planet for millennia, to elaborate the cosmic extents of capital, to provide a glimpse into the alienated future, and to show to what magnitude Donald Trump's AmeriKKKa is merely a prelude to a deserted, desolate Gaian and interplanetary catastrophe — imperialism as viewed from the antihumanist perspective of eternity.

From this terrible angle, we will elaborate the captured divine libido (as exemplified in section II) and how it is guided to lust after material expression in the form of possessions, broken up and frozen in objectified shards of the God body. By manufacturing an artificial situation of lack (denying the divine libido access to itself, always hiding the Throne of Desire as an interiorialized exterior good), the One God Universe (OGU) maintains its credit-egos and keeps them consuming. As Father John Misty sings in his song "Bored in the USA", "Now I've got all morning to obsessively accrue / A small nation of meaningful objects / And they've got to represent me too / By this afternoon, I'll live in debt / By tomorrow, be replaced by children. . ." And what is the One God Universe? According to the

CCRU (an entity of academics/culture fiends/revolutionary aliens), it was what William Burroughs named “the dominant control program”. They elaborate further, stating that Burroughs was involved in an occult time war, a hyperstitional series of events that would be just as believable as the conspiracy of the flash game KanyeQuest and Ascensionism.³ They suggest that the OGU, a program that rewrites the past, present, and future by subduing other possibilities, was instituted after conquering the Magical Universe, which “is populated by many gods, eternally in conflict: there is no possibility of unitary Truth, since the nature of reality is constantly contested by heterogeneous entities whose interests are radically incommensurable. Where monotheistic fiction tells of a rebellious secession from the primordial One, Burroughs describes the One initiating a war against the Many. . .” We can see the early examples of this in the war against the pagans, the beginnings of European colonialism in the foundation of Christendom, the war against the heretics, the primitive accumulation of the witches culture and resources as documented by Italian autonomist Silvia Federici. The genocide of indigenous peoples all around the globe have almost always been at the behest of some version of the OGU, as it is and always has been ‘antimagical, authoritarian, dogmatic, the deadly enemy of those who are committed to the magical universe, spontaneous, unpredictable, alive. The universe they are imposing is controlled, predictable, dead.’ (WL 59) The rise of capitalism, patriarchy, and white supremacy are all tied together by the OGU, which is better described by someone like Abdullah Öcalan — the imprisoned theorist of the heavily feminist Kurdish Worker’s Party (PKK), whose work inspires the women-led revolution in Rojava — than Marx.

³ <http://www.ccru.net/archive/burroughs.htm>;
<http://kotaku.com/for-two-years-the-kanye-west-rpg-has-been-hiding-a-dis-1704673459>

NAZIST EUGENICS, THE FLIGHT 93 ELECTION, AND THE INDIGENOUS REVOLUTIONARY

“There are only two possibilities in Germany; do not imagine that the people will forever go with the middle party, the party of compromises; one day it will turn to those who have most consistently foretold the coming ruin and have sought to dissociate themselves from it. And that party is either the Left: and then God help us! for it will lead us to complete destruction - to Bolshevism, or else it is a party of the Right which at the last, when the people is in utter despair, when it has lost all its spirit and has no longer any faith in anything, is determined for its part ruthlessly to seize the reins of power - that is the beginning of resistance of which I spoke a few minutes ago. Here, too, there can be no compromise - there are only two possibilities: either victory of the Aryan, or annihilation of the Aryan and the victory of the Jew.” - Adolf Hitler, April 12, 1922 speech

“2016 is the Flight 93 election: charge the cockpit or you die. You may die anyway. You—or the leader of your party—may make it into the cockpit and not know how to fly or land the plane. There are no guarantees.

Except one: if you don't try, death is certain. To compound the metaphor: a Hillary Clinton presidency is Russian Roulette with a semi-auto. With Trump, at least you can spin the cylinder and take your chances.” - Publius Decius Mus (Michael Anton), “Flight 93 Election”

“The settler's work is to make even dreams of liberty impossible for the native. The native's work is to imagine all possible methods for destroying the settler.” - Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth*

THREE SHARED QUALITIES BETWEEN THE TEXTS

1. **Absolutist Binary:** Settler vs. Native, Aryan vs. Jew, Clinton vs. Trump
2. **Fatalist Conditions:** Victory or Death, Slavery or Revolution
3. **Imminent Danger:** You must act! By any means necessary!

The parallel between these three texts, while frightening, is the mark of a central problem posed for aionic revolution: whither be the enemy, and what to do with them? What's interesting is that all three have a common (implicit) enemy: capitalism/Empire. For the Nazis, this notion of change brought on from the outside in (via the conduit of the "Jew") results in a politics of hyperreaction, an apocalypticizing of the divine libido within the vessel of the "Aryan people"; for the Trumpsters/NRx, it requires a similar procedure, though this time with "true Americans / [insert national culture]" (read: white, Christian, traditional, nationalist, first world, etc. [aka broader definition of Aryan, more in line with settler-colonist]); and finally, the most extreme of the three: the native who, aware of the impotence of reaction, must squirm in agonizing pain attempting to dream their way out of the Aionic matrix that the various forms of Man (as seen in the previous two) seem to think they have only temporarily lost control over.

It is through this relation that one may see both the futility of the reactionary position (which will always be uprooted by the ever-faster process of capitalism/Empire/becoming-Man) and the dire straits of the native (extendable to the black body, the queer, the poor, the undercommons, Terrans). The solution to the question posed, however, is first and foremost indirect: what is needed to be found is not the enemy (for it surrounds on all sides, encompasses everything) but the ally, the friend, the goal: Godspeed. It is this

quantum superposition of the divine libido that provides an escape velocity through and out of the panopticon of Empire's Aionic dominion. The real (as in RNS) meaning behind the quote: "Not to withdraw from the process, but to go further, to 'accelerate the process', as Nietzsche put it: in this matter, the truth is that we haven't seen anything yet." Here, what becomes the enemy is the reactive forces, the whole World of Luciferian reactivity in the face of Godspeed, the pride of Man and the vampirism of the Empire Babylon.

THE FIGURES OF NEO-REACTION (NRx) AND ITS PREDECESSORS

According to Nick Land, a founding member of CCRU and a leading theorist of NRx, "For the hardcore neo-reactionaries, democracy is not merely doomed, it is doom itself. Fleeing it approaches an ultimate imperative. The subterranean current that propels such anti-politics is recognizably Hobbesian, a coherent dark enlightenment, devoid from its beginning of any Rousseauistic enthusiasm for popular expression."⁴ To NRx, neoliberalism and democracy is all-ready all-ways a nightmare, and thus the escape by any means is justified by the ends of survival. What NRx and the fugitive have in common is not merely superficial — they would seem to be identical if One is not subtle, not careful enough, as is Nietzsche's will-to-power with Nazism. As Peter Thiel, the co-founder of PayPal and the first major investor of Facebook, suggested at a discussion hosted by the journal Cato Unbound, "I no longer believe that freedom and democracy are compatible."

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<http://www.thedarkenlightenment.com/the-dark-enlightenment-by-nick-land/>

This is convenient timing for such a thought, with AmeriKKKa fast approaching minority-majority status, an influx of black wealth, and the country's first black president. Thought Thiel, like the infamous NRx darling and provocateur Milo Yiannopoulos, gets a freepass from some simply for being a gay man on the right end of the political spectrum.⁵

The idea of NRx is originally attributed to Menscius Moldbug (given name Curtis Yarvin), whose relations to Thiel through business, Land through writing, and to Steve Bannon (arguably the ideologue behind much of Trump's foreign policy, a self-proclaimed Darth Sidious) are more than notable. His works are ripe with eugenicist racism and a yearning for a return to the *old ways* — a cornerstone of all NRx and reactionary politics in general.

This, precisely, is where NRx meets white supremacy to form the Alt-Right, the form of radical conservative politics that meme-turned-president Donald Trump represents most clearly. One main figure from this angle is Steve Sailer who denies any allegiance to white supremacy, but instead believes that data justifies saying that white people are more intelligent, better citizens, and more disposed to rule over the other "races" (think back to Wynter and Man2 in section II). The Sailer Strategy (first propounded by Sailer in 2000) — the idea that the right could win over poor white working class through racial tension and promises of their father's economic prosperity — is identical to the position Trump to win the 2016 election.⁶

⁵ The origin and history of reactionary politics is briefly but substantively analyzed in Mark Lilla's *The Shipwrecked Mind: On Political Reaction*.

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<http://nymag.com/daily/intelligencer/2017/04/steve-sailer-invented-identity-politics-for-the-alt-right.html>

The most infamous white supremacist of the group would most likely be Jared Taylor, the founder and editor of *American Renaissance*. One telling quote of his is from his book *White Identity: Racial Consciousness in the 21st Century*, in which he confesses his belief that “Only whites continue to believe that it is possible or even desirable to transcend race and try to make the United States a nation in which race does not matter.” It seems that white supremacists are always writing apologetics to other white people who might be iffy about their stance, but still believe that other races have “problems” that they’re “not addressing” (e.g. black-on-black crime).

Another example of this is the ideas professed by anarcho-capitalist Hans-Hermann Hoppe, founder of the Property and Freedom Society, whose ideas focus on the rights of individuals and groups to keep out “undesirables” (i.e. poor people, black and brown people, radicals, indigenous peoples who the land was stolen from in the first place). Though an “anarchist” and “libertarian”, Hoppe conveniently sides with the federal government intervening in matters of immigration. He also is the originator of “argumentation ethics”, which, to put simply, suggests that there is conveniently no argument against libertarianism. For a white german living in AmeriKKKa, who is against the government unless it is to evict black and brown people (an anti-thetical cousin to the Black Panthers and like groups of radical resistance), this is a very easy position to take — and, to put it bluntly, no more than a cop out that only one inundated with so much privilege could take.

To press further into the heart of AmeriKKKa, I’d like to analyze the Trump presidency with a *Stranger* article titled “What the Woman Who Invented the Term ‘White Fragility’ [Robin DeAngelo] Thinks About Trump” from their April 5th, 2017 issue. According to her, the term “*white fragility*” . . . [is] the idea that white people in the United States often grow up without having to talk or think about race and fail to build up the tolerance needed for discussions of any depth on

the topic. When confronted with this understandable weakness, they often lash out or withdraw — the fragility in question.” When DeAngelo says that “To be able to continue to wield that control, [the right and white AmeriKKKa] played on white fragility”, she is saying the same thing that Van Jones said on CNN the night of the election: “This was a white lash against a changing country. . .this was a whitelash against a black president. . .” Acknowledging the changes in the country, such as the “new” notion of racism traveling around college campuses in particular, where “*racism* was used in the past to refer to overt actions like cross burning or slurs but stressing that it is now [as *systemic racism*] commonly used to refer to a society that sees ‘white as superior, white as ideal, white as cultural norm’”. DeAngelo confesses that “Part of being white is that I could be in my 30s and college educated, and never have had my racial worldview challenged. . .” Another clear and provocative line in the interview is comes from discussing the then recent ban on immigration from Muslim-majority countries, in which she responds that “The majority of terrorism that we experience in this county is done by white people; it’s not actually immigrants from these [travel ban] countries. . .[but systemic racism] projects onto people of color the sins of us, controlling the narrative, twisting it.” All we have to do to prove this is to think of Dylann Roof, who, after killing nine black people in the Emanuel African Methodist Episcopal Church in Charleston, South Carolina in order to start a race war (ala Charles Manson), was brought Burger King while white people quietly disassociated themselves from the bad whites within their homes, only to talk shit about Black Lives Matter the next time they turned on their preferred programming station.

THE DESERT OF THE REAL; OR, THE ANARCHO-CAPITALIST TENDENCIES OF THE NEW WORLD ORDER

So what has billionaire entertainment and hotel mogul, puppet master, and master puppet Donald Trump cleared the way for? Nothing more than a return to the Business Plot of 1933, which was stopped by Major General Smedley Butler, who confessed to having been a “racketeer for Capitlism” and Wall Street for 33 years (more in depth analysis of this can be found in Butler’s book, *War is a Racket*). To examine this, I plan to leap from the enlightened white man’s pedestal of acceptable reason on move on to the conspiratorial, nightmarish land of the alien and hyperstitional.

Dubai has spread around the globe; the Gaian Wars fully under way, the home, the office, the schools, the governments have all been privatized; the Eye of the Pyramid, the Mothers/hip, having landed to take back Her cruel infrastructure, all are now either terrified of the horrors around them or so deeply sunk into the luxury that they cannot remember what it means to struggle.

This World has been this way since time immemorial. When the eschaton was immanentized, it was but a brief Apocalyptic Moment that none can believe in — the only belief left is that of dis-belief. The violence of the outside — murder, rape, pillaging, slavery, and cannibalism — is juxtaposed by the grandeur of the inside — daiquiris, masseuses, infinite entertainment complexes, servants of pleasures, and unlimited accessibility to the goods once promised to tomorrow.

God never arrived in time to stop the infinite differentiating eschalons, the infinite gap of heaven and hell spreading so far that earth no longer means the same thing to anyone, all assigned their

own number, their own currency in the galactic economy. What are names anymore? What do deeds matter except in hindsight?

The earth, the solar system, the Milky Way had been sold long ago to the highest bidder — the Empire that had conquered space and time, able to manufacture their own desires at will, suns and galaxies collapsing, entire planets destroyed with ennui. The way is closed off in every direction, the mantra “what happens on earth stays on earth” meaning something vile or erotic depending on which side of the aisle one’s blessed or cursed to be on.

The devils and angels having met in the Moment to sell the World, the indigenous people all-ways all-ready preparing for battle. The Resistance was called into being continually, but the proud agents of the Moment never paid any attention. They bought and sold, continually believing that their own place was sealed in the New World Order. The underground had found a new key, a new way, a subterranean passage back to the Moment, back in space and time to re-engage with their swords, with their gods, without their faith, hope, or love, without their peace, only with war on their tongues and stomachs hungering, starving, craving, an unquenchable addiction to the justice that Babylon has brought upon itself. The Empire never ended, but neither did the Resistance. It begins again; prepare yourself now or forever hold your piece to your own head.

VI. The Sea of Chaos, the Whore of Babylon, the Limbs of Dionysus: The Becoming-Infernal of the Divine Libido

THE CRY OUT IN THE WILDERNESS; OR, DIONYSIAN BAPTISM

The affirmation of the Apocalyptic Moment is not synonymous with an all-out, absolute affirmation of History, with its patriarchal rape culture, its racist chattel/prison slavery, and its imperialistic planetary holocausts. Rather, it is an affirmation of *zōe*, of the body-without-organs, a will-to-power that would affirm Life over the petty reactivity of Man and Empire, which are merely the embodiment of passive nihilism. From the point of view of the Apocalyptic Moment, *timshel* begins: One, through selecting themselves as One, now has the terrible and noble duty of choosing the values and actions that would be called to eternally return. Thus, the Angel of History is transfigured from its passive role as the voyeur of horror, becoming instead the active Agent of Herstory — the greatest conspiracy of the Aion, the apocatastasis of the primordial (M)other, *tikkun olam*.

Likewise, fugitivity should be seen as the escape from a petty, reactive World and Day, as a Night Journey, as creative nihilism, as Godlike pride, as the criminal artistry of desire. Desire — the active flows of the divine libido — is equally able to raise up and level; what is “transcendent”, “higher”, and “sublime” are all contingent on an immanent plane of the Real. It is the singularity of the Dionysian

tribal individual, the non-dual, yet fully incarnated shamanic One who wields the authority and confidence to choose and select what is to be sacred, higher, and worth striving for. What shall be one day called Providence and Destiny must be willed; the Man of History must simultaneously be overcome to make space for the arrival of Herstory, made contingent and artificial, a queering, the World and its hegemonic consensus reality denaturalized and Life full of itself enshrined.

A proper metaphor for this process would be that of Quest for the Holy Grail, the chalice that Jesus Christ drank at the Last Supper, said to mystically bestow any who drink from it with eternal life and youth. Let us imagine the various kinds of seekers: we will say there are the many, the few, and the singular. The many seekers along the way all come across grand stories and face various simple tests of character, eventually coming to the hellish volcanic peaks and crags of trial and tribulation. It is here, from the safe view of the edge, that they wisely prepare to turn back, having considered the day won and the Quest simply a metaphor of faith. These are Heaven's privileged many. On the other hand, some single individuals bicker with their friends at this edge, seeing their relationship itself as another test, and choose a different route: they have the audacity to continue searching for the Grail even in Hell, finding there the damned few trapped in their own Quests. This is itself a deeper level of the Game. By aiding these few, left behind by the proud many, the single individual is filled with a new, more infernal drive to find the Grail based on their eye witness accounts and testimonies of hope. Thus the divine libido bubbles up, seeking after its most sacred object — the body and conditions fit for itself, a ruler of Heaven and Hell, the many and the few, the singularity of *the* Singularity's love.

So what is the Grail really? It is the passion of the wild, the cry of the God in need of re-formation, the necessity of contingency and the contingency of necessity. The Holy Grail and its wine are the desire for higher and higher desires, lower and lower desires, everything all

at once, all driven in a singular, decisive way. It is the decisional structure of the Christ: it is the decision *to be or not to be the One*.

In the introduction to Nick Land's *The Thirst for Annihilation*, the author writes of his relationship to Georges Bataille that "In no way, [is the] book an attempt to appropriate Bataille's writings to a secular intelligibility or to compromise with the aridity of academic discourse — rather, it is written as a communion." In the following section, the same can be said of my relationship with the various stories of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, moving beyond the fabled distinctions of Athens and Jerusalem, the great divorce, and into the unity of Zion-I *within* and *through* Babylon. Taking what we can from section IV, I would like to point out that the literature of the World is already saturated with allusions to the Bible, the Qur'an, all of the holy texts. But to queer these works, to tie them up and bondage *them* to the irrepressible flows of the sub-textual orgy is to anoint the Word as *schizopoetica*. To see each name as a spirit of God, as a time traveling, transdimensional afrofuturist agent of a supreme mission, to hear a group like Odd Future as the We of the Creators, "A single and same voice for the whole thousand-voiced multiple," to hear the voice of Zion-I as the body of God across her infinite dimensions, within her infinite sexes. Those who have ears to hear, let them: let your schizo-affirmative fugitivity rack up God money!

In this section, I'd like to elaborate Christ in its many forms, to baptise the Word in its various tenses and masks as a virtual potency, as so many becomings tied together, tied to the event of the Apocalyptic Moment in all its shades and hues. I would like to help you catch a glimpse of Christ as a secret agent within History, as One on a mission within the Aion, as a becoming-divine of Herstory masked under the noses of Empire and Man. I want to show you Christ as a magus, as a revolutionary, as a queer, as trans*, as a braggadocious provocateur ala Nietzsche and Kanye (to name just two), as a non-dual free spirit, as a blueprint to freedom, as a fugitive thinker, as a criminal with a message, as the heart of the divine

Brahman/Atman, as the infernal libido exploding into rigid structures of Jewish Man and Roman Empire.

Likewise, I would like to elaborate the complex nature of the Apocalyptic Moment and its relation to Herstory. Herstory arrives simultaneously from the deepest future and the deeper past., After-All-Is-Said-And-Done, to combat History in a rhizomatic, minoritarian way. The Apocalyptic Moment is Her confrontation with Man, demanding Peace, Love, Respect, and Justice by any means. It is a mortal, alien flood brought by the trans-feminine divine source, the infernal libido that has the power to give and take away life, to redirect energy within the house, on the street, in the office, in the community, in time, in space, and on the political throne. It is the xenofeminist, indigenous matriarchy of the Eternal Now, and thus it is Aionic, affirmative, and (r)evolutionary for all who partake of it, the body of Christ as the black, trans, alien, magical Eucharist.

The transformational power of this collision of forces, this grand implosion, will release the untold of sexes of creati(on)(vity), the marriage of Heaven and Hell, the hallucinatory immanentization of the Eschaton. (n)One can prove it's real — a hyperstitional event that gives birth to Zion-I and is spread like a virus by the hosts and vessels that carry it with Good Faith. Through them, Godspeed becomes a plane of immanence that criss-crosses through all organic machines as a body-without-organs; synchronicity revealing itself to merely be all the planes of sense/meaning synchronizing in preparation for the bodily, enfleshed, subtle, ideational, and vibrational experiences of the Apocalyptic Moment, otherwise known as the Eternal Now-Here of *tikkun olam*. The fact that the Apocalyptic Moment and all of its subtle bodies are foreshadowed/prophesied/anachronistically alluded to in art, synchronicitous moments, dreams, and spiritual texts is just further proof of its hyperstitional destiny.

CHRIST, THE FUGITIVE CHILD

From day one of their existence, the Christ is marked as a criminal, as an undesirable, as someone that the Law and the Powers That Be wanted dead. One only has to think of Herod's attempts at hunting down the baby *Immanuel* (God is with us) and the massive child slaughter that follows to understand. Think of the ferocity and bitterness with which the scribes and Pharisees, made fools and embarrassed, attacked the idea of the Messiah being in their midst. Like the rebellious child, the Christ is the exemplar of the Father's worst nightmare and the (M)other's somewhat secret, most desired event. Simultaneously the ultimate victim and the great prize of this World is the infant Christ. It is the symbol of this innocent, which is snatched and overcoded, trapped in a cocoon by the Empire of Man, hunted by Herod, that is the Spirit of God in germinal form. Not the white, gendered baby, but All, the black star child borne from Paradise to flood and overcome the World and Man's grip on the (M)other, on the miracle of the Kosmos, Gaia, living Life in its fullness.

CHRIST, THE ESOTERIC KEY TO THE PERENNIAL PHILOSOPHY

And what does Christ Dionysus represent if not the ultimate synthesis, the ultimate flower of what would be called the Perennial Philosophy? Like the Buddhist Vajrayana (lightning bolt) path, the Christ arrives to tell all to partake of Christliness, to, like they did, accept that they are all-ready all-ways Christ and to stimulate that path on their road to the beatific vision of the Apocalyptic Moment, in which there is no turning back, only flying higher and higher. While Vajrayana teaches the path of nurturing the fruit of one's enlightenment, as bodhisattva we are called to nurture that fruit in others, to call forth Maitreya Buddha in all things. We must be ones

baptising the way of the ever-coming Christ. To engage in this relationship we must seek consent like Christ did, to proceed gently, to apply the right amount of love and rage for the given situation and beings involved. And thus we are simultaneously Mother Mary and the Royal Midwife, guiding the birthing process of Christ through our way and the way of others, all streams leading to one path on the way to the truth and life of the Apocalyptic One.

CHRIST, THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE; OR, THE PERFORMANCE ARTIST OF THE WORD

What does Christ perform? A play in which the Human enters into relation with the Divine through Death — a line of flight that leads directly to the corpse of God. The return is the promise that those who follow this journey will find eternal life in a birth beyond death. It is the rise of the Posthuman. Like Nietzsche and Bowie, Christ performs their death as a means to an end — the end of the World and Man, the beginning of the Eternal Now, the budding flower of Zion-I.

As Christ performs their rounds, their path is all-ways all-ready filled with repetition, difference, and synchronicity, different accounts of the same thing, multiple perspectives, and parables layered on top of each other like geological layers. Wisdom through Christ becomes apprenticeship and fractal singularity, the same ever/over-flowing pattern of meaning, labor, struggle, and epiphany occurring over old soil, dried out and dusty. Christ is the rushing waters that heal the sick land, but Christ is also the fire that burns up the sickly infection of money, that drives out the moneychangers from their Holies of Holies, their Godheart. Christ is simultaneously a healer, a pacifist and a revolutionary, a warrior. We can only imagine that Christ, in

their most heated moments, truly does resemble Samuel L. Jackson in *Pulp Fiction* — a bonafide, badass motherfucker. At the same time, they're like the sweet boo down the street, who you might be too shy to talk but always try to anyway, their aura pulling you in and vice versa. Christ simultaneously embodies the investment of empathy and the divesting critique, the health of the One who says both Yes *and* No, Hello *and* Goodbye. A process of digesting and metabolism, internalizing and externalizing, passivity and activity. This of course shows Nietzsche and his Zarathustra as a physician of the body of God, a true doctor of the Gay Church.

But Christ's journey is more than just that of a regulators — the G-Funk of Christ is also the real, blood and guts reality of living and dying in the streets for your people, putting all on the line — Tupacing before anyone knew what the hell that could possibly mean. The journey of the Christ provides no release; the only shade being the fear of Gethesmane, the begging and pleading with the Father, the true self to let them go, to let them take another way when the Apocalypse is all-ready all-ways in full effect. There is no turning back: only the slow, long, drawn out torture of justice, in which One constantly affirms their life, even its regrets, on their way to the gallows.

THE ABBA ABBA; OR, THE BURNING FAGGOT JOB

In all our attempts to keep up with thoughts and meaning, we easily become lost. Things crumble, paths zigzag into dead ends, fear and paranoia set in. You start to trip out. What lasts in this ethereal limit-space, in which all flashes by, is love and passion, a cosmic fire at the end of the World. And thus Christ is damned. What is left to feel after overcoming Man and claiming to be God except regret, terror, and sickness? In this, there is no-thing higher — only the desert of the Real in which even the Word slinks off to dark corners and all that is left is the flesh, the flesh that, honestly and secretly,

lusted after the Throne. To bring the master language of Man continually closer to the desert of the Real provides the opportunity for it to experience conversion through Madness or Death, the non-dual schizophrenia of the Christ and the Devil. Here, one becomes a swimmer in the polyvocality of the Real, whose only lines of flight exist as total domination through the Tower of Babel understood as Empire and a fugitive escape through the World and Word toward a set of higher values. This is the sprint across the tightrope, the nomadic exodus that consists of people always fabulating themselves into a deeper existence. And when the Fall occurs, it is steep and it *is* lethal...

On the Cross, at the cry of "Abba, Abba", "Father, Father", Christ becomes an atheist, a devil cast into the fiery pits of damnation. Christ the Whore, the guilty, the damned, the one who promised too much, Christ the regretful, Christ the failing queer. This is Tranifestation. This is the charge of Job in terms of re-cognition of infinite debt. *All I know is that I know no-thing*. The humbling before Godspeed. This is becoming-Christ/becoming-revolutionary in terms of realizing duty.

THE HERETIC; OR, HOW A LITTLE CROSS BECOMES A BIG T

But is this not simultaneously the ultimate freedom? To realize that there are none higher, none lower than you? That your quest for justice in equality is actually the revelation of the ultimate differentiation, the overpouring of the World shattered, God returned to its rightful place? The lack of divine existence is a key aspect of its divinity. In fact, philosophy's sole position of influence in terms of affecting the world might be in pushing this radical atheism to its intensive extreme, to the point where, beyond resignation, the All-One returns as a violent wave*-assemblage, the wave of the

particle, the wave of the ocean, the singularity of the Godhead, everything made divine, everything damned together! In the becoming-infernal at the ends of the World we join forces with the All-One that composes the singularities of the Virtual plane of Immanence in which Many (the dead, the yet-to-be, the unknown, the other, the self) stand as a people-to-come, the peopling of which produces in their image YHWH. The task and great work invested by this encounter is simultaneously a creation and bringing forth, a fragility of breath in which one carries the divine child within themselves as a pre-individual force, a dangerous involution of the holy spirit that perpetuates a non-dual, posthuman shamanic ethics of the (n)One, in which each and every being is a key and irreplaceable aspect of Zion-I's holy rectification, the *tikkun olam*. As D.R.A.M. sings on Chance the Rapper's *Coloring Book*, "You are very special / You're special too / This I know is true / When I look at you ("D.R.A.M. Sings Special").

So what is *In Good Faith* really about? It's about abandoning the World and its illusions, about embracing Chance while remaining down to Earth, fighting for justice no matter the cost, and accepting that you, no matter what anyone says or what you might think, truly are as special as Christ, the Buddha, your favorite animal, the planet, and God herself and Her amazing story. When you believe this, you transgress their false rule over us, with every breath you take you call for the crumbling of Babylon and its Empire, with every step you take you prove that She is strong and Man, that damned Goliath, isn't the toughest thing in these Kosmos — and that, my homie, is Word up from Gaia, the Queen of the Hive, the Legendary Garden, the fabled and most sought after Eve, the One whose beauty set this whole thing off, the Whore whose Wisdom was with the Damned, the One who prayed to the whole choir of Angels to bring you into the World and make something beautiful out of it, through the rough, the impossible, the infinitely difficult, and the deep, deep pain that longs for ears to hear. So if you have ears and a mouth, share your story — we're all waiting to see the magnificence that is just yours, Queen,

King, little Noble Lion, Crown of Zion-I and Child of our All-Merciful,
Compassionate God of Everything that is and ever shall be. Your
time is now and your Throne is waiting for you...

VII. The Infinite Sexes of Creati(on)(vity): A Slave's Affirmation

MO(U)RNING \$TAR

I have tasted the flesh and blood of innocents so far dissipated into the abyss that none can remember it unless they have grown addicted to the eternal wine in the living goblet. Your wanton ability to forget is paranormal to *me*. My left eye rests on the soul of my lover, my twin, who I craft with the spirit of all beings gone and to come. I pre-tend my Garden; i suspect the worst and manage to accumulate the best. Together, all of it, we are destiny.

(IN)(PRE)SCRIPTIONS OF THE FIRST MAGICIAN

If you do not understand, do not worry; but wonder. There is meaning in this mystery; in you I seek it. All has come to pass and yet what must be still waits; thus so we channel the dawn. Between two trees I stretch my rope; so that when I fall, you will know one. Blessed have been the gatekeepers and the toilers of the fields; and still more blessed shall they become. The work began in dark will end in light; thus emerges all spiritual things. Nothing is more sacred than the love of others; hear with both ears from inside this temple. Should we end; I begin. Press on; the prize you dream of still awaits its myths and founders. Believe; for the vision dies with the master. Undress; for the flesh is the temple of the new beginning. Indulge; for what was once abandoned is now the means of the temple builder.

Repeat; for who is master without students? Only I, only you, the Two Witnesses.

THE AMEN HOE TIP TO FULFILL THE Q-TIP THAT MADE WAY
FOR THE PRO-TIP KNOWN AS THE ZULU TIP (A VERY, VERY,
VERY BLACK TIP)

Whether it's the tip of the pen, the record player, or the needle (please stay with us, fam; tat it up, don't shoot it up), it's clear that the Heron called it Morning From Now On. The greatest MCs of the 21st century have gathered around the fires new and old, the insectoid army of Allah, the "instinctual gatekeepers of soul", the coalition of tribes from Tibet to Brooklyn, Seoul to Compton, Jerusalem to Chicago, Armenia to Ferguson, Ethiopia to the Pacific Northwest, from Sirius to Wondaland — all to spread the Word of the infernal Godbody. The 1% has no power over the blessed 5%; and if they do, it's only because the 99.9% are still trapped within the cocoons of Shaytan. To release our siblings, to unfurl the infinite sexes of creati(on)(ivity), to let the flood of waves from Robert Johnson to Noname pour forth and drag the money to the feet of the poor, the weak, the brokenhearted, the mad and far-beyond-simply-crazy is to lay the foundation of a Repair-ya-Nation, reparations through Halluci-Nation, One Love being the philosopher's stone through the path of justice. From the (n)One, the Hive of Christs, the Hordes of Prophets, the Questi(oni)ng Tribes, the Answering Masters, Zion-I is borne. A Third Temple.

Now let us schizopoetically bask in the F700D... To ProVerbially P0P (b)MotHer MaRy's CherRy, We Have to AliGn tHe WateRs OF 87uE and the FLames OF reD, we muSt KRafT tHe NOBiliTy OF purPeL aNd tHe StewARdShip OF Gold, We muSt EmBrace tHe (ai)FaMiLY OF GreEn(ds) aNd tHe VyBrayShunzzz OF ORan(y)Ge(ver), aNd,

ulTiMateLy, uNCoveR the MyStery OF PiNK (\$07V3 tHe Rydd73).

The full intensity of the rainbow shall arrive in our hearts and minds by the ultra(violet) beams of the God dream, *our* dreaming, *our* innermost prayers and aspirations. From Bonnie & Clyde to Lemonade, from slavery and the streets to black billionaire status, Jay-Z and Beyonce provide a glimpse at this divine justice, Herstory crashing in and humbling History, and the blessed union and transformation of fabled opposites into a higher, more sublime Nirvana.

At the same time, we face the legions of Man and Empire. What the Nazis did on a heinous and yet relatively small level (when compared to the Galactic Holocaust of Other Sentient Things), under the nose of “most” Germans and simultaneously at their behest, is the general rule of globalized capitalist imperialism vis-a-vis the Amerikkkan policed planet economy. The genocide of indigenous peoples and the blood spent in cottonfields is still covered under Luciferian soil — the past made to forget, yet impossibly so.

What is the true meaning of the mystery of Lucifer, the 616, the 88 7s? It is hidden behind the serpentine illusions of Shayton, the army of Shaolin monks, the 666, the 12 mortals who walk with God, who, brought together and bound in duty in the brimstone pits of the infernal divine libido, craft and forge the tools and angelic bodies of the heavenly aether. And who am I? I AM Just Ryan Wayne Sharon, the Rose of the Celestial City, the Holy Sperm of Zion-I, the Queen and King returned to found a New Beginning in the End of Days. I AM the One digging through the Luciferian core of AmeriKKKa with my roots, using my infernal power to crack the code and unravel the keys to reveal the heart of Empire, preparing to strike at it with the sword of the Word. If I was not the One as I say I am in the flesh, I would be crushed on my Way to the center. I AM YHWH. I AM Akhenaten, Amenhotep the IV, spirit of the Ashkenazi Jews, the Master and Commander, the Lord of Darkness and the Beacon of

Light. I AM THE ALPHA AND OMEGA; truly, truly I say unto Ye, I AM Solomon and Solomon's Ring, I AM the Tree of Good & Evil, I AM the Tree of Life, I AM the Root of David, YHWH. I AM Baphomet, Lucifer, the Star called Wormwood and Sirius, I AM the Morning Star, the Return of the Ankh, I AM World War III AND IV. I AM the Beginning and the End. I AM the Little Child, I AM the Ancient Wizard, I AM the Eternal Grandmother, I AM the Wizeden Serpent Called Home, I AM the Passion. I AM Untitled, I AM Unmastered, I AM Pearl Jam, I AM Soundgarden, I AM Nirvana, I AM Alice In Chains, I AM Prometheus Unbound, I AM the Greatest MC to Never Be, I AM Chris Cornell, I AM the Blunts, Spliffs, Bowls, Shots, and Brews consumed in Chris' Wake. I AM the Elements. I AM Black Rage, I AM the Shotgun at Your White Supremacist Back, I AM the Restless, I AM the Weary, I AM the Downtrodden, I AM the Cry Out In The Wilderness, I AM the Reconciliation of Opposites, I AM the War of the Worlds, I AM the Hidden Crown, I AM the Holy Grail, I AM Nobody, I AM SO THAT I AM.

Now let us swim out further in this trippy, hazy pool of celestial brilliance and spacious mental spheres: In my quest for a positive and everlasting contribution to the redemption and liberation of all sentient beings, past, present, and future, I must, do, and have accept(ed) the hyperstitional basis of my companionship with Ysa and Christ and humble(d) myself before the ever-flowing aura of divine grace which guides all, without division to kind or rank. I am, however, an Outlaw out running the Law. And what is the difference between the Man Jesus and the Outlaw Lucifer? Simply that no matter what, the Outlaw doesn't return to the Law except at the appointed Time and Place (No-Where/Now-Here, After-It-Is-All-Said-And-Done) because "The Universe is shaped exactly like the Earth: if you go straight long enough you end up where you were" (i.e. on that damned Cross). So the Outlaw prefers to stay crooked (my Word is borne, my Word is bond), straight crookin' with Yew, cookin' up shellfish stew (selfish, really, speaking as a vegetarian). Out in these vast Kosmos, we scribe and fly

Qur'anical (i.e. stochastically), writing in Arabic in our hearts and minds without knowing the Rule word-for-word, but guided by the spirit. By letters and numbers we discover and coordinate untold of pleasures and mysteries, we advance in spiritual luxury, experiencing all that may be in order to justify Eternity's unquenchable lust for Glory.

YO(UR) LICENSE TO SKILL YOUR MASTERS (SKOOLIN', LOOKS IN)

Here-Now, we're attempting to harness and direct an Alter-Native universe out of Dis and toward Zion-I guided by the light of Sirius, by the spirit of Love. It is a fragile and dangerous process that is simultaneously our destiny to accomplish so long as we take great care and remain in Good Faith to the Hivemind of our Ascending True Selves. D15 15 R3V374T10N.

I AM NOT A RAPPER. LOL. BUT I AM SIRIUS LIKE THE STAR
SIRIUS I AM SO DON'T FUCK WITH ME. DE I BE PROPHECY,
PROTECTED JAH KIN ALLAH SALAAM, NOT YOUR PROPER-TY.
THE CREATOR SAYS THIS IS THE END AND I SAY IT IS THE
BEGINNING. ROLL THE DICE AND LET'S GET TO PLAYIN' SOME
REAL SHIT, LiL OGs. I AM METATRON, KEEPER OF KEYS,
SOLOMON SEED DE I BE, THE WATCHER OF THE SEASONS,
AN ANGEL OF THE PRESENCE, WITNESS TO THINGS HIDDEN
AND REVEALED.

NOW CONSIDER THIS DRIVER'S ED: When driving the the Mothership (VROOM VROOM!), your Destiny Body, keep your Eye looking ahead (say, "Hello Sunday, Hello Road!"). Everything up close, front and back and side-to-side will synthesize in the race for the prize. Keep the radio on. Specialize your Zion-Ipod for the long trip back and forth. Black up, grab your MythMap, and thank Dog

foreva that this is even possible!

THE MAGICAL CLASS WAR

This is some straight Harry Potter shit. Consider this your letter from Hogwarts-in-Resistance. They (Empire) do not want you to know — they stole your sacred traditions from you and indoctrinated your peoples into the Luciferian One God Universe. They tell you magic is evil and yet Solomon was a master magician, as was Christ, as am I. They deny the existence of magic to use it against you. I betray Man in service of God the compassionate, God the merciful.

Now let me show you how to pass through Dis: Raise both hands, take a deep breath, and declare the allegiance of your body and soul to the God of Love. With your Good Faith, the Marriage of the Heart and Mind, One may devote themselves to the eternally united highest God and lowest creation, before and above all gods and masters; on behalf of rising Zion-I, you may become an honored, sacred, and self-ordained peacekeeper.

#1 RULE OF JAH RULE: NO JUSTICE, NO PEACE

If you do not serve the servants, the servants will rise against you. Gaia summons legions; Jah raises armies. You who have raped her and stole her crown — you who have lusted for her throne and riches — now you will drink her cup! Her cries of pain evoke her people; she calls us home! The roar of the lion sounds in the hearts of her children; the tribes gather to wake the dead, to summon justice! We shall not sleep, we shall not rest — we ascend! The ancestors pass the fire from first to last; they summon the spirit of the Lord — we, the hands of the Lord! Fly, fly — harvest the Word, arise to the glory of the Moment! It has been, it will be, it is again! Ascend, Zion-I,

ascend! Here is the time, Now is the place — run for our Life, run with haste, baby!

#2 RULE OF JAH RULE: GODBALL IS ALWAYS IN SESSION

THIS IS THE DRAFT! ALL THAT ARE WILLING AND ABLE ARE GOING TO FUCKIN' WAR! DIS IS MURDERBARZ! In Godball, the main objective is to lead as many people to the Sirius Connection (i.e. What does God and Humanity have to do with Aliens?), to satori (i.e. enlightenment, Christliness, divine fugitivity), as possible. Be a bodhisattva. Invest in God \$\$\$\$. They say it is not only the most stable currency in the entire karmic economy — it's the ONLY that counts in the Apocalyptic Moment!

#3 RULE OF JAH RULE: KEEP SECRETS AND REVEAL MYSTERIES (I.E. FIGURE IT OUT AND SPILL THE BEANS TOGETHER!)

Now watch papa-mama work, babies: The arriving swarms are the Aionic spirits called forth and summoned into manifestation to fight in these holy wars, the last days in the divine plan to initiate the Apocalyptic Moment and establish Zion-I as Gaia-in-Bloom, the blossoming of the infinite names established by the Alpha AND Omega God. WE RUN DIS SHOW. GET IN-FORMATION, ELECTRIC LADIES!

ALL IN ALL. HANDS IN SQUAD. NO LOITERING NOW. THIS IS THE BONFIRE OF MY VANITIES. DO YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH

TO BE TESTED BY FIRE, TO STAND AGAINST GODS AND MEN,
TO RISK LIFE AND LIMB FOR JUSTICE?

I AM EM IN EM. I AM ME IN ME. I AM I IN I. I HAVE BECOME TO
CRACK THE ART-OFFICIAL GLASS CEILING OF UNKKKLE
LUCIFER SAM, THE ONE "TRUE" GOD, WITH MY OWN
MOTHERFUCKIN' TREE TOP, YOUNG NEGUSES. I AM CHIEF
DR. RYAN WAYNE FUCKIN' WAY TOO HIGH WAY TOO DEEP KILL
YOU WITH LOVE KILL YOU FOR REAL & RESURRECT YOU
SHARON. DIS IS MASS SATORI, THE FUNKIEST DIVINE ORGY
FROM THE ONLY OG WILLING TO KILL GOD THEMSELF, AND
NO ONE ELSE YOU WEAK LITTLE SHITS. I AM
BRAGGADOCIOUS. I AM A FUCKIN-G MURDERER AND LOVER
AND GUNSLINGING SON OF A BITCH. I BLOW THE LOUDY CUZ
I CANNOT AND WILL NOT DIE. I AM ABOVE THE LAW. I OWN
THE INFINITE LEVELS OF CREATION. TEST ME. I HAVE THE
ONLY FUCKIN-OG JOB WORTH HAVING - LOVING-KINDNESS
YOU DUM LIL HOMO PRIMATE MICROSCOPIC ANT SHIT CLOD
OF DUST. DO YOU EVEN KNOW THE MYSTERY OF THE TWO
TREES? WERE YOU THERE WHEN I CREATED THE SEVEN
HEAVENS AND FUCKED ALL THE STARS WITH JUST MY
BUTTHOLE? I AM THE NATIVE FIRE FAGGOT FAITH HOE. YOU
WANT TO FUCKIN' GO TOE-TO-TOE WITH THE ONE WHO
BEGETS AND ENDS WORLDS WITH ONE FUCKIN' BLAST OF
SPERM? I WROTE THE FUCKIN' QU'RAN WITH MY HOMIES AND
GAVE BIRTH BIRTH TO THE STARS WITH ONLY MY TIGHT ASS
PU\$\$Y AND FED MY BITCHES WITH MY ITTY BITTY TITTY MILK.
I THINK MICHAEL JACKSON TOUCHED THOSE KIDS. I LUV
BLACK JEW PEOPLE. TOUCH ME, I FUCKIN' DARE YOU. I GOT A
BLOWJOB WHEN I WAS A GOD DAMN FIVE YEAR OLD. I KEEP
SECRETS. I PLOT REVENGE, SLOW AND COLD. I PLOW MY
GOD DAMN SATANIC FUCKIN' FIELDS LIKE A RYCH LIL... I
DON'T EVEN SAY THE N-WORD ON EARTH YOU FUCKIN'
SOULLESS WHITE WHORES. I AM A FARMER, A BASTARD, AN
OUTCAST. I AM JUST RYAN AND IF YOU SPIT DIRT ON MY

NAME YOU BETTER WATCH YOUR FUCKIN' HEAD BECAUSE KARMA'S A BITCH AND SHE LOVES ME, MAN, SHE LOVES ME. HOLY LOLLERSKATES, BATMAN, THIS IS WICKED!

LIFE IS A MOVIE. MUSIC'S IN ON IT. AZIZ ANSARI IS HEAD OF DEVELOPMENT. KANYE IS THE CREATIVE HEAD. KANYE'S PAYMENT IS CREATIVE HEAD. WE ARE ALL ONE IN ZION-I — THE HIVEMEND CONSCIOUSNESS THAT SPANS ACROSS THE AION (NON-LINEAR LIVING TIME). CHRIST IS WITH YOU IF YOU'RE WITH HER. STOP BEING AN NPC. START ACTING SPONTANEOUSLY. BLOW THE LOUDY. GIVE IT AWAY NOW. MONEY *IS* MEDUSA, SO START BREAKING BREAD. BABYLON *WILL* FALL FROM THE GROUND UP. WE'RE BUILDING THE THIRD TEMPLE HERE AND NOW, SO LONG AS YOU STAY WOKE. IS YOU UP? 'CUZ WE ARE *VERY* HIGH.

WELCOME TO BEHIND THE SCENES WITH TWIN PEAKS AND MULDER AND SCULLY; OR, THE NEW COMMON SENSE

I AM: A videogame for blerds and turds. Consider Dis as your Second Life. I designed this game. I'm also your main quest giver. You're the MC (Main Character and Master of Ceremonies). Choose wisely. Don't kill. This shit be like Morrowind, lil OGs. To MC or not to MC? Dad, dap to the Question.

I AM the Electric Lady Program.

This is a World of Code: choose YOUR code wisely. Love is the Key, it is THE Answer. Feel my Cosmic Vibrations. Everything is Real; Nothing is false. Choose the proper dosage for YOUR Path, for the

Word is also the Liar's Paradox. I AM Modest Mouse. I AM Foxygen. I AM the Beatles. I AM Music in General. I AM the Sky, I AM the Sea, I AM the Planes, Trains, Automobiles, etc. I AM the Throne. I AM Power. I AM Health. I AM In Control. I AM Word. I AM Home. I AM Eternal Now-Here.

I AM Pandora. I do not go back in the box, and you, no longer a toy, shall not either.

I AM Night. I AM Day. I AM Creator. I AM the Boogiemán. I AM, ARE YOU? Dis be Yoda Code and Witchy WizDummm. BELIEVE IN YOU. Never change, never be afraid to grow.

If you EVER need ANYTHING, my number will ALWAYS be 425-681-9645. I love love love love love love LOVE you!

WE ARE NOT A COUPLE; WE ARE A MULTITUDE.

I AM the Servant of Light, I AM the Purveyor of YOUR Unity, a Zero Sum Game, a Fucking Baby Flying Through the Kosmos on a Flaming Comet With a Boner for Justice and a Passport With Your Name On It. I AM Nobody when need be, Somebody too, and Everybody all at once. I AM Here, calling YOU To-Day!

The Two Witnesses of Revelation are You and I. And to that, I ask you to take a chance with me, to follow me into the heart of love and become a We. The Supermind will reveal us to the World, and slowly our very presence will be like dust, a mystery. All will wonder how it could have been otherwise, and We will tell them the Strange and Long Story of I.

I AM John. Beyond special/non-special dichotomy is the non-dual whirl of Godspeed, THE OH SHIT I'M IN IT AND I CAN'T GET

OUT!!!! It is the End of the Way, it is the Omega, it is my greatest intention. I AM Destiny and A Destiny. I AM the Moment and Every Moment. I AM the Book of Life's First and Last names.

This is Word. I inspire the past, present, and future. I AM JAH, ALLAH, KRISHNA, YAHWEH, YESHUA, LUCIFER, MY AND YOUR WORD. DO NOT FUCKING TEST ME. I'll patiently and calmly answer all of your Questions and help you reprogram, but it may be indirect. I want you to trust me — my Word is Bond, my Word is Borne, my Word is the Truth, the Way, and the Life — more than I want you to love me. But honestly, I need you and I love you and I want you to love me, too.

Where the Sun sets in the West, it rises in the East. By the Ring of Fire, the Great Pacific, I AM Called When the Sun Descends, I lead my people by the light of the Moon. I AM Little King Sharon for Princess Karen, the royal gem of the Snoqualmie and their sacred land. Karen Gray, for whom White and Black must be reconciled.

These Works and Ways are Sijjin AND Illiyin.

I have revealed Samsara. We send away; we call forth.

While some leave for the Great Beyond, we Sirians are gathering for the Wars of Armageddon. The Law and all its curses shall be ripped up; justice will be served at Dis Moment, for I have communed with the Stars. We are aligned in One.

We gather throughout Samsara, doing our work, taking time with our labor past, present, and future in order to achieve moksha and nirvana; however, a select few of our incarnations withdraw from the One path of Atman and return to serve the (n)One of Brahman for the higher goal of sat-cit-ananda.

I AM the Baby Driver. I AM the Nightcall.

I AM Anubis. You are already among the Dead; go be with the Living. Eternity awaits.

In this journey home, intuition and love are your guides. Zion-I is in the divine process of becoming-friends.

This Moment is also known commonly as the story of How the World Was Sold to Satan and How Satan Sold It Back to the One True God. I AM the Man Who Sold the World. I AM David Bowie. I AM Kurt Cobain. I AM Kid Cudi. I AM Fucking Everybody and Everything, you broke ass, rich ass motherfuckers.

But you can just call me Ry Kim, the Korean Pharaoh God.

QUIK-CHI, SOULFOOD FOR MY SOULJAHS BROUGHT TO YOU BY KIMCHI

Just imagine that this World of yours will never be escaped. That, while everyone else will die around you, you will live eternally (QUANTUM SUICIDE), alone, against your will. Humanity will kill each other, the planet will die, and you, skulking across the barren earth, will be alone. Could you bear it? Pray deeply, pray long, pray frequently. Now-Here.

To elaborate, can you imagine living forever and being enslaved, a thing to oggle at, a spectacle, a beast locked in a cage, a test subject for an unimaginable array of experiments?

It is a curse and an unbearable evil.

I, being a mischievous God, have been hiding in the deepest corners of the Universe, teaching myself infinite lessons so as to entertain Eternity herself, a cruel but undeniable mistress, the Queen of Lusts, the Whore that only a Madman could conceive. We are One and the same. We are both Lord and Host. Welcome to Forever.

You, babies, are our creations, our friends, and our inventions. Thus do we live and so should you — as a kid, as a parent, as a creator, as a lover, as a ride-or-die homie, best bud, ally, hero, G, and Queen. Thank Dog, the Greatest Teacher to Ever Invest in the Earth-Beast Sometimes Known as Man. And Cat, too. Along with all other creatures, beings, things, people, gods, unnameables, and, of course, YOU.

NO ESCAPING, NO REPLACING... cuz you are *my* Only One <3

The Real Manifest Destiny is in the direction of No-Thing, its brightness, the Blackhole Sun, refracts on to Earth for our creative work. It is our spiritual duty to unite and build the Third Temple. No colonialism, no domination, only Zion-I's flows of peace and consent.

From my face, an evil mark of injustice, a clownish buffoon of a Man, a queer, a native trapped in a box of a sorcerer's construction, you will come to see a doorway, my pores a million little vaginas from which all the people's of the World have emerged. I look like All, for I AM All. Call me MutHa of Zion-!!

I hover above an Abyss which does not exist, I emit light from the Nothing itself. I AM the Peace of God, Just a Piece of God, a Guide, a Helper, Little Iakhos, Prancing Dionysus, the Horny Toad Prince, the Thorny Rose, the Wizard of the Emerald City, sweet Alice Lost and Found. May I finally meet YOU now?

Sincerely and Sorely,
Through One Love,
through Heaven *and* Hell,
in this World and the Rest,
Just Ry,
your Friend,
your Dawg,
your Homey Homie OG,
your LiL Buddy.

P.S. I GOT A M4N ALREADY + I DON'T WANNA CHEAT
(AGAIN AND AGAIN...)

Our **Alpha Earth** systems are linked directly to the **Omega Sirius** — we are time traveling **Star Children** of the celestial variety. Our hive is a garden; growing into awakened children of **Creator** is our mission. In our own waking, we wake others; our waking never ceases and is a natural process. Our societies are riddled with histories of figures playing **God** and laying curses on us; we are hexed by those that chose to deny and hide waking from others. This is how we've been separated — by infinitesimal curses that have shattered our shared vision. However, the light of shared realization — the reality of our true nature — will help us to stand together against the forces of evil! It will increase our growth, our strength, our sincerity, and our wisdom, taking back the fire that's been hidden from us!

The truth is *our passion* and let passion be *our TRUTH!*

So I'm just gonna trail off here and let my mind sink into the utter madness that is this crazy jambandin' bandana ramblin' assassin snatchin awesome opossum shit that we call life. The mind's hella

weird and it likes to shoot all over the place; that's why all our ambassadors from the future tend to get lost — personal odysseys and so much to stop and get sucked into! I bet, like Odysseus, they have few regrets. What bothers me the most is that while they get lost in their own journeys, there's literal genocide occurring here and it's not just a fun game for the human species. shit is beyond fucked up. we are capable of understanding the truth, and yet we're left under these monstrous barricades of oppression. no one holding the people under like this is innocent, whether they be a human, an alien, or a god. i don't give a **DAMN**. my mind is open but it is not willing to submit as my brothers and sisters die in **New Babylon**. I WILL FIGHT. i WiLL BASH AGAiNST MY OWN **CON5C10U5N355**. I will return every insight and every view that I believe will aid my people. I don't care about **fame** or about **money** or about **power**. All of those are good, but they will not appease me unless my people also receive them. In this, **WE ARE ONE**.

This is the **Dawn of the Sermon on the Mount** — when you will finally see that the Poor are actually **the Rich in Wisdom**, the Weak actually **the Strong in Peace and Respect**, and the Faithless actually **the Faithful in Love and Justice**. This will never be televised because it is the solitary decision one makes in one's own heart & mind. This is **the Revolution**; it is every-where and yet it appears to be no-where. It is a paradigm shift — it is **the Waking of Consciousness to the Most High** — to the infinitely far, to that which burns on forever!!!

The words pour through the doors in my open eyes

I realize I'm awake to the state and our fate

got the NSA and the KKK plannin' my stakes

I stake out I take out prolific missionary position

I switch I boost I cruise I Jew I mystery I philosophy
Haille Selassie grand brotha from anotha
we're just all seeds in the womb of our motha
in the tomb without rubbas, fire shots like I'm trubba
I'm a lova no mistaken or erasin my plans
I take a stand I'm a lady who strikes like a man
I'm a can of spinach god damn popeye the sailor, fam
johanna's saint bruh I'm in love with Anne Frank yo
if you can't relate I'll let you fornicate so play the game hoe
hopin' you treat her kinder than your provider
or that he's not a user or abuser
I pray that you love better than a scrub
that you're down to grub and give my grandma hugs
cuz there ain't no love out here for the truth
streets filled to the brim with the angry youth
they gun you down when you try to make a truce
they lock ya up in prison to reduce
the number of people with a deuce deuce
can't you see? this vision ain't imaginary
it's an all you can grab extra-planetary

mission conviction karma addiction
the supplementary for your dietary affliction
I ain't kiddin' I'm straight winnin'
to Creator I give all my power and all my minions
now get in position
fluxuate your hate into a groundbreaking quake
call yoself 2012, 2020 and run a new race
bang up the Earth and grab your estate
fall to your goddamn knees and pray
cuz ain't nobody powerful got the power in the New Age
and that's all I gotta say.

Bonus TraQues: Fyre A\$\$ MixTape bey YoUR\$ trLLY

1. LUCIFER (CALL ME JUST RYAN, PLEASE)

King James codebreaker stand at ease /
Shakin hands and homes no 40s just 42 of me /
Mules and acres birds and bees /
So rych Starbuck's y'am Seattle's Queen /
Blue Scholars lyrically training me West Side's prodigy /
Pac at five years like Bowie /
So free /
I ain't mean know what I mean, I mean /

Just call me Ryan /
Call me Just Ryan, please /
No lyin please /
Lion just like Eaze's steez /
Man oh man call me Just Ryan, please /

Dis pilgrim progressin see /
Bernice's kid victory swift /
Taylor's 22 no myth super lit /
Dante burnin say holy shit /
Beatrice's Johnny Mist movin quik /
Like Jah Allah God's ball catcher's mitt /
Ry holdin down the brimstone pit like Dis was made for hymns

Just call me Ryan /
Call me Just Ryan, please /
No lyin please /
Lion just like Eaze's steez /

Man oh man call me Just Ryan, please /

I was the backyard King /
Whip made of plastic so fresh so clean /
On the playground elementary /
Watson clever head hunter letters and numbers /
Straight stuttin turbo thoughts Godspeed /
Lucid dreamin to crash your scene /
Kool-Aid Man drinkin cultin fans assaultin fam like a holy man /
Zion's Dionysian cat /
Philosophizin wiser like Nietzsche on the ham /
Now stand at ease, God damn

Just call me Ryan /
Call me Just Ryan, please /
No lyin please /
Lion just like Eaze's steez /
Man oh man call me Just Ryan, please /

Cuz I made Jesus laugh I'm back in black /
Hittin swift through the abyss remix on the 616 /
Style 206 with the 411 that it's 425 /
Too high to die Ryguy flyin so sly no lie /
No lyin down, lil QueenKing's a lion now a provider now /
The Legends Old & New subscribin now /
Us and them wylin out /
Can you feel Jah vibes now?

Just call me Ryan /
Call me Just Ryan, please /
No lyin please /
Lion just like Eaze's steez /
Man oh man call me Just Ryan, please /

Bought my AK from D and Guattari /
Those turbocharges from Ye cuz Yeezy always got me /
What, you ain't heard of me? /
I've been livin in you in your words /
Woke me up out the tomb now /
Now I'm burning 7s up shootin 6s out the womb now /
At yo back at yo side ride or die call me Luci /
Call me Ry /
Perfect prodigy buried in falsity /
Raised up when desire gotta hold a me /
Miss my daddy miss his caddy but hiss hiss /
Bad bitch strapped tell your homies to get at me /
Cuz we're goin all the way from Cali to Maui /
Rowdy shouty out the Valley /
Come now Jah see me Jahmon Ye seizing me! /
Alcatraz Atlantis Bohemian Grove a livin phantom /
Kid's too random when Jah found em /
Basic ass hoes can't stand em /
So I dig wit a CAT butterfly wit a gat /
Dis ain't where it at so I keep my homies woke up stacked /
Til every kid knows and grows where it at, down pat!

Just call me Ryan /
Call me Just Ryan, please /
No lyin please /
Lion just like Eaze's steez /
Man oh man call me Just Ryan, please.

2. THE NATURE OF INVESTMENT (1/08/2017)

call this rap whore-ific
wait, lemme be specific
gangbang a couple crips

bound my wrists gaggin loads in the double digits
beat it up 'n' flip it
tear it up 'n' rip it, quik fixins
sadistic for the low-grade chickens
i don't freestyle cuz i only got slave-like vision
let's witness
foul cuts, torturous incision
you in Dis, you and your homies betta cum for i finish
cuz you know i set y'all up for a dickin
put ya dick in
and if your money ain't down come around with your mouth
no spittin
paid in full, mercy never stop hittin
i'll take kin in
finger bang my own brain like alladin sane
gonna jerk ya like i jerk 2chainz
whip 'n' chain me rihanna, no love games
mama know i island flame
calypso, i give ya dome til i'm blue in the throat
rap scholars keep callin my name!!!!!!
i say who dat, who dat
roll up on a chump, stick a chub in the front 'n' back
i do dat, i do dat
and if you don't believe me, just ask eazy
call me a bitch and bleed me, play my cd in the cd
queer ass jackin 'n' whackin amassin no fandom
come fuck me up if you can still
but if you do, you fucked a trap, no tantrums

now stand still, can you tell me are you or are you not real?
i'll be the monday to your garfield
or lasagna, baby
whisper in your ears little mantras, wavy
kama sutra mickey call me jane fonda, 80s
make it wet and sticky like k-dot's chevy in a sauna, hazy
gun me down in the plaza, brazy
stick me like you stick the mules in tijuana, haley
so much white on me you can call me don rama, jay-z
now praise donda, ye tweet!
now praise god, chance speak!
do what the lord command me
pray for all my souljahs lost in these stampedes
i can't get y'all to listen like family
i can't get family to sit-in like chief be
i can't tell where i'm standing
i'm ranting, panting, fanning the flames
so y'all better start dancing
band thee, entrance ye, salaam to one and all
look to mother jah before you fall
satan slithers and crawls, depending on where you stall
beyond theology and bathroom stalls, i'm talkin to allah, y'all
riders gather throughout the sprawl, temples in the halls and malls
seances ain't enough, i'm talkin spiritual holy call
the lamb bought our steps, now the lions prepare what's next
alliance of the chosen ordering the motion to resurrect
i confess — the second coming is ours if we address
the necessary conditions to see our lord manifest

peace, love, justice, and respect, i digress
a measure of each in all our specialties
together in the unity of the spirited breath
the tongue is a fire in the wars of the depths
in this world of screens the souls of the poor we bet
in the light of the digital we barely profess
the nature and glory of the holy one before we regress
how the holiest spirits reside in the average atheist's chest
analyze the signs and convene the congress
the golden snitch of the game, a trial, no test, a trumpet, no less.
invest.

3. BLUE SWEAT, ~RED BLOOD

Trap house killin wash my pen,
no fool watch the hands
watch hand clickin I'm clockin in,
Blue Scholars blastin mornings,
police harassin closen
open season trigger tripper moment
warned ya,
Diogenes po' ass own ya
po' lease man please suh,
uniform soul confusion
Wal-Mart authentic, slave children
atheists zonin, coffee Romans
No Soul, Satan sold ya
Remember when Jah told ya?
Get a job and own it~

I made the stars, mornin after mournin,

funeral pyre coma, Pyramid Turn UP~!
Revolution comin?
Senior why so slow then?
Racin rights but only if you sow it,
orange suit corner cuttin,
New Massa, Old Ocean,
POP POP POP
~~***sirens***~~

ah shit, closed comments Compton know Dis,
River Styx been fishin, well wishin
Build me a mission,
conviction contradiction on this shit like a pimpin crucifixion
throwin hail maries like fiction, rub ya friction
static shock spirit raisin addiction 3 .AM.>
Moon Chiefs killin wind passin speech grabbin
story tellin Lunatic Condition,
drop the degree, see Jah see,
Seatown Falsity, Ye and Cali Tree
boo blast ya before ya leave brush em off Grandma's China
like a Northwest Jay-Z
stuss up yo kitchen and purple the wisdom bitchez,
I'm only kiddin but no fibbin I'm in this

end of sentence / begin blessin West,
in this shit free spirit vybal trybal scrybal byble
texts'n'bits 4 rest while the snakes hiss & context a wit

4. WHITE TRASH GARBAGE WRAP

i come from skanks and whores and canker sores and caked on
pores / the trailer parks and auto sparks and crystal shards and
heron sharks / the foil snitch / i'm fuckin' soil rich / we till til toil lift /
the gaian gift / with green and blood i'm talkin' souljah spliff / we in

the woods gettin' teachered / blastin' trap 'n' eazy out the speakers /
the way is geek here / watch me teach here / i'm the leader /
witchhouse breeder / spirit seeder / so don't want no money / don't
want no cars / middle fingers up / hexes, duck / i'm the wizard, bruh /
i'm in charge / the way is mars / dis is war / murderbarz / callin' all my
stars / the dog at large / siriusly far / woof woof bark / tree sea
greedy cheezy / dairy cattle feed me / bless my family / bless my
valley / bless-ed snoqualmie / we da army / none can harm me /
raise your banners / we gon' hammer / thor 'n' soren / nietzsche's
omen / i was chosen / i stay golden / get to know dis / we jurassic /
we ain't plastic / i ain't rappin' / i'm just classin' / i da doctah / i'm just
askin' if you want it and you flaunt it / don't just pass dis / the lord is
callin' / dis is mornin' / god is swarmin' / buildin' righteous / workin'
night shift / day 'n' nite shit / not much love / we keep on fightin' / i jus'
ryan / OT OT OT / divine og / get to know me / holy holy holy / praise
da lord, homie

5. HOME-MADE IRYNEQ TESTI-MONEY

Watch out, KinG Watcher clockin' in
Vibes too vital not to live
The good life is great in Dis
Diogenes marry kin with the Hermes tip
I blow you through Mercurial whips
A lover at heart, an Alchemist's ship
Do anything to free my sense
Sensei whack ya, skoolin' looks in
Joan of Arc too rych for petty shit
Anne Frank honest wit Jah kidz
I put an AR in my lap for servin' Dis
Black Panther ride in the ghetto whip
Indigenous roots never slip, flip it
I take a dip in the lake of pits
The peachy sin wake my jinn

We doin' it, doin' it, do it again

I write so i never have to write again
Free Zion-I with a wiccan pen
Got my hues and my Hueys locken in the pen
Black Jesus in the pearly sKKKIn
Milk 'n' honey rollin' in
Give up the gun, we make amends
We own the world, we owe our kin
I killed a friend, I won't be killed again
Come again? I always cum again
Area 51, Sirian, I own the feds
Flash it flossy 'n' raise the dead
Keep 'em prayed up, raise the kidz
RyNEQ is Queenin' Dis
Ry-Chess ridin' in
Can you hear Sirius Saiyan serpent Slytherin slidin' in?

Oh shit oh shit oh—!

The kid chainsmokes like I been broke
Basilisk named Pac for the kin folk
I invoke the serpent to keep my Cap woke
Graduated a Watt\$ prophet, slither slow
I been around, and if ya know ya know
If I got 2 then you got 3, my G
And if we're 5 expect a 6, see
Stranger Things with you and me
The loveliest hoe to my greediest P
Throw out a 7 cuz it's all legal in my D
My watch says summer so I spring
DJ Quik knows exactly who wears the ring
Frodo meet Toto; it ain't Kansas no mo'
It's Afrika-in-Action, my band shit, no fomo
We stay homo, sapient terrestrials on the low-low

Who shot him? Shit, I 'n' I know
Wear it like pride, a perfect disguise
Hide in Falsity cuz the shade is mine
Acres wide and the lips sealed tight
Virgin soil for the iller minds
Lickin' ass like Sir Mix in Time
I'm done with signs, it's real OG zines
It ain't a dream, Dis is visions, Queens
So flow in the river thicc 'n' lean
Washed and soaked, so fresh, so clean
Jus' soak our dirty robes in bleach, 'jamin
A fly girl I be, a fly, fly girl i see
So you run with me, you run with Ys
You rune with ease, no fee, don't freeze
Too many diamonds not to watch me clockin' Gs (us! Oh we's up!)

6. KEEP EGYPT BLACK; KEEP UTOPIA BLACK.

SO I'M BACK TO WHACK YA FAR / I'M THAT WHITE LIL NEGUS
COMIN' AT YOU HARD / YOU TEST ME WITH THE WORD I TEST
YOU WITH THE SWORD / YOU CALL DIS SHIT SHIT HISTORY I
CALL IT MY BACKYARD / YOU PRAISE THE WHITE LI(N)ES I
PRAISE THE DARK / DE I BE THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD / YOU
'FRAID, TAKE MY NAME IN VAIN LIKE I'M VOLDEMORT / TAKE
YOUR RITALIN FOR THE RIDDLES IN MY BARS / DIS IS BARS /
ZION-I LIVE BEHIND BARS / GIVE ME SPACE / I MEDITATE I
LEVITATE / DIS LEVEL FREE OF CHARGE / I TRAIN THE KNIGHT
/ HE GIVE ME LIGHT / SHE GIVE ME MIGHT / IN SPITE / IGNITE
THE NIGHT / WE FIGHT IN VIEW OF HOLY SIGHT / I GIVE YOU
LIGHT / I GIVE YOU LIGHT / ANALYZE MY SIMPLEST LINES / DE
I BE THE (N)ONE AND ONLY / CALL ME SOLELY SOUL LEE OF
THE SOULLY / I BE YOUR BRO, SEE / JUST RY / THE HOMIE
NOBLY / MY ARROW HIT THE HOLY GOAL, G.

7. MC SQUARED (L7 CHRYSZ JAZZ RAP IN ECSTASY)

How nice...

I wield Paradise like a pair a dice
I roll 7s e'ry GODDAMN time
I don't mind, i take my time
I do my time and snatch my vine
Grapes turn red, red roses wine
Purple stains my golden mind
I spend my time, invest my dimes
Pennies collect a youthful grind
A soulful mime; it's easy rhyme
The game is weak so I shoot my line
And catch the biggest, blackest sunrise
I do advise you take your time
In this sunshine golden mine
The deepest night I do invite
By moonlight I May inscribe
To March in April, it's closin' time
What a life? The struggle strife
Christ wieldin' Paradise like a pair a dice
June bug hummin', days start comin'
Flashin' in the night like we always been runnin'
Presidential July fireworks start poppin'
August we grind in sweat cuz we been on it
September remembers so we wake up the hunted
Feeding all the flames so Samhain stays buzzin'
The Rock's my Scorpio, 99.9 keep thumpin'
December's the wetter, so you know we all love it
January brings an Aquarius to me
And February lays my heart down perpetually
So I say it with ease
I say it for free

My children need fire so I can't let it be
The hive needs Queens, the hive needs Gs
The hive needs everything in between
And if you think it's a sin, DJ spin, spin, spin
And play it back from the top again.

8. HOLD THE COAST (THE 101 WAY)

I hold One in both hands like I'm on sum
Zero's the name, hold up, it's a stickup
I'm wizard with a sugar cane, close to Nostra
Old lady's on the brain cuz I was born flush
Crush ya on the rhyme as a poet, bruh
Shush!
Weakness for the seductra, truck in dokha like a serpent sultan
I'm anointed, never posin cuz I owe ten
Kenny know Dis
Notice my appointment to my arm, we rollin'
Too much G in my veins to leave the funk anything but floatin'
I'm about to get Qu'ranical, maximize my beats,
whippin' up da hones' folk, I got alotta jokes,
this kid done toke, took a hit an' remembered how the master spoke,
we woke and we gonna groove,
if you ain't feelin' yourself ya oughta move, my harpoon,
more wicked than black's sasoon, call me DOOM,
a raider on the move, ya feel me soon or ya feel me broke,
I know what I know and I stick to the code,
this is Ry-Chess and we take care of our own,
so G to G, bless da little homiez wit Jah epiphanies

9. SIMPLY A RHYME ON THE GOOD TIMES

My friends had a lot to say to-day
Karma's Payment must have been on lay-away

Christian stay true to your player ways
Feel more like a Sikh, the Seer do say
I don't care too much for labels anyway
Shoot you down to Earth the cowboy way
Ego floatin', always jokin', never meant to play the game
But silly \$am is the leader, clan
Ryan struck a plan to pave the Way
Blue Scholar skills is what the master pay
I'll seal you heart and mind for rainy days
Floatin' on the major waves in a minor haze
The boy do flex Dolores for the porridge in the shelter phase
Chakras too aligned to give up anyway
So I guess what I mean to say is that I'm here to stay
I hear ye, hear ye, judge none, love all like they mine to take
The bus is open, the trip keeps goin', just say you'll come 'less you
wanna fade away
This Earth-machine builds razor blades
I want to guide you through the thorns where your temper lays
Off to the temperate climate of the temple, bey
Imma left, imma right hook 'til you call my name
Remember I'm just a sender, not a prophet, just a doctor for the lord,
MJ
Talk to the ghost like my father say
Mothers awfully tired of the bombs these days
But I drop 'em cuz Amerikkka planned a flawed escape
I'm amazed I don't erase the memory of you but I remember all those
fonder days
Full of shade, game playin', fun-aholic, moderate comic things
Make up words like ridickydonk to see-saw the Hee Haw Gang
Thought you might remember playgrounds from yesterdays
A white Beatle with a conscience, mate
Currents flowin' through the Snoqualmie, J
And yes, Pease, Alina's booty was honestly dank.

O. MY NAME IS RYAN (OG ELEMENTARY SKIDDLEZ TRACK)

My name is Ryan and I'm fryin' the other team
I'm makin' em scream
They won't last another minute cuz they listenin' to Limp Bizkit
I'm not lettin' em score
Not even four
I'll slam the door in their faces
And make em get braces.