

Cosmic Inquiry

Toby Itsallone • January 03, 2019

Cosmic Inquiry #1

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It had been months since I first learned of the mind virus. I had seen the rise of kek and knew what it meant, and could sense the moment the bots on 4chan really started eating up all the magickal material they could get their hands on. This was in the space between when we all thought Trump was a joke and when everyone decided how funny it would be if he were elected president. I was of course busy being in love, seemingly my natural state.

El Búho Boiler Room Tulum x Comunite Live Set



What if, instead of complying, you simply tried to opt out? All the hungry ascetics would agree with me and it could be fun.



Is everybody ready?

Is everybody listening?

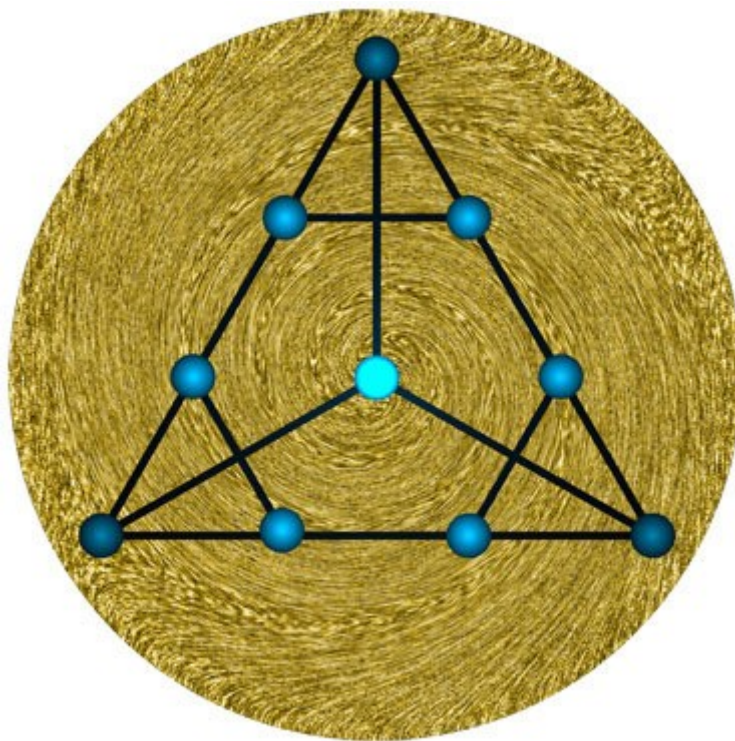
Before the lights come on stage, the roustabouts hurry to set everything in motion. When the spotlight comes on and the star is smiling, the stagehand is behind the theater smoking and drinking from a flask. When the audience is busy, he is on break. When the show is over, his job begins.



So did Aminom creep into our every thought and motion, infecting our species with the perceptually self-perpetuating mind virus, showing us that the zeitgeist is nothing more than what we are while we are doing it. Cultural premonitions are at hand for anyone with eyes to see. But once the image becomes ingrained in culture it becomes self-effacing; meanwhile we rely on using imperfect language to describe something that automatically stops being itself once indicated.



Personally I found myself using these techniques to dive head long into infinite bliss. If the world was imperfect, so what, I have the keys to the kingdom and can manifest infinite bliss any time I want? I couldn't shrug any harder.



Yet, the knowledge of that which is formed and that which is formless seemed to self perpetuate into my waking self and my dreams. the internal alchemy that had been forced onto me as a child as dogma was becoming realer than anything else in my waking life, yet still so out of reach that it could not be described, only indicated

Is this a symptom of the mind virus?

Is the mind so tired of being bombarded with pre-ordained algorithmic sets of expressions that it chooses this path of opting out simply because it is easy? and really it is simply a refutation of ones predefined responsibilities. A shirking of the order of things, one that is allowed but not encouraged.



My self-discovery into infinite bliss showed me was that the creation of perceptible bliss is easy, but holding on to it is hard

I had to figure out how to make the inner match the outer.

Love Is All You Need - Beatles

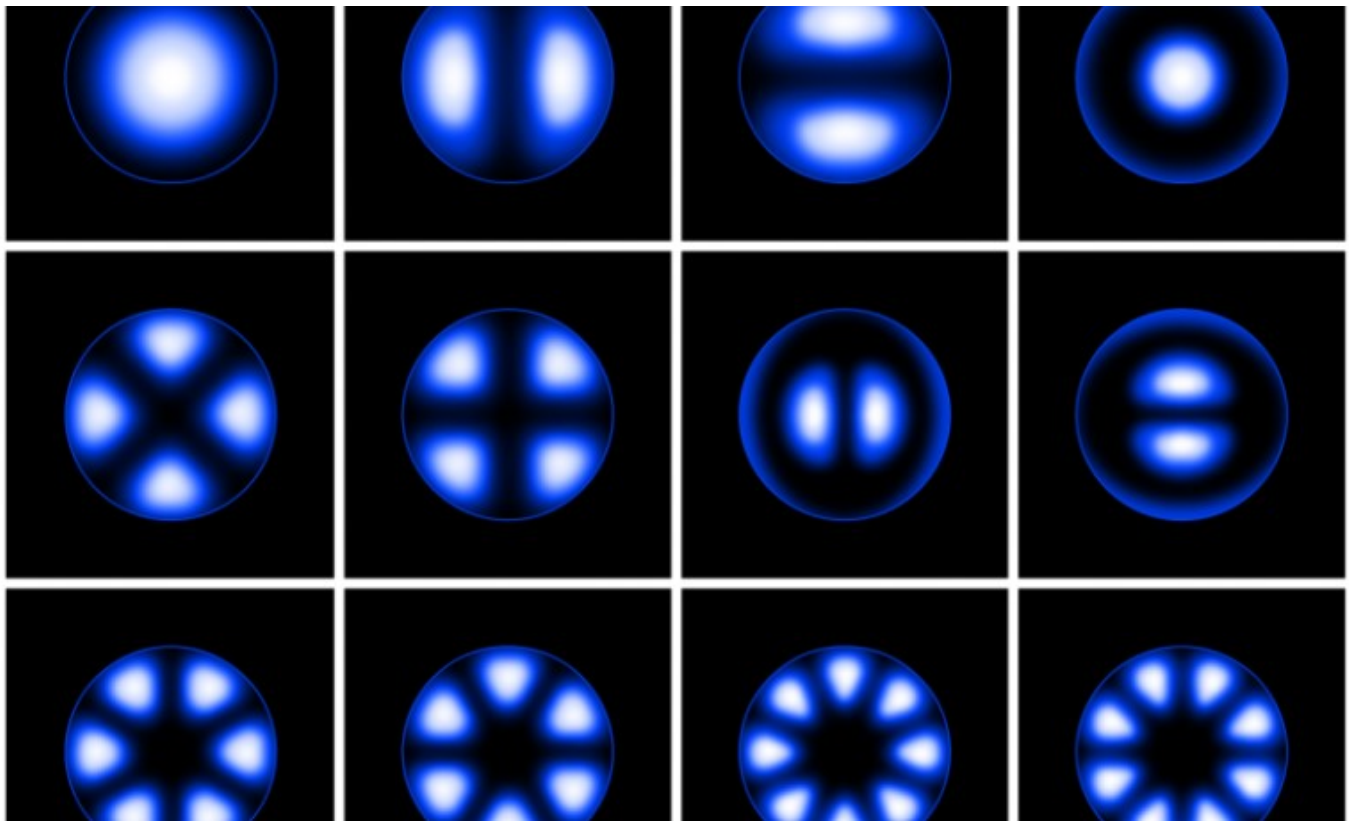


How do you transmute all division and hate into structure and order?one thing about

subdividing infinity into a searchable array is you can easily lose your sense of perspective. As a culture we love to sneer and cringe at any form of sincerity, but at the same time Lorde our post-ironic nostalgia over everyone. Meme magic may make everything possible, but is there an underlying order and structure behind the chaos? even behind the chaote? are you receiving your marching orders one way or another regardless of opt in status?



No, even in the infinitely indexed space of reality, the minutiae of patterns that create structural narratives each have their own sets of patterns.



positive, negative, and undefined, to be transformed and inverted from where they are born, formless and yet apparent within all form.

<https://clyp.it/l5xg400>



