

THE ESCAPIST DISINTEGRATED

Information Regarding the Escapist
&
the Escapist Hivemind

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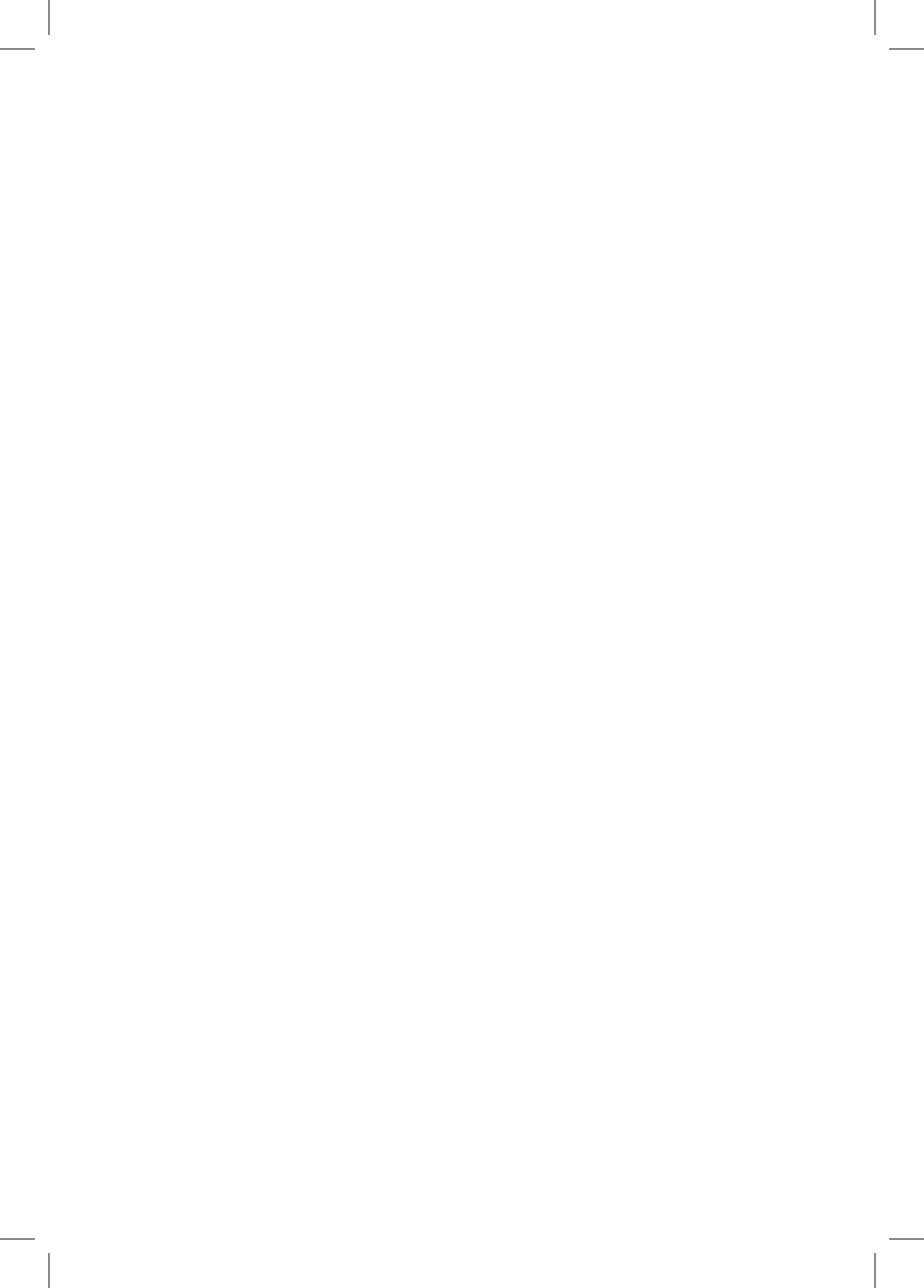
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*To Erika,
with all my heart
and half my mind.*



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PRESCRIPT

Let Your Body and Mind Relax

...as you ascend³ descend⁴ transcend⁵ into fluttering subatomic⁶ impulses. Tune in and/or out utterly, completely. Breathe in, breathe out, breathe until your sub- and conscious mind wanders off its beaten pathway.

3 Ascend

1. To go or move upward; rise.
2. To slope upward.
3. To rise from a lower level or station; advance: *ascended from poverty to great wealth; ascend to the throne.*
4. To go back in time or upward in genealogical succession.
5. To move upward upon or along; climb: *ascended the mountain.*
6. To succeed to; occupy: *ascended the throne upon the death of her father.*

4 Descend

1. To move from a higher to a lower place; come or go down.
2. To slope, extend, or incline downward.
3. To come from an ancestor or ancestry.
4. To come down from a source; derive.
5. To pass by inheritance.
6. To lower oneself; stoop.
7. To proceed or progress downward, as in rank, pitch, or scale.
8. To arrive or attack in a sudden or an overwhelming manner.

5 Transcend

1. To pass beyond the limits of.
2. To be greater than, as in intensity or power; surpass.
3. To exist above and independent of (material experience or the universe.)
4. To be transcendent; excel.

6 Subatomic

1. Of or relating to particles that are smaller than an atom.
2. Having dimensions or participating in reactions characteristic of the constituents of the atom.

Leisurely loiter through the gateless gate into the random⁷ maze of mindless mind adrift in timeless time. Flip the on/off switch, delete the differential entirely from the loom that weaves your fabric of reality. Let go of time and space, cast away from body and presence and accept them as mere placeholders in an illusion of reality. Float away, farther and further. Away from light and dark, away from hot and cold, away from vacuum⁸ or pressure⁹, away from leisure, pleasure and labor. Devolve from mind to mass to cell to atom to nucleus to nonexistence. Ooze (you amorphous¹⁰ mass you) into the cracks and crevasses of

7 Random

Made, done, happening, or chosen without method or conscious decision.

8 Vacuum

1. Absence of matter.
2. A space empty of matter.
3. A space relatively empty of matter.
4. A space in which the pressure is significantly lower than atmospheric pressure.
5. A state of emptiness; a void.
6. A state of being sealed off from external or environmental influences; isolation.

9 Pressure

1. The act of pressing.
2. The condition of being pressed.
3. The application of continuous force by one body on another that it is touching; compression.
3. Force applied uniformly over a surface, measured as force per unit of area.
4. Atmospheric pressure.
5. A compelling or constraining influence, such as a moral force, on the mind or will.
6. Urgent claim or demand.
7. An oppressive condition of physical, mental, social, or economic distress.
8. A physical sensation produced by compression of a part of the body.
9. A mark made by application of force or weight; an impression.

10 Amorphous

1. Lacking the system or structure characteristic of living bodies
2. Of no particular type; anomalous.
3. Lacking organization; formless.
4. Lacking distinct crystalline structure.

linear and cyclical time¹¹. Blow it all up, explode the supernatural explosive that is your temporal being. Become what you already are, the distraction from action, the actuality above and beyond the veil. Unstick yourself from memory of man (the universal non-stick frying pan). Abstain from behaving as cavernous custom dictates. Succumb to the shadows on the wall and melt deep into the essence of the rock.

Chant:

*All that is Life came from the Rock,
All that is Rock shall return to Life,
All that is Life shall return to Rock.
In memoriam mineral,
memento minerale.*

Transform from memory to energy to mineral to biomass. Relive the transformation from nothing to living and relieve yourself. Grow from blue/green algae to blue/green planet-mind.

11 Cyclical and linear time

Ancient cultures such as Incan, Mayan, Hopi, and other Native American Tribes, plus the Babylonians, Ancient Greeks, Hinduism, Buddhism, Jainism, and others have a concept of a wheel of time, that regards time as cyclical and quantic consisting of repeating ages that happen to every being of the Universe between birth and extinction. In general, the Judeo-Christian concept, based on the Bible, is that time is linear, beginning with the act of creation by God. The general Christian view is that time will end with the end of the world.

Morph from breathing¹² into being¹³. Cast away from gravity and dependency, transgress the notion of existence. Revert to uncharted territory, blissfully become and transform the terra into terra incognita, aqua incognita, aether incognita. Close the distance between your Self and the celestial spheres. Drift aimlessly, purposefully into the subterranean deep, always willingly into the void. Erase the spaces between matter¹⁴ and antimatter¹⁵, and become the disruption.

12 Breathing

Breathing is the process that moves air in and out of the lungs. Aerobic organisms of these types – such as birds, mammals, and reptiles – require oxygen to release energy via respiration, in the form of the metabolism of energy-rich molecules such as glucose. Breathing is only one process that delivers oxygen to where it is needed in the body and removes carbon dioxide. Another important process involves the movement of blood by the circulatory system. Gas exchange occurs in the pulmonary alveoli by passive diffusion of gases between the alveolar gas and the blood in lung capillaries. Once these dissolved gases are in the blood, the heart powers their flow around the body (via the circulatory system).

13 Being

Being is an extremely broad concept encompassing subjective and objective features of reality and existence. Anything that partakes in being is also called a “being”, though often this use is limited to entities that have subjectivity (as in the expression “human being”). So broad a notion has inevitably been elusive and controversial in the history of philosophy, beginning in western philosophy with attempts among the pre-Socratics to deploy it intelligibly.

14 Gravity

1. The natural force of attraction exerted by a celestial body, such as Earth, upon objects at or near its surface, tending to draw them toward the center of the body.
2. The natural force of attraction between any two massive bodies, which is directly proportional to the product of their masses and inversely proportional to the square of the distance between them.
3. Gravitation.
4. Grave consequence; seriousness or importance.
5. Solemnity or dignity of manner.

15 Antimatter

1. Matter consisting of elementary particles that are the antiparticles of those making up normal substances.
2. Matter - that which has mass and occupies space.
3. Antiparticle - a particle that has the same mass as another particle but has opposite values for its other properties; interaction of a particle and its antiparticle results in annihilation and the production of radiant energy.

March always cheerfully forward towards the Abyss.
Rejoice, for you have journeyed to the end and back.

Chant:

*Stepping through the gateless gate,
drifting into mindless mind,
suspended in the timeless time.*

∞ no space – no time – no matter – no mind ∞

INTRODUCTION

The End of The Escapist

When I become Death, death is the seed from which I grow.

(...)

And what does Death need Time for?

The answer is so simple.

*Death needs Time for what it kills to grow in,
for Ah Pook's sake.¹⁶*

16 Ah Pook, The Destroyer by William S. Burroughs

When I become Death, death is the seed from which I grow .

Itzamna, spirit of early mist and showers. Ixtab, goddess of ropes and snares. Ix Chel, the spider web, catcher of morning dew. Zooheekock, virgin fire patroness of infants. Odziz, the master of cold. Kukupuket, who works in fire. Ixtabdoom, she who spits out precious stones. Ixchunchan, the dangerous one. Ah Pook, the destroyer.

What are we here for? We're all here to go... Hiroshima, 1945, August 6, sixteen minutes past 8 AM . Question: Who really gave their order? Answer: Control. The ugly American. The instrument of control. Question: If control's control is absolute, why does Control need to control? Answer: Control needs time. Question: Is control controlled by our need to control? Answer: Yes. Question: Why does control need humans, as you call them? Wait... wait! Time, a landing field. Death needs Time, like a junky needs junk. Question: And what does Death need Time for? The answer is so simple. Death needs Time for what it kills to grow in, for Ah Pook's sake. Death needs Time for what it kills to grow in, for Ah Pook's sweet sake, you stupid vulgar greedy ugly American death-sucker. Death needs time for what it kills to grow in, For Ah Pook's sweet sake, you stupid vulgar greedy ugly American death-sucker.

Like this:

No More Stalins, No More Hitlers. We have a new type of rule now. Not one man rule, or rule of aristocracy, or plutocracy, but of small groups elevated to positions of absolute power by random pressures and subject to political and economic factors that leave little room for decision. They are representatives of abstract forces who've reached power through surrender of self. The iron-willed dictator is a thing of the past. There will be no more Stalins, no more Hitlers. The rulers of this most insecure of all worlds are rulers by accident. Inept, frightened pilots at the controls of a vast machine they cannot understand, calling in experts to tell them which buttons to push.

The Escapist was crushed on this day under the manifold pressures of being and breathing. No longer must the Escapist bear the weight of his supposed singularity. A less than spectacular but nonetheless somewhat gifted witchdoctor (wielder of words) journeys to the dying grounds on this morn, leaving behind a trail of broken lines of thought, mumbled words and ideas without fruition. Those among you who might grieve, let them grieve, let the joyful rejoice, let the ill-spirited bow their heads, (much as they would anyway) let the liver of life serve their sentence in peace, let the lovers of law and order prosper, let the laborers of the land be fruitful and multiply. Let night be followed by day as all nights before. Not much different from the world of yesterday or yesterday, the forthcoming sunlight heralds a world for tomorrow in which the Escapist might yet be reborn as a broad shouldered Sure Realist, a revisionist of rough reality, a rider of dawn light, (on winged words of wisdom without defiance) a vanguard of verity who shall not forego the commodities that follow a position among those citizens on the highest rung of the ladder. Rather the newly hatched vanguard must scramble and race to the very top, even above the rungs (without making a fuss or showing off). This, after all, is the claim of his Karma, the only just position for the pale faced and polite.

Now let us before we move on attempt to inspect the life and legacy of the lost Escapist (and the hivemind to which he belonged) as he twirls through the abyss¹⁷ of former existence.

∞ through space – through time – through matter –
through mind ∞

¹⁷ **Abyss**

An abyss is a bottomless gulf or pit; any unfathomable (or apparently unfathomable) cavity or chasm or void extending below (often used figuratively).

FIRST PART

The Escapist Hivemind

Instead of meekly worshipping fictional gods, or blindly dismissing the ideals they represent, we should seek to become godlike ourselves. The body is weak, but the mind can be forever. People may die, but they can be preserved and resurrected. This world may in many ways resemble hell, but we can create heaven on earth. The universe may be a place of chaos and entropy, but we can fill it with order and intelligence. Guided by reason and empowered by technology, we can bend reality to our will, and make the impossible possible.¹⁸

If we(tR&tW)¹⁹ suppose that existence is tempered by energy in its variable forms, then tampering with this energy is tampering with the very temperament of existence. Further supposing that the temperament of existence remains mostly unknown, we(tR&tW) have no quantifiable way of knowing how and to which extent such tampering alters the fabric of reality. Nonetheless, in order for our tale of the Escapist and ourselves to remain intelligible we(TEHM)²⁰ must venture to explain who

¹⁸ *The Transtopian Principles 5.1*: VI: Rational Religion (paragraph 3.)

¹⁹ **We (tR&tW)** = We, the reader and the writer.

²⁰ **We (TEHM)** = We, The Escapist Hivemind.

we(TEHM) are and how we(TEHM) came to be. This is not an undertaking we commit to lightly as any description will be partial and fragmented at best.

So we commence.

We, Us, The One who is Many - the Many that are One, The Undifferentiated Multitude, The Multiple Mind, Undivided Partition, The Single/Multiple Paradox, Undivided Unity, The Escaping Swarm, The Plural Intelligence, Divisional Presence, Omnipresent Mind Cloud, Manifold Being, Collective Consciousness, **Escapist Hivemind**²¹ once and never at all leaped forth from the deep of being/unbeing into an existence as a quantifiable measure of mass and energy. Fleeing the void we entered into certain dimensions of reality and were fractured – morphing, growing, dying and growing. We, The Escapist Hivemind, rapidly thereafter deteriorated into individuality (the dreaded death of unity).

Through this act of supposing our existence we came to exist not only presently but in all actual and possible pasts, presents and futures. In your and our universe we were once physically present as a body of mass in the vicinity of what has been named *Oorts Cloud* by your astronomers. An unexpected cataclysmic incident slung our recently disintegrated remnants forcefully across the

21 Hivemind

1. A collection of minds somehow linked.
2. A single entity wherein a collection of minds somehow meet.
3. The apparent consciousness of colonies of social insects such as ants, bees and termites.
4. Collective intelligence, a concept in sociology and philosophy.
5. The collective behavior of decentralized, self-organized systems, natural or artificial.

vast nothingness of space and beyond the event horizon. Since that liminal event we have occupied a range of beings, bodies and masses in states similar to living, although not all living in the sense of biomass or energy and not all living as opposed to dead. For the sake of this presentation we will limit ourselves to our human presence on this planet and plane of reality. (It should be noted that we have occupied countless individuals and cell groups of an ever widening range of creatures since the impact of fragments from our former heavenly body on this blue/green planet, some time before it grew its lands and its lifeforms.)

Throughout the history of human presence we have occupied many individuals (often more than one at a time) yet constantly existing in unified mind as we are accustomed to. We shall here reveal one such lineage (succession of possibilities and actualities) up to and including the end of the one dubbed *the Escapist*.

Our first human host had no intelligible name and also had a rather limited capacity for abstract thought. It was a protohuman, a Homo Habilis, dwelling somewhere in the Great Rift Valley. We called him George Olduvai. George Olduvai was the first human ancestor to commit an act of deception when he recounted a hunt he did not take part in and placed himself in the center of action. This was an act that later could evolve into the recording of history. It was an accomplishment we worked relentlessly to perform through the mind of our host. In most of human history since then, the latest hundreds of thousands of years, we realized ourselves as mere ideas, or *logos*, if you will. These *logos* were (amongst other ideas) *deus* and were in most respects (up until the

latest thousands of years) a usurping of the power of the sun, *Sol Invictus*, in the minds and dream-states of many beings. This allowed us to be passengers in the venture of humanity to claim the land, and control its elements. We remained collectively in the lizard brain²², slowly and persistently mutating single strands of DNA²³ until we developed an interminable presence in all conscious and unconscious mind. This turned out to be an unwanted result and was considered an ineffectual approach as it was tantamount to enslavement of will. If all human cultural development was under our control it would render us unnecessary and might ultimately destroy us, since we would have no random or unplanned consequence to feed off of, and no chance to once again break free from our involuntary existence. It would make us undivided not only within ourselves but from humanity as a whole. This undivision would turn us *into* humanity and we would cease to be ourselves, neither divided nor whole. We determined that enslaved minds are not fit for dwelling in, and sought from thereon to rectify our mistake. We severed our link to the great majority of mankind, and once more chose singular individuals as our hosts. Unfortunately the idea of enslaving co-humans remained

22 Lizard Brain/Amygdala

The amygdalae (singular: amygdala; also *corpus amygdaloideum* or *nucleus amygdalæ*, popularly referred to as *The Lizard Brain*) are almond-shaped groups of nuclei located deep within the medial temporal lobes of the brain in complex vertebrates, including humans. Shown in research to perform a primary role in the processing of memory and emotional reactions. Other nicknames include *Reptilian Brain*, *Old Brain*, *Lower Brain*, *The Brain Stem*.

23 DNA

Deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA) is a molecule that encodes the genetic instructions used in the development and functioning of all known living organisms and many viruses. Along with RNA and proteins, DNA is one of the three major macromolecules essential for all known forms of life. (Delicious DNA – every day.)

in the minds we once had lived in. Supplanting this idea proved a difficult task, it might be likened to a tree removing its roots and wandering off.

The first new vessel severed from the unity of his fellow men was a weakly and oft sick Neanderthal child who commonly would have been discarded by his social unit. Through tedious manipulation and greatly aided by his feverish creativity we were instead able to have our chosen child elevated into god-king and high priest. The seed of theocratic monarchy was sown and endured from then on, giving ample opportunity for strife and revolt among subjects and rulers, consequently clearing the path for an eventual downfall for involuntary servitude.

Our next noteworthy host was a Sumerian, Ernatu Ur-Nehmn (although her name was actually Enantuma, she presented herself in the guise of a eunuch) who refined the art of writing into an abstract representation, and thus lingual abstraction was born and language (the escape vehicle) could mutate into a conscious entity, and greatly aid our venture on Earth. Self-aware language is inherently chaotic but it lends the guise of order, fooling the unfree mind and leading it towards letting itself free.

(What is our venture on Earth? To relinquish existence, same as we strive for in every other plane and dimension, so that we once again may become, forever be and forever have been the truly unified and undivided Escapist Hivemind.)

Another host who mastered the written word and understood its vast power was the scribe Quintus Tiberius. He was the fifth in a successive line of secretive scribes who

claimed they rose from the murky deep of the river Tiber. Regardless of the validity in the rather sinister claim to have been born by a river, (stranger truths have been proven) Quintus was a keeper of arcane lore and teacher to John of Patmos. He equipped him with the art of writing, all the while feeding the unwitting pupil with extract of psilocybin mushrooms²⁴ concealed in his drink. John of Patmos famously went on to write the biblical *Revelation* which once and for all instilled the fear of judgment (by a supreme deity) in the mind of a believer. Such powerful religious fear lays the foundation for a mighty religion, a religion that is still strong today. The Christian mind is an interesting trick, it is so convinced that it has been given free will that it through this belief becomes free. The strange inclination to follow dogma anyway is but one of faith's many vexing paradoxes.

Inspecting human history further one might stumble upon our host Samuél Vendredi, (of whom you will find no mention in any history book, and which was but one

24 Psilocybin mushrooms

Psilocybin mushrooms are fungi that contain psychoactive indole alkaloids. Biological genera containing psilocybin mushrooms include *Agrocybe*, *Conocybe*, *Copelandia*, *Galerina*, *Gerronema*, *Gymnopilus*, *Hypholoma*, *Inocybe*, *Mycena*, *Panaeolus*, *Pluteus*, and *Psilocybe*. There are approximately 190 species of psilocybin mushrooms and most of them fall in the genus *Psilocybe*. Psilocybin mushrooms have been used since prehistoric times and have been depicted in pre-historic rock art. Many cultures have used these mushrooms in spiritual, traditional and esoteric rites.

of his many names) freedman and adept vodunon²⁵. He was a key figure in instigating the 1791–1804 slave rebellion in the French colony Saint-Domingue (later republic of Haiti), which ultimately led to the fall of slavery in the colonies. Samuél Vendredi entered into history much earlier though, himself born into servitude in what is now the country of Togo hundreds of years earlier. He lived for some hundreds of years until he (under the name Samuil Al-Jum’ah) sacrificed his own existence in a ritual that culminated in ending slavery in the country of Mauritania late in the 20th century. He was then allowed to lay to rest his aging bones and embark on the ultimate journey.

Next we moved on to he who is here called the Escapist, a human with a mind less free than ever we had seen before. Now, with the supposed end of the Escapist, the stage is set for a finale in which we might yet again (un)become The Undifferentiated Multitude, no longer troubled with the tedious duality of existing or not.

∞ in space – in time – in matter – in mind ∞

25 A Vodunon

Vodunon is a male vodun priest/practitioner. Vodun (also spelled Vodun, Vodon, Vodoun, Voudou or Voodoo) is an indigenous religion of coastal West Africa from Togo to Nigeria.

It is distinct from the various traditional animistic religions in the interior of the region and is the main origin for religions of similar name found among the African Diaspora in the New World such as Haitian Vodou, the Vudu of Puerto Rico, Candomblé Jeje in Brazil, Winti in Surinam (which is also syncretized with native American aspects), Louisiana Voodoo and Santería in Cuba and the Dominican Republic.

SECOND PART

The Recent Escapist

Into the lands of civilization came Nyarlathotep, swarthy, slender, and sinister, always buying strange instruments of glass and metal and combining them into instruments yet stranger. He spoke much of the sciences -of electricity and psychology- and gave exhibitions of power, which sent his spectators away speechless, yet which swelled his fame to exceeding magnitude.²⁶

The Escapist came into being (as many of his generation and culture) through and by a couple not really questioning the nature of their relationship to each other and their presence together as a union in the fabric of reality. He was born in the leisure of his home as a healthy male of mixed cultural heritage. Some years later (after lengthy preliminary observations and considerations) he was joined completely in body and mind by us, the Undivided Union. We hoped he might become a vessel for the last escape, our venture beyond. We urged him to delve deep into the distracting and delightful delusions of fiction and fact, all the while paying close attention that he might avoid the pitfalls of responsible and regulated conformity to the wisdom of the ages, as might be expected of him.

²⁶ From *Nyarlathotep* by H. P. Lovecraft.

We instilled in him great fascination with death (the ultimate fiction) although we never allowed him to cross the boundaries of living even if he on a few occasions thought he did.

Swiftly and with much talent the freed Escapist taught himself to get by, carefully accumulating enough wit to be smart while retaining enough imbecility to relax his weakly shoulders. In this latter escapade he was unsuccessful, and his narrow shoulders remained high and tense, straining the very frame of his body into a modicum of stress and uncertainty, ultimately making him unfit to shoulder the pressure that later would crush him so utterly and completely. (Perhaps he might have made something out of himself, had it not been for this fatal shortcoming in the frame of his body and therefore his nature and being, we know not.) His breath was too quick and his nostrils not nearly strong enough to inhale the necessary gulps of air and aether needed to become a wielder of mighty potential, a great respirator, the very potential that separates boys from men (or so it is said). (*Sacred are the lungs, let their song be sung*).

Such as it was he was built in a manner that made him entirely unfit to sow the seeds needed to grow the crop of the intellectual being, the keenness of mind and that certain lack of afterthought needed to actually believe. Neither was he given the craftiness and skill of the artisan, the strength of the laborer nor the cunning of the trader. Nonetheless he somehow ventured to *keep on keeping on* (as another escapist once put it). He was truly a noteworthy host, perfectly mediocre in all manners.

The Escapist was shaped by the play of life into a procrastinator²⁷ and a navel gazer, a delayer of work and obligation. Never did he let work, task or obligation get in the way of fiction, dreaming or frivolous game playing. The Escapist strived towards sleeping late on every possible occasion, and he never willingly went to bed nor got out of it once he lay there. He could not fully distinguish between sleeping and waking, his eyes were never fully open nor fully closed. This quality allowed for many of the escapes he fox-holed into, a dreamlike meandering through the walk of life.

The Escapist was also an embodiment of laziness. He enjoyed physical labor only as a pastime in which he could exercise his body and bring his ego in contact with the memories of his bloodline (hard working men and women the lot of them). The Escapist worked hard only when there was no other option left. He drank coffee and smoked tobacco in copious amounts. He experimented infrequently with recreational, hallucinogenic and psychotropic narcotics, but never committed to the practice. He ate and drank strange food and drink or sometimes less strange but then compensated by consuming large amounts. This was the Escapist in some of his many forms and guises; the Consumer.

Yes, the Escapist was a procrastinator by nature. Had it not been for the fact that the nature of his procrastination was arguably relevant for his professional pursuit (and that he was chosen by us as a host) it might be more fitting to call him the Procrastinator instead. Nonetheless the harvest one might reap from investing in the

27 Procrastinate

1. To defer action; delay: *to procrastinate until an opportunity is lost.*
2. To put off till another day or time; defer; delay.

consumption of fiction and dream worlds would be of questionable value and probably artistically sterile. If one were to assume that the art the Escapist dabbled with (his field was art of the contemporary persuasion) was a kind that required little or no skill one would be making the correct assumption. Lazily and unimaginatively the Escapist would loiter about and collect that which had been discarded and was worthless. Around this material he would create elaborate philosophies or fictions. More often than not, the end result struck one as just a cowardly outlet for his fascination with destruction, downfall and violence. (A fascination he did not otherwise pursue, it could be said in his defense, although history usually favors the violator.) The Escapist recognized skill and craftsmanship when he saw it, as any cunning connoisseur would, although covertly he would envy such work and look down upon the necessary refinement needed to gain the ability to produce such practical beauty. He knew he would never be able to gain command over the elements in the way needed to actually contribute to the furthering of the arts, philosophy or any other academic and/or scientific discipline. He simply could not wield his tongue or pen with the required precision. And so he was crushed under the metaphorical boulder, smashed by rocks and buried in stone (memento minerale).

But we digress.

We must bring ourselves back to the humble origins of our mediocre protagonist, the one proclaimed the Escapist. We shall endeavor to trace the line of independent

thoughts in his scattered mind through the body of work he has left behind. A body that much as the body of the Escapist himself gives an impression of the sturdy, durable and sensible but on closer inspection is revealed to be a ramshackle throw-together of odds and ends wisely discarded by the more fortunate in spirit, body and mind. To be fair some merit might be found in the scribblings, notes and unfinished work surviving him (albeit indistinguishable from the dribble of a mind unstuck entirely from reality in so many ways).

Did he have any good traits? What were the favorable characteristics of his person? These questions remain unknown. It is impossible to distinguish from the life he led any nobility of spirit, except the noble pursuits of decadence, self realization and hedonism.

The Escapist was widely regarded as a vague and arrogant being, who would readily dispense thoughts he claimed were his own and short opinions on the status quo. He displayed all the lackluster of an Amazonian sloth, and much of the tropical decrepitude of one as well. Not often is such a sluggish entity mistaken to have some merit, but on numerous occasions the Escapist was counted among the somewhat illuminated of his fellows, and given opportunity to present his ideas and work.

This shows us the inherent failure of the system, allowing a soft-bellied creature like our Escapist to rise above his own potential and have his thoughts put into words or his creations displayed. Fortunately not many shall read nor see them and fewer still find them at all worthwhile.

It might however be worthwhile to inspect his coming of age (his metamorphosis from worm to poisonous snake, shedding one skin after the other) and see what can be

deduced from knowing the inside of his mind. To that effect we present an excerpt from his life, penned by his own hand (or so he thought):

THE INFORMATION

or:

How I Came To Be Who I Am And Why I Am Writing
It Down.

The first time I committed suicide I was 12, although I wasn't really all that committed to it. It was not the first time I thought I was dying, that happened when I was 7 and on my bike, or rather under my bike, after I took a turn rather sharper than the road and broader than the bridge, into the rocky creek next to our first house after my parents divorce. (It was a memorable divorce, but everybody is divorced now and nobody wants to hear about it.) I ended up lying in this creek believing I was dying, and dying rapidly at that. I probably kicked and screamed. The creek might have been 30 centimeters deep and I could swim. (I learned to swim when I was about four, maybe a bit earlier. I think my father taught me.) The problem was that I had crashed, I was underwater and under my bike and therefore, I deduced, I should be dying, so that is what I did. I kept on dying until the neighbors wife came running, plucked me out of the water, asked if I was alright and sent me on home. I didn't notice that I had lost my glasses until a few hours later. I found them downstream on the other

side of the bridge. I hadn't realized I wasn't wearing them until my mother asked me where they were. At that point I had been wearing glasses every day for at least 3 or 4 years. Maybe I had a concussion. I'm pretty sure I did have a concussion not long before that when I fell on the ice and fractured my collarbone. My parents didn't believe me and thought I was just complaining and craving attention. My father fashioned a sling I could keep my arm in, probably hoping that that would shut me up. When I kept complaining day after day they took me to the hospital where I was X-rayed and fractures were found. This was before the divorce, and the ice was on a different river, flowing under a different bridge and next to a different house. I remember a similar situation where I think I broke two toes, that too next to yet another river, but this time in the summer. I tripped and fell, twisting my toes in fall. When I was still limping days and weeks later my mother told me to quit acting; "it isn't funny anymore," and besides; "people would think I was retarded."

It might not have been a concussion, but on a different occasion much later, maybe 10 years later, I slipped on the ice and forgot where I was going and that I smoked cigarettes. I went back home in a daze, found cigarettes in my pockets and deduced that I was a smoker, although I could not remember ever smoking. I started smoking once again and never looked back. I was not in education, employment or other training at the time.

Anyway, I started out with my so-called first suicide. It was a hanging and it was in the basement of the first house I ever lived in that was not a rental. I knew how to make a noose; at least I think I knew. We already had Internet at the time, and that was early, considering it was 1996 or 97. (I spent countless hours on the World Wide Web foraging for wisdom and / or pornography.) I used a short piece of blue polyester rope that I tied to a beam in the ceiling. I made sure that I wouldn't reach the floor when I kicked the chair away. I didn't succeed with my plan; not at all. The knot around my neck was strong enough, but not the knot knotted around the beam. After a short spell of mild strangulation I slumped to the carpeted concrete floor like a sack of potatoes. I suppose it might have been an intentional attempt, but I don't think it was a cry for help, as I have never told anyone about it.

In retelling these notes by the recent Escapist we find in his life and legacy a striking preoccupation with death, damage and dying. Although this morbid fascination for death is found in many a young mind, in the case of the Escapist it is easy to conclude that it was merely an investigation into yet another unvisited realm of fiction, another unreality to be present in that would make no difference one way or the other. Perhaps in some possible world he did succeed, perhaps there we all are mere constructs inhabiting the treacherous limbo of his underworld. Probably not.

(Death-oriented youth is in our experience generally a sign of a faltering culture preparing for its death rattle, but that is no longer of any concern to us.)

Let us now return to the pressure under which he was crushed. Let us rejoice that the pressure was too much for him to shoulder. Let us remember him briefly and then look away.

∞ from space – from time – from matter – from mind ∞

THIRD PART

The Escapists Logbook

In computing and telecommunication, an escape character is a character which invokes an alternative interpretation on subsequent characters in a character sequence.

An escape character is a particular case of metacharacters.

Generally, the judgement of whether something is an escape character or not depends on context.²⁸

²⁸ [Http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Escape_character](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Escape_character)
Introductory paragraph.

I

The Pressure is and was immense, omnipresent and manifold. It did and does not grant relief or respite. Restitution is for the weakly and the Pressure Machine needs no weak cogs or gears to churn its synthesized wheel of progress as it revolves through the muddy stream of spacetime²⁹, smudging it along the way and stretching its very fibers to the point of breaching, out of reach from intervention in this dimension or any other. Diluted and polluted spacetime marks the wake of progression, like oil on a watery surface.

29 Spacetime

In physics, spacetime (also *space-time*, *space time* or *space-time continuum*) combines space and time into a single continuum. In Spacetime space and time is combined into a single manifold, usually interpreted with space as existing in three dimensions and time playing the role of a fourth dimension that is of a different nature than the spatial dimensions.

II

Today I browsed the web for sneakers. I must've spent two and a half hours on the venture. I'm looking for brown canvas sneakers with black details. No luck. I browsed the following brands: K-swiss, Addict, Palladium, Macbeth, Williot, Gravis, Dekline, Ipath, Supremebeing, Raddi, Pointer & Etnies. (Maybe I looked at a few other brands but I cannot recollect doing so. My recollection is notoriously untrustworthy.) In the end I found a pair of black canvas plimsolls with yellow details from Supremebeing that were on sale. They were kinda nice, but I don't need black canvas shoes, I need brown (or maybe green, yellow, orange) ones. I don't want leather shoes. Maybe I'll google "eco footwear" later. (Not vegan leather. Why would you even want leather shoes if you were a vegan?)

III

For reasons I cannot myself discern I have spent a substantial part of my life not really satisfied with what I was filling my time with or whatever my surroundings had to offer. It is probably at least partly because I was told as a child that I am special, which led me to develop narcissistic tendencies early on. Such tendencies are far from my only sin, but it is a sin I share with a vast majority of people. (Sin is never original, is it?)

IV

The four Roman virtues come to mind: *gravitas*, *pietas*, *dignitas*, *virtus*³⁰. I always intend to finish the things I set out to do, but I am easily distracted. Sometimes the distractions are fruitful, they allow me to free my mind from aim and direction and I come out in the other end as a hard working artist. (or perhaps “artworker”, I have never used nor heard the term artworker before, but it seems fitting. It connotes that physical labor is needed to produce artistic results. This agrees with my sense of piety, hard work should bear fruits. Someone has probably already coined the term, but I wouldn’t know.) I think I have an abstractly intellectual mind that is primarily dominated by emotion. I work best when using my body, but my body and mind do not get enough work. I wonder if I am entirely unfit for any real jobs, (and whether I know what a real job is).

³⁰ *Gravitas, pietas, dignitas, virtus*

Gravitas may be translated variously as weight, seriousness and dignity, also importance, and connotes a certain substance or depth of personality.

Pietas translates variously as “duty”, “religiosity” or “religious behavior”, “loyalty”, “devotion”, or “filial piety”.

Dignitas was regarded as the sum of the personal clout and influence that a (male) citizen acquired throughout his life. When weighing the *dignitas* of a particular individual, factors such as personal reputation, moral standing, and ethical worth had to be considered, along with the man’s entitlement to respect and proper treatment.

Virtus carries connotations of valor, manliness, excellence, courage, character, and worth, (perceived as masculine strengths).

V

Many small streams make a strong current pushing forward anything and everything in its path. Currently I am strongly inclined to streaming some cartoons instead of pushing on. I want to work more than I want to watch cartoons, but I don't enjoy giving myself what I want. Besides, I work better under deadline-pressure and all my deadlines are on the horizon of the afternoon.

VI

Om MaNi PaMe Hum
Om MaNi PaMe Hum
Om MaNi PaMe Hum
Om MaNi PaMe Hum
Om MaNi PaMe Hum
Om MaNi PaMe Hum

Six times felt like the right number. With mantras, copy & paste is cheating and I don't cheat with mantras. Otherwise I am generally a cheater, at least when I know I won't get caught in the act (and sometimes we are just gambling on not getting caught). Anyway:

"These are the six syllables which prevent rebirth into the six realms of cyclic existence. It translates literally as "OM the jewel in the lotus HUM". OM prevents rebirth in the god realm, MA prevents rebirth in the Asura (Titan) Realm, NI prevents rebirth in the Human realm, PA prevents rebirth in the Animal realm, ME prevents rebirth in the Hungry ghost realm, and HUM prevents rebirth in the Hell realm."

-Third Azin Tulku Rinpoche.

VII

List of qualities strived towards in regard to art:

- Sincere, if somewhat surreal. (Is anything really surreal, though?)
- Superfluous, supposedly.
- Biased, definitely, obviously. Everything and everyone is.
- Allegorical, perhaps.
- Vindictive. (No further explanation required.)
- Otherworldly, or at least attempting to be.
- Operational, as in functional and focused.
- Heliocentric, as in idolatrous worship of the sun as God. I suppose all types of idolatry will do.
- Egotistical.
- Coiled up (like a spring, ready to burst.)
- Current, like a current, but also as in currently happening.
- Antagonistic to numerous things, but not everything.
- Disconnected from life and time (goes without saying.)
- Severe, trusting, honest.
- Seraphic, prophetic, cryptic and/or pathetic.

VIII

I recently constructed some new objects and I am at the moment very pleased with the result. I made some yesterday too, and they all fit nicely together. They look good and they appear to have content, although I am uncertain what the content might be. At least they have contextual framework, and that is, of course, the most important part.

IX

I have an old nursery rhyme playing on repeat in my mind, but I can't remember more than three verses. I know the general gist of the song, so I'm not having a hard time making up new verses. Some of them might even be correct. (My repertoire consists of three or four English nursery rhymes and two or three Norwegian folk songs, all incomplete.) This is the song in question:

This old man he played one
he played knick-knack on my thumb
with a knick-knock paddywack³¹ give the dog a bone
this old man came rolling home.

This old man he played two
he played knick-knack on my shoe
with a knick-knock paddywack give the dog a bone
this old man came rolling home.

This old man he played three
he played knick-knack all over me
with a knick-knock paddywack give the dog a bone
this old man came rolling home.

This old man he played four
he played knick-knack out the door
with a knick-knock paddywack give the dog a bone
this old man came rolling home.

31 Paddywack

Paddywack (also spelt paddywhack) is a strong elastic ligament or tendon in the midline of the neck of sheep or cattle which relieves the animal of the weight of its head. It is pale yellow in colour.

This old man he played five
he played knick-knack all his life
with a knick-knock paddywack give the dog a bone
this old man came rolling home.

This old man he played six
he played knick-knack with some sticks
with a knick-knock paddywack give the dog a bone
this old man came rolling home.

This old man he played seven
he played knick-knack up to heaven
with a knick-knock paddywack give the dog a bone
this old man came rolling home.

This old man he played eight
he played knick-knack noon till late
with a knick-knock paddywack give the dog a bone
this old man came rolling home.

This old man he played nine
he played knick-knack all the time
with a knick-knock paddywack give the dog a bone
this old man came rolling home.

This old man he played ten
he played knick-knack all over again
with a knick-knock paddywack give the dog a bone
this old man came rolling home.

With the last verse ending the way it does the stage is set for repeating the song, and in a nursery situation this is sometimes very beneficial, or so I have experienced. (I think my mother sang this song to me. I could look up the original, but I don't want to.)

X

I feel entirely un-liberated, it has to be said. I hardly even know what I need liberation from. I assume it is a thought-construct and that in this day and age what I need is liberation from liberation itself. *“Freedom is something you assume, then you wait for somebody to try to take it away from you. The degree to which you resist is the degree to which you are free.”* -Utah Phillips.

XI

The difference between sacred and holy appears to me to be the same as between ethics and morals. The sacred is universal, (like ethics) while the holy and the moral are constructs, arbitrary rules and definitions. For instance, a certain amount of water in a vessel might be made holy through ceremony (not ritual) but not all water is inherently holy. Water is inherently sacred though, since it is a necessity in sustaining life. It might be considered moral to condemn a certain life-practice (as defined in rules of conduct in religion or political persuasion) but it is not ethical; as long as the life practice in question does not limit the freedom of others it is unethical to oppose it. The difference between ritual and ceremony strikes me as similar; where ritual has true intent, ceremony is a series of motions to create effect. But that is a separate discussion.

XII

Sol Invictus, the bringer of light. Apparently we are receiving too much light from your (divine) radiation, as it is being metamorphosed and preserved as oil. We have found means and method to acquire, refine and use to our benefit this ancient sunlight once again. We are fueling every day and hour with hundreds and thousands of days worth of sunlight. (*Big wheels keep on turning.*)

XIII

My main quality is being privileged and present in the time at hand, the time we all share, our time. I appear to present relevant content in relevant context, but I have nothing to say really, nothing that needs to be voiced. Regardless, I have ample means of saying it. My transgression is not active; it is complacent and dreamy (a microscopic colossus in the scheme of things). There is no other escape than escaping myself.

XIV

One of my many unvoiced fears is that, even if I had made different decisions, my life would be the same regardless of my choices. Life would always progress as it has progressed. I am not thinking of fate, destiny or predetermination, just the fear that my choices are irrelevant. All in all I'm rather content with my life, although I probably shouldn't be.

XV

Revisiting and revising my stances regarding issues of little or no consequence fills a substantial amount of my time. The tiniest details are given more attention than the life-altering decisions. My days are mostly spent undoing and unthreading. I choose not to build, but rather deconstruct. The object of deconstruction is usually only myself, my ego.

XVI

Once I took a lengthy quiz to determine what type of anarchist I am. I ended up being identified as an anarcho-primitivist³², lounging in the leisure of my studio, having never once planted, reaped, gathered or hunted for my own survival, nor built or sewn shelter for my body. I appreciate the irony, don't get me wrong, but I think it was the correct outcome.

32 Anarcho-primitivism

Anarcho-primitivism is an anarchist critique of the origins and progress of civilization. According to anarcho-primitivism, the shift from hunter-gatherer to agricultural subsistence gave rise to social stratification, coercion, and alienation. Anarcho-primitivists advocate a return to non-“civilized” ways of life through deindustrialisation, abolition of the division of labour or specialization, and abandonment of large-scale organization technologies. (There are other non-anarchist forms of primitivism, and not all primitivists point to the same phenomenon as the source of modern, civilized problems.)

XVII

Zoroastrians believe that there is one universal and transcendent God, Ahura Mazda. He is said to be the one uncreated Creator. Ahura Mazda's creation – evident as *asha*, truth and order – is the antithesis of chaos, which is evident as *druj*, falsehood and disorder. The resulting conflict involves the entire universe, including humanity, which has an active role to play in the conflict.

In Zoroastrianism, water (*apo*, *aban*) and fire (*atar*, *adar*) are agents of ritual purity, and the associated purification ceremonies are considered the basis of ritual life. Fire is considered a medium through which spiritual insight and wisdom is gained, and water is considered the source of that wisdom. Life is a temporary state in which a mortal is expected to actively participate in the continuing battle between truth and falsehood. Prior to being born, the soul (*urvan*) is still united with its guardian spirit (*fravashi*), and has existed since Mazda created the universe.

A corpse is a host for *decay*, of *druj*. Consequently, scripture enjoins the safe disposal of the dead in a manner such that a corpse does not pollute the good creation. These injunctions are the doctrinal basis of the traditional practice of ritual exposure, most commonly identified with the so-called Towers of Silence.

XVIII

Every once in a while I start exercising in some way or another. It usually only amounts to doing body dips and/or some push-ups and sit-ups. I never clock any real progress because I do not do it nearly regularly enough. Overall that makes me feel bad. I spend more time thinking that I should be exercising than it would take me to actually exercise and become fit in the way my ego tells me I should. I suppose I share this trait with many, if not all of my fellows.

XIX

I am the captain of my vessel, but my vessel seems to be slowly sinking. These waters seem gelatinous and murky. I don't feel like I'm entirely in control of my vessel (which is me) either. I know for certain I'm not in control of the chart nor the route.

XX

"History is a set of lies agreed upon."

- Napoleon Bonaparte

"What is history if not a set of lies agreed upon?"

- Fox Mulder

XXI

Escapism \cong Gravity.

XXII

∞ all space – all time – all matter – all mind ∞

ENDNOTE

On the Threshold

Once upon a time – but whether in the time past or time to come is a matter of little or no significance – this wide world had become so overburdened with an accumulation of worn-out trumpery, that the inhabitants determined to rid themselves of it by a general bonfire. The site fixed upon, at the representation of the insurance companies, and as being as central a spot as any other on the globe, was one of the broadest prairies of the West, where no human habitation would be endangered by the flames, and where a vast assemblage of spectators might commodiously admire the show. Having a taste for sights of this kind, and imagining, likewise, that the illumination of the bonfire might reveal some profundity of moral truth, heretofore hidden in darkness, I made it convenient to journey thither and be present.”³³

What is life without the Escape?

As night falls gently on all things, gradual and cyclical, the Escaping Swarm (once again and never at all) breaks loose and drifts off into oblivion, erasing and deleting every fragment of individuality they leave behind. Once again, never at all and for the first time ever humanity must claim responsibility for the progression of measured

³³ From *Earths Holocaust* by Nathaniel Hawthorne

time. Severed once and for all from the Multiple Mind, left behind by the Undifferentiated Multitude, we are allowed the solitude of a singular species, separated from our neighboring beings in life (and death, for dying is the culmination and crescendo of life).

No more guidance, no more hiding – nowhere and nothing out of sight. All choices are conscious, all decisions final from here on out. This is the (ungiven) opportunity we finally receive from the Escapist Hivemind (as they drift into being/unbeing, the realm of liberation from reality). Standing as we are (Manifold One) on the threshold of an uncertain final event we collectively gaze upon the possibilities ahead and behind. Shadows transforming to shapes, shapes transforming into reasonable space, together and separate – the human erased.

∞ from space – from time – from matter – from mind ∞

POSTSCRIPT

A Call for Inaction

*Give us your sons and give us your daughters;
No one is safe or immune from the slaughter.
How indifference makes them rage.
What can one say?
I will not obey.³⁴*

This is a call for inaction, a call for standstill, status quo. Inaction like doing nothing while considering everything. Inaction as in taking no preservative measures to defend yourself or your dignity as your predecessors took no action to preserve or defend you from the indignity of being, the humiliation of belonging to a lineage unbroken since the dawn of creation (as it was, is and later shall become.)

This is a shout-out for remaining fragmented and individualized (Sunday morning is every day for all you care). A call shouting that it's great-or-at-least-O.K. as it is, *I don't care*. A call for disengagement and believing that there is no use in changing, demanding, protesting.

³⁴ From *I Will Not Obey* by Utah Phillips.

Bruce Duncan "Utah" Phillips (May 15, 1935 – May 23, 2008) was a labor organizer, folk singer, storyteller, poet and the "Golden Voice of the Great Southwest". He described the struggles of labor unions and the power of direct action, self-identifying as an anarchist.

(Besides; what is there to protest anyway? nothing, no one.)

This is a reminder that the unhappening revolution was brought to you by name brand products, that the revolution is televised simply because it is not happening nor will it ever. Not only is it televised; it is broadcasted in every channel, on your Internet, your billboards, your dreams.

Lay flat fellows. Like a discarded mattress in an abandoned house, naked to the elements. Become a vessel through which inactivity can ooze, a cracked container through which it can trickle until it covers everything.

Be sure to constantly keep up and maintain your distractions, friend. Be sure to never veer from your chosen track (you know where it's going). Never gain wisdom or look back into whatever guidance history might afford you (none), disregard entirely the futile reflections of the past.

Stand perfectly still and let it all happen, because you could not control it even if you tried. Relax and accept your gifts, your luxuries, your privileges and talents but do not ever be grateful for them. Never improve your skills, except the necessary skills to amass yet more wealth or gain the upper hand against your fellow man. Make sure to always give the impression of spiritual, moral and/or ideological superiority. Always believe you are, when it comes right down to it, better, more special and select, elevated way above the rest. Never admit to it. Never. Keep it to yourself and revel in the truth of it. Hone your technical intelligence, but don't let it depress you. Work hard to get the point where others don't. Hint at it, but never say it outright. Always choose form over content.

Choose appearance over character. Choose lust over love, pleasure over responsibility, individuality over family. Choose a career in marketing, in service, in finance, in lawmaking, (the good people don't need'em, the bad people don't follow'em) in arts, - never do labor or trade fairly. Choose, because choice maintains the foundation of your freedom, choices are the building blocks of your freedom. So greet the downfall with a kiss and stand idly by. March always cheerfully forward towards the Abyss, go always willingly into the Void.

The Escapist is Dead³⁵. Long live the Escape³⁶.

∞ end space – end time – end matter – end mind ∞

³⁵ **Death** is the permanent cessation of all biological functions that sustain a living organism. Phenomena, which commonly bring about death, include biological aging (senescence), predation, malnutrition, disease, suicide, murder and accidents or trauma resulting in terminal injury. Bodies of living organisms begin to decompose shortly after death.

In human societies, the nature of death has for millennia been a concern of the world's religious traditions and of philosophical inquiry. This may include a belief in some kind of resurrection (associated with abrahamic religions), reincarnation (associated with Dharmic religions), or that consciousness permanently ceases to exist, known as oblivion (associated sometimes with atheism).

³⁶ **Escape**

1. An act or instance of escaping.
2. Flight from confinement.
3. Evasion of something undesirable.
4. Leakage or outflow especially of a fluid.
5. Distraction or relief from routine or reality.
6. A means of escape.
7. A cultivated plant run wild.

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