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The Aphorisms & Essays

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MMXX

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This version of the book is the 2020 uncensored edition.
Unprepared eyes beware.

For the unfolding of innocence and wonder in the children of the world & our planet's ancestral spirits of humanity... to those doing on-the-ground work in the front lines every day, for strength to you in every micro-terrace. For the landscapes under assault and for the blue skies and clean air we all loved... we'll bring them back one day.

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Preface

Of all the work one does to create a ground to stand upon for themselves; these books constitute the hundreds, thousands, of hours I have spent at the grinding wheel of discipline and focus hammering out my mastery of language. Some of these essays have won me academic distinction. Some have been plagiarized by others, some have nothing going for them. Some of them have exiled me from my friends and ruined relationships, others have broken ground for new unions to blossom forth. To me, it is the flip of a coin, and all the same. But for its own sake, tis' a fruitful craft of tempering a human's enterprise, to publish a few books. The process of composing these ones... has made any of my previous writing endeavors... look like small chapters of and miniscule portions of. So early in my career, I do not expect in this work to be paving new ground in the topics I address, but rather expressing literary competency with the ideas and setting the stage, sharpening the proverbial axe, to be elevated and able to do the pioneering work. Ten years of compendium, when every moment is amateur hour. Herein you will find some of the syllogisms and tautologies that have given rise to anthropo-cosmic ecosystems restoration patterns unfolding in the life of men. A natural evolution of the medical industry, an innovation of the engineering world, and a transformation of psycho-spiritual modalities. Having published some of these works before, I now advance up the ladder of scale and add deeper order complexities to this timeline. With this two volume set, I break onto the scene of authors and mint myself a new one. Deal with it.

Introduction

Meanings abound, yet they are not spelled out for you. What patterns will your brain unfold? Just as the volume of these tomes were written not intending to be read, but as a sort of expression of growth, so too do they manifest in the perception of any reader. Hidden behind shrouded veils, mist-covered landscapes await the uncovering eye. Sometimes they hide behind lofty scientific or logical lingo, sometimes they hide behind absurdisms and Dada assault tactics, sometimes delirious child's play.

These works are more concerned with the humanities, though a spirit of design and engineering pervades through them when not being formally addressed. On the ground ethics, applied & embodied, dominate our thought patterns over abstract speculation, though there are a few articles of "armchair philosophy" sufficiently droll to bore one to tears. Truly, though, what cartography, what exploration is there for adventurers born into a post-truth era where the far recesses of the world have already been pin-point geo-tagged from dystopian future tech in space? What unfolding humanity can occur when the ancestral spirits of these exploited lands have been arrested, pacified, and nano-"smart"-chipped by grim, vast and brutally overreaching military time technology? What intellectual pioneering work is there left to do, in an age where any idea has already been had and history is dead?

I have written such controversial content, but playfully so, leaving it unclear to the reader how to interpret the reality of the content. Are my confessions my own, or are they confessions of the universe downloaded through my mind and hands? To censor out any of the discussion of taboo matters or intense language- a nice gesture, but how could I strip the seriousness, the inherently mature, perhaps a curmudgeoned overmaturity, from the content that maintains polite language?

The purpose of these books is to drive my bookmark, my lonely subscribed footnote, into history. Perhaps it will only end up establishing my role in our society as a raving lunatic, a faraway madman whose wisdom remains ahead of its time. A starving artist,

a mad scientist, a woodsman, a world class gentleman. An ambling entrepreneur, a renaissance man who wears pants bigger than properly fit. A mass produced clone, censored but liberated. Genetically modified stock, a mutated experiment growing in a world of poison; pick of the pieces of his fractured story to see how he found happiness. Can you, will you find the meaning? This is the vitality of a generation, a heartbeat of culture to keep the planet and human spirit alive during a time of annihilation.

Humorous, deeply and explicitly so; sometimes found abruptly in grizzly fashion. How are you to know whether something is a sick thought experiment, or a deep irony? Ultimately, I reject many of the arguments contained in these works. I see the consciousness they contain, and their immature and primitive nature. I see their complexity as a picture of component of growth, and I see their depth being vastly deeper than many worldviews being put forth today; but to rewrite each work, to purify the soul of the ideas in light of wisdom earned a decade later... the world is in a state of crisis, there is no time for this.

This work does not pretend to be anything it is not. Perhaps had my readers the time, focus, and attention, they might begin finding the stacked layers of self-referenced ideas, themes, and lingo. But who would read this, with such a potent combination of these things so as to manifest, uncovering hidden connections in the fractal cartographic networks both intentional and artistically coincidental, such a mundane yet herculean task?

How might someone approach these works, then? Like volume I, they are neither alphabetically nor chronologically ordered, but rather presented here more or less as a chance scattering; a shotgun blast, a ticket pulled from a hat, bird crap on the pavement. Know there stand multiple branches of thematic continuity mixed non-homogeneously under broad parted divisions based on the form of the writing. The analysis contained temporally spans hundreds of human generations and a mixing pot of nations on the continents across the earth. Its contents' range covers broad landscapes, and many suns may rise and set before the ground is covered. Aphorisms, Poems, Short Stories and Essays define the structure of these

texts. Composed in a plethora of contexts, as diverse as writing that straddles the amateur/pro line gets. They deviate and stretch margins for what constitutes the section they are in. Thus, we won't try to generalize any of this work, as we cannot truthfully name any universal qualities to it as a totality. How should you read this? Perhaps you might flip coins to arrive at your page, or practice divination. One could begin at the end and read systematically, in reverse. One can look at themes in titles of the contents or indices. In any event, read it while drunk, drowsy, or starving for something a little different. The best way to use these books, had you a copy in your hands, may well be to wipe one's ass with its pages, or start fires... perchance even both.

I did not "write" these books, but rather, lived in such a way so as to accumulate the content to be able to publish such a thing as a book should I fancy it. How could a young lad in the deep wilderness, venting his sorrow with the pen, trapped inside his snow-cave of a tent amidst a raging winter hellstorm, know his words would hit the printing press years & years later? The work of formatting, coding, and editing, done with a sispysian air, during a time in which history is shifting on axis, is another story. Apparently, I should fancy it, twofold; and I am still alive to boot. Let this work serve to pave the wave of ways for what's yet to arise of me. Consider this then, my token of contribution to the histories that will not be written otherwise, forgotten and returneth unto fungal oblivion. See then its mystical mysteries, sharpened and re-handled, axiomatic edges that'll cut like an axe.