

## THE LOGOMACHY OF ZOS

by Austin Osman Spare

Wisdom is a stasis: Knowledge is like the 'snake of eternity',  
constantly eating itself and never finishing.

More bathos: connexity of all our bloody selves to Ego is a nightmare  
commanded by the overlooked, unobeyed latencies of return, essential  
for re-union.

Ego expands by that which evokes mutual effluxes; therefore look for  
the Theocentric in the Egocentric.

If God personalizes our deficiencies, then, we thus personify his?

Subject understanding object by 'as if' may become, with courage, an  
ingressive emotional experience giving mutual expression.

Falsehood, and all sham conceits, are the reflected memory of the de-  
related and forgotten event resurging, re-exhibiting for validation;  
for whatever you pretend, holds a misplaced Truth, i.e., inaccurately  
related time and place. This also is true of the future. Time here is  
long...

Of whom do we ask forgiveness when we hate ourselves?

Our urges are ever ubiquitous, affinities change, and Knowledge  
becomes redundant.

Never too old to learn, always too old to be taught.

If all realization is by our relatability to different co-existences,  
then making the more variable is one purpose of being.

The Life-force and the Ids have their logic, which does not preclude  
our having our own diversity of will. There is virtue in all non-  
conformity because it makes new forms.

Ecstasy is our out-span touching Reality. It is a potent generative  
instant having a surplus that, when synchronized, may be used  
abstractly to incarnate another wish.

There is honesty of purpose in virility.



We are ever ultimate and all ultimates ultimately sublimate in Auto-  
Ego.

I ask, what is conceivable when we cannot conceive even what we are conceiving?

The mocking Ape, the smiling God, both beckon and will endow.

Thrice did I slip backwards into strange forms of myself, and thrice  
did my Soul save me.

Much is realized that seldom can be expressed and when it might be  
told-dissolves.

Mind, body, ego and all things are formulated from desire; to desire  
forever...

Within the Alphabet lies all the arbitrary abracadabra of our  
knowledge.

The dominant difference between each of us, and between all of us and  
the animal kingdom is a degree of 'ability', of instinct become  
'personal', arbitrary. Outstanding ability shows affective psychic  
union.

Art alone having the gift of tongues has universal understanding,  
hence to know its fundamentals is the initial path to Wisdom and  
Knowledge.

However great your reach, whatever you touch, shall touch flesh.

We cannot love too much when we find it.

There is a self-revelation by a simple cryptic symbol: the meaning of  
all meanings. Think well before you drain this Cup of intoxicating  
possibilities.

When our aspirations become as inexorable as affection, the mind will  
divulge techniques and media.

Heaven makes no moral laws, but gives us instincts towards rightness  
and virtue.

The danger of the dynamic mind is that it seeks all kinds and degrees  
of complexity: fundamentals are a lost purpose in this forest of  
detail.

Let us desire no better pantheon than the zoomorphic in which to find  
a place: better to venerate our animal ancestry (until fully human),  
then the least attainable and most unknowable will disclose our next  
step.

However incompatible discoveries may be they always conform to the  
processes of ultimate inductions from our inherent designing ability.

The mind has no known purpose except that which it surmises from  
previous conations; all our motives are thus related processes  
springing from a basic urge deep within us and manifesting as Self-  
love.

Thinking is an inverse reflection of emotional needs, its resultants  
being changed by some other immediacy.

Abortive and extreme metamorphoses occur when Man slips into excessive  
evil or good. There is that theurgy in Will when all desires focus  
into one meanness or greatness.

Reversion is often the road to perversion, and the disused or abused  
degenerates unless transposed to another purpose.

Love shall cease when copulation is abjured.

Things more excellent than themselves are expressed through Art when  
our selves are expressed in them.

The artist illumines unseen beauties and awakens us to the utility of  
beauty as pleasure of a more permanent kind.

We conceive from the whole until detail destroys.

To know the fundamentals of Art is to know the path of all wisdom.

What does not exist Man will invent or imagine.

Much is realized and so seldom expressed that when it might be told it  
is already forgotten.

The self-glory of our forgiveness of ourselves and others—these are  
our failures.

Emotional depth can bestow originality of expression.

We find in Art experiences missed in life.

Art is the coinage whereby we exchange emotional experience for  
creative life.

All artistic creation is subjective truth in that it relates to lesser  
known experiences.

Insincerity is an easy form of escape.

One function of Art is to make something more like or unlike itself  
than it appears.

Of beauty there is no finality; it confirms our inner sense of  
perfection which changes less than we do.

Over-modesty permits the unworthy to seek our company.

Vicious circle: Fear as the offspring of fearing to face things.

Our near relatives are the greatest insurance against belief in  
ourselves.

When Art is wanting the beast is superior.

The one constancy in life is change, yet the becoming or going is seldom pleasant.

Birth and death begin, like everything else, before the event.

God is often a generalization of our ignorance and unfulfilment, as "God knows" and "In God's good time"—we forget that we are the Knowledge of God and his good time.

Anything is justified if superbly simulated; it becomes believable.

The body is so pregnant with beauty that we should be careful of our embellishments.

One thought fills vacuity, two would become actuality and infinite complexity.

Passion has no longevity whatever its object, and has direful awakening.

The threshold of the 'psychic' is the playground of the charlatan.

Only the inspired mind is licensed to symbolize and so co-relate the abstract to the particular or general.

Again and again this "I am God" doctrine has never provided much evidence, except of power lent for purposes other than our own. It soon stinks, translating into its reverse form; our exteriorizations and extroversions are un-godly, and to become 'ourselves' we must become unlike them. Gods 'realize' not by negation of others nor by seeing others as inferior, they always see themselves as immense.

Man cannot be surpassed until he manifests all his suppressions. Having fulfilled all evil he still possesses great potentialities.

Any 'thing' is a quantum of everything.

A fact is a figment of a truism, therefore all facts are inconclusive. Fictions are devices to explain the indefinables; our whole systematic coherence is so forged.

I am incessantly active on a wonderful job—of finding out what I am doing, and what it means. I can always read into it something other than I did mean; never the meaning of my meaning, or the whole meaning. Then we wonder whether anything has any more meaning than anything else!

How do we know any damned thing? Chaos is our language; our own eccentric rhythms are unsynchronized to Cosmos—with a mildewed ear for the brassy cacophony of imaginary menageries dissonant to each other; and it all ends drooling over minutiae to discover oneself.

Our acceptances are our conclusions.

Existence is alogical to any 'logic' we know, so it is irrational to attempt to rationalize, except in cases of our own prejudices which inform our mentation.

If all phenomena are a fluxing unabsoluteness and are Absoluteness manifest, then is it surprising that we manufacture our ego that is neither-either but a weirder autism? Yet none remember having desired existence... but indisputably we have Ego, the only certainty we know. I mean by 'Ego', our individuality as distinct and separate from all else.

Within the sensorium is a transcriber, or a synthesizing faculty, using synonymous intangibles where association and experience fail: as the capacity of certain sounds to induce colour images, certain arabesque forms may find aesthetic truth.

All psychoses etc., have their origin in normality, they are not inherent but acquired; indeed at one stage, madness itself is a resolute choice-preferred. When we turn over the obverse of reality we must accept the reverse: autism may be just as satisfying as reality, because it has greater psycho-somatic parallelism. It becomes a faculty—a circularity: 'wish, suppositious deed'; a work of artistry, not of nature.

To reach out, clutch the transient 'thought' and remake it as our own is one form of genius.

Life loveth life as adventitious.

There is more truth in our erotic zones, than in the whole of religions and mathematics.

Truth is emergent and levels our necessities of direction (general or specialized). The function of truth is coherence, it indirectly forms our beliefs and values. We are all specimens of self-evident truth, i.e. audient and endemic as the intermediacy of pure Ego (informing agent) and empirical Ego (conative), conscience being the nexus (emotional value): all Knowledge is of one thing through another.

Within us all, and ever co-essential, is a prescient unknown informer who tones all experience as good and evil: therefore, whatever values or beliefs we hold, to transgress them is fatal.

Any fact or fiction has no difficulty in finding relatables as supporting evidence because everything has a 'point of connection' and a period of reality when instantly and simultaneous to time and place. Our difficulty is to re-evoke 'as now': so we accept semblance of (i.e. make-belief, religion or faith) as substitute of real belief (which needs no other reality than its own: what you cannot conceive as yourself is yourself (as another reality).

Abstract or concrete: if you suggest a wish to the thing you desire of, in their own manner, there will be a response: So, if I ask my mind in an appropriate manner for a definition of 'consciousness' I shall receive a true answer, although I may not be able to translate it: semantics are either remiss or insufficient to render the sequence of phonographs, but (without understanding) I would receive an emotional impact, like from a significant passage of music (of Bach or Mozart) thus inspire a kind of semantic rendering. (as true as possible)

If we seek escape from reality, then everything we do, will be as by proxy: There are more bogey men than real men.

Everything 'abstract' is unexclusively including, hence we know little of our latencies.

To realize of belief is from 'Thatness', to assert ourselves wholly 'as if That' within, we can only know ourselves by conceiving ourselves as outside ourselves: For nothing you can conceive will be beyond self: To see nullity—look within. We imagine our thinking & reasoning is within, whereas it only manifests through the body (the expressional means).

Hate in its various forms is the strongest emotion, far more potent and far easier to evoke than any other. Hence there are more people labouring to make the world worse than better. Until man re-assesses this 'value' not only as 'dominant inferiority', the repercussions of which are 'self'-defeating and pre-determined, his future will be a baleful aftermath.

We are not individuated so much by our material composition as by our purposeful functioning to redirect the Ids, to channel them by arbitrary means, as though self-willed.

We are all self-constructed Egos and necessarily concentric; whether altruistic or not is as may be.

O, Death, thou wouldst be the bringer of great gifts wert thou not a misnomer—'the end'. In some manner do all the weary speak.

If the Absolute relates to non-absolutes and all antitheses, then we lack only the 'conjunctionalism' for infinite inter-relatability and self-identity.

Being unnecessary to ourselves (as others), entails everyone becoming necessary for our survival.

When the denial of a proposition is incapable of being conceived, then the proposition is to be accepted as necessary or true: when you find such a proposition, there will be no necessity for it.

God is absolutely my own Idea: otherwise God cannot exist.

The greater the contrasts we encounter the greater our reality: Truth is all contrasting.

(Our) fictions constantly interacting create a co-essential supposition, seek blood, join memory's causatory chain, become as real as, or equal to, or better than, a stale reality.

Our imaginary excesses are the hylic of possibility.

If you act with ulterior motive or for evil, a thousand unseen hands will assist you, indeed the devil himself will attend if guised as altruistic. But if you act anonymously and virtuously, only God will help you (which is doubtful).

When we say 'I Believe', it is usually a lip avowal from an infected mouth of borrowed precepts or simulations, as living an inexperience. Belief must be vital, livable, and as unquestioned as our blood-circulation or heart-throb.

Some things are far distant in time and space; we journey by relatability (whether fictional or non-fictional, either will serve).

Man's love of fancy dress, of masquerading, is true translatable symbolism: one fiction guising another.

There are conventions of asking, giving, receiving and taking. How remiss we are—we often ask, give to, receive or take from the wrong people.

We are dimensionally caged but nothing prevents our looking through the bars—imagination has fewer bars than reasoning.

Thought is like the Ether, it conveys and permeates all things, giving all we initially know. And what do we give in return?

Morality is a reciprocal discipline necessary to survival, and to protect the inexperienced from consequences unnecessary or unequal to development.

The jungle law is superior to ours, but then man makes his laws.

All pleasures eventually equalize; their difference is of duration and degree. When certain pleasures are constant we naturally strive for their preservation. Hence to me a 'large fat woman's bottom' is spacious and spatial—I know nothing better—so why should I disavow or transfer to 'Love of God', or anything else? I am loving God via a fat arse. All true appreciation of the abstract is through other things. Better this, than acquiesce by faith in non-inferentials. Actuality, like belief, is asserted by feeling. So the Soul loveth all who loveth him through those things he maketh: he who appreciates my work...

When you laugh at others you are 'seeing yourself as others see us', but there is this qualification—there is very little good portraiture, there is no quaquaversum of truth, only quasiness.

Poetry is accomplished hyperbole.

Anomalies of language are numerous but some used here to further a more logical form and show the purpose of my own system: a personal form of articulating abstracts for psycho-somatic changes and communication of Mind and Ego. The ethos of language should be unequivocal 'meanings' (in any rational semantical system) with the least ambiguous syntax possible.

All symbols, as words, are configurated meanings. Any series of such meanings as a sentence should be short, a natural apophthegm. Simplicity is the diction of clarity. Therefore, as a phrase: 'I prefer fat women', as an opinion, is passable, and the least erudite would understand. Being partitive, gives the implication of 'why' to the receiver, who, if knowing me would add: sensual, amiable,

beautiful, cultured; others, without knowing me, might mentally add some such as a generality applicable to most. Nothing of which is in the sentence. So, however simple a statement (apart from the stupid) more will be read into it than is expressed, the by-product being—as writing—the possible assumptions of others as though implicit, when not so, and our assumption that they will understand our meaning however clumsy or inexplicably stated. All of which is useless for response from our own mind: Any partitive statement will formulate itself (as complete) from others assertions as conviction. Only our convictions as self-truths are responsive from Ego to mind. Therefore the assertion 'God is love', 'God is hate', 'God is indifferent', are not my self-truths, but if I believe as subtractive then intercommunion is possible, for instance as self-truth: (inasmuch as) 'I believe in myself, all things believe in me.' For if I believe in myself unquestionably, therefore I believe all things. Therefore if I transcribe 'I prefer fat women' by my own symbols, becomes a request with all essential qualifications, thus: and answered by the mind, whereas the verbal rendering would be futile. Another predicament of verbal forms, e.g., if I state: 'He is a splendid man' (of a person known to us both) it would be understood that I implied only physically (as their moral, social and mental value was remiss). Here the designated subject speaks more than the words used. Hence the same sentence to another (not knowing the person) leaves them guessing as to true reference: They would have to apply, as meaning as of general worth (or Ideal). Therefore, interpretation of words depends mainly on equal knowledge of subject and some values of meanings.

Every foetus has (an exterior) prescience as to destination from which, concurrently, is developed its own perception by experience: personal ego ex universal Ego. Hence our fore-knowledge is an abstract ominous conscience.

How Fate steals the things we love best! Hymen is poxed, the odalisques survive in pathetic stews, man stinks: how did it occur? Greed is the infectious disease.

The only attribute of God is Man (or vice versa).

Some phantasms are a species of object impressionistically perceived and amalgamated with another, more rational, impression.

Man believes by hetero-suggestion far more than he experiences 'now', though what he mainly believes are similitudes of past experience.

A fictions is unattributable to anything known and nothing is known for certain.

All conation is synthetic derivation, our best—that little difference.

When enthusiasm and effort are co-equal and joined in purpose—realization is near, whatever its merit.

Life does not decrease but increases by fulfilment. We were generated and do ourselves generate. Whether we shall ever originate is locked up in our unknown future potentialities and not in our nominalism and knowledge.



'To know ourselves', 'to renounce ourselves', etc., are postulates of hyperbole; we but change our mental clothes by new figures of speech. The mind is our index of the infinite exhibiting a universe of which we know little; yet the unknowable within us is vaster and hence more potent of possibility.

We have erected the negation of equity into a form of existence by systems of government: our birthrights are stolen at birth and to keep us empty-handed we are taught—'Thou shalt not steal'.

Look into your past to forecast your future.

Is it short-sighted to limit our beliefs when we do not know our ultimate possibilities? Yet all expression is within the limits of definite technique and formalism—whatever our attempts at diversity.

What do we know for certain? In the complexity of differences we become endowed with pretence and dogmatize our lies.

The mystery of beauty, the undivulged of things, gives them their enchantment not their known meanings.

There is a Third Eye! To paraphrase "let not thy right eye see what thy left eye seeth" would be a 'distinction without much difference', except for our willful blindness to all permitted self-deceptions which are seen and recorded by the inner eye. You may delude your fore-consciousness, but not what is beneath.

...And of the noumenal, our eternity, we hope that all our efforts in life are ultimately for a permanent perfection, with change an additional pleasure. Everything, knowledge and experience of life contradicts such a possibility.

Is the Truth necessary? The need is for our own Truth: lack of integrity makes for sterility and is meaningless. Things more necessary than Truth are expressed through our efforts to render such.

An infliction of old age is the indictment of all ages; be certain that your non-successes, accidents, and all illnesses however slight, will be the result of your agedness.

There are no conclusive conclusions, yet nothing germinates unless we have, or make, the necessity of arbitrary 'will-desire-belief' for a possible image of our ambition.

The eclectic path is not an avoidance of obstacles, but an alignment (often oblique) that cuts through from one predetermined place to another.

God is within us?—not yet seen, but as a mirror's reflection: an inexistent reality of presence without residence.

Ideas you conceive are their own possibility.

The great sterilities: the numen and the human—ever present—are

stercoraceous images of greed under other names.

When one sees one's reflection everywhere and sees everything in oneself one becomes as the Stoic. One is never lost to 'Ego' or one's ego to eternity: the outwardness of ego is the recessive and remaining part of ourselves.

Through mind is our all-reachingness, and through the copula; our technique of articulating desire is limited, bad or mad.

Soul and mind are indifferent to our language but respond to affectiveness when conveying pure sentiment.

Where Ego goeth, there only is the sensation and perception of reality.

We call certain events 'Acts of God', or 'Fate', whereas they are the workings of equity from our own past Karma.

We make words ambiguous by adding our meaning; qualifications become endless and few understand themselves or each other.

Whatever you assert of the gods is more true of yourself.

All ways to Heaven lead to flesh. Our re-orientation and ascent from Earth must start here: nothing is obtained except by desire and our only medium is flesh—mouth and hand. In the midst of reality we strive for unreality, hence I teach the equal reality of all things, man and his illusions—flesh of dreams... There is a lamentable display of the non-artists shadow-fighting their fears; automata actuated by their own committed untruths seeking their fulfilment.

Truth is everywhere, there is nothing untrue anywhere; it may appear so, because we cannot accurately relate it.

I behold multiplicity in all things and myself as the inter-relating oneness, for whatsoever else I conceive will lead me astray or into 'as if'. The more I get into things the more I am beyond them, so, the more within, the more without...

I am everywhere present, yet unknown to myself except in Ego. I am a configuration of all the multitudinous compositions, and knowing not myself fully how can I know much of other selves and the gods? But the man we know is mainly made from the beliefs that he enacts, for 'being' is a function of the all-remembering Soul: so believe from your necessities, which alone obtain response and recompense—whether of good or evil.

Nightmare: how dreadful is this place; is it some religious hereafter?

'One in All', etc., and thousands of other generalizations, are language faecia, meaningless concretions, the 'stinking lump' spelling chaos out of which sprang order by separateness and every inequality, with the supreme attainment of individuality and ego.

Wisdom is the realisation of the mysterious incomprehensibility of all

things, whoever the designer; and all the partial disclosures of knowledge prove this.

If I was begotten of all yesterdays then Ego (made of my memories become flesh) is my only lamp for the tomorrows.

My gods have grown with me.

The secret of happiness is to be in harmony with yourself; little more is permitted or desirable. Seek your environment and adapt it: do not ask me what is 'yourself'—I know only vaguely what I have made from Self into myself.

If others loved themselves half as much as I do, there would be no wars. Everything would seem less dangerous than Reality, for everyone would escape or unrender it.

Vitality of idea, vitality of form and balance of composition—these are the essentials of the masters who make their truths live.

When you are bored it is evidence of disease—you are going blind, deaf, or are paralyzed, etc.

Friendship is only the refraction of a desire for a fuller self. Until I am God in myself, I am nothing to God.

We are much worse in prospect than in retrospect.

Passion is purchased by passion. Those of small desires will only bleed you and make you as necessitous as themselves.

When we exploit the extent of solitude we find it more crowded than a great company and the abode of our own realities. There is no retirement from solitude, and, when we fear it, conscience is actively malignant.

Only dominant desire shall compel us to do what we want to do successfully.

Nature is an integrating principle, never compelling uniformity.

I do know, not only that I know but also what little I know of my own omniscience.

I dreamed the psychic world was a concurrent inverse devolution; man, failing as human, reincarnates as a caricature of the beast.

The price of Identity is suffering.

I believe in 'strangerhood': the trouble with 'brotherhood' as an ideal is that man's present behaviour is too bloody for words.

Space is the limit of probabilities; Time, of the immediately possible. Lies are the reflective exhibitionism of some 'forgotten' event we wish to re-live. Whatever lie you state could be true—at one time, at another time, but not at this time and place. We must first create a suitable environment.

Our 'personal religion' is often a suppressed sentimentality to benefit others; when so, we are at our best.

Words, words, words, however used, whatever they symbolize, request, or tell, say more, showing in between the antics of all motives. Yes, word-rendering deals the quickest of deaths to flabby ideas; and also words are the most poignant, suggestive, contagious, substitutive and lasting means to convey anything. Most deadly virus, most potent abreaction of magic subtlety even your erasures reveal your believing by their persuasive influence and their magic.

If a wish formulates its meaning from a parallel likeness, it will have a substantive exegesis.

The giver who gives desiring no requital is without fault: the receiver has a moral onus as the contra-giver; there is ultimate equitable recompense in all things.

The 'Summum bonum' of evaluation is equitable compensation or compromise between differentiations; our 'thisness' in relation to 'thatness'. Ours the intensive, otherness the extensive.

All psycho-traumas relate to the subconscious and change us from the instinctive to the deliberate.

If we see a thing and feel nothing the result is almost nullity, just as if we touch something and visualize nothing. Emotive sensation is our highest process and function.

Sincerity is difficult except through lasting affections, being unstable in adaptation and tending to dysteleology. Sincerity is the quintessence of sentiment, our deep feeling (or 'aesthesis'); it creates our ability and formulates our temperament, individuality, and character.

No man is an independent individual. We are unaware that 'being' is infinitely interrelated and our re-relatability is our only form of reality, though it is always a temporary union.

Longevity and youthful appearance are bound up with infantilisms, with its own group of habitualized fixations, phobias and inhibitions.

The common stench—self-righteousness.

Mathematical alignments 'prove' the pragmatism of 'as if': a straight line being a segment of an undetermined and extensive arch.

Forms obtain additives by dimensional differentia and orientations of objects perceived.

The quintessence of monotony: all things alike and equal.

Panacea: not presence, impulse, conceit, but the audacity of 'instant mind-courage' in action, is the answer that fulfils.

Nature teaches equal significance of all things: the blade of grass,

the dead God or a live sow, all are of the same earthly worth. Of supernal value is your service of remaking self in unlikenesses of yourself.

The unjustly injured are not benefited if the same injury is inflicted on the aggressor: punishment should not only be corrective but compensatory to the victim. This does not preclude other kinds of deterrents if necessary.

If you must murder, seek the murderers; meet evil with evil, even unto yourself.

Ego: a contra-reflective symbol of the noumenal becoming fertile from our own inexhaustible refractibility. Ego is a power of conjunctivity, a second-hand reality of the noumenal, functionally divergent from the original: a fluxing all-directional appetite, connective by all 'as if'; equivalents becoming directive by disparities.

Autists as artists validate their wishes by conative effort, proving their concepts as the pre-determining force of possibility and metamorphosis.

Life is an endless re-creation. Whatever we are, our value is in the next existential: always a composite of some yesterday's potentialities.

Whether we are inspired by the Gods or by any other means, it is all the same: we are as They, and much as they are to us.

"No law but mine", no fool has ever succeeded in maintaining.

Thought is an impression subsequent to feeling, prior to which it has no signature.

All equations are an assumption: an averaging of variant inequalities from inexactitudes as an approximate-remiss always.

Time-space is an empirical relativism deriving from our manifold of incomplete and unsynthesized representations seeking nexity. The unrelated has neither time, space, nor ego.

We cannot guess our purpose, and never surpass it, but it is imperative that we believe in one for it confers ability.

There is no balance without equal tension or reciprocal compensation.

We are as shadows of our doubts, delusion-reared, haunted by hopes and fears, cramped in some corner we imagine real and secure... And pray to God, intent to prey.

The incredible may follow the possible, because none can assess what may become true or what is impossible. When we speak of the impossible or the inconceivable we really mean something that is impossible immediately, that that moment of time cannot find relationship with the past.

We best serve ourselves by serving others the necessity of themselves;

our defaulting is bathos and bloody.

Everything is manifest, the fault is our inability to apprehend from our level. Knowledge is slowly gained from experience and appearances, explaining the less known by the known by the faculty of reasoning.

Whoever exploits the less probable as possible is a fine artist.

How can you be dynamic with small beliefs and small desires?

Whoever we are, the borrowed pretensions are our defect—always less worthy than our own Truth, unnecessary and futile. By them we are unfitted to be sincere; it endangers what good we have: this mediocracy lives only its inferiorities.

Chastity may be a safeguard, never an excitement or adventure. But do not pride yourself, for fall you must.

Death is necessary for forgiveness...

Rightly man is screened from much of himself—he already hates too much.

The wrong motive underlies our righteousness and faulting others becomes our meat.

Old age is our best advertisement, for it has sucked the poison of most things and survived.

The beliefs we make are the best for us, whatever their truth. Any belief is sanctified by the believing, and justified by results.

The best in me may be the worst in you, or vice versa.

If death is our reformation it is also a long term of forgetfulness; when reborn we seldom know who we were before.

Inspiration is our only fortuitous gift from the Soul.

The sexually devitalized have necessity only with death.

When I feel nature, I feel that truth is immanent—in the vastnesses, the vistas, where my Soul dwells. There is nothing ashamed, meretricious or facetious. Facing this majesty I feel ashamed of my false shame and pretences, for here 'I am', with my significance.

Go wherever you have seminal affinities: so sayeth Satyros.

The Soul has no language, level and values, except its own, but it answers to all true affectiveness.

To become oblique is one answer: but our minds have heaped up cliches, coined, borrowed or inherited, mostly spurious. So stultified—not by limits of language, or by dumbness—we fail through falsities and half-believing, by fears bred of cramped growth, obedience to uninspired patterning, and we lose our impassioned creativeness by accepting easy conventions, idioms, and shoddy imitations.

We hate and love ourselves only through others. Heaven save us from looking only for our own likenesses.

Life is a potency, becoming a selection of indulgences; a path through the chaos we make—how soon fearing. Shocked, we cry out for salvation, and backslide to some old mothering or protectiveness. No escape but to breathe the human smell, touch the hirsute flesh: shall again adventure... must transgress.

Compensating mechanisms often demand an antithesis to balance or fulfil them, as with character and temperament: an ideal union—the masculine woman and the effeminate man.

Equity is the stabilizer of eternity.

Man's environmental ills are his making; the irresponsible delegating of authority to shelve his own responsibility.

Unappreciated ability becomes devitalized, breeds a self-indulgent sickness—a self pity that suffers alone.

Importance lies in things 'as now'. Flesh exists to be exploited. It is in all things and all things will be through it. All emanations are through the flesh and nothing has reality for us without it. The Soul is ever unknowable because we can only realize by finite form in Time-Space. So, whatever you attribute to the inconceivable is your Ego, as conceived. The mind and its great thought-stream determines everything and permits all things conceivable as possible. This thought-stream refracts illations both from the Soul and from ourselves into our time-sense-images and symbols which inspire us from the inter-relatabilities, and our reactions form our future destiny of good and evil with thought the nexus to all things past and becoming. Whether the gods created us or we created them is of no import except as an expedient.

If I were merely the delegated automaton of the great 'Id' (desire) with pre-ordained channels, amoral, endowed with phallic grandiosity and let loose among excitements, I would end in hysteria unto paralysis: there is a law of reversal.

Giving our so-called services to others is the genuine 'as if'.

It isn't essential to know the reason or purpose of things, or the 'why', 'whither', 'whence'; they were begotten of Eternity and our comprehension is begotten of Time. Your virtue is to believe in yourself as your self, i.e., as an individual making your individuality: Cogito, ergo sum.

Vital belief overcomes all things, in that it will endow us with the means to do so.

Time is not a separate dimension but a purely human and arbitrary contrivance of measurement by comparison; yet time is integrated in us and all things as our spaciousness and our essential way of realizing and knowing our 'narrow corner'.

When all permutations and combinations of Form have obtained, will dimension cease? Will the last imminence become, and Time enter Eternity?

Sacrifice is the first duty of self-love.

Our purpose and completeness fully to realize Self is in our existence for others, but the hand of weakness leads us to evil.

The disaster of love is that it gives us occasion to love in one person what we should love in all.

The discarding of inhibiting beliefs by reorientation and substitution gives a selected level adjustable to the new Idea, and becomes the matrix for obsession. The tight packing of space and the involuntary enforced silence are premonitions of pregnancy from this act.

The deliberate delayed satisfaction of an urge, when serving another intent, is of greater benefit to the person concerned than its immediate satisfaction. Urges serving their immediacy are often a failure, a disservice resulting in degenerate offspring.

...And remember, you shall suffer all things and again suffer: until you have sufficient sufferance to accept all things.

A thing only has reality and meaning when it has affinities and associations, however implicit.

I believe in the power of belief.

Nothing is more costly than principles: because their maintenance depends on ourselves.

Day-dreams are our cheapest luxuries.

Whatever our avowal we never worship the same god for long—desires change.

With little evidence we form meanings and judgments and dogmatize that our propositions are considered opinion against all immediate experience. Thoughtless assertions or anxious expressionism are too frequent and none perceives the full meaning or implication of partitive statements or generalizations. Most conclusions are mere sentences that need endless qualification.

Arrestment sets limits that are more prolific of exploration than unstable wandering; there is need of a period of unlearning, of de-indoctrination, of de-mathematicalization, of transvaluating, of fresh levels and directions, a new category of definitions and meanings for possible and probable Ideals.

Ideas issue from the impact of strong contrasts and urge our search for new sensations. Without negations reality would become anemic and linear.

I know too many gods... yet the greatest stranger to me is myself. And those who speak so glibly and knowingly of God (alleged Absolute), who



know his ways, wills, desires, etc., are committed to their inferiority. The word 'God' once uttered seemingly proliferates into all ungodliness. Why they imagine that God needs the endowment of human attributes is a mystery as profound as their ignorance—unless this 'half-idiot God' desires to impersonate us and thereby, quid pro quo, permit us to impersonate him? And so we make an adaptable God, one to barter with... defraud. This stuff, this moon-wrack, well suits the human equation. If we are in God's image, we know the maker's hand—the old looking-glass self-nomination: so we ever create. Still, we must become designers and cast this strange coinage; whether spurious or of merit it has a value for sure. Whatever our designs, they are derivative and unbeknowningly follow some dicta of the gods: exchangeable by artistic merit?

This is a world of re-living, re-believing, re-valuing, surviving all infirmities to remake and reform. And this furor about reality, whether it exists in us or elsewhere—we have become so confused and confounded by deceptions of logic and nonsense that we do not know even which reality we mean. But, whatever we may mean or imply we cannot misrepresent anything of which we know nothing.

How do we know anything? Who told us and where does it come from? Is it a recollection, a re-appearance from latent memory? Our mind inter-relates us as it so wills, from any instant to some early becoming or yet further back, so that we may re-join, relate and re-experience, add to our experience.

Wisdom works from the subconsciousness; we have all experienced 'inspiration' in some form; that strange feeling that climaxes to flash a new conception from our own orientation.

The Absolute is unbecoming and sterile if unbelieved. What is Truth? This question implies colour-blindness; it is asked rather as if Truth were an unrelated fact, thing, or abstract, the reason being that we do not conceive of it as multiple, varied, universal, or complex, but always as abstract. For there are many kinds of truth and all our truths are arrived at through negatives—what has no beginning has no becoming; what is without form has no meaning. Truth is of all things past, actual and potential in the conceptive—therefore Truth is relative. What is true for me may not be so for you, and what is true now may not be so later, or at other times and places, hence truth has a chronology in space and 'time-space truth'. There are the truths we create from our 'as if' realities—environment, character, temperament, learning, etc. Truth is also born of our known and latent beliefs so that to the insincere truth is baffling. Truth may be induced by the obsessive, by faith, or by something committed: these are the 'personal truths', the 'as if truths'. I assert that all lies are true when accurately reorientated to time and place, and may be called 'sidereal truths'. 'Absolute truth', if any, is the immediate truth, the instant, already in yesterday, so never is. All reality, all life, all truths are of yesterday, and tomorrow is the beginning of another yesterday and gives 'commutative truth'... but I am sick of all categories, nominalism and all bloody science—so enough of Truth, and, like Pontius Pilate I wash my hands of it. Too much truth in me already...

For I am I: ergo, the truth of myself; my own sphinx, conflict, chaos,

vortex-asymmetric to all rhythms, oblique to all paths. I am the prism  
between black and white: mine own unison in duality.

Look into your past to forecast your future. It is short-sighted to  
limit our beliefs when we do not know our ultimate possibilities. Yet  
all expression is within the limits of definite techniques, media, and  
formalism, whatever our attempts at diversity.

Our greatest thoughts and conations are automatic in origin: the deep  
pervading significance would appear to be a dissolving omniscience-  
increative by excreation-as the sun ever unsollicitous, ever giving,  
ever living: for whatever it taketh it giveth back manifold.

Ego is the reflector of the mind and through us Nature weaves  
diversity of herself. Her limitless knowledge is at the command of all  
our Ideas, whether ideal or decadent.

The inexplicable of beauty, the undivulged of things-not their known  
meanings-gives them their enchantment.

Insight expresses things by symbols and is a pure manner of relating-  
seeing: the way of some things can be known only by silent graphs-  
interlocking forms pregnant with meaning.

Existence is fated: the expiation of our past; good and evil rewarded  
by their aftermath. Avowal of faith has no worth except by the  
voluntary sacrifice through service to others' needs by which we  
fulfil our own, and reshape our future: Fate.

Whether within or without, nothing is explicit. Nature reveals slowly  
her techniques and media: her meanings and motives we know nothing of,  
and guess only from our own desires.

The value of the Artist lies in his awareness that anything has its  
beauty and significance; and in giving 'visual' reality to his  
conceptions, however fantastic; transforming all falsehood into a  
truth.

To see ourselves with our eyes open, that is the problem, and to  
explore our ultimate participations now embedded deeply in layer upon  
layer of extraneousness: nothing is beyond recall.

Inevitably, Life and Death nourish each other-a constant renovation-so  
why should we fear our again becoming the worth we did strive after?

Words and their meanings cannot change much; their sounds are constant  
of a hidden content not related to our meanings.

The spurious, embellished by cheap finery is the furniture of the  
pedant mind and, Imitators Beware: you still have the dog's attitude  
to its master.

You would save yourselves? My advice is-Keep away from each other, and  
so keep away from your worst self: our attributes are always bad.

An accomplishment is affectionate longevity: great Art gives... and the  
finest minds untiringly respond.

Nature is the one tradition that precludes criticism.

Destiny uses strange disguises: the causes of great change appear always superficial or promiscuous.

If we appreciated only what we know as true, there would be nothing to enjoy.

Our deepest feelings are oft enwrapped in the worst sentiment or taste.

Be careful what you cast out—the vacancy is quickly filled.

Do I believe in myself? Look around! Could I be so inconceivably credulous?

Memories resurrected from our sublated selves filled with their experiences are never-ending: Knowledge has a time-lag.

By our spunklessness we suffer, and half-feature and half-form our desires into abortiveness.

The road, for you, is always devious and dangerous.

We often kill ourselves by self-poisoning: Fate follows swiftly our adopting things foreign to our inherent aesthetic values.

The dilemma facing those who search for the Unknown (Self and Truth) is that they will never know when they have found it.

Having succeeded to life awhile—something we apparently never desired—must we have the added obligation of thanksgiving?

You cannot obtain anything from yourself, only through yourself.

'Self-truth' results from the unification of Will, Desire and Belief forced into one thing. By this affectiveness the Soul draws near and casts its omniscience over us by inspiration. None knoweth the purpose of life outside Ego... I am content with an effort to be human, with firm belief in the gods' permitting my urge to greater independence.

Superman has passed; the unquiet catafalques are ruins of the classic splendour which no human vandalism could quite destroy. Their tradition survives. They too resurrect—their deputies step forth as gigantesque ghosts and re-live in great artists with the Promethean fire to regeminate afresh. As representative: Michaelangelo, Rabelais, Voltaire, Balzac, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Swift, Darwin etc.

We who seek—whether we know or not what we seek or find, seem forced to face divergent paths; and ever inviting is the non-resistant blind alley to all sameness, to sick and weary life. Other paths, rougher, lead who so willeth to new pleasures: verily they lead the life-force with ever-open eye to the awaiting disaster or to chaos—never bathos, self-pity. The brave care nothing.

O ye Gods, say ye nothing? My nightmare told me ye say all things—or  
my translation is faulty?

Efforts to surpass realism: this poor energy runs weed-like to  
absurdities, and plethoric unrealism shoves out the vital, the simple.  
Here, self-arrestment saves: 'as if' reverting to our archaic  
virginity to effloresce a new surrealism.

Could we but smell! A finger beckons—the ruttish side-glance; we  
lurchingly detour to grasp the painted hussy. All fishy suspicions  
fade: then we awaken—wedlocked to sickly evil...

Give up, give up, stuttereth cowardice: crawl another ceiling? Ride  
another ass? So mocks my own tiredness. Awake, break the neck of your  
bloody Id or ride him till he drops.

I am never less than I am, but through wrong susception.

All will be thine, sayeth the mind, i.e., all who 'will rightly'.  
Those who sacrifice everything to one purpose—whether for good or evil  
—are granted power and the formidable weapon of words.

The wise man often exuviates his knowledge, rectifies his pastiche of  
acceptances and reverts to simple fundamentals. By courage his eye is  
never stale and his levels become as steps. He again reorientates by  
oblique divagation, new asymmetries, dynamics, complexities and  
funambulatory compositions; never destroying his essential dis-  
symmetry.

There are egotists who—merely touched by a 'home truth'—become  
ruthlessly callous and vengeful or hysterically accuse you of their  
failings: always upstarts to their failings.

Love for all things is integral beauty; it has no hate or  
possessiveness; its law is its own causality. Passions may be  
controlled but we best love by non-will as inclination dictates: so  
accept love wherever you may find it. It is difficult to recognize  
because it never asks.

All our denials, even of ourselves, come from non-acceptance: the  
unrealisation of otherness in self; of the Absolute in the non-  
absolute.

Contact with reality: the impact of flesh on flesh by every illogical  
means is the only logical thing.

Our unsocial acts are paid for by our future deformities: redemption  
is by our own blood.

Sex abreacted between two becomes seductive and consummation should  
naturally follow.

Is it our misconception of Self which determines the evil will of man,  
formulating a disastrous law to which he is ever subject?

"I desire" is all of life. Desires are born of necessity, by sincerity  
of belief and striving for realization, yet always originating through

the fictional supposition from reality. Thus Man creates his conceptions from his conception of a soul—from his wish for one, and he becomes his mental flesh. 'As if' ultimately becomes its own reality, but you will never know it as your creation, for Man already possessed a Soul and formed this other from his suppositions, never disentangling the two. Thus Ego is twice-born—hence our duality.

The Absolute appears to become other than itself, for it is sufficient; it is and is not, nor is it beyond, nor in, nor of, me, or anything else: it is 'Neither-Neither'. If I say, "it alone is arbitrary", that would also be eristic, and everything we may state mere supposition—for it "need not be". I call it 'all the abilities of impossibles' (of conception).

To face armies—yea, even death: to enjoy the set place: to enkindle our acquaintance as on a festive occasion: to welcome the other selves as oneself—that my love should be. For when I face my soul I am as naked as in death. Therefore, rejoice now in all thy coverage.

The 'Ids' have created a new Grand Style which fulfils itself by attaining a non-ethical Ideal with the idealized Ugly as an aesthetic that has become more creative than the gods.

Soul permitted Mind—the first form, and spatial. Imagination and rhythm, the machinery of this higher basic harmony is—by our ecstasy—contiguous because it is a flash of reality. All our transference is by the harmony and imagination granted us.

The figures and forms of our less deliberate expressions become the personifications of our abstract emotion—a sequence by the intensities of our feeling.

Whatever we invite and accept of our thoughts must gather me into metaphor by a known tautology revealing our lesser-known attitudes to things.

Character is the measurable result of modified or controlled desires. Ability exhibits our affective psychic unions.

The conjugation of a priori and a posteriori created the Anoetic.

The way of Ego is by impact, then by recognition, action, emotional relating, and ultimately the de-theosizing of our self-conception.

Am I all things? Are all things in me? All things become emanations of Ego, but first I must forsake my parents and walk alone.

The Noumenal of things is unrelated truth, because when related cognition becomes creaturely, un-universal, relative. An empty vase holds space yet it is only a shape enveloping a measurement of space in space. Truth manifests manifoldly and our own Truth manifests by complex refraction, reverse-inverse always diverse, not as it is. Thus, our conceptions are always partitive and our deviations project the dimensions of our cognition. The ground of abstract human sentiment and ability is from inherent atavisms generating a potential and ultimating via an ideal.

'Like' first recognized differences and then likenesses. The emotional contact gave effusion which helped us to see interrelationships everywhere and—the inducement to new likenesses in what would have been unlikely.

The magical act is a fulgurant of one's whole affectiveness by wish-education.

Who may know his complete likeness, so much being hidden? The Astrals, Elementals, Mind, Soul? We realize something of the body's mechanism and of the affectiveness of the whole; at its interrelations we may only guess. Every fact gleaned shows us merely greater ignorance of ourselves. Therefore, speak not of God, speak for yourself alone, for when you know yourself you will know your gods.

The yeasty conceits of adolescence that flourish unchecked, unrealized by merely wishing, linger on and become dramatically traumatic as substitutions for reality—always a change transference of absurdities.

The uncommitted life becomes deeply committed to an ultimate aftermath that will be compensatory (good or bad); all are caught in this ironic paradox.

Nothing exists that is unnecessary; ergo, only those things shall and may exist that we make necessary to ourselves—not in conformity to our logical/moral standards but to our own value-urges by 'as if'.

A dissipating passion never leads to a worthwhile reality in consummation.

The only certainties are the great uncertainties of unremembered commitments to myself.

The real, or 'as if', with unsuitable substitution leads only to instability through dissatisfaction.

Speak not of the inconceivableness of God for I am this but am not a god.

Sensations are impacts from phases of outer energy, relevant or not but mostly hurtful.

Communion with your Noumen is 'as if' through Ego by an apocryphal symbology. Even with great virtue of belief none can attain union with Soul or Noumen for they are ever interlocked. Why begin with false beliefs? Your unions are with your own ideas of them.

The first law was duality, determining by differentiated duplication; for whatever is begotten is from a similarity. The chain of causation is a sequence of entities becoming less and less similar and, eventually, a unique diversion to the prototype and to each other.

The immemorial universal (refracted through mind and senses) becomes personified as Ego which manifests more and more through the ever increasing complexity of matter, as body-entity. The 'dualities' of Soul, Mind, Ego and Body, with their inexact duplications, baffle and

bewilder

us.

Ego is our soul becoming its own. Though now dependent, chained to body, caged by dimensions, yet we are occasionally granted visual telaesthesia which reveals that we 'need not be' as minions, but are ultimately independent.

Ego while adolescent is unstable, wayward, contradictory, appearing as psychomachy and without theo-anthropic possibilities.

Mind gives function, determines, endows and benefits Ego via the body, from which it must realize. Hence Ego's interactions with body do not appear parallel with mind but with body.

Whether Ego will ultimately be free of, or create 'body' as so needed are alternatives no more impossible than any other unrealized possibilities. Forsooth, the impossible is everywhere: our attitude alone makes things impossible.

The great reservoir from which life derived by processes of evolution... so first pulsed our conscious entity as Ego. It does not return to its source, whatever 'matter' may do in dissolving. For Ego shall become independent, shall become its own jussive. Soul, Mind, Body, and all that Ego shall rightly conceive, shall be increative. How do I know? Power is sometimes lent: my desire was for Knowledge, then by lightning coincidence I beheld the amazing vision of ultimate Ego. I know—tongue tied I cannot retell; perhaps the hinge of connection must be your own self-congruence.

If events are foretellable from the subconscious (which I maintain) how do I and others like me reconcile 'freedom of will' and 'fatalism' or 'determinism'? To begin with, man is predestined by his good, evil and past history, but within him is the potential for effort towards free will and independence. Illustration: I am predestined 'to journey to a certain place'. I have this measure of freedom: I can choose the direction and even delay the event—but go I must. It is obvious that those living a virtuous life are rectifying their future and the possibility of freer will.

There is a form of aesthesis that is only explainable by the unison of all emotions, as when all opposites mesh and our 'whole being' effluently feels: such a state allows of telaesthesia.

The coetaneous has a spatial spread, causing unknown concurrent superfetations having their abstract after-births. So, man becomes fatally committed not only to known but also to unknown commitments.

Nothing complete or completing; all existence a mighty ocean, ever resurging, reindulging, and divulging little—wherein we are thrown to grasp the straw of Ego as our raft to Eternity.

All thoughts are presupposed from other suppositions that have reality in a differential of Reality: otherwise there would be an irreflexive unalterable zero plus zero.

Belief prefers singularity yet must work through complex desire.

'That is beautiful!' Is not this appreciation a loose coital form?

We must compel possibility to accept us favourably if only in imagination. Commit as many mental adulteries as you wish—it denotes health.

The failures in life become the manure in death.

The substratum of human cognition is an unknown inherent syllogism creating our formalisms. The field of sentiment goes beyond, to the ideal ultimate. Beyond again is the arbitrary-causal-archetypal, the abstract span of conceivability with conation levelled to our ability.

The Mind divulges by the power of inexorable affections that become a necessity.

Sex is the only way of procreation, and our hylotheism changes the matrix of our desire.

...These poor likenesses are of slaving fears and poor beliefs. Are they the differentiated correlatives we make of ourselves for the great innovation? No, they must come from the sweat of ecstasy.

This is your great moment of reality—the living flesh! These self-frightened saints who bleat "all is illusion"—offer fewer alternatives to reality than half a wet dream. They expect too much without payment—to reap without sowing, and by luck to forfeit debt, so they imagine, and hope that death will be the end.

Know thyself: Such knowledge reveals little but the redundant. The hidden and the unknown are affinities, ever ubiquitous and much inhibited.

If mankind had mistrusted all teaching it would long ago have embraced Equity.

Dreams are a patchwork of hopes and fears seeking realization in imaginative reality—often now the best conative.

Man is a potentiality of anything becoming actuality—the least and the greatest. Seek thy way through that which is, into that which you desire or think it should be, for the day of great mutation is always at hand—for the chosen.

There is a supernal prolepsis given to those who sublimate their desire towards beauty as final pragmatism.

There are many ultimates but all sublimate into Auto-Ego.

If there was 'primacy of practical reason' then judging by 'results' it has become its own laughing poltergeist...

Wisdom is a stasis, knowledge is ever-reforming, changing, never completing.

What

am

I?



I am all I have remembered summarized as form, for I was once allness  
and absolute.

What is Ego?

That which I have united emotively of my past to things.

What is the world of environment?

My past and future selves, seen and unseen.

What does it all mean?

Whatever I desire it to mean when necessary to me.

What is it all for?

Self-pleasure by infinite unities and equal separations, to retain  
separateness.

What is death?

A great mutation to my next self.

There is no Ultimate: everything becomes from what has gone before,  
because of changing ultimates determined by our valuation of things.

Be certain, you will not experience what you do not desire unless it  
be forced on you by your past evil.

Creation is an ever-expanding energy rather than a work completing;  
infinite contraction is less conceivable but is co-relative. Space  
extends with thought, time with Ego.

Nothing is anything unless fixed in the substantial; thus dreams and  
abstracts are as concrete as anything else.

The character of a Form is determined by its featural content and  
function. Good and evil must be felt before they have reality. There  
is no conceivable benefit in emotions, considered abstractly, unless  
they communicate some good to our being, and every being is in some  
way the better for the emotions of others.

The likenesses and differences in things—their conjunctiveness or  
otherwise—we strive to know, yet secretly the mind's extra-sensory  
arguments convey their meaning by symbols and then inspire us to  
interpret their greatness.

All Nature is a vast reflection of that which is within us, otherwise  
we could not know it.

We are as we are until we extend to other needs. The mind drinks a  
plethora of impressions, of vaguenesses, of things held in awe. The  
incompatibilities, when forgotten and buried, shall re-awaken as a  
great race to reach Unity in new-rhythmed patterns which later develop  
into a cultivated process.

Instead of controlling us our inhibitions are often self-destructive—they negate the creative act through fear to perform.

Talk your psycho-physical troubles out into the open but do nothing to remove their cause—that would be too easy and might indict civilization. There is no escape by escapism—a labour of forging more chains to prevent suicide.

If I cannot believe in the eternity of Ego, whatever its fluctuations, in what shall I believe?

There is no whole without our particular parts and our efforts to become essential and more extensive.

Our positiveness convinces others who have little of it; suggestion being more powerful to convey it than formal instructions.

None of us knows our limitations without full articulation; wrong application, media, and idioms are more to blame than any lack of ability.

We should solicit extensively to procreate our thought-forms: the final phase—criticism, revision, rejection.

Mental activity is stimulated by sex-appeal, but passion is more easily squandered than coagulated.

Many things grow revertive as they advance in time: we desire longevity without its failings.

Know the spurious and ephemeral by these characteristics—laziness and imitativeness. The failures will proclaim and embrace them, the genuine—unheralded, overlooked—are wrongly assessed from the start.

If we could give a true history of ourselves it would be of our emotional changes and evaluations, shaped into character by the conflict of temperament, experience and environment.

Often we desire a truth but to maintain our errors. Sincerity lasts but simulation needs constant revision.

Thought is a reflection and all ideas in thought are possible only from a prototype.

Constant self-reformation is essential for higher attitudes. When we identify our desire with an object it is our nearest conception of reality. Procreation is a more adequate realization than other relationships, so reality is suffered only as fleeting and limited.

Our shortcomings of memory, plus imagination, produce factors which tend to reveal symbolically more inwrought things.

It is not futile to strive for reality in the unsubstantiated things of mind and, when fearless, it becomes great artistry.

Man is an infinite aptitude of possibility: apart from his media,

necessity is the limiting factor.

Diverse knowledge is unnecessary, but aptitude for it is essential to wisdom.

Fundamental simplicity has an infallibility.

All things are linked by a bi-sexual correspondence, and aloneness is an impossibility.

The essential predisposition to love all things for a while is intoxication.

We fail to understand the mysterious lives we live, the plurality of things and the singularity of Ego. Whatever stage we reach is through unities. In relating ourselves—the unknown, the receding—everything that escapes the geocentric seems more significant.

The reality we know is interconnected with the unseen by some design of thought we have yet to know.

The superman becomes idiot saying "I am the Law". Outside of himself he is a dangerous somnambulist for he leads the blind.

Beauty and ideals should be strong social passions, not ornaments hidden in a closet.

A mental purging of meanings is essential for a more vital thought-stream to shape our near ability.

Man must become a realist first or he will remain a fool. There is pause in life when all becomes unreal and ominous; a transitory phase which becomes our level of life. A decision, a choice, has to be made existentially, facing oneself, not from abstracts or logic but from our innate good and evil.

Matter alternating, evaporating, exhausting, correlates with our means of dynamic extension—our means of obsession.

All things are in flux, nothing is static, but our truths are not immutable, and dynamic differences appear contrary to our interrelatability.

Ideas are more prolific when the struggle is for the unconceived rather than for the known.

We have forgotten Heaven's urgent significance because we overstep our real needs and go about the world mouthing doctrines of salvation like mountebanks with nostrums.

The beauty we realize is the level of our intensity and the difficulties we overcome are the measure of our vibrant expression...

Sentiment (our full emotion-equation) is the inbetweenness, man and his span, ego and all else that links him to the mind-soul reciprocally. The common right of infinite relationships is yet free, strengthening, inspiring, becoming a tireless search for Truth and

Ideals.

The Life-Force is the greater logic we overlook by our blind ethics.

Lies extend their province, their mistakes are limiting—doors shutting on the Mind's edifying requests—and the