

# ATTENTION, NEW FLESH

DOMUS KAOTICA; MARAUDER UNDERGROUND

**“This article has been left here in this location as a gift to you**

**It is our wish that you will become inspired by result**

**Make copies, and spread the flame to others”**



*"By the self be known, that frightful aether of circulating blood, from the Real was born  
the Real, and now have I crossed, as now is here & nevermore, into such plentiful  
boundaries, the face & fragrance of nothing - and I am completed without promise."*

- Unknown



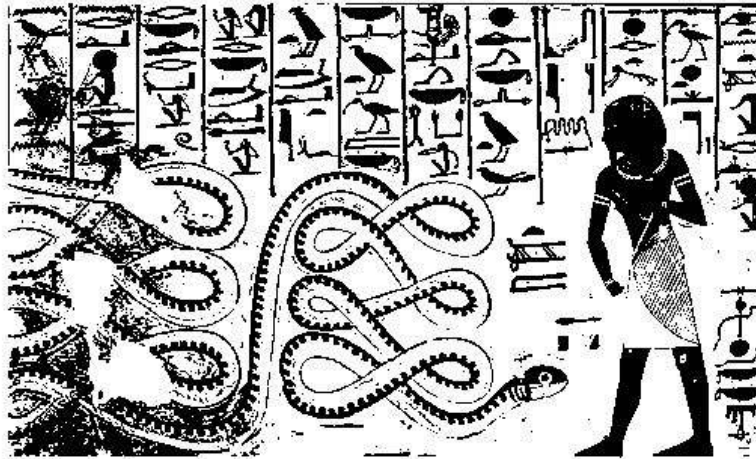
Herein speaks to the desperate, the lonely, the jaded & hardened - Your hearts had been abused & misled, sold and priced at the cost of your Imagination, and lo, still, is hope ablaze, and more. Never forget, that there is a feast awaiting you upon some desert island where women wear nothing, and men are clad in mud. Ye are Seeker & Creator, All.

Khaos thrives as a grape awaiting harvest, or some sweet sun-ripened wormwood, being fed by such bright thoughts laid upon, those of love, hate, romance, art and conquest, as such a sweet fruit must, and when thereby upon your tongue, develop & ensue the most gracious of pleading flavorful prose - the mind swept away to some abandoned tower in 19th century France, or some decrepit and white-washed metropolis, 23rd Century New York, or still to some alien locale within the depths of self, shrouded & darkened by the all-too-known storming weathers of personality.

Know this: *"The fruit contains sugar for us."* -The Chelsea Working



# APOPHIS RISING



*"I had seen a power that they did not want developed - for the sum total of empire was too much a price - though it did exist, and was sought, and cut upon. But He had survived and lived, and I had seen him."*

Herein is a principle unknown. Have we not a Life worth Dying for? Have we not an Ideal worth creating our surroundings for? Have we not a sparkling & seductive flame beneath the base of the heart which invigorates us to paint upon the canvas of the Real? Damned be your laws! Damned be your Country! It is my Heart which proclaims what is "Right" to me, and what is "Wrong" to me, and forever more! I am that which has awakened to the sound of light!

*"This image before me was once of fire. It is now drowned by rain.  
In its own death, comes his birth."*

## THE PARTY - A SHAMANIC GATHERING

Sticky sweet Ganja, silver plates of Cocaine, Absinthe presented in traditional style amidst the finest sugar cubes, goblets, spoons, and saucers.

The Party is our modern equivalent of the Shamanic Storytelling Rite - drums & fire, sonic vibrations of Will throughout the collective ears - extraordinary feats performed on some self-altering substance, or magicians-fuel - the very world and fabric of another injected into the minds of the countless - such is The Party done well by the Shamanic Host.

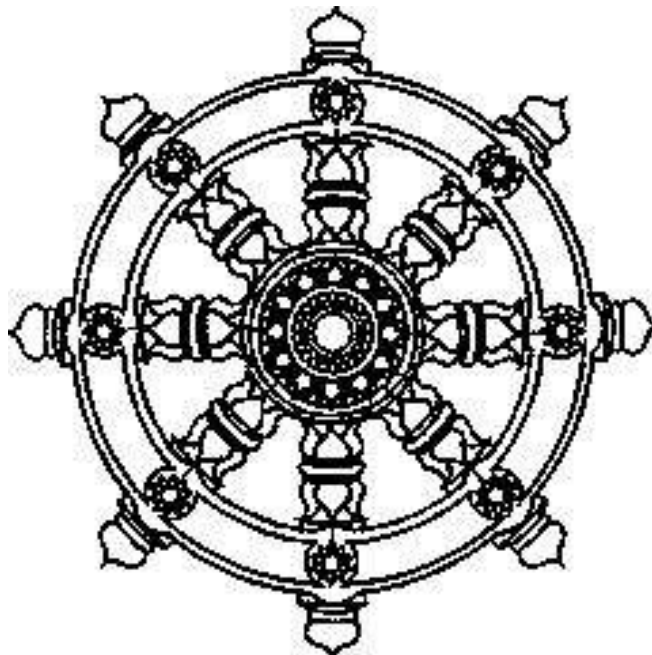
The Shaman takes the role of rare & extraordinary beast within the party - while also offering the finest foods and drugs, he is meanwhile possessed by the Great Poet/Artist who speaks only Truth as Lies, and so thus, he entrances the young & old alike into a seeming hyper-reality of masks, paints, smells, and forbidden tongues. He is macrocosm unto the speculations of their microcosms. A result by which, the lives of whom affected shall be transformed by the magnificent breath of Khaos present, and shall perhaps invigorate them into living a life more in favor of the beautiful unknown, self-metamorphosing absolute, which perhaps even, they used to name as God - now seen as Self, in the most embarrassing, liberating constructs possible - And so the Shaman sleeps knowing Good has been done this night, as he enjoys the walls as waves in the ocean before unconsciousness kisses him on his lovely bleeding brow.

## THE WALRUS

Is the Movement of the Creators, began by the UCA, which will begin [has started] when every operative & member have been given the right time. You may have seen us at work during the 60's - we have resurfaced once again. We are World Citizens, but more importantly, we are Underground Citizens. We are legion, and we occupy the very ends of the globe. We work for Total Liberation, and the Economy of Dream. This outcome will depend entirely upon the willingness of the creators. This world depends on us, and in this world, revolution is inevitable. We are you, and you are welcome to  
Join Us.

The Eccentric Shall Inherit The Earth.

**DESTRUCTION, AT TIMES, IS VERY MUCH A PART OF HARMONY**



**"I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW. DO WE HAVE A LIFE WORTH DYING FOR?"**



You exist now, and you shall be remembered in some way, perhaps not even of who you are, but what you did while here. Your very words now and what I may know of your thoughts and ideas alone shall bind a splinter of your being forever to not only myself, but all the others who are witness to a material being in the place of your energies. I celebrate you for it - as I do of what's awaiting you on the other side. A feast for life, and an even greater feast for death.

**"IN THE VOID, THERE IS NO SUFFERING; NO ORIGIN OF SUFFERING, NO END OF SUFFERING. I TAKE REFUGE IN OBLIVION."**

Aye, and quite wise to recognize such things, and to "practice dying", as Buddha said. Oblivion, Void, thing without form, that which is visible from outside, and nothing from within; and so Nothing is of Two aspects - with all language dead within the center, as is information - the eye of the needle when Time was unborn inside the black womb of Tiamat.

I approach Void and Nothing as Hun-Tun, or Chaotic Order, the grids & information nodes available to us though never "read", per se, and intrinsically woven within our lives & DNA, to an extent - not speaking only of Death, but the Idea of Void, awaiting Void, and accepting Void - refuge being quite possible - for those lucky enough to meet the thing without fear nor regret. The forever un-hatched black egg - also symbolized as Zero.

**HUN-TUN = 0**

Alongside Hun-Tun, or Chaotic Order, we also recognize a Benevolent Disorder, or Iuan (though language here ranges throughout the scope of all traditions - as we must take all human thought into full account), which we also relate to as Khaos, or "the great & lively project", which could be anything from the odd proliferation of memes in culture, to the archetypal "Imagination", a party on a desert island, a break-dancing competition, and so forth. The undying mess/matrix of experience - also symbolized as Infinity.

**IUAN = ∞**

The kick inherent in Iuan is a seeming useless action - "What's the point of it all?!" they shout, while holding faith towards "God's Rulebook floating somewhere out in space", a holy grail that we simply *must find*, if life is to have any meaning or joy whatsoever. And to that:

*"There will be a fervor of life and creation, a great burning in the gut of all. There will be drums, and paints, and fires, and beads, and powders, and liquids, smokes and gases. There will be plants, and meats, and roots, bark and flower, and explosions of fulfillment. Yes, Fulfillment. Here is your answer. As common as those things found among stones, and as hard as rock, for breaking into that blissful domain is the sole test of the human will."*

So then, perhaps even a "refuge within oblivion" is thus fulfillment, as the action is also one with yourself, and gratification based on desire.

What I think, if anything, *we* view as a spiritual suicide is the kind of smarmy nihilism which proclaims a cessation of project, an ending of understanding, speculation, humanism, and the relationship to the Universal Unknown - to scrap the idea of walking as soon as one takes up crawling, as it were.

There are some who's yearning for an absolute Otherness opposed to everything we know on this Earth, This Universe, These Senses, is quite noble in a way - Everything Must, and will be, Anew. There are no limits, and even Void may be a thing in constant change - perhaps existence is the state held in familiar stasis.

Stasis, that is, until someone comes up with a better idea.

DTTI:HTNF

