



FEAST & FIRE

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”



YOU ARE UNIQUE. YOU ARE CREATOR.

THEY WOULD HAVE US SHOT FOR SUCH SIMPLICITY.

DROP YOUR ACID NOW.

This is meant to be read & spoken aloud in fervor amidst incense, music, heat, and archaic decadence. Painted masks, exotic plants, skin drums, tortoise shell flutes, pearls, skulls of the hunt, coal pits, wild boar, bamboo spears & skewers, spiced rum, sticky eastern ganja, shark teeth, oil paints, dyed cloth, spices, meats, curries, rice, flavour & colour, totems, fetishes, jaguars, coconut grubs, eternal doorways, snakes, gigantic trees, naked bodies, explosions of fulfillment...

It must not be assumed that the meaning of this will fall on the deaf ears of many, although, **A**fterall, for those **M**en and Women who are of The Dance, **T**he immediate experience, as Khaos, **H**eralds of the festival, or **A**uthors of Shamanic Ecstasy, **T**he Full Bellies had, and **I**nstinct as Revolutionary Weather, **A**ll is upon you, **M**ercurial bliss, as flower petals drown your sensitive skin, **N**ot as you once were, **O**nly now, and as you are, living within the **T**otality of the Fire.

THE MANIFESTATION OF GLORY

“Here is where my life inverts & decides upon a singularity. Here is where I weep for myself and in my tears the reflection of Everything I had ever held dear, worshiped & desired. There is no turning back. Nothing can stop me. I can no longer deny my heart

- I can no longer hold anything back, and I can no longer be defeated by time.

Rise to the occasion. Though my ego may be screwed, though my mind may be fucked, though my heart may be full of holes, though my confidence may ebb & tide, though it may seem as if there is no hope - Here I am. I have a hunger within me that I cannot attribute language to. I have no idea of what it is, what I want, though I know it cannot be found *here*. I will give birth to myself. I will make a mark.”



LANGUAGE IN FAVOR OF AUTONOMOUS BEAUTY

The resurgent cosmology of what we call “paradigmatic application in the pursuit of desire and fulfillment” lends itself to the ghost economy of metaphysical discourse, that spiral annex where every man is a King in the land of no-thing, the territory itself being too timid for “natural law”, or so it would have us believe. The Shaman then, in not so much a spectacular amniosis of experience, but in the discovery – far be it from creation – of that old door to the underworld of the Jaguar – in our dialect, subsequent of an elaborate dive into spontaneity, The Dance of Revelation, sole grand imaginary requisite which dines on explosions with family & friends while curious flowers - perhaps snowflakes of ash, or tears wept from heaven over the death of God, never sharing the same color nor fragrance from one to the other, transubstantiary in simplicity and far too festive for the senses and illuminative by mere sight to be of any origin besides Nature’s own Will to Joy - rain down upon us to invigorate the blossoming of the Central Mandala; Autonomous Beauty; Heart of Being, the Song of the Universe.

THE TAO OF DISORDER



Whenever you break some law, or rule, or version [culture], you feel so much Joy.

Why do you think people feel so much Joy in the dance? Because they don't truly mean Order, and I tell you, if you are dancing orderly, you will lose the whole Joy of it.

The moment you learn any dance in rules & regulation, you will lose the Joy of it. That's why, they say that real dance is just an expression of your being, not the form of some exercise – [as in] you learn something, and repeat it. Unless you are a professional dancer, others may enjoy it, but not yourself. If you are to enjoy it, it should be rule-less, it should be Chaos. When you are expressing the Chaos you will be radiating energy. That's why, if you want to make somebody dull, just put in some rules, that's enough - make some rules, and the person will be dull.

In the ultimate Chaos, there is an Order. And, please understand, the whole Universe is sole Intelligence. It is not just Power, it is Energy -- there's a difference between power & energy. Power, plus the Intelligence is Energy. The Energy without the Intelligence is Power. Power is just like a force, it is force from Intelligence. It responds to us, because it is Intelligence. Somebody goes to Buddha, and asks, "What is the creator of the Universe?" Buddha says, the Universe Itself is the Creator, and he says beautifully, that Creation itself is a Creator. The cosmos itself is a creator, because it has got its own intelligence. It's a living Energy; you are sitting inside a Living Energy.

If you are orderly, without releasing the Chaos in your being, not only are you suppressing, you are suppressing everyone. So realize, the order in chaos, realize the chaos inside the order, and you will start expressing the compassion. When you

realize the Chaos within the order, you will accept yourself and others as they are. Until then, you can neither accept others, nor accept yourself. You will continuously condemn others with anger and condemn yourself with guilt. Guilt and anger is just because you are not realizing the Chaos in your Order. Whatever you think is order, your boundary, it has got Chaos in it. Your being, the ultimate being, is a deep Chaos, and it is pure energy. When you realize that, you will accept yourself as you are, and you will accept others as they are.

- Paramahansa Nithyananda

FESTIVAL CONSCIOUSNESS AS MAGIC

The ancient Chinese, in celebration of Hun-Tun, would enact Chaos Day on the winter solstice, usually ending in a good number of rooftops being set aflame due to the massive display of fireworks set off in the sudden spirit of festivity; the taste of Chaos.

This infernal end had most likely contributed to its eventual slip into the foggy memory of time, now dumbfounded as to the very notion of true Celebration, true Feast, true Dance, itself.

Love & Joy in all Teaching, Heads like Grenades, Every Path an Economy of Dream, Fire in All Things, Festival Consciousness as Magic, The Dance, The Feast, Invert Thyself, Perform Thyself, Destroy Thyself in Laughter, be Quenched, Be Fulfilled, Be Enlightened, Be...

"Do not remember, do not worry, do not think, do not examine, do not control... Life is a game, and you can always restart. Don't worry about tomorrow, because it will never come. Look up at what you have today and make something of it, because you already have everything you need. There is only beauty in waking thought, and thought only in sweat and fulfillment only in conquest. Beware of those who try to take the fun out death." - Frater Sheesyath

