

RADICAL KHAOS & THE TIAMATIC PRINCIPLE

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”

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*"Do not worship the Idea, do not worship the God, do not worship the Ego,
do not worship the System, nor the Law, or Country,
worship the Imagination that spawned it."*

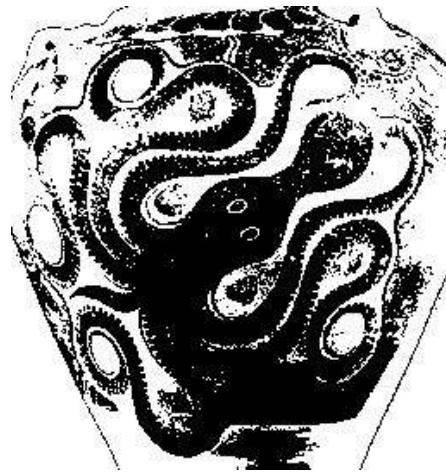
DEATH TO THE IMAGE

HAIL THE NEW FLESH

A REPRISE FOR THE DABBLER.
AN EXECUTION FOR THE SKEPTIC.
ECHOED WITHIN THE ONE SKULL, A DAEMON,
MANIACALLY LAUGHS.

Thee Magician, Shaman, or Witch, a figure of repulsion and fear for much of our recorded history. A human being seemingly devoid of humanity in exchange for something beyond, a dark birthing into the forbidden realms, those of Death and the child-like playfulness of Life. His is a life lived on the outside, the edge, on the brink of Animal Consciousness, and communication with the Other, The Divine, Thee Alien which had eluded all but the insane, and He is Master and Scholar of the strings & pulleys beyond the curtains of life, and the monsters found a thousand miles behind.

TIAMATIC KHAOS



Thee Art of Magick has turned, or more specifically, it is us who have now turned. Subdued with a blindfold of cellophane while The Mouse makes them Tea, the ones among us who are as mushrooms - those who had been kept in the dark, and fed shit from up high, had never quite realized there had grown a viable and strong sub-current amongst the unknowing, and it has now opened its eyes to a world ripe for the wasteland.

"Spirituality Is A Movement."

We embrace thee attraction to thee eccentric as a manifesto for living life to its fullest. Chemicals are our sacrament. The Body is our temple of worship. There are too many Gods in too many heads for The Sheep to go wandering unwillingly. No, this is Revolution by means of Manipulation. Neurological scripting, Reality Hacking, Self Editing, all are of our knowledge, and our knowledge is our strength.

Tiamat resides within the multi-dimensional. She is both Mother & Destroying Principle. A Child was created out from Her residue, and that child we call 663.

To work with the Doombringer, the male-child aspect of Tiamat, being created instead of existing, in his many names, is to encounter the intelligence of an otherwise emotionally alien being. She is the ancient depths, as He is the newborn heights. Both, working for expansion. Both, working as organs for the life-blood of existence.

Thee Imagination, then, is your birthright. Root theory, factor X, and the strange attractor. All that can be found throughout daily life is the direct result of the Willed hardening & crystallization of Imaginary memes & ideas, conjured up by Thee Spark of Life to invigorate & mold the personality, thee identity, as we can so far detect it.

You have a purpose, and that purpose is to Create Yourself. Here we see the relevance of the Post-Meta, which could as well find its other half within the Post-Modern. The Self will no longer be determined by environment. A wave has emerged amidst the cultures of this Earth, and this wave is as The Octopus, the eight-legged, being of pure language, and unhindered possibility. And if it fails to serve its species, the higher among the life-dwelling? Then, Thee Principle of Aversion takes root within the ecosphere, and so we return to the place without Action, without Heat, without Thought, and without Creation.

Death! And Death, as well, is to be made a friend of, kissed, fucked, and made pregnant with an even greater Child of Life, which proceeds and eats its parents in its glad joy, amongst the stars in a sphere of intellectual anarchy & narcotic bliss. And who are they who would delve, they who are of the animism, and all of time, stretching out towards infinity?

You know who you are.

The Universe Wants to Play.

