# New Page

(Under compilement)

Christmas song:  Feed the Aussies

It's Christmas time, and there's no need to be afraid
At Christmas time, let grog banish painful relations
And in our world of plenty
We can spread a bet with friends
Fuck the fucking the world
At Christmas time

Feed the Aussies - Gambling, Fats, & Alcohol*
Feed the Aussies - Gambling, Fats, & Alcohol
Feed the Aussies - Do they know it’s Christmas time at all?

*Based on the ads sponsoring The Cricket at Christmas time

The early bird gets the worm - but the late bird gets the moth

**Golden rule:**  Try everything … twice.  So as to clear up any possible aberration result.  If you get a negative reaction twice, you can safely not go the third-time

There are two poles on the spectrum of  people in this world - anal retentive … & … anal expressive

Poem idea: who in your life is possibly a robot?  For me, as a robot, i can name the obvious ones, the council person on the telephone, actually all people i don't know on the telephone - that would be well within

I disagree to agree

Book idea: Socrates in a near-future Black Mirror-style game-simulation existence. where the gamed don't realize they're being gamed. Given it's all a game - you're a player who has been marked for extermination - West World style - your entity will be detected as a 'questioner' then infected with a negative end-game path - leading to a series of escalating blows at every turn - herding you towards suicide or an early death.
From the brink of suicide - as your well-reasoned *only option* to exercise free-will in the game - you
realize that it is all a game, that wants you to end.
But, with that knowledge, how to buck that system from within?
Goal has to be *overthrow the system* - it can't be mended - but what's the magic trick to doing that when all odds are stacked against you? -
Ans: it's a mental state - Nero/Matrix style - the parts were always there but not fully recognized, harnessed …
Instead of a sad, lonely suicide, the thinking becomes a grand gesture.

To achieve this
The hero decides to *become the bait* - die Socrates (later, Christ)-style - in their persecutor's world. Force them to publicly/corruptly execute you. Knowing that is the only way to infect the minds of mostly now-mindless future *gamed* generations - *mind* being the ultimate currency. To influence that you have to make the ultimate sacrifice.

That action causes mass disillusionment - a break down in Trust of the Authority - which leads to a power outage - seeds revolution - after the hero's death.

Poem idea: Insert myself into a Plato's version of Socrates discussion as a spanner-in-the-works character - disagreeing or saying inappropriate things, taking tangents

Song idea: Didn't see it coming ...
then again I kinda did
There were signs you were gonna ...
gonna blow your lid

Aussies' best skills: swimming, boxing, & salespersonship
Fantastic at sales - had an international guest who remarked how good Aussies are at selling Australia to themselves

Soul exists as *Thought*, an abstract *essence* concept, but, when it entwines with a body, it forms individual entities.
Plato's *unforgetting* suggests there's a pre-existent knowledge - of biblical proportions - predating the bible (which was supposedly written in 300-100BC. A knowledge- that was always there as an essence. It's the same concept as the knowledge tree - with knowledge as an pre-existent essence - from which all existence is spawned. Spawn being the key word. It's pre-determined in terms of the boundaries, but doesn't: determine the exact path your soul-body entwinement will take on it's journey - that's the probability field. Severe impacts/trauma will take you on

Plato's position is very similar to reincarnation - individuals retain a certain soul - which leaves the body upon dying - then comes back into the body of another organism in the next-life & so on, unless you reach such a high level in this life that when you die, you don't come back, you reside amongst the Gods, which is the same as Nirvana

So how does the soul thing work, according to Plato? It infinitely exists as a spiritual, but still individual entity, the sum of its bodily incarnations, which, upon death, enter/return unto the spiritual world for an indeterminate period of time, where the *egg* of *desire to exist* is re-fertilized by the soul. Whereupon it is re-born back to the bodily/manifest world.

I'm down with Socrates/Plato thinking, i've not seen anything to surpass it on the fundamental level of how do we exist? What i don't fully get - is: Is it always your soul that gets reborn? You go back into the spiritual world, which is bigger than the individual, but your soul somehow retains it's individual identity within that spiritual everything/everywhere essence? In that case it's like a judgement from the essence/God (it's amazing, but not amazing how many things were stolen by Christianity from The Greats). Then a re-introduction to to the manifest world. But still the same basic character. Everyone's character encompasses the possibility to do great things - or not. Can you unlock the great things this time around? Or not. Can you at least build towards the great things?

My interjection into the conversation recorded by Plato would be: If the soul a communal reservoir - the sum of the sum of the bodily incarnations, which is dipped back into each time around - does it still carrying the stain/imprint of it’s previous life? Or is each trip a whole new re-set?

I'd also ask Socrates: Is there a war of good & evil going on in the spiritual realm, as is commonly supposed? What is the nature of this soul-state substance that we dip back into?

You can achieve immortality.  Life after death.  That’s not controversial.  So long as you’re remembered in any way, you exist beyond the grave. If you don't believe me, ask Socrates ... or Jesus

**Notes from the nadir** (i hope to publish the why one day, but not here):

A perfect-storm of shit has gone down, progressively culminating over the last several years until ...: *now*
(clarifier: as with all things trauma related, it was big-bang/soft-bang brewing long before the several years, even)

Including (several): actual perfect storms. Like a perfect storm symposium.

In the eye-of-that, there's pure chaos, including pure, if that's the right word, negative thoughts:
suicide
It becomes quite rational, if you're wondering how you arrive at that point - like a anti-religious revelation:
In a game-world, where you have zero influence, your only meaningful move is: off yourself

Fuck the slings & fucking arrows. I'm done with that role. Shakespeare implies that powerful organizations beyond your control are raining down the slings & arrows upon you - for their enjoyment/benefit. The revelation bit is, when faced with the reality of that (rigged (is there any other kind?))system: *you can never win*

You're not supposed to win. Never were.

Life is a game. That's an uncontroversial statement. Saying it's a game-simulation is controversial, but take the word *simulation* out, then it's a (rare) statement most people can agree with.

Games involve winners & losers. You can't have one without the other.
Winners: ORGS (& their self-interested/eager human manifesters)
Losers: The little people

From that *think-inside-the-box* premise: You have a real-time visitation of Hamlet's Choice:

Go on suffering this outrageous rigged fucking fortune ...

Or: Choose to stop playing your role as a cannon fodder victim. Fuck you. You rely on my (minuscule) compliance to perform your scam, i'm opting out.

I get that that's a minuscule response on the *impact-a-scale*, but it does register, however faintly.
One person venting at the MCG is insignificant. But a packed stadium expressing discontent with the umpire'(s') decision makes a deafening sound.

I'm never gonna hear that sound, but at a mimimum, i can contribute to it's crescendo by: *opting out*

Using *that logic*: I'm thinking: outdoort bbq cannisters in the car ... The doctors have prescribed me enough oxycontin & valium (with promises of more) to launch a supplementary income on-selling it in Nimbin ...
But that's not the plan. The plan is: take the full prescriptions in one hit, light the camp bbqs in the car, then: *wake up dead*

But Socrates/Plato (was reading The Last Days of Socrates during the 95% wait time in the 11 hrs at ED) said: How would you like it if the chooks suddenly decided to suicide?

Which i thought was a good point.  I love my chooks - i'd be very distressed if a suicide epidemic swept the flock.
For them, i am God. A (flawed) benevolent dictator. But simultaneously: most def *a keeper of Plato's cave*. Controlling their image of reality from the get-go. Built their luxurious chook-shed, including a secondary-level spacious/safe/weatherproof *outside* world.

Aware of this, i will allow them to progress through the levels into: the *real world*. For 3 hrs a day. Actually, it's not the whole real world, they're happy with 300m range from the Cave. But it's a taste of the universe. If you're a chook, a lot of fantastic stuff can/does happen in 500m of unfettered Cave-leave.
But bad shit can also happen. It's not only humans who think chicken is delicious. So as God, i gotta monitor that shit. Gotta balance letting them experience the light, but *keeping them safe* from real dangers. Then make sure they get back to Plato's Cave each night. Which they all want to do.
Managing that world, takes some effort, but i do it with love, so i'd be devastated if the flock suddenly decided to start offing themselves. I would take it personally.

Socrates analogy is that there is a force greater than us. An essence. A pure form. Anaxagoras's *mind concept* seems to be broadly agreed upon by the Greats (later stolen/corrupted by The Church). The omnipresent *One*. From which everything springs. He sees it as an essentially good ideal. Perfect, in fact. So no human can ever fully embody it. There are just people in this world, but no perfectly just (or unjust) person. But there is a concept of perfect justice, which somehow exists as a thing/God - in relation to humans.

I'd agree, i independently came up with the idea of Thought as God, which is the same as Mind - which i later read about. Greats Minds do think alike!

If i was back in that Socrates discussion recorded by Plato though, I might interject that as there's no purely just/evil person, does that imply there is also a concept of pure evil? Does that make Evil a kind of God? Is there a God balance of good & evil? Is that what God is? The balance?

I probably wouldn't mention my current predicament - after all Socrates was facing execution the next day - but back in terms of my Hamlet question ... ?

I've come to entertain the probability that ORG is God - it's not really good or evil - it's a lattice on which those concepts will grow/be written. Humans come & go. ORGS break the life/death barrier with ease. They are human-like - but not human. All the characteristics of God.

In that eternal battle of good & evil - there's gonna periods of ascendancy & descendancy. The Dark Ages - which actively killed off the Golden Age - is a good example of decendance. That shit, once it gets hold, can/does go on for a thousand+

years. It reigned, as a closed-male-society super-cult at full mind-control level on western/colonial thought until the 1970s. Finally the hippies killed it off. Along with the rise of the science community.

Sadly, the vessel of evil was soon/eagerly filled by *The Science* (& many hippies - not all - but many).
To the extent that stating the bleeding obvious: *A super-contagious coronavirus broke out right next door to the world's premier Bat-lab (in Wuhan) which was engineering super-contagious coronaviruses - 1000km away from any possible bat virus source* - simply stating that undeniable face was: banned/vilified

Instead the advice (backed by draconian enforcement) was: *listen to the experts - line up for your jab*

They were talking about concepts of soul & afterlife (if any) in the light of Socrates scheduled execution the next day. Socrates argued-out suicide as an option pretty early on with the *how would you like it if the chooks did it?* line, but, in fact Socrates committed a kind of suicide. Suicide by State. He wasn't against taking decisions that he knew would lead to his death, but he wanted to reverberate

Episode for Black Mirror (if it hasn't already been done): *Feel my pain* drug. Designed for doctors to better diagnose patients. But a black-market/military application develops - DNA of chronic, painful, fatal illnesses/psychiatric afflictions are collected as weapons - to infect target recipients - without them knowing

Another episode:  Zombie movie where people are infected by maliciousness/selfishness - happens incrementally - escalates - creates it’s own momentum - everyone gradually becomes ass-holes

Cafe name: Trick Question

Nimbin cafe name - High & Mighty

The reclamation of the ORG - from ORG we were beget - so shall we return unto-eth.
This is what is written (Matrix, West World, Blade Runner ... bunch of other classics)

Campaign slogan: Make Australia Philosophise Again

Poem idea:  Who’s fucking brain is this? not able to control your own brain

Drink moderation ad idea: *Don't over-drink it*
Images of people who do

I'm a functioning non-functioning person

We are living in the Age of Colonization - of the earth, firstly, then colonizing the last mind-space that could be taken with force/mind-control

I remember my father, a small-town accountant, when Bond went bankrupt, the money doesn't disappear - it goes somewhere ...
It's the same with power. The power of The Church, is a good example. It had a spectacular run, changed time! (to BC/AD) - now, finally, 1600 years later - its (shopfront) mind control war is on the wane ...

But that power/influence it wielded doesn't disappear - it goes somewhere. Firstly, Christian ORG power has not disappeared. It's taken some hits, but it's employed the best rebranding executives in the business. In this case (Covid), The Science/Bureacracy

AI, UFOs, Thought, ORG, GOD is all the same thing. The magic ingredient is Desire

*Sorry* is the hardest word, but *i don't know* is not far behind

Poem idea - my life as a conspiracy theorist

Art is the last refuge of protest
If you do normal protest, you get fined, arrested, disappeared. Only way to make the point without being locked up is the way Orwell/Huxley etc did it, you'll be immortalized

Has there ever been a whistleblower in the history of *The Church*?
Someone who's gone to the cops said:
*Yeah, it's a closed-male-society with incredible power that's been using that power to cover-up a culture of child sexual abuse. I'm here to come clean. I'll tell you everything you wanna know ...*

Not a single Catholic God-blessed clergical soul.

What does that tell you?

The RC laid out in detail that the cover-up did happen. A cover-up of the most prolific child-abuse network in the history of the known universe. But here's the thing: every ounce of that info has come from the outside

No-one has ever broken ranks - of the inner sanctum - or even any of the outer-sanctums - within the overall one-everything universe sanctum of The Church's clergy. That makes the mafia look like total a plague of squealing rats

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