



PREFACE:
WHAT'S GOIN' ON 'ERE THEN?



The apocalypse knocked on my door twelve years ago, bearing pamphlets depicting the grim fate awaiting those who would not witness Jehovah. The apocalypse and apocalyptic people have fascinated me ever since. The word *apocalypse* is from the Greek, (*apo-*) 'from, away' and *kalyptein* 'to cover', hence *revelation*, the 'removal' (*re*) of a 'veil' (*velum*). It is relevant whenever the mind breaks through into the unknown, or when the unconscious encroaches into the conscious. Nemu's End is about this process, about how limitations are formed, and what happens when they collapse.

The book begins with a critical look at a world dominated by rationalism, materialism, and what I will call Scientism, beginning in 'Nemu's Razor' with the shaky logical and philosophical foundations of these approaches. In 'Fido's Fight', a question is posed: why were the English pioneers of North America, with a fairly rational and scientific worldview, so much more determined, more persistent, and more successful in wiping out the indigenous populations they met than the conquistadors of South America, who were far more zealous and superstitious in their creed?

Our theories both direct and restrict our thoughts, and shape the worlds we live in, but can we trust our assumptions? How is scientific 'truth' constructed, and in the interests of whom? 'The Church of Science' explores some controversies in the scientific age, investigating the means scientific authorities employ to maintain a certain view of the world and exclude dissenting ideas.

In 'Science Revealed', biographies of Tesla, Paracelsus, Einstein, Pascal, Freud and others show how many of our most groundbreaking ideas and technologies resulted not from rational thinking and tapping on calculators, but from revelations in dreams, trances, fevers, and other non-normal states of consciousness. Etymologically, a discovery is an apocalypse. Discoveries sit in the shadows, waiting for their covers to be dissolved. The other side of the apocalyptic scientist is the interest, and often obsession, which thinkers such as Newton, Paracelsus, Einstein and Hawking have harboured concerning the end of the world.

The second section looks at boundary crossing from various perspectives. In 'São Miguel in Stockwell' we attend a demonstration of mediumship to see if there is anything in the claim that spirits come through from their world into ours. 'The Pores of Deception' deals with psychedelics, investigating how unfamiliar unconscious and superconscious worlds stream through into the conscious mind with these substances, and the positive effects on psychological and physical maladies which have been documented as a result.

The next three chapters are about law and order. Law, like science, is conceived in line with the philosophies of those who administer it, and it configures our social world according to a certain ethic. 'Milgram's Nightmare' explores the sociology of obedience and the chilling consequences of our uncritical acceptance of imposed order. This chapter also touches on the nature of organically arising order. 'Viva la Revolución?' is about how we might live without law, and 'Ka-sensei's Love Bite' is a meditation on the disastrous consequences of trying to reorder the world according to well-intentioned plans thought up in blinkered minds.

A tour through a few thousand years of mythology then takes us 'From Layered Truths to Horns and Hooves', throwing light on the symbolic foundations of our dualistic culture and its law, and seeing what we can learn from the trickster at the boundary, who is neither one nor the other, neither both nor neither. Then in 'Chaos in the Crèche', some young punks with magick wands impudently tear down the veil keeping the dimensions apart, engineering an incomparably painful apocalypse for the wayward neophyte Nemu.

In the third section, 'Neuro-apocalypse', we explore the relationship between linguistics and limitation, looking at how different languages canalise the mind to highlight certain aspects of the world and obscure others. We compare the grammar, scripture, and psychology of perception in Christendom and East Asia to reveal two very different worlds. A Gnostic look at Elohim, Jehovah, Adam and the serpent reveals that their functions can be mapped onto the brain, and a survey of neurological research into autistic savantism, meditation, and altered states hints at what the mind

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is capable of when normal boundaries are dissolved. Finally, we will hunt through scripture for evidence of mind-bending psychoactives, including in our own Bible.

“The end of the world” familiar from sandwich boards is a terrible translation of scripture. “The end of the *aeon*” is much more faithful to the original Greek, and the historical periods discussed in section four have seen just that. ‘Jürgen’s World’ is about the rapid changes which swept late Medieval Europe, expanding minds and forging a new world in the blaze of the Reformation. ‘The Mark of Zoroaster’ describes the destruction of Jerusalem in the first century, which was another aeon-wrenching catharsis. The crisis brought a Jewish tale to the pagan world, and this story, this set of symbols or string of code became a self-replicating sequence, mutating as it was copied and distributed along the expanding networks of Western civilisation. Sublime truth and pack of lies, tool of meditation and instrument of control, something to live for, to die for, and to kill for, *The Bible* has been all sorts to all sorts, but it has never been irrelevant, even today as it is being forgotten. We will tickle the book until she squeals and gives up her secrets. If, by God’s wounds, you are without one, pull up a pew to a computer near you and open up the Blue Letter Bible online.

There is more to the apocalypse than either manic street preachers or sensible rationalists might suggest. An apocalypse can be local, and is fundamentally individual, but it can also be global in an age of globalisation. In ‘Apocalypse Now’, today’s environmental, social, and technological upheavals are considered as aspects of such a transformation. The essence of this, our very own apocalypse, is a shift in focus from particle to wave, from object to system, and from meat to information. ‘Sines of the Times’ goes back to scripture, to *The Revelation of St. John*, to see what it can tell us about our world today.

The essential doctrine of the Ministry of Nem is that we write the script, and we can subvert the plot if we have the strength of will and the freedom of thought. The final section, ‘The Nemmed is I’, is more autobiographical, going into the relationship between self and non-self in ‘Autobiography of a no-body’. ‘The First Draught’ describes my own story with ayahuasca, my personal, continuing apocalypse. Then in ‘Baba-loca-lips’ we meet the Whore of Babylon at the Tower of Babel. It is a love poem really, a devotional to an ancient goddess of love who has been dragged down into the gutter. As she fell, the status of women fell with her, and non-rational, non-linear thought became seen as pathogenic. Undulating through Nemu’s End is a serpent, who raises his head periodically, strategically removing bricks from a tower of folly which has been over 2,500 years in the making, before we invite this magnificent goddess to knock it down with a kiss.

On the subject of exalted women, and in case any might take offence, note that I reserve the right to use archaic pronouns of gender. English is a terrible bane, with his and hers grammar insisting that something alive be either male or female, reflecting and perpetuating the dualism wired into our brains. There are, however, more fraught languages. My friend Roberto hates it when his Scottish girlfriend says she's off to see her friend; being a hot-blooded Spaniard he wants to know if it's *un amigo* or *una amiga*. English speakers are spared these concerns, and we probably don't care about it as much, but our pronouns and our chauvinism still make for some very silly scripture, such as King Solomon's sweet nothings to his beloved God. "His eyes are as the eyes of doves by the rivers... his lips like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh... yea, he is altogether lovely."² This was surely not what the patriarch had in mind.

We return to the subject of the word repeatedly in this book, and to the translation of scripture, which influences our modern world far more than one might imagine. Text is my bread and olive oil, my miso and rice, my coriander, my pickles, my sultanas. Nouns are my proteins and idiom my fruit salad. I cook every day, every moment I can, and I am a happy chef, but there are some meanies in the kitchen. As with all vital commodities, bullies have taken control of words and texts as best they can, feeding us rubbish and telling us it is the nectar of the gods. Cooked with malice, words offend the mind and constipate the soul. Cooked with love, they delight the mind and refresh the soul. I have been marinating ideas for thirty years, and I'm going to cook up a wholesome feast, but first a word about some ingredients which might provoke allergic reactions.

Firstly, there are diabolical dumplings, but the devil contains some essential acids. He is definitely scary, but he has our best interests at heart. His case is also translated with prejudice in the *KJV*. When Eve meets him in his guise as the snake, we read "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat", but the Hebrew can also mean "He elevated me, and I did consume."³ The adversary drags you up. Lucifer illuminates, as his name suggests: *lucem ferre*, to bring light. Duality is a veil of illusion, and this much-maligned dark angel of light helps tear it down. Satan is God's left hand man. The Garden of Eden doesn't make sense otherwise; why would a benevolent and omnipotent father put a scheming snake in his children's playpen? Why would God plant a forbidden fruit tree for the devil to hide in?

This brings me to my second point. Some of the ingredients have been forbidden by bigots. The meal before you is liberally spiced with intoxicants, though intoxication is a misleading word. Intoxication implies the impairment of faculties, but psilocybin, for example, makes experimental subjects more perceptive of small changes on a screen.⁴ Psychedelics reveal what usually goes unnoticed. As with all power tools, they should be used respectfully and carefully, with experienced guides. In this way, they can liberate the mind

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from its soporific state, and also make people happier. One psilocybin study found it induced “full mystical experiences” in sixty percent of subjects. More importantly, seventy-nine percent of subjects reported “‘moderately to greatly increased’ well-being or life satisfaction” when questioned two months later,⁵ and twenty-five years after psilocybin people are still happier, less fearful of death, more appreciative of nature, and more compassionate than control subjects.⁶

I am very careful about what goes in my body. I go easy on wine, most of the time, I avoid processed things and I don’t eat meat, antibiotics, headache pills or anything else from the doctor. I don’t even have a doctor. I prefer the ADHD God gave me to the Ritalin my teachers offered me, but I do like spices, both recreational and inspirational (see note on the spices below).

Fear not, you are not about to chew your way through a spiced Bible. We will indeed savour fresh slices of a usually overcooked book, but there is much more to Nemu’s menu. As well as tart mouthfuls of raw speculation and a big hunk of history, there will be several glasses of ayahuasca, and the pudding is a surprise with a sparkler sticking out of it. This is a meal of philosophy, full of hidden chillies and glutinous nuggets to chew over, but woe to the jaws of true believers. With metaphors mixed, whipped, folded and stretched, it is confuzing and inconsistent, roundabout and back round again, silly and sublime, spot on and plain wrong. There are oblique tangents, impassioned rants, endless digressions, bigoted conclusions and thinly veiled provocations. There are also strange cults, venerable sages, wild women, robotic policemen, and madmen of various stripes, like my poor messianic friend, whose epiphany at 15,000 feet was snatched up and hurled mercilessly onto the page to make a point. Like him, what I offer is enthusiastic to the point of excess, unabashedly apocalyptic, and ultimately indecent, but this is the fare, laid bare. As a drug-crazed eclectic mystic chef with Satanic leanings and a raging libido, I cannot in good faith serve up anything else. I offer it with love.

Black pepper, madam?

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