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THE FINAL DRAFT



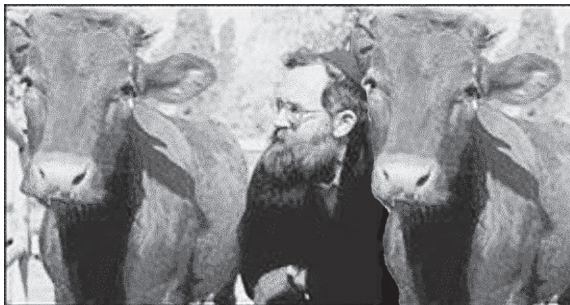
To Gilda das Dores, desenhando flores.

The universe begins to look more and more like a great thought
than a great machine

Sir James Jeans

In 2002, water began leaking from the wall of the ancient Jewish Temple in Jerusalem, striking an apocalyptic chord in the hearts of many locals, including the rabbi of the wall himself.¹⁰¹³ Omens are a shekel a dozen in Israel these days. In 1997, the birth of a perfectly red heifer caused great excitement; according to *Numbers*, this unlikely animal is the symbol that the time is right to build the third temple.¹⁰¹⁴ Melody was said to be the first such animal born in two millennia, but she was disqualified by a blemish developed before she was three years old and ready for sacrifice. Soon after, however, another red heifer was born. Mystics rejoiced, and the wall shed timely tears.¹⁰¹⁵

We have always seen omens, whether rams caught in thickets or conjunctions in the sky. Signs crop up all through history, so perhaps they are intrinsic to human existence, and the red heifer is just another red herring. Sensible sceptics of a Scientific persuasion assert that we jump



to conclusions without due scrutiny, because of how our brains are wired, but our wires are Wi-Fied into a cosmic network. The human brain is indeed an excellent machine for making connections, but it also makes programs. It builds the architecture to interpret

code. It downloads information from the mainframe, tweaks it, and loads it up again.

In the 1890s, Morgan Robertson went into a trance and wrote a novel about the wreck of the biggest ship afloat, a luxury liner named the Titan. Fourteen years after publication, the Titanic sank, and the details are uncannily close. Both ships were British, and struck an iceberg on the starboard side at around midnight in April. Both were the biggest ships afloat and said to be unsinkable, with three propellers and two masts. The Titan was 800 feet long, the Titanic was 880 feet. In the book it was travelling at twenty-five knots, the real ship was travelling at twenty-three knots. The Titan was carrying 3,000 passengers, and the Titanic carried 2,240, though its capacity was roughly 3,000.¹⁰¹⁶ The scarcity of lifeboats lead to great loss of life in both fiction and fact.

The universe is riddled with paradox and interconnections, with mediums on the net, wizards at the switchboard, prophets and poets writing and divining plots. If omens are lines in a cosmic script, are we are slaves to fate, or to artifice? Or can we be free? Several people chose not to take the Titanic on her maiden voyage, following uneasy presentiments despite having bought tickets.

Whether the tears of the Messiah, a leaky pipe, or both, the weeping Wailing Wall raised expectations and prayers, and intention pushes probability. Remarkable patterns arise from chance combinations of code in ordinary computers. Remarkable heifers arise from chance combinations of code in ordinary chromosomes. Mind arranges space, reality flows into the vacuum, and order emerges from chaos. The heifer incantation was uttered repeatedly over the millennia, every time *Numbers* 19 was read. Now, like London buses, two arrive together, and the wall weeps for joy. The second also developed a blemish before reaching maturity, but Messianic cattle breeders are busily attempting to produce another.

Above the Wailing Wall sits the Dome on the Rock, one of the holiest mosques in Islam, at the site from which Mohammed leapt to heaven. It would have to be destroyed for the temple to be rebuilt, which adds a good dose of dramatic tension in this story. A liberal Israeli newspaper described the heifer's appearance as a security threat more dangerous than a terrorist bomb, and suggested that Melody be shot.¹⁰¹⁷ Mel Gibson would love the plot, but really, it is a little too laden to take seriously. Who writes this stuff? Who gave the monkey a typewriter?

Omens raise questions amidst nuclear tensions, and there is an apocalyptic tang in the air. The expectations of conscious beings carve their worlds, pushing probability, whether with conscious intention or confuzed misapplication. The mind moves first, cutting shapes in the void, the astral follows, and after it mud, as fast as physics permits.



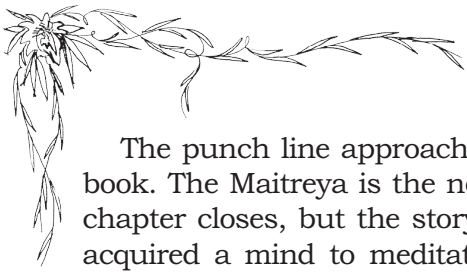
Generally, we fear the worst, so that is what we get. Our magicks are limited by language. Words divide up our world and grammar clips it back together again, but beyond that we are governed by the stories we tell, the stories telling us. We are bound by plotlines. Like characters in someone else's drama, we play roles we never chose and speak lines we never wanted to say. The original scribes and scriptwriters have long since passed away, but the symbolic foundations of the culture they laid down survive. *The Bible* provided a common reference for an expanding Christian world, fixing the currency of communication, putting limits on law and stabilising culture. The text also provided Christendom with template stories to refer to. Tales such as Job's trials and archetypes like the nitpicking Pharisee were constantly applied to people's lives, directing expectations and shaping outcomes. The plot thickens and the ending becomes ever more predictable, but our *Lamentations* have become letters to the council. We appeal to judges rather than deities, and where is the poetry in that?

The code goes back to Babylon and beyond, coming down to us as an operating system called 'The Word of God'. It ran exclusively on Jewish hardware for centuries, but became universally compatible with extra scripts added in the first century. Despite constant upgrades and pagan patches, despite Muslims, Christians and Jews swapping protocols, applications and viruses amongst their different versions, corrupted source files finally brought down the network. Scientism was installed on a new generation of brains, driving hardware in a new direction. This version spread rapidly in the last century, forming a web around the world, but it too has its bugs and super-bugs, and the system is heading for an almighty crash.

Alternative architectures are emerging, treating ailments from cancer to depression, problems which Scientism often fails to solve, and cannot even describe satisfactorily in its reductivistic language. Research throws up anomalies pointing to a world that is neither deterministic nor predictable, questioning the fundamentals of the scientific method. We are losing faith in Scientism as we lost faith in *The Bible*, and we are even losing faith in ourselves as objective judges of reality. Belief is degrading, and as gaps in our knowledge widen, magick is seeping through.

The Word splits everything it touches. A double helix curves from the root of the Tree of Knowledge, around the Tower of Babel, from Abram to Zion and back to Zion the long way round. The snake beguiles with a trail of magick words from Alpha to Omega, and now twin heads close in on the molecules coding for the Tree of Life, spitting venom and slashing with razor-sharp teeth, whilst caressing electrons on a forked tongue, putting a different spin on things. The end is nigh, and revelation is upon us. We can bring about doomsday if we hate ourselves enough, but we can also dream up something better. Transformation? Or death? *Homo sapiens*? Or *homo subserviens*? *Homo serpiens*? Or *homo semi-permanens*?





NEMU'S END

The punch line approaches, but this crazy Jewish joke is only a short book. The Maitreya is the next Buddha, but not necessarily the last. The chapter closes, but the story continues. Man is a great ape who recently acquired a mind to meditate upon, and he is still struggling to get the words pinging around it under control. *The Bible* is our primer, introducing a limited thinker to infinite mysteries, necessarily dominated by a stern master made in our image: incomplete, ambitious, and with a terrible temper. Our history is *His* story, and *hissss*-story, a saga of restriction and transformation, where a perfect being must suffer and die to overcome the limitations of the world. On the other side of ruptured scales, beyond the purge and behind the divisions, lies a blank page where **our** story begins.



THE FINAL DRAFT

The apocalypse is where boundaries dissolve, where good fades into evil, where Meri melts into Mary, where pagan, monotheist and materialist all dissolve into one. Walls are weeping and curtains are calling. It is time to build New Jerusalem, but for ¥#√#'s sake, let's build it in another dimension.

We are trapped in a web of words, but a sharp mind can cut us out. With the wisdom of fools and the tricks of magicians, we can slip free of the loops of language and law. Drink strange brews until you lose the plot, and rewrite your subplot with a happy ending. Make the future perfect from the past imperfect, by living in the present continuous. We cannot leave the stage, and we are well into the final act, but we can subvert the storyline. When we think clearly, positively, and beyond our self-imposed limits, the path opens up before us and signs flash at every junction. Choose your conclusion and write it in the ink of love. Tell it with every breath, erring on the side of poetry, and life becomes a living fantasy, with colourful cameos, with divine choreography, with blatant plot devices, with omens everywhere you look, in dreams, in snatches of conversation overheard, on number plates chasing you down the road.

Guerrillas of the revolution, this is a call to arms! The battlefield is the mind, the weapon is the word, and the enemy hides amongst familiar symbols. Fight lobe to lobe with the masters of the manifest, and take back your synapses! Strike with the mighty fists of conceptual kung fu! Lay your info-mines, dodge bottomless pits of belief, wield Occam's sledgehammer with the fury of a Norse god! Fight until the tower is toppled and the page is blank! At the end of history, write a happy ending for *homo sapiending*, a being cursed with an overactive imagination, but blessed with the gift of infinite potential.

Friends and adversaries, geniuses and fools, sages, tricksters and loons, this story is finished. The excluded has been included, the forgotten remembered, the Good News fused with rainforest brews. The dying god is revived and reunited with his other side, and all the Marys come merrily together. We have worked through deities, entities, and endless complexities, from Abraham to BABALON to bust, and now the reverend takes his leave and leaves a blessing:

May The Lord bless you and keep you.

May the snake bite you and squeeze you.

May they both lift up their countenance upon you,
and give you peace.



AΩMmm...





THE END



(was it nigh for you?)