

## **BEYOND THE DEATH RAY. What else..? :-/**

So since being pulled into an ordeal of immeasurable scope, or maybe not even in the least. I mean, given what I have been through over my life time, how the shit could I be expected to know having reached this present moment, now. Writing this out.

It's all been bullshit, and I don't know what is what and nobody can expect me to be just a little pondering the sanity of my circumstances, or me wondering on all of every body else's. Though the latter has been a constant throughout my life and I never question my sanity unless I am sane, in ways. So it defeats any purpose or holds any useful purpose, I am functional and that is all which I am concerned for. Turns out that at one point in my life I did not believe that there existed a cure for 'delusional thoughts' as those of certain members of mankind suffering hereditary or circumstantial psychosis, or experiencing a psychological perturbed state. Though my second most important chemical experience following the date I prefer to refer to as my 'date of birth' as it was the date which I became a person distinct from any other one. Odd that. How can the former even be a possible state of existence..? If my eyes weren't opened I'd have never even known and shit I'd have been better off dead. It would've made zero difference to my capacity to provide to human kind something from my life's time of living, and engaging in all of that which I do. The people I've met, and gotten to know, and learned from my identification of their lively ways and manners in conduct and possessing a strong capability to discern a person's character from simply psychological-space irradiated emanations (the same manner through which a person's mood seems induce effect or impact on a group's overall perceptual feeling.) Which is why quantum mechanics is still not far from even beginning to become as fucking bizarre as most conversation dialogues you'd take of any random IRC chat.

At this stage it almost feels to me that my most absurd contemplation of a possible circumstantial aspect in its nature and construct. Organisation and architecture, ... That it is that we're all confined to a computationally produced and situation, at most critical and least diligent scrutiny in examination during any analysis, nothing beneath it nor higher above it hierarchically. This has to be my most absurd philosophical justification of life and living or our situation in it. Any-way. I've wished to do one or two possible [and desirable, too!] fancies... Meth is always lacking, even when I am on it all of the time, so whatever. I am a scientist and we day dream most of our lifetimes. Or night, it hardly makes any significant difference here. Occasionally I am completely unaware, somewhat. Regardless. Unless it is brought to my attention perhaps. Though trees look pretty cool with their varyingly aged cover of bark along their trunks with different depths and tones of that general colour spectrum. And they are rooted in the sky. That is true and important to remember when making identifications or forming judgement or opinion on any thing throughout one's life. Cellulose is a hydrocarbon, and  $\text{CO}_2$ ,  $\text{O}_2$ ,  $\text{H}_2$ ,  $\text{N}_2$ , et cetera. Only trace metal ions compounds are sourced from the earth, nutrients.

**Dude what does mine say?**

I don't know what interaction some people show to possess with equipment which operates over the same ranges of spectra of the electromagnetic field as our interpretation of physical reality by sight, and translation of the audible bands from mechanical vibrations resonating our ear drums to a form which we may use, biologically by low-level [primal] layer of functioning in our architecture as sentient beings. Of course it goes without saying that functions and processes, operations, at this low of a layer of operation occur without our conscious application of any degree of exertion, in neither thought nor dexterity.

People **do not** interact with devices which function outside of a human's interoperability. !?!?!? Really. I've just perhaps seen too fucking much, is all. Persons interacting with all of the sorts of technologies which defies any rationale understanding and mental conception of scientific sense to reality all-inclusive to consideration of philosophical fancies you'd find on ##chemistry at all times.

Though writing is very much calming to my mind, as I've only discovered.

Okay to describe one absurdity testing my sanity or capability to just wish to enjoy my [what should be a NORMAL\*] life, as for anybody else. But because I did what I wanted throughout my life, due to a life-changing and psychologically, cognitively or mental reform I had the pleasure to have been able to have had, as it made me what I am, an individual known as, well- I suppose only my genetic signature. Or genome. I wish I were able to elaborate further and more precisely on the matter of DNA here, although I've not engaged into a study of genealogy to a sufficient degree to be capable of doing so, ...

\* - I must say that it is the most peculiar sensation on the pulmonary tissue when "breathing" in an "atmosphere", or so, in-fact, seemingly entirely devoid of oxygen. But I've seen and heard, and fucking been a one or few places too many, perhaps even too many times now.

It is also strange that not having written anything for such a lengthy period of time now, my seamless action of the motion of transferring of cognitively derived, articulated linguistic fluidity, the time it is taking for me to write this and also the ease with which it is coming from my mind to the paper is very different to how that it was at the, actually just before I arrived into Melbourne on one of my recent-most having somehow wound-the-fuck-back-up-there and nobody knows what the fuck I am doing most of the time, and nor do I even, in most recent times, heh. Within reason.

What do people think that I have which they want? I had a life-changing and moulding (in ways, certainly, being that the experience I had at age nineteen and one half, made me the distinct person that I am, being distinguished from any other) it was my sole motivational reason for coming to write my first publication 'The NOTES!'. It is that I at some stage through my life developed a way that a person may be able to be capable of having the opportunity to become acquainted with their 'self'. Or better described, to be introduced to their selves. **Develop a knowledge of just who the fuck you even are, because now this isn't cabbage agriculture though y'know, it MIGHT be important for ... life?**

That is to come to knowledge about who they actually are. As a person, which defines them as a discrete single entity and unique identity without repetition, and entirely individually distinct to any other entity of the genus/species. Or even more broad class. Before my life was somewhat derailed, or majorly so, on the 23<sup>rd</sup> of January 2013, a date which I do remember for a single reason conveniently coming to occur on that date (my cannabis supplier vanishing and when questioned on this decade or so later on, he exclaims to me "that it you [I] that vanished!" Sure let's all join the circus... Whatever... woop woop :-| )

But can never have? Why would ANY BODY WISH TO EVER BE ANYBODY OTHER THAN THEMSELVES? How could you not be curious about WHO YOU ARE!? We are each so fucking unique and different and distinguished and completely unlike any other of a INDIVIDUALS of a genus of animal on this odd fucking planet. I wish I'd left long ago, in 2008, perhaps, as I'd wanted. Though the technological requirement for accomplishing this I did not have until 2012. Heh. No person is any less intelligent than any other person. No such a comparison is able to be made between any two distinct individuals, and also, I should say that it is also impractical or insensitive and blatantly inconsiderate, careless, purposeless, in any real and meaningful sense, much alike wanting to be anybody other than who you are, without even knowing who the fuck YOU ARE. Heh, my fucking radioactive rabbi. What a odd thing to even speculate as a possible endeavour of the madness unfolding throughout the 'ordinary civic environment(s)' I am at given a point of time, continuum and a vector, though unidirectional and yes. Which, certain things are plain to see. But why all of it is also incredibly concerning not just to me, lol, fuck right ... but it should be to anybody with a sane perspective on this matter into the growth and development of the human psych and consciousness with great\* pertinence [I should not even need place focus on this as I have here now :-| ] to the objective (with gratitude to the definitive provision supplied with DNA), single, totally incomparable, and entirely unique and lacking any sizeable similarity within sane perspective, sole, individual person. self to wish to successfully with any form of a meaningful outcome being can any comparisons be made between species, as-well.

Also what the fuck is this odd feeling I sense in my feet *around certain fucking people!?!?*  
DO THEY KNOW THAT THEY ARE DOING IT!?

AND WHY DO THEY FUCKING DO IT!?

A person who's never harmed any other any thing, plant, nor animal of any form or sort. I watch for ants before taking a seat, for example...

H.S.T. said: "He who has had the self-dignity to respect, never harm, nor speak badly about others, deserves the right to be left alone."

\* so great that without this character in this practice the entire reason for it existing would completely be destroyed and the shit would collapse in on itself as a black hole does. Another area of aspect of the universe which I have not yet ever given time enough to understand completely and of course to a degree I am usually pleased by. Though this is for reason. I know enough to not become a tangent as my TRUTH document with ninety percent of the document being rambling on my passion and love for medication, baclofen more or less, but if less is more which is which?

I should've perhaps blown up Blackburn road. Would've been easier.

**"Beaten paths are for beaten men." ~ UNIX Shell programming.**

I mean I wrote this and the style of writing this here, whatever it even fucking is. Helping my mind, more than anything... :-) But I am skipping from section to section and writing it as disorganised though bearing an impressive (certainly) degree of coming together.

Through experience which I underwent smoking cannabis spp.  
From people coughing at points in time where it is as if they are aware of my actions or exact actions as if being triggered by certain key movements, or EMR fingerprints or distinct sequences of such type.

It has only been as so recently and I cannot understand what the fuck and why... Nor do I even fucking care anymore why is shit not just fucking normal and people enjoying their selves as I hope that they once used to, at-least I know that the level to which people were enjoying their time granted to live, a rare provision and allowance, indeed. Now idfk anymore. It is as if every body is fucking totally bat shit off tap.

Also one other thing which defies fucking sense and all that makes us what we are, are the number of vehicles on the road, with people inside going seemingly nowhere. For no reason.  
I still wouldn't flood the earth.

## NOTES;

- WRITE ALSO ABOUT MY INITIAL CONCEPTION FOR THE COMING TO A DESIRE AND APPOINTING “GOD’S” AND ET CETERA... BEING ONLY TO RESTRICT INDIVIDUAL DEVELOPMENT, PROGRESS OF A SENTIENT LIFE OF A CELESTIAL BODY, AND CONTROL AS-WELL.
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