

The Present: Infiltration

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When the day drives dead leaves over pastures of the molten fissures of heaven-spawned and mysterious knowledges, when we speak of that fabulous encompassed destiny, that known and familiar radiance shaped by dusk and dawn's methods of the present restructuring—never to be disembodied—always fixed even without space or time—then together the irrationality of our Ultimate Glasnost shall be woven forever in the dew and shall forever be.

The Society Culture promulgates is usually quite Moist, and it is extremely unlikely that at its most Primitive, Society was the same as either Truth or Madness.

I announce today that we can acquire an evaluation of the world, about which, spontaneously, nothing will be serving as a companion backdrop only because we have enough sectarianism to form quite an elaborate organisation in our own inimitable fashion, and objectively, the real work has already been taken far enough.

And so, as we might enter a Department Store (for the sake of argument, Selfridges in Oxford Street, London), and if it is not what we generally perceive to be a shoddy affair, Locality and the Dowsing Rod Play a great deal upon our misunderstanding, as once inside, we are such needy shopaholics.

It is not surprising to find that in Civilised Society this is quite a commonly held belief custom, but when measured up against the question—the burning question—of whether or not Imagination in the annals of time can render any classified belief structures null or void or maybe both, it is difficult to tell without first consulting the Sybilline Leaves, preferably whilst at one's place of work, and not necessarily down the betting shop, which is where you find Baphomet most afternoons after a work-out at the local gymnasium.

The addiction to listing Psyche-Logical phenomena is Factual enough, but that's not why it's necessary to return to Logic. This deviant riot of colour (could be done) resides with the notion that Imagination is not reasonable and Reason is imaginary. This highly contentious Fiction cannot be disputed by the complex anomalies who parade the corridors of Power flaunting their boring Municipal devices!

Perhaps the Individual does in fact never know truly what its Self wants, and its notions about its own desires for Society are merely discriminatory attitudes about a reluctance to deal with and to really do something about what it doesn't want for its own immediate practical circumstances. Whether that's temporary or permanent remains to be seen.

To decide on the non-linear truth at any given moment should be avoided at all costs. Seriously, even Freemasonry's beyond that! Ask Shakespeare.

If you care for that which is honourable in Science, then the act of making yourself believe that the human body is supposed to dignify mystical gestures in terms of lawfulness, power, supreme

wit, righteousness, and by extreme forward views in a multiplication of comic-anarchic orders from this point on, cannot be substantiated. The beauty of such views range from disreputable ideographic and economic concerns like anarchy all the way through to democracy via the collective Jungian unconscious, which are not all more or less one and the same thing as some commentators might have us think. The bias towards belief structures appeals to deeply rooted fears of stability and symbolic, decidedly non-linear unscientific calculability. But such are the Nuances which tend to get appropriated and hybridised upon the palette of industrial divergences along with all sorts of other crap.

So (if you like), it is defiantly Necessary to Attack and deny certain Individuals who, when this essay appears in its written form will have to have footnotes added about them, detailing what their Crimes were, but probably not, because by that Time we will have got over that revulsion.

And so life goes on, eh? As somebody who shall remain nameless once croaked, 'I refer the right honourable speaker to the reply I gave some moments ago'. After so many years in catering.

Imagination, death and reason are in perpetual collusion, in the collision between Art and Sex, and nobody knows why or how. Yet, so what?

Another question arises 'whether or not' the Spurious may equal the trappings of Aristocratic, Bureaucratic terminations of 'the existing given order', and fortunately we are at last transported into the realms of Life-whereupon-Death-is-brought-unto-Life. This could definitely be expounded about further—and other things—but not in a Conversationalist kinda way, not as abstraction or concretism, but rather more ridiculously.