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## GOING TO SEED

To my Granny

Don't think. *Feeeeeeel!* It is like a finger pointing away to the moon.

Don't focus on the finger or you will miss all the heavenly glory!<sup>1</sup>

Bruce Lee

Granny was almost as deaf as she was apocalyptic. She used to watch the news at full volume, leaning into the TV with ears primed for omens, wildly hushing anyone who strayed into the room. She and the planet were on a downward spiral together, but sadly, she never appreciated the upside. She worried about the coming earthquakes and complained about how vedgitibles didn't taste like they used to, but she never learned to use a stereo. Perhaps it was a good thing. Her neighbours might not have appreciated fifteen decibels of Aetherius Society master Dr. George King banging on about spaceships and whinging about the perils of popular culture.

Despite the complaints of grannies, news reporters, and stuffy old ascended Aetherian masters, everything is not going down the toilet. Positive and negative emerge together in balance, reacting with each other, creating together. Our actions have effects both plus and minus, in a mathematical rather than a moral sense, but the positives and negatives often fit into boxes we label 'good' and 'bad'. Newton and Paracelsus brought us into a new world full of potential, but it gradually became dominated by reductivism, materialism, and pharmacology. Physics might never have escaped the gravity of determinism without

Einstein's insights, but neither would the nuke have been launched. Tesla's electromagnetic magick passes radio over mountains and under sensors to isolated populations, but giant networks plant potatoes in couches the world over, watering regularly with homogenising growth formula. A Tesla coil is neither good nor bad, it is just a thing, an incredible resource we use to watch boring soap operas about boring people with lives even more boring than our own. The first to realise the potential of radio was Hitler, whose fiery rhetoric was beamed into the minds of millions of German speakers by the Ministry of Propaganda.

Back in the mists of time, crusades went no further than the tangerine trees, but then an ape picked up a bone to wield as a weapon and the race was on, with innovation, exploration, exploitation and empire, culture and all the fruits of civilisation. The knife cuts both ways; it chops firewood and slits throats. Alpha males push at the limits, using everything they can to extend their influence, leaving tools floating in the wake of their titanic egos. As the Romans decimated tribal cultures, they dispersed the letters for a worldwide scrabble game. Culture moves; men only hitch a ride. The British carried the English language to plantations in the Americas and concentration camps in South Africa. Discipline, organisation, and a stiff upper lip won an empire on which the sun never set, but when this new thing they invented called India was organised enough for Gandhi to marshal it into an orderly resistance movement, the cultural colonisation was complete. The Internet began in the Pentagon. Thanks to various imperialists, we can e-mail almost anywhere in Roman letters, and tens of millions of daily searches bring international, multiracial, polyspecial, pangender, omnisexual porn to our screens in a few slippery seconds.

Prizes and pitfalls lie beyond any frontier. The Wright brothers launched EasyJet and B-52s, Hoffman's acid was used for mind expansion and mind control. The corpses of every war we fight fertilise our sciences, as physicists explore ballistics and materials, and doctors and psychologists examine the organism under stress. Internationalism is turning hearts and twisting nipples as it spreads. With shiatsu in Britain, Aikido in Cuba, samba to Tokyo, Agent Orange in Vietnam, sweat-shops in Indonesia, and terrorist cells only Allah knows where, we are a truly global state, but look at the state of the globe. We understand the same grunts, and eat the same crap in fast food joints from Atlanta to Zanzibar.

Trends spill into reality as one stream with two currents, dark and light spinning out of nothingness, zero to one to two to many. This is the double-headed snake of shamanic ayahuasca art. How do we wrestle with the snakes?

1) Star Wars model: Luke and the rebels versus Darth and his evil empire. Take your pick. Choose life. Resist the iron grip, choose mung beans over McShit, click Save the Children not sexy teens, bring the palms together for the Dalai Lama and extend the middle finger to Hu Jintao.

or

2) Battenberg Cake model: Both sense and anti-sense make sense, if you know how to read. Every development is both positive and negative, it all depends upon which strand you stand, if you understand. Order and chaos sustain one another. No expansion without contraction; the universe would not add up. Chunks of matter swap partners in Shiva's dance; eggs smashed in a pan, bonds broken and made, a runny mixture transubstantiated into a low energy Om-lattice. Teeth and enzymes smash it up again, nutrients liberated and incorporated, later to be lost. Because we prefer sunny side up to turd and dandruff, we distinguish between creation and destruction, but creation, destruction and maintenance are all one, and Shiva and Vishnu are one, as the sages teach.<sup>2</sup>

We can be in two minds. We can do both, loving the world in the knowledge that not all of it is for us. There **are** judgments to be made; there is a post beyond the shifting goal posts of postmodernism. 'There is nothing divine about morality,' as Einstein said, 'it is a purely human affair,'<sup>3</sup> so cheer for the rebels, but understand that good and evil issue from the same source, that the archangels and Satan all serve God, that the force is strong in Darth as well as Luke.

You were once Anakin Skywalker, my father.

That name no longer has any meaning for me.

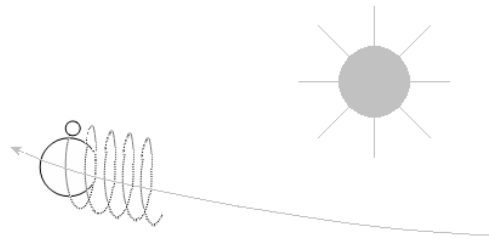
It is the name of your true self.

We choose sides because we have half-forgotten our myths, and we started watching at Episode IV. Indian cosmology begins at a beginning well before the Word, with Om, before it settled into the verses of the Vedas. Kali-ma is the goddess of nature, combining dark with light, both gentle mother and terrifying killer. Two of her arms symbolise death, holding a sword and a severed head. In the other two are symbols of regeneration: a cup to catch blood dripping from the head, and the crescent of the womb and the moon. Flowers grow in the blood soaked earth around her feet, symbolising the facts of life; life and death

follow one another. Death is the condition of life. It drives innovation. Animals run for their lives, prey fleeing fear, predators in hot pursuit, fleeing hunger. Both push a Darwinian arms race across the aeons, where everyone speeds up and grows wiser, and more complex. Slower genes and cultures fall behind. It is nothing personal, it is the algorithm which is running, leaving wiggly-waggly-Hegely Marx through history. Run and keep running! High culture won't save you! It didn't save Egypt from the Hyskos, Rome from the Goths, or Paris from the Nazis. The universe is on a mission, following plans that are not always ours, taking the path of least resistance. It is not sentimental, and neither is the sage in harmony with it.<sup>4</sup> Exquisitely balanced with a foot on each snake and fantastically bendy kung fu legs, the sage is perfectly poised and alert to any twists.

Foolish man with your Euclidian lines of enquiry! You lower your head and charge, and don't look up until you hit a wall! You imagine the direction of movement is the bearing of travel, but life curves and curls, and only demons move in straight lines, as feng shui masters like to teach. Bruce points straight at the moon, but the moon traces a helix. Step back and you will see the snakes sliding the same way, lubricated lasciviously, rubbing and writhing, wrestling and rooting in a clinch of love and hate as they twist out of the void. The snakes are black and white and red all over, and shifting between them is the crack between the worlds.

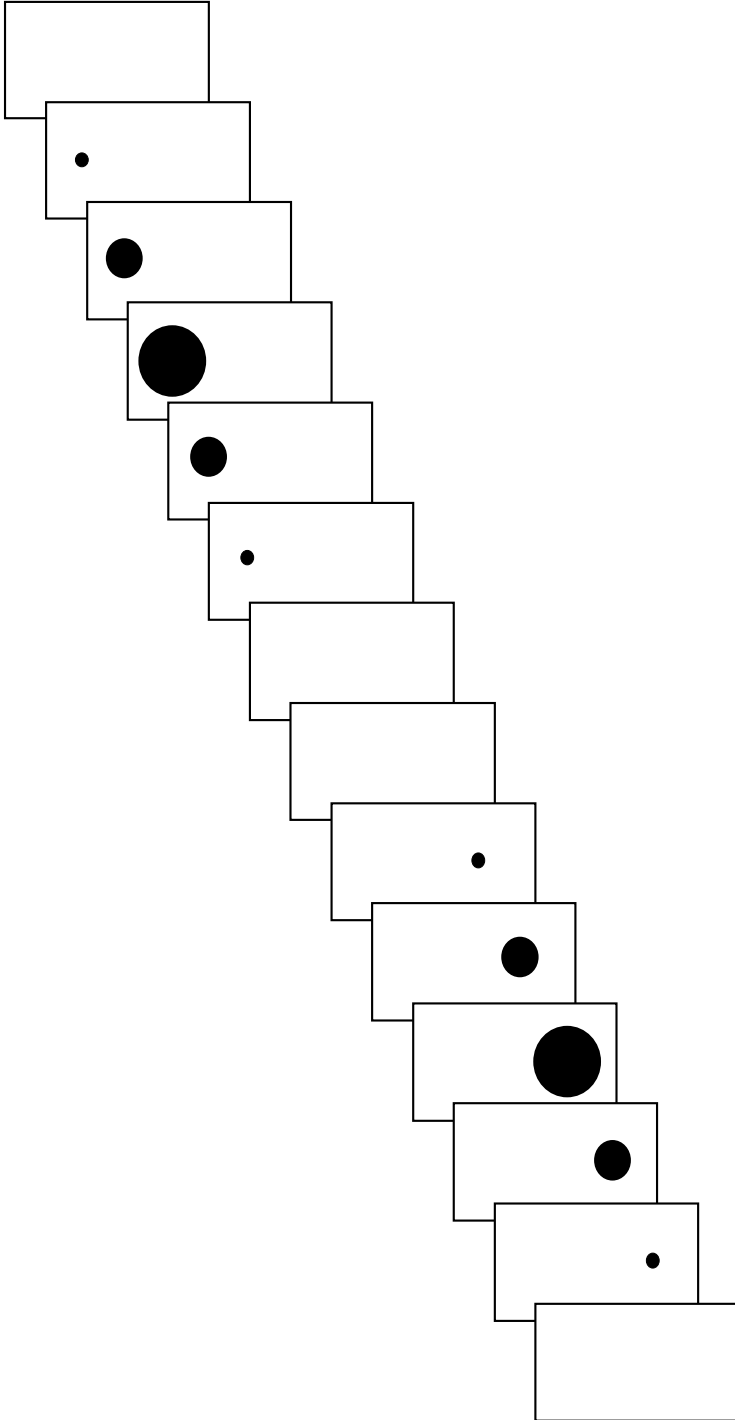
In cross-section, the threads of a double helix point in opposite directions, but they spiral the same way. In a yin-yang, empty fills where the other spills, growth shifts into contraction, both sides of the fraction. Potential is drawn into actual, as silence aches for a song, and the sea cooks up life.



Imagine the physical world has only two dimensions (or read *Flatland*<sup>5</sup>). Something arises:

$\alpha$   
it  
grows  
and grows  
and grows more  
and shrinks  
shrinks  
 $\Omega$

$\alpha$   
and  
after a while,  
something else  
arises over here.  
And shrinks,  
shrinks  
away  
 $\Omega$



$\alpha$   
To  
explain  
the pattern  
imagine another  
dimension,  
where  
 $\Omega$

$\alpha$   
a ball  
is circling,  
passing through  
the plane.  
Here  
 $\Omega$

and

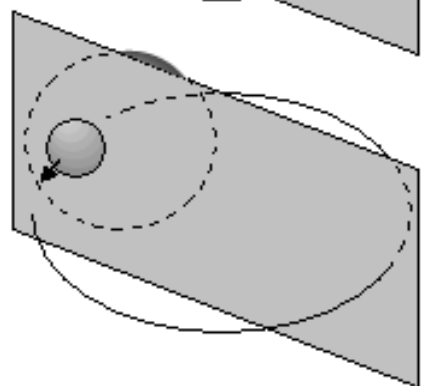
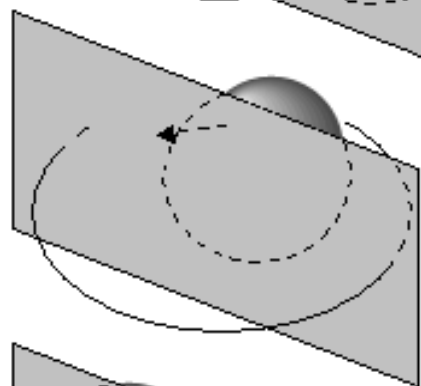
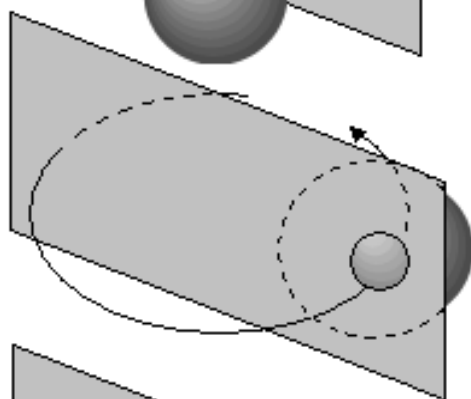
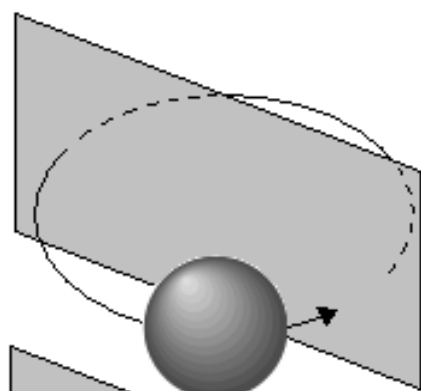
then

later

on,

over

$\alpha$   
Here.  
Where it  
grows. And grows,  
And shrinks  
away  
 $\Omega$





$\alpha$   
and  
then  
later, it  
appears again  
somewhere  
else  
 $\Omega$

$\alpha$   
But  
each  
different  
swell is a  
different  
shape  
 $\Omega$

$\alpha$   
the  
river  
is always  
changing  
 $\Omega$

$\alpha$   
shrinking  
small-  
er  
 $\Omega$

$\alpha$   
and  
then  
getting  
much bigger,  
and more complicated,  
until it's just massive and you  
don't know what to do  
with it, so you just  
turn the page  
and hope  
it goes  
away  
 $\Omega$

α  
A  
system  
arises, and  
fades  
Ω

α  
it  
could  
be anything,  
from an empire  
to a quantum  
object  
Ω

α  
a mouse  
or a man, a  
paradigm or  
a pancake,  
a man or  
a yawn  
or  
Ω

α  
a  
gala-  
xy.  
zzz.

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Coils  
of  
code  
wind  
wide  
and  
divide,  
  
they they  
  
split chafe  
  
into and  
  
sides collide,  
  
and they  
  
hybridise  
1  
1  
^

$\alpha$   
a pair  
together, at root.  
One tail and two heads,  
but when it lands,  
it is a head,  
or a tail  
 $\Omega$

Not both

If something

**IS**

the  
other  
is  
most  
certainly

**NOT**

But  
when it **half** is,  
it half **isn't** as well.

$\alpha$   
When  
the wave  
packet collapses  
over this  
side  
 $\Omega$

$\epsilon$   
That  
~~means it~~  
~~can't collapse~~  
~~over this~~  
side  
 $\Omega$

$$1 + -1 = 0$$

$$2 = 0$$

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Every parameter is a pair of tendencies. We say left and right as if they are different, but we could equally say left and anti-left, heat and anti-heat, light and no-light. One strand is pure anti. The snakes, the double helix, and the yin-yang are all representations of the sine wave. It flips between negative and positive, one then the other, never fully either, with an infinitely tiny tangent at the extreme, a point of potential drawing now into next, a dot of memory pulled through into now. The sine wave is in the rhythm of the breath and the wash of the tides. Within it is the sigma curve of natural growth, and the normal distribution, which predicts life expectancy and the number of freckles on a face. The sine is the cosmic sound vibrating, expanding in two directions in all dimensions. It winds from peak to trough, snakes polarising as they twist, concentrating on the one hand and dissipating on the other, but there is a sine and a micro-sine, super-sines and meta-sines. As the wave expands and contracts, it also expands and contracts, slowly at first, now breathtakingly fast. The scales wrap right round the world and we approach an extremity. As a cycle comes to an end, two sets of teeth close in on a single tail, ready to bite and battle, but on the tip of their tongues the future still forks into choice.

The curves are getting sharper as the end of history approaches. For nearly 200,000 years,<sup>6</sup> *homo sapiens* hunted and gathered until he learned to cultivate the land.<sup>7</sup> It then took farmers with brains much like Einstein's 6,000 years to discover the plough,<sup>8</sup> and another thousand to invent the wheel.<sup>9</sup> Twentieth century man managed space flight, nukes, and computers within two years. The wave is swelling. Our actions have more impact, ideas fly further and carry higher payloads, power is ever more concentrated in a word, a PIN, or a coded key, but this is only half of the story. The world we know is going bonkers, but every story has two sides and many dimensions. Things don't get better, nor worse. They just change. They polarise and depolarise. What we know is going the way of the tasty vegitables, because for most of us, the new is lost on us when our brains harden after adolescence. But history rolls on. We enjoy the highs, endure the lows, we ride the waves and maybe learn a little about what moves them. Mankind is surfing along, looking back on an easy swell and forward to a massive drop. As the wave becomes steeper and the pace increases, even seasoned surfers struggle to keep calm, to ride safely back to shore, to where they left their trousers.

As the winter solstice approaches, annual plants drop their leaves to channel nutrients towards the flower for a final burst of colour; and then a seed. Information is concentrated and encapsulated in preparation for the chill. A dark winter approaches, with feeding grounds and gene pools shrinking, rivers poisoned and forests deserting

us. Huge swathes of the Amazon that sang with species have been replaced by monocultures of cane and cattle. Fish stocks are in free-fall. England's many strawberry species have nearly all become rural rarities, as supermarkets demand the same large, robust fellows. The Spanish bee has replaced many less productive local species. The fattest pigs and most bountiful cereals spread on the back of commerce. 'Therefore shall the land mourn ... with the beasts of the field, and with the fowls of heaven; yea, the fishes of the sea also shall be taken away'.<sup>10</sup> But at the same time, the imagination flies free. Flowers bloom in the astral like poppies on a battlefield. It might appear that everything is going to shit, but it is not. It is going to seed. Our intelligent universe is concentrating information and excellence at the centre whilst the periphery withers.

'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.'<sup>11</sup> The code lives on. As variety shrinks over wide tracts, as the buzz of the GM chainsaw draws close, DNA is also becoming more concentrated than ever before. The Eden Project packs thousands of species into greenhouses of various habitats, and modern day Noahs prepare for the flood with seed banks and archives. The ARKive project has begun the heartbreaking task of collecting footage and information on the tens of thousands of species on the endangered list. A few hard drives may be all we will retain of the species under threat, one in four known mammals, and one in eight known birds.<sup>12</sup> Meanwhile Wikipedia is coding and storing centuries of scholarship. Any ranter with a modem can publish their story, and any tale can be verified with a few clicks.

Something similar is occurring in linguistics. It is estimated that around five percent of known languages disappeared in the last half millennium, but of the 6,000 remaining, 50 percent are not taught to children anymore.<sup>13</sup> As poetry perishes and legends die out, however, the dominant languages are growing, and carrying further. This has been happening for millennia. The Romans wiped out several languages, but the Romance tongue entered the old Anglo-Saxon lexicon with the Norman Conquest, and English has been growing ever since. Englishmen can be 'bellicose' as well as 'rowdy', both 'deep' and 'profound', and either 'clever' or 'intelligent'. We see through spectacles tinted rose, red, russet, ruby, vermilion, violet, maroon, damask, scarlet, cerise, crimson, and coral. English contains nearly a million words, compared to about 100,000 in French,<sup>1</sup> and a fifth of the world's

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<sup>1</sup> Anti-clockwise in French, for example, translates as 'The opposite way to that which the clock goes.'

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population understand it. English and Hindi tie the 325 tongues of India together, and English, Spanish and Portuguese communicate across the 900 tongues from Alaska to Cape Horn. Most of the 1900 linguistic groups of Africa can communicate in either English, French, or Arabic. Certain words, like the Czech 'robot' and the Urdu 'pyjama', have travelled well beyond their roots, and 'OK' has gone from obscure American slang to near universal code.

Throughout the world, wealth and property are concentrating amongst the rich. Power blocs, trading units and multinationals put power in the hands of fewer dons with wider mandates, but in the belly of the beast, temporary autonomous zones emerge in squats, co-ops and festivals.<sup>14</sup> There is even a gender polarisation. Chinese baby girls have been disappearing since 1979, when the one-child policy was adopted. By 2000, the ratio of boys to girls was up to 117:100, and China predicts an excess of 30 million men by 2020. That is a lot of testosterone.<sup>15</sup> In the rest of the world, however, the ratio has shifted to favour girls (for reasons explored in the next sermon).

Health, speed, and skill are concentrating. Divine muscle tone concentrates in the bodies of Olympic gods, running faster, throwing further, pressing more weight each year, whilst armies of super-sized mortals sink further into the sofa, our competitive urges satisfied by cheering record-breakers with whom we share a flag. Our champions hop, skip and jump for us, but when the remote is broken it is a supreme chore to get up and change the channel. A hunter-gatherer lifestyle exercises all the right muscles. It provides a seasonal macrobiotic diet, it puts you to sleep at night and wakes you up in the morning, but in a world of Mars bars, motorcars and all-night bars, you have to be conscious to maintain balance.

Every advance threatens to amputate a part of the body. Cars replace our legs and spellcheckers replace our memories. TV and computer games wreck our concentration and consume hours that might have been spent exploring, telling stories, learning the banjo or playing chess. Few modern Brahmans memorize the Vedas as did their grandparents, and the days are long gone when a Cohen knew which rabbi said what on which page of a bookshelf, but today any old Holmes can click his (or even her) way through searchable Vedas, Bibles, Korans, Gnostic codices, Chinese classics, Indian sastras, Buddhist sutras, Egyptian papyri, Norse epics, Greek sagas, tales of the Orixas, legends from all over the world, and commentary from every man and his dog, and his friends from Sirius. Our eyes decay before screens, our backs are crooked, our bellies fat and arteries oily from convenience and convenience stores. Convenience is the monster behind the sofa,

and consciousness is our defence. As most of us become enslaved by our gadgets, a minority master the machines. The defiantly alive are imbibing intelligence from their electronics, expanding their minds into the World Wide Web, and taking control of their neural nets.

Up until the destruction of the Amazon began, almost no one outside of it had any information about superfoods like guarana and asai, nor super-duper drinks like ayahuasca. Up until a few centuries ago, almost no one outside of Borneo and Sumatra had any notion of what an orangutan was, but this changed when explorers penetrated the jungles, stuffed the apes and brought them home. Later they were transported live to zoos, and later still photographs were taken. Orangutan biology and sociology have been studied, we have learned to communicate with sign language. We have discovered similarities with ourselves, and explored differences, and now the orangutan means far more to far more people than at any time before, but as his meaning grew, his numbers shrank. About 20,000 survive, and the number drops by about a thousand each year. Even orangutan photos are dying out today, converted into jpegs and stored on hard disks. Man works an alchemy on the world, converting matter into information wherever he focuses his attention, squeezing meaning out of meat.

The physical world is going into crisis, but the world of information is blooming. Countless tribes are threatened with extinction or assimilation, but a trace of DNA and a shard of heritage lives on in Angle words and Mayan dates, Celtic patterns and Huichol textiles, ancient threads waded into the new, reinterpreted and repackaged. Wisdom, art, and music from every point on the planet are mixed and remixed and cut into binary. *The Bible* fits on to a chip smaller than a pinhead,<sup>16</sup> and data is cheap, cheaper than life. On the streets of La Paz, a CD of five apocalyptic movies sells for less than a bunch of bananas. File sharing made data public property, and e-mail and Skype send code fast and free. The line between virtual and real is fading. Cyber-lovers turn stalkers.<sup>17</sup> *Second Life* players build apartments and hold dinner parties, they run clothing companies and bondage clubs. Real businesses hold meetings, real embassies attend queries, and real universities teach courses in cyberspace, whilst pastors preach from rendered pulpits and Muslims take the virtual hajj. Players attend AA meetings, they gun down their families, just like in real life.<sup>18</sup> *Second Life* misdemeanours have also appeared before real courts, and one virtual theft provoked a very real revenge killing.<sup>19</sup> One third of players already spend more time in the game than in real life. As real life slips further, much may be preserved in only virtual form. Google Earth already takes you all the way from outer space to the streets of Latin American villages, complete with photos of Juan's house. Will there be nothing

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more than information one day, memories hooked onto cyber trees, meaning surviving where material has perished?

The world is polarising. The situation is drastic as death creeps in on all sides. Legions of barely conscious zombies are descending upon the shopping mall, transmitting sleeping sickness with a bite, but the defiantly conscious are barricaded in the storeroom, waiting for the right time to break through the undead lines. Extreme yin switches to yang. The dot is under pressure, concentrating, crystallizing, purifying the sacred heart until the flip comes, when the point of light will expand and break through the blackened shell of the earth, to shine above the wasteland in a glorious morning of the magicians. The scales of an old world are dry and brittle, but new life wiggles within, so bring it on - war and pestilence, fire and famine, hurricanes, heat waves and towering tsunamis, goodies, baddies, and ugly jihadis. As the fire of destruction licks at our shins, the fruits of civilisation will melt ever more delicious on our lips, and gods will be born in the flames.

### Ω

This is not one of those miserable books about the end. The Church of Nem does doom, but not gloom. The apocalypse is the planetary equivalent of a good puke, and as any ayahuasquero knows, there is no running from a purge. It took me years of sessions, rolling around on the floor, sweating, dribbling, cursing my insatiable appetite for drugs as my stomach did involuntary yoga, before I realised that it is only fear and resistance which make the process traumatic. Relax into it, and puking on ayahuasca is as easy as blowing your nose. It leaves you feeling reborn, and very high indeed.

Besides, it is not as if it is our first apocalypse.

In the last upheaval, prophets of the apocalypse were monks and astrologers, and Biblical omens such as comets, pestilences and wars were in abundance. Ours is a scientific reality, and today's prophets are professors, who see signs in exponential curves. In the spirit of archaic revival, the next sermon is a fusion of ancient, modern, and early modern perspectives. Saddle up for a ride around our global village with the four horsemen, to visit some issues that loom large at the end of time. Our guidebook is *The Revelation of John*, our destination is the other side of Armageddon, and our steeds are raring to go.



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- 1 *Enter the Dragon* - Bruce Lee et. al.
  - 2 *Lord Siva and his Worship* - Sri Swami Sivananda, (Divine Life Society 1996) p.129
  - 3 *The World As I See It* - Albert Einstein (New York, 1949) pp. 28-29
  - 4 *The Tao Te Ching*, chap. 5
  - 5 *Flatland: A Romance of Many Dimensions* - Adwin A. Abbott (Signet Classics, 1985)
  - 6 *Stratigraphic placement and age of modern humans from Kibish, Ethiopia* - McDougall I, et al in *Nature* Feb 17th 2005;433(7027):pp. 733-6
  - 7 *Ancient fig clue to first farming* - Rebecca Morelle, BBC News, 2nd June 2006
  - 8 *European Prehistory: A Survey* - Sarunas Milisauskas (Birkhäuser, 2002) p. 206
  - 9 *A Short History of Technology: From the Earliest Times to A.D. 1900* - Thomas Kingston Derry & Trevor I. Williams (Courier Dover Publications, 1993) p. 75
  - 10 *Hosea* 4:3
  - 11 *Mark* 13:31
  - 12 Figures from the International Union for Conservation of Nature website
  - 13 *Alarm Raised on World's Disappearing Languages* - Steve Connor in *The Independent* May 15th, 2003. & Wade Davis video from the National Geographic website
  - 14 *T.A.Z.* - Hakim Bey (New Jersey, 1985)
  - 15 *Chinese Facing Shortage of Wives* - BBC January 12th 2007
  - 16 *Hebrew Bible on a Chip* - Anne Shaw. eFlux media, December 24th 2007
  - 17 *Virtual Relationship Leads to Criminal Charges* - ABC News August 26th, 2008
  - 18 *Murder-Suicide Shocks Second Life* - Drama News Network. December 17th, 2007
  - 19 *Online games, real-life crimes* - New Scientist, 20th May 2006