

12/31/00 Sunday's Rock, Fergus's Druid Dreamstone
Time closed: 2:02 p.m., C.S.T.

The results of these experiments not only clearly show that the observer and the observed system cannot be separate and distinct in space. They also show that this distinction does not exist in time. It is as if, no matter how strange it may sound, we “caused” something to happen “after” it has already occurred.

Menas Kafatos and Robert Nadeau
*The Conscious Universe: Part and
Whole in Modern Physical Theory*

“But how can you have a science without technique and the measurements of precise instrumentation?” Such was the early critique truculently and effectively leveled at the pioneer Scientists of Awareness (S.As.), a.k.a. aspirants, a.k.a. stalkers. The already vectorized members of the scientific establishment found the S.As.’ endeavors as ridiculously vast as they were presumptuous and irrelevant, since it was well known, or at least it was thought to be well known, that consciousness was nothing more than an epiphenomenon of certain amino acids’ accidental evolution into life. Self-awareness, or so these academicians claimed, was only the sweat of this aberration, although the effluent had interesting consequences. The proper focus of a true scientist was, therefore, on the consequences, and not on the excretion.

Responding to these criticisms turned out to be a disastrous detour for the nascent practitioners of the Science of Awareness. In a vain attempt to accommodate their study to the methodologies of scientism, they abandoned sentience in search of reductive mathematical and categorizing rationalizations. Accordingly, attempts were made to establish procedures and develop instrumentation. Observations were expanded through the invention and use of macro and micro-lexicography. These devices enabled S.As. to discover and explore the domains of infra- and ultra-scents and sounds. Hermeneutic linear accelerators were cunningly constructed to detect both the denotative (standing-wave) and connotative (traveling-wave) properties of memes. Complex mathematical and verbal equations when first modeled revealed surprising and absurd phenomena, such as synchrotronic radiation and lexico-luminance. Thermopiles were devised to study the intensity and the influence of these weirdnesses. Vector and scalar analyses were applied to the petrofabric of history, which was then made permeable by rigorous investigation.

The informatics resulting from these prodigies of methodization unfortunately proved to be calamitous. As awareness was dissected, probed, and instrumatized, it disintegrated into a cesspool of iatrogenic diseases. Eventually, some stalker noticed that the study of objects with objects did not reveal consciousness at all, but only the symptoms of the scholiast’s incessant and deranged curiosity, a rather lowly sub-set of the wondrous thing being sought. These studies not only lacked inclusiveness, but, worse, they were completely devoid of miracle. The onslaught of all these misguided probings had revealed nothing but the ruins of mutilated images, that is to say, history, sociology, religion, politics, and, of course, science. The whole enterprise had been no more than a

festering mass of arbitrary interpretations based upon facetious data. The Science of Awareness, in differentiating itself as a separate field of endeavor, had failed to move forward, much less inward, with the result that it now wallowed helplessly in its own multitudinous discoveries.

Despair swept through the halls of the academy when the undeniable truth of this realization asserted itself. At this point, the whole field of awareness descended into a maelstrom of crisis. Point-of-view, animation, even morphability became hotly debated topics among the aspirants. Some compared awareness to a Mobius strip whose volumetricity was obscured by the perturbations of cognition. In their view, mind itself obscured mind, deforming, slashing and spindling its own misunderstandings. Meanwhile, hoards of self-generated and violent cataclysms punctuated all attempts to achieve equilibrium. Others claimed that awareness was a roil of chaotic energies, spun persistently in one direction by the force of misconception — fundamentalist religious doctrine, eugenics, economics — until a funnel was formed, sweeping everything down, down to an always narrowing, but never fully articulated point. The proponents of this theory were derided by sophists who pointed out that if this were true, then what counterforce could exist to reverse the flow and change the course, if not the shape, of history? Still others compared awareness to a crystal lattice, its polyhedral translucencies replicating phantasmal images across the space/time continuum and perpetually obscuring the true inner structure of the lattice. At last, it was understood, albeit reluctantly and imperfectly, that some form of Babo's law must be operational in the field of words. For just as vapor pressure is decreased when solute is added, so too, the established scientific procedures could never be successfully applied to awareness itself, since any externalized intromission of consciousness into consciousness was bound to decrease focus and blur sensibilities. The whole endeavor had degenerated into a world of scientists with gadgets, mathematicians with formulae, politicians with ideologies, theologians with doctrines, economists with spreadsheets and the like, life moving away from life with the speed of our collective attempts at fact-finding. Slowly and painfully, S.As. were beginning to comprehend that awareness was neither a world to be mapped, nor a space to be explored, much less an object to be scrutinized, but rather, it was a mode of revelation, that is to say, *poesis*, the resurrection and placating of revenants by means of words.

Critics howled derisively, stridently asserting that this was not science, but magic, an accusation that S.As. eventually adopted as a term of reverence, and not of disapprobation. Thus S.As., a.k.a. stalkers, a.k.a. aspirants, became known as magi, their one faith: mystification, their one rule: "eschew all theoretical traversals." From then on, these heresiarchs' treks across any vector field were only held to be "real" if they remained firmly ensconced in the domain of metaphor. But this did not mean that S.As. were henceforth incommunicado. On the contrary, wherever they traveled, they left signposts for others to read, not as maps, but for entertainment. Some examples of their graffiti concerning various tribes of circa 50 C.E., Britain (excuse the spurious space/time designations) appear below. The slanders of critics who claim that these truncated epistles could be metaphorically applied to many other vectors, and therefore do little to augment our understanding, are infuriatingly admitted by the S.As. In a reversal of

meanings that has become the hallmark of their style, the S.As. reverently accept these refutations as validations. In the throes of their happy and apparently ineffectual magical diversions, they continue unabashedly to compound metaphors with metaphor. And much to the chagrin of their detractors, the S.As.' pointless endeavors have gradually begun to replicate, and perhaps even to mitigate the madness infecting so many parallel worlds.

S.A. Signposts from the Celtic Regions of the British Isles, circa 50, C.E.

They gather heads as trophies. They place the skulls of the chiefs of their enemies in special alcoves carved in columns of stones. They worship the columns.

They believe the skulls can talk. The skulls talk.

They are cattle eaters, cattle herders and cattle raiders. Their lives are movement, violence and terror. They swim in rage and fear as others bathe in pleasure.

They hear voices. They follow commands.

For them, anger is a close companion. When they smell trouble, their thoughts stop, their hearts pound, and their hands and legs are stimulated to violent action by a sudden hormonal influx. They are slaves to this influx. They use it to enslave others.

They are skillful in the arts of weaponry and war.

They are pious. They embrace their piety. They laud sobriety, and command their children to abstinence.

They indulge heavily in fermented drink to ease the torment of their duplicity.

In matters of great concern, they devote to death a human or an animal. They read the future from the manner of their victim's fall, the twitching of the limbs, the strength or weakness of the final pulses.

They embrace war, and they proclaim their love for their horses, dogs, wives and children. Their songs and poems propitiate this love. They devote their horses, dogs, wives and children to the vates' knife.

In their religious ceremonies and sports, they abandon restraint, painting their bodies and loudly chanting to their lord.

They are loyal to their own follies.

They abhor those with unusual coloring, deformities or eccentric practices, and enslave or sacrifice them.

On their feast days and anniversaries, they practice a ritualized form of sentiment, venerating colored strips of cloth, which they attach to staffs. They also carry these icons aloft in battle and in religious processions.

The remains of their sacrificed dogs have been found in the deep shafts of wells, golden torques twisted lovingly around their slit throats.

Their festivals feature the singing or chanting of war cries and the display of weapons.

They honor order and discipline.

They cut off the heads of their enemies and attach them in wreaths to the necks of their horses. The bloodstained spoils they hand over to their attendants, all the while singing paeans in celebration of *Adraste*.

They sacrifice their horses by means of decapitation.

They idolize women's bodies and festoon them with the costliest ornaments.

They idolize children.

They idolize trees — the oak, willow and hazel being especially sacred to them.

They idolize cattle, and hoard them as the basis of all wealth.

They idolize nature and the glories of the hunt.

They practice the custom of *suttee*, sacrificing animals, children, and wives at the death of a great man. They inter those murdered under stones inscribed with the patriarch's name and deeds.

They honor sacrifice and preach its virtues to their sons with dreadful imprecations. Their daughters they train to submission.

They despise the luxury of art, yet their axes and trophy cauldrons are elaborately engraved.

Their Lord *Esus* they appease by stabbing His victims and hanging them from trees, prognosticating from the flow of blood.

Teutates they please by drowning and strangulation.

They detest magic and inflict capital punishment upon its practitioners. They practice magic and necromancy unremittingly to subdue their enemies and appease their gods.

They honor motherhood and venerate the breast.

They honor virginity and chastity.

Through the sacrament of marriage, they institutionalize rape and prostitution.

They punish rape-victims and prostitutes in a like manner, impaling the transgressors on stakes and stuffing their severed breasts in their mouths and nether orifices. By this means, they cleanse their tribes of pollution.

They prognosticate from dreams.

Their thunder god, *Taranis*, demands propitiation by fire. They construct colossi of woven wicker, in which they imprison living cattle, horses, dogs, wild animals, and humans, both dear and foe. These images they set ablaze, so that all those caged within perish in volumes of ravenous fire. They dance with joy in the din of their victims' cries.

They pray.