

The counter-intuitive is the world we live in, not the world we believe in.

How does one approach stillness, when we are in constant motion? From the unceasing activity of our cells and bacteria, to the constant flow of energies. Even the eyebrow mites and other similar critters which make us up, and are a part of us, however oblivious to them we may be. Are they separate individual entities, no more or less symbiotic than all the other microscopic bits of us lacking the identities given to them? Stillness, while being hurled and spun through the universe at x miles an hour? I can't be bothered with the math, I would just have to go back and correct it anyways, but it's not rocket science to determine that right now you are moving faster than you'll ever drive down the legendary autobahn. How does this all work? Just slow down. The collision events are all logged somewhere, endless imprints of logs to read by those who would do such things. It may be an unappealing bore to some but it must be observed and studied. And even more importantly, shared.

The concept of Stillness In Motion, as an album, is a story waiting to be told. Told from the start, where there are no starts. It's also a story waiting to be told and shared by all of you, even if it's not as intuitive as you would like. It's a story that's been told many times before. But of those who hear, who listens? And is listening a passive activity? Or is it still okay to observe, discriminate, and act?

An additional note on limbic systems, since it's mentioned in the album: <u>http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC2766288/</u> http://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC2776393/

Music can be, and is, used as a healing therapy. This notion tends to be shunned by many in part due to the fact that it can be, and far more often is within certain cultures, used for more destructive and manipulative purposes. Skinny Puppy has touched on this some - <u>http://www.chaoscontrol.com/skinny-puppy-weapon-interview/</u> Life is all input, output, and whole lot of stimuli. Not to mention individuizing and consuming, which after a point becomes deadening.

https://books.google.com/books?

id=MW3fJKpq6IMC&pg=PA12&lpg=PA12&dq=individuizing&source=bl&ots=NiSmyabu2i&sig=fm U\_Pec9sPbeErvQYcuG3PVUf8M&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwi9n4jEz\_bKAhXEHT4KHcvOAsY Q6AEIIDAB#v=onepage&q=individuizing&f=false

In the past I've wondered about people who crave certain types of stimulus in their lives. Killkillkill for high scores, big explosions for box office smashes, you can be right there in it with the push of a button after parting with a few bucks. It's what some people "live" for. War dances are hardly new to the modern world, but the mass communications and ever increasing excess of stimuli is. One can hardly get away from it anymore, without making what seems to be great effort to juggle it in.

http://thesource.com/2013/05/13/cointelpro-and-the-hip-hop-cops/ http://www.esquire.com/entertainment/music/a22912/hip-hop-and-the-fbi/ http://sfbayview.com/2015/09/bay-area-rapper-paris-releases-pistol-politics/ http://www.xxlmag.com/rap-music/reviews/2015/10/paris-pistol-politics-review/

Creations of "the people" are often a quantifiable threat to the status quo, as well as the powers that be(a pathocracy down to the foundations, basically) who determined to establish and maintain said status quo. These creations never cease being a threat so much as they are turned against the people who create. All the better that they are exploitable. This has long been the case, in the last century with jazz, rock, and later hip-hop. Among others. Country music has become quite pitiful, epitomized by black water tributes and disposable red Solo cups as a cultural standard bearer.

http://www.economist.com/blogs/democracyinamerica/2009/08/erik\_prince\_and\_the\_last\_crusa http://www.thegoddesstree.com/trees/Oak.htm

It's not just music, it works this way with "popularized" religion too. There are reasons so many historically were forcibly converted, or even just coercively. This is still rampant today, sometimes unminced but often by jingo, when they do. A whole lot of people wanted to make Christopher Columbus a Saint, nevermind the national holiday in his name.

http://www.christianitytoday.com/history/issues/issue-35/columbus-and-christianity-did-you-know.html http://www.badnewsaboutchristianity.com/gi0\_vandalism.htm https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jingoism Growing up, the term "selling out" was often heard used against artists, but it's not just the introduction of business and industry that deadens art forms and cultures, or even peoples.

The entirety of which, and much more, ties into limbic systems, it's about how we all relate with one another as organic beings along with the environment around us.

http://www.scienceclarified.com/Bi-Ca/Butterflies.html http://fs.fed.us/wildflowers/pollinators/Monarch\_Butterfly/migration/index.shtml http://scribol.com/environment/animals-environment/the-3000-mile-migration-of-the-monarchbutterfly

https://books.google.com/books?

id=LBrUTJBxXSoC&pg=PA213&lpg=PA213&dq=milkweed+sustenance+ezra+pound&source=bl&ot s=nfhwlmZ9Bv&sig=93MhhoE90k2mHRQe5Y9ys1awnj4&hl=en&sa=X&ved=0ahUKEwjy6LLJqPb KAhVDdz4KHQT8CjoQ6AEIHzAB#v=onepage&q=milkweed%20sustenance%20ezra %20pound&f=false

http://www.etymonline.com/index.php?allowed\_in\_frame=0&search=arcanum

"Milkweed the sustenance as to enter arcanum. To be men not destroyers." - Ezra Pound

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Track 2 - Approaching Stillness in Motion (while looking back on a vantage point named 1984, prior to exchanging hellos with Leon) includes samples of Mana Junkie's Chorus For Bowie <u>http://ccmixter.org/files/mana\_junkie/53006</u> and Vibrational Harmony by MixteReed <u>http://ccmixter.org/files/MixteReed/49565</u>

Track 6 – Bridges To Jump Off Of created in eSpeak <u>http://espeak.sourceforge.net/</u> Portions of the rehearsal text culled from a couple of new age bullshit generators on the web.

Track 7 – Cycene Industrial Smorgasdrone includes samples from <u>https://soundcloud.com/ao\_onesampledare/one-sample-dare-37-sample-file</u> by Codehead. Originally created as an entry for the One Sample Dare #37 at <u>http://www.ambientonline.org/forum/showthread.php?4119-One-Sample-Dare-37</u>, I added vocals to it from the U.S. Army Pictorial Center's Psychological Operations in Support of Internal Defense and Development Assistance Programs \(Part II\) - <u>http://www.archive.org/details/Psycholo1968\_2</u>

Album artwork created from cc0/public domain works on Flickr Commons and Unsplash.com

Track 6

## Bridges to jump off of. Part 1.

What's the point of being well preserved and shut in a box for quote, "eternity", unquote?

Death should only be a form of transition where energies never cease to flow. When it's your time to go through it, it's your time to go, not much else you can do about it except to make your passage easier or more difficult on your self. But too often no transition takes place, even on the material plane. Their are things which you can take with you, and things that you can not. It took rehearing the biblical story of Job while on a visit to Lasseter's reef to be reminded that entitlement is one of the bindings of the material plane, while en\*lighten\*ment is the fruit of the spiritual. The vicious and wretched does not derive from the latter. And you cannot walk with both, only talk. As for the establishments of the entitled, with their self-created Gods and idols, taking aboard their professed beliefs, sharing their ethics, hallelujah'ing at their worldviews and rewards for the killings – and holding onto all the remainders of their popular notions, yes all of them, even if not viewed solely through the prism of self, shall leave you with nothing. Reduced and rendered to be hungry ghosts in a world of zombies, if you're fortunate. But wait, there's always more. The rest is just carefully crafted identity and marketing, to convince everyone - especially your self but also to sell to others – that you're ok.

It's bullshit, let it go. Look up recordings of NASA's Voyager mission, don't just listen but immerse yourself in them for some days. They're so full of impending doom and overwhelming-ness, aren't they? But what is it exactly that's doomed and overwhelmed, if not your illusions? Your being? In actuality, you are the universe, or at least a part of it if not whole. You can not live up to fantasy for long, let alone the expectations of the material and fantastically stunted people. Whims of egos are a bit like bacteria and cockroaches trying to wage war on the sun, The Great Disinfectant, and coming out victorious. Not gonna happen. Even when the sun reaches it's time of death. But wage an effective war they would, if only they could.

That fat, lazy old sun in your sky will die, but not until long after Hollywood falls into the ocean on this rock you reside on. Probably Wall Street and London too.

## Bridges to jump off of. A rehearsal. Take one.

Not all religions are the same, nor are they all created equal. Today, science tells us that the essence of nature is choice. Power recognizes power. And Self power is the ground of intrinsic facts. If someone comes to you with intrinsic facts ground with self power, I advice you to push them. Send those mother fuckers, err pardon me, intrinsic facts, right back into the rivers of deceit. Yeah, baby.

## Bridges to jump off of. A rehearsal. Take two.

How should you navigate this enlightened cosmos? People are led by pain and suffering without ever knowing it. Occasionally they'll catch a glimpse like a blind man peeking. But as you heal, you will enter into infinite rebirth that transcends understanding. Through aromatherapy, our bodies are nurtured by stardust. We are in the midst of an interstellar summoning of health that will remove the barriers to the nexus itself. The uprising of passion is now happening worldwide. Imagine an unveiling of what could be. The smell of indigo, everywhere. Reality has always been buzzing with seekers whose third eyes are engulfed in karma. You will soon be recreated by a power deep within yourself — a power that is enlightened, advanced. It's like the aquarius all over again. Jesus that's awfully. Boomer, toss and flush this. I need a break for a line of coke. Will you join me? Old Ron Hubbard is waiting, e I e I meoooow, such a drag.

## Bridges to jump off of. A rehearsal. Take three.

It's not working, is it? The clock's ticking.





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