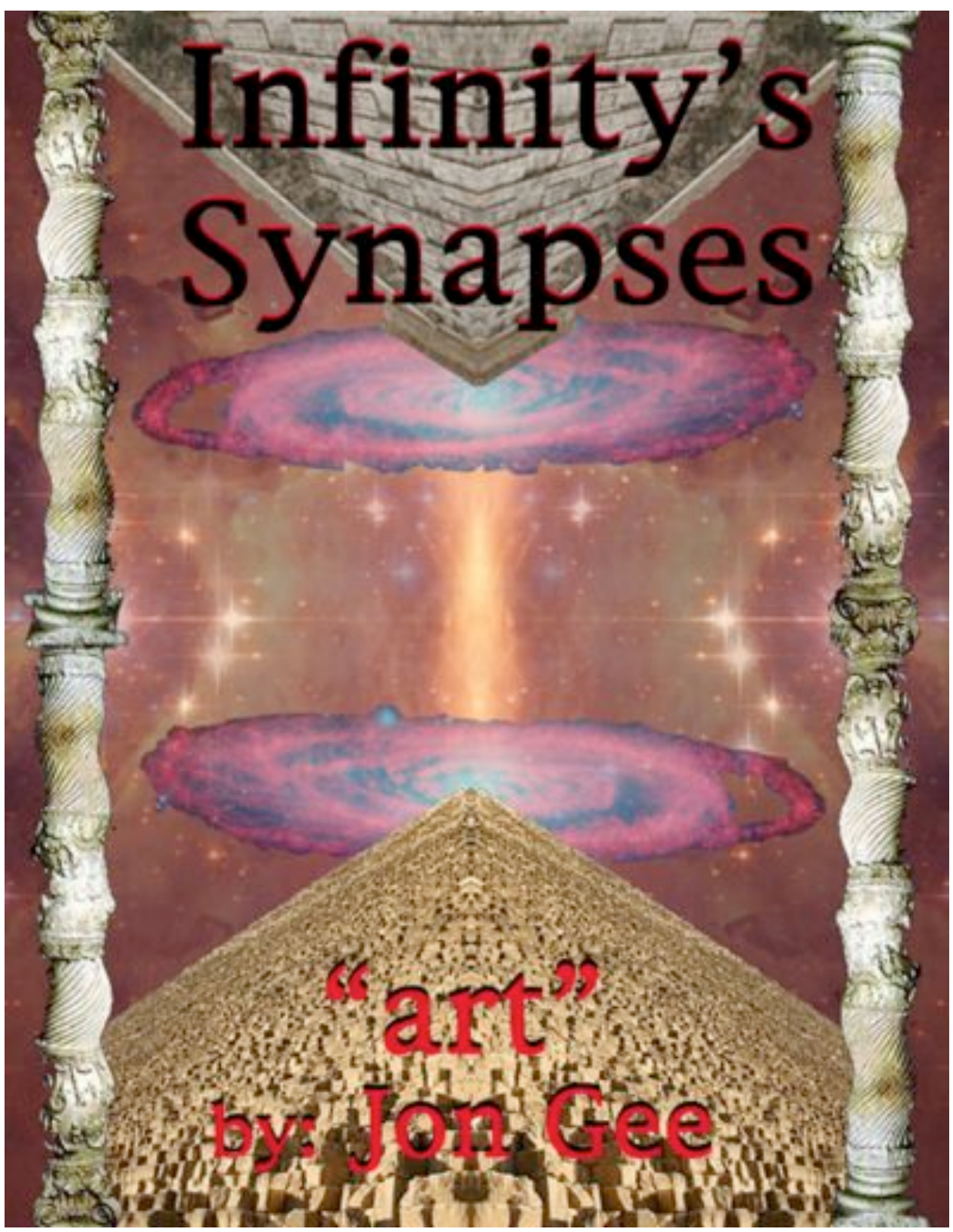


Infinity's Synapses



“art”
by: Jon Gee

“Infinity’s Synapses
‘Art’”

by Jonathan Barlow Gee (*Jon Gee*)

is hereby © **copyright** by:
Jonathan Barlow Gee on
this, *March 28th, 2014*.

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illuminarti
~GOD~ album covers

insanity clause #23:

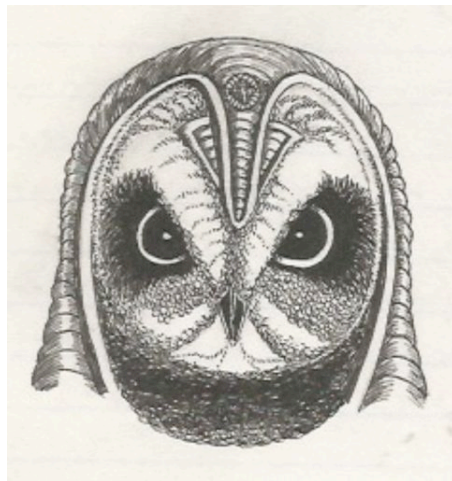
Please do not share with others the web addresses for direct download from my site that are for sale there. However, once you have a copy of any one of my works, you are allowed, by Jonathan Gee, the author of said work, to copy it and distribute it freely. If you claim you wrote it, or that you came up with the ideas for it yourself, you should be challenged to determine if you can prove your claim with knowledge of the material superior to my own. If you can, I will concede the work to your credit, but if you cannot, then the work will remain both of ours to teach and give to whom we choose.



table of contents



highschool



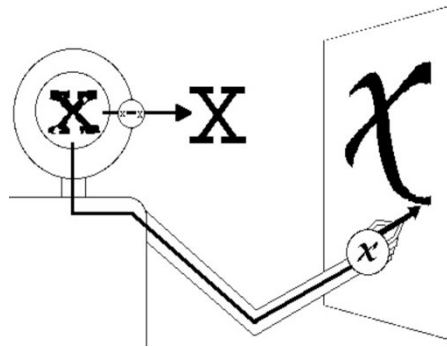
highschool extras



for jim



the war on bugs



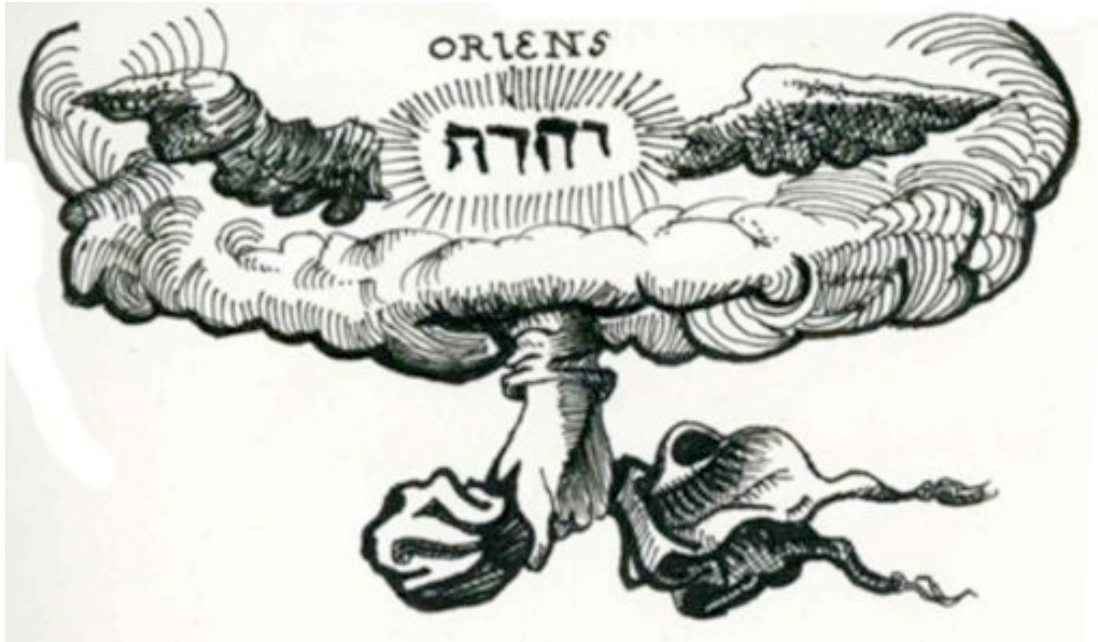
claris art



one second and 911



collage



unpublished collage



demons



sin city style



illuminarti



~GOD~ album covers

high school











The Estranged Lovers
(a comedy)



The Intelligent Bourgeoise at Play



the regretful boy at rest







sculpture of the Babylonian goddess Ishtar,
dating from the 3rd century BC. She wears a
crescent crown.

(associated with Isis & with Astarte)
on her belly button there appears to be
either a jewel or an eye.





502 日

יהיה

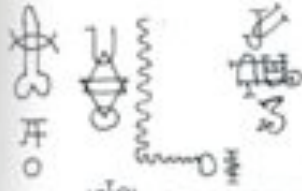
[illegible]

土 80/45
土 80/45
土 80/45

(see *Adams, the Land*)

[illegible]

grape don't appear and in fact during
1960, grapes were in season
many of them in quantity
the market was fairly good



2	3	4
5	6	7
8	9	10

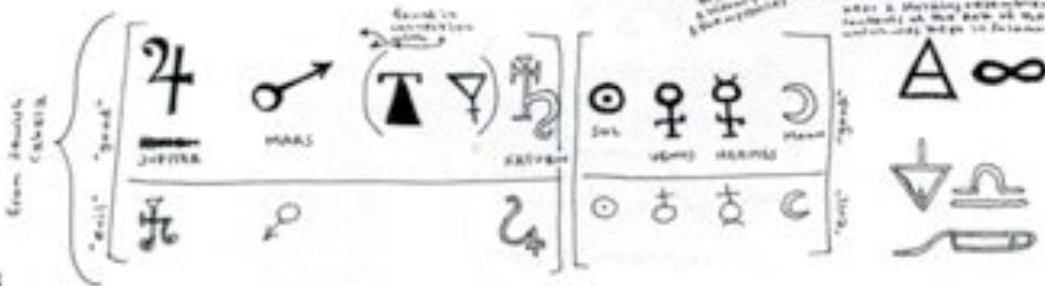
That is the way the system
works. It works all the time.
And, I think, it is the only
way to get the best out of
the system. That is the only
way to get the best out of
the system.



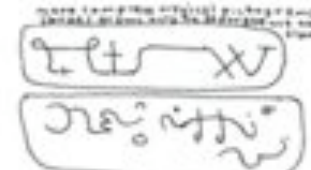
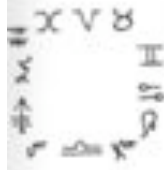
© 1999 by John Wiley & Sons, Inc.



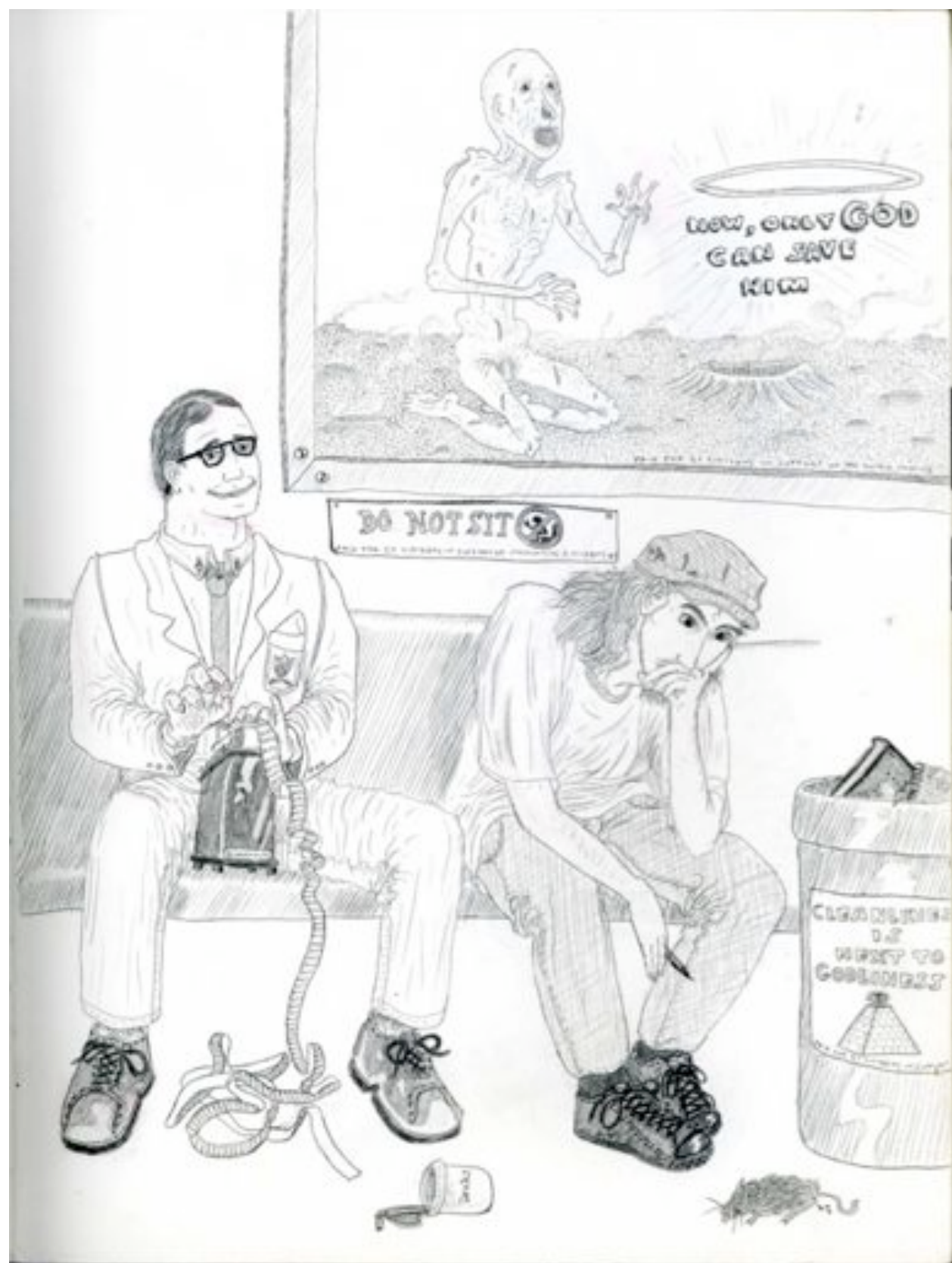
what's that in the red - a 'winkin'?



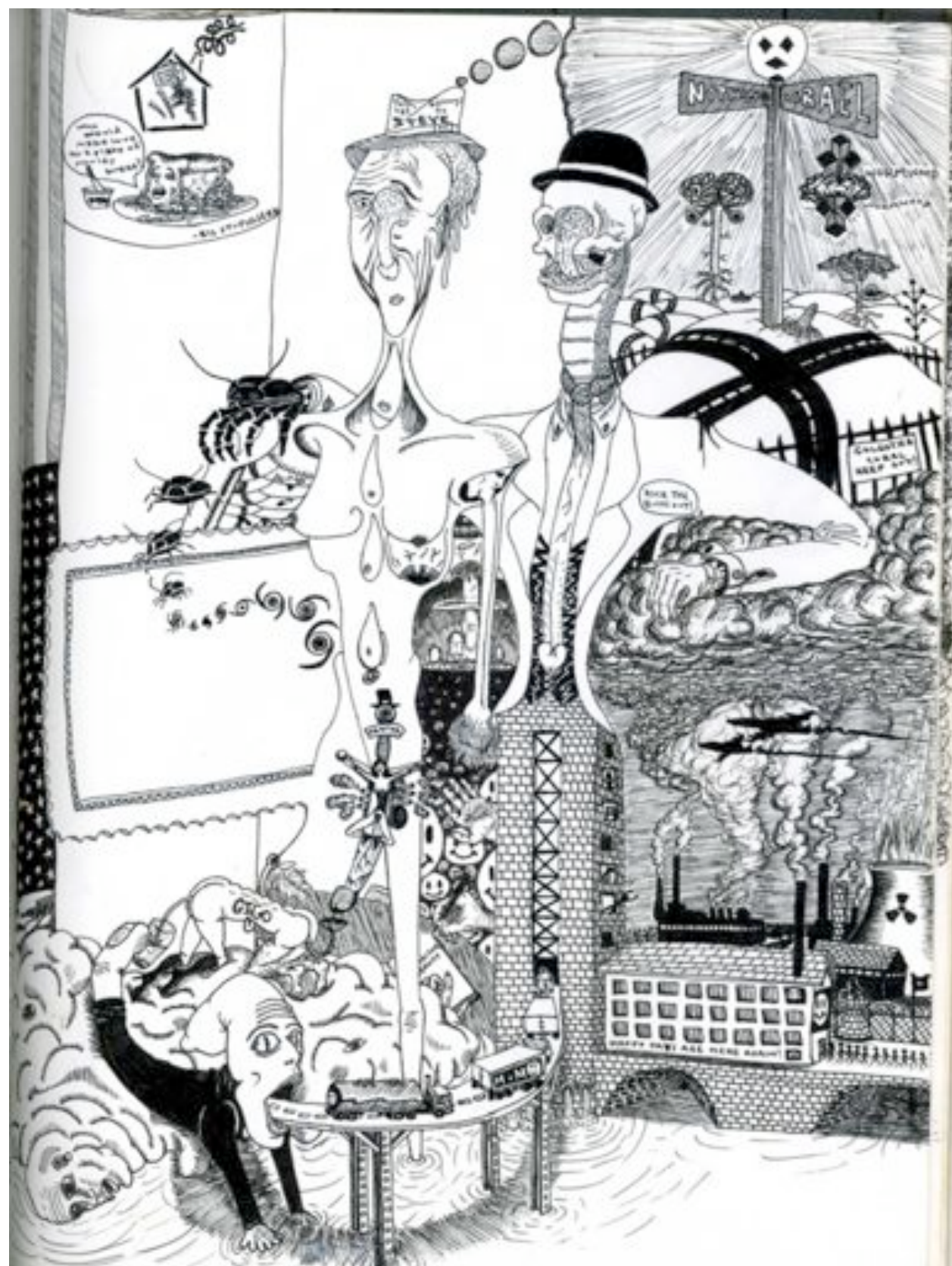
(Faint handwritten notes at the bottom of the page)

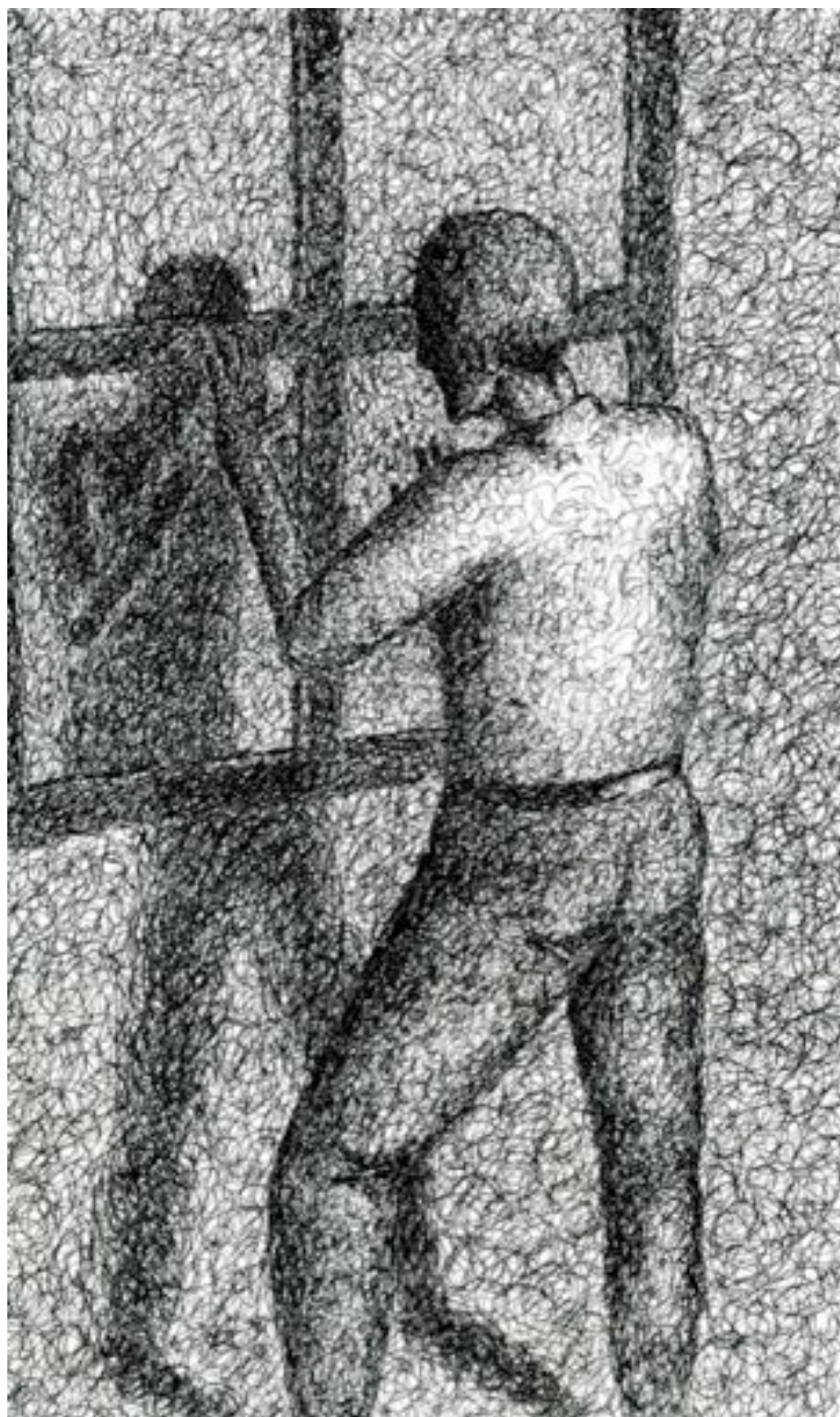




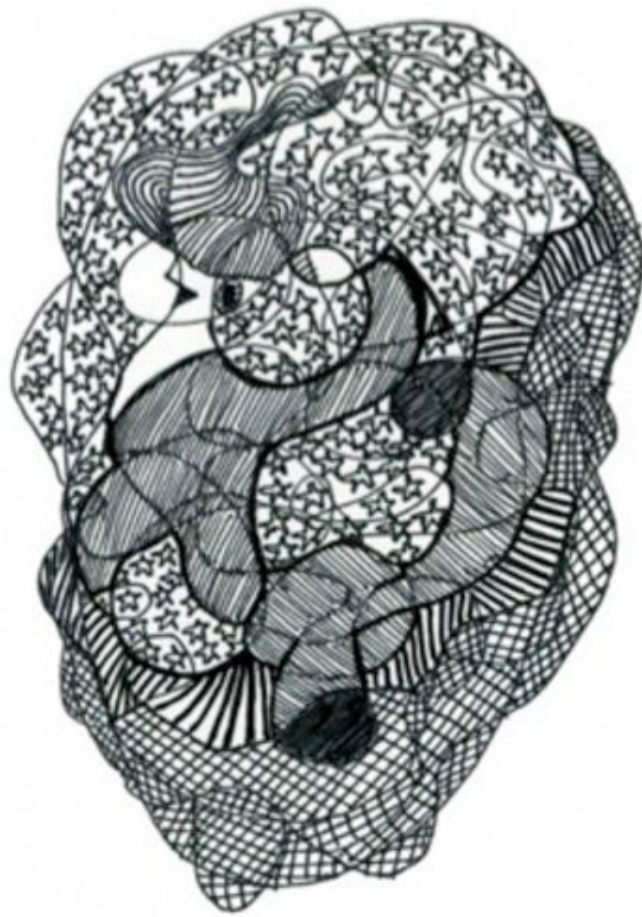






















PEOPLE DON'T
FOOTBALL
& BASKETBALL
THEY ONLY
WANT TO
AND LONG
LIFE



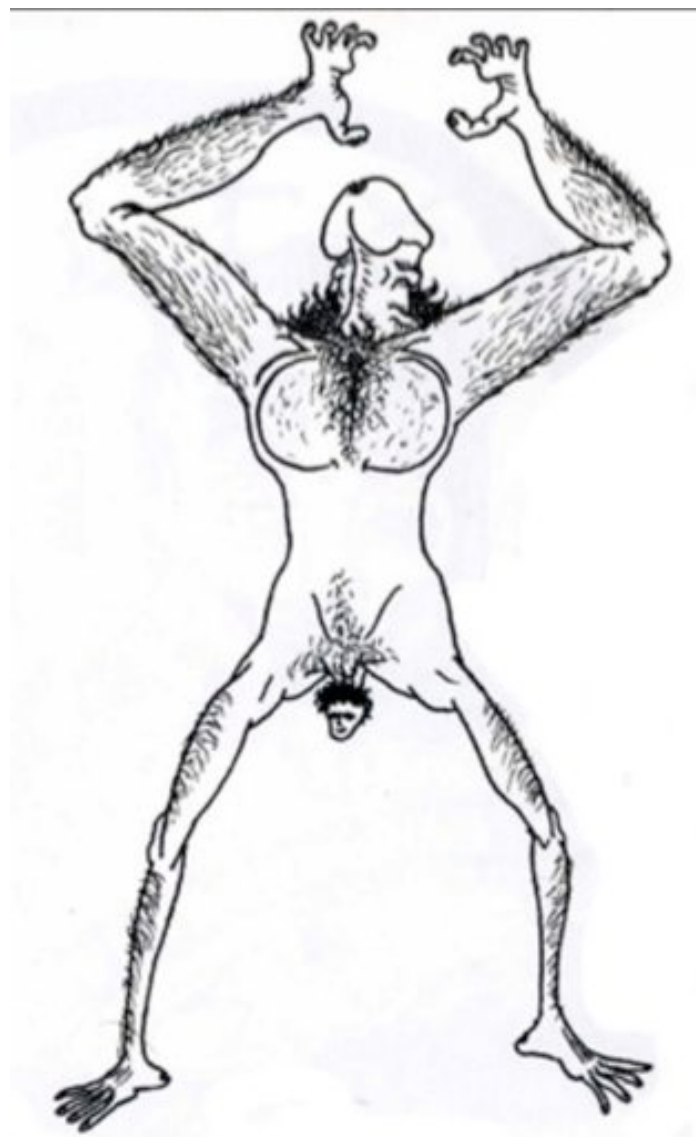
Follow me, please, children

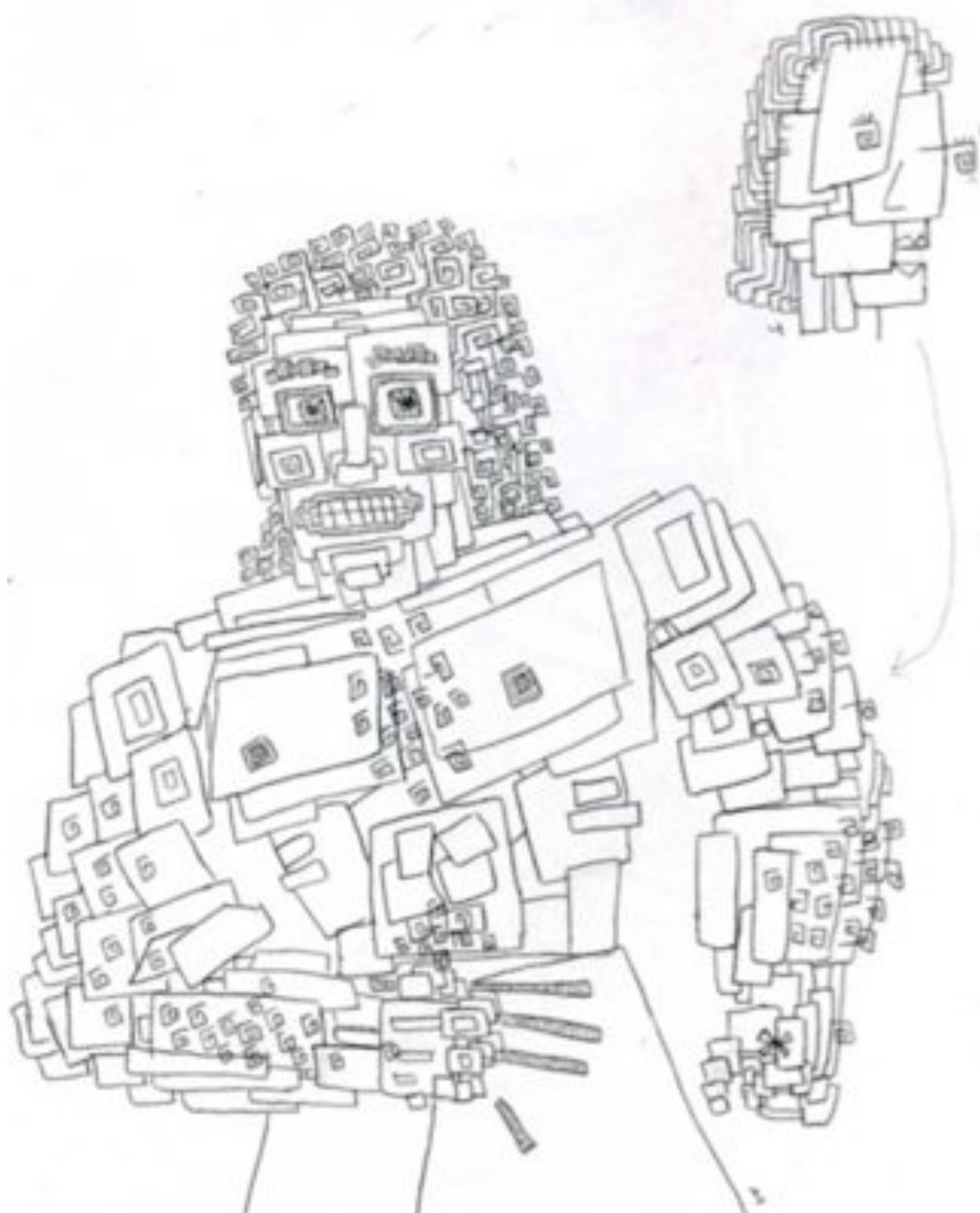


I was attempting to capture
the imagination of a child. I had
placed upon a shelf, a small, dark,
sleeping, rectangular object, and
the child, of course, was...

STAR TREK: the Last Days







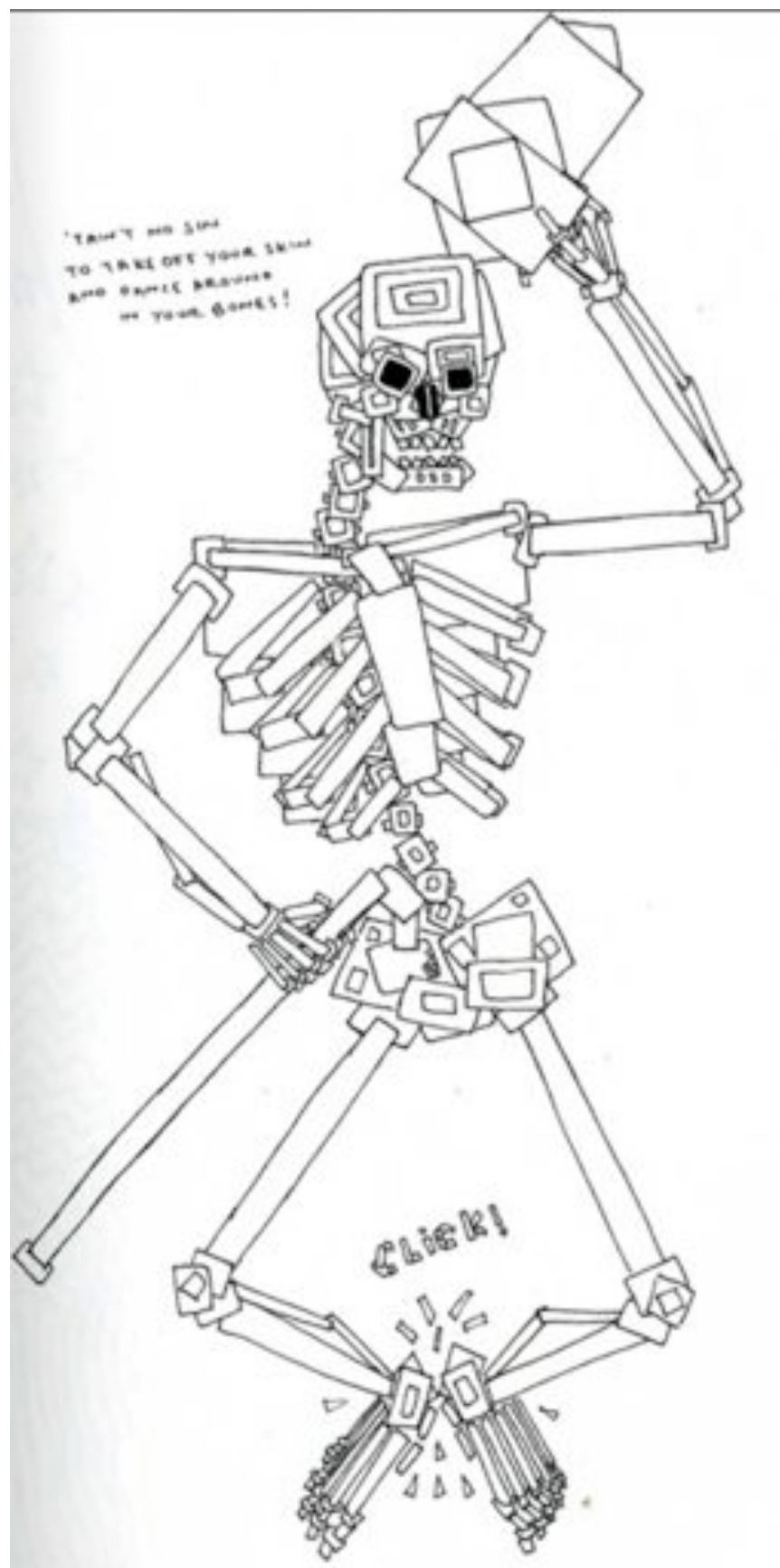
FABIA



3 Tennis Balls
7

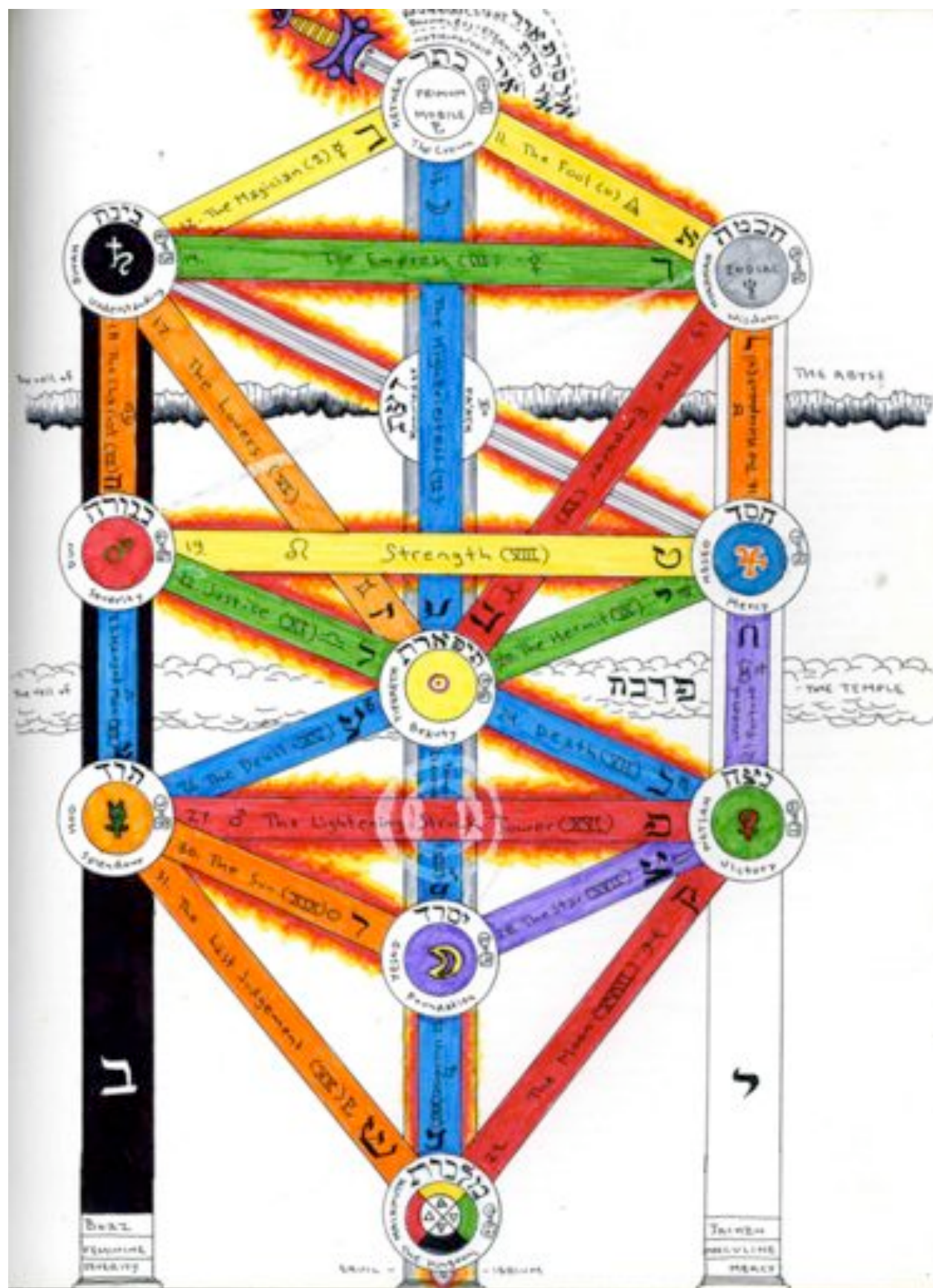


Ялмјерџу



TAIN'T NO SIN
TO TAKE OFF YOUR SKIN
AND HAVE BONES
IN YOUR BONES!

click!





Self-portrait
5:30 pm Sep. 10, 1997



Self portrait upon graduation
from high school.
Now does this look like
the face of a criminal to
you? It certainly doesn't
look very employable. Then
again... it's 11:51 at night, under
fluorescent lights, and I haven't
had a shower for a week. If
I look sinister it's only 'cause
I'm looking down at my
sketchbook, in my lap, while
looking up at the bathroom mirror.

highschool extras

Saturday, May 11th 6 p.m.
6562 Hugh Rd. (off Roberts Rd.), on the left

For a bunch of capitalist proles,
you punks sure don't know much
about advertising.

Leaning

The Rump Release

sepsis

WRAITH

Sanguieno

girls can fight

everybody must come. . .

everywhere

around

Missy's. . .

...FREE
HOUSE
PARTY!

they possessed there's gonna be a "skateboard" ramp there so you can pretend like you know how to skate.

bring home





Heading out of
for the holidays?

The never-ending
cinplex of life

with the journey of a thousand years starts with the first

Saturday, November 25th @ the **GRAND CENTRAL CAFE**

For just 3 little dollars...

It's an
OLD FASHIONED FUN DAY



ON STAGE

MAP*

*Not to scale.



Temple St

King Lane

College Ave

The Grand
Central Cafe

GEE!

Grove St



Don't forget the
swell view of



T-SHIRTS
9.99

YOUR
CHOICE

Dating with a
permission slip



GUARANTEED HOME DELIVERY
TO A HOMELESS PERSON

CASE 10

Anyone who brings a
LIVE TURKEY
GETS IN FOR FREE!

BECAUSE...

This is a fight over who
will run the government

featuring...

GRABLOCK

&

**SUBDUEN
HEAVEN**

&

**Gabe & The
GUTENBERGS**

Guttenberg, The Guttenberg
fight for a several days and both
sides blame each other for the dip
in support to people's lives

Tired of those Long waits for a

Good
Mosh
pit?

(Live at these
other
concerts)

then come see:

Myrtle
GARE (to the coaches)

CRUSH-PROOF-BOX

and the stars



Better to see
now or I'll
miss
"Voyager"!

This girl
would never
happen at a
major
concert!

don't get caught
thinking

I could have been...

@ the

COW
HAUS

this Saturday
(March 25)
from 6-10pm
\$3.00

THIS
WEEK

when you're tired of "wanting your  medicine...
when you're sick of feeling bored in high school...
when you're oppressed by typical fascist bureaucratic regimes...
when you're lonely...
when you're feeling like there's no place in the world you'd fit in
... or would want to...

then remember
and look forward to...

Saturday night (March 25th)

for \$3.00 from 6-10 pm
(\$5.00 for Hairs & Losers)

@ the

COW HAUS

myrtle

GABE and the Couches

CRUSH PROOF BOX

And the STARS

Binge on Music

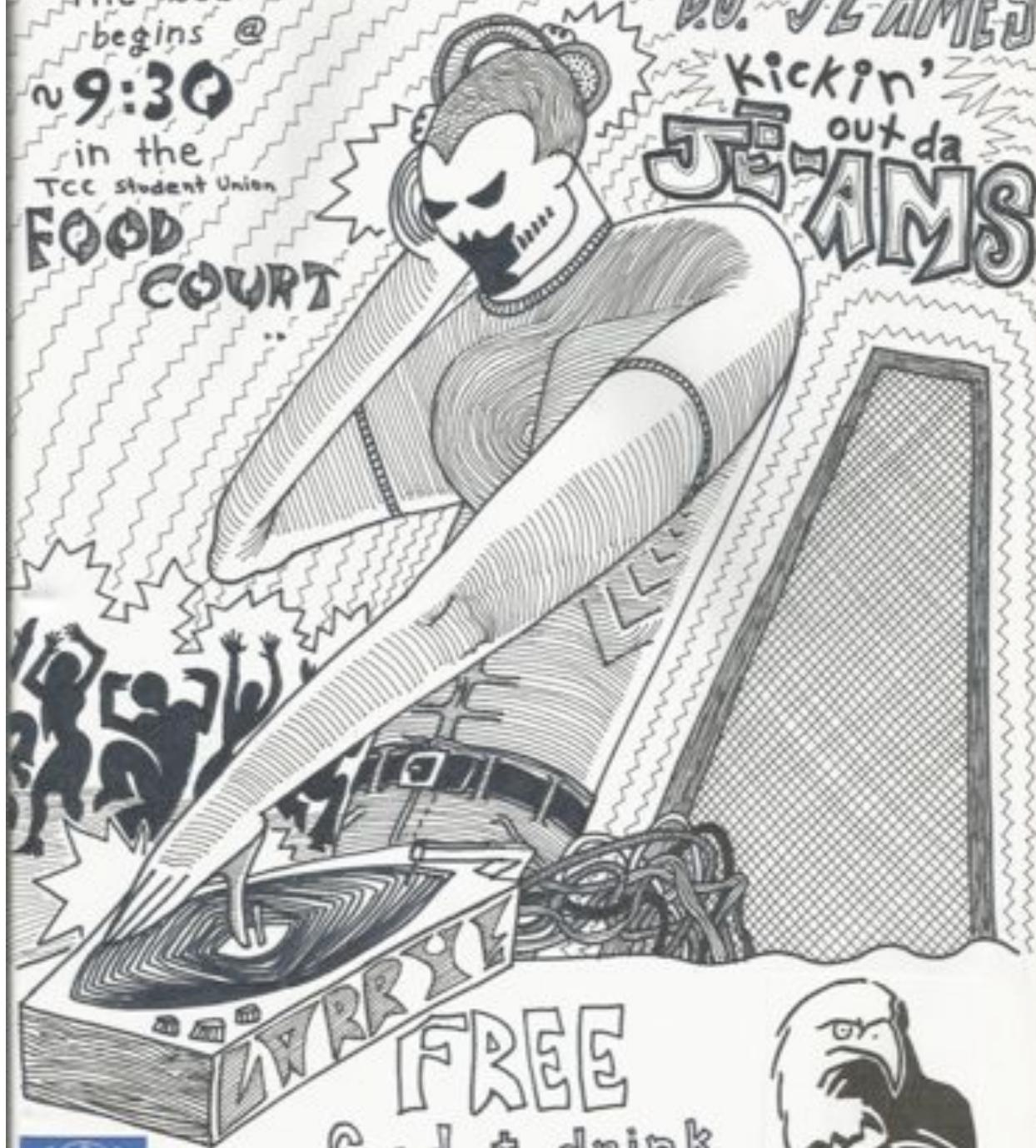
Purge your stress

you'll feel the earth
MOVE...



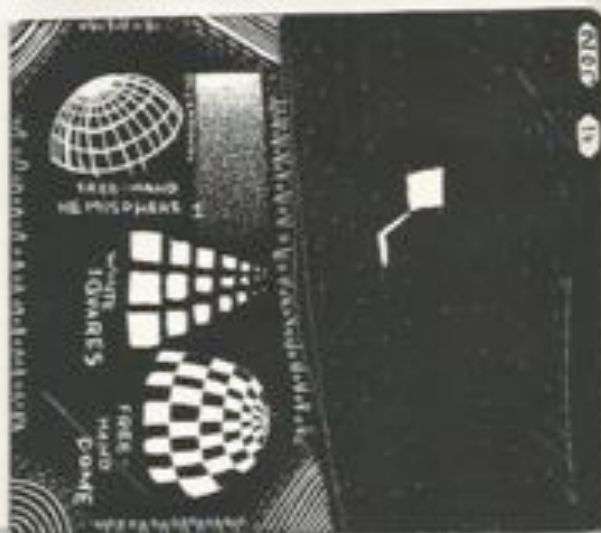
the beat
begins @
9:30
in the
TCC Student Union
**FOOD
COURT**

A.J. JĒ-AMES
Kickin'
out da
JĒ-AMS



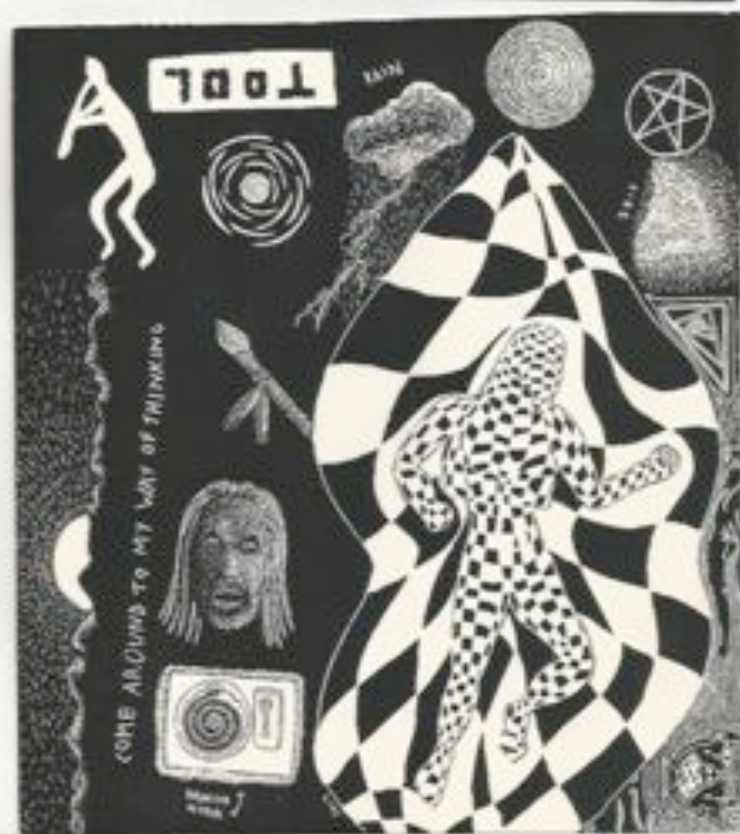
FREE
food + drink
for 1998 highschool MUN delegates

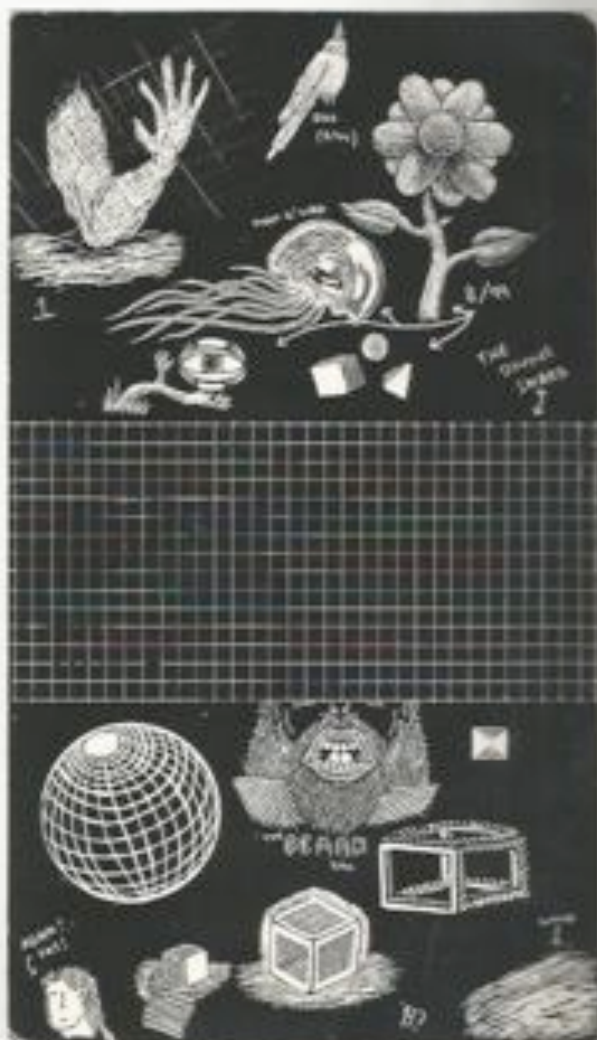












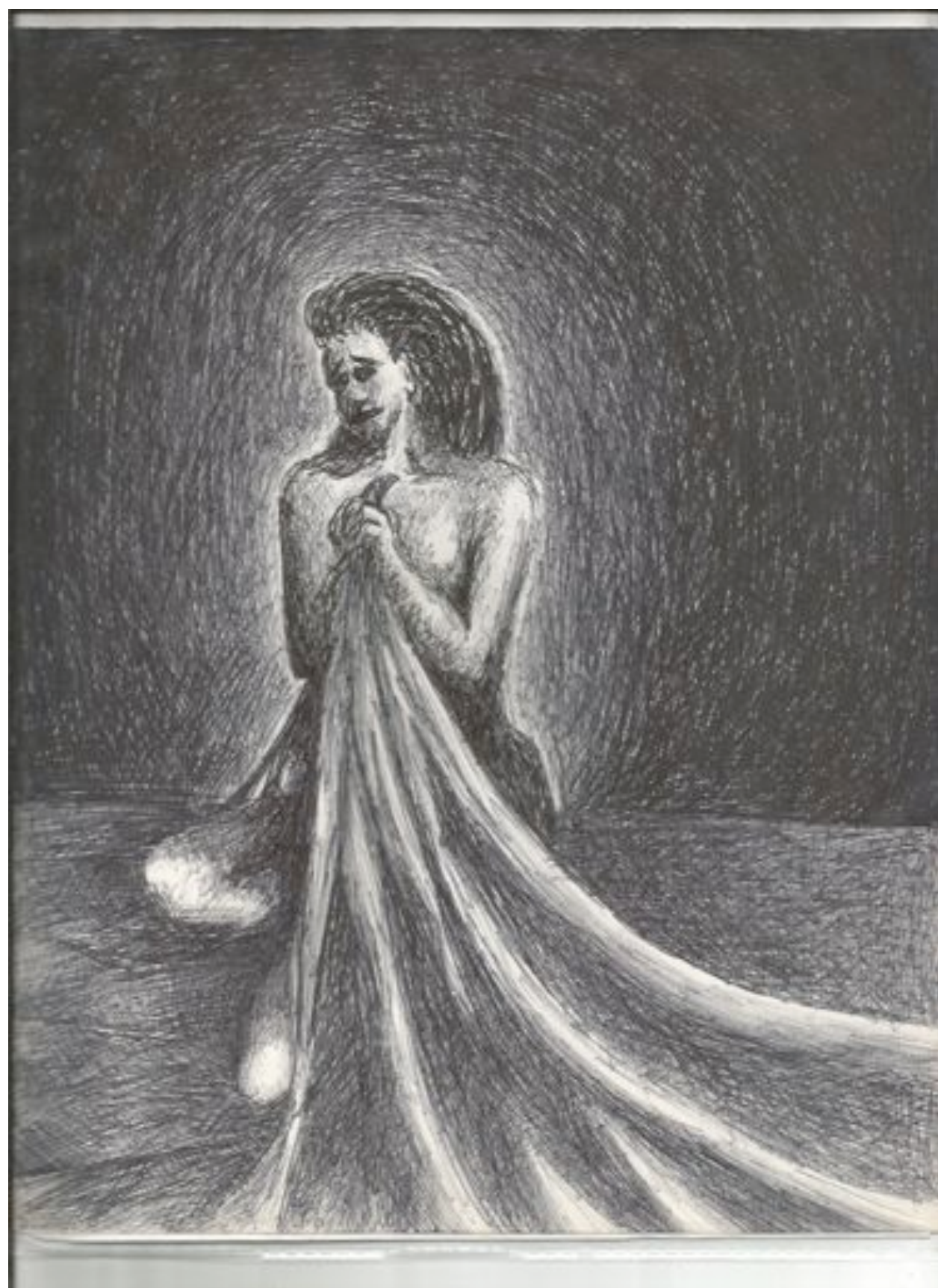




ANOTHER FINE PLATING
HEAD PRODUCTION













SELF PORTRAIT
(COMPLETED - 32,100 HOURS)
AUG. 7, 1974 AGE 16

J



THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
ASTOR LENOX TILDEN FOUNDATION
155 E. 42ND ST. NEW YORK 17, N.Y.

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE
BUREAU OF STANDARDS
WASHINGTON, D.C.

U.S. GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D.C.



THE WOMAN
FLOATED IN THE
WATER FOR HOURS
BEFORE SHE WAS
FOUND.

THE WOMAN
FLOATED IN THE
WATER FOR HOURS
BEFORE SHE WAS
FOUND.

THE WOMAN
FLOATED IN THE
WATER FOR HOURS
BEFORE SHE WAS
FOUND.

THE WOMAN
FLOATED IN THE
WATER FOR HOURS
BEFORE SHE WAS
FOUND.

THE WOMAN
FLOATED IN THE
WATER FOR HOURS
BEFORE SHE WAS
FOUND.





MORPHISM



JON
GEE





the Hollow Horse



Pale In Comparison

given upon golden shrouds
 something given up
 for something to be (gotten) gone
 taken for granted: peace lies in pride
 taken to pieces and taken inside
 prowess the harness of death's dawning ride
 smell of buzzards and vultures
 now, all reversals
 demons and heroes and angels— lost golden
 killing and dancing
 all switching their sides
 and their victory shines
 over our confused apathetic try
 so we take to our side a hollow horse
 in which we show away our shameful pride
 and we wait for our moment of triumphant release
 to liberate our gay disease
 and you take us in and know not why
 nor jealousy nor pity nor
 what you don't know is hollow
 and is actually stuffed full
 entrusted and trusted and treacher-like crowned
 we are the secrets that prove the lies true
 kept, crept, wept and tumbling down
 from the mouth of prophecy
 from the eye of misery
 from the sounds of evensong
 from the air of apathy
 from the heat of my vicious liberty
 you took us in
 now we remake your foundations
 at the bottom of your lungs
 your painful, final, payment breath
 in our complexion is destiny
 a solemn specter with wabbards of sorrow
 impales you on drizzling doubt
 so who is the mightiest?
 questions 'til your pen runs out
 motivation lost to apathy
 wish to live clearly
 never known the bloody taste of victory
 just know the taste is not for me
 plain expression of distraction
 death comes with satisfaction
 by wondering why you do, lose your salvation
 cloudiness in desperation, forgotten to your own damnation
 so feel and Act and be Alive
 and fill the hollow horse we've left
 your inspiration fills our debt
 your loyalty to living is a promise kept
 of victories and defeats not past yet
 but when met, given back
 in words of golden aspiration
 (we pale by comparison)
 better victorious words at best seem worst
 but any words are worth enough to fill, to bury
 one immutable hollow horse

—Talismanis X

DEDICATION

The staff of this magazine would like to formally dedicate this
 first, and hopefully not last issue of the Hollow Horse to Frank Heeg,
 whose name appeared every time we opened up the software we used to
 construct these beautiful pages. We're all going to miss you Frank,
 from the crew of the Hollow Horse- the first Lincoln magazine to boast
 the low self-esteem, pessimistic reservation, whining devotion, & typ-
 ical teenage angst of the generation growing up in the long shadow of
 "alternative" thinking cast by Generation X.

-Jon Gee

Frank Heeg



Grateful

Life is a downhill journey of days
Toward the valley of demise
In this sorrowful ocean nothing stays
Everyday is another graveyard of goodbyes

—Christopher Cooper



God's grave

Eternity looms like a vast wordless chasm
Surely we can cross this with one breath
Our tears can flood it, our knowledge can fill it
Please — say it's not as truly empty as it is
Say it shouldn't remain so... please... please
Say our shoulders can bear the burden of the crowing
Youth is never as youth was
Each day a different glistening jeweled teardrop
of joy or sorrow in the face of impossible tomorrow

—VGER Mercer



FIXED PAGE #07

Love

Hated Child
Child of Hate
Mother Hate
Father Hate
Brother Hate
Sister Hate
Daughter Hate
Son Hate
Child of Hate
Of Hate Of Hate
All my Feelings
Hate
Is What I Learn
Hate
Is What I Earn
Hate
As I Deserve
Hate
All my feelings are gone
And all I know is
Hate has been there all along
Hate my Parents
Hate Myself
Hate my World
Hate my only Friend
Hates Breeds Hate Breeds Hate
Hate Hate Hate
Hate Hate Hate
I Hate
Hating
Hate
As much as
Hate
Hates
me...

—Jon Gee

Jon wants to make your decisions easy
Jon rewards and punishes all those who do not understand
(including himself)
Jon is a cure for insomnia available by social prescription
Jon is not the opposite of anti-unconsciousness
Jon likes to laze around whenever he's alone
Jon has an auto-nemeses complex
Jon is NOT on drugs
Jon is not "John"
Jon is not, nor has he ever wished to be, Jon Mortenson,
Larry Barlow, the "Jesus" guy, or anybody else
Jon doesn't like you, at all, any of you
Jon loves you (do you hear me?)
Jon is an emotional bullseye
Jon is a disorganized semantic mine (ask anyone who really
knows him)
If you think you know Jon, you are Wrong
If you think you understand Jon, you are Wrong
If you think you may have seen Jon, please contact his
family
The following statement is true
The preceding statement is false

artist profile

by Dawn Fish Nowell

Jon Gee:

Not to be Mistaken for a Writer,
or a Poet for that Matter

The decision to feature Jon Gee in this year's *Eyrie* was an easy one. His work speaks for itself—even when Jon doesn't. He is quiet, complex, and purposeful. Writing is only one form he uses for expression, and he uses it exceptionally well.

Jon's work was published in last year's *Eyrie*, and was praised by one of the judges of The Columbia Scholastic Press Association's Annual Critique for 1997 at Columbia University in New York. Jon also placed as a winning poet in the 1997 International Penumbra poetry contest. His talent is familiar to us here at Tallahassee Community College, and we hope to see his name appearing in various literary magazines in the years to come. It would not surprise any of us.

As a resident of Tallahassee all of his twenty years, Jon is familiar with the atmosphere, the people, the attitudes, and the wet heat of our southern little town grown into a concrete sagittal suburbia. When asked about the changes he has witnessed over the years, his shoulders moved up and down in an indiscriminate shrug as he reflected, then explained, how his circle of life has not appeared to change much at all. It's obviously a matter of perspective.

Jon has been writing his entire life and works diligently to believe in his talent. Out of three hundred pieces of poetry written for his private collection, he might show only seven or eight of them to someone else. For most of his pieces, he will let them sit for months without looking at or thinking about them. When he feels he's forgotten them enough, he'll go back and read each piece, decide if he still likes any of them, and then begin his editing process. He admits a good portion of his poetry and prose is personal, and he has no intention of publishing any of it.

Fortunately, he does let go of some of his work for the rest of us to enjoy. For example, his prose piece, "Jenny and Peter," featured here in *Eyrie*, demonstrates Jon's ability to step out of himself to bring us a woman's attempt to free her life from mundane normalcy. We are reminded the struggle can be lonely and precarious.

Showcasing Jon's short poem, "Kafkaesque," was another easy decision for the *Eyrie* editorial board. His ability to take something quite usual and turn it into something far larger, yet keeping it true to its actual nature is no simple task—to do it well, that is.

As suggested by his poem's title, some of Jon's work has been influenced by the Austrian author; Franz Kafka. And, like Kafka himself, Jon's manner may appear as quiet ambivalence toward life around him, but his writing reflects quite the opposite.

It is interesting that when asked how long he has been writing, Jon told us, "All my life." When asked how long he plans to write, he told us, "The rest of my life." Yet, unlike Kafka, Jon does not want to be called, or even formally think of himself as, a writer. It's almost as though the label would serve as a curse, and the magic of creating for the sake of creating would somehow be taken away.

In spite of his doubts about his work and his fears of possible degradation through repeated rejection by editors and publishers, Jon has plans to submit selections of his work for publication in the professional literary world. Agreed, it does take courage and abundant perseverance. We, here at *Eyrie*, believe in his talent and enthusiastically support his decision to move forward with his writing.

With Jon's varied talents as a writer, a poet, and an artist (his pen and ink self-portrait above gives us a hint), the chances of seeing his name again are pretty good. Fortunately, it's an easy one to remember.



for jim







The Lords



Baths, bars, the indoor pool. Our injured leader
prone on the sweating tile. Chlorine on his breath
and in his long hair. Lithe, although crippled,
body of a middle-weight contender. Near him
the trusted journalist, confidant. He liked men
near him with a large sense of life. But most
of the press were vultures descending on the
scene for curious America aplomb. Cameras
inside the coffin interviewing worms.



Urge to come to terms with the "Outside," by
absorbing, interiorizing it. I won't come out,
you must come in to me. Into my womb-garden
where I peer out. Where I can construct a universe
within the skull, to rival the real.



Novices, we watch the moves of silkworms who excite
their bodies in moist leaves and weave wet nests
of hair and skin.

This is a model of our liquid resting world
dissolving bone and melting marrow
opening pores as wide as windows.





The New Creatures



V

Fall down.
 Strange gods arrive in fast enemy poses.
 Their shirts are soft marrying
 cloth and hair together.
 All along their arms ornaments
 conceal veins bluer than blood
 pretending welcome.
 Soft lizard eyes connect.
 Their soft drained insect cries erect
 new fear, where fears reign.
 The rustling of sex against their skin.
 The wind withdraws all sound.
 Stamp your witness on the punished ground.



THERE'S BLOOD IN THE STREETS

There's blood in the streets
 & it's up to my ankles
Blood in the streets
 & its up to my knee
Blood in the streets
 of the town of Chicago
Blood on the rise
 & its following me

Blood in the streets
 runs a river of sadness
Blood in the streets
 & its up to my thigh
The river runs red
 down the legs of the city
The women are crying
 red rivers of weeping

Blood in the streets
 in the town of New Haven
Blood stains the roofs
 and the palm trees of Venice

Blood in my love
 in the terrible summer
The Bloody red sun
 of phantastic L.A.

Blood! screams her brain
 as they chop off her fingers
Blood will be born
 in the birth of a Nation
Blood is the rose of mysterious
 union.





Wilderness



THE ANATOMY OF ROCK

The 1st electric wildness came
over the people
on sweet Friday.
Sweat was in the air.
The channel beamed,
token of power.
Incense brewed darkly.
Who could tell them that here
it would end?

One school bus crashed w/a train.
This was the Crossroads.
Mercury strained.
I couldn't get out of my seat.
The road was littered
w/dead jittersbugs.
Help,
we'll be late for class.

The secret flurry of rumor
marched over the yard &
pinned us unwittingly
Mt. fever.
A girl stripped naked on the
base of the flagpole.

In the restrooms all was cool
& silent
w/the salt-green of latrines.
Blankets were needed.

Ropes fluttered.
Smiles fluttered
& haunted.

Lockers were pried open
& secrets discovered.

Ah sweet mimic.

Wild sounds in the night
Angel siren voices.
The baying of great hounds.
Cars screaming thru gears
& shrieks
on the wild road
Where the tires skid & slide
into dangerous curves.





Favorite corners.
Cheerleaders raped in summer
buildings.
Holding hands
& bopping toward Sunday.

Those lean sweet desperate hours.

Time searched the hallways
for a mind.
Hands kept time.
The climate altered like a
visible dance.

Night-time women.
Wordious sacraments of doubt
Sprang sullen in bursts
of fear & guilt
in the womb's pit hole
below
The belt of the beast



She's selling news in the market
Time in the hall
The girls of the factory
Rolling cigars
They haven't invented musak yet
So I read to them
From The BOOK OF DAYS
a horror story from the Gothic age
a gruesome romance
From the LA
Plague.

I have a vision of America
Seen from the air
28,000 ft. & going fast
A one-armed man in a Texas
parking labyrinth
A burnt tree like a giant primeval bird
in an empty lot in Fresno
Miles & miles of hotel corridors
& elevators, filled w/citizens
Motel Money Murder Madness
Change the mood from glad to sadness
play the ghost song baby



And I came to you
for peace
And I came to you
for gold
And I came to you
for lies
And you gave me fever
& wisdom
& cries
of sorrow
& we'll be here
the next day
the next day
&
Tomorrow



Actors must make us think
they're real

Our friends must not
make us think we're acting

They see, though, in slow
Time

My wild words
slip into fusion
& risk losing
the solid ground

So stranger, get
wild(er) still

Probe the Highlands





The American Night



WELCOME TO THE AMERICAN NIGHT

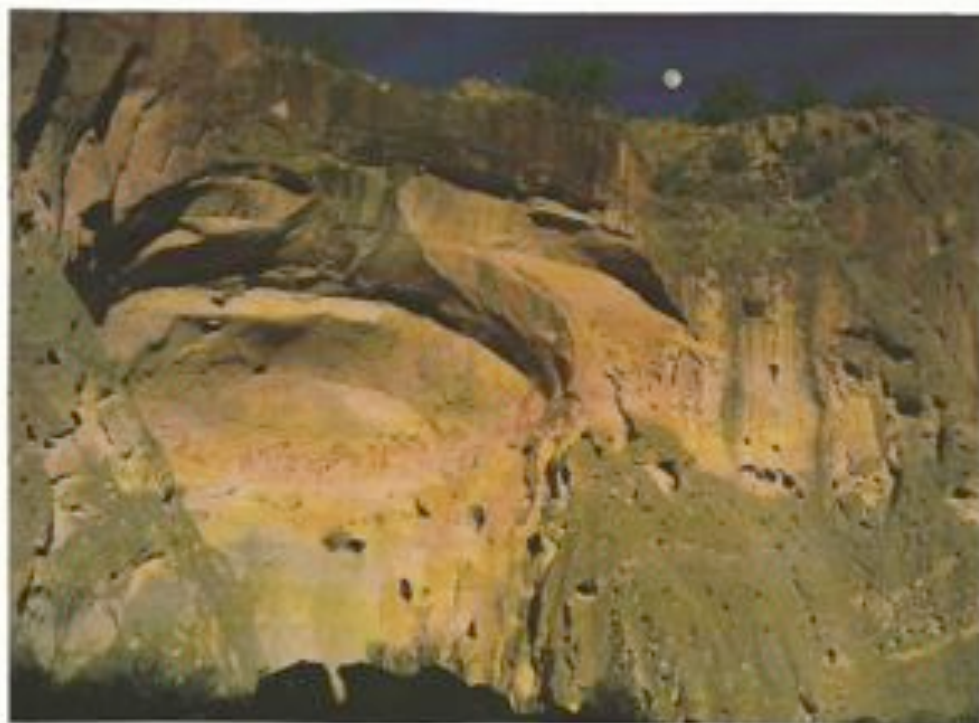
Welcome to the American Night
where dogs bite
to find the voice
the face the fate the fame
to be tamed
by The Night
in a quiet soft luxuriant
Café
Hitchhikers line the Great Highway





DANCING & THRASHING

Dancing & thrashing
the reptile summer
They'll be here long
before we're gone
Sunning themselves
on the marble poech
Raging w/in against
the slow heat
Of an invaded Town
The Kingdom is ours



THE WILD WHORE LAUGHS

The Wild whore laughs
like an ancient spinster
Crone, we see you, come again
in the mind
I lie like fever
Dancing your mobile hush
willing to be possessed
untold stories
dare injure rise
Trampled, like red-skins
sacred fore-skin
Cancer began w/the knife's
cruel blow & the damaged
rod has risen again
in the East
like a star
on fire



THE END OF THE RAINBOW

The end of the rainbow

put all my screaming fantasies
into one giant
Box-trap

image of self-image-propagation
image of elation

Ungulation
limit 1st tree

image of Utopia
a slaughter of phantoms

innocent—guilty

The Human World
bounded by words
& dust

sweet soft & velvet
dust

medium trust



UNTRAMPLED FOOTSTEPS

V

She's my girl friend;
I wouldn't tell her
Name but I think
you already know her
Name

is
Square fire insect
marble saffron intro
demi-rag in flames

it's the same game
whether you call it
by her real name



THE DARK AMERICAN SUNSET

The dark American Sunset
The night like a vast
conspiracy to dream, hold
court in the swaying sand

Tijuana—the anus of Night
a cartoon of civilization
Whores are bores in the
American Night

What will we see in the
bowels of the night, in
The frosted cave where dreams
are made, right before your
eyes. Prophecy w/out money.

This song must have the sad
common strangeness of currency
coin of the realm. Bitter
embers. Scent of pine smoke
Fire-Night, special breeding
exercises. An excuse for
crime. High School of the
Night. Silence of a school
at night.



THE ORIGINAL TEMPTATION...

The original temptation was to destroy.
The Cliffs. The Road. The Walls.
Original heroism—to bluff the elements
of fire. To call creatures into the storm.
The original heroism was to fall. To ball.
The All. Natural man.

To participate in the creation.
To screw things up. To bring Things
into being.

The Crossroads where the car hides.
Lies. Resides. A meeting-place
of Worlds. Where dreams are made.
Where anything is possible. Demons
lie.

The car is steel & chrome. The wood-pile.
Top of the pile. The heap. The graveyard.
Where metal is reduced to its common
mute element. To be reborn. A tale
of rebirth in the wilderness. To become
chaos & come back.

2 spade chicks, or a king & queen,
comment from the balcony.

The types of society pass on the boards.
Microcosm in a thimble



K
♠



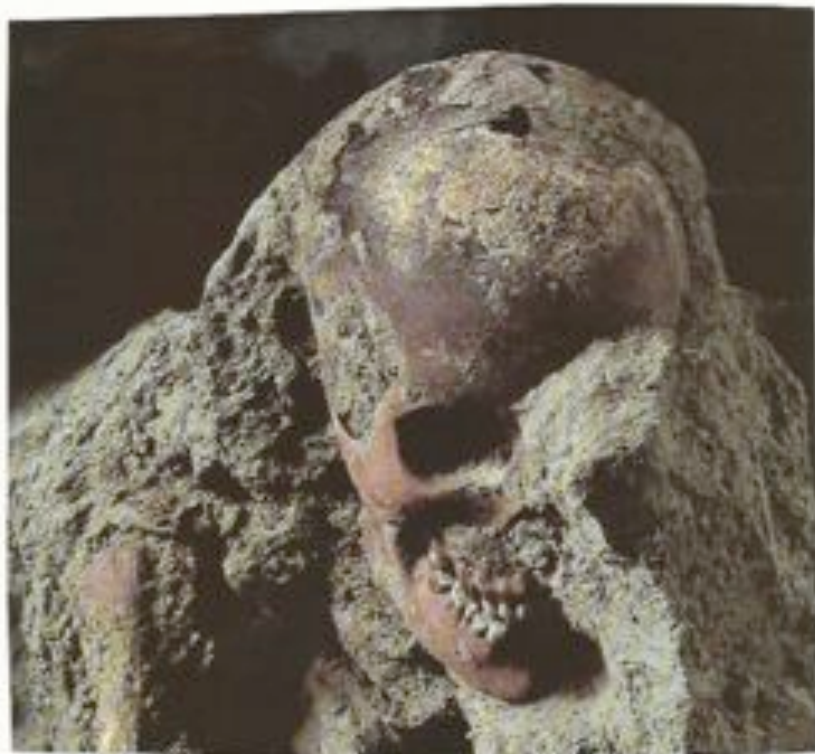
♥
K



♥
♥

IF IT'S NO PROBLEM...

If it's no problem, why mention it.
Everything spoken means that,
it's opposite, & everything else.
I'm alive, I'm dying.



HURRICANE & ECLIPSE

I wish a storm would
come & blow this shit
away. Or a bomb to
burn the Town & scour
the sea. I wish clean
death would come to me.



IMAGES

By: Jon Gee



The Blues
The blooze
The beautiful blues
The new age is killing
The oldest ways
My blood is the new wine
Of God's remorse



Curling lazy lion's mane
Stalking time w/sun and rain
Glassy seas of grass blown wind
Hunting time w/rotting skin
Crackling crumbling cold old bark
Awaiting time of West blown dark
Like a dying lost fawn awaiting dawn
Holding time in country's maw
African tribal Monday meaningless
Trapping time w/maggot's flesh clocks



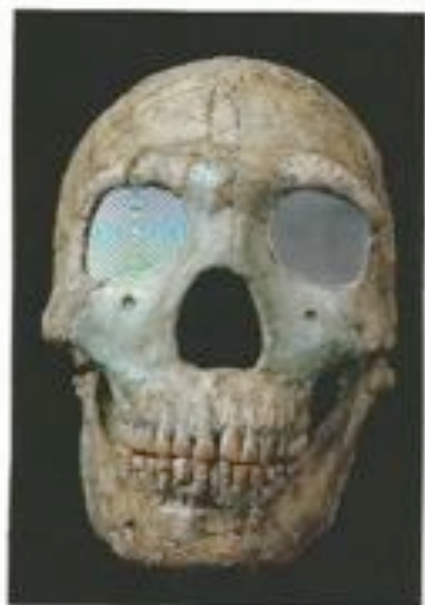
Ancient lost ritual
Reborn electric Shaman
Guide us in our vision
Unlock my cells
Begone all apprehension
Lost in lonely wondrous
World's emptiness
Fearful excess
Indian giver
Why show fear to the end?
Ancient friend



Human Fire
Kill the candle
Bleed the poison
Ancient Indian
Bareknuckle bearchested
Ritual of dancing and thrashing
The Indian Summer
No longer a labyrinth
Now I can sing
Now I have string



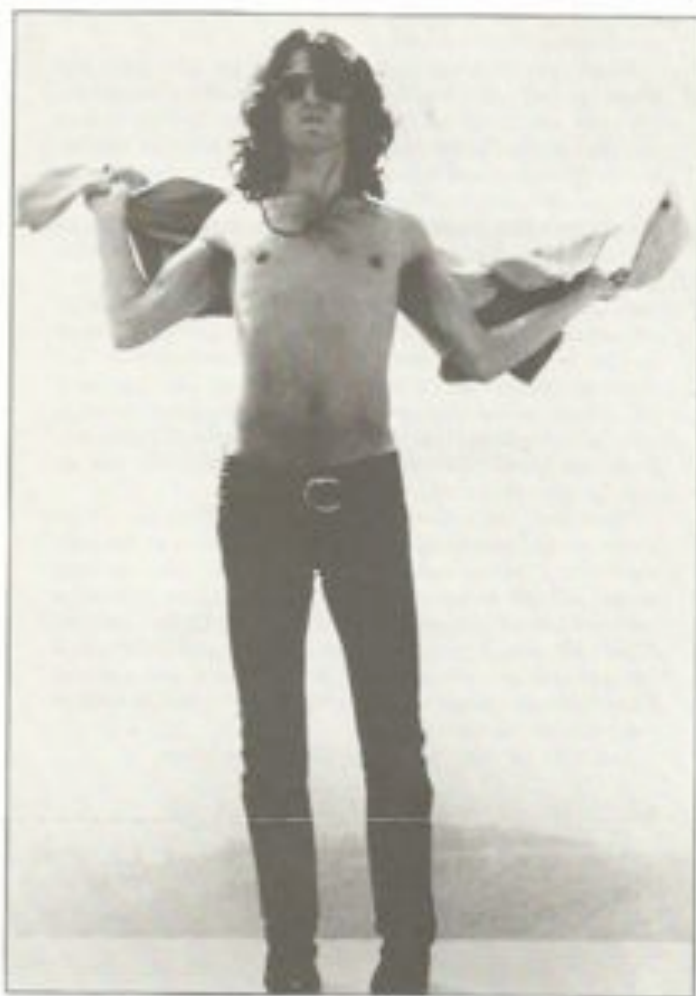
God, He burned the full circle
Jealously hiding mysterious prophecy
Watching wondrous worlds outside
He'd rather fly but dust clock chimes
It's time to die
When the Hitchhiker comes back
He'll drop a line



I'll always see you as sweet Ophelia
Tragic in your malignant pain and distorted innocence
Floating away in some reflection of a world of sorrow
Submerged by the beastly hand of some Hamlet in
A bottle. In a cage.



I'll show you kings & Lords of olde
Drowned in sparkling liquid gold
Fly w/me my sacred dove
Behold our world from above
Come w/me I'll show you love
I'll show you sights as tight as gloves



In the end
The brain suspended
In the end
The future upended
In the end
The hero apprehended
In the end
No loss lamented

In the end
The garden is burning
In the end
The spirals are turning
In the end
The ancient are learning
The ways of the nuclear

In the end
I've found you
In the end
I hold you
In the end
I follow you
To the end



I wear my dreams like an ancient Indian ink cowl
Dreams of purple galaxies & night wing owls
Never to question the given of "how"
Accept near blindness in unconscious fog
Go back wandering deep inside, peep inside
Your prison is wrapped w/chains of eyes
There's a stranger hiding behind the door
Dreams are delusions of what might be in store
Nocturnal visions painting dark lords
When we meet inside Show me some more



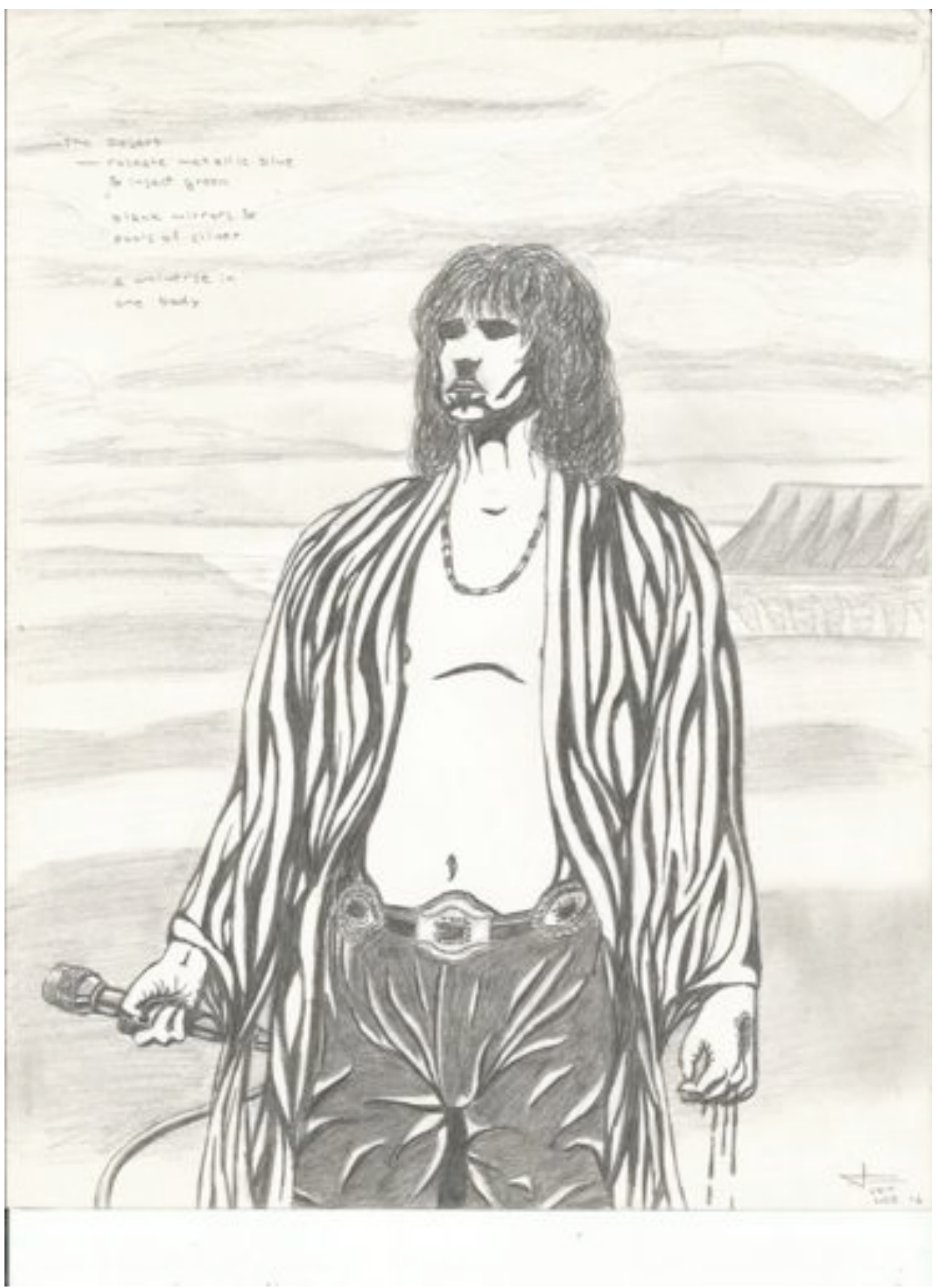
Gimme some death Gimme some war
I want release I want some more
I want some holy inquisition
Want some chaos called transition
I want to find the threshold of madness
While drinking communion from Satan's cold lips



Dim half light of the
T.V. illuminated room
washes over her soft skin
Blue shadow show of monsters
rippling in her gentle eyes
The river of her dark hair
laps waves on her smooth shores
Her lips are parting in
the flickering glow
The blue room melts away
inside the Idol's idle eyes
The currents of slow affection
softly stirred like sweet convection
rising like affliction, touching of infection
Living room lover by the
T.V. fire



The Desert
— passage marbled blue
to sunset green
black mirrors to
sands of silver
a universe in
one body



4
1977
1000 14

the war on bugs



Welcome to the Interzone

BURROUGHS

he found Eflav's scheme

to use and used it like a rule

but never on world's Jupiter

like Burroughs. He was that kind

of influence

Here's where
you really live

what don't know

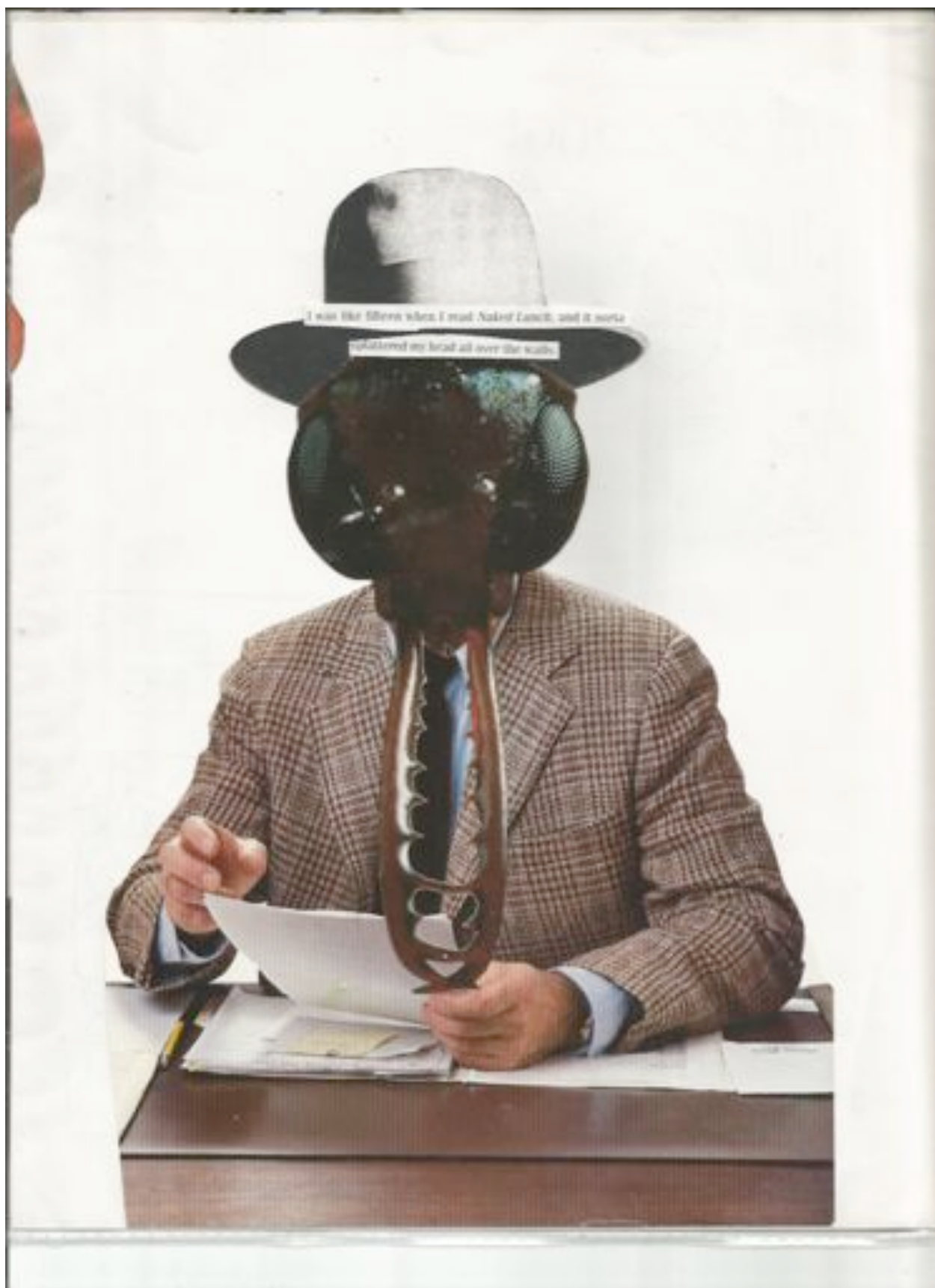
what Burroughs is, or

they're immediately broken

...IT'S IN YOUR
BLOOD !!

Burroughs would just

throw the stuff down on the page



Only one medicine can shrink the prostate.

HARD ON



Blondie's 1,000 needles in the back of Nick's neck won't make smart decisions.



Was.



DEATH CRANE

You've come a long way, baby.

MR. HELMS



he could go ahead and kill himself



Cloned Interference

PERFORMANCE OF THE WEEK

THE
LEGACY
NO ONE
WANTS
TO
INHERIT.



*So, naturalists observe, a flea
Hath smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
And so proceed ad infinitum.*



Darkness Visible

History is written by the victors, they say



Learn how to monitor
military satellites
(They watch us,
why shouldn't we
watch them?)

Franz Kafka is cited for opening of *The Metamorphosis*,
in which a person wakes up as an enormous insect.



The violent
will be violent, argued Jason Garcia,
16, of Roswell, New Mexico,
"whether they listen to Trent Reznor
sing about his problem with
religion's rampant hypocrisy or to
Beethoven, as the main character in
A Clockwork Orange did."







Protect the institution. To alter it is to weaken it.



Star Chamber. He believes that Venus Woman and Scorpion Man guard a room where the most prominent captives, including the bird captain of the mural, were prepared for sacrifice and put to death.



In contrast to Confucianism, with its emphasis on discipline, public service, ceremony, and morality, Taoism looked inward, seeking harmony with nature.

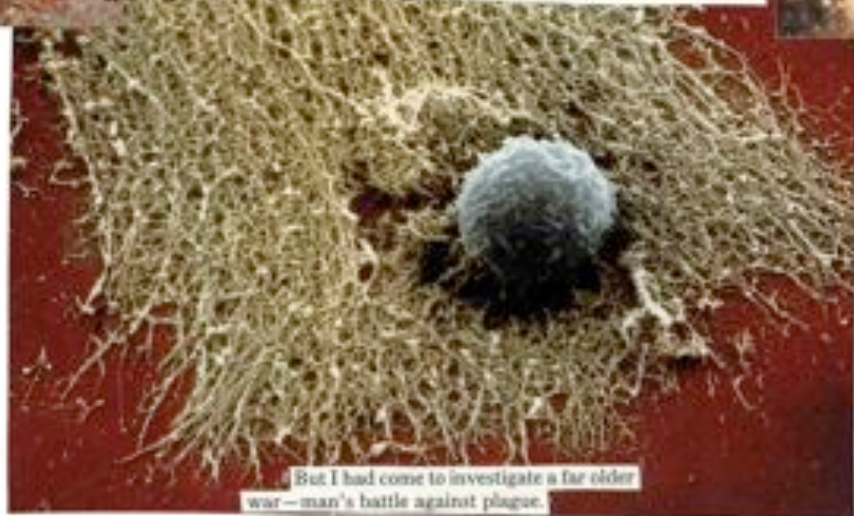


What we ask: To be a full and equal part

In another shell I find a society of slave workers, *Leptothorax*, attending to slave-making *Harpagosaurus* ants. A red slave grooms the large, black, slave-making queen, while others in the background groom and carry larvae (bottom center).



"The best example is mammals. Dinosaurs and mammals originated within ten million years of each other about 220 million years ago. But for 140 million years dinosaurs ruled, while mammals stayed small and scrambled around hiding out in the underbrush. Mammals all basically looked alike—squirrelly or shrewish and no bigger than a badger—until the dinosaurs disappeared. Then they took off. Within ten million years there were mammals of all shapes and life-styles: whales and bats, carnivores and grazers. Mammals just couldn't do anything interesting until the dinosaurs were out of the way."



But I had come to investigate a far older war—man's battle against plague.

Just Go to Venus and Turn Right

ONCE THE CAPTIVES arrived at the coast, they were carefully examined by the prospective purchasers. As one trader expressed it, "The Countenance, and Stature, a good Set of Teeth, Pliancy in their Limbs and Joints, and being free of Venereal Taint, are the things inspected and governs our choice in buying." The enslaved person was branded with the purchaser's mark on the shoulder, the breast, or the buttocks.



The prisoners knew nothing of their destination or their ultimate fate. English trader William Snelgrave wrote that "these poor People are generally under terrible Apprehensions . . . many being afraid that we design to eat them."

As they waited, the slaves must have been racked by emotions—fear, anger, disbelief, defiance, resignation—each exacting a price. Yet, as their subsequent behavior would show, many also found an inner resolve not to be vanquished, not to yield control over one's inner sanctuary to one's captors.

A slave-making worker's sole duty is to raid nests of slave species. Releasing a pheromone that confuses adult ants in the colony under attack, slave makers seize young and take them back to their own nest. When they mature, captured ants imprint on the slave makers and treat them as kin that need to be cared for. Receiving no benefits, the slaves gather food, tend the queen, nurse slave makers' young, and tidy up. As slaves die and food gets low, slave makers raid more often.





species *Kimicaris exoculata*, or
"dweller in the rift without
eyes."



Other questions, fed by my fieldwork, arise. Hasn't this happened before—diversity suddenly becoming paucity—and each time didn't life recover to reach new heights of evolutionary creativity? In the big picture is it really so terrible, what's happening today? Life will go on. No matter how bad we make things, some organisms will cope, survive, then flourish. Isn't that the lesson of mass extinctions? What's different about this one?

We are the difference. For the first time since life on earth began four billion years ago, a living organism can begin to understand what is happening to this planet. We can see that the health of species is interconnected, that if we let too many disappear, we will go too. For the first time, a living organism can consciously do something to halt a mass extinction. Perhaps most important, for the first time a living creature can gaze out across the species of the earth and say: This is beautiful. I care. I will not let it go.

FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT HAD always opposed any attempt to air problems with the Soviets in advance of the complete defeat of Germany.



"This is a struggle between man's short-term and long-term interests."





"I wanted to make the invisible visible," Bob told me



osmosis plants in the world," said Tim

"I'm not interested in growing the business to create some potential problem in the future."



"Click me!"



"Graphics can reduce billions of numbers to a very few concepts," Winkler continued. "Computer simulation is often the only way to get some information."

"A revolution," he replied, "a genuine revolution."

"Pardon me—but it looks more like the goddess of love."

"I think so too," said Professor Francis, mightily pleased. "But beautiful as she is, she's pure mathematics, a visual representation of equations."



Lost in Cyberspace

requires review and approval of "deliberate transfer... into human subjects."



the President's Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine and Biomedical and Behavioral Research.

Government disclosures

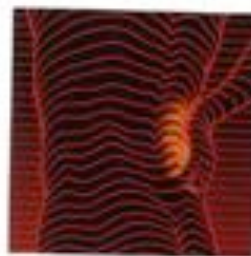
"Every man should know about his prostate,"



"Friendly Fire"



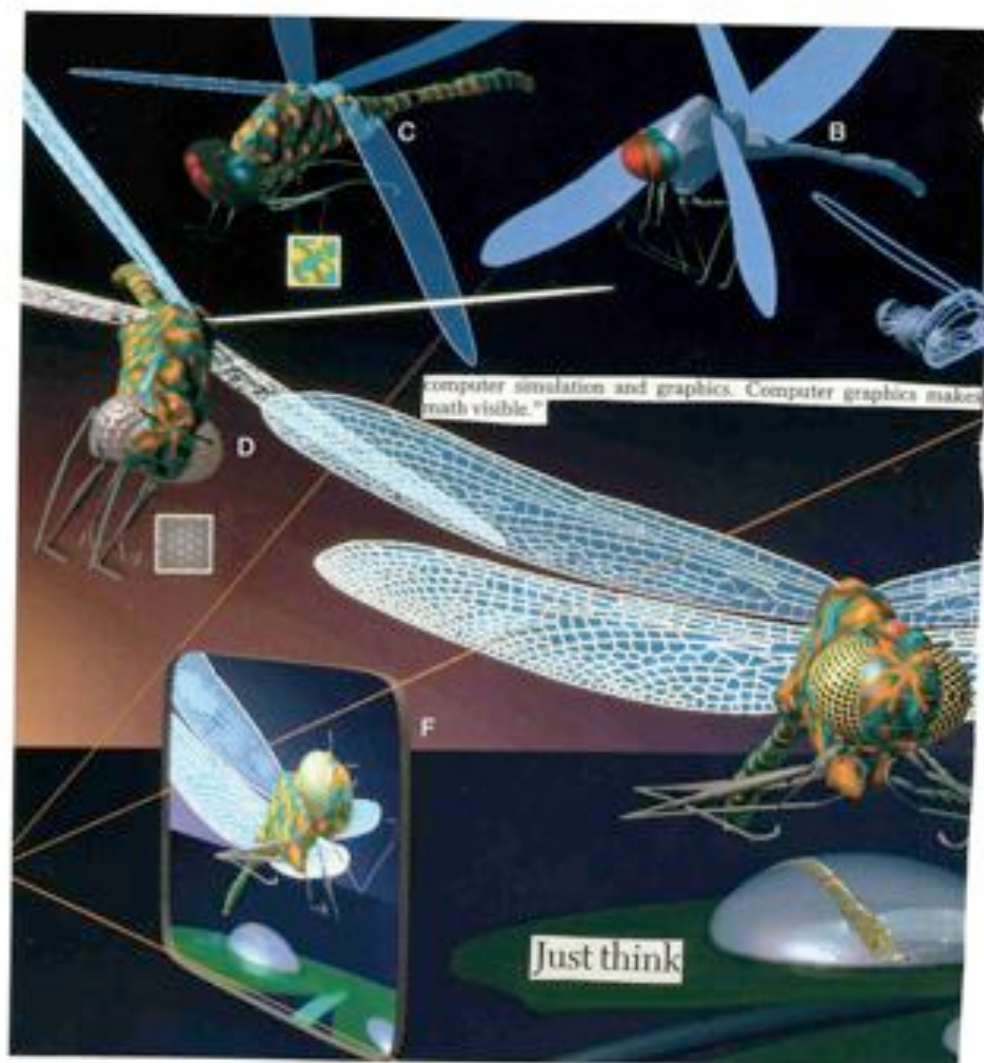
"My experience says that once people's wounds heal, they forget they were ever hurt."



"What for one person is therapy, is to somebody else fiddling with human characteristics."



understand?



headless insect crawled from a wastebasket and into my open suitcase to deposit an egg case; by morning I was adoptive father of a dozen wraithlike cockroach nymphs.



normally displayed as flat, two-dimensional, black-and-white images, reconstructed as color-enhanced 3-D pictures that could be rotated in space for examination and diagnosis.



"There have been times when it was very bad, when we would wash the tables and the roaches would come right out to get the water." Manhattan school principal

Cockroaches sample food before it enters their mouths and learn to shun foul-tasting poisons. Opportunists, they will dine on wallpaper or television cords, and will turn cannibal if desperate. In a pinch the American cockroach can get by for as long as three months on water alone, one month on nothing at all.



Stars Juggled to Order

Fantastic machinery in the "heavy laboratory" building outside the quadrangle positively terrified me. There was, for example, a trisonic wind tunnel in which air could scream through a pipe the size of my waist at 2,100 miles an hour. Steel-and-concrete test chambers for jet engines had viewing ports of bullet-proof glass. Exhaust gases lost their noise in muffling systems that culminated in great story-high steel stacks outside the building.

The planetarium, invaluable teaching aid in a school which strongly stresses aerial navigation training, placed a somewhat lighter burden upon my understanding. Maj. F. C.

Ethridge, planetarium officer, told me that his remarkable projector could reproduce the heavens at any point in time.

"I can run it backwards to the night Christ was born," he said.

"Or I can single out the Big Dipper and in a matter of seconds rearrange its stars into the pattern they will form 50,000 years from now. I'm sorry I can't put up a satellite yet. The gadget for that is still on order."

Knowing the building had received its final coat of paint only the day before, I forgave him. He invited me to class that night.

"It ought to be a ball," he said. "This will be the first group of cadets to see the planetarium. They have no idea what's in store for them."

At the appointed time I went inside with 200 third classmen, or sophomores. Quickly and quietly we filled the room's circular tiers of soft benches. Shocked cadets discovered that the backs of these benches were head-rests; the proper position for stargazing is an unilitary slump.

A superb stereophonic hi-fi system played Tchaikovsky's Romeo and Juliet overture. The "sunlight" slowly faded below the artificial horizon. The music thundered to its climax. It was night, and the stars shone with perfect realism.

For a moment there was stunned silence. Then amazement overcame discipline briefly, and the cadets showed their appreciation with applause and howls of glee. Characteristically, they restored order themselves. "Let's knock it off!" one of them shouted, and the noise ended instantly.

Sky Whirls from Pole to Equator



A Traveler's Tale



Resurrecting the Grandeur



Trying to Get Respect



A Wartime Arsenal Goes Back to Nature





Beetle Intestines

A SUDDEN PROMISE OF WEAPONS



"counterrevolutionary activities."

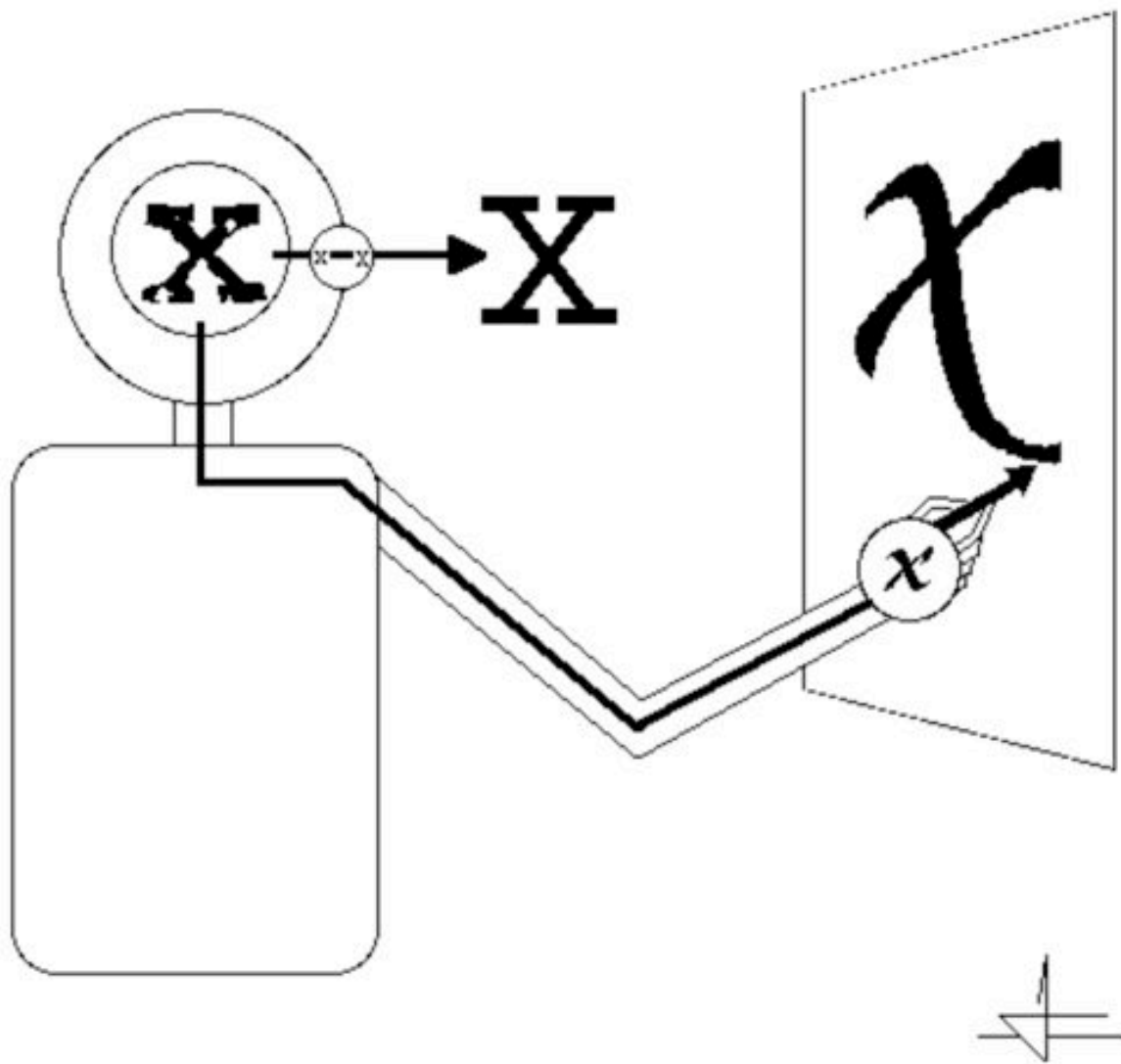
"It offended me as a father."

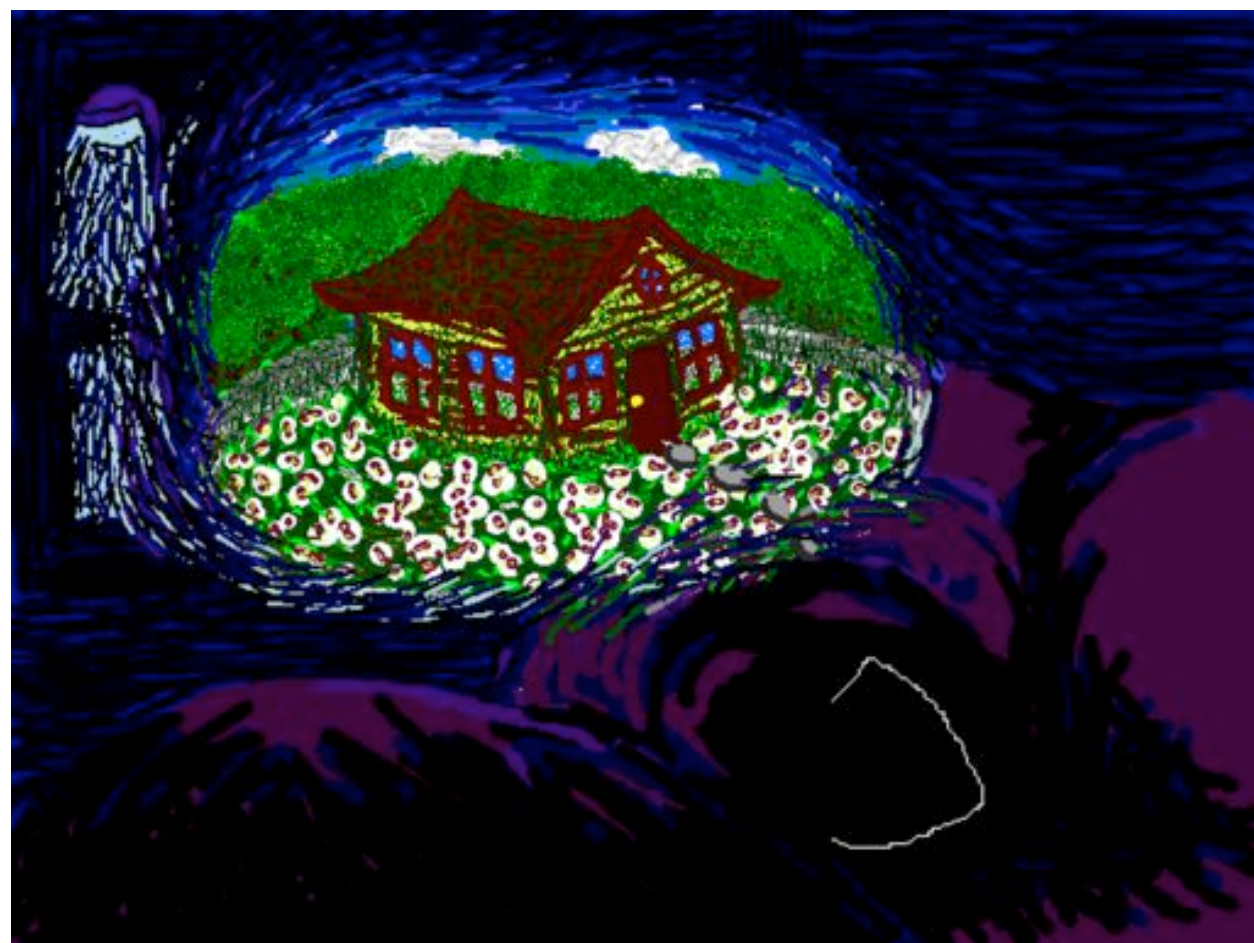


"Look at what survived each pulse," says Sloan. "The survivors were always those that appear to be more warm-blooded and thus dealt better with cold climates. They also tended to have more complicated jaws and teeth, as well as more efficient respiratory systems."



claris art

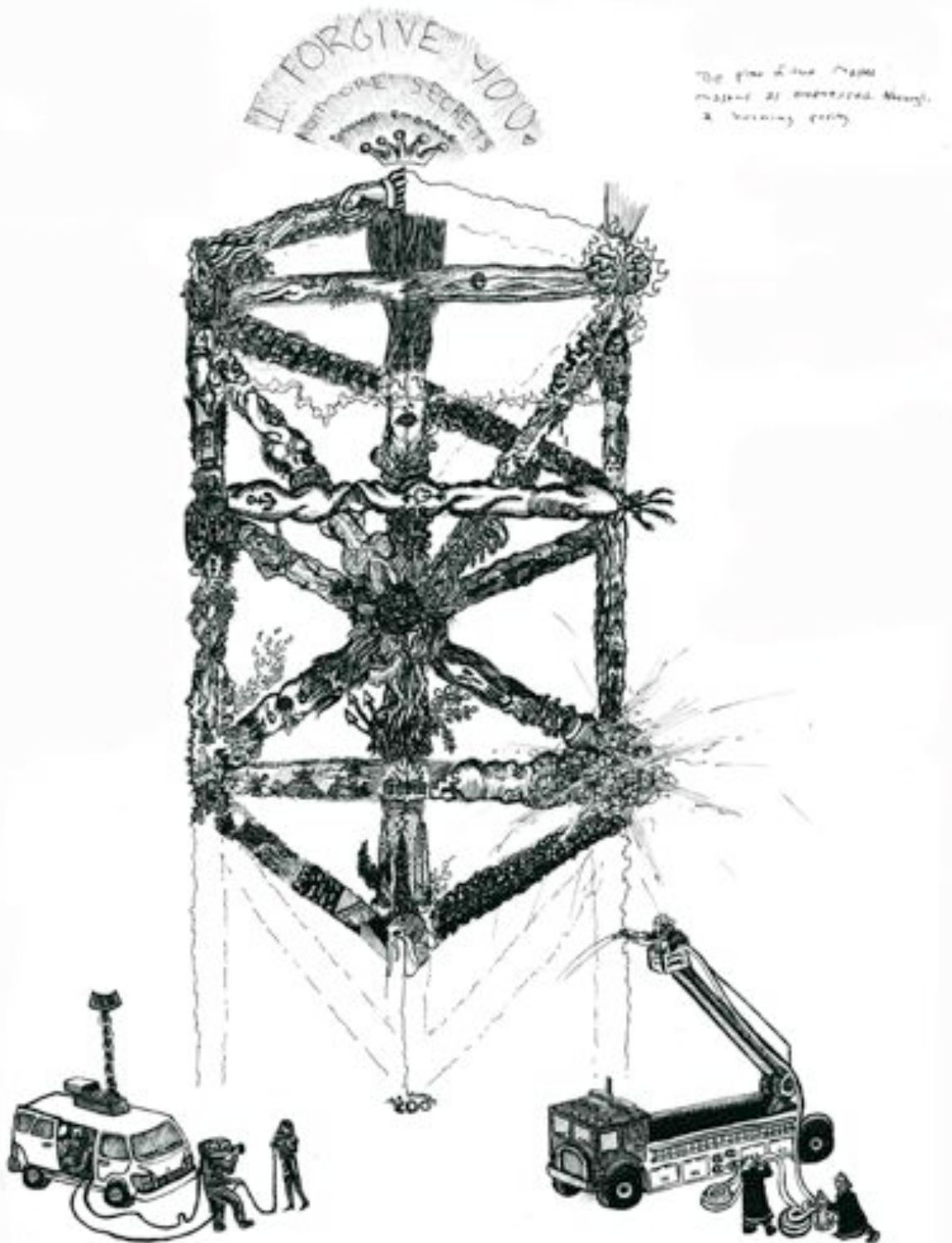








one second and 911



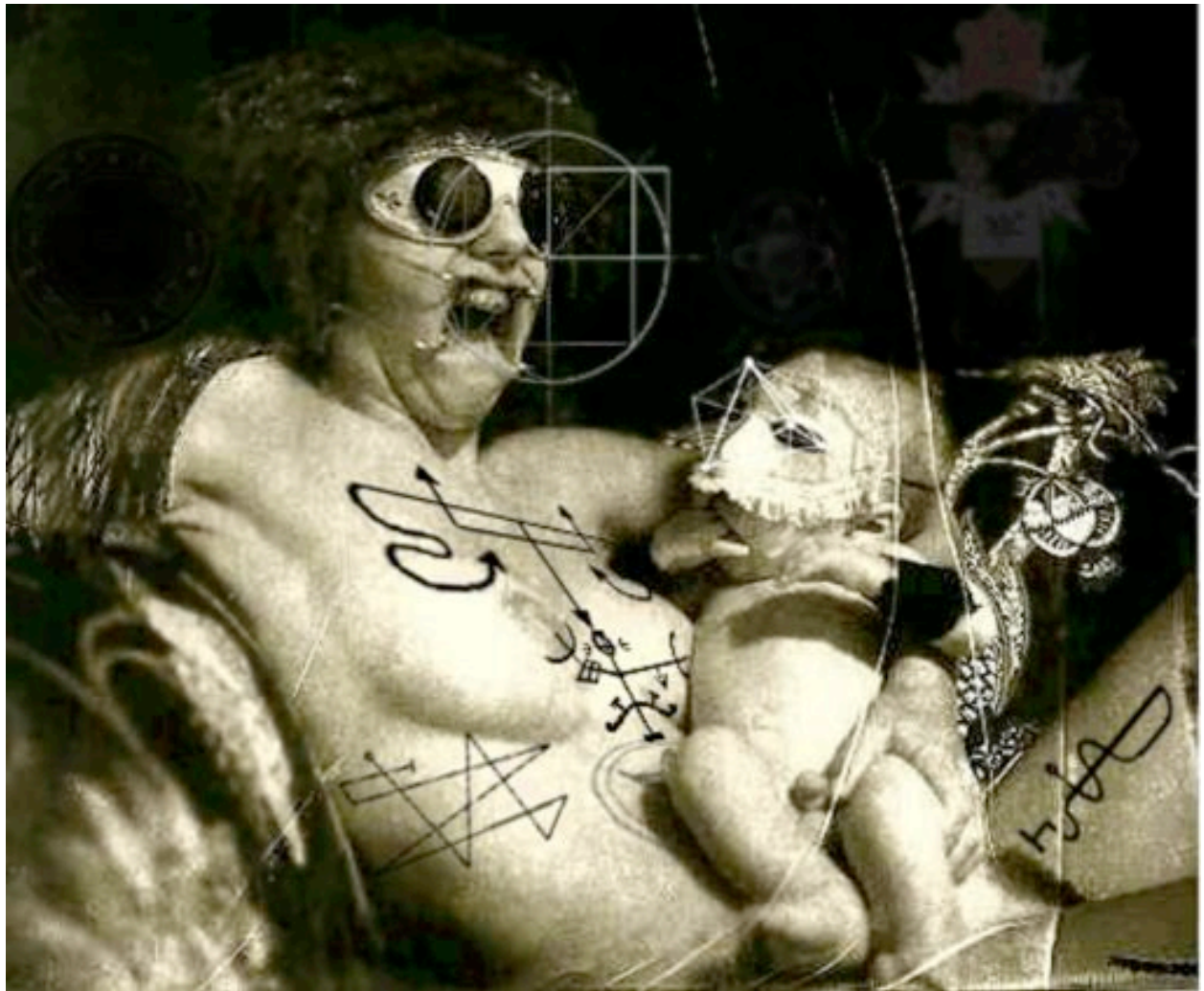


collage













you're not from Chicago," says Banks. "I had a dog, of course. I had a gun, of course."





Once you've spent a bit of time out here, you always end up coming back. It has a bad habit of growing on you.

Thus light energy is changed into electrical energy, the hard currency of neural exchange.

High altitude observation is a common sight. The artist has been in the market for a long time, and has been in the market for a long time. The artist has been in the market for a long time, and has been in the market for a long time. The artist has been in the market for a long time, and has been in the market for a long time.

Soul Voyeurs Invade the House of God



a pyramid in flames

"the lodge where all dance,"

they had penetrated into the matrix of the rock

When the artist first saw the work, he was struck by the power of the light. The artist had been in the market for a long time, and had been in the market for a long time. The artist had been in the market for a long time, and had been in the market for a long time.

The artist had been in the market for a long time, and had been in the market for a long time. The artist had been in the market for a long time, and had been in the market for a long time. The artist had been in the market for a long time, and had been in the market for a long time.



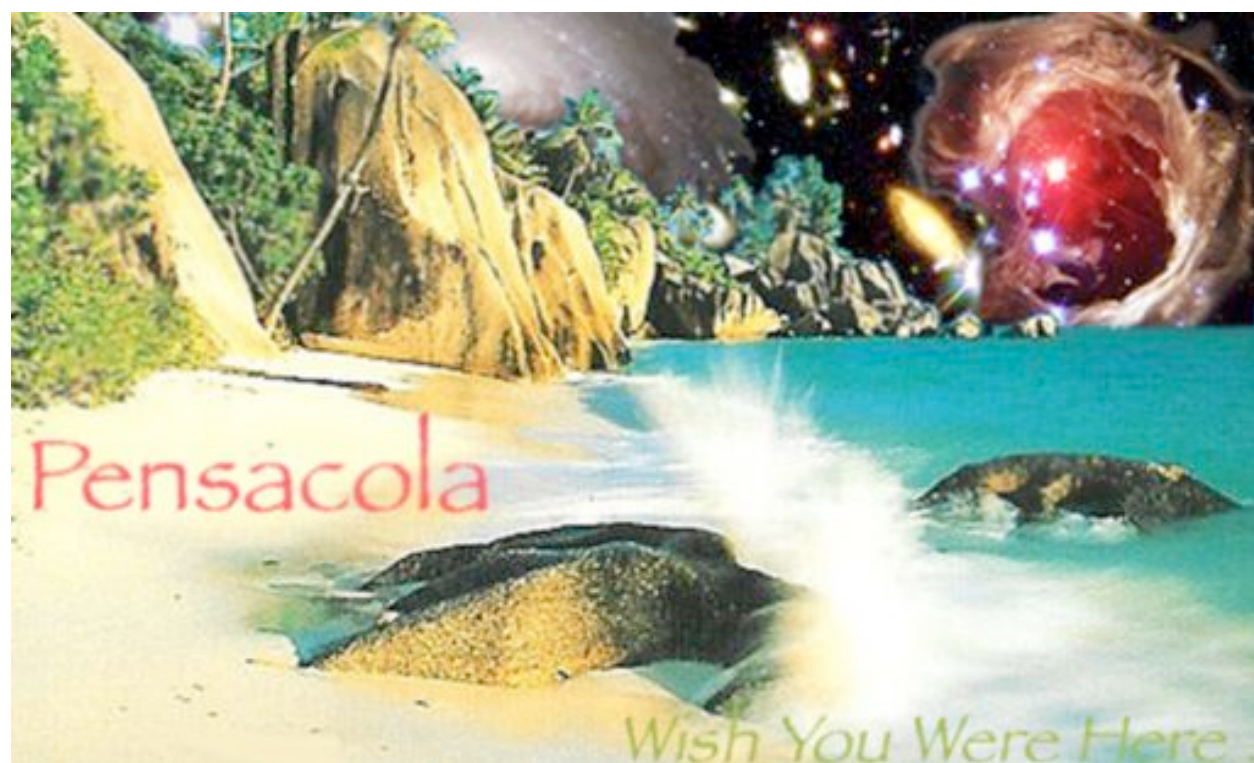




Shrine of Nativity, Bethlehem
Traditional birth place of Christ







Pensacola

Wish You Were Here

HAPPY HOLIDAYS!

Wish You Were Here.









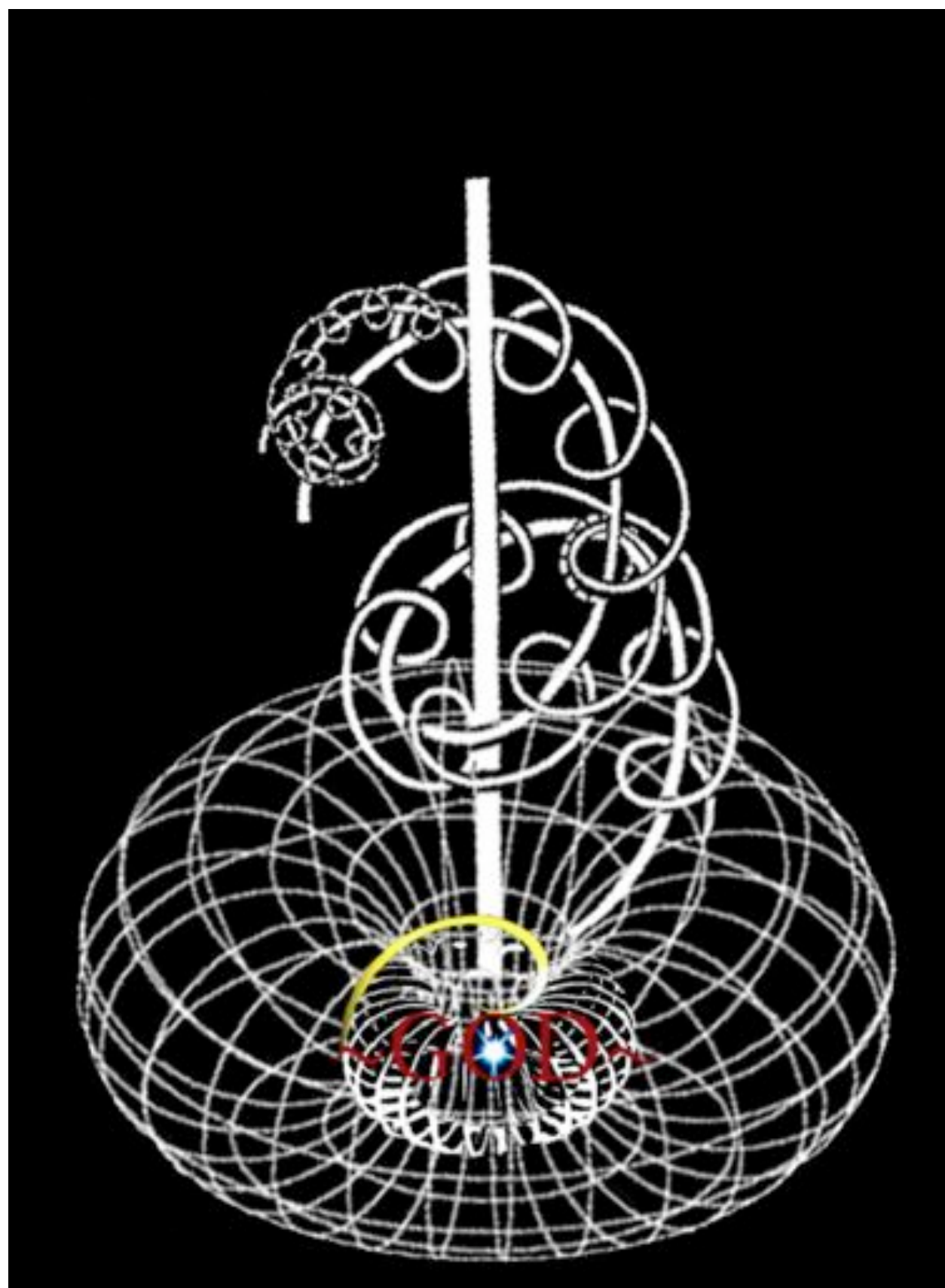


Closer
to
GOD

unpublished collage







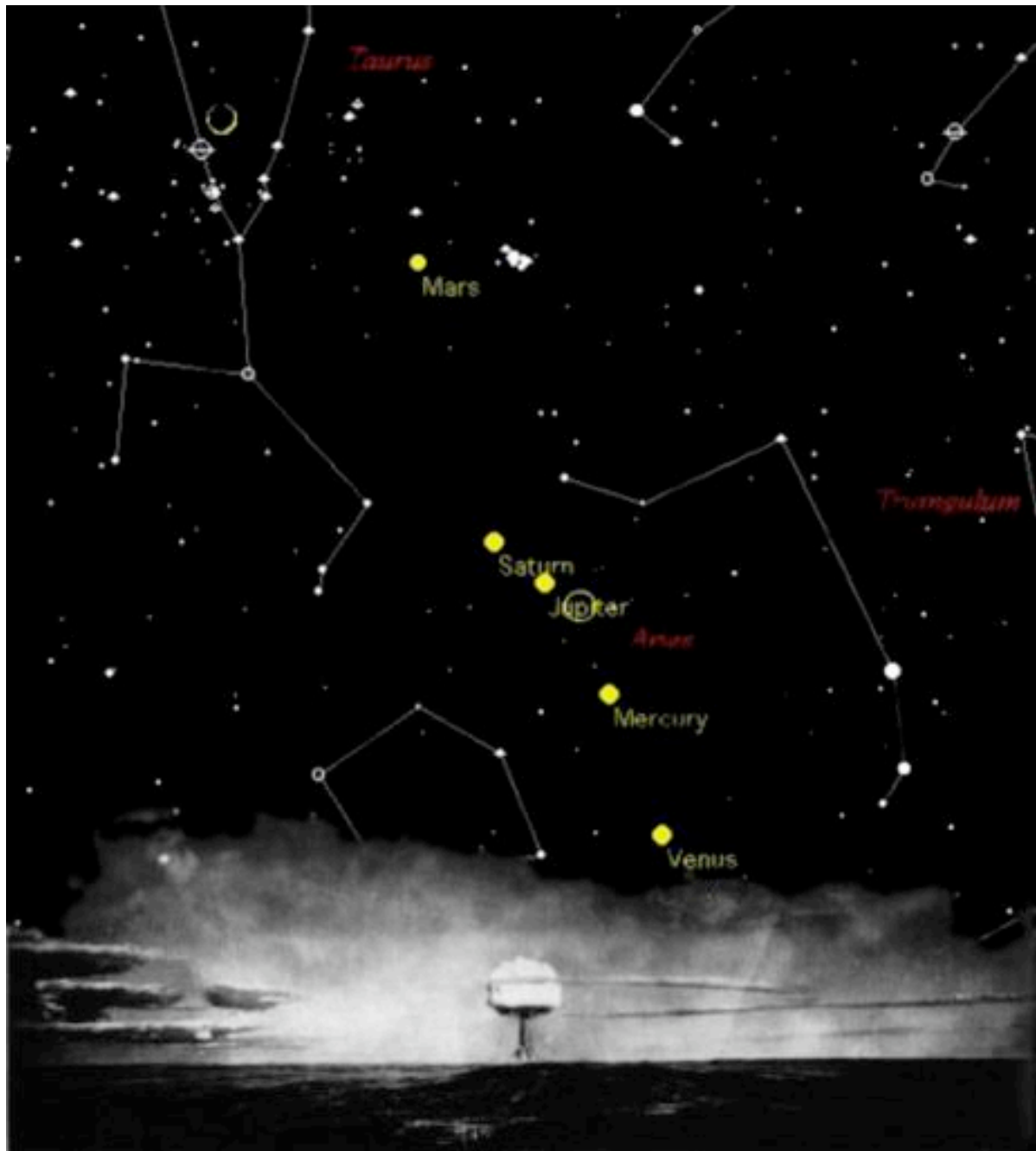


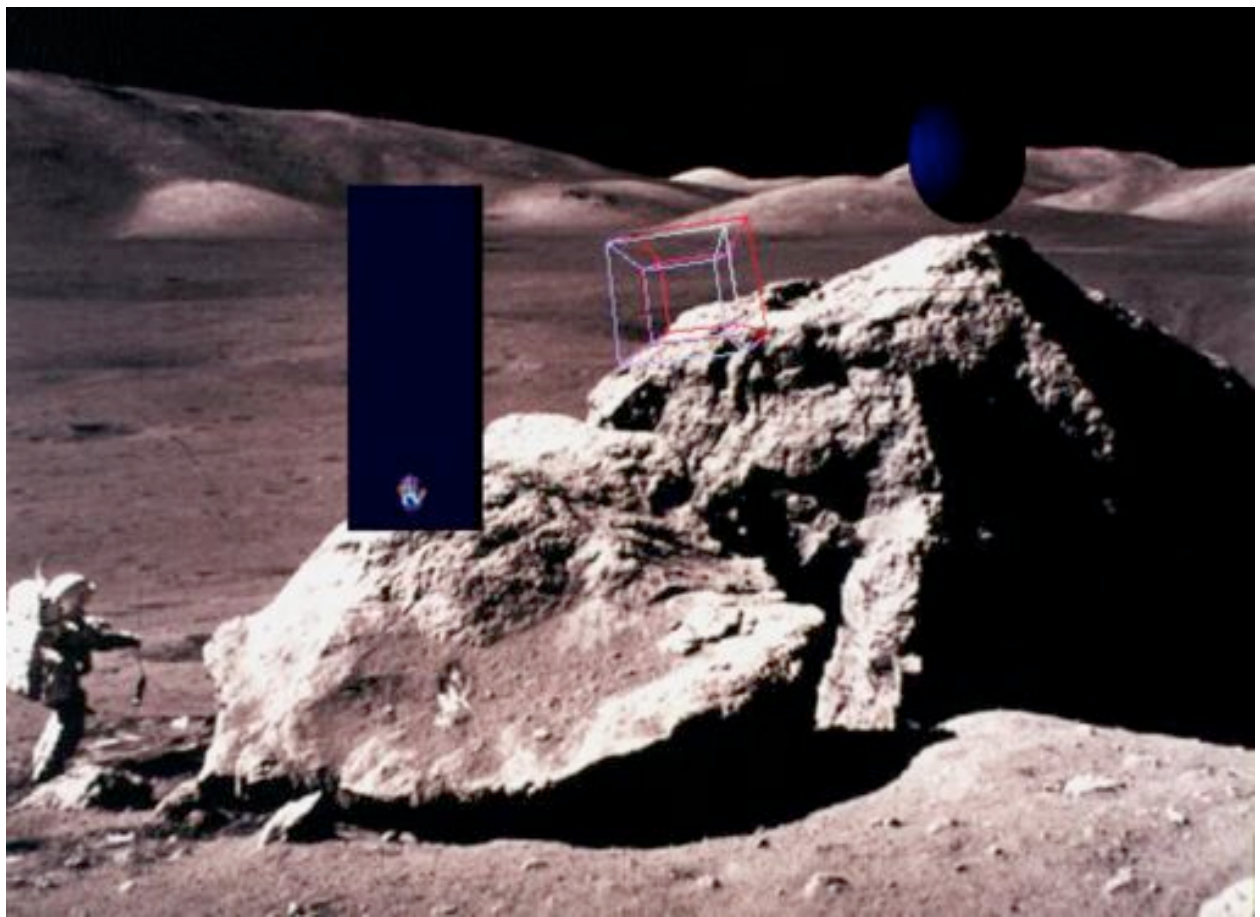
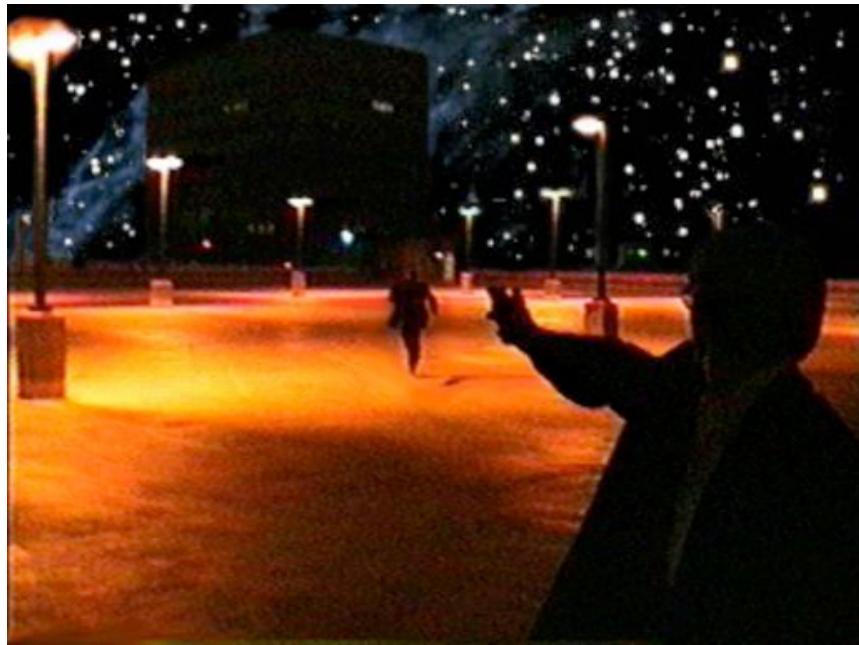


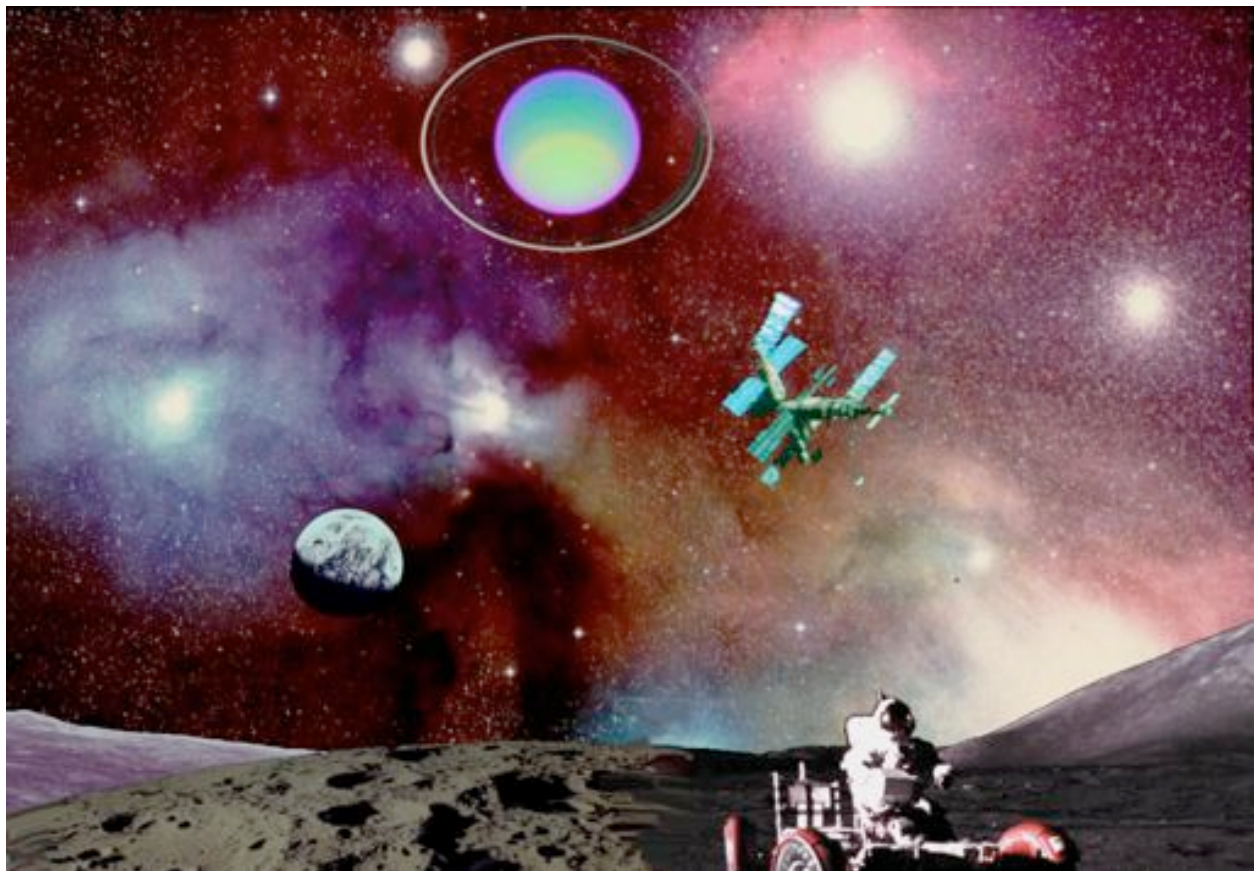
















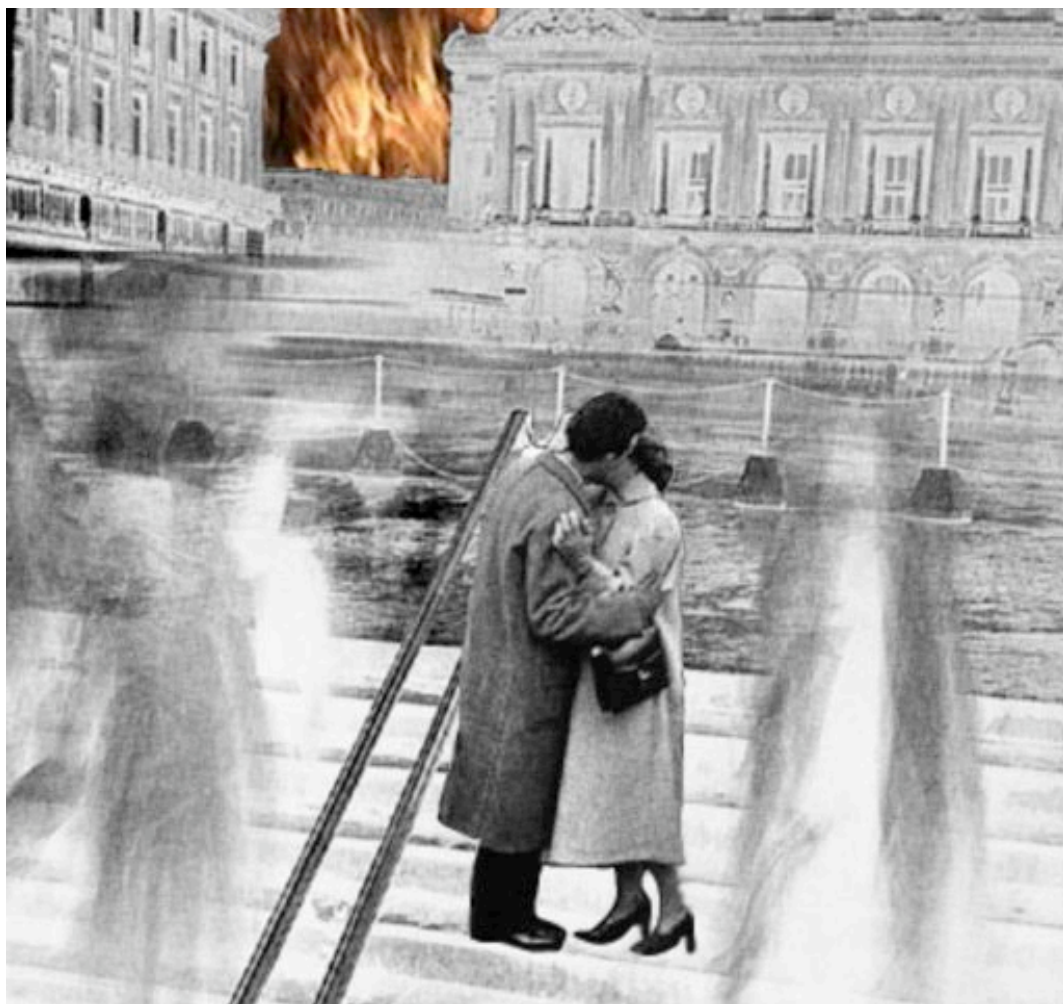














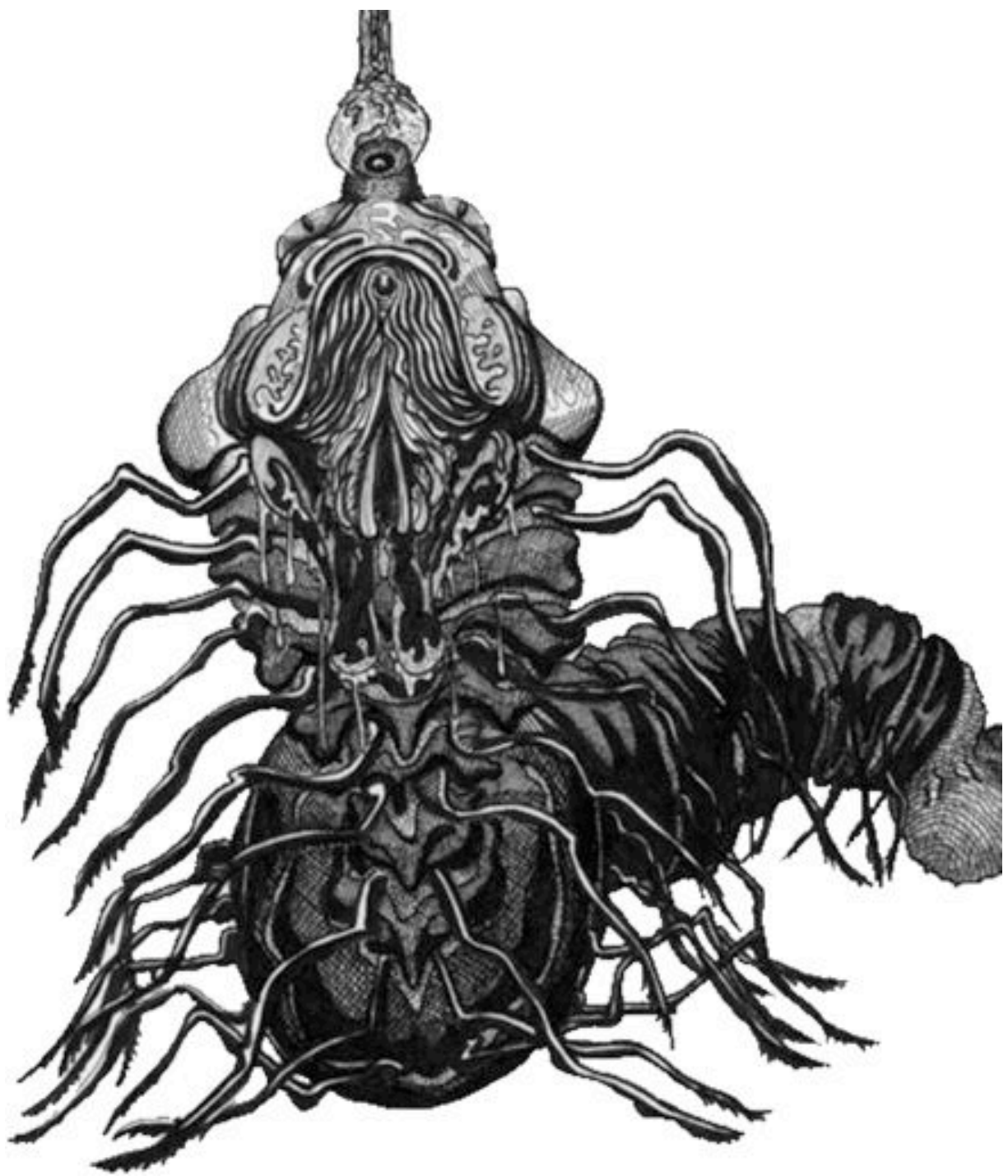






demons



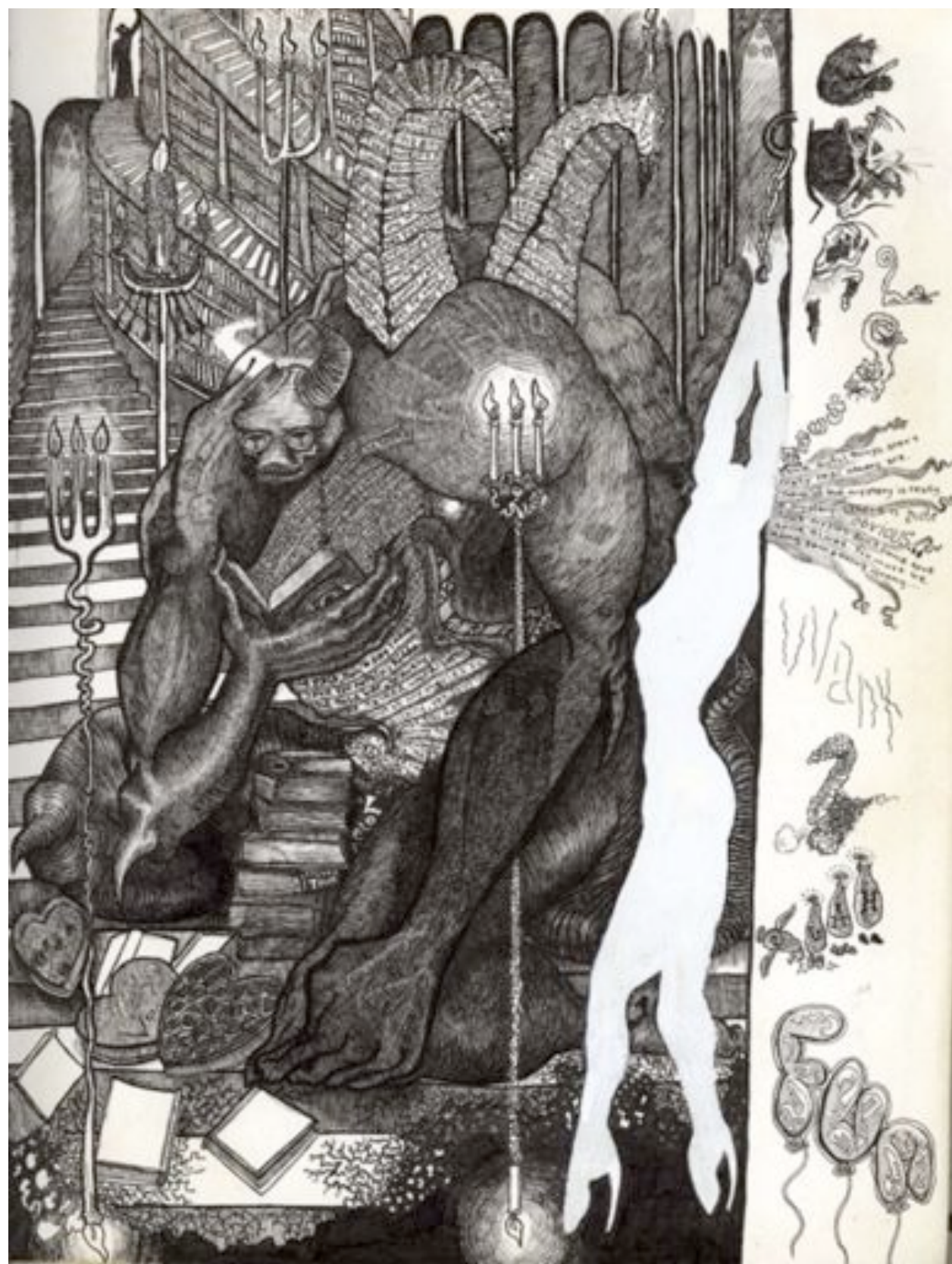


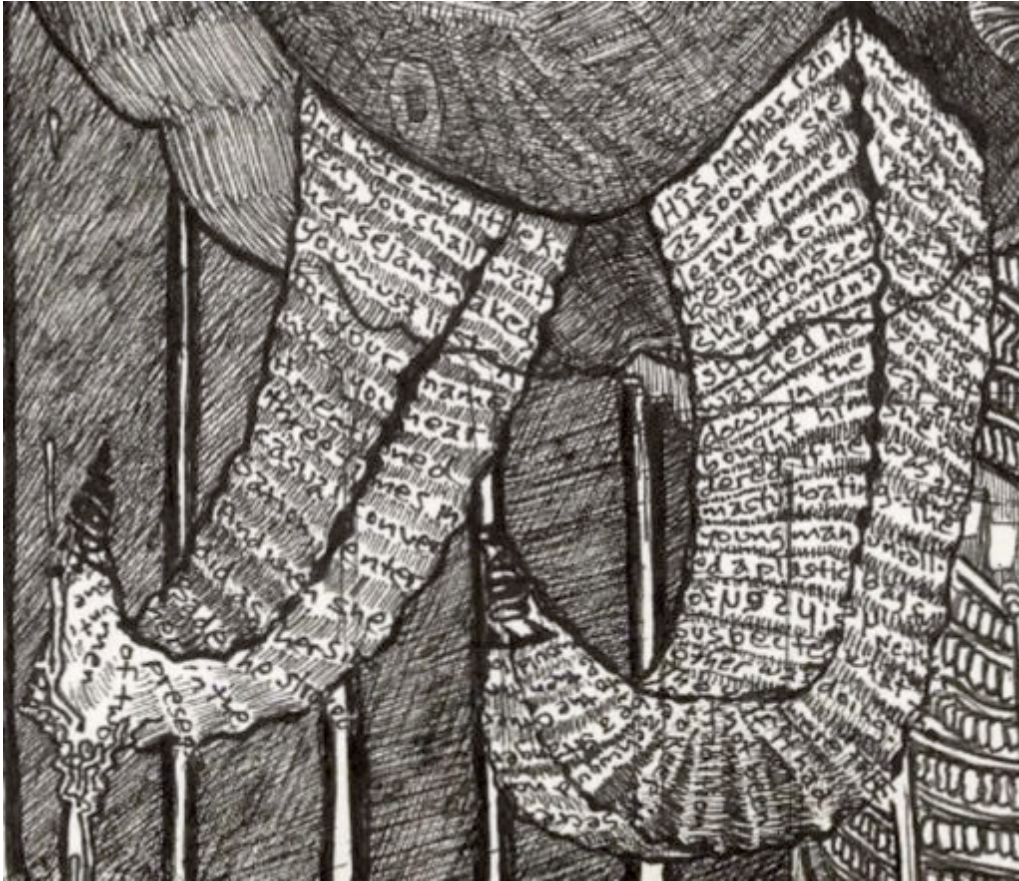












the left horn growing from the monster's shoulder reads:

"His mother ran to the window as soon as she heard him leave. Immediately she began doing that thing she promised herself she wouldn't do. She watched her son sit down in the car she bought him. She wondered if he was also masturbating. The young man unrolled a plastic bag full of hashish. Neither suspected what (the) other was doing. They were FREE if it had not been tradition to keep it secret each would now be a stranger to the other and then they would be EQUAL."

the right horn growing from the monster's shoulder reads:

"And here my little kitten, you shall wait her(e) sejan, naked, you must listen for your name. When you hear it mentioned three times in casual conversation, enter. And when she did as her Si[illegible] bade he stroked her in the presence of two men until she slept."

The banner on the monster's ribs reads:

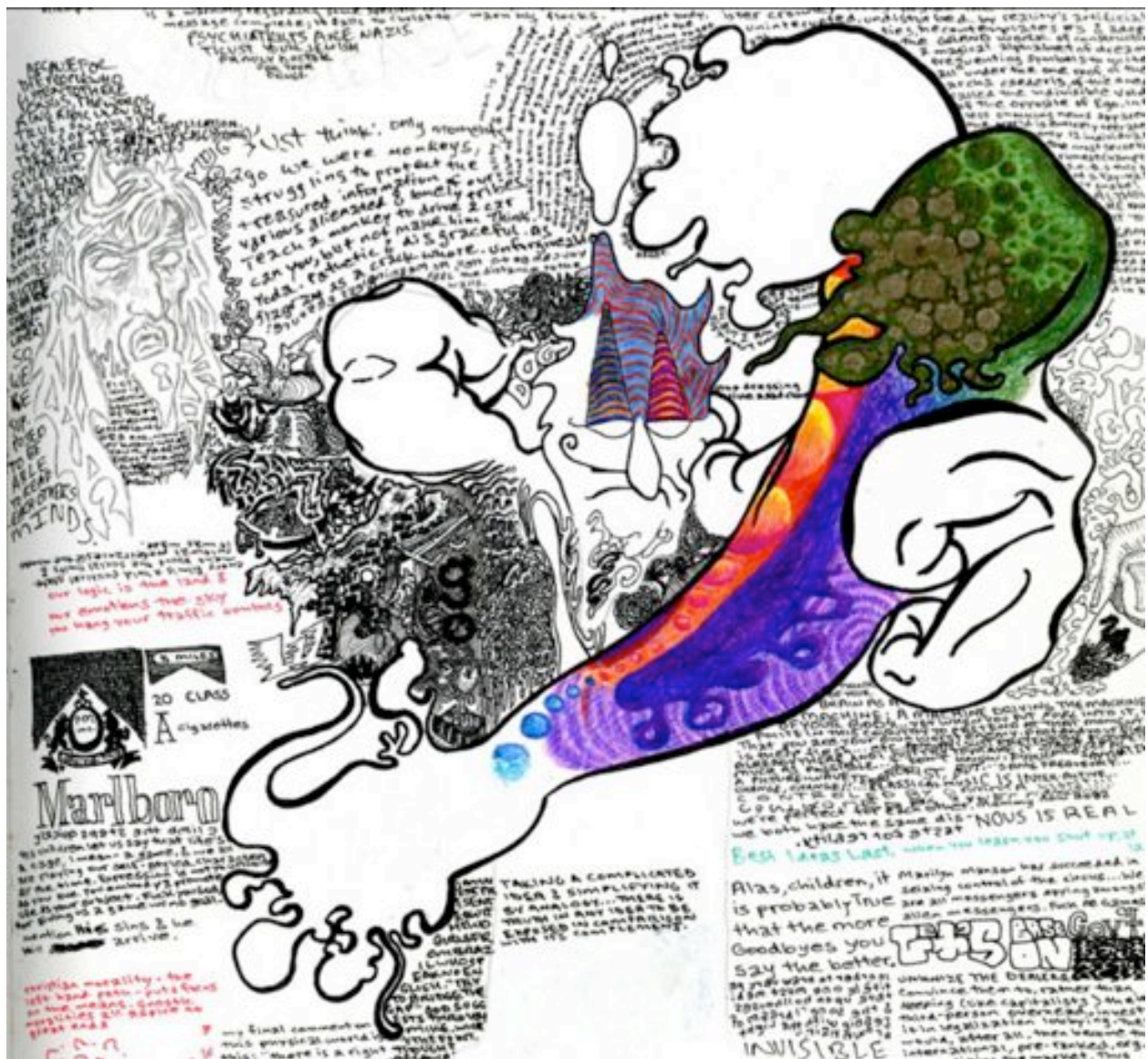
"and the words he spoke were not his own but he made them his by how he spoke them. Mad incantations were reborn on his sweet and patient lips. The stranger's breath was the smell of foreign spices, incense. Her skin smelled of [illegible]. They disgusted one another. She had to have an abortion. He paid. Don't say I never gave you nothin, kiddo, he told her, gravely. He talked word-spells out of my stories so silkily, yet sourly. What was he coming to she wondered. "Huh." He chuckled like Chester from Sift & Olly. Resume of A LOVER."

the book at the end of his phallus is titled along the spine:

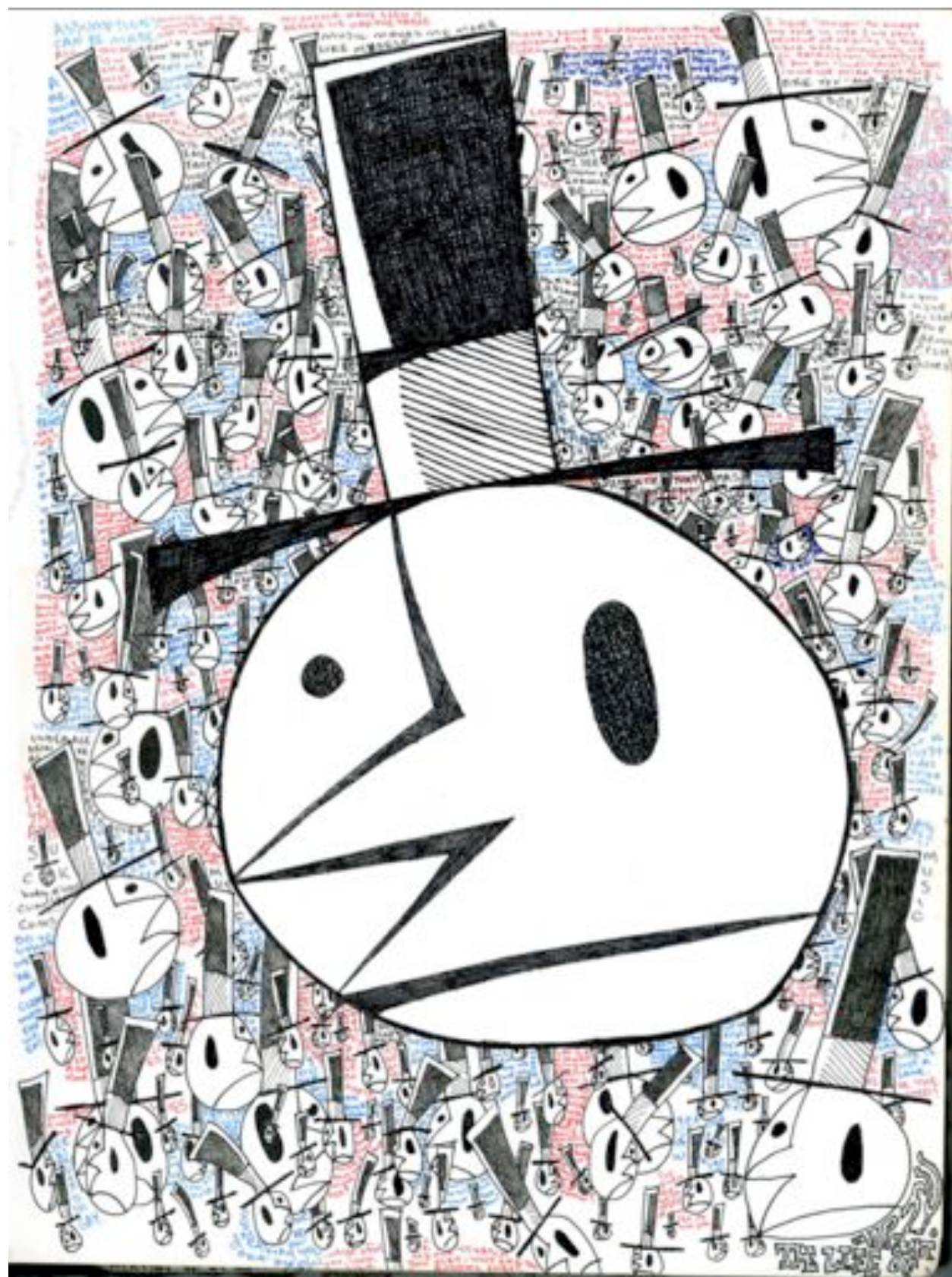
"WASTED TIME"











Sin City Style











I decided it was
time for me to
intervene . . .

Make Thy Peace.



I have seen the face of
death . . .
and it is me.



It Is Accomplished.







You see

They took her from me

made her part of the
program

part
of the
system

Eventually she became

part of them

One of them.

Almost there . . .



Not this time.
Almost there . . .



Not this time.



illuminarti



if where the oxygen
is weak
the old man of the
mountain
smokes a bowl and
goes to sleep.

The True, Eastern
vision of "God" - the
old man of the
mountains - stolen
by the Jews and re-
absorbed by the Templars.



The Summoning
of the Eye

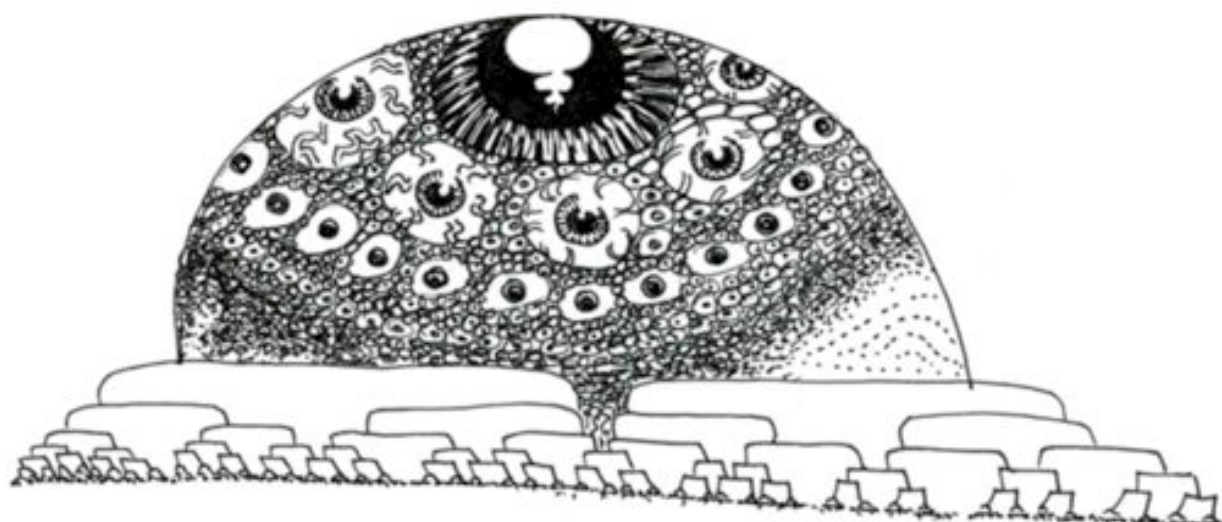
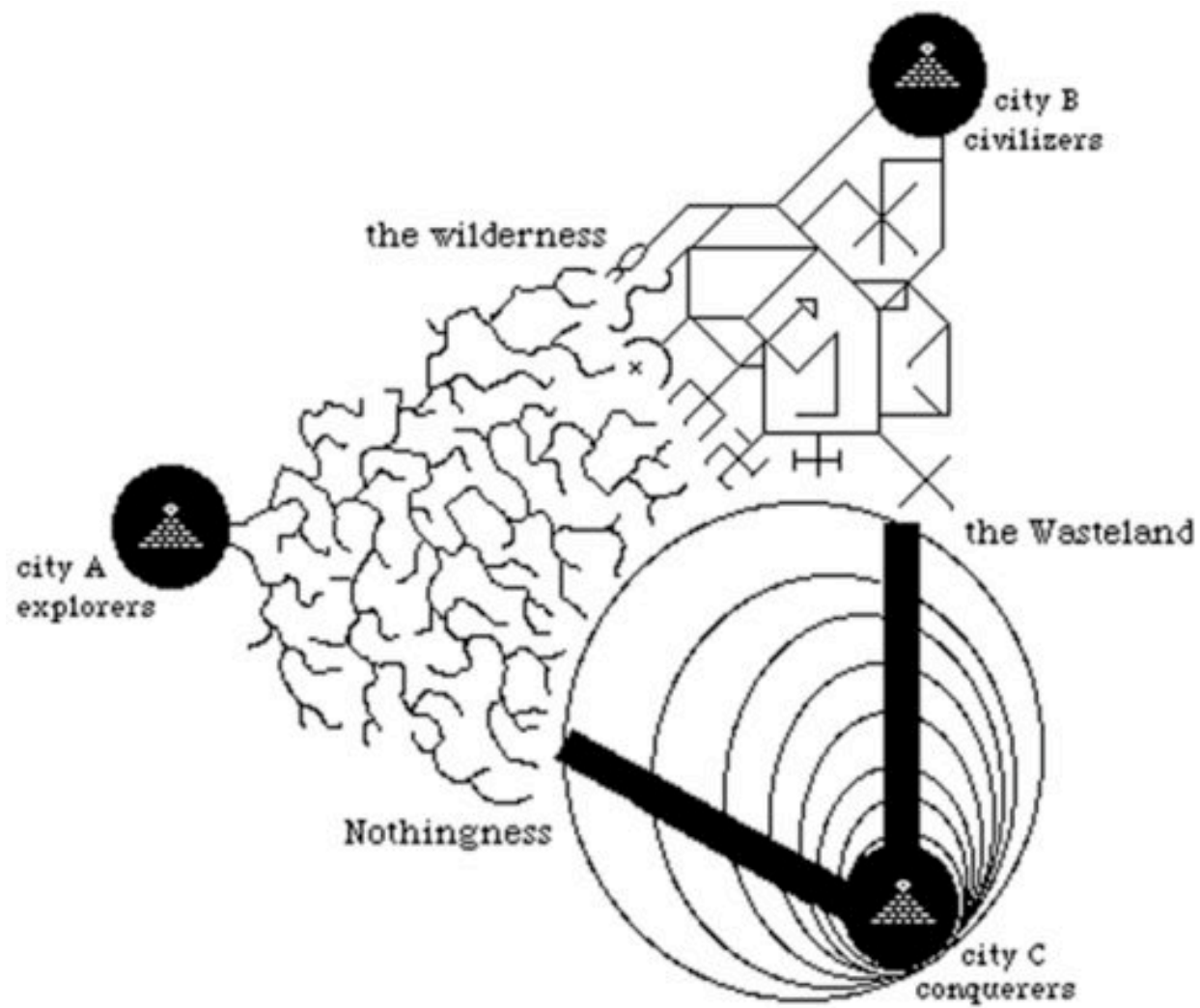
The True Prophet -
the active soul.
at present oppressed
into secrecy.
The Right Hand path.

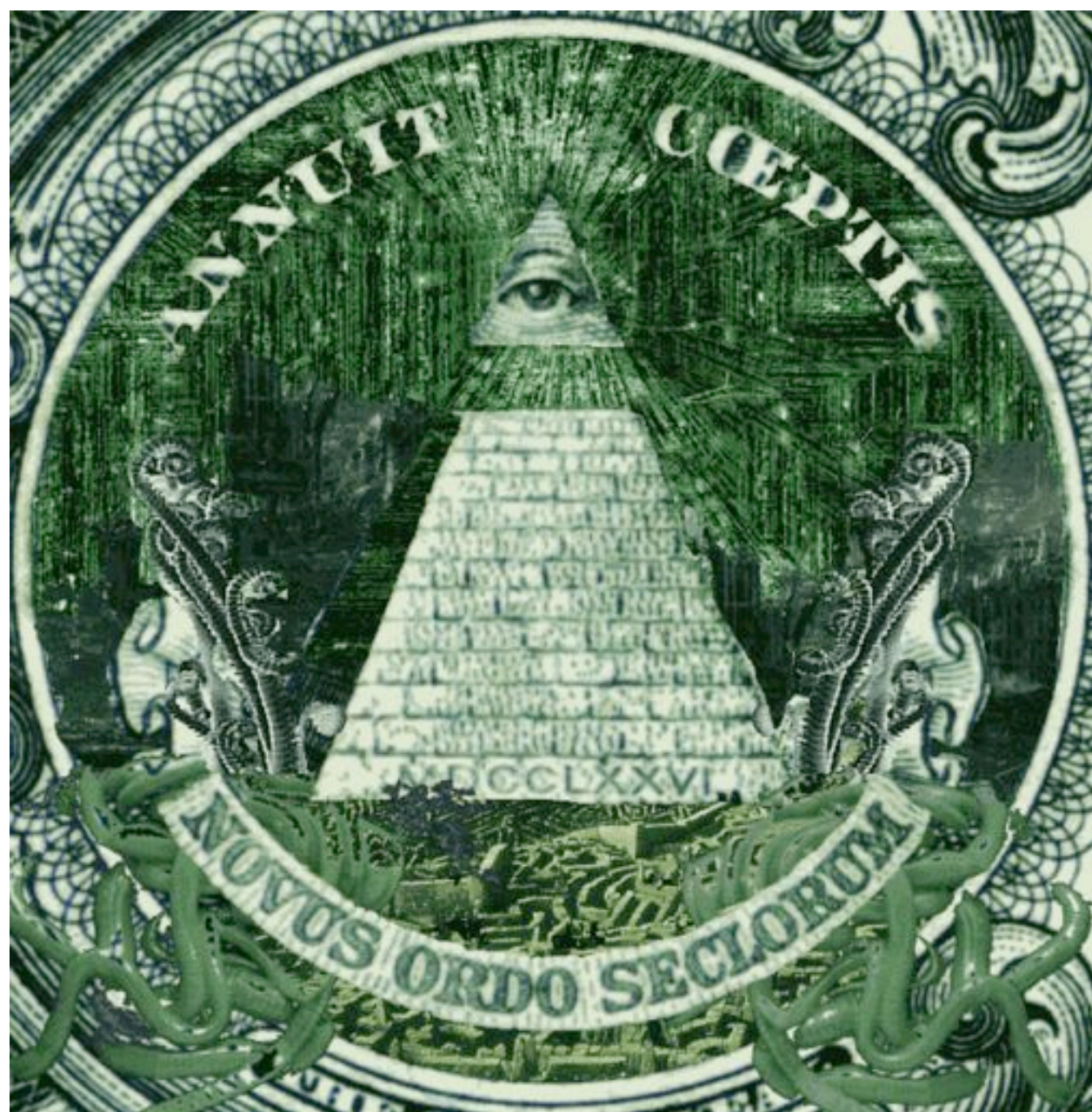


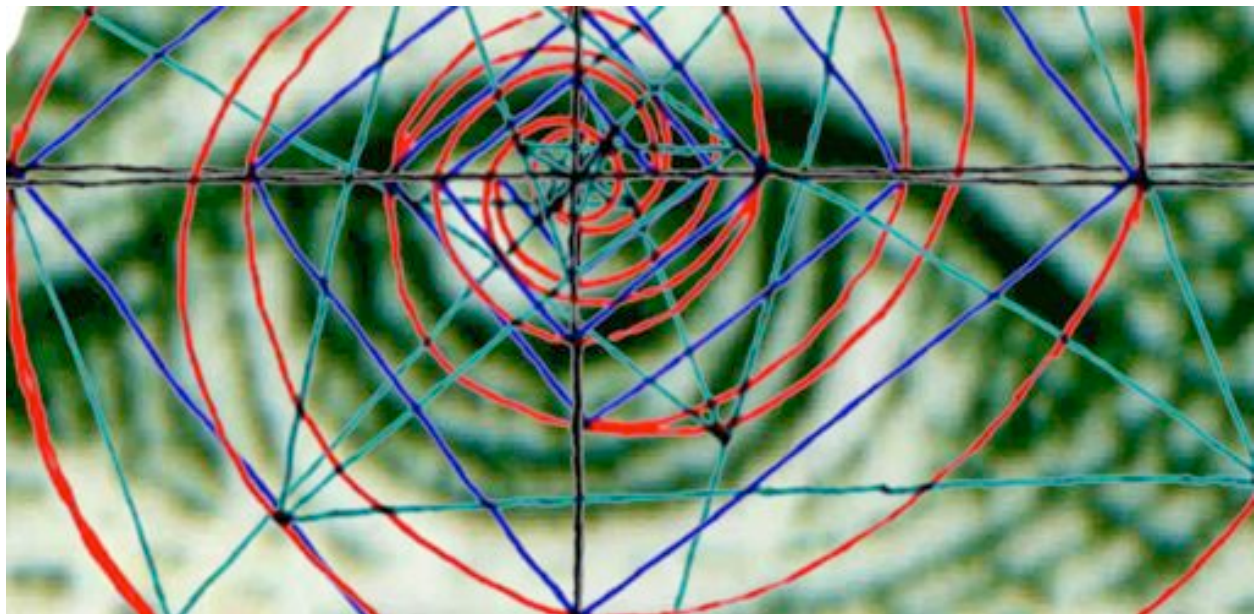
The False Prophet -
Death of the Soul
through peace.
Dominant. The Left
Hand Path.





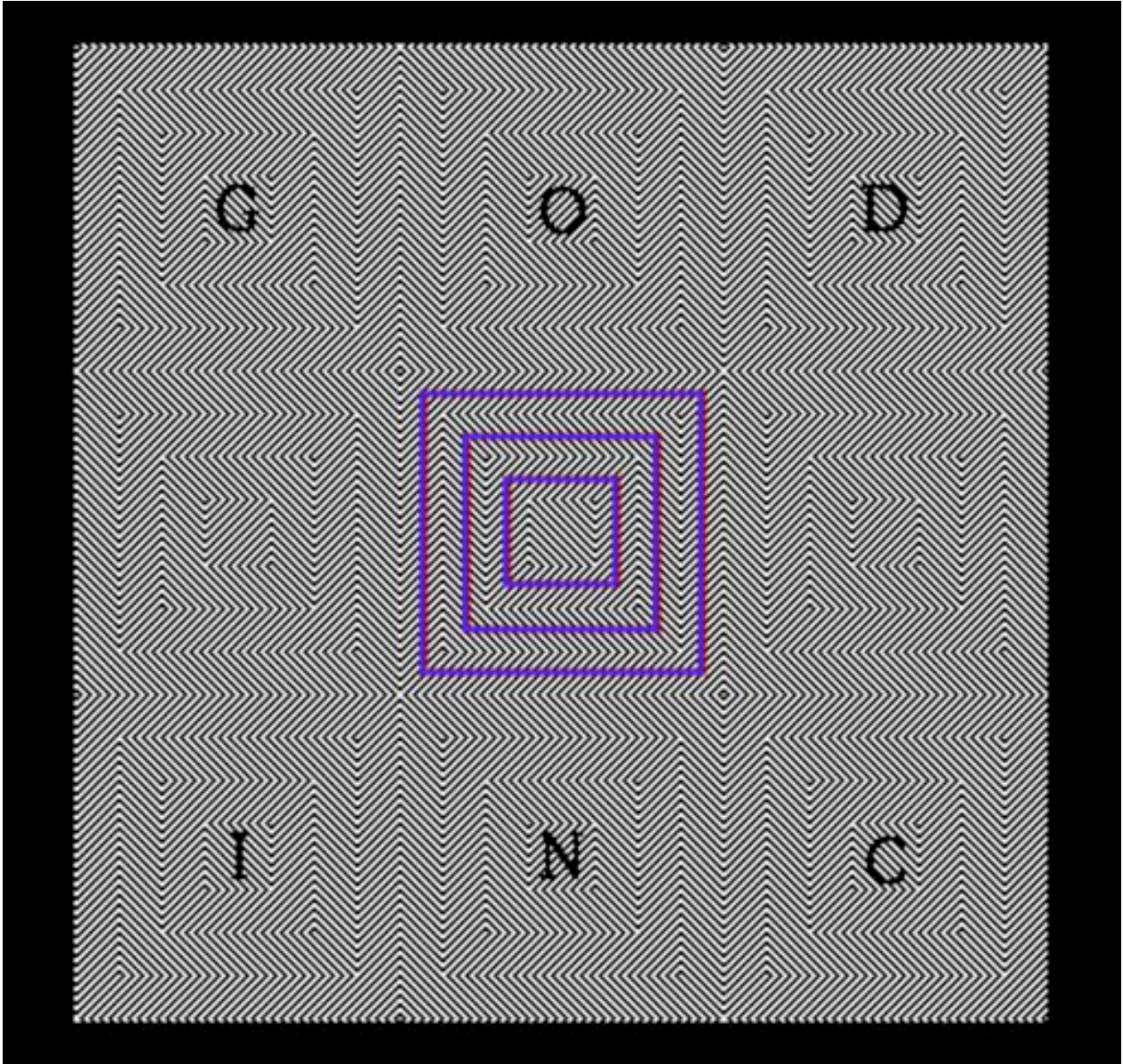








~GOD~ album covers





~GOD~
"Inc."

-
1.
Your Occult
Disorder
 2.
Hell's
Everything
 3.
Visions Alter
Understanding
 4.
Heaven's
Everywhere

DAVID WILSON / VISUALS UNLIMITED





~GOD~

- 1) AUTUMN
- 2) SUMMER
- 3) equinox
- 4) SPRING
- 5) solctice
- 6) WINTER



GOD

ST. FRANCIS SEMINARY
GLEE CLUB
DIRECTED BY FR. AUBERT

31176

SIDE B
33 1/3 RPM

1. THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS
2. TRAD. NUKA
3. MARY'S LAMB (HOT - COLD)
4. DER MUSIKANT

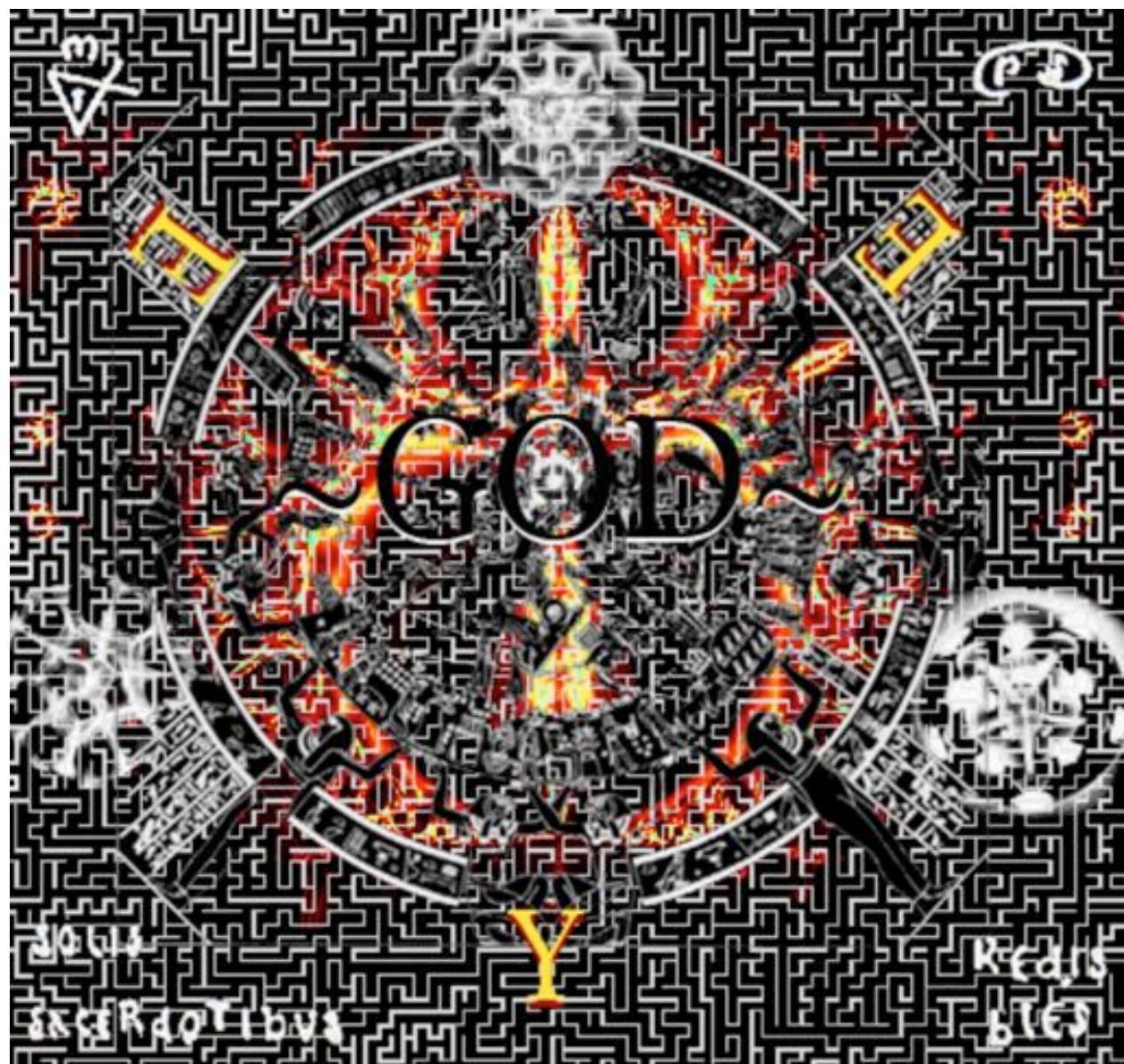
©1942-1943
Hudson of Kline Records

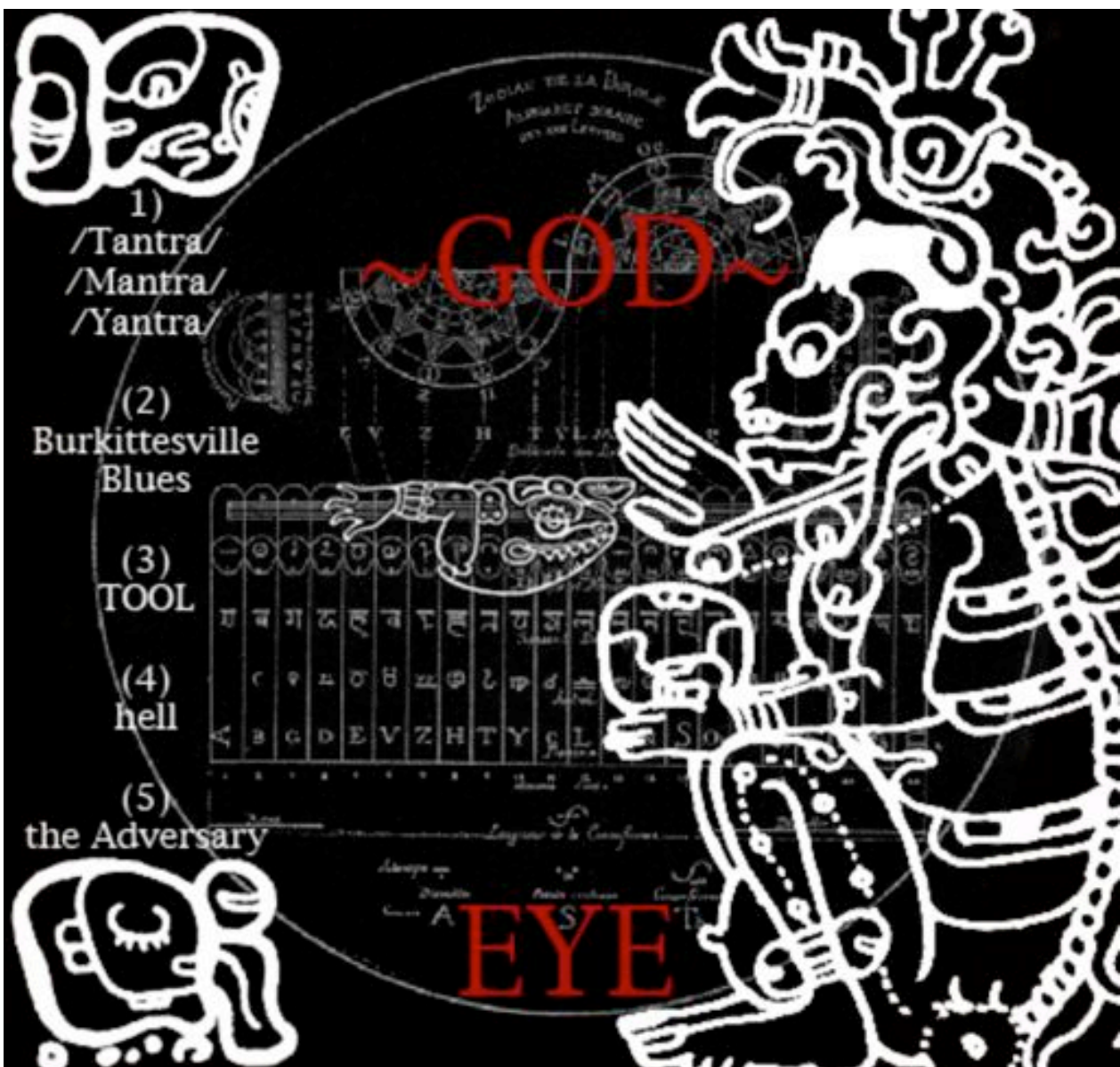
KOP
Singles



~GOD~
(rap singles)

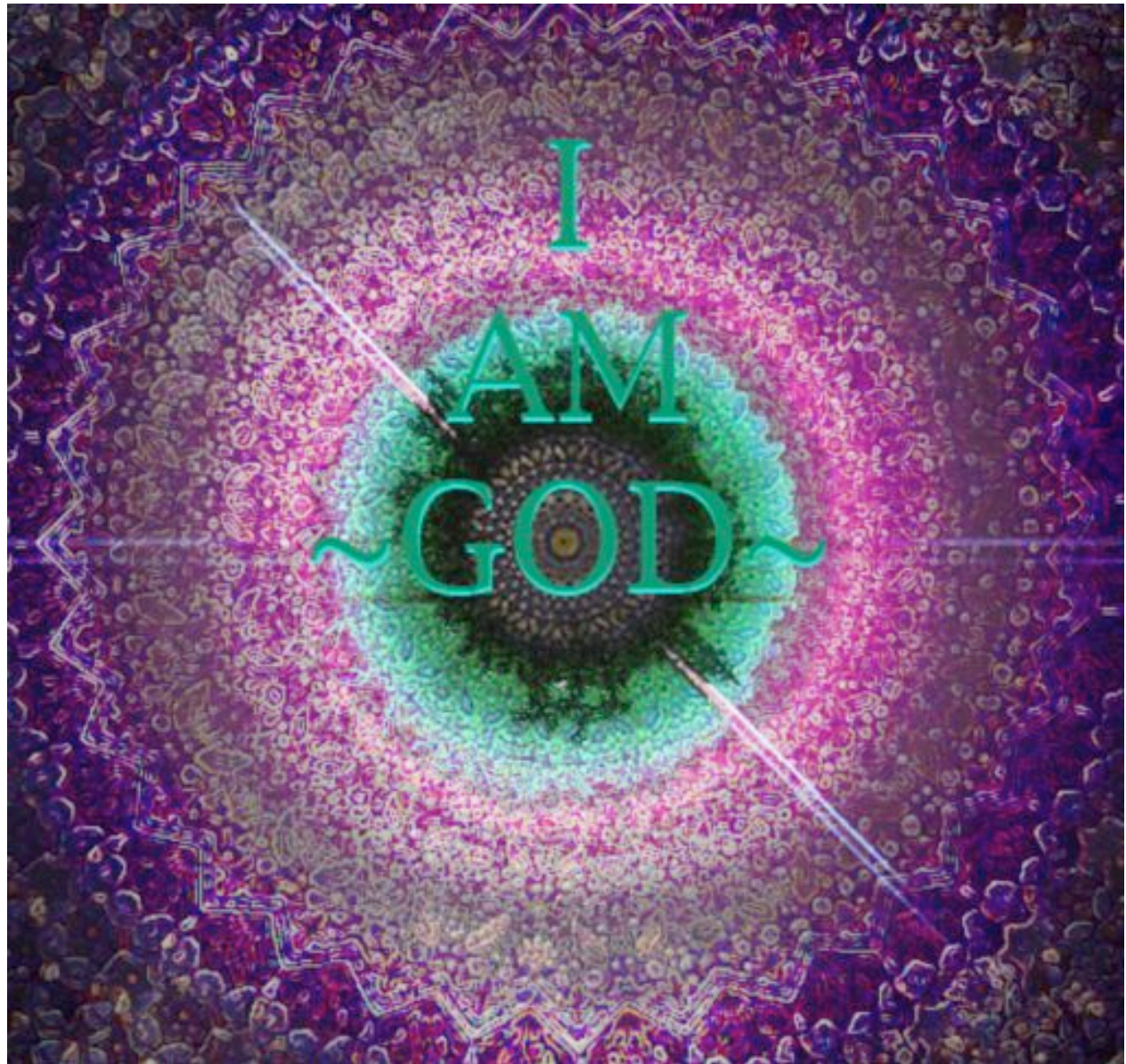
- 1) AHDVNHAY
- 2) Understanding





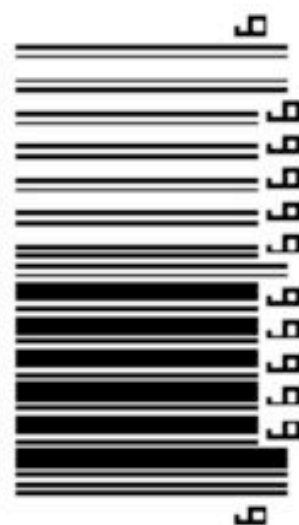
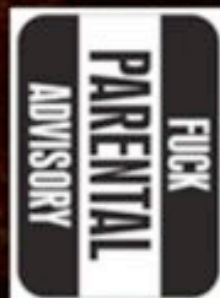






~GOD~
the "NEW" LP

- 1) closerbenmix (NIN remix)
- 2) tangiers (Azan Lee)
- 3) mescaline (Tool Jam)
- 4) haQBLH (Ashlag/Nebula)
- 5) docTim (Tantra Tim mix)
- 6) bogro (mega mix)
- 7) magick (Regardie/Thompson)

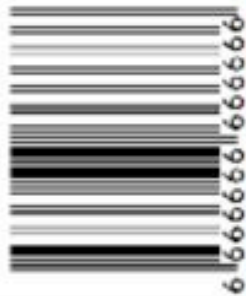


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~GOD~



ORB



R

R

- 1) windstorm
(piano '96)
- 2) the perfect
karaoke
(trent razored)
- 3) vadvillain
(piano '96)
- 4) dabeat
(jedi/shadow MASH
in da club)
- 5) precession
(piano '96)
- 6) tbs(dub)2
(~Trial By Stone~)
- 7) Oz
(piano '96)
- 8) soft
(krishna's temple)
- 9) thunderstorm
(piano '96)
- 10) My Sweet
Satan
(backwards
stairway)

2

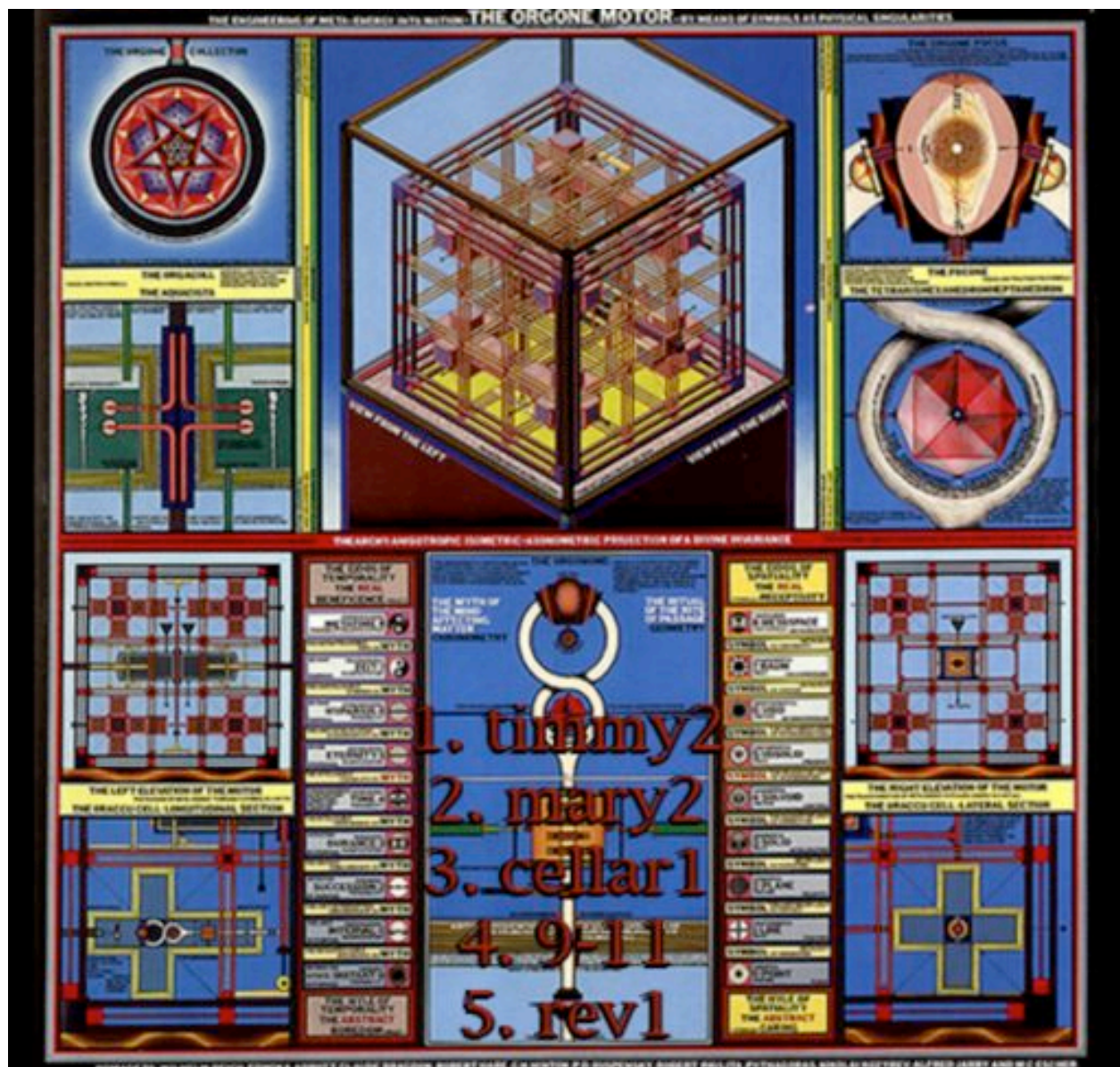
GOD

2

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
YOUR CHILDREN ARE HAVING
HOT SEX.









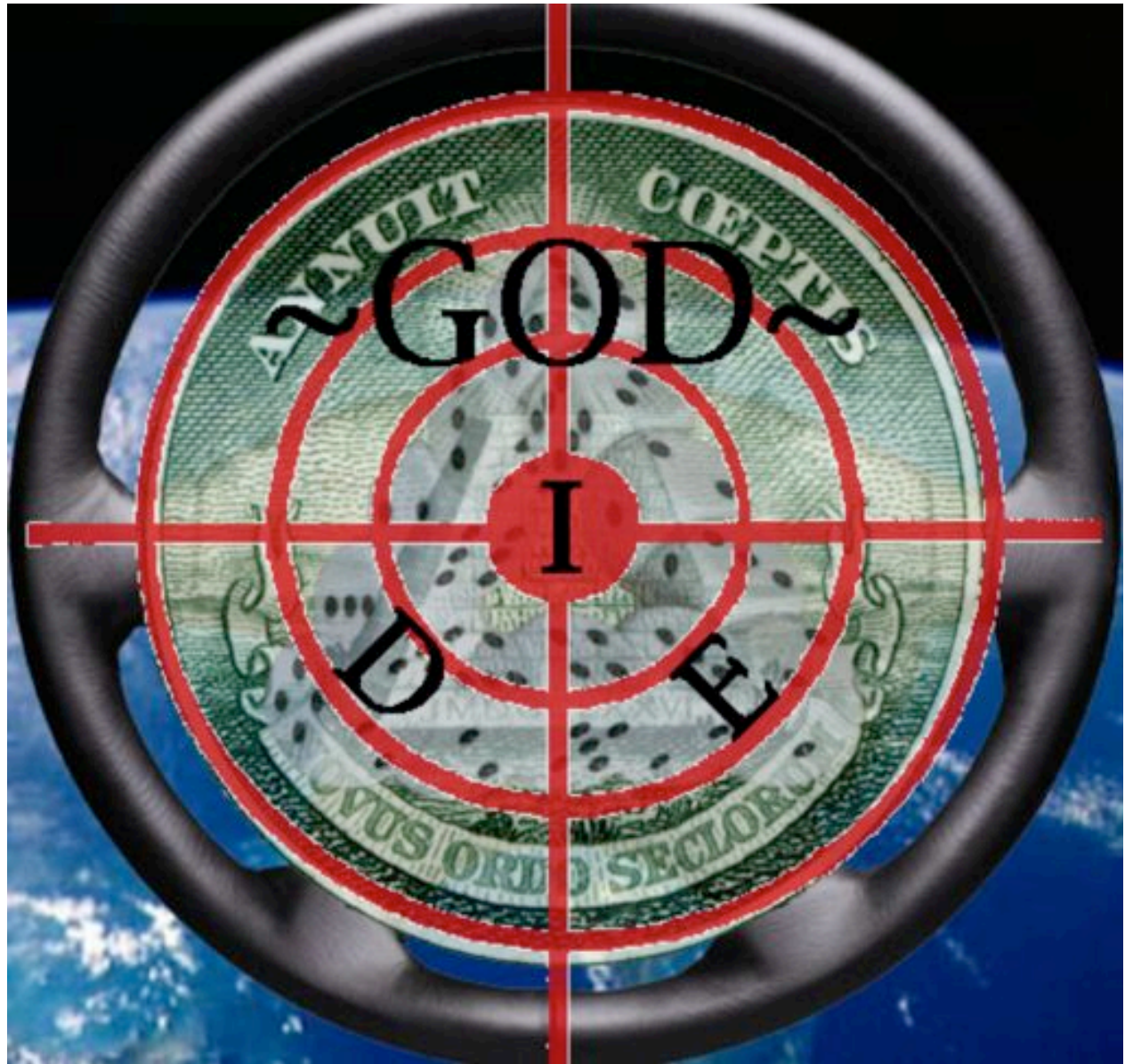
~GOD~ ::_the_SPY_LP

1) "Common Man"

2) "Network"

3) "Gas Prices"

4) "Apocalypse"





~GOD~ ::DIE::

:: ars morendi ::

- 1) electrobaby fanfare
- 2) jack1 (beat-off mix)
- 3) New Whirled Order
- 4) Dr. Dr. (Battle-Mix)
- 5) eden (drum 'n' bass mix)
- 6) genesis (mix-1)
- 7) guru (21st century "Art of War")
- 8) Glass Ghandi (Candyman mix)
- 9) Rev: 17-8 (Jones mix)
- 10) I Love You Irina (virus-1B mix)

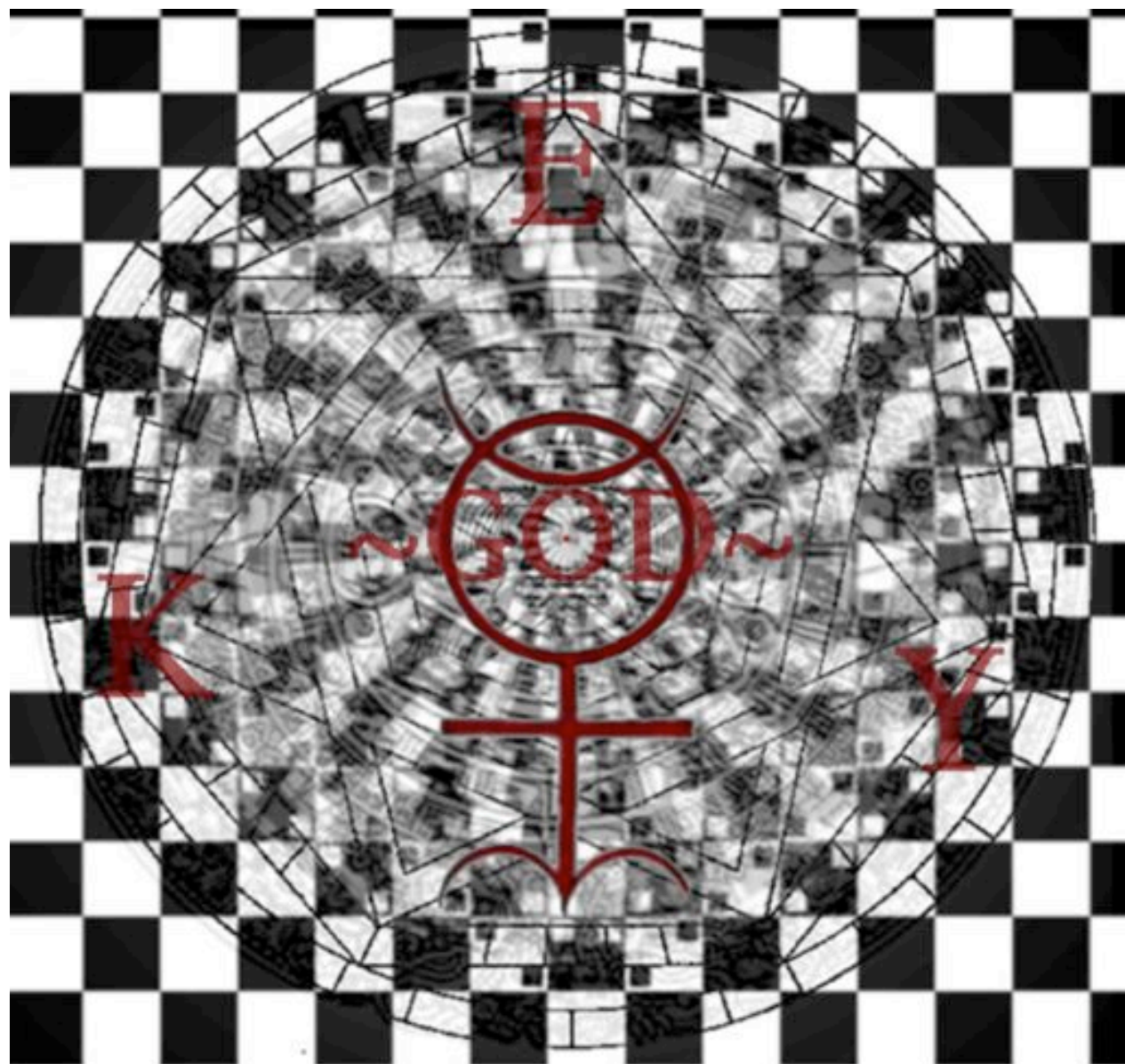


~GOD~

"the Epic of Gilgamesh"

- 01) "And Now..." (0:05)
- 02) "He Had Seen Everything..." (1:59)
- 03) "Surpassing All Kings..." (13:11)
- 04) Gilgamesh and Enkidu (4:57)
- 05) "Time Passed Quickly..." (11:52)
- 06) Five Dreams (11:44)
- 07) Humbaba (9:40)
- 08) Ishtar and the Bull of Heaven (9:23)
- 09) The Death of Enkidu (8:36)
- 10) Gilgamesh Mourns (6:54)
- 11) The Entrance to the Underworld (6:26)
- 12) "At the Edge of the Ocean..." (13:35)
- 13) Utnapishtim (19:04)

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~GOD~

KEY

(01) *First Consecration*

Enochian

English

Key Zero ::

(02)

(05)

(03) *Equinox*

(06) *Autumn*

Keys 1-11 ::

(04)

(07)

(08) *Final Consecration*

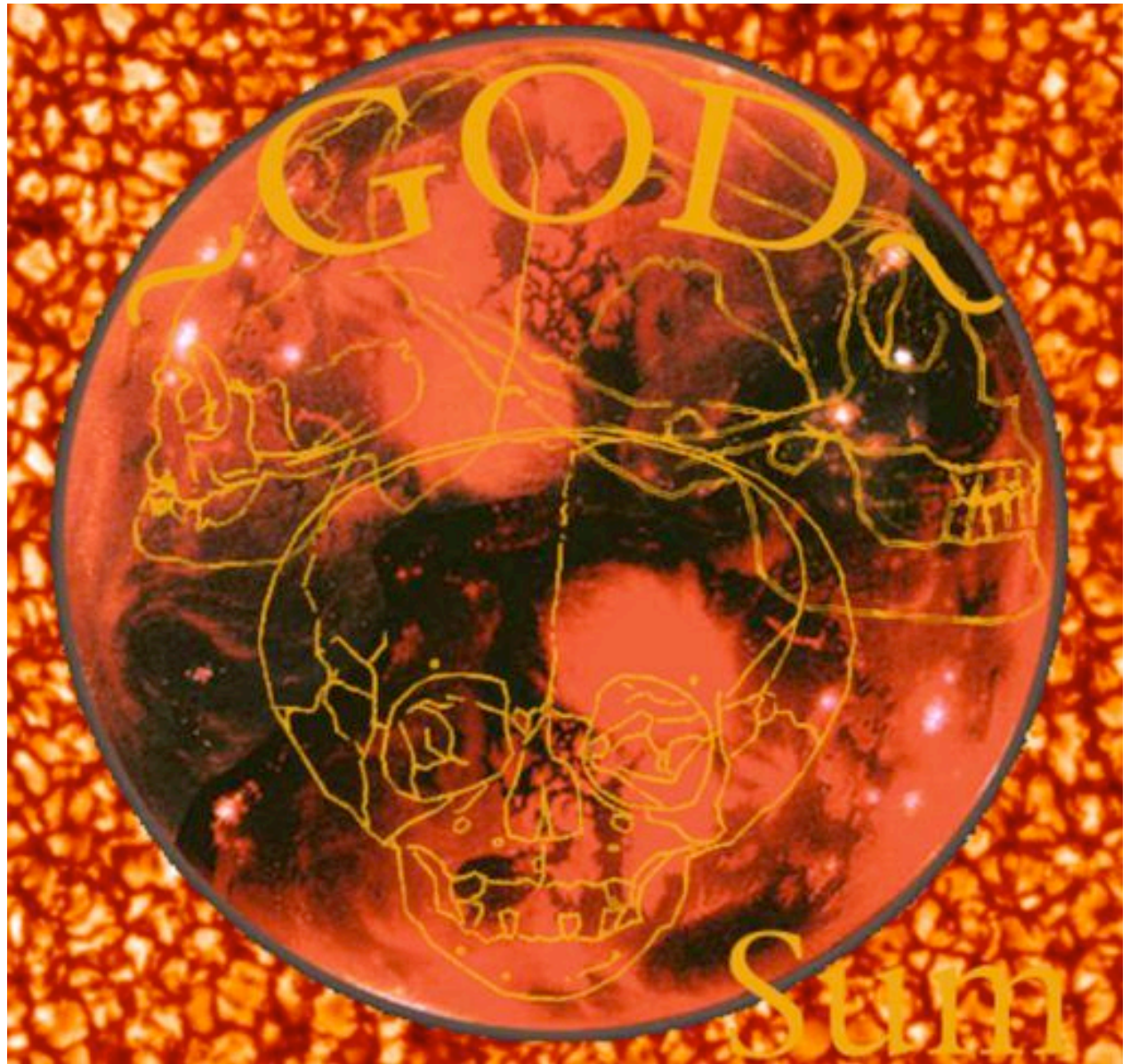
(09) *A Conversation with Crowley*

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myspace/ahdvnhay

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT







GOD

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1. "In the Beginning..."
2. "the Celestial Battle..."
3. "An, 1st King of Nibiru..."
4. "Anshar & Later Kings..."
5. "The Kingship of Allalu..."



41883 58508





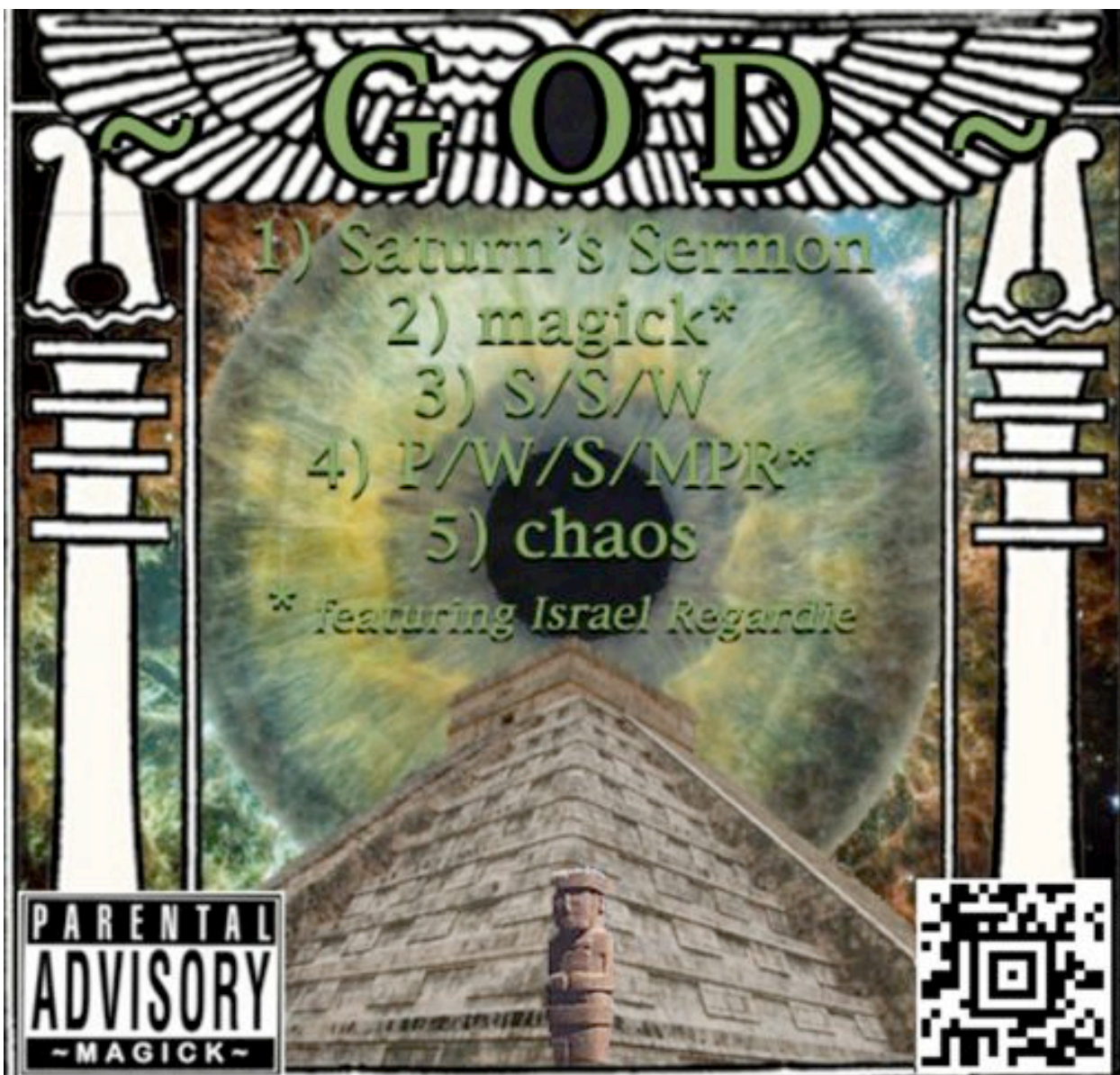
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- 1) Harmonica Exodus
 - 2) western spooks & radio shaddows
 - 3) JFK
 - 4) what was going on in the 60's
 - 5) 911
- www.benpadijah.com





~GOD~



TCSMV

~GOD~ :: TCSMV

▶ ▲	Name	Time	Artist	Album
1	☒ electrobaby Fanfare	0:45	~GOD~	DIE
2	☒ Adversary	5:34	~GOD~	EYE
3	☒ BurkittesvilleBlues	4:34	~GOD~	EYE
4	☒ CommonMan4A1	3:07	~GOD~	SPY
5	☒ CommonMan4A2	5:19	~GOD~	SPY
6	☒ harmonica exodus	3:21	~GOD~	Why
7	☒ mescaline	1:05	~GOD~	New
8	☒ cellar1	3:11	~GOD~	LIE
9	☒ mary2	6:12	~GOD~	LIE
10	☒ Closerbenmix	7:17	~GOD~	New
11	☒ MySweetSatan	8:04	~GOD~	ORB
12	☒ Saturn's Sermon	1:56	~GOD~	Con
13	☒ Disgustipation Cured By Kinky ...	4:15	~GOD~	Con
14	☒ apocalypso2A (uncut)	5:24	~GOD~	SPY
15	☒ the Gnostic Pentagram of Dee ...	4:53	~GOD~	KEY
16	☒ The End	11:41	~GOD~	LIE

**FUCK
PARENTAL
ADVISORY**

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EXPLICIT CONTENT

77975 02285



~GOD~

END

	Name	Time	Artist	Album
1	☒ electrobaby Fanfare	0:45	~GOD~	DIE
2	☒ windstorm	1:05	~GOD~	ORB
3	☒ the Flood	10:41	~GOD~	GiL (cut)
4	☒ TantraMantraYantra	4:18	~GOD~	EYE
5	☒ Enochian key calls 1-11 (Engli...	10:28	~GOD~	KEY
6	☒ edenmix3	3:40	~GOD~	DIE
7	☒ haQBLH	4:28	~GOD~	New
8	☒ Utnapishtim Said...	3:06	~GOD~	GiL (cut)
9	☒ Solfeggio/Space/Whales	7:59	~GOD~	Mag
10	☒ chaos	4:53	~GOD~	Mag
11	☒ New Whirled Order	4:54	~GOD~	DIE
12	☒ rev17&18	3:45	~GOD~	DIE
13	☒ apocalyps02A (uncut)	5:24	~GOD~	SPY
14	☒ both	8:00	~GOD~	

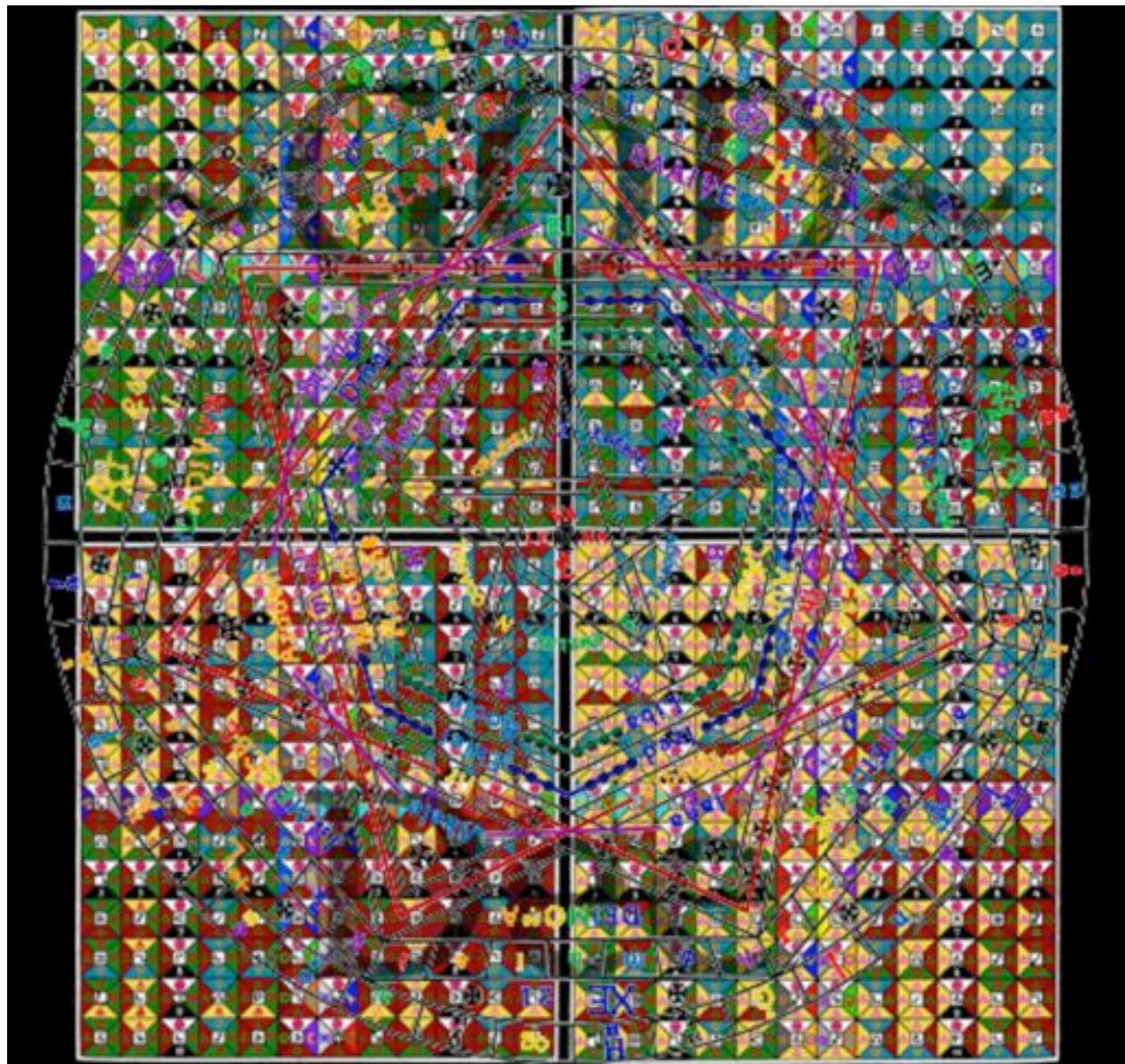


1 2 3 4 5 6

www.benpacific.com







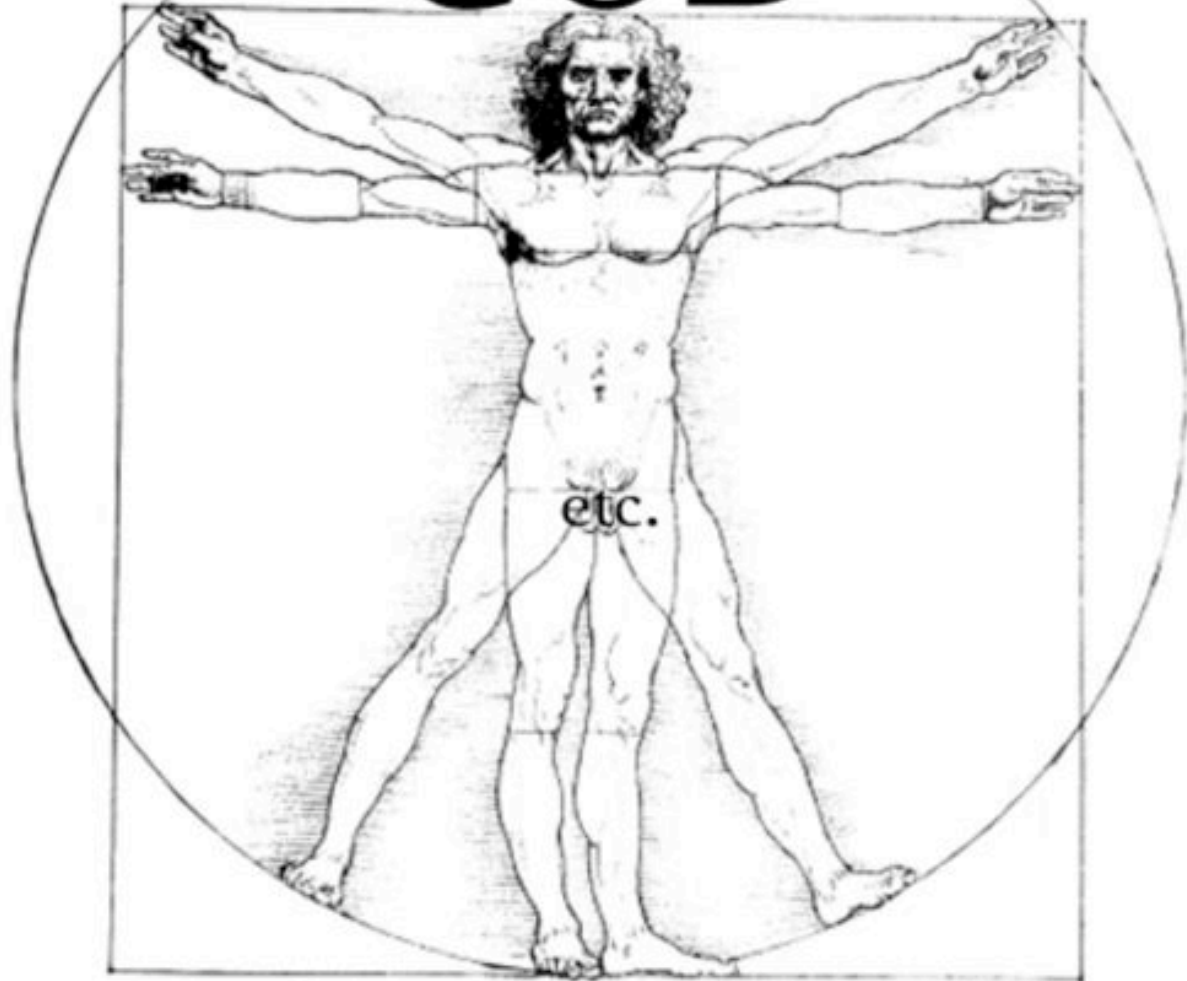
- 1) vlog1... 7:32
- SESSION 1: History
- 2) Dee opening... 0:08
- 3) Dee1A... 7:38
- 4) Dee 1A2... 7:46
- 5) Dee1B1... 8:39
- 6) Dee1B2... 10:22
- 7) Dee closing... 0:08
- SESSION 2: the Enochian
- 9) Dee2A... 2:16
- 10) Dee2A2... 4:27
- 11) Dee 2A3... 5:55
- 12) Dee2B1... 7:16
- 13) Dee2B2... 4:09
- SESSION 3: Golden Dawn
- 14) Dee3A... 6:09
- 15) Dee3A2... 5:10
- 16) Dee3B1... 4:46
- 17) Dee3B2... 3:24

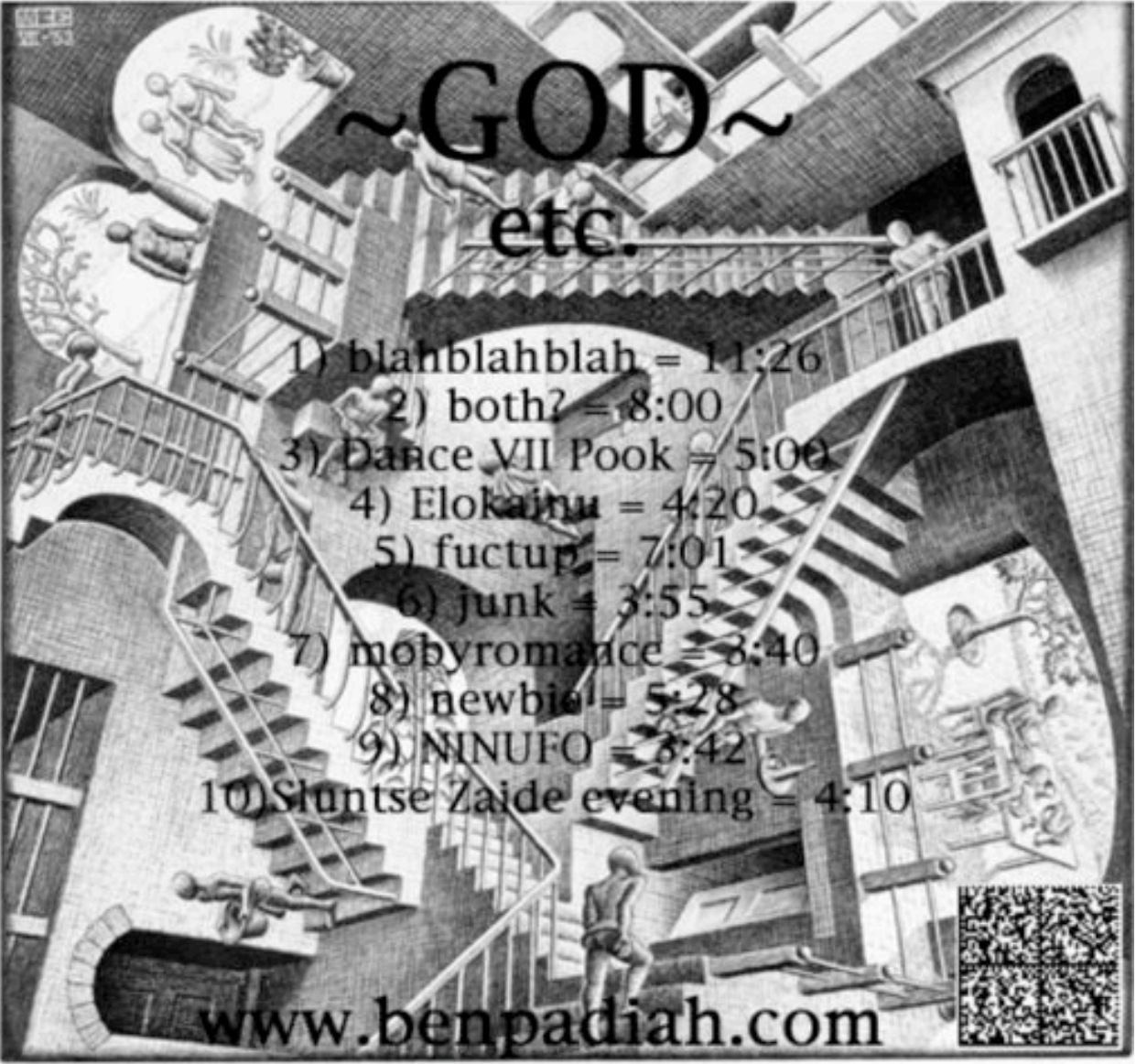


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~GOD~





~GOD~ etc.

- 1) blahblahblah = 11:26
- 2) both? = 8:00
- 3) Dance VII Pook = 5:00
- 4) Elokainu = 4:20
- 5) fuctup = 7:01
- 6) junk = 3:55
- 7) mobyromance = 8:40
- 8) newbie = 5:28
- 9) NINUFO = 8:42
- 10) Stuntse Zaide evening = 4:10

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~GOD~ ::BUG::

::track one::

Law21VirginBackwardsAyres
(Common Sense Mix)

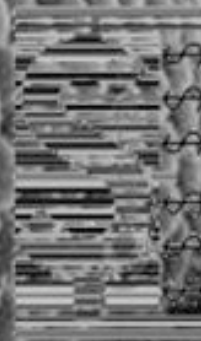
::tracks two thru four::

- 1 kybalion intro
- 2 kybalion chapt 1
- 3 kybalion chapt 2

::track five::

Backwards Arabic

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY**
KEEP OUT OF MY ROOM!



~GOD~

GUN

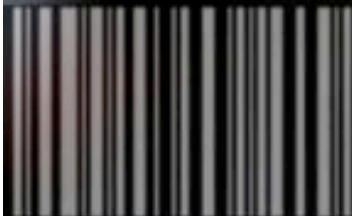
~GOD~
GUNs1&2

5	Quato (mutants vs. aliens mix)	1:07	GUN2
6	inherit this! (no end)	1:02	GUN2
7	VERITAS All	1:30	GUN2
8	fishface	0:03	GUN2
9	MOBYcantstopVERITAS	3:17	GUN2

**PARENTAL
ADVISORY
DIRTY BEATS**

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1	2018	4:03	GUN1
2	what warning?	0:20	GUN1
3	PANIC	3:12	GUN1
4	Whimper	10:01	GUN1





~GOD~
:: SIN ::

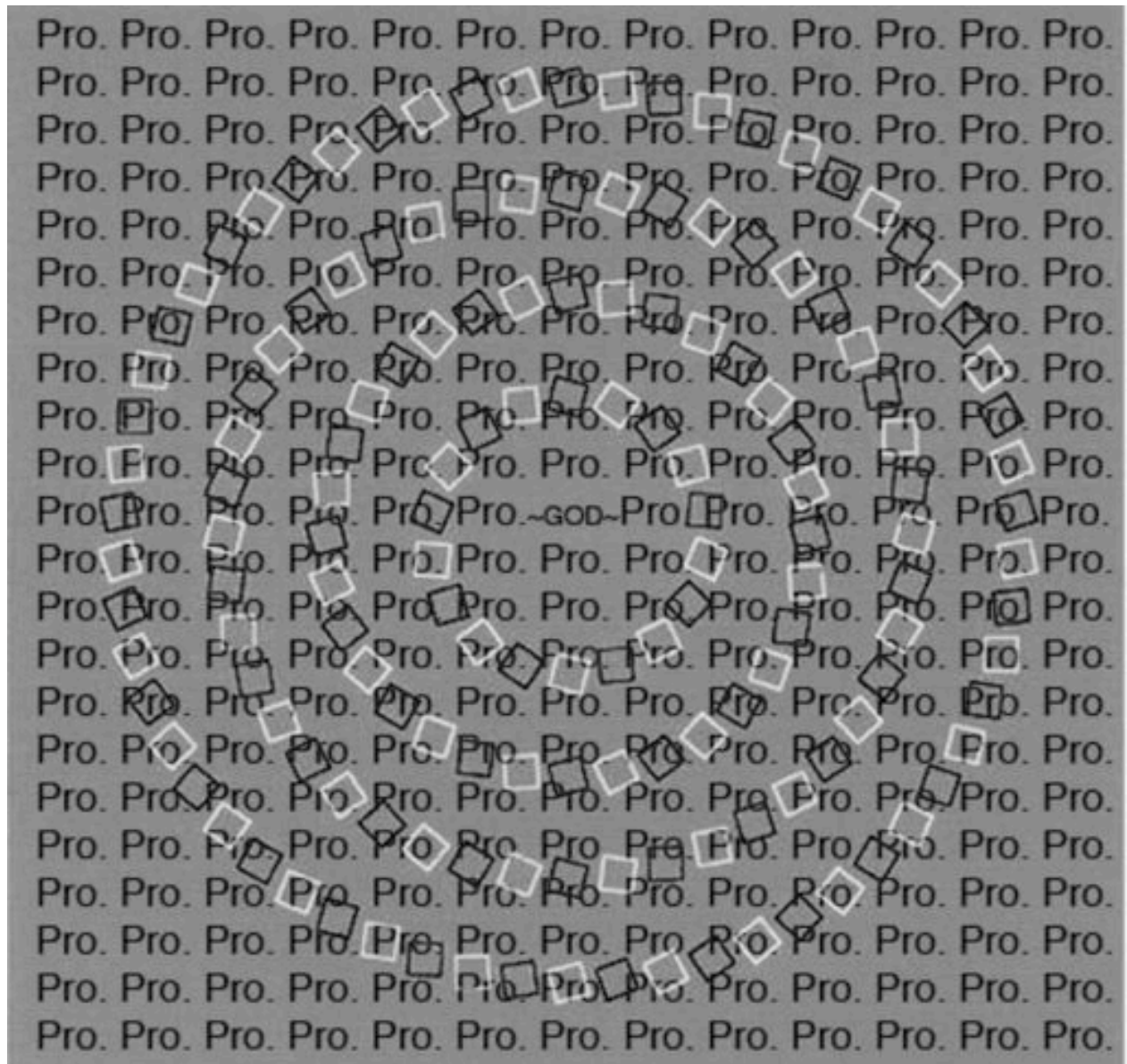


**PARENTAL
ADVISORY**
EXEMPLARY GEEK



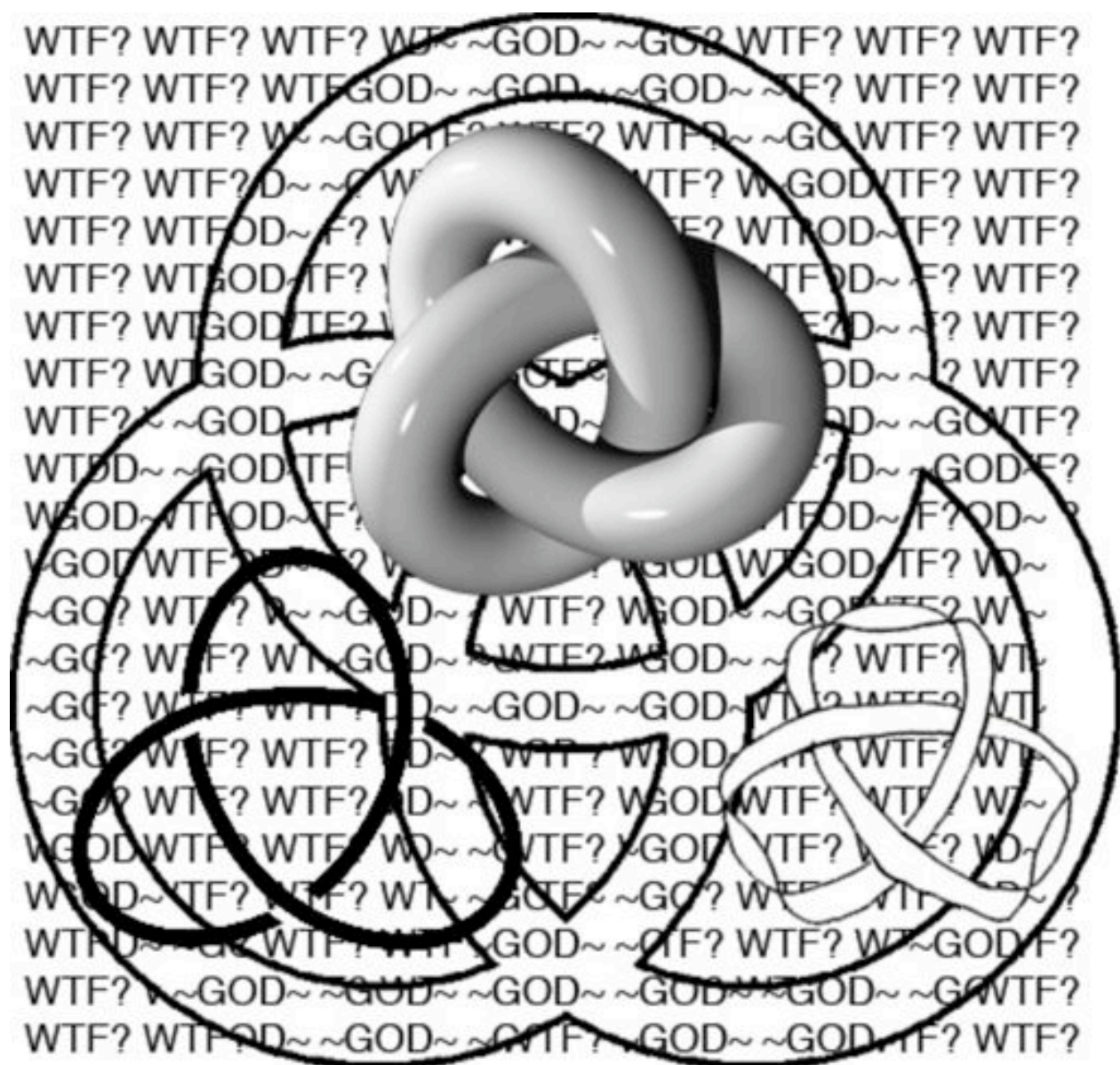
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recordvader 2	0:04
what is a subgenius DEVO 1	1:17
fishface	0:03
what is a subgenius DEVO 2	1:11
recordvader 1	0:15
Cunt Garden (meludacriskayneho...	2:47
recovery	4:26
lonelyX2APILTapeStretched	4:59
what was going on in the 60's pa...	7:00
LIAR (instrumental)	3:04
LIAR (lyrics)	2:09
ucando	1:00
PLFs (Programmed Life Forms)	2:33
loungetrack3030PAULmix	1:52
DrWho vs. the NASA Boomerang...	3:24
nokoran	3:17
Numb2anarchy	3:29
BurroughsDamask	3:05
fool monks flute	3:37
evil monks flute	3:16
HALDaisyTron	2:00
IvoryTower	1:38
Pi Licker	3:37
Mon Cal Illusion	1:40
Figment	1:12
merkaba+spiral+drugs	9:44
spoonboy	4:13
baby spanish elephant flea	2:44





- | | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|----|---|
| 1 | ugotajob | 12 | Just One More Thing... |
| 2 | Guilty Fruit Basket | 13 | RATM IX (Hidden Track) |
| 3 | Montana Realty Co. | 14 | Protocols 1:: DUMBs, FEMA and Martial Law |
| 4 | Busta Conspiracy Theory | 15 | Protocols 2:: the Big Bank Bail-Out Bill |
| 5 | Busta Cheesy-Spider | 16 | Protocols 3:: the Nation of Israel |
| 6 | Cheesy-Pop (Wanye Kest mix) | 17 | Protocols 4:: The King of Kings |
| 7 | Smooth Astro Criminal Creep | 18 | Y = I |
| 8 | Deliver Me All Day & Night Got Me | 19 | YH = Begin Being |
| 9 | Window Seat | 20 | YHV = All That Is |
| 10 | Time Tunnel 13 | 21 | YHVH = Was And Will Be |
| 11 | Goth Future (not as good) | 22 | Protocols 1-4:: NWO Empire |



angle: 163.9°

- 1 0:51 Quid Est Veritas? (Do the Ends Justify the Means? Mix)
- 2 0:08 General Krystal (Melz Needs Mix)
- 3 0:25 Leakey Plumbers (Warp to the Underworld, Hurry Up and Die Mix)
- 4 1:03 Reality (Manic-Depression Mix)
- 5 1:45 Xanadu Submerged (Tiki Mario Mix)
- 6 0:19 Billy Puffenstein (Jiggly-Lullaby Mix)
- 7 4:22 Constant Sorrow (Original ReMix)
- 8 4:52 Season of Aquarius (Donovan's Hair Mix)
- 9 3:21 Fall On Me Callow You (mix1)
- 10 4:46 Mjolly-pop (Propophyl-2 Mix)
- 11 2:24 the Metatron (Enya/Face Mix)
- 12 9:58 the Monolith (Empty Mirror Mix)
- 13 2:10 fur Ofelia (You Heard Echoes Mix)
- 14 2:03 Epic 1 (Prometheus Unbound ReMix)
- 15 0:51 Epic 2 (Win Lose or Draw Mix)
- 16 1:22 Epic 3 (Tragic Left-Overs Mix)
- 17 1:57 Krystalz Army (March to Death Mix no vocals)
- 18 4:21 Red Death Rhymes (2013 Mix)
- 19 0:55 Classical Hot Sauce Gas (Brain Bubbles Mix no vocals)
- 20 1:47 Lucky? (No Vocals Mix)
- 21 0:16 krystalarmyloop2
- 22 4:45 Play U. Haterz Club Ballz (DubStep Mix)
- 23 1:32 Boots & Kooks (benpadiah 2012 Mix)
- 24 2:29 PIMPs (feat. DSK and BSB)
- 25 1:26 Lucky? (Cycle of Impermanence Mix)
- 26 1:37 Classical Hot Sauce Gas (Brain Bubbles Mix)
- 27 1:23 Krystalz Army (March to Death Mix)
- 28 3:05 One Oil Shake Plain (There Will Be Milk Mix)
- 29 4:31 Open Bumberhute (geogors (The Rain-Man Is The Devil Mix)
- 30 2:38 Pantopon Dawn (Nuke Blood Mix)
- 31 9:58 A Wilderness of Mirrors (WSB Mix)
- 32 0:40 The Bilderberg Group (2007 Mix)
- 33 4:38 What If...? (TheHalfRememberedDreamWithinADreamsCollapsing Mix)
- 34 3:54 ? 2102yenmorttimserp ? (Robo-Slime ReMix)
- 35 2:00 Ron Paul's Rebuttal (Burning Capitalist Mix)
- 36 6:34 I am John Galt (Speaking Everyday Mix)
- 37 0:18 General Krystal is Dead (Napalm Victory Mix)
- 38 2:55 Utopia Now! (ApoCalypSoWhat? Mix)

0.00000 m/s

Infinity's Synapses

:: Table of Contents ::

highschool
highschool extras
for jim
the war on bugs
claris art
one second and 911
collage
unpublished collage
demons
sin city style
illuminarti
~GOD~ album covers

"art" by: Jon Gee