JUNE 3 2023 ISSUE #3

reaberry Moon Getherin

VITRIOL ORCHESTRA PRESENTS

9PM KATUAH SATURDAY JUNE 3RD // ZOOM LINK HERE

CHIEF WHITE CHOCOLATE SPEAKS

Did you know 5/5 still hasn't ended? Some of you claim you missed it but you're drinking its juice right now. Decide what to do with that juice. Find the best garden to plant the voltage. The Vitriol Orchestra is still rising. As the airship establishes a new altitude, expect more boarding opportunities to create with us soon. This newsletter is a product of the Orchestra and our goal is to find new ways to solicit maximum bloom.

My writing flower bloomed on Nov 12, 2016 in a spell I wrote called <u>"The Vampires of Chickamauga.</u>" It was a treatise on knowing my region's history yet living in a world where it kept being painted over with white chocolate. There is zero chocolate in white chocolate. This is the magic of spellcraft because if we called it "white sugar wax flavored with whipped cocoa butter" no one would fall for this crap. Still, publishing my decision to embrace my heritage and be proud of the fact I was raised in the south was a huge step for a tenderfoot like myself. I knew then how valuable witness was to my journey. I still know that today.

> And only today as I taste the pride of the rainbow I see that wetiko is so much more than a psychopathic mind virus. It was our war paint. Yes, ours. You and I used it to hide among the population until we grew tall. We are the immune system of AMuRaKa. You and I are the eggs of her wasp planted in the back of every taxpayer and bureaucrat. Columbus did not erase us. We hatched from his guts wearing his skin in the spirit of Crazy Horse.

All of this I feel now because I cut my tongue so long ago to bleed myself on America's paper. Bravery gestates inside every cowardice we discover. I remind you how each of us came here into this world trusting ourselves completely to make all of the right mistakes at exactly the right time. Use the drum of your heart to continue your dance with stunning calligraphy.

J.True

MONDRY SCHOOL IS HRVING RN OPEN HOUSE MONDRY, JUNE STH RT 6:30 KRTURH. SEE TRIBE CALENDAR FOR LINK.



A Telegram from Airship

A cloaking grievance Invited lofty Airship Apocalypsed Now

I BELIEVE IN THE MOUND AND I HAVE HEART ENERGY FOR HER. WHO ELSE?

First we raise up the land, and then we build. We are so entitled. Become Sponsor of the Mound and roar like a lion. A palace in the sky is landing like a giant pancake in the morning. It's happening. To us, by us, and for everyone. We are so generous because we love. I am proud to know you. Hear me roar, Lion Shaman Thomas Silvani Yellow Chief of Shambhala Vision

On Objective Reality

Inspired and ennobled by James True and Kris McGuire In honor of Elspeth and Legion James Written by Kameron Primm

Before I cast my two cents into the potlach, let me say that I hope it tastes better than sweaty palm and pennies. I do not believe anyone needs the help of this article. Item here because I enjoy your company as you are. I encourage you to feel entitled to any aversion that springs up in you. Feel entitled to live in strength. Conversely, bottomless appetition left unchecked can leave us underneath our avarice and bring about empty-headed tantrums in the face of denial. Each new day is enriched by reflection and the ability to pivot as we calibrate our bearings and reach for what nourishes us. These features express themselves whether our belly is groomed by suggestibility or attuned to incredulity. Grooming is attuning. Suggestibility and Incredulity are two towering standards for the sophist in me. I have dwelt in both houses. Between these antithetical complements, I hereby stake the metes and bounds of my zetetic effort. I offer these thoughts to honor standing firm in one's conviction and to invigorate our ability to grow into the envisioned life.

I now don the dunce cap and doff it once toward the lot of you.

Let us begin.

The need for debate around chemtrails took center stage recently and gave rise to an incisive epiphany: There is no Objective Reality. Such a daring declaration proved too much for some. And why wouldn't it? It threatens the highest prized end any journey could seek. It threatens absolute truth. Right? I argue wrong. I argue that the gravity of monotheism versus atheism has left us in an ignoble position. I contend we have contrived objective reality to affordably write off the value of belief. We promised the flesh of our body a footing that didn't require God before we lulled ourselves more deeply into the nightmare of genetic plight. Monotheism versus atheism and objective reality lulled mankind down and out, respectively.

I want to assert that the world is built by opposing forces, but I get the sense that it comes across as some sort of justification for evil to naysayers. I will try it another way. Symbiosis includes phenomena like ebb and flow. Opposition represents an aspect of that dichotomy. I believe we stand up with force set in opposition against the floor. Perhaps Heraclitus said it best

War is the father of all things—of all things king. Mankind hung Libra on the ceiling in honor of this wisdom. We exhibit our appreciation for the value of opposition by realizing and utilizing the balance of the scales. We face the grave's persistent pull and bootstrap value from gravity with gratitude. We build our understanding of these principles by growing our capacity for measure. Let us take measure, now. Let us weigh the value of Objective Reality against where it has left us.

Most of our trouble is self-made.

Mankind has forgotten the philosophic origins of objective reality and decided it was something someone found in the outside world, but—before material science as we now understand it—philosophic behemoths realized and etched the abstract terms of these guiding scientific principles into the universe. Only thenceforth could the giants of empiricism painstakingly lay the foundational groundwork of objective reality, with their amalgam of empirical evidence, through a rigorous system of checks and balances. The mythos grew and the mindful eye saw, in its periphery, life—ever-encroaching with new curiosities to measure—but the masses grew evermore encumbered by the same psychological relics that once liberated their forebears. The main body of mankind still clings ahold this bad marriage of terms that we have subjected ourselves to. It's the kind of grip that forces grit through the grasp of the fingers because it is our precious proof that beliefs are erroneous next to the measurable truth. By our own religiously material reasoning, a crucial muscle is written off as an atavistic myth. We could have flared its fire with the same type of synapse with which we flare our nostrils—if we could have found it—but the musculature of that inclination atrophied against the long-fallowed orchard of our genetic line and fell out of step with the cadence of our heart.

When we declare that nature abhors a vacuum, in a haze of objective reality, we forget that this idea was brought about by the body's oldest magic. The magic of digestion. We created zero in our head and swallowed it until it was real. The majority sleepily calls forth this implicit power with their willingness to ingest. And so, it goes with any space for naught we contrive and bring to the world. The reigning augurs of our external world race to keep their purveyances one step ahead of the crowd. A train of realization held long enough takes form in the psyche and broadcasts its vision within and without. A placebic medium for exchange manifests and delivers the vehicle we need to reach onward. We have haphazardly cast these concepts in ways that leave the majority underneath the rising magic of our age, but life will outgrow our conundrum by the trellis of this glorious garden.

Theologically, we deny ourselves when we say God hates this or God loves that. I now face the fact that I hate this, and I love that. Distally, we deny ourselves by misplacing our serpentine nature in the reptilians of Zeta Reticuli. I now embrace the baser me, in strength, with the rest. Empirically, we deny ourselves when we say, "Nature abhors a vacuum." I now see my own nature's abhorrence for the looming potential of emptiness beyond this world. I now behold my own naughty essence as it fuels my spirit to continue fighting in the face of the absurd.

I see different grasps on grammar exhibited.

James did not say, "There is no objectivism." There was no need to. Hindsight had already revealed how feebly the concept of objectivity stands, unadulterated and alone, when scrutinized to the purest. So, 'objective reality' stood in for objectivism like 'absolute zero' stands in for zero. "There is no Objective Reality," was wrought by the dark worker with a calligrapher's hold. The shadowy subject was approached surgically. The deliberation was concise. "No," voiced the brush stroke that was cast too broadly for naysayers. Objective Reality was called forth, the concept was cleaved before the mind, and James extracted it long enough to stand before the observer in privation. The body suddenly hemorrhaged with the energy this ideal had demanded. A deeply rooted ideal calls for a great deal of blood, and the terms of homeostasis were cast out of balance by the cut. The body reluctantly rose out of the trauma—suddenly awash with the energy this ideal had demanded—but the spewing surplus was mistaken for emptiness, brought about by the fear of objective reality's absence. The flood ends up misread as a catastrophe, and we witness before us the thankless work of the shaman.

My nation has wandered land and sea—as far back as my grandparents—waging war with evil against the outside world, by visions rendered from an inner-milieu of objective reality. I am told that's just the way it is, but my vision renders something different. I commend James for turning the focus inward, toward our posture and our understanding of these terms.

I can't overstate how important this medicine has been.



KNOW THY MEASURE BY KRIS MCGUIRE

We come into life with a built-in, state of the art Guidance System (GS) that we've learned to ignore. Too many buttons, too many flashing lights and frightening alarms.

Nobody can tell us what it all means, and we notice that our GS is often at odds with what we are told.

So we swiftly adapt.

We regulate by external cues; the clock and social approval. We rely on them as our only means of navigation.

We learn that our GS is insane, reality is objective, and if we want to survive here we're going to have to steal someone else's compass.

Congratulations! You've already successfully completed Phase 1! The ignorance you exhibited during this phase is a skill that served you well, and should be heralded as proof of your resourcefulness, ingenious complexity, and will to survive. Well done.

Phase 2 began the moment you could afford to realize that black electrical tape strategically placed over a control panel light doesn't actually stop any oil leaks. You were forced to admit that your GS might not be full of shit after all.

Now what? What are all these gadgets and how can I tell when they're out of tune? Where the hell is that buzzing noise coming from and how do I figure out what it means? How an I going to afford all of this?

Whether you're just now tuning into your GS, still learning to interpret and understand its signals, or working on building enough currency to follow it, Dojo provides the arena, tools, and quality witness to assist you in improving your posture.

We encourage you to have an illicit affair with your own Guidance System. Know it as your most intimate partner. Learn to appreciate it so deeply that you become appalled with how easily and frequently you have cheated on and abandoned yourself in the name of approval, keeping the peace, and being polite. Feel that burn.

The vitriol has much to teach us.

JOIN DOJO HERE

Welcome to Dojo.

I Am, called to the base of an Earth bound tree and adjust my dial to receive. I've asked many their names, so earnest in-deed, they reply so gracefully. The sun and moon track my Core-Pole Position, for I Am a moveable Feast. I bend and I stretch and show my flex, my bones answer audibly.

CAE EROMME

Aquarius rings, so deep in the field, and weaves a delightful vision. "Hark, hark," it sings, "I'll give you wings, you have some fun and go fishin'." Synchronicity rains down and waters my Ground, so I cannot disbelieve. The message is clear, it sings in my ear: "Go forth and play for me!"

When I feel a string, play a discordant note, I go sit amongst my friends. They show me replays, I scope in and out, and investigate to rainbows end.

I care, you see, about myself, and something feels kinda yucky. We arr... done with that, for the tone is flat, the yolk is way too runny. My moves are instinctive, surprising and syncfilled. Watch in, my winks are tricky

> Adjacent that, Aquarius claps back reception is loud and clear This is all for you you silly goon now go forth the field is clear.