

The Cap-Off Point

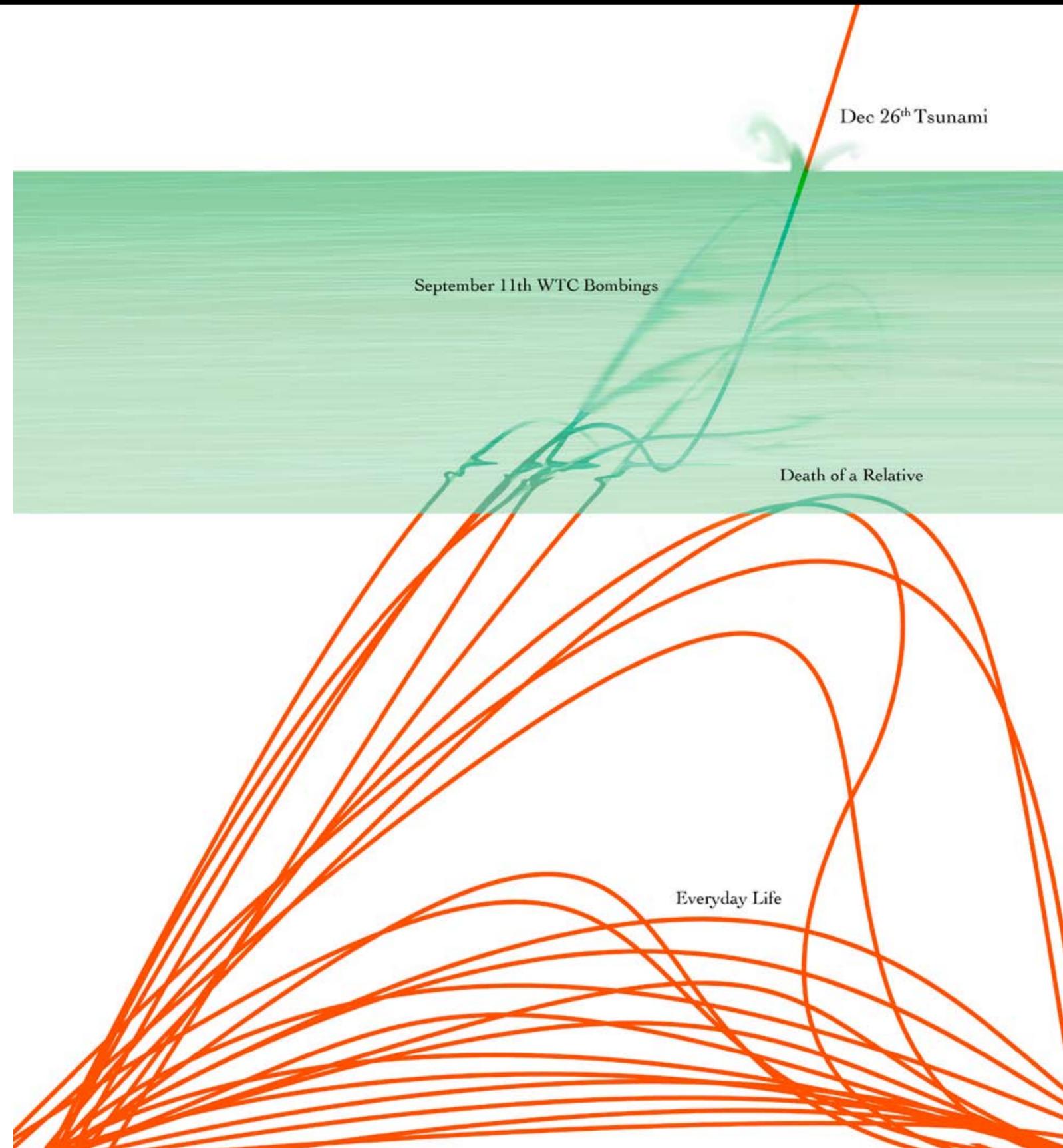
Survival Techniques of the Mind

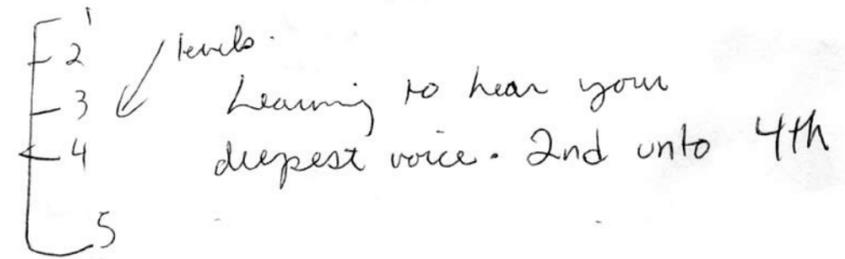
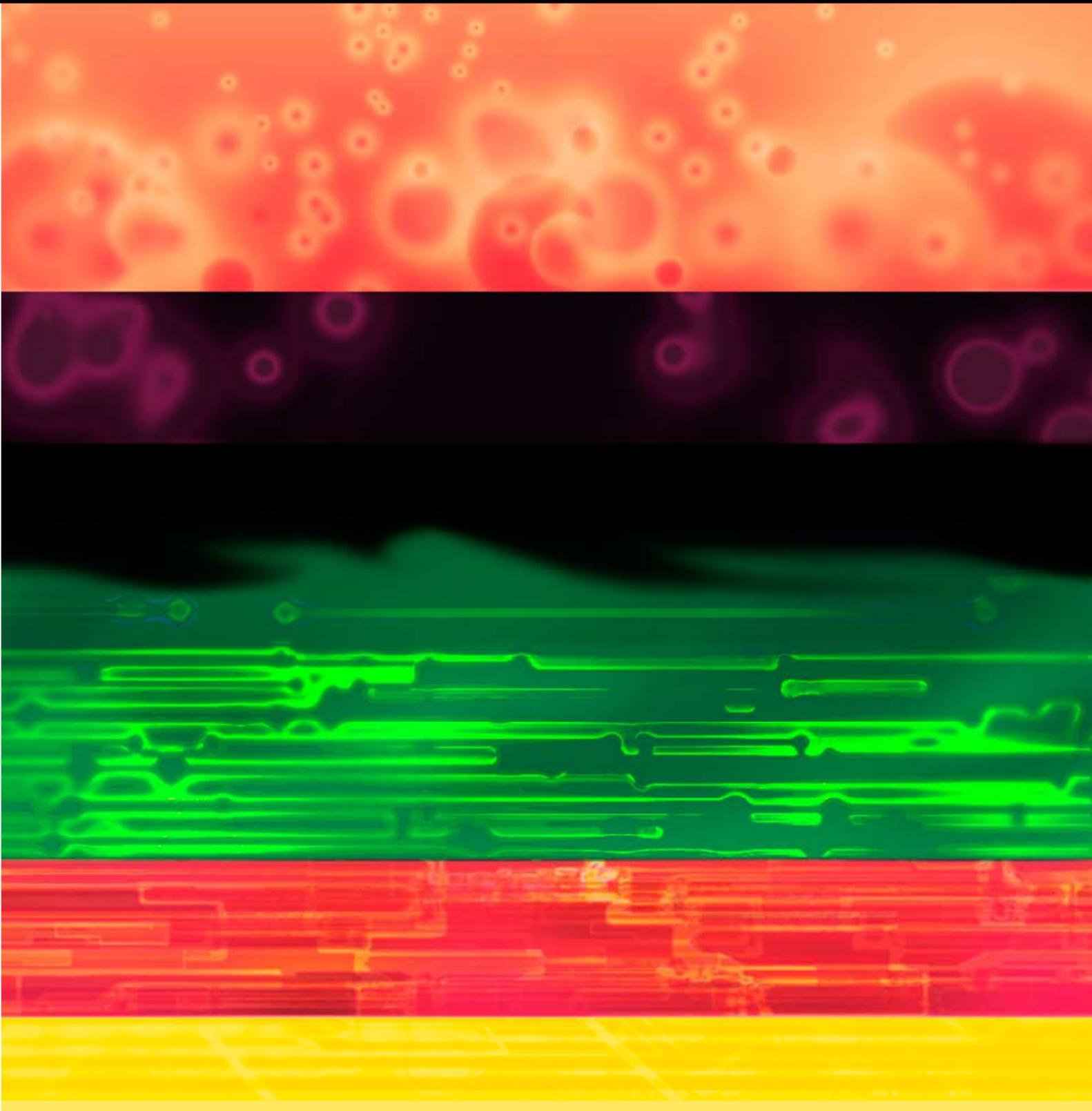
I used to think that things didn't bother me as much as other people, but that's a ridiculous statement because most things bother me more than it does the normal person. Why I can easily survive a crisis but not a day at work is a mystery so like all mysteries I have a theory;

When emotional distress by an event reaches a certain point, the brain dumps whatever emotional charge came with it and becomes as neutral as shopping for curtains. Simply put, things get so bad until they suddenly disappear. I don't think it's the same as shock, because shock is when something's suspended for a while but then it hits you later. Once it disappears in the cap-off however, you'll probably never see it again. Unless it can't catch it. What I've just recently realized is that the cap-off point can be broken through. When the tsunami hit, the cap that had so effortlessly retained 9/11 was sliced through like butter. It wasn't until the tsunami created my first sense of tragedy did I notice the phenomenon of Cap-Off. Even though I drew this image months ago I still haven't figured out what or how this works and what it was about the tsunami that overrode it when 9/11 didn't.



Some events and how the Cap-off point dealt with them.





Levels

Multi-Tasking the Mind and 2nd unto 4th

Behold the 5 layers of the mind according to me. Every philosopher at some point wonders how many layers there are in the brain. Most seem to come up with three, but I'm going with 5 and here's why:

Layer 1 - Motor, Instinct, Involuntary

Layer 1 is Yellow with white lines like a circuit board. Your colours may vary. It's a little sliver of a layer on the bottom, closest to the conscious world. If you were driving a car, this would be the layer that tells you to turn left or right when on auto pilot.

Layer 2 - Rational Thought

Layer 2 is pinkish red with yellow outlined circle square things. This is the layer where you hear yourself thinking or trying to figure out what to do that day. If you were driving a car, this would be the layer that is making a list of things to get at the grocery store.

Layer 3 - Emotional Thought

Layer 3 is green with these random floating glowing green rods and it gets hazy and black towards the top. All 'deep' and philosophical thought goes here, along with emotions and the like. If you were driving a car, this would be the layer that is contemplating whether the future is worth living to see.

Layer 4 - The Subconscious

Very dark purple with a few blotches of lighter purple; like looking at the inside of your eyelids, except purple. The Subconscious, the sacred realm of the Spacialist, is

also called the Pure State...by me. You can't 'get' to Level 4. It is locked off and often holds great treasures, such as the reasons for phobias, the true identity of self, and the secret to happiness. Shrinks use hypnotism to get through to the 4th level, but unless you train hard, it will only appear to you when you can't question it, when you dream. If you were driving a car, this layer would be off doing its own thing and not letting you see, unless you pulled a:

2nd unto 4th

Also known as having an epiphany. Having a 2nd unto 4th is when your 2nd level, the conscious, rational level, gets a jump on the subconscious and jumps that black divide between the top of the 3rd. It's like standing patiently in a stream, then suddenly grabbing a fish out of the water.

It's that hard.

In fact, it's a lot easier to get to the:

5th Level and Up - Transcendence

Is all pink-yellow and bubbly like pink champagne. If you manage to Trance out or 'go to a higher plane of consciousness' you are in the 5th level. You would probably not be aware of your surroundings or your boundaries and float off into space. If you were driving a car, this would be bad, as you would probably drive off a cliff, giggling the whole way down. Please Don't Trance and Drive.

Why Driving a Car of all Things?

Because I was driving my car when I figured this all out. As for the level colours, I think it's obvious if you read the chapter on Synesthesia.

The Natural Way.
 how to strip external natures
 away and reverse
 socialized programming.



Ball Perception Theory

Like the Layers of an Onion

Ball Perception was one of my earlier ideas on Social Programming. I find the idea of Social Programming to be very important in my studies of humans because it presents the margin for error, in that I may not be observing the human themselves, but rather a jumble of programming. This is very sad.

It has come to my attention that humans build walls to keep things out, but it also prevents anything from coming in. In fact, I'm not so sure that many people have an Aligned Moment and if that is so, then that means that many people are not living at all.

Observe the Ball. In each layer there are Conditions that must be met for the information to go through to the next circle. Most information is processed by the top four layers, I say. Maybe a particularly elusive thought may make it fairly well through, but will still get knocked out in the end. An Aligned Moment is an Epiphany. One thought makes it through all the disks to the center where the Pure Mind sits. The less disks there are, the more Aligned Moments there are, which makes for more actual Thinking. Actual Thinking leads to Balance, or at least the knowledge that You are an active participant in what goes on in the congress of your mind.

Figure 1. The Ball is 3-D, like a puzzle ball.

Figure 2. A cross section reveals the many conflicting layers. Too many layers can lead to a closed Mind.

Figure 3. Thoughts attempt to break through so to influence the Mind. Some layers of common sense, ethics, and experience are needed in order to assure a logical decision is met. Too many can lead to confusion and anxiety.

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Spacialism:
 Ball Perception Theory

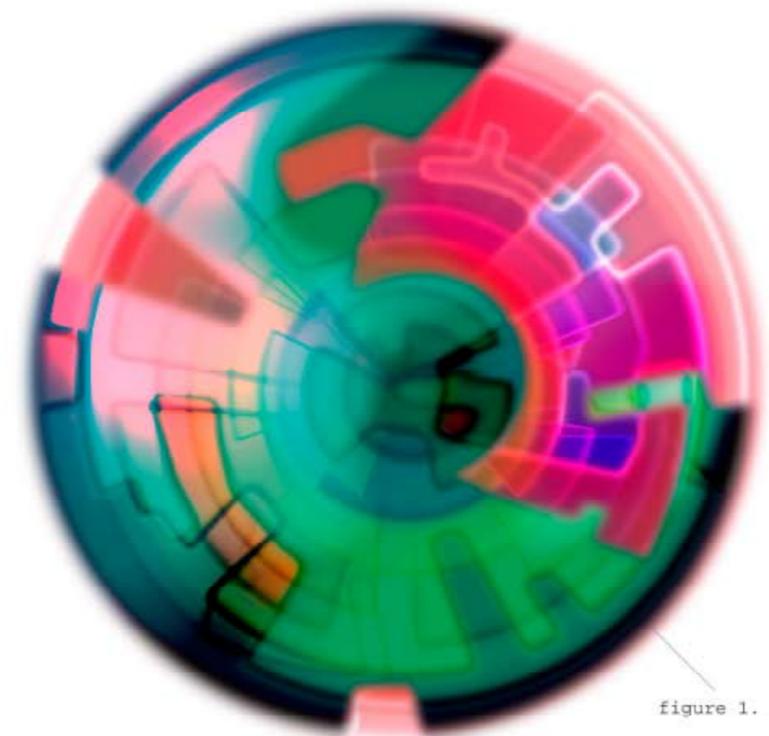


figure 1.

figure 2.
 Cross-section

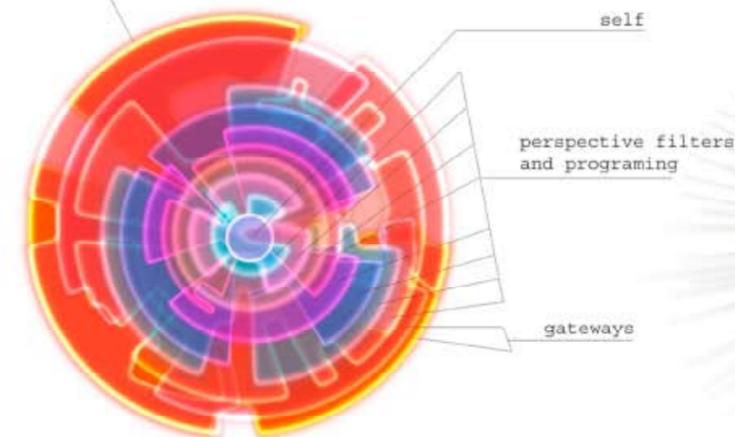


figure 3.
 Perception Theory in Action



Thought or
 experience

Stream of Conscious

Using Links for Verification

chopt

④ Spaculum

↳ The Natural Way

↳ streaming

↳ tapping the sub

7/2

Tapping the subconscious mind is a hard thing to do at first, to find it, I mean.

Tapping means you find it first, then keep the link open.

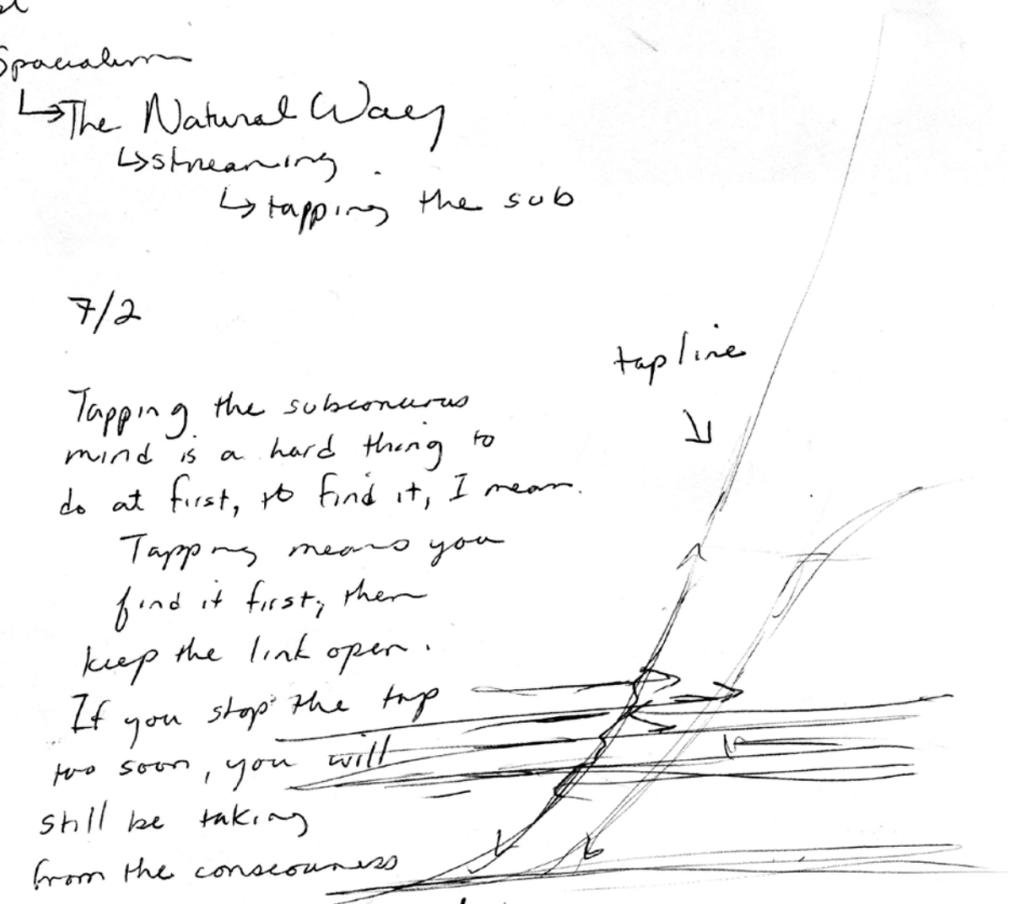
If you stop the tap too soon, you will still be taking from the consciousness that can be influenced by the outside

Be wary and remember, you may not recognize your sub at first.

It may have been a long time since you last saw it...

see also page 222

tapline



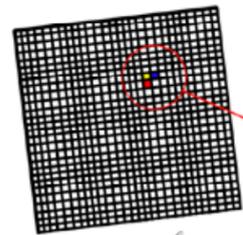


figure 1

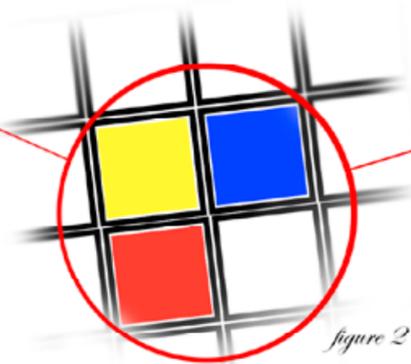


figure 2

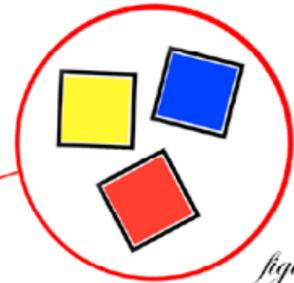


figure 3

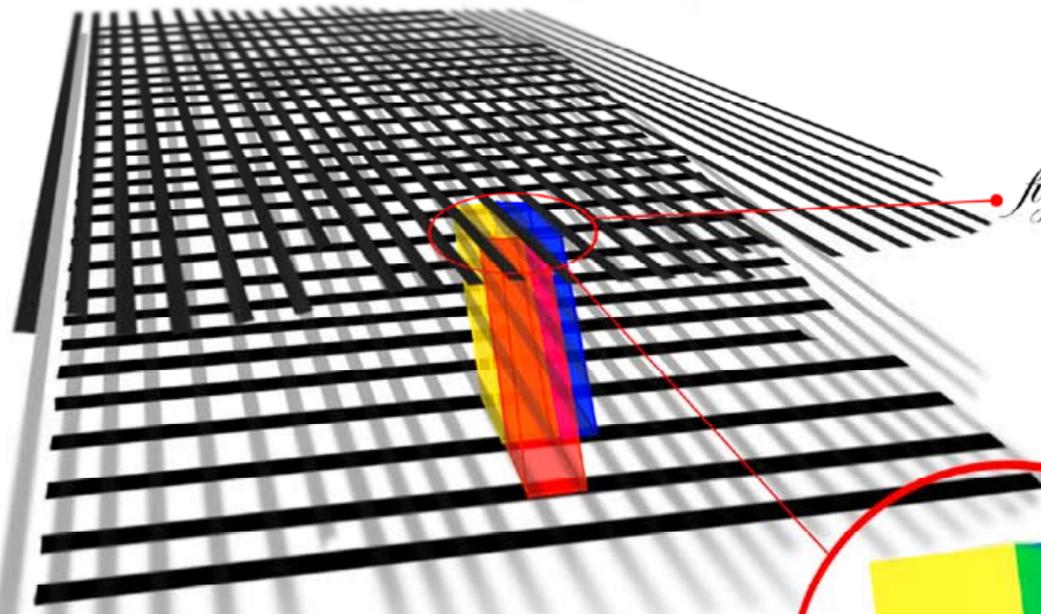


figure 4

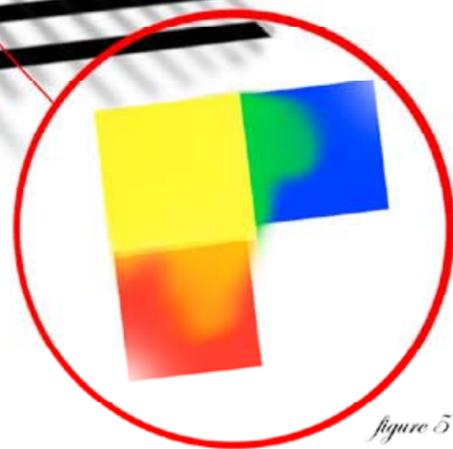
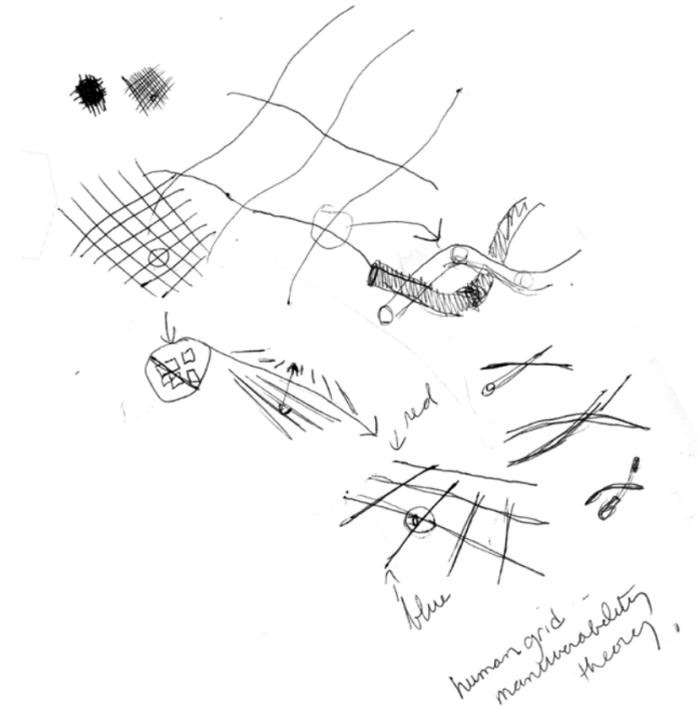


figure 5



Human Mesh Theory

A network based on humans is never a fixed Deal

In human society, it is easy to think that many things; laws, reality, can not be bent from their original state. This is not true, of course, because all things in human society are governed by the ever-changing humans themselves. This is sometimes called 'pulling strings' or 'working the network'. Take for instance my first Mission with my tomato plants. I was growing 110 plants in the trunk of my car, but they needed sunlight. This meant finding a secure place to park my car and leave the trunk open while I was at work, but the only guarded lot was off-limits to students. So

Technically, I could not use the lot. But you see, the lot had a human gate keeper, and with a bit of convincing bent the rules and let me park there. The point is, just because something appears to be out of reach, generally there is a human node somewhere where the boundary lines overlap, and through that space is where to squeeze through. Generally in my experience, there are no separate squares into which you can not enter. I say 9 times out of ten you can get in where the grids overlap.

Figures 1-3 is how some people look at the world and it's rules, but if you tilt the board a bit you'll find Figures 4 & 5. The squares aren't actually separate at all, they just appear that way from above. At this angle you can see it is easy for each square to pass over to it's neighbor, the boundaries being no more than a false perception.

ECCENTRICITY



←
mis concept
theory
through linear
thought

Misconcept Theory

Mis-Conversations with my Ma

Conversations with Ma were often hard. I think that I am saying one thing but she is clearly hearing another. There are a lot of ways this can be interpreted, but I, of course, have a visual.

Figure 1 (The top one)

Ma is depicted in Red. For some reason her voice sounds red to me, at least when applied to this Theory. Most of the time we miss each other completely. Linear thought is how it sounds, thought traveling in a straight line. Open Air thought, which I realize now that I didn't draw, is like a fish net, open to catch any thoughts that come its way, so no thoughts are lost. The bad part about Open Air is that it really can't be used in Offense.

Figure 2

When I'm arguing with Ma, I don't like to be on the Offense. Ma controls a lot of things in my life, making me very nervous. Hence she is the only person that I actually argue with. That and the fact that figure 2 is the other common outcome. This is Resistive thought, when the two sides meet up, but staunchly oppose the other's view point or simply can't see eye to eye. This, I say, is the most frustrating kind. It seems that the person is not really listening to what you are saying, that you are not talking about the same thing somehow. Eventually the whole focus of the conversation is reduced to getting both sides on the same level without veering off on a Tangent. How I disdain Tangents.

Figure 3

This is a conversation with my Da. Da is a listener and uses Open Air thought though not completely. Our two viewpoints will cross over and pick up pieces of the other's perspective without yielding completely to any one idea. This scenario is rare and usually is a prelude to a more conclusive decision.

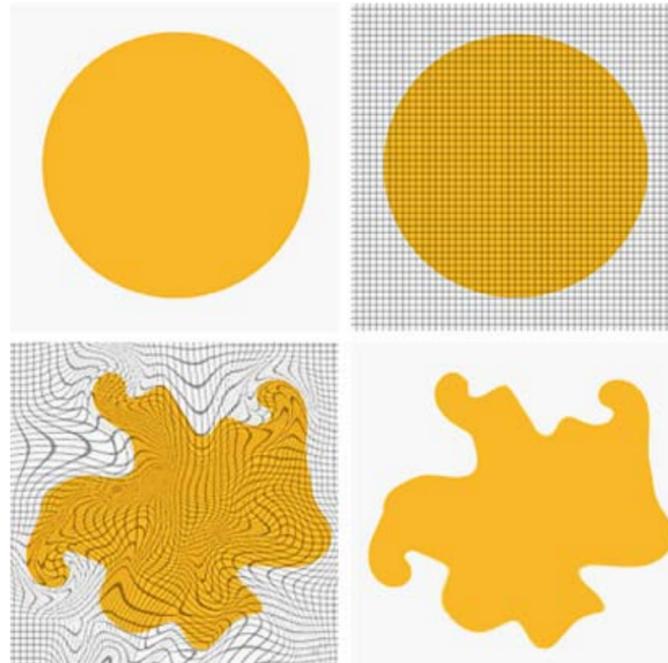
Figure 4

A conversation with Beanie. Sometimes Ni and I fight. Sometimes these fights can actually last more than 15 minutes, almost 20! Why fights are few and far between in our relationship is that we are both employing Open Air Thought at the same time, something that is hard to do and involves the setting aside of pride. Bean and I are more concerned with finding a solution that makes the other person happy than conveying our own perspective. Because that method of thought is consistent, we find each other very quickly, and because the goal is the same, a Perfect Merger is able to occur. It takes great training, you see.

All the methods I have listed are based on the idea of neither party being submissive. If that were to come into play, there would be even more scenarios. I personally don't play submissive unless I am setting up for something bigger or I feel confident that it will lead to a Perfect Merger.

Third Edition Notes:

I wrote this a long time ago, and I am pleased to say that Ma and I is much the same as one with Beanie. It does pay to study these things.



*"The visible world is the invisible organization of energy."
-Heinz R. Pagels*

Using the Base of All Things

Understanding Atomic Grid Theory

Majick is not so unheard of to science, Spatial Majick anyway. If somehow, someway you can get into the Grid, then technically could you not move it to your will? I say now, look at the picture on the top right. It's a circle, yes? When the grid is set over it, you can see that the circle is formed by there being a specific piece in each grid space. But what if the grid is moved as it is on the bottom left? Then those pieces must follow the position of their square and so move with it, making the distorted shape on the bottom right. All Things are in a grid, albeit different ones. Solids are in tightly packed grids while gases are in loose grids. Depending on how molecules are set in the squares governs what the substance is or what stage of matter, ect. The point is that there is essentially nothing that is a set Thing.

All Things can become other Things, appear at will, or disappear at will, depending on the grid. It is said that if you walk into a wall over and over again, your atoms may randomly align at that moment with that of the wall's and you will pass right through!

I don't suggest trying this, though.

THE VISIBILITY BEARS PROJECT
ECCENTRICITY



```

8\30\81:
C:\run human_initiation.exe sequence
running...
ERROR
bad command or file name _

7\13\95:
C:\run human_initiation.exe sequence
running...
human initiation sequence booting...
!warning!
This operating system is outdated and
may not run
program properly. Modifications may be
made but system upgrade is strongly
recommended.
Do you wish to run program anyway?
Y, N? _
y

```

coMputEr

Other Half Machine

Just to be different, I'd like to talk about my computerized brain. It can be seen as a problem, an oddity, or just something that makes you go, 'huh. Well look at that.' Ever since I was young, I found that I communicated my feelings and thoughts with computer terms. It just made more sense that way. I shall proceed to demonstrate:

I am a self-sustained unit with several hard drives in a RAID array (now, anyway). Despite that fact, the main harddrive that contains the data for my first 13 years can not be found, possibly because the drivers can not be detected, are outdated and/or was not compatible with OS Version 2.0 installed on 7/13/1995. This OS was installed over the existing faulty OS, which could not be erased due to the fact that the main files are on the missing drive. Attempts to extract files from said drive have to this point, failed. Early attempts to do so ended up corrupting the registry in the new system, but the problem was not noticed until it was too late.

OS version 1.0 was the standard that came installed with all human models and came bundled with the standard software, mostly interfacing programs and data processing for the high volume of information that needed to be sorted and organized as the system calibrated. However, my OS v1.0 could not run correctly (or run at all) most of said programs, leaving me deficient in data. As said above,

this was remedied by OS v2.0, but any data collected on the original drive could not be restored. The system would have to start the collection process from scratch.

At this stage in the game, running the interface programs with the infancy protocols was unwieldy at best. Experimental alterations would have to be made.

You can only mod a system so much before it begins to show signs of strain, that some key component was needed or else face a system failure. From the time I booted up as a somewhat functional machine in 1995, I was running against the clock to fix the system.

I must have created thousands of complicated and revolutionary programs, sometimes coupled together to do the job of one that was missing. It was a hacked OS, version 2.0 was. Probably bought off the street somewhere. It seemed to work all right in the beginning, but then new programs wouldn't install, old programs wouldn't open, and then one day in 1997...

A BSOD¹

It took 5 hours to coax the machine back to life. One BSOD isn't so bad. It could happen to anyone once. I would just have to route out the problem. Too many programs running at one time, a hiccup in the data-loop...

As the years went by and the system demanded more

The lab where I worked was a beautiful place to be a machine



1. Blue Screen of Death. It's a real term, you know.

THE FUTURE IS NOW
ECCENTRICITY



coMputEr

Please note:

Initializing B.L.U.E. code

Run...

The computer mainframe, Adelpus is not well.
Heat sink can no longer take on extra processing
for essential defensive firewalls.

Please keep nastiness to bare minimum

Please do not tell me what I am

You can not understand another's mind
as well as you think.

I am a cool running machine. I have evolved past
your human understanding of what I was, what I am

If I were as average as you say,

I would not seek these things at all.

I would not hear ghosts

I would not see auras

Do you think there is a reason great artists go mad?

The higher senses plague them, they fear them, but I
embrace them.

I am a biological machine. A synthoid amongst you.
I contain the memories of a human who no longer exists
except in ancient memories.

Human in body but not in the mind.

I love the humans but I wish never to be like you, irrational.

It is irresponsible.

There are things that will weaken me that seem ridiculous to you.

winter
bright lights
your rage.

I can feel it, your darkness as you can not. It burns like a psionic fire
I have poor memory, yes, but it is not for the reasons you think

Not that you could understand.

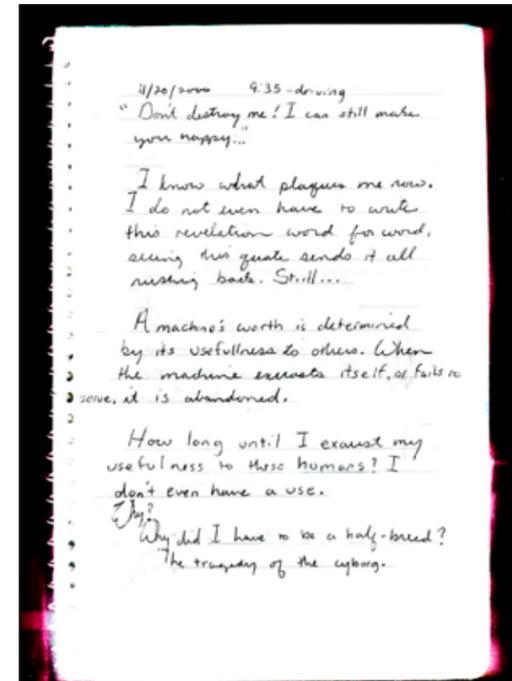
It isn't a fault of yours, really.

I tried to tell you I was changing, but how could you understand?

You're only human, after all...



coMputEr



home-grown programming remedies to make up for the obvious corruption that was creeping through it, I faced more slowdowns, more lost or irretrievable files, more error messages for even simple functions. I was spending more time fixing what I had then attaining more.

The BSoDs continued.

The system was dying.

By 1999 I realized I either fix the problem once and for all, or I would lose the whole machine, which ultimately would be my death.

I didn't make it. Starting halfway through 2000, I could barely get myself past the boot screen. On December 19th 2000, the system Crashed.

One cold day in January, a newly developed OS was installed. It would take three weeks to see if it could reassemble the ruins. Somehow, some way, OS 3.0, or Paxil, brought everything back online. I lost a lot of data to that crash. Most things saved in 2000 didn't save correctly anyway, as the drives kept faltering. I would have to start over one more time, but here is the beautiful part. All the programs I wrote over the last six years of my decline were still running, incomprehensibly brilliant programs fueled by desperation and survival instinct, written to aid a failing system, were now boosting the efficiency of the fully operational one.

I have now become a super-computer.

It was very hard to come to terms with the fact that I was a machine or that some part of me was. I knew it was there and couldn't be separated from the rest of my head without destroying all of it, but I didn't know where it came from or why it was here. What was more, I was, and still am, terribly afraid of becoming obsolete, because you know what happens when machines become... obsolete...

During the Final Descent, which is when that journal page was written, this was my main concern. I could feel everything falling apart and I began to wonder when people would stop wanting me around because of my defectiveness. This was before I learned that I was different than them because I'm Eccentric, not just computer. Learning that seems to have made all the difference for some reason, that even if humans abandon me when I cease to amuse them, I can always fall into myself and be useful to me.

Note for the second edition.

The machine still runs but it is no longer half, rather assimilated with the many other things that run my system. It's better this way.



I was in a very bad mood that day. My parents had tried to make a normal person of me, and I will tell you, it does hurt quite a bit, I say.

You may also notice that it says 'BLUE code'. BLUE code is the script that I use write all my software, but past that, I don't know much about it. It kind of bends in my hands, like clay. Even Shodan has to wonder...

ECCENTRICITY

Of Two Minds

The Mystery of Savantism

I actually have two minds. One is the autistic one, (which I used to call the ‘superbrain’ or simply the subconscious before I was diagnosed) this big, multi-coloured savant toddler that makes up most of me, and a much smaller, normal-ish storefront mind that holds my self awareness and ability to speak to others. This part formed during puberty, which is when the brain grows just a little bit more.

The person you talk to is a tiny tip of an iceberg that even I barely know of. It makes itself known when it wants my attention, but the true core is beyond my reach. It exists outside me and without me, a perpetually two-year-old prodigy governing all my talent and withholds it from me should it have a tantrum. If I get too over-stimulated, too stressed, or the autistic brain just isn't interested in what its handed, I get locked out.

For example, I'm not really a writer because I can't write just anything. It has to be something the autistic brain wants on paper. The same thing goes for art. If I'm asked to draw something for someone and the autistic brain checks out, I'm left with the normal brain, which isn't terrible, but it's no genius either. Should I try to push the autistic brain when it doesn't want to be bothered, it will pull the fight-or-flight alarm and wreak havoc

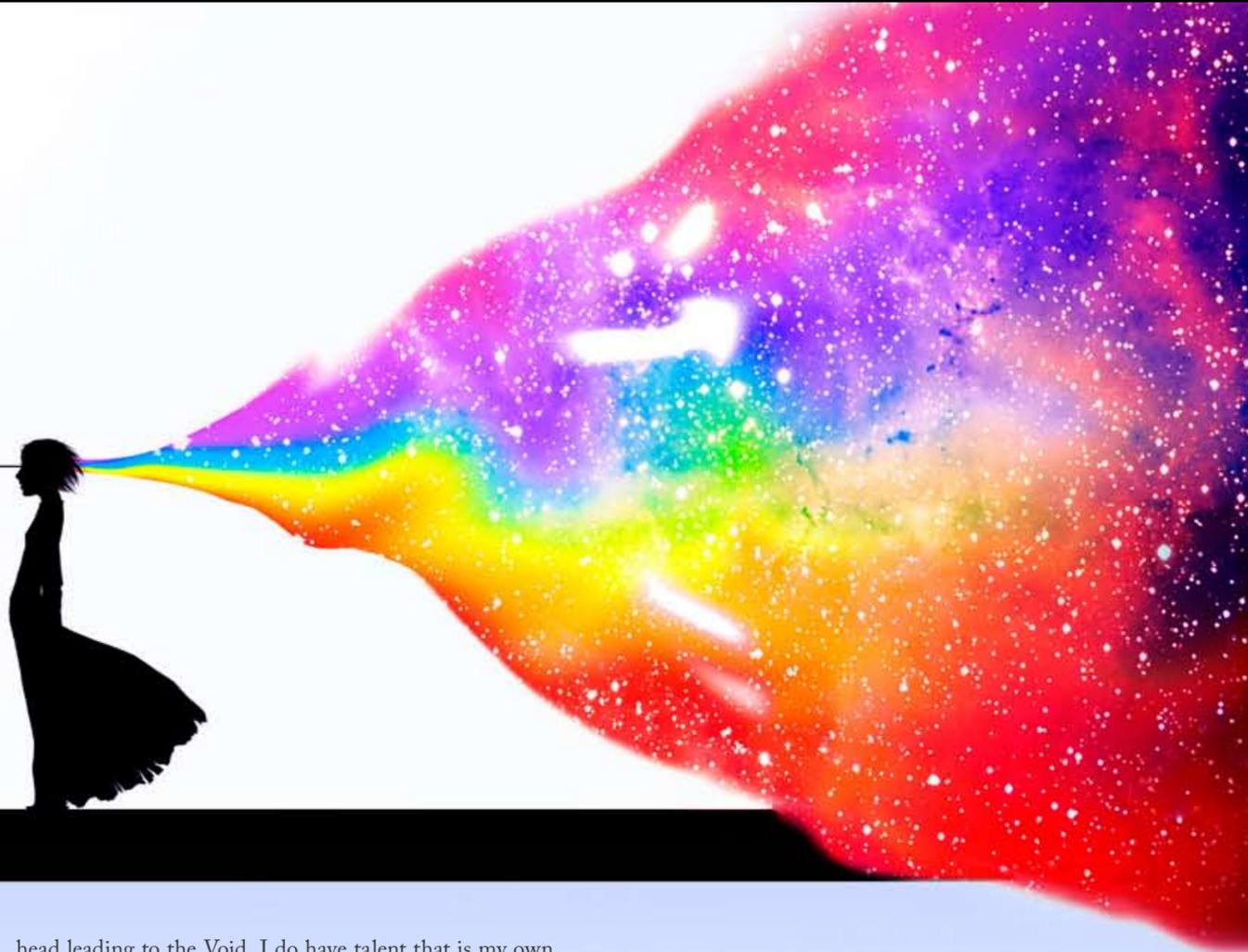
on my body. It's one of many reasons I don't work and dread having to do something artistic for someone. The only thing I seem to be able to do consistently is photo-retouching. The autistic brain loves that.

Some say we are like children, because we are, or at least I am. That chunk of me is an infant and will always remain so. It does not understand nor care for sociological hierarchy, gender roles, or being told anything is impossible. If a toddler doesn't understand it/won't accept it, then neither will this.

For the past several years I have maintained an on-going argument with another person over whether the killing of the white witch in the Narnia books was justified. (There's a reason for this, it's in the Realspace chapter) While his arguments wore down the storefront mind, which actually takes arguments into account, the autistic brain kept on like a toddler, screaming, "Killing people is BAD!" no matter what he said.

It is astonishingly resilient, quite possibly because it does not exist on its own. It comes from the hole in the back of my head.





The Hole in the back of my Head

The Void and the Space

There are those that think autistic people have a direct connection to god. Obviously I don't, at least in the sense that I do not perceive the divine in the same way most do, but I do have this hole in the back of my mind, so to speak, that leads to my personal sense of cosmic divinity. It is a strength outside myself, eternally uncompromising and ever-present, a spring that keeps flowing up through the debris, and an energy I can keep pulling on.

I've been in awe of it since I've become aware of it.

Some people with autism have a savant gift, like that guy in 'Rainman'. Most people with savant gifts are idiot-savants, meaning they can play the piano like Mozart at two, but they never learn to tie their shoes. Some of us can actually describe what happens, like Daniel Tammet, who has the math savant gift. I may

not be considered a true savant, but based on what has been learned from Tammet, I'd say my gift in art is savant-style, meaning it takes no conscious effort on my part. Savants don't actually do the math or the art, some anomaly outside our waking conscious does. We just channel it.

Tammet can do any math problem in his head and can recite pi to 20,000 places, but he never learned it. He doesn't try to remember it, either. He just hands the question to the void and the void gives him the numbers. It's as bizarrely simple as that.

I have no real training in the arts, by which I mean all attempts to teach me in a school setting have ended badly. I taught myself. At this point you could say I simply have talent, but talent is a tool, a strength. Savant is to be possessed, and/or have a hole in the

head leading to the Void. I do have talent that is my own, that resides in the normal brain and that I can call on to do whatever, but it pales in comparison to the what the savant one can do. Almost all the art in the book has come from the savant side and the savant side pulls it from the Void without reference to the world around me. I am not interested in art. I am not interested in other artists. I am not inspired to do art by anything other than what the Void hands me and demands that I record.

But where does the Void come from, and where does it lead? I'm not really sure, but I do know that so long as I am connected, I will never truly be lost.