

ONTOS, EROS, NOOS, LOGOS

By Mark Pesce

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Mircea Eliade, in *The Sacred and the Profane*, states that the sacred is that which ontologically founds the world. The sacred is the place for being, in its primary sense; all else is measured against it. This sacred space can be local and entirely personal, or global and hierarchical, but the essence remains.

Space has vanished; we find ourselves, through instruments of mediation, together in the same room, looking at each other, occasionally revolted by what we see, occasionally aroused, and sometimes interested - the Circus Planet Earth, a tent with a T-1, and a hundred million rings. All our sacred space is suddenly the same.

The ego erodes; that figment of the Greek imagination, born when man as individual asserted the I of self over the I of species - and warred with himself ever since - will be gone inside a generation, lost to a growing hum of collective being.

This collection is both rape and consummation; if we ignore the death of human ego, we will find our selves pierced by a thousand constructions that combine biomechanics and propaganda into forms of mediation which will leave us wholly as receptacles for the being of others - Eros enslaved, ending as cyborg.

There is another way; connection need not presuppose domination, or mediation, control. The ecology of souls, together behaving as one organism, has in its form the embedded understanding that each part is important, and none dominant. The center is everywhere, the circumference nowhere. Pierre Teilhard de Chardin called this nexus of connection noosphere; studies of connective mediation are equally studies in noospherics.

The space of our connection is the ground of our being, the collective beyond we, the singular before I. The original Ontos can not be named, Tao before division, Nothing before Fool. Our final unity, in either form - or perhaps in a middle which avoids the hegemony of either and creates a new assemblage of heavens and hells - is unspeakable now, for the Logos of our new aeon has yet to be uttered.

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Ritual

Assemblage is seldom a conscious process. The confluence of elemental entities and their arrangement into plateaus of meaning occur naturally within the realm of psyche. This dark night, that bright moon, those shining stars. In this, ritual is a constant process; the perception of life is performance of memory, the consistent re-doing of that done once in order to reinforce its sacred nature.

Plateau has pattern, and is simultaneously realized at multiple levels of scale, boundaries fringed to infinitesimality with subcategory, form hyperinflated to universality in an echo greater than itself. Hermetic thought takes assemblage as the natural state of the universe - internal and external - and assigns to each instance of occurrence a location in the dynamic range of the cosmos.

Witchcraft is assemblage with sublime intent. Craft
It is said that the essence of Witchcraft is timing.

Time has qualities of circle and cycle. Earth orbits Sun, and tips itself, solstice to solstice, each of these the crest of a wave. The node points, the intervals between - identified as equinoxes - are the gates and transitions; between light and dark, dark and light.

In this form, to move in the interval is to move within time. The Equinox as balance point between crests is the gateway in a fundamental sense; the door opens, and the task appears. It becomes possible to harmonize with the cycle, apply creative energies to it, and change the world.

Casting

All magical actions have interior and exterior effects; as within, so without. The first delineation is the creation of the circle which marks this space as sacred, the rest, profane. Every line divides; that left outside, the profane, exists in opposition to the sacred.

Casting is the gathering in, the ultimate definition of what elements will be present in the assemblage, a conscious creation of the plateaus of meaning, the regime of signs is clearly delineated and invested with power. The circle serves as reminder that all things return; the selection of sacred sign is a function of the sacred self.

This action is also a casting away, a banishment of the oppressive regime which constructs mundane reality; the tension between the gathering in and casting off symbolizes the fundamental boundary between will and universe, yet represents the essence of their relation.

Ontos

There is another world - you can see it in the distance. Turn your sturdy craft around, and begin to tack toward it. As

you move closer, you can see more of this world; its features become familiar to you. From far above weather systems are white pinwheels, but you move in. Diving closer. Closer. Closer. Finally you ride the rows in a forest of corn, swooping in like an eagle. Seeing everything.

As we translate the physical into the astral, and move from the concrete feel of the Mother beneath our feet into an electric evocation of her totality and possibilities, we create ajna chakra, participating in the movement from the singular to the unified. Foucault might be horrified (or perhaps delighted) at this global Panopticon, which promises to place us all under the rule of an all-seeing eye.

For the eye to grasp more than photons, it must express itself within the mind which conceives and understands. Observation engenders mutation, the lesson of Heisenberg. Knowing is doing, and the conception of Earth-as-one will quickly lead to the intuitive understanding that humanity is one, as life is one.

Ajna chakra sees through the false boundaries of maya to the undifferentiated state of being.

Eros

Then a plaza where all roads cross and the highways have their end. This place is crowded and bubbling and alive with speech and human presence. People are selling, "Things to-buy to-day!" and people are saying, "I'll buy that thing to-day." The space where all meet, display their wares, nourish friendship, transmit secrets, and listen to the noise of five billionarity.

The ecstasy of communication is the joy of uniting the divided self. Another implies the unexpected, something both interesting and divine. Connection is consummation; the closed circuit feeds back and governs a whole.

Wires which carry signal transmit the connective spark. Beholding a face is a meditation upon the heart. Mediated communication as refiner's fire transforms the self to include the other.

To cross again is to uncross; even as multiplicities dissolve into unity, it intuits itself as before a greater multiplicity. Union is instantaneous and fleeting, division eternal and permanent. These two create hope.

Noos

And a room - improbably long and impossibly high - dense with shelves and books. In this room all human things are kept, every memory or fragment of knowledge or wisdom or truth or scientific fact or creation or prayer or great word spoke. You glide through the room, and as you do, it changes - listening to what you say, conforming to your need.

Continuous mutation becomes synonymous with the conception of mind; each event which perception contains becomes contained by it. Each understands the universe from a locus articulated as self, yet this mind now contains the full volume of all experience. The center is everywhere; being of one mind has another meaning.

Virilio has said, "Speed Equals Light". At the limit, surrendering speed in favor of energy, self translates into a new form, a tongue whose only word is change. This flow - infinite, indivisible, inescapable - becomes the carrier wave for a different way of being.

Logos

Last, a place which is no space, but a feeling and a sound of a voice opened up and shared; every voice within - there and next door and the world around, being in here, in song, as one.

The harmony of the spheres is expressed as a single voice. Human music. The essence of the self in celebration transmitted globally singly representing something new.

Joseph Goebbels would be proud.

These two are the final cross; where they cancel AL is union. Nothing known.

In the Mirror (Goddess & God)

The evocation of Pan panics us; we have no space for the sacred insane, the holy prophet, the blessed fool. Thus, his appearance is marked with thunder instead of laughter.

In her descent to hell, Inanna loses the seven sacred items which crown her royal majesty. So in cyberspace are we stripped of the material. We enter with ourselves - nothing else will fit through that gate.

Look into this universe and see demons; we already know who put them there. And if we worship gods, we are divinity.

Cyberspace is the mirror held to the third eye.

May you never hunger * May you never thirst

The rhizome is equally the hybrid - neither this nor that, but something in between, encompassing all possibilities, releasing white light. McLuhan called this the "dangerous liaison"; at the ultimate intersection, all mediation is drawn into a single form, which, like some great, black star, consumes the universe of perception, radiating gamma rays.

Against this gathering in: concretized imagination, net cast forth, shared across the body of this planet - a new sea of stars, each shining brilliant in the body of the night.

The Circle Open yet Unbroken

The work is done.

Farewell to goddess and god, I and thou; then departing the Air, Water, Fire and Earth. An end as was begun; full circle, back to the gate at Equinox.

All is as it was before crossing.

The plateau is overrun by the regime of the mundane. Only memory remains.

Back then, into the darkness.

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