

Mindgame: The Metapsychograph and how it may be akin to the pareidolia of sculpts in images.

Like all of us who are embodied ghosts abstracted from God's soul ether, if you will (or won't), Monotheist or Materialist, I was born at a given time, despite Zeno's paradoxa, and from that birthday/night/twilight, my days were numbered to an unknown deathday/night/twilight. The meaning of this writ is not Third wall biographia but is philosophoid, not mere fictional entertainment. This paragraphos concerns mind-games the Self plays, the Self, wholly transcendent and actually insubstantially personal and existential, unlike the warm body or its cold ghost.

I was in the playground of a certain school at a certain age I imagine was 12 years old, when I deliberately became self-aware and played a mind-game, maybe an autistoid thing to do, since awareness is selfish and synonymoid with aliveness, experience. I chose to forecast a memory as if inner instead chrononaut instead of an outer psychonaut I later became.

The substance of this past spell was to forsee a recurrent memoria of the event as a kind of hypergraph or chronokinesis, time travel to you, where hypergraph is my Hellenist equivalent of the modern computer word, Hypertext, the tautologoid self-referential computer term. Call it a pop cult Groundhog Day kind of memoria, but we're all familiar with the repeat dream or even familiar with synchronia which is a different thing.

Memoria is, of course, existential or conscious psychohypergraphia - I evoke Semon's The Mneme, or Scientology's adoptive engram from same and evoke its founder's theory of random but subterranean mental links and knots, curable by holistic query.

I chose at that moment to forsee a time in the futura when I would remember making the decision to remember that moment in the futura and though I forgot the day chosen, I never forgot the *fact* of doing it, which is why I write this now.

Yet this self-spell became a recurrent memoria of the event, if not of that mooted date - and so it would seem to have failed as a mind-game in detail, yet not in fact. Dates are mere details, then - whatever day you were born, you were born.

Let us say a person was born in 1936 and at the age of 12 chose to play the same game and forgot the future date until he was 36 years old in 1972 and recalled it, so had played his game in 1948 and had only remembered the date of the game when its age matched its birthdate.

Yet without a real time memoria to corroborate its conclusion, it might only be that that was a classically neat explanation for an indulgent myskesteria played in youth, or that it was an alien false memo plant, planted by a forgotten hypnotist. Amnesia could also be a hex.

It may also be that such a game meant a time of ripeness in the mindgamer's life, as if a switch had been switched in the greyness of destiny stuck in some rut, a time in which rusty overripeness betokened waste through a motor long underrun in its dusty garage when the self idled, alone.

The psychohypergraph is my coinage in our magpie tongue in a poetoid spirit for such a tidegame, played in the brainy head where thoughts are spun into mouthy speech past pearly teeth and winter-

chappy lips, and into graphoid mute literature that inscribes white squares of paper or dots electroid monitors, the latter much like a projectors screen where each awareness projects itself like an inverse shadow, while it is the Self which is God's fractal shadow, if understood as the whole kosmos of space-time around us.

Thus, my own spells have haunted me like an array of memories that bracket the persona like a mould around an otherwise shapeless soul, a mould of experience and inexperience. Such mindgames are inexperience, and purely subjective and subject to no more proof than the belief of readers of sane goodwill, given the innocuous content of the subject matter.

Such games are experience of oneself, self-aware, something which coincidentally, both TE Lawrence and D.H. Lawrence sought to overcome in action and in fiction respectively.

I call inner experience, *Inexperience*, and is not something privately inferior to the demokratoid objectivitas of the public arenas; others call it an inner life or introspective introversion.

Not only did I not forget this inexperience which never forgot me to the extent that I have remembered it at what I think the right age, (58). It would be a hypergraph of my age, or better yet, a hyperpsychotrope, since hypertext is a relatively material thing of electro-techne machinaria, as well as its being a bastard coinage of Classical Latin and Greek.

It may be thought, did I put this chronograph idea in my own head? I do not mean was the idea subconscious from the belly-brain or from a deep dream, but that it came instead from the divine supernatural, rather than from the collective sub-natural. I don't know. The Dead can obsess.

I can only say that I recently believed the year of my birth (58) was the logoid year for me to start public work, thus the hyperpsychotrope may awaken me from a long sleepy struggle outside and underground, under which wilderness I burrowed, a curious young thinker and in which wasteland I had been buried alive ever since, wielding those thoughts like a toothy and clawy burrower to unearth myself from the overcast weight of sleep into the grey light of publication for my own eyes.

This is thus the hypergraph of a hyperpsychotrope written in the right time, the futura now present and incidentally shows the psychoid nature of literature that is read unheard and unseen by the mind in persona absentia, for it is the mind that thinks, not the brain, just as the finger triggers the shot, and it is not the manmade gun that feels a need to fire.

Oddly enough, another theme arises, that of anthropomorphismos, which is what makes men name machines as a sign of both their civilizational sterilitas and perfectionist idealismus. We name things because we do not think folk real, because they are only souls, and the soul is nothing to a hunter or slavemaster of workers or hirelings

I have needfully begun with a concept which is autobiographoid and begun one which concerns another kind of artifice which is not mental but mechanoid. The hyperpsychotrope is an image of Time as the boy's picture betokens, just as the hypergraphoi of the two pareidolia are images of space, as the archaeologist's skull shows, and as the muddy head shows in the pictorial excerpt.

We could say, incidentally, that ideas are psychotechnia, much like any wizards spells on themselves and thus upon others, by which we mean that hysterias greatest names were all mind-gamers who cast spells of the followers of their works, whether those be beliefs that begin behaviour or the fictions that demand attention and thus the mindgame of either idea or technologia, begins immaterially. I think the former idea is kindred to the theme of the hyperpsychotrope.



