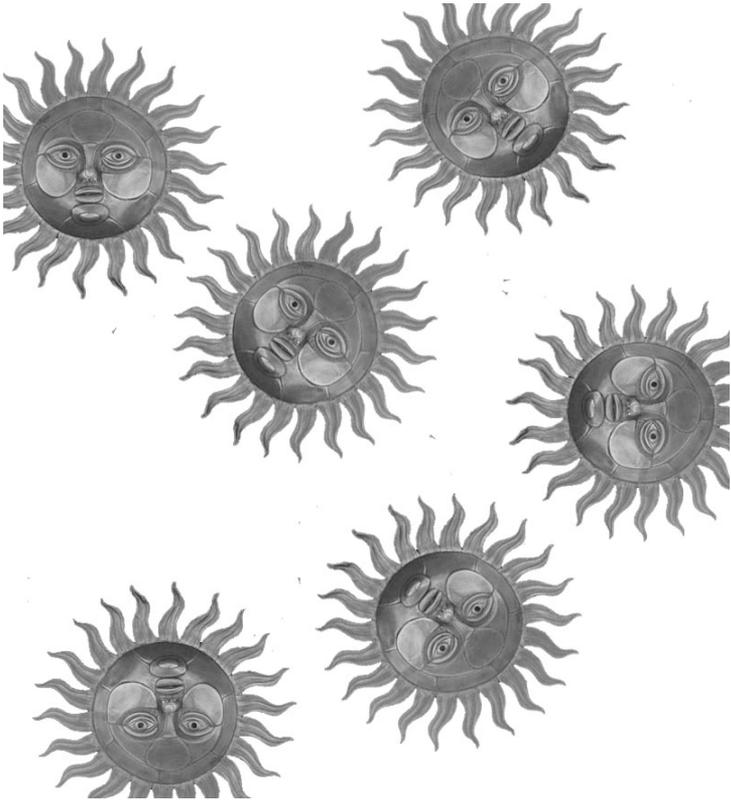


The Blood of the Sun



*a critical appraisal of
Do Not Seek the Light
one year after its inception*

THE BLOOD OF THE SUN

august 9, 2009

This text refers to a series of leaflets/stickers that were initiated in the summer of 2008 in Portland, OR and Oakland, CA, and a zine that was published in the Winter of 2008/09. All of this material can be found at donotseekthelight.org/DNSTL_zine_winter08.pdf Copies of said zine can also be purchased in print by sending \$4.00 to 1262 SE 49th Ave. Portland OR 97215 Copies of the present publication may be purchased in the same manner, and electronic copies obtained by writing to terra.enigmae@gmail.com See also generally myspace.com/terra_enigmae Copies of the two together are \$6.00. Money orders can be made out to Arnold Schroder. Other Do Not Seek the Light materials of which I am aware are largely a collection of ritual performances undertaken in Oakland and Portland of which I believe no record exists save a single photo presented herein. A number of other performances and texts by a number of parties also incorporate DNSTL's symbology to some degree, some more overtly than others. As is necessary of such things, most of this has been ephemeral, manifest only at the moment of its occurrence and leaving no artifact. One may find, for better or for worse, a few artifacts online simply by searching for Do Not Seek the Light.

The contents of the original Do Not Seek the Light zine are hereby briefly described.

Do Not Seek the Light featured four pieces of what could perhaps be described as agitprop expressing deep animosity towards industrial civilization. They promised a sort of spiritual, perhaps even magical, war with modernity. There was a series of four meditation images which were described as the basis for initiation into this cohort. There was a piece that described collective endeavor to connect with the ancestral strength (human or otherwise) that has carried life to the present day. And there was a piece that described various scenarios of death curse from various cultures, and suggested that a radical sort of collective paradigm shift would occur if such primordial modes of action were revitalized.

THE WOUNDED SUN TO MEND WHOLE AGAIN, THE SHED
BLOOD TO FLOW AGAIN, THE SEVERED TREE TO RISE
AGAIN. **SUN TO SUN, BLOOD TO BLOOD, TREE TO
TREE, LET THEM BE ONE.**

I own a biology textbook that makes two highly fundamental statements in its first pages. The first is that the distinction between what is alive and what is not can not be readily made, or reduced to a single criterion. We intuitively regard a spider or a tree as possessing some direct kinship with us, the living, that we do not necessarily attribute to a rock. But what is the physical attribute that separates these things? A virus is supposed to fall somewhere in between 'inanimate matter' and animate life, not having all the attributes of an organism but possessing RNA and the tendencies towards adaptation and self replication of the living. The point could perhaps be made here, though, that we are speaking of a continuum of states when we speak of 'living' rather than a single one, sharply distinct from 'not living'. At some point, we have to imagine 'inanimate' matter organizing itself into life, and perhaps question whether all matter, everything, does not in fact live and feel and grieve.

The second is somewhat more difficult to reduce to a few sentences or paragraphs. If we provisionally accept a spider to live and a rock to not, what actually is happening when the spider is alive that is not when it is dead is also somewhat difficult to discern. Researchers have in fact synthesized all of the molecules of an organism, but again as even a child would perhaps intuitively suspect, these molecules did not rear themselves up to live.

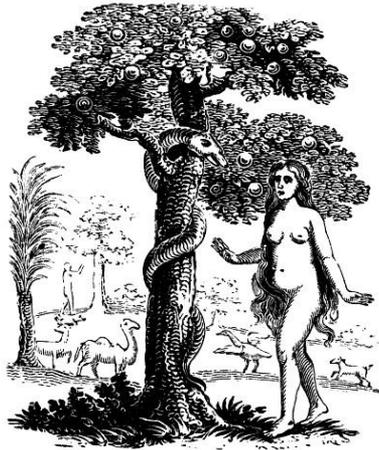


Figure 1.
Life.

Much as in Frankenstein, they have attempted to animate these aggregations of unliving biological molecules with electrical impulses and things of this sort. The last time I read about this sort of thing, which was about ten years ago, this was appearing to be the most promising approach to making life outright.

Creatures die, and yet there are there bodies. The covalent bonds of their molecules, the semi-permeable state of their cell membranes, are still there. No particular substance is gone. No application of electricity that is no longer coursing through their cells makes them live again, with their particular thoughts and feelings and selves. One could perhaps say that the spirit is gone. If science does indeed succeed in isolating, intangible sort of seeks, it will again traditional ever acknowledging biology realized we other living things evolution, as have always iterated and appealing terms.

If biology succeeds in isolating or accessing the spirit, perhaps it will indeed be examined under a microscope. Perhaps it will be dissected in the laboratory.

or accessing, this essence of life that it have rediscovered knowledge without it. Much as when are the kin of all with its theory of traditional societies in far more eloquent

For this will be the distinction. the spirit that older acknowledged the will not do it with a sense of wonder. If biology succeeds in isolating or accessing the spirit, perhaps it will indeed be examined under a microscope. Perhaps it will be dissected in the laboratory. Perhaps, as has been the subject of supposedly serious discourse with laboratory animals, there will be discussion of whether the anguished shrieking of the spirit is because it can really feel or whether it is a purely mechanical reaction.

problem, or the Researchers will find cultures have always existence of. But it

The point is, at some point in the course of approaching the same subject, the human obsession with detail, with reduction to isolated definitions rather than an embrace of the overall and largely intangible sense of life, has changed how we relate to it. We have killed some part of how we are able to perceive it by trying to define it too specifically.

I seek to peer behind all veils and to venture beyond all horizons. I

wish to wend my tongue into all the Earth's depths and to kiss all serpents. I absolutely wish that these statements not be taken as an abhorrence of inquiry or knowledge. But the point is that to some extent, the most essential things of existence do not subject themselves to our definitions, before we lose what they are in the process. What rather seems to be the case is that in seeking to know something we can come to establish many things that are true about it. They may be highly varied, even contradictory. This, rather than ever establishing an absolute definition, encompassing all that it *is* and therefore limiting it by what it is *not*. I could make many true statements about ritual, or dancing, or love, but never truly reduce it to a definition.

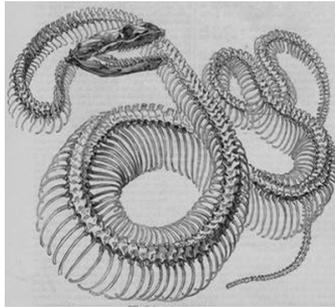


Figure 2.
Death.

Such should be understood to be the case with Do Not Seek the Light. The entire process - its language, its imagery, its ritual - were all intentionally without too rigid a defining premise. DNSTL was always intended to be a device that could be deployed to connect people to certain energies, to mobilize certain tendencies *not* by a literal reference to them. But rather by an open process that allowed people to individually make a journey. I think this was readily apparent with the meditation imagery in the zine we published in the Winter of 2008/9. But it was also true of the rest of the material, however forceful it seemed.

It had about the same level of specificity as the propaganda of, say, a fascist political movement, or punk rock taken as a whole. It was intended to refer to certain tendencies, to certain modes of interacting with and responding to the world, allowing for individual and specific

responses to occur within the context of this sort.

People who have done much performance art of certain types would be familiar with this approach. From butoh embodiment of the forces of nature to broken doll dances, what one finds is that with a sort of initial aesthetic established, people have a remarkable capacity to elaborate it within the channels of their own experience and interpretation. When people do this in groups, the result is uncanny, with everyone often knowing precisely what to do and how to interact with each other without it ever having been discussed. This was the intention of DNSTL, to be the initiation of a creative process rather than a sort of self contained and static entity with a rigid doctrine. The human spirit's strongest capabilities do not lie within the confines of any consciously articulated ideology, as the self is ultimately vaster and more dynamic than the conscious personality.

The human spirit's strongest capabilities do not lie within the confines of any consciously articulated ideology, as the self is ultimately vaster and more dynamic than the conscious personality.

So, this is all to writing what DNSTL is, it works, or probably also somewhat. I am whatever free have had to someone's their own terms, symbols releasing one encounters in response to them. That is fine with me.

say that in specifically about or was, and how worked, I am killing it taking away potential it may operate within spirit/psyche on purely as whatever energy

Do Not Seek the Light certainly was never a joke, but it was also never literal. For instance, its paradigm was dualistic in the extreme, however it may be the case that it was also somewhat ambiguous. I think it is safe to say that absolutely no one who ever directly involved them self in creating/disseminating it really is such a dualist. I certainly am not. Or rather, no *more* so do I have these beliefs than many others, I do not maintain these beliefs to the exclusion of others.

I may believe that the gods of the sky, of order, of the shedding of light, have been energies harnessed by humanity in its war against the Earth. I may be a fierce partisan of the forces of the Earth, of the

depth, of sex, of the seething chaos of life, of corn fields and blood offered to them. But I also worship the sun. I revere all of nature. I worship the Earth by embodying the sun as a lover. I believe he weeps for the wounds we are inflicting on the Earth. I believe he is my father. I grieve for his death in Winter, I bleed with him as he descends.

Some may find fault with these somewhat contradictory beliefs. But many things, apparently contradictory to our limited consciousness, are true on many different levels. However much I lack consistency, I think I am sincere. I think often people are disinclined to acknowledge their uncertainty. Even if I can't say I have some truly coherent and fundamental insight, I can at least be honest about my limitations, my attempts to find a valid way to be.



Figure 3.
Detail from the first piece of agitprop.

While I may maintain some dualistic beliefs, I ultimately maintain them within the context of knowing many other things to be true. Of seeking integration with all things. And believing an absolute or final paradigm to be unattainable and perhaps even undesirable. Or at least equivalent to godhood, which is arguably not a bad thing to aspire to.

Contrarily, DNSTL apparently unequivocally embraced a radical duality and was motivated by it to a war against celestial/solar forces. This is because we never existed literally, as an overt representation of our own beliefs. I believed that a highly polarized, radically partisan

existence would be more effective *within people's consciousness*, at initiating a certain sort of journey. I feel now I may have also been somewhat inept in my calculations. We were never really a cult with initiations that intended to kill people with magic and thereby destroy civilization by reawakening the primordial awareness associated with such phenomena. The ritual was mostly in the perception of this reality. We sought to end this ridiculous age by *making people believe we existed as such*.

It was meditations on scenarios such as the Knights Templar or the Rosicrucians that compelled much of our initial premise. The belief that if people

fundamental power and were fascinated make it be so by That in seeking it become it. I was inspired by the poem about the great council of 36 on a mountain on and govern the other birds. 100 lawless region, I China, go in search

We were never really a cult with initiations that intended to kill people with magic and thereby destroy civilization by reawakening the primordial awareness associated with such phenomena.

believed a vast, to be out there, by it, they would believing it. out, they would particularly Persian mystic Simurgh, the birds who live top of the world affairs of the birds from a think maybe of them, to

appeal to them to rule over their home. After many trials, 36 reach the top of the world, realizing themselves to be the Simurgh.

Rather than trying to get people involved in a functional group, I was trying to get people to become aware of their capacity to connect to certain powers by believing that such a group existed. The initial plans, for instance, involved a number of media hoaxes. Specifically, they involved a terrified defector warning the world about the dangers of our group. It all would have been great fun I suppose. Fake factionalizations and renunciations - admittedly things not unlike what I am writing now - were conceptualized. It was generally thought that after establishing a certain intriguing identity, confusing and conflicting materials would be released, enhancing the mystery. We hoped other people would begin to denounce our versions of events and claim to be the "real" Do Not Seek the Light.

It was assumed that at a certain point, virtually anything could be said about us and it would only amplify our significance, making people

wonder what the *real* story was. Again admitting that this is much like what I'm doing in writing this, I always thought I'd at some point write a sort of deconstruction stating we basically weren't "real" as we presented ourselves. But people would only assume there was more to it than that, having gained a certain mysterious momentum. I don't think we quite established the mystique necessary for that to be the case, and I'm assuming people will know what I'm writing now is literally true, at least for me. The other thing to certainly acknowledge is that, as in all collective endeavors without some sort of decisive formula to adhere to, different people have undoubtedly felt differently about what we are and why they were involved.

While a great many people identified with DNSTL in some capacity, only a few were ever directly involved in the creation and dissemination of the core materials. It is not my place to identify any of the others, but I do wish to identify myself as Scott Schroder. Doing so would, I think, tend to dispense with any sense of a great and mysterious power. I wrote the first four initial communications while I was living on someone's couch. Two of them were a collaboration with one other person. I was also spending my time dropping off resumes for menial food service jobs which I never managed to acquire.

I wrote the rest of the zine on my father's kitchen table, then taking shelter in a laundromat, then in a ditch by the side of the highway where I was sleeping. The zine was almost all written in California where I was working last Fall. The meditations graphic design and the layouts were completed last Winter by my friend. I wrote most of what you have read so far of this document in two coffee shops. Not because I particularly like the environments, but because I do not have a home and want a comfortable place to write.

This is all to say that I am about as far from having some sort of power, in an organizational sense, as a coherent and able-bodied man could possibly get living in this country. Other folks who have been/are involved may certainly be less ridiculous than me, but none of us really have the resources of a vast conspiracy at our disposal. I want to make the distinction again that I do not mean to say that because I am penniless and constantly in scenarios of absurd upheaval that I do not have any power or effective potential. I wrote the first piece of the zine shortly after an experience where I went out in search of a mountain lion whose presence I could feel on the land for

a few successive nights. I encountered it on the third night. I think it would be safe to describe our interaction as me attempting to butoh dance with it, or dance through my own fear of confronting it. When I wrote *Winter is Coming*, I was inspired by the reality that I could reconnect with this intuitive awareness of the animal's presence fairly quickly after coming from the city. I meant that particular piece pretty literally. But I did not mean literally the material where we gave the sense of having some sort of *organizational* power.

I also feel like this is precisely how most people who felt an affinity with our work responded to it. Not by wanting to become

incorporated
assimilating the
themselves in
ways. Rarely
had strong
write to us.
tended to write
beautiful prose
our work as the
sort of journey.
wanted. It
dishonest to say
an earnest email

The death of the sun is
certainly a beautiful
thing. But I think
beautiful in the same
way the death of the
salmon is. It is a death I
revere, a death nobly
given in the course of
birth.

into us, but in
work into
highly individual
did people who
reactions to us
Those who did
often very
or verse that used
basis for their own
This is what we
would be
we *never* received
from someone

wanting to be formally initiated or whatever, but it was a rarity. And we could never figure out what to do with them.

I am writing this because I have come to feel a great deal of misgiving about Do Not Seek the Light. I assimilated the original imagery up until late Winter/early Spring of this year. I feel like to have gone any farther would have been ill-considered. I should also mention that I do *not* feel this way about the meditation series, which I continue to feel connected with, which is more overtly oriented toward the individual and basically lacks any aesthetics of conflict.

Of course, to paraphrase the Bible, I am me. And I am affected in my own individual manner. I am certainly not *renouncing* DNSTL or some such thing. I am only saying that DNSTL was deliberately not integrated into the dynamic and varied nature of existence as I see it. And therefore, perhaps not surprisingly, at a certain point I have come to find it be something of a perilous thing to give energy to/take energy from. The death of the sun is certainly a beautiful thing. But I

think beautiful in the same way the death of the salmon is. It is a death I revere, a death nobly given in the course of birth.

We should ask questions fundamental to how DNSTL was conceived, even if they were always deliberately articulated implicitly rather than explicitly. Are there really gods, or disembodied elemental forces, or whatever, associated with humanity's loathsome behavior in this most unfortunate of ages? I can only really say, speaking as my limited self, rather than in the context of a fanatical cult that believes things with absolute fervor and certainty. I think there may very well be, but I could not possibly claim to really understand how it all works, or how to organize the sort of assault on them DNSTL presumes to undertake.



Figure 4.
Yahweh battling Leviathan. 19th century Bible illustration by Gustav Dore.

I certainly believe there to be disembodied forces out there from my own direct experience. And I certainly believe some of them to be not just hostile to me in a personal sense but truly malevolent towards everything I hold dear and find to be beautiful. What they really want or who they are I can not say. They certainly *do* seem to want some interaction with humanity, to want something from us. Many of them

feel like they could conceivably be ghosts in the classic sense, however, of departed human spirits, rather than really gods *per se*.

My experience with these sort of vaster energies is far more limited, but has occurred. I have had one experience with a hostile energy of this scale, which I wrote briefly of in my most recent publication *The Shape of the Word*. Also, one entity speaks to me somewhat regularly who I am certain is not just a dead person, and that is the Earth itself. In my experience she is full of everything, awake and perceptive of our feet upon her, composed of all the perceptions of her that have ever existed, reflecting my own psyche, full of roots and the wounds we have inflicted and time and depth and pain. She is certainly affected by humanity's accelerating frenzy of activity upon her, and to sense the Earth's presence in the 21st century is very different than I suppose it was a few hundred years ago. She is empathetic. I'd also mention I use "she" somewhat loosely.

But what of these these gods of the forces, ostensibly the idiotic industrial perhaps like subtler and less apparent aspects numerous forces populate different the molecule

But what of these other entities, these gods of the sky, or other forces, ostensibly associated with the idiotic depravity of industrial civilization?

other entities, sky, or other associated with depravity of civilization? It is looking into the immediately of physics, where and entities levels of reality, composed of the

atoms composed of the particles. Where different types of interactions occur according to different dynamics between different entities.

In his *Parasites and the Blind Idiot God* issue of *Out of Control*, Dave Drexler articulates a scenario of this nature. He argues that aphysical entities are not necessarily more "advanced" in any sense, but actually far more stupid in many cases, and subject to baser motivations, than we are. As a primary example he cites the phenomena most commonly associated with poltergeists, which seem to be fairly malicious but also very often pointless, redundant and simply stupid. These are the familiar and well documented phenomena of sudden loud noises, random changes in temperature, the repetitive opening and closing of doors, etc.

His contention is that such entities clearly want some energy from us.

Accordingly, he sees industrial civilization as a sort of domestication, where our vast potentials for self-reliance, insight and the experience of beauty are fed on by these abiotic parasites, leaving us the listless and maladapt consumers we are today. The mechanics of this scenario are really fairly well articulated, relying on the biology of parasites that actually change the behavior of the host organism, creating an imperative suicidal to the host and advantageous to the parasite, as well as numerous accounts of the creatures of the "dark astral" and other scenarios of nonmaterial entities.

This scenario does indeed correspond well to my own somewhat vague views, especially as it compares the host of spirits to the populous, dynamic reality of a biological community. It could also be noted that it basically corresponds to most traditional views of other worlds, in being as complex and diversely populated as any ecosystem.

So what of traditional knowledge? My tendencies inevitably being towards the archaic and the atavistic in the extreme, my perception of the relationship between certain elemental forces and human endeavor was based somewhat on traditional lore. Any sort of mythographic analysis can tend to become oversimplified, as it attempts to cram more and more mythology from more and more cultures into its scheme. However, assessing the cosmologies of many cultures from the perspective of deities associated with order, the sky, renunciation of experience and the law with deities associated with more visceral, chaotic, transgressive, sexual nature is certainly rewarding.

An example would be the Norse Tyr in relation to Odin. We can note some of their characteristics and then somewhat readily apply them to many other mythologies. Tyr is celestial, a bright god, who upholds order to the extent that he is really very static and does not actually do very much, occurring in very little Norse mythological narrative as it is found in *The Eddas*. Odin is a dark god, a transgressor not only of social order but of his own self, a shapeshifter, one who goes beyond the bounds of his own life in search of wisdom outside his current capacity for experience, the self-sacrificer. While transcendental, his transcendence is the result of encompassing the entirety of experience rather than denying it, and he is fervently *present* in the world and features constantly in traditional narrative. In folklore, he leads the furious hunt that races across the sky and imperils those who venture on Earth during Winter nights.

Another example from a different mythological/cultural province would be Yahweh and Satan in the Old Testament. Or, for that matter, perhaps more elegantly, God and Jesus in the New Testament. Again, God is transcendent in the sense that he is simply not really present. He is in the sky. He is presiding over a world he is absolutely not within. He is maintaining order. Conversely, Christ is upon the Earth. But he is the transgressor, of the social and legal standards he finds himself subject to but also of himself. He is the one who ventures beyond himself, beyond life, in a journey of redemption. He is ultimately the dark god, the Earthly god, the voyager into death, the one who returns as bread and wine. Perhaps another pertinent example would be Apollo and Dionysus, and with Dionysus the element of extreme sexuality is brought in.

There is some extent in various represented by an one at the branches of the World Tree. evidence of this in mythologies such as portions of Asian and mythologies the Eagle appear. This analysis can be certainly bolster my of somewhat

Again, God is transcendent in the sense that he is simply not really present. He is in the sky. He is presiding over a world he is absolutely not within.

to which these gods mythologies are Eagle and a Serpent, and one at the roots We find some Uralic language Finnish and in vast American Serpent and the type of mythological fascinating, and I can case for the existence universal types of

deities opposed to one another in certain ways by garnering more evidence, of a more complex nature, from different sources. But it can also be somewhat distracting in a venture such as the present one. I wrote about this all far more extensively, although still utilizing a tiny portion of my own research, in a long article called *The Marginal and the Magical: On the Margins of Society and the Thresholds of the World*. As I can no longer afford the website it was originally published on, I can make a text version of this piece of writing available to anybody who wishes to email me. A published work of note on the topic would be *Patterns in Comparative Religion* by Mircea Eliade, which discusses the ubiquitous and apparently very ancient existence of the high god/sky father. He also terms this entity the *Deus otiosus*, or idle god, because of his remote and disengaged nature.

For now, it is best to say that it certainly seems to be the case that, however much they may believe themselves to be opposed, Christianity and the modern scientific paradigm seem to share their worship of the gods of the sky, of light, of limitation and order. Christianity does so literally, whereas the more pathological tendencies that predominate modern science do so simply by being highly reductionist, tending toward the isolation of data from a cohesive and experientially meaningful whole. And by being opposed to intuitive knowledge. Christianity literally looks away from the Earth on which we were born, up into the sky, and prays to a god that is not even really the sky but somehow in it, and prays to be delivered from the experience of being here. From the sin that characterizes our existence. Science essentially contravenes the belief in this god because it absurdly assumes it not to be there if it can not be found with a telescope, or measured electromagnetically, or gravitationally. As if a god would even be such if it appeared in the standard terms of the world we generally experience. But it, too, seeks a definition of the world which denies the impulse towards wholeness, which denies the visceral and intuitive and profoundly emotional world that we innately experience, insisting the only world that is real is the one that exists in its regimented collection and analysis of data.



Figure 5.
Serpent warring with Eagle. Roman palatial
mosaic from Istanbul, Turkey.

Whether bound by a celestial god or a strict regime of science, in both cases one is expected to transcend the profound impulse of the Earth on which we stand as it courses through our bodies. One is expected to ascend to a world of light, the light of god or the light of analysis,

which is not here in our bodies or in our immediate emotions and experience, and to adhere thereby to some order. One could conceivably say that against such tendencies, the Serpent rages. That beneath the feet of such people, the fields of the Earth heave in revolt.

We could perhaps even do away with the schematics of light/sky dark/ Earth or whatever and simply characterize these mythological personages as gods we like and gods we do not like. We would again find somewhat opposing deities, some of which we feel immediate and strong sympathy with, and some we do not. Some who seem like they are similar to us and those we admire, people who are attempting to find some way of being that makes sense, who are subject to a sense of beauty and experience that is profound and transcendental. And some who are not, who we would associate with people who are both repulsively and coercively moralistic and yet hideously amoral in their actions, who are destroying the Earth, who attempt to transcend their experience and that of others by denying that it is valid. Who ultimately seem to hate lust and life and have literally organized their forces against it.

I personally assume that all of these mythological entities occurring repeatedly in all of these different cultures are indeed a result of humans' perception of real forces. I have to believe that this archetype, apparently exerting its influence independently, profoundly and more or less ubiquitously, has some inherent existence. When we speak of archetypes, we enter a somewhat confusing territory. A vague sort of modern understanding has developed that sees them as spontaneously manifesting in the human psyche, but exclusively as a result of inherited, ancestral memory rather than some independent operation of the archetype itself. In other words, the assumption is the transmission of lore about the sky father, or some other archetype, over millennia has created an innate disposition within us to perceive it. I have no doubt that this is true.

But Jung himself, who did indeed coin the term, did not believe the archetype to be limited to this sort of ancestral memory. When we confront it, when we behold the conception of it, we intuitively perceive it as something larger, something that transcends our own personal psyches. Jung firmly believed the psyche to *encompass* all conscious and unconscious contents of the mind, but also to *transcend* them. He believed the psyche to exceed beyond the bounds of the measurable processes within the brain, within the discernible

boundaries of the individual. And he thought of archetypes as belonging to the province of the transpersonal, immeasurable psyche.

Let us even say for a moment that humans simply created the archetype by telling stories of it for thousands of years. We should still assume that, precisely as a result of this operation, it has an independent and intrinsic existence now. We should remember that in

thousands of experiments conducted since the middle of the 19th century, it has been demonstrated that people respond to things they have no means of observing with their five senses. People are far more likely to guess what card is being pulled than they should by chance. They are far more likely to guess who is being stared at. To be stared at does not all depend on communication, as it should by chance. It is shuffled randomly by anyone. In other words, it is not only the transmission of thoughts from one person to another, but the transmission of one person's psyche out into the supposedly external

Let us even say for a moment that humans simply created the archetype by telling stories of it for thousands of years. We should still assume that, precisely as a result of this operation, it has an independent and intrinsic existence now.

These phenomena do not look at by interpersonal psychic is also true of cards and not looked at by words, it is not only thoughts from one but the transmission and

inanimate/unconscious world. A fairly exhaustive review of the research of this nature may be found in Rupert Sheldrake's book *The Sense of Being Stared At*.

For our purposes, the essential thing would be to acknowledge that all of this focus on these sorts of archetypes, over all these years, would be expected to affect us in this manner. That just as, through some intangible means of perception, we can tell when someone is staring at us, we are also subject to the influence of this looming sky god, looking down on us in judgment, because of so many people believing it to be so. And that, indeed, his tendencies, his demands, would influence human behavior. Either way, whether we posit that this sky god existed before humanity began to acknowledge him, or whether we created him, we have the same scenario. Either way, the god does indeed now have a place, remote and transcendent up in the sky, from

which to cast his gaze in judgment down upon the sons and daughters of the Earth. Either way, he is a strange sort of existence that is outside the terms of physical reality as it is tangible to us. Something we are subject to the influence of, but can only know because we detect its influence, rather than being able to directly see or perceive it. Accordingly, the only way to war with him would be on these nonphysical planes.

I would perhaps note I see absolutely no reason why it is more likely that we created this, or any other, god than that we simply perceive them. When we really think about the experiments in the ability to perceive beyond the five senses, we have to acknowledge that consciousness is something that extends beyond the brain and the body. Not, obviously, that it has no relationship with it, or that our individual brains do not configure our individual consciousness, as is obviously the case. But that there is some essence of it that is perhaps not isolated to our brains or our bodies. We would then have to ask why consciousnesses could not exist that had no context in a brain or a body whatsoever, as there is no longer a decisive reason that they must. We would then precisely be referring to disembodied consciousnesses, animate entities that did not consist of matter, and I see no reason not to call them gods.

We could then begin asking the questions of what these gods are associated with, the light and the sky. It is worth noting that while I am indeed saying that I literally believe in the existence of gods, I think an element of subjectivity needs to be acknowledged. I do not necessarily believe them to *precisely* occupy any of their familiar forms. I believe that to some extent these are forms that we have given them. In other words, I don't necessarily believe that Tyr exists exactly as he may have been conceptualized in Scandinavia, or Yahweh, or Eagle, or Apollo, or El. I believe they are forms that have precipitated in our consciousness because of general resemblances. The knowable shape, by which we translate the unknowable and shapeless reality.

But certainly, I do believe that this overarching similarity of associations in all of these deities exists for a reason. I believe that whatever these entities are, and however they operate, they have indeed come to associate themselves with the sky and with light. And here, I must admit that my paradigm descends into a sort of chaotic uncertainty. If there are many different solar/sky deities, they may be

of different types. I say this because the solar nature with which I personally identify seems so humble that he goes to his death in Winter for the sake of life. He is, indeed, a self sacrificer, a noble deity whose suffering creates the seasons and is the basis for life. In this sense, he is like other, non-solar, dying and rising gods. His mode could very well be argued to be the exact opposite of the authoritarian Sky Father. The authoritarian Sky Father *rules*, and is powerful in the sense that he is able to demand of the world that it change its condition to accommodate him. This other sky figure *gives*, and is powerful in the sense that he is able to demand of himself that he change in order to configure himself with the world.

In a mythology like the New Testament, obviously, the monarch is the father, Yahweh, sacrificer is the and the self-son, Christ. This is distinctly a theme where one is Earthbound and one is celestial. However, this is definitely not always the case. In mythologies, it would seem as if somewhat similar many entities, with similar roles, have diametrically opposed orientations, or modes of existence. This is indeed often noted to be the case in a very great deal of mythology. One may be interested in reading *Comparative Mythology* by Jaan Puhvel for a summary of

It was this specific type of entity on which we focused our animosity. This light afraid of darkness, this tedious obsession with order, these repulsive morals that seem to have in common their antipathy towards life, this hatred of the Earth.

these sorts of oppositions within Indo-European mythology. The work of Claude Levi-Strauss has addressed this dynamic in other cultures, in a more universal sense. I would however caution that his work in my opinion is extremely tedious, and perhaps recommend finding summaries by other authors.

Whatever the case may be, I wish to make it clear that I certainly do not identify the sun/sky itself as the object of my enmity. And also not necessarily every elemental energy associated with the sun or the sky. It was this specific type of entity on which we focused our animosity. This light afraid of darkness, this tedious obsession with order, these repulsive morals that seem to have in common their antipathy towards life, this hatred of the Earth.

But what of warring with these forces? If one says that their conflict is not with the sun or the sky, but certain types of entities that occupy or are associated with such, are these then the targets of your warfare? In the very first dream I ever remember, when I was four years old, three witches were killing just such a god in a masturbatory ritual. I recall that the sheer intensity of the event was somewhat horrifying to me, but that I didn't have a great sense of partisanship. Then, at some point as this god, a burning ball of light that did not illuminate the night of my dreams, fell silently from the sky, my voice entered my head and said that such things were not to be. And this god reverted course, and ascended back up to his invisible point above the sky.



Figure 6.
Obscure image of Do Not Seek the Light's
***Shedding the Solar Blood* rite at**
Orbis Nex in Oakland, CA.

On an energetic level, I think it is important and noteworthy to think about and acknowledge this basic premise of being able to kill a god, in the sense that it assumes that one has a capacity for such awesome feats. In doing so, one is I suppose *becoming* a god, a premise by which I am fascinated. But, even if we do decide that these deities are

malicious or base, I think such an agenda would be very ill-considered. While the two situations are extremely different, think about the scenario of living in landscapes where predators attack humans. It can certainly be acknowledged that they present an adversity to oneself. But of course, killing them off is a characteristic action of the type of humanity I loathe. I think there is a way to acknowledge the energy with which we may find ourselves in conflict and find a way to be with it that allows it to exist, as part of the order of things, without predominating. Even if domination is precisely what it desires.

This actually was the initial intent behind the project, but it was felt that reference to a war would have a deeper resonance. Trying to speak in this somewhat more even tempered, or for that matter overtly vulnerable and uncertain, voice did not seem like it would be engaging in the manner we sought.

So, let us say that by reference to some sort of war with the sky, we were in fact trying to empower people to find ways not to topple the heavens but disengage from the harmful influences there. When the symbology was developed, I felt it would be most effective if it was reduced to its most elemental and energetic level. I felt that, rather than the image of a bearded man in the sky or something, some Zeus like figure, it would be best to use the most common and fundamental imagery in

deities have by humanity. have been true imagery, by its nature, was accessing a our collective may have served synthesize perceptions into symbol, this at war with the in the end, it case that it

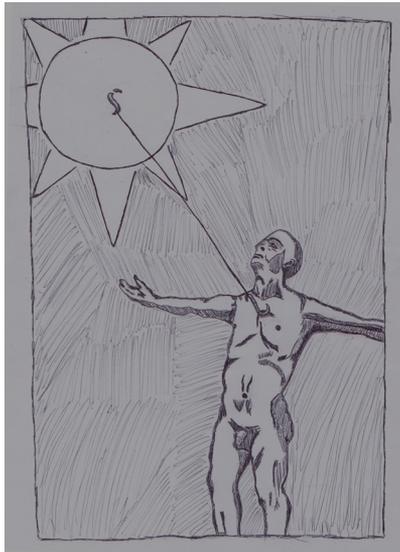


which these been perceived The sun. It may that this primordial effective at deeper level of perception. It to clarify and certain a cohesive Solar Oppressor fertile soil. But was still the became a

symbology of solar hatred. It was still the case that this Spring, planting seeds in the garden, beating feet on the ground, licking her like a cunt, and praying to the sun as it began its ascent, my solar symbols were all still inverted.

This actually does engender another point worth mentioning, though. I think the inverted sun is a beautiful symbol. Another reason it was used the way it was was simply because of this. Indeed, I first began using the inverted sun in rituals not as a representation of any sort of enemy. Rather, in a process of inversion and reversion to embody Winter and Summer, an act of reverence of the cycles of life. Without the scathing sort of contempt one would find in the original DNSTL material, I still fully embrace it as a profound image. I also noticed that my focus on DNSTL grew throughout the sun's decline last Winter, and really fairly quickly ceased as the sun began its ascent. In a way, the promulgation of these materials was indeed a year long act of integration into the sun's journey, from solstice unto solstice.

I have no idea man of any this world. I'm clear means of absolute loathing I being a part of civilization. involvement or more ecological conventional less seems to some years feel shame at been able to to stave off ravages of this



how to be a integrity in without any addressing the horror and experience at industrial My with politics, specifically defense in the sense, more or have ceased ago. To say I not having do a better job humanity's planet is the

more dire of understatements. The deepest and gravest wound wrenches itself into me with every cut I imagine being indiscriminately made in her flesh, her body wasted to sate the gluttony of a foolish and loathsome mass. I made an effort anyone who knew me I believe would call sincere, and that effort is nothing. I cry when I think of it.

And yet, I know that any further conflict with industrial civilization, in the terms on which it exists, at the point of its destruction, is not my path. I feel only the inextricable pull of something largely intangible,

some action, some mode of being, that I am being called to. It is hard for me to reconcile myself sometimes to being without more clear and well defined courses of action. But indications do indeed come that I am on some sort of worthwhile journey. I am being called north and east, away from the city. The Earth is speaking to me, but I can't exactly hear within the chatter and hum.

While a great deal of the specific symbology and devices of Do Not Seek the Light is simply a little too over the top for me at this point, it was indeed inspiring as well intentioned collective action. I welcome the idea of further endeavor that attempts to mobilize our collective potential, that seeks to connect to our most elemental awareness and seeks to utilize it to integrate into ourselves/the world. That seeks, quite simply, to find ways to be. I make no suggestions for others, such is not my place, but I pray to the dying sun.



But the human animal is powerful, and it attempted to pull the sun from the sky and place it on earth. What you call the negative light is this one. Unlike the moth, the human animal reached out towards the stars and grabbed a piece of light.

Like the moth, the human animal has become suicidally distracted by the light which will ultimately burn it to death.



Lovers, we are both holding hands and falling back down towards the Earth, having jumped from the land of illusory light. The metal tree is collapsing. The path upwards is backwards. We should never have been climbing in the first place. The light of the sun is a gift, flowing downwards. We will never match it, never hold it and never mimic it.

*from a communique of The Black Queen via
Envoy #3 of the International Anarchist Conspiracy
sent in the early days to Do Not Seek the Light*