

# Our Present Psychic State: An Awkward Foreboding

written by Will Alexander | October 23, 2017



It is through speed that the mind becomes clairvoyant.  
– Rene Menil

Psychic fixity inculcates assumption, and such assumption devolves to aural opacity, so much so, that one is capable of hearing nothing but echoes and assumptions of one's isolated sonic capacity. Judgement then rises and sets in motion distortion according to troubling aural occlusion. There then exists no capacity to suspend one's inner rhetoric of psychic fixation, by suspending oneself from the state of toneless moral amplification. Via such an inner climate communication devolves and is haunted, sterilised by the assumed misnomer of received ideas. And these received ideas remain as gravitated thought complexes that cannot respond to anything but the spellbound dissonance of prior thought arrangement. There exists little capacity to shift. The latter condition is none other than the Occident at this hour, with its aural realm stunted to such a degree that it would rather risk death on an alien province in space, rather than transmute by enacting assimilation to the positive effort towards the human collective on Earth.

There remains a general soullessness about its stewardship of that 2,000 years, an arid super-imposed arrangement that now seems to have run its course. All that is now planned is to mine minerals from asteroids, or to form colonized Principates on areas like Mars or the Saturnian moon that is Titan in order to keep its original arrangement afloat.

Because it has never been able to hear anything other than itself, at an increasing rate it is being consumed by a consuming utterance from the void. There is consciousness in certain quarters that understands its realia is being swallowed by a strange electricity that it has never appropriately acknowledged. This electricity seems none other than the ghosts of indigenous shamans haunting it with a language that can't be empirically magnified, isolated as it is in its sequestered in its castle tainted by institutional crime. This being the state one procures from remaining perpetually contorted attempting to live up the guise of self-appointed superiority. All motion has ceased. Thus, it has ended with the disturbing images recently wrought by

Lauren Greenfield in her photographic essay "Generation Wealth" which is a fierce indictment of its present circumstance that now affects the whole of planetary consciousness. The latter, infected by the zeal of its aforementioned error summed up by Marx's bedrock understanding that matter is primary and consciousness is secondary.

Given the demise of State Capitalism and its corrupted eastern offshoots in Russia and China we are now forced to ambulate across a complex planetary forge where psychic oxygen has decreased to such a degree that those now being born now seem to hemorrhage with such insular debility that a compound arthritics seems naturally arise from the psyche at birth. one's natural instinct seeming to aspire to no other purpose than that of what the late sociologist Thorstein Veblen coined as "conspicuous consumption." The lone soul now addresses subjective error via culturally inspired mirrors that reflect it, only capable of de-limited reflection via endemic psychic stranding. The latter state, being nothing other than the wizened self-capacity of the body and that which enhances the body. This being a lack of capacity that is pronounced in a fractionated portion of beings that we now know as the 1 per cent who would rather attempt to flee from the soul so as to escape his or her isolated carbon attempting to transport its remains to alien planetary wastes so as to dwell in perpetual unrest.

In light of collective demise on this Earth, its fomenting seems to remain a European imprinting, its hauntedness being so severe that its terminal glossary has affected not only certain beings in the global south, but the very climate responsible for allowing habitation on Earth to continue, This being the ubiquity of the general maelstrom we now inhabit.

In concluding, certain elements of the European intelligensia would rather call on aliens for wisdom and general guidance, than to inhabit the well-springs of the soul. This indeed is an awkward foreboding, where inward capacity is forsaken in favour of a climate that fosters surcease rather than one of tolerance via the circuitry that empowers the perennial tenet of life.

---

Featured Image Credit: False-color view of Saturn's moon Hyperion obtained during Cassini's close flyby on Sept. 26, 2005 via [NASA/JPL](#).