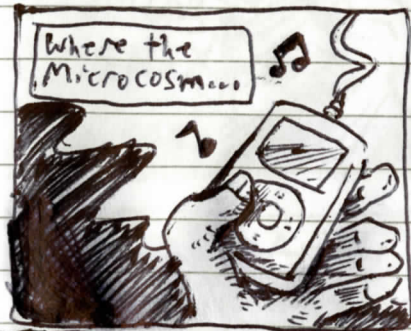


THE ABYSS OF THE ABSOLUTE

SEPT. 2014

A comic Book hidden in a notebook



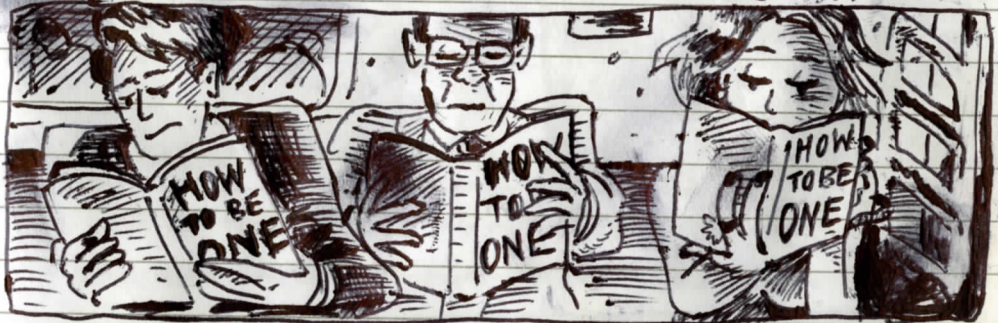


MIRRORS



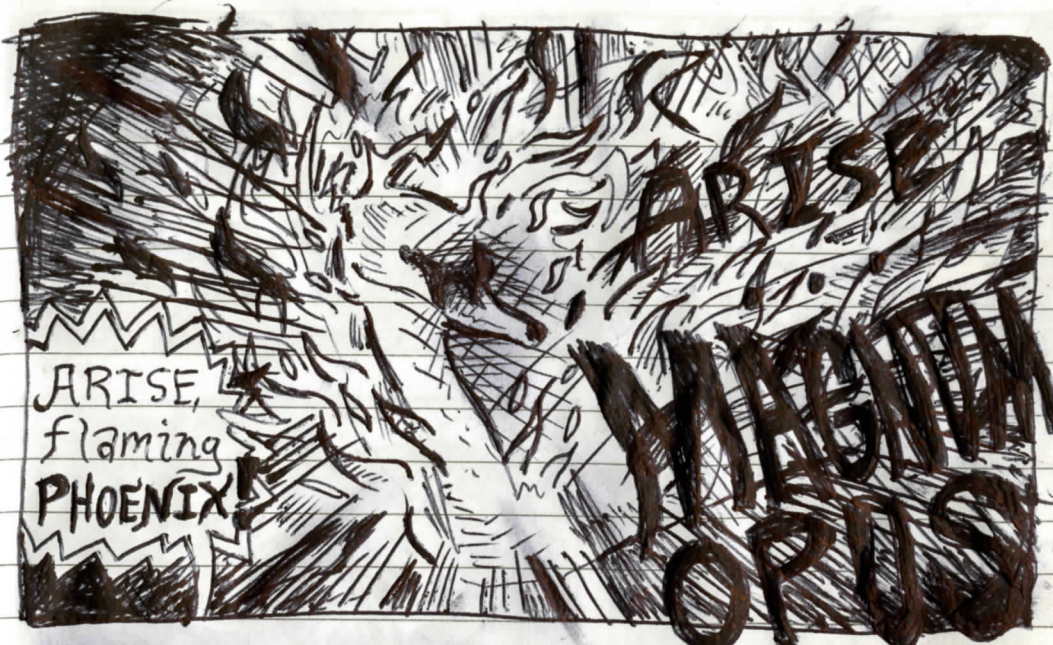
HEADPHONES

Where Mirrors have minds of their own



Where the ambiguities of life and existence are dramatized daily on subway cars...





Night in the Kingdom of Aeoul, where the microcosm mirrors the macrocosm...





Day. Outside of
the city...



...in an area
known as the
Interstices...

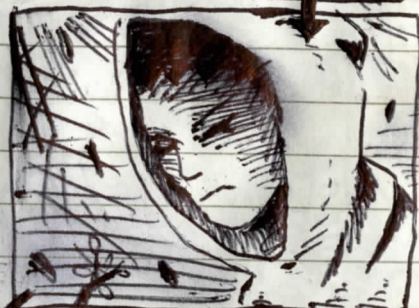
9/4/14



... Alone ♦
traveller makes
his way...



under the white sun



Blinding to one accustomed to
the dim candlelight of a
small room with a no window

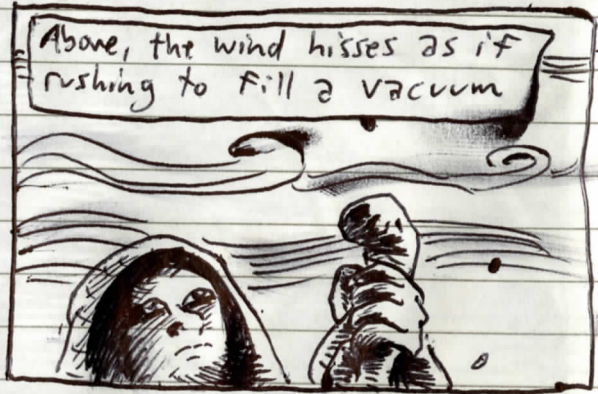


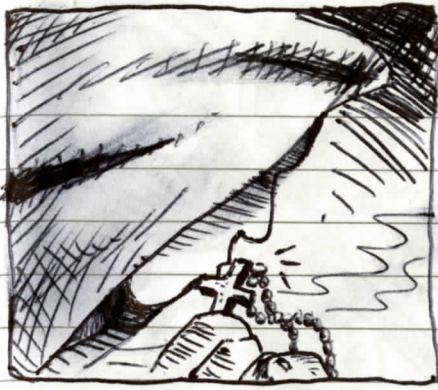
Even now
he thinks of
that little
candle...

9/5/14

...shining in the darkness...







4/1/16

"...There it is...
the Gate of Horn."

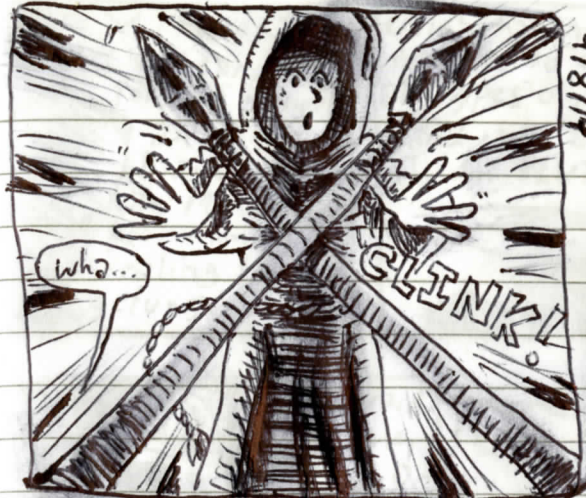
Hey Joe,
look lively...!

wh?...

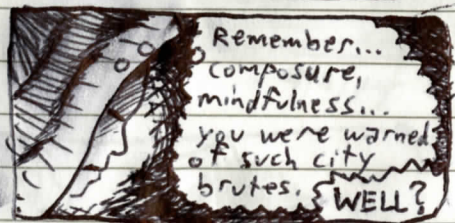
POLICE

POLICE

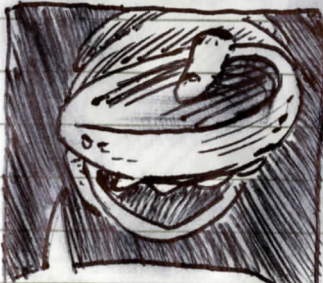
In the name
of the great
MEDIATRIX,
HALT!



11/8/14



I am Johannes of the humble Catherinian Order, sent on a minor errand by the Abbot Reparatus, beseeching entry into Plutopolis.



I carry nothing more than this begging bowl and the robes on my back, I assure you.



Whatever wealth the Order has chanced to amass is but for the **GLORY OF GOD**, this and nothing more.



God, izzit? Well ain't that just beautifully self-righteous...

You know, Joe,
I've heard it
told of bandits
an' other
knaves robbin'
an' MURDERIN'
poor monks an'
stealing their
getups...

usin' that godly
disguise to smuggle
all types o' contra-
band into ol' law-
abidin' PLUTOPOLIS..



9/9/14

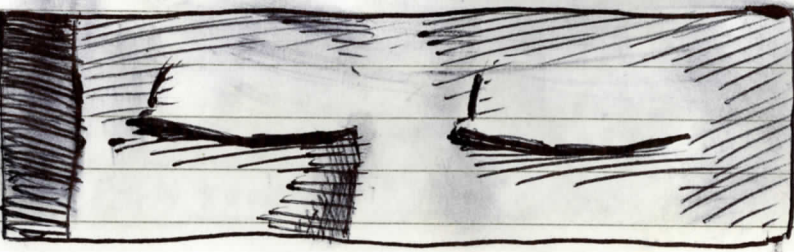
I've heard
that tale,
as well. Or
perhaps I'm
jus' thinkin'
of my prev-
ious employ-
ment before
landin' this gig!

What dya
say, mate?

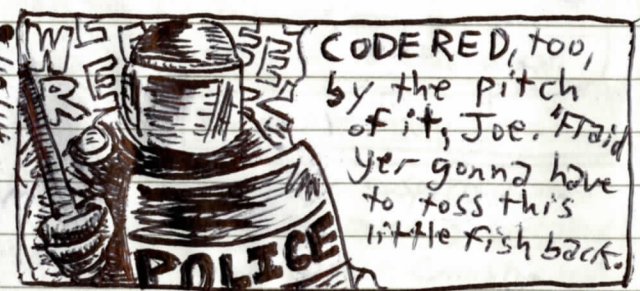
Consent to a
'lil inspection
of yer person?
Heh he!



BE
CALM



BE
STILL



An Interlude



Eleven years ago today the colossal statue of the sisters Nicanora and Lucemara was destroyed by terrorists...

The exact circumstances of the spectacular event, captured by chance on live television, ~~are~~ remain unknown to this day.

There are many theories.

The usual suspects range from **PLEROMA**, a so-called Fundamentalist Gnostic sect, to the **Mediatrix** herself, Empress of the entire unified Kingdom of Aeoul, for her own dark and veiled purposes...

The one thing everyone agrees on...

...is that they're not there anymore...

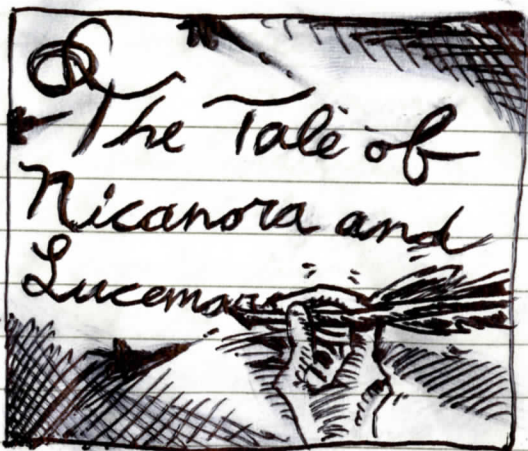


Guiding and welcoming sea-faring vessels at the northernmost edge of the Kingdom, and "civilized world," known as **Aeoula Apocalypica**.





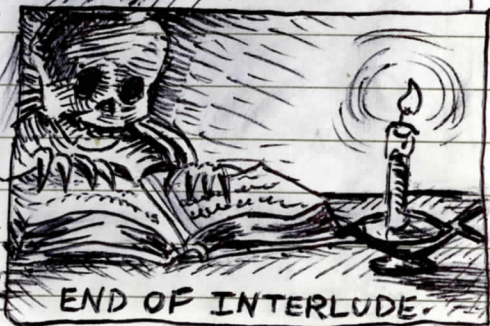
4/12/12



Once ^{there} ~~there~~ lived two twin sisters by the names of Nicanora & Lucemara, princesses fated to fall in love with the same prince, a certain Prince Unidos. After much quarrelling & soreness a compromise was reached: the sisters should share him, with Lucemara serving as his wife in the daytime and Nicanora filling the role at night. After a brief respite of peace, and as one may rightly have surmised, Lucemara, wife of the day, ~~was~~ soon became ~~the~~ jealous of Nicanora, wife of the night, for it was only in the nighttime that the Prince felt inclined toward dispensing any amorous attention upon any wife whomsoever. When it was revealed that Nicanora was with child, Lucemara was filled with grief and rage, and she...

resolved to end her pain by killing all three members of the sorry love triangle.

To accomplish this she arranged a meal to be prepared at precisely sundown, as this was the only time all three would be permitted to be together, as per the marriage contract... (excepting of course sunrise, which is no time for a banquet). With a concoction obtained from an old witch she prepared three goblets of poisoned red wine. Drinking heartily to the ~~ruin~~ unborn child's health, the three soon found themselves in a motionless heap on the floor. This, of course, is where DEATH, come into the picture. Melanora and Lucemara succumbed to the evil tincture, but Prince Utrios, having a strong stomach (as a career in politics necessitates) managed to elude my icy grasp. After an ample mourning period doing justice to the loss of two ~~wives~~ wives at once, and taking to heart this lesson in the transience of all things loved, the Prince went on to become a great and wise ruler of Aesoul until he returned.



END OF INTERLUDE.

Minotaur's Obelisk
144th Floor.

The man known
only as "M.M."
sits, bored and
increasingly
impatient...

... awaiting a
rendezvous his
dark arts had
foretold should have
happened by now...

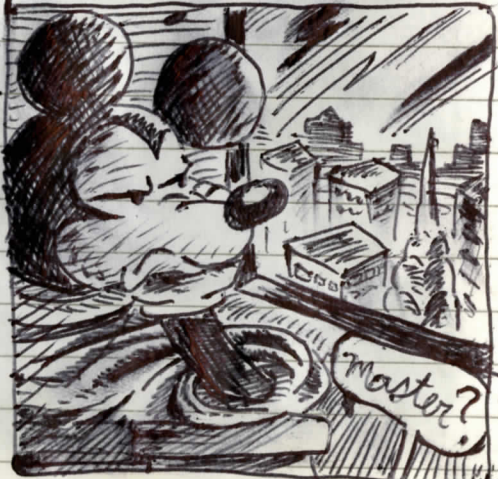
M.M. hates
being bored.

I've got that
feeling again, the
one where I start to
think that this is all
just a dream...

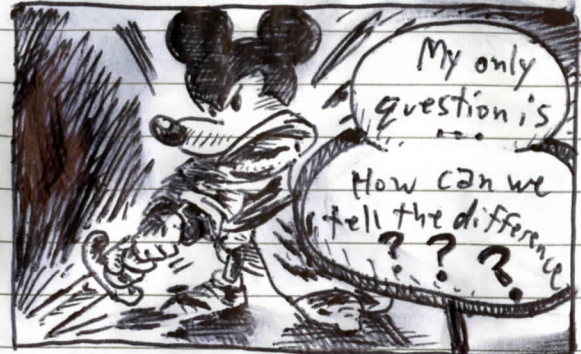
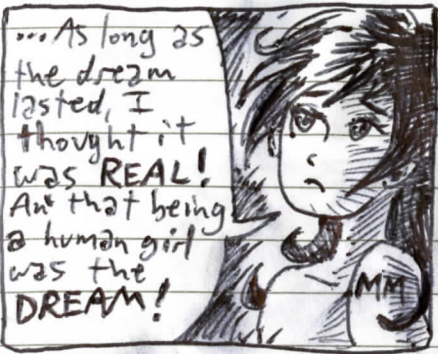
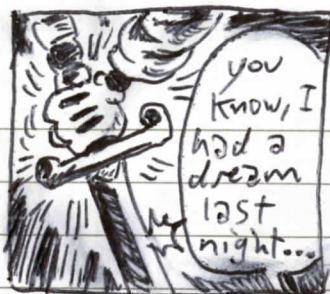


... You ever
feel that
way, master?

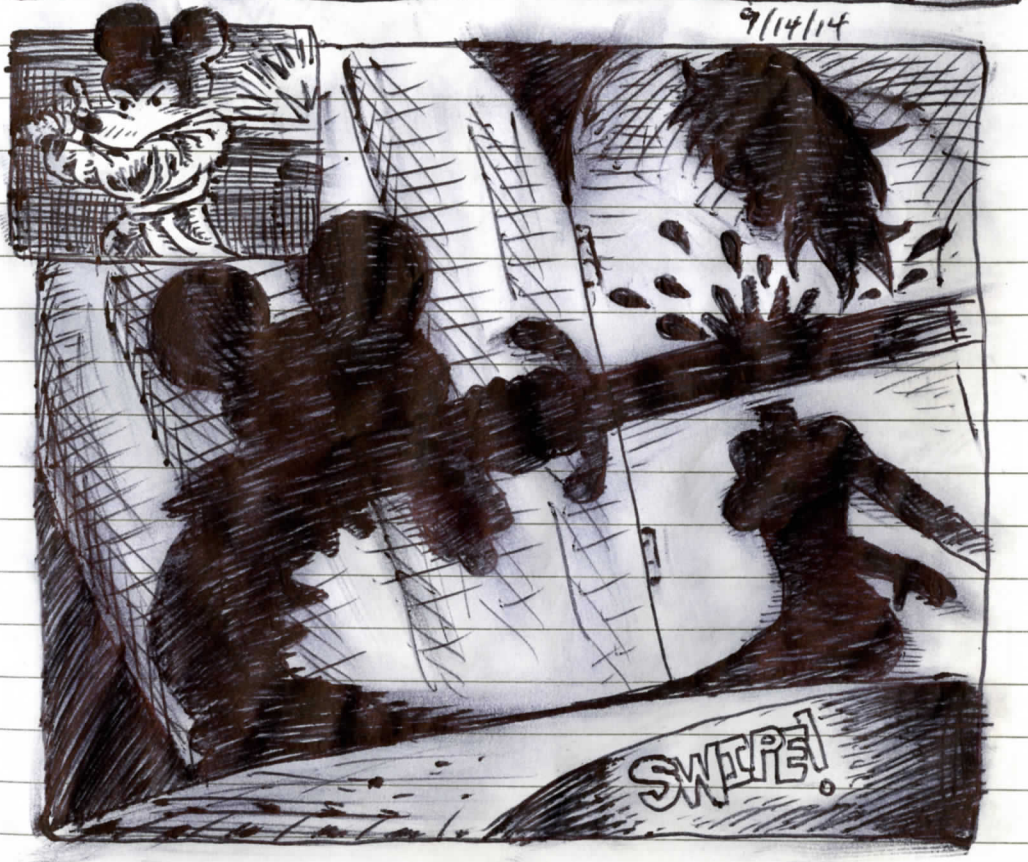
2
1/3/14

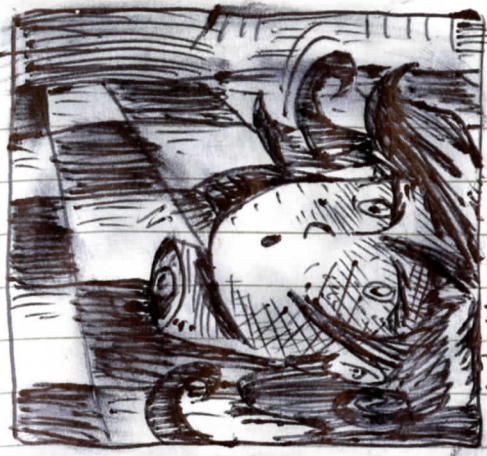


Master?

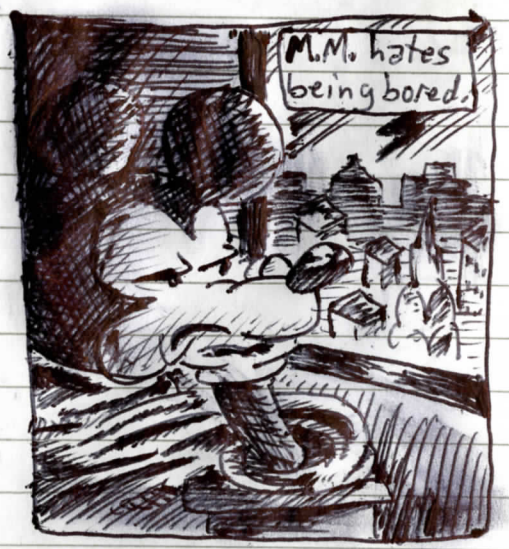
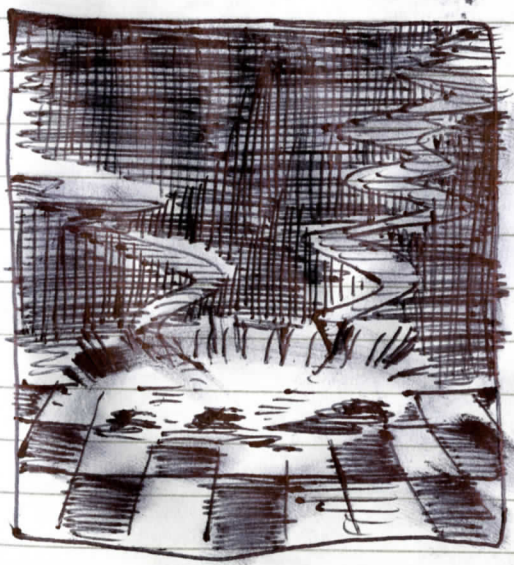
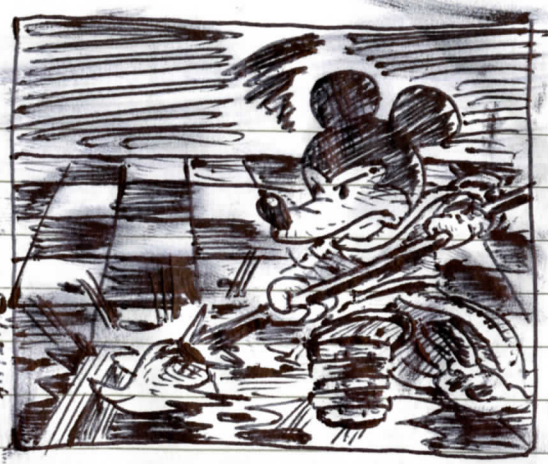


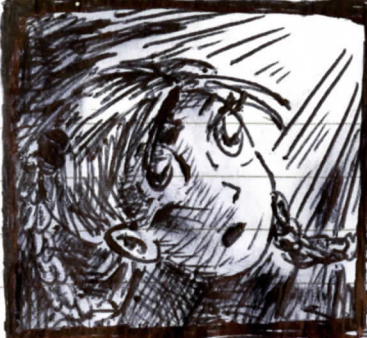
9/14/14





9/15/14





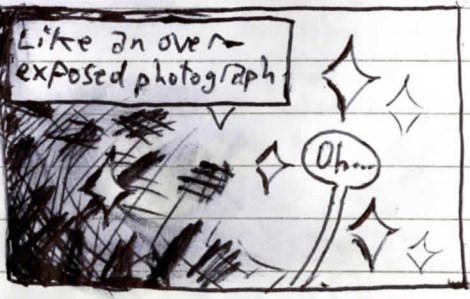
Down below...



The busy streets
fade away...



Like an over-
exposed photograph



4/19/16

Peering inward...

...The most personal experiences are also the most universal...

...thus the danger of solipsism...

...is ever present...

...for the mystic...

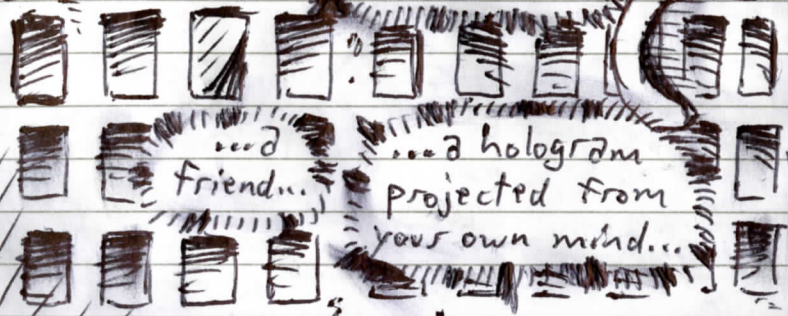
Greetings,

child

9/17/14



I am
Ars Moriendi...



...a friend...

...a hologram projected from your own mind...



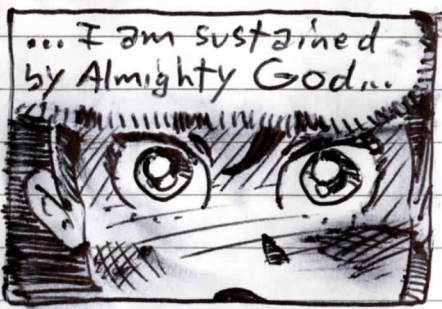
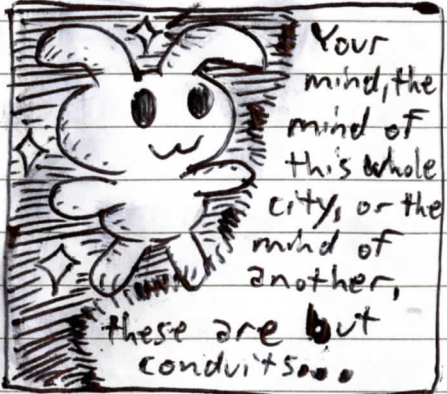
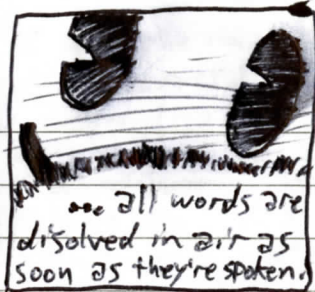
From... my mind?



yours

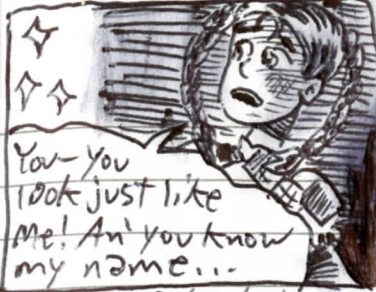
Someone else's... this information is not vital to the hologram's function...





9/18/14





You- you look just like me! An' you know my name...

9/19/14



Who ARE you?

I am... a bridge... and an **ABYSS**...

I am the means of the crossing ... and that which must be crossed over... forgive me, Blandina...



...If I frighten you...

... though you are but young...

... and do not understand...

tell the Monk:

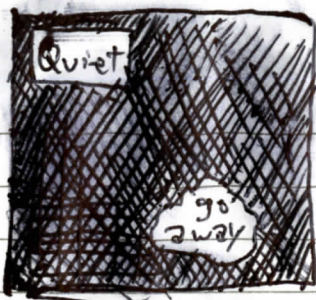
Meaning Multiplies!

... it grieves me sorely to do so...

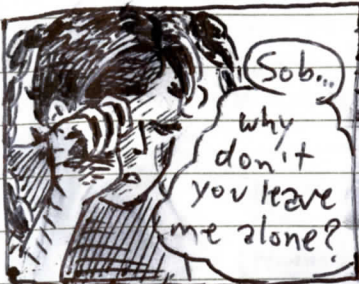
... but there are things you must see...



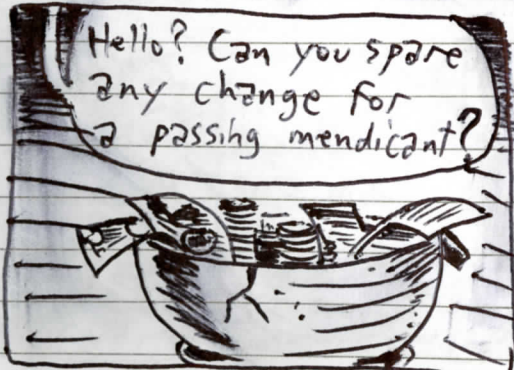
Ahhhhh! Go Away!



9/20/14



mumble... mumble...





It is a rule of my Order



Umm... Oh.

Well...



What were you whisperin' a second ago?

When begg'ing for alms we are to be blind folded so as not to see our benefactors, as a means to maintain humility & guard against pride.

'Twas a prayer, my inquisitive friend: "Forgive me, O Lord; I am ~~not~~ but a man, blinded by nature; Forgive me, O Lord. My chaotic mind."



Hmm

CLAP!

Well... you don't seem like a MONSTER to me!



I didn't realize that such a question had arisen regarding my nature.

Well, umm... after the LAST monster...

VIROON!

Last monster?

Yeah! She kept changin' so I didn't know...

I see...

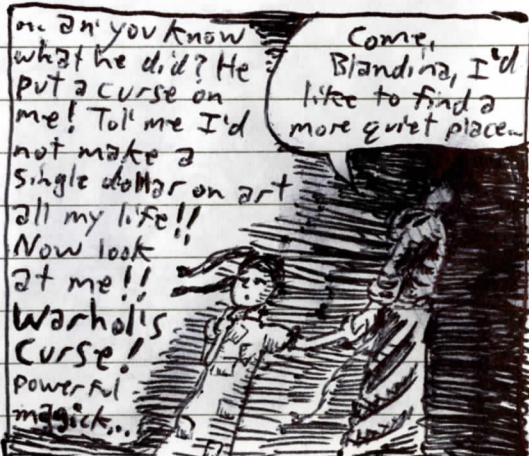
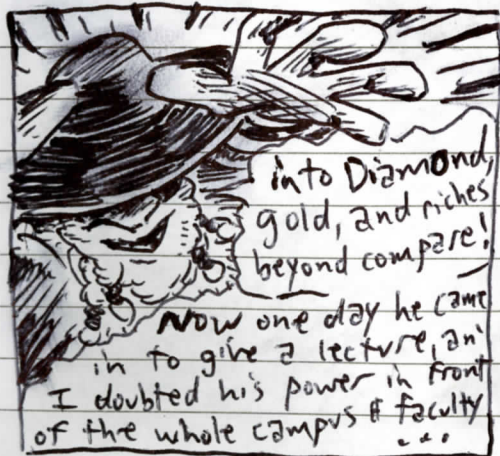
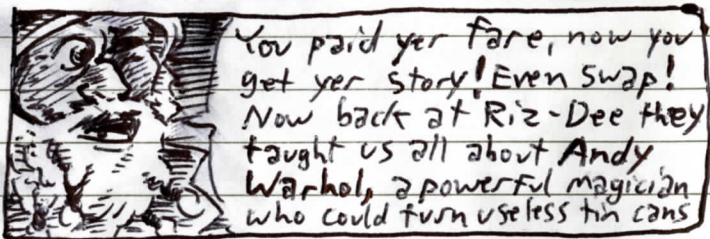
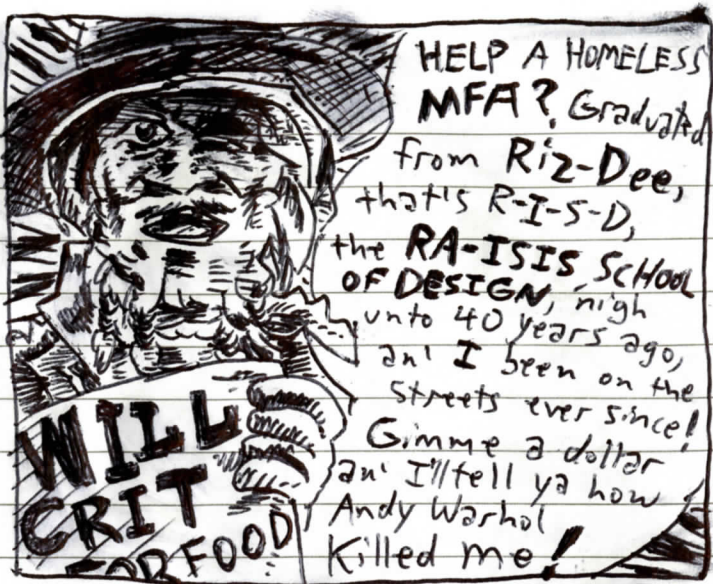
BEEP!!!

I ♥ my iDol

TAXI Co

8734





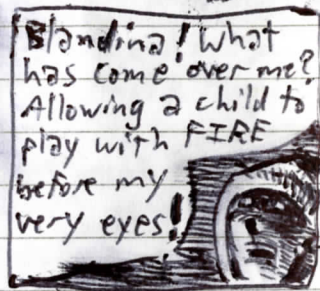
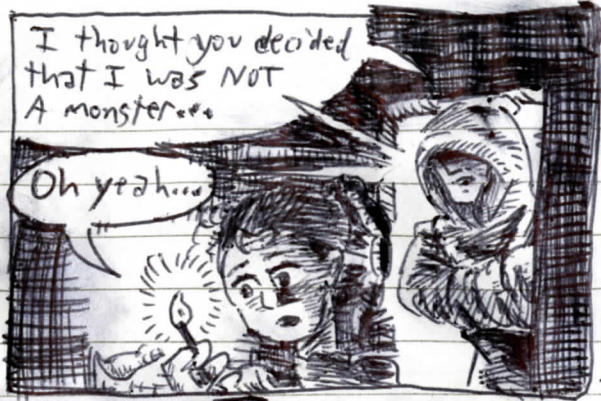


And after a short walk through PLUTOPOLIS' Post-Modernist phantasmagoria...

... through the varying degrees of affluence to the city's destitute center, known by its denizens as "THE CROSSROADS"...

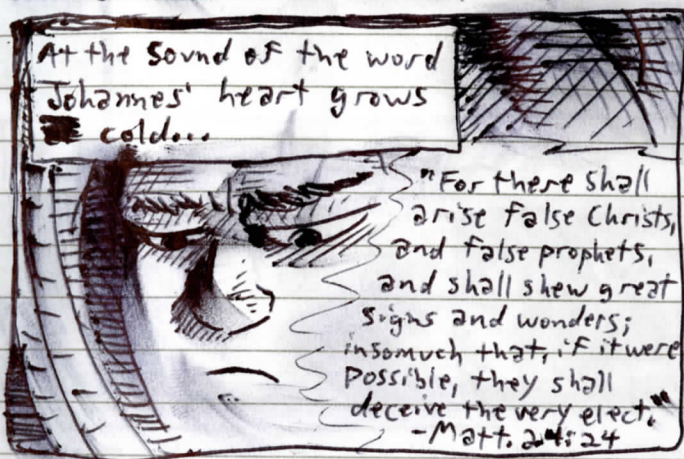
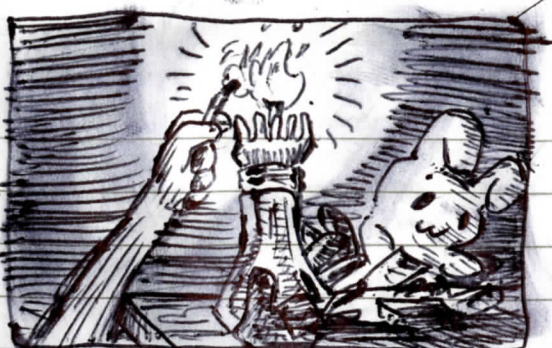


4/22/11





11/12/16



"For there shall arise false Christs, and false prophets, and shall shew great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect."
- Matt. 24: 24



The Catherinian Order does not feign to understand prophecy, nor geo-political maneuvering, in its entirety. For finite Man, mystery will always outweigh knowledge, still, this mass culling of political dissidents cynically, and successfully, passed off as prophetic fulfillment by the media and the Acoularian oligarchy leaves little to devout Johannes' modest imagination...

The Hyperborean Brotherhood,
the Psychopomp Ministry,
Lord Gilgarod...

Since you're
a monk, you
should know
...

... a trail leading straight
back to the Inverted
Palace of the Mediatrix.

... are my
parents in
Heaven?

If God
so wills.

Oh.

Mister Johannes...

... Meaning Multiplies ...


What did?
you say?

what?

The monster
told me to
tell you...

Ah, yes, you...
saw a monster

"When Division is
overshined by emptiness,
meaning multiplies like
fine lilies in the Sun."



'Tis the first line of a book, a very special book. The reason I have travelled to this strange place, in fact. The Lord is generous...




...for He it is that has sent you to me.



Me? Yes, child you. Do you live here?



That's right! An' I don't need no one!



Well, except for maybe old Mrs. Frattle, who brings me scraps, an' the alley cats who warn me when there's trouble, and...



...well, others... but other than that I don't need no one!



(Really!)
YAWN!

Are you tired, child?

No...


9/26/14



Truly a remarkable child!



...truly remarkable



Since you are not tired, why not allow me to tell you the tale of my journey to your land? I know you require no assistance, but please, take this crust of bread...

...and make yourself comfortable.



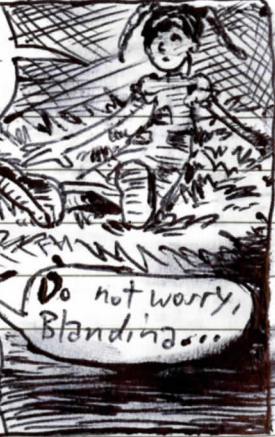
Gee thanks, Mr. Johannes...

MUNCH!

I love stories! but don't forget the monster's message!



Do not worry, Blandina...



...for I am certain that message lies at the heart of my quest. Is that your bed, Blandina?



Yup, a straw bed! At first I hated it...

Now I can't imagine sleeping on anything else!

You have the heart of a true ascetic, my child. A what?

"An ascetic. A recluse. A monk like myself..."

"Oh..."

"There are many of us..."

...where I come from, an old monastery called Grasmere Abbey, a place not too unlike your home here, little orphan...

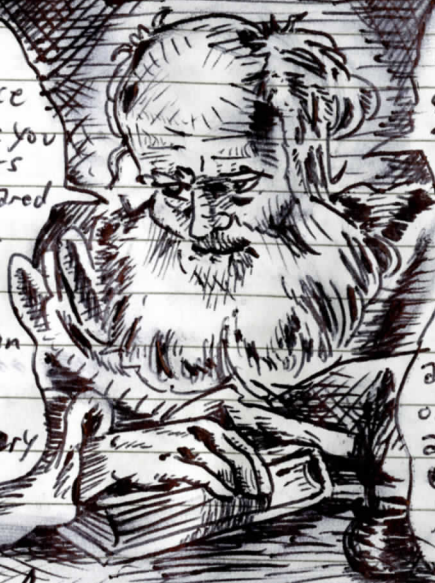


"...only deep in the Interstices, far from Aeolian order, far from this landscape of illusion..."

"The head of the Abbey is an old monk named Abbot Reparatus, like a father to me, he is, since I too lost my parents when I was very young..."

"On my 33rd Birthday the Abbot called me into his office..."

My dearest Johannes, since the Abbey took you in over 30 years ago, I have reared you as my own kin, instructing you in the ways of the Catherinian Order, never allowing you to leave the monastery grounds...



...but now you have reached the sacred age of ascension and I fear I can hide the world from you no longer. It is for this reason that I am sending you away, as Head Librarian of our Abbey, on an important errand. Our library is vast, yet incomplete, therefore...

... I charge you with journeying to the fallen city PLUTOPOLIS and retrieving the rare mystical tomes...

The Abyss of the Absolute!

The Abyss! You mean you've been able to locate a copy of this most elusive of tomes?

You must ask no questions, my son

"...for this is not mere COLLECTION DEVELOPMENT," he said, "but a trial you must face alone. All I can say is that God will send you a helper when the time comes. How my heart and soul swelled with excitement and fear at these words. Good Reparatus bid me leave at once..."

"...and by the end of
Matins I was off."

"It took seven days to
cross the Interstices..."

"The crossing of Salisbury Desert cost me my
dear travelling companion, my camel Dionysius,
whom I was forced to leave behind when his
leg was broken crossing the ruins of WORMWOOD
STATION. It was an early bitter pill to swallow,
but I continued on..."

"...all the while fighting
a sorrow and a loneliness
I had never before known."



"The River Acheron marked
the end of the Desert."

"My provisions
depleted, from
there I was
forced to live
off the land..."

"But no matter, for I had but
to follow the River north-west
to reach Plutopolis..."

4/18/80/16

"Seeing the great city for the first time from a high bluff, I felt that I had glimpsed the very hidden heart of Lucifer himself,"

"For all nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies."
-Rev. 18:3

9/29/14

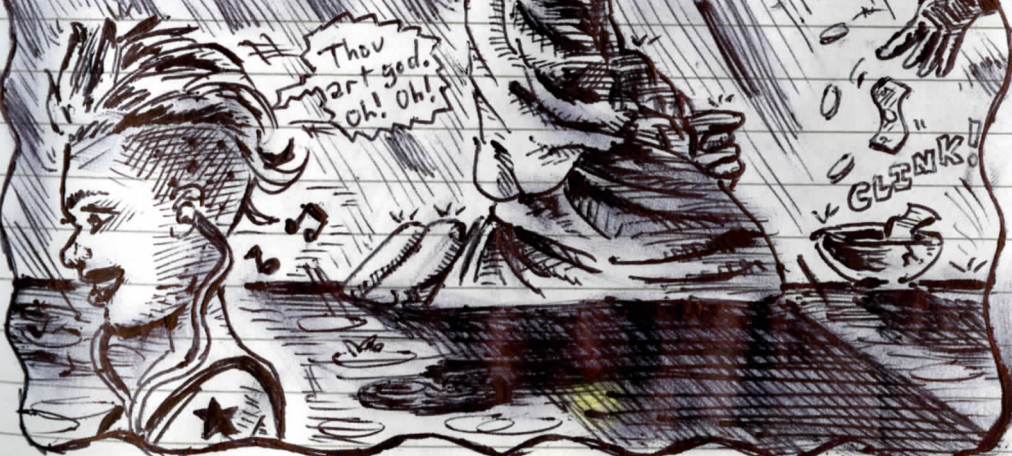
"Once inside the city gates, and not knowing where to begin my search, I simply visited every bookseller and antiquarian I could find, but to no avail..."

"For three days and nights have I searched thus, sustaining myself by begging on the busy sidewalks, and praying continuously."

Thou art god.
Oh! Oh!

Thank you...

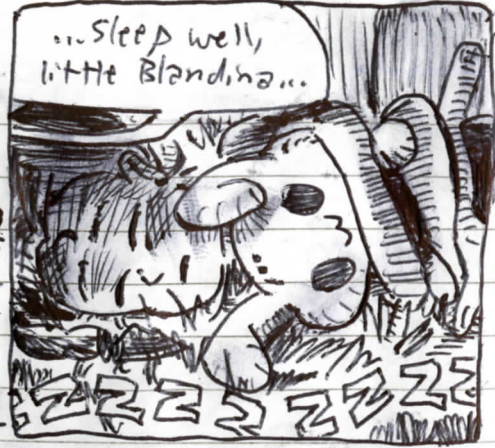
GLINK!





It was then
that God sent
you to me, the
helper good
Reparatus
foretold...

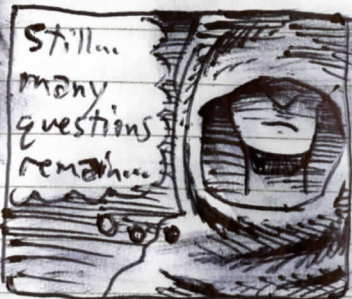
7/30/14



...Sleep well,
little Blandina...



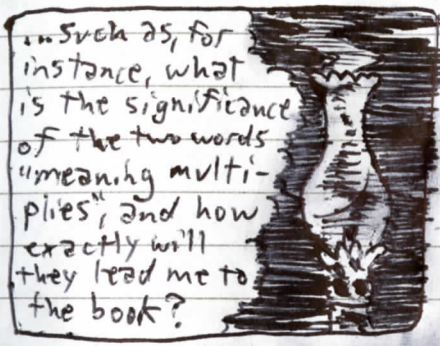
no for
tomorrow
we find
the
blessed
book!



Still...
many
questions
remain...



BLOW!

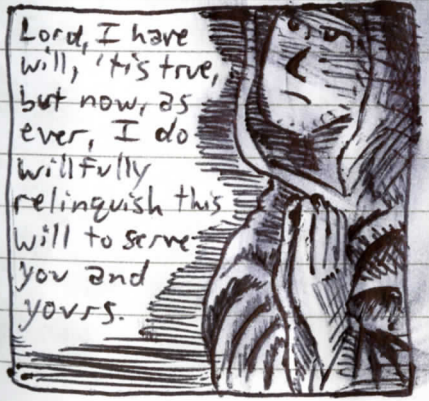


...Such as, for
instance, what
is the significance
of the two words
"meaning multi-
plies", and how
exactly will
they lead me to
the book?

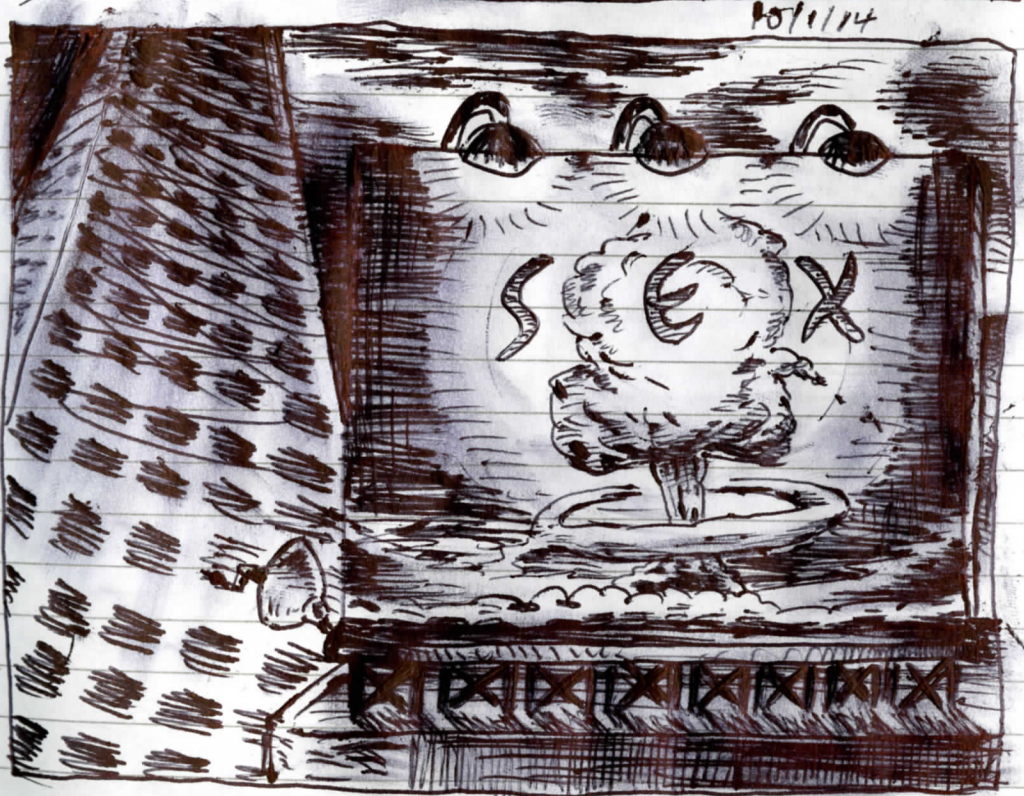
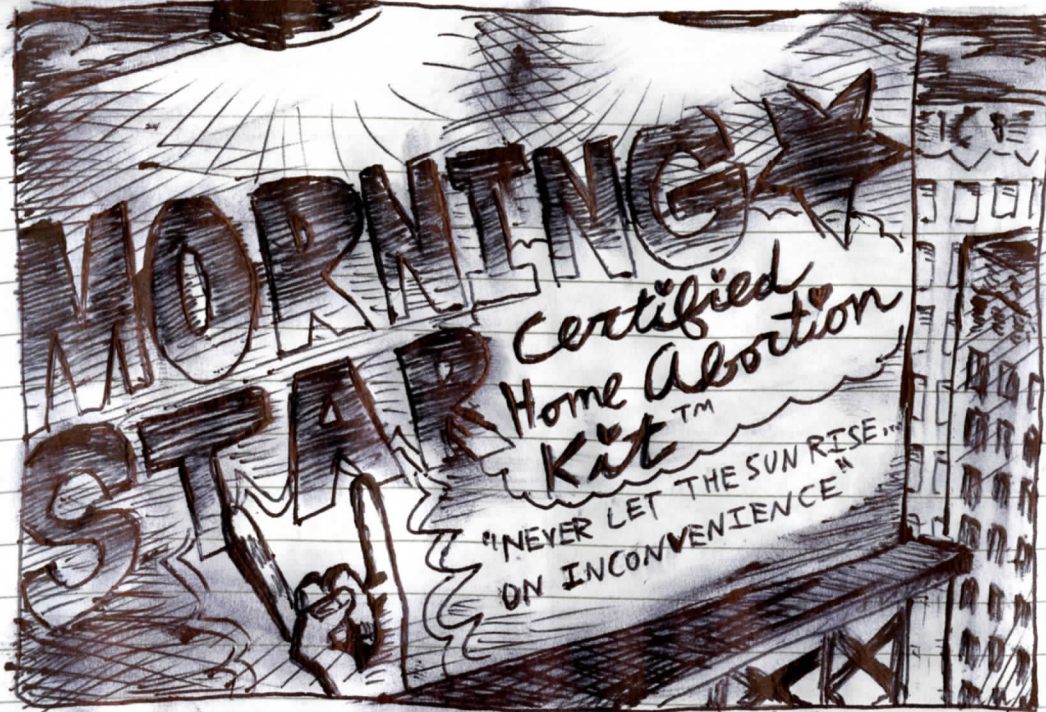


"Consciousness remains,
consciousness and
Nothingness."

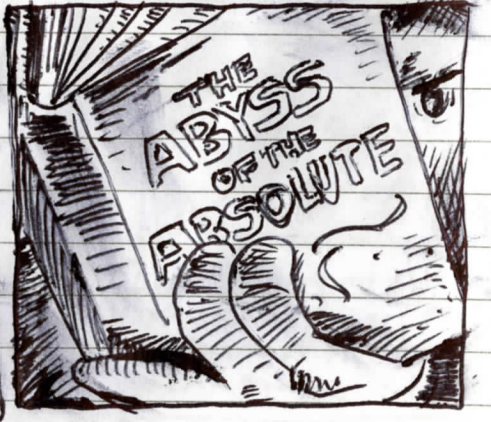
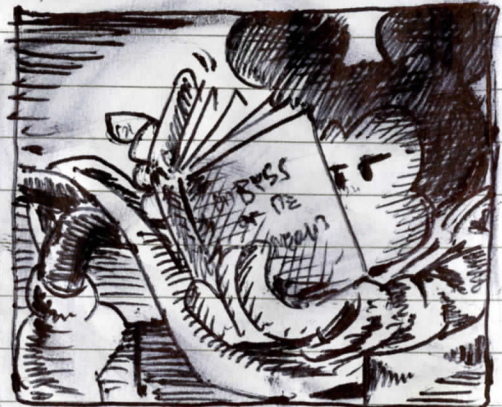
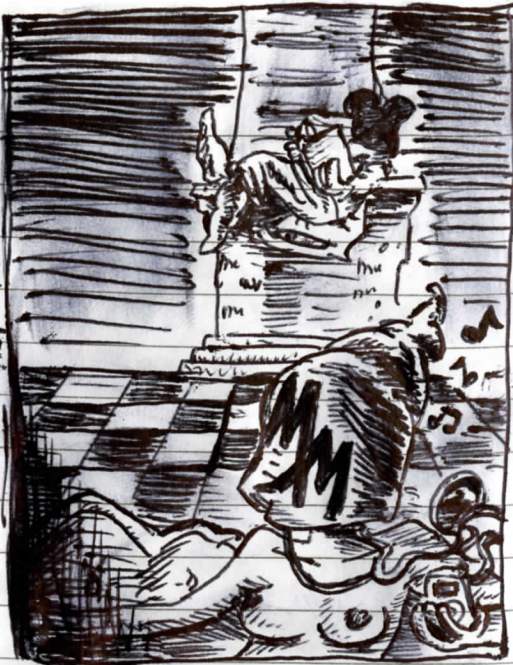
"Amen."

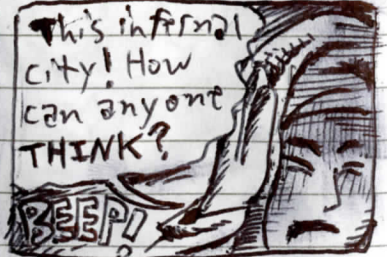
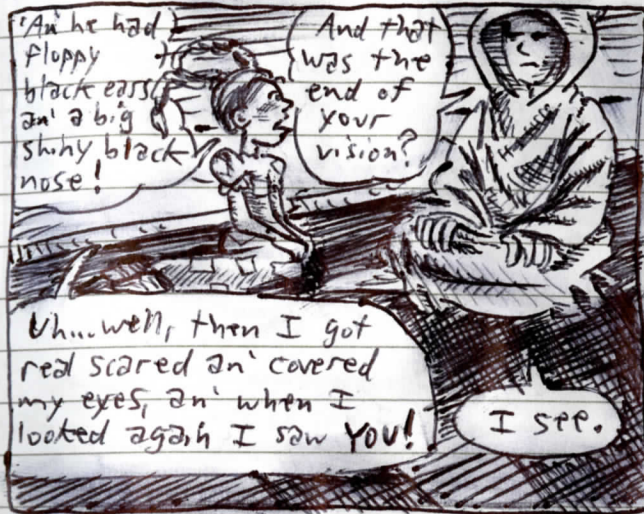
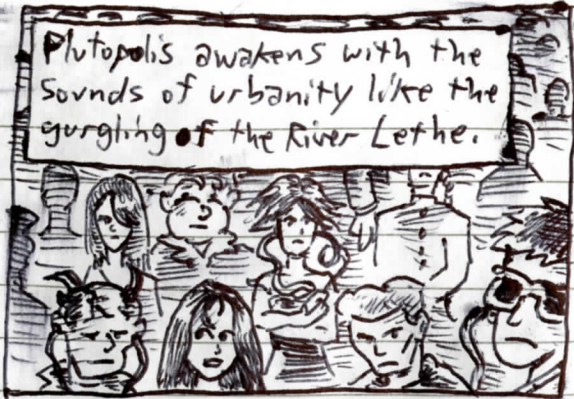
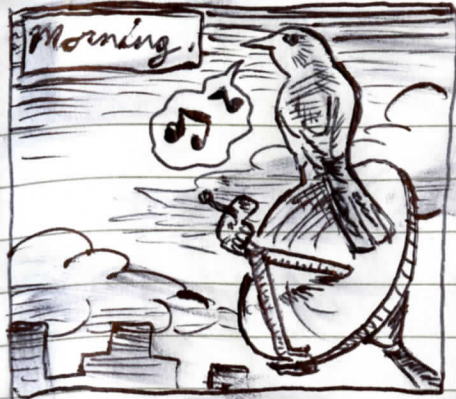


Lord, I have
will, 'tis true,
but now, as
ever, I do
willfully
relinquish this
will to serve
you and
yours.

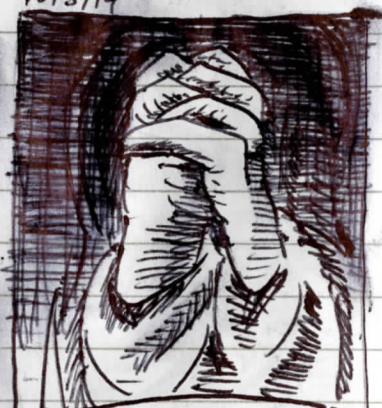


Minotaur's
Obelisk





10/3/14



Lord, forgive me this lapse in mindfulness. May the demon of frustration be cast from my soul...



Mr. Johannes, what do you call that?

Mr. Johannes?

Call what, child?

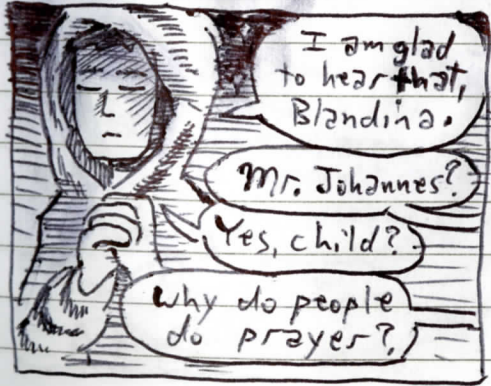
Yes, child?

What yer doin'?

My Mommy and Daddy used to do "prayer"...

Prayer

Oh...

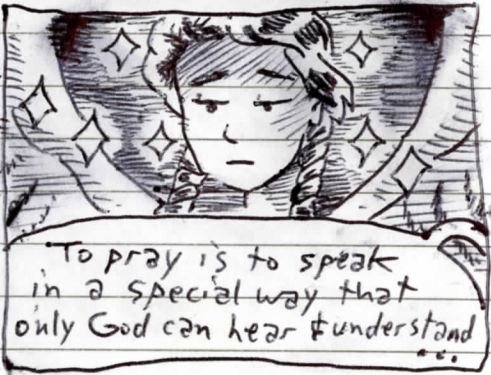


I am glad to hear that, Blandina.

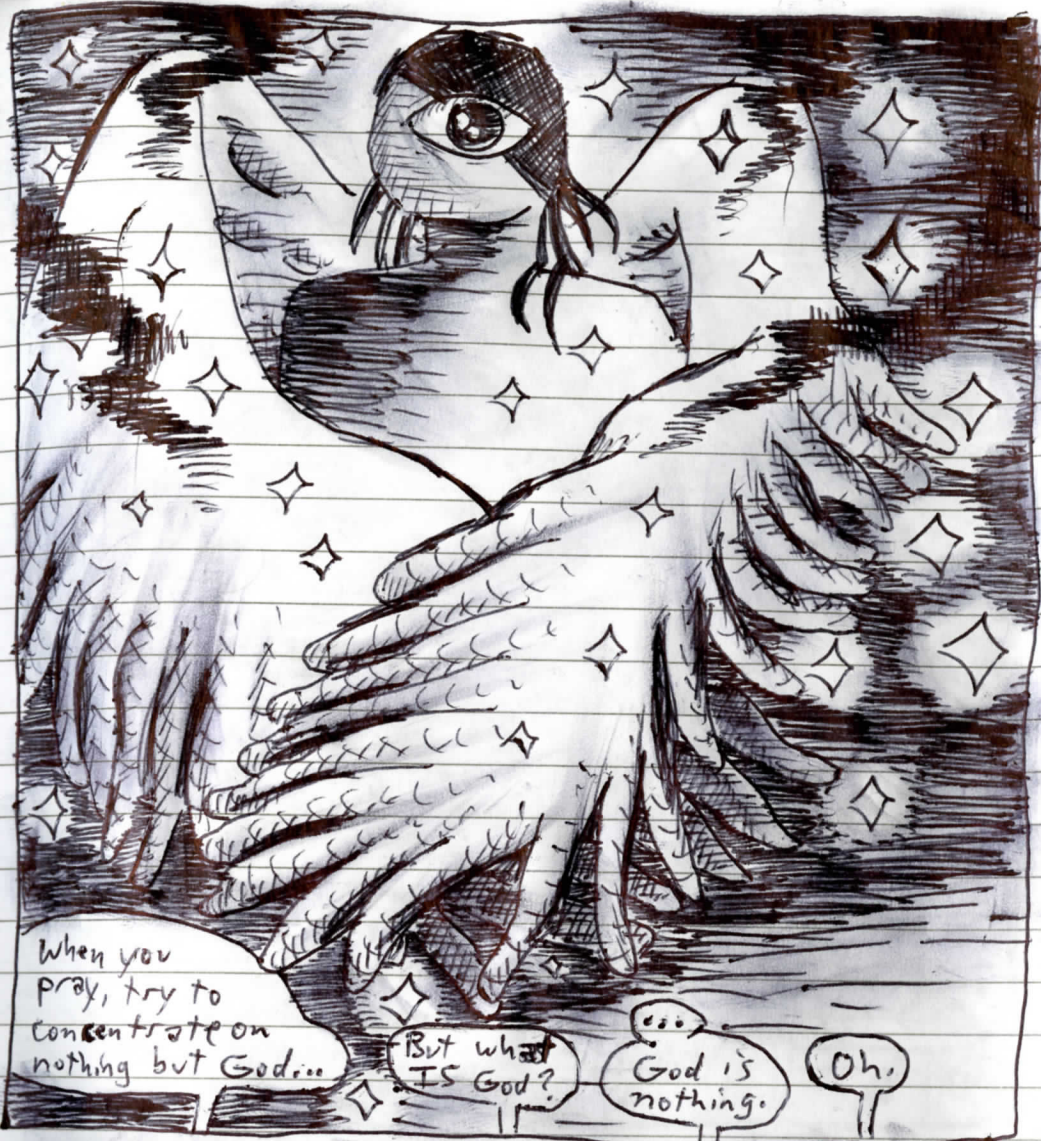
Mr. Johannes?

Yes, child?

Why do people do prayer?



To pray is to speak in a special way that only God can hear & understand.



When you pray, try to concentrate on nothing but God...

But what IS God?

God is nothing.

Oh.



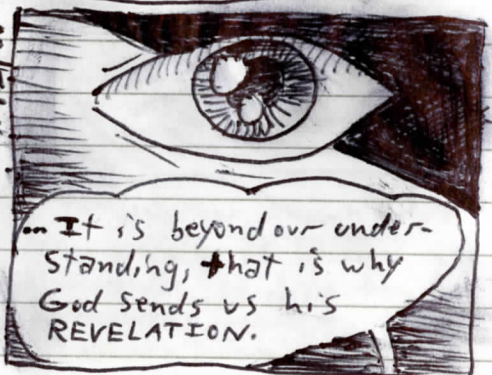
Mr. Johannes?

Yes, child?

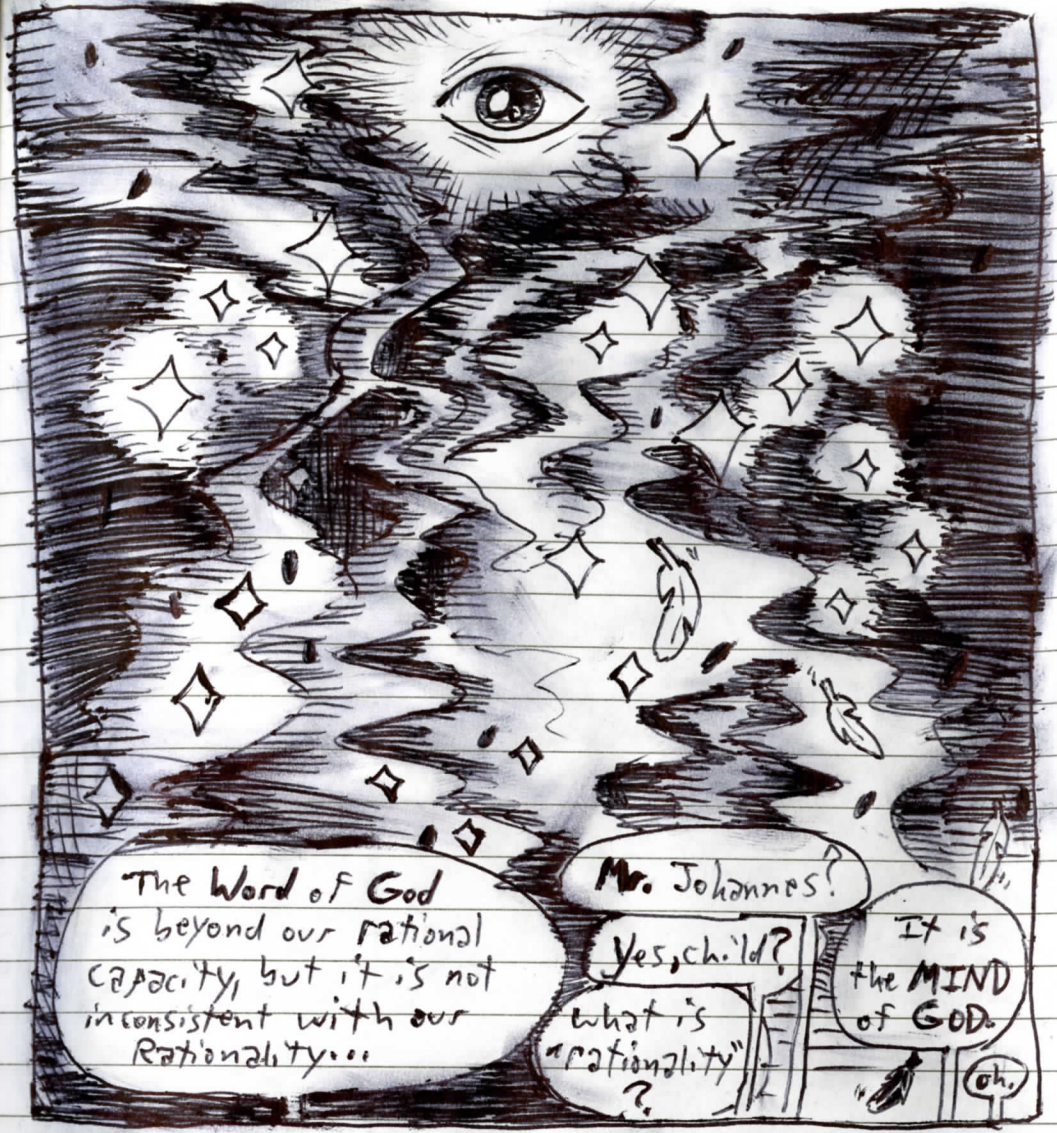
I don't understand.

Nor do I, my child...

10/5/14



...It is beyond our understanding, that is why God sends us his REVELATION.



The Word of God is beyond our rational capacity, but it is not inconsistent with our Rationality...

Mr. Johannes?

Yes, child?

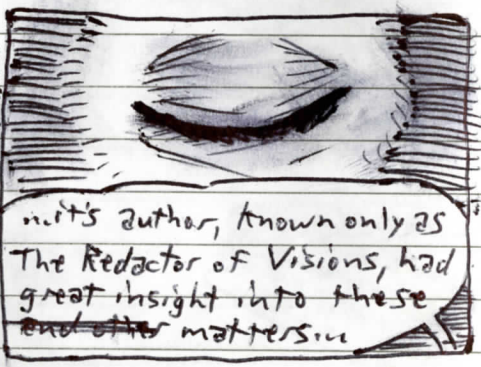
What is "rationality"?

It is the MIND of GOD.

oh.



I know this all seems confusing; young one. It confuses even the great scholastics. It is why the Abbot seeks the 'Abyss...'



...it's author, known only as The Redactor of Visions, had great insight into these and other matters...

mind as
librarian of
Grasmere
Abbey, it
is my
DUTY to
find
that
book...



TELEKINESIS



... God willing...

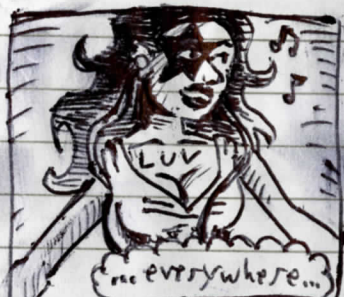


But where
to begin?

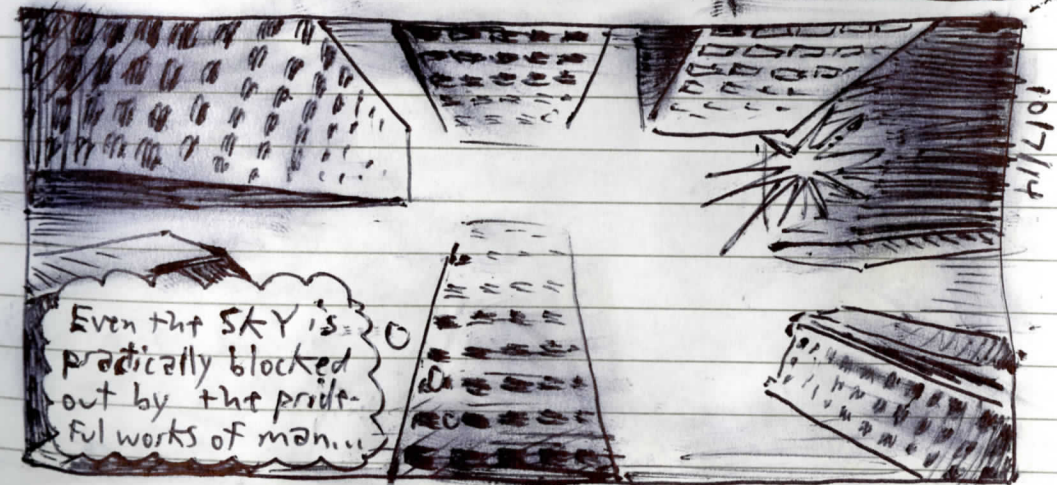
Distractions...



... everywhere...



... nowhere can
one rest one's mind!



Even the SKY is
practically blocked
out by the pride-
ful works of man...

10/7/14

Magick
POST NO BILLS

KETER IS BETTER!

TRULY THIS WORLD IS DESERVING OF THE TITLE OF "VEIL OF TEARS"

...and this strange passion for displaying their paintings out of doors...

'Tis a terrestrial **KENOSIS!** God has emptied himself from these peoples hearts...

Umm... Mr. Johannes?

EX NIKITOU
Transcendent...

Of course, the truth is that these poor souls have done the emptying themselves...

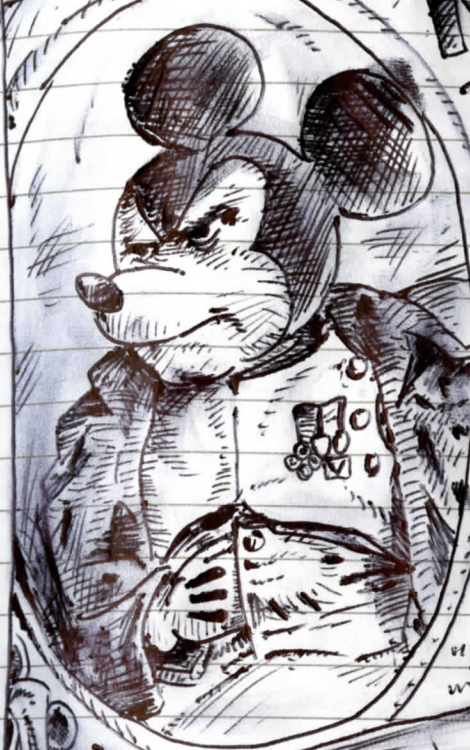
Mr. Johannes!

MISTER JOHANNES!

Yes, child?

The Monster I saw yesterday...

MM
 Multinational
 Magicians



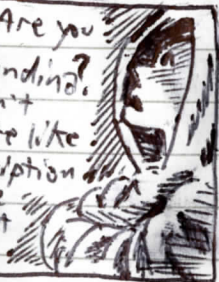
**LIBER
 AL**
 VEL
LEGIS
 SUB FIGURA
CCXX
 AS DELIVERED BY
 XCIII = 418
 VINTO
DCLXVI

Philosopher by Fire

**THAT'S
 HIM!**



That? Are you
 sure, Blandino?
 He doesn't
 look quite like
 the description
 you gave
 a moment
 ago...



10/16/14

Um...
 well,
 he looks
 a little
 different...

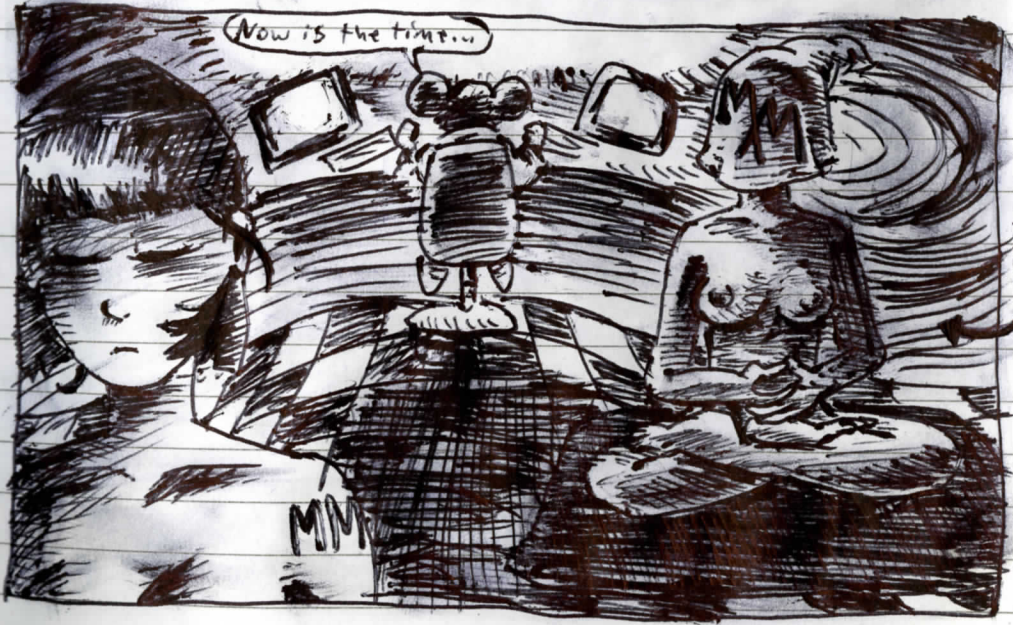


**BUT IT'S
 HIM!!**

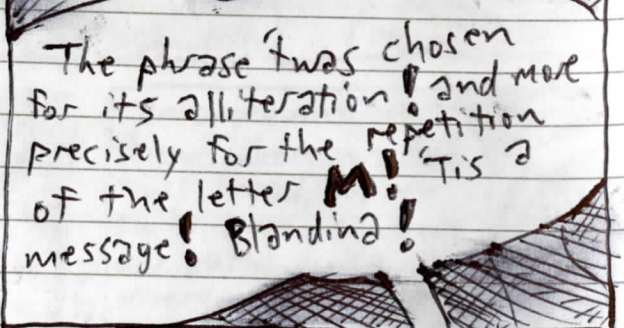
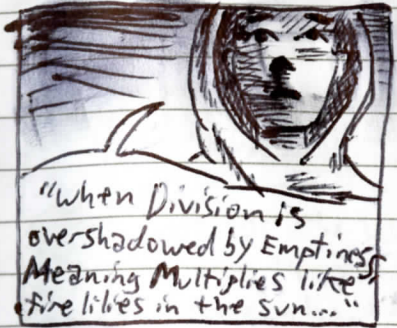


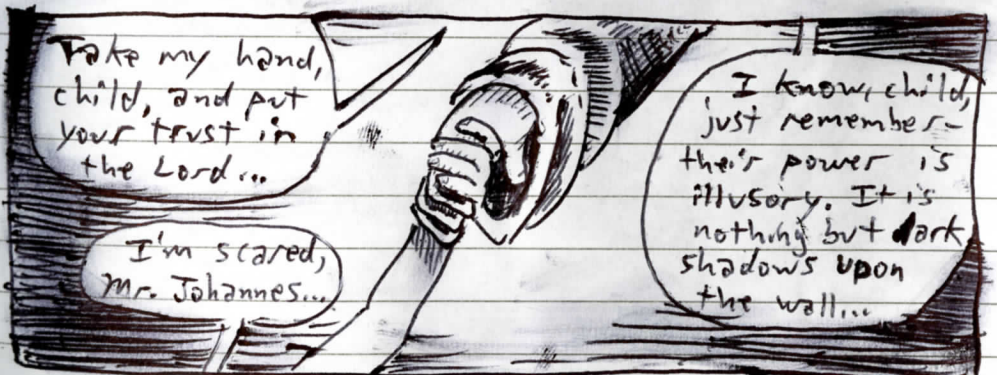
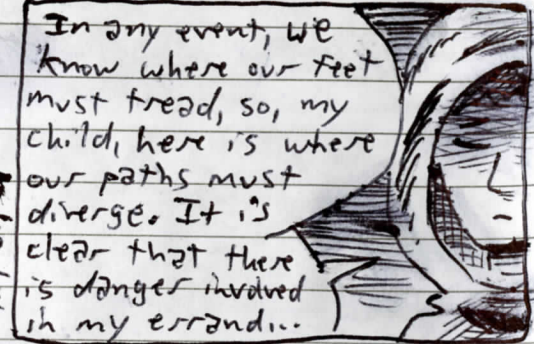
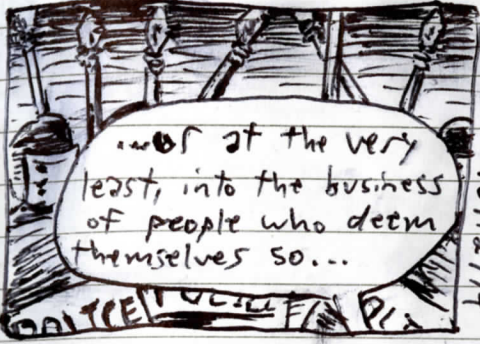
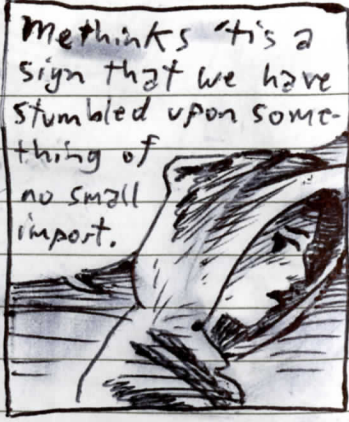
Whoooo there is an address at the bottom of this rather garish painting...

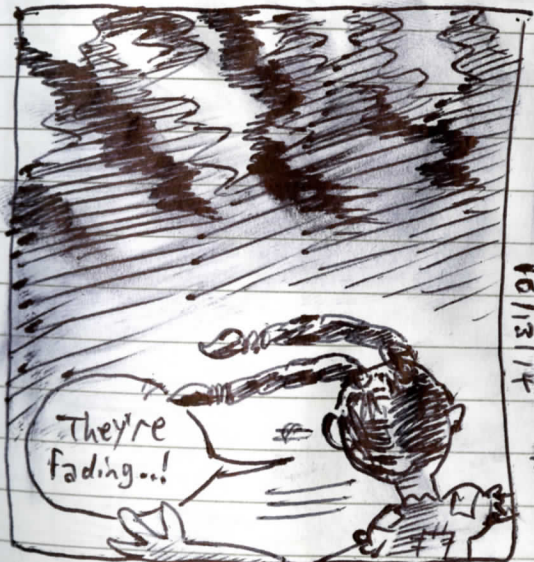
Philosophy
667 Baolim-Ra Way
topol



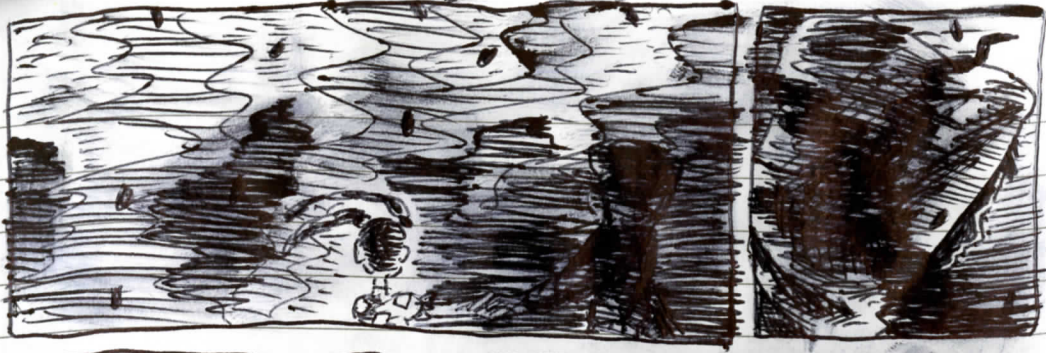
ZAZEN







11/3/04



The smoke is so thick
I can't see anything!



Just continue to
hold my hand, Blinding!
I know not what
manner of sorcery
this be, but I fear
none of it...

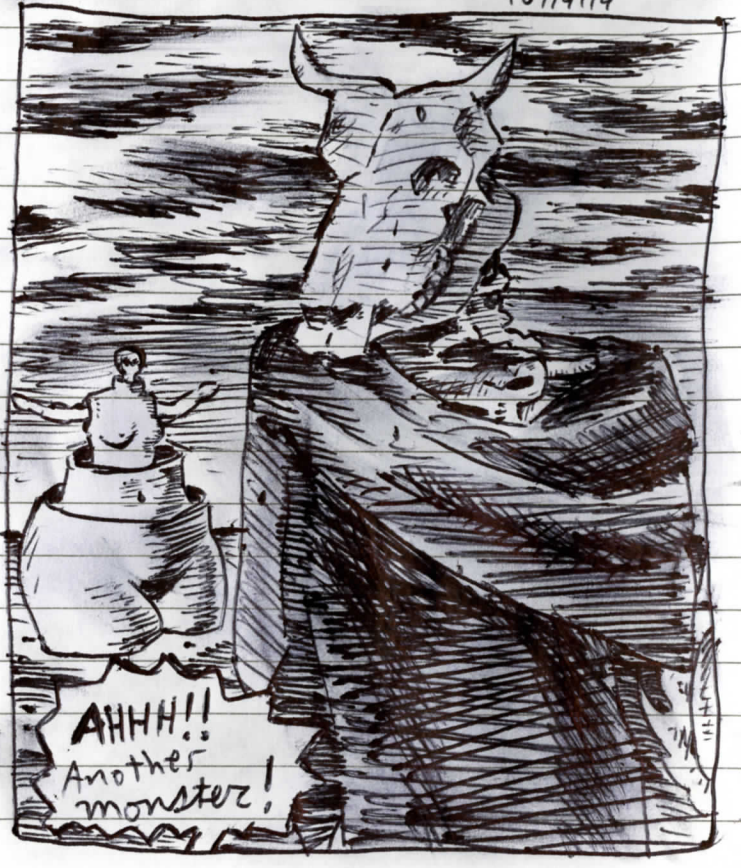
10/14/14

Illusion and
confusion are
the laws of
this land...

Behold!
A light!

The haze...

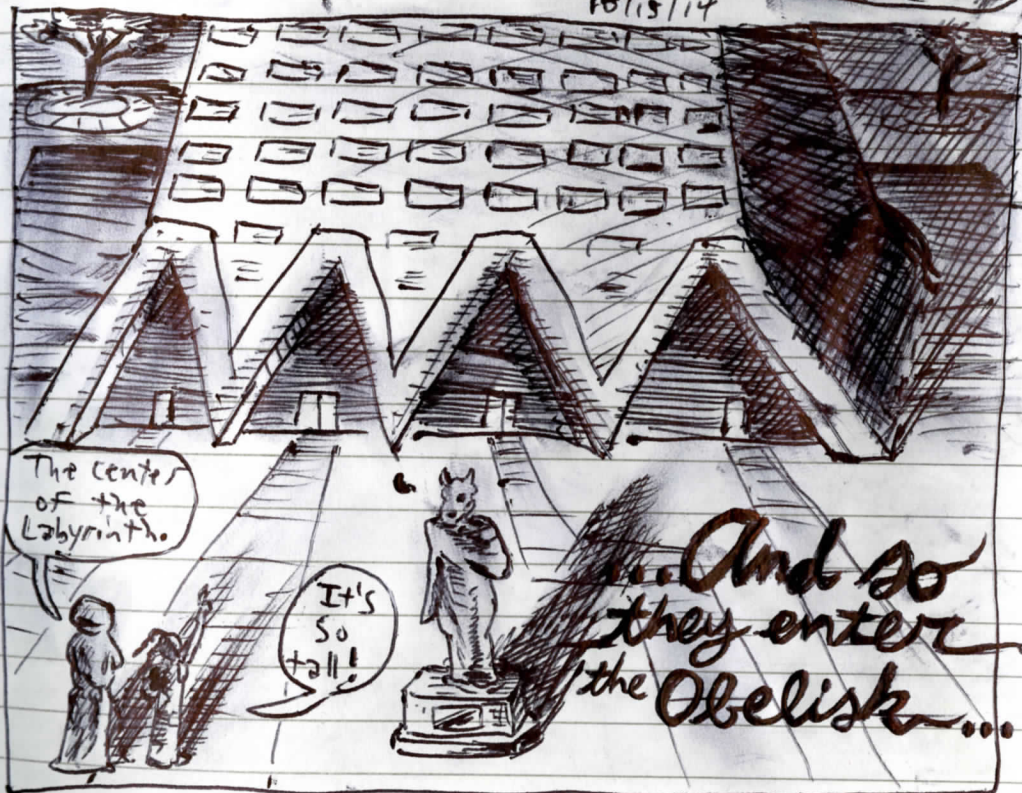
lifts...

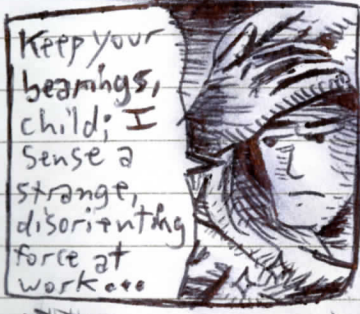


AHHH!!
Another
monster!

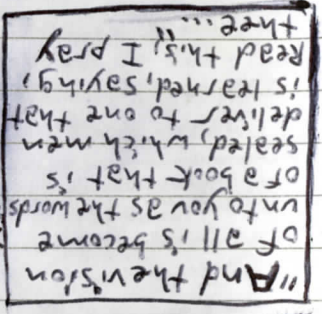
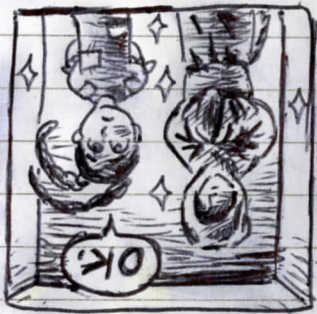


10/15/14

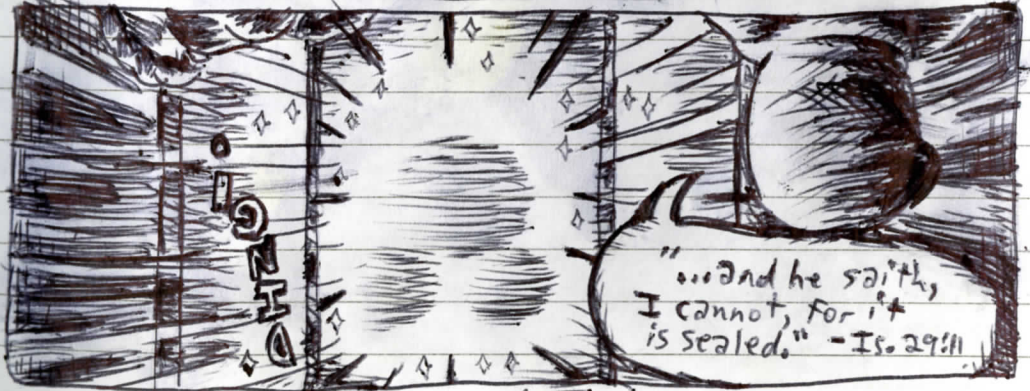




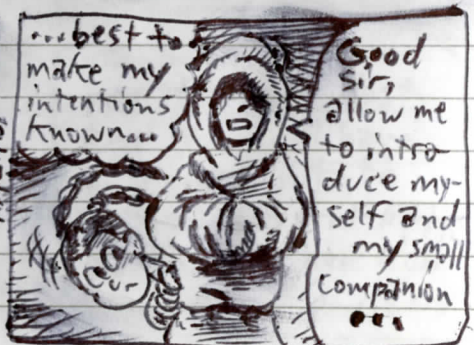
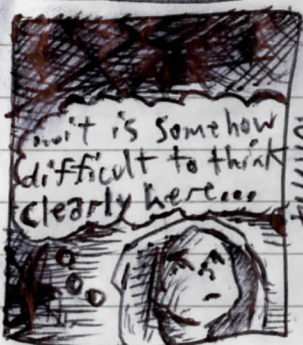
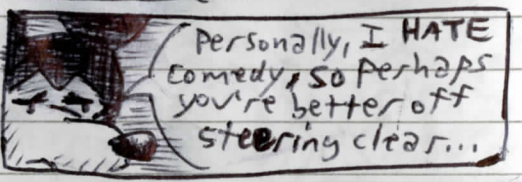
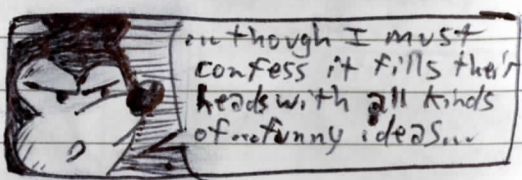
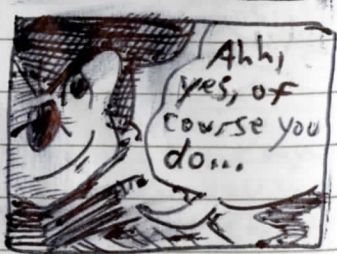
Keep your bearings, child; I sense a strange, disorienting force at work here



"And the vision of all is become unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which men deliver to one that is learned, saying, 'Read this!' I pray thee..."



"...and he saith, I cannot, for it is sealed." - Is. 29:11



Spare me
the expository
speech of all of
your Misguided
Machinations...

We both know
that I know
who you are...

...and More
Momentously, I
know WHY you are
here. You seek
the **ABYSS**...

...and You
know that
I have it.

Furthermore,
you believe that
you know who
I am; the
Mysterious-yet-
somehow-
Meta present
MoMo-

-Plutopolis'
most illustrious
city father...

The Master
Mason, the
Mysterium
Magnum, the-

Sigh
But I get
carried away
talking about my-
Self. You say you
walk with Christ,
well the truth,
Johannes...

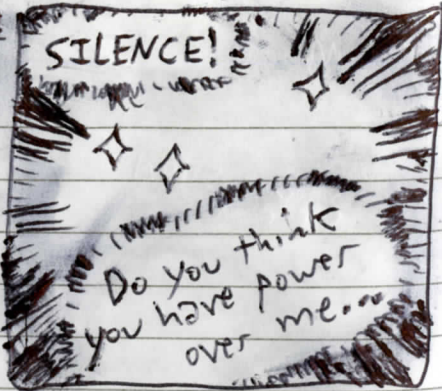
10/18/14

...is that
I AM CHRIST!

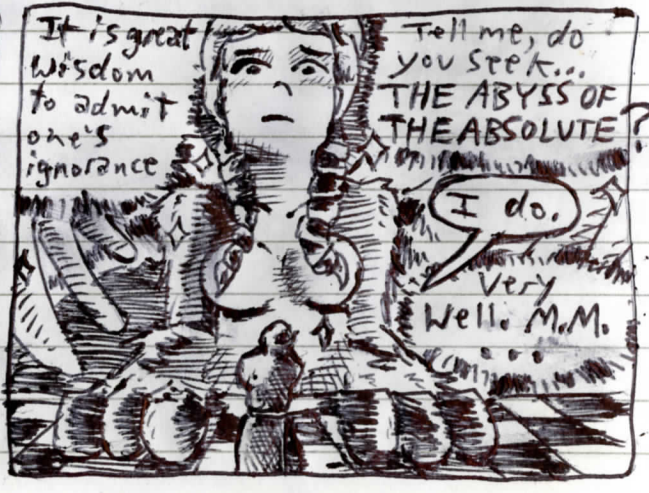
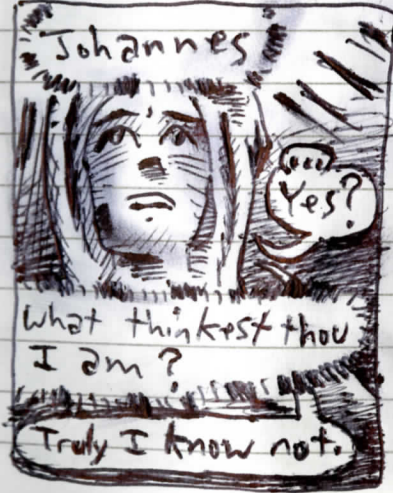
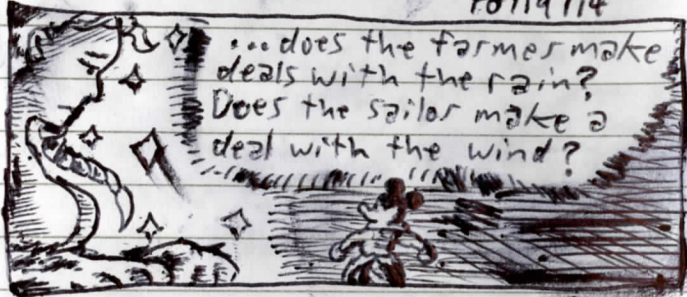
Blasphemer!

I'm afraid it's
TRUE. Your Holy
Scriptures have
LIED to you, and
I can prove it...

I will summon
my Heavenly Host,
and you will have
no choice but to
believe, O ye of little
faith, and bow down
in worship of your Lord!



10/19/14



...recite
my riddle!

I will
NOT!



This pitiful man,
Though he be great
in worldly power,
in faith he's as
small as a mouse!

RECITE!

yes...



"I permeate all thou know'st,
yet am nowhere found,
Aethereal as sky,
yet solid as the ground;
I build or break empires,
yet never lift a sword,
Dictate all poetry,
yet never speak a word;
I see all but mineself,
like a mirror, or eye,
Fountain of Understanding,
Cradle of the Lie;
I'm riches to wise men,
a burden to the fool,
Like a ladder to Heaven,
on Earth, God's Footstool;
What am I?"

Answer and
the book is
yours.



10/20/14

Take as long as
you need. Time
is of no import
to me...





Oh!

Heavenly Father,
if it be thy will
that the Abbey
possess this book,
place the answer
in my mind -



!

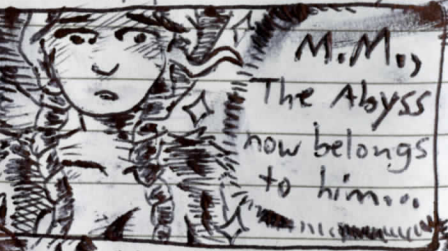
Mind.

10/21/14.



The
answer
(is MIND.)

You have
answered...
correctly.



M.M.,
The Abyss
now belongs
to him..

...and do NOT
try to defy me
again, sad wizard,
lest I make note
of your rebell-
ion to the
MEDIATRIX!



Blandina! Your task
is fulfilled!
Johannes! Do not
stare too intently
into that deep
Abyss, lest the
Abyss stares back
into thee..



Take
it.



I think I left
it lying around here
Somewhere!

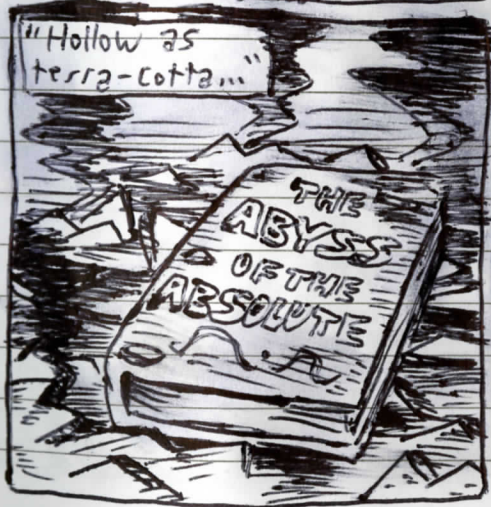
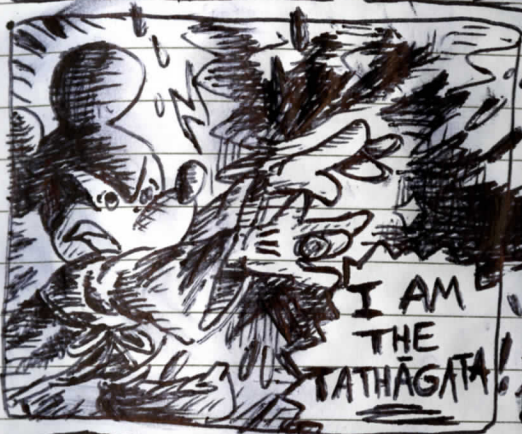
Splendid, aren't they, these terra-cotta Buddhas - 1250 in all.

...a reminder of the teaching of "Ancient FOOLS - we are all Buddha" - we are all HOLLOW inside!

"Everything that has marks, is deceptive and false..."

"...if all marks are not seen as marks..."

10/22/14
...then this is perceiving the Tathāgata."



Daybreak

We exit this city through the Gate of Ivory.

"We"?

Come, child. The way is long...

10/23/14

Morning in the Kingdom of Aeoul, where the Microcosm mirrors the Macrocosm.

FINIS.