

László Hortobágyi
(*Hortadamus*)
- The Alien-paradigm -
(1996)

**- This okambonan I'hattauch speech was delivered
by el-Horto muezzin.**

**It was recorded October 28th, 2000,
in Dillí's Great Mosque Jama Masjid -**

By now, the reptile-footed, ulcerous man has climbed off the left side of the Isenheim Altar [1], and silky cocoons and ciliated mould fungus of glistening, mucous ulcers, wallowing in fractal colors, are pulsing on the Earth's hemispheres like tango of a **Kondratiev** cycle. The tiny little red craters of the ulcers of Isenheim are running blue-black Batman-like colored fly-mucilage on a leather egg, from which, after dashing the ribs of a living human body to pieces, the dark shadow of the Persian **gnosis** emerges to light, that is the **Mithraic** reincarnation of the embodiment of evilness, the reek of the consciousness of human beings, the materialized cultural-genetic unity of the zeitgeist, a living **Meme**. [2]

Later, the human monsters try to exterminate this family-loving, community-defending and hard-working colony that is looking after the Mother faithfully. Here is a she-monster who rips out her tiny tot from the mucous pack of the warm skep, and reduces to ashes the community's future settled in eggs, even killing the Mother herself. [3]

In the unconscious genetic vital process that is flowing through the present areas of the oscillating Universe like waters of the Garden of Eden, where the aim of the genetic Statement is the Statement itself, the human consciousness and intelligence mean a by-product of evolution.

After millennial struggle of self-interpretation of the consciousness and of its universal order, the **Memetics** theory evolves from the wreathing fog, just in time in 1976, as a by-product of genetic theories. [4]

The fundamental unit of evolution is the Meme being an analogy of genes, an information "unit" and symbol created and multiplied by the human brain. If we consider the manifestations of real time human culture as concentrated, materialized Memetics colonies, then nowadays, the "products" of human brains are incarnated in species and digital mimicry of Memes, or in proto-memetics epistemological notions, like "**luminous body**", or in description of a concept of "**assemblage point**" that organizes the World into a scheme representing an integral whole and is movable by

a concentrated ray of mind. [5]

In the early European societies - *ecce homo* - the personality was being developed by individual property, that means the sphere of decision-making: the monotheism and later the nuclear submarine of the armour knight, wallowing in coats of arms, however bioastronomy, *Kathakali*, nigromania, computer controlled fractal generators, *Krishna*-consciousness, *raga-mala* art of painting, cyborgs, *Kuandalini* sex, Arecibo radio telescope, *Tantric mandalas*, the *Cern SPS Synchrontron*, inquisition, the *Gagaku*-compositions, *Bergen-Belsen*, *Vedanta*, cathedrals and kermophagia, Phoenix *Project of SETI*, dolphin language and childbirth, *Cavaille-Coll* organs, reptiles from the Reticulum, *Ajanta*, rate of profit, the Philosopher's Stone, communism, stock exchange derivatives or translocation of the human consciousness into networks, etc. are all *Memetics* galaxies, fossils of materialized information, where "the tradition of all the dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brain of the living". [6]

Around the turn of the 2nd millennium this empire reaches the global society's consumer biomass unified on the surface of our planet, it is similar to classic Hindu caste-system, being extremely closed mono-cultured and moving on a forced path, these are the mucous mega-city-colonies of living *Memes*, where limited property types and the possibilities of social movement articulated by them produce limited castes and personalities impoverished into limited metabolism, along with their taste, that will consume/destroy the culture and the good things in life.

In "Waterworld", there is a shrunken and gray-white eyed, blind old man of white underground worms, who lives in a tanker and who, in *Exxon Valdez's* inner sea of oil, takes care of the sea's prevailing condition. This human being appears in the first third of the film exactly for 3 seconds. During the last third, this man, who during the decades has become old in service of Smokers, stands up in his boat in the burning Hell ignited by a dropped phosphorus torch, and burns alive with visionary deathly eyes opened wide, though from dramaturgical point of view that constitutes an absolutely unnecessary insertion in the film. And the whole movie bursts out into a screaming, ecstatic and endless laugh. [7]

In this world, the biggest enemy of consumption is the single, unified ethos, thus the network blocks of global satellite media (*Médea?*) are completing a historic assignment, when as a part of their daily practice they perform the smashing of the human consciousness into shivers with their news-*Memetic* kaleidoscopes, that are seemingly interesting and important, but are never stringed on the thread of Ariadne of real events. A quite not bad example is the "Punishment of God", the Petri dish of AIDS and blood samples, that was found accidentally in Zanzibar, in 1963. Here, after killing off the gorillas living on the Mount *Nyiragongo*, that had taken place in the 50ies, the evolutionary counterstrike of parasites that was able to mutate by means of the human genetic spiral with a lightening speed would symbolize the "harmony" disrupted by the industrial revolution, where the above-mentioned

counterstrike would affect mostly the plasma of heredity, the “holy source” of life. When during the first decade of the 20th Century, the first *T*-model was rolling down the conveyor belt of Ford, the world would arrive at the materialized ethos of a principle that had been hidden and existing in the deep of universal order till then, and that would make the “underlying meaning and behavior” of human activities obvious, namely the logic of an ancient-new paradigm in the rhyming waves of 200 year long cycles of history. That is to say, the principle and practice according to which the prefabricated components would go in by this door, and the car go out by that door, or the people would go in by this gate, and bales of soap and hair roll out by that gate, are the precipitation of the same “idea” that will alienate the planetary-individual consciousness created by human being, by this tiny contaminator of the Galaxy.

Still only in the USA, at the parties of the upper-middle class, people can see for 5000 USD a video that is permitted to be shown only once and guarded by bodyguards, where it can be seen on the edited pictures, shot in a professionally illuminated gym by altogether 14 computerized slide bar camera, that 190 cm tall men and women dressed in black will tear to pieces children, who are generally Brazilian, Mexican sometimes Romanian by birth and around 7-11 of age. Sitting and ejaculating into the children’s crumbling bowels, by the way, it used to be a great amusement even for the Carolingian king, Pipin the Short, is an extremely delicious amusement for the spectators who are sipping and sucking at their tequilla-cream-irish cream-quail’s egg-*ketamin*-kiwi cocktails at that intimate parties. [8]

In India of the past, the classic caste-system, where three different kinds of inflections were used to address people in a distinctive way, flourished among others on the division of labour, on the regulation of collective social consciousness stiffened into posthuman laws of gods, on the Asian propertyless pantheistic god’s and human’s ocean of personality, on the symbolic reincarnational mapping of *Kondratiev* cycles into *brahmin* brains and ideologies, that means the hierarchically divided social ecostase, the molecular balance of atomized village communities, the *Zamindari* collection of tax, the system, that interweaves and clogs the whole social structure. [9]

On the white man’s hemisphere, in 1968, after the last tiny but failed revolution of the humanity, but still before the realization of the universal and uniformed consumer peace (*Pax Peristaltis*) and of the network communities, been forced from reality into networks (“*internet pods*”), the enormous soulsaving attempts have appeared: in the person of *Gurus*, who would breathe the philosophical distillates of the human misery of the horrible Eastern societies on the Western world, i.e. *Maharishi*, *Shri Chinmoy*, *Moon*, *Bhagwan*, *Prabhupada*, etc., but their line is endless. The texts and titles of LP covers are crawling with expressions like “surrender”, “devotion”, “*karma*”, “*mulandhar*”, “*mahavishnu*”, “faith”, “*anahata*”, “supreme” and “silence”, etc., and the collective “revolution”, by then simply “revolution” of consciousness, begins to move, similarly to the millennial conventions of faithful

Hindu tradition, towards the dark inner spaces of the individual, where only the imaginary freedom, but of course the solitude, and the cocooned chitin-shell of the smashed personality are waiting for the ones wishing to be freed. By that time the positive energy of Mountain, Pink Mice, Dando Shaft, Grand-Funk, Yes, Ashra-Tempel, Jefferson Airplane, Iron-Butterfly, Popol Vuh and Amon-Düül had disappeared, and there arrived the Gothic bands, like Cirith Ungol, Megadeath, Judas Priest, Witchfynde, Motörhead, Tankard, later the non-human howling of Coil, Venom, Pantera, Crowbar, God, Neurosis, Korn and Sielwolf, where the irrationally deep voice of the Devil's singing, been practiced to perfection and supposedly distorted by machines, would become united with the vocal tradition of Tibetan music. The deeper the prayer and invocation of human voice, the closer we get to the being of any God. That means, the way leading to God won't direct us towards the heavenly voices, but towards the darkness and the *abyss*. [10]

In this world, behind the heroic composure of Apollo spacecraft (“...we've had a problem”) and of the American hero, trained by NASA, who was posing in the style of Westworld Saloon, the morality of “Deer Hunter” would conceal itself. When president Bill Clinton's pre-election prayer: “God bless America” rang out, actually he was better, than his predecessors, there stood behind that the roadside aligning of corpses of hundred thousands of Iraqi civil women and children, been settled in Kuwait by Saddam Hussein, who had actually been preserved on his place by the Western world for a long time, and then they would troop out from there, what was named by general Schwarzkopf during his live CNN press conference “a sort of farewell hare-shooting”, a benefit performance for his pilots. [11]

The fact, that killing people is not appropriate, is not enough here, in this case the Mosaic commandment, Jesus Christ and Buddha are required, for the Heavens begin to thunder: “thou shalt not kill”! In this world a yoga would never say in that village, that “although the six hundred of you can provide for me, then what if we cut a canal, because the sewage is flowing through the middle of the village, so I am not going back on top of the column, but we will sit down, then draw up and cut it. [12]

In our days, in the civil sphere of rational science, the herbal-essay of botanist-philosopher and modern Meme-master, Terence McKenna, disguises a unique UFO concept behind a special branch of botany. From the prehistory, namely the Mayas and Egyptians, till our days, the spread of “grasses” and mushroom spores has served on the side of the UFOs as a systematic bait to be realized in discrete steps, with the aim of alteration of consciousness of the human race. These “nostrums”, from the synthetics up to the mushrooms, are going to influence the common consciousness of the human race in a way, that would allow the Aliens to be received into the societies of the Earth, and simultaneously make the human race suitable for sexual intercourses with Aliens. At this point, this kind of so called “rational science” will drift away from the illusion of 17 (namely seventeen) reptiliform *Reticulum* species, waging war against each other in hunting for female ovules, UFO versus succubuses, that earlier has already been pursued by common people, and the content of which has

been otherwise also burdened sexually. Instead, this kind of science says: “I have arrived from this interstellar connection and the *psilocibin* mushroom. As I already mentioned earlier, in case the *psilocibin* enters into metabolism, it quickly puts on the form of *psilocin*, that is simply the *4-hydroxy-dimetiltryptamin*. This is the only known *indol* with four residues in the living nature. Let it buzz a little in your head! The only known *indol* with four residues on the Earth. This kind of psychedelic substance happens to appear in eighty mushroom species, most of that are growing in the New World. The *psilocibin* has its own coat of arms, that reads as follows: “I am artificial, I am coming from outside”. I say, it could be a gene, an artificial one, that might have been brought artificially onto the Earth by a virus, coming from the outer space, and that gene would hide nicely in the genetic line of mushrooms.” [13]

But the science also functions, when Carlos, the terrorist, is committed for trial in Paris, ever since there is nothing we can know about it, and the Gordian knot of the initial evidentiary and procedural problems will be cut through by a satellite photograph sent by CIA. Here you can see the photograph of “Don Carlos” with sunglasses in the Libyan Desert, where this photograph will praise the app. 10 cm resolution, that is permitted to disclose, of the military satellites. But that can be ascertained, that on those satellite daily maps, that are compiled by *Tiros*, *Iconos*, *Minos* meteorological systems, or by the CIA’s system for, among others, the late *Echelon* global geostationary listening of mobile phones, that has a 10 cm resolution per segments of Earth as a minimum, or by the *Lacrosse* or the old *Motorola Iridium* projects, or on those maps, that are compiled by the navigation satellites of nuclear submarine with the help of the *NORAD* center, no UFOs are visible.

There are more worlds and senses of world living simultaneously on the Earth: it is worth comparing the efficiency of playful performances of artistic-insubordinate groups, that are symbolically suggesting the transformation of society, with the knowledges of a naval communication specialist or a logistical expert at Pentagon, or comparing the language of human science with the ethos of a developing engineer at a multinational industrial concern.

In 1996, the castrated members of a Christian-UFO believer sect, established in 1972 and located in Santa Fe (archetype: Society of Jesus Christ, the Knight of the Flying Saucers, from the 1950ies), made a decision, that breaking with the old-established habits, instead of blasting the plant *DMT*, certainly a *Phalaric* species, they would relocate their consciousness onto the board of an UFO, hiding somewhere in the tail of *Hale-Bop* comet, where there was a new way of life and quality waiting for them. The outcome was obvious: thirty-nine of them were lying on the bunk beds, like in the dormitory of death, with their spectacles, polished shoes at their sides, in perfect order, they were covered with violet shrouds, with their hands folded over each other under the shrouds, sparkling sunshine, swimming pool, in the neighborhood of the nearby Beverly Hills, i.e. *Sodom* and *Gomorrhah*. [14]

Nevertheless, don’t forget the medieval and modern Indian saints, who used to burn

themselves by naked fire after they hung themselves on a tree upside down, thus those people, castrated as well, would do their utmost to leave not for a place behind a comet, but for another nirvana, getting free forever of earthly existence and delicious Indian music, where the horrifying sequence of rebirths on this world would be discontinued, and they, as intellectual surplus drifted to the periphery of society, would escape from the commotion in the cities, that were enjoying the pleasures of *Kama-sutra*. Or the holy people of our days, who are hiding in the forest as a governmental commissioner, and try to divert with their *mantras* the wreckagees of the Soviet space station, *MIR-I*, from falling down by accident upon India. [15]

In this world, the music seems to be the sweet poison of mankind. According to the musicologist, *Yajnavalkiya brahmin* (6th Century AD, Hindustan): “If you are fully aware of the laws of tones and rhythm, then you will step on the way leading home”, which phrase can be already found in the much earlier “*Yoga-sutra-s*”. But similar is the *yoga*, the contemporary reincarnation of the earliest, tremendously sophisticated and deeply philosophical technology of exit from the Earth and the reality, like *Tensegrity* [16], the series of exercises and philosophy, that will generate mental ray of energy. It teaches that the human’s individual consciousness is roaming not in his/her brain, but out of it, somewhere in the space-time of another dimension, and it keeps communicating through a ray of energy with the empty human body, that will saunter otherwise like a zombie. Besides that, it also teaches about the “*flyers*”, who are living off the human race, and who, like Alien parasites, will keep the level of all the evil in the human world, and of our motives and feelings, they are users of our consciousness and our institutions, they are *poltergeist* type parasitic fluidiums, that are responsible for “infiltration” of our ideas and the human ego, and who are practically the symbols of Memetic eggs of the Alien, sticking to the human face and coiting the death into his/her mouth, or the philosophical incarnation of green mould covering the crumbling-decomposing skeleton of “Hunger”, of dissolving carcasses of “Zoo” and of graphics made by Hans Bellmer and H. R. Giger.

“The fog is rising, the wells are opening, and in a thin beam like in its own silver ray and vapor cloud fossilized aspic, bubble-granulates are sparkling towards the sky. Its horizon is a mass of executioner-machines that are rolling and screaming in a continuous whitish silver Milk Ocean, a swarm of myriapodous creatures with rustling chitin membranes, sitting in the cloud and making court to their rotting god, eating flesh of one another to the bone; whitish odour, fragments of flesh, repeated rumble, the exploding body of the creatures submerging into splashing and spummy sea of Eden of the collapsing medulla-storm, according to their belief it is the very morning of life. Here, the heaps of plasmatic formations and rawmeat-sucklings, surrounded by vapor, are beaten to foam on the pavement. The twinkling of the birdlike creatures with a disintegrating glass-thorn eye will madden the army of the peacock-thighed creatures reviving from the mucous and slippery flesh-marsh, the rebirth of their tortures, ending in a hoarse and mouldering scream. The sky-high explosion of the distant horizon, where the spiky-tabby shells are adhering to the violet-veil of the rolled up sky and to the sea of the Eden-cream-foam of the falling

medulla-storm; creatures, that are being knocked flat in the inside of milksilver orbs in the name of the morning of life, accompanied by the exclamation of triumph emitted by the glass-ants. The mucous-opalesque body of sea-green peacock-feather-eyed giant medusas that are stepping out of the golden river, and that are condensing into hydra-cloud of mercury pearl there, where the river is nibbling its own two banks, and flows as if it were composed of bowels. There are Solaris-phenomenas swimming about on the surface of the river, transparent jelly balls are glittering high above in the air, at first there is a deaf silence, there are weeping willows swaying in the sinister sunshine, crickets are falling into silence, but at this very moment the river flares up furiously on the horizon in a terrible quake, there are spectacles on its hood, and the death is splashing in its mouth.” [17]

So, here we are confronted with the question, whether the ability and creative power, expressed during the evolution into man in the limitless creation of posthuman kingdom comes and *Memes*, is part of the hominid natural history or basic program, or is one of the possible manifestations of the original mal-consciousness of the human race. Is the mal-consciousness inevitable at all, and is there any need for artificial mal-consciousness: the Old Egyptian winged spirit (*ka*), that will, still not in a form of a dove, leave the body, the early representation of the soul’s alienation, or the spiritual praxis of the Tibetan monk, being locked up in a dark cell for years, and who, during the final stage of his initiation, will materialize his or his chosen god’s earthly counterpart in a form, that is perceivable for others. [18]

If we want to avoid the fossil problem of doctor Faustus, the composer, it is enough to follow the *Meme*-mucus actually trickling from ulcer of Grünewald’s altar; the zombies, that are climbing out of the rippling burial mound and sputtering black corpse-punch from their mouths, will accompany the rebuilt bodied monster with a charming choreography of danse macabre, letting lytic human organs and pieces of flesh run off on a solarized-eyed blooming juvenile girlie, in an empty and dark factory-yard. [19]

Consequently, when for the quieted minority there is only one way remaining, that leads towards the inside, and even the *ashrams* of the great soultraders have become emptied, then there comes another chapter of and scheduled need for, or a small degenerate revolution of snapping out of the world made uninhabitable by us. The eternal software of the ancient instinct, the technique of “entering the picture” by turning a complete somersault, that is an invention of an ancient Chinese poet [20], the “*trance-forever*” by means of a virtual helmet, that reminds of the mole-cricket-like head of the Alien, just to defeat the daily reality with the help of the fashion, the drugs and the science, and where punk, having still a class rage filled with social feeling, will turn against itself instead of the caste-rigid and unchangeable social reality, and where the fashion of safety-pins transforms itself into the acidish fashion of piercings, actually covering the whole body, just like in the case of ecstatic dervishes, including even the intimate parts of the body, fashion of colored contact lenses, body plastics and *tattoos*. [21]

So we can realize, that the music has become a kind of drug, that can't be replaced by anything else. Through the music, there are ratios and constructions penetrating into your brain, and such kind of feelings might be born even without drugs, that no other organ of sense is able to induce or mediate.

And while the Indian music is an intellectual exode of a thousand years old development from this uninhabitable world, now the similar attitude of the music of our days will guide us to a musicology fact: while earlier the music, with its inextricable acoustic-emotional-mathematical ratios and millennial cultural "**Memés**", has been the pleasure and "ecstasy" of intellect, now the commercialized version of the music of our days, with its 60 Hz kick drums and the Oriental-like, statically monotonous acoustic massage, affecting kidneys and stimulating adrenaline production, will become consumers' praxis of weekend liberation and alienation of body and soul, incited from outside, i.e. it appears in the white man's world as a more up-to-date technology of the „art of desertion". At the same time it can be considered as a litmus paper, that is more sensitive to awareness of life of the Western society becoming more and more Oriental, than any other art or science. [22]

And so happened, that the modern technology and extra-European musical elements emerged together without any effort in the musical practice of the world these days and on the digital carriers of alienation, anomie and artificial mal-consciousness. [23]

At about this time, there occurred the white man's last meeting with the Indian music (among others), when from the second part of the 50ies this kind of music, in view of its entirety and origin, was identified by among others from John Cage to Yehudi Menuhin and The Beatles with a minority but, considering the performer - Pandit Ravi Shankar - ingenious slice of it. Though the extinction of the traditional Indian schools had already commenced around the turn of the century in parallel with the disappearance of the *maharaja* courts, this kind of misunderstanding of classical music by white man's consumption could also lead to the development of a consumable Indian music that was comparable with the global "conform-idiomatism" of the awful pop industry. And in this way, the very essence of the Indian music is fading away, that is nothing else, than a fantastically sophisticated, ancient and ecstatic human scream, being the mathematical purity and Heaven in itself, and if the Hell exists, there is Indian music playing for sure, it is a Gothic cathedral, where its every component is rational and measurable, but the whole superstructure appears to be absolutely irrational and in a way it is a kingdom come from beyond the human. The future way of consumption of Mogul court music, **Gamelan** and **Tuwa**, but also **Inuit** and the former **Tusi-Hutu** music from Burundi, and relics of traditional cultures, rich in pigment, in general: Indivirtual satellite channels (**Indivision**), with encoded (**VirtualCrypt Card**) intravenous infusion, hot water with salt solution and respiratory mask in the so called personal tubs (**Personal /g/Rave**), with discount in case of longer submersions, **heterodyne** radiation and "sleg". [24]

The *VirtuAlien* helmet programs, which are going to be *VideoDrams* that can be clicked into the *slot* implanted behind the ears, will make a still unpredictable quantity of experience to be sold out in the form of sampled and digitalized stories like: “Pornographic Life of Squirrels”, “Orgies of Caligula”, “When I Was an Executioner”, “The Gourmand Blow-fly”, “Alien’s G-point”, “The Little Inquisitor”, “In the Harem of His Sultanship”, “I, Himmler”, “Cyborg Sex-live” and “The Corpse-germ Invasives”, etc.

Further essentially suggested softwares: i.e. *MacLife*, *Paraclete-Games*, *Nihiliasion*, *Compaq de Sade*, *Cocalia*, *MacRave*, *Acider*, *Soft-nirvana*, *Lysergames*, *Somnipotenser*, *Hybernaculum* and *Cyborgia’sm*. Excerpt: “Here the music has appeared as a physiological *sôma*, and seems to be a possible and acoustic solution for the physical abandonment of the reality, or for the establishment of social *moebius*-mind, based on the technology of “*computed memesis*”. The modular *goa*-electronics, the matrix topology of *tablá memes*, the synthesized carcinogenic PCM sequences, the Hindustani style of astral-hallucinogen instrumentation, or the polyphonic application of analyzed interstellar spectrum-samples, in addition the *Zipi* programming of geometric fractal loops, or Pythagorean way of mixing have span a *Memetic* cobweb around the phosphorescent acid-minds been grown as a consequence of the alienation trend of that century, and it appears as a sophisticated “*prâna of transociety*” of the millenium's end. Later on, when the human consciousness moved over to networks, or transmigrated to Jupiter’s stratosphere, the frequency algorithms of the music were connected to the synapses of neuron terminations, and they were stimulated with thousands of impulse momentums of 3D, 16 Hz/BPM, and then another era of music history began, where the earlier music material of human misery would become obsolete, as a fossil ethnologic nightmare of the past.” [25]

So, during this next wave, because of the practice and result of the seized up “revolution”, about 30-40 percent of the cream of the society, namely the governing executives (the parliament, the police, the army) will sink into daze of chemicals, consequently, during this tiny little musical wave of the world, that is the 4th wave after 1968, the New Wave and Acid-Techno, the live concerts will become ecstatic ceremonies of individual ritual suicide both on stage and among the fans, symbolizing with their act the single possible way of relief, redemption, enlightenment in our little world. The social reality and increasing quantity of Alien *Memes* are existing in place of a world livable by intellect, as the daily-historical practice of individuum tucked underneath the social mass of the greatest common human-social evil.

It is obvious, that God, as a messianistic entity of an omnipotent, pre and above historic concept, is the integral part of human culture. However, based on this conceptual system, it is presumable, that the world cannot be explained and understood, because it is totally inconsistent with the existence of a good God.

The functioning of this planetary system, that is working according to complicated and fatal laws, will become incomprehensible at the very moment, when we put an omnipotent irrational element into this scheme, that is anyhow comprehensible, since our world has been transformed through the autocracy of the already mentioned irrational elements into what it is now. The Ten Commandments were written for people who used to kill, steal and lie. We must believe in a human being, who doesn't need the Ten Commandments, the *Bible* and the *Koran*, or the so called "traditionalism", because he/she knows by him/herself, that killing or lying is not appropriate. There is no need for mimicry, because he/she knows, that letting the world become a liveable place require neither good God, no soldiers, Churches or multinational companies. As we could see, there are more and more, who would recognize it. Or they won't recognize it, but are living in that way. And if this recognition can be spread, something's going to happen. But till then, the white man's industrial revolution and the in quality corresponding "human rights", namely the global human right of consumer metabolism, will make possible for everybody to flood the world with unlimited heaps of the *Memes* of his mind in a way that is unknown in the Eastern despotic schemes, and with the selective efficiency of the (non) free market. Thus there will be more and more of the mimics of mimics, the *Memes* of *Memes*, knights and artists in the bogus holo-court of phenomenas, and soon there will stay only the "guests" of *Solaris* everywhere. [26]

The demographic and cultural socio-overpressure offers an unlimited selection from the materialized mind-mutation of the biological and cultural monsters of alienation. The Earth is going to become slowly inundated by the Memetic mucus and pellicle leaking from the cerebrum of the *Alien-generation*.

[1]: Matthias Grünewald (1470-1528): Isenheim Altarpiece, 1511.

[2]: Alien (Ridley Scott), 1979.

[3]: Aliens (James Cameron), 1986.

[4]: Richard Dawkins:

1. The Selfish Gene (1976), Gondolat, 1986;

2. The Extended Phenotype (1982), Gondolat, 1989.

[5]: Taisha Abelar: Sorcerers Crossing, L. A. 1993, Abstract Flight,

Püski Florinda Donner: Being in Dreaming, L. A. 1994.

(Certainly both of them are pupils of C. Castaneda.)

[6]: For those, who know where this extraction is from, a rust-eaten old-guard badge is waiting at the rear exit.

[7]: Waterworld (Kevin Reynolds), 1995.

[8]: See also: Internet Entertainment Group (IEG); www.sexquotes.com or Playboy Enterprises; WallStreetSex.com.

[9]: In 1947, right before the official abolition of caste-system, the number of registered castes exceeded 2000. The microstructures, having separate name and regulating - first of all prohibition - lists have always been in force concerning the village communities ("Memetic enclosures") with more than 500.000 inhabitants.

[10]: A handful of required clips: Morbid Angel: God of Emptiness, 1996;

Sepultura: Ratamahatta, 1996; Tool: Stinkfist, 1995 and Undertow, 1993; Dimmu Borgir: Live, 1998; Pitch Shifter: Triad, 1994; Pro Pain: Live, 1996.

[11]: Later general Schwarzkopf was paid an advance of 4.000.000 USD by the Simon and Schuster Publishing House for the copyright of his memoirs.

[12]: Also important: Ottó Orbán: Windows to the Earth. Valóság (about Taj Mahal), 1969/5., 1969/11.

[13]: Terence McKenna: Alien love (unpublished, translated by: Balázs Fejér Naga). Entheogen Review, edited by Jim DeKorne, as from 1993, or the so far published ten issues of Crash Collision, New York.

[14]: That was predicted by Dan Propper: The Fable of the Final Hour. 1960, Fawcet Publications Inc., Greenwich, Conn.

[15]: Hindusthan Times, 17th August, 1988.

[16]: Distributed by Carlos Castaneda and Carlo Tiggs, also on video.

[17]: Somewhere in East-Europe (Bp.), by Laszlo Hortobagyi, 1973.

[18]: See also: ectoplasm, Maldoror's complaints, the substance floating over Paracelsus' grave, or "Kirlian" glory of human soul.

[19]: Michael Jackson: Thriller, 1981.

[20]: In our days the 3D pictures, the fractal graphics or the illusion of "Compuvolvotron" 3D soundscape.

[21]: Prodigy: Breathe, 1997; Marilyn Manson: Long Hard Road to the Hell, 1998; Beautiful People, 1995; Tourniquet, 1994.

[22]: Although, the successors of Blade Runner (Ridley Scott, 1984) are also quite remarkable.

[23]: It is only one from a hundred, but also compulsory: Prodigy: Smack My Bitch Up, 1998

[24]: A. and B. Strugacki: The Final Circle of Paradise. Kozmosz, Metagalaktika, 1983; or Stanislaw Lem: Insomnia. Európa, Budapest, 1974.

[25]: Reminiscence of L. H. entitled: The Virtual Memesis of Music, in Technomusicology 2009/IV. p. 109-123., October.

[26]: Stanislaw Lem: Solaris. Európa, Budapest, 1968.

(László Hortobágyi 1996)