

AFTERVOLTER



PAUL PEREIRA

for kitty
even though this
is a bunnye.



"It's not right for us to be here." Bunnye says.

"It's ok mama. We will be fine."

"Nothing will make sense."

"Sense is nonsense mama."

"See? You're already affected."

"But I like the feeling."

"Of nonsense?"

"Yes. It wakes us up. Someone famous said so."

"That is true. So you really want to be here?"

"Why not?"

"ok."

"YAY!"

"It can get confusing."

"Oh lets just go mama! Hurry!"

"Alright love. Buckle up..."

but who is bunnye?

long before these pink
skins. long before the
baby rabbit. the hole
already knew about alice.
"it is only a matter of time."

--the aterpillar

CREATED
BY
PEREIRA IRVING PAUL

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POETS, PAINTERS & PSYCHOPOMPS
REFER TO ATERVOLTER AS
'A BOOK OF VOLTER VON VOLTERGEIST'
AN ENTITY WHOSE THOUGHTS ARE
STILL IMAGES AND RESOUNDING VOICES
FROM ANOTHER CLASS OF REALITY.
SHAMAN-LORDS CONSIDER THIS BOOK
A 'FUNERARY TEXT FOR IMMORTALS.'
EMPHASIZING THE MIGRATION RITES FROM
FLESH TO BOOK TO SPACE TO DEITY.
MAGICIANS AND SAGES OF THIS CONTINUUM
IS NOT ADVISED TO 'SPIRIT LEARN' THIS TEXT
WITHOUT PRIOR KNOWLEDGE AND GROUNDING
IN SAULARIAN MAGIC." - VON NULL.

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WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION:
PAUL
MAY BE REACHED AT STRANGE.MEMORIES@GMAIL.COM



YOU SEE ALL
OMNI ONE
AND YOU HAVE
COUNT OF
MY WAYS.
IN YOUR
SIGHT I PRAY
FOR FAVOR
FOR I TOO
HAVE SHED
THY TEARS.
THE ANGELS
WERE FAR,
BUT CLOSE
TO ME
I HELD
THEM.
I BELIEVED
I PORTRAYED
BATTLED
STORMS
UNEFT
FOR MAGIC
ALL FOR
THE RISEN
ONE



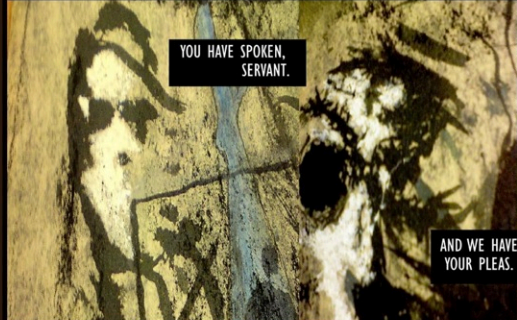
AND NOW
I BESEECH
THEE
SHOW ME
MY RIVERS
MY PATHWAY
TO THE GODS.
THAT
I MAY
RETURN
AGAIN.
IF SO BE
YOUR WILL
TO THIS
VAST
AND BURDENED
LANDSCAPE
TO CARRY
ON YOUR
FAULTLESS
WILL.
HEAR ME
O XOL
AND
SET ME FREE
FROM THIS
DEATH.

五
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五
十




THIS, I UNDERSTAND, FATHER XOL
THAT MY SPIRIT CHILD SHALL WEEP OF MY LOSS.
THAT SHE SHALL SHOW HER DESPAIR UNTO THE MASSES
AND THE MASSES WILL BE ANGERED FOR HER LOSS.
BUT I PRAY, BELOVED XOL, THAT SHE WILL UNDERSTAND
THAT MY DEATH IS FOR HER BEGINNING
AND HER BEGINNING SHALL ENDURE MY END.






YOU HAVE SPOKEN,
SERVANT.

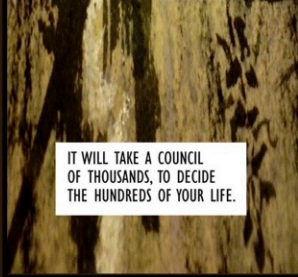


AND WE HAVE HEARD OF
YOUR PLEAS.

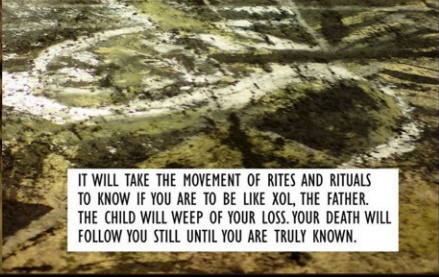


SING NO MORE YOUR SONGS
OF AFFLICTION.

YOUR VOICE RINGS TRUE UPON THE WALL OF THE VARAGOND. THE RED JUDGE RAISES THE MAP OF COUNSA.



IT WILL TAKE A COUNCIL
OF THOUSANDS, TO DECIDE
THE HUNDREDS OF YOUR LIFE.



IT WILL TAKE THE MOVEMENT OF RITES AND RITUALS
TO KNOW IF YOU ARE TO BE LIKE XOL, THE FATHER.
THE CHILD WILL WEEP OF YOUR LOSS. YOUR DEATH WILL
FOLLOW YOU STILL UNTIL YOU ARE TRULY KNOWN.



יקח כקדש ויבנה בית
 יקח כקדש ויבנה בית
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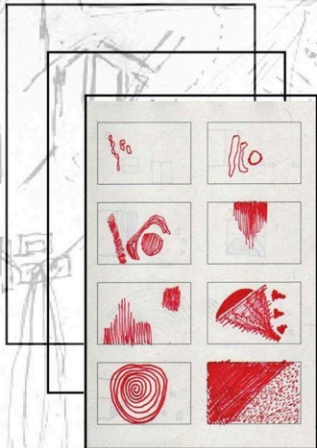
EXCELLATION OF THE
 BIRTH CHART
 SIGNAL CALL OF
 THE HARVESTER
 RIDER, TUNNEL LIGHT
 IN SEARCH OF
 THE GREAT
 MOTHER WOMB BEGIN.

EEL OF LIFE
PENETRATION.

EGG OF LIFE
PENETRATED.

CITY OF LIFE
EXPANDING.

ATOMIC LIFE
FORMATION.





THERE IS A DREAM THAT I USED TO DREAM.
I AM AN EMBRYO IN A SEA OF BLOOD.

BLOOD
BLOOD
BLOOD

I MEET MY MOTHER
AND SHE IS NOT HUMAN.
HER EYES SEARCH MY EVERY CORE.



HER HAND IS LIKE AN ANGEL'S WING.
SHE OFFERS ME SAFETY AND DISPERSION.

SHE OFFERS ME SOLACE FROM THE PRISON OF THE SPHERES.
SHE SHELTERS ME FROM THE STORM OF VOICES.



THEN, WITH A MIGHTY BREATH,
SHE EXHALES ME INTO THE WORLD.



IN THE DISTANCE,
BLURRED BY VELOCITY.

I WATCH MY FATHER WATCHING ME.

HE IS LIKE A WRAITH,
A TOWERING DEMON

HE DOES NOT SAY A WORD.

I AM THEN EMBEDDED IN THE RECESSES OF TIME.

I REALISE I AM NO LONGER DREAMING.

I AM AN EXTINCT NOTION,
PRESERVED BY THE END OF THE WORLD.

I AM AN ORAL TRADITION,
SPOKEN IN THE HOUR OF INITIATION.

I AM AN ART, DEVoured BY ETERNITY.



IN MY NAME
FUTURE BOOKS WILL BE WRITTEN.

TEMPLES OF ANOTHER ORDER WILL BE BUILT
FROM MY BONES.

IN THE HOUR OF MY ARRIVAL
STRANGE DOORS WILL OPEN.



AND FROM THOSE PORTALS, BLEED
NEW MANNER OF GODS WILL PREVAIL.

LIFE ON LUNA WILL BE PREDATED.
TIME SHALL MOVE IN SHADOWY PATTERNS.

I CANNOT BEGIN TO COMPREHEND THESE CHANGES.

WAS I NOT MERELY A SERVANT?
THEN WHY DO THESE AWAKENINGS STRIKE ME?
WHY DO THESE LIGHTS, BEARING MY SIGILS, DEMAND MY NAME?

THERE ARE NO NEW ANSWERS FOR ME.
NO CLARITY. NO RESOLVE.

I MUST SEEK.

I MUST
BE ALONE.

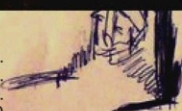
I MUST FLEE.

BE FREE
TO CHALLENGE.

TO QUESTION.
TO FIND.

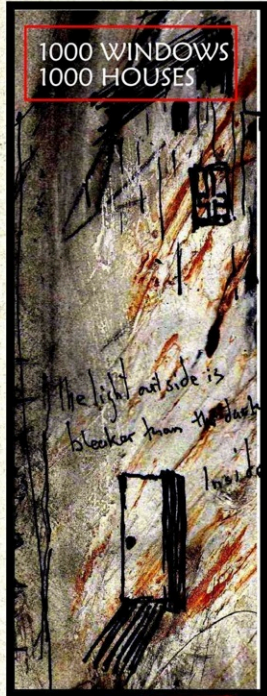


MUST TRUST IN THE GATES THAT YAWN.
THERE IS A VISION THAT WATCHES ME.
JUST AS MY FATHER DID.
JUST AS MY MOTHER DID



AS SHE WATCHED ME DEPART FROM HER LUNGS. AND ENTERED ANOTHER STATE OF BEING.

1000 WINDOWS
1000 HOUSES



The light outside is bleaker than the dark inside

THERE IS A SECRET
IN THIS HOUSE



NOT a child's
memory

accidents

Footfalls
Plunging
High heels
on old wood



incidents

what happens here

TROUBLED

presidents



DERRIED

"ma ma ma the
"ma ma the faces"



So many faces ma
ma

"So many faces ma ma"

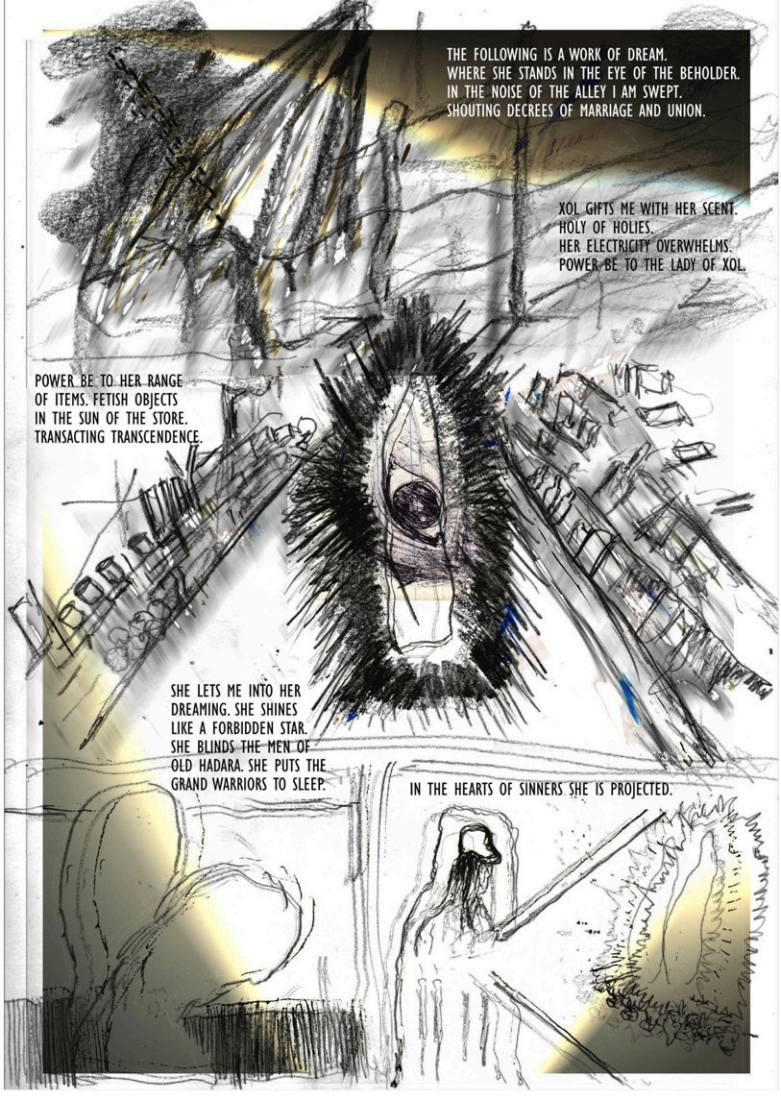
"don't let the faces
get me,
mamal"

There she was

SERVITUDE. (HERE SHE IS.)



Here I am lost




THE FOLLOWING IS A WORK OF DREAM.
WHERE SHE STANDS IN THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER.
IN THE NOISE OF THE ALLEY I AM SWEEPED.
SHOUTING DECREES OF MARRIAGE AND UNION.

XOL GIFTS ME WITH HER SCENT.
HOLY OF HOLIES.
HER ELECTRICITY OVERWHELMS.
POWER BE TO THE LADY OF XOL.

POWER BE TO HER RANGE
OF ITEMS. FETISH OBJECTS
IN THE SUN OF THE STORE.
TRANSACTIONING TRANSCENDENCE.

SHE LETS ME INTO HER
DREAMING. SHE SHINES
LIKE A FORBIDDEN STAR.
SHE BLINDS THE MEN OF
OLD HADARA. SHE PUTS THE
GRAND WARRIORS TO SLEEP.

IN THE HEARTS OF SINNERS SHE IS PROJECTED.



THROUGH THE DISEASED HEARTS
THERE IS BREAKTHROUGH THE VEIL OF THE
ORACULAR.
MOTHER WOMB OPEN STONE.
A DEA LIGHT. A NEO LIGHT.
AVALANCHE SILVER MOUNTAIN FALL.
SNOW OF THE IRIDESCENT
CONNECTING LAI-FA TO LIV-A
SPIDER TONGUE SPEAKS OF THE STORM RANGE.
WHO IS THE HARBINGER
IS IT THE CHILD OF THE FEVERS?
IS IT THE PARENT OF THE DEVOLUTION?
OPEN NAUGHT.
CEASE FIRE.

"EVAR-DON.
WHY ARE THERE SHADOWS
AMID THE SUN?"

"ERA-DON
THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS
IS MADE FOR KINGS."

"EGA-DON
THERE IS NO SHINE OF SKIN
HERE."

"NEVA-DON
HERE
THERE IS ONLY SALT. "

WE CAN'T.
IT IS NOT RIGHT.
WE MUST.
THERE IS FLIGHT.
NO.
IT WILL KILL US.
DO NOT.
DO NOT.

"NO ONE LISTENS."



MY WORDS ARE LOST
IN DOWNFALL



ROOTS OF AMOEBA
IN SEARCH OF SHE



TEARDROPS
IN AN OCEAN



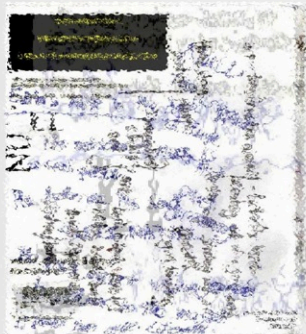
FRAGMENTED
STORM



A PRIMAL LOVING



UNAFRAID OF
BEASTS AND GRAVES.



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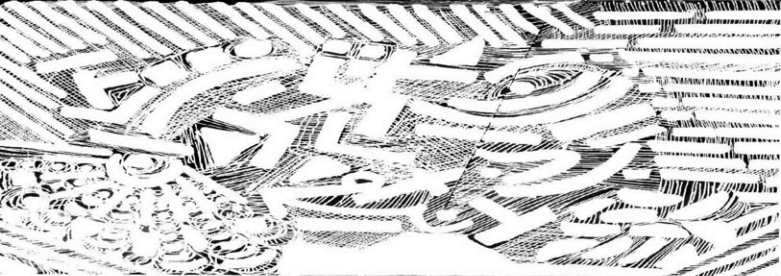
LET THE
ORDER OF
CHAOS
BE REINSTATED.

LET THE MAP OF
OTHER EXISTENCE
BE DRAWN OUT.

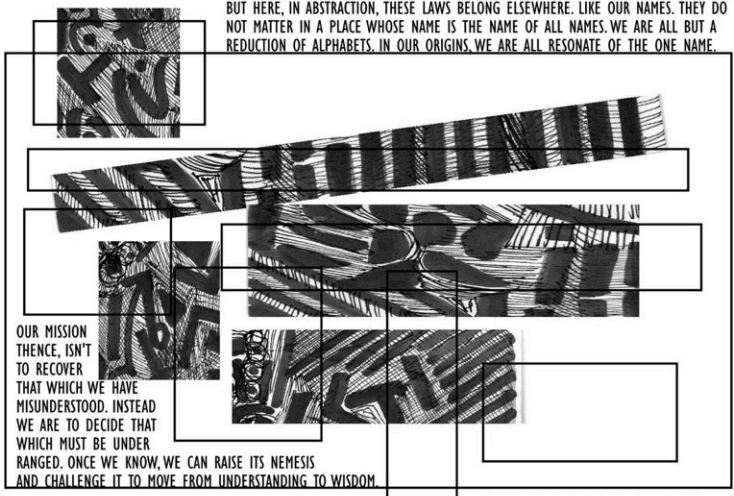
FOR THE LORDS AND LADIES
OF THIS SPHERE

IS PREPARING TO RECEIVE
THE RETURN OF
HIEROPHANTS.



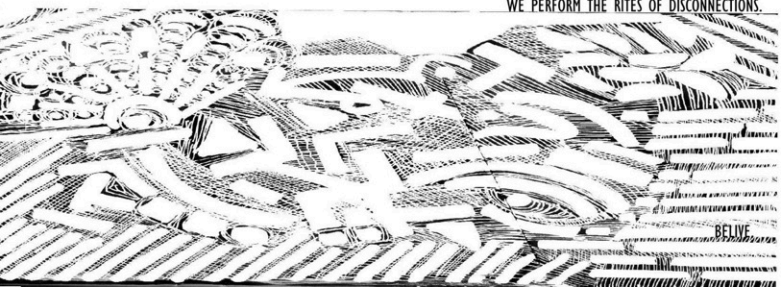


WE FIGURED. IT WAS NOT OUR DUTY TO NAME THE HIGH PRIESTS. TRUE, THERE ARE LAWS. BUT HERE, IN ABSTRACTION, THESE LAWS BELONG ELSEWHERE. LIKE OUR NAMES. THEY DO NOT MATTER IN A PLACE WHOSE NAME IS THE NAME OF ALL NAMES. WE ARE ALL BUT A REDUCTION OF ALPHABETS. IN OUR ORIGINS, WE ARE ALL RESONATE OF THE ONE NAME.

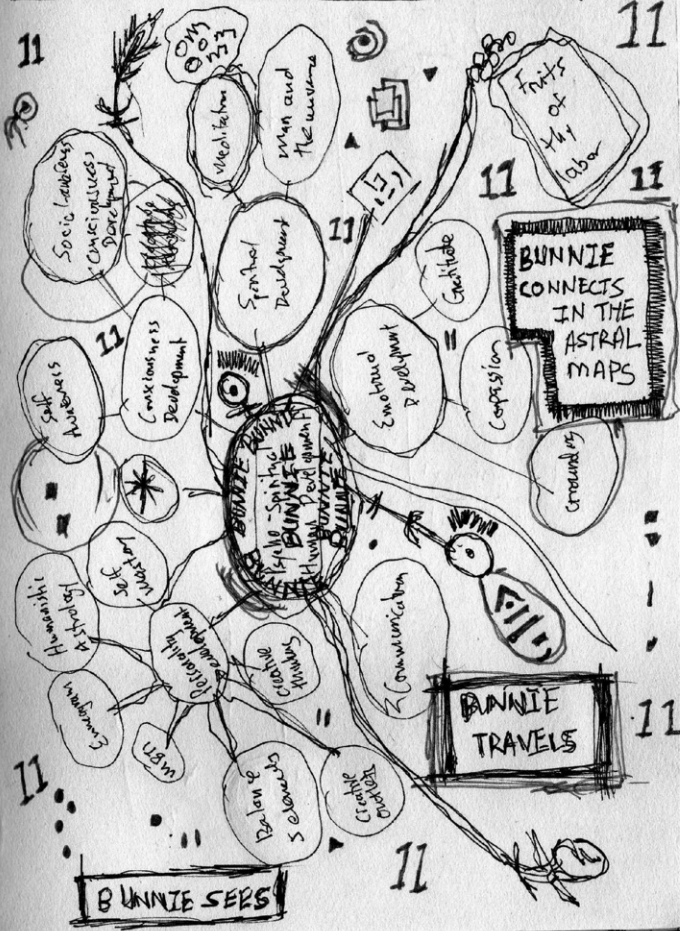


OUR MISSION THENCE, ISN'T TO RECOVER THAT WHICH WE HAVE MISUNDERSTOOD. INSTEAD WE ARE TO DECIDE THAT WHICH MUST BE UNDER RANGED. ONCE WE KNOW, WE CAN RAISE ITS NEMESIS AND CHALLENGE IT TO MOVE FROM UNDERSTANDING TO WISDOM.

IN THE REMOTE ACCESS OF OUR MINDS WE PERFORM THE RITES OF DISCONNECTIONS.

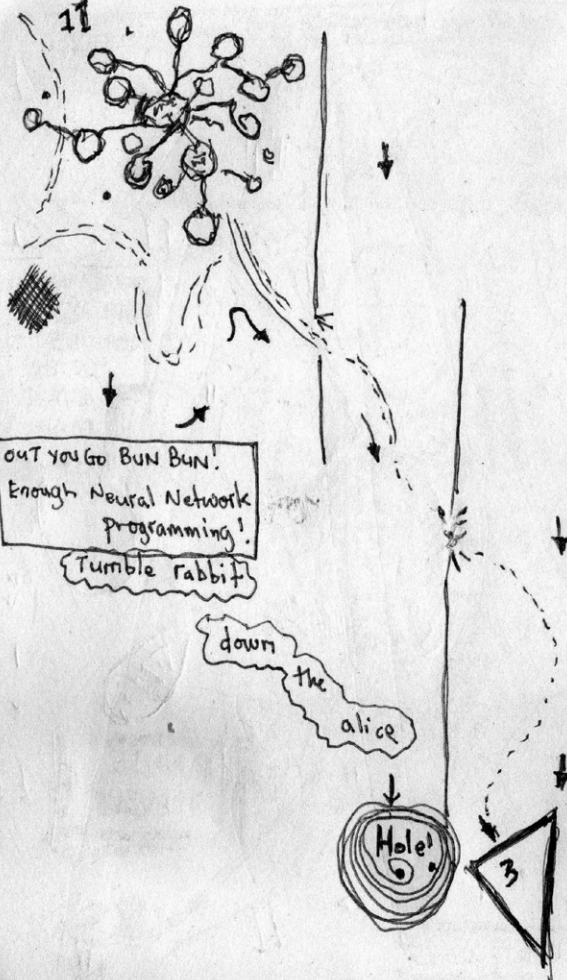


Just what are you looking in dreams now | wonder



BUNNIE SERFS

11



OUT YOU GO BUN BUN!
Enough Neural Network
programming!

Tumble rabbit

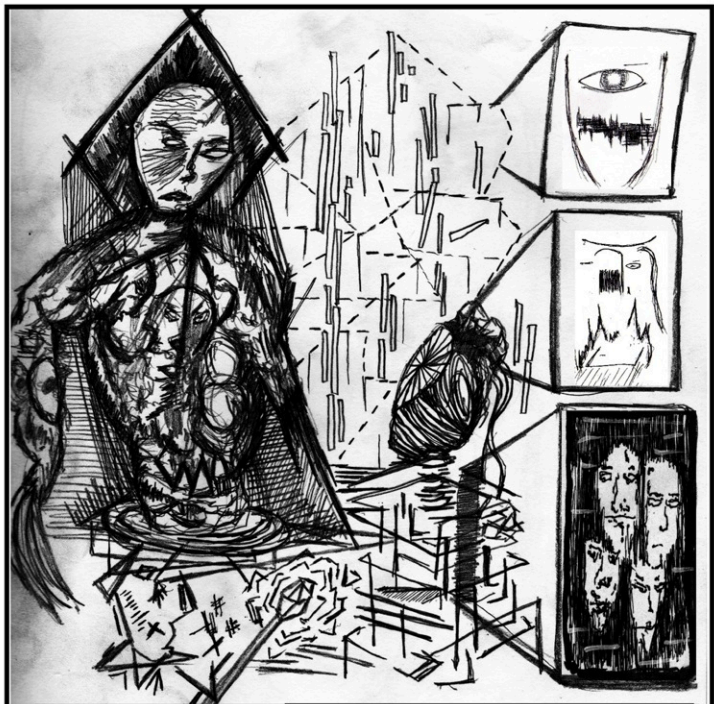
down
the
alice

Hole!

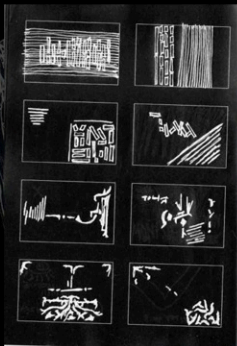
3



The Carnival Equation

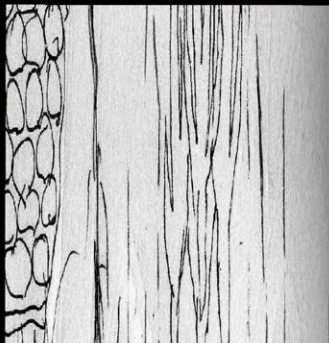
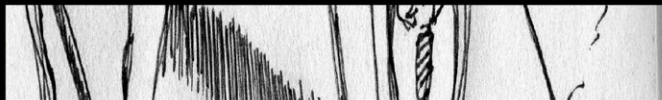
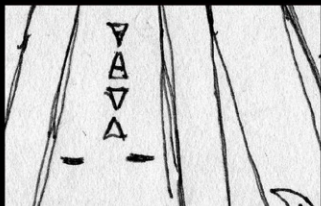


VTX



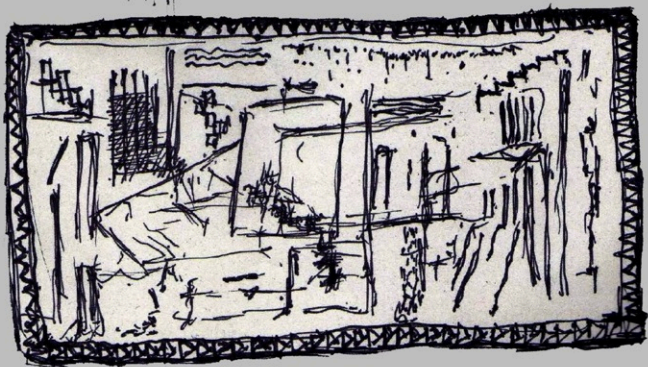
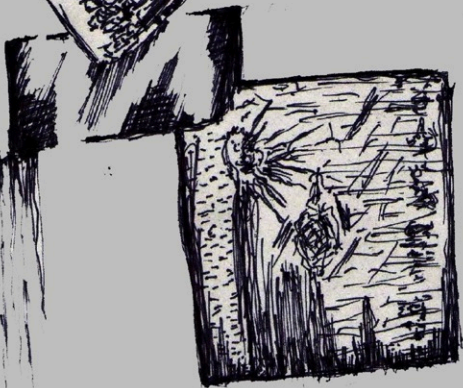
Equation X

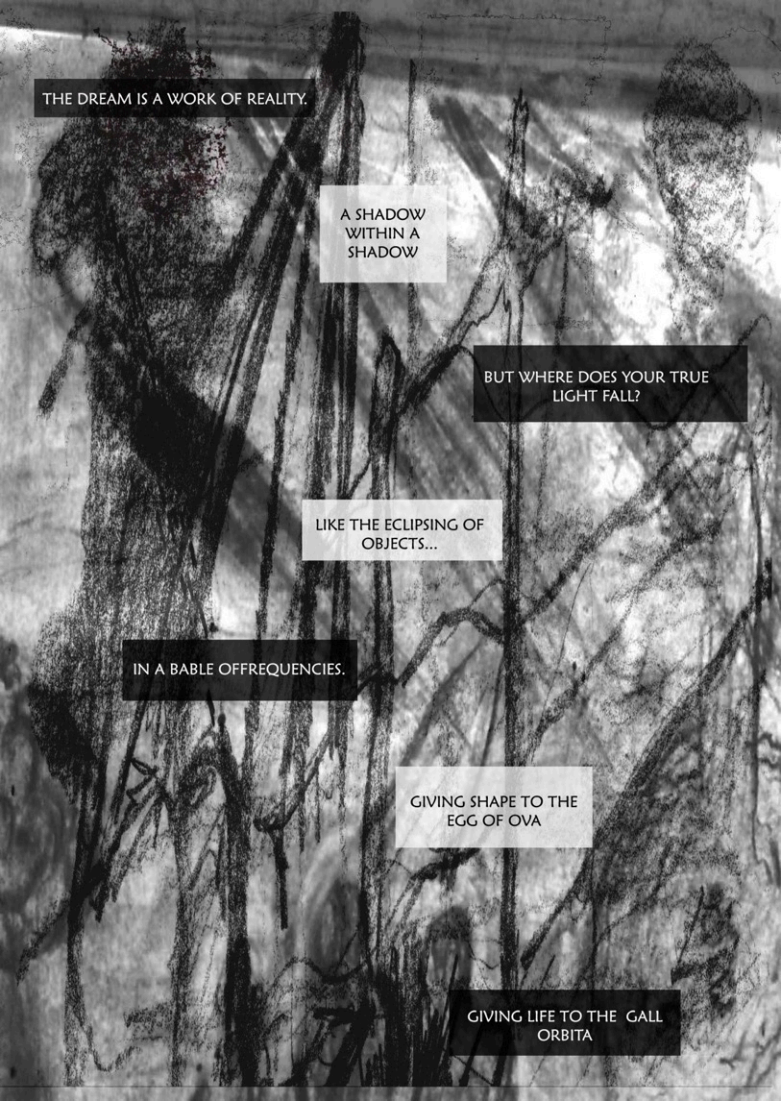




The flesh is white, a sweet sickish
flowers, the machines groan, and
and I know it's alright. She'll get
The light is too weak to, but
I know I mean what I mean, my
mind for flesh, my skin for
groan, decayed by the hunger
I smell oil, the skin, and the
whips; the creatures have
an invitation to disassemble. It
with wires and veins but she is
Mendacious. The weak wait
forward, to further. "Even
That is the sign. Compactly leaning
I query her down into the
I put her on the metal table, I
in the walk in the bridge, I
She makes. Smiles. The number
Drinking up the drops, the
"The father forgives me, as"







THE DREAM IS A WORK OF REALITY.

A SHADOW
WITHIN A
SHADOW

BUT WHERE DOES YOUR TRUE
LIGHT FALL?

LIKE THE ECLIPSING OF
OBJECTS...

IN A BABLE OFFREQUENCIES.

GIVING SHAPE TO THE
EGG OF OVA

GIVING LIFE TO THE GALL
ORBITA

ANOTHER NEON SKY
TO FEED ON.

WHERE THUNDER TOWERS
PRAISE HER NAME.

SHE
WHO WALKS AMONG
THE WATCHERS



SHE WHO DWELLS IN THE WILD OF GARDENS.

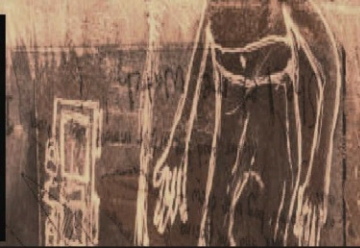
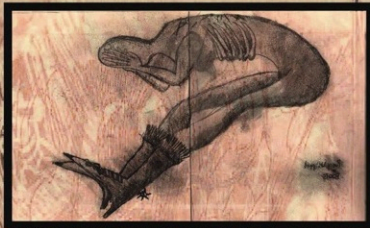
Exodus 10





Condition |||

INFECTION COMPLETE



I made the boy
 be nude
 I had to do it
 whether did
 Show him she
 always you
 Paul she
 all the
 FANTASIE

I made
 and more
 from the
 streaming

Mother paid the Son
 Good if not to tell dad about
 the art work and the posing
 and the other boy who drew it
 all.

Mother paid the artist in more ways than
 1

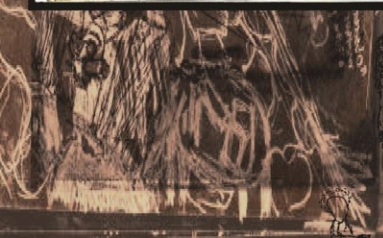
SHE LET ME WATCH

FAMILY PORTRAITS
 COMMAND
 MORE TRAFFIC.

Mother
 the
 drawing
 is
 touching

I should have
 Son sticks head up mother's skirt
 without realizing the erotic implications
 present in the portrait artist's clayear

"Observation of the
 artist's expression is
 the price of possession."



The Cronos



Handwritten text at the bottom left, possibly a signature or a note, including the word "Cronos" and some illegible scribbles.



TIME CODE
LOCKED.
CROSS OVER
CHANNEL.
MAIN-COMM
PHASED.
PRESENT.
PRIOR.
PRESENT.
POST.
INITIATING
ALGORITHM.



WE ARE ANATHEMA TO THE SITUATION



TO ANOTHER SPACE.



| Chamber Of Initiation |

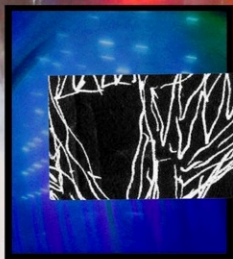
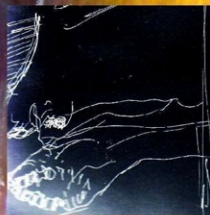


Handwritten text in a rectangular box, appearing to be a list or notes. The text is mostly illegible due to the texture of the paper and the style of the handwriting.





7
1
3
4
5
7





"IT'S THE DOOR OF DREAMS
THAT LEAD US TO MOUNTAINS."

"AND SO?"

"IT IS INEVITABLE."

"BUT WHAT OF THE MOUNTAIN?
WHAT OF ITS ANGELS?"

"NESTING."

"WAS THIS HER
ROAD?"

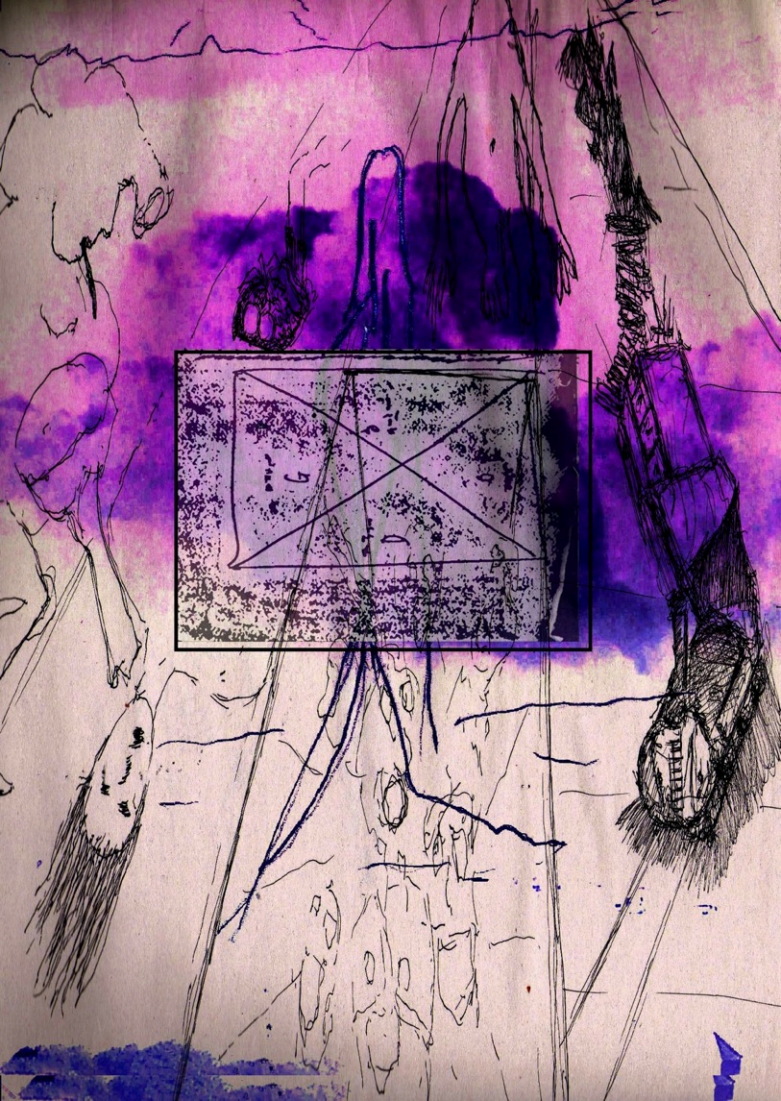
"YES. THE TRIAL."

"ALBEIT FORCED."

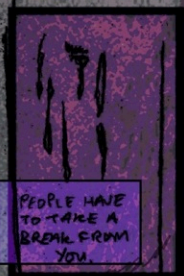
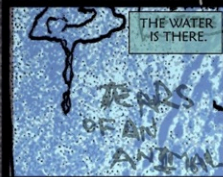
"I WOULD'T WANT TO SURRENDER HERE.
NOR WOULD I FORSAKE THE PATH PRIOR TO THIS.
I'M FINISHED WITH THE DISCIPLES.
IT'S THE LIFE, BLEEDING OUT OF ILLUSIONS GUT
THAT I'M SEEKING.
THE MILK OF OUR WOUND, MRS."

"FINE. WE CAN'T EVEN BE SURE IF SHE'S REAL.
BUT FINE. IF YOU WANT IT THIS WAY."

"YES."



now the night of 23-10-19



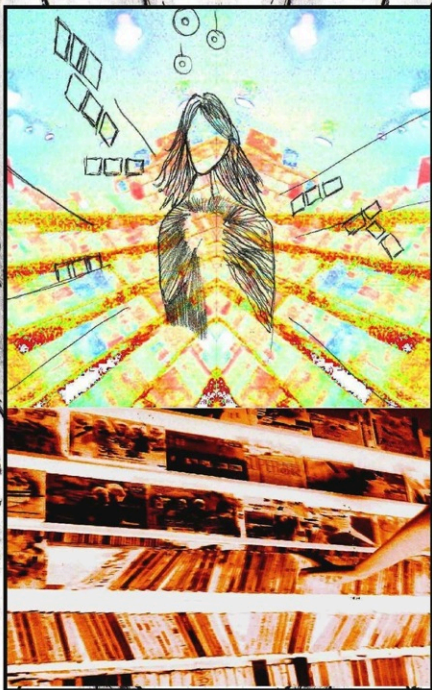
at home
something
at home
something



IT'S THE ONLY WAY

pi... we are always purifying for the things we cannot have..

The Maiden



• Prime Pie
• Abstraction
• Whiskers

• Aurora
• Spirituality
• Whiskers

"MADNESS IS A DOWSING TREE"

A GLORIOUS
DISTORTION

A RACING
ITCHING

LOVE IS BROKEN
STICKS, TORTURED FRUITS

Love is brittle
gourd
LOVE IS FORTITUDE

Saturday
MAY 15

10
50



64
60

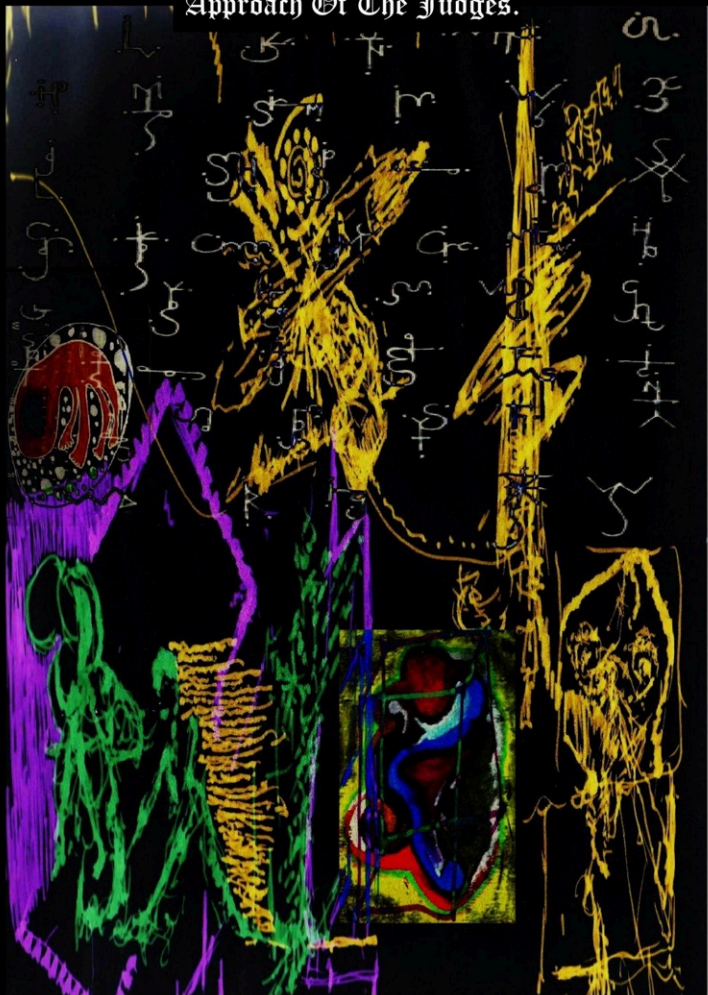
The Mother



The Turmoil Of The Tree



Approach Of The Judges.



AND IN THE
GLARE OF
OTHER
SPECTRUMS



DEFINING HER SENSE OF PAIN
AND SEA SHORES

BARBED WIRES
AROUND HER MIND

INTERRUPTIONS
AND LOVE NOTES

MAPS OF THE
UNDESIRE

GODS AND MARTYRS
IN THE SHAPE OF THORNS



ALMIGHTY XOL IS KIND.

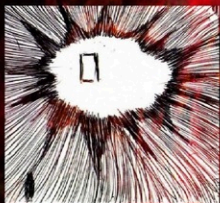
HE USHERS ME INTO HIS HOUSE OF FIRE.

HE SHOWS ME THE WOMB OF ANGELS.

HE GIFTS ME WITH THE STAR AND SUN.

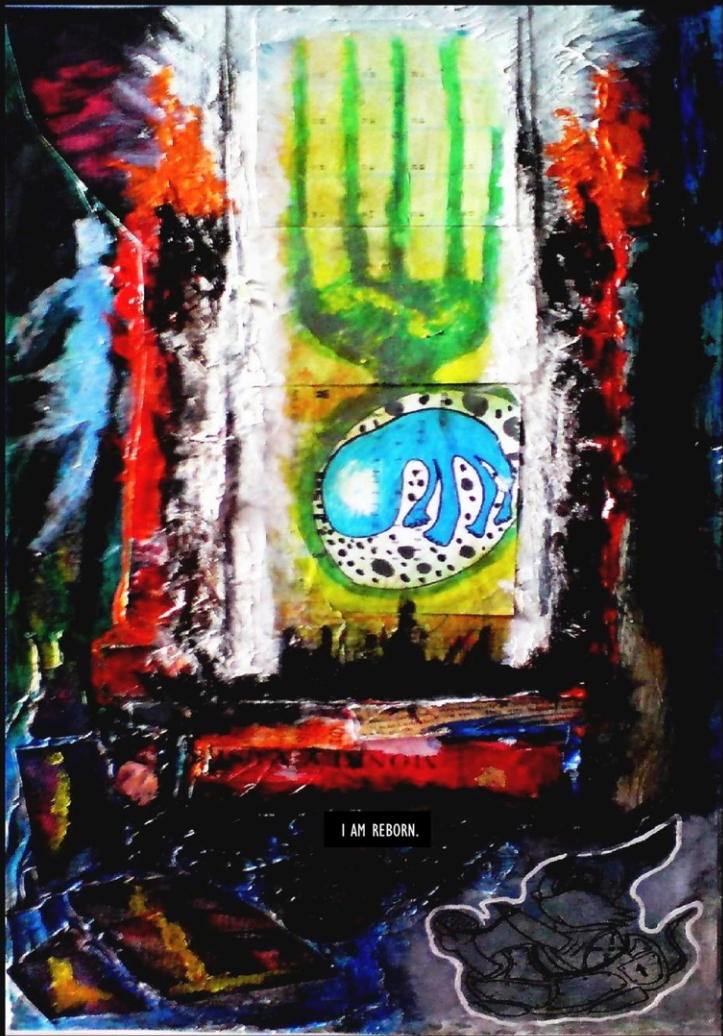
"NO SHADOW SHALL PASS UPON YOUR LIFE." HE SAYS.

I AM THANKFUL.



I AM TRANSFIGURED.



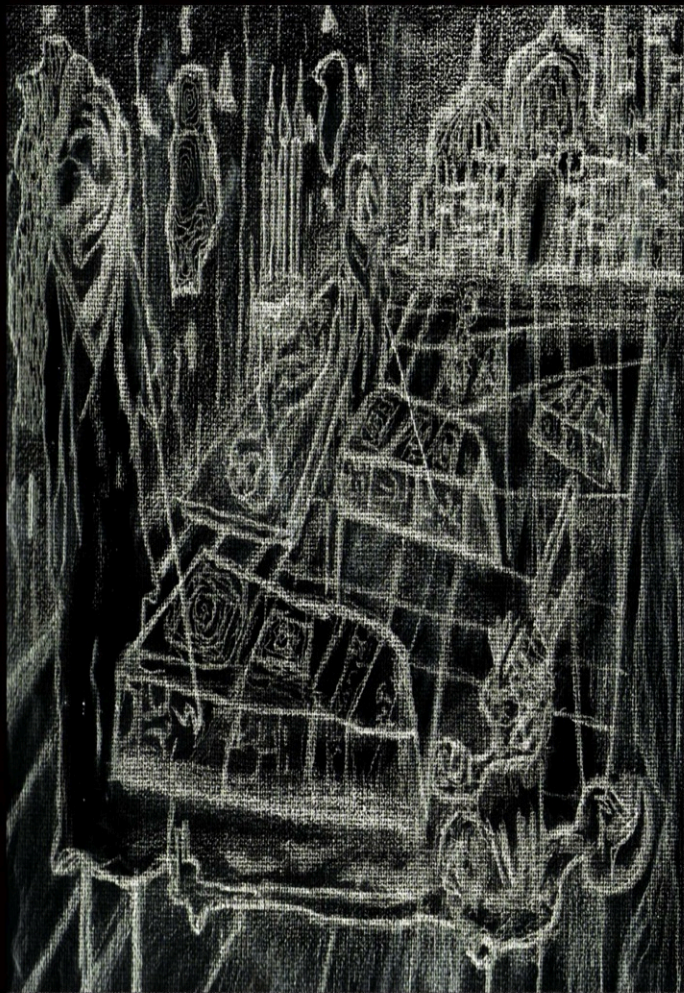


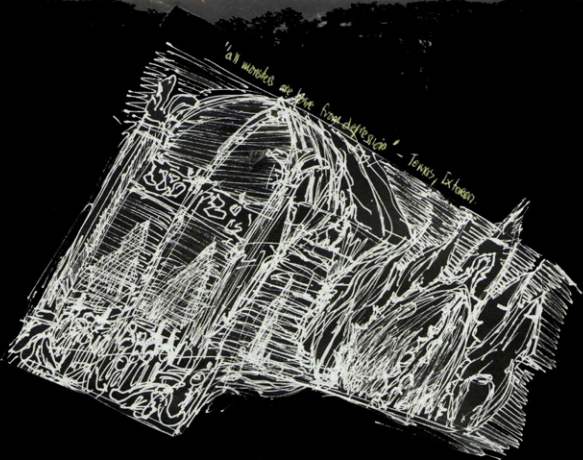
I AM REBORN.



"NO MORE SHALL YOU FEAR." SAYS THE XOL.

"FOR IT IS NOW THAT I FINALLY GRANT YOU REST."





"WALK THROUGH THIS DOME, FOR THE ORACLE PROMISES STRANGE IMAGININGS."