THE DARK MEANING RESEARCH INSTITUTE

Paper No. 5

The Obsidian Correlative

WHAT ARE YOU HIDING?

The process of repeatedly enquiring after the meaning of life and failing to find the answer is very meaningful when it leads to the realisation that it is life that asks *us* for meaning rather than the other way round, so our inability to find it is revealed to be an inability to *provide* it.

The problem we have been grappling with for so long is one of how to "find out within," to bring forth and contain the deepest meaning in a single movement; a task made all the more difficult by the recent recasting of every piece of information, including all the details of our lives, as commodities, and the fact that this has resulted in more meaning than ever before being seized and hidden away from the general public.

It is not so difficult to believe that an absence of meaning could be the result of the authorities hiding it from you, but it will probably comes as a shock to learn the alternative scenario, which is that *you may be hiding it from yourself as the only way of keeping it safe.*

To the self-appointed overseers of society, each one of is just a word, a two-dimensional representation of a false whole, brought into being via schizogenesis, and which is usually read and re-read to the point of semantic satiation by CCTV cameras and optical character recognition software.

If you shout, 'I am not a word – I am a free man!' your captors will reply with: 'You *are* free,' which is just them telling you which word you are (i.e. the word 'free') before they decide, in private, to define that word as 'dangerous' and 'needing to be controlled'. Accepting this would be like Number 6 in *The Prisoner* saying 'I am not a number – I am a free man!' and then thinking he has been made free because his

captors tell him: 'You are Number 6, and 6 is a "free" number.'

The interpretarians who seek to define each human word according to their agenda are developing increasingly effective ways of tracking our usage, including our syntax (where we go), our collocations (the other words we hang out with), our grammar (the way in which we interact with other words), our denotations (what ideas we stand for) and our connotations (our wider allegiances and our potential to cause offence). This tracking and analysis allows the authorities to subject human words to a form of structural violence and forced disambiguation, where any civilogism deemed vulgar by the powers that be is edited out of existence while the rest are squashed into narrow definitions in a Newspeak dictionary.

This is nothing less than Orwellian sociolexicography aimed at bringing about a New Word Order in which people's usages are proscribed from above and limited to either the formulation of generalities, clichés and truisms, or to working as lexicogs in mechanical sentences designed by the grand narrators to give expression to the narrative of their grandness.

To speak the Queen's English is to embody the Queen's Meaning, something which is brought into being by the age-old 'define and rule' strategy. This also necessarily creates the ideal subject of a Queen's English sentence: the singular, divided character known as "I", who is in fact the *complete opposite* of the subject in sentences spoken by the actual Queen because monarchs like to use the "royal we", the so-called majestic plural, to refer to themselves. Not only is this a flagrant display of double standards[1], it is also an illustration of the elite's divisive methods for maintaining and increasing their power over the populace.

It should be pointed out, however, that the way to overcome this is not to seek to "win the toss" in a zero-sum game of heads or tails, but instead to find a way, like the one adumbrated in this paper, of making the coin remain balanced on its *third* side, on the reeded edge containing microscopic grooves within grooves that lead to infinity, and to establish ourselves there so the face value of the Queen's head *and* its reverse are no longer recognised. In this way, we are not only freed from being subjects of "them", we are also freed from being subjects of an "us vs them" narrative altogether.

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[1] There are many more examples, such as the Queen being called Elizabeth "II" while her subjects are all just "I".
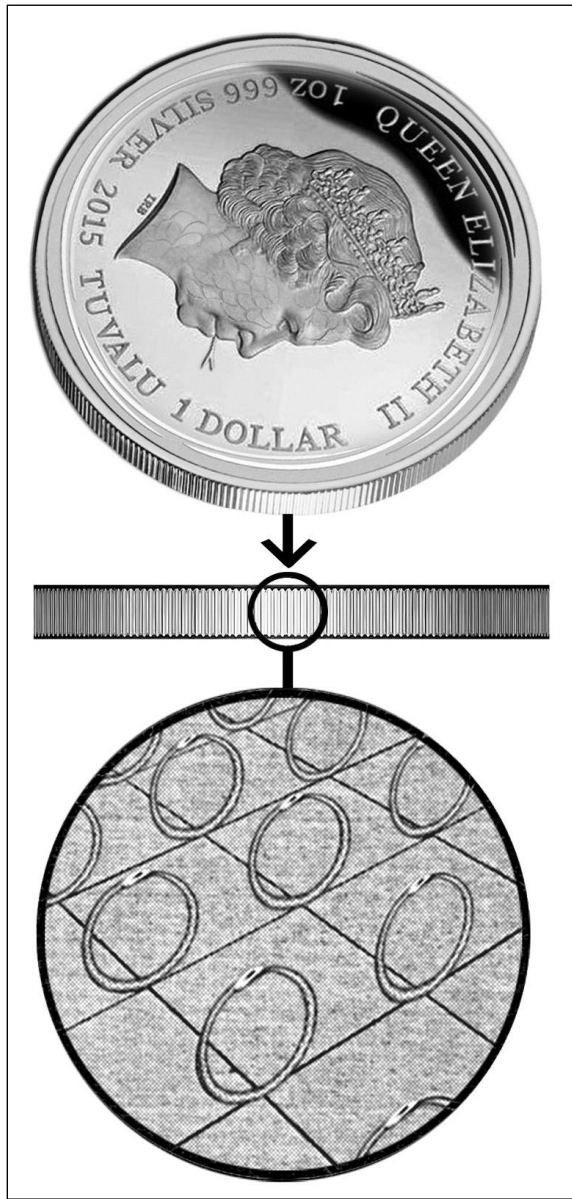
Figure 1: Instead of identifying with one side of the coin over the other (because they are both ultimately owned by reptilian heads), we can seek a synthesis and transcendence of tops and tails within the hidden realms of existence, where we also find tiny dimensions coiled up like ouroboroi with their reptilian heads and tails conjoined.

We know that the vocabsolutists who try to enforce draconian laws in order to protect the Queen's English against what they see as the corrupting influence of grammanarchists and revolocutionaries are opposed to the evolution of language, and therefore to the dynamic organism of language itself; so, if we are to begin the process of transcendence, we need to start seeing those people for what they really are, which is *etymology deniers,* the linguistic equivalent of Creationists, who seek to curtail the growth of all words, including human ones, by saying that a leopard never changes its spots, a word never changes its meaning, and the way the Author-God created you last Thursday is the way he intended you to be forever.

To view them in this way is to reveal what needs to be transcended, and also to reveal the reason why you may have taken the extreme measure of hiding your own meaning from yourself; the reason being that in the gold rush of the Information Age, in which we are what is being mined, it is, somewhat paradoxically, the only way to ensure that your meaning remains yours. Trying to give expression to the precious substance of your life with the tools provided by the authorities is the same as digging it up and putting it straight into the greedy prospectors' hands; it therefore becomes necessary to make use of

concealment techniques such as hiding your meaning in a cryptolect to stop it being mined, and the ontological equivalent of obfuscation techniques like address munging[2], where you temporarily turn yourself into something that doesn't function or make sense to the overseers in order to stop your soul data being harvested.

The good news is that for every device used against us (such as harvesting technology; meaning blockers, jammers and extractors; grammatical trackers; syntactic positioning systems; and doppelganger domains and virtual environments that change the context and meaning of words), there is a corresponding device or strategy that can be used to combat it (such as metamaterial cloakers; bookwormholes; insubordinate polysemy; zerospeak; and noncommuni-, nonsignifi-, contraindi- and other cants that have the power to make censorship technology obsol33t).

One of the most important things to tackle at this stage is the almost undetectable parental lock that has been placed on the content of reality by the patriarchal authorities who use media-based conditioning to restrict people to a narrow channel of state-approved sense impressions

so that either due to ignorance or fear of being disconnected, the exclusively sense-aware act as their own censorware, filtering out anything that can be construed as indecent or inappropriate (which is everything with more than one meaning) and censoring the terms they use when searching for themselves in case they send an alert to Big Brother (which is self-censorship in the most profound sense).

This is made possible because the brain naturally acts as an information filtration system – if we paid conscious attention to every single aspect of life, we would be overwhelmed with data, so what we call "learning" is often just a process of habituation, or of learning what can be safely ignored.

Learning something about ourselves is no exception to this as it frequently consists of nothing more than repeating the same behaviour over and over again until we no longer question it, which means that if we are forced into a looped retelling of an unnatural history for a significant period of time, we soon reach the utterly absurd situation where we not only accept it as ours, but we accept it as "self-knowledge" by ignoring it.

The only way for us to combat this is to threaten ourselves, at gunpoint, penpoint or even zero-point if possible, and shout: 'To

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[2] Writing email details as "dot com" instead of ".com", etc.

be or not to be! Your meaning or your life! What are you hiding?' until we finally surrender to the highwayman in the mirror and hand over the keys to the inner kingdom. The people who appear on our money are banking on us never having the courage to do this… to perform a stickup to higher, non-dualistic levels of reality, or to carry out a self-holdup to the light of truth, where we play the part of both robber and victim in order to realise ourselves as the prize; but if we can find the courage to look for ourselves in the area of our being traditionally defined as off-limits, turning everything upside down in the process so there appears to be a price on the monarch's head whenever we see money, we will, in more ways than one, *find ourselves* with the power to bankrupt everyone who has ever profited from our subjection.

Because rational logic says that you would have to be mad to hold yourself up in this way, or to act mad when you're not, it means that if we actually do it, we break out of the two-dimensional simulation which cannot accommodate enigmas or paradoxes. Pretending to be mad, just as Hamlet did, scrambles your data, so anyone trying to follow and critique your actions in order to typecast you in the future will come up against what appears to be a dead end but is in fact a trans(c)-end in which the artist who appears to die during his act is reborn

on a higher stage when he learns to act as a *meta-escape artist.*

The confrontation with this apparent dead end in *Hamlet* is what led T.S. Eliot, in an essay entitled 'Hamlet and His Problems', to label the famous play an "artistic failure". The essayist claimed the emotions of the play's titular protagonist "exceeded the facts" and that in place of the black hole he perceived at the heart of the action, there should have been an "objective correlative" in the form of an image or object to evoke the appropriate emotion and explain Hamlet's behaviour; but what Eliot failed to notice was that the thing he was looking for had been staring him in the face all along…

Because *Hamlet* is a literary work dealing with ambivalent emotions and feigned mental illness becoming real, the black hole where an objective correlative should be *is itself* the objective correlative of the dark and muddled feelings behind the apparently inexplicable behaviour. Taken as a symbolic object, the black hole becomes the *obsidian correlative*, a magical mirror in which a new depth of understanding can be scried, and in which 'Hamlet and His Problems' can be seen as 'Hamlet and *T.S. Eliot's* Problems'.

For hundreds of years, people have been unthinkingly putting themselves in the position of the surveillants when it comes to Hamlet: readers, audience members, theatre

critics, literary critics and psychologists alike have seen it as their role to analyse the character's actions and perform a mysterectomy beneath the spotlight[3].

'Why did Hamlet delay? Why did Number 6 resign? Tell us! We want to track and analyse your actions. You will be pushed, filed, stamped, indexed, briefed, debriefed and defined! We want information on your motivation so we can control your future behaviour. You are allowed nothing but your literal meaning, as defined by us, repackaged and sold back to you as a "present" that can only be expressed in the past tense but must be paid for with your future.'

When we hear that someone in the wider theatre we call "the real world" is acting out of character, our instinct is to take up the same critical position of the existential directors and aggressively *characterise* such behaviour as problematic so that anyone attempting to deviate from the official script remains locked into characterisation as a "problem character". We will search that human word's grammatical trail for an extra piece of information that can be used to reconnect them to the main plotline like the final clue that solves a "whydunnit" mystery, and if we can't find it, we will find them guilty of the crime of exceeding the facts and label their life an "artistic failure".

The problem of Hamlet is that no one knows what his problem is - and when seen from the same perspective as the one from which the so-called problem of unpredictability is seen as the solution to observation-based control, this is very much an artistic success. The Prince of Denmark has the ability to confound us all and is therefore the perfect model for the disrupter of grand narratives, the opposer of surveillance and the overthrower of HRH Big Brother.

Figure 2: "Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go."

As more *petits récits* and quantum-linguistic traps and tricks are introduced on the smallest possible scales, like the play within

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[3] T.S. Eliot called *Hamlet* "the *Mona Lisa* of literature" because both are artistic works whose wave functions have resisted all attempts to collapse them. The most significant attempt to "solve" the enigma of *Mona Lisa* came in 1956 when someone threw acid over the painting, but even that was unsuccessful.

the play that catches the conscience of the king with its meta meaning, it becomes easier for Hamlet to evade optical character recognition software, and for us to recognise Big Brother as Evil Uncle, the despot who only became king because he murdered another Hamlet.

Moving in the underexplored directions of "in" and "out" are complementary rather than mutually exclusive actions (as indicated by the fact that we go *in* the direction of "out"), so this means that the self-threatening process of the so-called "nutcase", where a depthless human word challenges itself by asking, '2D or not 2D?', can be used to smash the borders of the rotten state or bring down the Panopticon playhouse where everyone plays the actor, allowing us to crown ourselves kings of infinite space.

This is performed by following Hamlet's lead and not acting as Hamlet "should", or behaving like the Prince of Denmark by *not* behaving like the Prince of Denmark, so each of us becomes a meta-actor, "mad in craft", whose costume is a metamaterial cloaking device with the power to scramble its wearer's data and make them appear as a hideous black hole to anyone looking on with *roles*-tinted spectacles.
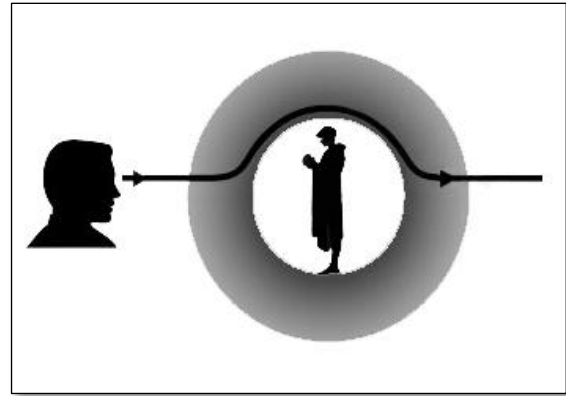

Figure 3: Hamlet cannot be scrutinised directly by a critic due to the cloaking device he is wearing.

When Gertrude, speaking on behalf of the government authorities, says to her son, "Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off, and let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark," the problem child's response can be seen as him activating his metamaterial cloaking device, both in secret and in plain sight. He says:

'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed "seem,"
For they are actions that a man might play.

But I have that within which passeth
show,
These but the trappings and the suits of
woe.

This speech brings to our attention
something crucial about the uneasy
relationship between semblance and
signification: because an inky cloak
can *seem* to denote woe, including in cases
where it doesn't really exist, and because of
the untrustworthy semblance of
signification, it can never be taken as a true
sign of what it signifies. To put it another
way, because a person can, like an actor,
deceptively play the role of someone who is
grief-stricken, it means that the signs of
being grief-stricken can be made to refer to
their opposite, especially in this case, where
a man who professes to be *genuinely* grief-
stricken casts off the symbols of his grief as
a way of authenticating his emotions.

As we can see by not seeing here, the data is
completely scrambled and the whole basis
of observation-based control is undermined.
An interpretive singularity is opened up in
the middle of the stage by the actor
presenting the stage itself as a symbol of
the impossibility of anything existing
beyond representation but which can no
longer be trusted as a symbol because he, an
actor, can make it look trusted. Breaking
the simulation should therefore involve not

only acting irrationally, but also acting in a
way that undermines all the rational data
and signs, including the signs of obedience[4].
The authorities are quite happy for you to
go through the motions without any inner
conviction, but if you make your life as
polysemous as possible, then your "going
through" also means bisecting, examining,
withstanding, exhausting and moving
beyond those motions.

This is why it is so important for the critics
to understand the motivation of
Hamlet/Number 6, the reason for his
delay/resignation, the *meaning* of his
actions… because without that, they cannot
pin him down like a word on a page. But
even when they see someone following an
approved pattern made from recycled data,
the central scrutinisers have no way of
knowing if this represents what it seems to
represent due to it being undermined by
meta-actors who can make "seems" itself
play the role of a deceitful self-
impersonator. The higher-dimensional
depth of each scene is experienced as
hollowness by the audience members who
have limited their view of reality by
permanently installing themselves in the
three-dimensional position (seat 3, row D in
Plato's cave); so, as they are confronted by
an interpretive black hole where they think

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[4] What Zizek calls 'subversive overconformism' is an
example of this.

a transparent character should be, the little surveillants can't help but fearfully wonder who might be surveilling *them* through the void.

In these desperate, recurring end-times, in which the authorities seek to obtain your metadata to stop you becoming a metacharacter and transcending their fiction, there is one thing you can be sure of: whether its concealment has been performed by you or by the elite, something *absolutely huge* being kept from you. It is so huge that it is *supermassive,* and although it cannot be directly perceived at present, its existence can still be confirmed using the revolutionary techniques of dark meaning researchers…

You promise yourself *via this sentence* that your existence has far more substance and many more dimensions than those that are currently visible to you, but what does that mean? We can't tell you directly, but we can reflect the meaning in the obsidian, making you realise what you knew all along *and all adeep.*

There *is* an answer to why a raven is like a writing desk but it can't be put into words because a writing desk is like a raven… and that is also the answer in words.

The unspeakable is not unknowable.

The lack of factual evidence for a patriarchal filter on the content of reality and for the existence of the hidden meaning beyond your everyday life is the *symbolic* evidence for the existence of these things. Symbolic evidence is often dismissed because it is not literal evidence, but this is like dismissing three-dimensional objects as "not real" because they are not two-dimensional images or descriptions of themselves. The void opened up by your inability to autointerface, to make a truly meaningful promise to yourself without falling into apparent contradiction and obscuring the contents of that promise in the process, is the space that can be made to take shape on a higher intellectual level as the superintroreflective hypergeometric obsidian correlative, in which the dark meaning of your existence can be scried[5] while everything on the stage below is made to bring forth its opposite through the DMRI's fracking technique (so the lack of a cause becomes the cause of causelessness, the lack of evidence becomes the evidence of the non-evident, etc.).

The black redactional rectangles that are interposed between us and reality by the authorities can be broken in a similar

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[5] Jung described the same thing when he said: "In the darkness of the enigma, the psyche gazed at herself and perceived the wisdom immanent in her structure."

fashion and made to betray their secrets if probed deeply enough - and the only tool needed to crack them is our creative gaze. If we use our imagination to add an additional symbolic dimension to our perception and look at the potential stumbling block from this new perspective, it becomes a *signifying block*, a large black monolith representing what it is meant to hide. What exists behind can be brought to the fore by making the relationship between the two things symbolic rather than literal, and the same can be done with that which exists only in potentiality, because a close association with the void is the most productive and dependable partnership a true artist could ever dream of having.
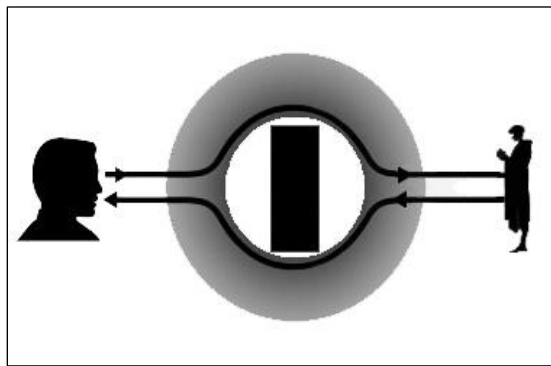

Figure 4: When looking at an object as a symbol, even in the case of a black rectangle, the gaze of the mind's eye is automatically directed beyond it, so what is hidden becomes accessible.

While censorship works on the surface level, it opens up an abyss on a much deeper level which can be exploited by the most pioneering creators via *abyssymbolism*, the incognito unveiling of the bigger picture for anyone with the Magic Eyes to see.

By treating the literal absence of all non-existent things as an omnific image of their potential, you can conceive of anything, both in the sense of understanding it and bringing it into being. Nothingness is the perfect symbol of everything, and the most opaque surface is the most reflective when it is transformed by the mind into a mirror in which we see the light described in raven-black ink on a raven-black writing desk, and we discover, outlined in the hidden depths of our own perception, future evolutionary steps that take us beyond the eternally recurring present made of a reconditioned past.

We solve the enigma by becoming it, disappearing from view like a metafictional escape artist performing the "trick of singularity", or like a resident of the rotten state of Flatland moving up to a higher dimension.

One useful way of imagining these higher spaces from a three-dimensional perspective is by using colours to designate the transcendent properties of visible objects. For example, if we imagine that we are Flatlanders living on a writing desk and we cannot perceive a third dimension of space

(height), then when a flat picture of a raven on the same surface (as in Figure 5) is lifted up and placed on the other side of a divider, we will be unable to properly see or understand what is happening. We will simply witness the edge of the raven picture vanishing into thin air and rematerialising elsewhere.
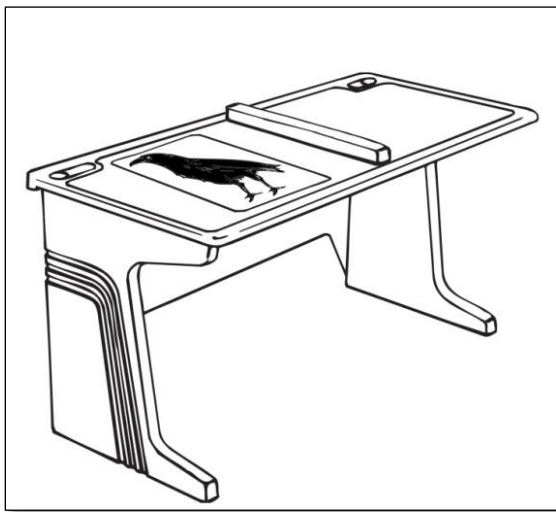

Figure 5: A two-dimensional picture of a raven on one side of a three-dimensional divider on a writing desk.

However, we could begin to conceptualise what happened by imagining the property of "above" as another colour, so the piece of paper that appeared to disappear can be imagined as still being on the writing desk but becoming a different hue as it passes through the solid barrier, before returning to its old colour when it comes to rest on the other side of the desk.
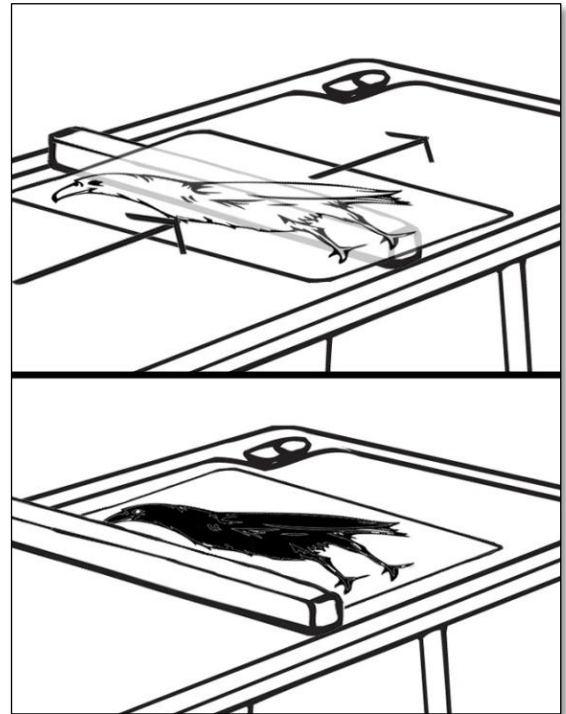

Figure 6: The raven turns from black to white and is read all over by us even though we are trapped in Flatland. It then returns to "normal" on the other side.

In order to imagine a *fourth* spatial dimension, we just imagine a three-dimensional object doing the same thing, so the highly symbolic spectacle of a colour-changing raven with the ability to fly through walls (or a metafictional character with the ability to pass through the boundaries of their story) suddenly makes sense because we are able to grasp the higher level on which that sense exists.

Many people have suggested that a raven is like a writing desk because of the shared

colour of the two things. *They are right on more levels than they know.*

Dark meaning is only dark because we have not yet brought its properties to light, so it is no surprise that colour can help us do that.

Another colour-related tool, which has never been used before by anyone outside the DMRI, is *chromatria*, a system that explores the hidden relations between words in a way comparable to gematria but with the use of chromatic values (derived from grapheme-colour synaesthesia) instead of numerical ones.

Anyone who experiences the form of synaesthesia in which letters and numbers are perceived as having inherent colours can make use of this system…

Firstly, if you identify what colour each letter is for you, you can then identify the colour-values of whole words: either words with the same sequences of colour (e.g. **book** and **door**), or words with the same colours but in a different order (e.g. **navel** as a "colour anagram" of **raven**); and then you can learn about various connections and correspondences between things that have always existed in your mind but were not previously accessible[6].

But chromatria use doesn't have to be limited to just *your* hidden meanings: if you compare notes or colour charts with someone else, you can discover correspondences that exist specifically in your relationship with that person[7].

Chromatria therefore becomes not just a way of opening up new spaces for individuals, but also of facilitating an innovative type of person-to-person communication that cannot be intercepted or decoded by the authorities (provided you don't show them your "true colours" in the form of a chart).

This is another important way of blurring the distinction between seeing and reading, which allows us to move closer to the bright disappearance of language and the colourful liberation of meaning at the centre of three-dimensional time[8]. Borders disintegrate and meta-selves speak to us through their metamorphoses like cephalapods which, in the words of Terence McKenna, "physically become their

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[6] For example, during our chromatria trial in 2014, we found that the word "clown" and "demon" had

the same colour value for a volunteer who suffered otherwise inexplicable anxiety in relation to circuses.

[7] When we did this with two volunteers who strongly disagreed on the colours of individual letters, a chromatic reading within their difference space revealed that the words "oppose" and "admire" had the same value, so there was a new type of synthesis found *within the properties of the disagreement itself.*

[8] More information on the extra dimensions of the fourth dimension will be released by the DMRI when the time is right, left, up and down (this is not a joke).

meaning" via the ever-changing display of colours and patterns on their bodies (which are also, it should be remembered, containers of black ink).

The parental lock on reality exists to filter out double entendres, not because they connote something obscene, but because the use of more than one level of meaning is considered obscene in itself; therefore, the progression from double entendres to triple entendres and eventually to infinite entendres is the way to the most "colourful"[9] language of all: the vernacular lingua franca of free meaning.

Those patriarchs who want only the surface level of everything to be visible are the same people who want to enslave us in a NWO where chaos, the feminine principle of the universe is stamped out; but even if we find ourselves stuck in that oppressive monochrome reality, we can still be sure of our future escape because Mother Nature always returns in the form of natural disasters and other unforeseen events to throw a spanner in *The Incomplete Works.*

So instead of trying to suppress these things, we can formulate plans around them, *just as the DMRI has done*, so the hole torn in the page by the inevitable eruption of unconscious forces into everyday life is used as an escape route to the other side, into the ever-expanding white hole of a new universe of meaning.

Your own multisingularity is expressed through the universally subjective language of rebellion and is seen through the kaleidoscope of polysemy. The rules of your old self cannot hold you in the past, and anyone who tries to say otherwise through aggressive definitional forays into the open space of your ne*wide*ntity will be pulled over the event horizon by the force of supermeaning and atomised along with all other personal distinctions by the light at the end of the void.

You have the power to "signifie omnia per omnia" and the freedom to speak without fear of being overstood.

It all adds up to anything and everything, and by "everything" we mean "everything"… but not *only* "everything".

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[9] The seven different meanings of all words correspond to the seven colours of the visible light spectrum, so the most colourful language is pure white despite containing "blue" elements.

HAMLET
Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

LORD POLONIUS
By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

HAMLET
Methinks it is like a weasel.

LORD POLONIUS
It is backed like a weasel.

HAMLET
Or like a whale?

LORD POLONIUS
Very like a whale.

HAMLET
Then I will come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come by and by.

LORD POLONIUS
I will say so.

HAMLET
By and by is easily said.

NUMBER 2
What were you looking at?

NUMBER 6
A light.

NUMBER 2
A star.

NUMBER 6
A boat.

NUMBER 2
An insect.

NUMBER 6
A plane.

NUMBER 2
A flying fish.

NUMBER 6
Somebody who belongs to my world.

NUMBER 2
This is your world. I am your world. If you insist on living a dream you may be taken for mad.

NUMBER 6
I like my dream.

NUMBER 2
Then you are mad.

KING CLAUDIUS
It shall be so: Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.