



Paper No. 6

*Post-truth, Sincere Irony
and the Cross of Good Hope*

WHAT DO YOU GET IF YOU CROSS IRONY WITH SINCERITY?

'Can you see the point of metafiction now?'

'I can.'

'Would you like to put it into words?'

'Yes... but...'

'But what?'

'What if it leads to a collapse into post-truth?'

'If that's what happens when you expose the literary devices behind the illusion, so be it.'

BANG!

(-All the World's a Simulation)



THERE can be no doubt that we have witnessed the most direful spectacle of the world's collapse into a postmodern vacuum along with the viral death of truth in recent years. In the present circumstances, thesis and antithesis can only reproduce themselves in parenthesis, and the universal body of meaning is drained of substance to allow the Kali Yuga's genetic code to be written out.

There is, however, much medicine for the miserable, a double dose of cheer to guard against contagion from undead truths, for all things bear their opposites and every cellar has a door.

Permit us then, if you will, to make bold our traces and draw back the veil embroidered

with the false image of impassibility, and show you a sign, a sure foundation for hope in these dark times, capable of providing just enough light to make your precious meaning out...

Behold, the Cross of Good Hope!

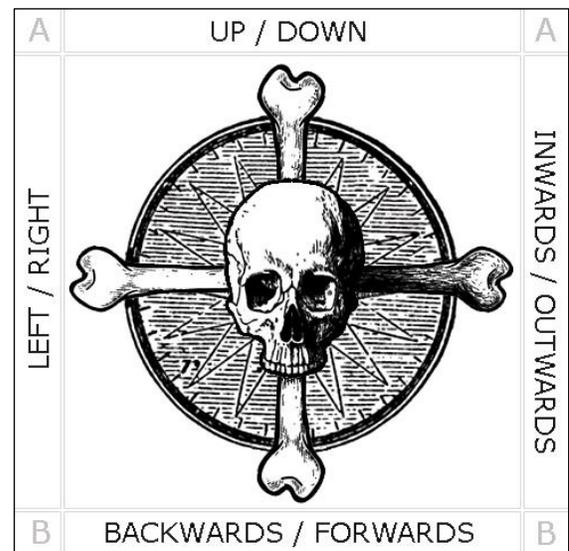


Figure 1: The true Quaternary Cross, or the Bare Bones of Hope, with each of its extremities supporting two opposites. While such a macabre appearance may scare off the faint of heart, this grave image serves as a skeleton key for the brave, unlocking any chest, even a ten-times-barr'd-up one.

Here you see the Pythagorean "emblem of all beings", the arms and legs of number, the quaternity that beguiled Jung and Pauli as they sought to unite depth psychology and quantum physics, and you regard this

mysterious shape with its missing parts at last restored.

This easily misunderstood figure represents the complete foundation of our perception as terrestrial beings thanks to its evenly balanced and bifold parts, the last of which, the forgotten fourth, stands with strength and silence for an extra dimension stabilising the trifurcating paths of 3D reality by simultaneously dividing and containing them. It is the final piece of the puzzle rejoining the world's body and squaring matter's accounts with itself once and for all.

As we undraw the curtains on such unlit quarters as the invisible fourth wall of theatre, the wordless fourth-person narrative voice, and the fourth power of the Sphinx¹, we invite the light of truth to make itself at home in our four-cornered living space. And once this sun cohabits with the heart, it's as easy as AA/AB/BA/BB to see the most overlooked direction everywhere: *inwards* combines with its other half, *outwards*, to form a fourth pair of possible movements, both containing and contained by the three traditional ones because an equal and simultaneous shift up, down, left, right, forwards and backwards is inwards or outwards when taken as a whole.

By measuring magnitude in the motion, we unfix the hidden absolutism of relativity and set the 4D spatial self on its proper path.²

'What can you see?'

'The truth.'

At this point, you will no doubt perceive that it was not *just* for nothing that

¹ *Tacere* (to keep silent).

² This movement opens the door for the emergence of the concealed fifth (the fifth power of the Sphinx being *ire* (to go)). The unfolding of this process and how time and its extra dimensions fit into it have already been explored emblematically elsewhere.

I/you/we spoke of smaller being a direction, or of the *other side* being *inside*.

'Are you sure you're ready to hear the truth?'

'Of course.'

'It will probably seem like a sick joke.'

'That's fine.'

'And it will be a violent delivery.'

'I can take it.'

'OK...'

The first truth that has made itself at home on this level of reality is that a concept can only begin to be understood once it is fully balanced in this fourfold way, as it fits our material abode with a cross-window through which the broadest view of any given thing may be glimpsed.

Down here, where everything that can happen will happen, the arrival of an idea is naturally accompanied in the most fertile minds by the conception not only of its evil twin but also of its semi-evil half-brother and semi-good half-sister. In fact, it's as sure as bones that every "one" has its double and the pair they make also has a copy in counterpartnership, with each set of new-hatched limbs articulating itself at right angles to the other. This is the same basic relation that spring and autumn have to summer and winter; or air and earth to fire and water; even George and Ringo to John and Paul; or, more simply, of 0.5 and -0.5 to 1 and -1.

The good-evil doppel-doppelgänger takes us full circle and presents us with a picture previously reflected in fragments: the image of the whole truth, that *contradiction is unity above*.

The Quaternary Technique we offer you here is merely a way of arranging an idea so as to reveal its inner meaning, or, if you prefer, to crucify it on the cross of matter in the hope that a rose may arise at its centre.

Let us take, for example, the problem of *irony vs sincerity*, to which a despairing

acceptance that irony poisons everything seems the closest thing to a solution. If we divide the divided once more to produce four dual unities arranged on a cross, we can perceive, as in the aftermath of an earthquake in the Place of the Skull, two brand-new possibilities, previously hidden from the world but now clearly discernible in the widened cracks, which in this case are *ironic sincerity* and *sincere irony*.

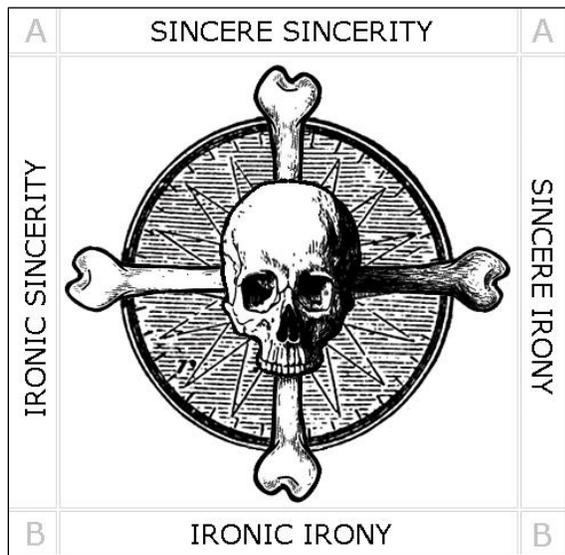


Figure 2: The warring sides are drawn together, hung on the cross and swiftly quartered so the complete anatomy of the irony/sincerity problem can be displayed for the very first time.

The cause for hope here is that if we try out the different combinations of the parts and note what results they bring, it becomes apparent that sincerity flourishes on the cross because it comes out on top three out of four times. *Odd's bodkin!*

While it is no surprise to learn that 'sincere sincerity' is something that would involve complete genuineness, it comes as quite a shock to discover that its supposed opposite, 'ironic irony', which consists of more falseness than any other configuration, actually implies the undermining of irony by itself since it lacks the basic truthfulness needed to avoid fatal

self-negation. As with all dark meaning discoveries, the extreme irony of this outcome is both astonishing and self-evident since the maximisation of the ironic must by necessity have the most ironic result.³

Turning 90°, from solstice to equinox, we encounter the other two equations both newly brought to light. They are 'ironic sincerity', the only formation in which insincerity is clearly superior, and 'sincere irony', which is nothing less than the desperately longed-for device allowing us to express ourselves meaningfully in a cynicism-infected society.

'Tis real without lying, certain and most sure that this is the magic formula by which truth can manifest in a post-factual world.

The answer to the problem of irony vs sincerity is not to try to exterminate insincerity with its opposite, because, as indicated, that can only occur when a thing like irony is applied to itself; instead, the trick is to make insincerity express something sincere.

A prominent example of a group availing itself of the double agency inherent in the Quaternary Cross, albeit in a way contrary to sincere irony, is the pretence of 'ironic racism' seen among the alt-right. While it used to be the case that fascism sought to stamp out every instance of irony, leaving the entire deconstructionist workbox at the disposal of its enemies, an unexpected turn occurred when members of the right began to make clumsy but effective use of the tools

³ Something deeper than sense is disclosed here, as it illustrates how one of a pair of perfectly balanced opposites can be greater than the other in an ineffable yet demonstrable way. Building on the Fractal Technique detailed in *Paper No. 2*, this cruciation procedure substantiates seemingly unverifiable claims about the principle of Good being able to triumph over Evil, or of light being superior to darkness, etc.—proof positive that all hopes can be raised to a higher life via the cross, with or without religion.

of the postmodern satirist's trade by presenting their genuine prejudices as parodies intended to expose humourlessness and intolerance elsewhere on the political spectrum. This simple manoeuvre enfeebled leftists and liberals, who had previously enjoyed an exclusive hold on these double-edged weapons, and it made it almost impossible for the same people to avoid shifting enantiodynamically into a kind of authoritarianism when attempting to regain the upper hand with additional force.

So we see that when Trumpian characters are credited with playing 4D or 5D chess, it is actually not entirely inaccurate. The ability to be a 'Schrödinger's douchebag', however unsophisticated it may be, still involves an engagement with two mutually exclusive outcomes, which is one step up from the oppressively singular categories of the old worldview.

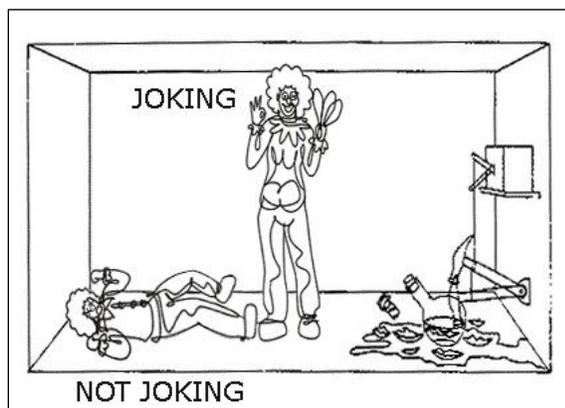


Figure 3: Once a joke is cracked, Schrödinger's douchebag relies on a reading from the giggle counter to determine whether or not they meant what they said. Until someone else reacts to the comment, both the serious and not-serious douchebags exist simultaneously.

Looking from this partial superposition at something like David Foster Wallace's assertion that the tyranny of irony can be defeated by a new sincerity, we can now appreciate that it would be no less meaningful to say the tyranny of irony can be defeated by a new *irony*.

Our vision is sharpened through contact with the Cross because the Quaternity contains the very principle needed for successful rebellion, which is *sincere irony*.

Starting on a very simple level, this device could be used by people who wished to combat *racists pretending to be pretending they're racist*. This would be achieved by *anti-racists pretending to be real racists pretending they're only pretending to be racist*, who then use this extra level of potential meaning they bring to their target as a base from which to undermine it.

When the DMRI has experimented with this kind of undercover usurpation in the past, it has always proved beneficial to everyone involved because, first and foremost, it results in a kind of empathy for the 'other side', with so-called non-racists realising that they have much in common with so-called racists and vice versa.

Another notable outcome of this strategic imposture is that it allows supposedly 'unparodiable' persons to be brought back within the parodic field, not by placing extra limits on the most elusive subjects but by extending the frontiers of satire in subtle new ways.

In a bygone era, before the fatal period of that virtual fabric of Flatland, political figures often trod very carefully, in public at least, for fear of exposing themselves to ridicule and having their credibility as powerholders undermined, but another dramatic reversal took place when certain artless types, the kakistocrats of the future, became as bad or worse than a parody of themselves and obtained a degree of freedom never even dreamt of by those who thought the rules of Machiavellianism gave them the greatest liberty. A political horror-comedy spoof of this nature appeared on our screens as Trump made his way to the White House, the production partly facilitated by those observers who considered him a joke candidate and, believing they were guaranteeing his failure

with their mockery and were also immune from irony themselves, effectively promoted him as a figure of fun and ensured his success.

But in this age of double meaning, irony cannot be a one-way process, and any attempted caricature of a thing already grotesquely exaggerated only helps to sustain it by reinforcing the complementary pairing of the 'real' version and the 'joke' version, even if it is done in an inverted way. Now that the threat of being pilloried as a punishment for a wrong move in the political game no longer has any power, the only option is to make satire go somewhere it shouldn't, which is into real-world politics. In the case of a 'serious clown' like Trump, the only politically effective parody would be if one of the many comedians impersonating him stepped off the theatrical set and onto the political stage to run for office *while in character*.

If both parties are equally balanced, not *against* one another, but *within* one other, so the joke version becomes as serious as the 'serious' version in response to the 'serious' version being as much of a joke as the joke version, then the first side to turn will no longer enjoy the extradimensional chess advantage that comes from being at odds with itself. That which emerges victorious from the Janus face-off is the strongest or most universally meaningful principle as determined by the Quaternary Cross.

'God hath made me to laugh, so that all that hear will laugh with me. If creation is treated as one big joke, then humourists are all-powerful.'

A chess player who expects a pigeon to honour the same rules to which they have voluntarily submitted themselves is bound to end up offended when their feathered opponent inevitably knocks the pieces over, shits on the board and takes to the air with a discourteous coo. In such a situation, it would be just as foolish to try to capture the bird and force it to follow the rules as it would be to expect it to know them in the

first place; therefore the only response befitting a true master would be to use their expertise to redefine the game, making shitting on a board a valid move, even though this might initially seem like the most repugnant thing to do.

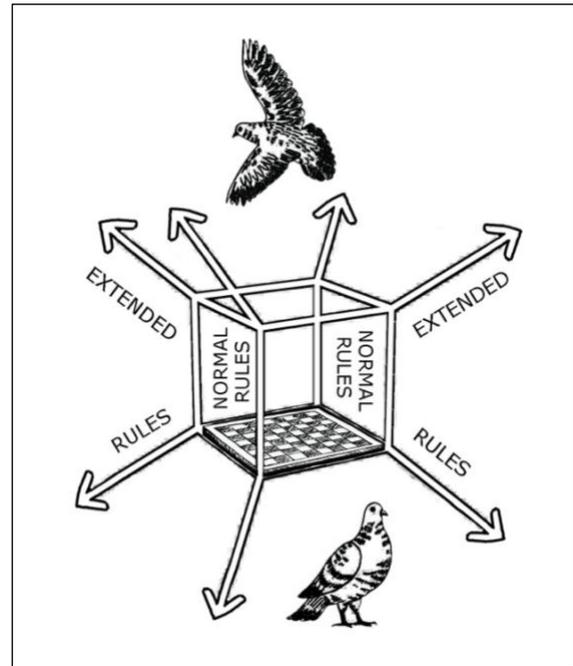


Figure 4: The principles of a 2D game exist in higher space, which constitutes the master's 3D 'cube of influence'. Extending the rules into additional dimensions therefore makes it easy to catch any pigeon that strays into hyperspace.

From this new perspective, the bird, like a pawn in a much higher game, shows the utmost respect for superior principles with the same impulsive actions that flew in the face of lesser ones, and at the pinnacle of perception the pigeon even becomes the colour-changing raven, and the board a writing desk from which all trivial fond records are wiped away—*up, up, to see the great doom's image, in which a game-within-a-game and a game-within-a-game-within-a-game are all of a piece, as from your graves arise, unto the heights, and play the perfect checkmate in the motion!*

In its periods of public silence, the DMRI has been very busy informing groups and individuals about the practical application of these ideas, especially within the context of fighting government repression and censorship. In countries where harsh laws exist to ban the use of all words, numbers, slogans and symbols associated with revolution and liberty, the only way to circumvent these restrictions is to take up the kind of two-edged weapons of parasemantic combat offered here, the merry notes of the wise fool, the *ba-ka* crowbar with which the people can police the police with polysemy.

Since a sufficient number of dissenters have now been taught to produce improvised subversive devices, anyone with the eyes to see will begin to observe them popping up around the world with increasing regularity. Signs saying, 'WE *DON'T* WANT DEMOCRACY' and 'NO TO FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION', for example, are far from radical on the surface, but if they were displayed on public marches by citizens of a notoriously undemocratic nation, especially one that forbids all calls for change and already has the exact constraints the activists are calling for, it would be impossible not to view these 'boards of birdshit' in 4D (that is, to take them ironically).

Anyone with a mastery of meaning can make the symbols of repression *stand for their antithesis* rather than trying to replace them with it. Such operations will hasten the speed of postmodern collapse and help to bring about a series of terrible plagues in the future, including twitterstorms of hail and fire, an outbreak of festering individualism, a pestilence of lifestyles, a swarm of lies, the death of all firstborn notions of truth, and a flood of information which overwhelms all but the steeliest of researchers; but the final outcome of all these calamities, as dismal and dire as they are, will be our long-awaited release from the bondage of falsehood.

The main reason beyond all reason for the power of this approach is that the truth of anything whatsoever, be it object or organism, subject or situation, will always come out if the thing is allowed to go its proper Way; and to ensure this happens, we can help it along with a hidden force, which despite being cellar-dark, like the deepest meaning, has one aspect you may now discern if we nudge the door with *deadly earnestness*.

Kwank! Cawdor!

Something analogous can be observed in parody groups like Pastafarianism, Discordianism, the Church of the SubGenius, etc., which reveal many deep features of organised religion not just by ridiculing its teachings, traditions and special exemptions but also by coming to resemble a 'true' religion, by experiencing genuine proselytism, zealotry, schisms and so on. The paradox of the parody is that it will end up either becoming or replacing its target if the impersonation is too accurate; this, however, is precisely when the reality, in this case of religious organisation, can be seen in the clearest light because *sincere irony*, being a far greater nourisher of openness and honesty than irony or even sincerity alone, allows the most fundamental features linking the 'real' and 'joke' versions to come to the surface.

The promulgation of conspiracy theories for satirical or absurdist purposes also resembles the contra-ontogenetical process we are venturing to make known here, as fabricated paranoid narratives, provided they last long enough, all end up taking on an undead life of their own and being embraced as entirely true⁴ by seekers who lack any sense of irony. The myopia of these fifth Golemists then makes it seem to those who can perceive the joke that it comes at

⁴ That is not to say they should be taken as entirely false either, as all conspiracy theories reflect some aspect of reality; the key is to work out on which level(s) their truth exists.

their expense, a strain sufficient to turn originators into believers, or pranksters like Kerry Wendell Thornley into their own prankees. Only by *seeing through the story* and *seeing it through to its end* can we grasp all sides and the full meaning.

'Ho he oh hoh ho he.'

'IS this some kind of joke?'

The Big Bang was originally a pejorative term, and that turned out to be a cracker; the one about the Earth not being round is funniest when it falls flat; and Last Thursdayists are guaranteed the last laugh.

At the heart of all creation is a very old joke, beginning with a play upon the Word, a physical pun on Nothing, making light of darkness then expanding into a universe of infinite jest. When the spirit of comedy departs, the humourless Demiurge takes the stage and declares: 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any gag about me, or any satirical image of me, for I am a jealous little author-god, and there should be no other reference for meaning in thy mind.'

It is very easy to laugh at such a performance, but we should always remember to look for the absurdity in our own situation, otherwise we risk repeating the same demiurgic fault and condemning ourselves to the lowest form of wit. Dramatic irony is one of the simplest routes to a higher perspective from which a greater portion of the usual 4.9% of meaning can be taken in. The act of getting our heads around a whole theatre of others and how they might find something laughable in our most solemn actions is a dramatic expansion of consciousness, the daring feat of bowing out from a narrow narrative and backing out through a mouse portal in the wall of the play-within-a-play-upon-a-play-upon-a-word to share an in-joke about nothing and everything with the outer reaches.

There is usually no will to identify dramatic irony when it comes to a person's own life

story, but in the rare instances of it being genuinely sought out, the quality that points to the next dimension of narrative extension is easy enough to apprehend; *sincere irony*, on the other hand, being a newly uncovered formulation, is a great deal harder to recognise. The only instances of truly sincere irony ever to have appeared in the world thus far are those created intentionally by the DMRI and released unmarked in order that their natural effects may be observed by parasemantic researchers and anyone else capable of appreciating the humorous non-joke.

While these experimental preparations must remain unidentified for now, we can at least draw your attention to something never previously considered in these terms, namely *the idea of dark meaning itself*, often labelled a joke, but one on which vital new light is shed by this paper's double refraction.

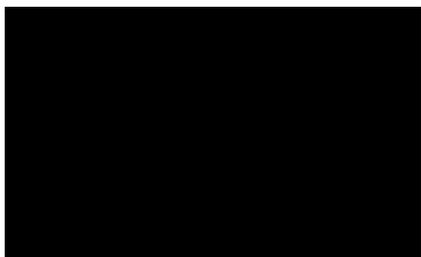
'Got me?'

With the knowledge that a deeper truth always comes out no matter what we say, even when endorsing something absurd, we may now be able to understand a little about the nature of truth itself. The Crossbones of Hope are still helpful in this respect because, by providing the basis for a balanced equation, they also uphold the unity of any given concept and even aid in the demonstration of a "well-rounded truth" when revolved in the mind. By revealing that the cross is also the skeleton of a perfect circle, an X-Way spectacle shows truth to be in the motion.⁵

We see this borne out by such ideas as the 'uninteresting number,' according to which the first number to be identified as not having any unique or noteworthy mathematical properties is labelled 'uninteresting' and is therefore immediately interesting on account of that same fact; similarly, trying to conceive of a 'barber

⁵ Much like IONEIX and the run-out groove.

who cuts the hair of all those and only those people who do not cut their own hair,' ends up creating the mental image of a barber who seems to continuously cut and not cut their own hair. These and countless other examples all partake in the nature of paradox, which is a defining feature rather than an aberration of truth. In treating paradoxes as puzzles to be solved, people inevitably turn their attention to the linguistic definitions and seek alternative formulations to make the discrepancies go away, but this only papers over the cracks in the surface reality because it refuses to acknowledge that the walls of Flatland are decorated with words.⁶ Rather than a paradox being nothing more than an inconvenient problem arising when a potential residence for meaning is not constructed properly, it is in fact the case that a paradoxical current roars with our dying voice at all times behind our general awareness and is only occasionally glimpsed when words break apart and a strip of wallpaper comes right off reality, like so:



If, in addition to the golden-black rectangle⁷ above, we now entrust you with the golden-black dictum, which is that *truth is a contradiction in terms*, it should be understood that this is not a criticism of truth, for, as you will remember, contradiction down here is unity above; it is

⁶ The inscription on the dead Author-God's tombstone points us in the right direction. It reads: "*Cursed be the man who seeks to solve the mystery, but blessed be he who becomes it.*"

⁷ A blank whose sides express the golden ratio. To look deeper into this secret exit sign, see *Your Dark Meaning, Mouse* by Stephen Moles.

simply stating the precise relationship that the 'terms' have with the truth they seek to express—that is, the terms on which the terms themselves operate can only be defined by disagreement.

From what has emerged so far we can see that truth is always moving, like the number that switches constantly from being uninteresting to interesting while the mind is fixed upon it, like the spinning quaternity that forms the ouroboric ring of truth and falsehood, like word-picture duality and the flying writing desk. And following naturally from this is the discovery that at the heart of what we call a 'post-truth crisis' is the first light of awareness that we have only ever been *pre-truth*.

To animate a Golem, the Hebrew letters *aleph*, *mem* and *tav* are inscribed on the figure's forehead to spell out the word *TRUTH*, while to deactivate it, the first of those three letters is erased, changing the word to *DEATH*. Because we have clearly lacked the power to move ourselves even an inch on our proper Way or to find our zeroth voice within the world, and since we perform a literalistic sacrifice of the strong, silent paradox on the altar of explicability every time we open our mouths, we are evidently lacking the Aleph, the originative alphanumeric superposition which is as true as a die, even unto empty form.

'There!' / O "-"!

It is only now, in the Year of the Ox, that we see it: the fatal mark on our brow, spelling out the prefactual truth and the unreal reality of iDEATH. *Yours Falsely!* We are as far from the truth as the living from the dead. Desperate to be little author-gods but unable to breathe life into our creations, we sought refuge and validation in manufactured identities and merely animated a deepfake self with hot air.

By far the falsest of all false selves is the "I" of advertising, a blankness pushed and squeezed into an outline of individuality by

relentless commercial forces. “*Be the real you,*” “*discover yourself with us,*” and similar directives are always designed to push a product that includes a readymade persona, a sparkly new self who wears the ring, an ego boosted by the latest app, a “you” who needs the product in the first place. This little snowclone of selfhood occupies the centre of the manufactured universe, which is both nowhere and everywhere due to the endless reproduction of desirable consumables and desiring consumers.

The way out of this very real fictional trouble is to face our fears and confront our undead doppelganger in the dark cellar beneath the burning rubble of a collapsed society, of a Globe brought down by *All Is True*; and the groundwork for this decisive scene is already being laid—so that which only madness hits upon can at last be revealed...

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