

ENTOMOLOGY OF RETROSPECTION • AND OTHER SUBLIMINAL DIGS (FROO2)

◀ Free Flow Retrospect ❖  Video ▶  Audio ▶

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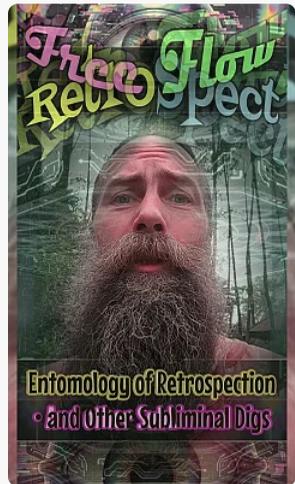
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Transmissions from station 7¾ — the liminal basin where essence surfaces and sediment sinks. Not arbitrary, not intellectual. Live-action journeys in consciousness, churning the cauldron to see what rises and what doesn't.

Confusion is the good news. When the inner matrix loses structural integrity, the collapse clears the lenses.

Subliminal signals build their critical mass in the undercurrents



– until the naked patterns in the loom of all that is finally come into view.

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#FreeFlowRetroSpect

#Liminality

#CriticalMass

#InnerAlchemy

#Retrospection

#AwakeningPatterns

So what even is retrospect? You're just playing fancy words, right? Yes indeed. Beyond that, let's hear it from the resident etymologist. You know the difference between an etymologist and an entomologist, right? Entomologist is the fellow who studies insects like ants and spiders and so on, and etymologist studies the roots of words.

We'll get to the etymology of etymology another time, might even start a new series, "Decompositional Etymologism". Does that sound about right. So "retro" is obviously a reference to the past and "spect", spectators in their spectrums, in their spectra is the proper plural, okay?

Then in free flow retrospect, I freely flow with the mind-stream, reflectively backwards. Kind of makes sense though. You can't retrospect on things in the future. You can't reflect on experiences and thoughts you haven't had yet. So, does that make sense, right?

And fie on all you scoundrels and midgets who consider these reels intellectual presentations. These are live-action journeys in consciousness. We take immersive trips into what's going on in that noodle bin of yours. Now these here installments, they're not verbal diarrhea at all. They are A... And these here installments in the free flow of the mind-stream, they are not arbitrary at all.

They are tunings from station 7¾ (seven and three quarters) of consciousness. from the spheres of liminality. When you churn your cauldron, when essence arises to the surface. And where shit sinks to the bottom, etc. etc. Those of you who have gone there, churned a notch, you know exactly what I'm talking about. Those of you who haven't, this is all very, very confusing.

But alas, confused you must be before clarity dawns. The veils you've knit in your mind, the illusions you've

cast, they will never ever reconcile as it is, because they are detached from actuality. And when all of this, your inner matrix, begins to lose its structural integrity, there is a collapse into confusion. It's a good thing. What you do then is, you nuke it from the orbit into high heavens. See what lands. See what dissipates.

There's a time for cohesive integration, for advancing your convergence, and there's a time for scattering it all. Because when you're looking at it all through your lenses of distortion, you have even not an idea of what the true nodes are, what the actual associations are. And as such, so much of this is subliminal. You have these signals in the undercurrents, that in their time churn all of you into a critical mass, and then you awaken. You awaken to the actual naked patterns in the loom of all that you are, of all that is.

Of that space we churn. May the elements be ever in your favor. And what are you doing? Need to show the doggy dog. All right? Aka Canis Major, a most serious creature. Somewhere shining bright in the center of your sky. Your faithful cognitive support animal, standing guard at the gates of the cave where the sleepers are watching.

Free flow in the mystic chambers. A bit of this, and a bit of that, and like whatever. All right. And here we are, leaning against the corner post, a trunk of clove tree covered in fungal spots. Somewhere on the side, a piece of bedrock. Does that mean anything to you? Hell if I know. Is this framing relevant? Figure it out.

I'm just here, stirring the soup. That's all. I'm here, stirring the soup, scrambling your brains. For no reason, obviously. There's no need to read anything into any of this. Or is there. An update fresh in from the World Bank. Santa Claus now has seven bucks and three quarters in his pocket, making him the second richest man in the world. Indeed.

 <https://ananda.icu/talks/free-flow-retrospect/fr002-entomology-of-retrospection-and-other-subliminal-digs>