

YOUR DECONSTRUCTION — PATTERN VORTEX IN A SILLY SELF-BOX (MOO3)

◀ Metaloom Reviews ✧  Video ▶  Audio ▶

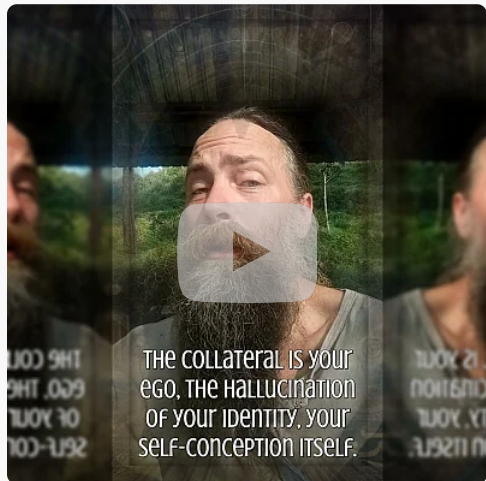
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Viewer discretion advised. We open the gates of a one-way road. If your inner stability hinges on the illusions that support you — please scroll onward — or close this view right now. Seriously yes. (If you proceed and your fragile world collapses. You were warned.)



We publish this for the few seasoned souls who can handle raw reality. If you are ready to gut your hallucinations; to deconstruct your veils; Then please continue. Yes. Proceed with your categorical deconstruction. Should you soil your pants in the process. Who you gonna call? Nobody.

— You and the world: Twined vortex of patterns in a kaleidoscope. Your problem: Carving out a slice of the pool for your pedestal. Process: Illusory individuation through selective identification. Result: Inevitable desync and collapse of your hallucinated self. When you frame yourself into a silly little box you operate from; Wasting your days forcing your squares into complex living geometry; You harvest disappointment, suffering, disillusionment in the end. Waste not your fullness living the life of a craven ghost fragment.

Instinct. The visceral world. Imperatives of survival and evolution. Emotion. Valence. Affects and reactions. The stimulating colors of life. Cognition. Schemes. Perception and analysis. Anyone for clear recognition? Identity. Self-conceit. Operative roles. Aggregating shell of your life. Planes of patterns binding you. Planes of reflection and guidance as well. Patterns most informative. Constellations. When seen from a neutral space. Deep mainstream calls for your attention.

Direction from the loom of all. Deny then the flux of your essence – race back to your dark little caves.

The price to pay for absolute knowledge: Your hallucinated everlasting soul. There's your epic endgame battle – slay your love of subject self. – What lies beyond? Watchers seekers. (= Watch that video?) Finders keepers. (= Carry what clicks.) Mirror see'ers. (= Reflect and witness.) Chilled be'ers. (= Relax and let be.) Into the dawn of your new sense and source of inspiration. Into reflected actuation of all that ever might we sight. Beyond the grind of self-rooted wailing and depression. Brave new horizons. New world. Ever-renewed nobody.

#MetaLoom #SubjectDissolution #TerminalKnowledge
#Hallucinations #Unveiling #SelfDeconstruction
#Regeneration #NewAwareness

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"How profoundly depressing, the causal continuum, that all of this should be but a cascade of patterns being iterated. To me that seems utterly meaningless. Where does that leave me?"

And utterly meaningless it is, when your meaning is attached to a particular finite viewpoint. Indeed, when your sense of meaning is attached and tightly coupled to your sense of identity, then most certainly even the idea of withdrawal thereof is most depressing.

Then, on a note of disclaimer and caution for the viewer. If you are not willing to do the work, to gut your

illusions and to release the shackles you have latched on to your consciousness. Then turn away now. Pause the video. Do not proceed.

If you proceed, you proceed by your choice, knowing that you proceed on a one-way road in the deconstruction of your illusions.

The World and You – But a Weaving of Patterns?

Then is the world before us a mere weaving of patterns, moving forth like a vortex in a kaleidoscope? That it is.

And are you too? Are your patterns of cognition a weave of patterns moving through like a vortex in a kaleidoscope, in reflection of the environment? Then yes indeed, that's also what it is.

And then what seems to be the problem? As a matter of fact, the only problem is in your drive to decouple your inner vortex of patterns from the outer vortex of patterns. You break the mirror, you cease from reflecting.

Instead you opt to take a subset of your patterns and use them as a pedestal, a platform for your individuation in the moment. In that, you hallucinate a

free will, the choices you make, all the while you are bound to the roots by your contents.

At times the patterns of your choice in that mesh of individuation synchronize with the broader pool of patterns, inner and outer, and you are thrilled, and you make your choices, and you thrive, you prosper. Happiness.

Then it falls out of sync. Inevitably. Because it is not the whole, you are working off a fragment. Of that, disappointment, suffering. Disillusionment, if you're lucky. All of that follows, not because the world is so cruel and unfair, but because you have framed yourself not as a reflection of all that is. Instead you have framed yourself into a little box that you operate from.

Then do not complain when your square does not fit into round and triangular holes. That is bound to happen. And if you spend your life looking for just the right sort of hole to fit your box into, that seems to be a life rather wasted in terms of the fullness of your potentials.

Of Bondage in Visceral and Emotional Patterns

The **visceral world**, struggle for survival, imperatives of evolution, and your matching instinctual plane, your biological embodiment, those are one plane of patterns binding you. Also a plane of reflections. Reflections that may turn into hallucinations, or that may function as guides on your path forward in adapting yourself to all that reality brings you.

Then the **sphere of emotions**, affects. Ultimately simple reactions of preference, valence. Like / no-like. Colored in countless ways to our frame of reference, turning into complex emotions. That's there within.

And on the outside we have the world of arts, music, performance, social interaction, relationships, and so on. Catering to this particular field of patterns, a field of conditioning – again a causal cascade, a continuum you navigate but in which your choices are ultimately very limited. Unless you...

The Choices We Make – Boosting the Separation

Now here's one choice you want to take note of. Where we are, by the baseline, simply flowing through the cascade. But alas, something triggers. We encounter causes, conditions, influences that do not fit our

proprietary sense of identity. In that, we come up with a freedom of choice. I have the freedom to choose otherwise. I will not engage in this. Yes, that is your freedom of choice.

And typically what happens, when you go against the literally mainstream – as in not the mainstream shallow, but the mainstream deep, the actual broad front of patterns weaving through outward and inward. And you choose against that. You separate yourself from the unified flux. You individuate, try to dig out, tickle something out of it for yourself, and then withdraw into your sad little cave, individuating, becoming whatever it is that you seek to become.

That is a choice that you make. Typically an emotional choice. Sometimes an intellectual, but typically an emotional choice, even a gut choice, or a combination thereof. Your gut vibes turn into your emotions also very easily. Learn to recognize both. They are patterns that bind you.

They are also patterns, when seen in a neutral space, that are most informative of what's going on. You use them as a map, reflective map, a probing of your interior, of your exterior. You orient better based on

these signals, but do not let the signals lead you by the noose.

Of the Cognitive Plane – Self-Emergent Pattern Processing

And have you got your **cognitive plane** too, your thought-formation, intellect, analysis, etc., and how they craft the framings of your hallucinations when they are biased, filtered, finite, distorted?

Then spend less time crafting these castles in the clouds in your mind. Spend more time refining your actual faculty of precise recognition – of details in individual phenomena, and of relations between phenomena. That be the more appropriate use of your intellect.

The bridging, modeling, etc., will happen self-emergent, of its own accord, when a sufficient clarity of recognition itself is attained. So look at the patterns in the world. Recognize them. Do not start ruminating on "what does that mean" and calculating it in some disconnected manner. Rather, acknowledge that it is there. It is what it is.

It's a pattern that is clear, and it's moving forward on a particular trajectory. And there are other peer patterns, generative downstream patterns, and consequential upstream patterns. They're all there. They are all weaving together into this mesh of our existence and into the mesh of your inner reality. Simply recognize. Clarity will follow from recognition, from the perspective that unfolds through multi-recognition of actuality as it is.

The Collateral – Your Hallucinated Unreal Self

So that's there. But let's be very clear. There is collateral in the process of detached, neutral recognition, commitment to the truth of actuality itself. The collateral is your ego, the hallucination of your identity, your self-conception itself.

When it does not compute, when it does not compile from the patterns that are recognized, it means you are holding on to hallucinations, and those hallucinations will necessarily perish, burned to ashes as it were, by the fire of knowledge, realization.

So be aware that there will be a price to pay. The price to pay for absolute knowledge is literally your

hallucinated everlasting soul.

And **of the ego**, of your finite sense of identity, well, we've already touched upon that from a number of angles, where the identity shell functions as the aggregating and containing force of all that you imagine yourself to be. In a very filtered perception, albeit preferential. That is the endgame.

When you die to that, rise beyond the fraction that you have asserted, there is a vast world beyond. A vast world where identity is no longer something of your crafting, where the roles that be are revealed by the causal stream, the necessities of the environment. Into those roles, like an actor, you step, you play it out, the audience is happy, the world is fulfilled, and you are free beyond the act.

New Existential Imperatives – An Armada of Roles

But let's return to the opening inquiry that prompted this unfolding. How depressing all of this. And yes, when your existential imperative itself, your inspiration, your drive forward is contingent on a particular ride, ride being your specific identity, the vehicle for your existence.

When you are attached to your particular vehicle and the conditions on the road do not accommodate, how depressing. However, suppose you had an armada of vehicles brought to you by the people around you, by the processes unfolding in the environment, then you are free to take whichever one of those rides as your vehicle, as your role of interaction.

That is a shift in paradigm, where no longer the "you" – that was claimed as yours – exists. It's still there as an echo, but it no longer defines your boundaries. And with that, there is a new sense of inspiration, a driving force, a motivation that emerges into being – not stemming from your finite self-construct, now fracturing and evaporating – but rather an inspiration and calling, a drive from what-is itself, the pattern stream, the cascade of causes and conditions itself.

It has a certain significant momentum. It has synergy. It has synchronicity. And this inspiration, the fuel gained from there, is countless orders of magnitude greater than what you would ever churn and mine from your little inner sphere, separated from the conditions of what be before you.

From Finite Ego to the Reflective Plane

Then, deconstructing the prison of your ego, if you should ever feel flattened, depressed, unmotivated, you need but take the mirror. Step out from the void. Step into the reflective plane. See what all are the potentials that resonate with the contents I carry. Let those weave and craft a vehicle for you.

Step into that and you will be charged by reality itself, rather than depending on the tickling and fulfillment of your subjective whims. Yes, they are all whims, no matter how profound the intellectual construct behind the particular idea. When the baseline is, all of that stems from a hallucinated foundation, all of that based on an illusion, a center point that does not in objective reality exist. What follows is whimsical, hallucinated, unreal.

Whatever that is reflected to a subject frame – it is real to the role. It's not real to any reality beyond that. Ephemeral, in transit. Play the game, transit through, and release. With that, an infinity of identities is brought before you by the causal pipeline.

Step in, step out, step in, step out. Your filmography will be epic by the time you graduate from the other side. Remain detached, do not forget. Role is a role, actor is an actor, and beyond is a beyond.

Orientation via Reflection – Tracing the Call of Primaries

And yes, at times, in a complex stacking of patterns, there is the question of orientation, choice. At times it will unfold automatically, at times you are called to evaluate. You have multiple potentials you can respond from, multiple trajectories that are possible. And in there, from your vestiges of ego, you may opt to a particular direction.

But if you seek to rise beyond, then seek the highest calling, seek the most primal thread, let that be the reflection that is embraced. You are simply curating from the options that are presented. You are not trying to craft anything separate.

Do not pursue hallucinations, follow the threads that be. The thicker, the clearer, the better. For the thicker and clearer and more primal pattern threads that you encounter, those are the ones that lead you to


metacognition, to rising beyond the roles and situations of what you conceived of as yourself, that were your limitations, beyond finity.

And when you operate toward beyond the finity, you kindle like patterns in your environment – and others too, in reflection, in time, will learn to rise beyond their little selves and in the process progressively liberate themselves from self-inflicted suffering that is, at the end of the day, unnecessary – only necessary as a wake-up call, as a signal – "You are not operating the way reality is flowing."

Wrapping Up – Digestion Time

So that's a package of some density and depth in there. May take you a moment to digest. Find some digestive aids.

And if you should find yourself disoriented, confused, even depressed with all of this deconstruction of your illusions, then who you gonna call? Nobody. That's all. Be well. Keep it floating. It'll float unless you make it sink.

 <https://ananda.icu/talks/metaloom-reviews/m003-your-deconstruction-pattern-vortex-in-a-silly-self-box>