

TRASH VIBES

The Degenerate Love
Of
Toxic Positivity



Featured Essays
"Woo to Q" & "Together"
by Dallas Nelson

TRASH VIBES Zine
Iss. 1.

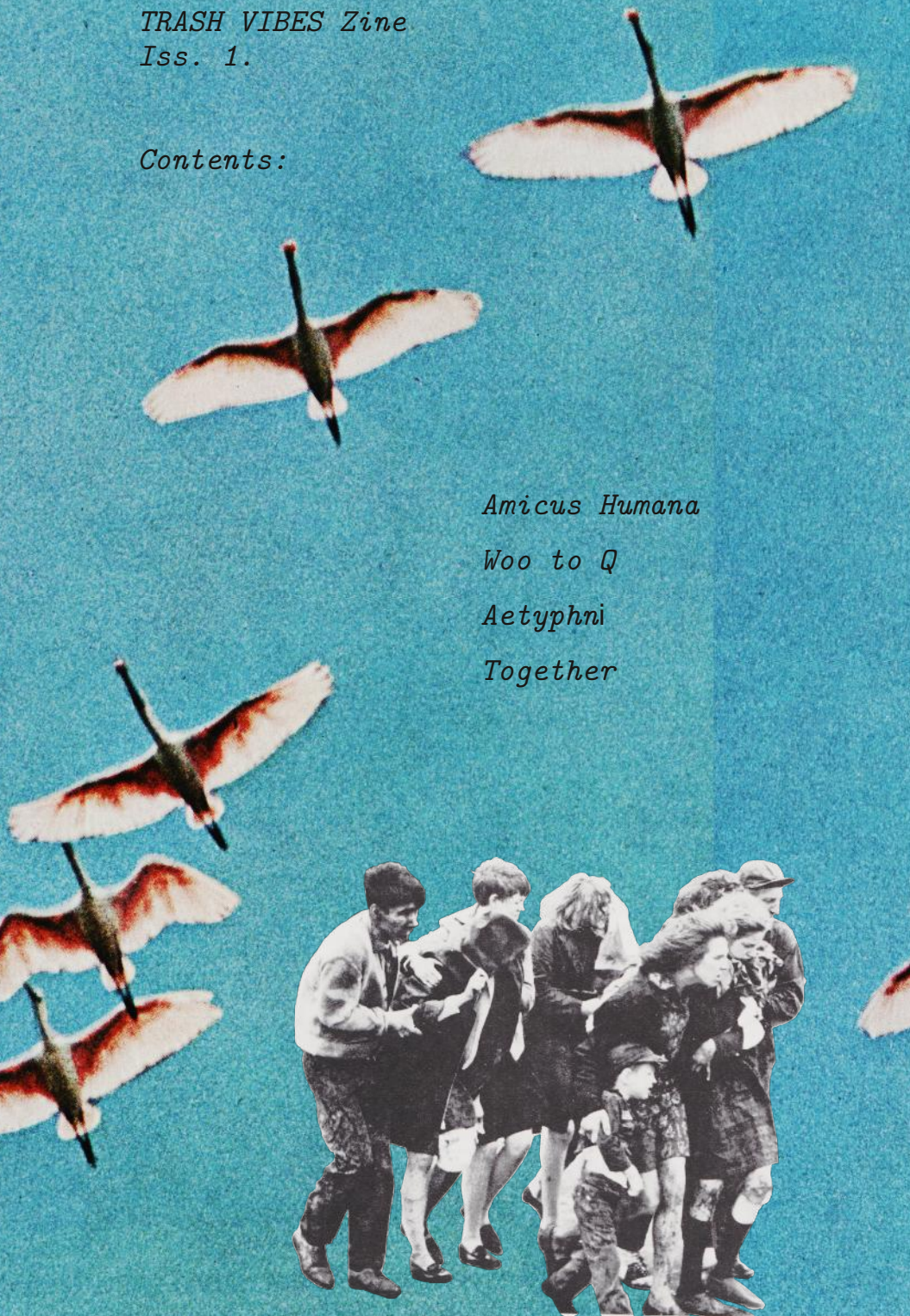
Contents:

Amicus Humana

Woo to Q

Aetyphni

Together



Amicus Humana

At my core, I believe that we're all sick and that our health is precious and everything.

First, it's verifiable that our society, because of the social economic arrangement and uneven distribution of resources, is not healthy.

Second, it's verifiable that we are continuously traumatized by our governments inability to respond to crisis. Most recently we've seen an international pandemic enrich and empower the wealthy, mass suffering and mass protests across major sectors of the population and economy, and a ratcheting up of political violence, technological surveillance, and information control.

Third, it's verifiable that the US is functionally at war with Russia, as a belligerent, standing in the way of diplomacy and an end to conflict. With no approval from Congress, the US committed a clandestine act of war against Russia and Germany. Worldwide, this sabotage has been attributed to the US and is seen by the international community as an imperial imposition on Europe to control its economy and a credible threat against other nations.

I dare not list more markers or details of our failing state. It's tiresome and neurotic to obsess over the things you can't control

My point is to make clear that the underlying conditions, whether or not we know about this stuff, does form the foundation for the rest of our lives and behaviors. We have poison creeping up through our world, from the base to the structure of our lives.

It would seem that the goal of the modern "wellness" industry, -to get you to pay-, is to convince you that you can heal without regard to social-material alienation in an unhealthy society.

For example, no amount of individual healing will

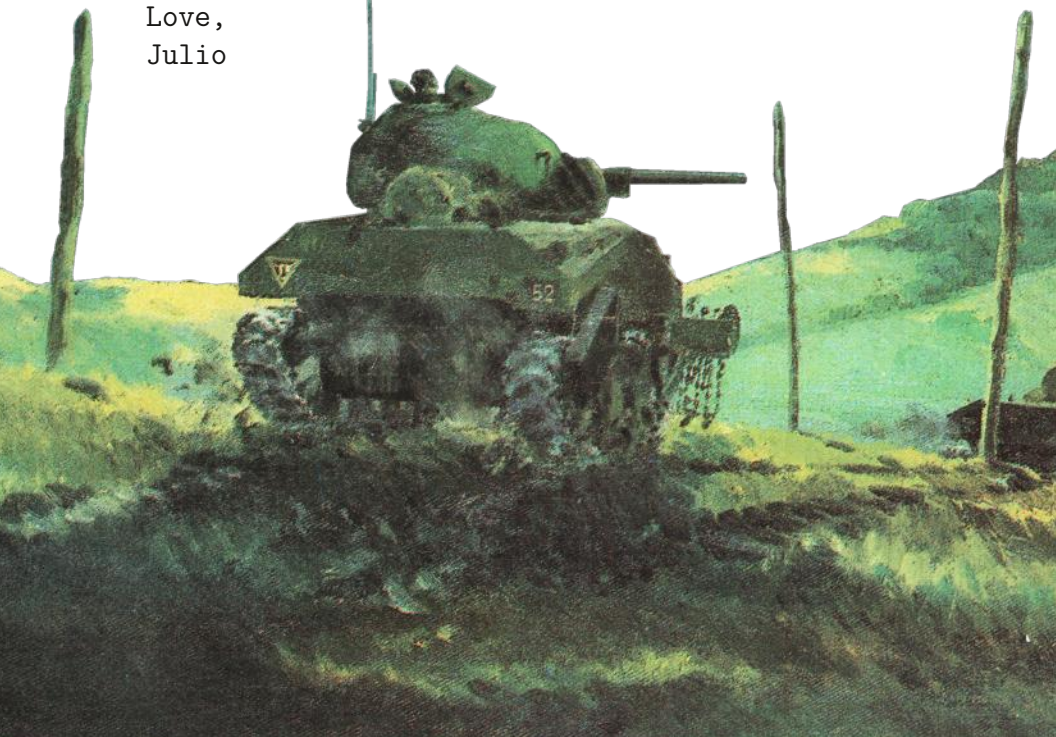
eliminate the slums in the city or the effects of having slums in the city. Thus, the "wellness" market exists to create a fantasy of healing for you to live in. A fantasy so vivid that you can be selfish and tell yourself you're a good person as you buy the goods and services.

Healing in an unhealthy society is, of course, possible and desirable. I wouldn't dare attack the good faith version of wellness. It's the highly individuated form of "wellness" turned to bad faith commodity by the market which tends towards neurosis and narcissism.

We are all feeling our alienation as the emptiness in our lives that can never be filled. However, there's plenty to be done about the emptiness, but that's the long hard work of sacrifice, love, and silence on behalf of a far off moment of real freedom and ecstasy in the spirit of life.

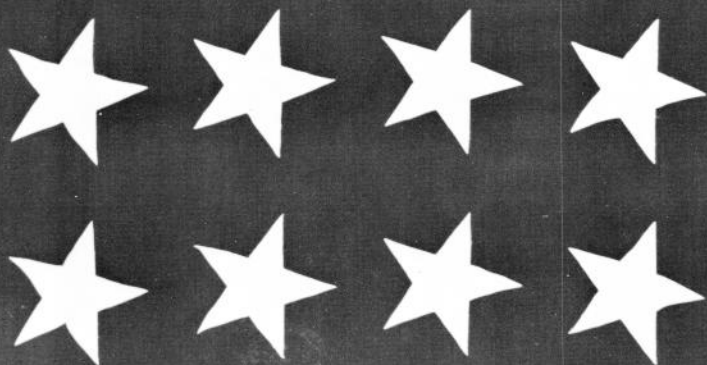
So hold my hand and let's heal together without contriving for profit or exploitation. Join me in healing through the light of peace. Ours is the movement for life, love and flourishing.

Love,
Julio



Woo To Q

:or the New Age to Nazi Pipeline.



by Dallas Nelson

"I made a plan to kill myself and it was such a relief, it really freed up my time."

Woo to Q: or the New Age to Nazi Pipeline.

Has it happened to you yet? Have you seen that one friend that was involved in yoga and meditation, maybe owned a crystal or two, start dropping hints that trans people aren't people? It's been happening to me. About three of my friends, who were lightly involved with mysticism in some way or another, have become intensely conservative. Not that changing beliefs is bad, I've always believed that change is the most beautiful and tragic part of our lives. To operate under the belief that your belief is the one true belief is a recipe for tragedy, believe me. However, my former woo-woo friends don't seem to have approached these newly held beliefs naturally. It's like they're possessed.

I guess it all started with the quarantine. The meteoric rise in new-age spirituality began with enforced isolation. Not to ascribe my own personal narrative to everyone else--a very human thing to do--but I also began earnestly seeking esoteric wisdom during the isolation. I remembered that it was once special to me and now that I had time alone, I sought it out again. All of us were alone with each other and from a spiritual standpoint that's bizarre. We think we were interacting with other people online but, we were interacting with our friend's simulacra of themselves. An online avatar and social media profile aren't you, it's what you think you are. Every online conversation you have is, in a way, a conversation with the shadows on the wall. You are creating a shadow on the wall by interacting with someone else's shadow on the wall. We all were forced, at once, to depersonalize each other and deal with our ideas of ourselves.

But why have these people we loved who valued individual liberties and expression so intimately become so inimical to it? I can't help but notice that my friends and icons that have followed this pattern are all generally upper-middle class and attractive. I know someone successful due to having abortions that has, on several occasions, tried to allude to a newfound repulsion to the act. They made a statement that late-term abortions were murder, and

my visible repulsion caused them to never bring up those ideas again. Another person, well known for practicing rehabilitative yoga for people with disabilities and health issues, adopted anti-vaccination rhetoric and now laments his mysterious lack of clientele.

The Covid-19 crisis was a harrowing experience for all of us. In one way or another, we all were faced with the reality that our current system only works if we keep buying crap we don't need. That's disappointing but it becomes worse when you realize the environmental devastation of microplastics and climate change, and more burdensome when you realize how much suffering and death goes into a cup of coffee or a tank of gas. However, the ultimate soul-crushing despair of the pandemic was the horrific realization that the people in charge of us are just as scared and useless. Maybe there is an Illuminati or Freemason conspiracy to blame for this but it's more likely the root of all of this suffering is just plain old greed and stupidity.

Most people know these things. We all have intuitions and third eyes and pineal glands, and deep down we all understand that this whole thing is frighteningly fragile and tenuous. So why not recede into the dark recesses of esoteric wisdom? Why not seek out the reoccurring patterns of an Egyptian royal Cubit and the modern-day meter, travel into the Pardes of Qabalah, or maybe even consult with the ancient Daemons? If all the seen things don't make any sense anymore, you might as well start digging into the unseen things. I think it's inappropriate and crazy to diagnose and pathologize an entire movement, but as an artist, I'm willingly admitting to participating in the only profitable form of madness, and you, dear reader, are helping me continue to engage in it.

John Kenneth Galbraith once said, "...one of man's oldest exercises in moral philosophy... is the search for a superior moral justification for selfishness." It is my deeply held belief that one of the most beautiful aspects of magic, astrology, mysticism, and any other thing that falls behind the egregiously opaque descriptor of "esoteric", is how easily you can use it to justify being an asshole. It is now an established trope in film and television of the

Ætyϕni

.....

Ætyϕni is mindpoison
conjuring the imagination
overwhelming the nervous system.

Ætyϕni is unresponsive
unkind
present.

It sickens and ablates
as it looks at you
as it looks for you
in mirror.

.....



"enlightened CEO" -a man or woman that believes in Zen Buddhism, meditates daily, and believes in reincarnation yet purposely designs products that need to be consistently replaced.

The philosophy of Qabalah is largely dedicated to understanding this phenomenon. It asks a practitioner to understand how an infallible and ultimately good God could create such a rotten earth. It was one of the first systems of magic I sought out. It taught me that there's good in bad and that deep down everything has, within it, the light of a pure loving infinite god. There is something called a Klipah, which means shell, that covers the goodness and light. A practitioner of Qabalah can get to the good in anything so sometimes they need to fornicate, drink and do drugs because sometimes you learn great wisdom from those things. "Fuck around and find out" is what a lot of people say, and that means that if you've never fucked around you never really learned anything worth learning. Not many stories begin with good decisions.

I was drawn to Qabalah because I grew up as a fundamentalist Christian and my family was obsessed with the Old Testament. Most magical systems involving Christianity are heavily influenced by Catholicism, but to a protestant, that was out of the question. This idea of light within darkness helped me learn about forgiveness for the choices I made when I was younger. It helped me grow past guilt for youthful recklessness and learn to embrace knowing, that even though times were tough and disgusting, I returned with wisdom gathered from these encounters and became a better person -or at least convinced myself of it enough to keep going. I'm certain if I just had the chance to explain this reformative aspect of Qabalah to a Palestinian woman whose fourteen-year-old son was shot in the face by the Israeli Defense Force in the West Bank, she would understand there really is a piece of god's eternal light and love in every sorrow of the world.

I'm deeply thankful for Qabalah, it helped me understand a lot of the ingrained colonialism of New age spirituality. Crowley adored it, and its influence upon Thelema shines through, "do what thou wilt; love is the law"

love just replaces light in the philosophy of Qabalah. For someone who took so much from Jewish myth, the man was viciously anti-semitic and racist. When you critically analyze the works of Helena Petrovna Blavatsky it makes sense that offshoots from her theosophical society contributed to Fascism in Europe. It's not difficult to understand how the spiritual beliefs of a Slavic woman, suddenly claiming to master Eastern Mysticism by being in closer relation to the "original masters" than most people, influenced the more Whacky Nazi beliefs. Just make your connection to the "original masters" genetic and violà.

It's hard to not think of yourself as superior when you study esoterica. Even the more mainstream ideas have a dark side to them, and it's not a big leap from "manifesting" success with your mind to saying that poor people just aren't trying hard enough. Almost all-important classical writings on mysticism usually contain some type of warning regarding using them. The commercialized nature of the market today means that these warnings are often left out or given the nebulous "path of darkness" treatment. It turns out the path of darkness from using crystals and positive thinking is trying to sell people lulu lemon.

Spirituality is a harrowing experience for all of us. In one way or another, we all are faced with the reality that our current system only works if we keep doing the things that no longer trigger reward responses. That's disappointing, but it becomes worse when you realize that you might have stolen your whole belief system -and more burdensome when you realize that you're probably not even practicing it correctly. However, the ultimate soul-crushing despair of new age spirituality is the horrific realization that even after everything, after the DMT, meditation, and spiritual visions, we might still be the same old scared and useless asshole.

I'd love to end it there; I'd love to say that some people start rationalizing treating other people poorly because they're scared, and that making other people feel the emotion you're feeling is a very human thing to do. Because I think they're really terrified. Things are bad,

and they're so bad that you aren't allowed to talk about how bad things are.

But that's the hard part about life, it's not really a bad thing to meditate or even be a little selfish. To survive, you must be. That's why almost all magical systems sound nonsensical and contradictory. Life is difficult, we are all forward-moving objects only capable of looking backward; bumping into things is inevitable. Sometimes you're just stuck endlessly swinging at the outer husk of something. Maybe the lesson is learning that you like endless swinging, or maybe the lesson is that you need to swing a little more to get to the good stuff. I really don't know.

I can tell you with my whole heart that the troubles of this world aren't caused by a magically powerful yet easily bested foe. It isn't Jews, homosexuals, scientists or even trans teenagers that are causing the troubles of the world. It's all of us, somewhere down the line we decided that the definition of strong didn't include the word compassionate. We decided that community is a privilege. We decided that our spiritual journey is something only we can do. We let ourselves become an entire world of lonely and frightened people. I don't have any answers; I'm sorry.

I can't promise it will be okay. I can promise you that you won't be alone.



Together

by Dallas Nelson



Together

When I first started using computers, they had this lovely bulky quality about them. They were square, and the letters and words they formed had these hard and sharp edges that made you understand that it was all of these small things coming together to make something whole.

Nowadays everything is streamlined and rounded, shiny and clean. You used to tell me that the only myth is that "I can do it alone". I loved that because it meant that even our smallest shared moments were something sacred. They were sacred, at least to me, what do two people looking at the same sky see? I noticed how you would giggle at me when I was ridiculous, and I would do the same to you. Those thousands of little pieces and moments came together and made us.

When it ended, I was beyond insane and there was no consoling me; deep down I felt such an intense yet euphoric rage at the whole thing. How beautiful and incoherent wrath is, look at how you can survive the most unimaginable suffering! Sorrow followed after my wrath and she still chases me, but now I know her cold hand is only a guide to sweet memories. I shunned her I berated her I beat her, but sorrows' patience is infinite and so is her forgiveness. She only leaves you when you recognize her as the guest that brings the most precious gifts.

There is a beauty in each soul that you can only understand by its absence. What is it to lose a lover to meaningless quarrel? A friend to senseless violence? A family member to time?

When a light is gone we are lost in a terrible darkness. Our hearts race, we feel fear. "This is the darkness that death and destruction hide in" we tell ourselves. Sometimes that darkness is what protects you from death and destruction, sometimes that absence let's you know you are whole in your unwholeness. It gives you the space to see that you are well in your unwellness; only in darkness can you understand how loud silence is.



In these dark times, I hope I can help you understand we are alone together. This senseless pain and suffering has been, and always will be, less than the love we feel for one another. We would not be here were it otherwise.





A message escaped the mind abattoir.
It was hidden in the song of a bird,
then written to the page of this zine.

"Don't be afraid to burn out little candle,
nothing is real and you'll never cease to be."

be well, friend *END.*

An Anti-Wellness Zine
by Julio Domínguez
Tallahassee, FL 2023
Cushbomb.com/ZINES.html



— I Love you —