

# *LIMITLESS*



**John O'Loughlin**

# LIMITLESS

An Intermittent Journal by  
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CDM Philosophy

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*13/09/12*

Nazi Germany liquidated some six million Jews, the vast majority of whom were not German, only for 4–5 million Moslems to take their non-Aryan place in the Federal Republic of Germany. Surely an ironic commentary upon history?

The fragmentary nature of modern society, its lack of social cohesion, derives in no small measure from the multicultural, multiracial reality that characterizes it, leading to social alienation and exclusiveness. This is no easy age to live in!

*16/09/12*

An immense feeling of liberation from the damned pavements of north London (not to mention London in general) overcame me when out walking the sidewalks of Galway City, everywhere macadamised in one way or another, which is how, from a non-liberal/social-democratic standpoint, it should be. All those fucking/sodding pavements of north London – and more specifically of Hornsey, Crouch End, and Wood Green – do nothing but get me down, depress and psychologically humiliate me because I am Irish, not British, and find state-hegemonic criteria repulsive, a

parallel of sorts, down at the south-east point of the intercardinal axial compass, to hardback and paperback books, including novels, which will always be around so long as these pavements are around and this kind of society or civilization in general remains around, despite what anybody might have to say – and not for the first time – about their imminent demise or social irrelevance. The sidewalks of Galway, on the other hand, are more to my taste, being, if anything, the product of a Catholic mentality down at the south-west point of the axial compass in question, and I like to think they would parallel eBook literature, whether or not of a fictional orientation.

*18–20/09/12*

The cemetery on the outskirts of Athenry was lacking in symmetry and it was difficult, in consequence, to locate the grave of my maternal grandmother, whom I had been led to believe was buried there, possibly since 1961 or 1962, a year or so before, with the coast finally clear, my mother packed me off to a children's home in Carshalton Beeches, Surrey, and I bade goodbye to life in Aldershot, Hants. Her maiden name was Payne, but there was only one Payne listed on the noticeboard containing the names of those buried there, namely a Bridget Payne, whom my mother had led me to believe was her sister,

whereas my grandmother's first name was – or had been – Mary. The plot number of this other Payne was 304, but strangely enough none of the graves was marked, as far as I could see, with numbers, so locating that particular grave was no easy task in view of the large number of graves involved. She had apparently been buried, this Bridget Payne, in June 1961, which would have been around the time of my grandmother's death, and for a moment I thought it might be her, that her real first name was not Mary but Bridget. I only knew that my grandmother, whom I adored as a child, had been buried in her home town of Athenry, together with her sister (Bridget).

I am afraid and deeply saddened by the fact that no-one would have attended to the grave in all these years, and that may have been an additional reason why I could not locate it, presuming it overgrown or somehow effaced. All in all, a deeply distressing situation, compounded by the fact that my mother, who at the time of writing is still alive, has only ever fed me sketchy and vague information, some of which, at one time or another, had been blatantly contradictory, like her telling me, several years ago, that her mother's first name was Polly!

It's no wonder I'm confused! But when I pressed her recently about the location of her mother's grave, she had no idea at all, only saying, as before, that she had personally seen to her burial, having travelled back to Co. Galway with the coffin. But the grave, alas, had been neglected all these years, and therefore it was

difficult if not impossible for me to locate it and make some small attempt to recognize it and perhaps tidy or clean it up a bit, whatever that might entail. I feel so utterly helpless and, at the same time, angry and frustrated that I couldn't even lay some flowers. Some people continue to get a raw deal even in death!

The Irish flag, the tricolour, is rather like the weather in Ireland, with violent and sudden shifts between rain and sunshine, but with a fair amount of cloud coming inbetween. Hence the green of rain, the white of cloud, and the orange (or gold) of sunshine, with, alas, more green than white or orange!

In the evening one hears the thwack of tennis balls going to and fro next door in the Galway Lawn Tennis and Health Club. I never much cared for tennis, rarely if ever having played it (at school). In fact, it was for me one of those taboo occupations, like chess and golf.  
How unlike Ezra Pound!

So much drama, so little karma.

The sidewalks of Ireland vis-à-vis the pavements of Britain.

The Irish are loquacious, the British – and in particular the English – reserved. Alpha and omega.

Ireland wouldn't be Ireland without the rain. If you don't like rain, don't go to Ireland, because you're bound,

sooner or later, to get soaked, shot through with a wind-fuelled rain that has a certain acerbity about it which is quite unpleasant and very likely to piss you off.

In Ireland male self-esteem drains away with the weather; you become less self-conscious and correspondingly more open to other people, especially women. The notion of trusting in your stars or, alternatively, in some guardian angel makes more sense in Ireland than does trusting in yourself as a male, since the female aspects of life, which are primary, are noticeably more prevalent than in, say, England, being, in any case, fundamental to life.

Everywhere where substance exists – meals, fruit, sweets, cakes, refreshments, etc. – women are behind it and live, like caryatids, to serve it. Being intellectually or spiritually independent (to a degree) or contrary to all this is, for the male, more usually a product of misfortune than of calculated intent, since males are only capable, when true to themselves, of abstractions – ideas, philosophies, ideologies, religions, laws, etc., which usually come to grief in relation to a reality dominated by females and, hence, by what is concrete.

We can, as males, hope for and dream of a better world, an altogether different type of society, but that is only a manifestation, so to speak, of the abstract, and is always up against the concrete realities of a world characterized by female domination which it would be difficult if not impossible to overthrow, since abstractions are no match



for the concrete basis of life in female power and glory, will and spirit. The male attempt to overthrow this concretion from an abstract standpoint (the only standpoint according with anything properly male, and therefore with what is contrary to such concretion even though extrapolated from it) leads inevitably to failure, of which the crucifixional paradigm of the so-called Saviour is a case in point, a potent symbol of religious failure in the face of concrete reality, be that reality scientific or political.

The Judeo-Christian tradition, with its subconsciously-truncated metachemistry and its subsensuously-truncated metaphysics, could be regarded as being flanked, in an anterior manner, by the supersensuously-biased Hindu tradition on the one hand and, in a posterior manner, by the superconsciously-biased Buddhist tradition on the other hand, each of which does more justice to metachemistry and to metaphysics, respectively, than would anything Judeo-Christian. Frankly, the truncated metachemistry of Judaic monotheism and the truncated metaphysics of Christian (Roman Catholic) theism are less indicative of a human-orientated alpha (metachemistry) and omega (metaphysics) than of an alpha-stemming worldliness in the one case and of an omega-orientated worldliness in the other case, neither of which would be anywhere near as scientific (metachemical) nor as religious (metaphysical) as their Hindu and Buddhist counterparts.

The sight of all those fat shiny books in bookshops is,

frankly, depressing to anyone who is capable of regarding life from a standpoint centred in eScrolls and eBooks, both of which could be argued as pertaining to an axis at variance with that upon which the vast majority of books, whether hardback or paperback, exist – presumably in polarity to magazines of one sort or another.

*22–23/09/12*

There was a man who, through no particular fault of his own, lived in hell or what he regarded as such, namely London, with its double-decker red buses and, at the lower end or pole of the axis he perceived as being state-hegemonic, its underground lines and trains taking millions of people to and from work. Even his accommodation in a bedsitter with shared bathroom, toilet, kitchen, garden, landing, hallway, front door, etc., was a part – indeed a bigger part – of this hell, particularly since most of his immediate neighbours (those in the same tenement) were not of his ethnic persuasion but, at times, radically at variance with what he would have considered compatible behaviour or outlook upon life.

He lived, as I say, in hell and suffered enormously. But one day the lord of this hell, call him devil or landlord or

whatever, granted him the fulfilment of anything he wished for – anything! So after due reflection our man opted for heaven, a place where there were no square-looking red buses or underground trains or, indeed, overcrowded tenements populated with disparate ethnicities whose lifestyles were often in conflict. This heaven was less like London and more like a suburban part of Galway City or even Clifden or Athenry in County Galway in Ireland, and it was very different from anything he had ever known – in fact, so different was it, with its single-decker green buses and overground trains, not to mention houses on pretty modern estates with more space and privacy than was to be found in his previous abode, that he did not feel so much at home there as he had imagined he would – indeed, he felt positively strange and cut off, like someone or something from an alien planet. After a week our wishful thinker was begging the devil to let him return to hell and the life with which he was familiar, no matter how painfully.

So the devil said to himself: 'Why should I let God profit from him when he is only too willing to carry on letting me exploit him as before?' So he granted the poor man the right to return to hell on the proviso that he would never try to leave it again, and so he did, almost grateful to the devil for having taken him back. And that, I'm afraid, is the moral of this sad tale. People become so accustomed to suffering in hell that they would rather continue to do so than move to heaven and have the benefit of some peace and quiet. Our man is only too

typical of the great majority of persons trapped in hell who, though they fear the devil or demons that daily torment them, lack faith in their ability to handle heaven and live in an altogether different environment – and way – from that to which, over several years if not decades, they have become so painfully accustomed.

Bruce Dickinson sings, on one of his solo albums, about those who do it and those that get done, as germane to what he calls the two sides of life, but unlike the Iron Maiden vocalist I maintain that life is more complex than that even in, though not necessarily to any great extent, this day and age of alpha-stemming if not alpha-orientated secularity, and would like to think that those who get delivered from the ones that do it are – or will be – of the Saved, especially when meekly pseudo-male.

What can be unequivocally said of the so-called Creator, or so-called God (the Father), which, in its metachemical objectivity, is really Devil the Mother, the cosmic and, in particular, stellar absolutism autocratically behind Nature and its predatory cruelty? I'll tell you what: that 'it' is absolutely criminal and absolutely evil – criminal in its somatic freedom and evil in its psychic binding, the ratio of the one to the other being in the (absolute) ratio of 3:1, like supersensuousness vis-à-vis subconsciousness, or supernature vis-à-vis subnurture, or superheathenism vis-à-vis subchristianity, or superfemininity vis-à-vis submasculinity, and so on, with the former attributes in all cases criminal (metachemically freely somatic) and the latter attributes

... evil (metachemically unfreely psychic, or germane to bound psyche). That is what the Creator, the so-called God of the Jews and, indeed, of the Judeo-Christian tradition actually amounts to, and it is my belief that no self-respecting and civilized human being, least of all when male, could possibly condone or respect it. On the contrary, it should be paramount on his list of what needs to be rejected, if life is to progress to a truly cultural civilization worthy of being identified with 'Kingdom Come'.

I have always been intimidated by women with painted nails, particularly when their fingernails are painted red and appear to be dripping with the blood of their natural prey – men. Baudelaire wrote about nature being red in tooth and claw, and certainly the nature of women is such that their painted lips and nails approximate to that description of nature and to its predatory instinct to kill what is useful to the survival of the predator – in this case women, who are more than able, as a rule, to pick off men, effectively killing them by rendering subordinate to the reproductive impulse that which, did it not lose its head to a woman, would be capable of a life lived in and for the mind, even to the extent whereby the Life Eternal becomes its heavenly reward.

Killed off by women, however, men succumb to the flesh and to the inevitable mortality of the flesh, which is certain death. This 'life temporal' is everywhere and at all times the human norm, and whilst for women it is the deathly life of life through killing, for men it is the living

death of bodily subservience to female flesh – what Baudelaire, that truly great and much-maligned French poet, scornfully dismissed in males as a mark of their being 'slaves of a slave' and a mere 'trickle in the sewer'. Simply put, the Life Eternal is not possible to those who succumb to women, as do the vast majority of men, thereby confirming their secondary gender status vis-à-vis those for whom the meaning of life is fundamentally success in regards to reproduction.

*25–27/09/12*

Where flat-screen TVs are concerned, I guess 'gogglebox' would be an anachronistic form of slang.

If a young female adult is any good, so to speak, she should be aspiring downwards from metachemistry to chemistry, as from beauty and love (coupled subconsciously with ugliness and hatred) to pride and strength (coupled unconsciously with humiliation and weakness), thereby abandoning – if only temporarily – the objective ethereal for the objective corporeal and the attendant acquirement, in consequence, of a surrogate plenum, namely the child, to alleviate the vacuousness or emptiness of her fundamental (free somatically-materialist/bound psychically-fundamentalist) condition.

If a young male adult is any good, so to speak, he should be aspiring upwards from physics to metaphysics, as from knowledge and pleasure (coupled unsensuously with ignorance and pain) to joy and truth (coupled subsensuously with woe and illusion), thereby abandoning – if only intermittently – the subjective corporeal for the subjective ethereal and the attainment, in consequence, of that grace (coupled subordinately to wisdom) which is salvation from the world ... of being vulnerable to female predation (necessity) and, hence, domination within the context, most especially, of family ties. All of which, were it to succeed even temporarily, would be very much against the natural grain and therefore an extremely difficult not to say