

# TALES SIDE UP

## Collected Short Prose Vol.2



**JOHN O'LOUGHLIN**

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Collected Short Prose Vol.2 by  
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Of Centretruths Digital Media

CDM Prose

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Biographical Footnote

## Preface

This second volume of my collected short prose dates from 1982–84 and differs from those pieces collected in *Two Sides of the Same Coin* (1976–81) only in the sense that some of the ones included here are, by and large, more ideologically conditioned, the ideological philosophy of Social Transcendentalism beginning to sprout from the soil of my fertile intellect around 1984 and coinciding with a number of pieces appertaining to what was originally my seventh collection of short prose which, frankly, comes right at the end of my commitment to the genre, and therefore coincides with a marked rise in philosophical tempo, so to speak, in my writings as a whole.

The title of this volume originates, in part, with the title to the previous one, insofar as the metaphorical coin is here alluded to with reference to fiction alone, if in a pun-like way that reinforces the concept of prose at the expense, unlike the first volume, of aphoristic philosophy. But by then the prose had become so philosophic that there was hardly need for an aphoristic appendix, the last piece in this volume taking prose to philosophical heights which rival if not surpass Nietzsche, whose 'Zarathustra' is here eclipsed by 'the Social Transcendentalist'.

John O'Loughlin, London 2007 (Revised 2022)

## *Millennial Projections*

Recently my trips have been getting better. I no longer panic, as I used to do, when the benevolent stimulant first takes possession of my superconscious mind. Neither do I suffer from those debilitating after-effects to anything like the same extent as before, doubtless because my brain has grown accustomed to accommodating it, and knows what to expect in advance. Nowadays I look forward to each trip with relish, eager to return to that blessed state of contemplation from which I'm temporarily ejected whenever the stimulant's effects begin to wear off, and one slides back into ordinary waking-life consciousness. I still manage to sleep quite well during the afternoon though, and can often remember some dream fragments shortly after returning to full wakefulness. Sometimes one gets a daymare – as, for example, when visions from the pre-millennial past crowd in upon one's subconscious mind, and one perceives strange autonomous shapes parading before the mind's eye. Mostly, however, one's dreams are pleasant – at any rate, relatively so! For no dreams are considered of much spiritual value these days, largely because they pertain to the subconscious as manifestations of sensual indulgence. We dream, but we don't boast of or take especial interest in our dreams. Rather, they're to be endured.

Last night's trip was particularly vivid and engrossing, so pregnant with spiritual content were the static shapes the benevolent hallucinogen revealed to me! I am really quite proud of myself, to be able to create and experience such psychic treasures! I was especially captivated by the globes of transparent jewel-like lustre which issued, unimpeded, from my freed superconscious. They kept changing colour and size, sometimes becoming more numerous, and at other times appearing to expand into one another and thereupon become unified. I liked, too, the sickle moons and strange palatial edifices which emerged, as if from nowhere, to illuminate the darkness. They were like so many sequins studded on a black velvet cushion. I have never actually seen a cushion, but I do believe I've dreamt of one. Certainly I've occasionally heard mention of sequins.

My nearest companions here all seem to be in a good frame-of-mind this evening, eager, no doubt, to leave their mundane thoughts behind them.

Companion 6 to my immediate left and Companion 8 to my immediate right are both quiet and positive. They haven't yet sought recourse to the Internal Communications Network which links each of us to the Spiritual Leader of our particular commune. The Spiritual Leader seems relatively quiet himself, though he did offer a few words of encouragement to Companion 12, who apparently didn't sleep very well. More usually he is in contact with the Controllers now, though we lay supermen don't hear what passes between them. They prefer to keep us in the dark, so to think, concerning their plans and intentions for fear that we should become distracted from our own business of cultivating the superconscious as much as is superhumanly possible. Should I wish to convey something to the Spiritual Leader while he's still in conversation with the Controllers, my communication will be diverted to the nearest unoccupied Spiritual Leader in this section of the community. Since there is one Spiritual Leader to every 100 Supermen, and there are 6000 Supermen in our particular commune, I should be guaranteed thought-access to at least one of the ten nearest unoccupied Spiritual Leaders at any given time. Except, of course, when I'm tripping. But then one is usually too engrossed by the heavenly visions being vouchsafed one to be mindful of the Spiritual Leaders anyway – unless, however, one is experiencing a bad trip, when recourse to the Internal Communications Network becomes virtually imperative.... Not that the Spiritual Leaders encourage any of us to use it then. For as often as not they are tripping themselves and sometimes resent being disturbed. Nevertheless, access to a Spiritual Leader, even if not to one's own, remains technically possible at all times of the night and even at certain times of the day as well. If too many companions are seeking spiritual advice at once, however, one may have to wait some time before one can get through to a Leader. Fortunately, I don't experience bad trips all that often, as I hope to have already made clear. Nor, for that matter, does anyone else. Though that doesn't prevent a queue from forming, as it were, to obtain some spiritual guidance – especially since most of those in it have no real business being there at all, considering that they are not usually in such a bad way as they may like to imagine. Recently, however, the Spiritual Leaders have tended to turn a deaf ear, so to think, to certain supermen whom they know, from bitter experience, to be unduly alarmist. Needless to say, this has dramatically improved connections for those who really *do* need some spiritual advice!

It is strange our being in the dark about the Controllers. None of us has

ever seen them because no Superman, whether lay or clerical, has a pair of eyes to see with. Neither do we have ears to hear with or a tongue to talk with. Our internal communications are entirely psychic, as our thoughts are channelled, through the Internal Communications Network, to the Spiritual Leaders. Thus none of us knows what a Controller actually looks like, though we are told that they are humans and walk on two legs. This gives us some idea, but by no means an exact picture. For the nearest we come to seeing human beings is, as I've already intimated, in our dreams, and then more often than not in a distressing context, less because they are particularly nasty than because the dreams are largely atavistic. However, if contact with the Controllers is impossible for us lay supermen, it is of course quite otherwise for the Spiritual Leaders, who are connected to the external environment via special artificially-constructed hearing and speaking devices – the former enabling them to understand what the Controllers are saying to them at any given time, the latter transposing their own thoughts into speech for the Controllers' benefit. This two-way External Communications Network is invaluable to the Controllers; for it enables them to keep in touch with the overall psychic position of the superhuman communes and to regulate their behaviour and attitude towards them accordingly. Provided the Spiritual Leaders don't pass on false or misleading information, we get the trips we deserve.

But we're still literally in the dark at the moment, since the next spiritual flight isn't due to start until shortly after everyone has been woken-up by the Internal Alarm System at 20.00 hrs this evening. I happened to wake up early for once – perhaps by as much as half-an-hour before take off. At one time the trips wouldn't begin until some 2–3 hours after our waking up. But now that they are becoming longer and stronger, with the sleep period becoming correspondingly shorter and weaker, the Controllers waste much less time in getting the spiritual flight under way for us. Admittedly, this may seem odd to anyone not acquainted with our situation. But it conforms to a very cogent logic – namely the need to step-up the spiritual life by degrees while the sensual life ... of sleep ... is cut back, in order to bring us closer to the next stage of evolution, which won't only be above trips but ... above sleep as well, and thus nearer to the supra-atomic absolute of transcendent spirit. My hunch is that we are drawing closer to that climatic day when the old brain will be surgically removed from each one of us and we shall no longer be a collection of superhuman individuals but ... a Superbeing, or tightly-packed cluster of new brains, whose only



*raison d'être* will be to directly cultivate the superconscious through hypermeditation, until it attains to independence of the new brain and so becomes transcendent. Well, we're still at quite an evolutionary remove from transcendence at present. But whether we're at quite such a remove from elevation to the post-visionary consciousness of a Superbeing ... is another thing! My guess is that the Controllers will operate on us at some time during the next decade. Having cut our sleep period down to less than four hours and extended our tripping period to approximately sixteen, which is more than twice what it was when millennial life first began some eighty-odd years ago, there would seem to be little progress left for them to impose upon us in this superhuman context – a fact which would suggest that the major turning-point of the Post-human Millennium lies just a few years ahead. Certainly, there has been a steady increase in our tripping capacity and spiritual satisfaction during the past 15–20 years. Had someone informed me, 20 years ago, that I would be tripping sixteen hours a day seven days a week at the strength to which we've since grown accustomed, I'd have dismissed it as absolute nonsense! But times have changed, and now that hitherto improbable situation has become a reality. Possibly we shall soon be in spiritual flight for even longer, though I can't imagine us being obliged to go without sleep altogether. Somehow that would be quite impossible, given the psychological and physiological constitutions of our brains. Only when the Controllers elevate us to the superbeing stage of evolution will we or, more correctly, the ensuing Superbeing be in a position to go entirely without sleep. And then because it won't have a subconscious mind to contend with, but be completely above sensual indulgence and, by implication, the unheavenly prospect of having to endure periodic daymares!

None of us can know, at present, exactly what such a perpetually wakeful life would be like, for we are unacquainted with post-visionary consciousness. What we *are* acquainted with, however, is the highest form of visionary consciousness, as induced by the benevolent hallucinogen, and are generally satisfied by our experiences. We are each of us a supreme artist when we tune-in to our visionary trips and contemplate the translucent gems of psychic art which enrich our superconscious minds. Appearance has therein attained to its highest, most sublime manifestation in a quasi-essential context, and all that remains now is for it to be totally eclipsed by pure essence, with the advent of the Superbeing Millennium, for us to approximate to the Absolute. I, for one, am distinctly looking

forward to going up higher, much as I appreciate the spiritual flights we have grown accustomed to making on the gentle wings of the divine stimulant. For then there will be no bad trips, and consequently no mental queues forming for the Spiritual Leaders' advice. Indeed, there won't be any Spiritual Leaders either and, thus, no class distinctions. The Superbeing will know only itself, which is, after all, the condition of the Omega Absolute towards which it tends, as it hypermeditates in collectivistic freedom.

But I digress slightly! We Supermen mustn't long too ardently for that which is above us, otherwise we may grow dissatisfied with our present situation, which is by no means a bad one. The Controllers will act when they consider it propitious to do so.... In point of fact, they are acting, in some sense, at this very moment. For the Internal Alarm System has just come into service, to wake the more sensual Supermen from sleep and prepare them for the higher wakefulness to come. Were the Controllers to postpone implementing the next trip for any length of time, as used to be the case, some of those less than mindful Supermen might well relapse into sleep, and thus inhibit the subsequent efficacy of the mind-expanding stimulant. But, these days, the precipitous haste with which we are encouraged to take off on our spiritual flight precludes any such inhibition – a fact which testifies, I should imagine, to the strong desire the Controllers must have to pilot us safely to our journey's end in ever-expanding degrees of pure spirituality. Companions 64 and 97 are no longer as sluggish as before in coming awake, but they are still less than truly responsive, and thus responsible! They have only just communicated, it would seem, with the Spiritual Leader who pertains to our section of the community, to assure him of their full wakefulness. Once he knows that everyone is ready and waiting, he'll give the Controllers the all-clear. Should anyone prove recalcitrant, he will personally intervene with a brisk call to duty, which is slightly humiliating for the companions concerned! Nevertheless, it usually produces the desired effect.

Ah, now I feel a change coming over me as I grow more wakeful! The Controllers have evidently turned us on again and soon we shall be flying in the opposite psychic direction from dreams. This is when we really begin to live, to transcend our mundane selves through complete absorption in the trip, at one with our spiritual potential. I shall soon cease thinking, since thoughts are both superfluous and an impediment to visionary

experience. Once properly launched on the spiritual flight, one has no time or inclination for thoughts!

Ah, already I can discern faint luminous shapes appearing before the inner eye on the impalpable screen of my superconscious mind! They never move, for that would be contrary to their omega-orientated essence. But they change colour and ...