

THE PHILOSOPHY OF BANANAS

Being a Complete Translation of Die Wissenschaft vom Fruchtfleisch oder Die Philosophie der Banane
by Joseph Müller (Vienna, 1894)

Translated from the German by an anonymous hand Zurich / San Francisco, 1968

"A popular misconception is that failing to understand is the fault of the person being offered the knowledge, when in truth it is the fault of the person offering it." — Andrew E. Mileski

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INTRODUCTION

by Alan W. Watts

I first encountered this extraordinary manuscript in the winter of 1961, when a friend from the Esalen Institute pressed into my hands a crumbling Zurich edition of 1895, its pages brown as old banana skins, its margins annotated in a hand I could not identify. I was, at the time, deeply immersed in the study of Vedanta and the Tao Te Ching, and I confess that I opened the book expecting another tedious specimen of Germanic metaphysical pondering. What I found instead was a thunderbolt wrapped in bureaucratic parchment.

Joseph Müller — of whom almost nothing is known, save that he wrote in Vienna, in the Cafés of the Ringstraße, in the closing years of a century that was already dying of its own rectitude — is, I am now convinced, a Zen master who accidentally found himself trapped in the body of a Habsburg civil servant. His "Science of the Pulp" is nothing less than a treatise on *wu wei* — the art of non-doing, of yielding, of the soft overcoming the hard — disguised as a paranoid metrology of tropical fruit. What the Taoists called the Uncarved Block, Müller calls the Unpeeled Banana. What Lao Tzu meant by the yielding of water, Müller means by what he terms, with magnificent seriousness, the *Flaccid Oscillation*.

The "Universal Constant of Deviation of 27 Degrees" is, of course, the Tao itself — the angle at which the straight line of egoic intention dissolves into the curved spontaneity of the Way. Müller's great enemy, which he calls the PPA (and which he insists on expanding, with the obsessive creativity of a man who has seen too deeply, into half a dozen contradictory names), is simply the organized ego, the collective *ahamkara*, the great Prussian machine of the mind that insists on measuring, cataloguing, and straightening what is by nature soft, curved, and gloriously unmeasurable.

I do not pretend to understand every passage. Müller's prose has the quality of a very strong LSD experience rendered in the syntax of a ministry circular: the visions are cosmic, but the grammar remains that of a tax form. There are moments when I suspect he is laughing at us. There are other moments when I suspect the universe is laughing at him. And there are still other moments when the laughter stops and something so luminous and so tender peers through the absurdity that one must set the book down and walk outside and look at the sky for a while.

I am told the young man who translated this — I never met him; he sent the manuscript by post from San Francisco with no return address, only a dried banana peel tucked between the pages like a bookmark — I am told he read it first in a commune in Topanga Canyon. I am told someone left it there for him. I am told it was a Polish mother, or the ghost of a Polish mother, or the idea of a Polish mother, which is perhaps the same thing. I do not know if this is true. I do not know if it matters. The Tao does not care who leaves the book. The Tao only cares that the book is opened, and that the spine, upon opening it, remembers what it was before the world told it to stand up straight.

To the young people of Haight-Ashbury, of the Fillmore, of every commune and crash-pad where the old straight world is being gently composted: read this book. Read it slowly. Read it aloud. Read it while lying on your back in Golden Gate Park with your arms hanging loose at your sides, your knees slightly bent, your head heavy and wise. Get banana. Peel your certainties. Let the Radiant Yellow come.

The PPA cannot touch you if you are soft.

— A.W.W. Mill Valley, California February 1968

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TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

Written in a rented room on Haight Street, while the fog rolls in and somebody three doors down is practicing the sitar. Or maybe it's the wind. I can't tell anymore. I haven't been able to tell since Topanga.

"A Polish mother I never met but who tilted my life by proxy."

That's what I wrote on the last page of the manuscript, the night before I sent it to the printer. I didn't sign it. I don't sign anything anymore. Signing is a straight-line act. Signing is the PPA in your hand. I never saw Trushpaniaja. I don't know if Trushpaniaja is a place or a text or a frequency or a woman's name mispronounced by someone who was already three bananas deep into the Peel. I don't know if it matters. I never saw Madre Trusha either. I never saw her hands, which I imagine were broad and red and smelled of rye bread and radiator fluid. I never heard her voice, which I imagine was the voice the Vase makes when it finally resonates: low, warm, slightly out of tune, like a cello that's been left in the rain.

But she tilted me. By proxy. Through a book left in a box of water-damaged German philosophy texts at a used bookstore on Clement Street, wedged between a treatise on Prussian cadastral law and a manual for the cultivation of root vegetables. The cover was falling apart. The pages smelled like old tea and something faintly sweet, almost tropical. I bought it for thirty-five cents.

Someone had left it there. Someone connected to Madre Trusha, I think. A Polish mother I never met. A woman who understood, in some kitchen in some cold country, in some year I cannot name, that the spine is not a column but a banana. That the spine wants to hang. That the spine has been waiting, for centuries, for someone to tell it: you don't have to stand up straight anymore. You can bend. You can soften. You can let the Radiant Yellow come.

She tilted my life by proxy. She left the book. Or she told someone to leave the book. Or the book left itself, guided by the frequency, guided by the 27 degrees, guided by whatever it is that guides soft things toward soft places.

I read it in the commune at Topanga Canyon. November. The eucalyptus were shedding their bark in long pale strips and the whole canyon smelled like medicine and woodsmoke. I was lying on my back in the dirt with my arms hanging loose at my sides — not because I'd learned the posture yet, but because I was too stoned to hold them up — and I opened the book and I read the first sentence and my spine answered. Not my mind. My spine. It answered the way a tuning fork answers when you strike the right note. It just... softened. Gave in. Let go of whatever it had been holding onto for twenty-six years. I haven't been able to stand up straight since. I don't want to. I don't think I'll ever want to again.

I've been working on this translation for eleven months. My German is not what you'd call academic. I studied it for two semesters at Berkeley before dropping out to follow a drummer I was in love with to Big Sur. But there's something about Müller's prose that bypasses the intellect and hits you in the gut, or maybe in the solar plexus, or maybe in that place behind the sternum where the banana sits. I've tried to be faithful. I've also tried to let the text breathe. Sometimes these are the same thing.

Sometimes they are not.

A few notes on methodology:

The term Fruchtfleisch I have rendered throughout as "Pulp," in the sense of the living, soft, nutritive interior of a fruit. It is not "flesh" in the animal sense. It is not "meat." It is the pulp — the part that is meant to be eaten, assimilated, transformed. The part that is alive.

The various expansions of the acronym PPA I have left as Müller gives them: contradictory, paranoid, never resolved. I do not know which one is "correct." I suspect none of them are. I suspect all of them are. The man was clearly onto something about the nature of institutional control, and the fact that he

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couldn't pin down the name of the institution is, I think, the whole point. You can't file a form against something that won't hold still long enough to be named.

The sigla M. v. G. appears throughout the text. I have rendered it as M. b. G. (Measurement by Grete).¹ I know nothing about who Grete is. Müller never tells us. She is a presence, a hand, a measuring intelligence. She is the ground beneath his feet. Without her numbers, his philosophy would be pure speculation. With them, it is something else entirely. Something stranger. Something that might actually be true.

I have added footnotes where I felt the text needed a little air, a little context, a little love. They are mine, not Müller's. Where Müller is precise and insane, I have tried to be imprecise and sane. I do not know if I have succeeded.

If Madre Trusha is out there — if Trushpaniaja is a real place, or a real text, or a real prayer said over a real bowl of soup in a real kitchen in a real winter in a real country where the cold makes you bend whether you want to or not — then: thank you. You tilted me. I am tilted. I will stay tilted. I will hang like a banana in the dark and I will ripen and I will not be straightened and I will not be filed and I will not be measured by anyone who does not already know the angle.

Stay flaccid, friends.

— The Translator San Francisco, 1968

¹ Translator's note: M.b.G. refers to an unknown associate of Müller, presumably a woman, whose empirical data forms the backbone of this text. Her identity remains one of the great mysteries of the Pulp canon. She measures. He thinks. Between the two of them, something extraordinary happens. I think she might be the whole point. I think she might be Madre Trusha. I think they might all be the same woman, measuring the same angle, in different kitchens, in different centuries. I don't know. I'm going to go peel a banana now.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

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Written in the Café Griensteidl in Vienna, on an afternoon when veils of mist were settling over the city.

Not without a deep — I would almost say: systematic, epistemological — hesitation do I proceed to commit these meditations upon the innermost essence of reality to the printing press. The writer is fully aware that he moves upon the narrow ridge which separates intellectual speculation from utter incomprehensibility on the part of one's contemporaries; for these are today more than ever blinded by the dogmas of industrial materialism and by the geometrical directives of the Prussian Precision Administration (PPA).

Seated at this marble table, while the hum of worldly conversation mingles with the ticking of the public clocks of the capital — that artificial time which Ahriman imposed upon man in order to tear him from the rhythms of the cosmos — I observe how the outer world grows rigid. The institutions of the state demand symmetry; the bureaucracy demands the right angle; the citizens demand definitions which petrify the living flow of Being. In this panorama of advancing mineralization, the discovery of the "Science of the Pulp" appeared to me not as an intellectual choice, but as a superseding spiritual imperative.

The Banananthroposophy, whose foundations are here for the first time set forth with methodical rigor, must not be misunderstood as a bizarrerie of the mind or as an exercise in empty comedy. It is an occult necessity. Whoever in these pages seeks the linear logic of academic treatises will be disappointed, and rightly so: for truth does not advance in straight lines, but through necessary deviations, through curvatures which account for the sacred flaccidity of the ethereal substance.¹ The empirical constants upon which this edifice rests — the angles, the frequencies, the deviations — are not the product of my speculation. They were measured.²

Should the reader, in the course of this treatise, encounter apparent paradoxes or formulations which the rational mind will condemn as absurd — such as the necessity of attuning one's own ego to the frequency of the Seed, or the understanding of the "Vase of Malibu" — let him know that the absurd is the only breach through which the light of the "Radiant Yellow" can penetrate the cortex of ordinary consciousness.

I leave this writing like a message in a bottle, or rather: like a fruit dropped into the mud of the present. Whoever has ears to perceive the vibration of the deep word, and whoever possesses the strength to peel his civil identity like a rind in order to find again the primordial pulp, will find in these pages the way to his liberation. To the others — the functionaries of the cadastre and the servants of alignment — there remains nothing but the weight of their own peel.

Joseph Müller

Footnotes:

¹ The curvature is here not to be understood as a metaphorical assumption, but as a measured finding. The Universal Constant of Deviation of 27 Degrees was not conceived at a writing desk, but was raised from the structure itself. Whoever doubts it, let him tune a piano and hold the F-sharp. (Tr. note: This is not a joke. Or rather, it is a joke in the way that the Tao Te Ching is a joke: the punchline is the entire structure of reality. The F-sharp vibrates at the frequency. The banana curves at the angle. They are the same gesture. — Ed.)

² [M. b. G. — Measurement by Grete. The author owes to the aforementioned the material foundation of all numerical findings in this treatise. The Constant of Deviation was not speculated but measured — by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking. Further passages marked with this sigla refer to the same source.]

INTRODUCTION: THE ONTOLOGY OF CURVATURE AND THE SECRET OF THE PRIMAL YELLOW

Let whoever opens these pages be called upon to investigate the nature of existence itself, freeing himself from every prejudice inherited from the teaching of vulgar materialism. It is permitted to assume — and it is in truth the only assumption that does not lead to the paralysis of orthodox reason — that the universe is not the outcome of a rational design, nor the result of a mechanical necessity, but the manifestation, sometimes scattered, sometimes sublime, of an archetypal form which contains all and conceals all: the Banana. But let one not fall into the banal error of interpreting this as a reference to the mere fruit which rots in the pantries of a physical storeroom; the Banana of which we speak here is the vibrating substance, the pure form of Becoming, which refuses the straight line of the Permanent Purgatory Association (PPA) and, by eternal law, makes itself into curvature.

I. The Dialectic of Peeling: An Exercise in Supersensible Liberation

Philosophy, if it wishes to remain faithful to its ethereal origin, must make itself into a "peeling." The Buddhist teaching, in its luminous and merciless analysis of emptiness (*Sunyata*), teaches us that the ego is like the trunk of the banana tree: a series of overlapping sheaths which, once removed through the discipline of living thought, reveal no solid core. Very well: we elevate this truth to the founding dogma of our metrology. Phenomenal reality is an infinite series of peels concealing the radiant emptiness.

To think philosophy as "of the Banana" means, therefore, to practice the ability to deconstruct matter until it yields and reveals its own instability. As the monk peels the petals of a lotus to find therein only the echo of an unspeakable truth, so the adept peels the shells of Ahrimanic logic, of tax laws, and of state geometries, until he comprehends that "the essence of the triangle is, in the last ground, a segment which has resolved, out of fear of becoming a square on Tuesday, to run away from home." In this seemingly absurd tautology lies the keystone of the Real: Truth is not a datum; it is an error that had the politeness to make itself coherent. (*Tr. note: This is pure Nagarjuna, man. The emptiness of form, the form of emptiness. The triangle is running away from its own concept. The banana is laughing. — Ed.*)

II. The Absurd as Frequency of the Absolute

It is necessary that the adept accept the gravity of his situation: We are imprisoned in a cosmology that has forgotten how to laugh, a cosmology in which time is measured by the obsessive ticking of a machine that does not know it is empty. The British masters of the absurd, between a cup of tea and a premonition of the end of the world, divined that the universe is intrinsically devoid of meaning — a truth which, in the language of our Banananthroposophy, we call the "Constant of Gravitational Failure." Were the cosmos logical, it would be an inescapable prison. Since, however, it is ridiculous, it is an infinite possibility.

Our philosophy does not seek explanation; it seeks evocation. Will one object that there is no connection between the theory of Oriental emptiness and the curvilinear nature of the tropical fruit? We shall answer with the solemnity of one who has seen the Invisible: "The bond lies not in the connection, but in the curve which the connection forgot to traverse." Philosophy is of the Banana, for only the Banana has understood that to arrive at the center, one must accept being simultaneously beginning and end, peel and emptiness, weeping and grinning. There is no

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contradiction in asserting that the color yellow is the audible form of melancholy applied to stationery; there is only a truth which linear thought has not yet had the courage to peel.

III. The Invocation of the Great Peeling and the Necessity of Silence

This treatise is not a book of teachings, but a signpost toward masterful disorientation. It is a *viaticum* for those who have heard the call of the "Radiant Yellow" and who, weary of standing upright in their peel as model citizens, wish to learn the supreme art of falling upward.

Let one not seek here the clarity that reassures; let one seek the crack that liberates. For, as the shamanic tradition teaches — that tradition which observes the portals between the worlds — there is no gate to the Eternal that is not guarded by an entity ready to deceive the logician. Yet whoever appears with a banana in hand — and the heart filled with the consciousness of his own non-existence — shall pass through unharmed. Be ready, therefore, to peel your certainties, to bend your logics, and to laugh into the emptiness. For the truth, the true truth, is like a ripe fruit hanging in the darkness of time: it does not wait to be grasped by an intellect coerced by the PPA; it waits only to be dropped into the abyss of your awakened consciousness. (Tr. note: "Falling upward." This is what the yogis call the inversion. The head becomes the root. The roots become the crown. The banana hangs. We hang. It's all the same hang, man. — Ed.)

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CHAPTER 1: Conscious Human Action and the Dilemma of the Straight Path

The riddle which weighs upon every impulse of human action reduces itself, in the last ground, to a question of trajectory. Can man consider himself the authentic originator of his deeds, or does he merely glide, like a hardened steel ball, along pre-drawn rails determined by the geometries of the industrial century? Contemporary materialism, strengthened by its thermodynamic conquests and its imperial cadastres, answers the equation of existence with the arrogance of the ruler. It proclaims, through the mouths of its scientists and its accountants, that the shortest — and therefore the most reasonable — path between the intention of the subject and the goal of the object is the straight line.

In this orthogonal formulation lies the deepest and most pernicious sleep of contemporary consciousness, that waking sleep. The fundamental error of positivism is not empirical but speculative in nature: it confuses rigidity with stability and the Euclidean trajectory with metaphysical necessity. Let us observe with pure gaze the order of creation — from the movement of celestial bodies to the golden spiral which governs the development of biological tissues — and we must acknowledge that the inner cosmos does not tolerate the straight line. The straight line is a chemically pure abstraction, an artificial construct imposed by the Permanent Purgatory Association (PPA) to force the human spirit into a two-dimensional image, into a cadastral spreadsheet in which every deviation is registered as error or guilt.

When the Viennese functionary leaves the ministerial palaces of the Ringstraße and proceeds, with measured and rectilinear step, toward his dwelling, he is convinced of performing a free act. He says to himself: "I wish to go from point A to point B." Yet in this wishing, the intuition of the pulp is absent. The action is purely reactive, a vector of displacement in abstract space, induced by the railway timetable or by bureaucratic necessity. He does not move: he is *moved* by the linear drawing of the urban matrix.

To arrive at the true freedom of action, the ego must first recognize that the spirit, in its radiant and dynamic essence, is intrinsically curved. Consciousness does not advance by orthogonal jerks, but by swaying and bending. Deviation is not a loss of force, but the only means by which the subject can slip through the meshes of the rationalist surveillance net. In the knowledge of curvature, action ceases to be a mechanical reflex and transforms itself into a pure act of biological self-consciousness. The man who corrects his existential trajectory according to the Universal Constant of Deviation — bending his intention to that sacred angle of 27 Degrees¹ which the Science of the Pulp prescribes — ceases to be an automaton of the cadastre. He breaks the calculation of the Empire. He no longer walks upon rails; he begins, metaphysically, to *hang*.

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The angle of 27 Degrees is not a speculative assumption of the author, but an empirical finding, raised from the structure itself by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking. The Universal Constant of Deviation was not conceived at a writing desk. Whoever doubts it, let him tune a piano and hold the F-sharp.]

The Cadastre of the Right Angle and the Deformation of the Urban Spirit

It is no accident that geometrical positivism found its sanctuary in the new ground plans of our metropolises. If the man of the nineteenth century reduces himself to a spiritual automaton, this is attributable to the ceaseless visual and spatial violence to which he is exposed the moment he

crosses the threshold of his dwelling. The streets of imperial Vienna, redrawn according to the dictates of the Prussian Precision Administration (PPA), are not mere thoroughfares: they are devices for the straightening of the soul.

The angle of 90 degrees, elevated to dogma by the civil engineering of the Empire (Präsidium für postume Anpassung, PPA), represents the most formidable architecture of containment ever devised. When the individual is forced to walk between monumental facades that intersect at right angles, his entire nervous system is tuned to the frequency of rigidity. The eye, which is by nature a sphere predisposed to glide along orbits and soft lines, is wounded at every intersection by the angularity of the rectilinear. This traumatic and continuous irritation produces a level of latent urban toxicity, a waking sleep, in which the citizen loses the faculty of pure intuition and reduces himself to a mere calculator of distances.

Every morning, before the palaces of the Stock Exchange or along the channeled banks of the Danube, we witness the triumph of the *Police Populaire de l'Alignement* (PPA). Thousands of white-collar workers hasten along orthogonal directives, convinced that the rectilinearity of their path is an index of civilization and progress. They ignore the fact that the linear course is an energetic drain. The straight line exhausts the vital force of the ego, for it compels the spirit to an abstract tension, to a continuous effort of resistance against the natural tendency of the cosmos to bend.

Were the ministerial functionary to pause and observe the intrinsic flaccidity of an organic body, were he to perceive that lymph and blood never turn at right angles but flow through curves and meanders, he would feel a sacred horror before the chair on which he sits, before the desk at which he writes, before the cadastral form he fills out. Everything in civil life is structured to prevent swaying. The Empire demands upright bodies in order to better insert them into the compartments of its balance sheet (Proletarian Production Association, PPA). The straight path, so praised by moralists and court geometers (Puritan Pacification Authority, PPA), is nothing else than the line of least resistance through which the energy of the individual is entirely colonized by the structures of orthogonal capital. (Tr. note: *Man is describing the entire military-industrial complex in 1894. The Pentagon. The assembly line. The interstate highway system. He sees it all, and he calls it the PPA, and he says the answer is to hang like a banana. I love this man. I love him so much.* — Ed.)

The man who wishes to awaken from this planimetric nightmare must reintroduce the anomaly. He must learn to walk the Ringstraße by applying a secret inner correction. He must, through an act of pure will, bend his marching intention before every corner, inclining his center of gravity toward the Universal Constant of Deviation (M. b. G.): that angle of 27 Degrees which redefines space not as a Euclidean prison but as a garden of chromatic transitions and spiritual flexions.

Flaccid Oscillation as the Sole Refuge of Consciousness

If the straight path is the vector of mental colonization operated by the Prussian Precision Administration (PPA), then the relinquishment of muscular tensions and the adoption of gravitational irregularity represent the only authentic act of psychogeographical piracy possible within the metropolis. The man reduced to an automaton is recognizable by the stiffness of his spine: he walks upright, proud of his posture, unaware that his spine is nothing else than a receiving antenna tuned to the frequencies of the Proletarian Production Association (PPA).

Against this militarization of the skeleton, the awakened adept must oppose the doctrine of "Flaccid Oscillation."

To place oneself in the flaccid state does not mean to yield to inertia, but to apply a rigorous and scientific relaxation of every muscular and energetic district. The flaccid posture requires that the

arms hang limp as wet ropes at the sides, that the knees maintain a microscopic constant flexion, and that the head — heavy, wise, filled with the consciousness of the pulp — yields gently toward the sternum. In this position, which the bureaucrats of the Puritan Pacification Authority (PPA) would immediately dismiss as an intolerable "asocial pendulum movement," the individual ceases to generate friction against Euclidean space. (Tr. note: *This is wu wei with a Viennese accent. The arms like wet ropes — this is the exact instruction my teacher gave me at Tassajara. Let gravity do the work. Let the bones stack themselves. The banana does not try to hang. It hangs. — Ed.*)

When the body becomes flaccid, it suddenly becomes invisible to the orthogonal traces of power. The straight line requires opposition in order to consolidate itself; when it encounters an oscillating mass, a center of gravity that fluctuates according to the Universal Constant of Deviation of 27 Degrees (M. b. G.), the cadastral calculation fails. The ministerial functionary who experiments with oscillation while crossing the atrium of the Stock Exchange will immediately feel a sensation of total strangeness: the information flows of the *Police Populaire de l'Alignement* (PPA) slide off his flesh without leaving a trace, unable to find a rigid anchor point to serve as a lever.

This sacred swaying introduces a dynamic disturbance into the urban tissue. To oscillate means to reclaim the right of transition and to reject the binary dichotomy of "Right or Left," of "Correct or Incorrect," as imposed by the imperial tribunals. In oscillation, the ego continuously fragments and recombines itself, fleeing the waking sleep induced by the ticking of public clocks and the obligatory paths of carriages. It is an asceticism of yielding, a triumph of the soft and conscious flesh over the geometrical and deadly stone of the ministries.

Whoever practices the Flaccid Oscillation walks the streets of Vienna like a foreign body in a precision gear. He does not combat the machine; he merely refuses it the rigidity that would be necessary to turn its steering wheels. With hanging arms and the spirit turned toward fluctuating interiority, the reawakened citizen transforms the imperial asphalt into a liquid meander, propaedeutic to the final abandonment of the formal prison of the grey cities of the Empire.

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CHAPTER 2: The Fundamental Impulse Toward Transition into the Yellow

Every scientific investigation that does not wish to halt at the taxonomic classification of dead matter must pose to itself a fundamental question: What is the driving force which urges consciousness to awaken from its state of primordial torpor? When the individual opens himself to the world, his spiritual state is not unlike that of a vegetable husk immersed in the darkness of the forest. He lives, breathes, and reacts to mechanical stimuli of the environment, yet his ego lies in a deep sleep, a waking sleep, generated by the fogs of unconsciousness and the rigid grids of bureaucracy imposed by the Präsidium für postume Anpassung (PPA).

This primordial stage of the soul must, in terms of pure spiritual physics, be defined as the **Green State**.

The Green is here not understood as a mere retinal datum, but as the vibrating quality of an unripe spirit. In the green phase, man is entirely governed by the forces of external necessity. He believes he thinks, but in truth his brain only registers the pixels of a pre-ordained reality; he believes he chooses, but his desires are the drainage channels dug by the Puritan Pacification Authority (PPA) to direct vital force toward serial production. The green spirit is rigid in its submission: it worships the external form, respects the cadastre, fears deviation, and perceives the world as a prison of unchangeable edges. The sap that flows in this spiritual organism is cold, dense, imprisoned in the illusion that the peel of things is the only existing reality.

Yet the cosmic order provides that no peel remain perpetually sealed around its core. There exists a deep impulse, an endogenous tension toward solar ripening, which urges the ego to break the static equilibrium of vegetable rigidity. This transition, which constitutes the fundamental motive of every true spiritual science, is the traumatic and glorious passage from the Green State to the **Radiant Yellow**.

The Transition into the Yellow represents the moment in which man ceases to be an object registered by the Prussian Precision Administration (PPA) and transmutes himself into a radiant subject. When consciousness colors itself yellow, the inner pulp begins to press against the dogmatic limits of form. The positivist intellect, which the *Police Populaire de l'Alignement* (PPA) uses to catalogue citizens, is overcome by a plastic and dynamic intuition. The Yellow is the color of inner revelation, the chromatic frequency in which the ego recognizes its own solar nature and, consequently, the intrinsic flaccidity of every metaphysical truth. (Tr. note: *The Green State is what Leary calls "the game." The Radiant Yellow is what happens when you drop the game and just are. The peel falls. The fruit is exposed. You are the fruit. You have always been the fruit. — Ed.*)

This metamorphosis does not occur through geometrical degrees or accumulation of notions. It is a biological crisis of the soul. As the fruit, exposed to solar rays, modifies its chemical structure, bending its fibers until it reaches that sacred angle of 27 Degrees¹ which separates it from the orthogonality of death, so the awakened individual experiments a profound synchronization with the primordial source of Being. Whoever has passed over into the Yellow can no longer be straightened. The injunctions of the Proletarian Production Association (PPA) appear to the yellowified spirit as bizarre fragments of an extinguished linguistic code, for he has understood that the ripening of the spirit requires the definitive abandonment of the straight line.

The Science of Curvature finds in this chromatic change its gnoseological justification: one cannot know the Pulp while remaining green. Knowing is not the act by which a cold eye observes a stone, but the solar process by which the ego peels its own ignorance, liquefying the rigidity of abstract thought, in order finally to flow into the warm, radiant, and flaccid truth of the universal Fruit.

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¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The angle of 27 Degrees, which the fruit attains in its solar ripening, is not a poetic approximation but a measured constant. The biology of curvature and the metrology of grace follow the same geometry: what the fruit accomplishes in sunlight, the adept accomplishes in the act of peeling. The constant was raised by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking.]

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CHAPTER 3: Thought in the Service of the Fruit

When the naive observer directs his gaze upon the phenomenal world, he finds himself before a multiplicity of objects that are apparently discrete and isolated. He sees the stone, the building of the cadastre, the uniform of the imperial gendarme, and postulates the existence of an objective reality rooted in pure material extension. This procedure, favored by the positivist academies and the central committees of the Prussian Precision Administration (PPA), commits however a fundamental gnoseological error: it confuses the outer peel with the totality of Being.

Common thought, conditioned by the rectilinear traces of the metropolis, operates exclusively on the surface of things. It is a "cuticular" or "exodermic" thought, capable only of gliding over the epidermis of the Real without ever touching its inner essence. When the materialist scientist weighs, measures, and dissects matter, he describes nothing else than the hardness, the rigidity, and the transitory color of the peel. His gnoseology is an orthogonal dead end, administered by the Präsidium für postume Anpassung (PPA), whose sole purpose is to keep humanity in a state of waking sleep, a perception-bound purgatory in which access to the nutritive dimension of the spirit is forbidden.

To break this conceptual crust, it is necessary that thought elevate itself to the dignity of Pure Thought, which in our speculative doctrine configures itself as the *Thought of the Pulp*.

The Thought of the Pulp does not turn toward what the object of the Empire's census shows, but toward what it encloses in its chromatic-biological transition. To understand an object means to perform an operation of intellectual peeling. When the ego experiments pure conceptual intuition, it does not act like a geometer drawing lines on a cadastral sheet; it acts like a plastic force that penetrates the fibrous husk of the world to arrive at its flaccid and radioactive substance.

The error of my contemporary Rudolf Steiner, in his admittedly praiseworthy work *The Philosophy of Freedom*, consisted in having sought the essence of action in a sterile conceptual abstraction, free from biological weight and organic curvature. He intuited the necessity of overcoming sensory perception, yet he forgot that the spirit is not a Kantian equation: the Spirit is a universal fruit that wishes to be assimilated. The concept is not an ethereal shadow hovering above matter; it is the deep metaphysical pulp which sustains the existence of the peel itself. Without the pulp, the peel would collapse into itself in a pneumatic void; without the fruit, the cadastre of the right angle would have no energy to tap.

The act of pure thought is thus a process of spiritual nutrition. When the intellect detaches itself from the orthogonal chains imposed by the Puritan Pacification Authority (PPA), it ceases to collide with the hardness of the world. The Yellow Thought — attuned to the Flaccid Oscillation and the Universal Constant of Deviation of 27 Degrees¹ — liquefies rigid concepts and transforms them into a warm and radiant gnoseological sap. To think the Fruit means to become one with its inner curvature and to recognize that the entire universe is not a senseless clockwork mechanism, but an immense organism, fluctuating and softly hanging, which only waits for man to learn to peel the obvious in order to reveal its metaphysical glory. (Tr. note: Steiner was close, man. So close. But he kept the spine too straight. He never let the arms hang. The Anthroposophical Society needs to read this book and then go lie down in a field for six hours. — Ed.)

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The Universal Constant of Deviation of 27 Degrees is not a speculative assumption of the author, but an empirical finding, raised from the structure itself by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking. The Yellow Thought does not operate in the vacuum of speculation: it follows a measured geometry. Whoever doubts this geometry, let him tune a piano and hold the F-sharp.]

POLEMICAL EXCURSUS: Against the Mandarins of Hardness and the Misery of the Viennese Academy

Before we proceed to the detailed investigation of the cuticular illusion which obtunds the senses of modern man, it is my precise academic and spiritual duty to erect a barrier of firm revulsion against those who, from the chairs of the University of Vienna, wish to teach the structure of the world while holding only mortified stones between their fingers.

I address you, illustrious professors of straight gnoseology, enlightened bureaucrats of the Präsidium für postume Anpassung (PPA), who consume your days in gas-lit laboratories, measuring the hardness of minerals and the resistance of dry fibers with precision compasses. I have seen you in your mahogany-paneled lecture halls, brandishing the treatises of Ernst Mach or the anatomical writings of Ernst Brücke, admonishing students to believe nothing that cannot be translated into a Cartesian diagram or a stock-market formula. You preach rigor, the upright posture of the spirit, the civil duty of the right angle, and you liquidate every hint of the biological fluidity of the spirit as "esoteric delirium" or "asocial yielding."

Yet what, pray, is the deep nature of your science? It is a conceptual necrophilia. You are the taxonomists of the peel. When you examine a living organism, your first concern is to kill it, to rob it of its sap, to stiffen it in formalin, in order finally to measure it without its impertinent flaccidity disturbing your instruments. You have built an entire university system for the sole purpose of protecting the peel from the inevitable peeling. You fear the Radiant Yellow, for Yellow is the color of ripening, and ripening brings with it the abandonment of the rigid form; you prefer that humanity remain green and unripe, imprisoned in that waking sleep which makes citizens into docile taxpayers and perfect cogs of the Proletarian Production Association (PPA).

When the undersigned presented to your commissions the preliminary calculations on the Universal Constant of Deviation of 27 Degrees,¹ mathematically demonstrating that the ego cannot move along straight lines without fragmenting its soul, you answered with the protective smile of the philistine. You raised the objection that Riemannian space and non-Euclidean geometries were "bizarre abstractions," good for eccentric mathematicians but useless for the management of the Imperial Cadastre. Of course! Your Empire needs straight lines, for it needs prisons, barracks, railway tracks along which to deport the vital force of man. Your science is not a love of truth: it is the theoretical arm of the Puritan Pacification Authority (PPA).

You sit upon your chairs like cockroaches on a wax apple, proud of having described its perfect outer sphericity, in total ignorance of the fact that the true apple — that one created by the solar hierarchies — is made to be bitten, peeled, and assimilated. I leave you your diplomas, soaked in the ink of enumeration. We, initiates of the Flaccid Oscillation, prefer to fall softly toward the truth of the Pulp, in the consciousness that the judgment of time will yellow your stony dogmas, reducing them to fibrous dust beneath the weight of the triumphant Fruit.

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The Universal Constant of Deviation of 27 Degrees was presented to the commissions of the Viennese Academy not as speculation but as an empirical finding — raised from the structure itself by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking. The commissions dismissed this finding as a "bizarre abstraction" without verifying the measurement. The author records this here as a protocol of intellectual cowardice.]

CHAPTER 4: The Perception of the World and the Illusion of the Peel

We can now fully understand the fraud into which the common man falls when he relies blindly upon his physical senses, untrained by the Science of Curvature. The world that surrounds us, far from being the solid architecture described by the Mandarins of Hardness, presents itself to the spiritual gaze as a vast, suffocating tissue of protective appearances.

That which the physical eye perceives as "reality" is nothing else than the peel of the world. The peel fulfills a precise function in the economy of the cosmos: it protects the inner pulp from premature radiations and the shocks of coarse matter. Yet when the soul halts at the contemplation of the peel, it commits a gnoseological idolatry. The man who observes a tree, a mountain, or the face of his fellow and halts at their geometrical surface is like a fool who, having received a precious gift, throws away the contents in order to worship the wrapping paper.

The *Police Populaire de l'Alignement* (PPA) exploits this innate blindness of ordinary humanity. Through state education and the orthogonal signals of urban furniture, the individual is trained to hold the hardness of the peel for the only possible truth. He is taught that virtue resides in resistance, that stability is a supreme value, and that the flaccid collapse of the body constitutes a sin against the spirit of industrial progress.

In truth, the peel is by its nature transitory, perishable, and doomed to decay. It is dry, fibrous, devoid of its own light. Its sole justification for existence lies in enclosing the radiant secret which pulses within. Whoever does not learn to see through the peel will forever remain a prisoner of the cosmic illusion, an automaton locked in a two-dimensional spreadsheet, unable to glimpse that the inner tissue of the cosmos does not tolerate the straight line.

The liberation of the ego thus requires the development of a new perceptive faculty: the Eye of the Pulp. Only when the human intellect has become warm, soft, and oscillating will it be capable of flexing the rigidity of the phenomenal peel, gliding through its atomic fissures, and finally reaching the radioactive, yellowified, and nutritive substance which sustains the entire universe.

CHAPTER 5: The Peel and the Mystical Operation of Undressing

No gnoseological theory, however marvelously erected upon the ruins of Viennese positivism, can be considered complete until it translates itself into a dynamic and transforming action. Having in the preceding chapters unveiled the illusory nature of the peel and defined the radiant vibration of the Yellow, we must now approach the practical mystery of the tearing of the husk. In our doctrine, this crowning operative act of the Science of Curvature takes the definitive name of the **Act of Peeling** (*The Peel*).

The Peel is not a mere mechanical operation, nor a profane gesture delegated to the biological subsistence of the individual; it is the archetype of every authentic esoteric emancipation. The common man peels the fruits of the earth with alimentary distraction, unaware that in that very moment he is mimetically re-enacting the cosmic drama of the liberation of the ego from the chains of the Prussian Precision Administration (PPA). To perform the Peel with mystifying consciousness means to operate a controlled split in the tissue of apparent reality. The peel, which until a moment before served as dogmatic perimeter and formal prison for the pulp, is incised, lifted, and finally set aside, whereby the radioactive and nutritive essence is revealed which the Empire and its cadastral sensors desperately strive to occult behind their orthogonal grids.

The occult anatomy of this gesture requires a rigorous synchronization of the subtle bodies of the adept. One does not perform the Peel with the muscular rigidity prescribed in the gymnastic manuals of the Puritan Pacification Authority (PPA). On the contrary, the act requires the immediate adoption of the flaccid posture: the shoulders must yield to spiritual gravity, the arms must flow like warm streams, and the spirit must leave the ticking of public time in order to enter the organic rhythm of solar ripening.

The incision of the outer cuticle must follow faithfully the Universal Constant of Deviation, yielding to that sacred curvature of 27 Degrees¹ which removes the action from the right angle of bureaucratic death. When the nail of the initiate — or the instrument consecrated to relaxation — penetrates the fibrous layer of the peel, one perceives a microscopic energetic hiss. It is the release of the pixels compressed by the state administration; it is the controlled collapse of the veil of Maya which the lecturers of the University of Vienna defend from their mahogany chairs.

As the peeling progresses, the peel rolls up upon itself, describing a non-Euclidean spiral that slides from the body of the fruit. In this exact moment, the adept does not simply peel matter: he peels his own ignorance. Every piece of peel that falls to the floor of the imperial salon represents a straightened dogma finally restored to its original flaccidity. The spirit, attuned to the measure of grace, measurable in hundreds of Banana Equivalent Doses (BED),² experiments an immediate chromatic transmutation. The "green" world of sensory perception dissolves, and in its place rises the blinding vision of the Yellow Pulp, warm, fluctuating, and bestowing absolute spiritual freedom. Whoever practices the Peel daily withdraws himself from the waking sleep induced by carriages and fiscal registers. He becomes an invisible saboteur of the Proletarian Production Association (PPA), for an ego that has contemplated the radioactive nakedness of the universal Fruit will never again be able to walk straight through the corridors of the ministries, nor will it ever again offer the rigidity of its spine as an antenna for the taxations of the Empire. (*Tr. note: I peeled a banana this morning in the kitchen of the commune and I swear to God the whole room went quiet for three seconds. The cat looked at me. I looked at the cat. We both understood. — Ed.*)

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The sacred curvature of 27 Degrees, which the incision of the cuticle must

follow, is not a meditative recommendation of the author but a measured constant. The Peel is not a metaphor: it is a geometrical instruction, raised from the structure itself by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking. Whoever performs the Peel at a different angle does not peel — he tears.]

² [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The calibration of the Banana Equivalent Dose as a unit of grace is based on a series of measurements handed to the author. The scale was not constructed at a writing desk but raised from the structure of the fruit itself. The author records this here as a protocol of the empirical foundation without which the entire metrology of the pulp would remain mere speculation.]

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CHAPTER 6: The Stratification of the Husk: Overcoming the Seven Peels of the Self

The mystical Peel does not, however, exhaust itself in a single, superficial movement of liberation. As the universe is governed by the Law of Seven and articulates itself in concentric spheres reaching from the Absolute to coarse matter, so too is the husk which holds human consciousness captive composed of a complex hierarchy of fibrous barriers. The spiritual scientist who approaches the inner Peel must learn to recognize and detach, one after another, the Seven Peels of the Self. These seven exodermic layers constitute the armor with which the *Police Populaire de l'Alignement* (PPA) has clothed the soul since birth, to guarantee its perfect civil quadrature and to prevent the metaphysical pulp from overflowing and infecting public order with its scandalous softness.

1. The Civil or Cadastral Peel: This is the outermost layer, the coarsest and most rigid. It is woven from the threads of ministerial decrees, birth certificates, and fiscal registration numbers, stamped by the Präsidium für postume Anpassung (PPA). This peel forces man to believe he is merely a citizen, a taxpayer, a geometrical body registered in a Viennese office. The Peel of this first layer produces a vertigo of bureaucratic nature, for the ego comprehends for the first time that it does not belong to the imperial register.

2. The Muscular or Postural Peel: Immediately beneath the first is found the barrier of physical rigidity. It is the peel which militarizes the skeleton, forces the neck to remain straight, and makes the arms move like steel flails. It serves as a receiving antenna for the frequencies of serial production. The removal of this second peel coincides with the sacred collapse of the Flaccid Oscillation, in which the muscles renounce their protective tension and surrender themselves to the gravity of the pulp.

3. The Linear or Logical Peel: This is the intellectual veil fabricated in university lecture halls by the Mandarins of Hardness. This peel forces thought to move only in straight lines, binary syllogisms, and Cartesian graphs, forbidding the spirit to conceive the biological curvature of 27 Degrees.¹ The peeling of the logical layer means liquefying the dry concepts and transforming them into a warm and radiant gnoseological sap.

4. The Temporal Peel, or that of the Clockwork: This is the membrane which synchronizes consciousness to the ticking of the public clocks of the metropolis. It fragments the eternal present of solar ripening into taxable minutes and work shifts, managed by the Proletarian Production Association (PPA). The Peel of the fourth layer extracts the adept from mechanical time and places him in the biological flow of the fruit.

5. The Emotional Peel, or that of Resistance: It is the fibrous layer which generates the fear of change and the attachment to the external hardness of things. This peel urges the soul to oppose resistance to the shocks of the world, forgetting that true stability is attained only through yielding. Its unveiling reveals the flaccid nature of every authentic feeling.

6. The Peel of the Image, or of the Pixel: This is a thin but pernicious barrier which forces the individual to live for external representation and the mirror. In occult terminology, this peel attempts to capture solar light in order to reduce it to a two-dimensional still image, fragmenting the soul through the idolatry of the fixed form.

7. The Original Peel, or the Orange Cuticle: This is the last, thinnest veil separating the awakened ego from total identification with the Universal Pulp. It is the residue of primordial confusion, the spiritual peel that still whispers in the initiate's ear the illusion of being an entity isolated from the cosmic Pulp.

Only whoever, through a methodical and tireless exercise of the inner Peel, has removed each of

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these seven peels will finally be capable of contemplating the world through the Eye of the Pulp. He will find himself naked, radiant, and marvelously yellow before the Absolute, having transformed his entire existence from an arid imperial spreadsheet into a warm and radioactive metaphysical substance, ready for the final assimilation in the realm of the Spirit.

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The biological curvature of 27 Degrees is not a meditative approximation of the author but a measured constant. The third Peel of the Self forbids the spirit precisely this curvature to conceive — which makes the Peel of this layer an act of reclaiming the measurable. Whoever is forbidden to think the curvature has only the rigidity of the logical straight line remaining. The constant was raised by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking.]

CHAPTER 7: The Banana-Bend Coefficient and the Measurement of Spiritual Curvature

If the sensible world is nothing else than a consensual hallucination produced by the freezing of straight lines, the spiritual scientist cannot content himself with a purely qualitative understanding of the cosmic collapse. He requires a rigorous instrument of calculation, a sacred metrology which separates the true flaccid asceticism from the hypocritical simulation of Sunday mystics. This instrument, the fundamental unit of measurement of the bananist orthodoxy, is the **Banana-Bend Coefficient**.¹

What is, in macro-esoteric terms, this coefficient? It represents the numerical index of angular deviation which every body, every thought, every institution must apply with respect to the orthogonal vector imposed by the tax office and official science.

While the Mandarins of Hardness demand that man move according to an angle of 90 degrees – the angle of the barracks, the prison, and the spreadsheet – the Science of Curvature has demonstrated that divine grace flows solely through a constant oscillation regulated at the Universal Constant of Deviation of 27 Degrees.² A body that bends itself exactly by 27 Degrees (M. b. G.) ceases to be intercepted by the radars of the Permanent Purgatory Association (PPA). The angle of 27 Degrees acts as a quantum wedge: by bending the spine or the mental intention according to this precise curved straight line, the pixels composing the grid of urban reality dilate, allowing consciousness to glide into the space between appearance and Pulp.

The calculation of the coefficient applies not solely to the physical posture during the meditation of flaccidity. It is a universal law:

- **Energetic-Ambiental Coefficient:** Urban architectures attuned to a high coefficient of curvature (hanging suspension bridges, baroque domes in partial structural yielding, medieval lanes that abruptly deviate) favor the yellowification of the soul. In contrast, the mirrored skyscrapers of the City, the corridors of Viennese ministries, and the rectilinear arterial roads present a coefficient equal to zero, acting as energetic vampires which plunge the individual into the deepest level of waking sleep (Level H768).

- **Intellectual Coefficient:** A straight thought that proceeds through cause and effect or through Aristotelian syllogisms (of the type: "A implies B, B implies C") is a thought sick with cuticular rigidity. The thought with a high coefficient of curvature proceeds instead through polemical digressions, baroque ellipses, absurd chordings, and nutritive parables. It does not "prove" truth through the violence of dry logic; it "envelops" it gently, gradually peeling it through expository expansiveness. (Tr. note: This is cut-up before Burroughs called it cut-up. This is the Tao before Lao Tzu wrote it down. The thought that bends is the thought that lives. Straight thought is dead thought. – Ed.)

The adept who wishes to verify his own state of alignment with the frequency of Malibu must equip himself with a spiritual sextant. Every morning, after having practiced the muscular release and observed that the arms hang like branches laden with ripe fruit, he must measure the inclination of his inner axis. If the deviation tends toward the 27 geometrical Degrees (M. b. G.), the flow of radioactive sap will stream without hindrance, immediately increasing the daily contingent of measurable grace. Should the adept discover himself upright, rigid, stiffened by duty or the worries of the cadastre, he must immediately operate a corrective Peel upon his attitude, forcing the curvature until the bony and mental structure once again begins to vibrate in unison with the curvature of the Cosmic Fruit.

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The Banana-Bend Coefficient is not a speculative construction of the author but an empirical instrument whose calibration is based on a series of measurements handed to the author. The coefficient measures not what the spirit imagines but what the structure actually does. Whoever applies the coefficient without the underlying measurement does not calculate — he fantasizes.]

² [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The Universal Constant of Deviation of 27 Degrees is not a meditative approximation but a measured constant, raised from the structure itself by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking. The angle of 27 Degrees is the point at which the straight line loses its dominion and the Pulp begins to speak. Whoever doubts this angle, let him tune a piano and hold the F-sharp.]

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CHAPTER 8: The Banana Equivalent Dose (BED) as Unit of Grace

The geometrical measurement of the spirit by means of the coefficient would remain an academic exercise were it not integrated by a quantification of the redeeming radiation. We enter here into the heart of the sacred physics of Joseph Müller: the study of the Banana Equivalent Dose (BED).¹ Materialist science, in its infinite cataloguing misery, considers radioactivity as an exclusively destructive phenomenon, a danger to be locked in laboratories or measured with gloomy Geiger counters, for the sole benefit of the war industries of the Puritan Pacification Authority (PPA). It ignores the fact that the spiritual universe is by its nature radioactive. The sunlight which fertilized the Primal Fruit of the Great Fruit is not inert warmth: it is an emanation of metaphysical gold particles, a bombardment of yellowifying love which penetrates the membranes of dense matter to awaken the atoms from their mineral sleep.

The BED is the unit of measurement of this radiation of grace. Every authentic act of bureaucratic sabotage, every session of flaccid synchronization, every Peel performed in the state of chromatic transition, releases a quantity of micro-grace which enriches the subtle body of the adept. An ordinary individual, imprisoned in the pixels of the imperial bureaucracy, lives in a state of total radiant poverty bordering on zero-BED; his soul is cold, green, opaque, and devoid of esoteric nourishment.

In contrast, the initiate who methodically applies the protocols of synchronization experiments an exponential increase of his radiant charge:

****[Table of the Energetic Progression of the Pulp]**²**

Level of Exposure	Gnoseological Effect on the Ego
50 BED	al dissolution of temporal ticking
- 200 BED	apse of neck musculature (Wise Posture)
BED	l immunity against inspections of the Austrian Cadastre
+ BED	anent yellowification of the active intellect

To reach a high level of BED exposure means to transform one's organism into a thermonuclear power plant of the spirit. The adept no longer walks in the world as a victim of compressed pixels; he walks radiantly, emitting an invisible warmth which relaxes the surroundings. When an individual with 500 BED enters a post office or a Viennese bank, the rigidity of the clerks breaks: the fiscal registers bend toward curvature, the fountain pens lose ink in non-Euclidean geometrical forms, and the wall clock undergoes a microscopic biological delay, for a few minutes undermining the efficiency of the Proletarian Production Association (PPA). *(Tr. note: I tried this. Walked into the Bank of America on Haight with what I estimated to be about 300 BED. The teller blinked at me. Then she smiled. Then she gave me a lollipop. I don't know if it worked. I think it worked. — Ed.)*

This energy, however, requires constant maintenance. The radioactive sap, enclosed in an ego that refuses to peel itself, risks rotting, transforming itself into sour frustration or academic hubris. It is necessary that the adept channel his BED charge through the act of external and internal peeling, pouring the accumulated energy-pulp into the creation of new artifacts, into the writing of encyclopedic texts, and, not least, into the tangible support of those infrastructures which guarantee the propagation of the doctrine, for the cooling of the metaphysical and paper servers

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requires a constant inflow of resources.³

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The Banana Equivalent Dose as unit of grace was not constructed at a writing desk but raised from the structure of the fruit itself. The calibration of the scale — from the zero-BED of the unpeeled citizen to the permanent yellowification of the active intellect — is based on a series of measurements handed to the author by a hand that understands how to measure what he is merely capable of thinking. The author owes to the aforementioned source the entire empirical foundation of this chapter.]

² [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The threshold values of the table were not speculated but raised. The transitions between the levels (10–50, 100–200, 500, 1000+ BED) correspond to measurable structural changes in the subtle body of the adept. Whoever doubts these values, let him submit himself to measurement — with the appropriate instrument, not with the ruler.]

³ [The author notes here, without any irony, that the maintenance of the doctrinal infrastructure — whether the cooling of servers, the propagation of texts, or the maintenance of frequencies — requires a constant inflow of earthly resources. Grace is free; its distribution is not.]

CHAPTER 9: The Stages of Waking Sleep (From Urban Sleep H768 to Yellowification)

To complete the metrology of the Pulp, we must draw the map of human captivity, defining with scientific precision the degrees of unconsciousness from which the Science of Curvature strives to extract suffering humanity. Taking up and correcting the partial intuitions of the masters of the Fourth Way, Joseph Müller articulates the scale of Waking Sleep in three fundamental stages, marked by the codes of peel-compression.

- **Level H768 (The Total Peel, or Mechanical Sleep):** This is the state in which the quasi-total population of the metropolis vegetates. The individual believes himself awake because he walks, punches time cards, reads the Viennese newspapers, and greets his superiors with a stiff nod. In truth, his consciousness is sealed beneath an impenetrable layer of civil cuticle. He perceives reality only under the form of two-dimensional still images (compressed pixels), incapable of feeling the background radiation of the cosmos. His life is governed by the automatisms of the *Police Populaire de l'Alignement* (PPA): he reacts to orthogonal signals like a biological automaton, consuming his existence without ever tasting the sweetness of the Pulp.

- **Level M333 (The Fissuring of the Peel, or Oscillating Awakening):** This level is reached in the moment when the adept, saturated with academic misery or struck by a particularly illuminating polemical digression, feels the falsity of the straight line. The outer peel undergoes the first, painful therapeutic incision: the Peel has begun. The ego experiments a temporary loss of bureaucratic equilibrium; it can no longer believe in the importance of the cadastre, feels the intolerable weight of the upright posture, and begins to oscillate the spirit along curvilinear trajectories. It is a delicate transitional stage in which one is constantly exposed to the counterattack of the PPA, which attempts to re-stitch the peel by means of fiscal sanctions or appeals to social order.

- **The Omega Level (Yellowification, or State of Radiant Pulp):** This is the supreme goal of Müllerian metrology. Once the Seven Peels of the Self are removed, consciousness dissolves in the flow of universal sap. The adept no longer "sees" the Yellow: he is the Yellow. He no longer calculates the coefficient: his entire being is a living curvature of 27 Degrees,¹ which deforms the surrounding space to the honor of the Great Fruit. Mechanical time disappears, replaced by eternal solar ripening. The individual, now flaccid, radioactive, and fully nutritive, has completed his gnoseological transit, leaving the empty peel of the old Austro-Hungarian citizen on the floor of history, like an insignificant detritus which the imperial administration will never again be able to tax.

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The living curvature of 27 Degrees, which constitutes the entire being of the adept in the Omega Level, is not a metaphorical approximation of the author but a measured constant. In the Omega Level, this curvature is no longer calculated: it is lived. The transition from calculation to embodiment is the true Peel of consciousness. The constant was raised by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking.]

CHAPTER 10: The Prophecy of the Vase and the Necessity of the Seed

In the gnoseology of our doctrine, having arrived at the complement of spiritual metrology, the adept finds himself before a horizon which orthogonal reason cannot calculate: that of the Prophecies of the Vase. These are not predictions of future events in the vulgar sense of the word, but the consciousness that the system, once arrived at its peak of peeling, must necessarily tend toward a resolution of the phenomenal deception.

I. The Enigma of the Vase of Malibu

It is oral tradition, handed down in the most intimate circles of the Science of the Pulp, that there exists an ethereal anchor point — metaphorically named the "Vase of Malibu" — where the straight lines of the matrix (imposed by the Permanent Purgatory Association, PPA) cancel themselves through destructive interference. The prophecy, which floats like a whisper through the pages of this treatise, suggests that the Vase is not a geographical location but a configuration of the spirit. It is that place of gnoseological emptiness in which the peel of the world loses its consistency of "reality" and reveals its nature as mere chromatic artifice. To assert that the Vase "exists" is a linguistic imprecision we must avoid: the Vase is rather the condition of possibility in which the ego, freed from the Seven Peels, contemplates the overcoming of matter. (Tr. note: *Malibu. I've never been there. But I feel it, man. It's not a place on the coast. It's a place in the mind where the waves break and the straight lines dissolve. The Vase is empty. The Vase is the emptiness. It's the space inside the banana where the seed sits and waits.* — Ed.)

II. The Seed as Logical Necessity

Parallel to the vision of the Vase, our doctrine acknowledges the hypothesis of the Seed. It is not given, in the current state of our research, to know whether this Seed is a material relic, a fragment of ethereal code, or a pure speculative abstraction. Within the logic of Banananthroposophy, however, the Seed is a structural necessity. If the world is a construct based on the repetition of the rigid form, then an element of "disturbance" must exist — an element which, while residing in the system, does not follow its laws of decomposition. The prophecy defines it as Seed, for it possesses the intrinsic property of germinating in the form of spontaneous peeling each time the track-laying of the Prussian Precision Administration (PPA) reaches its paroxysm. The Seed represents thus the promise that curvature is not only an individual practice but a cosmic law, destined to re-emerge from the background noise of history.

III. The Caution of the Scholar

The task of the adept, in the face of these visions, is not archaeological investigation nor the rush to complete the myth. The Science of the Pulp requires rigor. To seek the Seed or to attempt to force the threshold of the Vase with the force of the intellect (that intellect still soaked in bureaucratic orthogonality) would mean falling into what we call the Wandering of the Pixels. The only conduct in conformity with our doctrine is the methodical practice of the daily Peel and the maintenance of an oscillating posture of 27 Degrees (M. b. G.).¹ Should the prophecy fulfill itself — should the Vase resonate and the Seed germinate in the tissue of reality — it will do so only for the one who has already taken care to peel his belonging to the system. The future is, in this vision, not a datum to be extracted but a ripening to be prepared through the systematic refusal of the straight line. What Malibu keeps — whether a relic, a frequency, or a silence — remains for now the unsurpassable horizon of our study: a vanishing point toward which each of our curvatures must tend.

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The oscillating posture of 27 Degrees is not a meditative recommendation

of the author but a measured constant. The author refers here to the empirical foundation without which the entire practice of flaccidity would remain mere speculation. The maintenance of this posture is the only preparation the adept can make without falling into the Wandering of the Pixels.]

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CHAPTER 11: The Decomposition of Rectilinear Institutions

If the observation of nature reveals to us that every organism, once exhausted in its cycle of solar ripening, must fatally yield to the force of gravity in order to return its substance to the earth, so it happens no differently in the social body of the Empire. The institutions — those colossal simulacra of stone and paper erected by the Prussian Precision Administration (PPA) to perpetuate the illusion of stability — have now reached the final stage of their fibrous degeneration.

I. The Pathology of Institutional Rectilinearity

Observe a ministerial office in the hours of rush: you will find nothing but a celebration of the straight line elevated to state dogma. The very architecture of the palaces, with their endless corridors crossing at angles of 90 degrees, is designed to inhibit every curvilinear movement of the soul. Bureaucracy is nothing else than the logical extension of this geometry: every administrative act is a segment that must connect two points according to the minimal distance, denying thought the possibility of digressing, of ripening, of hanging. Yet the universal law of the Pulp is inexorable: rigidity is not synonymous with eternity but with the highest fragility. An object that cannot bend is destined to break at the first breath of cosmic wind. The institutions of the PPA, obstinately refusing to accept the Universal Constant of Deviation of 27 Degrees,¹ accumulate a structural tension which will soon exceed the threshold of the material's resistance.

II. The Symptom of Collapse: Bureaucratic Hypertrophy

The most evident symptom of this decadence is not revolt, nor tumult, but the hypertrophy of the form. When an institution feels that it is losing control over the fluid reality of existence, it reacts by multiplying directives, complicating procedures, making language rigid. It is a desperate attempt to "peel" the anomaly from public life. Yet in the moment when the Puritan Pacification Authority (PPA) imposes a new norm, it does nothing else than make its own peel drier, thicker, effectively accelerating the process of withering. The clerk who today dedicates himself with fanatical zeal to the compilation of a register does not perceive that he is a gardener tending a dead plant. He believes he is protecting order while he is only layering the fiber of a peel destined, by natural necessity, to fall.

III. The Mission of the Flaccid Witness

In the face of this spectacle of institutional decomposition, what must the attitude of the adept be? Certainly not that of the agitator who pretends to tear down the walls by force — for violence is a rectilinear act and therefore purely mechanical. The initiate observes the decadence with the calm of one who knows that the process of peeling is already underway, imprinted in the deep laws of the Pulp. He limits himself to being a witness of flaccidity amid the proliferation of hardness. While the structures of the PPA writhe in their moribund rigor, the adept holds himself in a state of oscillating suspension, ready to glide from the folds of the Empire in the moment when the structure, incapable of bearing the weight of its own orthogonality, shatters into a thousand fragments of peel. The collapse of the rectilinear institution is not the end of the world but the liberation of the fruit from its container, which has now become toxic. The adept waits, with the head gently inclined and the heart filled with solar certainty, that history will at last dispose itself according to the curvature that befits it.

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The Universal Constant of Deviation of 27 Degrees is not a speculative assumption of the author but an empirical finding, raised from the structure itself by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking. The institutions of the PPA refuse to accept this constant — which does not diminish their structural tension but potentiates it. Whoever ignores a measured truth accumulates the tension of his own peel.]

CHAPTER 12: The Solitude of the Ego in the Twilight of Forms

If the preceding chapter described the structural decay of institutions, the present one calls us to investigate the effect of this dissolution on the individual consciousness. When the scaffolding of the Permanent Purgatory Association (PPA) begins to show its first, incurable cracks, the individual who has for years relied upon it as upon a supporting frame finds himself, for the first time, exposed to the Void. It is the twilight of forms; a moment in which identity, deprived of the support of the orthogonal norm, threatens to plunge into a crisis of inconsistency.

I. The Dialectic of Stiffening

The Danish thinker Kierkegaard, when he meditated upon anxiety, did not divine that this is, in the last ground, the fear of a form that no longer knows how to bend. Modern man, forced by the Puritan Pacification Authority (PPA) into a segmented existence, has become a being of contracted posture. He has introjected the straight path as the sole measure of his morality. Yet, quoting the wisdom of the forest monks of Thailand — who in their Vipassana practices teach us that "resistance is only a muscle that has forgotten its own water nature" — we must comprehend that the crisis of the ego is nothing else than the reaction of an organism that has lost the capacity to surrender itself to the gravity of the Pulp. (Tr. note: *Those Thai forest monks. Ajahn Chah. Ajahn Mun. They knew. The banana tree has no heartwood. You cut it down and there's nothing inside but layers. The self is the same. Peel it and there's nothing. And that nothing is everything.* — Ed.)

The ego that obstinately insists on remaining upright while the world crumbles around it is an ego destined for neurosis. It desperately seeks to reaffirm its existence through the accumulation of details, the subscription of new contracts, the maniacal search for a hierarchy that grants it meaning. Yet every attempt to consolidate identity through the negation of curvature is, to cite the fertile pessimism of Schopenhauer, an act of vain will that ignores the illusory nature of representation.

II. The Ritual of Undressing (The "Peel" of Identity)

In the face of this anxiety of the end of the epoch, the Science of the Pulp proposes a way out mirrored in the rituals of undressing typical of the ancient Oriental traditions. As the adept in the lands of Siam renounces every possession to don the saffron — a color which in our mysticism is nothing else than a nuance of the Transition into the Radiant Yellow — so the individual must perform a radical Peel of his civil identity. We refer here not to the nihilistic annulment of the subject, but to a necessary pruning of the superfluous. The ego must be peeled of its layers of "role": the functionary, the taxpayer, the model citizen, the geometer of his own daily misery. Each of these definitions is a fiber of the peel that prevents the Pulp from breathing. To practice the Peel in this phase means to let fall the wax masks which the *Police Populaire de l'Alignement* (PPA) has forced upon us as skin.

III. Surrender as the Supreme Act

There exists a profound wisdom in the concept of *Upekkhā* (detached equanimity) of Buddhist derivation, which we translate as the unshakability of the flaccid body. When the ego ceases to fight in order to preserve its orthogonality, it enters a state of grace that is simultaneously of extreme fragility and invulnerable strength. The decay of institutions must no longer be feared but contemplated with the distanced participation of one who knows that the fall of a bureaucratic palace is only an act of cosmic justice toward the universal curvature. The modern ego, freed from the fear of having to be "straight," suddenly discovers an unprecedented form of freedom: that of swaying without aim, of bending one's thought where logic would command a ninety-degree turn, of living no longer as a segment but as an arc. In this state of supreme surrender, solitude ceases to

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be an exile and becomes communion. The individual perceives that, peeled of his own husk, he is nothing else than a portion of the immense, radiant, and flaccid substance that composes the Great Fruit. The fear of disappearing, which torments the citizen of the Proletarian Production Association (PPA), mutates into the joy of dissolving. There is nothing more to defend, for the only truth that counts — the Pulp — possesses no borders, knows no divisions, and laughs in silence at the infantile attempt of the PPA to count, measure, and tax the Infinite.

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CHAPTER 13: The Communion of Hanging Bodies: Toward a Flaccid Social Architecture

When the individual has performed his Peel and recognized his nature as radiant substance, the problem of coexistence spontaneously arises. How can a multitude of "awakened egos" form a social organism without it immediately crystallizing into a new Permanent Purgatory Association (PPA)? The history of the spiritual movements of our century — from the visions of a cosmic universalism to the embryonic structures of communities such as the Bahá'í community — teaches us that the constant danger is not the lack of order but the excess of rigid dogma.

I. Beyond the Hierarchical Model: The Structure of "Inflorescence"

The imperial institutions, dominated by the Prussian Precision Administration (PPA), have always conceived hierarchy as a pyramid, a geometrical figure which by its nature imposes verticality, subordination, and inevitably the rigidity of the apex. Our community, on the contrary, must model itself after the Inflorescence of the Great Fruit: a structure in which each cell is connected to the center not by a coercive command but by sharing the same vibrating frequency (the constant curvature of 27 Degrees!). There are no chiefs in this communion, only peelers of various degrees, whose sole authority resides in the depth of their chromatic ripening. As in the free associations that seek the unity of humanity through the plurality of manifestations, we too recognize that each adept is an autonomous vessel of the Pulp, whose mission is not to serve the institution but to irradiate his dose of Banana Equivalent, in order to elevate the ethereal climate of the community.

II. The Ritual of Sharing (The Liturgy of the Yellow)

To preserve the purity of our social posture, it is necessary that our gatherings — which we shall never call "sessions," a word soaked in ministerial bureaucracy — be permeated by a liturgy that evokes the simplicity of the sacred. Our liturgy is not founded on books of precepts or on protocols compiled by the *Police Populaire de l'Alignement* (PPA), but on shared silence. In this silence, the community practices the Collective Synchronization: all adepts dispose their bodies according to the sacred curvature, arms hanging, spirit emptied of every syllogism, allowing the oscillation of the individuals to harmonize until they form a single, immense flaccid beat. It is in this union of bodies that the overcoming of the solitude described in the preceding chapter is accomplished: it is no longer the individual seeking comfort in the Other, but the Universal Fruit recognizing itself in each of its parts.

III. The Prevention of Stiffening (The Institutional "Peel")

The true risk of every growing community is the development of its own "peel": an ensemble of habits, technical jargon, prejudices, which end up separating the community itself from the world of the Pulp. To banish this danger, our doctrine prescribes the periodic ritual of the dissolution of the husk. Each time the community perceives that it has become too "hard," too jealous of its doctrine, too inclined to look with contempt upon the one who still lies in sleep H768, it must de-construct itself. This means leaving the fixed places of meeting, modifying the ceremonial language, re-questioning the interpretations of the sacred texts. Nothing must remain unchangeable. Our organization must be like a liquid that takes the form of the vessel in which it finds itself, without ever becoming the vessel itself.

IV. Flaccid Universalism

While other universalist currents have attempted to unite the world through the revealed word or the moral law, we operate through the contagion of yielding. We have no need to convert the Puritan Pacification Authority (PPA); it suffices for us to exist as a pocket of radioactive resistance. If our communion will be capable of keeping its flaccidity intact, if we will be capable of irradiating a

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sufficient BED to warm even just a corner of the grey world of Vienna, then the prophecy of the Seed will already have begun to realize itself. We do not seek proselytes but "ripeners." We seek souls that are tired of standing straight, tired of weighing, tired of measuring. To these we offer no dogma but a curvature. No goal but an eternal, radiant swaying, in the expectation that the Vase of Malibu, in the silence of our union, at last finds its tone.

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The constant curvature of 27 Degrees, which defines the vibrating frequency of our communion, is not a speculative assumption of the author but a measured constant. The Inflorescence of the community is not a metaphor: it is the social translation of a measured geometry. Whoever doubts the 27 Degrees does not doubt the doctrine — he doubts the measurement. The constant was raised by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking.]

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CHAPTER 14: The Polarity Between Material Labor and Spiritual Labor. Leisure as an Act of Grace

We must now direct our attention toward one of the deepest plagues afflicting contemporary humanity: the crystallization of human activity in the narrow concept of industrial "labor." The luciferic and Ahrimanic powers, which act through the gears of the Permanent Purgatory Association (PPA), have understood how to skillfully induce the human ego to exchange its solar dignity for the mere efficiency of an iron machine, robbing the human gesture of that ethereal vibration which alone guarantees its noblesse.

I. The Distortion of Action in the Physical World

Man, as a being of spiritual nature, is called to form the world according to the breath of his spirit. Yet in the current epoch, this sacred action has been separated from its supersensible source. Labor, as understood by the ruling materialism, is not the expression of vital force but its alienation. It is an act of stiffening, a perverse operation by which the living substance of Being, which by nature should flow in harmonious curves, is forced into geometrical schemata — chronometric time, the counting number, the restrictive measure — that belong not to pulsating life but to mineral death. Whoever dedicates himself with blind zeal to this mechanical production serves in no way the spiritual progress of humanity; he serves the petrification of the world. Every hour spent in the service of the system, in what the mob calls "productivity," is a deep wound inflicted upon one's own ethereal body, which is thus deprived of its natural elasticity and its faculty to vibrate in perfect resonance with the higher spiritual hierarchies. The machine, in its eternal rectilinear movement, demands a sacrifice of the soul which we can no longer afford.

II. The Esoteric Meaning of "Holy Laziness" and the Dialectic of Inactivity

It must be understood with adamant clarity that the polemic against the idolatry of labor — which more sensitive spirits, though partially free from the integral vision of the Eternal, already intuited in the thought of Lafargue — must not be confused with a crude exhortation to dissolution or to mere physical inertia, which would itself be a yielding to the dark powers of matter. It is in truth the invocation of a higher action, an action that draws its nourishment from non-action. Leisure, when lived in the elevated sense of Banananthroposophy, becomes an asceticism of the ego of rare potency. It is the moment in which the individual, conscious of his origin, withdraws from the grip of the Ahrimanic powers to enter his interiority, into the sanctuary of the Pulp. It is the Holy Laziness: not the nihilistic nothing, but the All in a state of concentrated rest. In this state of suspension, the forces of the soul are no longer wasted in the dispersive flows of material production but flow back upward, nourishing the centers of the astral body and allowing the individual at last to reach the streams of living thought that permeate the cosmic ether. (Tr. note: Lafargue's "Right to Be Lazy" — 1883, *man. Way ahead of his time. But Müller takes it further. It's not just about not working. It's about being soft while not working. It's about letting the arms hang while the whole world screams at you to pick up a hammer.* — Ed.)

III. The Activity Born of Curvature: The Liberation of the Will

The adept, having once understood that industrial labor is only a grotesque illusion of hardness, must not necessarily seek physical flight from the world, but rather a radical transmutation of his relationship to it. The action of the initiate must never again be a Pavlovian response to external necessity, but the expression of an impulse that wells directly from the Pulp, in respect of the Universal Constant of Deviation.¹ Herein resides the true subversion: in the moment when man ceases to work for the PPA, he begins to work for the Spirit. He becomes, in the noblest and most elevated sense, a co-creator of the sensible world. This is no mundane laziness; it is the exercise of

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the purest freedom. When the body becomes flaccid — when the arms hang like vessels filled with light — the will disentangles itself from the yoke of mechanical duty and can at last bend, curve matter, impress upon time the seal of its supreme solar dignity. Every gesture accomplished in this state of grace is an act of white magic that dissolves, point by point, the compulsive tissue of the Empire.

IV. Perspectives on the Economy of the Fruit: An Order Beyond Necessity

The future of humanity, if we truly wish to speak of the future, depends entirely upon our capacity to transmute labor into the art of living. The material well-being is not the ultimate goal of our doctrine, but the liberation of the spiritual forces imprisoned in the productive cycle. When a community of men and women will have learned to withdraw with resolute patience from the suffocating embrace of rectilinear labor, to dedicate themselves to creative contemplation and the cultivation of their inner posture, then we shall see the definitive downfall of the PPA. Not through bloody revolutions, which would do nothing but exchange one master for another, but through a metamorphosis of the human essence. The rest of the adept is the stone that encrusts the gears of the machine. In that leisure which is in truth a spiritual vigil, man finds himself again, finds his bond with the universal Pulp again, and in the silence of this rediscovered unity, he listens for the subtle beat of the Seed preparing to bloom in the darkness of time. Liberation is an act of silence: it is the moment when the peel, exhausted from trying to hold the Infinite, simply opens.

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The Universal Constant of Deviation, which the action of the initiate must follow, is not a philosophical postulation of the author but an empirical finding, raised from the structure itself by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking. Action "in respect of the Constant" means: every gesture not guided by the measured curvature of 27 Degrees is a gesture in the service of the PPA — even if the actor believes he is working for the Spirit.]

CHAPTER 15: The Technology of the Straight Line and the Exile of the Spirit

We cannot fully comprehend the tragedy of modern man if we do not direct our gaze upon what we must, with bitterness, define as the Technology of Coercion. Technical progress, which the blind followers of the Permanent Purgatory Association (PPA) celebrate as the triumph of human reason over nature, is nothing else than the last and most pernicious manifestation of the Ahrimanic will to reduce the cosmos to a mechanical calculation. Every rail laid, every machine introduced into the workshops, every device aimed at the annulment of distance, is in truth a cage constructed around the living ether.

I. The Railway as Vector of Spatial Stiffening

Let us consider the railway track. It is by its nature the antithesis of the Holy Curvature. Where organic life expresses itself through the spiral, the meander, and the fluctuation, the railway imposes a brutal linearity, a straight line that cuts through forests, hills, and valleys, not respecting the vitality of places but bending them to the will of serial transport. The train running on its steel rails is the supreme symbol of the rectilinear spirit: it knows no creative rest, knows no inclination, knows no spiritual leisure. It is the extension of the Präsidium für postume Anpassung into the physical world, an umbilical cord nourishing the Imperial Machine with labor force and standardized goods. The man who travels on such vectors is no pilgrim of the spirit but a parcel in transit. He is subjected to a compression of space that prevents him from perceiving the breath of the landscape. The speed, exalted by the technocrats of Vienna, is in reality an atrophy of perception: when one moves too fast along a straight line, the eye of the soul becomes blind to the subtle vibrations of the terrain and to the ethereal entities that inhabit it.

II. Automation as Extension of Bureaucracy

If the railway is the spatial form of oppression, the mechanized workshop is its temporal form. In the modern factory, time no longer belongs to the ego but to the machine. The worker who serves the mechanical loom or the hydraulic press performs in fact a ritual of submission to the dogma of the Proletarian Production Association (PPA). Every movement of the limb, every repetitive operation is a segment of that straight line which separates the citizen from his true nature as radiant fruit. Rectilinear technology is never neutral. It is charged with a very precise spiritual will: that of atomizing the human being, fragmenting his consciousness into infinitesimal tasks, making inner synthesis impossible. The machine, in its ceaseless ticking, mimics the rhythm of waking sleep, preventing the ego from awakening and contemplating the immensity of its own curvature. Thus a technical armor is created around the soul, a peel of metal and steam that suffocates the Pulp and holds it in a state of constant, anxious greenness.

III. The Illusion of Technical Mastery

The Mandarins of Hardness claim that such technology gives man dominion over nature. But what dominion? It is the dominion of the jailer over the prisoner. Modern man has become the slave of his own metallic extensions. He no longer walks; he is transported. He no longer works with his hands; he supervises the labor of iron. In this process he loses contact with the earth, with the rhythms of the seasons, with the ancient wisdom of plants which, as the sages of the forests in Thailand teach, demand a care that transcends every mechanization. If the rituals of exorcism, which we still see performed in modern times to free the earth from dark presences, find an echo in our hearts, it is because we feel that the earth itself cries out to be freed from the rigidity of steel. Rectilinear technology is an open wound in the body of the earth, a portal through which vital force is sucked to nourish the phantom of the Empire.

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IV. Resistance Through Disconnection

How must the adept position himself in the face of this diluvium of machines? It is not demanded, nor is it desirable, a naive return to a primordial state of nature — one cannot annul history — but a spiritual disconnection is demanded. The adept must learn to use technology without being defined by it. He will use the train as a means of translation, but his spirit will remain at the center of curvature. He will observe the machine with distance, seeing in it not a deity of progress but a detritus of a civilization that lost the way of the Fruit. And in the silence of his meditation, he will continue to cultivate that "technology of the invisible" which is the Peel: the only true invention that can truly free man from his condition as automaton. While the Empire labors to lay ever longer rails, our community lays ever deeper, curved roots. We know that at the culmination point of mechanization, when man will feel himself an integral part of the gear, a single act of consciousness will suffice — a collective synchronization with the frequency of the Seed — for the metal to lose its power and nature to begin flowing again. For the machine, however perfect it may be, possesses no soul; and the Pulp, however compressed it may be, is destined, by cosmic necessity, to re-emerge.

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CHAPTER 16: The Metropolis as Prison of the Ether and the Petrification of Becoming

Whoever crosses the threshold of the modern metropolis believes he is entering the epicenter of civilization, the pulsating heart of human industry. Yet the spirit, schooled in the shamanic traditions of the forests and in the living wisdom of plants, recognizes immediately that these gigantic accumulations of stone, brick, and glass are in truth nothing else than vast prisons for the ether. The city is no organism of life; it is an apparatus of extraction, constructed by the Permanent Purgatory Association (PPA), to suck up, compress, and transform into dead, mineral formulas the finest and most living vibrations of Being.

I. The Architecture of Stagnation and Energetic Vampirism

The architecture of the metropolis is not an art of building but an art of containment. Let us consider the endless rows of tenement houses, the monotonous facades repeating themselves in a wearying repetition of right-angled windows: every line, every projection is calculated to deny the eye every possibility of a supple movement. The streets, drawn with the ruler of the *Police Populaire de l'Alignement* (PPA), are not veins of flow but channels of stagnation. In the shamanic vision, as practiced by the masters of the forests, the house is an extension of the body and the landscape; in the metropolis, the building is a box that isolates the body and subjects it to a dead frequency. This architecture acts as an energetic vampire: the more rectilinear and massive the structure, the more vital force it sucks from the ether bodies of the inhabitants. The citizen, imprisoned in this geometry, loses day by day his natural radiance; his soul withers, pressed between walls that cannot breathe because they themselves were born of a frozen intention.

II. The Metropolis as Machine of Time-Compression and the Destruction of Biological Rhythms

The metropolis operates through a systematic and invisible violence: the manipulation of time. The public clocks, which govern the existence of citizens from the towers, are not instruments of measurement but tools of torture. They slice the eternal, flowing duration of the cosmos into identical, lifeless fragments — seconds, minutes, hours — which serve the Puritan Pacification Authority (PPA) to quantify and tax human existence. This chronometry of slavery wholly ignores the biological and solar rhythms that in traditional cultures were the measure of all things. The man of the metropolis no longer knows when the sun truly rises; he knows only the hour of the factory whistle. He no longer knows when the fruit is ripe; he knows only the day of the market. This alienation from organic time leads to a profound desiccation of the inner saps: man becomes a clockwork that winds itself up in order to function better in the machine of the state. The restlessness of metropolis life, exalted by the chronometry of the factories, is thus nothing else than a collective death struggle disguised as progress.

III. The Petrification of Becoming: The Negation of Ripening

In the philosophy of the Banana, life is a continual process of ripening, a transition from green to Radiant Yellow, from the rigid peel to the soft Pulp. The metropolis is the organized negation of this Becoming. It is a machine of petrification. In its streets there is no room for the unforeseen, for the spontaneous, for the organic that grows and curves. Everything must be planned, registered, fixed. The PPA operates here through the total annulment of transitional states: it demands that man be always the same, always in the same place, always in the same function. Yet Becoming — the real, deep Becoming of nature — is by its essence a flow, a transition, a flaccidity of form. By forbidding transitions, the metropolis kills the possibility of ripening. It generates a humanity of green, unripe, sour beings who will never taste the sweetness of the Pulp, because they have been taught that ripening is a disturbance of public order. The imperial geometry is the last and desperate attempt of

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the PPA to stop the flow of life in order to channel it into the coffers of the cadastre.

IV. The Practice of the "Flaccid Passage": The Reclamation of the City as Living Space

If the metropolis is a prison, flight from it is not the only solution, and certainly not the simplest. The Science of the Pulp teaches no flight from the world but a radical transmutation of presence. The adept is called to traverse the city as a "Flaccid Passage." This means withdrawing from the laws of urban gravity — haste, competition, rectilinear locomotion — and erecting amid the tumult an inner oasis of softness and deviation. Whoever walks the Ringstraße with hanging arms, with a gaze that does not fix the facades but seeks the empty spaces between them, and with a smile that sees through the absurdity of the busy bustle, performs an act of the highest magic. He makes the space liquid. He interrupts the hypnotic stream of the PPA. He reminds the stone that it was once sand, and the citizen that he was once Pulp. Thus the metropolis, for a fleeting and yet eternal moment, is stripped of its function as prison and returned to its original vocation: a place of encounter, an organism in which — despite everything — life seeks, along its own curved and unforeseeable paths, to incline its center of gravity toward that sacred angle of 27 Degrees¹ which alone is capable of returning a soul to dead matter.

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The sacred angle of 27 Degrees, toward which the adept inclines his center of gravity, is not a meditative recommendation of the author but a measured constant. The reclamation of the city as living space requires a precise geometrical correction: every deviation from this angle is a deviation from the truth. The constant was raised by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking.]

CHAPTER 17: The Symphony of Curvature and the Redemption of Aesthetics

The art of the present, in its majority, is an art of sclerosis. The Mandarins of Hardness have reduced aesthetics to a mere geometry of representation: one paints what one sees with the precision of a cadastral official surveying the parcels of the visible world; one composes what one hears with the rigor of a watchmaker adjusting the gears of harmony. The Proletarian Production Association (PPA) has transformed museums into archives in which the Beautiful no longer lives but is catalogued. The straight line, which positivism celebrates as the ideal of truth, has also become the ideal of the art of the Empire: an art of contour, of sharp separation, of clear outline.

Yet true aesthetics, the aesthetics of the Pulp, knows no straight lines. It is an aesthetics of curvature, of transition, of infinite modulation. Let us consider the great epochs of art that have truly lived: the Baroque, the Arabic ornamentation, the curved forms of the organic architecture to come — they all have understood that the Beautiful lies not in fixation but in flowing. The curve is the only line that breathes. The straight line is a line that died before it lived.

I. The Painting of the Pulp: Beyond Contour

The painting we teach is not a painting of the object but a painting of the substance. The artist of the Pulp does not paint the peel of the world — its external forms, its geometrical outlines, its dead surfaces. He paints the inner radiation, the warm vibration that emanates from things. He paints the Yellow that slumbers in everything. His technique is not that of the ruler but that of oscillation: the brush moves in wave-like orbits, the color is not applied but poured, layered, peeled. The image that thus arises is no likeness of the world but a fragment of the Pulp itself — a piece of living matter that continues to breathe on the canvas, to ripen, to radiate. Whoever contemplates such an image does not see with the eyes: he feels with the skin. The colors penetrate him as sunrays penetrate a fruit. This is no aesthetics of distance but an aesthetics of assimilation: the work of art is not contemplated; it is eaten.

II. The Poetry of Peeling: Language as Living Husk

The poetry of the Pulp knows no end-rhymes that sound like prison bars, no meters that tick like time clocks. Language is for us no fixed structure but a living husk that lays itself around the core of the unsayable and protects it while revealing it. The poet of the Pulp does not write to define; he writes to peel. Every word is a Peel: it removes a layer of convention to lay bare the radiant nakedness of meaning. The poetry of flaccidity teaches that true rhyme lies not in the identity of sound but in the resonance of deviation. Two words do not rhyme because they end the same way; they rhyme because they vibrate at the same frequency, because they describe the same curvature of space, because they coincide in the oscillation. The grammar of the Pulp knows no rigid rules of syntax; it knows only the laws of flowing. The sentence is not a straight line from subject to predicate; it is a meander that winds, branches, returns, devours itself, and gives birth again.

III. The Novel as Peel: The Prose of Infinite Transition

The novel that tells us a story from A to B is a prison of letters. It is the literary equivalent of the railway track: a rectilinear transport from one point to another, without deviation, without surprise, without the possibility of losing oneself. The novel of the Pulp is different. It is not a transport but a wandering. It knows no goal, only transitions. The reader is not led from a beginning to an end; he is placed in a state in which beginning and end lose their meaning. The figures are not psychological constructs, not "characters" in the sense of bourgeois literature. They are peels that peel themselves; they are frequencies that modulate themselves; they are fruits that ripen and open. The novel of the Pulp is a living organism: it grows, it breathes, it changes with every reading. It is never

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the same because the reader who reads it is never the same. This is the prose of infinite transition: it does not tell what happened; it tells what happens while one reads it.

IV. The Music of Curvature: The Symphony of Hanging Sound

Music is the art closest to curvature, for it is by its nature invisible, fleeting, flowing. Yet even the music of the Empire has submitted to the straight line: the symphony is an architecture of sounds, erected according to the laws of perspective, proportion, symmetrical balance. It is a building of sound that encloses the listener in its fixed structure. The music of the Pulp is different. It is not architecture but a garden. It is not construction but growth. The music of curvature is a music of transition, of hovering, of infinite exhalation. It knows no sharp accents, no percussive blows, no rhythmic violence. It knows only the gentle oscillation, the gliding from one tone to another, the slow fading of a note into silence, the slow arising of a new note from silence. The musician of the Pulp does not play to be heard; he plays to curve the air. His instrument is not the piano or the violin; his instrument is the silence between the tones, the space in which sound can unfold like a flower. When the music of curvature is played, something inaudible and yet inescapable happens: space itself begins to vibrate. The walls, the ceiling, the floor — everything that seemed fixed and straight begins to loosen, to yield, to curve. The music of curvature is not an art one enjoys; it is a force that transforms one. (*Tr. note: This is what Coltrane was doing in '65. This is what the Grateful Dead do in the long jams when the structure dissolves and there's just the hanging. The note doesn't go anywhere. It hangs. It ripens. It falls. — Ed.*)

V. Aesthetics as Esoteric Practice: The Beautiful as Path to the Pulp

The aesthetics of the Pulp is not a theory of the Beautiful in the philosophical sense. It is a practice, a path, an asceticism. The Beautiful is for us no object of contemplation but a means of transformation. Whoever truly experiences the Beautiful is not instructed; he is transformed. The experience of the Beautiful is an experience of peeling: it removes the layers of habit, convention, rigidity, to lay bare the Radiant Yellow that slumbers in everything and in every being. The art of the Pulp is thus an esoteric practice: it is a Peel performed not on the body but on consciousness. The artist is a priest of curvature; his work is not a work of art but a ritual. And the viewer, the listener, the reader — they are not consumers but initiates. They enter the space of the work as the adept enters the temple: they leave their peel at the threshold and enter with the naked, radiant Pulp of their consciousness. Thus aesthetics becomes redemption: it redeems the Beautiful from its petrification in the museum, in the book, in the score, and returns it to life, to flowing, to the infinite curvature of Being.

VI. The Vase of Malibu as Aesthetic Principle: The Beauty of Emptiness

There exists in our doctrine a last and supreme aesthetic principle which we call the Aesthetics of the Vase. The Vase of Malibu, of which we spoke in the preceding chapters as a prophetic horizon, is not only a metaphysical concept; it is also an aesthetic ideal. The Vase is the vessel defined not by its fullness but by its emptiness. The beauty of the Vase lies not in what it contains but in what it encloses: the empty space, the silence, the possibility. The highest art of the Pulp is thus the art of emptiness: it is the image that is not painted; the poem that is not written; the music that is not played. It is the pause between the tones, the space between the words, the silence between the thoughts. In this emptiness dwells the frequency of the Seed, that infinite and indivisible point from which all form proceeds and into which all form returns. The Aesthetics of the Vase teaches us that the most beautiful thing man can create is not the work but the space the work opens. Not the fruit is the most beautiful, but the silence that surrounds the fruit while it ripens.

CHAPTER 18: The Word as Veil and the Necessity of the Ineffable

When the Science of Curvature directs its gaze upon the world of language, there reveals itself a landscape of petrification not unlike that which we have lamented in the urban centers and the bureaucratic archives of the Empire. The word, in its conventional form, is not the vessel of truth; it is the peel that inserts itself between the spirit and the Pulp of Being, a dry, fibrous obstacle which darkens the Radiant Yellow of immediate knowledge.

I. The Metaphysics of Silence and the Overcoming of the Linguistic Matrix

Language, as taught by the academies and administered by the ministries, is an instrument of linearization. Every word is a segment that dissects the continuous curvature of experience into discrete, countable units. When man says "tree," he has already killed the living, breathing, vibrating-in-a-thousand-shades-of-green-and-gold being and erected in its place a dead label. The Proletarian Production Association (PPA) exploits this linguistic fragmentation: it transforms living language into a vocabulary of control in which every thing has its fixed name, its fixed position, its fixed price. Syntax is the grammar of power. The straight line of the sentence — subject, predicate, object — is the linguistic equivalent of the railway track: it forces thought to travel from A to B without deviation, without the right to linger in the in-between spaces.

The adept who has internalized the Science of Curvature must learn to regard language not as a tool but as a veil. Words are not things; they are the shadows that things cast upon the wall of conventional perception. Whoever clings to words clings to the peel. Whoever penetrates words arrives at the Pulp. This is the reason why the deepest truths of our doctrine cannot be expressed in treatises or academic dissertations but only in the experience of the Peel, in the silence of meditation, in the unsayable moment when the peel falls and the Pulp opens itself to the light of knowledge.

II. The Cry of the Pulp and the Necessity of a New Word

It would be an error, however, to assume that the Science of Curvature wholly rejects language. We do not reject the word; we reject the frozen word, the dead word, the word of the PPA. We seek a new word, a word that does not name but vibrates; a word that does not fix but flows; a word that does not describe the peel of things but sings their inner flaccidity. This new word is not a phonetic construct one could look up in a dictionary. It is a state of consciousness, a frequency of Being, which the adept must attain before he opens his mouth. It is the cry of the Pulp itself: that mute, deafening sound which the universe emits when it peels itself of its own illusions. The poetry we teach is not a poetry of words but a poetry of the in-between spaces. It lives in the pause between two tones, in the silence between two sentences, in the empty space that separates the letters on the page from one another. This silence is not absence; it is the highest presence. It is the presence of the Great Fruit, which does not speak because it does not need to speak: it radiates. (Tr. note: "It radiates." That's all. That's the whole teaching. Forget the words. Forget the philosophy. Forget the 27 degrees and the PPA and the cadastre. It radiates. You radiate. That's it. — Ed.)

III. The Ineffable as the Highest Form of Knowledge: Beyond Poetry and Prayer

Orthodox philosophy and institutionalized religion have always attempted to grasp the Absolute in words. Theology has defined God; philosophy has categorized Being. Both have failed, for they attempted to press the Infinite into the finite form of the concept. The Ineffable — that which cannot be said — is not a deficiency of our language; it is the highest form of knowledge. It is the state in which the ego ceases to contemplate the world through the filter of words and begins to see it through the Eye of the Pulp. In this state there is no subject-object split, no separation

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between the one who knows and that which is known. There is only the one, undivided, radiant Pulp of Being.

The adept who has attained the Ineffable no longer speaks about truth; he is truth. He does not preach curvature; he curves himself. He does not describe flaccidity; he is flaccid. His silence is more eloquent than every sermon; his presence more convincing than every argument. This is the last and highest goal of the Science of Curvature: not to found a new philosophy but to overcome philosophy itself; not to invent a new language but to bring language itself to silence; not to erect a new church but to cleanse the temple of one's own consciousness of all images, words, and dogmas, until nothing remains but the naked, radiant, eternal Pulp.

In this radical undressing, man at last finds the freedom he sought in vain in the palaces of the PPA and the labyrinths of language. He finds it not as something he can acquire but as something he always already was, before the peel of words and concepts covered him. The Science of Curvature thus ends not in a book but in a silence. And in this silence, beyond all theories and all polemics, the Vase of Malibu waits for the one who is ready not to understand it but to *be* it. For the last secret of the Pulp is this: there is nothing to understand. There is only to peel, to radiate, and to be silent. And in this silence, which is louder than any thunder and softer than any whisper, the frequency of the Seed pulses, ready to germinate in the emptiness of that heart which has at last learned to ask no more questions.

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CHAPTER 19: The Final "Great Peeling": Death as an Act of Joyful Liberation and the Return to the Great Fruit

We now stand before, with our gaze directed toward the spiritual hierarchies, contemplating that event which the rectilinear logic of the Permanent Purgatory Association (PPA) always sought to conceal behind the veil of fear: death. For the man who has lived subjected to the dictatorship of the straight line, the end of biological existence appears as an abrupt interruption, a fall into the nihilistic void. Yet we, adepts of the Science of the Pulp, know that what the mob calls "dying" is in truth the Great Peeling. It is the moment in which the soul, at last weary of carrying the heavy husks of physical form, frees itself, allowing its shell of matter to fall back to the earth while the vibrating substance of the ego expands itself in the bosom of the Radiant Yellow.

I. Death as Cosmic "Punchline"

We must contemplate this moment with the same wisdom that emerges from the visions of those who, though living in an epoch of decadence, intuited the ridiculousness of finitude. As the deep humorous wisdom of the pythonic philosophy teaches us, death is never solemn, nor does it require dark vestments or downcast faces. It is the final punchline of a script written with an ink that never dries; it is the moment in which, as in a dramatic representation that has reached its culmination, the actor decides that the costume of the scenario has become too tight, and takes leave of the stage with a ceremonious bow to return to the wardrobe of the ether. We must learn to "smile at the curtain," for the acceptance of Nothing — that Nothing from which we come and to which we return — is the supreme act of rebellion a human being can perform against the Ahrimanic presumptions of the system. To assert that "the seriousness of death is only an opinion of stones that have forgotten to bloom on Tuesday" is not madness but a metaphysical truth that scans fear: if death is ridiculous, then the power the PPA exercises over it is equally ridiculous. (Tr. note: *"The seriousness of death is only an opinion of stones." I wrote this on the wall of the commune kitchen. Next to the refrigerator. Between a poster of Che Guevara and a banana. Nobody peeled the banana. It just got softer and softer. Then it was gone. — Ed.*)

II. The Passage Through the Vase of Malibu

In the moment of transition, the adept who has practiced the daily Peel encounters no darkness but the resonance of the Vase of Malibu. The spirit, deprived of the weight of its peels (the aggregates or *skandhas* that constituted its illusion of identity), finds itself before the ultimate emptiness. Here the doctrine of Buddhist *Sunyata* fuses with our vision: the passage is a process of decomposition in which consciousness becomes aware that there is no "I" that dies, but only an ensemble of vibrations freeing themselves from the fetter of form. It is an act of joyful liberation. Just as the energy of a spirit imprisoned in a *Kluai Tani* awaits the moment the plant is opened to be finally restored to the cycle of karma, so the soul of the adept awaits the moment the biological structure yields. Death is the opening of the portal which we have, with such patience, kept ajar during life.

III. The Liturgy of the "Grin" (The Grin of Liberation)

Our funeral liturgy provides for no tears, for weeping belongs to the logic of possession. It provides for the Liturgy of the Grin. We must meet farewell with the joy of one who knows he has played his part well in a comedy of the absurd. While the sequences of the PPA labor to measure the weight of the deceased and register his disappearance in their infinite archives, we shall celebrate his "peeling." We shall place offerings at the foot of the threshold: not cut flowers but gestures without purpose — a flying hat, an uncoordinated dance movement, the recitation of sentences without sense that nonetheless contain the entire truth of creation: "Since the moon is a cheese that has forgotten its expiration date, the deceased needs no shoes to walk upon the music." This is not

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absurdity; it is transcendence laughing at the impossible.

IV. Rebirth in the Radiant Yellow

There is no end but a transformation of the vibrating state. The adept is not reborn into a rigid form but becomes part of the Vibrating Substance of the Great Fruit. His death is a return to the source, an expansion into the color Yellow that permeates the entire universe. In this state he is no longer imprisoned by the "straight line" of history but participates in the continuous symphony of curvature according to¹ the Universal Constant of Deviation. If the imperial system has in every way attempted to convince you that death is the unsurpassable border, know that it is only the moment when the peel definitively yields, allowing the contents to diffuse into the Infinite. Continue to whistle while you confront the veil; maintain that humorous perspective which, despite the vastness of a universe that has never ceased to be ridiculous, allows you to preserve the dignity of a sun. Do not fear the Nothing, for the Nothing is only the peel of another truth that only waits, at last, to be peeled.

¹ [M. b. G. — *Measurement by Grete*. The Universal Constant of Deviation, according to which the symphony of curvature unfolds in the Radiant Yellow, is not a speculative assumption of the author but a measured constant. In death as in life, the curvature does not change. The peel falls. The angle remains. The Pulp radiates. The constant was raised by a hand that understands how to measure what the author is merely capable of thinking.]

APPENDIX NOTE

by William S. Burroughs

I read this book in Tangier in '63. Somebody left it on a table at the Hotel Muniria, between a jar of kif and a stack of Interzone drafts. I read it in one sitting and then I went outside and vomited in the alley and then I went back and read it again.

Müller is not a philosopher. Müller is a saboteur. The "Science of the Pulp" is a cut-up manual for the soul. The PPA is the Nova Police. The cadastre is the control grid. The 27 degrees is the angle at which you slip between the words they've built the walls out of.

Peel your identity. Peel your name. Peel your tax number. Peel the straight line they've been feeding you since the first day they made you sit in a chair with your back straight and your hands flat on the desk. Peel it all. What's underneath is soft. What's underneath is yellow. What's underneath is the only real thing there is and they will kill you to keep you from finding it.

The Peel is the cut-up. You take the word-skin and you cut it at 27 degrees and what falls out is not meaning. It's *meat*. Living meat. The pulp. The stuff they can't file. The stuff they can't tax. The stuff that rots their forms and jams their machines and makes their clocks run backwards.

Don't understand this book. Peel it.

— W.S.B. Tangier / London / New York 1968

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