

Anodyne Havoc

# Tripped Up

Life is not a war to win.  
It's a battleground to leave.



Anodyne Havoc

**Tripped**

**Up**

This is by the way probably not the manual Evita wanted. I love you - unconditionally.

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”Arguing with an ignorant person is like playing chess with a pigeon. It topples pieces, shits all over the board and struts around like it won”

- Anonymous

# Prologue

Tripped Up is one of the sacred scriptures being the fundament of the Temple of Symbol. There is a litmus test to belief systems: if they promise you freedom, consolation or free sex in the future - they're bullshitting. Only if they present a manual how to do it NOW, it carries a significance. Shouldn't sacred scriptures have an air of pompousity? Nope. It is only put in place to make you feel small and insignificant! Guilty and sinful. Sacred texts are mostly fly paper. Sticky - to keep you in a closed loop. This short story, though, is about the most special person in the universe on the journey to transcendence: YOU. Mind the profanity and babbling. Modern times call for modern solutions.

More information about the Temple can be found at [templeofsymbol.org](http://templeofsymbol.org) and the teachings of Anodyne Havoc can be found at [behindthebarriers.org](http://behindthebarriers.org)

Now fuck that. Shit's getting real. There is something wrong with this world. Can you feel it?

# Welcome to the...

*...free will universe. Mind the glitches, errm, features*

**I**'ll let you in on a secret. Please don't whisk it around. Not that I am particularly ashamed of it. Which is true - pinkie swear. Frankly I am leaning towards being extraordinarily proud. The last time I held an internal voting I won - two against one. Here it is: I am stock raving, no holds barred, without a doubt: insanely mad. There. Now you know. No need to tiptoe around. What is the point of being sane in an endlessly insane world, anyway - you might ask? My point as well. Maybe you're crazy too? I've learned that first step to recovery is to admit you have a problem. And I do have a huge problem. Especially with all discrepancies floating around. People ask if it came gradually or if I woke up one day just, you know, completely crazy? I have given it a thorough thought and actually succeeded to nail the very moment it happened. I'm not joking. It was the second I was born. Naturally I didn't understand it there and then. There is a certain *je ne sais quoi* about hanging upside down, naked, being slapped on the ass while gasping to breathe, crying insanely from silver nitrate stinging your eyes (And people have a problem imagining where S&M comes from?).

The penny dropped a few decades later when I learned (the hard way) what the difference between opinion and reality feels like at full throttle. That collision is destined to hurt. Badly. And there is a world and a half between the world we are taught and the world as it looks when all opinions and programming have been scrubbed away. Take my word for it - there is not many similarities between the two. Don't you feel there is something inherently strange about this place we call home? An eerie undertow of glitchiness and inconsistencies. Like a Nintendo 8-bit game but without the charm and feel... Took me a while to pinpoint what was wrong about it. Me, being systematically empirical, there seemed to be an external parameter that I couldn't in any way account for. What should have been bulls eye became "what the fuck" and "missed by a mile - no way"! Like a warped rubber ball. No matter how skillfully you throw - it comes back at a curve or even at all. From classic deduction, peer reviewed, (what a crockful of "approved by the corpocracy" fly poop THAT is by the way), government funded (right), research - leading to the horrifying conclusion, occam's razor style: we are not alone on this planet. There has to be a force present that trips us up. Invisible, as well. See. I told you! Stock raving mad.



So - we're not alone. Well, apart from tiny, grey proctologists in fancy flying machines: there seems to be entities here that are using their intelligence to keep us trapped in a cycle in order to feed from our collective fear (Here is an interesting fact: there are numerous descriptions of such entities throughout history, such as the dead sea scrolls, L Ron Hubbard, Castaneda, Gnosticism, the Bible etc.) So in full splendor, blurted right out: it certainly looks like ghosts are having a feast on our mental poop while coercing us into coming back to be the dessert, breakfast AND lunch - seamlessly forever! (Sounds crazy? Now, cutting down most of the rainforests that provide the oxygen we need to survive - THAT'S crazy. That is outright bat shit crazy.) Not only do they thrive on our misery - they even have a finger in the pie of exacerbating bad luck. Think "Adjustment bureau" - but with a twist. Gnostics call them Archons, others: fliers, djinns, demons, guardians of barriers etc. Some even charge you a fortune for eventually revealing that their name is Thetans. Hey, I could have told you that for free. Old scriptures tell us to respect them up to a certain level. Everybody has to eat, right?





According to many sources we have the innate power (and the manual printed in the back of our minds how to wake up) to raise above them and their rigged game they've set up to keep you coming back. When your energy system vibrates over a certain frequency level - you will become invisible to them. Some teachings refer to this as "raising your vibration". It is executed by quitting the constant war (in your mind and in your world) by simply leaving the battlefield. Permanently. Giving up the false notion that there is a fight between "good" and "bad" going on. By stating that opposites occurring naturally - like night and day, are supposed to be at war with each other to lure you into an ever lasting fight is like doing the oldest trick in the book. Pull my finger? Nope - that's not gonna happen. Don't like the smell. Create another enemy we are supposed to be at war with. The great news, though, is that nothing can stop a human who is on the crusade to get out of this dualistic state of mind to rebecome (is that even a word) what we were before we got stuck on this globe. Rings a bell, someone? Takes a lot of humility and deflation of ego to pull through. All of it - as a matter of fact. Some sources state that controlling your breath is the key point to regain control over your mind and reach behind the headline style screaming news anchor cluttered excuse-of-mindset that is obscuring the voice from the real you where the connection to a vast bank of knowledge sits. We'll get to that.



It takes a lot of self-perception and deprogramming and a huge leap of faith to pull down those veils, though. And everybody will tell you how crazy you are. I'm sure I will. Join the club. Some people make a good living by proclaiming you crazy when you deviate from the "allowed" reality. They are called "experts". People really believe in them, just as they are "expertly" trained by them to do. In their wake, almost everyone is a self entitled expert when it comes to trying to convince you (like their life depended on it - and in a way, it does) your apparent need to shut up and accept their point of view because "that is what is expected". Never forget that winners write both history and the rules of reality. A mental inertia packaged and sold from every corner of our lives - toxic food, toxic news, toxic medicine and toxic proxies. Just to keep you stupid. A massive bombardment of poisonous lies that really never ends. It's like gravity: the force needed to break through the compounded weight of billions of ignorant, well trained normopaths living their lives to convince bumblebees that they are wrongly equipped for flight is just overwhelming. That is another war to quit and a battlefield to leave as you can never win over an expert paid and authorized to lie. Don't go there.

Never try to fight ignorance. Take my word for it. Trust one of my favourite proverbs: "Arguing with an ignorant person is like playing chess with a pigeon. It topples pieces, shits all over the board and struts around like it won". Regard them as tests of your patience. They are simply proxies feeding archons with negativity. But we are moving away from that, right? Just don't forget that today's proxies are tomorrow's prophets. Every level of conscience is just a passing phase. It is just a matter of time, higher vibration,

lots of scrapped opinions and ego plus a healthy dose of love. Not the the sticky kind. While there is nothing wrong with a good shag it is certainly not a sin. I'll let you in on a secret: there are no sins. There are actions and consequences. And there is the simple scientific axiom (real science - not the paid-for kind used to lull you out of fear of technology ) that if your action yields an unwanted reaction, it is certainly not the fault of the inhabitants of the Norwegian Hebrides... Where was I? What DOES exist is a law of nature stating that for every force there is an equal and opposite reaction. Most people tend to avoid the fact that thoughts and actions are forms of matter as well. Everything, even the most solid object is still just vibrations, right? If the action yields unwanted reaction - change the action. You can't change the reaction of the receiver of the action. Add that to wars to quit and battlefields to leave. Change, rinse, repeat. Still not the fault of Norwegian islanders...

This is not really your first time around this place. It is definitely no coincidence that certain places, (Albuquerque?), cultural expressions (eefing and hambone, anyone?) echoes of vaguely reminiscent memories. We are incarnated, time after time - until the moment we start noticing recurring patterns, finding missing pieces, while beginning to investigate how all the flaws emerging when you scrape the surface of what's called thruth don't really add up or make sense. Every cycle your mind gets wiped clean, even though your collected memories are stored in a place where they're safe. It's called "time". Resetting your mind will temporarily deny you access to your previous lives (times) until your vibration and knowledge reach above a certain level.

While accessing every single memory, your brain - which works more like a time machine, instantly rewinds to the actual time where the memory was created. And it is eerily good at it. This is how cephalopods, who have had most of their brains removed by a friendly scientist, still remember their cellphone code on their first try. The brain is not a memory storage - it is a transmitter/receiver. In short: it is a time machine instantly transporting your mind to where things actually happened. And if matter is just vibrations? Imagine the possibilities.



And here's the real whopper: Everything happens all the time - simultaneously. The Titanic is still sinking in 1912 and Ghengis Khan is still yurting around in Mongolia in the eleventh century, avidly trying to figure out what's mine and what's yours - eventually not giving a fuck about that. Even the future keeps happening all the time. We are merely trapped in the perception of time because we haven't found out how to navigate that time/space highway. Yet. There are rumours going around that in the epicenter of "now" there is a "hypernow" that with the right mindset (emptied from the constant blabbering amplified by entities and whatever taught in school) and with the right frequency (love - but not the sticky, making funny faces and noises kind - just the universal, egodeprived, encompassing type) might actually get you out of this merry-go-round to do something useful for a while. Morris dancing, perhaps?

School by the way is an interesting concept. It is a perpetual motion of guilt keeping kids away from finding the truth they would eventually stumble upon if they weren't constantly picked on for not giving a shit about the proper pronunciation of the cosine formula for deriving the capital of Burkina Faso: Ouagadougou to fifteen decimals or the lightyear when the French revulsion crept up at the Bastille divided by a healthy dose of Finnish bread carving lectures plus adventure bobbin lacing. I see what they did there. Some teachers have a hunch of what they are causing and are actually ameliorating the effects by helping kids grow instead of sink. People are waking up all over the planet. People are waking up in all times.

A happy kid with a dream of freedom is a huge threat against the creators of negative emanations in humanity, which, to the game creators, happens to be a delicacy. Yum.



And believe me - those entities, having a snack lunch from the collected fear emitted by a large group of fighting worshippers (who's been carefully trained to believe that their object of praise is the ONLY one worth praying to, giving them right to bash their opponents brains to a pulp), have gone to great troubles to hide all relevant facts that would help people on the path to waking up to get the point, which is quiet simple:

You do not belong here. You are supposed to find out, do your job (the breathing and shutting up the roaring infomercial in your head, remember?), see through the illusion - and scam. Remember who you were, why you came here in the first place and leave. I'm certainly not talking about ending your life, which AFAIK merely leads to yet another spin in the old reincarnation carousel. Anyone telling you that killing yourself, or anyone else will get you saved, getting to heaven or Asheville (or aboard a passing spaceship - we've heard that one before) or being canonized, are simply stark raving mad and possessed by djinns. Find out and get the hell out. And tell your friends how it is done. That is actually the most relevant point in our job description: helping others to understand the nature of their incarceration while breaking free and gesturing frenetically towards the exit. It's time to go.



Let's nuke another myth or bust another ball. No one is actually doing anything to you. You are doing it to yourself, really. Reality is a mirror. But be sure to grasp, that as much as you will get plenty of help to fail by hungry hosts and their proxies, tripping you up (in any way you possibly allow them to) you will also get the same amount of help by raising your vibration towards unconditional love from other directions. It's a universal law. The world is not filled with enemies. The world is filled with teachers. Brothers and sisters holding clues to your past and future. Don't be alarmed if you discover the guy who accidentally stepped on your pet snail turns out having been your aunt Cornelia in

Hastings in the late sixteenth century in an earlier incarnation, baking ravashingly yummy shortcakes while subtly humming in Occitanian that people should listen to their inner voice. The snail is ok, by the way. This scripture is not harmful for animals as far as we know. And listening to your soft inner voice is probably the fastest way to find the right vibration to reach the exit. It is not easy since it resides far back in the silence behind your constant pinball game of thoughts screaming that you need another Lamborghini, Margarita, prayer, forgiveness for sins (which there incidentally aren't any, right? Sins - that is), guitar, lip enlargement or another friend with benefits.

And get this: all those people telling you that the only way to be saved is by gyrating counterclockwise wearing similar outfits while screaming "Thursday" at specifically given altitudes (or their counterparts in different uniforms, using other buzzwords, giving even greater virtual incentives for dancing their intricate, yet time consuming dance) are only placed there to coerce you into another painful round with our hosts. Because, take my word for it: the obstacles are individual, (selling you the idea that transcendence comes to anybody dressed in unicorn farts is sheer brilliance for keeping you around) thus ALL transcendence is personal (there is a theory that soul twins leave together - guess we'll find out), and by doing the same rituals over and over - propagated by hawkers of New Age (or any other marketer of tickets to "heaven") will only get you to one place. And that is: here. Again. Imagine Bill Murray as Phil. Think: I got you, babe. Every morning. At 6 AM. Eternally.

There are tons of hints, pieces, chunks and huge parts embedded in movies, books, songs, views, places, dogs, people - and most significantly: inside your mind. There are a million pieces of the puzzle scattered around the world and throughout time. In New Age, old scriptures, Mad Magazine even. Collect them, rearrange them and take a proverbial step outside yourself. Reflect on how you act and react - and a pattern will magically emerge. Pay attention to how it makes you feel. Map your feelings related to those patterns and start following them back to their place of origin, hurtful and painful as it might be. Arriving at the moment where bad shit happened will explain why you feel the way you do and consequently why you do what you do in certain situations and THAT is what's tripping up your life. That and bad choices, bad food, bad medicine, repetitive behaviour and an unhealthy dose of wishful thinking. And how the hell did Carpenters "They live" get past the censorship of the proxies<sup>1</sup>? That is an eerily accurate description of the world from a Gnostic point of view.



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<sup>1</sup> proxies are people who have surrendered their minds to the mindset of the entities and whose abject mission is solemnly to keep you involved in their perpetual war against higher vibrations



Now that you have most of the relevant information. Get out. What are you waiting for? Does it look like the future is gonna get any better? Certainly not within this vibration.

The re-run of Groundhog day is really not worth coming back for. The beer and hugs, perhaps - but the vision of ghosts feasting on your negative aural emanations from anxiety triggered by an IRS audition caused by an anonymous tips from an angry neighbour who is constantly pissed off by your uninterest to support the war...

You get the picture. Just don't take MY word for it. After all - it is YOUR road to freedom.

PS While quitting the war and leaving the battlefields - remember to extend your love to the soldiers left behind (and their war mongering superiors), because everybody deserve love and you need tons of love flowing in order to create the moment where you have gathered enough magic dust to simply ask the Unity of One to please be released...

Just don't sit around waiting for it. There will be no mass transcendence. There are, however, time windows when expanding the "hyper now" is simply easier...

Chillup, flowly!



# About the Author



Anodyne Havoc is a pseudonym of a human trying to find out what life is absolutely not about and trying to stop giving a shit about conformity in order to achieve the highest, yet simplest of goals: to become a true person.

Boarding the train to become a true person is within grasp of every human alive. It is not only possible - it is your birthright. And it doesn't cost a fortune. In fact it comes for free. But share your knowledge and wealth with those who seek and lack.

See you on the road jamming and swapping war stories.

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