

NEUROPLASTER MANG BOOK I : MICHAEL A. COSMA



BOOK OF MANG VOLUME ONE

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He had hidden the book behind some of the others on the shelf. There were books on ufo's, ancient secrets, and old paperback novels of all variety. But, what is important is not the book that found it's way to the back of the shelf, even though the secrets of the soul bringer contained therein were nothing short of amazing, absolute proof of the soul, if you will. No, what was of extreme importance were the scraps of crumbled paper that found their way inside the front cover, back cover, and scattered throughout the center of the book.

For some folks, these scraps of paper would not be of any use at all. But, for the musician they were a magickal doorway. These were not ordinary song lyrics. These were the secret "Songs of the ACHIM" or "songs that write themselves". When they found them they couldn't believe what they had unearthed. The band mates egged each other on. This isn't what I think it is, is it? I think it is. Go ahead try one. How do I do it? Just randomly pull out one of the lyric sheets and we all just start playing off the top of our heads improvisational style and the lyrics are supposed to fit right in with what we are playing. Not only that, but you are supposed to already know the pattern of notes and vocal structure. When you begin to sing it is just supposed to happen organically.

And so it began, the first notes were struck on the bass and guitars, the drums kicked in, and the vocals began soaring out like the voices of angels. Perfect melodies and structure without the need for a single practice run. This was completely unreal. Let's try another one. The same results happened each time, this was simply amazing.

But there was still the matter of the book. It would have been enough just to make use of the ACHIM. Why did they all have to read the book? I had told them not to. There was a dire warning inside the front cover about the secrets and knowledge contained in those pages. It said you would open doorways that could not be closed again once they were opened. If you continued reading from that point you were on your own and the author was under no liability if anything were to happen to you. But, once one of them read it they all had to. Oh my God this is incredible. You have to read this! I'll admit, I read it as well, I couldn't help it, it was as if we were all obsessed by the book. The weirdest thing was how the book had described the ACHIMS within but the author had never actually seen them for real. And we had them in this very book!

Not only did the book do things to your mind. It also affected outward reality. It was like some sort of ongoing hallucinatory experience that peaked and never ended. The first item that was revealed in the text was the material that the soul was made from. This had never been revealed to my knowledge in any other book. The material of the soul is known as *neuroplaster*. The composition and scientific proofs were all documented with the pages. There were even several tests that you could self perform to see the soul for yourself. The first test had you pulling the soul outward through your backside, the next had you pushing it through your front. There were also some hand and arm movements, that when carried out precisely would enable you and anyone within ten feet of you to see glimpses of the neuroplaster.

Once that was discovered and tested, the swan fell and the sheep were free. Not that that was a good thing. Next everyone was directed to begin reading various Hindu texts. The author called it the sacred formula: Hindu=Food for the Soul. This introduced you to the sacred realities. Their thought processes, which had been twisted and tainted with lies since childbirth, could now be brought back in touch, however briefly, with truth. The more that was digested, the greater the spiritual growth attained. One knows the meaning of the phrase: Every riddle can be solved with a different colored jelly bean.

The next stage in the learning process had to do with Tarot cards. It was revealed to us that the tarot cards were not intended for divination. They had a much greater magickal use that we had previously been unaware of. Each card had a secret. These needed to be studied and meditated on until the secrets were revealed to the seeker. Not every card would reveal itself. And the secrets were not the same for each seeker. It was an individual matter of discovery.

We would all go into different corners and meditate with our cards sometimes for hours. Sometimes the secrets revealed were so profound that whomever received one might leap up and leave the house to go for a walk alone to ponder on this awesome personal discovery. The results were so profound and personal that none of these secrets were discussed with anyone in the group.

Here is the problem. When you sit in your easy chair and your closet opens up by itself and you see your sweeper drive itself out and it turns on and begins sweeping your carpets all the while not even being plugged in, that can freak you out pretty good. In fact, I was stunned and frozen

in the easy chair when this happened. My heart was racing a million miles an hour. When the sweeper was finished it turned off, drove back into the closet, and the closet door closed again. If some-one were to have come in then, it would be as if nothing had happened. I was the only one that saw this. But, the others were also having strange experiences. Clothing would leap off hangers and fold itself. Books would fly off the shelves and then return to the shelf in a different order. Computers would self start and begin playing cards by themselves. One time, a blank cd levitated and placed itself into my cd-burner. Then the lights came on that something was being burned to the disk, however, there was no software running and no disks being copied. When the disk finished burning, I took it out and put in in my audio cd player. First there was a series of numbers being spoken seemingly in a random sequence. Then it sounded as if someone was playing an old record. I heard a click and then heard the tonearm being placed on the record with that familiar crackling sound. Of course, these were versions of the ACHIMS. We had already played and recorded them ourselves before hearing them on this cd. The strange thing is we played them the same way even though we had never heard these songs before.

It was clear that the book affected events and objects in this reality. What was not clear was the effect of the ACHIMS. It seemed as if they had no effect on this reality. However, we all suspected that things were being affected on a deeper level perhaps on a different level of reality that we did not have immediate access to. We didn't actually hear or see anything obvious but it was a feeling or sense of something. There were also voices in our recordings of the ACHIMS that we did not put on them. Where had these come from?

Was the public afraid of the bald man and the goat? Some might have been. I say he was just a carnival barker that confronted sheep with their true nature. This in itself can have a frightening effect. When the mind is molded and stifled and moldy the truth wants to cleanse the filth which can result in certain mental anguish and sometimes death. So fear the goat if you must, then you will never know your true self.

The secrets did not stop there. Next was the directions for time and space travel. It was simply a matter of folding. The first exercise was given with the turnip example. Every example had been full documented and tested twice. For the turnip you simply fold it once and the turnip produces a flower. This was a basic but fundamental part of the learning process. Next, if you fold it twice the elephant grows wings. Not that this

was unexpected, it was simply unusual at that moment. I am sure you're thinking about how we arrive at a point to all this as is to be expected. The whole point is, all you have to do is fold it into a box or cube. Suddenly, every line intersects. Every point on every plane becomes accessible and thus space and time travel becomes not only possible, but surprisingly simple. Of course, the sphere will not work due to the infinite angular order principle. A flat plane doesn't work due to regular infinity. No, it can only be the folding of the cube. Once you understand this anything becomes possible.

After reading the entire text, a new band was born based on this newfound knowledge. The genre was believed to be "Sci-Fi IMPROV". All of the ACHIMS from that first experience have been reprinted at the end of this text. For additional research I would point you to the slack website. Find it at <http://slack.vze.com> .



End of Book ONE:

The ACHIMS:
song lyrics written by Michael A. Cosma
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Broken Wings

You have to try as hard as you can
if you want to make things happen
Don't just sit there, so helpless
get up, get right
don't let anything pass you by

Sometimes things can hold you back, you know?
A broken wing or shattered soul
Stand back up, get back your control
get up, get right
don't let anything pass you by

losing more than gaining
sometimes gets you down
forget about it baby
turn this thing around

Can't you see the fire?

I'm standing near the fire
the flames are stretching higher
I'm turning circles can't you see?
The fire is burning me

Shooting out
no need to stand so close to me
the heat it burns, nowhere to turn
can't you see the fire?
It's too hot for me

You're burning right beside me
why you're here I can't believe
no time now, your outcome is clear
it's late, get out of here

shooting out

Pink Elephant

I see a pink elephant
walking down the street beside me
going somewhere high

through the clouds
through the ocean
into space \
pink elephant

All I want to do is eat
a hunger that persists in me
getting hungry high

only one thing that I feel
tripping through the atmosphere
and now my friend it is your deal
In my mind there is no fear

going nowhere
in a world that won't be still
going somewhere
In a world that gets it's fill

86 Chevy

Making adjustments on the board
my quality confronts my quality control
I want you to understand this
I need you to comprehend this

I'll drive my 86' Chevy
I'll say something heavy
I can break the levy
Levitate me

Take me for expense trips
relive my past fishing trips
lash my rod in the water
causes me to ponder
water my hole forgive me

Neuroplaster

Neuroplaster is the master
master of the stratocaster
mawg of mind of mass destructive quality
around so much of these
amplifiers mad desires
rock band with nonsense nobility
try to be this
you can't
you are not
mawg neuroplaster

Prince of Power

Running away, looking over
feeling tired, from the ride
coming home, to my city
I can feel it inside

looking forward, not behind me
shattered windows, in the light
a broken bottle, what kind of reason
as I walk through the night

there is no real escape
there's nothing more to take
inside you're feeling warm

so black it's turning white
you're locked into the night
you'll never break away

Losing to your fantasy
telling me you're make believe
I tremble when I feel you near
The Prince of Power
He holds the light that shines upon your life
All your fears suddenly disappear
a magic night for the people that are here
no one knows about this but everyone is here
in the city in the night

a little sorrow you gotta fight it

so many fools, you can't believe
outside the window, it's lost forever
and tonight we have to leave
we gotta get out
tell me why you are afraid
you can't hide it
it's in your eyes
the prince of power
and the candle burns so bright

Phantasm

Life what does it mean
why am I here
is there a reason
look into the unknown
ask your questions
is there an answer
death what is death for
why will I die
Is there any hope
so strange yet so real
a fantasy
no time to think about it
just one thing after another
lost worlds
I come upon you
Seas flowing blood
a lifetime of memories
cast into the sea

website: <http://slack.vze.com>

write to us at:
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USA

copyright 2004
cd recorded 5/2/04
at the Dungeon
and Little Mikey's Noise Factory
title of cd: NeuroplasterMAWG: A Tunnel Through Slackville
includes every one of the ACHIMS

some editing has been done from the original lyrics
in order to make the e-book more family friendly

Contact Mudball Records if you are interested in hearing
the full version of the cd.

