



CENTAURUS



CENTAURUS

If anyone says that my work is influenced by the cut-up techniques of William Burroughs and Company, they should congratulate themselves on ejecting, with such magnificent effort, a very original turd. A turd, no doubt, perfumed from its recent close encounter of the Third Kind with:

"...the fragrance of orchids."

Confucius.

Hexagram 13 - Fellowship with Men.

Encased in pain, I enter the Splendid City, and attend a Theatrical Performance. The first item of the programme is a dance performed by a dwarf Mahalakshmi, balanced on the back of what looks like a miniature dog. She is blazing with jewels and in the centre of a Radiant Yantra. Following this, each of us, the audience, alone unto our selves - into our selves, the shelves of ourselves, which are placed upon huge, crumbling Towers - that slip through the debris and disintegrating capitals, to fall onto smaller collapsing towers, and so on, and on, in a infinity of disintegrations.

Until each, unto himself and herself, is encased within a Dark Cavern, burning with the fear of an imminent collapse of the Earthworks. Here we chant the special Mantra of the Divine Mother Tara to ward off fears of the Earth. Kybele.

Like a piece of jigsaw puzzle. The perfect skin. Floating amidst brown velvets and glinting copper.

Plutonic Transit Lounge.

The dog guards the gun that will end my life. The various medicine chests do not yield the sleeping pills that could bring relief. The pain slices deeper, journeying to the very bone. Tone.

Carnal desert. The end of the process would result in BONE. The dehydrated red carnations, electric fan complete emptiness. The bucket in the wilderness - water, arid, the WELL. This is a new phase with URANUS coming into strong focus - a feeling tone of Space - perhaps vacuity - abrogate your responsibilities - sitting down - shopping for flesh in a stationary pose - Japanese Chimes.

"Only shells are left behind, the concept being the stable structure at the end of the process and Western though being littered with derelict conceptual shells - in this - we are the past."
Guenther.

The Buddha in the Bottle.

"An aspiring language student once asked Chogyam Trungpa Rinpoche, what do you really new to learn Tibetan?" He replied: "A new Mind."

The approach to a New Language of Being requires a "New Mind", or in simple terms, a blank page, an empty space, a clear sky. a clean sheet without stains. Growth needs a matrix devoid of form from which to begin. Genesis. Yet even when severely inhibited by lack of space, growth still continues. For example, plants growing out of the cracks in concrete pavements.

Our present situation is rather similar. Creative individuals, visionaries, cyber-spiders weaving new realities with inspiration, imagination, aspiration, are attempting to evolve out of the concrete blocks of the world view of materialism.

Placements around life's table. Places for after diner mints.

An Avant Garde hospital. Anti-septic.

I align myself to the outer frequency of a Mandala Wall,
in a horizontal matrix -

All samsara structures being read as info .

Tanie van der Merwe van Benoni met haar Bo Derek boobs en vari-corz veins. Let your 'self' slip
into the cool waters and dissolve.

Dry up and die - (Polarity) - wet baby and
cold dry corpse.

The Hidden Lion Epic:

Metasexual arrived with a Lion Rampant embroidered on his shirt;

Sunyata Mainline brought a Gothic Lion and Virgin and Unicorn Painting; Hercules Fish arrived and turned out to be a Virgo, that is;

The Hidden Lion, Lion Cachet, is controlled by the Virgin in Arcanum 11. And the 6th House, the House of the Lion, and the 5th House, the House of the Virgin, together equal 11. The Union of the Lion (Leo) and the Virgin (Virgo).

The Unicorn also lies down in the lap of the Virgin, to rest. Therefore the Virgin is Supreme, Anima, Yin - Tara.

Then: The Hidden Dragon in the I Ching. Helmut Wilhelm - Notes on I Ching. Intentional language is from the Hemisphere that Knows but does not Speak.

**A Page
Egg Raga.**

The seeds of future action are planted in the past - and DURATION is the phase before germination commences e.g. the thought of reducing all possessions takes times to mature into action. Dismantle Reality. Remember that you are not photographing a Fashion Model - but an aberration. She/he.He/she.

To throw in the towel because:

- a) Abraham left his footprint at Mecca
- b) Gabriel washes the Heart of Mahomet.

In 'Cena' we have localized the objective field - which in this case is texture - but as yet, the subjective frame of reference has not come into focus. The month of Athyr - the name for the ancient Egyptian November - gave a hint that the "Name-Subject" will come with Scorpio - and/or November: The House of Death - That it is!

Also: The White Goddess of the Graves! The Phoenix through into the Palm = Fire = The Family Crest - The DNA Designers Terrorism Manual, Pty.Ltd. No, not one 'soul' per person in myriads - but One 'Soul' cut up into myriads of meta-textural threads.

THE - STROKE IS PART OF VENUS AND AS SUCH MUST BE OF THE NATURE OF VENUS IN HER ASPECT OF RECEIVER - IS ALSO A LINE IN THE I CHING - THREE LINES - NUMBER THREE ISIS UNVEILED/WHICH TRIGRAM? SECONDS TO ANSWER BEFORE THE POLARITIES ARE RECONCILED.

(But they do not cease to exist as polarities) THUS - from the far flung corners of the Psyche of Samandro came experiential sequences in co-existence - even through wildly unmatched in spectral ...

The Argentine Killing Machine worked very quickly, "enemies" of the State were burnt to death with gasoline, tortured alive over fire or dropped from helicopters. Lawyers, journalists disappeared. The Church did not protest. Very few Jewish leaders protested. Everybody was afraid. But "las Locas" - the mothers said - "...where are our children?" mothers were taken away - but next week they were back and the media said nothing.

The Turning Point, was the Dream of Elephants and Tidal Waves. Both related to Tara Transmission from Circus on the Eighth Day of the Moon. Samandro searched for the Seven Bowls in a dream, ejecting material possessions like skins - and taking to the blue, in flight with the White Bird and the Boy. Hermes must be beneath. The Boy Karmapa.

Thought manufacturing becomes obvious. The relationship between Aleph and Beth, on one level of levels; and Resh and Tov on another set - clarifies an enormous area of confused thinking. In turn, we can view the positions held by these polarities of The Tree of Life. See Helene; Soares; Ponce and the Swiss Carver.

The Factory of Samsara, wherein we are all processed into carnal sausages. A pale blue flower glitters in the dark night of my 'soul'. A slow poison falls from my eyes. Though painful,

this is a period of purification. The grain of mountains - rhythm - repetition - Wheel of Samsara - worn out marble toe. Cena de la Ceneri + aesthetics and texture.

There is only one enemy - and that is Ignorance. They arrived at the Platform just as the sun came out from behind the trees, where it was hiding - their faces, thick masks of paint.

Scott Walker: Climate of the Hunter is worth listening to.

THE BURNING CHAMELEON

EUROPEAN JOURNAL 1984

EXHIBIT P.1.

In the Witness Box.

Page 2

In the Chocolate Box.

The feeling of being hermetically sealed, like a ship in the midst of people. I presume this isolation is a reaction to a new culture. Whatever I read does not satisfy me, leaves me hungry. An emptiness without form. Perhaps the Dharma alone will provide nourishment. I have always known that this is the basic Matrix to this existence. So many directions. 8 Spokes on the Wheel.

NIEBELUNGLIED.

THIS CRYSTAL CASEMENT IS SHATTERED.

CENTAURUS:

Must include the Horse-Headed Scent loving gods of which I once dreamt - and the dream of the White Youth emerging from the coarse goats-skin (in Swellendam). Also - of major factor is Uranus in Sagittarius which demands greater research, i.e. 10 into 7.

Excuse me, I have to shake the dew off my lily. EXHIBIT P.1. In the Witness Box: "For the first time in 10 years the people of Guatemala are breathing the sweet air of liberty. Only days after the recognition of red President.....rebel leader.....sweeps into town."

"Why, I'm me!" The Naked Man. It could be me.

A psychic graveyard,
a cybernetic Museum -

CRAB - CAMEL TOOTH - COLEUS - WHITE TARA -

(My Grandmother's Yidam?) -

An old Grandmother helping with the task of sorting out the mess.

Tara Mantra for Ghosts -

THE GHOST REALM - Research!

Prescription: Amitabha Puja.

Cymbals and Food: Tara Mantra -

The Horse and Rider (A White Horse, that is...)

Circling the Centre.

The Greek Giorgio, The Greek Sikis.

The Greek Boys.

**CENTAURUS.
CLASSICISM.**

I can see Yidshin Norbu Karmapa choreographing the Dharmakaya Mandala of His Incarnations. But this is not exactly what I see. The vision is too delicate to put into words. Perhaps it has much to do with Jupiter in Scorpio. It can be excavated from the myriad details which revolve around the centre of **CENTAURUS**.

And this revolution defines **CIRCUS**. Collect Teeth and get out to The Ashram. On the political level, 'things' look pretty bleak. Polly Tickle. But then, Why Worry? Both Yoko Ono and Alfred E. Neumann have advised us not to do so. A pen lost - and a new one bought. Wimpy Bar in North End. New bottom plate demanding a celebration. Per Version. Adrenaline - Perhaps if we recorded the completely banal stream of words, silence will eventually be achieved.)

NOTE: For cover of Pax Cultura Number 3: Photo by Peter Magubane in Somalia refugee camp/ Drum Dec. 1981.

my shadow is never thirsty - and the shadows of my bones will be cast long after the essence has left. You can still write on this colour. Dry. Desire is hot. Have you ever heard of cold desire.

ANDROS = Greek for MALE.

Andre is my Male Name - Animus -

Tara is my Female Yidam - Anima.

See Eliade on Mephistopheles and Androgyne.

CENTAURUS - now I have found him.

24th July 1982 - a sudden awareness (BE - AWARE!) of the Hermetic Nature of Life - that the totality of Being is hermetically sealed within One Microcosm - which in itself, being dualistic - *as an absolute statement* - and cannot be considered as a finality.

If you took the I Ching, the Sacred Tarot, Alchemy, the Sephira Yetsira, Astrology or the Abhidharma as "thinking tools" - to underpin any mental processes or flow of ideation - i.e. refer to the respective dharmas of any of these archetypal meta-systems - then the shocking lack of clear form and discipline in individual thought manufacturing becomes obvious. The relationship between Aleph and Beth (This bit in "Ash") on one level of levels, and Resh and Tov, on another set - clarifies a vast area of confused thinking. This in itself is an example of confused thinking. In turn - we can view these positions held by these polarities on the Tree - see Helene, Soares, Ponce and Jung.

Unless this fundamental critique of the Ego is unearthed, theory continues to lead beings astray. The uprooting of the ego may be the main meta-political objective of Life of Earth. See Jung on the Ego and Francis Story on the 'self'. "It is a spiritual deliverance from evil." Christ did not get involved in politics, he did not become a Prime Minister or President say some. Quotes

from a Sunday Sermon. WAYS OF RELATING: When Knecht meets the Music Master - never once does he utter a word - (today a teacher will whip a child for not responding.)

"...when the master is quiet and calm, men-servants and maids obey his orders of their own accord, and each does his work." ¹ But why should servants and maids be even necessary?

To find - search. To realize -
go beyond finding and searching.
The Truth is even beyond Realization -
which is That
which Is -

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I seem to be evolving into contemplation of the theriomorphic forms. Beings partaking of human, horse, pig, crab etc:

I said to him - honey is sweet - like the soft and warm inside of your body. The Rosebud has a Centre. A black bullet hole in a body wet with blood. That is also a Centre. But the Mandala beautifies a Centre that has no intrinsic existence.

"Pliny (VII,3) says that he saw a HIPPOCENTAUR embalmed and preserved in honey that had been brought to Rome from Egypt..."

We were not sure whether it was the honey or the Hippocentaur that was brought from Egypt.

The Seventeen Doors.

The Nine Unknown.

The Three Tears.

The Two Keys:

known as Saint and Bird (Swan),

Sun and Moon.

UNUM EST VAS: Maria Prophetissa.

I thank you for your letter. You would think (being non-theriomorphic) that a half-horse/half-man would not write letters. But this is not true. My pen flows with blood. A hemorrhaging from concern over your race. I have recently received a letter from a sixteen year old boy called Freddy - a child subjected to extreme sufferings for being totally Gnostic - this process of brutal repression of his interior faculties is called 'schizophrenic' by your 'mental' doctors. I quote from Freddy's letter:

¹ Page 22 of *'The Secret of the Golden Flower.'*

"I wet the world it was thirst for knowledge, money and peace. I watered the flower that no longer symbolizes peace but now was the sign of the dude who wore it hoping he would be watered for he was thirsty for love.

I wet the world to keep the leaves from getting to brown from the sun. I watered him but he was no longer thirsty, the lady on Calvary St. gave him a drink. He died of pain not of thirst. She couldn't get the nails out because Franks Hardware closes at 6: p.m."

omnipresent activatory photograph bricolage.

Centaurus makes a guest appearance at CIRCUS. The Province is elevated into raptures of Sagittarian inspiration. Purple becomes the colour of the season. It is necessary to research all material available on the structure of CIRCUS. The text written by Metasexual is naturally unavailable. The City of Rome (now long since annihilated) had a building from the Roman Period called the Colloseo, which is the earliest reference to CIRCUS. But here, the motive for entertainment was extremely carnal -

ULTRA VIENNA VOX HUMAN - to etch the trajectory of the emotions as delineated in 'like a blue thread'. Again, is it a parrot or is it a budgie, and, is it blue or is it yellow?

Mommy is Blue. And Daddy is Blue. Perhaps as blue as a peacocks neck? The Young Europeans. A photograph of lovers lost. This, dear girl, old bean, is the central agony - pain enthroned. That history could create such suffering genetic experiences. Although the winged Pegasus, The Horse of the Chakravartin (with the neck the colour of a peacock) soars through azure skies. I am left here in this flood of nescience, drowning in ignorance. Where my heart should be - a void exists, for the benefit of all that lives. A void where King Knephira sleeps. From the slime of the Crab to soaring Centaurus. Such polarities are not exactly copyright of Scorpius. And Chronos? Weaving the Wheel! Carmina Burana to the dismembering of a De Sade Fantasy. Such are the pre-occupations of Homo Sapiens.

The question: Why do we as a social collectivity continue to pretend that nothing is happening? But what is "happening"?, asked Alice. The Liberation of Mankind said the Mad Hatter. That is why I want you to join my Tea Party!

Alice was very confused. She had fallen down into the Pit of Degradation, where, suffering maggot-like with millions of other human (or sub-human) Beings - she had never considered that there was anything else to Life than Sleeping in Your Own Shit. Alice also like sleeping with extinct dodo's (or was it dancing All night? Or was it dildo's, or was it archaeological necrophilia?) It was certainly all night because Metaxerox liked hot coffee - preferably in bed. (These fragments of Metaxerox are directly photostated from Reality but Alice alias, the Red Queen. Over rational but with good ideas. Be Aware, that our Leaders LOVE the smell of Napalm. The masked rider watched - his thin lips twisted like a blancmange having a nervous breakdown. A fossilized arsehole on an overdose of Valium. Fucking dead sheep in radio-active rain. They were old friends and Metaxerox was given a free hand to listen to their music. The White Queen - A Great Techno-computerized Anima Monster. Metaxerox moved FAST - You can say what you like here. This is the Land of Free Speech. Elsewhere you must Pay! But, said

the Mad Hatter, "Is there Freedom of Mind?" Soon after ... Is there Freedom of Body" His search proved disappointing until... La Duchessa!

Is there Freedom of Creativity? AND Metaxerox is also "Towards and Archaeology of Being!" He hastily concealed the photograph. Is there Freedom of Imagination? But as he stepped through the curtains - The Rabbit! Is there Freedom of Sexuality?

The fragrant aroma of an expensive cigar. Utter Gemini, that Rabbit. The Informer par excellence. Metaxerox's lips twisted contemptuously as the aroma filled the air. Is there Freedom of Education? "The Goodness-Gracious Me, What a Lot of Funny Facts Department."

Here come the clowns! They took him to a nearby bay ...and left him. "Centaurus" and "Metaxerox" in "**Frank's Hardware**". His blood suddenly ran cold. Metaxerox is a parallel text which moves into Frank's Hard-Wear, and is connected to War in General and Hiroshima and Auschwitz in particular. Twenty minutes passed while Eichmann calculated how many Jews can be gassed in twenty minutes. See: Circlot: **BUCENTAUR**. He struggled desperately to free himself. Circlot: *The Moon*, p.206. To no avail. The gas canister was ejaculating its vaporous load. "The crab, like the Egyptian scarab, has as its function that of devouring what is transitory - the volatile element in alchemy and of contributing to moral and physical regeneration." He landed in the swimming pool, before he had time to realize where he was going. Circlot here agrees with Zain in identifying the Scarab with the Moon, *Arcanum 20*, i.e. Resurrection and "Glorification of the Chosen One" - (*De L'ELUE!*) Then suddenly...again? *La Mort*. 1984. meanwhile not far away. Moist skin or paper. The next day...*Mouiller la peau on le papier*. The man known as 'Laughing Boy' could have provided the answers. *Appuyer le tatouage puis retirer*. And at the Bar. *Mare Adriatico!* Presently. *Toward and Archaeology of Being*, again. He grinned, showing badly discoloured teeth. A LA PERRUCHE. Meanwhile...Yellow Budgie. He drove to the office. Brown sugar. He went down to the poll. Piero Pasolini's 'SALO or: The 120 Days of Sodom at the Pierrot Cinema. It was the evening paper that gave him his first lead. "To take from the needy and give to the greedy."

The repressive apparatus of the State against the People. Frank Diamond. 5 year old Boy lovingly showing his burns from chemical warfare. American supplied - dockworkers - napalm - white phosphorus - anti-personnel attacks - A-37 Fighter Bomber USA supplied.

That night!

"At any cost, we must keep Hercules at bay!"

He moved slowly, carefully.

IXION. Page 303 - note 71, *Symbols of Transformation*.

Or in *The Green Man* by Paracelsus.

He crept silently down the stairs to the floor below.

crucifIXION.

But as he stepped inside...

"Many actors are merely human Xerox machines

without any vision.

They have little soft,
pink tendrils of mucous
about to defy gravity."

He wretched himself free.
Knephra, Centaurus and Metasexual,
Zain, Queen Guru, Metaxerox and VIRA!
But, downstairs...

A Possible Page...
My Dry Grandmother - clay and rue.
My Wet Grandmother - rubies and coleus.
My Mother. Tara Day. Lakshmi by Srimati Subbalakshmi. The Anima Cluster.

An aquatic nigredo.

a sea witch drowning in a black pool. her hair of burnt twigs and sticks, the ebony skull
gleams with highlights from the setting sun.
beyond the twin pinnacles of ship sail
a turbulence of sky storm
moist death water
carrion
sea.

A.thy.resh - was enigmatic.

The polarity of epilepsy and precision, melancholia and mathematical skill, clearly reflected in
Durer's **Melancholia**, defined the extremities of his being add to this the...

Cena de la Ceneri was written in a small book, covered with ruby satin from Shanghai, People's
Republic of China. The same colour that beckons us to drown in its bliss - that fills the skull-cup
of the Diamond Sow Mother - that dripped down in the 1,984 drops of blood of Edith Sitwell.

The Boy, was very melancholic - prone to periods of silent introspection - and yet brilliant
with tools, woods and his hands in general. Both these facets are to be seen in the etching
'Durer' by the German artist Melan Cholia. The third fact is that the Boy was an epileptic. The
black kelp drifting in the sea pool. BEVON. AVALON.

Don't wash your car. Don't fill your swimming pool. Don't water your sports field. Turn your
flush toilet OFF after hours of shitting. These edicts transmitted over the Mass Television Mind -
only apply to the elite few - for on the same programme - we are told that people are dying of
"Third World" diseases due to a lack of a clean water supply for drinking and washing, while
just over the hill (safe from cholera, TB and dysentery) the elect few suffer from the drought
restrictions and cannot fill their pools, wash their cars (so special to a Sunday) or flush their
toilets after hours of shitting.

The Boy sat on the balcony looking down over the ruined city and the river. Far South, over
the plains, mushroom storm clouds were building up. But they will never bring their relief to

these dry mountains and this dead city. Beyond the clouds, and beyond reach - lay the Province - where **CIRCUS** continued to transmit. The Boy would feed on the outer edges of this transmission, excavating from the waves of energy, what was necessary for the Great Work. We go down like sheep to their death. Cold Consummation. Cold consume'.

Now they are performing surgery on the cybernetic rose and heaven alone knows what data will be released. Now we must close the book before speculation runs riot as to the identity of 'they' and 'us'. We must close the book and give it to the Boy.

The 1513 arrival leaves me with 5 minutes until the 1518 departure Between these numerical operations on the Table of Time, my body is crucified. Conditioner gravies. Sex tissues. The plastic ruins. The Egg of Myrrh! Zen and the Art of Cocksucking. Galleon - the Ships and the Sea. Time is alright, surface textures become information - data in aesthetics.

THE EGG - smashed by Hammer or Sickle!

The Year of the Rat -

RATZ LIKKA DA CHEEZA/

Where does he keep the crackers -

lest ye become as little children again -

verse 7 -

winepress -

Revelation.

Down the cybernetic labyrinth.

I am not feeling well, with Trotsky on my lap, another coded Scorpio - out of time! Soft Energy Society Semantics of Sexuality Secret Service South West African's Peoples Organization. These words are excavated with some difficulty. Heigh Ho ! It's off to Work we Go! The mining operations that strips the Inner Void of my being. This is the process. The result is somewhat different. It eventually appears as a condensed pill, a compact miniature Sphere of experience - to which nothing can be added and from which, no 'thing' can be subtracted.

A great turbulence

from which immense pillars of fire shoot up.

The Seven Holy Fires of Samothraki: The DACTYLS, the iron ores removed from the Mothers' Body.

Come with me to my home by the sea. Let me teach you. Let me touch you with the feathers of my fingertips. Let me write ancient scriptures across your luminous flesh. Let me evoke the White Fountain to Flow into the desert of my loneliness. Let me be your Miniature Sphere.(What shit!)

I would classify this work as 'light' and 'allegorical'.

(What arrogance!)

Descent from the staircase -

transit Samandro to Earth -

discovery of Water -

immersion of Face -

giving Samandra Water -

purificatory egg...

washing of hair -
washing of feet -
reflection - circuit -
second rejection -
flight across water -
pursued by Samandro -
regression to childhood -
foetus -
Samandro moving in for the Kill -
smashing of Egg -
Saragyne's menstrual Egg broken open -
eating of yolk -
final Union -
washing of faces -
breaking of Forehead Egg -
frying -
end.
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While from CIRCUS came the transmission of Knee Greed O! The Work on the Cremation of the Mother. Why should the Anima be burnt? THis was followed by a transmission on the subject requested from the Tarot.

A Mountain with Three Peaks,
i.e. A Triangle,
A Foetus.
Yin - Yang - Yab - Yum.
NAZCA Lines, photographed from an aeroplane!
NA GA.
NA GA SA KI.
PERU.
CAPE TOWN.
Decapitation (as in Gnostic Terminations.)
Train and Locust.
Babies is an "E" = Jupiter.
A Skeleton Head.
Death of my Mother.
Empty, bleeding aeroplanes.
plains.

6th December 1985. Found Table Mountain in Nazca Lines; received two pictures of Table Mountain in the mail:

a) Birthday Card from Peter Garst;

b) Tourist brochure from S.A./Luxavia: therefore:

c) Three Table Mountains with 9 Peaks in all = NINE = THE SAGE = SERPENT Lineage = Naga/Nazca. And then the final astounding co-incidence. An aeroplane crashed into Table Mountain. (Or to be more exact, Devil's Peak.)

Afternoon of the Faun
Through the trees and past the lake
his perfect limbs dance through the heat

Page 4.

Your mind is trying to get in there and salvage the bits of information. Like a hyena tearing off bits of flesh while the wildebeest is still alive and kicking. They projected the photograph. Visual Note: Knephra is none other than Insect - Animus God - and "My Body" is the Golden Animus.

Later that day... At night One-horned Scarab King Knephra comes to take my body and enjoy it. The putrid flesh. Three hours later... Sometimes he is the Crab - digging and holding onto the Full Moon with his ten feet. Suddenly ... He creates underwater tunnels. That evening... He is Arcanum 18 and Arcanum 20. That evening... Everything you've ever wanted to know about Gothic.

Meanwhile... With Gold and Scarlet curtains. Suddenly... Dark subterranean passages, textured walls, spiders webs, candelabra, portraits with eyes that move, every cliché in the book. The red velvet is covered with the green slime from the Passing of Knephra. Rotting fabric and beetle dung. Metaxerox is inadvertently - documentation. The Crisis between Fact and Fiction, Boris and Doris, Adam & stEVE. The Theatre of Blood. As in Metasexual where the reference is to MARVEL COMICS - the photo statements - are always on the theme of Bondage, Blackmail & Male and other 'B's'. A 'B' is Barbara Cartland - and someone asked her how she retained her youth - and she said "I keep him locked in the bedroom."

\$1 a pint for skinhead piss. Flamel for the 12th Century vibration. Workshops. Yab-Yum of Pernille. Here again the Crystal will be discovered (refer to Queen Guru and the 108 Crystals of Her Incarnations.) Which number of the 108? 108 is 9 to the 12th Power i.e. $9 \times 12 = 108$. Which equals Wisdom and Sacrifice = Wisdom Again (1 + 8). We have here, almost the whole (Universe) as shaped by Nature. There, there should be the Primary Nine, each having Nine beneath Them (see Talbot Mundy - 'The Nine Unknown'). Also Scholem referring to the exact number of Knowers on the Planet at any given moment. This is the eagle's Egg which once upon a time a scarab (i.e. Dung beetle) shattered because of the wrong, the violence and the cruelty of that bird had inflicted on men and timid beasts. Ecological imbalance. This is also the 'Chairs' of the Rosicrucian Tables i.e. The Emerald Table of Europe, plus the 63 Seats of the Rose Cross, i.e. this is Number, Vibration and therefore Hierarchy.

Some had fled to the Cave of the Scarab (to appeal for help), yet were not then liberated. The Scarab then considered all by himself that he must in every way avenge that wrong; and, since he was endowed with a lively mind and with determination and had the strength and the wits

required for the purpose, the Scarab, pursuing the Eagle by various endeavors, used the most subtle expedient of dung to make the Eagle's egg (though deposited in Jupiter's Lap) fall down to earth, and, withal, be shattered. Pleasure is totally dependent on sensory intakes, i.e. the Six Senses. And, thereby, or otherwise, the Scarab would finally have obliterated the whole species of Eagles from the Earth, had not Jupiter (to guard against so great an evil) brought it to pass that no Scarabs be on the wing at the time of the year when the Eagles solicitously tend their eggs. The auditive factor, (hearing voices) was paramount (clairaudience) and the visual factor, (visions of light) secondary - p. 20, Scholem. All the same I should advise those who are vexed by the cruelty of that bird to learn a very useful art from those sun-beetles. JAH of Reggae is ELIJAH.

The comment that Metaxerox made about the cramped breast of Harry Haller - polytheism, and Steppenwolf - The Treatise - where reference to the Multiplicity of Beings within us - St Augustine and Christ being the Great Shepherd of all these Personae. Look at Groff's Realms of Consciousness. The Khorlo, Retinue, Cluster, Complex Structure of Dakini's (*mKhan.hGro.Ma's*) Ma? En Pa?

The Boy. Where the heart should be, a veil, a curtain of golden raindrops on the lunar cushion, the pathway of your pristine flesh. I weave the silver threads of your melting into a carpet.

9. An old print of spring flowers suggests quality as well as atmosphere: the suits are arranged with great care and attention to detail. Nite the up-and-down movement in this balanced display. The icon, the relique, the memory that Lethe always robs. He had the smallest, most tender body I have ever held. The Father holding his Son on the Cross of Flesh. Only the moment is of value. I went there just to see his face again. Because Lethe had stolen the memory. I have only the plaster cast left and some thorns. But of what use is hard plaster? In a Church, perhaps. See it all as a dream, as an illusion! Four black figures pass by a light. More than this? What is there to think about? Here you have the words, the lies of a very sick mind, the deceptions of a Xerox machine.

Here is a fantasy which has no reality - a construct of cerebral silk. How many times have the same old stories been re-hashed? What is new? Spring is here. But still I cannot find a method to still my mind. Dreams. Variations on a theme of love-making. The Sphere. So light that I can hold it upside down. We suffer because we cannot forget and because we cannot remember.

If we exist utterly without a past - the moment alone will be the focus - Why have the memory? Why live in the past?

I just wanted to see your face again - and then walk on, into the Light.

Throughout these events, there is a sense of place, and the place is drenched with fertility. Altars to an African Goddess. Gypsona and bamboo. Thorn pods, the shards of dead insects, quills, bones, seeds, snake skin. For decorative purposes, the skin is sliced into diagonals. The blood is mixed with plaster of Paris and I return to the building where I first met him. The

escalators, the piazza, coffee bars, the shops and neon advertisements - the Light, the endless hoping. There will be Another. There is always Another.

If I let go - as completely as I am capable of - then having the cake and eating it - are both of no consequence - "Space Fucking Space" - therefore what is there to hold on to?

79. Lightness and wit are provided by the furniture and amusing line drawings in this display of *The Boy*, by G. Schultz. The subterranean rivers that suddenly burst to the surface - streams of blood and slime. To engineer this tidal wave of sub-conscious contents is no easy task.

Lethe. I pity my mind because I cannot remember your face. Carpet, cushion and curtain - the decor of desire. Death should be a peaceful fruit, to be plucked at the most ripe moment. memories of beautiful bodies? A White Light that calls without hesitation, we go into, and melt, consume, the threads of matter are undone 85 Velvet Ribbons on the floor suggest railway lines and travel. Human skins are draped on thick rope covered with velvet. Hermes, Paris. (Taught me to have and to hold and to let go.) Then, whether one eats or not, does not matter.

ANOTHER PAGE OF SOMETHING ELSE.

to live on
the cutting edge

No, perhaps I do not want to meet you. To be able to remain an enigma, to both of us. We are so fragile, Venetian glass psyche - the aesthetics of our very vulnerability.

Ensnared in threads of non-being - how can 'I' be accessible, when 'I' do not know if 'I' exist? What hands, what warm flesh could possibly retrieve this brand of loneliness?

Beneath the white bridal veil, the falling lace - is my skull, all stuffed with dried roses and smeared with shit. This is the Dark Place, the Black Land known as Al Khem - or Egypt - this is the Alchemical Maze through which we wander, wonder!

Some say that there is only Beauty. Beauty in the Middle, Beauty in the beginning, Beauty at the End. Can Beauty be perceived without the Eyes, Ears, Nose, Tongue, Fingers etc.?

I do not think my act of packing up and leaving was as disgraceful as the acts of mediocrity that were perpetrated during my stay.

Notes in London, Priory Cottage, Islington.

Easy lessons on how to relate to the Guru. A complete re-appraisal of all that has gone before. This includes the exhaustion of the Glass Bead Game mentality, of the As Above, So Below Law, of the thought that Artists were in a way suitable as a vehicle of the Dharma, on frozen mind patterns, on the debris of New Age Literature, on a more empirical attitude, on a cleansing of the methods of communication, on precision, on the lineage and so forth.

Then again, the question of what to do?

There are no creative births without creative deaths.

My mother's death and the birth of Carmen Lucinda. Aurora's birth in Turin, and the visit to the Antinori grandmother in Naples. Alpha & Omega. The Bookend Principle.

At the moment, all is under control with the simple fact that direction though given, has not been activated as yet.

What more to say? I know not?

To find a way Out, when in Truth the way Out in the way IN!

Who am I? And what am I? My purpose in Life? These are the musings of poor Samandro - suffering because he is lost without Saragyne.

Look around at all the Books. The wealth of Knowledge unused through lack of application, of discipline. Ask the Shell of Flesh (with a Name!) What. What is this all about? It is a demented wind that is blowing outside.Etc. through to The empty Room of my Heart.

SOME OTHER PAGE.

It is not a case of waiting for the Beloved - or waiting to catch a train, or waiting for Death - one does not wait for anything or any 'Thing'. One merely waits. Nothing or no 'thing' less.

It is a condition, a particle of the Grammar of Being. There is neither fame nor shame involved. Only the lights which wait to absorb. To absorb All into It. It is then, and only then - that we may let go. om gate gate paragate parasamgate bodhi swaha.

It was at this point that the manuscript ended - (thank goodness) and the pen was found still standing in the ink well. No other traces of his incarnation were found.

The code is to be excavated from the following: Chopin Scherzo No 1 -4; Nocturne E. dup.op.62.2 and Berceuse Des - dur op.57.

My sister! Tonight I suffer with you - my tears are the precious water that is hard to find. My blood is shed by the knife that cuts through to the Bone of Truth. (What a Drama Queen!) Last night I had a dream of a White Bird that was killed (or perhaps Sacrificed.) Ugh!

We have found no trace of the White Bird; presumed lost.

Eros was hatched from an egg laid by the White Bird in the Womb of Darkness. (But some say the Egg was laid by the Black Winged Night!)

Eros was a double-sexed being and golden winged, he had four heads which roared like a bull or a lion, sometimes hissed like a serpent or bleated like a lamb. Greek Myths 2.b.

SAMANDRO/SARAGYNE. Five buckets, two masks, sickle, hammer, sow wheat, egg, costumes, headdress - hot-plate - frying pans. **LADDER!**

A network of incarcerating structures - that is what 'meaning' in meta-theatre is. And this is a piece of meta-detection.

Egg Birth - from which comes a dream of a Castle, Bavarian and of the Ludwig Class - Forest on Mountain - where in the huge halls Samandro meets the old and ugly hag - who actually emerges as being very Enlightened and Holy.

Talk when you need to. Bought the egg - did a drawings. Smoked a few cigarettes. Waited. Need: the resolve to be more honest as well - and the desire for Order is contained in the reduction of all material goods. Awaiting Saragyne. Tired and inspired. Too many X-cesses.

Further data on the transmission of Eros/Apollo. Hemispheric activity and that of LOGOS/DIONYSOS - can be released through using Eros in Greek Myth as a structural meta-data-bank - the pattern of History will unfold as in Eros/Apollo. See Toynbee for this. Pagan/Hellenic Eros in tension with the Christian Logos. Vatican? Or French Can Can? Whoever controls (The Five Great News Agencies), the content of News Broadcasts - makes certain that we are programmed in a certain manner. George Steiner, Schopenhauer - On Repetition. Minerals for Warfare and Techno-Logos. Marxist Scientific Materialism. What an unbalanced system! If one has the Logos, where is the Eros? e.g. You Got the Ding Dong, I got the Bell!

One of the deepest layers presently in operation, laying a lot of eggs, is the excavation of multi-leveled meaning in words, perhaps this is the semantics or Semiology of Being. Optimistic Gnostic: IS the planet at base, a Fault?

The agony of D.H.Lawrence. "The Ash of Things That Endure, and Things That Go Bump in the Night." Codify this entire process. The mere emergence of the Title signifies a phase in the sequence of creative genesis. If it is not produced, that would also be permissible.

Skulls.

Death imagery.

WHAT DEAR BOY IS LIFE ALL ABOUT?

If my tears dropping on your face
could only bring you back to life.

Body Bag.

Glad Wrap.

REBIS.

"Two-THING'.

EGG MELANOSIS.

It may be that a regular sequence will evolve from the meta-theatrical Work i.e. the general Blue Print, Idea, is vibrated outwards - then blocked out (or paced out) with Yantra and Mudra - with the Game Players absorbing the various stages - then come the details - the surface

textures, aesthetics - the raw data - leading to an internalizing of the outer structures being presented.

It was raining. The Transmission Room was totally empty. The Cottage deserted. And yet I went in and stood among the wet pools and the old stains and the arcane graffiti - because here was a sense of Place, an environment now personally absorbed into my personal mythology - and beyond that, the Myth of the Holy Boy!

(Was he born in Tibet?)

In dreams I walk through the sky, with minor psycho-navigational difficulties. Beneath me : the Royal Cities of India. When not exploring the Blue - I find this colour, shot with silver - on the glass-encased insects that eat away the birds of Magnificent Plumage, the White Bird and the birds of my fingers as they fly across the meta-flesh of the Boy!

The Descent of the Goddess - Key words: glory, triumph, excelsis deo, magnificent, feminine. HANDEL - bursts of morning raga - celestial splendour etc. deep adagios - sad and painful - must have either adagio from Eroica or adagio for string by Albinoni. How kitsch!

The crossing of the river. Absolute perception process of samsara is ? Buddhahood. It's All in the Mandala of Maitreya! The hierarchical interface. Female fear - pursuit by horrifying male - thunder, terror - wind on water - wind in rags - sound of feet running across water - (They are like stagnant pools of your perceptual beauty - you can kiss my arse but you can't stroke my pussy!) hands slapping water - increase in tempo - followed by raging male - roar of lion - merging into: -

Regression of female into child,
then baby, then foetus -
(sounds from altered states) -
male starts huge aggressive circuit -
"...closing in for the kill" -
final crash as he smashes the egg with hammer
(or sickle) lacerating whip sounds -
as female lashes into awareness -
dual - male suffering, female laughing -
crying -
advertisements for cooking:

Final tape loop. eggs are good for you! Certain texts for cut-up!

Honesty and Order. All possessions should be reduced to a minimum. Give away or sell every "thing" possible, for: "Give and Thou Shalt Received But in Order to Receive Thou Must First Give of That Which Thou Already Hast! Order can be transmitted. Honesty is more difficult. Egg, Me, La, No and Sissi.

His. Onion. Vegetable. My. Skin. Human. Their. Paper. Texture. She.Pen.Point. They Staedler. Bavarian. A. Our. Micropen. Letter. It. SC330. Number.

Especially when pride presides - preparation Work must be done - MUST as no loose threads can be left to unravel. Release your 'self'. Let the White Bird out of the cage. Why Samandro was afraid to write the Truth! A form of no-'self' censorship inhabits the cave of his non-Mind which....

MARS M 13

URANUS I 10

MARS M 13 = URANUS. (73 - 7 + 3 = 10.)

MARS O 16

SUN S 21

CENTAURUS

The figure of the Centaur, which is the Sign of Sagittarius, depicts man's evolutionary status, the hindquarters of the beast reminding him that his task is to slough the animalism which impedes his emergence to the state of full manhood, as the chrysalis impedes the creature within it from using its wings until it struggles mightily to free itself from the constraining sheath. The evolution of the butterfly demands physical effort; that of man requires mental and spiritual effort by means of the wisdom and discipline that are found in idealistic philosophy and true religion; true religion being the original teachings of those men who alone were capable of giving such instruction, since they themselves had taken the next step in evolution. These God-like men, notably Gautama the Buddha and Jesus the Christ, had made the transition from Centaur to full manhood, so that it could truly be said of their characters that they were the image and likeness of the Highest Good. Thus, they were capable of teaching others how to make the transition. In this very real sense, they were exemplars and saviours. They did not theorize about biological evolution, being concerned not with the flesh but with the spirit of man; but they triumphantly demonstrated that spiritual evolution to a higher state of being was possible, and, by their very existence, provided the evolutionary goal, or Mark, as Paul put it, for the rest of mankind. Their conception of religion was not a collection of myths, legends and ceremonial rites, but a way of thought and life whereby man could become something finer and better than an earthbound, frustrated Centaur.

PEGASUS, a winged horse sprung from the blood of Medusa, when Perseus had cut off her head. He received his name from his being born, according to Hesiod, near the sources [□ □ □ □] of the ocean. As soon as born he left the earth, and flew up in to heaven, or rather, according to Ovid, he fixed his residence on Mount Helicon, where, by striking the earth with his foot, he instantly raised a fountain, which has been called Hippocrene. He became the favorite of the Muses; and being afterwards tamed by Neptune or Minerva, he was given to Bellerophon to conquer the Chimaera. No sooner was this fiery monster destroyed, than Pegasus threw down his rider, because he was a mortal, or rather, according to the more received opinion, because he attempted to fly to heaven. This act of temerity in Bellerophon, was punished by Jupiter, who sent an insect to torment Pegasus, which occasioned the melancholy fall of his rider. Pegasus continued his flight up to heaven, and was placed among the constellations by Jupiter. Perseus

according to Ovid, was mounted on the horse Pegasus, when he destroyed the sea monster which was going to devour Andromeda.

- *Hesiod. Theog.* 282.
- *Horat. 4. od.* 11, v. 20
- *Homer. Il.* 6, v. 179.
- *Apollod.* 2, c. 3 & 4.
- *Lycophr.* 17.
- *Paus.* 12, c. 3 & 4.
- *Ovid. Met.* 4, c. 785.
- *Hygin. fab.* 57.

CABALINUS, a clear fountain on mount Helicon, sacred to the muses, and called *Hippocrene*, as raised from the ground by the foot of Pegasus. *Pers.*

"By the latest calculations, the Galactic Centre sits at 268 degrees celestial longitude, just below the Ecliptic. In the illustration this is indicated by a small black lens – shape near the tip of the Archer's arrow. Looking that way, you are gazing in a direct line – of – sight to the Galactic Centre. Likewise, the ARCHER appears to be using the same visual bearing for sighting his target."

In der Mythologie: Mischung aus Schat und Ziege für die Landwirtschaft

SAGITTARIUS-CENTAURUS.

Starry CENTAUR WITH BOW FULL DRAWN i.e. Combatitive qualities & Locomotion.

Dual sign adapting to:

- a) **SCEPTER**
- b) **SWORD**

Natural ruler of Philosophy. Travel.

Chief Mental characteristics: Discipline, prompt decision, self control, power to command others. Conservative attributes: obedience to ruling authority. **CUIRASS.**

URANUS IN SAGITTARIUS.

URANUS = unsexed qualities, octave expression of Mercury, sudden changes of fortune, sudden changes of mental viewpoint, short cut reasoning, instantaneous unconscious data output/input/**INTUITION.**

Samten has Mercury & Mars in Sagittarius.

"Le Tatouage."

bound to a wheel that turned forever in the wind. this was the fate of he that fathered the centaurs.

with hands like old bone moistened with milk
I beauty and pain are woven together and remain that way

- in this world,
- these worlds.

The Centaurs lived in the region of Mount Pelion. Hercules killed most of them and drove the rest to Mount Pindus.

He was a Dakini in disguise, selling second-hand dreams and moth-eaten inspiration. The brocades are now rotting by the sea. Emeralds covered with green slime. Offal of Neptune. Like a Temple Curtain, He/She lowered His/Her shorts and started to have a shit. The smell was worthy of a Jean Genet Fantasy But those illusions are collecting barnacles in salt water pools.

A Nazi skin moisturizing crime. Crematoria creams for lampshades. Too busy with:

ITEM body-bagged SWAPO terrorists. Bullets fired at Presidents, Popes, Polish. COBRA. POLES. GREASED. At the top of a 30 metre pole? Don't kill the World. We kill the world. Don't let her down. The interface between Xoteric and eSoteric – Point Conception Story. Camp David = Shangri La – U.N.O. BUILDING. Rip – Digest.

the Constellation of Centaurus, the Centaur, is, according to The Third Edition of Everyman's Encyclopedia (London: J.M. Dent & Sons Ltd.) situated under Virgo and Libra and between Argo and Scorpio, and was supposed to represent the centaur CHIRON. It contains Alpha Centauri.

A great Fountain of Bliss, Centaurus dances on four legs. I wish to enshrine the Mengele Sisters.

Minerva protects Pax from Mars. Rubens. the skin/flesh is pearl, sheened with a ruby on a gold clasp holding sea-green brocade – the central figure with left hand holding breasts is akin to Isis feeding Horus (suckling) in Egyptian Deity statuettes. Skin is almost opaque – as if light is beneath – within.

ALPHA CENTAURI is a double star, one revolving around the other in seventy-nine years, and there is reason to believe from perturbations observed that there is a third, albeit invisible, companion.

I can only remember the whiteness of his skin, which seemed to have a pale blue light shining from within – skin that could never be violated by the sun – or by age. He embodies for me – the classical – as only a Greek child could.

The two luminous stars have a probable mean distance of 2,232,000,000 miles from each other. Alpha and Beta Centauri are known as the Southern Pointers because they serve as a guide in finding the Southern Cross.

to view the beauty of this mechanical microcosm replete with electronic insects and sliding dimensions of mentation. here, revolving on a wheel in the cybernetic winds, threaded through the vast factory space with lazer beams and holographic speculations on the endurance of automated agony spinning in time, not unlike the ROTA of inner transmissions, a gnostic revolution, un.noticed by the masses.

hands now become cryptic receivers of data,
hands too worn to resist,
where the blade meets the tread and the end of the production line is in sight.

The Age of Sagittarius will begin in the year 4037 and end in 6193.

'Centaurus?

bound to the infinite revolutions of the wheel. my back became a Greek frieze of stippled ice as I thought of Him. It is all so very classical.

The latest is linking the CENTAUR/Theriomorphic figure with that of Hayagriva/Tam.Drin.They are both theriomorphic but in reverse, the Horse Head above, in the Tibetan form, the Horse Body below, in the Greek version:

gYu.thog was a Great Healer/Doctor/Saint of Tibet.
I am a Centaur. Or? my animus. vira. daka. pawo is a Centaur. Sagittarius.
The Archer.
Zen and the Art of Archery.
"Concentration is the Arrow that Pierces the Illusions of Matter. "
Jupiter/Zeus.
Sun/ Animus in Scorpio. Moon/ Anima in Leo.
Dakini/Venus inspiration works with the Heruka – Solar anima force in Scorpio.

Daka/Hero/Mars is the Centaur, Arrow, Publisher. No, His name is Not the Man With The Smile, but - the Laughing Boy – and again we try to remember if it was the HIPPOCENTAUR that was brought to Egypt, or the Honey?

The audio-treacle of Hollywood soundtracks to the tension of muscles on the horses back.

She's a proper lady dog, hey? A face – landscape of pink porridge.
Do you find it impossible to smoke these? La Boutique. KILL! KILL! KILL!
Most of them try too hard. I'll try to keep that in mind. Impossible conditioning.D.D.L. Desk Drawer Literature.
Red being the colour of the Future.
But Dali said it is azure.
PINKO?

The Blue's is not just a style of music. It's a condition.
Frank's Bazaar is 'The Man With The Smile' is Centaurus is The Laughing Boy.
ADAM and stEVE. The old lady is like Oliver Twist. Always asking for more.

3-D ANAGLYPH System.

Red and Green glasses .

We question the overwhelming inflow of data - would it not be better if fewer facts were presented in a spacious mental environment?

The Black Queen.

Body of Mud.

Divine Fertility.

She is Social.

The Mad Hatter's Tea Party.

"One day he gives us diamonds, next day stones."

Timon of Athens.

THE WONDEROUS HORSE, the HALABARWA

In ancient times merchants had to make long and difficult journeys across the ocean to obtain the Wish-Fulfilling Gem. One day, one of their ships was beset by a violent storm and the merchants risked losing their lives. The Compassion form of the Buddha, Avalokitesvara, seeing their plight, emanated in the form of a wonderful horse and, flying through space, rescued the merchants and carried them on his back to safety.

Sherapalden Beru, Tibetan artist, Kagyu Samye-Ling, Scotland.

J.E.Circlot, in his Dictionary of Symbols, says that:

"From a symbolic point of view the centaur is the antithesis of the knight, that is, it represents the complete domination of a being by the baser forces: in other words, it denotes cosmic force, the instincts, or the unconscious uncontrolled by the spirit."

(I am not sure if I agree with this interpretation.)

END NOTES [ADDED AUGUST 2003.]

That skin, like pink rose petals
blushed with blue and dusted with
lace. A Fanny Hill Spectacular.
And they tattoo the number on your
pineal gland. My dears, it's all
the fault of the Androgyne, burning
in the fire of Nagasaki.

Sitting in a car, listening to
Amazing Grace played on Scottish
bagpipes, while little snowflakes
fall to the pavement of Fortis
Green Road. Clutching Lucretius,
having just come from a Soviet
Fantasy film. Like the Bells and
the great calcified turd embedded
in my brain, if it is calligraphy.

Come, lets slip without complaint
into the waters of Birth & Death.

existence is in actuality an
infinite expanse of very sticky
flypaper, and the expansion of
consciousness is just sinking
deeper into the shit. The State
of Being, which is beyond words
because words are liars, from
which, and to which, the ONE,
is progressing, is, and is not,
the ripped wings of the broken
body/bodies of the vast myriads
of flies thrashing on the fly
paper.

O Ye Serpent, sucking my entrails out,
Thy skin is the quintessence of Fly
Paper!

