

N.T.R - KAI RO

Samten de Wet [1]

An Egyptian Fantasy



The Watcher of the East was dying, fading into the Light. His body was transparent like Glass, the great flowing white beard, a waterfall of crystal-clear silver. His skin was the palest shade of pearl pink. His Voice, the Crystal Voice, was like the soft winds of Marut through the papyrus grass. These were the few words the air gave to us:

`...mighty one of miracles,
giver of life to all men,
maker of times and seasons,
who cometh to all who invoke him;
who giveth sons to the childless,
the great Kheri heb,
the Image and Likeness of Thoth." ²

And then, he spoke in his Dream Voice - slowly, with a great power.

"My Children my Divine Children, let me tell you about the Great Kheri heb, known to you as the Great Master Imhotep. He incarnated on this Earth to bring an earlier age of Wisdom, the Golden Age to its conclusion. And, caught between Time, He gave the ground-plan for the times and phases of the age then beginning and those that would follow to the end of our history.

¹ Egypt, Hermetic, Unfinished.

² [A Greek inscription to I-EM-HETEP found at PHILAE]

In Truth, He did not incarnate alone, but descended with His Retinue, so that the full Mandala could manifest. Such a one, was the Great King Zozer, behind whom Master Imhotep shielded the full intensity of his Great Light.

It is always the Way of the Hierophants to work from behind the screens of history. He was the genius of King Zozer. At that stage He was known as Wazir, in your common translations - a Prime Minister, or the Chancellor of the King."

OM SETI - I met her at Abydos in the Temple. She needs to awaken her flesh. It has gone a bit bitter within. Her milk has gone sour.

A grey amulet shaped vaguely in combinations of the letter **H** when similar patterns appear on the white ceiling above my head.

THE SHIP. i.e. MOTHER HAS ARRIVED, in other words The Mother Ship. (But what about The Father Ship?)

The amulet completed is now in place on a certain part of the body of the Divine Boy, perhaps the lower spine, somewhere on the Ladder of Osiris, somewhere Over the Rainbow. His body is thus magnetized and teleported into the ship through the Mother Ship locks, which appear exactly in the shape of the patterns of the ceiling.

From the railing we looked out into infinite space, the milky galaxies moving by slowly.

"But how can we breathe in Outer Space", I asked in amazement. "Because we are here in Thought", said the Watcher." Many of us have built this Ship with our Thoughts. We create its textures and aesthetics, in our dreams. The Dreams of the Watchers.

The pool reflected the Stars above, and delicate water lilies floated on its mirror surface.

"Look into the Pool if you wish to know more", said the Watcher.

And I looked and Saw:

THE NTR AT THE TOP OF THE NINE STEPS.

Again the Watcher said to me:

"You have to understand, dear child, that NTR is a meta-language of supremely exquisite subtleties."

The Child awoke screaming:

"Don't let it break, please Lord, don't let it break."

The Silver Thread.

The valley of the Kings.

The Medium - Solveig - who saw the thread - and where it led to...

62. to the Flaming Beings who give forth Fire.

63. to the divine Burning Altars.

KAI ROW - The West Bank is the Place of the Living Dead - the vast slum of filth from which the **BEN BEN** Stone will arise. I can see the scene in detail. It has the quality of a science-fiction Calcutta/Cairo.

ct may 1990

There are Four Watchers:

The Watcher of the East,
The Watcher of the West,
The Watcher of the North, and
The Watcher of the South.

They have Names...

The Rose said:

"When she sings, she creates the complete circle of a Buddha, a serene distance and nearness."

The Valley was already in deep shadow. Only the tops of the orange cliffs were lit by the setting sun.

Brain Juice, Facades and Objects

The dummy cups in the Egyptian tombs, which were not even hollowed out; the SED Festival - a Wild West, Pop-Up, Cut-Out papier mache film set, cardboard facades - the make-up in layers of rotting face paint.

And the Dummy Phallus of Osiris, the Dildo of Isis. All these Dummy Facades and objects are beautiful. Reality is a Dummy Facade as well, which may collapse at any minute, like a slip-face on a sand dune in the Eastern desert gives way under the hooves of a gazelle.

They were bright in their white cotton robes, against the blue of the sky and the gold of the buildings. And on a pole, or standard held high above the front priest was the King's Placenta. The Mammasi Birth Houses, with the Sudani black Dwarf-God Bes painted on their walls - with the beautiful Walt Disney Hippopotamus Goddess - THEORIS.

What a Culture!

"We have received a call to go Down", said the Watcher. The Stars faded and walls of black granite took their place. The Mirror Pool lit up from beneath, the water became azure air, the lilies turned into bright lights, and beneath us we saw a Golden Sarcophagus opening.

In dream, I found my way into the old guava tree in the backyard of 25 Weetwood Road, P.E.I realized that the corrugated iron fence at the back of our yard, was the demarcation line between the white world and South End, the Harbour Culture, poor whites, Midnight Curry Den's where burnt-out old jockeys drank their sorrows away.

NTR OF LIGHT.

The Image or Vignette:

A Figure holding a sail in each hand, the sails are distended with the wind. But no, let us tell the Truth. It is not Air, or Wind that fills these sails - but LIGHT.

"...And I draw air from the presence of the God (NTR) of Light (KHU) to the bounds of Heaven, and to the bounds of earth, and to the bounds of the uttermost limits of the flight (literally feather) of the NEBEH bird. May air be given unto these divine young beings."

AN ANSWER.

The Crystal Voice of The Watcher then uttered the following words:

THE PATH OF HONEY, THE SWEET WAY,
THE CREATIVE ROAD, LEADS TO MOISTURE,
AND A DOUBLE -MOUTHED CAVE.

The Watcher, who seemed to have a distinctly Egyptian quality, spoke thus:

The Crystal Voice spoke again:

IN THIS, WE HAVE THREE EXHALTATIONS AND ONE FALL.

The Crystal Voice said:

LOOK YOU UNTO THE THREE FATHERS OF ORION FOR AN ANSWER.

Birth Goddess. Frazer suggests:

Thus it is written in *The Egyptian Book of the Dead*, p. 198.

See also: HORUS - LIGHT, p51.

FLAMING BEINGS, p. 432.

That Garden, the scene of so many profound dreams (see the Dream Book), all of a Dionysian Texture, and always inhabited by the Sacred Serpent; was the site of a fecundity activated by the proximity to a border fence - borders and frontiers are ruled by Pluto. I would eventually cross that corrugated Iron Fence into the Splendors of India, the alchemical maze of the Tarot; the Diamond Light of Tibetan Buddhism, and the ancient Dust of Egypt.

The cluttered mind, filled with the debris of an ancient Egyptian tomb. It is an Egyptian tomb! The City of the Dead. Necropolis. Necropolitan. Necropolitics. Pigs, flies, shit, vermin, disease.

P.E.31.05.90

That HELIOPOLIS, the City of the Sun is now a fetid slum inhabited by dogs, pigs, flies and human debris. In the slime of this liquid shit called the Non-Lands, a child finds a pointed, pyramid-shaped diamond, protruding from the ground, about the height of a matchbox. The BENBEN STONE is rising out of the Primal Slime.

The Pool cleared and it seemed as if we were flying over the continent of Africa. Ravines and gorges with a black river between the cliffs. A man swimming in the water. He is naked. Beneath the surface we see a crocodile. The water is red with the blood of the man. He is eventually eaten.

A Ship, a Space-Ship that is constructed from group energy, or group consciousness. It can travel outside Time and Space. A Ship constructed from Thought, or Consciousness. This is the KEY to the esoteric idiomatic expression:

Thoughts are Mans' (and Woman's"), Most Potent Builders... i.e. The Temple not Built by Human Hands Dynamic.

Descending the stony path to the river, she brushed the early evening spider-threads away, with an apology for disturbing the labour of the spider.

The Valley was silent and preparing for sleep. Only a white Cackler was to be seen, with its beak tucked in under its wings for the night.

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Abandoning realities and dimensions, the NTR BES, would tour the Universe, whenever boredom struck.

I cross an ancient wrought-iron steel bridge, after wading through a river. On the other side of the bridge there is a barricade of old, rusted sheets of metal. I climb over - there is a pool of stinking black mud. On the other side of this pool, the deformed Shades of the Non-Lands are throwing their offerings of bread to the earth, as if these offerings were actually to the Wall which sealed them off from the uncontaminated Zone.

These were the Shades of the Non-Dead, of the Non-Lands, where We could not dwell. But what was I doing here? Their pathetic flat breads made from the flour of tree-roots were piled up at my feet. Offerings to the Zones they could not visit?

Then I realized they thought that I was a God.

How did I reach this Red Desert? The Custodians of Wisdom and the Watchers have mentioned the Door of Dreams, the Door of Birth and the Door of Death I must have been born and died in this desert. Therefore I have come here through the Door of Dreams.

Strange beasts are moving across the landscape. They have long pointed horns.

The desert! A miniature landscape of baobab trees. The shifting textures and colours. Complete transformation from the beauty of it all. Brought to a numbness. Where to go from here? Am I in a log-jamb of epic proportions? The desert ant, the sand-dune beetle.

Along the sea-shore, a black slime covered the beach, and rotting debris was mixed with the putrefying bodies of dead birds. The sky was red, with black clouds. There was no sun. Just a burning Light. There was an electrostatic crackle of opalescent blue light where my auric egg came into contact with the contaminated filth beneath my feet. I saw a half-melted plastic doll with deformed sea-lice sheltering in its body.

Once, a huge serpent passed through The Garden. Many years later, in another Dream, this same serpent appeared, slain and cut into pieces. This motif of a chopped-up snake appears in the sky in the graphic vision of The Watcher of the East, published in The Hieroglyphic text known to us as 'The Enlightenment of the Red Mandala.'

The Watcher of the East Said:

"The NTRs (Gods) die when we do not send them our dreams. That is what you have to realize. By not dreaming your creative visions, you starve the Celestial Beings. We do not exist without you, and you do not exist without us. There is no dualism involved. It is a case of Not-Two, and Not-One."

The Uplifting of the Sky was performed before AMUN, HERYSHEF and KHNUM. In the Old Kingdom, the Uplifting of the Sky was performed in the SED Festival. The ideogram for the Name of AMUN, is similar to the Symbol of Aquarius. Thus we can find the Key to the Festival of Sed, in the Mysteries of AQUARIUS, or rather, those of URANUS.

In Amsterdam, on May 18th 1985, the serpent appeared again, with skin that it had sloughed off, in the midst of the fecund grapes, the vines growing amongst the branches of a guava tree. Once again, the site is The Garden.

The Bi-modal map of conception - is not just a Sperm/egg Conjunction but also a Primal Mound meeting a Descending Phoenix.

All FIRE PROMETHEAN symbolism leads to PTAH - MEMPHIS and: The PHOENIX - BENU Bird - & HELIOPOLIS.

IMHOTEP is the Connecting Link, or Receiver of HIKE - Does he come from SIRIUS? What is IMHOTEP'S relationship to THOTH? Is THOTH the BIRD that comes from SIRIUS?

OSIRIUS?

ISIS?

The sediment. The pools of clear rainwater in the yellow clay, and the little twigs I used to stir up the minute Nagasaki clouds of clay mud.

MIN

The Great NTR MIN, was in ancient times, "...connected with a clan whose totem was the bee." Now this quotation from one of the social scholars of the 20th Century shows exactly how incorrectly thinkers of that Century viewed the associations and operations of the NTRs. The bee was neither a "clan" nor a "totem animal". The Truth is to be seen in the name of the Priests of MIN, who were called "People of the Bee". MIN too, is regarded as a BEE-NTR, or a BEE-God, because the bees were GODS, i.e. NTRs.

This "Royal Lineage" of the "bee clan" was actually a Celestial Lineage. The bees, from our point of view, came from the Stars. And the evidence suggests it was a Matriarchal Celestial colonization.

I dream of a clear glass serpent. It has a small door in its skull which I open and place something inside. It was at this precise moment that One of the Watchers made the Transition.

Instamatic tidal waves. Whatever happened to Doris Day? "*Cry me a River*" - Julie London. Was her River of Tears, the Nile? And Julie was an incarnation of Isis?

Now I am reading graffiti on a station wall. It says: "GOD IS A BUTTERPOT." I try to work that one out, as the train pulls out of the station.

The Great Struggle - between the TYPHONIC and the OLYMPIC elements, is also:

The Great Confrontation: CON (with) - FRONT - (us) or: FACE TO FACE. (*Through a Glass Darkly?*) Face is to be understood in its Mystical Sense, of Beholding the Face (or FACET) of God, or Goddess. Behold! The Face of God. Engelburp Dunkahunk. Can I write? Semblance of Order. Words. Father ill - go to P.E. to cool out.

Over the years I have had various dreams in which serpents appeared.

Another dream of a serpent trying to eat, or digest.

A dream in Turin: A Garden I am busy watering. (Weetwood Road again) - pruning a bush - I 'feel' a snake is near - and see a black shadow or silhouette dropping from the foliage. It is a silver snake and it speaks to me - and I feed it with itself, bits of itself, chopped up. This chopped up serpent appeared a day later, in a horror film based on Edgar Allen Poe, which I saw on TV.

This snake is the Uroboros. In the Leiden papyrus known as *'The Gold Making of Cleopatra'* - we see the Uroboros eating its own tail. This serpent is half-light and half dark, i.e. **YIN** and **YANG**, and is inscribed *'ONE IS ALL'* Thus the connection with ALEPH - ONE (Number 1, Arcanum 1 - The Magus), and Mercury.

The Magus wears the Uroboros as a belt. See C.C. Zain..

A medium artist once did a portrait of my *'spirit guide'* and his name was Simon, the Essene, the Essenes were related to the Naasenes (see above).

The Serpent *is* the Tree.

This is the Mystery.

The reference to Serpents in Matthew 10:16, "Be ye therefore as wise as serpents" of Jesus Christ.

A Note: The Serpent Lineage: The Brazen Serpent is Nailed (Tippereth) to a Mirror. Rubber Snake: cut to Face in Ecstasy; this is:

Nail the Bronze to the Tree of Life,

Nail it to: Uranus & Neptune (i.e. the *'Crossbars'* of The Tree).

Nail it to: Saturn & Jupiter.

Nail it to: Mars and Mercury.

Awoke in a state of high energy - thinking that there was a great Silver Cobra in my room. Consulted the I Ching on this.

NTR

Oh the pity of it! When they opened the chest on the beach, the mother was dead, but the Child had survived. Crazy, wandering Auntie INO, the Cow-Goddess nursed this Divine Boy Child in a Cave - in the region called:

The Gardens of Dionysus. (Could this be similar to the Gardens of Adonis?)

How revolting! Imagine being shut up in a chest with your dead Mother, rotting Mom. Another example of the Child shut up in a chest with the Dead body, or putrefying Matrix (of the Mother), i.e. Rotting Mom - is the Story of the Birth and Conception of Orion, who is also Osiris.

The Seed of the Three Gods, Mars, Mercury, and the Sun; the Three Fathers of Orion, was wrapped up in the Skin of a sacrificed Bull (or was it a Cow?) and buried in the Grave of the Mother.

ORION was born from the Grave of his Rotting Mom. H.P.B. gives extensive references to INO, who seems to be a KEY Goddess to the Initiatory migrations from Egyptian sources onward to the Initiations of the Mystery Island of Samothraki. INO hurled herself into the sea, and was known thereafter as:

THE WHITE GODDESS - LEUKOTHEA...

But Auntie INO, Leukothea, the White Goddess, appears again and again in trans-dimensional form. She emerges on the fringes of 'The Strip of Purple Cloth', the only clue that has ever been released, or will be released, about the Nature of the Mysteries of Samothraki, and the Initiations thereto.

Samothraki, O Samothraki, The Child in the Cauldron is the Homunculus.

The Helmsman in the Story of Dionysus at Sea Undergoes an Initiation

Much later, in another culture, J.K. Huysmans, writing about the Isenheim Altarpiece of Grunewald, said:

"This rotting carcass was that of a god." ³

1990. DREAM: but not asleep. A Face, very deformed, similar to 'The Cry' by Siqueros, also almost fetal. I know it belongs to the People of the Non-Lands, behind that Wall - also it is an image from my own subconscious, beginning to emerge in all its deformity feel it is both a simultaneous birth and death in One. A recognition of the textures involved - rotting fabric, old bones and feathers - very shamanistic, went through it on last trip - a condensed mucous that has to be dug out.

Always, the mucous that has to be dug out. The archaeology of phlegm.

THE DEVISTATION.

The Dev. The Devastation of what? See NTR.

³ J.K. Huysmans, *Against Nature* Penguin.

