

## PICATRIX

They gather around me, in a cluster: Metasexual, Queen Guru, Vira, Centaurus, Metaxerox, Picatrix and so on - in their luminous tubes of Light, their Via Lucis cellular ecstasy of computerized please.

Looking at a plan of a building - the realization flows/pours in - that I know this place! But it so happens that this "place" is the Mandala of Kalachakra! "I know a place where the lights are High. Shambhala. The deepest longings for that Perfect Realm! The Slavonic opulence of Shostakovich's Symphony No 5 in the Soviet Melodiya recording.

All the Power of Mercury lies hidden in the Silver, i.e.  
All the Power of Aleph lies hidden in Resh (20) which is Beth (2)  
which is Qoph (11).

See *Atlanta Fugiens* Emblem XXXIII.

Emblem XXX1 (31) see Jung, *Alchemical Studies*, para 181.

When the energy reaches its height - it turns down backwards - the Shepherds Crook Archetype.

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## ANNUNCIATION

Varieties of "ANNUNCIATION"  
An Annunciation Variety Show.  
Annunciate your words properly.

Annunciation must be firmly placed within the complex of Messengers and Announcers. Such a manifestation is the Angel that appears to Brother R.C. at the beginning of *The Chemical Wedding*.

Gabriel in General - and a Moon=Mercury interface in particular. This is because all blowing of Trumpets, are a form of annunciation. To announce, to send out a FIAT - is the work of the Messenger God - Mercury.Nucio?

Other Annunciations:

Mary had a Little Lamb, the Doctors were amazed. She must have been up to something in the bushes with Little Bo Peep.

The Holy Mother Mary had an Immaculate Contraction.

Annunciation must be related to Prophecy, in that the Prophet announces. What?

That:

You should have made a cast of the gemsbok horns that we found in the Richtersveld!  
You should have Photostatted all the Dogon material.  
And other such regrets.

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I placed a Divine Child, in a niche, or alcove. There was a sense of the richness of the brocade on the Sacred Bambino of Aracoeli in Rome. And on awakening, I remembered the Image of Trophonios, the rich Babylonian fabrics in which the image was swathed - the Light that radiated from it - that was so bright it illuminated the wall opposite. This also brought to mind recent readings on Illuminism, an especially the extensive survey by Mircea Eliade in *'The Two and the One'*.

The Child in Light. The Radiating, Holy Child. The Divine Puerus, and so on.

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A Little Number Mystery Code:

7 Angels with Trumpets,  
24 Elders with Harps,  
Harp, the Herald Angel Sang.  
Hark, Harold the Angel sing.  
144,000 Male Virgins rescued from Death &c.  
P. 106 *Myth of Invariance*. Revelations.

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FRAGMENTS OF VISION

THE SHINING CLAY.

KOUROS

Are you the 1.47? said the old lady. "NO", I shouted from the back of the bus, "I am the One, Forty-Seven!"

This suggests an initiatory communication between two Hierophants, the "Old Lady" and "I".

For Tea, Seven, and Eye. The Flashing Eye. The Kouros Lighthouse.

The Flashing Neon Light on the beachfront - could have been releasing The Great Code in Morse - i.e. in Code//The Code Encoded.

We go down like sheep to their death.  
Cold consummation. Cena.  
Thus born: from Oupa en Ouma who looked like they walked right out of the Groot Trek.

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General Writing - and KAI-ROW. (Garlic, water, fresh fruit - for "griep".)  
Shakespeare - Sonnet 116.

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AIN, A Fountain.

Through the gracious fields, the calligraphy of orchard and iris, the Fourteen Stations of the Poppy. Firenze.

They alone, the Nine Unknown can detect the weak link, the worm in the corpse - an engine called 'Sandra' has just gone by, her transformer is actually a shape-shifter.

\*\*\* Rubber Fists. "Blisters on the Lips of Cupid." George Crumb, 'Star Child'.

Yves de Smedt? Andre de Wet. Images of grief, the bleeding clown with the whip, riding on a Kudu - and the black crepe! Biochip. "See! The Battle of the Plastic Bananas and (or versus) The Rent-a Rubber-Fist Girls!" New fruit, New Tree, but Old Seed! Represent it, abstract it - for Routes out of the 'meaning' and \*\*\*

Bits? desiccated Peppermint Polls on computerized pogo sticks - like a nice consumer audience, they clap, stamp their feet, fart and whistle. You pays your money and you hears your music, in black lace and sequins, in jeans and T-shirts (and then to the Royal Yacht Club of Cape Town after this research on the Cabiri). O what a totality of sensation!

The essence of Renunciation. A whiff of Bruckner. An autumn rain, wet and fleshy bamboo; slugs on the patio, steps leading up to Cave. From pre-Bach to post-Bartok. Ist Class Return, please... But Sally Slug was squashed underfoot.  
Dawn of the Year of the Iron Horse.

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What is the Vision?

He is really KLU KLUX CLEAN!

She stood on the Ponte San Maurizio in Venezia, gazing down a corridor of aesthetic textures, and said:

"Presently, it will be accepted that art is an aesthetic information processing system, characteristically

Byzantine rather than inefficient."

We could never "work out" whether she was quoting Jack Burnham or, actually releasing a parallel revelation. Besides we couldn't "work out" what the shit she was trying to say.

"She's real prime!" Clark Gable in *'The Misfits'*.

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"Yes, it is time for us to walk across the square."

"One for soup and one for coffee."

A possible 100,000 other civilizations in the Universe.

Harlequin Whores. Stage and Evening Wear, designers.

What is the Vision?

The Three Faces of Eve: NP, CP, AWB

And Behold, there arose out of the Sea, a Great Beast, with One Body, One Head and Three Faces. And upon the Foreheads of the Three Faces were written the Letters NP, CP, and AWB.

Yes, they/we did. (Have no bananas?) What is even more interesting is that Hercules made use of the Alpheus to cleanse the Augean Stables. Hercules Plumbing and Drainage Pty.Ltd.

She wears the pants. Does this mean that she has a very big clitoris?

After the Festa. Torino 14.9.1985. Kusha Grass, Yarrow sticks, a pink rose, Black and White Zulu beads, What more is needed? After the Ball is over.

Walls of Jericho - mentioned in Hugh Masekele article, and in Molesworth - 'Wall of Sound' - vision of a concert at Greenham Common - (see wire-cutters in PEACE NEWS Dave's billboard - not scissors, too weak an image - PARIS-LONDON - immigrant youth against fascism.

In Praise of Mielies. Ronnie Rumblebum and Gloria Gutgrumbler. Names. The runway being a Path edged with lights. METATRON. METAPHYSICAL TRACE ON. TRON. This Command is used to trace programme execution step-by-step. The Cowrie Shell, Lillian Pearl, the Star Child and the Baakens River Valley. What are their inner names in Xhosa and Zulu respectively?

If the Cowrie Shell is The Voice of the Diviners Bones, then is it parallel to the Sanskrit VAK - and in Tibetan 'srung', as in Body, Speech and Mind. 'Srung', VAK and 'Cowrie' are codes respectively for communication - and therefore would they have Mercurial associations?

Amongst the Dogon, a Cowrie Mask is worn by the men during their dances, depicting a Maiden. Is the Cowrie shell thus feminine, is association with the Sea? See: Conch and Venus. The Conch in Buddhism. The Heart of Machig Labdron's mother is replaced with a Conch when Machig incarnates in her body.

Beauty is in some people ugly - whereas the ugliness of other people is beautiful.

Your normal Voice sounds like the late Truman Capote on helium.

Writing with a nib pen.

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1981.

Black and white Art Deco stripes; black and white Zulu beads. Panne Velvet. Emerald *moire*. Les Scarabees. A fried egg on a cactus. A skull on a cactus. Photos of chicken flesh. Mirrors to give greater depth - the sheep's heart.

VOGUE September 1981. "Fragrance as an art form... Here's another appealing new scent with unusual packaging: the spray atomizers are etched glass nudes that, upended, as atomizers, returned to their pedestals, act as art."

National Gallery: Rubens. Minerva protects Pax from Mars. The skin/flesh is pearl sheened with a ruby on gold clasp holding sea green brocade - the central figure with left hand clasping breast is akin to Isis feeding (suckling) Horus in Egyptian deities' statuettes. Skin is almost opaque - as if light is within.

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I suppose that at Heart, Picatrix remained a Gnostic. I can see him sitting on rocks, in a dry landscape, surrounded by birds in thorn trees. That flesh may rot and bone disintegrate. Picatrix hides beneath the beaded Veil of the Black Mother. A question of Mystical Strategy.

So, the clowns dissolve into the Outer Wheel of the Bardo Mandala, Benares melts into Marlene Dietrich - and eventually our compassion will include the murdered trees upon whose bodies we write and print our religious tracts.

AG, OG, OC, ONC, ONG, The Ocean.

She dreams of being presented with a head-band\crown with a silver disc thereon.

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Samantha Samadhi experiences that sudden moment when all the biological mechanisms come into operation. The body falls beneath metal claws, in silver corridors, crumbles into dried herbs in the Gardens of Adonis, or Zapiro. Spotlight Goddess makes her Rock Star appearance to the Thunder of Wagner. The masses are engrossed in eating hamburgers.

PHO = PHOTO as in:

"Every Fish has phosphorus." = PISCES.

Carbon and Oxygen are opposite in plants and animals.

Negative and Positive Magnetic Poles in membranes.

ATP is the Result.

Via Photosynthesis, plankton converts mineral to vegetable matter.

The Girdle of Venus.

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By looking at the Good, they think the Bad will go away. Henk and Golza are energy authorities on ELEUSIS in Greece.

The Temple of Juno Moneta in Rome is now called:

ARACOELI.

The Altar of the Sky.

The Coins Falling in Lakshmi, Danae, Siena Cathedral etc.

The Golden Shower.

Picatrix had a dream of a Mahakala Burning Ghat, and Androgyne Weavers in a Tibetan Temple. The black dust and slate. Like a volcanic landscape. The I CHING, when consulted, yields Deliverance leading to Before Completion. UTCHAT - The Sacred Eye of Egypt. The Black Crow and the Black Robe. Vide: Mahasiddha's &c. and Ted Hughes, Songs of the Crow.

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*AI, AIA*, a Country.

"But surely you can't do anything creative with refrigeration?" - Woman's World Interview on Sandton Woolworths: SABC TV.

A pine needle caught between the pages of a book evokes the memory of a bitter wind, a love lost, and a bottle of red paint smashed against a tombstone.

A feather in the bitter wind. The soft skin covered with golden down. Little Angels, a Cupid or Two, a pink Eros, chicken-meat, a wet pearl, the oysters of Casanova. Or was it the Supernova of Tycho Brahe?

APH, Heat.

Picatrix found her libido was well and truly pickled in lust. Anyone for Ping-Pong? Hollywood or Bust. Holy Wood for Burning. To the Woods, to the Woods.

Is this the "New One.?"

To penetrate the secret inner recesses of the Body,

The Moist Cave where the generations are woven together

A bit of Rabelaisian Rabble Rousing."A high degree of interactivity." The exquisite choreography of tactility. The blue lines have been woven into a trap, becoming indigo

A crescent of sea gulls flying across the stars. Moving from beach to beach. Nocturnal migrations. Picatrix crouched in a foetal position on the damp concrete. The distant sound of traffic.

*ADAR*, contractedly, *DAR*, Illustrious.

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1987. 12th Dec. A hook in the heart. Drunk with the illusion of Reality. A blackening and a beheading. If I could stand on clouds, I wouldn't wear sandals.

1988. It was the time of the Amulet of the SAM. A time for the golden axis of courage to pierce the heart.

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The Full Moon is in Virgo, the Sun in Pisces. A deep excavation into the esoteric Sciences. The time for LIMBUS - the 'fringe', or 'hem' of 'things.' The Border Lands. Picatrix invites you into the Alchemical Maze. Written across the Gate are the letters:

V.I.T.R.I.O.L.

"Oh what exquisite pain", she cried. Rationalize your operations T.V. conditioning 1) "Deadly Consequences" A horror movie preview showing a wax Blackamoor. 2) "Deadly struggle" of the Church in Ethiopia." IBEX. Marmots stand watch and give beeps when a predatory bird is above. Code word: WATCH.

*ANI*, a Ship

"Spread out your rug and I'll read your heart."

"Angels in the slush." UNA LOUNGE.

"If the Universe is a furnace, " What is the Nature of Fire", she asked. How we love the black smoke of burning flesh, soft upholstery incinerated in desires oven. It was a new Dawn.

Picatrix said that the Caves with Two Mouths are:

1)The entrance cave, like a seed that enters the dark earth, we must go down into the warmth and moisture of the NIGREDO, or NEKYIA -

*ARAN*, an Ark.

2) The Gods entered the Cave of Becoming Non-Gods, in the form of Divine Seed, and existed amongst Humanity, disguised as Humanity.

Take a seed that enters the dark earth,

Three "Things":

the "thing" is, that every "thing" is so ephemeral, one can only hang out over the edge, clinging to the last few pages of being. every "thing" is a vague mist, I can't seem to find the substance.

*AR, AUR, UR, OR*, Light.

Picatrix wished to be a Stone, and his wish was granted. "You look like a corset man to me!"

A Lily weeps to the passive moon.  
Needles, Knives, Lies and Love,  
All stab the Heart with one.  
Pain which is indestructible.

Picatrix, like all Gods who had fallen to earth, was rotting internally. An alchemical process in reverse had voided her of substance. She was decaying amidst the jewels of her own mind. Her outer visions had been extinguished. Her visualizations were shrouded in dry dust. Her Triple Altar was neglected and in darkness. Lights burned on the old brocades.

*AR*, a Mountain.

The fluted windows, hung with crystals, had not been washed. Inspiration had shriveled up and left her abandoned. There were no transmissions from Via Lucis.

Darkness is overwhelming me. Light floods the black pit. Angels sing and cherubs flutter around the rafters. The music was utterly magnificent. It was a sound-collage of Golden Trumpets, pasted together from the music of the Ages, a Jacob's Ladder structure, with Angels Ascending and Descending - cybernetic variations of a spiritual themes.

*ARC, ARG, ORG, ERECH, ARECH*, a long Ship, or Ark.

Now, by Way of the Ladder, I was in the Wooden House or the Wooden Tower, and this was in Antwerp. My mother sent a message from the Plutonic Realms, written in code, on various textures of disintegrating, decaying paper. Encrustation of calligraphy revealing the location of Egyptian gold mines in Nubia.

In the Wooden House, is to be found the Fountain of the Golden Lamb, tended by 'The Desolate Operators' of Bernado of Treviso (and HIS Fountain). These 'Operators' are also known to us as 'The Solitary Enlightened Ones'. They 'work' or 'operate' outside of social structures. Their Teaching is known as 'The Great Refusal'.

Budge gives a clear definition of the term ALCHEMY - and a good insight into the SCARAB. Scott confirms that it was the "feeling tone" of the Egyptian Mysteries that was transmitted. Greek thought introduces the logical operations.

*ARES, ERES*, the Sun.

These 'Great Refusers' are in the centre of a constellation of devotees, known to us as a 'LAVRA'. In a book on the Sacred Mount Athos, on page twenty-six, we read:

A 'LAVRA' = " ... one of those admiring groups of disciples which in the East tend to collect round any figure of outstanding holiness."

Therefore we talk about the LAVRA of Picatrix.

Picatrix tried to find a niche in Reality, a small dent in existence, a hole in the fabric of life, into which she could crawl and melt into non-being. This is the LACUNA of Picatrix, which must be clearly distinguished from the LAVRA of Picatrix.

She once wrote:

"A little light in the midst of my lacuna, would be appreciated, but I don't know where to order one. A LAVRA LACUNA, is a group of devotees, (i.e. groupies') ranged around a Black Hole. A Dark Star! Would this 'little light' be a candle, a torch, a lantern

Picatrix is photographed amongst the transvestite cowboys of Andy War-Hole. The Space Cowboys are actually Cowgirls. Two images: KAMERA, Cine that is, filming cards trying to fruit up a hill. KAMERA: A penis, which is actually a microphone, built into a metallic red suit of armor.

Parable on the descent into manifestation. Immense agony, frustration. It is the Feminine side of Picatrix that instigates EXPLORATION. COW-BULL. The Male of the Species.

A brilliant iconographic fusion of two images, resulting in the destruction (or rather: de-structuring) of the latter, by juxtaposing it with a quality in total opposition to the former.

The magnificent ceiling by GIULIANO DA SANGALLO of the Basilica of S. Maria Maggiore in Rome, was gilded with the first gold brought by Columbus from America, and presented to Pope Alexander VI by King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain.

Make High the Low and Make Low the High. Death does not do business transactions.

The Bourbon Charles V's troops sack Rome in 1527. The largest Military Parade since World War II. What an outrage!

1983. June. P.E. DIARY. In the Boito 'Mefistofeles' - for the first time, a Union between Light and Darkness. The Beauty and the Horror fused into One!

Shostakovich No. 15 "Something is in the music bursting to come out." Pack a bikini and a toothbrush and head for Bermuda. You will find PICATRIX in the Cemetery of the Capuchins in S. Maria Concezione in Rome.

All that Picatrix could see was pearl - and coral. Silver white through to scarlet edges, softened by the Blaze of Light. A return to Textures. I hope this research will bear some kind of fruit. There's a telephone ringing and it's the Real World calling again. Don't call us, we'll call you! Access to I CHING on Computer programmes.

Amade'. He looked into my face. He looked all the way in, to the place where



Nothing is left to hide. The pleasures, the pleasures, of love. He left, he left like a lamb going to the slaughter, asking me with his eyes to be spared the Knife, the pleasures, the pleasures of love? Westertoren Amsterdam, Jan. 28th 1986.

The Koln Notebook (subtitled 'The Koln Fly Papers') was begun on the 5th March 1985, and never completed.

I cannot afford to slaughter the Fattened Calf, nor do I find it ethically justifiable. Thus it becomes necessary to go in pursuit of The Bull. A rather disheveled sheep, lay in a heap, too weak to bleat. "Some fragments of Truth" said Picatrix, " do of course survive the factory of sensory distortion, but..."

A cool wet emerald in my Red Heart, the TAM radiates Rainbow Light. Green on Red. The Mother who cools the Flames of Desire. TARA The Mother who nourishes the Orchid Tree with her Ashes. Slouching Towards Bethlehem, or is it AnsarII? "Splitting Apart", the Hexagram I found on Rue de Contamines. Smile at yourself in the Mirror, if you think you have a Self that you can smile at.

"The urge to be an archaeologist as "the excavation of the mind." Venus, Sun, Mercury in Sagittarius = Jupiter.

Scripto. Fancy lipwork. Sounds of Africa. Alto. Calendar. Soprano and Tenor. You aren't going to say anything cruel? Old copy. You look better than my wife. Curtains of Birth. Veils of Death.

A simple approach to one facet of the present crisis: one is not burnt at the stake for theory - but for practice. Birth, Death and Rose. Louise - Sphinx. White make-up. Tutu - in tube Finger stalls.

He was exquisite and I had visions of escaping with him. Perhaps his beautiful face was lit by the flames of a Revolutionary Burning Paris. Perhaps I saw him in the crowd at the Crucifixion, or in a Q at Treblinka.

He gives nothing except his seed which he delivers with a pristine symmetry to his body. He coincides with my growing ability to read the future. He meets me in different lights.

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In other words, if we take the Paranoia of the split between the Ugly City and the Beautiful City and reduce these Cities into houses in a street, or Houses in Astrology.

In Number 14, a beautiful Garden and an exquisitely balanced psycho-ecological system reigns supreme, while next door in Number 14, filth, fear, ugliness and exploitation rules in Gloria Excelsis Anti-Deo! The resolution of Contrasts. The maintenance of psycho-schisms in a constant flow. Considerations of meta-programmability.

Picatrix. Waiting with a ready and willing on the Bank of Rose Crosses. To no avail! Last train home; 28.12.1988. Why worry. Be Happy. Someday my Prince will Come! But when? Or at least in this life? How funny! Because, the joke is that - Hope Lies Eternal in the Human Breast

Therefore, why question the validity of the site where love is located. No matter how astringent the strategy. You never know when you meet an angel unawares. And what is

wrong with angel fucking? Because a tiny blossom has budded in the darkness. And why worry about who delivers the injection of Death.

No. So many missed opportunities. No regrets, but if we live our life over again, we would eat the fruits offered to us.

Sweet little Pool of Light. O Life. How we thirst for a taste of Thy Fountain.  
(Perhaps the young girl with her denim satchel?)

When the Lord went out dishing out little blobs of sexuality to all and sundry  
he gave a big blob to Picatrix.

You are invited to a Performance Cabaret at the Base. You are the performance.

1988. 2nd Feb. Picatrix always extends her inner horizons through dynamic tension. Walt Disney in suspended animation in suspenders. What is the relationship between `anima' and `animation'. Jemima has her Carnation Court, her Lavender Lounge, her Daisy Divan, her Pomegranate Pavilion and her Nasturtium Nook. She is our one-eyed cat. When she wants her little pink nipples massaged she says: "Do Da Titty". She also likes a Huggy Wuggy after supper.

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An Injunction of Great Magnitude reads:

Never injure the flower of hope.

The reconciliation of opposites does not mean that the opposites are destroyed. The new position incorporates polarity, and even extends and contracts the boundary lines of the poles - but is not under the domination of either side of the spectrum.

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The worship of fecundity, Parturition - Birth is Death - and Vice Versa. The Revels of the Deity - Music and Dancing. The Cave - the Chthonian Chasm - Trophonius.

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The entry of Pluto into its home sign of Scorpio, my Sun Sign (with Jupiter and Venus in Scorpio as well) set me thinking about the possible effects of this conjunction.

At the time, these were vague intuitions - but years ago, a certain outline presented itself. I knew that the highs would be higher than ever before, and that they would be matched by a corresponding plunge into the depths. (The Rubber Band Phenomena!) But I never realized how deep it was possible to go. These fluctuations between peaks and pits have increased in intensity, disarming me completely. Time is necessary to achieve stability and equilibrium.

That is to say, the more energy necessary to stabilize after a particular peak experience, or period of pain and psychic suffering, has made it all but impossible to normalize daily operations and proceed with projects of social value that need attention.

There is this terrible sense of stripping off the flesh to reveal the bone beneath. And each revelation is merely the prelude to another, each ceiling the floor of the level above. The sheer momentum of this oscillation carries one along on the stream of life.

Will this ever end? Yes, in a relative sense, no in an absolute sense, for these periods of heightened contrast are like the seasons of Nature. After the storm, calm is restored. But that is not to say that tension will not build up again.

It also seems rather self-indulgent to allow oneself to be swept along by these conflicting currents. But in the long run, nothing is 'lost' and all is grist for the mill, in the transpersonal sense.

Everything you NEED will be given to you. But there is a difference between what NEEDS and WANTS. It's a matter of spaciousness, which in turn is a surrender to Life itself. We cannot work with you, or through you, until you give up (the clinging to ego territory.)

Don't make eye contact for one journey. Don't shoot until you see the whites of their eyes. Don't shoot until you see the eyes of the Whites. The Apple of the Eye.

There is no Religion Higher than Truth. Kronos (Time) Saturn separates the Creative and the Receptive. YOD (10) and KOPH(11). From Vibration to Being - Bean Stalk - Jack and the Being Stalk; Jack Being Stalked, Tree of Life. Da Booshwagee.

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Mid-March, Port Elizabeth. Weetwood Road. Decor. DAY.CORE. Might.

Fright. Right. Trite. van der Post said, the Zulu word for Divination is 'Opening the Gates of the Distance'. Angel Fish. "I can paint fucking fish" said Beez Bailey, while what he meant is, "I can paint fish, fucking" UROBOROS. "The Comedy of the Condom" - Jennifer Ferguson.

At this Stage it seems obvious that the meta-programmability of intake is at maximum flow. All data seems to fall into place. The predominance of the female figures in Artaud's life - his fear of water and deep involvement in Fire and Sacrifice (suffering) relate him to the Red Mother Archetype. The number of letters in the Bride by Duchamp, also relates to the Anima. As in Burnham's Data. In the Hierarchy Book by M. - much is becoming Clear. Transfer. Clear. All.

## THE BEAUTIFUL CITY

For Dalu.

*" A l'aurore, armes d'une ardente patience, nous entrerons aux splendides Villes."*

"In the dawn, armed with a burning patience, we shall enter the Splendid Cities."

Rimbaud.

Have I told you about the Beautiful Cities, the Splendid Cities, the Dream Cities, and the Cities of Light?

Well, how do you get there?

On Wings of Thought, naturally!

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"At this Winter solstice time, let us enter into deep communion with the inner realities of our Higher Self and behold upon its living screen the vision of mankind striving, pressing, marching, through failure and defeat, yet united in their voiceless aspirations and secret yearnings, towards that mystic "City of the Sun" of which generations of Seers have spoken in veiled language, in symbols and glyphs, to those who have 'ears' to hear."

Boris de Zirkoff, 1949.

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We always return to the Beautiful City.

Thus we tell our children that the Ugly City is not separate from the Beautiful City. The idea of our education is to play (The Leela) skillfully with THAT Which has in Essence, no Reality or Substance Whatsoever. This we call our UPAYA.

But, all my words, the fragments of Mind, are like torn paper fed into the alchemical furnace, the Athanor of the Void. Consumed. All I have left is the Ash, with to decorate my aging body.

All the themes of the Life of a Sentient Being are Threads. LAPIS has the Eye and the Furnace. And many of us use the Symbol of the Hermetic Vase - "UNUM EST VAS."

The 'POD' naturally takes on associations of the sperm entering the ova, this Work with the Red and the White. The codification of genetic data is merely one branch of aesthetics in the Beautiful City. To travel, it seems suitable that a microcosm is evolved - nevertheless containing the natural 'code' as experienced by the YANTRA of that particular dynamic. On and on, through the myriad patterns the same YANTRA repeats. No, not the same - remember the infinite varieties of the snow-crystal - but all based on the archetype of our Number Six - the Number and Essence of the Beautiful City. But there are certain underlying vibrational archetypes.

Considerations of meta-programmability. How to activate the manner in which our "character strains" are rubbed off onto one another. The contamination of respective realities, the Karma-Drama, the essence of our Meta-Theatre being the karmic patterns, NOT the concrete patterns of "and they lived happily ever after" ending-syndrone - No, but at least the seed of the resolution is in (within) the process!

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PERHAPS IN QUEEN GURU 2:

Voetsak. Foreign communist bastard: A South African commenting on Ivan Lendl at Wimbledon

My dear, decades before anyone had heard of Cyberpunk, she had written this:

A deserted street - robot is red and remains so. A telephone is ringing and continues for five minutes. Tape recorder masturbation. A Secretary comes out of the white wall and answers the telephone. HE/SHE/IT stands at a street corner and stares down the abandoned rubbish strewn pavement. There is an adamantine clarity to the neon, the hardness of the face watching the empty night.

HE/SHE/IT has a heart liked frozen vomit.

All love has left her.

"...does it now, like all Mankind, shew me an iron heart?"

- Timon of Athens.

The crudeness of the marches of a dying imperialism. The iron heart, refers to a conjunction of MARS(IRON) and the SUN (Ruler of the Heart).

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VIRA = FRANK'S HARDWARE: CENTAURUS: REBIS = TOWARDS AND ARCHEOLOGY OF BEING = METAXEROX.

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METAXEROX.I have that the METAXEROX idea, plus that headed: Towards an Archeology of Being.

"Selfhood is a betrayal of self-renunciation."  
Al the shit about self-realization (To) Thine Own Self (Be) (True)  
(Doesn't seem right somehow.)  
The Germanic Logos Transmission weaving with EROS as PARIS!

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A story about a Lurex Dress (Queen Guru 2) that becomes the Centre of a cosmogenetic War. WARRRRRRRR--- 6.1.20 = Venus + Mercury+Moon = War =Aquarius.

That sudden moment when all the mechanisms come into operation. FIRE. ORGASM. SHOOT. WESTERNS. ZARDOZ. From a dream: the child is dead. The light is much softer here. Albino mother. The Tall Man. Phiro Metta. WORDS. Integration, synthesis, universality, entelechy, apostasy, NEMESIS.

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Cheesecloth and yellow plastic. Shrines in the Toilet. Trains. Informative and aesthetic. That Communication is Throat - AH in Red (*zung*s). A pigeon in silhouette against the shining terrazzo floor. Cup of tea at the Station Cafe.

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They are sexually compatible but political polarized. Bruised potatoes (i.e. half-truths). He's the baddest cat in the joint. 77 Club + 14. New Meat! Ek het gedink dat my mond n' bitjie nat was, and so I swallowed. Old Drill Hall. Madness in the Family. Wuthering Heights, Wiltshire and Norfolk - genetic myths - my great-great grandmother. Aunty Dolly and her millions of ornaments. Red cheeks, Shirley Temple hairstyle.

Film of ducks being killed. That's worth five rupees. The final movement to Shostakovich 9th - from roll of drum to end, for the destruction of the Magic Circle of Candles.

RIOTS REPORTS. Rye Oats, Reap Port. Relish on Melish (or Melish with Relish). In a sense I almost wish to step out of my `self' and environment and move off into a new skin-experimental. DISASTER = Dizzy Arse Star. He's a compulsive talker. I can speak six languages, 7 with the spare words. Jelly & custard. Voce/Voice in the Wilderness, Beyond the Threshold.

I can only wait for the Mystical Sacrifice of my Desire.

Poor Picatrix. His clown make-up running down his face. The tears running over the oil of the make-up, like water off a ducks back.

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FRANK'S HARDWARE.  
HIROSHIMA = Hero = SHE - Ma = EUROSHIMA.

Death symbolism and the overall impact of nuclear weapons. Massive death and mutilation. "...psycho-historical processes." Hiroshima is like JANUS - with two faces - an unmastered past and a threatening future - this has global psychological implications. The Mass Imprint on the Japanese Mind of the Nuclear Bomb. "Statistics don't bleed."

THE ARTAUD PROJECT. Shock Treatment = SWAPO. (Body-bagged). SCOPE. MY LAI. Mengele's Experiments. Belsen, etc.

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"...since Iamblichus declares that the language of the Mysteries was that of Egypt and Assyria: I cannot see, why the derivation of Hellenistic mythological terms from the Punic, or the Coptic, should be so unjustly deserving of censure."  
Faber, Kabiri.

Faber then gives these ". etymological researches."

THE TOWER...

From The Dream Book, early 1978, 27th February.

"Green almost manicured valleys, lawn, rather like Glastonbury Abbey - with ruins - possibly a cave, or some such shape made from a ruined abbey building."

The quality is very similar to Hans Vredeman de Vries, Ruin 6, (1660) and to the ruins in the landscapes of Maier and other Hermetic Emblem Books.

As in de Vries, the base note indicates the passage of Time/KRONOS/SATURN. All perishes, and is impermanent. Shades of '*The Time Machine*' by H.G. Wells.

The next association is the Ghent Altarpiece - or Flemish Landscapes in general, and Bosch in particular. In the Ghent Altarpiece we see the Column, or Pillar - which also appears in the Dream.

Is this 'Kali Tower' - (Kali like Saturn, is also a Devourer) thus also the Tower of Kronos?

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The Sin Kronos City.

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