

## QUEEN GURU

### PART ONE

YBAC - 7298. *Maison des Fous*. "House of Fools." 1<sup>st</sup> Movement. Shostakovich 5<sup>th</sup>. March 5<sup>th</sup>. 1980.

Tentative statements lead to the theme, which for this transformation is the mixing of Golden Glass and Piss, Alchemical Orgasm, Dorje Phagmo, As Above, So Below, eating shit on iced up Georgian Estates.

I bend my head down, with my chin almost upon my chest, and with winter doves singing, dogs barking and the wind amongst the beeches as background music, I begin my metamorphosis.

Firstly, my skull expands and becomes that of a bison, the same that roamed the Siberian plains in bygone ages; but with overtones of the Minotaur. See Theseus and Ariadne. This skull is not covered in beastly hair, but is constructed out of jewels - ribs and veins of emerald and sapphire, ruby and aquamarine...

All the images surface from the depths and blow like dust before the windscreen.

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Draped in Zoharic Aramaic, my Kabbalistic symbols cavort over the white silk paper page, accompanied by David, the Ocean of Truth, shooting up morphine in a dark hospital dispensary; my father crying into the dishwasher, my mother in a wheelchair, dwarves, unicorns in herbs and exploding tractors. Traction, elasticity, tension and secret hiding places.

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Here is the Moist Centre, the Secret Hot Cave, wherein the Union is brought about:

*"On a moonlight night in the winter of 1835 the carriage of Marie TAGLIONI was halted by a Russian highwayman . . ."*

**NO! WAIT!** Before we continue, there are certain fields of data that have to be ploughed. The red and white roses in the enamel vase, for example. May the Force be with you! I might warn you that it is full of Correggio traps and in the interstices a silkworm is spinning itself into a corner of the omniverse.

Brahms is there too. Descending like Christ from the Cross.

Let us project onto these infinite spaces, in full laser-rama colour (with praying mantis wings sewn to the rose petals of light) Mystic Marriages of Saint Catherine and/or whatever Saint you wish to trump up for the exercise.

Or lose your 'self' in the scarlet on gold brocade of Van der Weyden. Or peregrinate amongst the portraits of Ingres. Then we ask our 'selves' (which are now depicted, firstly in the School of Athens by Raphael, and later in the Apotheosis of Homer, by

Ingres), if, these very same 'selves' are on the Tree of Jesse, or the Tree of the *Sephira Yetsirah*, or even perhaps, on the Christmas Tree.

Haydn, tried em. **BUT TO CONTINUE:**

" . . . Marie Taglioni was halted by a Russian highwayman, and that enchanting creature commanded to dance for this audience of one upon a panther's skin spread over the snow beneath the stars. From this actuality arose the legend that to keep alive the memory of this adventure so precious to her TAGLIONI formed the habit of placing a piece of artificial ice in her jewel casket or dressing table where, melting among the sparkling stones, there was evoked a hint of the atmosphere of the starlit heavens over the ice-covered landscape."

Queen Guru, on a late summer afternoon, questioned this "actuality".

**OBJECT. 1940.** Her robe is stained with butter from the lamps of Swayambunath and Ash from Benares. A Cup the size of the Sky would not contain my love for her.

The spider in *Through a Glass Darkly* Bergman.

Then there is also the Medium, who sees the Egyptian tomb, in the Valley of the Kings; a crumbling desert cliff face - with a dark entrance, and a silver thread leading into the gloom. Here I touch one of the deepest centres of my being, a dream that used to scare the shit out of me as a child. An infinite indigo expanse with a silver thread across this space, and I am screaming "Please, O Lord, do not let it break! Don't let it break." The Medium continues by tracing this thread down the passage - until it ends in the Silver Pen held by the High Priestess, sitting in her robes and writing. And she is none other than Queen Guru.

The Web then depends on the Weaver. Eliade on *Ropes and Puppets*.

All the stones have been set upon a background of Byzantine brocade, each jewel marking the descent of a series of Sri Yantra triangles, falling in cascades to the navel. The dress itself, or should we say the main matrix on which all of this is set, is umber Anjou velvet - salvaged from the Inquisition and Madame le Guillotine.

Each Crystal speaks with its Magus Voice.

Promontory. Queen Guru as Rock Opera. So, the Kiss between Ganesh Baba and the Galactic Empress — was one way of seeing all Sentient Beings as Being Dwellers in Great Mandala Palaces.

Once again — when Divine, Sacred and Radiant Mother Tara shows her face — is it also a facet, is it one "department" of the Phenomena Show. CENTAURUS? White Horse, thoughts of Space and Time: Hexagram 22 with Six in the Fourth Place (Page 92): The Shambhala Stone.

The Rock is also the *Perigran* in Mount Analogue; Chinese knots in frost dry hydrangeas before the black velvet, candle between, marble ball — and claws in Caucasian snow with copper candle — sticks.

The Rock Opera is also the Stone Opera, or in alchemical terms; The Philosophers Stone; OPERA equals *The Great Work* – Throne in the Clouds is placed in the Centre of a Six Pointed Star – Blazing ice–blue Star, but the Throne is empty – and before It; a Youth of Great Beauty, sixteen years of age, kneels in adoration. His skin is like white milk marble, he wears a Head-band of the purest Silver. He is naked except for A GIRDLE OF WHITE SILK.

Before the generated heat of burning books, Queen Guru initiates a new lover. Who is he? What does he remind her of? In the midst of a metaphysical crisis (meta-crisis) the beauty of that caramel flesh merely emerged as a computed cipher. Exquisite neck.

Hacking through the conceptual clutter, slicing layers of thought debris, cleaving to the bone, she carves out a golden brocade rose on the velvet night. She fights:

Genetic propaganda – sperm tests/which are merely a vast effort to monitor / discover and stop the chromosomes and DNA structure of any incoming Super–Being. CONSIDERATIONS OF META – PROGRAMMABILITY; Lonely eyes in (Jool – eye!)

frontiers of being, acres, kilos and a Queen to rule the outer edges; a dark royalty, She of the Book of Enoch, the cave and the stone are her companions, the fire her door to alchemy, her bath of liquid gold; (Dance yourself Dizzy!) Tonight they're taking turns on the heat. The new Phoenix, the place and time is right, hidden lion devours Unicorn. (on satellite of course?) or transmitted via the silver dream machine?

Pavel Tchelitchev. *Hide and Seek. CACHE' CACHE'*. 1940–42. (For:

dimensional inter – penetration. Also, biological charts.)

#### A NOTE:

The Hunters, had set a trap, and this Trap was the Womb of the Virgin into which our Lord Unicorn was tempted to enter. Knowledge of this event was released, and three Trap-Inspectors, called the Three Wise Men – set out to Welcome the Unicorn Lord into this World.

Our Lord Unicorn is actually a *gTerma* construct. sHe was tempted to enter a Space which had been prepared Aeons ago. This Space was a buried Treasure, hidden in the dark slime of Samsara. As evolved patterns shifted and aligned into predestined order – this Sacred Space came into synchronization with the Womb of the Virgin. It was at this point alone, on the Higher Transmission (from *Via Lucis*) that the Trap became effective! Thus, the Hunters use both Space and Time as Their Snares.

The Jewels on the Gifts of the Magi are now the jewels on the Dress of Q.G.

Her black rhinestone bracelet glittering in the light of the dragon lamp as she writes:

**NOTES ON CIRCUS:(1) TEMENOS** – the area where maximum concentration of stored energies (of the Collective Mind) are focalized (or; generated from storage to projection.)

Further *bric – a – brac*. Kusha Grass seeds on the Kosmik Komiks. Close – ups. Costumes. Cosmogenetic history. The meeting of the Magi. Total DNA recall. Political meta – plot

pattern. Cosmic constipation. Yes. she must return to the dead dog and the lice and the insects on the Hill with the Electro – magnetic Castle – SWAYAMBUNATH.

INFINITE BUT SELF – ENCLOSED UNIVERSE  
INTERCHANGE – ABILITY OF MATTER AND ENERGY  
ORDERS AND DEGREES OF INFINITY  
ZEROS OF DIFFERENT MAGNITUDE  
THERMONUCLEAR PROCESSES  
INSIDE THE SUN  
QUASARS, PULSARS,  
CONTRACTING LARGE SUNS  
INTERSTELLAR SPACE  
BLACK HOLES.

*The Blind Swimmer:* Max Ernst.  
(Development of a Centre.)  
LARVAE

And bells to proclaim the going: (or was it her '360' Systems Frequency Shifter?)

We sing the Bodies Electric.

In Cuzco she stayed near the Passageway of the Seven Serpents. Here she met the youth who mentioned that only in Africa the White Cobra is to be found. Q.G. remembers dreaming of a dangerous transit between two White Cobras.

She would contemplate the effects of extra – planetary consciousness while putting on her black Automatic Mascara. Her thoughts moved on to non – Euclidian Geometry as she applied her Golden Beige Moisturizing Make Up; and by the time she applied her Totally Transparent Finishing Face Powder, she would be musing over Riemann's Geometry of an N – dimensional space.

A handmade calabash bag, painted Pillar Box Red and highly varnished – embellished with pink plastic roses – completed the ensemble. Queen Guru wore a Zen of Blazing Gold Brocade – her head shaven and eyebrows plucked or burnt off *a la* Nagasaki. Perhaps a little tiara and neck choker of diamonds are a girls' best friend. Her day is divided into two identities – a drag cabaret *artiste* and a Guru – this fusion activates hatred from the Dark Cult and her Martyrdom takes place.

**MAN RAY: OBJECT TO BE DESTROYED.** (1964. Metronome and paper.)

Awake O Light Blazing Heart

She uttered these words from the dark heat of that room. Spoken from a foundation of old linen. Words. The stained wrappings of a resurrection freshly manifested, embalmed in computer printout.

All 49 Transformations of VIRA are projected in the viewing Room of *Via Lucis*. Each textural code is attended to, data banks emanate a flood of symbols. Macro and microcosmic details telescoped into focus. Matta: for wetness.

'Cause I've seen Blue Skies, through the tears in my eyes and I realize I'm going home.

The Legend was about a meta—programmatic war fought over a Lurex Dress encrusted with 108 Jewels. We should pause here to elaborate. Queen Guru, the darling of Zone Nine is the only Magus permitted to wear this Dress, a garment which, dear Reader, dare I word this:

could be said, in a manner of speaking, to be (wait for it) a form of Transmission Station, sending out fragments of data on the 108 Major Incarnations of Queen Guru. (An Incarnation of ALAYA in All) (Remember? The Ultimate Storage System Computer: T.U.S.S.C.?) We have to educate you as the story advances. We, the Watchers, and the Hunters and the Magi, and in particular, the One, known as CHIMERA. This glorious Lurex Dress, worn by Queen Guru, has been programmed over the Centuries by Via Lucis. The fabric, the fibers thereof and even the very atomic structure of the fibers — all have been preprogrammed to release through SEEDS from Via Lucis in particular and ALAYA in general — which are sown instantly into receptive minds or activated by Time Lapse Action. The Dress is not created by human hands. It is a Garment with a History. And a psychic war is being fought to activate the full programme embedded within its jewels/crystals. As Kryptonite removes the power of Superman and The Heel was the weak spot of Achilles: so there is one vulnerable area where Queen Guru may not wear this Garment:

**THE UNITED NATIONS BUILDING.** Zone 9: i.e. The Sage/Arcana 9;

Cosmic Consciousness/Peak Frequency. Images of fire, bombs, Supermarkets and chemical factories or fire.

Video—phone: Who is She? May we venerate her ashes, bones, destroyed city; flying through pitch black space, a shudder of disintegrating wings, dried horse glue and ICARUS plunger dynamite terrorism

### **BOX OFFICE ATTRACTIONS**

I can teach you Gnosis. You know, *sis*? Strap your *self* into the Lotus and take a Lick of Life!  
The *Bardo Thodol* — the Greatest Index of them All!

Bird in Space/Fish. Brancusi.

The Law of Correspondence. Well, what of it? Just contemplate the beauty of the whole trip.

### **NOTE:**

Intentional language is from the Hemisphere that Knows but does not Speak! With razors and assorted instruments of self— castigation She tries to release the ruby streams of Her flesh. This is the terrible answer to soft love. Queen Guru wears a Thai silk cat suit in dazzling white/plus turban. Small Mother of Pearl ear—rings. She enters through the glass and illusion foyer of the Metropolitan Museum of Modern Art (or M.O.M.A.) as We affectionately call it. Today, late heat of summer, has been set aside to gather certain information. She pauses before the work of a Marcel Duchamp "NETWORK OF STOPPAGES": 1914; to compute and compare this painting with meta— cartographic circuits and maps, subway charts. And then, before the botanical chart altered with gouache in 1920 by Max Ernst and entitled:

**THE GRAMINEOUS BICYCLE GARNISHED WITH BELLS THE DAPPLED FIRE DAMPS AND THE ECHINODERM? BENDING THE SPINE TO LOOK FOR CARESSES,** she brings out a small golden notebook and writes. A quick reference to her powder compact mirror indicates that she is being observed in this process of documentation. Zone 5 again. And further confirmation is obtained from the highlight on the backs of the black ants in Salvador Dali's' **THE PERSISTENCE OF MEMORY**. But the ripest piece of information came from the Jewel Casket of Marie Taglioni. (Is this for the reason that Joseph Cornell uses the Power Key Jewel/Crystal in this exquisite Box? We will never know!) Queen Guru must pass out of her present form to reincarnate elsewhere. India perhaps. Her final duties, of this sequence are to complete the Lurex Dress War – in New York, (additional note: yes: the 108th Crystal is in Taglioni's' Jewel Casket! Confirmed in Virgo.) and to open a new etheric circuit between New York and The Province. The link is **CIRCUS** – and the Holy Ring Master is **METASEXUAL**. This is the Love Affair – the Element of Romance.

The 39 LASHES. Unguents, perfumes, ointments, incenses.

Jean Harlow and Raquel Welch. Sealed Caskets. The Chakra on Page **ISIS UNVEILED**; the Second Volume/decibels.

A dream of two men. Beautiful dark boy; empty room, a hell of bad taste. Two men sun – bathing in fairy – garden, a potter and a philosopher. A mother and her two daughters. Two thick Germanic types trying to break down a wall in a disco – with an electric drill and a 14-pound sledge – hammer. The long envelopes.

My father killed the spider. \* The blacks killed the puff-adder. The horror of doctored information. Breaking a painting in four. Going mad! Photostatting.

Balls, said the Queen. If I had them I'd be King!

The 27th bar of the Overture of Mozart's' "Don Giovanni" gives us a picture shown vibrationally by Hans Jenny of Basle. This is the picture that Queen Guru "reads" while you were standing on a Diamond and I was sitting on a Lotus with putrefaction between us and at Her Feet.

Among my belongings:

Silicon chips. The Dress ..... which eventually through a series of inner revelations – he has to take to the Ruined Power Point of "CIRCUS" and place it in the Central Core. Thus, 107 Other Magi – manifest magically and create the Seed Transmission for the Age of Scorpio.

My 13 Stations of Transformation are woven to the Nine Grand Primary Archetypes, and the Ninety – Nine Secondary Archetypes, creating in all 108 Sacred Themes, 108 Incarnations, a statement so basement.

Some of the Gravel has been badly eroded and I find myself unable to read the images that are projected. It is as if the information has such delicate nuances that the conscious mind is gently caressed. I thus decided to resort to meditation – in the hope that revelations may bring the material into closer focus. Many of the imprints seem to express patterns of behavior which are now totally extinct in the neo-human psyche. This is the Final Stage - White Haired.

The 13 Stations of MEM: Good Hope, Truth; The Triple Gem; Salt as in Scorpio; The Stars; The Holy Donkey; Roses of the Philosophers; Round Tree, Rotundum; Summerland, Aquarius; The Crystal Mountain; The Potters Field; The Dog Star; Dionysus; and The White Trees. As ALEPH, they are collectively the Unum Est Vas and as SCHIN they are The 21.

I am now aware that the silicon Gravel is NOT data debris. All the information gained through my terminal – and from contemplation – has now formed into 108 compartments. It becomes obvious that I am the one to be programmed! And the connection is very close, in fact it seems to balance on my proximity to the Province, and to CIRCUS.

Cargo cults, native rituals of renewal in California, androgynous rites of Australian aborigines, legends of God and the Devil in Bulgaria, Cosmic Cords, Light myths of Tibet, Simeon the New Theologian, the madness of Valhalla, Pythagoras (107) the Vedic ASVAMEDA, eschatological nudism in Melanesia, the Marafi, Hindu luminous theophany's, Chinese techniques of the Mystic Light, Nicolas of Cusa, the Flaming Monks, puppets of the Gods, the Ebonites, Al Hallaj (161) the Gospel According to the Egyptians, the desert Fathers (what would one be doing with a crystal?) Code X of Khenoboskian, a Gnostic Library Book which includes a translation into the Sa'idic dialect of 'Epistle of Eugnostus the Blessed. PISTIS /REBIS.

My fingers move over your skin of silk, my tears are woven into your being.

Two deserts are moistened by the orgasm that flows from my *eyes*.

She's just a Guru in drag. A metaphysical fag, apocalyptic hag.

These days, reconstitution commences almost immediately. Naturally, the focal therapeutic symbol is the ancient Tree which grows by the river. There, next to the ruins of an old village, where Egyptian geese now nest in the rock pools once bright with the silks of the washer-women, a suitable setting for renewal was available. The wind in the wild reeds formed a background mystery-musical sound track.

The images that presently dominate the screen are those of metallic decay – a military aircraft graveyard with weeds growing amongst the twisted debris. Where the city once stood a wide variety of indigenous flora has reestablished itself. Overhead the silver ships pass across the blue sky.

I have made a simple dwelling from dead wood that the river has given to me. A grass roof. To the South, the skeletal arm of the Province stretches out to sea. Almost as if an invisible magnetic barrier exists, no human feet ever dare to walk there. The past is too immense and the accumulations of energy too intense. It is said that the Magi sometimes meet there on the Inner Planes of Via Lucis, but in correspondence to the site of CIRCUS. Perhaps.

Here, in my isolation by the river – It is obvious that I shall have to eventually plug in again. Many lifetimes have taught me patience – and when the time is ripe, I am sure the Encounters will begin. The Province is ruled by the Matriarch. She has utterly gone beyond, attaining to what we term the Rainbow body. She is rarely seen, preferring to shape-shift into forms so variegated and thus appear to those in need of the Test. On Wesak Full Moon she enters the Bhumi Levels and the Convocation of the Magi draw from her emanations at this time. I have forgotten the picture. I have also forgotten the fragrance.

like an astronaut in his capsule the fetus floats in its amniotic sac with the villi of the placenta around it like a radiant wreath; the nebulae and constellations in this firmament are formed by cells from the maternal blood and salt crystals in the fetal waters.

*les dignitaires carousel*, the whole body feels so light it wants to fly; fabrics cling, hang, float, fly, curve sexily into the body of cloud around you, within a pentangular spider web of simple string, a visual feast of colours and cloth and spot lighting reflecting off the shining surfaces sheer brilliance sparkled up with diamonds as big as the Ritz, and as fake as a South Sea Bubble, filtering through mysterious *gauzes crepe de chine*, sunrise glow sleeked along the cheekbones, the adventures of energy, networks of de lux highways, clustered with paillettes and seed pearls. elegiac inscription, the great piece of turf, moles and warts are gently removed. fracturing structures, ideology, your little red veins, fake ruby earrings, and existence beyond 'its' materiality. 'Day by Day.... they take some brain away. photographs.

with such determination and Army suitcase she captures images of bleeding cliffs and horses and gas masks and Euripides and severed head and all of those trips, the Machine. Pied Piper Mad Hatter, auric fissures, Regent Palace Hotel. "What an Opus", she screamed. "Q Piss, Priapus, Adonis and Company." Lingua Franca; Linga Frankenstein.

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There is no wind amongst the beeches, it is merely the movement of my mind – which is constant and has the quality of an army of ants, nothing can stop the inexorable march to some thematic conclusion. Visual codes flow through my blood and are exhausted into biological ciphers. Brain activity ceases and white light bleaches the black ants, now moving over the piano in a Salvador Dali version of a Stalin concerto by Rachmaninov.

It is the Ankh, the Anchor, the Moon and the Holy Scarab God. Khepera. All this, is the Golden Glass, the Piss is another story.

Draped. in Zoharic Aramaic, my Kabbalistic symbols cavort over the white silk paper page, accompanied by David., the Ocean of Truth shooting up morphine in a dark hospital dispensary, my father crying into the dish water, my mother in a wheel chair, dwarfs, unicorns in herds and exploding tractors. Traction, elasticity, tension and secret hiding places.

The Greek Connection. Rather similar to the French Connection, except a surprise here, if we can see meaning in the *coleus* of my Grandmother, the Veiled Crone archetype. Why should words be subject to censorship from that essentially mundane hemisphere? Maiden, Nymph, Crone. I light up a Papastratos cigarette under a tree in those forbidden gardens in Athens, Athena beware of Hermes – Aphrodite tonight. No, no a thousand. times no.

It is time for the largo and a bit of grief. After all the circus imagery.

My transformation is from Hope to the White Trees, 13 Stations in all, my 13 Stations of the Cross (read quaternity here ...) Good Hope is the Heart, Truth is the Touchstone, inspiration is the big payoff. Wild basil on the hills above the Aegean. The blue sea crabs.



The dream landscape. The harlot dead on the carpet with details of her silver shoes amongst the broken glass, she being a 20th Century Fox version of the Whore of Babylon, the ritual lunar prostitute, murdered by a client.

O Woe! The charnel house of the Cemetery of the Holy Innocents. Nearby, the office of Nicolas Flamel. Dark umber velvet, great space and light. Paris in winter, the 12th Century.

Information: By piercing the inner contents of her secret cellular life, Queen Guru entered the ranks of the autobiographers. I must pay for my sins, she said. Queen Guru is reading a conversation between Mercurius and an alchemist in the "Dialogus" of Michael Sendivogius.

writing in shit here but it flows out with greased ease and spontaneously, words offered as a Testament to ignorance and bewilderment embedded in one old Queen. The search for the self-born Upaya has begun. Golden syrup and a Tarot card, an Indian film Star and a murdered Chinese sailor, a chocolate éclair and a mole; an old Singer sewing machine and Isadora Duncan. What, she asks are the links?

In Her Inner Form She was known as Queen Guru. In Her Secret Form; in Her Outer Form? On the heels of the day – a universe. You are the eyes of the world. The Fool on Savannah Hill. Rangjung Rita – what a way to treat Her.

Red Light. confession cell, damask and Oil of Olay. Carthage and Rome. Painted Emperor. TRIUMPHANT. Ascend the White Way. the formless

who wishes to follow what is auto–destruct. Visions of Mother Kali: dirty needles, razor blade *samadhi*, cause I wanted to dress just the same. Her tenderness, her Kashmiri ear – rings.

The Tower bursts decaying lamb–fruit into the Lapis Lazuli Throne Room. Trumpets and symbols, intergalactic network, threaded to your eyelashes. Fake of course. Cheap, fake faggot replica.

Painting Holiness on Her face, retreating into multi–mirrored Rooms of Fantasy. Making embryo prints on the carpet. Queen Guru is born, washed with tears and afterbirth; (Wish that it never happened) Here She Comes

Down the shit chute:

### **VICTORY OF ANIMA.**

In kajal, bangles and black velvet, I spit on your mediocre debauchery. She masturbates with mascara, bat bones, thorn garlands and violets for props. Meta-digital orgasm on cardboard boxes filled with maggot infested rump steaks and vegetarian cook books. She reads '*The Cloud of Unknowing*' to relieve post auto–coital depression, progressing to goofballs and Barbie's with the *Dharmapada*. And then – in a fit of ecstasy, she straps on a dildo, and dances to Johan Strauss on the Vaseline lubricated floors of the Palace of Versailles.

The video-phone extends a produre which she clasps between her pomegranate lips and sucks in the data in meta-picto- graphic forms; Reptilian icons. Shampoo the cockpit. IBM

felatio. Post territorial *en – soph*. Ajna massage. Filthy mother plucker. (I'm a vanguard woman, myself.)

During her Arupa Period, Queen Guru created a Shrine of dried bones and a shell, a dehydrated casket of locust body, all placed on white Benares silk. No "thing" else.

She walked her medieval incarnations in French satin slippers of the 17th Century. Betrayals peeled off the Inner Projection Mechanism of Her Mind. She remembers Borgia and funerals, and sometimes a mountain peak, rising above an ocean of black serpents, 'All and Each One; in Their Myriads, wearing a Bejeweled Crown.)

Queen Guru recovers from her short circuit ascension in an Ice Scream Parlor, drinking milkshakes, cruel and long. The dregs are ashes blown over a lunar landscape, cash register GLORIA, Behind her, vast banks of T.V. sets, arch up in layers over the hills, looking like luminous tomb stones. True She is in the Graveyard of the Mind. Exhausted circuits are dismembered here. Conceptual corpses are used in vivisection experiments, and the still, atomic screams of all Spaceship Earths slaughtered animals and humans, telescopes into, the tinkling of her silver and pearl ear – rings.

Queen Guru sharpens the peak of a mountain with her switch – blade knife – and creates a tooth pick to clean her dentures. Belch and fart break. Black rags tormented by gales; born from the mother of pearl skies, bleached teeth grin approval, severed fingers fall, rain down on flesh earth – knuckles dry crackle. She draws water, but only brings a pitcher of blood from out of the darkness.

VIDEO – PHONE: "THE META+POLITICAL  
CONSIDERATIONS ARE NECESSARY, AS THEY  
ARE OFTEN THE UPAYA BY WHICH WE  
EMBROIDER OR ENGINEER A PSYCHOLOGICAL  
CONDITION – OR IN REVERSE – DE – ACTIVATE  
OR DE – PROGRAMME A META+PSYCHOLOGICAL  
CONDITION +

Queen Guru creates anti – gravity beauty spots and holographic Grecian columns to assist Her progress. She dims the Ladder to Heaven in white ostrich plumes (for this from Above, Holy Light 'BLAZES' Down on Her. (from the Sacred Spotlights.)

You should be On by Now.

Queen Guru still felt the savage roots of pain digging into her being. Her beautiful limbs were exhausted with searching for the Absolute. Time alone heals the wounds inflicted by desire. But is this an answer in itself? Or merely another retreat into unreality? Queen Guru would lose contact with what we know as 'form'. It was this ability to transcend the limitations of her mortal condition that placed her in an historic context. She was, in essence a cosmo-genetic gamble, which paid off. Each delicate metaprogrammatic detail was woven into an alchemical tapestry. And it was only the Ultimate *cul de sac* that generated this fusion

Through a series of Inner Revelations she eventually came to the ruined Power Point of The Province, the seat of **Circus** and placed the Dress in the Central Core. Thus the 107 Magi manifested magically and created the seed transmission for the Age of Scorpio.

The Jim Jones syndrome is moving closer to the albino insect that has just shed its skin on the ceiling i.e. the pure transformations of *tantra* always shedding the skin – and Lo! Yet another comes to devour the empty case, casket, bag of dried skin, body burning by the Bhagamati, burning at Pashupatinath!

The Hare Krishna Sales Show, Children of God, Moonies and so on – Beyond Quality Labels, Truth and Spaciousness Flows On, past the Burning Ghats of conceptual clutterfuck. Does one become a non-Buddhist? Who can understand the Secret *Namthar*? The Biography of *Sunyata*?

Another label and yet another label and so on.

The Creation of the Secret *Namthar*, is not a flight from Egypt, nor an escape from the Fleshpots into a rarified sublimated space, or lack of space. It is a realm beyond 'right' and 'wrong' and even beyond the burnings of the conceptual Grave Yard of the Mind. See Above and Below for Footnotes and Skynotes. Find, the Twelve Naga *Tirthas* and weep there, in an anti-clockwise manner of speaking.

Rather than join the Annie-Get-Your-Gun- Dzogchen Bandwagon ( which will grow in the slipstream) inhabited by sea-gulls and the WAKE of your vision ( burn baby burn), She, who does not have the Illuminated Mind, of The Blade (as in *Dakini*) (see SKY and FLAME) may put her bets on the CUP (as in INSPIRATION – *IN – SPIRATUS*).

Able to Respond. Gone Fission. Excuse this word salad. Kali Yuga Newsweek Dark Age – needs much work with the Blade, Sword and Idi Amin cutting through torture (auto) apparatus. For all Sentient Beings, – YOU manifest as PUREST SPACE – further enhanced by the hint of personal suffering. YOU convince me, YAB, of your great Love and Compassion. I thrill to waves of Bodhicitta – vibrational waves – T.V. Data Waves – and Greet Grandmother Harari waves to all her children and Grand (as in Roxy) children and great – great grandchildren in the Valley below. Where have all the buffalo gone?

Now that the Reapers are Sweeping the Ripe Fields, and their blades are going this way and that, glinting in the SUN – who are Those of the Left Hand who come along with their Kapala cups to catch the drops of Blood that fall from where the Wheat was severed from the earth?

The great Alchemist, Maria Prophetessa once said: '*Unum Est Vas*' which means, "The Vessel is One". And who knows, that the place Christ was crucified at was called GOLGOTHA, meaning "The Place of The Skull". "I" too have a Silver Bowl upon my Shrine, filled with cheap rice. It also my Skull Mind, the end of the road Bones and Debris – not really knowing where to go next.

Flaming, flaming.

She was wearing: silk *crepe de chine* knickerbockers, sequined stovepipe pants with a white silk taffeta coat–dress with puffed sleeves. Frosted crystal seed pearl ear-drops with a pink-piped pure silk white wrap, black rhinestone bracelet, torn and shredded spotted camisole–slip with a scalloped sequined hem, peacock green satin damask jump–suit, diagonally fastened and sashed with green cord and beads.

Make Up: Black Automatic Mascara – Golden Beige Moisturizing Cream, with Totally Transparent Finishing Face Powder (a powder deeply programmed with a mood modulator to activate Geometrical musings.) New Hollywood Poppy Protein Bare Blusher, Princess Galitzine 02 Velvemat Foundation and Blush—On Compact – or on certain occasions; O7L~. NO—SHOW Glazer. His eyes moved over the banks of wild flowers on her *Eau de nil* Georgette Dress – Three acres of sweet Parisian transvestite flesh, backdoor delivery, two-way traffic – DRIVE IT HOME, BABY MIMOS.

She changed into her Saint Laurent scarlet and gold—patterned satin jacket with quilted chocolate edging.

The singing has stopped. Bits and pieces of lurex and black velvet cover the table. She is designing baubles for the Masked Ball. Outside the yellowing fig tree, as image in landscape, has frozen into a high gloss photograph. The soft rain falls with her tears as she smokes a joint sitting on the 'WELCOME' grass mat by the kitchen door. Her mind, if we may be forgiven for making such a dualistic statement, is totally bleached. There is no colour or form on the internal display mechanism. The atoms of moisture bejewel her hair with a million tiny diamonds.

She has become, from the observers point of view, a kitchen Burne—Jones, crying in the rain. Her flashbacks are not built of visual icons of remembrance, but instead consist entirely of clairsentient imprints, sensual fragments. The shape of a delicate neck beneath gliding fingers. The wetness, the transmission of juice that announces the termination, an act of moisturizing which could be said to have its polarity in the detestable putrescence of M.K. Valdemar in the story by Edgar Allan Poe which she read amongst the cottons and sewing debris surrounding the sewing machine – frozen into a mandala by the late afternoon sun, breaking out of dark rain—laden clouds. She considers the white clouds that Artemis used to carry off the sacrificial first-born daughter of Agamemnon, the gentle and lovely Iphigenia. She compares this with the white caviar that covers her belly in front of the fire. A play called 'CLYTEMNESTRA.'

### **OBJECTS TROUVES:**

a wizard wearing the best evening Dress of the Year, the Court Jester in stunning killer colours, Trickster robed brilliantly in jungle flowers, strapped into ultra-sonic ear-phones, stippled over the palest, cloudiest chiffon, and Flashing, simultaneously between the Ridiculous and the Sublime. Nights with a lover. She adjusts her marquisette hair comb and moves into the kitchen to collect the earthenware jug full of well-water. Her wet feet on the marble floor. The blue cirlet of gas flame. Ants on the bread board investigating smears of peach jam. A cigarette balanced on the tea pot. Telepathic situations. The ants remind her of the high-lights on the backs of the ants in Dali's' painting. The stoneware pot becomes 'Painted Stone' by Max Ernst. Emerging as resplendent as a Phoenix arising from the celluloid ash of a Cecil B. De Mule Biblical Epic, Queen Guru (against all odds) makes a comeback. Draping a Benares silk turban over her lice infested hair, slipping on a faded pair of peasant trousers and a strapless Black Racine jersey bodice she sets out into the night to perform rituals that her audience had long since thought she was incapable of firing in the electric tapestry of her mind. Down from the Dark Tower, the Edgar Allan Poe decompositions and permutations of nigredo (so rich with the odour of sacred monkey shit produced by the whimpering beasts in the dark trees above) she descends onto the plains and the fruits which she knows (as a footnote) she will never eat.

We have to generate absolute compassion. Buried beneath the slime of social waste matter, we have unearthed variations of the Life of Queen Guru which are intensely shocking to our sensibilities. This is such a text, which though it has fragments of truth – is distorted almost beyond recognition. Miss Rizla Rolls Royce. protest clouds, war pillars, bottles of plasma, trains carrying dope peddlers and Chinese War Lords. Blonde Venus: after shedding the lice infested gorilla skin, the course mule skin, a young boy, with snow white skin emerges, rattlesnake and Hollywood spectacular sound effects, energy overloads, leading to cliffs, sheer spaces, dropping into mellow Byzantine reveries, Russian landscapes, wind, solo sadness besides the serpentine wanderings, the confused yet victorious babble, great spines of Sound rise up, confident – like proud ridges in the mind, to burst out in affirmation, (so many directions to this knowing) a bell seals the faith – road to the infinite. SHE is the eternal "Woman during Wartime". Think on this archetypal situation.

List the women who have suffered in war. This esoteric chatter.  
From the forgotten edges of the Silver screen, through worn  
Holy robes, descending dried leaves,  
gray feathered hems,  
silver ash,  
gold dust

Men were plunging into me like dead ducks. That man can hold the destiny of the earth in his mind. PLUG IN! He stands before me, The Holy Bearded One! Transcend en route to another matrix. Beauty - the facade into which the keys are encrusted. CIPHER. KNOTS.

Her hair was burnt lest it be used. Who collected Her hair?

". . .the best way to serve his flesh would be in darkness." How does this relate to superstition? e.g. the burning of the hair. Sympathetic magic?

To a backdrop of catatonic skies, Queen Guru urges on the re-incarnated Roman Legions, now clad in red leather, gas masks, high boots, monocles, Krishna Garlands, brass trumpet, waves of grim lava, ant army, devouring the green land, shitting black mud and where have all the flowers gone, corpses of young men, blood caked blonde hair, glinting buttons, drained flesh served in holocaust.

May I be so bold as to quote Honorius of Autun, in his SPECULUM DE MYSTERIIS ECCLESIAE on the genesis of Queen Guru:

"The very fierce animal with only one horn is called unicorn. In order to catch it, a virgin is put in a field; the animal then comes to her and is caught, because it lies down in her lap. Queen Guru is represented by this animal, and her insuperable strength by its horn. She, who lay down in the womb of the virgin (The Matriarch of Province) has been caught by the Hunters; that is to say, she was found in human shape by those who loved her, the Magi."

Field of poppies, palest pink, light orange, Amitabha vermilion like the setting sun. Small pods, covered with fine black hairs, betraying the colour within through a thin slit, moist labia, preparing to burst the delicate blossom into the spring light, area of radiance, colour. Queen Guru adjusts her Chaldean headdress.

Prayer flags flutter, murmur in the midday heat, breeze, black worry is left behind in empty flats, flaking whitewash onto the floor. With Spring, she returns to the Province, and the Valley of her nativity.

Ascending the Sunway stairs against the glare of the street lights, he became an Egyptian Priest clad in white. (Now where did she read that fantasy and imagination rob one of energy?)

A scorching mudra battle by the sea, prior to the Union. The Four and Ten Steps to the beach. Stations of agony and bliss. Trust in me baby! The Dress lit by the Moon. Energy flashes – the Fire Radiating Mudra! Fire scorches the Earth. Get it while you can. Don't bump my visions, grease my revelations. Here comes the telephone and the Bomb and the Twentieth Century Crescendo. Being on  
The Tree is a Drag.

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A variety of levels unfold and reveal new views into the internal landscape. Perhaps Queen Guru underwent her final transformation last night. I dreamt of her death, and she was brought into the Square Garden - wrapped in a thin gray Army blanket and laid out on a rough board. We could not bury her under the lemon trees, under the frangipani; the roots would not permit us to disturb them. Neither could we harm the beds of spring seedlings. Perhaps there was a place alongside the galvanized iron fence, the Eastern Fence, with the lone rooster on the other side dreaming of hens, above the scarlet dewlap, the black beady eyes. I consult my father - Where else can one turn to when the Anima dies within the Square Garden?

She lay in State in a dark workshop, a mechanical garage. I lift the Army blanket; her mouth is a dry, dark cave, full of lacework, fish bones, rubies and bleached turtle shells.

Later, I create a series of Requiem paintings for her. The first is very enigmatic. I have it before me. Standing behind the Chinese bowls filled with water, tea, All Bran Flakes and milk, behind the flowers with broken necks, the fruit and the Glastonbury Box.

I look but I am afraid of what I see, so many reflections of a network of processes. Where do I begin? Perhaps with what is most obvious. In *ANACALYPSIS*, ii. p. 234. (Godfrey Higgins) we see a diagram which is the Real foundation of this painting. I cannot reveal this structure, for it is so embedded in the work itself, that at least this initial mystery can be preserved. Suffice it to say, that it is surmounted with glory and made of cornelian, garnet, ruby or red glass, and is linked to the Mystic Initials H.A.B.

I have also painted the memory of wet loam under my bare feet, and the startling vision of the white tortoise shells, bleached by the sun and the rains. The tortoise shell chalice filled with glistening moist hearts, freshly butchered in the mechanical workshops of Man, hot red berries, singing rubies and a miniature galaxy of white highlights harvested from the backs of black ants.

These are to be found in my Requiem Painting  
(Yet there is still more.)

An invisible phallus hides behind the altar, and the glory. Its head has become a bone bowl filled with ivory sperm, white sometimes can be seen as a pearl blue lake, or the wings of an azure dragonfly. To be more precise, there is much of the insect in this Animus - Phallus-God thing. The Golden Goddess is now decaying on the board under the Army blanket.

(End of Part One.) <sup>1</sup>

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## QUEEN GURU - PART 2.

**VIA LUCIS.** The ancient sleeping one, in the dawn chamber of rich brocades. *el' atu.* golden vestments were produced for our ascent to the Royal Tower. azure robe with spangled stars. The VIRGIN OF LIGHT, VIRGO LUCIFER.

The Meeting of the Magi: actually we all live on Via Lucis, the Road of Light, not in one physical location, but a Passage of Light, connecting the entire Earth in a Grid of Energy. Yes. We are the meta-programmers. The Power Centre, that was to become the Heart of Via Lucis was dormant in the 20th Century. Having scraped out a niche in the psyche of this network, Queen Guru, Potential Arahat, Priestess of the House of Thoth, Diviner of Thrice Greatest Hermes, and Chief Cook and Bottle Washer of Her Royal Highness the Fantasy Fabricator of ZONE 9.

She walks with Simon the Essene beside the sea, She is the mermaid that calls from the depths of Oceanic Consciousness. Calling us to join the Club, as we advance into the reality of what our true existential Nature is About. She puts on her pre-sleep Cocoa Butter & Wheat germ Moisture Cream listening to Hindemith by earphones and candlelight.

What is the Nature of this conscious immortality? First we have to distinguish the Nature of Conscious Immortality as distinguished very clearly from Unconscious Immortality. A rock, which lasts 10,000 years or more in one form give or take; is immortal in relation to man (and womb-man) and his/her 70 years. But the immortality of this rock is not conscious. Or is it? Only the rock can say, and its lips are sealed. The permanence of Hell is a similar immortality. For Transfiguration into the Electronic World, see chapter 12 of '*The Theory of Eternal Life*' by Rodney Collins.

The Nature of Reality or the Reality of Nature.

Upon this planet, millions of Beings, in one degree or another, are aware of this Nature. P.E.14.12.76.

Who remembers when ALAYA, our ultimate Storage System Computer was built. Before my time says Queen Guru contemplating a painting of the bearded Master C.R. meditating in The Dawn Room. The Hudson River shivers into a silver moist moonlight dress. At the meeting of the Magi in New York, our Hero/Heroine enters in a cascade of revelations, her dream electricity ablaze - as she utters her Contemplative Quote from the 'Interstellar Tourist Guide':

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<sup>1</sup> Edited version of Part One completed in Turin, 1st January 1985 – started in Kathmandu, June 1979. [Printed: 15<sup>th</sup> February, 1988. Limited Edition: 50 copies.]

"Aesthetic appreciation and love of nature for its own sake are important reasons for preserving rare larval human forms."

She flexes her micro-wave circuitry, umber velvet and pearls in that Dr Mabuse movie, figures set into Art Nouveau dreams. Gold.

Telephones. The Hour of Eleven - her hair in curls that delight, there's no business-like Show Business - and transmits to the Being, who in upper New York esoteric circles, is known as The Master Electrician, confession cell number 194 in the Main Building, on the second Floor. Attack from Zone 5.

There is a hot autumn African wind blowing outside. It is 9 p.m. Queen Guru languishes on a coach, desirable and chain smoking, alone. I may have to rush for my Totally Transparent Finishing Face powder and my Hollywood Poppy Protein Bare Blusher, plus built in vibrator to save the situation. Neurological delights, et Al, *Al la carte*. All the Stations. Selling spiritual shit. Or even put on my black net camisole slip (the one with the scalloped sequined hem). On second thoughts (while rummaging in my eau DE nil georgette scants) I may yet come to grips (greased) with 'O Sweet Mystery of Life At Last I've Found my Black Automatic Mascara. What else should you know? You! Hot rumour follows me everywhere Playing harder to get (as usual) and it's getting harder to get anything. Albino plums, white caviar, meta-cartographically pushed into the deep structures of linguistics, computer stuff. Science journals, genetic coding, nuclear power. But I would not be seen dead without my Princess Galitzine 02 Velvematic Foundation crème, lest, like an unholy fusion between 'She' and 'The Invasion of the Body Snatchers' O disintegrate into ashes, dust, sackcloth and Lamentations from my Fan Club.

During a season of decoding the material, I was shocked to find a fragment which is so fraudulent that my ruby-galls diamante eardrops weigh heavily on both hemispheres of my brain. I quote the fragment in its entirety:

"Queen Guru died on the 8th of May, 2087, at 3.02 a.m. in the morning of the Full Moon day. I have taken her place.

We returned from India with Circus, late in the winter of the year she died. I was presented with seven large collections of Metadata, encased in boxes, some covered with silk, others with velvet, vellum or calico. Each Metadata contains a certain frequency of her mind. The one covered in black velvet, embroidered with gold symbols - is essentially alchemical and Kabbalistic in nature, though notes and observations on Divination, dreams and various Visions are codified therein. These will be published after careful editing and presented to the Patrons of Circus. Uranus, retrograding through Scorpio was the basic..."

Video-telepathic masturbation. Her mouth, denuded of its Styrofoam teeth looked like a pigs arsehole. Now I must go and wash my face with Transcendental Tears, for a while, crocodile. While there is still hope, burning in the human, and subhuman breast.

The fragment ends here. This insertion by some imposter was followed by a stream of analogical Keys, and the words; REBIS, BEARDED APHRODITE, BALD VENUS, ELIADE: 2 AND 1. Dream of Blazing White Lights on Dark Sky, T. Rinpoche there, SERPENTS ASCENDING, AIREBIS and SIEBIERS.

See also: A.D. Reinhardt, Abstract Painting 1960. (Just black!)



REBIS is indexed with a Key Vibration of MEM, the First of the Mother Letters, and has Uranus as a terminating frequency.

The responsibility on my shoulders (which are covered with a fine white satin Rouleau-strapped nightdress on a silk chiffon bodice) is very heavy indeed. I am not taking 'her place' as the imposter puts it, but I have the duty of creating a rGyud for Circus of her Inner, Outer and Secrets Namthars. The wonderful richness of her life revolved around a central crisis - that of the meta-programmatic war that raged over The Dress. It was one of the greatest gterma tragedies of all time, as the neon lights spell it out. From the vast amount of literature that has grown up around this Event, I find one Heading from some forgotten scholar of interest. It follows:

"NOTES on the  $3 \times 9 = 27 + 9 \times 9 = \text{TOTAL of } 108$ .

ARCHETYPAL STRUCTURE OF QUEEN GURU.

Kabuki. Lime green sashes and ribbons on scarlet.

A crude attempt to decode this spectrum of frequencies follows and I record this as an example of sheer weakness of form:

- 1) New York: The Master Electrician. The crystal in Taglione's Jewel Casket. M.O.M.A.
- 2) Ancient Egypt. The Silver Thread Dream, Tutankhamen, childhood novel etc.
- 3) Dr John Dee's collection of Crystals. 4) Moorish Spain. Raymond Lully. 5) Master R.C. passes through Fez from Damascus. 6) Alexandria - The Library and its Destruction. 7) Bruno in Italy. 8) The Alchemist. 9) Buddhist monk, drubthop - *gTerma* crystals or ? (Note: the head of 'g' in *gTerma* has not been used for a considerable time.) 10) Dreams from which a crystal is manifested, i.e. *gong.gTer*. 11) Tarot cards. 22 crystals as the Major Arcana. 12) CIRCUS - a future Glass Bead Game Culture, which uses The Dress as one of its Shows. 13) The Province - the setting for the final Show which leads to the termination of Queen Guru. 14) Queen Guru. 15) Metasexual 16) The Dancer. 17) The Artist. 18) Swayambunath, Katmandu, the Naga Myths.

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Alexander Liberman. MINIMUM. 1949 (White Circle on Black Enamel. Very Mahakala!)

We lay naked, on the crimson tigers, hand-printed at Pashupatinath Temple, a fusion of lips generating sweet saliva wine. Blazing in the knowing of my mind, like the logs of wood on the hearth, is the terrible awareness, that no matter how intense the weaving of the limbs, the hot facade of skin in intimate contact - in an ultimate sense there is a limit to what can be achieved as far as Union goes. The realized fact that the absolute joining will exclude the carnal representation unfolding here before the fire. I consider this as my hands run over the warm marble sculpture of his body. The holy youth undergoing his sensual initiation.

Katmandu. From the Divan of Petra Voght. The Russian Georgian Princess and her Maharaja husband living in Tangiers! Dana dying in a motorbike crash in Bali - his last painting of a photograph by Ira Cohen - of a skull. And so on!

The street was now totally emptied of people. Only the rain lashed down on the rough cobbles. From beneath a carved overhang, arranging a thin shawl, already drenching wet around her bony shoulders, she lit a beedi and leant against the whitewashed wall. Was this shelter from a tropical storm, the Monsoon, a suitable place to stage the genesis of an epic that would span the ages? Why not? she thought, relighting the beedi.

The walls were painted black up to the height of a small child - and then silver pyramids formed a border that went right around the room. Old black lace hung from wooden curtain rods, the left and right terminations of this rod were embellished with silver dragons - the heads of which had wide open mouths, from which streamers of gold braid cascaded down over the black lace and meandered over the polished floor beneath. By candlelight the gold braid caught glimmerings of light against the infinite firmament behind.

Brown-black like the tea dust at the bottom of a bitter cup. On the divan, strewn with assorted silks, Petra Voght lay - arranging some photographs.

To her left, a delicate carved wooden column, painted gold - surmounted with an Art Deco vase, filled with peacock feathers.

The Secret Namthar must never be revealed. It must enter the bardo with me - and in the hailstorm of accumulated karmic patterns, each detail will be codified into one glorious abstract cipher of beauty-as-being. Through certain aspects of this secret biography are seemingly repulsive and their operation has already been intuited by those of the Inner Circle - their suspicions (if I may use such a weighed word) are right off-beam!

The vampire blade is coming to get you! Plastic roses in a glass dome. Resplendent astride the outer edges of conceptual thought, she begins the operations of severing her mind from the last golden threads that bind her to matter. She gathers a cloak of stars around her ivory shoulders (previously bony), and places the moon beneath her feet. Blazing between her breasts (wish that I had them) is the lapis lazuli pentagram of Hermes Trismegistus - and a pyramid of pure white light serves as a backdrop. The barbed hooks that kept her bound to matter are torn out of the micro-cosmic landscape of flesh, leaving behind small, bleeding volcano-shaped wounds. She finally drifts upwards into the Void, her body seemingly transparent and floating slowly as helium balloons are accustomed to do.

Beneath her, the gears and cogs of cyclic existence grind on, while luminous tubes filled with warm winds and minute globes of energy - drifting like seaweed, wind their way outwards from the engine room of Samsara 666 - to feed and nourish the Abundant Manifestations.

The velvet and lurex Viewing Room on Via Lucis is now empty and the Magi have returned to their various manifestations (Transmission Stations).

Trimming her D.N.A. sails to fit the wind, that turned on the storm - she now leaves her divan, her royal blue kimono embroidered with pink lotus blossoms, and butterflies in rainbow hues, mother of pearl clouds. The silk billows out as she passes through the black lace, until the printed patterns, the shape of reality itself, the lace and the gold braid, all fuse into one photograph, that lies abandoned on the divan. Her face splits into two profiles, the Double Headed Eagle, the Ankhaten clown face reflected in Diamond Mirrors and a host of splintered, fragmented images that billow up into the stormy sky, disintegrating Lotus,

fluttering prayer flags, cracked crystal balls, skulls and sentient vibrators which pierce with greased ease, the forked lightening, as it describes a perfect triangle in blinding lines of light, capturing the crescent moon in its exact Centre.

A central motive is always the problem of worms. They writhe through these pages in various forms - thread worms, round worms, and most horrible of all - the dreaded tapeworm.

1) WAR LEVEL, hot mudra, cosmogenetic War, etc. Actual fights and conflict.

2) Past LIVES, memories of past incarnations. METASEXUAL as separate to Queen Guru. Meta is YIN, she is ANIMA depressed, almost thirsting for the Hermit Way, the solitude, she plays the fantasies of Marlene Dietrich, Greta Garbo etc. Queen Guru is more political - ANIMUS. Not only does the Work have 108 incarnations of Queen Guru, but it also has 108 viewpoints, 108 levels of perception, 108 points of observation in time and space, e.g. 1-4.

I feel as if my hands have been chopped off? Vira, where are you now?

Last night I dreamt of The Province again. The details are not clear. Too many lives have passed. I remember the Matriarch. She was living incognito by the sea. The road across the Flatlands to Mother Anima was destroyed by tidal waves. Only the High Places remained intact. From the simple house we could see the long arm of The Province stretching out to sea.

"This home is simple white wood, aged by the sea and adorned with shells. You are most welcome to remain here." said the Matriarch. "But tell me", she continued "is it true that we shall soon have a visitor from that most ancient of cities, New York?"

Kim Novak in her bath overlooking the sea. Seminal childhood image. Binding her 'self' into pre-packed shrouds, garments designed for mass materialism. Raindrops keep falling on my head. Sheet iron. Piano romances (burnt out Chopin) mustard duco and film of rain over gutted hotel. Melancholy in New York. Conversation between Queen Guru and Metasexual:

One could call it a boisterous pride, over assertive, ready to be cut down, which it is, in due progression. Or, the psychological faults are transmuted into higher energy. They are dismantled, thematically, and the constituents thereof, re-assembled elsewhere. There are points, especially in the Last Movement, where all the rising motifs suddenly contract, into what I term a taught, (taut), dried out cruciform. All moisture has left this alchemical process. The ash has been produced, and now only the only element that can be brought into the audio-matrix is that of AIR.

Beauty an da Beastie. Words. Why? When? What? Time. Memories, the telephone rings.

The soft warm marble of the inside of his thighs. A suitable grip for pleasure - a symmetry of bone and flesh in fusion. A hot fountain of delight. An erotic diary becomes a necessity during these twilight days. The private world of fantasy. I kiss the raindrops on your hair.

She said: "His hands explored my hips as if they were baskets of death. If the Universe is a furnace, What is the Nature of Fire?" How we love the black smoke of burning flesh, soft upholstery incinerated in desires oven!

It was a New Dawn.  
Filth and Mire. Mud and Fire. Ruby Rot Aflame!  
And a bit of Old-Babylonian graffiti which reads:

19 from the Moon to the Pleiades; 17 from the Pleiades to Orion; 14 from Orion to Sirius", and so on for eight stars or constellations, ending with the statement: one can barely even stroke the texture of this information (to Gregorian Chant, the Bells of St Mary's, Gothic Ascending Pythagorean Right Angel (Angle?))

Mark Toby. *Edge of August*. 1953. How a gesture, calligraphic is repeated until it creates density. The Knots.

I dreamt. And I visited a place in Paris. I awoke and the address was burning in my mind. But through the layers en route to the surface of the day - this address was smeared against the walls of my subconsciousness, and remained imprisoned on those damp surfaces, those dark corridors of dehydrated memories. This is the beginning.

"There is only the Whole. And we spend our time, computing the dimension between the Whole and Its Parts. Pain is the Foundation, and the decorative flights, the Ascensions and resurrections into Black Holes of pleasure - are palliative against this background."

Side Show. The telephone numbers change - another meta-numerical transformation is attained. Frequency alteration. City enters a new vibration. Computer print-outs of excess bank deposits by those whose source of income might be used for revolutionary purposes.

YOD (10) X SHIN (300) = 3000. URANUS X SUN = 3000 = 3 = VENUS.  
HERMES - H+E+R+M+E+S = 72 = 9. S+O+L+O+M+O+N = 108 = 9

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Rene Magritte: *The False Mirror*.1967. (Black Bindu against sky - which is with an eye socket.)

ROTA/ THE MOON Mars Pluto Mercury Silver Iron Earth Quicksilver.

The moon is ravaged by black flies. As ROTA approaches termination time, VIA LUCIS turns on the FEF to seal the evenings transmission. The Magi had decided on a cerulean blue vibration to counterbalance the vermilion. With a full thrust of clear consciousness, a brilliant electromagnetic mass samadhi and the Race sleeps. Except for the few who labour by night. And this is where our old-style story begins.

The Heart of Via LUCIS, (I dread recording this arcane data!) is called ROTA. Or is it ALAYA?

Maria Prophetessa says that the whole secret lies in knowing about the Hermetic Vessel UNUM EST VAS. The Vessel is One. UNUM IN UNO CIRCULO SINE VASE: One in One Circle or Vessel.

In Cuzco, Queen Guru booked into a small hotel just off the Plaza Cabildo O del Regocijo (The Square of Rejoicement) and in ancient times, the Inca `Cusi Pata', which in Quechua means `Summit of Joy'. Joyous celebrations were held when the Imperial armies returned victorious.

Now she awaits the arrival of her young lover. He is tender and gentle. Almost childlike. A beautiful neck - soft and caramel skin, dark, thin eyebrows and well-formed lips. And Sun-sign Scorpio! Like Clytemnestra she waits, but fired by love, not hate. It is an image that will take a long time to be burnt away - the black hair flowing across those dark eyes. Also in Iphigenia - the entire dialogue is between people who are aware - on different levels of the tragedy of fate.

Just for sex, it's cruel to bring a child into the world, the child will suffer, why can't they do it the proper way?

As we wander through the ages of ice and blue ribbons of streaming faith, as we crack spheres of reality with the hammer of the heart/heat, as we ruin the pages of flesh with rains of blood and laughter falling, falling through the petals. Shostakovich String Quartets 8 & 13. Prelude & Fugues for Piano.13 ends on an exquisite clear note.

Towers begin to rise from the Earth. The Throne Room of Reality is Proclaimed. Bells, seal this final rush to affirmation.

CHILI WOMAN. *Vision de l'Mer* - Messiaen. As he sat in the Queens Chair in the Amphitheatre of Epidaurus (or was it a Throne?) he turned into a Being, a Divinity of Clear Light!

Queen Guru writes by candlelight - word written in tears, a late night, early morning letter from One (YUM) who knows not, and knows not that she knows not; to One (YAB) who KNOWS and KNOWS that he KNOWS.

Rene Magritte. *The Empire of Light*.II.1950 (For Black Mahakala Frequency.)

When you visit the Hill that was Self-Born, ask the Excellent Moon to inform Her Royal Lowness of your arrival! The brocade and dog-shit afternoon washed away much of the pain and barnacles of suffering that had attached themselves to my Hull(Hulk). White roses and honeysuckle on the Shrine tonight.

My fingers move over your skin of silk. my tears are woven into your being. two deserts are moistened by the orgasm that flows from my eyes. Jean Arp. *Floral Nude*. 1957. telepathic situations, eyes dramatically contoured with gray and chocolate pressed eye shadow.

Rangjung Rita - what a way to treat her.

Why would the Seven Metals emerge as fleshy mudras in the subterranean depths of New York's subway? Metasexual alone had the sensitivity to find my Stone wrapped in leaves. LAPIS! As I continue to write on precious Piazzesi paper from Venice, Nepalese rice paper, crushed silk paper from Bhutan, Egyptian papyrus and Bohemian linen paper prepared by some long-vanished Alchemist - with my Dried Locust Painting in the foreground and Mahler's Symphony Number 2 in the background.

## THE STALE PANTYHOSE SUTRA

Is it a left hand or a right hand hanging above the Door? What primitive symbol is this?  
Ants. The Black Lady who cleans the Buddha's by the Sea. Maitreya?

Only Love Incarnate would enter this Samsara Carnival (carnal). Province sleeps on. The moonlight embroiders silver on the sea, the tide goes out and Queen Guru dreams of the Sheik Jusef Fiasco. Delusions of indifference.

Connections continue to be made and the excitement mounts as WESAK approaches.

The Texture Masters are here. Here.

The Masters of the Far East. Incoming transmissions, beam me up, beam me down, sun beam. Another transMission is:

Alchemical Wedding. Bacchanal by Saint-Saiens!

Queen dreams of Antwerp and enters an old Tuinhuis - she moves through the narrow passage, through the kitchen (here she is caught by Fellini in "8 and a Half", a section of his film which looks as if lifted from a Rembrandt, and NOT a Flemish Master), and into a small cobbled yard - which is actuality is a painting by a Flemish Master - and beyond there is a shed, which covers the entrance to a cave. This cave, of a deep ochre rock, with stalactites and stalactites - narrows until one has to crawl.

Here she meets the Golden Dragon, Who is a psychic imprint of the Holy One of Antwerp, now living in a 12th Century Orphanage.

Who is Second, at the Emerald Table of Europe? Alma Cadillac at the Whiskey a Go Go in Paris, the optimistic Gnostic Queen. Augustus, Hilarion, The Spanish Princess, groomed for the Emerald Table who says: "They've got microphones in every pore of my body!"

On psychotropics. There are many Voices speaking here.

Knights of the Golden Stone. Ars Naturae Ministra, a stereoscopic memory, stroboscopic awareness.

"Having looked a good while into the sea, and it being just about midnight, I beheld from afar the seven Flames passing over the sea hitherward and betaking themselves to the top of the spire of the tower."

‘The Chemical Marriage’.

Just dial O for O'Malley Ja Sa Ta Da I/Eye La O Ma Lee. Arriving Tantric Train Friday 9 O clock. Samten DE Lush and DE Likes Ya.

They put their wings on their hips and demand nourishment.

Today on this gray slab of sky above Amsterdam I write a few of the pearls of wisdom that flow from the lips of Queen Guru when She deems to give us an audience.

"The guardians of our New Age Morality are Instant Pharisees. So dried out that you just have to add hot water." It seems Queen Guru has had a brush with a sari-clad yoga matted middle class mediocrity. Her critique went something like this:

"I listened to them playing conceptual tennis with verbal pseudo-spiritual terms, shooting down their respective "pies-in-the-sky's"; setting themselves up as judges (as I am), airborne vultures tearing everything to shreds so that the earth rains torn flesh."

Just the type of entertainment for a Festival of Body, Mind and Spirit.

"What they serve up as 'New Age' " she continued, " is a form of psychic castration! A heavenly indifference to the raw and magnificent textures of life. Their trap is the realm of the Gods, but even the Gods die. Besides, they do not align themselves to such issues' as religion - so we must presume there are no "Gods" in their vocabulary. But then, these "pie-in-the-sky" posers in Laura Ashley prints are not concerned with such issues as 'Human Rights'.

Red strawberries on a Gold Ground.

Queen Guru also has a collection of toilet graffiti. Example:

" Is it a case of the Human Race versus the Bechtel Corporation?", while underneath was written:

"I'd prefer the Plastic Bananas versus the Rent a Rubber Fist Girls!" On Politics too, Queen Guru has her say:

"You can't talk about 'alternative lifestyles' - but alternative politics is called 'terrorism'.

"I want to become a Saint." Koosje.

Someone said that the South African Police put stones into the hands of the dead blacks they had shot - to prove that they were stoned."

A perfect image of the generosity of the S.A. Regime:

Giving stones to the dead."

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.

-----  
THE BURNING BUSH. Crash on Beach Road. Mary Kaldor. 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, 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".

But I've been reading the Bible every day since my Trial and I know that, with God's help, I'll be able to stop taking panties and bra's and things. HIS HAUL ON CONVICTION WAS: 185 PAIRS OF PANTIES; 35 BRAS; 6 NIGHTIES AND 2 PETTICOATS.

Ascending the subway stairs, against the glare of the street lights, he became an Egyptian Priest clad in white! Now, where did I read that Fantasy and Imagination rob one of energy? Rob away.

Sweeping through MACY's in a cloud of Oscar DE la Renata cologne, her leather bag containing all the little necessities of life: Tuberoso toilet water, a packet of Lipton's Instant Tomato Soup, and Frenchette Italian Dressing, because it contains only two calories per tablespoon. Gliding along the bleak Highway in her chauffeur-driven Fleetwood limousine complete with telephone, TV and clinking mini-bar.

In desperation, at Five in the Afternoon (or was it High Noon?), Queen Guru resorts to every consciousness alternating substance in the Book, Bell and Candle.

Now we realize that the Centre of the problem is the Dress. In my visualization of this garment, I have betrayed its texture - now a new form is unfolding. There are 108 Stones, each with a History, each placed within an occult landscape - glowing with magnetic energy.

One of the Jewels is in Tagliones Jewel Casket - where it hides in the conceptual clutter boxes of Joseph Cornell until it is robbed (from M.O.M.A.) and placed on the Dress as the Final Stone, albeit the Corner Stone. The robbery being the most mysterious event in the entire history of the M.O.M.A. in New York.

Balls 'n All. Gobble Job. Another Crystal is/was in the collection of Dr John Dee. Elizabeth of Bohemia, the Winter Queen, also had one. Another can be seen in `The Chemical Wedding". The Taglione is from the Tzar of Russia.

Breughel. The Florentine Botticelli. Bosch. Bouts. Master of St. Bartholomew. MARMION? Flippo Lippi. di Paolo. Patenier. Pisanello. Raphael. Crivelli. Bellini. Master of St.Giles. Antonella da Messi. PERUGINO.SASETTA - PINKS CAPITALS FROM PEARLY THIN COLUMNS. WALLS ARE OLIVE GREEN. THE USUAL CERULEAN SKY BEHIND. 3 Saints by Stephen Lochner. DIRK BOUTS.

These rages of sentience!

The Inner Circle. Inspiration comes from Edward Burne-Jones. The Transformation from the Oxford Movement, through the Pre-Raphaelites to William Morris and eventually Christian Socialism. Stephen Gaskin, walking with the War Lords, the Land Lords, i.e. are the Land Lords the War Lords?

Belligerent Materialism. Scorpio is the Salt of the Earth. Pluto the Underworld. Mrs Wrangmore's confusion of concentration with imagination. My anger at the poverty of their language. Encrusted with clichés like "brain damage" and "it leads to the hard stuff". The basic, naked texture of a word. Sitting in the train, thinking about the branch archetype which is also concerning me at the moment, brought me to consider the vastness and sheer



density that could be evoked from the word: "TREE." This is where the Tantra operates. We have to have a surgical precision with our language. The "Cluster" structure is brilliantly shown in the Borjes story "Dr Brodie", "TRRK" is everything that fires the patterning of the "polka-dot" cluster archetype.

Her shawl was of the Ash of Benares.

And the winds blow the sad ashes of experience, oboe, clarinet or flute - dust unto dust, ashes into clouds, pastel colours...BUT

A sinister note, empty halls within the mind, crowds and themes race in, hooks are entering the flesh, the ascent begins, there is no escape, no rest, except at the summit.

That Universal Archetype of rocks falling, or lightning flashes splitting the darkness and hewing matter into cubes.

Brother C.R. took a Diadem from Damascus to Fez and then through Spain to Germany - plus the Book "M". The discovery of the Vault in the same year as the stars in two constellations. See Yates.

Home going am I, realize I and, eyes my in tears the through, Skies Blue seen have I 'cause. Show Horror Rocky. Water boat ship shape and dark cave passion under the acacia.

-----

"In the Tree, do not rot upon the Path."

Pardon me, your sunyata's showing - Now in the Bijou of the Mind - Buffalo Bill, Metaphysical KILL -

Telepathy Trip with my ESP whip -  
Pages of Pleasure  
To measure  
and feed into  
The Guillotine -  
The Shredder  
The Embedder  
into polystyrene.

How to construct Queen Guru Rock Opera? 1st -elements of religious aggression - "...spiritual gangsters." i.e. West Side Story, Clockwork Orange, The Black and White Forces, Star Wars. And a Cabaret Number. 3rd Dressing Room Lament. 4th To the Shrine We Have to Go!

-----

The T-bone steak upholstery is levered into position over the silver chaise lounge. Tinsel and Glitter God is worshipped in the name of Delores Dishwasher. Delores Dazzle. Dolorosa.

Do you think it will have an adverse effect if we type sideways? theatre powder make up box, the mirror, age lines. PROPS. PROTOPLASM boils down to NEPTUNE. PROTEUS.

The penis-microphone built erect into the suit of armor.

The cars trying to get up the hill but slipping back. Parable of slipping into manifestation. Immense agony - frustration. Some people came around, made vague, erratic efforts to entertain me, until they pissed off leaving me to my loneliness and my letter to YOU -

We all seem to be seeking that Illusive Dream Lover - and we all seem to be ripped off by the whole trip. Today I awoke to the dual experience of a body beside my own and a slight mystical tremor caused by contemplating the scene of a blue to cloud white-washed sky, and a lemon tree, dying in the wind.

I awoke to a knife between my ribs? as the softness of those chalk clouds merged into the winter blues. I evoked a Realization from the bottom drawer of my meta-programmed biological computerized compact plus pastel powder and abandoned eyelashes. I arose in a gown of body warmth, casting glitter to the furs beneath - passing through the various shades of my existential crisis, knocking over ruined situations and blank pages blowing through the morning breezes in the corridors of grief. I light some incense, I do not light a cigarette, for I have stopped smoking, I crack my knuckles, I bite my nails - I powder my face with sunshine and let out a great big papier-mache smile. Autobiographical details are barbed and hooked with terrible edges. I breakfast alone on these edges, while you sleep on and the wind creates a cantata through the lemon tree, or perhaps a Requiem.

The clock strikes twelve. It is midnight and You have left. I enter the Shrine of Your memory. I part the curtains and peer deep into the other dimension. The doors open and I must enter. It is an urgent secret service mission that I must embark on. Born from the Realization. The entry into another Matrix needs no passport documents.

Built into every atom of my Gay Wizards' Body is a Key, and a Door to be unlocked by that Key. To each his own. Birds of a feather flock together. For the sake of convenience, let us call it teleportation.

It is night, thunder, screaming sky -  
ravished trees and fear-encrusted dreams.  
matrimonial arguments - painted indifference, a thousand positions, myriads of gestures  
abort in rapid succession!

-----

The Golden Throne was hung about with buttercup yellow silk drapes, a scarlet cushion, beautifully embroidered with red poppies and symbols, on the Sacred Seat of the Throne. At the base of the Seven Steps, a Stream flows out.

Jean Marcel. SPECTER OF THE GARDENIA. 1936.(Paint, cloth, plaster, zippers and film. For the unzipping of the sense of sight.)

-----

Forehead upon the floor I stretch out my hands and find the triangular Stone. Within this Stone one can surely read all knowledge.

The `Archie' comic I picked up and read in the Gardens had a round stain of wet blood on it. Bergie menstrual nectar I presume.

Then that dream of the typed page. The right is neatly rectified - but on the left the typing has run off the page. The left of what? The page? Or the page of my being, my lunar side, my anima out of control? These are questions we may well ask.

The blood on the `Archie' comic is the price paid. It is the same water, Alchemical element - that froze into the ice of Taglioni's Jewel Casket and Kurt Vonnegut's Ice Nine.

This Dress, this Holy Ocean of Crystal, Vajra Gown. The Blonde Goddess (Blondie and Dagwood.) The goat licking salt, a lick of life -

Do goats really eat tins at Mendes? Essence of Greta Garbo and Jean Harlow, the Golden Archetype flashes through the Crystals of the Dress.

Why do you think I am asking you for a repeat performance? Accelerate your energy, Man! Blow the fuses, do anything radical, but please, just give it to us again!

Cleaning the white-washed altar  
scrubbing off the bloody-animal marks  
using the sweet-smelling face-cloth of the whore.

(A devotional note written to Queen Guru.)

OBSCURUM PER OBSCURIUS IGNOTUM PER IGNOTIUS.  
(The obscure by the more obscure, the unknown by the more unknown.)

Shred the image, scrub and strip the form, bleach all colour out,  
tear off the veils, drop the bombs  
and That is This object manifest.

Queen Guru incarnated as Raw Texture, only glittering surfaces over which we run our fingers.

Around her eyes, beneath the lids, it would seem that the Spiders of Thanatos had left their webs to collect the dust of the ages. And the irises seemed to invite experiments in moist putrefaction, circular pools for the games of decay.

And she would pierce the moss and fern of the stone walls of the Castle above the sea, with her broken fingernails.

The Gnostic Revolution (known as G.R.) was a pure emanation from that Mother of Mysteries, the City of Alexandria. It brought forth a wind on the minds of humanity that only realized its fruits in the intensification of aesthetic pleasures. As Balthazar said:

"We of this Cabal say: INDULGE BUT REFINE. We are enlisting everything in order to make man's wholeness match the wholeness of the universe - even pleasure, the destructive granulation of the mind in pleasure."

She admits being a "passeiste" - one who lives in another age. (Term by J.P. Sartre in 'Saint Genet', Actor & Martyr' - mentioned in Kate Millet, 'Sexual Politics'. Now she/He cries:

It is for the Sun that my moistness craves,  
For the Fires of Venus,  
For the Burning Putrefaction.  
To sink deep into the swamp  
And rot in fetus forms  
Until the Light Burns  
Up the Me That Never Was  
And the I that Will Never Be.

### THE BEAUTIFUL CITY.

"All the power of the Stone lies hidden in the Fire,  
All the power of Sulphur in the Gold,  
The power of Mercury in the Silver."

I once had a dream of entering The Beautiful City. These Journeys are documented in *The Dream Book*. That period of my life demanded a keeping of Records. The Recording Angel was very active.

Later, a reference to The Beautiful City, the 'Splendid City', surfaced in the Nobel Address of the Poet, Pablo Neruda. The quotation was from Rimbaud. At the same time, the City appeared again in the 'Miller Fantasies' and the commentary and analysis of them by C.G. Jung. Another City, to which return was not possible, surfaces in 'DIMETOS' by Athol Fugard.

This leads to further research.

'*The City of God*' by Saint Augustine. Then the Jungian connection of the City as a Mother Archetype. I also dreamt of the Divine Child within this City. The logic of the process becomes clear. But the Divine Child is being cremated. (This would carry Dorje Phagmo overtones, which once again, reflect the Stone and Bone textures of '*Dimetos*', as was in fact mentioned to the cast of the play, and the author: 25.1.1982.

We have to decontaminate The Teachings from the poisonous salts of clichés and habits.

A Unimatic Transcendence. Where else can ONE go, when TWO cannot be achieved anymore, and THREE is a very distant, possibility? So, we weave a cocoon of bright lead wires, to contain the infernal fires. We build walls of steel to imprison the Red and White Roses, the Burning Bushes, the Trees of Light, incinerating the paper butterflies.

The Omniverse is a Burning Furnace, the Athanor.

-----

I have found the room of my dreams. It is reached by a white staircase.

The ante-room is filled with people and chairs and empty bottles filled with silver liquid and white glasses - and the people are dark - like shadows.

If we cleave to ideas which you feel are "illegal" then surely in the courts such ideas can be proved wrong by public debate. Our interests, our emotions and ambitions, dissolve into a blaze of light that manifests as a Turner seascape.

It is not that we can create the first embryonic evidence of a `play' by collecting verbal evidence. Rather, the structure, or `shape' of a psychic reality. A dense bank of thought forms, possibly emanating from offstage.

The food of pigs, in the mystic language of the Dakinis of Tibet is similar to the words for sugar (Ka.Ra) and a kind of Chinese Satin (Ka.ra.na.rus.) Das.

I understand you to take (partake of) onions in London nightclubs! Magic Clown. You Psychopomp!

Ascending Da Stairs.

The small man lacks a sense of History. In the Post Office, the small man in shorts, his bright shirt patterned with trains and names of cities: TOKYO, PARIS, LONDON, NEW YORK. He crawls on the ground, unable to attain a view of the soaring eagle. Girl Guides, Boy Scouts, Salvation Army, Rotarians, Lions, Freemasons, Oddfellows, Buffaloes, Bilderdykers, Social Groupings. I am looking into His Face!

a work in progress: 1983? a retrospective glance at some notes and fragments

1. The psychic propensities become monumental - the architecture of Being is etched out in Blue Print - we have to see/What We Can Come Up with?

- a) The meltdown Orange!
- b) Journey through a Landscape.
- c) Aesthetics of Fate.
- d) The Spiral Staircase of King Ludwig of Bavaria.
- e) The Tower (Betrayal therein!)
- f) Gleams on Varnished Flesh, Glad Wrapped Body.

-----  
"That moment of horror, when the Eight Pieces of Bone of my cranium, were squeezed together to ease the passage down the narrow birth canal."

Which brings us to a pertinent question. Who was the Mother of Queen Guru? All we know at this stage that she was Queen Isadora of Byzantium in one of her past lives.

– "I do not paddle in little pools", she says. "I go for the Deep Fat!"

– "Tonight I was looking for someone to wrap me in a black plastic bag and throw me off the 17th Floor of a building. It had to be the 17th Floor you see, because that is the number of Hope."

This is merely a pre-natal "hang up your garters in your old kit bag and smile, smile, smile."  
It's a long way to Tipperary. There'll be White Clouds over, the Blue Cliffs of Dover. Islam  
seduces me - midnight *terma* - Did you Dial?

I created the Dial Mudra - my chest and vertical being transforms into the face of the Dial,  
my neck and head become the hour hand

and then I rotate, generating Red Yantras

seed pearl aquamarine sequins, velvet curtains, announcer, audience, theatre, city,  
continent, planet, solar system, galaxy and YOU!

-----  
trying to fly, and falling I collapsed on a cloud and saw the ruby lacework of your digital  
essence -

The Old Chaldean - Chinese - Tibetan - Hebrew - Prophet - Seer - Sage - Pink skin - white  
hair - blue eyes.

Here I lie with my feet in the Ocean of Kether (North) and my head on the slopes of  
Malkuth Mountain (or is it Meru?) Michael rules the Highest Points, Hallelujah! I am hung  
by my feet from the stars, my hands dance upon the golden paranoia department:

Bugs in the chimney (the chimney is thus also seen in the Alchemical furnaces, (ovens,  
stoves and microwaves.) It indicates the GAS (AIR & AETHER) that escapes in the Process -

The POST BOX is a Communication CUBE, the Winged Messenger seen in all Alchemical  
pictures: MERCURY or HERMES.

the oven is empty  
the ashes cold. (ear in the chimney)  
(eye in the Box)  
chimneys start off square and end up tubular.

(This represents a deep paranoia in the meta-war of Queen Guru when she thought that  
some security, spy hearing/recording device was planted in the chimney and that her mail  
box was being fiddled with by the Post Office. Ear -sound in the chimney - eye sight in the  
post Box.)

-----  
formal root radical spaces threads and cacophony.

The White Globe in Boston House - white statue in wall-paper by the point of the sea, white  
empty pages, maitri freak david michaelangelo mudra and so on.

Within the confines of a terminal crisis Queen Guru gestates a new Centre. She as conscious  
man/woman/androgynous/ is a psychic continuity flowing through Time and Space in an  
Ettore Bugatti coach circa 1935, the nocturnal mobility enhanced by her Revenescence Night  
Moisturizer. We have to bear this in mind when we approach the subject of Divination. To

this we add the subconscious levels, which like Jacob's Ladder and the (at least) thirty-five skin cell layers of the stratum corneum of her operating Moisture Complex - in toto, incorporated and Pty.Ltd., a process of ascending and descending the contents of her Mind.

She is centrifugal, ascending into unification - centralizing her essence into the projected image of dried seed on the umber velvet. And while in motion, she reads her Interstellar Tourist Guide and especially appreciates the following passage:

"Aesthetic appreciation and the love of nature for its own sake are important reasons for preserving rare larval human forms."

She is now a streak of light among the stars of Hollywood, a glow worm between the "L" and the "Y" - a glittering highlight bounced by Von Sternberg onto the cheek of Marlene Dietrich, a neon line of piss outside a cheap Motel Paradiso, the Pearly Gates and the Stale Pantyhose Sutra read by monks of a Ming Monastery.

The pain is silver ice injected into my spine. I am the cold white sun of Nagasaki as your leaving explodes. It is too warm by the fireside with your body a soft landscape to melt into. Frozen needles are weaving into my flesh, a cybernetic agony which I cannot decode before the dying ash. Where are you?

Fragment from Metasexual:

"Let's eat one another tonight", screamed the bank manager's wife. Belonging to the heat of the night, the cold of the day, the cold sterile gestures and stuffed features."

-----

Fantasy Festival with Barrel-organ and monkey. Wooden birds painted with rainbows, flute songs, head-dress with feathers. Queen Guru dances. Persian miniature footsteps, swirl of Kashmir silk. It's easy. All you need is love. Cow bells to call me, Gopala. Vaseline, envelopes, ink bottles, The Society for the History of Alchemy and Chemistry, cup, paper-punch, painted boxes, notebook, glue, scissors, cards, incense, candle, Shrine, Buddha!

as we walked away. gone, absolutely gone. away.

(on this) (page of life) (I write) (a passion) concrete lane braided fury BRIDE joy bride. pattern design.

The Breaking of the Vessels! = Wedding Dress & The March done on roller skates (into Dream Yantra & recorded message.) Return: burnt meat tits = leave = Mahler 3rd Last Movement.

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The cycle repeats itself. Moment by moment, hour after hour, week following week our planet circles the Sun.

The use of the Chair in 'Cabaret' by Lisa Minnelli and the Chair used by Lola Dietrich in 'Der Blaue Engel'. Meta-digital computation. Notes in New York: A door opens: Vivaldi

music. Cello Concerto. The sound of one reality enters with a CLOWN. He crosses the room and closes a second door, which emits the sound of another reality.

little glass-blower boy -  
this is the lake of plasma  
that Giacometti 'pours' upon my palm.  
eyes and nail marks, offer the stain,  
Brahms No. 1.  
10th May 1977.

pleased to find a hole to climb into. audience participation. "Oh, what a lovely War!"  
energy, manifest as Life, flows on. Those who cannot flow,

Crumble. The jet. The helicopter. The birds singing. The parrot calls me. Vivaldi. The trap  
snaps over the tiny spine of the mouse. Sound.

Tonight I walked through a concrete apocalypse. I could not go on - and going back  
presented a problem as well. Strange street and bright, dehumanized Neon. Red Ribbons.  
Washed out carnival. Sewing Perugian brain in the early morning. CUSTER (On T.V.) He  
tries the pistol in his left hand. He tries the pistol in his right hand. Casts them both aside!  
Hands open with palms indicating defeat. Clapping hands are like stones!

-----  
Folded in the dark womb, reptilian varnish under the rows of tomb stones. In the midst of  
chaos (Kay's arse) as new sense of the Romantic. ENOLA GAZE and SUNNY YATA. The  
purple glance, or was it perhaps an atomic pink triangle?

-----  
The entire Old City is within high stone walls - (Bergamo?). In a time when so many gurus  
are selling scraps of knowledge for high prices - a peak of erudition and learning is living  
calmly on the French Riviera.

**FLESH MUDRA.** Those little islands who refuse to unite with the mainland now stand  
bleached and bitter in the ocean. They refused to call the Mayor "His Worship", because  
they state that the only energy worthy of the name "Worship" - is The Absolute. Thus they  
were cast out of society, cut away from the mainland, these little islands, like thirst, rejected,  
like the act of shitting, passed out as so-called waste. But who is to Judge? I do not want to  
play with you anymore!

Down at sea level, cravings rule supreme - up alone on the mountain - Teachings on the  
Nature of Reality - Summer Samsara in Mentone - this is the Flesh Mudra of Yeti  
Rosenkreuntz.

The threat of SPAZIO in the bus (see: MAITRI Therapy). Conflict between Fiction and Non-  
fiction. In lectures (and SCIENCE) one must always have the facts clear - BUT - in Fantasy  
(Etc.) facts can merge into New Forms - and stay merged in the Furnace of New Realities.  
Though as Queen Guru said, there are NO New Realities. See Metasexual as well.  
Burroughs, (as in William) gives fact through fiction - theatre is another facet -  
NOWADAYS - same applies to hang-up of reading maps in public. Letting it all hang out.  
Conscious (unconscious). Don't like that vibrazione. Molto male. Ragazzo de Inferno.



-----  
The dark passages of Mahler, melt into the telephone ringing, the radiant silver light of late afternoon, I am almost asleep. The TV is on. An electric storm has just passed. I pass the perspiration commercials, detergents, Dr Mabuse and the early influence of mass suggestion, and lift the receiver. Attack from ZONE 5.

*Sanctus. Sanctus Sanctus.*

Her eyelashes ascended through the Stations of the Cross.

Duplicating Lola in '*Der Blaue Engle*' and much later Lisa Minnelli in '*Cabaret*', Queen Guru rides a simple high back chair to air her meta-digital computations over the 'phone. With a thump of drums, the voice of Judy Garland says over the 'phone - "I never want to see you again." (Another thump of drums.) "Never." Riding the micro-waves I realize this raw piece of Reality is from '*Just me and My Gal*' with Gene Kelly, somewhere in the existential background. Far away, the sun is setting over the Temple of Coricana, the Main Temple of the Incas, who ever so thoughtfully consecrated this edifice to the Sun, the same blazing ball, now colouring the Hudson River with shocking pinks (as in a 1955 Coca Cola Advertisement) while I suffer this fresh attack over the telephone.

I must agree with the Classic Complaint of an Evolutionary Agent, in Timothy Leary's '*What Does Woman Want?*' and quote that: "I cannot do the simplest thing without it becoming a legend."

**THEY ARE YOUR CHILDREN. LOVE THEM. IMMUNIZE THEM.** American TV!

And YOU will have a Rainbow Body again, because that is the way the cookie crumbles - the Voice says. Bye, I'll be right back!

-----  
Last night, a drop of deep red blood, the dark wine of Dionysus fell on my lips, and I dreamt that I was attired as Veiled Isis, in black *tulle*, with the Turret Crown. Today I realized I do not belong here anymore, that I have come to the end of the road. Unfortunately, not everything is finished, but then it is, in a sense.

No wonder she walked down the passageway of the Seven Serpents in full-feathered glory. Peace of Mind has been achieved en route back to Province. Why not enjoy her birthday in this sweet land? First of November, All Saints Day and the HUAHUA's cakes in the shapes of babies are made and christened.

Memories of the Festival of Inti Raymi which she attended with Metasexual years before - that Sacred Festival of the Sun enacted on the Sacsayhuaman esplanade. Or their Dual Initiation in the Temple Coricancha - the Solar Bliss, the Sacred Union.

Scene: The Wonderful Walled Garden, placed on a Hill. Holy Ladies with flowing golden hair, tiaras and hammers are nailing a large and bleeding Heart to a wooden cross in the Centre of the Garden. Sometime after 1455. Less than 500 years later at the Hotel Marigny, 11 Rue deL'Arcade, Paris, a chauffeur arrives with a wire cage containing rats, which

Marcel Proust will crucify with hatpins "...to conjoin the most disparate sensations and emotions for the purpose of orgasm."

But when the Apocalypse struck, both the wonderful Walled Garden and the Hotel Marigny were struck by Fire from Heaven - we are reminded of the word 'SODOMA' scrawled on the walls of the doomed city of Pompeii. (with two eyes.)

As they say, you pomps and you pays.

And in this corner of the Enlightened Mind, the Duc DE Guermantes, indescribable in his bath robe and pink pajamas; under the exploding constellations, 'Her cigarette in one corner of her mouth and her voice in the other', while her mind alternates between Cocteau bric-a-brac and Einstein's special and general theory of relativity of Space and Time. (The curvature of Space as she attaches her frosted crystal seed pearl, eardrops.)

The mind of Queen Guru - "set which direction, you may ask? No direction. It was just set, like the pearl in the oyster." As she slips one of her spotted black net camisole slips (the one with the scalloped and sequined hem) she moves to the window seat and utters the comment of Jules Lemaitre on Mallarme, which she had written on white velvet paper:

"A rose injected with morphine."

The dark Walled Garden does not respond to the statement. The willow trees down by the riverside move like silk veils in the soft wind of the summer night. What, in her passing, put me in mind of the sublime death of the scorpion, who thrusts a dagger into itself when surrounded by Flames?

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Yeti Rosenkrantz is thinking of the schoolgirl in lace skirts sitting in the wicker basket about to ascend to Heaven (perhaps in a film by Fellini) - and Yeti then has further problems with the Dream of the Queen who gave birth to a baby that was All Head and Very Little Body - so huge that the Head had to be kept floating in Water. Savage Truth, they tracked it for 2 and a half hours - lame excuses - "...we've lost major chunks of real estate to communism" - "we're loaded with traitors in our midst" - the values, the underpinnings of "Western" "civilization" - shock - horror - revulsion - barbarism - little removed from the Mogul hordes - cold-blooded, ruthless, calculated - "...at no point did they say they were tracking a RC-135 - routine flight, which was a converted Boeing 707 - "...it proves that Ronald Reagan has been right all along - we should get the missiles!" - an American reconnaissance plane...

He asked me to Work the Hours of Milan, the Burning Transvestite on Viale Misurata; the Road of Misery; the Stations of the Cross; the Toilets of the Stations of the Cross in the Palazzo Madama Museum in Turin, and also the Tres Riches Heures of the Duc DE Barry in the Musee' Conde at Chantilly.

An idea for a play - a ruined watchtower - a great height - sky seen through patched glass or Perspex - stretched plastic - technological ruins - the woman is a Data Revolutionary, a high-tech hacker. The man a hunter and collector of esoteric data - both use computing devices - he alone leaves the tower - thought-police ships with a variety of scanners pass overhead. But before that, I had to journey through the Grimani Breviary which was begun in the 15th Century, perhaps 1480 to be exact. There, we must pay special attention to the

Washing of the Feet, visions of flying things, parachutes, rigging, Winged Creatures, Icarus and mechanical birds. And Lastly, I will add a slice of aesthetics with the Passion of Christ by Hans Memling (also in Turin, at the Galleria Saubauda).

There are times when I do not want to write, or even to dream. I just want to sit and wait. My eyes will be nourished on Holy Beings seen through the gaps in the clouds, just as in the Grimani Breviary and the Vision of Milarepa of the 4th Karmapa. Flower paintings done accordingly. The Aquarian Conspiracy. Does it mean fishes? No - AQUARIAN.

Yeti Rosenkrantz told Gloria Krematoria that the Universe itself was a Furnace. The Final Pollution. Cut to Saint Peter in bejeweled Pope's Robes manifesting the Chakras in the glittering Stones (drenched with ice, ducky!) while Saint Paul is Plain Jane. (If you knew Suzy). Sperm to Auschwitz; Flesh Mudra; Patmos. Is the One Sambhogakaya and the other Nirmanakaya? Etc. Sperm transit Auschwitz. Six Principle Lines. Do not forget Saint John on Patmos; transmit to sperm.

How the night is slashed with the density of spider's webs. Paintings with nothing in them. What is washed? The Feet? What are seen peeping through clouds? The Feet? Jean d'Indagine: Chiromance; what are the feet and hands ruled by? Pisces! The hands have lines. The hands like the feet are pierced. The diseased mind of Salvador Dali as attacked by George Orwell; a Mensal, or Line of Fortune: destiny of individual, destiny in the Palm of your Hand; the Palms of Destiny, full of coconuts. Gilles DE Rais and Proust sticking needles into rats at the precise moment of their respective orgasms in their respective centuries. The Anjou Parable of the Crucified Heart; B; The Life Line, or Heart Line: approximate duration of Life. How is this different to the nails that enter the Hands of Jesus? Glory, Glory, pass the detonator. D; Middle Line: Profession. And the Feet? Liver Line: phases of health; how different is this to the needle that enters the heart of the rat at the moment of orgasm? How beautiful are the Feet!

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the way out is the entrance  
the way in is the exit  
who is standing at the door?

since man discovered rope, it was fitting that trees should be employed to hang fresh flesh from.

rope is similar to thread, a linear continuity from which we weave themes to our lives, knots to hang from, blankets, ropes and mantles, shrouds and cradle covers.

Queen Guru hovers at the back of my brain, unable to manifest. Blank pages, signed by admirers keep on arriving in the post, I have sold my mind to a passing whitewashed cloud and still the check does not arrive. Blank pages, unsigned, signal a worsening situation.

QUEEN GURU - A BRIEF PREVIEW:

She has one of those Statue of Liberty hats, radiating lights, but the torch is replaced by a scalpel. The highlights of her eyes are nuclear detonations, Sunday entertainment for berserk politicians, the brood that she spawned to keep boredom at bay.

QUEEN GURU has indicated in her massive time: THE NAASENE THEORY OF METASEXUAL FERTILIZATION, that the sexual theories of the 20th Century were designed by an inter-galactic computer in the hands of a New York transvestite, to keep the Sacred Nectar from washing the Earth and thus Heralding in the New Age of Instant Youth and Perfection.

QUEEN GURU has set out in search of this New York transvestite, whom it is believed through local biological data banks, keeps this intergalactic computer stored in the disguise of her Lurex Dress.

For the sake of brevity, and other members of the cast, we shall refer to the various complex terminology that will crop up in the course of this entertainment in abbreviated terms, thus Intergalactic Computer becomes I.C. or because of the association of the ice blue Light from the distant star system where it was constructed and programmed - we call it in affection - ICY - (though affection can hardly be directed to the source of all the evil emanations of the planet, still, we must remember that famous saying, LOVE THY ENEMY, even if it is a machine?)

The New York Transvestite is an Acid Head, whose Father does research with terminal cancer patients, feeds some acid to a bunch of picnicking freaks in the Appalachian woods where they have a holiday cottage, is torn to pieces and buried under a tree. Meanwhile, back at the ranch, the Transvestite Son/Daughter is tripping with some lovers she has brought up from New York City where she works as a GO GO dancer in a club of sorts, in which she has a partnership. The dog pisses on her Lurex Dress and digs up her father. Bummer No 1.

In despair she hangs herself from the tree under which her father is buried. Things go better with Coca Cola. The Lurex Dress now ends up on a corpse in a country mortuary. It is about to be removed by a necrophiliac when Queen Guru arrives, resplendent in white fur, black leather and beauty spots.

And meanwhile Bob Hope turns to the Stuffed Pheasant and says: "Take that out and shave it." Coagulated consciousness. Children's Dharma lessons. Mahakala thangka. In the Subway he sits down next to me. and then reads the book on my lap, 'The Forge and the Crucible.'

Runes. Secrets. Ciphers. Stigmata under the pine tree. What is woven The predatory class of social functions. More correctly, anti-social functions. Mudra - ritualistic or iconographic gesture.

The pine tree etches a mystic monogram on the sky. The sun has almost set. She lies on the bed, recovering, and suddenly remembers a dream from the night before. But perhaps more than a dream, a landmark of psychic vibrations - it is a situation where we, I, She, The RECORDING ENTITY is in a room, cave, box, or enclosed space - there is a Gate or Door. But it is Guarded by something horrible - a spider, beast, a monster. Queen Guru computes: "I would see this in terms of 'The Dweller on the Threshold' - which in astrological terms is Saturn and thus in Alchemical terms, the metal Iron." Meeting, or Meating the Monster.

A Great Corridor of samsaric images. Just endless details. No form. Or is horror impending? Is the horror aspect merely a seal on another dimension, which has a Gate Keeper? Attack from ZONE 5?

En route to the Sacred Throne (Central to our Story) prior to the vast cadenza of Mahler - we pass through the Seven Halls of the Merkabah Mystics, and before we reach the Centre of Holiness, Wholeness, each of the Seven Halls presents us with a Monster Guardian who stands at the Gate to the next Hall! Today is the 9th July, 1976.

VIDEO-PHONE: "There comes a time when we have to terminate our lower frequency attraction/repulsion levels. This becomes highly desirable with the emerging necessity for meta-political co-operation." Transmission terminated.

Now the rage of New York, later the disgrace of Paris, she is now dreaming in Wales of Her Holy Sisters, the Queens, Transvestite Extra-Terrestrials, ascending and descending the Stairways, Jacobs Ladder, Celibate, Holy, Divine, Queen Guru dreams at Llandrydd Wells, Wales, Sunday September 26th.

Many of our ancestors would never have understood the mechanics of our construction of ROTA on Via Lucis. In Old Times, transmissions were by Dense Waves, generated on the Material Level and through a crude system transformed into finer waves.

(The Power Centre that was to become Via Lucis was dormant in the 20th Century.) On the Material Level, the Realm of Concrete Patterns which we shall term M.L. Via Lucis is a long strip of exquisite green Parkland. Woven into this M.L. reality, is the best of all landscapes, the scenic grandeurs of Earth, rolled into one programme.

The Dawn Room with the bearded C.R.  
The Huge Tree, and bearded Magi, on Via Lucis.  
The Magi are the meta-programmers.

When generating the correct auric emanations, Workers could apply for the Sacraments from M.L. and enter into the Hierarchy. The Cycle of one such Worker is the basis of our tale.

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This decadent fantasy was written in preparation for the death of Queen Guru. It is certainly a fake-forgery - as Queen Guru would never leave this Carnal Carnival in such a vulgar manner.

We gather, drawing from a variety of notes and coded clues, all in the mode of alchemical symbolism, that Queen Guru performed her ritual immolation in the following manner:

She built a pyre of perfect sandalwood, imported from Bhutan at great cost. This pyre consisted of seven sacred woods, all corresponding with the Seven Metals. This pyre was draped in most beautiful silks and velvets, which in fact became a couch of sorts, a bed from cushions and bolsters. This structure resembled, in plan, the ancient Mandala form, and within the wood and cushions were placed many large spherical containers filled with petrol. To the North, South, East and West of these, four small canals, again filled with petrol, ended in four small cloisonné bowls, filled with petrol of course, and holding in their centres, four sticks of incense. When the incense reached the petrol, the bowls, canals and spheres burst into flame. We know that she took a massive overdose of Librium, and fell asleep to a traditional Tibetan ritual, conveniently placed nearby and prerecorded on cassette.

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\* CODE: (things)

It is extremely painful to copy out these fragments from the velvet bound meta-data of Metasexual. I obtained them from the Ring Master of CIRCUS during my last visit to Province. They contain textures which roughly revolve around the Divine Mother Archetype. Metasexual, though born with the body of a Man, continued to project Womb-Man patterns on her entire incarnation. Her value to CIRCUS and the Magi always revolved around the high speed at which she worked, fusing personae like a knife in butter, maintaining here balance on a dangerous psychological tightrope.

She was thus a natural candidate for CIRCUS, her acrobatics in various political and religious fields branding her as pure MERCURY. Like a clown, her actions shattered conceptual rackets and brackets, and made us laugh at the unexpected. She was perfectly suited to meta-programmatic warfare, for she never took danger very seriously. The element of risk suited her complexion. Essentially a MIME, this quality placed her first in line to deal with the ancient problem of the Dress, the most serious unfinished Project on Via Lucis, that Road of Light built by Initiates, Neophytes Masters and the Magi, various functional centres of the Hierarchy.

-----  
(We have to return to the subject of our story: The Dress!)

Written on a bleached skull: she is moist, fresh and unforgotten. Invitation. This pious memory pasted to social billboards and starched tablecloths. Do you think (that you, Queen Guru) for one excellent bardo piano-concerto, cigarette and coffee minute, are forgotten; your face and its vague association with a toy Pomeranian dog. Your face a desert of powdered wrinkles, chain-smoking, coughing and staring through your bifocals. An excellent disguise!

LOOKING DOWN THE COAST OF A LOVELY PENINSULA - A LONG WALKING JOURNEY WITH A TARRED ROAD, A TARRED FREEWAY.

12.24 a.m. All that today has produced is a frightening paranoia. A match, a yantra, a pencil on the floor. The clock ticking. Sounds of trains shunting in the distance. A car passes. I feel cold and uneasy in this winter chill. Maybe these words are clichéd.

I make the various calculations to generate my paranoia. Why is M. so cool? Something is not right in the force-field. A dark seed is growing somewhere. And yet, wedded to this, glorious visions of mandalas, dreams of Holiness, thus: do the thorns and the roses spring up together? What is brewing? Is it only in my mind?

The essence is simplicity. If we are observing a process, the Beginning which is the Ground, is Perfection and Beauty; the Middle, which is the Path, is Perfection and Beauty; and the End, which is the Goal, is Perfection and Beauty.

We, the Collective, have condensed a relative spectrum of values into a fixed system which generates suffering. The Old becomes brittle and breaks. The New is supple and bends. We

the New Collective shall see IMPERMANENCE as the only PERMANENT quality to Life; Change as the only CONSTANT factor to Existence.

The Veil has been torn from our eyes and Revelation as an ongoing process replaces dehydrated conceptual corpses with the Flowing of the Waters of Life.

No "thing" remains static. Why do our thoughts become set into hard concrete patterns which we wage war to defend?

'I'd rather be a hammer than a nail!' The Hammer and Sickle of Russia. Or the Hammer upon the Nails of the Crucifixion. Or the Hammer which needs to strike while the IRON is Hot?

'I'd rather be' is a betrayal of 'Be Here Now'. Llandryd Wells, Wales, 30.9.1976.-----

Sister Ben,  
The Nun, Matriarch,  
Benedictines, Buddhist Nun - is Mother Jupiter - Juno.  
Q: (Who was Jupiter's Brother?  
A: Pluto and Neptune!)  
Who was Jupiter's Mother?

All nuns are ruled by Jupiter. Are they? Or Juno?

Doubts? Black Plague, Plague. Willow, if its money you want, try to get a message to her.  
rLung = draft pistons.

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Born again cows and gore masters. Simon Snorkel. Then and only then, she arose from her apathy and broke, (smashed) the crystal Ganesha. Yeti is reborn as the Beaded Snake. From the fragments, I try to patch together a route back to remembrance. The beaded snake is an Egyptian Cobra, woven into the constellation of Serpentius. The White Swan Cygnus, glides over the mirror surface of the River Isis.

And awakening this morning she knew she was/is an owl in her last life. The owl is sacred to Athene/Minerva. Nora the Nuclear physicist has a collection of Owls.

-----

I cannot claim any originality in this matter. In the early notebooks, **Metasexual** experienced these Mysteries of Death and Resurrection, and her records are sheer prophecy. I quote this passage from her work entitled '*White*' which seems to date from a visit of CIRCUS to Province:

— — "Queen Guru lies stiff on the sea-weathered board. The elements withering her flesh, the breath of heaven moving the chiffon enclosing her. Queen Guru lying in spheres of breezes. The whitening of the facial skin. As if powdered or smeared with some Feminine Beauty Preparation. The dark gash of the eyelashes. The hands crossed over the breast. (We can see the influence of her Pre-Raphaelite period in the adoption of this pose.) Laced between the fingers, not clasped, for the fingers are stiff and sculpted; white lilies, yellow

lilies, even black lilies. The chiffon is white, reflecting, like the pale features, the vivid emerald green grass that grows down to the shore.

– Queen Guru has very long hair which she often changed colour according to her moods. For this scene, it is silver and spread fan-like over the rocks, the grass. The torn, gnarled rocks around her, passive lumps of stone. Queen Guru emits from the dark cave of her mouth, a cry, that speaks of wet loam, fish bones and ruby light. The cry that swells into a mechanical scream, smeared with anguish. The scream that leaves Queen Guru bleached and pure on the board by the sea. Now she lies on a bed of frangipani, she is white, she is yellow, she is black.

And between her thighs, the ruby crystal ball, the glass onion, slightly moist with blood.

-----  
I will be both a Mother and a Father to you. Come to me for Teaching, the One side of me, is perfectly formed, the Golden Goddess, the Red Goddess, the Terrible Canopy. The other side, the Animus, still partakes of the insect-animal realm.

"On the Path, do not rest under a rotting tree."  
Jacob, quiet and still, calmly walk...  
Does anyone know where the microphone is?

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## appendix

My Mother was a *kLu*. She lost her moistness, dried up, and died.  
Her ashes now nourish a beautiful Orchid Tree.

The Darkness of my YANTRA.  
My TOAD YANTRA.  
The Yantra of the Eagle is pure SPACE, BLUE.  
All that is left,  
Is the Silence of Bliss.  
Rounded and firm  
And like unto warm glass  
to the touch.

-----  
The *kLu* come (originate) from a: "...crystal cliff and a light lake."

### THE CRYSTAL CLIFF

&

*The Lake of Light.*

-----  
empty room  
waiting for  
wax dolls.

Nazarene time.  
Disco Madonna.

Toothpaste clouds  
enameled sky



micro-wave requiem,  
destroyed insect.

Khachoma Radiance  
junk pink satin  
Her cold steel wire hair  
cyanide dust storms  
blue flames.

How sad! How forgetful! Waiting in empty rooms, railway station, red star -  
Falling figures, struck by Tower Zig Zag archetype.

Buddha flame as the myriad beasts sing and the crystal spike enters my heart and white  
doves bleed into the winter air.

A damp gathering of painted tears,

A silver waterfall, lunar necklace flows from her throat chakra.

Geriatric pine trees bejeweled with the fruit of the mineral kingdom. I awake to the barking  
of a dog, the moon behind a cloud, deception and intrigue in the air. Beneath the cliff and  
beside the sea - a glowing mudra is constructed by the hands of my enemy. Like a furnace  
suspended by hate, the hot pattern is generated out and upwards. It brightens the star  
stippled sky and radiates impure energy. A heart beating in the void. A will bent on  
burning flesh to the bone. Such is the intent of this psychic wonder.

Queen Guru is dead! Long Live Queen Guru! How can I resurrect her glory, the electric  
warmth of her presence?

Some landscape in the Dark Ages - where a tallow candles in a rough cottage is all the light  
necessary to indicate the being of the Wizard within.

VISIONS: The silicone-chip/crystal ball Wonder Woman in gold brocade bodice advances  
in Naked Lunch meta-pictographic bursts, courtesy of William Burroughs.

Shavings of the Ages. Down D.N.A. Memory Lane astride the Black Swan. Microfilms,  
storage systems,

Can I feed you a cruel bread?  
wire brush pastry and tools  
to engineer a rebirth.

in  
razor entry                      meta-equation  
shit wrapped                    dark spectrum in a burnt-out skull  
in red velvet

Water boat ship shape and dark cave  
Passion under the acacia.

Rotten Lucy Lucky Strike. Titty Texan and Beulah Belmont. Carmen Cavalla, Grethe Gold Dollar and Linda Lexington were there too. As well as - Rebecca Rothmans, Petrea Perrily's, Doris Dunhill, Veronica Vogue and Gisela Gunston.

The early winter sun on multiple textures of Rome - Bach Harpsicord red wine and cigarette smoke. A fusion of Europe, Africa and Tibet. I drink the black ink and try to write with the red wine, with the tears.

"Is he going to eat the heads?"

"Yes, it's his lunch. He's a lucky dog."

"Ragtime is OUT."

Christo wraps my pain in black crepe. Hercules slaughters a Bull. The trench is a dark bath of blood in which to fuck the Dragon. Putrefaction starts in the stomach. The Alchemy of Egyptian mummification proceeds from the removal of the viscera. Put my heart in a Stone Jar. Burn my Heart to Ash in a Golden Crater.

Radio discs. Command received: significance, if any of the video-genetic symbolism of the family crest - Heraldic Device. Immaculate Contraption.

Immaculate Contraption.

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See *Revelations 4:4. Monas*, p. 185: Dee.

Mr. I.D.A.K. (I Destroy And Kill.)

A Bon Bon in the Rain. Attraction, Craving and Desire, Repulsion. Stupendous forces in each life. The operational mechanics of the illusionary world. Wide range of different views on this: e.g. EROS/LOGOS is opti-gnostic etc.

"I'll just help you tie up your chastity belt."

"Ducky, I don't need a chastity belt, I just need a very big cork!"

KREMLIN WHITE HOUSE.

I like Sundays. A day of sloppy classical music on the Radio. He wanted to buy a pet crocodile that would eventually eat him.

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*cabaret duchamp* - 31st January 1978.

for this esoteric exercise we return to the fabulous enigma, legendary laughter, semiotic wonder of wonders IN PERSON

Her name in Neon Lights in front of the Bio,

Her reputation torn asunder like rotten rags

blowing in the Milarepa winds of Samsara,

We present, Once More to Grace the Silver Screen -

SUNTAYA - a slight veiled obscuration interrupts.

We have a technical fault - Please be patient -

Wait. We're back on line. Hey, can you handle this energy overload, has somebody put a but in the chimney? Boy, have I got the wrong station. Teleportation static - O.K. Folks, here we go again -

Yes, we present, Once More to Grace the Silver Screen -

SUNYATA MAINLINE!

In lurid scarlet seed pearl and aquamarine sequins, multi-leveled Mandala, She enters, six arms writhing in vibrating mudras,

Electrostatic shaven armpits chewing concepts,

Bette Davis neck bags

And Electra claws a glitter.

(Let's call them META and Queenie for short.)

Radiating Light!

He is Kether, the Crown!

rupture in the meta data flow

Transcendental Magic is Missing!

Likewise - Astrological Signatures!

I enter a sloshy astral cul de sac,

and rear view mirror retrospect out immediately.

Dial Mudra me anytime, Baby!

Pre-natal tears apart the placenta veil

burnt orange sun obscured with black clouds,

no - not black clouds, mechanical sky riders in droves,

heading for a genetic war.

30th September 1976. Cardiff: Re-activate your notes. Grand Central streams a Blinding Beauty to brighten a dull Cardiff morning. Pink Floyd. Dry Dreams. A Hat to wear for your states of Cosmic Consciousness. Such bright lace, like cold silver woven into fine patterns - Roland Petits' Coppelia - Chaplin Fugues, broken tailors, doll, silk suits, black ties; crisp overtures of Offenbach, Le Grande Eugene. The Divine Androgyne, staircase, ascending and descending.

...000\*\*\*000...

Ken Russell in 'TOMMY' dials the mass 'Daddy was in the War' archetype. George Lucas in 'STAR WARS' dials the 'May the Force Be With You!' archetype and Stretch out with Your Feelings Pantyhose by DESIREE'.

Pottering through etheric museums & Late Night Shows in Tippereth.

The Law of Correspondence! Well? What of it, just to contemplate the beauty of the whole trip. I am sick and tired of hearing what you HAVE done and what you WILL do. What about NOW! Now is filled with talking about yesterday and tomorrow. The page gets pushed into oblivion, the kiss of various dimensions, its intimate fusion, the world bursting with applause, outside: inside. The Erobot is clad with scarlet satin.

O shit. I know what you are writing, Red Lip Series, HRIH to a brilliant carmine, scarlet, vermilion ruby red Rose. Nose. (Rudolf?) A deserted street, a Catholic Cerberus Heresy of the 12th Century, Simon de Montford and the Erobot (clad in scarlet satin, Hail to the HRIH!)

Metropolis of camp Erobots.

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egg layers, brick layers and prick prayers. Lingam worship - those who pray/pray to the Cosmic Cock/Hen = Egg = Feminine? But then, who is The Brick Layer? Scorpio - Phoenix Arising out of the Ashes/Flames: See St Teresa for Eggs n' Flames! A Nina Hagen or a Copenhagen - and a Gucci Guru - or the Guru in Gucci shoes.

Elmire Zolla: "St Teresa fried eggs during her ecstasies. She pulled the pan off the fire in the nick of time.

'STOP JANE FONDA - TRAITOR BITCH.' (Poster on the wall of 'Soldier of Fortune' Office.)

"If you were born without wings,  
do not prevent their growing."

Chanel.

".....return as far as you can,  
and I will come the rest of the way."

The theological shock troops of Kronos.

-----

"We have not been on earth for a long time. Perhaps the hot dogs are not the same anymore."

"One hot dog and a pennant does not prove that Debbie was on earth."

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Pavlovian minefields - not a Freudian slip, but a Freudian quicksand - gestalt - male - female - androgyne - Aphrodite and Sebastian - NIMH - catering for a Peaceful Future.

"Where is all this going to lead to" she asked.

"Of course! My zenith and my nadir! " he answered, "That's where it is all going to end."  
Define Tantric Terms...

Robert Fludd, p. 48, illustration p. 49.

What I said to Luthando about greed, aversion, - lust etc. being the Nadir - while Buddhahood is the Zenith. To Dara - all. Susan Griffith - The Woman's Press. Gorz - Ecology & Politics.

**Four Tears:**

**Arnaud:** Blue Threads on gold brocade.

**Sam:** The Tears of a Child.

**Sonny:** The Tears in the Dishwater.

*M. Hor Ch'el Ciel e la Terra. (1638)*

(Play on 45 p.m.) Words by Petrarch.

Sonnet CXIII.

This strange note was connected to tears that fell around a dinner table in Turin. More than this I cannot say.

The Prancing Horse.